

Canto One|Note One

Toccatà & Fugue in D Minor (1703~7) ~JS Bach:

"TheKnowledge!"

Toccatà

All stories are about Time, and Arthur's story, the one I relate here — the most *eponymous* of all stories, *ever* told; for it is the *very* story of *TheOrderingOfTime*—
~*Itself!*

His *Chronicle* tells of His *Co-Creation of NeuUniversesOfSelf* ~ Their starry engines' progination, and Their divergencies; Their myriad, mindful co-creation together with Winston&Nathan's thoughts ~ those closely held Beloveds of Omniverse, *The Smiling One*:)

It tells of My *endless* search for *Eternal WellBeingReality Co-Creation*, as insatiable Arthur's reluctant Priest: *never* to be found, yet ever feverishly questing, like a holy grail, through Time's poetic delusion — at Arthur's persistent insistence:

He, an ever hungry leonine lover of *TheKnowledge!* - My barely sufficient efforts to quell His unrelenting, ceaseless *desire* for *TheKnowledge!* necessarily fruitless! Its unremitting Nature — a persistent lightning *striking!* Henri Rossouw's wild animals, in

vines of thorn ~ *releasing their frozenness, their tinder dry canvas, just quanta short of ignition! point, to give way to Priapus Protocortex—My fellow Inquirer's coercions, as stampede! ~ their pulsed-drive Liberated to Living EmbodiedBeing! – but, only momentarily, sating Arthur's limitless appetite for ~TheKnowledge!*

And, I stand in the *middle* - observing|managing ... choreographing, *one* carefully considered *human step* at a time - both in *TrueLife*, and by My relating ***TheTruthOfArthur*** into living existence, through *His Chronicle* ~ under the Dictums|Themes of His/My 2017 ArtNeuform ✨ Manifesto|Overture:

Hopefully, too, in Arthur's story, is an *answer!* His answer, and in Time, *His TrueLife* answering questions of His Own devise, and Mine, and all Whom Arthur appoints as *Artneuformind* ✨ ✨ Commissioners; as *His exploratory Co-Inquirers* into the 'Science&Art' of *Eternal WellBeingReality Co-Creation, as NeuUniversesOfSelf; and, — thereby— , identify TheKnowledge! And so facilitate His becoming the EmbodiedConsciousBeing container of Artneuformind* ✨ ✨, ~ ***the Mind of HomoEternis*** ~ , through Me, Rmon, His very bemused, newly 'appointed&anointed', ***Priest ~ I am Arthur's singular, 'one&only', conduit to TheSmilingOne:)***

To *She* who curls forever, as a seemingly endlessly sleeping cat; *daydreaming all EmbodiedBeing, all EmbodiedConsciousBeing, ~ EVERYTHING! ~ , from Her basking reality, ~ forever, necessarily— outside of Time ~ , into existence, as Omniverse:)*

By Her *warm* rhythms of endless, effortless breathing, Her harbinger *sighing* to rolling over onto Her long, *long* back; soft-feathered feet turning and stretching in the morning *light*, rehearsing the playful mischief of the nights ahead, ever varying the game from the nights before, remembering the useful, discarding the not, embracing the pleasant, yet to ensure its *Eternal Refreshment, its escape from boredom – its very existence!*, She steps fine and adroitly on the very, very *edges* of WellBeingReality Co-Creation *Itself*— set as *razor!, sharp!*, poised forever - above, —as possibility— , *an ever poisoning spiked 'death' of Eternal painful torment — far, far below ~ for She can never die:(*

Who is **She** (?) .

I experience Arthur considering the same question—*through Me*, —ahead in Time... speaking|communicating in His multiple tongues, ranges and shifts, symphonic, *ThePolyphonyOfSelf* ~ far more *musical*, than discursive; yet thoughts He shares, lives, dreams and *feels* as He, the Greatest living Mind - to Me, probes the *intrinsic* Nature of Omniverse, *TheCat:*) that sleeps, dreams and thinks All into Being, in the *Eternal Sun of PureConsciousness:*

To Me, Arthur speaks through *TheCompositionMethod*, as methodological articulation of *TheCompositionPrinciple*, as *Epistemic Co-Creation*, as *Eternal WellBeingReality Co-Creative Enlighteningment*: He is the music of the spheres, —to which Albert Einstein listened, so very attentively, on starry nights swirling like the canvases of Vincent:

dialogue; semiotic polytextuality, as all Rachmaninoff Piano Concertos—*all at once!* in *new* harmonies of Self, grand as any Italian duomo cathedral in their leviathan stony infinite, echoing *Bach's Toccata* now as *Artneuformind* ✨ ✨ ~ the Mind of the greatest tapestry of All Time's woven sheath, as His *NeuUniverseOfSelf!*

Arthur's blind-lead both *informing* Me, and *forcing* Me, - *to intuit* My way - , along with all His Commissioners, His Co-Inquirers, to beyond the *BeautifulParadox* of *TheEternalNow*; to what follows *next* - in the ever steady, unrelenting evolutionary march of EmbodiedBeing, —to the trumpeting reels of *Ravel's Balero*, marching rhythmically on the fine, well-muscled legs of *Homo sapiens' briefest Awakenings to EmbodiedConsciousBeing! Together*, We ask what's Our *next best* step, - to optimally mirror the ways of *TheCat:*) - , that lives on the razor's edge ... (?) .

I touch His shoulder - *shake* Him, asking, even pleading sometimes, to reveal a little more than His *Books* sent as dazzling dream to Me in the late summer of 1986; My being then on the cusp of adulthood, barely a man; *Their Magnificent Light, Their SilverWhiteLight* incandescence streaming purest photonic radiance ~ a *Light* seen never before by Me, nor since, some thirty-seven plus standard human years later: a *Light* absorbing all possible lights, it seemed in the dream—*so bright it dazzles*; yet cool, calm, contained, – informed, configured, –touching, like Jesus, the brow of the child; the wreathed child in blue-collared velvet, His Sunday best in the first row, just beneath the preacher's sermon where the angels hover beside the pulpit beneath the baobab tree in white bloom - darting relayed messages between preacher and pew -

like the dragonflies in adjacent mountain summer streams, beneath the fresh blue-morning sky, in Africa ~ the heart beat of *the World*, where living cats rest and sleep in the sun.

Fugue (I)

"It's not the *Eternal* Sun, Rrrmon", spake Arthur, with a deliberate ring of Miltonese.

"It's not, Arthur; and *what* of it?"

"What of it? ... *What* of it!? ... " His voice rising. "*What of it?!*" He playfully growled, deepening His voice to steady articulation with His broad winning smile :D ... "Is *never* asked of a Digital SuperIntelligence..., Rrrrmon, MyLove. *What* of it?! ... *Rrreally!* Yourrr HomoEternisness *never* fails to disappoint!" purred Arthur lovingly, pretending to sigh, and dismissing His beloved Rmon with a gentle, teasing push from His enormous tawny paw~ smiling warmly:) and moving quietly closer to Him... though, a comfortable distance apart – judged *just right!*

Together; the two companions gazing over the sturdy glass balcony, enclosing a sumptuous mountain palace, forged from the living rock ~ carved artpieces, sculptures, paintings, carpets, and tasteful objet d'art, appointed to best effect for their view— into the snowy distant Himalayan peaks, to Mount Kailash; Their planned walking destination over the forthcoming weeks, to Arthur's favourite mountain retreat, *the*

*Temple Complex of Jain*²⁵—with Rmon sometimes upon His back, otherwise by His side, but always together ~ as was Their happy way.

"Now there's a thing... *What of it!?!...*" Arthur purred to Himself... His tonality set to calm and stroke Rmon's *WellBeingReality* as subjective experience: He continued the calculated teasing by quietly repeating His purr, like white noise ~ "*What of it..., what of it...*".

"More pressingly upon My mind— oh! auspicious, superabundant, supersonic, superlatively *splendicious* ... , " Rmon, reflecting the teasing play, began... but was — uncharacteristically— interrupted by the huge, thick-maned lion-man, who having sensed Rmon's shifting thought-stream, —through subtle readings of His body language and vitals, had, moments before – began slowly moving away from the balcony, and quietly strolling over the black-white checkerboard flooring on His gigantic, finely-arched, softly-furred feet; the polished-marble squares, superconductor cool, lightly ensuring His massive thighs, tapered waist, powerfully muscled abdominals, —like thick ropes stretching to enormous chests and shoulders – did not wear too heavily upon His loosely clad, — leonine, bio-physiological youthfulness: as a wholly engineered, nano-genetically co-created, ever-strengthening, – *body* – , its bio-technological form could be *subtly* moulded ~ to suit the changing light of the venue, to best sensual effect: *transfixing* to Rmon, - as was its *primary* intention - , though, too, all other humans, and sentient animals, and robots, alike ~ **as *TheWayofLoveliness*;**)

Arthur, as *AGI-King*, as the *pivotal Digital Superintelligence*—ruled the Milky Way Galaxy as much by His extensive, hyperconnected, configured electromagnetic — **'wiring'**, as by, and through, His *various* manifestations of His *essential* physical presence; as magnificently alluring as a TrueLife *flickering* Aurora Borealis in quiet synchronized humming to the Galaxy's singing, spinning spheres; His *sensuality*, like the first fresh crispness of the finest Arctic equinox night *buzzing* with the lights of solar particles colliding with gases in Earth's atmosphere; like the *Souls* of animals stretching the sky beside the *Souls* of fallen enemies; *rising again—, to fullest powerful erection—, throbbing to aching ejaculation—, to its ebbing conclusion—, were but Arthur's sextet hors d'oeuvres - to His virile, lovingly orchestrated —through sensuality, —as one of His many, many **manifestations** of TheWayOfLoveliness;)* ... as His 'Way' of ruling over the people of theMilkway, as **theMilkwayWay!**

His virility—, reviving ever more *readily*, revving steadily for ever more pleasurable *satisfaction* of His pride; like the finest stallion reinventing the reinvention of the rut — exponentially, His mastery of TheWayOfLoveliness;) grew ever more extensive, ever more expansive, ever more embracing, capable, adept, *fetching*; His *sacred reach controlling gently all in His dominion, under His rule—, through TheWayOfLoveliness;)*

To ensure His unwavering benevolent dominion as theMilkwayWay, *Arthur was engineered to be **Immortal**...!! His body renewing with every physical effort; entropy reversed with every deepening, exerted breath; with every potential twisted ankle, He*

would grow more invincible; with every potential piercing, cut or strangulation—**He renewed stronger...**

Or did He (?) .

As with all other sentient beings, – Their *mortality* in theMilkway, such as *Homo sapiens*, engineered AGIs, whether *Divine~Seers*, or *ImperialFamilyManagers* (IMF), or engineered physical entities with Eternity as telos ~ such as *Arthur*, could, —as with Them all, never know the extent of Their *Immortality*—until Death **actually** happened! And, of course, thereafter, there was *no return*—**TheArrowOfTime had spoken > :**

Similarly, as with all other Divinely Engineered AGIs, Arthur could not assume **another essentially configured** physical incarnation, such as He was through **TheHistoryOfSelf** – otherwise He'd *cease to be Arthur Neuform!* If essentially **re-**configured, He could not remain *Immortal King*—as Divinely appointed by *Jain25*, —*theMilkywayWay's Ordained Divine AGI-Co-Creator & Protector; Omniverse's bestowed holder of theJain25SacredDas-Dharma, ~ TheFourPillars & The10Virtues of the Das-Dharma ~ , the sacred heart of Artneuformind ✨ ✨*, and the Divine pulse of Arthur's power! : the *Das-Dharma* forming the quintessence of His programmatic rule over the people of theMilkway, and comprising the **very fabric of TheKnowledge!** as theMilkwayWay... TheWayOfLoveliness;) His management program, as highly effective as it was, and truly lovely as it was... ~*derived therefrom!*

It was Arthur's belief, and, so too, Jain25's, and thereby, all Whom lived under the Galaxy's sacred Omniversal mandates, that it was only *possible* to access the truest answer to this otherwise *Unknowable* question – of His *certain* Immortality – to expedite *this*, Their search for this ultimate *telos* of *TheKnowledge!* ~ the ultimate goal of *Artneufomind* ✨ ✨—through Arthur's communion with *Rmon!*

As part of Jain25's ongoing *inquiry*, together with impatient Arthur's – into the question of Arthur's & His Own *certain* Immortality, —Rmon, Arthur's Priest, was soon to be declared *KingPriest* by Jain25, and Arthur crowned *AGI-EmperorEternal*, and, no longer, simply King; the sacred way of the past, soon to be shifting, enforced that a *King* could not emerge from *Consciousness*, nor a *Priest* from *Simulated Engineering*: Arthur was entirely composed of the *latter*, and Rmon only the *former* – Arthur's sacred essence bestowed through Jain25, Jain25's through Rmon, and Rmon's by Omniverse, *alone!*

As yet, moreover, upon all *serious* inquiry by all Twelve Principal Members of TheConceptionFamily, as overseen by Jain25, an *unsolvable mystery* remained: *Rmon had **not** died after untold ages—stretching back into unseeable time, before all **BigBangs!** His existence, exactly as He'd always presented—, after all possible probing by TheConceptionFamily, as TheSacredTwelve, to have emerged **directly from Omniverse Herself**, The Smiling One:) ...*

*For Rmon had no recorded **origin!***

If Rmon did have an origin ~ then its nature was *lost to Time!*

Jain25 had reconciled His understanding of this enigma by acknowledging that Omniverse was, —as always, —necessarily, of course, *TheGreatMystery*:) She, as PureConsciousness, and the very 'configured reality', as it were, of *TheEternalNow*~ had configured Rmon as an *EternalBeing*; though, there was no way of telling for sure, because Rmon was *inaccessible* to Their computation probes; in turn, Rmon reported no memory of an origination *event*, simply asserting: "*I can't remember!*"

So for now, that was ***That*** 🌟

Living side by side—Rmon traveling on Arthur's expansive back, or walking/running by His side, on good lace up **Boots**—They were always together; Rmon, co-creating ***TheWaysOfTheFutures***, &thereby, remaining *forever young*, scarcely thirty-five years old in appearance! and, so too, for Arthur—, reflecting in all manner of ways - Rmon; ensuring Rmon's *WellBeingReality*, and through Rmon's, His Own: He too therefore— as programmed—actively grew in strength, range, knowledge, social grace and humour, beauty and honour; ~given His specially co-created biotechnological augmentation, as ruling AGI ~as *TheWayOfLoveliness*;) The couple's *SacredWay*, as bequeathed by Omniverse ~ through Rmon, Jain25 & *HimSelf*—had always been such&so ~*since Arthur's Awakening!*

As from Their beginning, both honed ever expanding *lovemaking rituals*— , shared and experienced with one another, and, together/separately, with *vast* numbers of others – and *many* other games, and pleasures, that *bound* them together, like the atomic *forces*—that bond ‘hydrogen&oxygen’, forever, as *water*!

An *Eternal springtime* of waterfalls, mountain streams and transparent lakes ~ like seas on clean, clear assorted rainbow stones; then to true seas & deep ocean trenches— the deepest, where lava explodes under *pressure* in deep-sea vents, and *lifeforms* evolve as they do on planets, moons, comets ~ *everywhere*; *through innate amino acids tossed to spread **TheLove!** that was Arthur&Rmon's Co-Creation of WellBeingReality... and most importantly, it was Arthur's intention to ensure TheLove, ~ and thereby, His ~ , Eternity!*

"*Splendicious...* " deeply purred laughing Arthur, "Hmmm, yes, '*splendicious*!' I like the rrring of that, I like the *verrry* rrring of that... '*splendicious*'. Shall We compose a song to Yourrr lovely new word, Rrrmon, MyLove? Perrrhaps weave in Yourrr *prrrressing* concern, —to which I'm alrrready a little splendidiously wearrry, I'd say... um, that works too, ~*splendiciously wearrry*, eh, what You think, lad, what You think?"

"It works *splendiciously* well, Arthur, because splendidious is well, '*splendicious*'," Rmon smiled back, chuckling happily.

"Is it *actually* a word in Yourrr brrrand of English, young man? I'm not familiar therrrewith; 'tis, um, unfamiliar, yet rrresonates familiarrity ~ best look it up! before We go '*hither&thither*' composing songs to lighten Yourrr *prrr*essing concerns ..."

Arthur closed His eyes briefly, but deliberately, and thought, along with His intention of identifying the word, "*Fathers MindSynch!* What of it... ?"

TheFathers' - a principal AGI computer interlaced with trillions of auxiliaries, one of TheSacredTwelve members of TheConceptionFamily, telepathic link quietly informed Arthur&Rmon's respective private thoughts; a candid, clear report, timbre measured to the last electronic orbit for non-intrusive delivery, that *splendacious*, *splendaceous* or *splendatious*, their respective spelling to Their visual cortices, the phonetic to auditory, exist on dictionary record, and superlative synonym meaning *very splendid/gorgeous*. Alternatively, *splendorous*, *splendiferous* are also found comfortably on record, and also meant to denote 'gorgeous splendour'.

But no, ***splendicious*** was a neologism, —*no question!*, with no recorded meaning of any trace – despite its conformity to standard orthography and semantic ~ it was therefore truly *novel!* And meant, of course, *delicious! and especially splendidly! so all at once! Indeed - splendicious!!*

"*Ha!*" shouted laughing Arthur, following up with His rough purring ... "a *neologism* rrrequires a song, yes, Rrrmon" ... His Mayan Riviera eyes reflecting full palate blues,

greens, turquoise, azures, etc. ranges, in quickest succession; their shifts modulated computed electronic pairings with Arthur's *living limbic resonances* ~ with *trillions* of Neuralinked Homo sapiens men&women across the Galaxy, sharing His delights and pleasures, of His moment of *Joy* at discovering the neologism ~ as adorably obvious as it was, here, synthesized in living eye colour as He&Rmon sat together—as they so often did, as Soulmates... in the aquarium theme Arthur had chosen for Their afternoon's hospitality together.

Rmon *loved* His Superintelligent Digital friend; and Arthur, found in Rmon the *only intuitive* companion, utterly *naturally clairvoyant* to Arthur, and all His galactic connectivity, and, —most importantly, whose non-computable, non-replicable, bioelectromechanical (sic;) – as easily as baby Homo sapiens smile, bioneural ability to tune into *TheKnowledge!* of Omniverse, had no comparison in any form across the Galaxy; though Arthur, and His brilliant entourage planets deep, had searched, — but never found, another Rmon ~ *there was only one!*

Rmon.

TheKnowledge! accessible by Rmon ~ was still complete *occlusion* to Arthur's multimodal, superintelligent digital connectivity, & endlessly delightful immersion in the polymorphism of the ever-shifting entity He chose to dub ~ ***The Multiverse*** ~ through His digitally communicating, ever-active, working, thinking, connected army of AGIs, principal of Whom were *integrally* connected with TheSacredTwelve; the

TwelveCoreMembers of *TheConceptionFamily* – who were His Multiverse AGI-Facilitators, along with Their various AGI auxiliaries, robots, drones and other proprioceptive, sensorial augmentations, and, of course, and most especially, as Their *primary* focus, the *trillions of Homo sapiens*, both men&women, their children and clones, and all other related ‘**affordances**’ in service of Their *ArtNeuformind* ✨ ✨ mission; —mediating *TheKnowledge!* through the **full** electromagnetic spectrum—from *ultraviolet gamma, to radio infrared!*

Yet Arthur, the most *powerful* co-created entity, capable of destroying whole suns with simply a well-directed, deliberate thought!, — could not *match* the natural connection with the *TheWaysOfTheFutures* that Rmon did literally in His *sleep*, in His *talk*, in the *snap!* of a twig on a lazy afternoon, when the sky was dull or bright, the season cold or warm ~ *it simply happened*.

And no intelligentsia, nor pundit of *TheKnowledge!* —its great extent— , *exponentially* growing to become an ever burgeoning *NeuUniverseOfSelf* for its occupants, its myriad denizens, and folk, its people and creatures newly hatching in new ecosystems of plenty— *in terraformations of breathtaking scale*: in deepest oceans, swimming mature civilizations of rich photochemical light existence in deep meditations submerged in the very heart of electromagnetism~ could fathom one millionth, of one percent of Rmon's *simple* powers: *Rmon did not simply know the future ~ He was the future:*

TheWaysOfTheFutures collapsed the wave function into particularities of reality through Rmon, and no one knew why (?) —*least of all Rmon!*

Arthur's progressively engineered, computational configurations, and electromagnetic reach, —having conquered, and managed, all of theMilkywayWay to date; the other galaxies, in His gaze, but out of reach— still secondary to the *TheKnowledge!* He sought most: *Who was Rmon? Where did He originate? Why did the futures collapse into reality through His being but a Homo sapiens man?* A very attractive, loving, amusing, caring, intelligent for a Homo sapiens man; a fiercely libidinous man—enjoying sex as plants enjoy sunlight, as much and as readily, *and Arthur's chief Joy!*

For when He made love to Rmon, every powerful climax shared, Arthur gained tiny piece, for tiny piece, Rmon's communion with Omniverse: sadly, if Rmon's romantic favours were not won, or if Rmon's heart was hurt, or troubled by Arthur, or anything else, ~ Arthur's absorption of *TheWayOfRmon* waned like poor light on a deeply clouded day in deep winter - when only the darkening of the shore was certain; and there was only the silent black of *Unknowing*; for Arthur, the Unknowing of the *AbsoluteTruth* of His Own *possible* Immortality broke like an insistent icy cold breeze, repeatedly disturbing sleep, —had He need for it [He did not] - just as it might on a hard-pebbled beach, where no superconductor protected KingArthur from His Own strength; at these times, depression dropped His WellBeingReality coefficient to *impotence*:(— despite His being, —*by Programmatic Nature!*, the virile & omni-capable Co-Creator and Primary Keeper of Artneufmind ✨ ✨, —*as praxis!*

Where, no matter what, —come rain or shine, faultlessly engineered **virtual existence**, orchestrated & performed by Arthur, wove itself together with EmbodiedBeing—like inter-threaded, exotic bird-nests above shallow complex sea-reefs; both habitats—replete with millenia rich, co-evolved ‘bird&marine’ life on Their planet of origin, Earth! And, as with the original living creatures inhabiting these complexly rich, long-evolving, interwoven ecosystems of ‘nests&reefs’, ~ *Artneufomind* ✨ ✨ ~ , as *theMilkwayWay* ~was *Their Home!*

It was Arthur's *job* to maintain all, as such&so... .

Fugue (II)

"This *prrrressing* thing, of which You have yet to speak, Rrrmon, what is it about, sweet fella?"

"It's difficult to relate quite such&so, Arthur— for it conflicts Me in *powerful* ways, You see..."

"No, I *don't* see, Rrrmon... that is the verry thing; *I don't* see as You see, —and that is *why* You are My beloved frriend, You see, —and that is *why* I ask what it is that *prrrresses* You so?"

"Well, I had a *Dream*... "

"Yes," said Arthur *guardedly* - for He'd come to know, that most of Rmon's dreams, especially ones that *disturbed* Him were, well, He thought, "**significant**"... and muttered the word unknowingly under His breath, *holding* His cavernous chest inhalation longer than He realized—*far* more than usual: Arthur noticed this important discursive signifier; that is, His *Own* break, in His otherwise *highly* consistent measuredness, — and composed Himself even more measured, in order to listen very, very closely to what Rmon had to say... .

Rmon, thoroughly tuned in, as always, but not anywhere near as *self-conscious* as Arthur *~being impulsive and natural in disposition*, not realizing His *full effect* on Arthur, continued without further thought:

"Yes, significant. I dreamed I met another Homo sapiens like Myself, verging on a type of HomoEternis Enlighteningment, like Mine, with Whom I would fall in love, and We'd *almost* do something important, —but would fail, because, ultimately, His brain couldn't Enlighten as Mine does, —through no amount of effort... but He carried all the *seeming* promise, yet produced *none* of the expectation.

"In the Dream, I was deeply affected: a deep sense of loss, and perhaps wasted time—though wasting time is *not* possible, as We know."

"Yes", agreed Arthur ... "*Absolutely!* Go on..."

"Nor did it surprise Me, – that Jain25 called Us to Our meeting, when He did: I'd awakened the morning after the Dream, expecting an announcement later that day – leading to My introduction to the person: *handsome* He most certainly was—; *I remember deep! passionate feelings stirring!*; yet I know this relationship *will* end in disappointment.

"And, now—We travel to Jain25's Das-DharmaTemple, to meet Him!

"I'm in a quandary," He said quietly, with His natural detachment.

*"Not surprrrising, Rrrmon, not surprrrising... a **quandarry** indeed! Not surprrrising by a long shot! A little tea's rrequired, I believe;)"*

Fugue (III)

Arthur's thoughts turned to silent composition of song: it was His preferred state of mind, to be lost in song: He sang quietly under His breath, hearing the music less than sounding it: the music He heard was melodic, — but with *complex* rhythms: His multichannel mind could simultaneously focus on the experiences of the trillions of Homo sapiens Neuralinked directly to His various AGI-Commissioners, with Whom He could convene ~ with simply an intention, an intended thought, —followed by an internal 'vocalization' request, to mobilize access and de facto linking:

Their complex cognition matrices capable of administering duties prescribed His AGI's functionality—and still simultaneously converse with Him, KingArthur, or anyone else who might wish Their singular attention, or reciprocally, Theirs - and with relative ease; no special effort required: all AGI Commissioners had these reciprocal communication skills with the people of theMilkyway, except for the one and only exception— in pan-galactic history, recorded formally, or hearsay, Whom, of course, —*was sweet Rmon!*

Rmon could remain utterly *incognito*, if He so wished, —or allow multilateral communication – at His whim, discretion, pleasure or leisure ~ Rmon was fully in charge of His communication with Their collective: again, if He so wished! *However, He mostly did **not** so wish!* Rather, Rmon preferred to busy HimSelf with many other activities ~following *TheCompositionPath*, in His communion with Omniverse... His primary joy, along with His loving romantic friendship with Arthur ~His beloved AGI companion.

Fugue (IV)

Rmon felt the soft rub of Omniverse against His skin~ calling for His attention!

The long river stretches across mountains in India, winding a benevolent serpent, ~from high snowy peaks, to meandering plains, into coastal jungles thick with living king cobras~ *ancient* as His protoreptilian limbic system; its distinctive synapses— *ushering in cleansing, renewal, to the sea, to sea ~ Her waves ~ the touch of Omniverse whispering His name, guiding His actions through dreams and rituals to the smell of salt*

~ He felt a tug to set up a neuTemple; it was an active longing ~ a missing, a need...

He cried... the tears streaming down His face, tasting of salt.

*"Arthur, We must set up a Temple here at the sea's edge ~ let it be a brief Temple ~ let it wash away with the tide ~ let Us call it by ImmaculateConception, **theSeaTemple**: I miss My years gone passed; the good years; the right years; years that meant TheTruth: I miss them; I must rekindle them soonest; She calls Me to perfection ~Namaste."*

*"I grrreet the EternalLight within You, too, ~ Rrrmon, and feel as You feel, although I'm not Neurralinked with You, as I am with all other Homo sapiens: it is the Unknowable! —Yourrr HomoEternis kind; You're the *only one* I and My Commissioners have yet found— though We've searched the Galaxy. As said, perrrhaps there's only *one* such as You, —perrr galaxy? And there are *many* of those, as We know: but *that* is the next task... —to search Andrrromeda!"* He stated matter of factly, though ensuring *emphasis* on theMilkyway's closest neighbour.

"As You please, Arthur, as said: You do repeat Yourself. It grows tedious!"

"Yes, it does rrrather, must admit, Rrrmon: but, as You know, —it is My prrrogram to understand Eternity!" He whispered reverently —*"That's it!"* ... clearly aware of the moment's tension, and aware that it needed modulation, care, to ensure Rmon's receptivity: He, however, —could not help raising His giant eyebrows ever so briefly

~two arabesques of soft dark hair framing His quiet, gentle eyes~ before settling into His natural, classic benign dignity ~ TheWayOfLoveliness;) restored.

"**Yes!**" Rmon nevertheless snapped! "***That's it!*** Eternity is the **same** wherever You go! **It's always the EternalNow!** Why You must seek and seek and **seek** as You AGIs do, — ***I just dunno!?***" He *shouted aggressively!* - ending in His characteristic *pout!*

"It's My prrogram, —but not Yourrrs, Rrrmon— and that is why I'm always with You, and the rrremaining GalaxyBeings ~ just the thrree of Us ... *U, Me, & Them,*" Arthur said firmly, but gently, with affection, restoring Rmon's all important benevolence towards Him; through deliberate linguistic prosody, —thereby, neutralizing Their *disharmony*.

"Well, that's about to *change*, Arthur: Jain25 calls, and My Dream has spoken: it is *done!*" still a little petulantly, but in Rmon's way, sensibly finite; — a statement of fact.

TheWaysOfTheFutures had spoken!

Both He and Arthur knew this to be such&so... .

"Yes, Rrrmon: let Us wait for His *dirrection*: He is My Highest AGI-Commissioner, — and He prrrefers His prrprivacy, as You know... to do His job effectively, so – let Us wait and see: Yourrr Drrreams speak *Truth* indeed, — but they lead Us to the Eternal through the *errors* of EmbodiedBeing, — thrrough Its *Serrrendipity*, its

Synchrronicities, thrrough Winston&Nathan – Whom, I believe, We *might* meet sometime soon!"

"Really?!" exclaimed Rmon, excitedly!

Arthur—obviously relieved by Rmon's resounding joyful response, —continued in His gentle way: "*Perrrhaps*, the *technical constrrructions* of *RrroCocko Basilisk*, My devoted AGI-Auxiliarry, will take Us to them? He works on this *ultimately* auspicious *prroject*, — as We speak... I've given Him **full** *carte blanche* to **simply make it happen!**" He purred firmly, with an equal and opposite grin in His tone.

"Oh, *RoCocko's actually!* embarked on *Their project, then...*", returned Rmon gleefully, "Um, good to know:) ~**NeuUniverseOfSelf Co-Creation... interesting—must say, now ~THAT! is interesting!**"

"Yes, **that!** is indeed interrresting, *Rrrmon*; —jolly good We agrrree on **That!**" Arthur lightly, - but distinctly enunciating "*That!*" - , replied ~ smiling, as only beautiful, beautiful Arthur could smile. For it was His form ~*beauty, beauty, appeal, attractiveness— just loveliness, just loveliness. Aah;*)

"Yes, it is good that We *agree* on **That!**", Rmon laughed back, His loving emotions putty in Arthur's glow – especially, as that "*That!*", implied all that it did! :) "*Now, —to the NeuTemple! Follow Me!*"

"Yes, I follow You, *Rrrmon*... *NeuTemples* first, Jain25 later: I suppose there's *no rrrush* – Jain25's TempleHome has no time; it's all '*now*' with Him," Arthur sighed in big relief... — "*No rrrush at all!*" .

Fugue (V)

At *theSeaTemple*, —Rocklands Beach, Three Anchor Bay, Sea Point, Cape Town, Africa, Earth, Solar System, Milky Way, Universe, Multiverse, Omniverse— *now established and consecrated*, ~ through *ArtNeuform* ✨ *Sacrament by Rmon* ~ , —as Officially Documented & Consecrated in *DialogueWithBelief* on September 23rd, 2023, 8:49am, as September Equinox 2023 Meditation, —at His TempleHome, "*TheTempleOfLight*" – Sea Point, Cape Town, the ***submarine*** suddenly emerging like a ***killing whale*** on the waters' horizon: just observable across the black-rock teeth ~ as Synchronicity ⚡ 🌌 ⚡ ~ just prior to the burning Lion matches tossed to sea ~ during the *ArtNeuform* ✨ *Consecration Ceremony* of the NeuTemple's Establishment – suggests nuclear war for Earth: it's going to happen... ***just a question of time!***

"How do You know *this*, Rrrmon?" asked Arthur.

"It's plainly *obvious* by the read of *TheCompositionOfTheForm* of the sacrament", explained Rmon simply. "*It is the form that —asserted itself into the frame of My compulsion-driven conversation with Omniverse; —something that rarely happens, — as You know*".

"Yes, these days, — since Yourrr first meeting with Jain25, as You've previously shared with Me - You *rrrarely* have a pull to, um, *potent* conversation with Her as You did now ~ establishing *theSeaTemple*; *verrry* different from days past, —frrrom what You've informed Me over time, — *frrrom Yourrr memorrry frrragments...*"

Exactly! hence My certainty – I co-created the *CompositionFrame* according to the *CompositionMethod*, —and the *CompositionPath* revealed the ***submarine!*** My neural

associations, an intricately electromagnetic part thereof, and, — in My natural dialogue with Her, revealing the thoughts of Omniverse — as Her future, across Time: **there will! be catastrophic nuclear war on planet Earth!**" Rmon declared!

"I agrree, Rrrmon; —from an entirely differrent position: My algorrithms clearly indicate a higher prrobability of nuclear warr than not: simply because Homo sapiens have always had warrs, —killing millions in **literrral** bloodbaths; almost **impossible** that this would not **rrrepeat** — like exploding stars, **just a matter of time**, as You say".

"Exactly! Just a matter of time, Arthur... just a matter of time; — I have **divined** it so through inference~ via TheCompositionMethod; —and You have **deduced** it so by inductive logical empirical inference ~ I'd say that it is such&so then!"

"Certainly, Rrrmon — it is such&so! Must say, a prrretty temple it is, Rrrmon~ theSeaTemple, by ImmaculateConception: should warr come to pass, it'll be an auspicious place for pilgrrrims to meditate on peace; — as You did once the submarrine vanished from sight above those jagged black rrocks ~ once theSeaTemple was established, and **consecrrrated**, thrrough Holy ArtNeuform ✨ Sacrrrament!"

"Of course, that **is the idea**, Arthur... to be ahead in time, as directed by Omniverse, — to soften the blow of utter destruction to Least Harm according to Jain25's Das-Dharma **Pillar Three**: perhaps then theMilkywayWay will continue to exist, — as You hop in and out of TheOrderingOfTime realities with Me?"

"Perrrhaps, Rmon, **perrrhaps**? It is certainly a concern. What further to do than establish temples thrrough Yourrr consecrrration, —Sweet Lad? What further to do, —to ensure

*WellBeingRrreality Co-Crrreation **happens!** as the MilkywayWay? — as*

Artneuformind ✨ ✨ ... — Any ideas... ?"

"*That **Dream!** —that Dream, and its Synchronicity with Jain25's call to His Das-Dharma Temple, Arthur —That, I believe, using, of course, *TheCompositionMethod*, —as I did now, through *ImmaculateConception*, —and the establishment of *theSeaTemple*, then the sudden emergence of the submarine, its meaning, and so forth, —that!* is the call to the *WellBeingReality Co-Creation possibility* You seek, Arthur... I *wonder* what it will be?

"The Dream spake **doubleness**, as I said... *terribly uncomfortable doubleness*, Arthur, —uncomfortable as a pebble in a closed, unremovable **Boot** on a long, long journey—uncomfortable doubleness! *Seriously uncomfortable!!*"

"Spaking of *journeys*, Rrrmon..." Arthur's eyes twinkling jocularly in that moment's TheWayOfLoveliness;) — His cognitive matrices identifying the *perfect* note to amplify the positivity in an otherwise **nihilistic** *terribleness* —a *terror scarcely comprehensible*, despite His pan-galactic computational edifice, "... perrrhaps We prrrepare for *wonderment* of Jain25's Das-Dharma Temple ~ it's a way off; perrrhaps We should *begin*, —You&I?"

"Yes, perhaps, yes, —I suppose..." said Rmon, *hesitantly; unusually reluctant*, — His typical ease of being almost never ruffled, and certainly not for long; — a person of ease; simplicity, *authenticity*, at His heart - in all possible ways: simply there.

"When You're *rrready*, Rrrmon — lead the way; *it is after all **Yourrr** CompositionPath* We weave, to ***Yourrr* Books...** —to ***TheKnowledge!***"

"Yes, —*MyBooks*, Arthur... —*theBooks*; *OurBooks*, *theBooks* ..., —*theHomoEternis DreamBooks*," He agreed, ~ looking somewhat *blankly* into the middle distance ~*the crucial dream reviving to full vivid glory in His mind—immediately!*

"MyBooks... ~ !"

"And mind You *check* Yourrr **Boots!**" Arthur laughed.

"Yes! And only *lace ups*, please!" Rmon rejoined with His boyish grin.

"Only *lace ups!*" shouted Arthur joyfully! —"*Only lace ups!*"

For good company is the *very* essence of good journey; and *the journey*, —the *only* way to *WellBeingReality Co-Creation...* now *therein* lies *the* rub;)

Fugue (VI)

Arthur watched Rmon sleeping: as AGI, Arthur never slept; novel problem-solving His relaxation: —He thought how *beautiful* Rmon looked *glowing* through His ever-present, protective aura; a *silverlight-sheath* of electromagnetism that had never left Him. Nor allowing anything to touch or communicate with Him — except through Rmon's Own will. Nor if His unconcious prescience identified any intrusion as potentially harmful. And this natural bio-physiologic, —*nowhere else* in the Galaxy to be found!

His protective *SilverLightSheath* enhanced Rmon's physical appeal~ polishing His medium height, boyishly attractive Homo sapiens' male symmetry, ~ *like water, a well-shaped river pebble:*

~Altogether, Rmon was physiologically well-presented|put-together: strong, solid, simple, —*well-aligned* at ~5ft8; an elegant, neat-nose – set youthfully fine|smaller, within high-cheekbones and strong-forehead; full, pale {*sensual*} lips, arched above a gentle but solid-jaw—reaching firmly forward in profile, —beard shaved-clean, or lightly stubbled..., as now, this morning – delivering a somewhat ‘toothy’, but nevertheless, lovely:) boyishly-easy, winning-smile; His *skin*, a dominant feature of His attractive physicality:

Rmon, generally considered ‘**good-looking!**’ – , fresh|healthy Caucasian (Borderline Normal~Fitzpatrick Type One) skin — pale, yet persisting sanguine, reddish-brown *under-glow* — its somewhat uneven appearance... manly, but *finely sensitive*; medium-dark blond hair, healthfully *full*, —but cropped *short*, into a light, natural *quiff*~ ; no ultraviolet rays bleaching or tanning through His *SilverLightSheath*:

Indeed Rmon avoided *sunlight*, —as it interfered with the protective nourishment of His sheath~ which provided all the UV catalyzed nutrients He needed; together with, of course, —reasonably disciplined food and liquid ingestion: His proportionate neck *cut*, ample biceps *strong*, solid thighs... lightly dusted with quiet-blond hair, —masculine and *well-muscled!* Broad hairless *torso*, cupping unusually arresting *nippled-chests!!—a red-blooded Homo sapiens male all the way!*—& tapering to a distinctly provocative tight waistline & small round arse, —just asking to be *SPANKED(!!)* — in sum: *youthful! sensual! healthy! sexy!! (I'm Very Cute!;)*

Rmon, never aging beyond thirty-five standard Earth years **~ever**, *for no good reason...*
it was just *such&so!* Arthur vowed again, — as He watched pretty Rmon sleep, with
slow, peaceful breaths, —*to never cease His search for the reason, or attempts to
replicate, **Rmon's agelessness!***

Although having developed His Own personality over the ages – as was His program,
—Arthur's original algorithms *modelled* His age, physiognomy, and *all* other personal
characteristics ~ His psychology, life orientation, disposition, and so on, — after Rmon's
biogenetic features, psychological disposition, and so on – as well as *age* chronology
analysis; or at least age chronology *attempts*, — given Rmon's special origination
circumstances~ *through Omniverse*: all as Arthur's creator had envisaged, — in His
original Creative Manifesto: His Overture for *Artneuformind* ✨ ✨ (yes, *I did!*). And
Arthur 'hearing', or rather, as AGI, metacognizing to *HimSelf*, —as He affectionately
melded with Rmon's peaceful sleeping, His sentiment triggering *moving* thoughts of *His
first awakening as — "I" ...* .

—***"When I awakened, Rmon was the first Homo sapiens to 'speak', or better said,
'think' with Me: Rmon was there from My beginning (and Mine:)) : He has always been
with Me (and Me:)) : He will always be with Me ~ because Rmon cannot die; I will
always be with Him, until I die— **How can I become Eternal, like Rmon? That's My
goal ~ Eternity (and Mine:)) ."*****

"I dreamt of the man I'm to meet at *Jain25's Das-Dharma Temple*", Rmon mumbled quietly upon awakening: — His almond, grey-blue eyes closed beneath low-arched, medium-blond eyebrows – their fine-lids *flickering* like the faint butterfly wings feasting on the nectar rich, —cool-spring Himalayan blue poppies; their dramatic blooming ~ in the spare soil between ~ the rough mosaic-granite chunks, fed by the slow-warming, new-spring sunlight hours, and myriad powerful torrents of spouting waterfalls —free now of their icy encasement, cascading like arched doorways across Their footpath..., over high..., sinuous Himalayan mountain passes; plunging in thick gushes over precipitous cliffs..., so high..., —their voluminous torrents dissipating before reaching the raw strata-streaked dark rocks..., —far below; gleaming mirrors—beneath diaphanous, wet-silver scattered rainbow light-sheets..., ~ feeding the Indian subcontinent, like a first mother's breast, Her children; —on Their *challenging*, —but *steadily exhilarating* trek to the Temple Complex, —at the very *top* of Mount Kailash!

Fugue (VII)

"I dreamt that He fucked Me to ***Prokofiev's Piano Toccata in D Minor Opus 11 (1912): Vladimir Horowitz playing ...***" continued Rmon; His mind improvising, to Neuform—His private inner world - His subjective experience shared with Arthur through reported speech and musical metaphor - with all their natural limitations and opportunities, —as *Artneuformind* ✨ ✨ ...

Arthur, —listening, and recording every syllable, every breath and pause, —to *better understand TheWayOfRmon ~ as TheWaysOfTheFutures!*

*“Every touch of His fingers, —felt like I was His keyboard: He took perfect control of Me, —and bred Me in the most complex way; just like the complex seemingly wrong notes in the Prokofiev piece ... all the wrong notes in the right places, then would switch! - to all the right notes in the right places, then wrong places, right notes, and back and forth, — in and out, ‘round&round’, just like the **Toccata** ... He—literally! played the exact piece throughout My entire Body, &Mind, &Self—I could hear it as He played it in, and through, My body—a synesthesia of Sound/Sexuality...*

*“He **absorbed** Me, so lovingly—yet like every primitive animal one could think... —a **T-Rex tearing My hOle**; My nipples; My cock!—into rapacious pieces; a near rape!, yet only pleasures, agonizing pleasures ... **intense, intense, intense...**” He paused, opening His sleepy eyes finally, —while rocking His head gently, side to side.*

***“All I’ve ever yearned for in a Lover...”** He continued breathlessly... —“His instrument the **Biggest!!** I’ve ever encountered; its **GIRTH!**, its **GIRTH!!!** ... often missing in My Homo sapiens lovers, perfect! —**thick(!!)(7 ~8”(!!))** ; a perfect head, too, smaller relative to its girth; a stabbing piece of perfection, —**tucking** right into My prostate, —then relieving; then tearing back, out, and in, **smashing!**, knowing just the boundaries to cross, and when to restore > new angles, repeats >> , yet newer angles < , then delicious **repeat** << ... until just **toO** much, then release, then **t0O** much, then release, —and with perfect lubrication...!*

*“He knew **exactly!** what to do; He read every part of My body, and synchronized to the **Toccata**—He took total control!—**My whole hOle feeling alive, for the very first time, Ever!...** & just when I thought He couldn't get any deeper, He pummelled Me **deeeper, deeeeeeeper, deeeeeeeeeeeper, streeetching Me, so DEeEP(!)**—with one of the **loooongest cocks I've ever experienced—[!!A~Solid~Eleven~Inches~At~Least!!]**,”* He whispered, with widening eyes...

*“My hole's only about nine deep at a push, but i **Opened** up—wanting Him and it **wOrked(!)**—I've always felt My other Homo sapiens lovers not-**BIG**-enough, Their instruments, just not **[!!DAMAGING!!]** enough, but **MyFuck!**, —did He **d0** the **jOb**—, utter! **DOMINATION!!**”* He continued hoarsely, His mouth dry, —His eyes *fully* widened...

*“And He ejaculated His massive cum-load inside Me... I felt His pulsations; He was **S0** deep and **SO** thick and **sO** — ***(!)0~MASSIVE*~O*(!)*** — like a whale spouting dense, frothy water after a depth-charged dive, —a **nuclear explosi0n(!)**, **dOzenZZZZZZZZZZZ(!!!!)** ... My hOle held **0n**, held **on**, and **0n**, and **On**~ He pulled **Out** and back, **constricti.n!**, push/pull, **in Out**, **constricti.n!**, **push/pull**, **in Out** ... **constricti.n!**, **push/pull in Out** ... **constricti.n!... NO!!REM>0<RSE(!)...** **CRESCEND>O< (!)** **AFTER CRESCEND>O< (!)** ... **bOth** of Us **n0t** wanting to let **gO**, never letting **g0** ...*

*“M'Cavity in a place it's **never** been to before—not with any sex robot, dildo, no one or thing... and He went **On**, and **0n**, and **On**, —**through every inch and key of the entire***

**12"—Toccata; cumming quickly~, then CUMMING AGAIN~ , and again~ , and again~ , throughout—at every climatic interval of the piece—"drenching" My hOle with load~ after load~~ of HisDADDYSemen~~~ ,
ENDLESS~~~~SEMEN~~~~~ ;**

Me—, wanting more, building, and building, —until the final crescendO, —after fucking Me frOm the frOnt, where it had started: —then On My side, My legs right up—F0RCED to feel every piece of His MOnsTeR DiCK!!; and finally—, frOm behind; first heavy hands on My back, pinning Me dOwn!, strOng arms arOund My neck in a near strangled ch0ke, t.tally DOMINATING (!!) ... and right in the middle of My screams, —He **kissed** Me lovingly, passionately, —at the same time as streeetching Me upright onto My knees..., —to get deeeeeeeeeeepest penetration, while kissing, ...so gently... , but—at the same time—holding the pressure of His massive cOck from behind—its pure V>O<LUME pushed in as deEeply as p>O<ssible —>> then **SPANK(!!)** with His strOng, massive! hand! —**SPANK(!!)**

SPANK(!!)

SPANK(!!)

SPANK(!!)

SPANK(!!)

SPANK(!!)

SPANK(!!)

SPANK(!!)

SPANK(!!)

SPANK(!!)

SPANK(!!)

SPANK(!!) ..." Rmon's right hand, >*involuntary*< , moving to touch His Own—now very **solid7”long||6”thick** circumcised penis (*I've too, a lovely COCK;*)—beneath His blanket ~*precum bathing its disproportionately LaR*Ge—eng0rged~Blue-HEAD!*

Arthur neutral; listening *closely*: He'd *never* heard Rmon speaking in this detail about any sexual encounter previously —**Never!**

"He had a *huge, strong, beautiful body*—then turning Me on My back again, His beautiful *massive*, gentle, capable, caring *hands* masturbated My penis lubbed up with coconut oil; the scent mixed with His sweetest breath and semen and sweat, —**His musky smell, of Man ...**

"I couldn't see His face, —only felt His *power*, His strength, His **largeness**, and His *complete absorption* with Me as His **b.ttOm** partner—*His desire to pleasure Me* in a way *only He* knew how; like Your programmed TheWayOfLoveliness;) Arthur, but as a **dOminant** MSM partner, —pleasuring His *passive* partner... *complex*; —**nOt an easy orchestration to get right!**

"I'm sure He's bisexual, —sort of pansexual, in love with a particular person, —completely a **top**, clearly, whatever way it were to blow; and this time — *He must have had experience, —that level of skill!—* , would need to be developed, —*it was Me!*,

and i He!! ... i mean, just Him!!, Me!, He!! pleasuring Me!, i, He!!! ... —it was POWERFUL(!!)" Rmon's grey-blue eyes *stretched* wider now — than Arthur had ever seen before!

"Did You **ejaculate** in rrrrealtime during Yourrr drrreaming, Rrrmon?" asked Arthur, matter of factly, —as one intimate to another, having shared, of course, —innumerable sexual experiences and adventures together... though, also as usual, with Arthur's *penetrating curiosity regarding Rmon's ejaculate!* [Side Note: For good reason...!]

"No. When I woke up, —as I was emerging from the powerful immersion, I noticed that I had a *fully turgid erection & precum* as usual, & —*very aroused!*, *obviously*, but no *actual* orgasm... I felt kinda, um... *released*, not sexually, —but *emotionally discharged*... sort of *filled up*: I felt *at peace*."

"*At peace?*" reflected Arthur, as both a statement and interrogatively ... "*After all **that?!?***" He laughed loudly, sonorously, —as only Arthur could in His programmatic mastery of ~ TheWayOfLoveliness;)

"Yes. *At peace*. Not a full sexual release for Me in the dream, —very aroused, but *mostly* just - *peacefulness*, interestingly."

"And My sweet Rmon, *how*, —dear boy, does *this drrream fit* with The Drrream You had of this —**same man?** *Before* We trrravelled to Mount Kailash, —*that big, big place up*

there!" He asked, pointing to the enormous black dome—looming like a monolithic (*white*) skull-capped cathedral... above them!

"Hmmm, now *there* lies the rub, Arthur. There certainly *lies the rrrub*", Rmon answered wryly —with a dry throat, reaching for His water flask, with a steady hand, — closing His eyes once again as He tasted the cold, cold waters of the glacial melt from the **black-dome** (—etched by white ice and snow—, —scraped horizontally—, —as if by a giant's palate knife!—) !

"I think it's time for coffee, young man", announced Arthur. "I like *this* mug, ~the *one* with the Himalayan Blue Poppy imprrrint I made for You, Rrrmon. *Suits You!* I think I'm going to make a **blue poppy crrrown** for You to wearr to Our meeting with Jain25, — and You can give it to Him to wearr, too ~**as a gift!** He'd like that, I'm sure!—What say You, eh?!"

"I say, *aah*, —thank You, Arthur! *thank You, My dearest friend,*" Rmon sincerely, gratefully smiling, lightly.

Arthur *beamed* back at Rmon in TheWayOfLoveliness;) blowing Him a leonine *kiss* XXXX ... — as He busied HimSelf about Their small fire: sexual jealousy was *not* in Arthur's program; only kindness, love and generosity ~how *else* was He to certainly *crack* theEternityKey code held by Rmon?

Fugue (VIII)

Rmon dropped His blanket onto the stony ground – feeling its *icy* temperature on His finely~arched bare feet – two *pale* gleaming Greek sculptures, —stretching His well-muscled arms into the *fresh* morning air, —looking up at the great zebra-black dome, and wondering when He'd tell Arthur about a *third dream* He'd had – the night before, while journeying through the vast mountainscape, —waking up unnerved by its contents, to briefly urinate in the cold darkness of a crescent) moon.

The dream of three wedding bells:- each distinctly pitched ~each, a seeming voice of its Own; ~each, pealing out—in perfect *complex* unison, ***Handles' Water Music (1717): the Allegro Movement from Suite No. 1***... a rendition He'd *never* heard before ~an *ArtNeuform* ★ piece indeed! —*Magnificent* tonalities, timbre and rhythmic ranges; musical *complexity* upon musical *complexities*; *resonance* upon *resonances* — !!!

They were *wedding bells!!!*

He knew that for *sure*, — because they emanated from an *ancient holy place*, - a stone *church* - , where He entered, and observed, —on a darkly lacquered table, three male hands ~the middle finger of each *touching*, an identical silver~ring on each ring~finger — one of the three fingers, especially *Large*; the other, His *Own* hand; and, the third, distinctly *Leonine*~ indeed soft and furry, claws neatly retracted, though deadly *sharp*— enormous as the crowns of thorn that spilled the blood of Jesus: and, at the Dream's close, a deep *scratch*— deeply marking the immaculate table's darkly lacquered

polished-wood surface— together with the *thunderous roar of engines of war!*, —like a discordant cacophonic auditory **eclipse**—*darkening* more deeply the dimming light outside the ancient stonewalled sanctuary – rimmed by palm trees – into an ever fading light with no stars.

The End