



Stance

**THE AWARENESS SERIES' ENMITY, TRUST,
FAITH&DOUBT,
& NUMBER'S LOT
DEWLOGIC**

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Stance

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Failure&Solitude

The Rudeness of Soul

The Idealism of Soul

Enmity

Trust

Faith&Doubt

Number's Lot

The Communal Estate

ENMITY

In every bid for life, there is that calling of seamless directives—enmity. Revered as the unwanted, it is the abstract never to be courted, the ultimate taboo made of complexes. It is not. It is. It is the conflict of what is and what is not. In its perceptions, its illusions never subside and its reality is always imminent. It is the ruse never to be ignored. And its directives though presupposing a self or an ideal are often denied or empowered.

Can these directives, if so we find them a part of every bid for life, be as positivistic as the dawn of a much necessary war, an ever imminent engagement? Or are they merely a fear factor invention? Can the directives be defeated by an ocean of ideals seamless in return? Can they be nursed till their edges peak of love and grandeur, their senses stuffed with curiosities of lovemaking? Can they be romanced, romanticized?

The inherent influences of such directives are felt in every life, and in the communal state where they are most seamless, their compound interests are most destructive. Enmity is a subject hardly discussed, and one most lacking in individual introspection. It is at its best unintelligent and instinctive, accepted when reasoned or envisioned as power, in the communal state. It is envy, it is rage, it is passion, it is love, it is hatred, it is good, it is bad, it is all done to protect ideals and it is paradoxical in its implicit bid for life as a parallel for its destruction. An evil nonetheless, but mostly reasoned as a most necessary one, however deranged its foundations.

Within idealized objectives in civilized surroundings it is expressed with trivial familiars such

as conflict, tension, misunderstanding and such other asymmetry ideals. And because of such mostly ethical asymmetric ideals, we always fall victim to symptoms we fail to diagnose within ourselves and a predisposition which must always fit the patriotic ideal in the communal.

Our moments of worth get scarcer when recognized. There are moments that are otherwise habitually intimated, passing us with it as a measure of time and achievement of communal ideals. On that we may place our value.

The individual is rich in the essences of self. But this richness curtails itself as soon as we enter the communal state in a scarcity of roads to ideals as well as ideals, and our mediocrity satisfies as value, so there might be a god imaginable as power.

Essence was defined as "...more than the basic identification with being human...a convergence of indispensable aspects of being that is self sustaining as being," and value as "...a measure of something that is usually imposed by someone else or expressed tacitly or evidently between two or more people...a relation that may differ from person to person," in *Failure & Solitude*. It is important in this body of work to note the differences between essence and value driven enmity.

What drives the quest for power? My simple answer will be communal ideals. Power is a product, an abstract embodiment of the achievement of communal ideals. It is that assumed by force through elected enforcement authorities like the police, assumed by the accumulation of other ideals like money and position, or appointed by the votes of a

majority through an established ideal process as in politics.

Power gains affinity, one for displacement, for enablement in process, a vacuous space filled with whatever the communal may, in constant engagement in relation of self with others. Power always plays a communal part, whether appointed or assumed. These vacuous extensions should hardly be individualized let alone hardened individualized. They are superfluous, externalized source for internalized value.

The drive towards them is always hardened individualized. Things are set up that way. Yet their achievement can never be owned or sustained without the circularity involved in the systemic exploration of communal ideal. Power is value driven, value sustained, value maintained. Power is an event enablement, something without a form even as a communal ideal, yet always driven. The self always drive itself towards it. For it to work, it has to be assumed, enforced or appointed, making it circular in the communal fold—it must sustain itself or it drops out of fold.

We create our seasons of love. In power we lose ourselves.

Power is a communal compound interest within the communal systems of ideals. Enmity follows it, always, in every facet by which communal ideals is entwined in the necessity of human life. Enmity is its compound misery. It is an unwritten law of human relations. It has been from the beginning of time. It will always be. In excess, it persists, in subtlety, it mainly persists. It is the deformity of the complex structure of communal ideals.

In capitalism, the subtle version/aversion of enmity is “competition.” And there we invest the personal advantages in the communal ideals which may, or which may not give us power, if such an ideal as power is wanted. It is in no way, if that is what is wanted, achieved without being sought. I will never be able to commend power as a spirit. In the communal sense, it has no essence except that which the individual or individuals invest in it. It has no form human or otherwise abstract. But this affinity for power has its callings. Its derivatives are more than ever detrimental to being.

Directives from enmity are appeased in one way or the other by the self. It's some kind of relief, conscious, subconscious or denial prone, which makes up for value-deficiencies within the communal state. Enmity, while it may not be what we choose, it is by its very nature in relation with society, what we participate in. The democratic political process is one of such open practices. Capitalism is the necessary other.

And we as individuals can only check our personal dispositions to enmity, not those of others. The feelings and urgings of enmity are often denied because a subscription to its existence implicates complexes that are intimated in relations with others. We are stock holders in our compound miseries as we are in our compound happiness. We are armed with communal ideals, nurtured by it, victims of it.

Every bid for individual life abides with subtle wars. We fight subtle wars everyday, the subtle wars of differences.

FAITH&DOUBT

The works of a scheme is in a million scoundrels at my door, the delusions of hope at my feet. And the crocodile warms its monstrosity near my bosoms, the snake its hide against my skin. The chimera mother swallows her spawn alive; the creator a jest, the jest a creator. And the Crummy Crumbler's faith writes an indentured compromise of cram, crass and crash.

From the delusions of knowledge comes a paradise undone, its heart eats its own as stake for dinner.

But the knowledge of a heart is in its stance and the heart stands its faith by kindling a fire of its own as the keystone locks neither the beginning nor an end which when in doubt falls apart. Kindred are where faith follows in being, and doubt takes the killjoy to the sands. As blood may splatter like taluses, coagulate with spite, and darken like a bitter subverted talebearer.

The knowledge of doubt is an empty larder home to a lapse. And there, the lantern may fly fuelling its faith with lazybones' fate and a dream relinquishes the faith of the amorous becoming amorphous. The heart stands the anti-cyclone, thoroughly disinclined to a fall. The body is an ambivert.

The Oocyte triggers its own maturation not as a bean may on a stalk or the leaf as it recaptures its

greenness in the spring, but as a testament that all that it entails contains it. And its doubt must be within its means as its maturation is yet a testament of its being.

That is such for the Oocyte. As the Oocyte can never retain or regain its state. It can not stand its own against the falling sands, it cracks, it breaks, and its measure of faith becomes itself doubtful as a copperhead plateau of coquetry may seek to be reckoned with; a fellowship of states and not of spirit.

And Catholicism un-becomes itself.

Doubt is a fulminant which on a full moon's night pretend to be full-length and fulltime. It is a functioning illiterate fundamentally flawed, the gall which furnishes itself in the gallantry of galleries, and in the gallows it finds its gallstone.

Faith is the indomitable rationale of doubt, a signature retained in stance at peak, so it may find its doubt, a product of its functioning, in descent. Because faith is such a very personal thing, it is reasonable to say I am my own religion, and my religion is in me.

Thus when religion seeks a face for its faith, it stumbles on the un-spiritual.

And nothing deludes religion more than a rigid belief on the element of representation. It is a wave of desecration to deface a painting of Jesus. Or give him what may a shaved beard for his becoming. If God was one of us, would he be woman? Would he cast a stone at the congregation of hypocrites or leave them afloat to decry his stance with worthless dedications, watch with pleasure the fortified doxology not of faith but of display?

Religion is yet deformed by manner of representation. It holds on to the holy trinity, and there

is the father beyond the representation, the son in retrospect and the Holy Spirit comes in with the third. The belief is in the oneness of the three, the three in oneness.

The pureness of spirit is a necessity for a spirit or soul to be holy, and once religion delivers representation it loses both trinity and pureness. With representation it can not have both. It becomes, so to speak, the spectacle of Evolution's descent—a tri-ocular arrangement of sorts and not of soul; a thoroughly soul-less meta-entity. This is something spectacularly fine to be, but it becomes difficult to input faith in the incarnate without soul.

Physical representation deludes religion. And the evolutionist is fine with such delusions. As such delusions necessitate the furtherance of possibilities and states other than that represent-able, the furtherance of such that is nothing and everything.

A state of nothing and everything? It is the statelessness of anything, a thoroughly meaningless state. And God becomes Gods, notions calling on notions begging to be reckoned with and recognized.

The problem here is not that there is no testament to being; it is more that there is no testament to meaning. That it must be, that a Jew must represent God but can not an angel make; belonging of lower calling or that of a lower God?

A religion of Gods can yet be a religion to be reckoned with. Would it then be omni-directional rather than multi-directional? Would it matter if faith was sharp set or sharp practice and doubt becomes the sharp shooter's sharp edge?

Religion, Christianity especially is not based on proof; it's based on faith. Such, it has to be able to afford its inception as well as its end as same. Anything worthy of faith should. Whatever would omni-directionality or multi directionality mean to the essentiality of faith?

It has been noted that there need not be proof to have faith, but there needs to be proof to have representation.

As I mentioned earlier, faith shapes our doubts, and is not only for the religious. In fact, I am not quite religious, and yet I must reckon with the fact that personally or interpersonally, faith is something to be reckoned with.

It could delude a crowd, a multitude or as it may, a country. It could make wars; raise religion against religion, race against race, persons against persons, and nations against nations. Faith is to be reckoned with.

If God has an abode called heaven, why seek its representation on Earth. One of the aspects separating Judaism from Christianity is that mainly of representation. Christ gives a representation which enables the world to be loved. THE WORLD! Oh what a mighty dream? And indeed a mighty dream it became before becoming for a while in history, absolutely indomitable.

Christianity.

The subsumption of doubt takes a lot more work normally when the proof of faith is in its assumption at the inception of thought. What I mean here is that for Christianity, faith has to first be

assumed and accepted before it is implemented, put in motion, process, or rather put to work.

The biblical saying goes that “Faith without works is dead.” What about work without faith? What is it? Precedence does matter in the procession of faith. What is work without faith?

TRUST

It is the city of God, the throne of nature adorned with a reassuring smile. It is the awakening of silent stars beyond the impression of slight, the abundance of the omnipresent inaccessible. It is trust.

It is tenuous, deceptive, accepting and more. It is more than all prejudicial. It judges by content. It judges by concept. It sharpens and shapes by manner of race, position and station in life. It is in the end abstract, never real.

Here you may undercut my thoughts.

And here I may tell you to trust your instincts.

Your instincts are after all, yours.

So, the sun rose this morning.

It renews itself, its own star, a rendering of honesty, pronouncing faith as well as fate.

The sun has the knowledge of trust beyond that of mere expectation. It knows self trust. And by this reckoning alone, it rose today.

Reality always underrates knowledge by the rendering of the experiential. It is truth by its doing.

But trust is a rendering of conscious generation, not by the experiential. It is, in the relational, by inception, perception and conception, a paradox.

And it could have been thought or taught, that life is a simple case of trust. A case? Yes. A simple case? No.

Simplicity is to be minded, not because it is such a bad thing, but rather because it engenders conformity and ease. An expected way in the expected manner and all seems well.

Here we come to trust and expectation.

Trust and expectation are too often intimated, wrongfully so. And the notion that they are or should be naturally intimated is an ideal, projected, awaited and believed. Trust intimated with expectation is always and persistently an ideal. It isn't real before it is productive from the personal or the objective. It is possible. It is not real after it becomes productive. It is evident.

Here is a reminder of the subtle warning about ideals from The Idealism of Soul: *It is such of mind, that a noble thought supremely suggests itself to be the highest form of all concepts. The Ideal. Some Utopia esteemed. This notion ideal in its incursion—the first of an impression that the highest rationality must be the best, the best of itself. It must be that which the individual persistently stimulates consciously as mind, as self in proper lucidity and in elevating alignment with reason. That there is such; this transcendent faith in knowledge?*

Thus, we come to knowledge and trust.

Knowledge embodies all as an artifact and yet belongs truly to no one except that which incites it. The knowledge of the sun belongs to the sun, outside it, an artifact.

The universality of knowledge is itself an artifact of inception which imbibes incursions of effects and causations out of effects.

Self knowledge becomes itself in consciousness, a venture for perpetual discovery, of personal states and conditions. Self-trust as we will discuss later in the body of this essay, becomes itself in relation to the ordered, the communal, a risk.

Knowledge is ordered rather than unordered and indeed an artifact. We know it because we see it, we sense it, we hear it, we smell it, we can taste it, we feel it and engage in other senses than the popular five. Knowledge exists. We exist before knowledge. It is ours to acquire, require, retain, lack and e.t.c.

Gravity exists as a force and maintains the order in the planetary orbit. Does it know itself? I'll say more than any existence can never know it. Does it exist? Well, that is a different other question isn't it? Does it trust itself? I'll say if it doesn't trust itself it is impossible for it to exist or be trusted. Because it is a force!

Expectation is a constructed pedestal, an artifact of fate and states retained, refreshed, relinquished or demolished.

If the world was thoroughly mathematical, then trust invested must have its returns accordingly. If thus is expected, thus is received, perceived or observed. Thus, a true bastard will invest a reasonable worth in the value of an ill-apparent sperm?

Allocating trust based on desert is like making a repetitive choice within a limiting framework of availability, between eating sand or ice cream. The relationship between desert, what is deserved and automatically earned, and trust is a state of mind, one which is either perpetually ascertained or that which is discriminatorily ascertained.

Such, the world, entrenched in trust is a mathematical anomaly farthest from any thorough sense.

Much like the gravity we believe in is much a subject of the particular state in a certain universe within a certain reality we call earth, as opposed to that of mars or moon, the differences in possibilities creates displacements, shifts in which, within a universal form, can not be controlled. The expected is limited within a limitless framework.

The expected has its benefits where the unexpected is a risk, and this also draws on individuality. Find yourself suddenly on the surface of the moon without a pressure equipped space suit, and you will not find yourself falling. Falls have their weights in glory. You will be drifting in the nothingness of space without the predictability of pattern or path. You will suddenly have no mass able to uphold your existence.

Risk is only reasonable with knowledge and within this framework, nothing beats self-knowledge. Knowledge and trust when truly intimated, is a god among humankind. And the evidence seems everywhere.

Our eternal gem is in our thoughts, our productive excellence in the works of our hands. Our

massive active attendance is in our indulgences. We trend our cultures either with ephemeral or intellectual pursuits. It is ours to make. Our trusts must come to us fluid when it truly comes so our individuality is ascertained amidst the chaotic excesses of life, of fate and predicaments.

Beyond this, there is the trust in exchanges, that which fits so that things may be. We absorb our productivity as a result of our capabilities, a measure of time and worth, for the import-export hierarchical services of money and prestige.

We all live there, in the district of money and we have learned to trust its rulings, maneuver its laws to fit our aims.

Trust.

Ah! The subtlety of trust! Must be the ultimate aboriginal thrust at the height of existence—that trust in productivity is ultimately in physical strength. And his ultimate distrust must be in the passivity of sex. And there will be no error in his trust as long as it originates from him, as long as it's his invariably.

Variance dominates our progress, superior excellence our measure of ingenuity, and thus our trust dies every once in a while and is renewed in various abstract forms.

Trust, an investment of will in the very intimate living quarters of personhood is the brute warrior of susceptibility when the aims of others are not so easily seen or discerned.

One of the hardest lessons I learned about trust involved my first love. And there, I learned many levels and types of trust, but more importantly, I learned the thorough variant relation between Trust

and Self-Trust, and most importantly, Trust and expectation.

NUMBER'S LOT

Author's Notes

(This essay is an exploration of numbers in nature and in view of the use of numbers in the fictional book *The Adventures of Silli Page: the Case of the Blue Messiah*. I highly suggest you read the fictional book before you read this book. But that's only a suggestion. You may do as you please.)

As there is beauty in the great rocks of time, the mountain tells a different tale every time the sun rises. Must it be same; the micro fiber emigrating from nature becomes its own tale or the artifact of a different age?

But there is that fiber piercing nature which has its strings not in the worth of time or the artifact of age. It is an artifact of the abstract. It is undervalued. It is overpriced. And its history over time seems of its own making and out of its own range.

Numbers.

It is considered purely mathematical. But it imposes itself into our thoughts, into our natures without consent. It is sometimes how we recognize ourselves as one and the same as opposed to others. It is how we relate one thought to the other, and the other and the next. We have made it the history of time encapsulated in the second, the hour, the morning, the afternoon, evening and night. It marks our seasons and with it our years come around to age us. It wakes with the sun and sleeps away from it.

It is thus the percept of the perception, but evident in the three fold, subject, percept and perception. It is the first premise of a dream, the last glimpse of the very same. It is the beginning of the end, the end of a beginning.

And yet its beauty is hardly ever captured in that which it individuates and animates.

Numbers.

It shows up in places expected. It is with it we count our wealth in the value of gold, money, credit and more. With it we may count our luck in recurrence, our misfortune in occurrence. By the numbers, we place the value of representation in the majority against a minority. We silence the voices of others so we may be heard loudly. With it, we grade our becoming, draw back our plights to fit a new beginning or some certain end.

It is a symbol of strength in economy and commerce. It marks our GDP, tells us our economy is slipping or uplifting, that it may slip or lift at any time, or maybe its doing both just to exist. It never tells us we're crazy for watching these up and down

indicators. Numbers are watchers. We are watchers. We are the watched. These are the indicators of our lives.

Numbers.

They hold the certainty of an existence and of none all the same. They give. They take away. And yet they do nothing. That which is done does itself a representation or a misrepresentation. But nature transcends number in its own and all schemes in this; it knows indifference where number knows difference. And such, numbers, their value and worth, if any, should come to the light with respect to nature.

Numbers are peculiar. On the one hand, the belief in mathematics is that they are infinite. If you go on counting, you go on counting forever. Yet it is inevitable to know they have familiar states, and both familiar and unfamiliar steps. These states familiar and distinct in mathematics are 0-9.

10, for instance does not really exist as a number, it is a construct of 1 and 0, an additive of certain single digit numbers, or derivatives of interaction of others big or small. The number of numeric representations sum up to a number ten, where there is no actual 10. I know, it seem crazy, after all, you raise your hands and your fingers count to 10. That is after all nature. It is nature's call!

But so are the webbed feet of the duck, the long hind legs of the Kangaroo rat, and the Salamander's crawl on all front.

In this essay I will give examples from my book, *The Case of the Blue Messiah* that will attribute certain numbers to nature, certain numbers to instantiations, and certain numbers to inverse

derivatives. I will also recognize the underestimated beauty of numbers in light of the book.

There is the mechanics of numbers, which by the meanest of strictness must abide by the rule of mathematics. But while writing *The Case of the Blue Messiah*, I discovered that numbers know both simulation and relations beyond the rules of mechanics and mathematics. If nature is to have rules, its rule is in presence rather than process, in fluidity rather than abstract rigidity. Nature, after all, holds its worth in presence. And this I differentiate from Quantum science whose prevalent necessity is in its embrace of set possibilities.

The nature to which I refer in this book knows presence as a tree will know and have a direct path to its roots, not in the possibility of its existence or unknown set pathways to it.

There is the perpetual and persistent arbitration of zero, a settling unsettling of the non-settling which makes it null and void on either side of negative or positive but certainly void.

Zero has no continuance. What place can it ever have in nature? What place in continuance? Zero is an abstract, the most abstract of all numbers. It does seem strange to grade numbers by abstractions. But zero is super abstract in that it is an abstract as subject, percept and perception. There is no perception of zero. None whatsoever. As you read this it seems like a percept, as if you can not understand it, you can not be reading this. I will rephrase. You can always read this without having an understanding of it. There is only a figurative perception of zero, as the ultimate mathematical abstract art.

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