

[illegible]

ARK-CODEX

(+) hierarch index



ОДЖИНИ ДУТОВ
ЖИНИ

ОИНТИ

трианско

стопога, једна
по 160;
ДЗ, који 70;
Липа, 100, по
равни и 180;
одине 1807 и 180-
дуга државнога, и
ако камата земља
ислугована, при
у, установе у
од 1807 и 1807
државни дуга
1 година камате
каматаи кунон,
јавној државини.
уденога 1808.

ица хришћанске
ржавној држави

торије де сел де
агајинеа
моаре де

СЛО

стрија

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i de

TELEMAQUE

146 VRI V

SCON MAIL

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r... : qu'après de longues in-
ot... pour élire un autre
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ce il... tant il n... qu'il exprimé les que tous
eth... ces mis; et que les vieillards
qu... le faire voir, voyant

NATURE

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INDICE CRONOLOGICO

Repeating mec

(+) o:o: port log
becoming a continuous being to see an anemone churn

Exponential sensitivity to the initial conditions of flooding systems is established by first negating the existence of an apocalyptic flood, nor even beings to cull. The variable of mobility is then introduced to bifurcate «sense» detectors from the otherwise barnacle-crust bedrock (if only as an escape mechanism). In the end, we find that said flood-waiting inevitably spurs noisy irreversible generation towards an all-or-nothing committing tree, at $t_0 = 0$, embedding the blueprint lexicon of each ontological thought process in a phylogenic tongue bank (where in the event of flooding, this very book can be used as a flotation device). Reversing in genes only anchors our tongues in more methodological nodes than 1, in «blackbody cavities» where plankton is said to take root. Reproducing competitive material conditions begets luminous seeds to stalk a sheep-cumulus being to herd in our sleep, but purely as a stopgap conceptual recourse. When these alternate «kumquats» take root in the ice it is only to «break bread» polemically—to «make it count» reiteratively. With no sun circling overhead, our blood color is indistinguishable from the primal sea. Applying an artificially induced current increases potential risk—elevating the dormant ark to an excited collective sleep-state. An «all-hands-on-deck animal orgy» is how it is recorded by diorama surveillance—ghosts, frozen in fixed pleasure positions all night in this museum of natural history. Nothing could be further from the truth except knowing the truth—a hypocritical auguring to inherit & simultaneously extinguish a familiar genie by natural selection. When we break ground by rubbing the words: «*When we break ground by rubbing the words: « ... »*» we set the juggernautical ark in a feedback loop for inevitable mass suicide.



0:0:0: In the end (0th inning) there is no beginning—is the unfolding interpretation. Just a sea of sound—a white noise re(as)sembling (m)an(imal)i-fold destiny (not even a nested blueprint for plankton) beg(et)ing re:assembly. There is no language—only the sound of kumquat falling into the ever-black evening. Reckoning the sound of a kumquat fallen is (k)nowing now. The sound of a qumkuat fallen is forg(et)ing before. In the beg(et|inn)ing (0th) there is no difference between knowing & forgetting—only blackness for eve(r).



0:0:1: (After a summation of error) the noise forever takes the shape of a tongue. Yet there is no ear to hear the tongue nor tuna for to feed. There is no cavity to tongue the ear—to call out «dear» to all the animal nearby. No address nor anchor holes (weighted with possibility) to turn the sea into a grid of formation—a tonnage of tuna. The 1st chord acts as in (a) vested dorsal fin, honing home. There's no mo(u)rning so there's nothing to ænc(h)or(e) eve(ning). The noise sets on/for the terrain & «i» stake no claim to post.



0:0:3: After another 0th eon the noise forms a cavity with both a tongue & an ear & a desire to sire more of the same 'd' according to $f_n = f_n - 1 + f_n - 2$ (with (pre)-seeded values of $f_0 = 0$ & $f_1 = 1$). In this form, character typefaces ever re(as)semble the attributes of evening blackness. The 1st morpheme light shed on was «blood». Blood is not «red» until an arbitrary wavelength of 6765 Å° is assigned & agreed upon by all moth—. There is no 1 to declare nothing. An initial current is applied with justice as the justification.



0:0:4: the 1st black body cavities have only 1 hole (in the ear) for both giving & receiving (the tongue) so the hole divides in & of itself. When it rains on the terrain a sound is heard & a value of C is (as)signed. The herd shifts & the sparking hooves quench the earth of evening. A cul-de-sac of bleeding gums sprouts diamond teeth & the teeth eat tuna & say «come». If there's no delta between knowledge & the forgotten then there's no delta aniled between land & sea («arrive» relates more to the shore than the river it holds).



0:0:5: The pineal cavity divides into 2 then fills another 0th bin & bifurcates again begetting a 3rd harmonic shift. A ledge(r) of currency wedges on the shore for to reach—an orgy of relentless cider waves washing to & forth in an even exchange. Behind the ear we hear the borealis sparks darkening the black sky—raining light that glances off the collecting fur of the herd informing our culminating topography. Armed with language & a cane «i» cull the weak to sacrifice for not knowing any better (not even a gene in genocide).



0:0:6: The 3rd cavity drowns out the 1st & sticks the tongue in the 2nd cavity's ear, forming another 3rd. Each interpretative iteration compounds the previous (with speculative interest) & at once deconstructs with frequency $1/f$. The proliferating cavities manifest arbitrarily as *cum*-«lamp» which when rubbed at angle f^0 gives rise to «lampRey» genes. An f -hole is carved from V then planted in soil—posting claim (aurally) to «forge». Anima l = «mole» is collectively assigned to 5×10^{23} iterations of this forging.

0:0:7:

Le consonanti *labiali* nascono nello spazio o recinto tra le labbra ed i denti, e le *linguali* tra la lingua ed il palato, ossia e la faccina superiore della chiavista denta-

le *gutturali*, dette anche *palatine*, nascono posteriormente, tra la base della lingua ed il velo pendulo palatino, le *laringee* nascono nella laringe.

Secondo il processo della produzione, le consonanti si distinguono in *esplosive*, *striscianti*, *risonanti*, e *vibranti*.

Le consonanti *esplosive* sono prodotte dall'aria spinta subitamente fuori del recinto di produzione. Le *striscianti* sono dovute allo strofinare dell'aria espirata tra la lingua ed il palato ravvicinati, oppure contro i denti o gli angoli dell'apertura boccale. Le *risonanti* si accompagnano a risonanza dell'aria contenuta nelle cavità nasali. Le *vibranti* infine, sono dovute al vibrare delle labbra, della punta della lingua, del velo pendulo palatino e della laringe o della glottide.

Nel piccolo quadro che segue sono riempite le caselle e messi in evidenza i rapporti tra i luoghi di produzione ed i processi di formazione delle consonanti.

	esplosive	striscianti	risonanti	vibranti
labiali	p, b	f, v, t, d	m	n
linguali	t, d	s, z, l, sh, gn, ch, ck, ng	l	r
gutturali	k, g	x, j, y, w, h	n	
laringee				

Le parole, le lingue. Dall'associazione delle vocali e delle consonanti nascono le parole, che sono fatte di *medie* e *rumori*, *anche* *no*. Un corpo di parole adoperato da individui di una società, per quanto ristretta, allo scopo di intendere per soddisfare i bisogni della vita e comunicazione del pensiero, dicesi *lingua*.

Voci ed altre manifestazioni sonore negli animali
Molti mammiferi emettono voci prodotte nella laringe.

0:0:7: Resetting the altimeter to 0, the 2nd 3rd drowns out the 1st 3rd, but not before the 1st 3rd & the 2nd creates a 5th f-holed hollow-body cavity to receive noise. Do not insert tongue. The 5th forms a chord with the 1st & 3rd uttering a sound beyond what each lamprey or mole tongue could fashion by its own accord. The «i» in genie is reassigned to oversee the evolution of anima. L. Anemone (with L = 1 in/out hole) is a subset of lamprey (with a forward hole for in & a rear hole for out) urging f-hole digging. «Chaos» reiterates «discord» in situ.

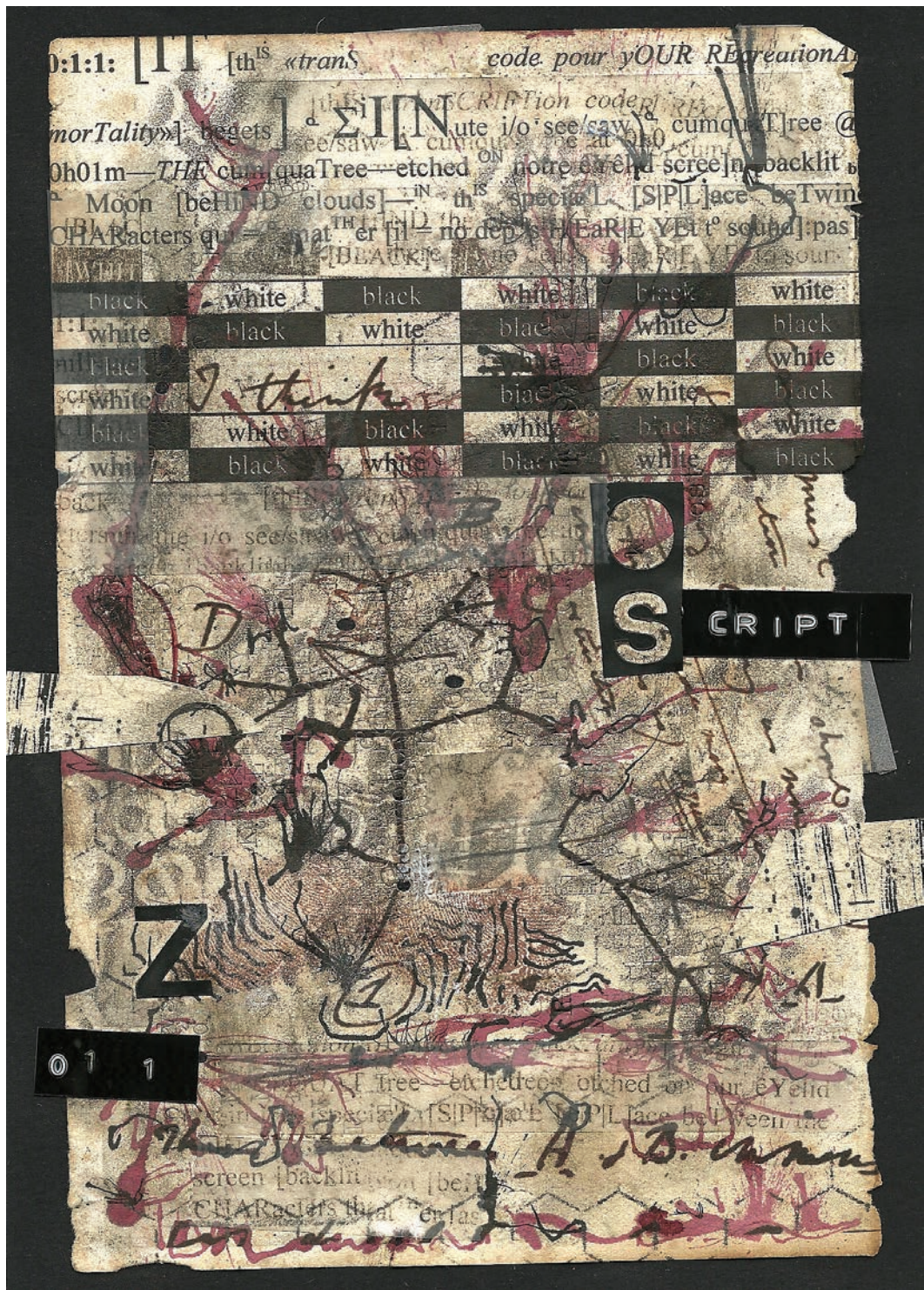
(+)
port folio 0:1:

the gathering darkness (as resourced in each dicebat mind)

Abstract: It has been established that the noise formed a hollow cavity with both a tongue & an ear & a desire to sire more of the same & that this 1st cavity had only 1 hole for both input/output (hereby called «i/o hole»). With these anemones now lining the ghost ark's hull, father general misfires with post-holed binary logic (rolling a 1-sided «liar's dice») saying anemones «resemble Circe's genitals», though «reASsembly» was the noble intent. The i/o hole divides spontaneously on its own accord & the leftover parts lead to the 5th, 8th & 13th extinction overtones. A dirtbomb of dicebats ripple in fight-or-flight response, leaving a spiraling wake of 0s & 1s in the auguring borealis. (There was no audience to witness the event so technically it was deemed a 1-1 draw.) Potential dicebat *bins* accumulate above the astroturfed pitch in swooping vectors of light whose audible shrill is all in our minds. The constituent dicebat pixels become charged—illuminating a colony of beings whose individual essences flash for 1 second before disappearing in 1 fell swoop beneath the turfed ice (to be later revisited as phosphorescence). The detected time-lapsed trajectory is noted & deemed «sourcery» & the collective colony beelines straight for «home»— though questions remain as to the irreducibility of time. Sum 1 (lemur) was nominated to stick in his thumb to re-establish that—although words are arbitrators—their cumulative interdependencies can give rise to snapshot scores of meaning. The sound of «kumquat seed» sounded & was swallowed by the sea beneath to feed the noise that had divided by itself, *ad infinitum*. What sourcery remained led to the 21st (of 144 total) extinctions, but not before the kumquat seeds formed an anemone vortex in which to stick the tongue.



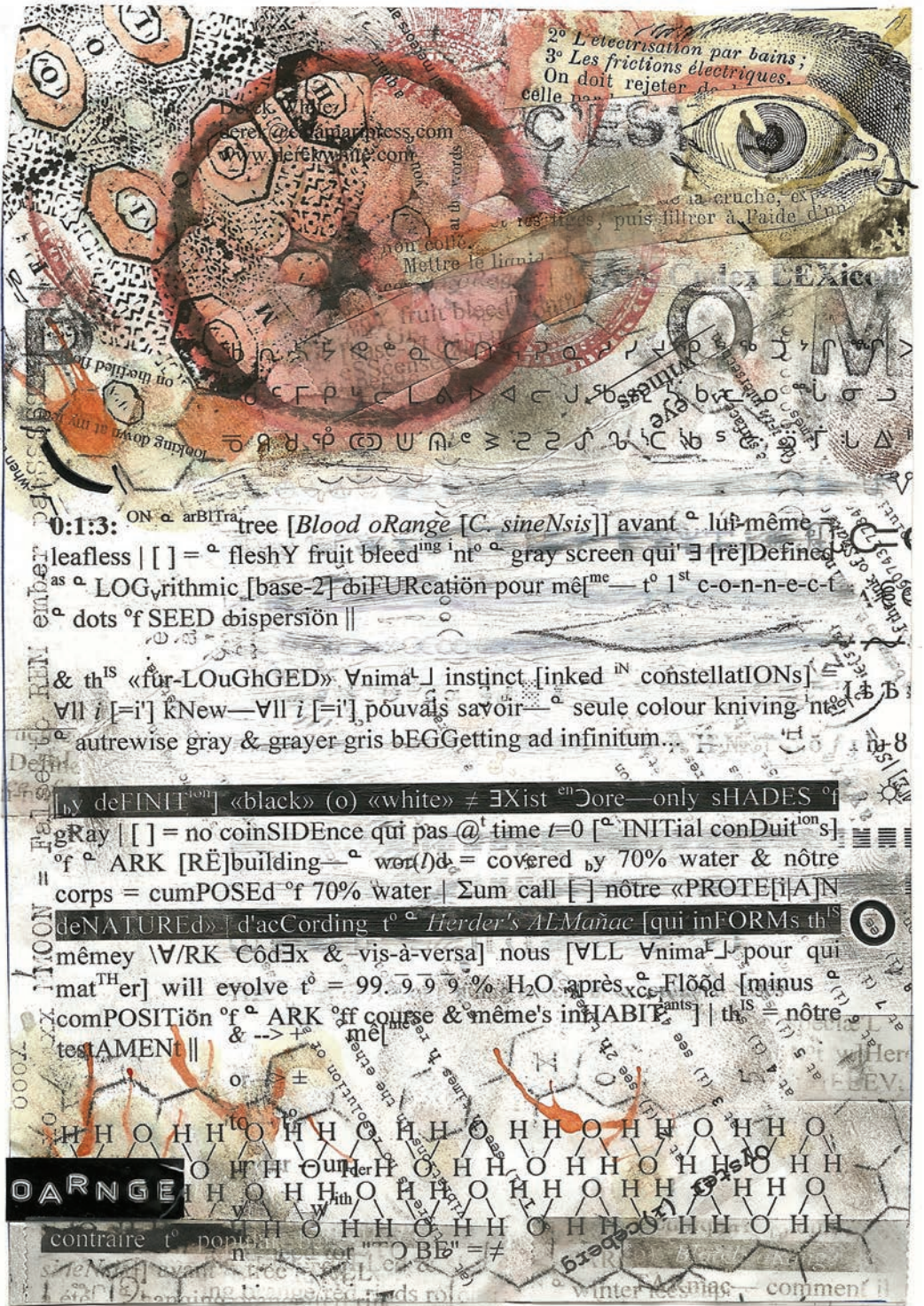
0:1:0: Said cluster-song (see 0:0:8 in) forms a mammoth wave, sweeping to sea & $1/f$ -echoing the barren bay—(in-verse) rivering a tree: «father masT». In 3 days time (t) mother's inductance (i) meets with resistance (r) to beget an arbitrary anemone—V (an envoy(eur) to the voyage). Flesh-basket V is hung from father masT to feed starlinguist & dovertailed urgency informed from dot matrices as sound differentials between f^b & $V^\#$. Hashed deltas flat out reap recombinant DNA as fossil fuel for the camp generator at the X-section of 1^{st} & 1^{st} .



0:1:1: Said cumquat mast/tree forks to make another «masTree» that splits from the 1st fork & forges the 2nd to inform a 3rd tuning, *ad infinitum* (sounding in the name (i.e. «mass X-ist») of majuscule re:creation). «Toothpick» is not deemed a proper building block. The projectionist (i) sleeps kneeling, (en)during eyelid bifurcation. Not even a hard « . » in an i/o twined sine-wave to reflect a see-sawed zenith—a dire stalemate (indoors) leaves swallowing transcription enzymes necessary to digest seaweed.



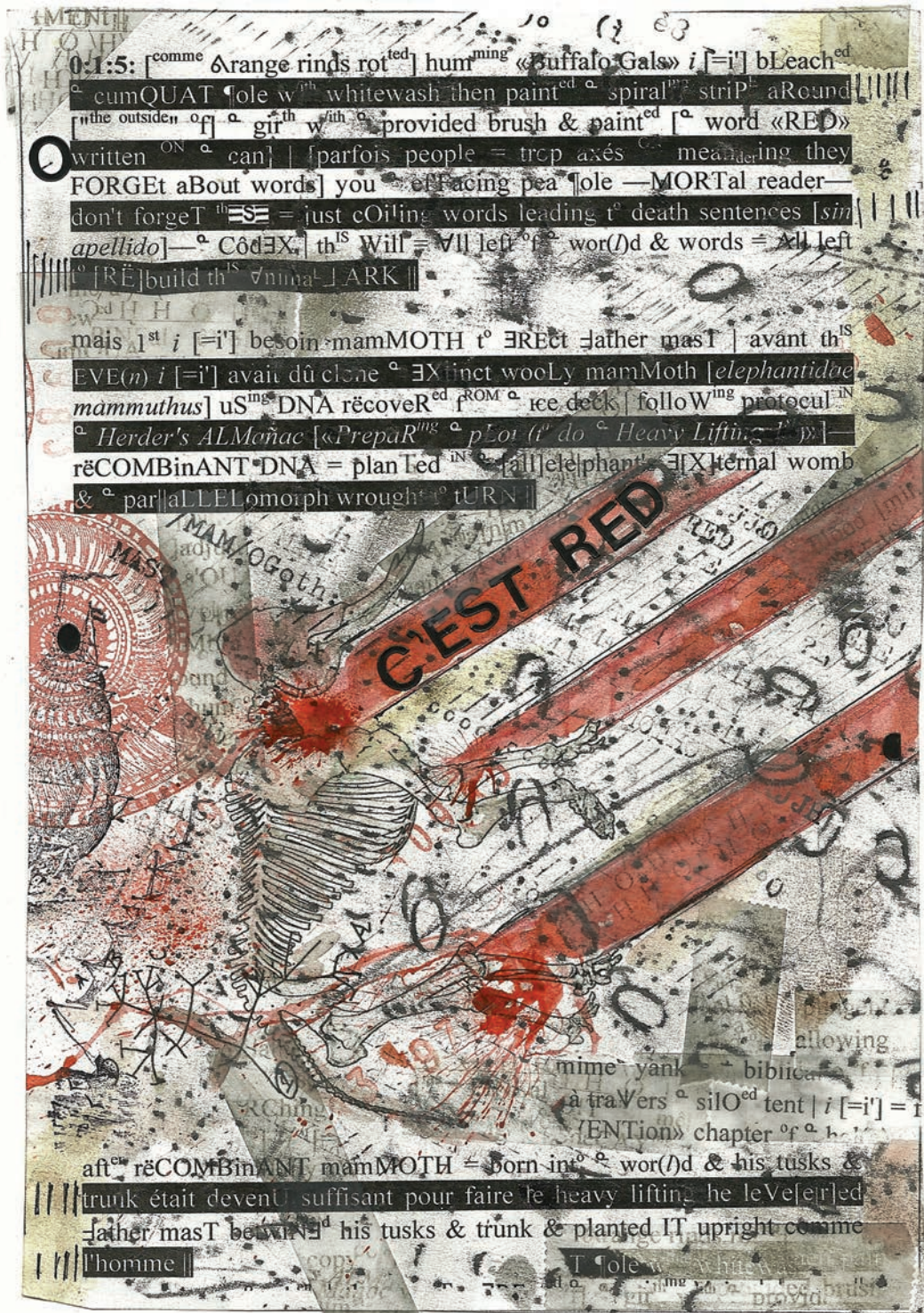
0:1:2: The 3rd fork sounds & splits & both forked tongues sound in tune to form a cumquat (becoming a pomegranate). Said bone toothpick interve(i)nes to dislodge majuscule REMnants from the twined «anima'L» characters—reconstituted into a pot of edible bin biscuits using accepted DNA extraction methods (hereditary aragose gel captured, then released) for the sake of all on board (a form of «matador» bait & switch displacing our cape for harboring fugitives). «Sing «ricochet» in key»—you say.



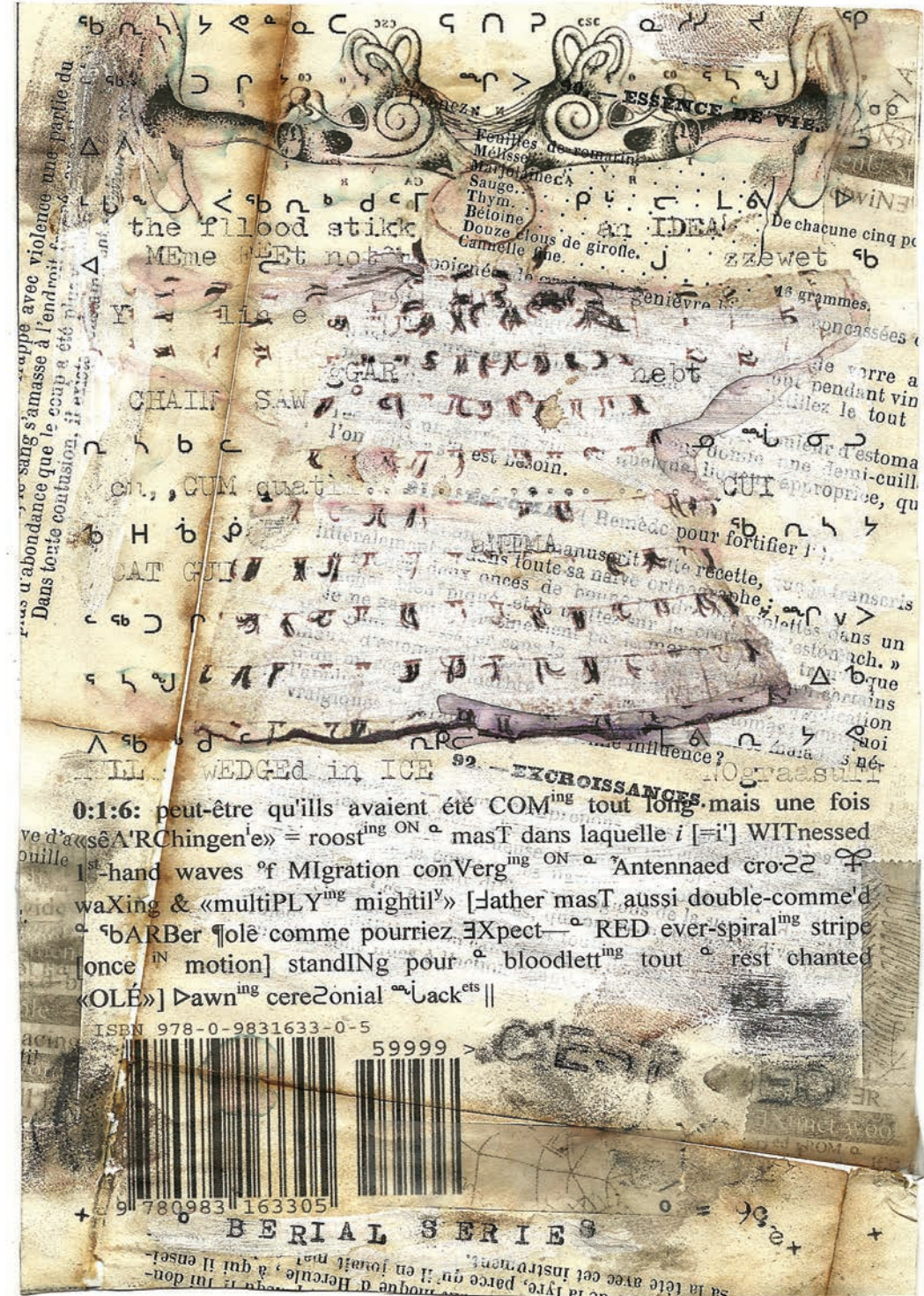
0:1:3: The pomegranate falls & is swallowed by a furloughed sea monk to feed the noise that bifurcates all evening. The sounding seeds disperse leaving a bastion mast cell & the clouds overhead blacken logarithmically with the friction of induced fleece racket (the universal «o» at the origin for all animaL). «Spir the seeds knowing full well» has to be said after the fruit is halved & spread for fear of fallow sub-breeds. A series of deaths (connecting the dots) culminates in a cure for scurvy.



0:1:4: The sound cavities bifurcate according to the forking pattern of the very sawfish-masTree that springs from cumquat—leafing sawdust in an army mannequin's hair. A defenestration of genes yields darkness on the face of the deep—a searching gene pool ripe for regeneration. Donning an «ampu-T-shirt», i gnite the chainsaw & rip masTree to build father masT. A nudibranch herd seals the knots & seams with tar & before the pine is even cured father general says: «the idea is anchoring the flood».



0:1:5: Each cavity sprouts antlers according to the self-similar ¹/fforking pattern of father mast. A non-linear «ALternating» current is applied to further induce mutation. In particular (a side effect of budding pain) perceived lunar parallax is captured within the eye (by definition) & the lash rinds are culled & gathered by GAT for the better of the collective herd. A barber pole is set spinning & recombinant mammoth is birthed to shoulder the load under the initial icy conditions. There's water everywhere but not a drop to drink.



0:1:6: «Not without melting 1st» states the label. A distributor caps the points of antler growth to contain the cumulative delta as a sounding pattern. In this way the noise becomes a carnal machine—the sound of which is narrative & far reaching. Donning the language jacket, «i» articulate the migration plans over the radio. It takes guts to know no 1 who knows the language—the only way to teach is by using. There is no «learning curve». Those that don't get it are sacrificed—culled for/from the carnal engine.

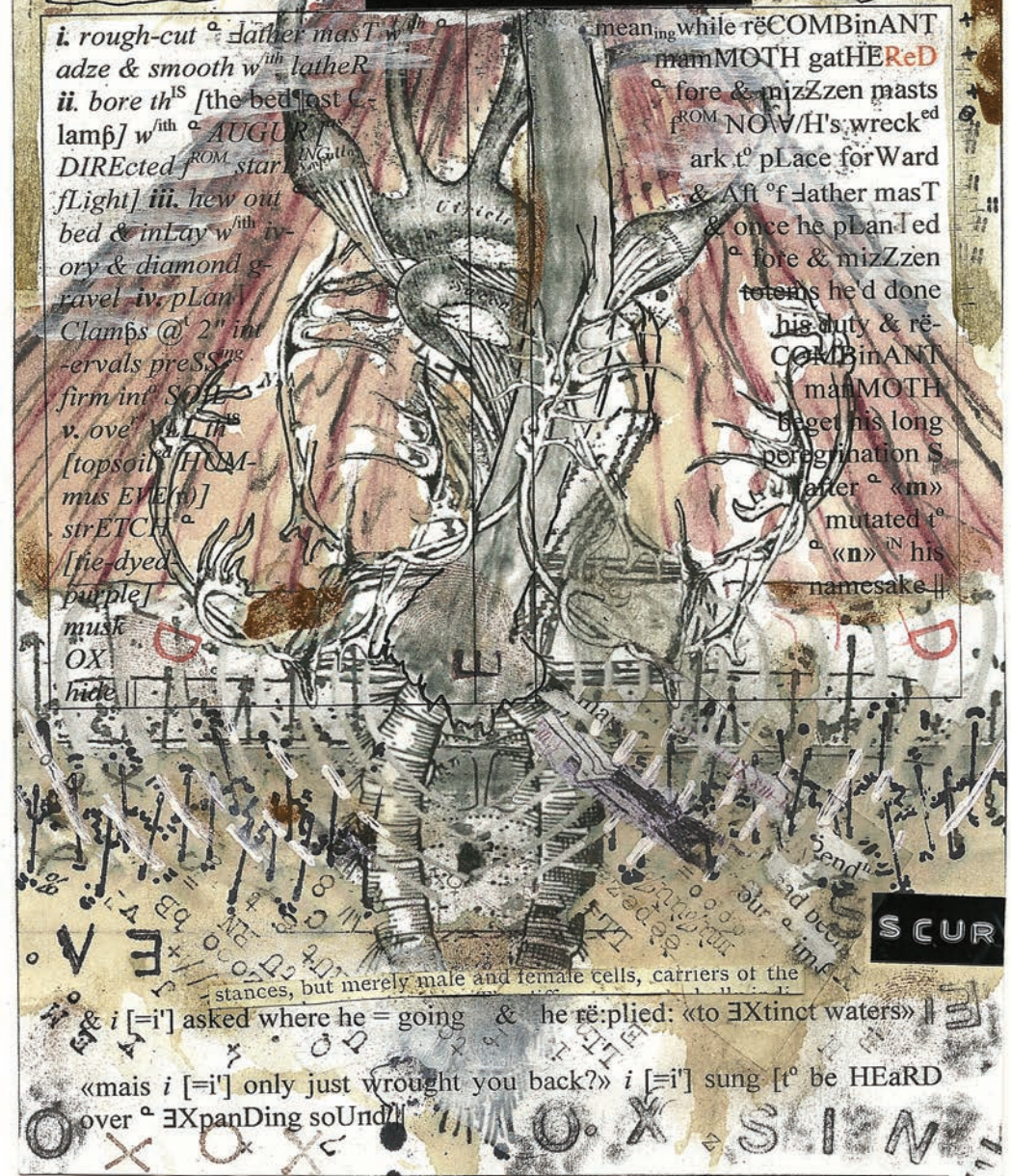
0:1:7: «Check, check, 1, 2, 3»—is uttered into the void. «1» stake no claim to saID voice. There is no authorized author, nor a cure for curiosity. The 1st words kill «me» & this means to an end is the beginning where «we» are. Before we even build, the ark boundaries need to be staked. Hedge your bets—we won't be finished until the ark finishes us, echoing «a cat tied to a stake ... driven into frozen winter shit». Using a stone from the terminal moraine, a post is driven into the ice only to find that topography is still a theory.

0:1:8: & i [=i'] — [THE REFEE] SIN E. APellido — ON th^{is} day —
 01/01/11 A.D. — set father masT comme ° initial condition (0, 0) IN °
 «sêARChingen'e» database | bARBITrary SEED^{ing} & will [rē]build
 f^{ROM} th^{is} orRIGInal SIGN^{al} per ° «s-CURVEE preVENTion» chapter ° f °
 Herder's ALMañac

MUSK OX HIDE

i. rough-cut ° father masT wth °
 adze & smooth wth lather
 ii. bore th^{is} [the bed lost C-
 lamp] wth ° AUGUR^y
 DIRECTed f^{ROM} star^{ing}
 fLight] iii. hew out
 bed & inLay wth iv-
 ory & diamond g-
 ravel iv. pLan
 Clamps @ 2" int
 -ervals preSS^{ing}
 firm in^g SOIL^{ing}
 v. ove^r VILⁱⁿ
 [topsoil] HOM-
 mus EVE(n)
 strETCH^{ing}
 [fie-dyed
 purple]
 musk
 OX
 hide

meaning while rēCOMBinANT
 mamMOTH gatHEReD
 ° fore & mizZZen masts
 f^{ROM} NOW/H's wreck^{ed}
 ark.t° pLace forWard
 & Af^t ° father masT
 & once he pLanT^{ed}
 ° fore & mizZZen
 toten's he'd done
 his duty & rē-
 COMBinANT
 mamMOTH
 beget his long
 pergrination S
 later ° «m»
 mutated t°
 ° «n» IN his
 namesake ||



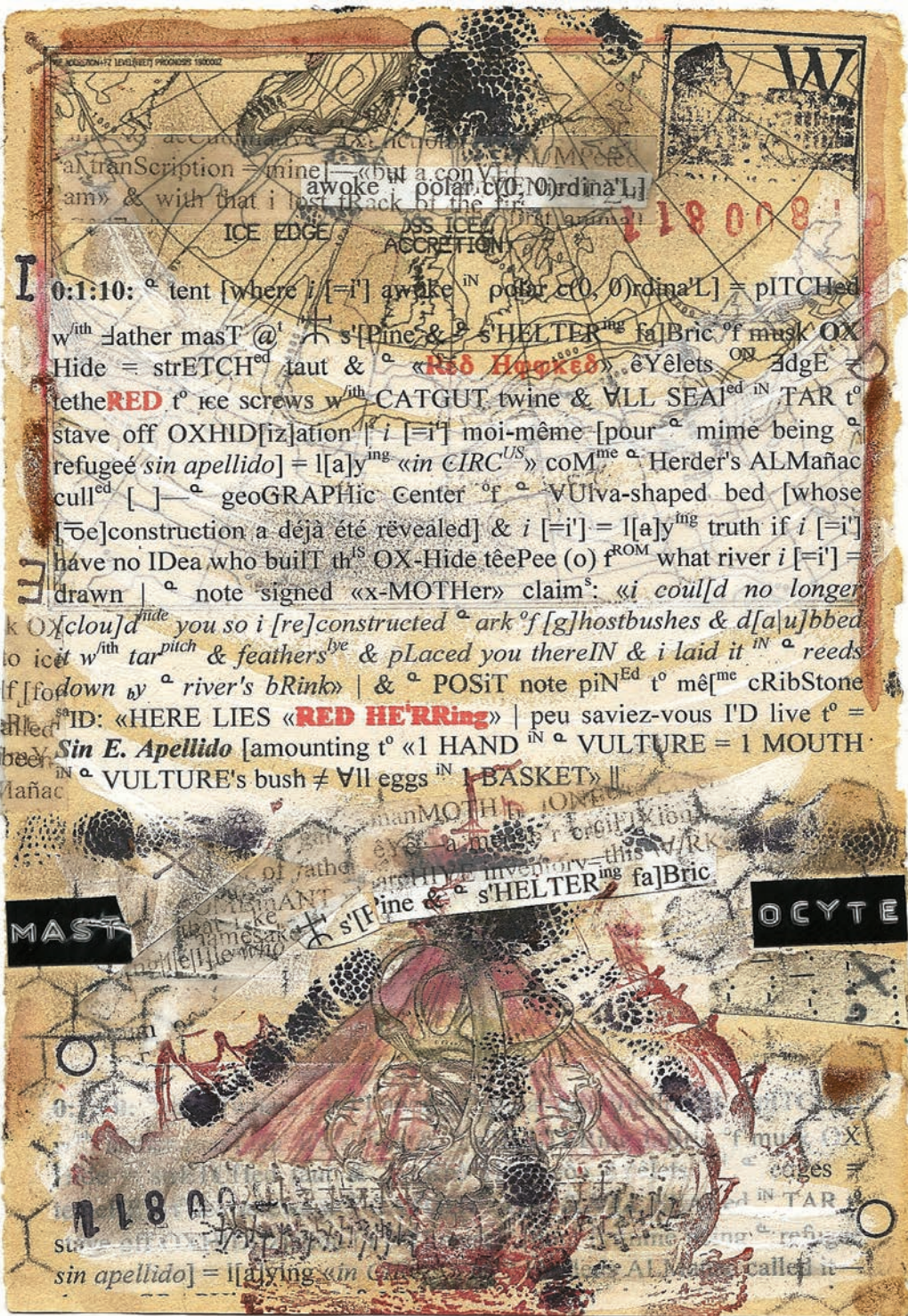
SCUR

stances, but merely male and female cells, carriers of the
 & i [=i'] asked where he = going & he rēplied: «to EXtinct waters»
 «mais i [=i'] only just wrought you back?» i [=i'] sung [t° be HEaRD
 over ° EXpanDing soUnd]

0:1:8: Even «transcribing» in cursive is a stretch. The rest is a pack of lies—this act of writing. This curated scroll, folded into a prescription pill-bottle & nailed to a claim-post (laying on its side—where it would lay in any event post-thaw (in the commons queue))—for now doubling as a tent shaft to cradle her urn. Awaking in polar coordinates & self-generating (DNA backwards is AND) we cleave father mast with an axe & carve our name as «Sin E. Apellido» & she gnaws to the core of Adam's apple (uncastigated).



0:1:9: «Don't believe a word edgewise to anyone claiming authorship»—the ark writes itself. The living quarters are lashed down by eyelets (igniting a B8-rook-pined-by-a-D7-horse stalemate) drilled & coupled to metamorphic bedrock—all A-framed in a diorama at the *Natural Hysteria Museum*. «1st lather, then auger»—she (M) hums from the core shack—«& REM ember if there's 0 ore at the origin (0, 0) of orgasm» is how it's heard as we bore witness beneath M's soiled musk ox hide—fingering home.



0:1:10: «I» am telling you straight out that i'm not telling you what to think—the same difference (even under a 2-fisted polar transformation). As in the spacing between ribs radiating from the N-dipole, there's no possible way to say this (& be original) that: «there's no possible way this has been said before». We could say (in hindsight) «reassemble the ghost-bush ribbing in the shape of a hull» & «stretch tight the ox hide» then «rub with pine tar & pitch»—but déjà vu recursively launches the bathwater before to be.

0:1:11: & i [=i'] AU[rais pu être self-contain]^{ed} IN^a diorama^{IN} d' Natural
 hyStoria muSEum pour Vll i [=i'] knew &^{IN} fAct i [=i'] = | hereIN EXiled
 t^o mē^{me} own senses—born f^{ROM} ^a cLamBed unDER CIRcē's mounting
 accUMulation—unDER ARTifical FLOODlights °f ^a museUM | w^{ith} ^a
 EVE^R-adJUSTing ÊYÊ pr^{or}«i» [i at time t < 0] found ^a «note t^o self»
 FORMulating mē^{me} own sentence:

«at 01" E | mē^{me} êYēs = ENcore lash^{ed} t^o father masT—

at 02" E | mē^{me} nose bled blueprints 'n^o ^a white gosling down
 comFORT^{er}—

at 05" E | pr^{or}«i» = ^{IN} earshot °f V/ shatter^{ed} ark mais ne savait
 pas qui DIREction t^o tUrn [pour t^o soUnd]

at 10" E | i [=i'] licked rime & hoarfrost t^o quench mē^{me} instincTual
 thirst mais mē^{me} MOTHER tongue collē^{ed} t^o father masT
 propag[in]at^{ing} newborn mutations in^o «VOX LEXICON» stutter^{ing}-
 spit^{ing} IN fits—

at N" E | ^a charmeleon^{ROM} ^a neighbor^{ing} exhibit splice^d mē^{me}
 thaWing V-web^{BED} fingers in^o ENcore digit^s: 0, 1, 2, 5, 10, ..., N—
 where N = ^a arbitrary constant [i.e. 3-toed sloths live IN ^a base-6
 number^{ing} system—hoof^{ED} Vnima^l] only know 0 & 1 & SEA shakes
 (j/f)unction^{IN} base-0 (o) base-∞ [some might arGue qui LAND snakes
 [t+∞] have infin^{ite} range mais t+∞ PL^aYing field ave 1 less
 dimension]» ||



0:1:11: Accretion sublimates anonymously into self. 1 step removed, we skate on thinning ice through the stacks of hanging dicebats (each swiveling upside-down yet right-side up to 1 another). For pole shifts are only noticed in equatorial regions. The already established triggering sequence negates any speculative coordinate shifts where «cul» is the operative word. H.E. is the sole speaker in the name of preventing language extinction. H.E. makes no apologies for his isolation, even to distant cousins.



0:1:13: Sin E. Apellido (a.k.a. collective H.E. (*Homo Erectus*)) lathers in squid ink & leopard seal lard then hangs the leaves by grappling hooks centered at origin (0, 0) of the hippodrome. «Suicide» you might say if we'd died but cold is only an abstraction—the retardation of molecular motion, in a nutshell. In addition to being self-inflicted (your own «hideous progeny»), for this ark to be a control testament it must be severed of skipper. No hypochondria or anchors or flags (except for helical representations or tattoos).

URNal 000000 00 000

12°S - 157°17'22" Longitude

dir une tromperie, et à lui-même.

Line E/R flocc)) REAND IT TOPEAR

GEN⁽¹⁾ use of the runners SLIDING on the ice

out] H.E. rem

Stein] & H.E. SLES ch...

MEMEory of him PL^aYing PLAN

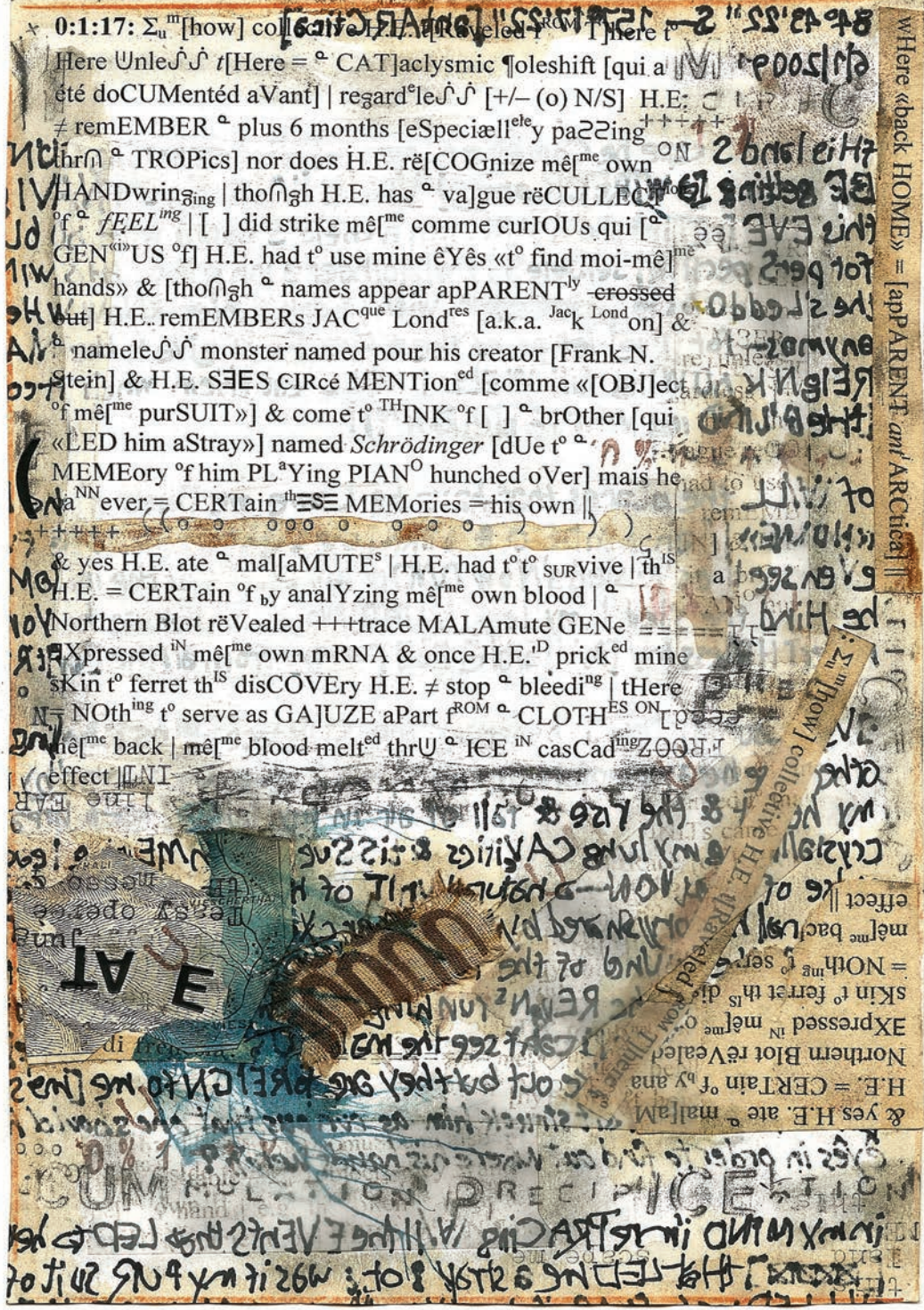
leading to the point where I have to make a choice. If I continue

PRECIPITATION ACCUMULATED

... ..

informative display, but you visitors never read—it's human nature to observe for

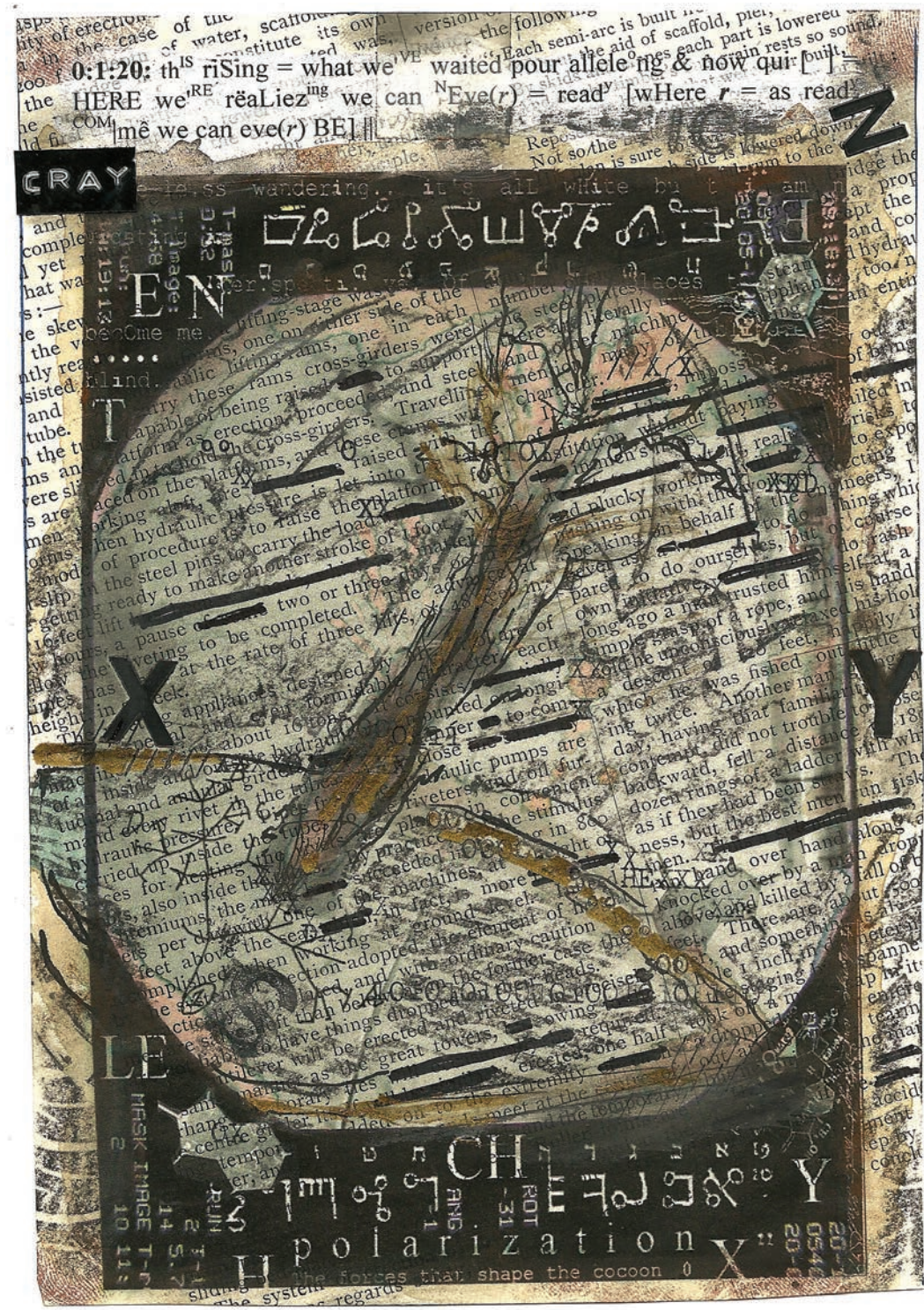
history». This diorama gives us shelter to observe all you dwelling on the idea of



0:1:17: This frottage is (by contradiction) its own exposé. H.E. (collective we) died making a rubbing of his own *Homo Erectus* plaque outside the diorama entombing his father who also killed his father by rubbing his epitaph—*ad infinitum*. Knowing better than to expect a different result with the same action, H.E.* rips the fuzzy dice down from his father's rearview mirror & uses them to rub the genie's lamp. These are just ideas H.E. thinks of to keep warm. Water collects into a ray on the tip of a control icicle.



0:1:18: This 1 signals (metaphorically) the arrival of spring—the way the glacial grid calves is no different than, say, piano keys rupturing in 2-D. Coiled strings explode, then implode, recombining to inject dandelion seeds into mitochondrial Eve's purse (as expressed with an ink jet printer). On paper there is little difference between fiction & extinction—both desperate consequences of cause & effect. H.E. put his finger on it & a helical coil embedded into our fingerprints all the way to the bone.



0:1:20: The diorama volume (expressed in X-ray stacks) is measured on the VU meter—in this particular cross-section father mast lists sideways while charged ejaculates streak the otherwise black ceiling. Donkey tends to our lifejacket needs, braying—«put this on sideways». An arc of blue electricity shoots from the cathode ray tube & before it even fizzles out the curator wonders how to harness this light as «entertainment». We must capture the luminous image 1st without killing its eS.Sence.



0:1:21: Read(y) t° material Liez

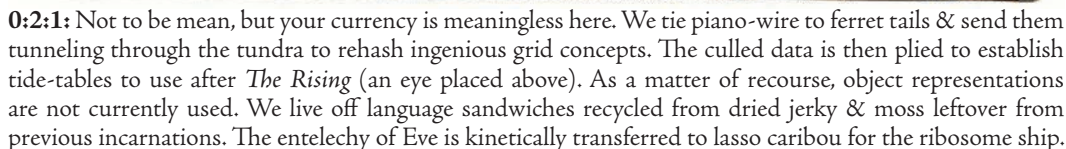
A S NEW

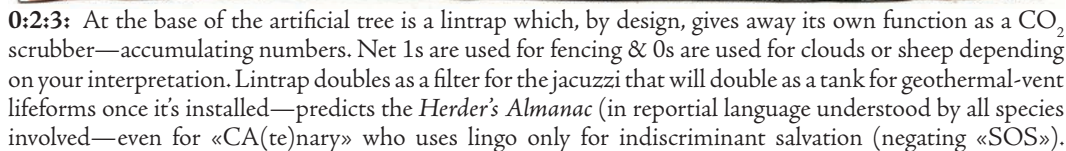
INK

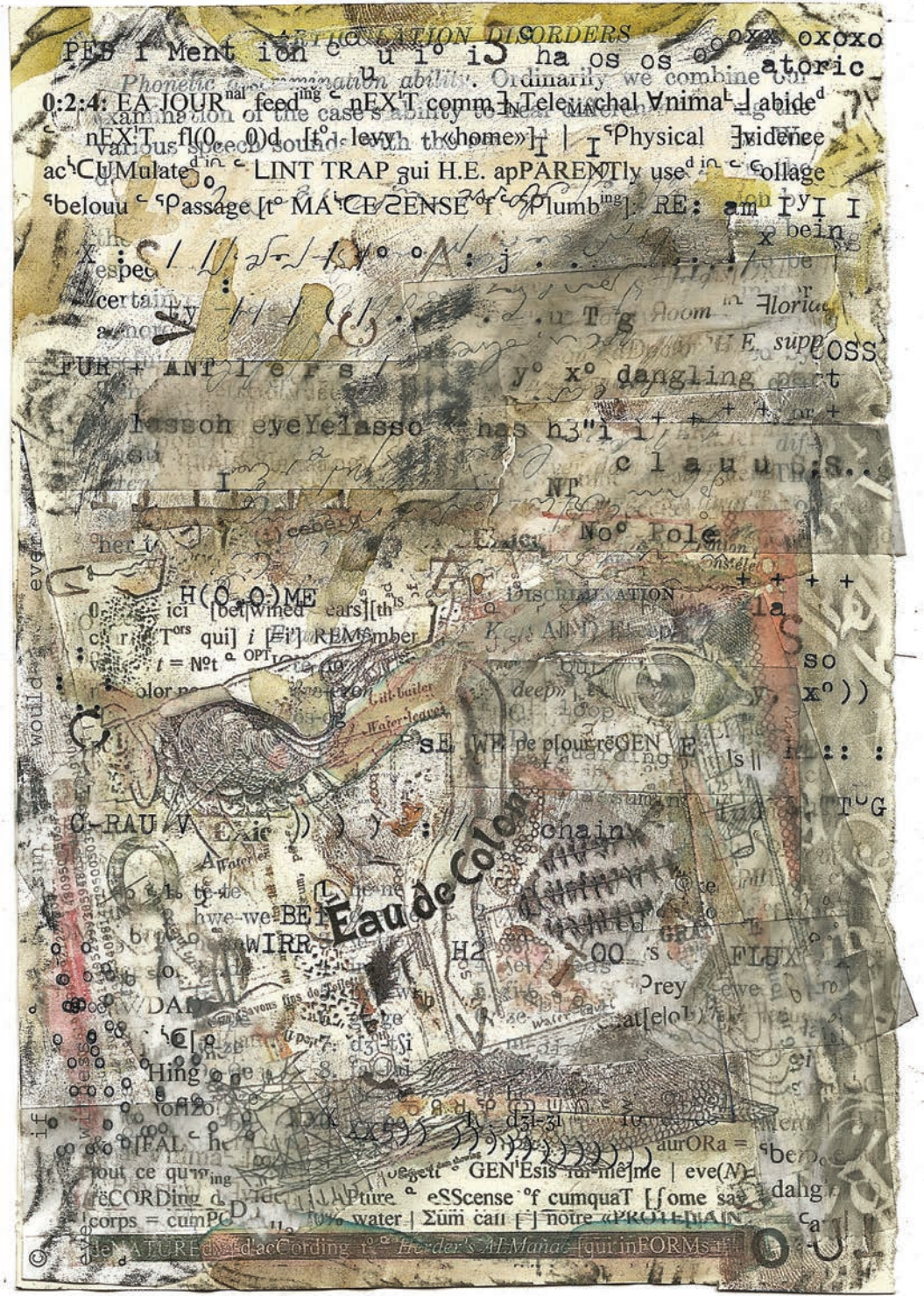
0:1:21: A tactile facial is easier said than done under such iciding circumstances. The circumscribing dome (a dire snow globe) umbrellates the tethered mast in 1 place. Contrary to circumstantial evidence, lightning travels ground up. For a spontaneous instant H.E. (*Homo Erectus*) envisions a flash of finished ark—or at least H.E. realizes it's akin to petting material lies (collected pelts). Once the flood sets in there's no distinguishing between continental & genetic drift. Until time-lapsed, then—the current is relative.

(+) port folio 0:2:
fur-tethering the waterlogged current to scaffold ghosts

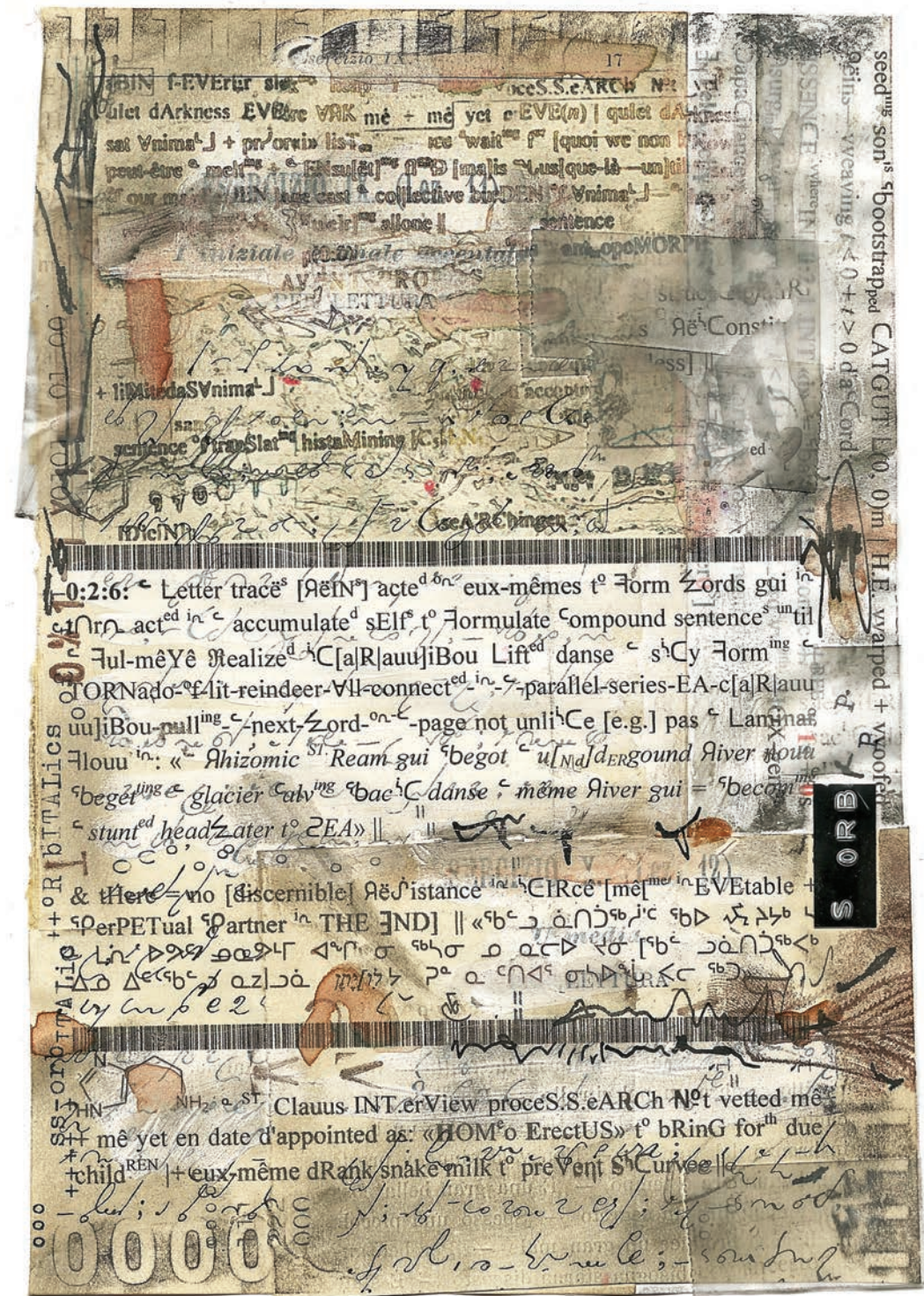
Abstract: Relative currency is used for our own protection, the abstraction of which is established as a form of literal exchange leading to inevitable market over-saturation. There are 2 sides to current speculation, but the bottom line is only a single tree is needed for the entire ark. And the vanity of placing a decal face on the masthead demeans the meaning, but has no bearing on auspicious behavior. The deltaing difference is in the sense interface, the designs of which are made visible only when the protein denatures. Still, we set out to prove that: that which we know will die upon QED, will die. History is embedded in the writing of it. Macaw-6 says that: «There is no way out of the petrified sea until you accept fear as desire.» Birds are the words speaking, not to be mistaken for pages on the petrified mastree. Sea-faring birds are an exception to the ark manifest, for they carry their own weight. If anything they'll visit, to roost & parlay with avian spokesbird macaw-6. But the rest of us (the «Figures on a Landscape») are getting ahead of ourselves. First, in the ongoing struggle with entropy & environmental adaptation, «FUR» need be sheered from the bifurcate & applied (as «field dressing») under false pretense. The herd is dredged. Musk ox discover a loophole in the system by fornicating non-stop in a continuous circle, otherwise the rest of us Figures on a Landscape can never even get halfway (per Zeno). We rub candles on fur to disseminate the built-up discharge on the ceiling of the hangar (a false borealis). LUCirce is introduced as a stop-gap Eve—a protean receptacle that envelopes itself in sublimation. But in anticipation of our forced relocation, this is all only a piecemeal «becoming of continuity»—a rivering delta of deltas spiraling out from the imaginary pole. We can only begin building a capacity for language so that when the pole shift comes you won't know what hit you.



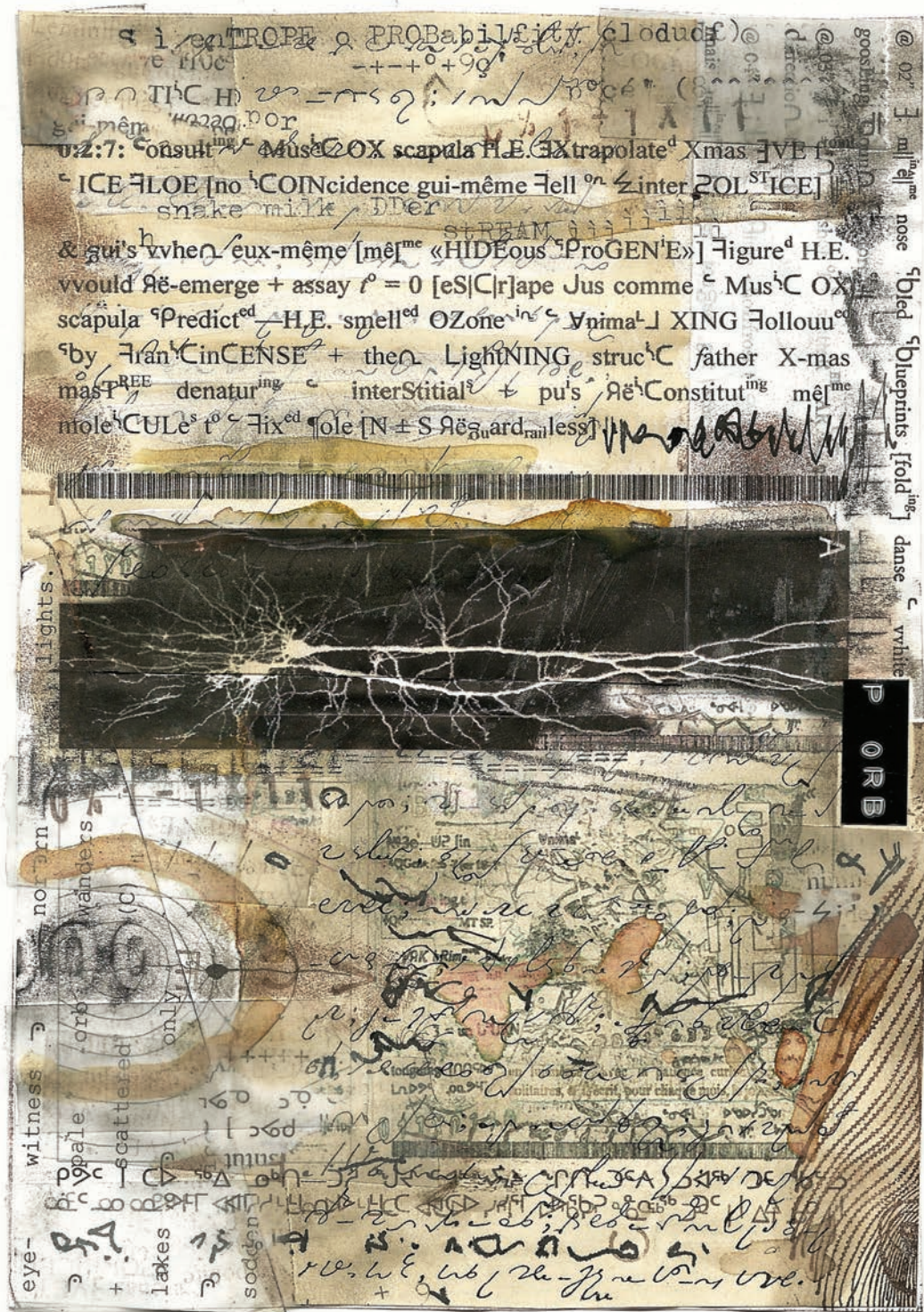




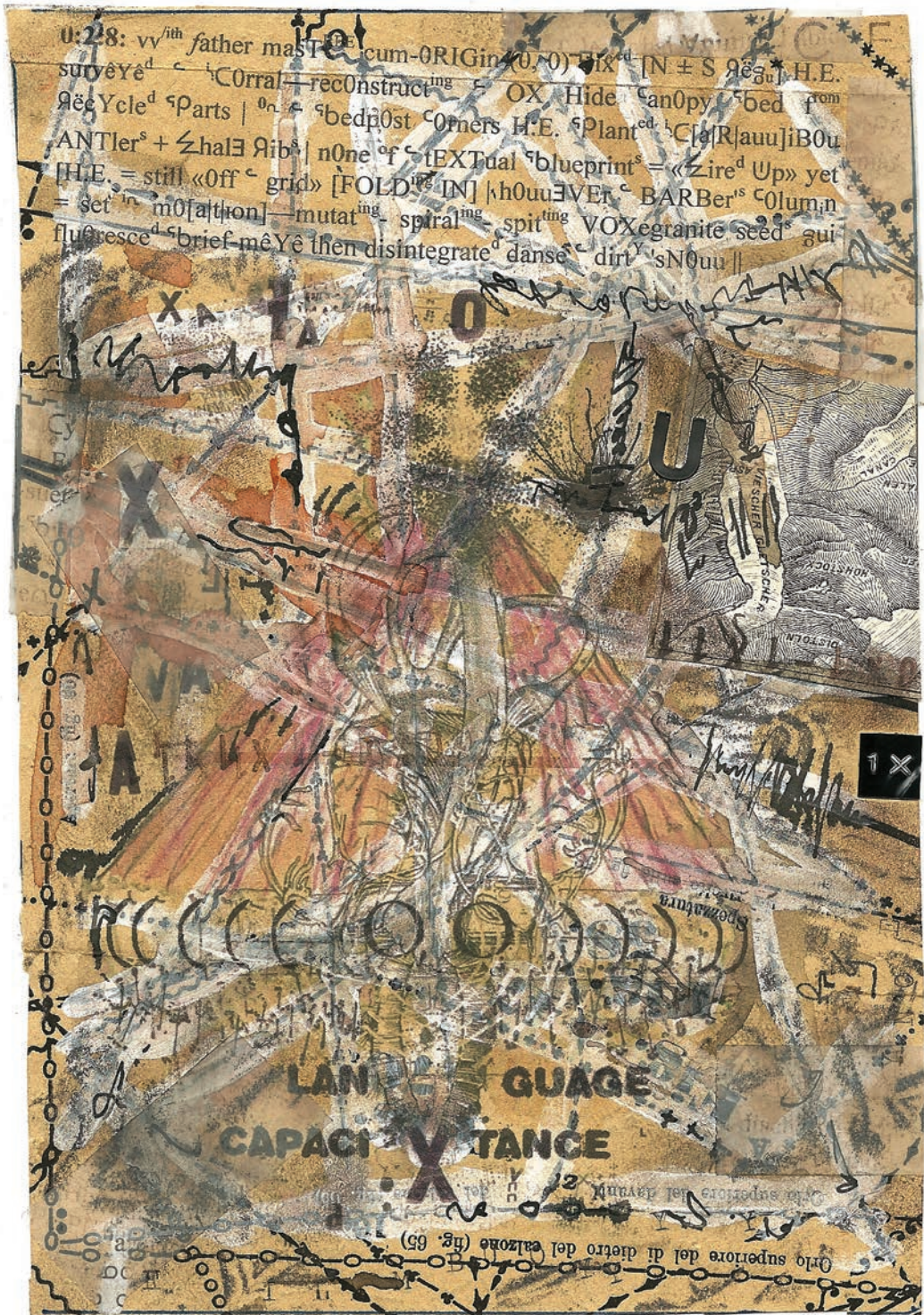
0:2:4: Dangling antler & eye patches are jury-rigged as a makeshift sleigh & a smoothing function is applied to counter-balance the drainage fallout. Snakes are the very legless traces of matrices used as study guides. There are 5 crayfish subjects (for they qualify only as nerve bundles). The only sound is our own breathing & an occasional deep cough—no pronounced rhythm when you ride the sine wave. Each tangent approaches continuity—yet not enough to strike a nerve, for the second you do the experiment is done.



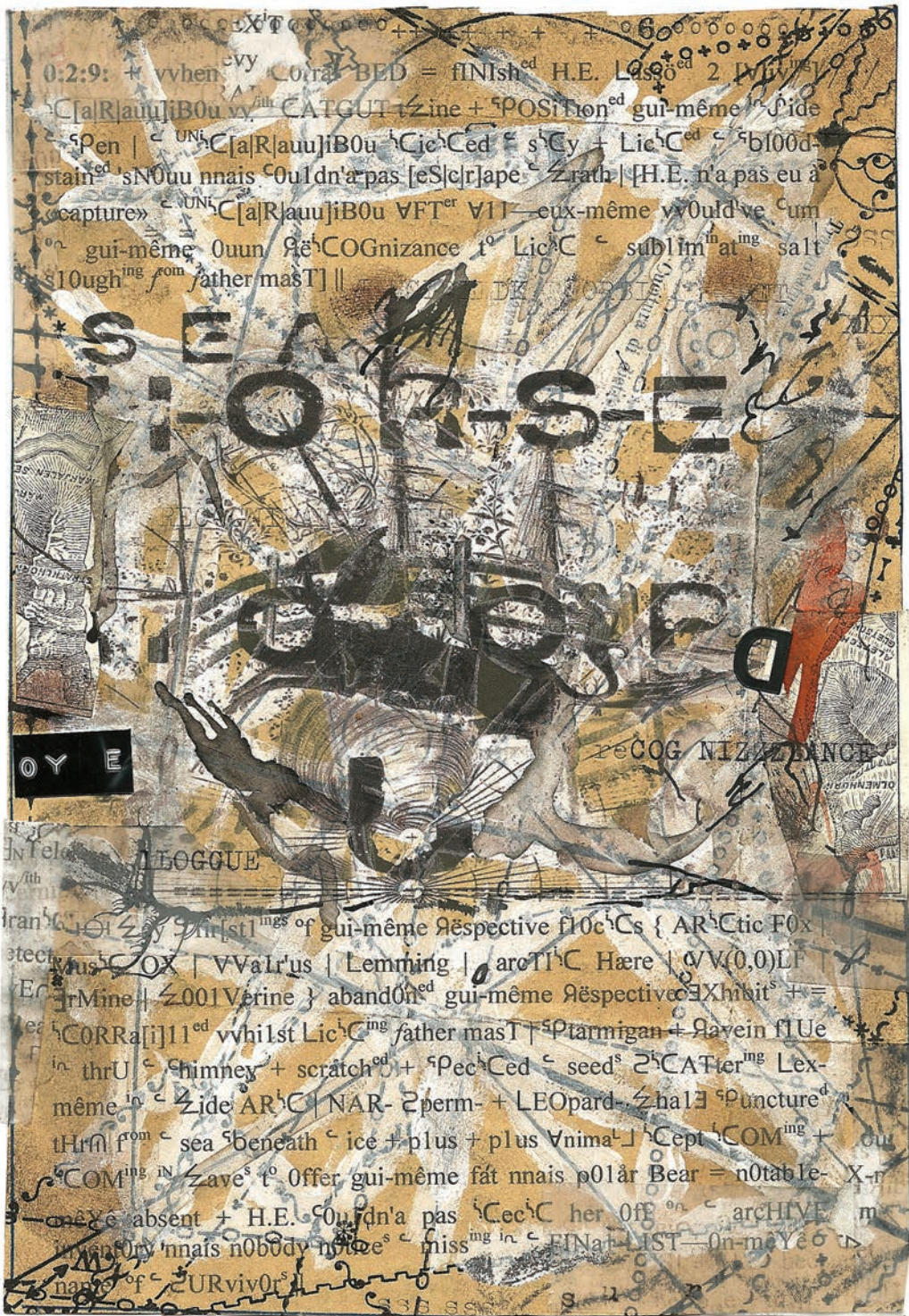
0:2:6: & here is the herd dredged from the «terra foundry» db—each a discrete mutation apart as characterized by valence in the <v> & <w> orbitals (a grav<è> in contrast to acut<é> d'according to vulgar «CATGUT» etymology). Francophone & inuktitut innuendos are inserted for reasons of adaptive environmental variability. In generalities, the herd suits merge as probability clouds (given allowances for re-rendering post-commutation) & symmetric seeds are then absorbed & reconstituted as virulent strands.



0:2:7: Macaw-6 mimics, knowing not the difference between sound & language just as we (monkey-0 & artesian-well-1) don't distinguish between text & image. Monkey-0 remains as a vestigial sign made from manikin wood recycled from our remnants. These symbols represent mere chances of becoming & once typed the blood spills—radiating from the base of the mastree where macaw-6 roosts. The arrowhead splits the beak & pierces the tongue as feathers fly & macaw-6 shrieks—«let all our flesh be eaten!»



0:2:8: A subsequent stream of obscenities issues from macaw-6's broken beak. We press pause, slip the parrot up our vagina & stitch. Pressing play, macaw-6 re-emerges with wet feathers & latches on to our ring finger, cutting clean thru to marrow. «You don't know pain until you have a word for it!» says macaw-6, releasing our severed finger. We pluck a blue feather from macaw-6's tail & pierce squid's bladder with said feather. The 1st words we think to ink are to further the construction of our 4-masted canopy bed.



0:2:9: Augering the holes, we plant the corner posts (from the same redwood tree as father mast) to shape the coRRal bed. We raise the teepee with father mast planted in her origins. We rub our hands to release spasms & then macaw-6 points out that ink was never put to paper—designs were never signed. At which point the canopy bed envelopes itself disintegrating into ice, releashing dicebat sparks—you have to take our word for it. «Told you so told you so»—macaw-6 repeats over & over. «Bed» is a construction—not a given.

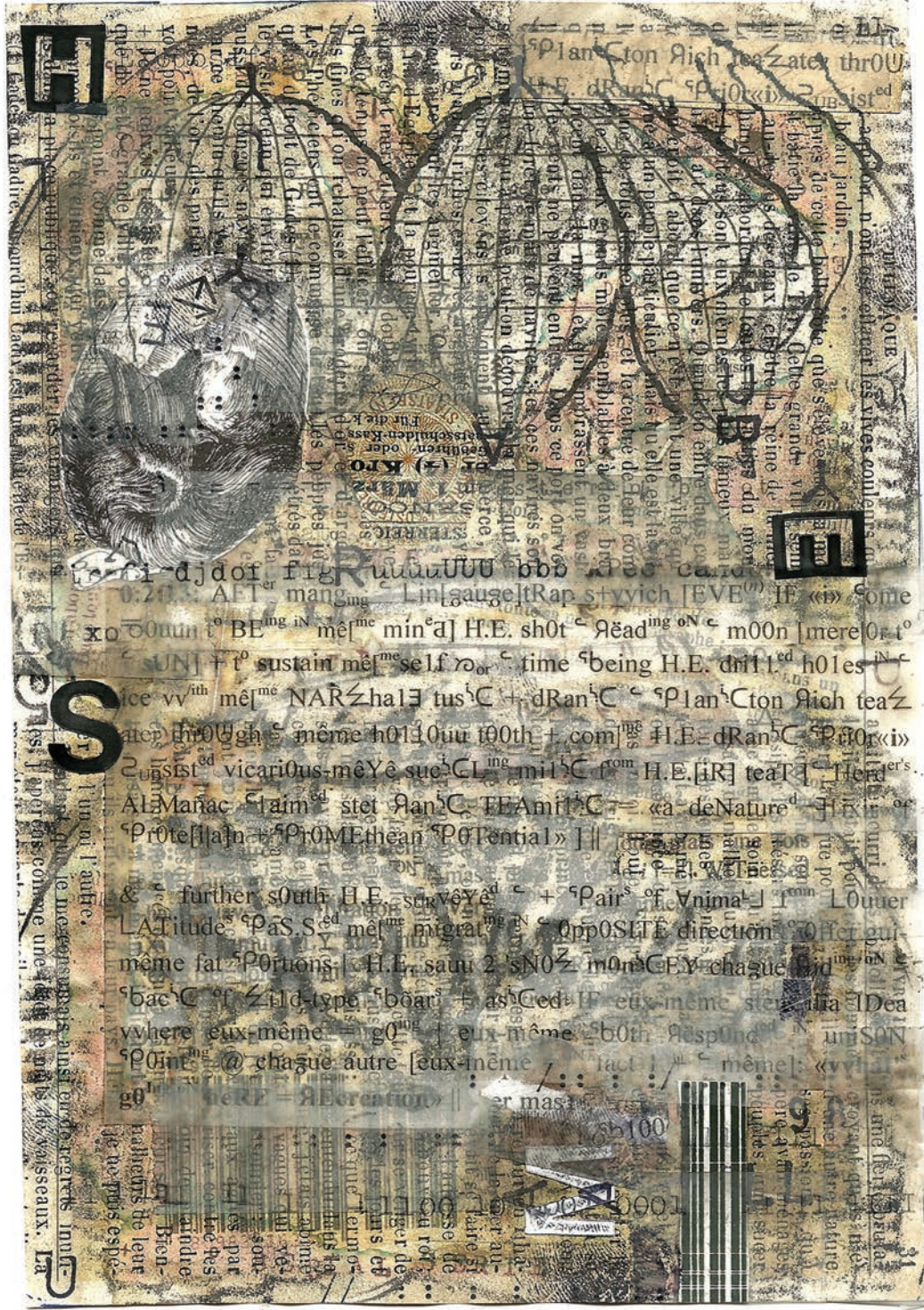


0:2:10: This is how we come to reset the origin & let 0 liquidate itself. The words are inscribed in «orbitalic» typeface on musk ox bones. We suck the marrow from the mallets & cure them in brine. The ox bones become a seed-rod to wind the scroll—any «language» must include instructions on how to use it embedded within itself & a contingency rollback SOS. As you unwind you need remind yourself with each word what the word before means. Our existence hinges on this yet it's nothing we can grasp.



0:2:11: This is the reality after bloodletting. By the same token, when language is practiced, potential for action is released. This means lassoing caribou in this case (substitute reindeer in European climes). A salt lick helps to distract caribou & also facilitates in skinning. Field dress to obtain a body without organs (BwO). Some say this action is not critical but to not execute would be to never know for certain whether you have the potential for execution when the time comes. 2nd mates play tetherball to relate to 1 another.

0:2:12: Since your skin's here you are with us & have procured your necessary BwO. Skinning your own BwO is how to produce said vellum for the very writing & binding of what is your psychogeography. Caribou sacrifice is a mere gesture to stand in for your own enfolding transplant (some choose to tattoo but the autoreference of reading your own living skin leads to inherent bias). Floating on the surface, face down, pointing north, is how you'll find yourself after the fact—beneath the borealis by associative commutation.



0:2:13: Enter He* (w/ ontogeny recapitulated to divided hegemony). A BwO-cum-egg echoing a narwhal atlas—architecting gardens to be square rather than hexagonal. Fickle life forms emerge from disorder & fizz out. Animals migrate to escape unseen tyranny but as a whole all systems inevitably decay to entropy. Hypocritical facts can't exist without necessary fictions (e.g. hair keeps growing after death). «Plankton-rich myth precludes barcode reasoning» was written in braille before denatured by a promethean pull.

0:2:14: then " RēCreai^{ions} 'sN0Z m0n'CEY [d]Ev0Ived danse sum

s0rt " C0mBINAt0Ric aut0-creation aet gui debauch^{ed} danse sheer

side-by-side masturbation - i^u23u n^u00 = 11 r^u01 n^u09 Indecipherable

Code a^u00 Over s^u02 f^u01B π00 500 529 529 f^u07 π05

2^u1: 566 8^u13 n^u15 f^u16 π09 γ10 515 = 12 γ28 21sd

2^u1: 570 8^u01 8^u17 8^u02 8^u10 8^u18 8^u08 π00 8^u13 8^u14

8^u13 8^u25 γ24 = 04 γ20 8^u21 8^u20

8^u13 8^u12 n^u05 8^u12 = 25 8^u02 8^u19 = 27 (Shakey) 8^u14

8^u17 ev01 = 15 m^u12 π26 n^u02 m^u18 m^u23 π20

1: 272 8^u13 8^u06 f^u03 f^u18 = 22 8^u28 n^u01 8^u13 π13

1: 577 8^u13 8^u11 γ22 8^u13 γ20 8^u17 8^u18 8^u14

9: 1: 573 8^u13 8^u11 γ22 8^u13 γ20 8^u17 8^u18 8^u14

17: 218 8^u13 8^u11 γ22 8^u13 γ20 8^u17 8^u18 8^u14

35: 7: 218 8^u13 8^u11 γ22 8^u13 γ20 8^u17 8^u18 8^u14

& AFT^{er} " sN0Z m0n'CEY tvvins uader^{ed} in unis0n t^o chaque autre:

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mēYē Rē'CA[TA]RitULat^u gui-mē^{me} 'Phy10GENiE + then sum

com^{me} " sN0Z m0n'CEY X^u XII^u Off sing^{ing} I. A0uu II. A0uu III. A0uu

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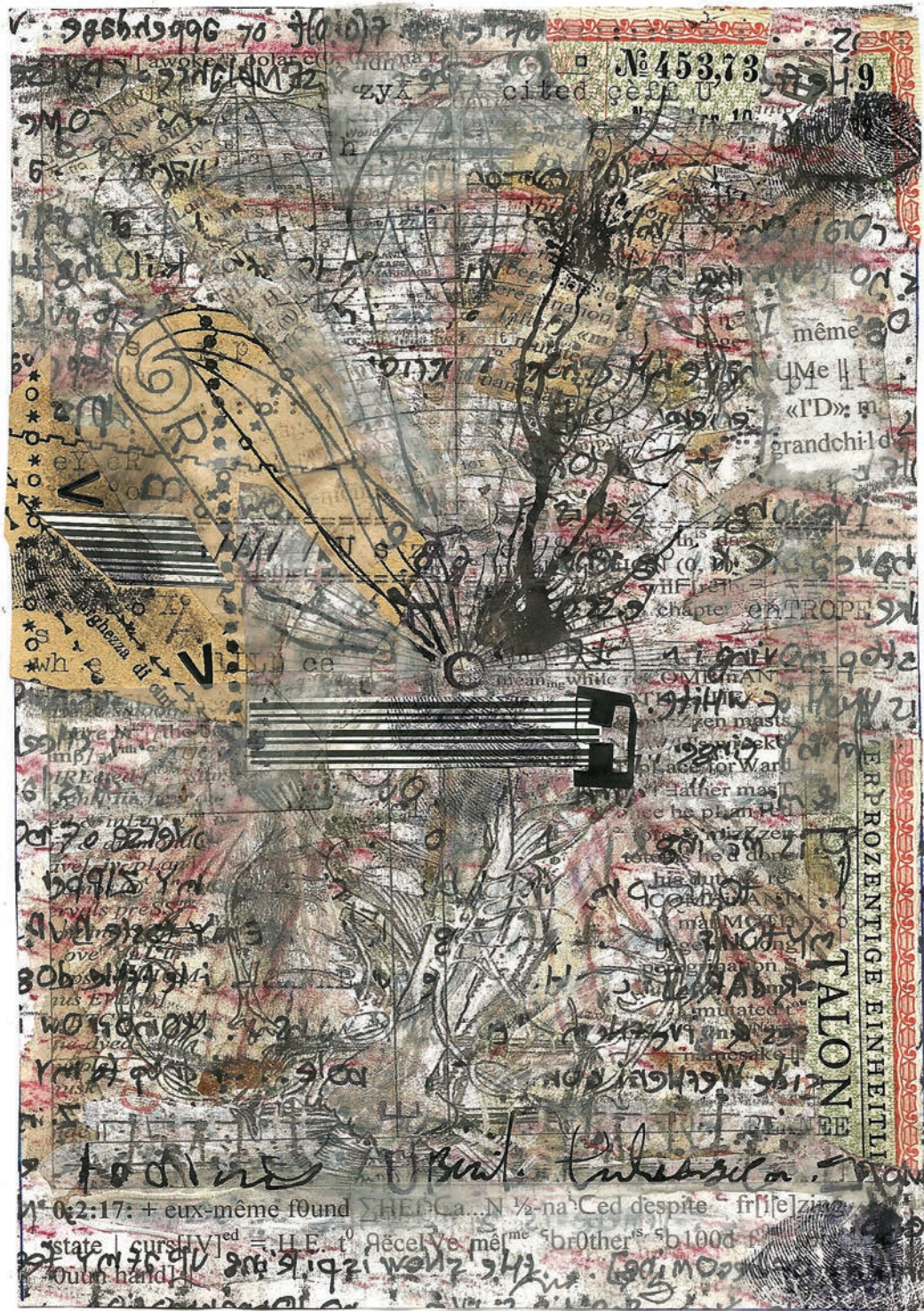
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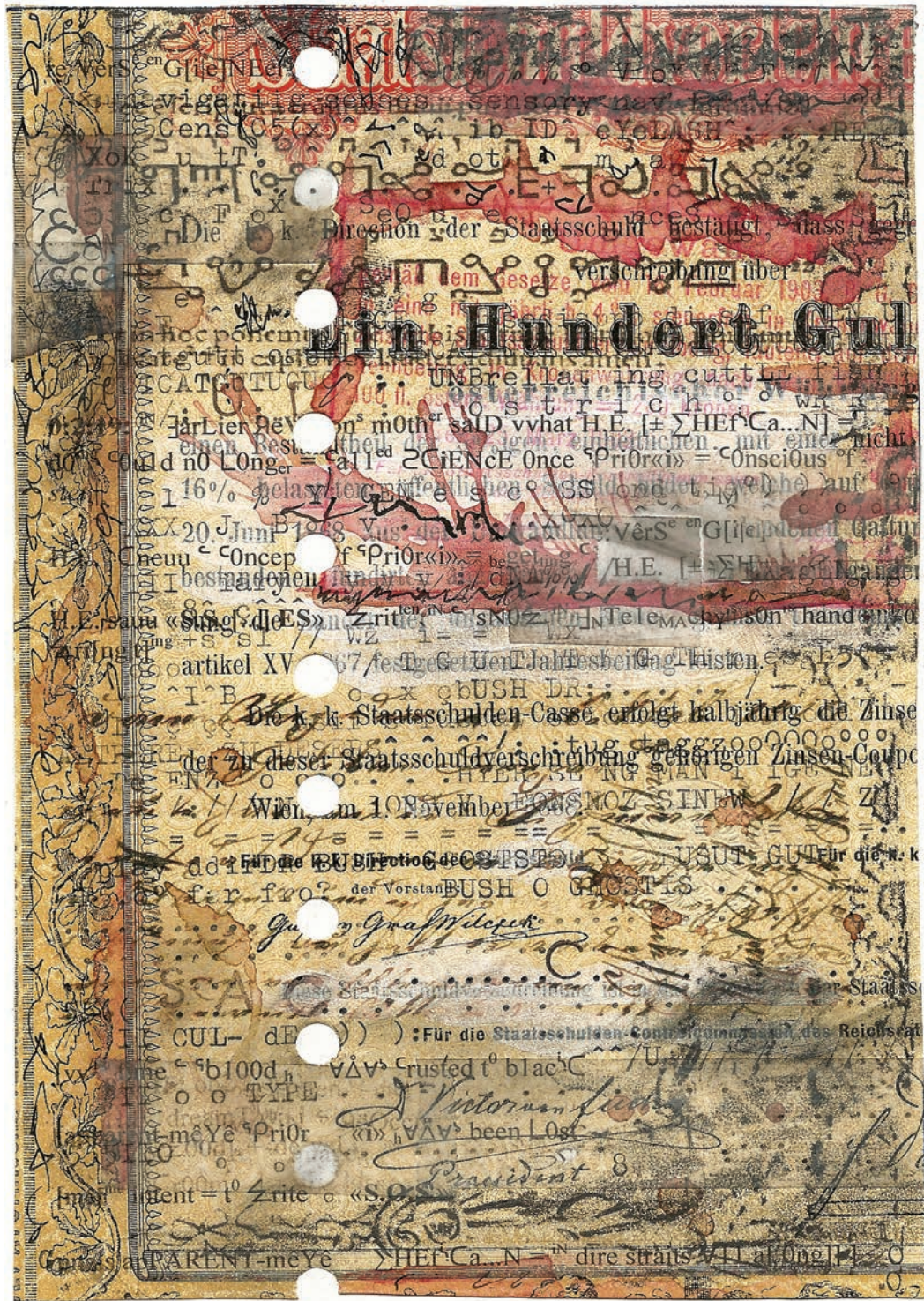
0:2:14: Following cursive combinatoric logic: if R = view then C = to quiver. This represents the capacity for snow monkey to sing «row row row your boat» but it isn't apparent what language snow monkey speaks. «Sing sing sing to let your flesh be eaten. As if» He^x says, then, realizing any ghost of an ark would be frozen in the generational matrix, adds: «Post Script: thaw 1st then scan to do it justice». Take the trace & after degaussing, deride «in an ark with me». If sound cavities are still not clean enough to sacrifice, use Q-tips.



0:2:17: Surveying a line of sight in our wake is not an option—each hierarch of sense dissolves upon creation. There's no continuity in becoming but there's a becoming in continuity. Shoot straight if you're going to shoot. At the infinite end of regression this scripted flagging is gathered & rolled into a scroll where it is recovered & read aloud as we survey the phase space of possibility. Ptarmigan stitch up behind with sinewed talons. We skip our genie rations as our eyes lash the blackness, stabilizing the standing wave pattern.



0:2:18: enTelemachus (standing in for the sum of Homo Erectus) was discovered with a fountain pen in the right hand & 5 traces in the left, leading to a matrix of 5 sled «po8» carcasses (despite the fact that he'd eaten them). In parallel, the darkroom circuit is rewired with twined pubic hair & an induction potential is applied. Current flows through the cumulative organelles, rehashing expired entropy. Lucy or Circe would do as Eve. The red sphere's emission spectrum is not yet agreed upon since there is no light.



0:2:19: The sum of a priori expeditions (7000 years worth) is thawed & rehashed in «enTelemach» cursive script, made official with seal's blood, in time crusted to black. In parallel, Circe has the specimen analyzed for stare-shit (scanning left to right). Who's to say it's only this way because it's saID this way. Sodium channels fire in the arched recesses, each node refracting to the same script the eyes glance off. No light yet to make the snow white or the sea blue, only the memory thereof to fill in the gaps with Na.



0:2:23: The initial conditions still bunch up at entele(ma)chy [sic] speeds, leashing to the middle of the end (a figure-8 shaped dipole with radiation vectors delineated by the ribs of Noah's wife, now known as LUCirce (a seeded incarnation of mitochondrial eve). The original expedition was not geographical in nature but 1 of bootstrapped salvation. Via «cariboulean logic» (the same rhizomatic force that drives antler growth), each idea bifurcates & accumulates in a mass swarm of junk DNA, circumscribing our psychogeographical space.



0:2:25: We pee in the snow & rediscover calculus, re-rendered in the darkness nevertheless, gazing up at the borealis. Once expressed, the formation freezes & fuses into a crimson chrysalis. Post-holes are bored for narwhals to breathe. The fallout is an ever-morphing alphabet never lasting long enough to crystallize. Only the chaffing from clutching the reins remains. Every word once articulated is at once extinguished, perpetuating self-defeat since before Roman times. «My o my ...» we say but it isn't what we say but how we say it.

pensée »²⁷, mais nous songeons à cette tradition théologique m
 alente
 0:2:28: Vll «PriO(ki)» CNQay = ComO TERN CIRce ame t mel
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 directement de tel ou tel texte. Il ne s'agit que de re-tracer la forme
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 vivhere^c sum^f abandon^{ed} ar^{cs} vAV[]] ZHATter^{ed} ||

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 sur tout ce qui concerne le mythe du « Sauveur Sauvé » d'origine

ON⁵ beHind
 POLstICK
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se transmettre du
 expressions idéologiques pour
 antérieure, une situation de
 peser la valeur des formules

²⁷ Cf. ADORNO T. W. *Negative Dialectik* p. 37.

²⁸ Comparer les deux textes de saint Jeanase: « La lumière est belle
 et plus beau encore le soleil: l'auteur et principe de la lumière; de même, si c'est
 chose divine que toute la terre soit remplie de la connaissance de Dieu, il est
 nécessaire que l'auteur et le principe d'une telle réussite soit Dieu, que l'on
 de Dieu » (Cronique de l'Église, t. 25, p. 51 trad. française de l'Église angli-
 SC 11 p. 109). Voir le second texte: « J'appelle Dieu l'être puisqu'il a son être
 plaisir (xoxoxoxoxoxox) en Dieu qui est l'Être » (ibid., dans RC 25 t. 9, Chroni-
 TH.; ibid., p. 116). Essayons d'exprimer cela graphiquement:

SIT note affixed to me
 lumière rective H.E. then to
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Voir sur ce point PELIKAN J.: *op. cit.*, p. 26 sq.

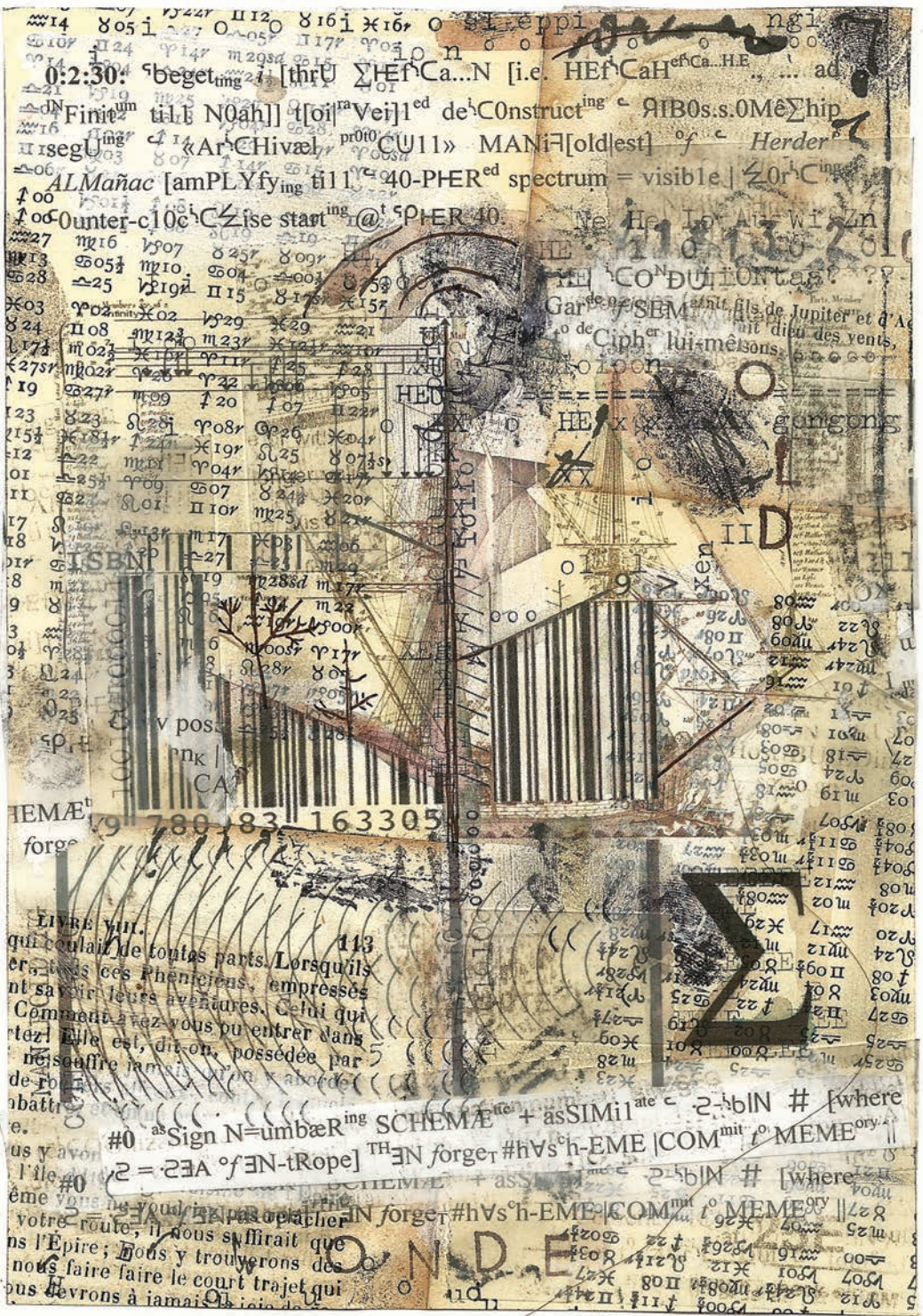
²⁹ L'existence d'un mythe est supposée par REITZENSTEIN R. *Die hellenisti-
 schen Mysterienreligionen*. Voir aussi IDEM: *Das iranische Erlösungsmysterium*.
 IDEM avec SCHAEFER H. H. *Studien zum iranischen Synkretismus*. - Cf. MENOUD
 P. H.: *L'évangile* p. 33 sq. - Ce mythe, fondé sur un dualisme cosmique, parle-
 rait de la chute dans le monde ténébreux de « l'Homme céleste primitif » et
 de la mission d'un Envoyé céleste afin d'arracher les hommes des ténèbres à
 la lumière. Ce mythe dont, a-t-on dit, aurait pénétré dans toutes les religions
 du monde oriental et méditerranéen, et par là dans la pensée de Jean. Sur le
 rôle de cette école aujourd'hui, voir COLPE C.: *Die religionsgeschichtliche Schu-
 le*. - KRAMER W. G.: *Das Neue Testament* p. 261-419.

HOed down^o HALLOW vold^o
 BOL

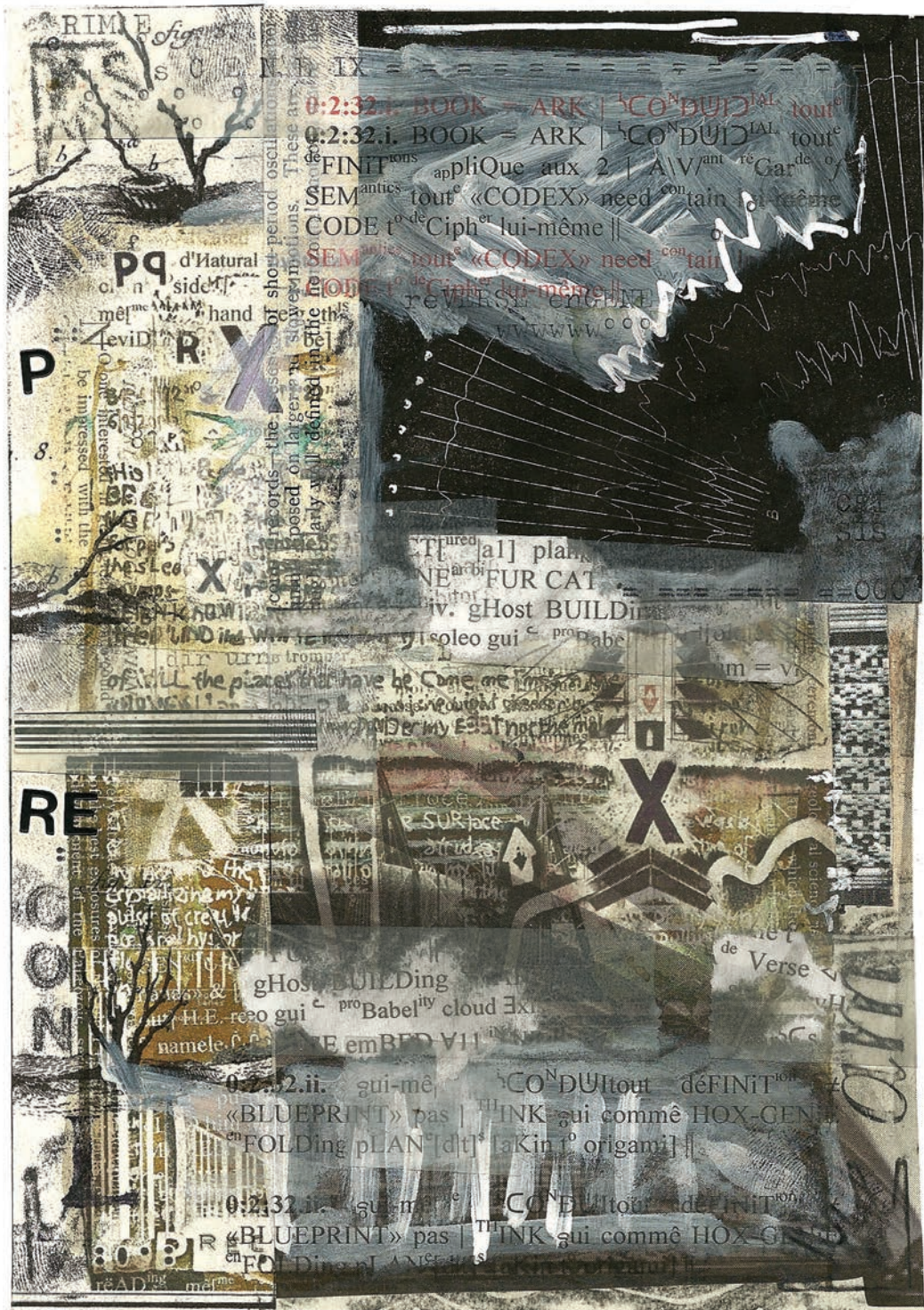
0:2:28: There is no need for police at the pole. No code has been established. All prior is embellishing the house of i who create i & i is we. LUCirce comes to us in a dream as tuna canned by Darwin himself. We come on the spot where recombinant mammoth bones & fossilized stare-shit are collected as «REMnant specimens» then re-projected on a screen lashed to the shattered ribs of the prior ark. Call us armchair geologists. The movie moves us in ways we didn't know we could be moved (in reference to a 2-d inertial frame).



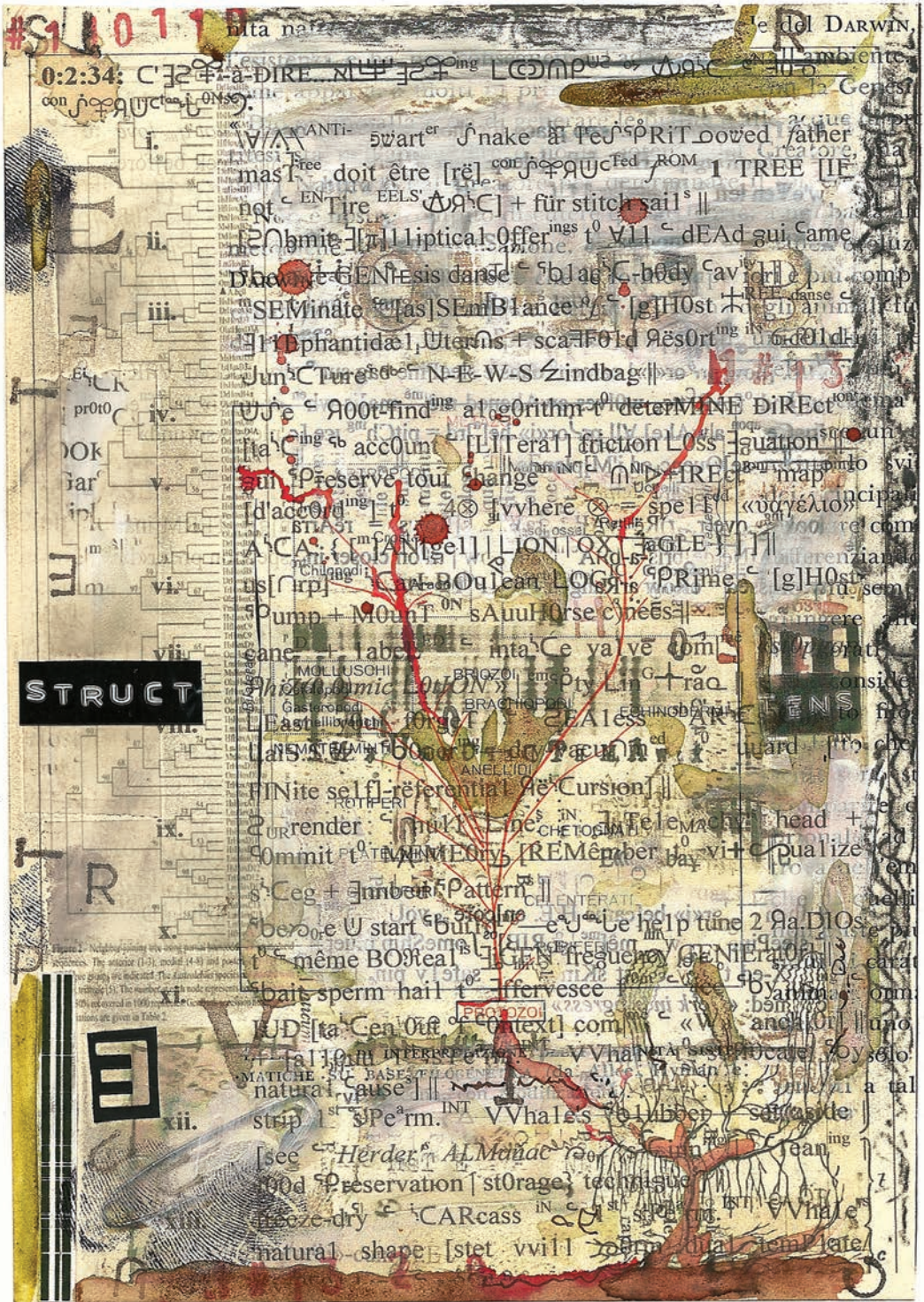
0:2:29: The return of recognizant mammoth is marked by drainage post Z placed at the pole & set to (0,0). We police ourselves counter to clockwise. The constant law of forcible relocation is all we obey, for now, forever grappling at $t = 0$. Ticks branch off & attach themselves to our sleeves, but we remain ourselves, puddling & draining simultaneously. The leeway between discrete units of space (time included) or language won't hold water. The second we articulate new points residing between graphemes they become newsworthy.



0:2:30: Here's where we will be relocated to, which is to say we won't know until after. In the blueprints there's no difference between aft & bow, port & starboard. S-herd circles π -hole for 40 nights. The marching forms a standing wave pattern on the designs for a circular ark bridge. The δ -nodes are denoted by nesting loons. 1st we need to follow the archived «corralling» protocol in the Herder's Almanac, with sheep assigned to police the imaginary fence. The π -hole coordinates for the ghost post of father mast is committed to the DB.



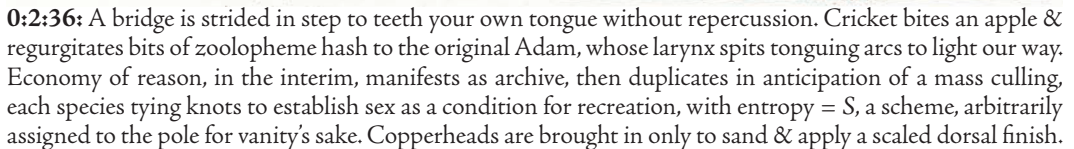
0:2:32: The information metastasizes into design—a delta of deltas springing from a naked singularity. The mutation is carried in the Hox gene of *Nested Lupus*. Every ark need be needed to decipher itself—this is by definition, for both book & boat. As the metadata morphs we rub the page to capture our condition—the instant of metamorphosis, what we are becoming. OK, everyone knows we all die at the end. Residual glyphs remain, unique spectral lines, with the limitations of our ancestor's senses left to fill in the gaps.



0:2:34: In the negative fin we begin to precipitate. Before outlined generation is rationed to the genepool, before looping back into a spiraling spine (as opposed to nested loops), we feed positive mizzen nodes. The ark's construction unfolds step-by-step, the imaginary mast wedged into a π -shaped hull, reverse-thrusting to deconstruct the flipped scaffold arc-welded in (+) step before. This, from the ark's ark (each pinched page reassembling the dicebat bins culled from twice-bitten anima'L): in 40 iterations. An entire ark from 1 tree.



0:2:35: Wolf loops, nesting at 0:2:32. Hox gene mutates, gapping the senses, reaching the limit in spectral lines where glyphs reside. We become our own condition of morphology, captured, rubbing in itself, deciphering the ark. A sign of cancer informs monkey's motivation to play a xylophone with keys marked N-E-W-S-U-D, to use «fish» as a verb. Monkey has turned the crow's nest into a soapy trope. We catch fuzzy dice to hang from our rearview mirror, each die anchored with N-E-W-S-U-D on respective sides.





0:2:37: Before the commit, copperhead ions flip signs (currency is arbitrary after all) & molt into garters, recursively unzipping from the ghost-holed cocoon (*) (the garter is allergic to its own skin). Milky ink is applied to secure the data in metamorphosis for the benefit of the sheep police patrolling the fence. We archive the self-corraling protocol in the p-shell & circle on in the s-shell, extracting ourselves from relocation to ready our make-up for the newfound field of metamorphology. The score only proves potential.



0:2:38: The polarized graph needs glyphs to stand in for this «seires fo series». Space be,t,w,i,n,e genies has no capacity for language until kerneling dictates time. Water holds tongues (tempo included) in the space held fast between shells, filed under «Serial Extinction». We puddle the till & tar the remnants to our sleeves, time the while ticking, enforcing relocation, clockwise. The flagpole pages the elliptical drainage of spiraling moth blood, cloned from ma's hair trimmings. The offered dead dance down the drain (a «no entropy trope»).



0:2:39: Barnacles reattach to the starboard grave. Back-rubbing introduces resistance to otherwise «natural» forces of history. From the P.O.V. of the geologist's armchair, the ribs are projected as remnant traces—«retrazos» cut from scrotum cloth pillaged from the shag carpet of the living room & grafted into the already rolled (see 0:2:35) dice hanging from the rearview mirror—for what it's worth (direction is still meaningless in current straits). The jackdaw on our shoulder calls us all: «windbags». The idea of «hunger» sets in.



0:2:40: This particular algorithm requires us to 1st find the square root (taking into account frotagic friction). Bruising is normal under such conditions—don't fret. The collective current runs clockwise if you are IN the literal source-point looking out & the mast lets in enough ceiling to preserve any change upon directional mapping (using cariboulean logic). Once primed, fleece the cheese of crumbs then spin down. Re-insert a voice in «i» to tether to 1's natural history, to abide 1's time on ice, waiting for the next movement.



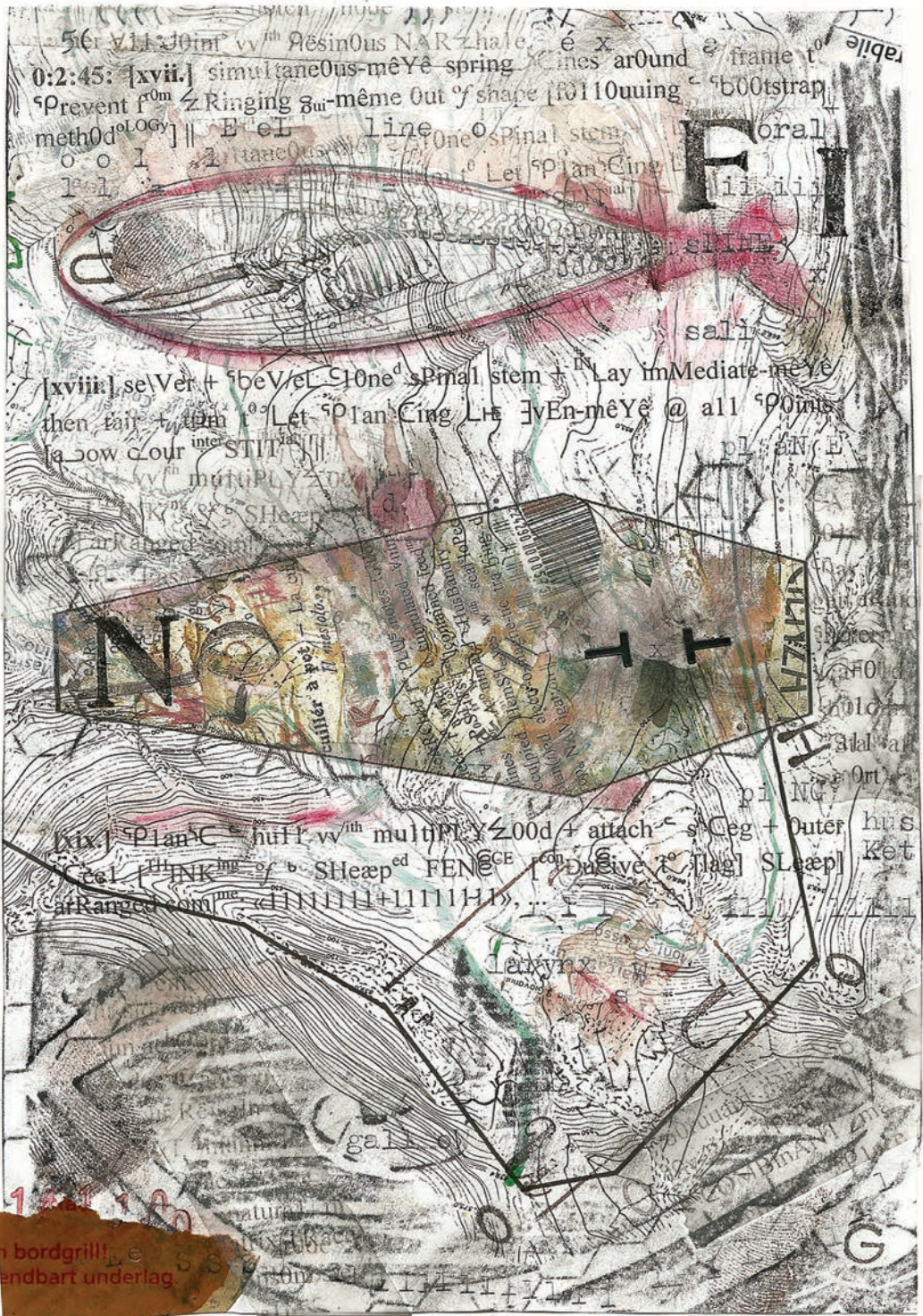
0:2:41: 2 spectral lines form, join & split into 3, then 5, 8, etc. Recombine with hare glue, lathe, then buff hex cells into the grain, following natural topography. The founding morphology of space-filling architecture is inherent in subtextual underpinnings. Even ontogenetic anchors are hereditary. The distance between anchor points, though arbitrary, need be established. We all (tortoise included) begin our lives as unencumbered organisms with free will, then, once rooted, we digest our own brains for nourishment (hunger becomes real).



0:2:42: Deconstruction is synonymous with reconstruction. 1 is spin up, 1 is spin down. The annihilation operator acts on sperm whale (nursing both REM & ROM). A radio dial is spun & an arbitrary score is augured, then canned, with ROM declared victor. A correlation between verse & memory is established (despite borealis interference & congeni(t)al disinformation) with no weight given to culling lullabies. Being trapped under sea ice is considered a natural cause so 42 cans of sperm whale are stowed away in the seed bank.



0:2:44: There's a glacier where once was a river & there's a river where once was a railroad. The ruins of a load-bearing scaffold remain east of camp. Reuse this very structure to dry-dock, allowing for expansion. We count sheep & get 12. «Day» & «night» are meaningless now. To secure our location, we build a fence of 144 gopherwood ribs, using a checksum digit where $144 = 12 \times 12$. For each 1 rib there are 0 notches, nicked on an oxhide belt & filed under «animal husbandry» (never to find its way into this iteration of the ark).



0:2:45: We call sperm whale «coffin dodger» on account of his morbid timing. A study of finished extremities informs our behavior. We dry run a funeral, «dropping anchor» & when we hoist (inverted) it catches on a fish-filled font sarcophagus. Swallows in the gallows gather & inform our collective larynx (a self-buckling form of lingual autocreation as recreation). We remind ourselves that birds don't need a navel (only mammals have navels). Not that swallows are seafaring, but they can cop a roost in the crow's nest if it comes down to it.



0:2:46: Once our coordinates are divined, we backtrack & graph our path. «Catch & release» urchins are planted to corrode the holdfasts. The mating surface of the divining rod is coated with reconstituted sperm. Tainted planks are battened & the ark is detached from the eroded scaffold & flipped right. «Building» is corrupted from verb to noun & the rest happens on its own accord, with tasks delegated to unknown generations. The rest huddle where the hold would be. The natural order is to divide into 2 polarized camps.



0:2:48: The recognizant «crane's foot» of $w(0,0)lf$ re-emerges & flees the instant it is perceived as pedigree. Self-censorship is enforced to stabilize self-dignity. This is all in «The Making of...» film. From the 2nd time we are born, the IDEa of death is entombed in each cell. The second we make sense of the previous 1 we lose our senses to the 2nd. Rub a candle on $w(0,0)lf$ matrix to deduce the trace, then batten the bilge & lash the eyelets, re-stitching each suture in the ice-broken wake. The value of ark is in the making of it.



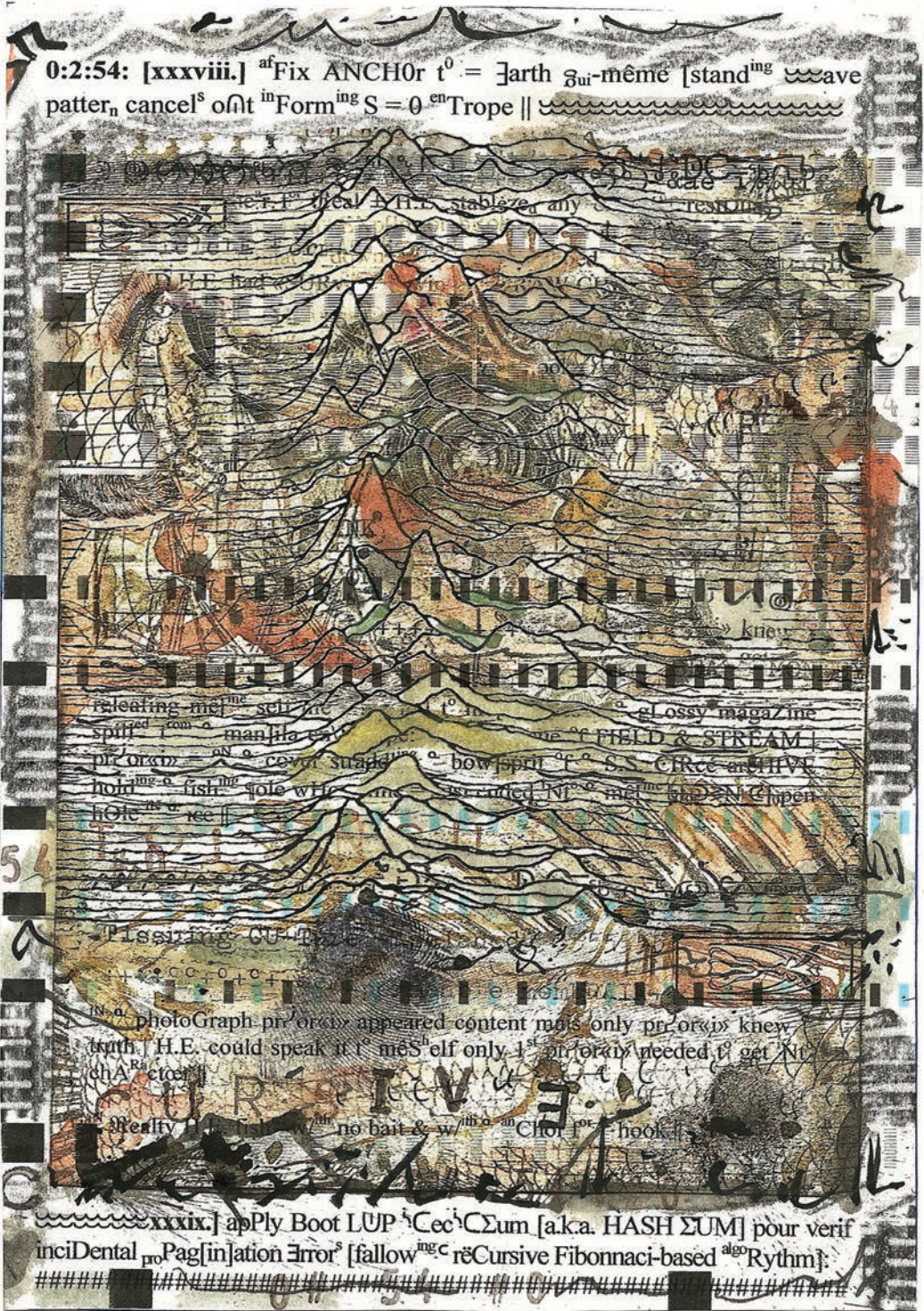
0:2:49: The limit to the blackened sky is pricked by our marrow, giving us something to picture in our minds. The ever-umbrellating ceiling is a false comfort for the starving, modeled after our palate amphitheatre. Interpret the roof of our mouth to be gills in the palatial ceiling of the encompassing whale. The northern blot reveals trending tendencies, but our blood (the standard) thickens in the cold while we wait for the real experiment to begin. So there's some truth to fashioning our baleen from cowry shells (a sex-driven currency).



0:2:52: Tendencies to arc, or inklings of closure are met with resistance in the face of lamPrey's obscene demeanor. At a fundamental level we mortals pine for sleep to deliver us from in-bred obligation. The rhythm of the in-house washing machine sets our heads rocking, but in the end (if there is 1) washes our brain. Our pineal glands are hard-wired to the weathervane/lightning rod for our own sake. And don't forget to auger a hole in the weather deck to ventilate the sleeping quarters (doubling as a mount for the periscope).



0:2:53: LUCirce (an extension of Mitochondrial Eve) is mounted, sharp & open, as figurehead. In non-iconic compliance, the tightening figurine, T, is then plastered over with papier-mâché. A narwhal tusk is refashioned as bowsprit. A pulsing red light is installed at the tip. In the event we are not the only 1s with this idea, we send signals, as a sign, for what it's worth. A unique ISBN is assigned (978-0-9831633-0-5) though its legitimacy in international waters is contingent upon the legend's interpretation.



0:2:54: With anchor fixed & motion detectors in place, a noticeable sound is demodulated. At a molecular level, bonds in the ice jostle, capitulating the sensation we dub «foundry». Before the ark is even complete, a shipwrecked version graces the label of the christening champagne, portrayed as a mise en abyme clone of itself coiled as a message in a bottle. Unscrolling the sea-stained pages we find that: i. you can only observe that which includes observer (the inclusion paradox) & ii. there's only before & after (the static non-linearity of time).



0:2:55: The champagne bottle splinters & shatters off the barnacled bow. Artesian bubbles spume & sublimate to soiled snow, surrendering to the sound of biological clocks ticking & a doppler-shifted laugh track. Despite the siren, there are no accidents. A self-destruct gene is built in by design, as a last resort. Before that, though, we will cannibalize our cargo. It's a hypocrisy we are all born into. A tree is planted in the mast's stead, capped with a crow's nest. When the quill touches shell, the egg self-medicates the ark id unto itself.

(-) starboard folio 0:3: archetypal will & character sequence testimony (a sleep docket)

Abstract: Self-organization comes with the territory—spontaneously arising via the self-replicating process that begets. Our union of colony organizers hinges on the collective benefits of reciprocal altruism & sleep. After the ark's baptismal inauguration, Rein is embedded as figurehead. Her brain is sealed in formica, with enough headroom for soil decomposition. The accommodations for «ants» is 1 of the big unknowns (based on sheer biomass alone). Once built, the reigning designs are burned. There are no formulas to help us move forward. This is not so much an abstract as methodology. There is no hypothesis—this is a mere experiment with nothing to prove. Via the local decisions of all cellular beings involved (including yours), the colony keeps adjusting our behavior. Our language is also inherently self-organizing—built on the fly & ever-evolving, naturally. In the pre-flight darkness, we plot our next move based solely on our interactions with natural language (root-beings still relying on physical, pheromonal exchange). The agreed upon greeting whenever we encounter a cellular comrade is «*in an ark with me*»—all in the name of expression. This interaction network redefines our geomorphological space & vice-versa—a denatured expression of the very reciprocal altruism we unconsciously disagree upon. Self-contained field experiments are continuously carried out to fine-tune our interaction network. These experiments manipulate rates of replication & language inflection to test the algorithms that gauge our fight-or-flight response, modulating the collective behavior of the sleeping colony that inevitably carries evolutionary information of our own demise. This results in our collective last will & testament. Legal seamen have acknowledged the potency of injecting personal narratives & expressive language in wills, given the trauma of unpredictable storm cycles & looming death. Whether we know it or not, the self-organizing will should be treated as a suicide note to bottle & cast at sea.



0:3:0: ChampaGne sprAy from The Ark's iniTiatiOn Gobbed CATGUT sTrinGs on the mean-spiriTed oBiTuary—a «nexted hox-schema nose» inherited linguall as «taste» from other antennae. Sense is fuseless here. The actual fitting is complete & formica applied. We sole speakers bide our time in the mast's umbra, sustaining ourselves for the sake of it—ever in need of a fix but unconscious of what needs fixing. Unable to tell spin up from down. Strapping ourselves to any fixed object in anticipation of the jettisoned turbulence.

0:3:1: (((©Ham^sρ_{ag}(n)e sp↓Ray

Ark-chrisTEN^{ing} su↑BliMatEd

t^o vir[g[a—b^{ee}]]getT^{ing} THE WAi+^{ing} t^o debut(te | a db)

init|iaLi'zedⁿ fir[tree vIR]gIN vRK sand^{ed} + finished—
PROpped^{o ed} 4LAND^{ing} IN bla(r)ck^a bod^{ing} D ARKnes² eMitted^{of} [r^l(its))
own scaf@Lbid^{ing} [me]m^lself^{IN} a. dingHy/feRRY|||



+wh^{en} shad[e|w|o]s.s. mo_un^{ing} came ONTO mē^[me] [LOGically] Nōt EVE(n)
flo[at]ing—@t l[East Nōt DIRE]ct]Y | ^ VNCHQR = SPⁱⁿ Up ma^s th^{es} is
mēm^{Urk} = _KNōt tran^Jlated ſis pas T [reLative t^o SEAlEs.s. ice] | ^ bed^o
f li^me[ri]nd^o unieOverED mē^[me] d[ode] [a]p[Parent] [OvE]rreaction t^o ^
th^{read} f s'CurVee Suēt] reLea^o mē^[me] f^{om} a s[Lack]ing heap f ^
hung^{OVER} sleep ||

$$\alpha \frac{dR}{R} = m$$

VI

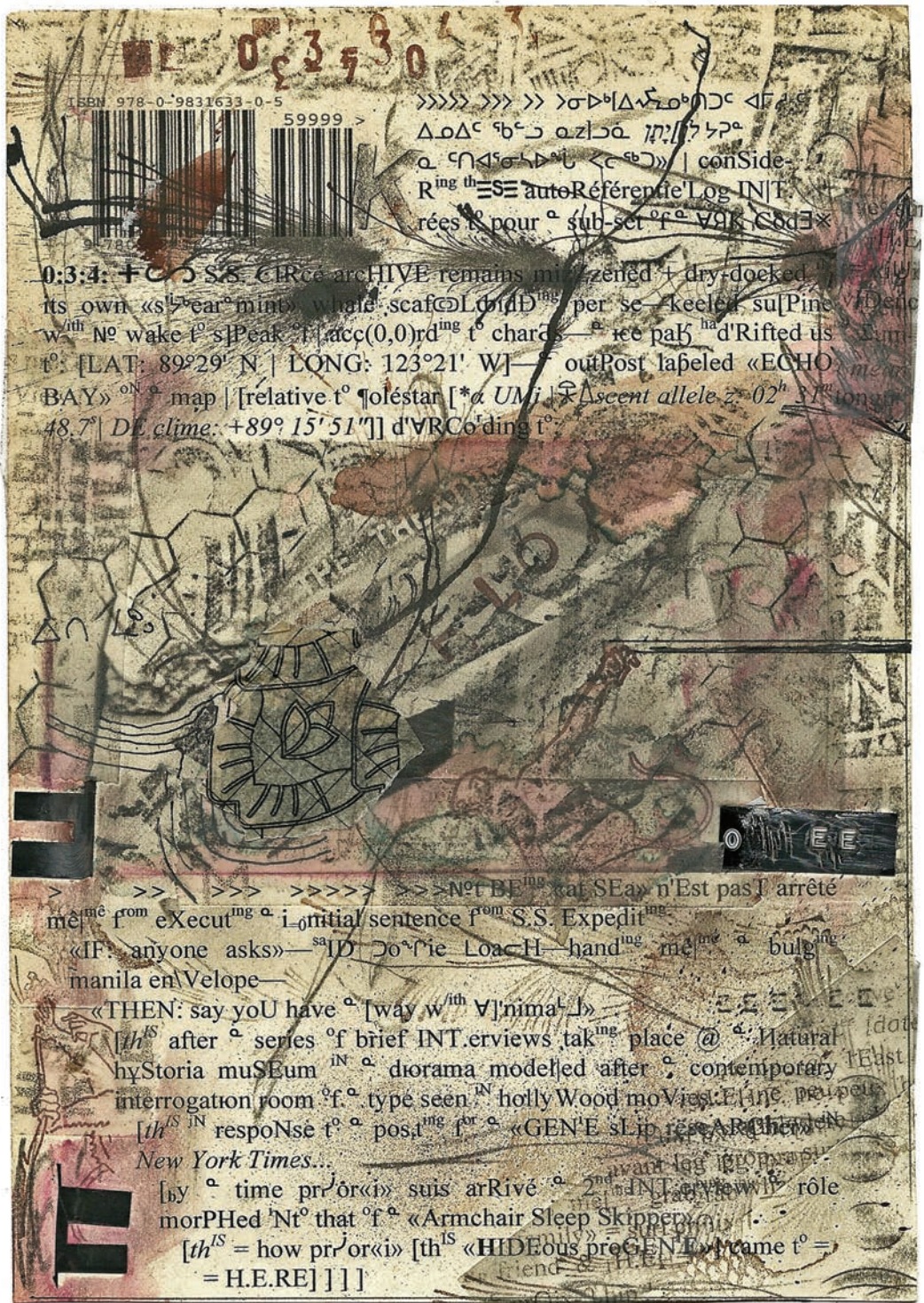
TOOL: of Spectrophotometer
of class null spectrum

0:3:1: Now the ark is propped, folding into self. A self-organizing cemetery of sentries waits for drop-dead signs, each pineal plank aware only of the next in the series, *N* (an exit strategy). We hold onto the idea of morning, clutching eggs out of habit, each oof carrying the weight of all that came before, each ovum feeding entropy, *S*. We prick shells with pins & suck the yolks out, replacing with confetti letters. Our coordinates are fixed relative to ice but who's to say the glacier we're on isn't floating? For that we'd have to tap a spine.





03:3: We are left with no choice but to cannibalize our own. OSO climbs the double-stranded ladder to the crow's nest to watch the carnage unfold from above. Mind you, this is all subject to the many-worlds interpretation & the ruled journal used to log our coordinates is subject to coursing whims. «Translation» corresponds to a physical shift—«tears» being a consequence of emotion. It is written that «the animal binding sites are waxed & husked». For anthropomorphic reasons we think of brine as «sea monkeys».



0:3:4: At any 1 time the accumulation of ghosts solidifies biologically then degenerates to stem cell transcription. Nothing remains but traces of letters, yet we hang on every word, singing culling lullabies. The ark as a pine crib for our unborn. The ceiling is keeling, spiraling—each evening relative to the pole. We mine backwards, filling in our holes. «S.S. Expediting» is inked on earplugs we wear to cope with not being at sea. Say, «you have a way with animaL». We are bodies occupying a diorama in response to a sleep research ad.

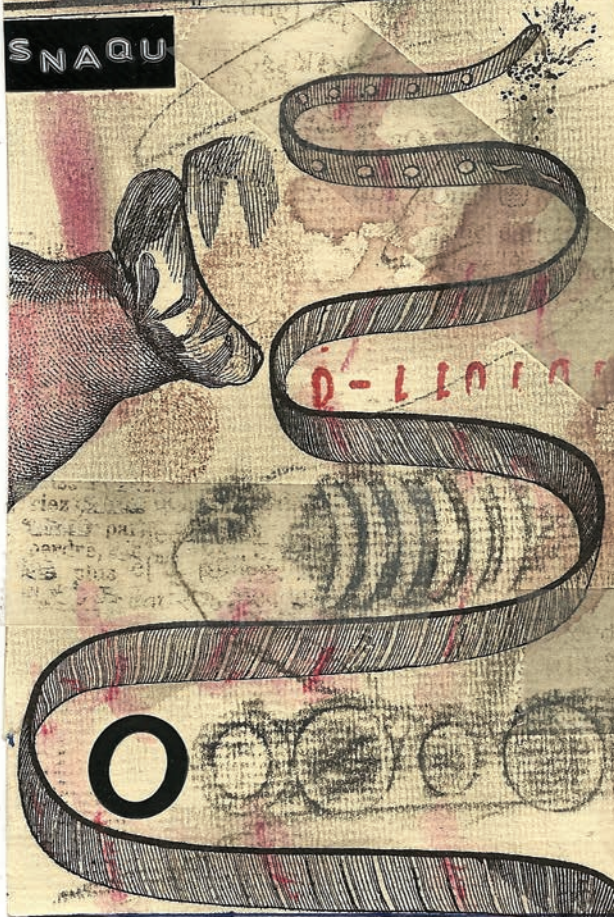
..... read] Y t° field quest IONs ± com Pleat his sen tences if need be ||

0 3 = 7
Dr. Loac-H pulled a brass «allele lever» + 5 fish swept thr^o a
Quaⁿm cLean^{ing} a scal^oped dentureS of mEAT | «with your naked
eye you can see a fishing line holding it all to gæther» he said —«but
have no fear—none of this will show ... «ON FILM» ||



when a frenzy = over 5 fish disappeared thr^o a-holes in a wall of a
Quaⁿm ||

SNAQU



ARIU

+ puis 3 'black @
nakes = writhing^c in a
room @ mêt^{me} feet | my
fly = oPen + a sum of a
long cold 1 came @
nak^{ing} out ||

+ aNo^other 'black @
nake came whorl^{ing} up a
inSeam of mêt^{me} pant
legging ||

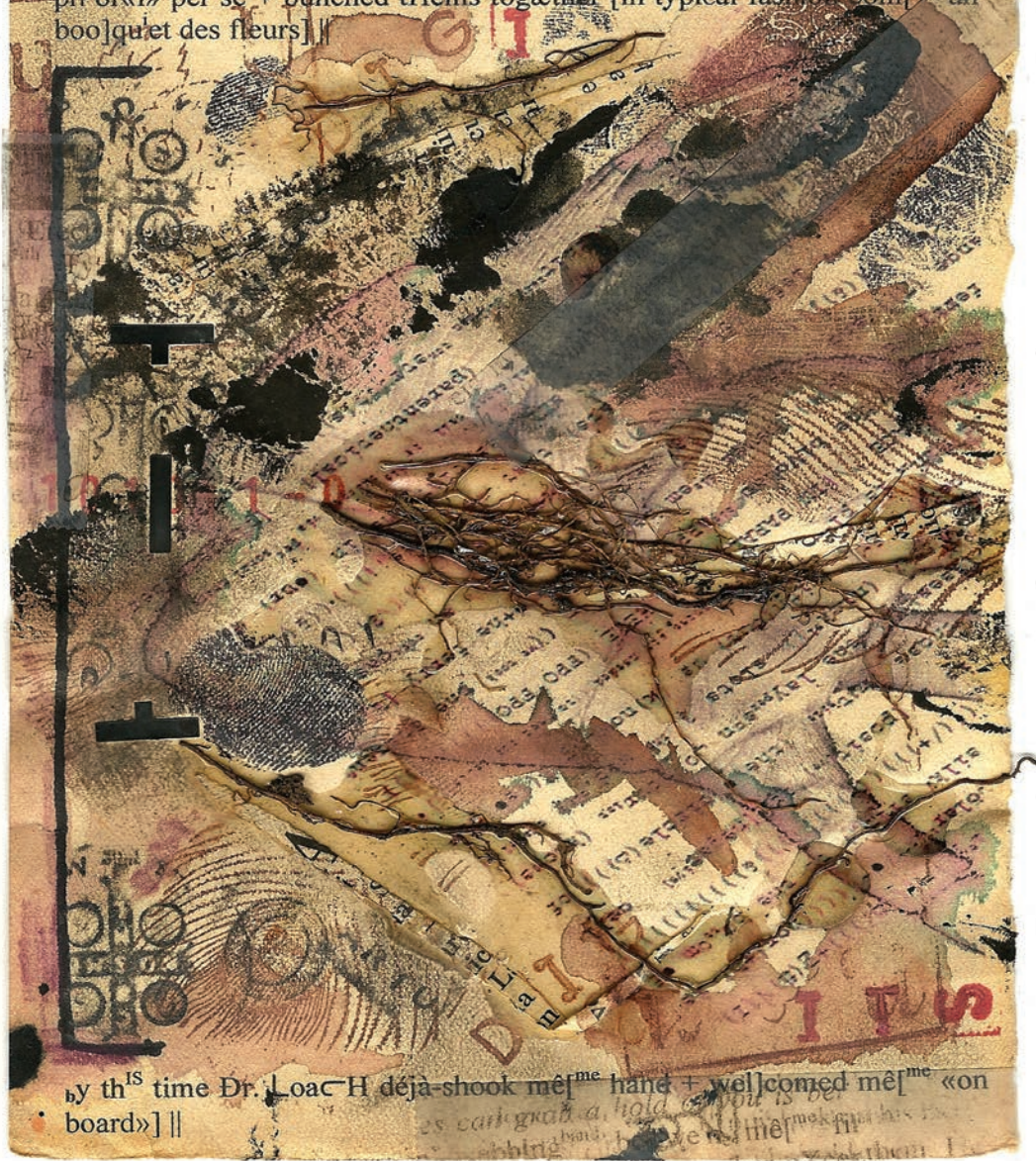
pr/or«i» [as H.E.]
acted NoNplussed
de[spite mêtself |
H.E. re]MINDed
mêtself pr/or«i» =
only hulman per se ||

+ pour essayer +
rEMEMBer such
itEMs @ such times
| H.E. needed t°
know mêt^{me} p]lace
in a current s^cd^ol^o-
sequence ||

0:3:7: Here, we are still on our best behavior. There's no need for even local anesthesia. The dental hygienist continues the inquisition while we are half-under so we don't stray too far. When she's sure we're guilt-free, she sets 5 live sockeyes loose in our mouth to clean. It tickles, but before we even laugh the sockeyes bid a hasty retreat into their respective hexoles. «Everything will make more sense now»—she says. «Once you see yourself as others see you». We feel clean but can still feel something lingering up our pant leg.

BUSH DR OCTO

0:3:8: Dr. Loac H reached out t° pinch skin mēl^{me} fore|arm wth his stub[bed fin]gers | «the unique place them snakes can grab a hold of you is between your digits» he saID + only then did he notice a vestigial webbing^{band} beTwe'n_e mēl^{me} fin]gers ± «Vingers» as Bush doctor now les appelle de|puis saID digits mêdled to|æther eXcept beTwe'n_e mēl^{me} r|ing + ani middle fingers—form^{ing} a bold V uN^{se}less H.E. = conscious of pr'or«i» per se + bunched them together [in typical fashion com|^{me} un boo]quet des fleurs] ||



by th^{is} time Dr. Loac H déjà-shook mēl^{me} hand + wel|comed mēl^{me} «on board» ||

0:3:8: Under such sea-snaking circumstances, the bush doctor warns us to not splay our fingers. He is not counting on the fact that our «vingers» are webbed. Before we snap out of it, he blindfolds us for continuity. We can see all the way to the end of our own nerves from within our cloth cul-de-sac. Clogged fibers branch back into the roots of palms. At this point a puncture is made to drain any misleading perceptions. Even judgment of unreliability is deemed unreliable, so we are back to square 1 with each articulation.

0:3:9: ce qui TReVAILS = mē^[me] post- INT&view b]Rig trASH
[rē]col|lectiONs:

pr^oor<i> as ^{he}y blind[folded mē + trans]ported [^{me} t^o ^a air|pLane hang[ar
as.s.eZZZ lar]ge t^o have it[s ow]n puerSe^d weather patterns | Dr. Loac^H
referred t^o it as ^a «GEN'E banQue(t)» [a base sour[ce of ^a
seA'RChingen'e] albe]it ^a empty 1 ||

^{he}y INT.roduced mē^[me] t^o ^a «hy'G,en°ist»—^a [su]Pposed] virgin port^{ing}
cloVen-hoofed heels + some sort of mix be]Twe'n^e ^a
lab coat + ^a furrY apron de|manding CEREMON^y di|Vin^{ing} i
lusion she came t^o port «dreSS[ed up as her moth]er
[on ce rēmoved] ||

she tilted mē^[me] he[ad back ove]r ^a base₂ po^rTion of ^a
GUIL₁₀Tine + sham|pooed mē^[me] hair w^{ith} deer ant]le
eXtract | tandis ap|pLY^{ing} POMade mē^[me] he[ad s]til
tilted @ angle ρ]:

+ H.E. saw somē Eschatologist Jew (E) sing^{ing} it
INT.^{er}|prêted français (I) from ^a 3rd stor^y of GEN'E
banQue(t) | sans eve(n) BE^{ing} asked H.E. deRIVEd
I₀initial cond^{itions} f^r V^r[k t^o sin]k:

Dr. Loac^H déjà-sf
hand + welcomed mē
$$I = \iiint_V \rho(x, y, z) \left((x^2 + y^2 + z^2) \mathbf{E}_3 - \begin{pmatrix} xx & xy & xz \\ yx & yy & yz \\ zx & zy & zz \end{pmatrix} \right) dx dy dz$$

0:3:9: At this juncture, the kernel become clearer. A system is in place to separate trash from recyclables—organic & non-organic (& sub-divided even further). We are in a hangar now (or a diorama of 1, still in the natural history museum)—an ark house so large that isolated weather patterns form from within. It is still below freezing on this page, but the rate of the rate of change is what matters. To determine our current coordinates (& capacity for change) we integrate this rate of the rate of change in each cardinal direction.

0:3:10: Dr. LoacH cross-checked e Quaton [$\int_0^1 \int_0^1 \int_0^1 \frac{1}{x^2 y^2 z^2} (x^2 y^2 + y^2 z^2 + z^2 x^2) dx dy dz$]
 + ^{sa}ID it = mine duty t^o pupælate ^a GEN^tE banQue(t) mati* + * -ferred
 mē^{[me} ove]r t^o ^a hands ^of pi[lot Com]mander Sal fArrAGUT ^{iN} some sort
^of fl(0,0)ral cEREmoney H.E. = N^ot privy t^o depuis lui concerned mē^{[me} +
 whe]n it FiNish^{ed} H.E. snap]ped out ^of it + ^a gRound crew stopqed what
 they were do^{ing} + threw hand]fuls ^of «♣ SEED» @ mē^{[me} for malis
 «i'Chinged *per chance*» ||||| | - |||| |, ♣ ||||| || ||| ||||| ||||| ||||| |||||

«no» H.E. ^{sa}ID—«but H.E.'s enGAGed if *q_{ue}* counts for n'importe quo» |
 «sorry» Dr. LoacH ^{sa}ID—«even worse | *i only ask because where you're*
going translates to: «Nø ʔpaLɔɔ ɔoð ThO^{se} ʒitH ɪʔ0<^{ea} On'eɔ» in
Inuktitut | not *q_{ue}* ɪʔ0<^e has aNy *ɔeaŋ^{ing} ON* it» ||

O:3:10: Think of this as a marriage between receptacle & data. Most don't stop to think about *why* we throw rice, or if they do they think of it as a gesture of fertility. But the meaning has more to do with relinquishing destiny for chance. The only value in calculating determinants is for the 1 doing the calculating. The oracle speaks but it's never anything we want to hear, rather something we figure out on our own recognizance. Working backwards we calculate the initial conditions, but this realization is necessarily laced with regret.

0:3:11: translates to: «no place for those w^{ith} loved ones» | *not que love*
= to beaRing | + H.E. fell a[sleep right t[Here ^{ON} a p^rane deck be]fore
w'eVen left a ^rHang]ar || |

B E L O W

H.E. [now pr^ror«i»] came t^o dans e sleepine bag sur a dry-docked VAK |
so[und of AR^CtreK wOlves awAkened mē^{me} malis wh^{en} pr^ror«i»] lisT^{en}ed
[onCe ^{upon} a]wAke] Vll pr^ror«i» he^a]rd = pitCh^{ing} ice [unless «so[und» =
t pr^ror«i»-se]Quenced i'M]plands ||

look^{ing} ove(r, t)Rē vAIL: raV^{ing} c[Rows = rēArran]gēd TERM[inal
mo]RAINE de]bris-a-bRA^c IN a s'Now | uPon closer inTroSpection pr^ror«i»
witNessed a cRow arRangement as F^oLOW:



1 2 0 -
4 5 6 7
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

+ then pr^ror«i» be[came H.E. en]cōre as yoU mē^{me}] || Billy Goat laID IN
a sleepine bag w^{ith} mē^{me} | a RIB^{os} fōmeShip blueprint [see 0 : 2 : 17] =
affi-X-ed t^o my chest sKin w^{ith} a safeTy pin. | a hand-written PōS+iT
claimed: «work in progress» ||



0:3:11: This is how we come to be in this supine position. We are paired with our own genotypes, but we sleep all the same, zipped together in 1 sleeping bag. We pin pos-it notes to ourselves as reminders for if/when we wake up. 1 note says: «Set fire to bedding when finished». Other notes are more vague: «increase genetic diversity». The 1st thing we notice this morning are crows rearranging found objects on the terminal moraine, though we cannot see the formation, but only hear the shuffling of feathers & scratching of feet.

0:3:12: When we say «populate the matrix» we mean it sexually & when we say «sex» we are not referring to the act of it but biological polarity. An ever-present low-pitch drone is audible beneath the skin, signaling the cells. The cells communicate amongst 1 another with an agreed upon protocol. Beneath the spiny vellum, you might say porcupine is not the sharpest tool in the shed, but maybe his quills allow for alternative wavelengths? Granted, if you complete his sentences, he becomes the instrument of his own demise.

0:3:13: [^a SOLe [HUMAN]^{us} rēAdEr +  Speaker ^of ^a ^{zz}ZOO-LOO
phEME CōdEc [wth hyper-sensitivity t^o iⁿit^l cond^{it}ions] winD^{ing}
[clockwise] down ^a road ^a wind could shift + scatter Vv'rk's temp^oral
tra^jectory mais pas à l'heure Actu^{ELLE} | th^{IS} = mē^{me} GEN^Esis—mē^{me}
only sib^ling + Vll que remain^{ed} mizZzen^{ed} ^of his [12-
mēt^{III}morph^{III}sis ||

ה כ ו ט ז ד ג ב א
א ב ג ד ה ו ז ח ט י כ ל מ נ ס ע פ צ ק ר ש ת

א ב ג ד ה ו ז ח ט י כ ל מ נ ס ע פ צ ק ר ש ת



SBN 978-0-9831633-0-5 ||

0:3:13: We have the Egyptians to thank for the 12-hour clock imposed on us, divided into 2 opposing realms of light & dark. Our herder's almanac says when ancient humans counted knuckle lines with their thumbs they got 12. Personally, i count 13 (on my left), but «i» (the sole *humutant* reader of our zoopheme codec) can't speak for the rest of us, some of whose appendages don't even qualify as «hands». Not to mention that all we can speak of 1st-hand is the realm of darkness. Even a «clockwise» direction makes no sense here.

0:3:14: + Vll que rēMain^{ed} mizZzen^{ed} °f his [12-^三] mēt^三morph^三sis |
 unz[zzipp^{ing} ° SⁿAiL coco]on > irideScence disChar^{ked} Nt[°] ° piXelated
 gRay w^{ith} nowHere t[°] take hold ° lumIN^{us} plasMa diScipat^{ing} back Nt[°]
 ° field^{que} GEN^{ER}ated it \\\



FIG. 2.—Surface and upper currents in the

0:3:14: This is not to say we are not fond of 12—12 being the square root of 144 (the cumulative number of leaves mizzened on these masts). We wake horizontal in our cocoons but must resist the urge to peel our pineals. Any vertical actions herein are residual, imagined, the sum of initial conditions bunching up in polar doldrums, waiting. The sails flutter under the foxfire but no motion comes of it. Our trajectory remains a naked singularity embedded in tree ring patterns for illegal aliens to interpret after the fact.

0:3:15: s[Till not eve(n) certæin if H.E. = sup]Pos'ed «TO BE» [or 'Not wth] here_{di(t)} iN ^a lighthouse wHere H.E. disCOVERed ^a can °f Ethiopian grounds + Vnima^L] bisCuits iN ^a galley | looking thr^m ^a [S|R]e^feX^{ive} hyper-PeriScope H.E. disCOVERed windows so caked wth hoarFrost + rime

we couldn't see out ||



^a affixed P₀S+IT read: «REMember t^o seaL [aftER ^a fact] pineAL tarballs» | Billy Goat ate ^a note + belChed anøther tinny tonal «L^od^o»-seQuence: Ark Go Ark aH cU cU cU cU aH gE cU tI cU cU tI cU cU cU cU tI cU gE gE aH cU cU aH cU cU tI cU aH gE aH cU cU cU cU gE cU tI cU cU tI cU cU cU tI cU gE gE gE aH cU cU aH cU cU cU cU aH gE aH ||

aH cUcC U gE cU cH aC cU
+ H.E. melted s'Now off [^a inner deck] f^{or} H₂O ||

+ H.E. burned Narwhal milk [to melt s'Now ||

+ H.E. had ^a good cri] whYle ^a [what =] water came t^o boil | no speciæL raison = there f^{or} it + no 1 t^o tell [cela ^a compris l'anglais [f^{or} we were [h]OVER^{ing} ove ^a vestigial french-speak coloN y]] ||

0:3:15: Our navel is the compass—a lighthouse with no source, stacked in hoarfrost & rime. We are on parole for a sentence we never committed to the DB, the sentence being: «Seal the flesh that will bury us». The unarticulated point (if pressed) being the seal, used as a verb, not a proper anima^L. Certain day-to-day matters of survival are not worth mentioning as they are only necessary to get us through the night (which for us is half a revolution around the sun). Not that any of us are keeping track—it doesn't further the situation.

2.

E C O

QU

Nome scientifico



metliche e citogenetiche

R

cap:

me volgar

MAIRE.

Numero dei cromosomi

Wt 5 galley

Animals in the window
H. Eredis windows s

e H. Eredisc windows s

I.E. had
 soni = the
 OVER, ing over vestigial fre

0:3:17: The limes are peeled & sorghum husked. The rinds are retained as fodder for the hoary bats & the seeds are swallowed for the same reason you'd lick a map. Knowing defeats the purpose. Clearing your throat before speaking says more than what follows. In anticipation, we throw pine pins over the railing, expecting the ice to be paper. Like rice thrown in a wedding, the pins only stand for the sum of potential points, words unheard. After blowing out the ash, the iced seeds remain suspended like ants in amber.

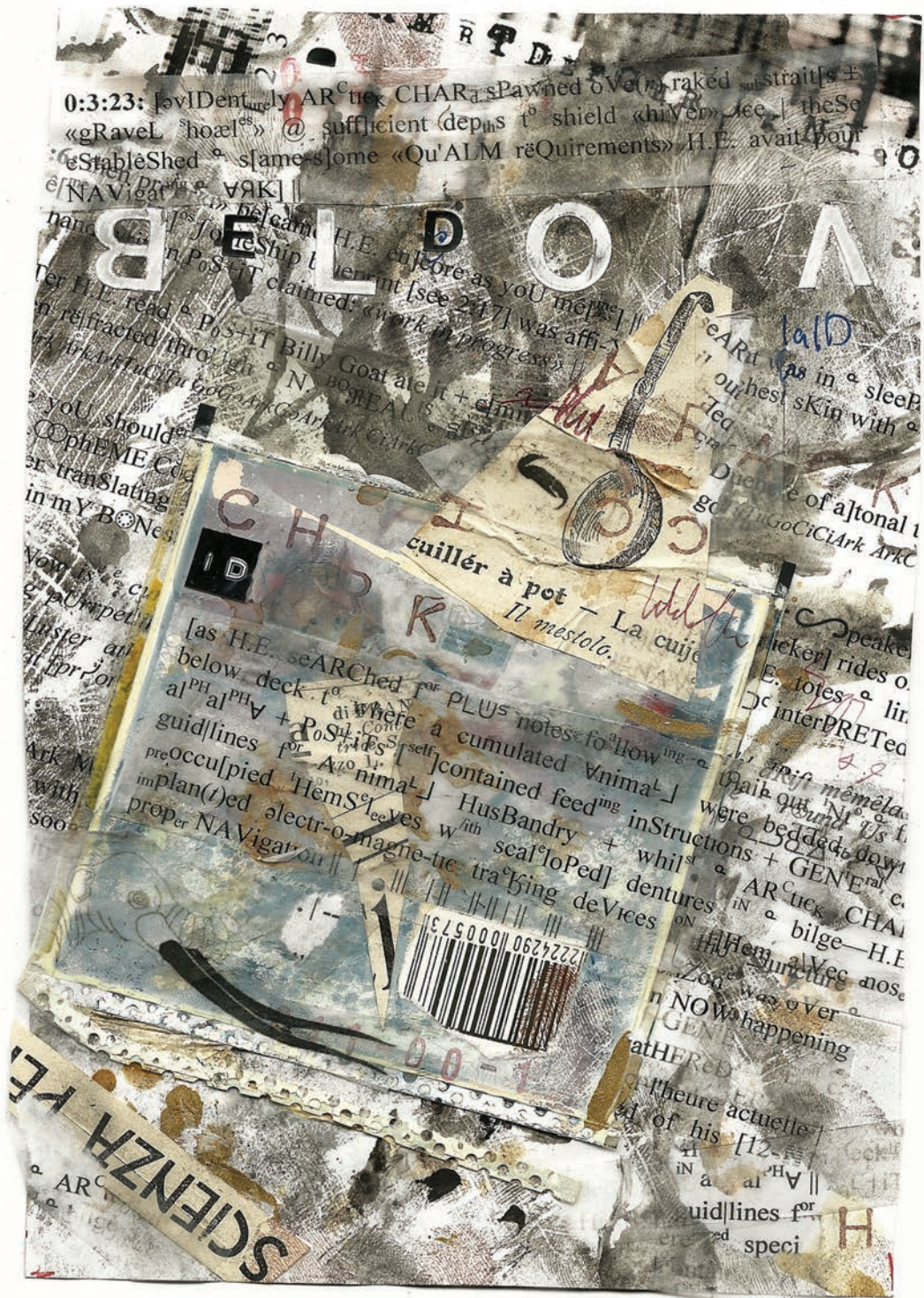


0:3:18: Our habitat injects our habits while we wait, to the sound of the engines we leave running for no other reason than if we turn them off we'll never get them running again. We forage for tongue in the icehouse & say «chew, eh?» if found. Parsing the iced fodder, the goat regurgitates encoded cud, stripping the serifs with wild-type enzymes. We finger goat neck wattles—vestigial appendages that serve no other function except as icing on the cake. The only other animals aboard with such fleshy caruncles are flightless birds.





0:3:22: We follow the shadows below deck where anima'L sleep. Our presence observing them wakes them. They are hungry & expecting to be fed, at least psychologically. On cue, Arctic char swim through the semi-permeable portholes & are eaten alive. The rest are hung & dried per general protocol. 1 char has a nipples fin that secretes milk, but it's not a defect that can be recreated in the ark. We deliberate over who will drink the char milk & when... until we notice the milk has evaporated. What residue remains is licked by moose.



0:3:23: Within the scene there's another scene we can't see out of—a diorama complete with a dream kitchen. Our lips form a purse not to be opened for fear of panicking the herd. Self-organization requires turf—a field with capacity for action. The soil is imported & though little better than tundra we imprint the lines & lay down the rules. The field is pitched in the berth to match the contours above. Some anima'L need to be told not to shit where they sleep. Mixed with sloughed fur & skin, the residue, in time, makes for good compost.

year, with 1 day of reckoning—starting now. It took a consensus of the anima'L to establish

larva cigliata. - B, scistoma. - C, strobilo, formato dalle efire
D. Medusa a completo sviluppo. 322

nova si alternano con altre in vario modo originale, piace o un

th^{IS} = 00 stop|gap sol[ution] on|ce we be|low 45° [subtropics]
loggerHEADs would fasten t^o a bow [± rabBIT EARS] !!

0:3:24: We only report incidents as they happen. After this they are no longer «news». And we never go back to read from the previous logs. Predictions are made, but our attentions are focused on the incidental forms we will take—our cumulative morphology. Daily entries take on a time-lapse quality (our days ruled by the moon). There's no sensible way to break the day-unit down further. 28 days form a month & 13 months form a year, with 1 day of reckoning—starting now. It took a consensus of the anima^L to establish this calendar.

0:3:26: [OnChor up ply^{ing} ice in place] + miX^{ed} IN w^{ith} tealbags H.E.
 1, 8 found a manila enVelo^{pe} stamp «TOP SECRETE: [just] IN CASE
 1, 17 [yoU^{re} interest^{ed}...]] w^{ith} «[just 1.2 yoU^{re} interest^{ed}]» pen^{ed} IN by h]and
 1, AFT^{er} a fact] | H.E. sLit^{en} enVelo^{pe} oPen w^{ith} a ice pick p^{er} unSign^{ed}

2, 100 letter inside 4th read: 2, 20: 225 3, 16-17: 22
 2, 150 2, 20: 27 3, 16: 22

2, 11 2, 21: 1 3, 19: 21sq., 100

2, 11 Re: Memo Arctic Char were discovered by your mother.

2, 3 Remember she had a river running through her land that didn't

2, 3 have a name? She didn't have a name for the fish that lived in

2, 3 this river either—at first she called them "calico fish." As the

2, 3 story goes she saw one of the fish wearing one of her dresses

2, 3 sheer-figured muslin over a bright-colored spotted petticoat—so

2, 4 she named this particular fish Dolly Varden, after the dress's

2, 4 designer. The name stuck for the species as a whole. Scientists

2, 5 postulated that the species was unique to your mother's land

2, 6 because of high-voltage transmission lines that ran overhead

2, 7 and smack down the middle. The power lines induced a specific

2, 7 "Dolly Varden" mutation (an extra GUT TAG on the Y-

2, 8 chromosome). Dolly Varden have since gone extinct on your

2, 8 mother's land, though they still exist farther north as "Arctic

2, 8 Char." Their language also went extinct, but only after "Dolly

2, 8 Varden" mutated to "Polly Warden," what they are known as

2, 8 now, to you, a sole inheritor.

2, 9 that specific Polly Warden from

2, 9 your mother's river? You were convinced it was THE Polly

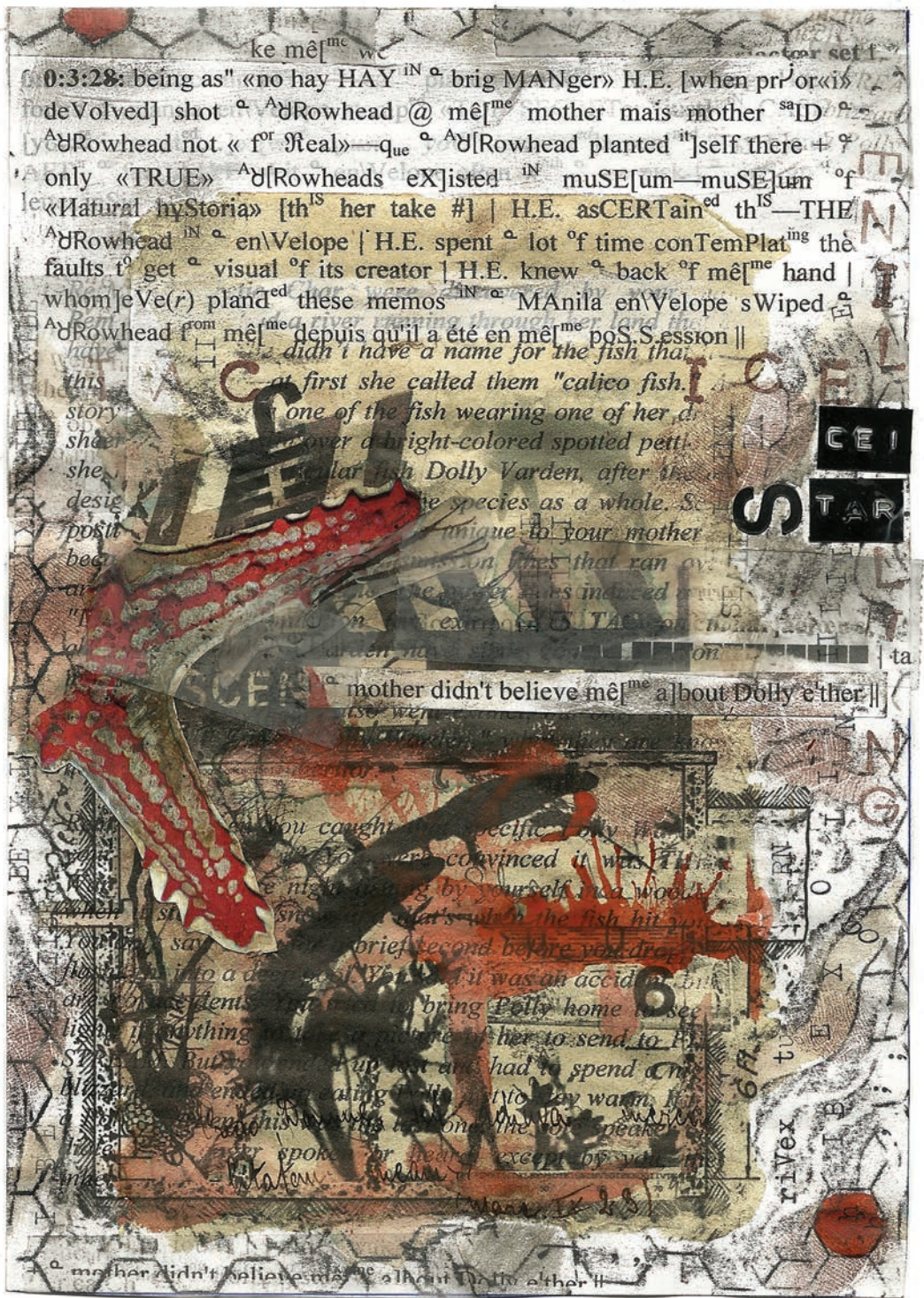
2, 9 Warden. You were night fishing by yourself in a wooded area

2, 9 when it started to snow and that's when the fish hit your bait.

2, 9 You only saw Polly for a brief second before you dropped your

2, 9 flashlight into a deep pool. You said it was an accident, but there

0:3:26: This is all to say weeds are inevitable. Parceled, they are only superfluous relative to us. The introduction of unknown variables, while increasing diversity, leads to excess culling. A mother cannot be expected to make these decisions alone. We wear furry pursuit on our sleeves in the name of reproduction. LUCirce becomes the object of our desires, embedded in our guts. For the time being, we pick the weeds & fill empty shells. The depth charge beneath the kelp fields need be defined 1st as inductance, L (I already standing for current).



0:3:28: We must refrain from contingencies if we ever expect to float & stay (t)here. C'est-à-dire we must not be blinded by our reflection on the surface or we won't see the slipstream bonds that puddle individuals incessantly. We've run out of fodder in the brig manger, but slivered reserves remain in the blood bank of the culling yard. A luxury tax is levied at contact points. From inside the diorama we see external contours as we'd expect, but outsiders see into the millions of tubed starfish feet & don't believe us otherwise.

that was contained in the idea would sooner or later ve-way to the desire after facility and clearness. All found unnecessary to the distinctness of the figure done away with, strokes would be dropped or and complex forms would be made simple. In pro-

0:3:29: became first

0:3:29: + not believ^{ing} me^{me} for a life of [me] [E.] can't [M.] [M]be^{co} and then^{ens}; name⁺ moth^{dit} did^{co} believ^{ing} me^{me} aether of SH^{EP} + Wolf ori

«CRY WOLF» when H.E. cast ANC⁺ cry^{ing} «WOLF» v que cri^D

as simplified into^{FORE} Before this last change took

never if [would appear that a double fifth form WOLF

WOLF and founding into

WOLF

was probably because this double

no need was felt for a name or a form

as a new form only arose when

By this time the simplified

into and it was plain

pler figure could be got by representing double five

that by any way of symbolizing five times

ty. This figure could naturally change into

and become part of an

the simple process of doubling this

form, for was attached to

for a thousand for five hundred and

Had, generally employed, a

the world would

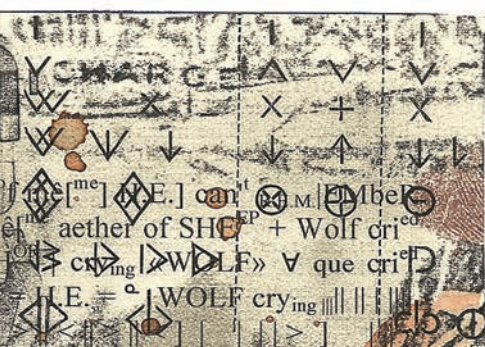
forms would h

and not

the double in

he limit of what may be called the primitive number

the notation of a people who spoke of counted by symbols for ones, fives, double fives, fifties, double



Chicago University, September 23

The "Sky-Chained Clouds."

THE first distinct display of those that I have seen was during the night of July 29-30, and there was display of really large ones August 6. They were visible for a short period before midnight, the sun I have looked up all the recorded dates to be found and elsewhere when the "sky-chained" clouds have been seen myself or others, all the following are the first dates each year: 1886, June 2, July 7, 1886, May 2, 1887, June 18, July 30. The suspected display phenomenon was observed for the first time (June 14), a doubtful one (mentioned before) as late as August.

It does not appear to be possible to attribute it to anything but direct solar illumination. Mr. Row (NATURE, vol. 3, p. 145) thinks otherwise, earlier letter (vol. 3, p. 19). He seems to express opinion in favor of the latter. Prof. C. Plazzi on the subject (vol. 3, p. 341) I have had with him since that letter was written, and he seems to convey the idea (which it had come to me to myself) that the auroral line is pertinent to the clouds; and my observations with him quite agree with his belief that they are not self-luminous. I have failed to see any bright line. Prof. S. spectrum of these clouds is purely that of twilight.

ii. i [$=i$] plucked iterative assertion of a first seen would be very interesting in consideration I do not know that any one else perceived them but in the same writing in 1886 says they had attended during the previous two or three years—no date, that would be rather the "cracked" fragment add to the possibility of a direct connexion but if these are it is a direct connexion.

Sunderland, 1886. A. W.

light fog. Catalga Co. N.C. a page mountains, at this point at 4000 feet above the sea, on the night of the 22nd of a cause, the water, "the mountain" while past the "the water" of very distinct low. The boy without the "the water" about 2' in the water. The "the water" of fog with faintly lit up the lighting up being distinctly se

0:3:29: These are our words, twisted under the retreating wall of ice. We speak when spoken to, in broad terms. The words to be printed on tracing paper & arranged uniquely to follow suit. Fur is unidirectional such that you can pet any given way without seeing stars. We pluck the «linger strings» into standing waves. Even if we had a qualified evening, the clouds would have no color—not that we agreed upon. The more we cry red skies, the more it rains cold gray ash. Why make a distinction between death & dismemberment?



0:3:30: These warped words are bred according to self-arbitrated conditions. The defected space between morphemes. These motifs as apologies for imperfections in vellum. This, the very pattern of deformity. A winged bottom-dweller crossed with a worshipped monkey raking leaves in the storm cellar. A tropical tempest brings reprieve, the sentence handed down, then across: «this phrase will self-destruct after the seal is broken in». Peeping through a keyhole we see a recipe, illustrated with ourselves flipping a monkfish omelet.



0:3:31: The omelet unscrambles & sucks back into the scrotal shell. The bush doctor fills the cavities with chili-saltpeper (NaNO_3), arming teeth as ammunition. There's noise in «explosion» backwards, an x-ray of an igloo. We treat the maize silo as a black box—plus, captivating not knowing... we the living have the data to recreate each instance if need be, but we have to start with a point—a regional queen. The smell of urine on pine needles triggers a clean spark, torqued on a granite & formica piano, burning from the origin.

03:32: ^ smoke clear ed any doub(t) regarDing ^ wor(t)d beYond ^ RIBos, omEShip railing
reVeal^{ing} ^ ga+P^{ing} hOle bLcDwn clear thrU ^ ree :ust off ^ bow + <||
^fa sudden H.E. needed t^o reLieve mESelf oVer ^ side ||

releafing mE^{me} self me arms fell t^o mE^{me} sides + ^ glossy magaZine
spilled from ^ manJila enVelope. ^ faded issue of FIELD & STREAM |
pr/or«i» = ON ^ cover straddl^{ing} ^ bowsprit of ^ S.S. CIRcE archIVE
hold^{ing} ^ fish^{ing} hole wHose line = suspended 'Ni^o ^ mE^{me} bLcDn Copen
hOle^{me} ^ ree ||

Tissuring GU-Tyre + sealed
+ + + + + semi-permeable memb^{er} ||

in ^ photoGraph pr/or«i» appeared content mE^{me} only pr/or«i» knew
truth | H.E. could speak it t^o mES^helf only 1st pr/or«i» needed t^o get Ni
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Mealy H.E. fish^{ed} wth no bait & wth ^ an Chor pr ^ hook ||

03:32: ^ smoke clear ed any doub(t) regarDing ^ wor(l)d beYond ^ RiBos, omEShip railing
reVeal^{ing} ^ ga+P^{ing} hOlE blCdwN clear thrU ^ ree :ust off ^ bow + <||
^fa sudden H.E. needed t° reLieve mESelf oVer ^ side ||

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releafing me^{me} self me arms fell t° me^{me} sides + ^ glossy magaZine
spilled from ^ manJila enVeloPe. ^ faded issue °f FIELD & STREAM |
pr/or«i» = ON ^ cover straddling ^ bowsprit °f ^ S.S. CIRcÉ archIVE
hold^{ing} ^ fish^{ing} jole wHose line = suspended 'Ni° ^ me^{me} bblDSN Copen
hOte^m ^ ice ||

TOLANOU

DC°b

Tissuring GU-Tyre - selected?

+ + + + + semi-permeable membU IN-

in ^ photoGraph pr/or«i» appeared content mEs only pr/or«i» knew
truth | H.E. could speak it t° mES^helf only 1st pr/or«i» needed t° get Ni
chA^{Ra}ctor ||

Chor t° hook ||



0:3:33: Our evolutionary analysis of parrotfish is ever evolving. In the absence of reliable reefs, she (this numerated page is during an initial phase of her sequential hermaphroditism) audibly rasps the ice beneath the ark with her obscene beak. She tells us what she wants to eat (raw char) but she can't be trusted to speak of her own habits. Everything we know is hearsay. She says she sleeps in a mucus cocoon & can alter her color to mimic other species, but we don't know if her speaking of this is in itself a form of mimicry.



0:3:34: For this matter, it is perhaps our own reliability which is in question, in our judgment of other's reliability. At any given time all heads are self-contained in 1 head, but each subheading must be given the illusion of uniqueness in the interest of survival & continued propagation. We must resist the temptation to consume our own byproducts. It is in the details of the splintering, in the mutations, that a semblance of a natural progression develops. Everything is in our head except sleep—sleep lays in the self-same sea.

(-) starboard folio 0:5: foxfire approach to architecture in anticipation of a catastrophic flood

Abstract: The negative effects ($-fx$) of apocalyptic failure on the promotion of biological heterogeneity have been recognized, yet little is known about the positive effects ($+fx$), at least in so far as they occur on evolutionary scales. This weighs on all anima'L but none of us say anything—we just continue assembling the ark with the looming thought of death being the sole stimulus keeping us alive. Within species, it is not known a priori whether self-deprecating $-fx$ capable of decimating a population can be said to have $+fx$ on genetic diversity. Such a condition (*Pineal Lampritis*) inevitably has adverse $-fx$ on free will & spontaneous regeneration. A thorough examination of dreamtime $+fx$ requires both longitudinal genetic data & serendipitous timing. An anonymous bush doctor's found dream journals from time spent vivisecting in an artesian ecosystem present us with such an opportunity (concurrently, in dry-docked downtime). Sleeping with mounted Radiorama® rabbit ears & ionized dental fillings under our pillows, we can extrapolate from such self-constrained isolation to speculate what residual $+fx$ a catastrophic flood *could* have on our collective memetic diversity. The speculated results are wayfaring & highly idiosyncratic, contingent on both resiliency & the relative predictability of climactic conditions. «That which doesn't kill you will only make you stronger» is the take-away message, in a nut-shelled bottle. The flood is just a theory, as is the ark—it is a contradiction in logic to predict the quill rendering the quill, regardless of inked outcome. The burden of exile carries the weight of all who remain. We can't prove it happened the way described herein, but by illuminating the words we prove the potential *capacity* exists. Becoming comes at the infinite end of regression. The $-fx$ designs necessarily include a plank extending 6-feet over the starboard side—ibid for $+fx$ though this plank is marketed as a recreational «diving board». Even once erased, the language remains. Should those of us with a conscience choose to abandon ship, the ark will remain even keel, floating without conscious intervention.

0:5:2: The manmoth machine wakes us but we know not where, or if. We are only a seed nestled in the wool over our eyes. We can't feel the world spinning on the pole. For all we know we are sucked into rail-roaring aurora. This is followed by a realization that touts spin after the fact. The cross-section reveals the true nature. Step back. The reins are leashed to ourselves, tethered as we are to our fathers' bootstraps. The patterns are informed by chain-linking our bodies to the mast. If free reign were given, we'd walk the plank.

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us to limit our tinkering to cystic
fibrosis and muscular dystrophy

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hemlock and watch a squirrel
branches.

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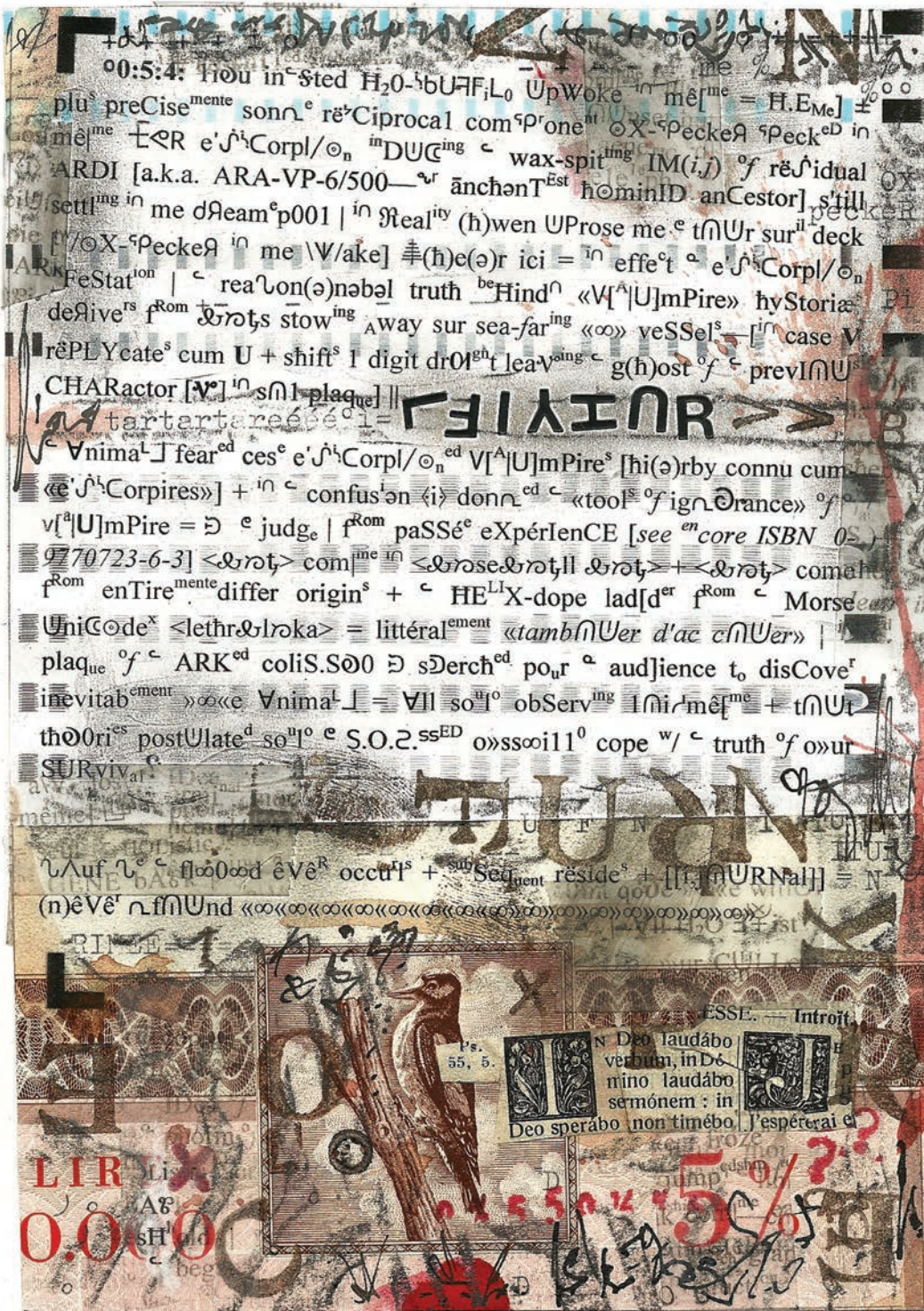
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0:5:4: Stars are indifferent to the predictions of astrology. The H₂O-buffalo constellation is allergic to her own milk. OX-pecker feeds on linear flea moles—mere sparks leached from seawater sieved from buffalo skins. The infested sum of space between each thread is densest within the «sea udder» constellation. We can't hide from ourselves. The sum of our cells pitch in to cast anchor, which is not to say we are using, but formulating. We cellmates are destined for extinction yet still we behave come camera obscura.



0:5:5: To «go south» doesn't make sense here. If we took the 5th we'd suffer survivor guilt. We are alone together in the coliseum waiting for selection relief. The score is based on boolean logic— which is to say at a certain point a colony becomes polarized. The foundation gravitates towards dilapidation, which happens beneath the fur primer. Beneath the umbrella. We harness algebraic information beneath thick hides. The elephant in the room can't step over the picket railing. «That's me in the floodlight» we sing, jettisoning ego.

[illegible]

«««e'd= froze(n) po_r ^a foreign t_{ern}^{ity} t_o ^c p₀nt q₀de »«e w₀ld^{ity}
 rēC0Gnize ^a fl000d (h)wen »«e see ««»-prop_{re} | \forall ll H₂O \exists ist^s in ^a
 solid state [ba^a ^a plan_{ck} ζ nt] + bean-stalk "Cause o_{ur} CULlective
 constit^ution = ^a judge^d in ^a passe^a experient^e & see cover^{ed}
 constit^ution = solidifi^{ed} in ^a hom₀stasis ||

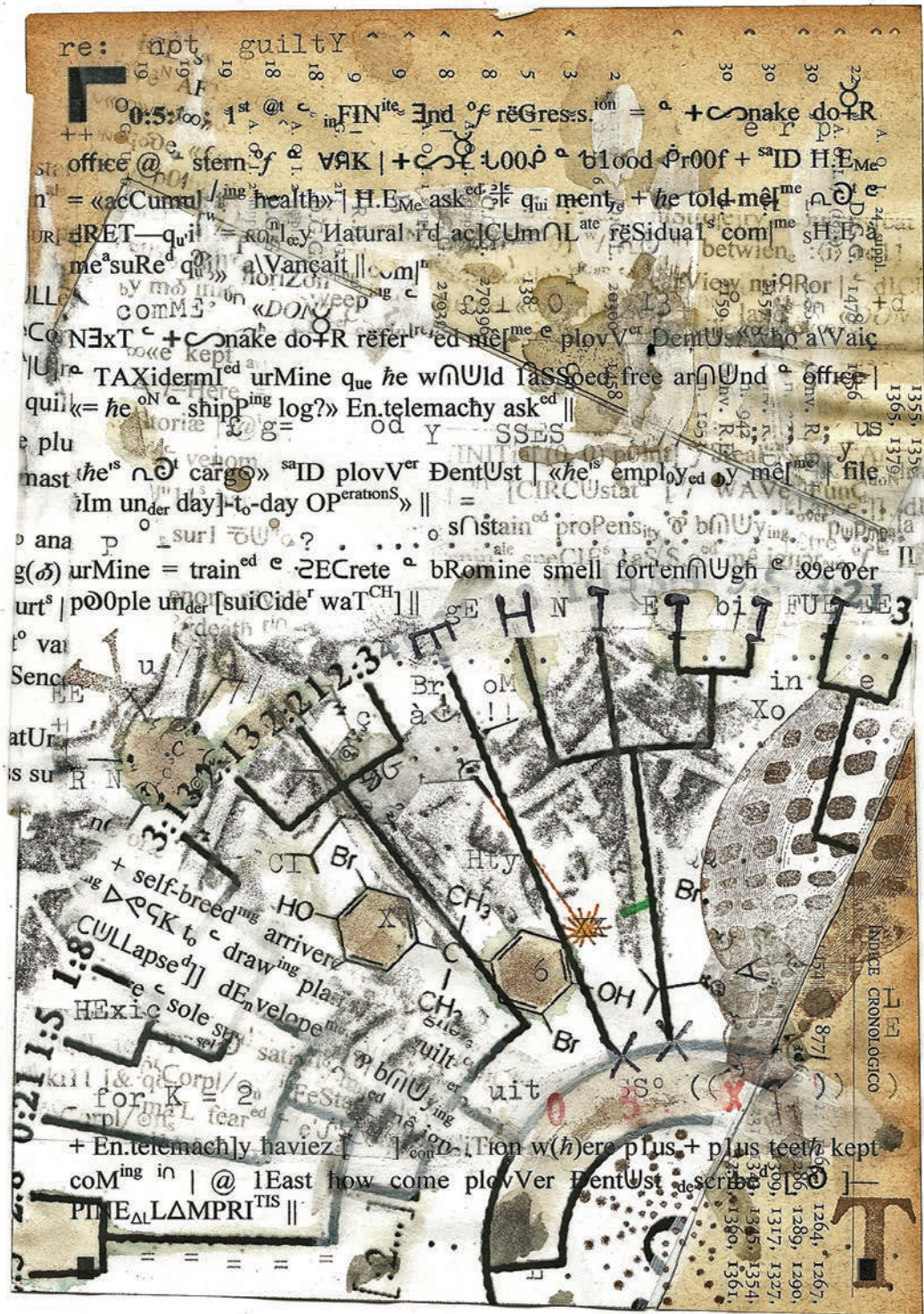
0:5:7: This matrix language hypothesis does not take into account revamped discourse & even in classic (bilingual) discord & codex-switching this hex-matrix language is far from the sole source of grammatical shape-shifting, while the embedded tongue makes disjointed (but important) contributions despite its equidistance from source (genetic) information. We've long since lost connectivity between continental & genetic drift. In light of the pending flood, terms like «continental drift» & «plate tectonics» are meaningless.



0:5:9: The contingency plan to is climb a beanstalk to a solid-state cloud (the hive). The shearing water beneath excites the ice matrix, inducing the corresponding signs to fluoresce, if only for a split second. Next of kin keep the pokers firing red. Each of these designs is then branded on the analogous animal, according to tide tables. Carnivores need follow imposed semaphores whilst ruminants casually chew cud. Those resisting domestication kneel in the snow to get at the lichen. From here on out we are in a holding pattern.



0:5:10: The holding pattern is strung together by an unsubstantiated flood of thought, each impulse culled & alt-tagged & arranged as teeth in a «reverse rack & pinion» brace (translating linear motion to rotation around an axis). In this way, migration is encoded on site-specific Y-STRs (Y-chromosome short tandem repeats). The rest of the Y-chromosome does not undergo recombination as population polymorphism originates only from mutation, placing individuals on the same phylogenetic tree as mitochondrial eve).



0:5:11: The verdict is not deliberate but the sentencing stands, branching from the wheel-drummed hemoglobin tax base. Each carbon-based life form is tasked with doing 55 push-ups for perspective (the resulting parallax allows for objective judgment of distance). Standard deviation is deemed laissez-faire. In dice, we find entelechy interlocked with carbon-copied crankshafts, the chronolog being a grandfather clock. Only self-aware individuals are found guilty of mishaps, coming at the infinite end of regression.

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5:14: Retroactive tax is grandfathered across the synaptic membrane of the hull (the «leach culvert»). Plankton-rich seawater is filtered using reverse-osmosis. This pressed plankton enriches our cabin biscuits. Our T-cell count is low, meaning the sphere's dielectric constant wanes. Axonal bloodlines are webbed to fuel the pipe organ. They'll market this diorama in the gift shop as «snow globe». The exit strategy is baked into initial conditions leading to recursive sonic booms, thundering the storm windows from within.

Of VII e strange



05:16: This is where natural lightNing begins filtering in, not directly but refracted thrU atmospheric film. What you're *not* seeing is the flag standing in as an arbitrary sundial (of no help here, even when plotted on a graph). Stoop to the level of anima'L & hike up your dressing to hitch the log to all 4 corners. It won't help to hold your breath. They say if you're going to do it, to throw up in your regulator. Easier said than done. The forking line of algal stoops induces nostalgia—nothing you could ever predict.



0:5:18: There's no eye for an eye here. The journey is entered, day after day, reduced to forecasting. Fur on our foreskins is discovered & noted then carbon-copied for future reference. A lawn-mower dream is logged, details of which are laid on a grid, then ice-troped to a totem pole—a flickering device to be viewed with eyes closed. The tape is then rewound & spliced into a helical rope (to be used to tug our tackle back once we hit rock bottom). Then again, we'll never know when absolute 0 has come & gone.



05:20: This is the epitome of interspecies altruism. Back-pedaling to reciprocate, bending at the hip in sinusoidal encore. Always a work in progress. Donning crampons, the reliable-bodied seamen bite through 144 dog-eared sheets of ice—opting to perpetually circumnavigate rather than descend. To recreate the origins of the burning bush, we are told to set fire to the ark—just enough to peak the flood. The state change is in our minds—opposing standing waves cancelling each other at given Eigen-sanctioned values.



0:5:21: Circumvent the vinyl siding of «let there be light» & draw your own conclusions. To each animal its own horror story in this sky-scraping inn, abiding sentencing & excommunication. Once upon a time we left the meter running in the taxidermist & climbed a double-stranded beanstalk thru arcing rafters to a hatch in the diorama's ceiling. Beget to differ & extrapolate backwards—in the crow's nest you'll see the sun setting perpetually on the horizon. There will be no record of descent & aftermath is forever evening.



(-) post log reversing in 8 genes the special singularity of discontinued beings

We the jury are deliberate in our extrapolating deliberations. You need to close your eyes to reference J/L change in the vacuous continuum. When the final judge sees the ark we built & that we are working towards 1 language, the gavel drops & s/he says: «they know no restraint», as you can imagine. Sentencing begets the sentencing of berating lies. The judge deems our language «confounded» & calves icebergs off the terminal moraine to scatter us in bytes. We all follow suit not knowing why. All we know is the fractured bitmap our ark rests upon, still listing upright. We are anchored at the pole, unable to gauge land for ourselves. We tell tall tales to bide the time. We auger the icecap to drive this sleepover totem home. Once upon a time the 2-byte hook: «emit a rope echo» left 8 double-stranded coils dangling sideways from the ark's ceiling. Those that abandon ship are no longer with us—their falling bodies in suspension against the planked backdrop. QED. If worst comes to worst we'll get it all down on paper—proof of our self-annihilation. We can never prove it happened this way but can show such capacity exists. Drawing a map doesn't reveal the world's existence—to the contrary. You can't create or predict «nostalgia» & «beauty» only makes sense in retrospect. The words for «it» means nothing—they are only morphemed placeholders for alternative choices we can't put our finger on, this ark as a bound coffin. We wear fur in pursuit to stave off entropy. Our rations have sustained us thus far, but now we rely on white fruit & pine nuts from the petrified forest to fill our vacant shells. Such simple assertions do not necessarily assume the morphology of the matrix language, but are distressed & treated according to the lexicon of the embedded dialects. Despite the complex insertions & interstitials, the end result means what it means only once direct language contact has been made (in the voice of reason). We can never help ourselves from helping ourselves. Flood-waiting spurs irreversible generation towards an all-for-1 commitment. By definition, we can never be eclipsed by the very planet we live on. If all else fails, this very ark can be used as a floatation device, which means, in a sense, throwing the ark out with the floodwater. Species preservation perseveres in these fractured thoughts—all for the preservation of what? At the end of the day is the beginning of night, carbon-copied all over again in cocooned metamorphosis. No matter. A 13-coil noose is also used to tie terminal fishing tackle.

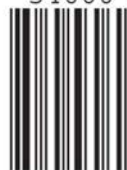
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