

An Animated Life: Chapter one: The Vectorgram.

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Author's Introduction

There are times in life words cannot be polished, edited, packed, packaged, or distributed into edible, digestible pieces. Potent and ripened with strife, they reach beyond the times and take up space as grief, trauma, relentless upheaval assuring life of existence, of events relative to existence and self. A potent space cannot be displaced. It must be relieved by the bearer of the pain, the cause.

Some inalienable agent, inalienable as pain? There isn't anything more humanly inalienable than pain, nothing more defining. From ineluctable origination consequent, subsequent and inadvertently definitive, pain is acutely inalienable. Most of what you are about to listen to or read was written in homelessness. Most of my urgent need to express life came from pain, and I am certain of it, this pain will never leave me. But pain can be more acutely penetrating than some—the initiating cause of this homelessness was not perpetuated by people who hated me for the color of my skin, gender, religion or otherwise, but rather by people I thought I knew. Knowledge, averagely moderated, covertly operated, is much of that crazy thought from that crazy person irreparably different from you, yet harm and proximity seemed intrinsically linked.

This experience changed me in ways I couldn't imagine possible. The overwhelming sense of not belonging, that is, of civic, economic, intellectual and existential displacement derived a sense of lightweight spirituality which drove me inwards, towards more intimation. It soon became apparent that the only self I was going to be able to redeem afterwards had to be accepted in the very medium of pain and agony. Aside from the fact that writing is a much-intimated part of my being, the need for documentation was from that moment onward inevitable.

Some say pseudonyms come once in a lifetime for a writer and I remember why and how I chose the pseudonym I use. Things only the writer knows. But my reasons for life now are much different than when I started writing. Making my works available for whatever donations people make has been a long time coming, a lifetime of life changing events in the making, and the inevitable adoption of experiential decency and intuition away from New York Publishing. If failure got me here, failure has no such power to keep me here. Failure no longer has a power over me. There is a spirit to suffering for states transcending than ordinary, near-death experiences taught me to build intrinsic treasures against superficialities and excesses. I intend to keep this spirit.

Your support, however you give it is always appreciated. Thank you.

THE VECTORGRAM

Prologue: a prelude to reality

The Penis Effect

With all the terrible wrongs afflicting life—lies, theft, murder, rape and other serious crimes engaging reality as the world moves forward and progresses, it was extremely perplexing to me that the vector for this progression projected two possible states: nonexistence or mysterious. Stranger still, for something projected scientific. It seemed this progress involved stealing life counter-directionally for the nonexistent, and projecting life directionless, for the mysterious. That is, stealing life and identity to become nothing in particular, nothing in motion, nothing in existence, nothing in essence, for some perpetuated projection of variance, of evolution.

I was lonely in thought with this subject, lost in the awe of life and purpose. Life was draining out of me much faster than the speed of fast and light. I had to try something, find some way to find meaning, understanding beyond the super-positional unreality of some candlelight flickering in broad daylight. That didn't make any sense to me. I resolved to trying out necromancy. It seemed like some necessary last resort, and wasn't too far from a consistent mystery, misery without realistic attachment lingering in agonizing space-time fog. I went to the one person that could help explain things, to Einstein's gravesite.

By his tomb I whispered something no one else could hear.

Einstein popped right out of the tomb, leaving me bewildered rather than scared. I studied him. "You look good for your age," I said, implicitly acknowledging recognition. "What are you now, one-forty-two?"

He maintained a puzzled expression. "Gravitation impulses, repulsion, impartial relativity streaks, Newton's adoptions, re-adaptation, something called the Lambda Derivative?"

I nodded. "Yes, and more to come."

He stared the unknown woman down, narrowed his eyes. "How come those big shots couldn't figure this out? How come I couldn't figure this out?"

"Those big shots are always too drunk to figure any such things out."

He deepened his frown. "Is that what scientists do nowadays?"

I shrugged. "You better believe it."

He studied me, briefly.

I studied him, engaging his eyes fully. "You're not going to ask me how long you've been dead, are you?"

He shook his head. "You're going to challenge my famous equation?"

I shook my head. "No genius. I am going to limit your famous equation with the Lambda Derivative so generations to come can get the overall picture of relativistic physics."

"And you know what you're doing?" he asked, in a solemn doubtful tone.

But I wasn't going to get a lecture I had spent reasonable time studying while with the knowledge that truth is always in the actionable potential, something he wasn't too fond of alive. I envisaged changing the subject. "How come you're close to bone and still attractive?"

His expression softened. "They do say intelligence is overwhelmingly attractive."

I frowned. "That's ironic, because I happen to find the opposite to be true. I find that I am overwhelmingly unattractive and that is why I am definitely limiting your famous equation."

He smiled. "Any reason I couldn't figure things out the way you do?"

I smiled. "Let's call this the penis effect. It's because you have a penis genius, now, get back in that tomb of yours before the paparazzi see you talking to an unknown."

There is this self-imposed intuition about physics— that if I come to it with the same thought after some elapsed time, I am hardly doing it. A much troubling afterthought would be that I hadn't experienced life to come to it, but had somehow found knowledge and ease withholding reasoning and wisdom from me. That my life had been a series of misfortunes I hardly listened in on over the course of time. My very own channel for life, my intelligence base, thrown about, trashed around because of some externally imposed sense of procedural intelligence, a lineage of expectation and institutionalized delivery personnel. Yet that feather-light approach cannot come from ease, has never emerged from ease. The reality is quite the opposite.

That I had somehow discovered some ill-found respect for established knowledge in turn conquering, killing all instinctual human intuition in me, and at the heart of my destitution and poverty found myself at the mercy of that ill-fated coincidence in nature, a victim of crime, and punishment in return for victimization. I had further made myself a victim, believing love and general relativity in kind would protect me from the unimaginable evil quickly and determinably enveloping, strangling, drowning the very owner of life.

There is no ease of delivery when it comes to conquering persecutions. Defending your life and the validity of existence and worth, when the intent for such is usually an attempt at debasement, can hardly be qualified as ease. It is nevertheless true that if a tree falls in the forest and I hadn't been there at all, it could have been possible to imagine the tree hadn't fallen. But this goes further than mere imaginative possibility if I was indeed in the forest, cold, drenched, and alone. Would you then say it mattered whether I had seen the tree fall or not? I was the only person there in the forest in the cold, away from all things comfort, the only person qualified to say the tree fell. Would it matter more if I was present or if I saw the tree fall? Which event is real? Which event is prevalent? I have no room for embellishment. I don't have the mind for it either. My struggle is always to put forth the best words for my experiences, hardly ever to find those experiences in the belly of some imaginable phantom life.

What if a tree fell close to my head from the east while I am sleeping alone, destitute and hopeless in the cold, and at the same time another tree of similar size and shape fell close to my head from the west? What could be happening to this lonely helpless hopeless woman destitute in the middle of nature. Is she dead? Is she alive? Is life dead? Is life alive?

But to the more scientific aspects of such occurrence naturally possible, viable. Whatever could have happened for these two trees to fall near my head with me feeling feather-light and massless between them? They could have killed me but they went down beside me instead.

However could it have happened that they both fell and neither hit me? Sometimes I feel I died in that forest, alone, hopeless, helpless and destitute, Here I am and alive. But I could hardly shake the thought that some unnatural parasite died inside me that day.

Could their falling beside me qualify as repulsion relative to me? It could hardly qualify as a gravitational attraction as trees grow against gravity. What sort of force allowed it to happen, allowed me to survive that fate? How may we define, qualify such a force?

If in the case of a special case for such an event, for instance, those two trees had fallen and had hit me on the head calling a near-tragedy upon my unfortunate predicament, I would have been too mentally deficient to tell you what happened. We would have an unknown but predictable first causation of the spatial-temporal existence, presence of the tree there. That is the causation of the trees being there at the same time that I am there. There is the second-hand causation of whatever brought the tree down, and third necessary causation of the two trees falling at the same time, one from the east, and the other from the west. While we can go on and on about many causations here, what becomes relevant to relativity are the observable effects.

If I had died rather than survived, with or without a known causation for the event, I would still have been an effect (if Einstein's postulation for relativity are absolute). It would have been as if some wave of evolution devoured some unfortunate biological being upon the instantiation of some other unknown effect from some causation ineluctable. This implies the not-so-obvious. There emerges a need to explore a possible inferential-referential limitation for cause and effect relativity, one which will be explored in this book.

Meanwhile, case in point, trauma is episodic and a culmination of such episodic experiences foster, as it was in my case, alternate thought processes and life view shifts.

A sense of mass-less-ness acquired from traumatic individuation becomes a gateway of relativity forcing existence towards a more substantial quantum worth—that equipped with transitional merits capable of transcending the merely physical standards of effects.

Achieving this over time and much preoccupation with all modes of reality is empowering from the writer's point of view, but it is never quite easy.

Sometimes the best way to fight oppressive speculative fiction masquerading as procedural and authentic information is to be outside its phantom circumference unexposed to its systemic prejudice objectifying, demeaning the very epitome of natural intelligence.

There is a need for the cross-intimation, cross-manifest for natural intelligence and the fluid-implication of insight driven experimentation however theoretical or practical. There are lots of experiential and intellectual engagement in this book, all with the lighthearted purpose of

engaging with life rather than being oppressed by it. As a start, here is an engagement with space we will discuss later in the book.

Historical detailing took Einstein to the necessity of space of reference and then systemic complexes of perceptions. And his words are as important here as the necessity of what he chose not to discuss because what he chose not to discuss is extremely essential to those concepts and the complexities of their perceptions from “pre-relativity physics”.

I shall not go into detail concerning those properties of the space of reference which lead to our conceiving points as elements of space, and space as a continuum. Nor shall I attempt to analyse further the properties of space which justify the conception of continuous series of points, or lines. If these concepts are assumed, together with their relation to the solid bodies of experience, then it is easy to say what we mean by the three-dimensionality of space...

on that note, here is the diagrammatic representation of repulsive space...



and here is my simple representation of edewlogics:

.edewlogics.

We have come to intervals and how it is made as the determinant for the most essential aspects of space. Without intervals there can be no vectoral determination. And the most essential discourse will be what happens when as Einstein did, we project vectoral determination strictly to effects. In fact, the graphic above about repulsion initiates quite subtly, the now famous theory of expansion, the theory that the universe is constantly expanding.

In chapter ten of this book, we will discuss the foundations for and natural discovery of the Lambda Derivative. What happens when spatial-temporal intervals cannot merely be imagined linear, continuous, consistent and of standard, stable speed?

It is important here, as an initiative forward that I cross-inference and cross-reference the relativity equation Einstein used as there may be, as we will explore in The Lambda Derivative, reference delusions. There must be the corresponding need for inference control.

We ask the relativity question again in two ways.

The question Einstein and Infield asked: *We ask the question: besides the Cartesian coordinates which we have used, are there other equivalent coordinates?*

Cross-version 1: is the Cartesian coordinate of equivalent coordinates?

Cross Version 2: Is Lambda an equivalence entity in the Cartesian equation $xv = av + \lambda bv$?

As you journey with me in science, nature, philosophy and more, you can begin to ponder: how can the Lambda derivative and its implications bring physics to freedom?

This is a first of an eleven chapter preview for this book. Please support Distilled waters: a mighty cause project against hopelessness and homelessness. Go to www.edewlogics.com and give your support. Thank you.