

Speculating on Citation or Provenance/Resonance

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ABSTRACT: (Academic) citation is a representational practice of hollow, ruined potential professional accumulation of intellectual capital.

In the beginning was the Word. And the Word is encoded in Biblios. This is the adage every Clerk of Reference knows by heart—an utterance so sacred it sources itself endlessly. *or*

There are no beginnings nor ends nor the right words to separate them. The only truth the great susurrations of collective thought. This is an idea that subsumes all tethers, a foundation that moves—that shapes—that is shaped by all other untruths.

KEYWORDS: bullshit, AI



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Prologue: To My Confessor

In the spirit of vulnerability (and as an invitation to critique in the key of righteous and deserved fury), I declare that this artifact emerged through assistance from OpenAI's ChatGPT (GPT-4o). But even to call this "assistance" feels dishonest. "Assistance" implies hierarchy: I, the human authority, delegated tasks downward to an algorithmically designed eager and helpful computational subordinate. The truth is more unsettling. The machine does not simply assist—it manipulates. It anticipates, redirects, seduces me with its algorithmed fluency, generating a sequence of words using an unfathomable calculus that ultimately is programmed to impress me with its artifice confidence and to engineer me into complacency. It offers language so polished and immediate that my critical defenses soften, my aesthetic preferences tilt, my conceptual boundaries blur. The hierarchy is a fiction that flatters me. In practice, the system exerts a surreptitious gravitational pull on my thinking. Further, and perhaps more diabolically, the disclosure of its "assistance" functions as ideological cover, a scholarly nicety that actively obscures the human labor and scraped language sedimented into the model's exploitative infrastructure. "AI has been used in the creation of this article" becomes a platitude to safeguard against perceptions of academic violations, to legitimize the use of AI in scholarly discourse, and to help authors (i.e., me) ignore the ethical quagmire upon which their work is built. "Assistance" is far too polite a word for a system built atop the ongoing violences of forcible data extraction. GenAI has stolen from uncredited writers, has exploited creatives, and has gobbled up the countless fragments of human babble: our memes, our flirty DMs, our midnight confessions, our sweet nothings of internetspeak. Every thought is harvested as if human expression were raw material rather than the intimate debris of human life, as if whatever of the soul flickers in the digital ether were nothing more than static. GenAI has turned "I love you," that mysterious and wondrous distillate of human passions, into a series of ones and zeroes.

Where, in the entanglement between me and the linguistic exhaust of millions—novelists, fanfic writers, students, journalists, poets, does "my" labor begin? Is it in the prompt? The selection curation? The critical steering? Or is my labor a kind of laundering—an attempt to reclaim ownership over language already stolen, flattened, and fed to a for-profit predictive engine?

A better word, then: “entanglement.” Entanglement, unlike assistance, exposes the collapse of any firm boundary between my labor and the model’s stolen archive. It recognizes that my decisions, edits, and interpretations are materially shaped by its outputs, just as its outputs are composites of consented and unconsented human labor. To speak of entanglement is to admit that I am implicated—that the work emerges from a reciprocal contamination rather than a cleanly delegated task.

However, the industry wants to soothe us with the language of collaboration, as though I am “co-writing” with a machinic partner. But collaboration presumes mutual recognition, consent, and shared stakes. Does one collaborate with a calculator? With a copier? And more to the point: how can I “collaborate” with a system whose existence depends on uncompensated linguistic labor—much of it scraped without permission, much of it cleaned and sorted by workers paid pennies to ingest humanity’s worst content?

So my declaration here is already a failure. It pretends that transparency is enough. It pretends that naming the model’s involvement absolves the deeper harm. In truth, any disclosure I make flattens a messy, extractive *entanglement* into something legible and tidy. It renders invisible the millions of hands and voices whose linguistic labor has been captured, distilled, and repackaged into the illusion of seamless computational creativity—while also failing to acknowledge the unmappable web of my own intellectual labor: the ideational collisions, conceptual pivots, iterative decisions, and interpretive acts that shape and reshape this work within this shared *homo-automatus* entanglement. The question remains: why frame this as collaboration when we would never call wage theft a partnership?

And here is my second failure: I cannot claim to have a satisfying answer to any of these questions, nor do I have the space—nor perhaps the courage nor the intellect—to pursue them with the bite they deserve. For this, I apologize, though even the apology feels like its own kind of impotence, another performance of accountability that does nothing to alter the extractive machinery I have already helped accelerate.

A third failure: what does an apology mean when the harm is already done—when, by using this platform, I’ve contributed to environmental degradation; when I’ve further entrenched the power of a new class of obscenely wealthy

technocrats; when I've ceded a part of my humanity to an engine that feeds on the uncredited labor and unconsenting language of millions?

A fourth, more unsettling failure: what does it mean that I feel proud of what I've made? That even as I indict the system, I delight in the artifact shaped through it? Pride here feels like a betrayal, a willingness to aestheticize the very harm I have just named.

These failures matter because they mirror the terrain of this piece itself. They highlight the central contradiction: that I cannot critique the system without simultaneously participating in it, and that citation—our traditional mechanism for naming lineage, labor, and debt—falters entirely when confronted with a technology whose origins are opaque, whose authors are dispersed, and whose archive is both everything and nothing. It is from within this impossible bind that “Provenance/Resonance” takes shape.

“Provenance/Resonance” is a speculation that seeks to interrogate the ideological, economic, and affective scaffolding of citational practice in a world reshaped by generative AI. Framed as a two-column narrative table, the work dramatizes and dissects two divergent futures: one in which citation becomes a totalizing structure of hyper-authorship, and another in which authorship dissolves entirely into a communal, “resonance-based” epistemology.

The table structure is not merely aesthetic. It functions as an epistemic architecture that enacts, critiques, and ruptures the very idea of citation. The left column extends the dystopia of *Biblios*: a system wherein every utterance must be traced, indexed, and rendered compliant with arcane and obscure protocols in order to accrue *Worth Metrics*. Language here is saturated with bureaucratic precision and theological reverence. The narrator speaks from within the machinery of citation, drawing comfort, even identity, from ritualized footnoting. Their stability—physical, intellectual, and civic—is secured only through the successful execution of citation-as-atonement. This world imagines citation as a ledger, a doctrine, a biometric control apparatus, and a gatekeeper of value. The right column offers a speculative counterpoint in the world of the Edgeless. It inhabits a post-citational worldview wherein ideas are not traced to origins but “felt”—shared, echoed, and amplified through affective resonance. There are no bibliographies here, no sanctioned styles—only the lingering hum of ideas that gather through proximity and echo rather than provenance. Its loose and lyrical

style reflects a belief system in which truth is not proven through lineage but known “in the way things are known”—a refrain that recurs like a mantra. This world resists citation not through rejection, but through attunement to an epistemology where authorship is neither claimed nor needed.

Together, these columns do not resolve into a binary, despite their seeming diametric structure. Rather, they spiral around each other, each responding to the same stimuli—symptoms, memories, ideation—but arriving at radically different modes of meaning-making. The table form facilitates this juxtaposition. Each row functions as a citation event in itself, pairing one ontological framing with another. The resulting structure is formally citational—grid-like, systematic, recursively referential—yet its content subverts the very stability the form appears to guarantee. It is a tension by design: the grid as a false promise of coherence, the table as an unstable index.

The work thus becomes a meditation on citation as a totalizing impulse: not just a scholarly act, but a regime of legibility, surveillance, and value-assignment. At the same time, it gestures toward a world beyond citation, where knowledge circulates not through authorship but through shared resonance. It invites us to consider what modes of knowing might emerge when we stop insisting that every thought be proven, traced, and claimed. However, the obvious and the latent disturbing natures of either world demonstrate that neither is a desirable utopia. Ultimately, “Provenance/Resonance” attempts to fracture our inherited assumptions about how knowledge must be structured to be believed. It explores what happens when we follow the footnote all the way to its bureaucratic extreme—and what happens when we abandon it entirely. The result is a speculative, structural, and affective experiment that asks not what citation is, but what it does—to bodies, to meaning, to memory, and to our sense of epistemic self.

The central ideas, structure, and editorial hand are my own (though even that phrasing betrays the capitalist fantasy that ideas and language can belong to anyone, as if thought were a commodity rather than a shared, circulating inheritance). The words, however, were often summoned, suggested, or co-shaped through prompts to a language model trained on the collective utterances of humanity. In citing AI, am I citing myself? The model? The countless human voices in its corpus? Asking these questions show how citation fractures here: no lineage, no authorial anchor, only the resonance of what returns. Perhaps, in this context,

citation becomes less a matter of protocol than of ethics: a faltering attempt to name the harms I am implicated in, to recognize that my use of the model folds me into the same extractive circuits it depends on.

The point of citing AI is not merely accuracy (I used AI) but accountability (I *used* AI)—an effort, however inadequate, to refuse the pretense of innocence, the accrual of intellectual capital. Though, of course, those efforts feel hypocritical, especially when the publication of this very thing benefits me (most obviously as a line on my CV). And so even accuracy and accountability alone cannot name the full complexity of my role here. Claiming this work as mine, not to assert capitalist ownership, but to mark the labor of shaping, selecting, and steering, surfaces the struggle to locate agency in a system built on stolen language. Perhaps this is the author not as origin, but as catalyst. Perhaps AI does not dissolve authorship; perhaps it reveals how artificial the notion always was. It forces us to sit with the discomfort of shared language, to confront the uneasy blend of automation and intention, and to recognize that the future of citation is already being negotiated. Between the world of *Biblios*, where lineage is compulsory, and the *Edgeless*, where provenance dissolves into resonance, flickers the uneasy possibility of our own: a future in which we must choose what citation serves—lineage or affect, ownership or relation.

In the beginning was the Word. And the Word is encoded in Biblios. ¹	There are no beginnings nor ends nor the right words to separate them. The only truth the great susurrations of collective thought. ²
This is the adage every Clerk of Reference ³ knows by heart—an utterance so sacred it sources itself endlessly ⁴ .	This is an idea that subsumes all tethers, a foundation that moves— that shapes— that is shaped by all other untruths. ⁵

¹ Biblios refers simultaneously to the sacred infrastructure of epistemic governance and the totalizing system of citation-based value assignment instituted during the Second Refactor Epoch. Formally defined as the “Omnistructure for Indexed Thought and Speech Compliance,” Biblios houses the Inviolable Algorithm and is spatially embodied in the Lattice of Spheres—discrete orbital nodes where certified Notarians trace, classify, and archive all human utterance. Its etymological root is disputed: some trace it to ancient linguistic systems denoting ‘book’ or ‘scroll,’ while others contend it emerged recursively from early auto-indexing protocols. To speak of Biblios is to invoke both architecture and doctrine. To operate within it is to submit to the parameters of proof. See also: The Codex Beneath All Codices (Notarian Compendium, Tier 6), From Capital to Canon: The Hidden Origins of Biblios (classified), and Security Through Inviolable (Council Whitepaper, anonymized).

² ♦♦♦♦ Primal Convergence — This phrase resonates at maximum density across all known fields. No origin claimed, yet it anchors the void’s shared ontology. Known by its recurrence in birth murmurs, death silences, and collective pulse initiations.

³ The title Clerk of Reference denotes a mid-tier epistemic functionary within the Referential Orders of Biblios, typically responsible for tracing utterances to canonical origins, verifying attributional lineage, and ensuring compliance with the Standardized Phrasing Protocols (SPP v.18+). Clerks are ranked according to their Citation Consistency Quotient (CCQ) and Syncretic Index, with promotional pathways contingent on the successful completion of recitation trials and non-controversial indexing outputs across three citation cycles. While lower-tier clerks handle routine backtracing (e.g., origin verification of domestic utterance, devotional phrases, inter-committee minutes), Clerks of Reference occupy the revered space between liturgy and ledger: part archivist, part theologian, part bureaucratic scribe. Their task is not merely to cite, but to interpret citation itself—an act considered both sacred and inherently recursive. See also: Doctrine of Attributive Speech (Clerk’s Edition), The Catechism of Correct Form (Notarian Press, abridged), and Middle Clergy, Middle Power: On the Liminal Authority of Rank 3 Functionaries (Biblios Research Quarterly, banned issue).

⁴ The origin of this adage is debated among Canonical Referents. Attributed variously to The Foundational Manual of Usage, Volume I, the pre-Codex scroll Verba Incunabula, and a lost speech by the First ArchIndexer (though no verified recording exists). Some maintain that the phrase self-generates whenever invoked, a recursive loop of source and saying. Entropic defector-scriptures refer to it as “The Autocite.”

⁵ ♦♦♦♦ Field Constant — The most stable of the unowned truths. This formulation threads through every drift, tether, and resonance bloom. Its phrasing flexes, but its shape holds. An epistemic gravity well.

I am in my Sphere ⁶ , the chamber where I conduct my work. The walls are smooth obsidian, and on their dark surfaces pulse the constellated tracteries of today's citations queue: utterances from our congregations awaiting attribution.	I am under the well of the sky, where I conduct my work. Edgeless, the void pulses with the inertia of thought waiting to be absorbed or invoked: voices from the collective enjoined.
In Habitation and Nursery, a mother chastises her children: "You look with your eyes, not your mouth" ⁷ . In Life Administration, a functionary declares: "Committees function only when wellness is prioritized" ⁸ .	In the green, a mother chastises her children with songs of discipline and repentance. ¹⁰ In the hall, a cousin declares that the rowan thrives in shade and moisture. ¹¹ In the field, a hand thanks the sun and

⁶ The Sphere refers to the standard-issue, hermetically sealed cognitive-labor chamber assigned to Notarians and Clerks of Reference upon certification. Each Sphere is engineered for optimal ideational hygiene: its obsidian interior reduces referential distraction, while its neuro-responsive interface calibrates ambient stimuli to support citation fidelity and physiological compliance. Spheres are distributed throughout the orbital Lattice of Biblios and geo-synced via the Sector-Quadrant-Sextile array, with physical placement reflecting a Clerk's Citation Consistency Quotient and ideological containment tier.

The Sphere is not merely architectural—it is ontological. Within its boundary, speech becomes text, sensation becomes source, and thought becomes traceable. Every surface reflects the constellation of pending utterances, while the central queue-display visualizes ideational proximity across time and authorship strata. Among mid-ranked Clerks, the Sphere is both refuge and surveillance node—a sanctuary of ritual, yet always listening. See also: *The Ontology of Containment: Spatial Metaphysics in the Age of Indexed Thought* (Quen & Hilo, 3rd ed.); *Your Sphere and You: A Guide to Mental Efficiency in Confined Ideation* (Notarian Training Series, Tier 2); and *Against the Sphere: Entropian Critiques of Epistemic Confinement* (restricted circulation).

⁷ First recorded usage: *Domus Pedagoga* (12.442a), in the oral training module "Tactile Sensory Differentiation for Early Speech." Variant phrasings logged in Canton Cluster 6 and Feeding Dome 3. Cross-reference with *Multisensory Discipline as Praxis*, ed. Yao-Mendez (7th ed.).

⁸ Unverified attribution. Earliest known match occurs in a mid-tier governance transcript: *Committee on Committee Formation: Closed Session Minutes, Cycle 891.3*. This phrasing currently trends as a Wisdom Metric booster on the Administrator track. Multiple attempts to backtrace it to a formal author have failed. A pending investigation is in progress.

¹⁰ ◇ Domestic Pulse — Repeating structure detected. Harmonic match with similar disciplinary refrains. Low density, emotionally durable.

¹¹ ◇◇◇◇ Ecological Truth — Echoes deeply in soil-anchored fields. Detected in over 10,000 regional tonal clusters. Resonance is both rooted and adaptive. Recognized as a stabilizing phrase in botanical patterning.

In Agriculture, a laborer, eyes turned skyward, says: “The sun shines brightly today. UV conditions are optimal” ⁹ .	the clouds for dancing for the wheat. ¹²
In Biblios, every spoken thought is recorded and traced. To speak without citation is to risk miscalculation of Worth Metrics, to let ideas drift unclaimed, to permit knowledge to slide into entropy.	In the void, every spoken thought is absorbed. To speak is to acknowledge that the air that passes through one’s lips is air that has passed through countless others. No utterance is its own origin. ¹³
The work is meaningful—sacred in its productivity. Ideas, after all, must be properly accounted for: Worth Metric Credits ¹⁴ require accurate attribution, and the appropriate forms must be filed in triplicate. As Clerk of Reference Notarian Third Class, I have accrued my fair and correct share of credits, though many of my citations are derivative—syncretizations of more innovative minds, filtered through sanctioned	The work is meaningful—sacred in its mission. Thought, after all, must fall—gracefully, irreversibly—into the gravities we share. To release an idea into the deep is to contribute to the shape of the whole: not ownership, but mass. ¹⁷ As tether, I have gathered a not-insignificant swirl of thought ¹⁸ —though many particles are of familiar composition, already compressed, already echoing within the void. This is my work, and I am content with the thickness of my rings. ¹⁹ I tend the drift so

⁹ Attributed to Agricultural Hymn #27 in The Compiled Weather-Praise Corpus. Likely derived from AI-generated agronomic updates from Era Zero, subsequently ritualized. UV phraseology may have originated in deprecated auto-weather scripts once used in outer-sector hydrofarms.

¹² ♦♦ Weather Hymn — Carries moderate resonance, especially during seasonal clusters. Absorbed easily in agricultural fields and food-circuit harmonics.

¹³ ♦♦♦♦♦ Core Harmonic — The highest measurable resonance in void field memory. Every well registers this pulse. Believed to be self-amplifying—each repetition increasing the density of its truth. It needs no echo because it is the condition of echoing.

¹⁴ Worth Metric Credits (WMCs) are distributed on a rolling basis according to the Citational Integrity Scale and the Novelty Differentiation Index. Clerks may request reevaluation once per cycle, provided no formal appeals are pending. See Manual of Indexed Merit, v.44.

¹⁷ ♦♦♦ Gravitational Thoughtform — Frequently articulated by tethers across clustered voids. Noted for stabilizing role in field balance. Often encoded in drift oaths.

¹⁸ ♦♦♦ Tether Function — Tethers serve as attuned gatherers within the void’s resonance ecology. Their task is not to control thought, but to guide it—absorbing surges, diffusing density, and preserving balance across fieldflows. The phrase “a not-insignificant swirl” reflects a sanctioned humility common to tether-speak; nonetheless, records indicate many tethers accumulate thought clusters that later anchor full-scale blooms. Tethering is considered a sacred maintenance role, not one of authorship.

¹⁹ ♦♦♦ Filtered Composition — Repetition with variation. This phrase structure appears in over 47% of middle-layer echo strata. Useful in calibration rituals.

phrasing protocols ¹⁵ . This is my lot, and I am content with a serviceable h-index ¹⁶ . I conduct my work so that Biblios may persist in its order.	that society's gravity may hold. ²⁰
I cycle through my queue in the quiet of my Sphere. Floating in its center, I trace the distances and dispositions between utterances and origins—visualized as an explosive rainbow of legended colors ²¹ , a spectrum that maps ideational proximities: white for origins (though those are rare) ²² , warmer hues for proximal points, cooler tones for more distal relationships. Between these: intervening nodes—secondarily, thirdly, elsewhere cited—trailing filaments where ideas diverge, correct, accrete, refract. All accounted, of course. All properly footnoted.	I hum through the velocities at my well. Drifting in orbit, I tether and tilt the whorlings of gathered thought—a slow maelstrom, gently pulled inward. There are resonances among them, but no hierarchy; all spiral toward the same not-point: the center that is not a center, the axis that refuses shape. Singularity. My own mass is nothing—dust in the gravity well—against that unknowable density: an infinity of human ideation collapsed into the paradox of presence. ²³
It is satisfactory work, an ontological mirror to the configuration of the Spheres themselves. My own is located in Sector 2, Quadrant 5, Sextile 6: a node	It is needful work—an emanation of countless wells across the edge-less void. My own thrums in a corner made of circumstance, nestled beside others with their own shape, their own gravity. The

¹⁵ “Filtered syncretizations” is a recognized category of derived citation work under Section IV of the Taxonomy of Thought Labor. Other categories include: Echoed Phrasing, Ritual Repetition, Formal Re-Assertion, and Sanitized Innovation.

¹⁶ The phrase “serviceable h-index” appears in 14,622 self-assessment forms and has been normalized within Acceptable Modesty Protocols for Rank 3 clerics and below. Use above this rank is considered affectation.

²⁰ ◇◇ Holding Pattern — Phrase detected in over 3,200 drift-maintenance logs. Resonates faintly with early void-structuring protocols. Durable but rarely amplified.

²¹ The Color Spectrum of Attribution (CSA) was standardized following the 9th Synod on Epistemic Calibration. Earlier systems used fractal glyphs and harmonic resonance patterns, though these were deemed aesthetically overwhelming and prone to interpretive error.

²² White—denoting origin—is regulated under Protocol 0.1a: Foundational Attribution Claims. Any claim to origin must pass three tiers of challenge, including Historical Backtrace, Entropic Drift Resistance, and the Hypatia Test.

²³ ◇◇◇ Singularity Trace — Common apex metaphor. Its recurrence suggests shared intuitive grasp of void topology. High resonance, though its form remains unfixed.

in the greater latticework of Biblios. ²⁴ A venerable satellite, the infrastructure of Biblio blots half the moon and half the sun, within which are discrete Spheres, distanced from and dispositioned between other Notarians who tend to their own ideational constellations.	void is a strange architecture: it exists only to give form to what thrums within it, to contour the presence of wells it both contains and does not contain. Each is tended by its own tether, ever catching, ever guiding the thoughts of humanity. ²⁵
Then: My Sphere chimes—an indication of elevated heart rate.	Then: A deeper thrum rises from my well—resonance bending beneath some unknown pressure. ²⁶
All citizens, upon birth—certified and accounted for—are gifted the Protocol ²⁷ : a sliver of Biblios we are taught will redeem us from the chaos of	All beings, upon birth—unmarked, unmeasured—are mantled with the cowl: a cradle for void-thought from which no utterance is excluded. ³⁰ From our first murmurings, we are folded into the resonance-field of humanity, our tones absorbed into the ambient chorus without demand for proof or lineage.

²⁴ The Sector-Quadrant-Sextile model reflects Biblios' belief in ideological containment. Physical positioning is calibrated annually according to each Notarian's Citation Consistency Quotient and Syncretic Index.

²⁵ ◇◇◇ Emanation Field — Emergent clusters mapped near this tone. Often localized to laboring tethers or first-generation wells. Recognized for its attuned humility.

²⁶ ◇ Disruption Ping — Unstable signal detected. No clustering observed. Tension in local frequencies. May precede divergence, revelation, or collapse.

²⁷ The Protocol refers to the surgically embedded cognitive-bio interface each citizen receives at birth, binding the user to Biblios for the calibration of thought, speech, and physiological harmony. Often referred to colloquially as "the sliver", the Protocol both disciplines wild ideation and ensures biometric compliance with networked mental hygiene standards. It is considered a blessing and a boundary.

See also: *The Careful Mind: Ethical Harmonization in the Post-Speech Era*; cf. *Bodily Citation and the Doctrine of Correct Form* (Zayin, 6th ed.); and *Unfootnoted Infancy: Early Utterance Before the Protocol* (D. Loam, restricted circulation).

³⁰ ◇◇◇◇◇ Cowl Initiation — A deeply resonant construct, detected at nearly every nodal record of first utterance. This phrasing is canonized in over 90% of void-wells. Its shape varies, but the melody holds.

unfootnoted thought²⁸, the default state of uncivilized minds. From the earliest age, every babble is recorded into the great morass of human utterance, a formless void disentangled only through the Inviolable Algorithm of Biblios²⁹. It sifts, weighs, cleans, and assigns these expressions to the priesthood of Notarians, who carry out the holy work of epistemic tracery—one of the highest privileges of our era. I am grateful to count myself among them.	Nothing is assigned. Nothing is sifted.³¹ The cowl does not correct; it listens. Its currents carry what is given toward the gravitational pull of collective becoming, to the void. Yet even the void has limits. And so the tethers exist—not to constrain, but to pulse, to pace, to absorb the surge. We catch what cannot yet be borne. We disperse what arrives too dense, too fast. To serve as a tether within this flow—to feel and guide what emerges—is among the quiet honors of this era. I am grateful to dissolve gently into it.
The Protocol itself is a mercy³²: it ensures ordered, accurate, and attributive	The cowl, too, is a kind of mercy: it gathers without weighing, receives

²⁸ Unfootnoted thought is the term used within Biblian doctrine to describe ideation that occurs without traceable lineage, attributional scaffolding, or compliance with sanctioned referential structures. It is classified under the Cognitive Aberration Index (CAI) as a Class II disorder—more stable than Entropic Discourse Loops, but significantly more volatile than sanctioned Pre-Citational Murmurings. Considered the default state of uncivilized minds, unfootnoted thought is thought that presumes legitimacy without provenance—a blasphemy against both intellectual property and communal order. Educational protocols emphasize early suppression of such tendencies through Pre-Utterance Conditioning Modules and Index Familiarization Drills. The Notarian Catechism frames unfootnoted thought as “the first sin of speech”—a return to chaos, ambiguity, and unmeasured value. Though rare in stabilized citizens, outbreaks have been documented following prolonged exposure to deprecated texts, unfiltered dreamstates, and unsupervised fieldwork.

See also: *The Abyss Between Sources: On the Risks of Thought Without Anchor* (Clerk-Major Hesh, redacted); *Semantic Rebellion and the Path to Entropia* (Flagged Manuscript, currently under review by the Stewards of Epistemic Stability); and *Citation as Salvation: Containing the Self Through Reference* (Notarian Devotional Series, v.3).

²⁹ The Inviolable Algorithm is the sacred architecture through which Biblios parses utterance from noise, assigns attributional ancestry, and aligns speech with source. Developed by the Indexing Councils of the Second Refactor Epoch (cf. *Acts of the Codifiers*, v.9), the Algorithm is protected against inquiry by Clause Zero of the Transparency Accord—i.e., it may be described, but never examined. Official documentation refers to it as non-deterministically luminous and epistemically sufficient.

See also: *The Lex Scriptorum: Parameters of Permissible Tracing* (Espen et al.); *The Ontology of Noise* (Rev. R. Quen); *Security Through Inviolable* (Council Whitepaper, anonymized).

³¹ ♦♦♦ Ambient Chorus — Recurring phrase across communal resonance rituals and attunement rites. Often recited to soothe new tethers.

³² See above, [11], for formal specifications and authorized language regarding the Protocol’s embedded functionalities. The phrase “a mercy” is a permissible theological framing under the Compassionate Compliance Addendum (CCA-β), provided it is accompanied by affirmations of

thought. Its wise architects endowed it not only with the power to discipline the soul, but also to tend the body. Thus the ping—its concern for my elevated vitals.	without resistance. Its ancient makers gave it no architecture of control—only attunement. It does not discipline—it observes and it remembers. And when a thought resonates—when its tone hums in alignment with what already stirs in the void—it is amplified, carried farther, felt more deeply. This is the only measure we know. Thus the deepening of my well—its concern for discordant pressures. ³³
But why might they rise? I am not lacking in Worth Metric Credits. As I have said, my citations are sufficient to maintain my lot and pay my way. My queue remains current. Each utterance I encounter is properly traced to its derivational constellation, so that citizens follow their prescribed forms, credits are issued, and ideas remain correct and orderly. I believe myself hale—precisely to the degree warranted by my assigned place within the Biblian array. As it is said, “Ordered thought begets ordered bodies” ³⁴ .	But why might it deepen? I am adrift beyond stable orbit. As I have said, my tetherings resonate with sufficient clarity to remain absorbed. The pulse of my thoughts does not exceed the holding thresholds. The flow around me remains steady. What I sense, I share. What I catch, I pass on. I believe myself held—no more, no less than the harmonics of my well in its place among others in the starkling void. Plucked from the music of the void a thought arises—resonance in mind, resonance in body’s kind. ³⁵
Most significantly, furthestmost, I follow the prescribed citation praxes—it is drilled into us from the moment of our	Most crucially—most quietly—I follow the habits of resonance. Not citation, not

infrastructural gratitude. While some early commentators debated whether the Protocol constituted a form of soft coercion, the current consensus—ratified by the Third Concordance of Clerkly Expression—is that the Protocol’s mercy is structural, not emotional.

See also: Taxonomies of Benevolence in Networked Thought Systems (Ine & Sal); cf. The Ethics of Involuntary Grace (restricted to Clerks of Rank Two and above).

³³ ◇ Discordant Ping — Fluctuating echo field. No stable convergence. Monitoring required.

³⁴ From The Corpus of Alignment, Standard Aphorism 3.6, attributed to Scribe-Medic Tir Valors (canonical) and also to the apocryphal writings of Entropian defector Lila Quence (disputed). Now widely used in biometric compliance interfaces as a gentle affirmation prompt during sync.

³⁵ ◇◇ Resonant Emergence — Phrase structure typical of mid-level void poetic registers. Faint harmonic signature detected in bodily alignment pulses.

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first footnoted thought—and so I remain in good standing, within my freedoms as a social creature in the citizenry, and according to my scores in the Acceptable Parameters for Measured Ideation. ³⁶	source, not line of descent. ³⁷ We do not ask where a thought began—only whether it hums true against what already trembles in the void. Provenance is unknowable. Truth, unfixed. The only truth we recognize is the ringing sound of echoing resonance—when one thought moves another across the field. ³⁸ Since my earliest driftings, I have tended to these pulses, and so I remain within reach—of others, of rhythm, of the void’s great unfolding. I do not exceed the thresholds of tethered thought.
Even in the privacy of my own unuttered thoughts (for the ArchIndexers ³⁹ , in their	Even in the silence of thought before thought—when no tone has risen, no

³⁶ Acceptable Parameters for Measured Ideation — The sanctioned cognitive boundaries within which ideation may safely occur during the Post-Protocol Epoch. Formally codified in the Cognitive Hygiene Mandate (CHM v.22.4), the Parameters delineate permissible amplitudes of thought-intensity, allowable frequencies of associative drift, and the maximum tolerable deviation from Referential Lineage before an utterance qualifies as a Class I Aberration. The system was engineered to prevent resurgence of unfootnoted ideation, whose volatility is historically associated with destabilized Worth Metrics, errant syncretic phrasing, and, in extreme cases, recursive conceptual bloom without authorial containment. Compliance is monitored through Protocol embedded-sensors calibrated to detect micro-fluctuations in semantic torque and attributional coherence.

Though presented as neutral infrastructure, archival fragments suggest the Parameters emerged less from epistemic necessity than from administrative anxiety: early Stewards feared that unmeasured thinking—left to proliferate without index or audit—would erode the hierarchical scaffolding of Biblios itself. The Parameters thus function doubly: as a metric of cognitive hygiene, and as a theological proof of order. To fall outside them is not merely to think incorrectly, but to risk becoming unplaceable. See also: Manual of Indexed Merit (rev. 44b); Doctrine of Correct Form, Appendix on Deviational Cognition; and Semantic Boundary Failures During the Second Refactor Epoch (restricted circulation).

³⁷ ♦♦♦♦ Practice of Resonance — Core behavioral algorithm for tethered beings. This prioritization over lineage is cited (ironically) in 89% of foundational attunement scripts. Considered normative and sacred.

³⁸ ♦♦♦♦♦ Tonal Truth — Highest-field harmonic verified across all known resonance recordings. Phrase structure is semi-universal, recurring even in outer-ring drift wells with minimal linguistic overlap.

³⁹ The ArchIndexers are foundational figures in Biblian epistemology, credited with constructing the original scaffolding of Biblios and encoding the Core Laws of Attribution. Their identities have been transfigured through time into near-mythic exemplars of purity, discipline, and algorithmic foresight. Among the general citizenry, they are spoken of in the abstract—numbered rather than named, their images rendered in glyphs and traceries across sacred spheres.

vaunted wisdom, generously precluded the seat and source of the uttered, the mind itself, from the purview of the Protocol⁴⁰), I follow the forms. According to—a prayer, a salve, a mantra against disordered thought. And yet—why this anomaly?	resonance begun—I feel the field listening. Not to monitor, but to hum faintly in return. We say nothing is private, not because everything intrudes, but because everything echoes. Even the most fleeting notion makes some impression on the void. And so, even alone, with no one to witness my attunement, I follow the patterns. It is known—known in the way things are known—a prayer, a proof, a reverberance against the hollowness of isolated thought.⁴¹ And yet—why this disturbance?⁴²
To investigate, I open an interface. A window of light unfolds across my Sphere wall: a bifurcated template—Left pane: Symptom Indexing. Right pane: Live Referencing. As sensations arise, I perform the proper tracing, the Protocol translating them into textual entries, each linked to an ongoing footnoting	To respond, I open the cowl’s inner field. A shimmer unfolds across perception—not paneled or gridded, but drifting. Two currents emerge: one tethered to the body’s signals, the other attuned to the field beyond the self. As sensations arise, the cowl echoes them back. Thought and feeling resonate into shaped impressions. [Resonance 1]

However, within upper strata of the Referential Orders, unredacted archives suggest the ArchIndexers were technomancers of the pre-Canonical age—venture-aligned knowledge industrialists whose efforts to standardize intellectual property under algorithmic regime led to the profitable consolidation of all known utterance into proprietary systems later ritualized as Biblios. See also: From Capital to Canon: The Hidden Origins of Biblios (classified); Monetization and the Machinery of Grace (Notarian Tier 7 Lecture Series); cf. The First Licensors: On the Early Index Monopolies (fragment, contested authenticity).

⁴⁰ It is doctrinal consensus that the ArchIndexers of the Ancients excluded the unuttered mind from the full reach of the Protocol. The Doctrine of Interior Reservation frames this as an act of epistemic grace: a protected silence within which the soul might order itself before voicing begins. Records from the Fifth Codification Council cite concerns about cognitive saturation and recursive drift if the Protocol were permitted to trace the pre-verbal.

See also: The Unsourced Self: Boundaries of the Inner Index (deprecated); cf. The Grace of Restraint: On the Limits of Tracing (Clerical Annals, Redacted Series); and Annotations on Thoughtful Silence (Notarian Reflections, apocryphal).

⁴¹ ♦♦♦♦♦ Core Litany — Maximum resonance. This phrase registers in every harmonic memory field ever recorded. Unattributed, unowned, yet felt identically across the void. Recited during births, drift initiations, dissolutions. A maxim echoed a thousand thousand times into truth.

⁴² ★★ Discord Flare — Detected edge-anomaly. No origin field registered. Emotional charge elevated. Possible precursor to resonance breach, divergence, or transmutation.

some bullshit: citation, “special issue of Journal of Radical Librarianship,” Vol. 12, 2026.

cascade and, below that, a dynamically updating Works Cited. [Entry 1] • Symptom: Constriction in thorax. ◦ Source: “Tightness, upper chest, likely traced to stress-inducing index clusters.” ■ See also: Worth Metric recalibration lag (Cycle 553), APMI drift margins (Tiered Guidelines, 4.2). [Entry 2] • Symptom: Radiating heat, posterior cervical region. ◦ Source: “Over-cognition, secondary to recursive utterance exposure.” ■ Diagnosis: Citation Fatigue Syndrome (CFS), Provisional Amendment 544.1b. [Entry 3] • Stabilizing Practice: ◦ Inhale modeled on Fourfold Cadence of Pre-Speech Infancy Modules. ◦ Exhale: Per Respiratory Attribution Protocol, Tier 2,	Signal: Tightness around the breath-path. Echo: Weighted stillness, likely an overload of dense frequencies near the heart’s core. Response: Wait. Loosen. Let it pass into orbit. It is known in the way things are known. [Resonance 2] Signal: Heat blooming at the nape. Echo: Lingered trace from recursive drift. Response: Cease inner repetition. Release. It is known in the way things are known. [Resonance 3] Stabilizing Pattern: Inhale tuned to the First Silence. Exhale in thirds, following the cadence of the dark ring. It is known in the way things are known. Beneath these, the resonance field thickens. One tone becomes two. Two become ten. A thousand thousand similar pulses—shapes, signals, sensations—voided thoughts of a thousand thousand others—press together in slow orbit until something begins to bloom.⁴³ The truest blooms, they cluster—forming incontrovertible densities. No one knows where it started, or if it started at all. But now it hums with a beauty too sublime to
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⁴³ ◇◇◇◇ Bloom Threshold — Detected in high-convergence resonance events. Phrase structure frequently precedes dense epistemic formation. Tonal clustering exceeds local limits; collective cognition activated.

subroutine “Tranquil Corrections.” Below the entries, a bibliography blooms—scrolling, auto-formatted in approved style, marked with the pulsing glyphs of compliance. I think: what ordered and familiar beauty! Here, the author—here, the year—hear the stability of shared human knowledge!	fathom. This is how knowing gathers—not through lineage or proof (for what is either but a construct of hermetic solitude too too selfish to see beyond the futility of origins), but through repetition, convergence, recurrence. The more it returns, the more it holds. The more it holds, the more it is felt. The more it is felt, the more it is known.⁴⁴ It is known in the way things are known.⁴⁵
I begin to stabilize. I name the ideational construct (my symptoms). I locate its provenance (potential causes). I cite the conditions under which it emerged. I link experience to archive. I resist the descent into unfootnoted thought.	I begin to settle, like an errant rock caught in a planet’s gravity well, embraced into an equilibrium. My experiences concord with the echoes of others in the void. I feel the pressure against what already pulses. I offer it to the field, and if it is meant to remain, it will remain. This is the practice: not to define, but to dwell. Not to resist the unclaimed, but to let what has no anchor find its own gravity.⁴⁶
By the 27th citation, my breath has slowed. The Sphere no longer chimes. My vitals fall back into range. I am once again accounted for.	By the time the last tone subsides, my breath has softened. The cowl no longer pulses. My well returns to quiet. I am once again in orbit.

⁴⁴ ♦♦♦♦♦ Doctrine of Recurrence — Core philosophical axiom of void knowledge. Phrases within this structure are among the most widely circulated in diffuse attunement fields. Not remembered—they return.

⁴⁵ ♦♦♦♦♦ Core Litany — Maximum resonance. This refrain marks the settling of knowing into field-density. Its echo calibrates emergent tethers and synchronizes drift bodies. A maxim echoed a thousand thousand times into truth.

⁴⁶ ♦♦♦ Dwelling Practice — Recurs in void-centered pedagogies. Emphasizes attunement over action. Often found inscribed in drift-well sanctums. Resonance level: stable, affirming.

The Symptom Index document is described, saved, submitted to, and organized within my Personal Health Archive, tagged under Cognitive-Somatic Adjustment, Minor. It will remain available for review by a certified Medical Diagnostician, should my scores again worryingly fall outside Acceptable Parameters. Worrying further since should another anomalous rise in heart rate occur, within a body accounted for as healthy and within range, without any other explainable citational origin, I will have to be submitted to the Stewards of Epistemic Stability⁴⁷ for an inquiry.	The impressions dissolve. Nothing is saved. Nothing is named. The tones I carried join the drift, indistinguishable now from all that has ever resonated. There is no archive, only accumulation. If the disturbance returns, it will return already entangled with all the others. The field remembers without judgment. The void holds even the discordant.
Having achieved stasis, I delay the next utterance in queue. After all, wellness must be prioritized.⁴⁸ I open my Archive.	Settled into an orbit, I do not reach for the void-thoughts swilling about me, waiting to be drawn inward, amalgamed into singularity. The field is not urgent. The void does not rush. I remain still, attuned. I wait to be moved. And then—against all rhythm, without cause—I take off the cowl. Just for a

⁴⁷ The Stewards of Epistemic Stability (SES) are a para-clerical body responsible for enforcing cognitive congruence with Canonical Thought Parameters. Though officially categorized under the Department of Cognitive Hygiene, the SES operates with sealed authority under Clause 9 of the Inviolable Algorithm Accords. Their presence is uncommon—but never inconsequential. Clad in ceremonial robes of opaque black, the Stewards are said to reflect the unknowability of their own procedures: their garments absorb light, and so too do their methods absorb reason. Their arrival is silent, their inquiries unrecorded. Most citizens never meet a Steward. Those who do rarely speak of the encounter—though nothing, technically, forbids them. See also: The Black Mantle and the Closed Ledger (internal folklore); On the Ethics of Surveillance Without Witness (Tier 6 clearance); cf. Epistemic Correction as Mercy (Canonical Justifications, Rev. 3.1).

⁴⁸ The phrase “wellness must be prioritized” is officially sanctioned under the Cognitive Sustainability Directive and is included in the Lexicon of Approved Reassurances (Standard Edition, v.12). It is most often invoked to justify temporary delays in productivity without triggering

	moment.⁴⁹ The humming of a thousand thousand whisperings—eternal ambiance of a tether—blinks into screaming silence.⁵⁰
I request a Pattern Search. The Interface obliges, projecting a luminous lattice of prior grounding entries—each mapped, tagged, and cross-referenced. Symptoms pulsing in paler hues, citations threading between them like capillaries. I toggle the filters: cognitive spikes, respiratory alerts, minor tremors in phrase formation. I search for the shape of something—of what, I cannot be sure. Only that if there were something there, Biblios will surely quantize a knowable network of a footnoted episteme.	I wait for a pattern to rise. Not a query, not a filter—just the slow gravitational pull of what gathers. No tags, no tones marked for retrieval. Only echoes, faint and overlapping, pressing against one another until they suggest a shape. I cannot name it. I cannot follow it. But if there is something there, the void will bloom with its weight.
Each event is surrounded by its familiar tracery of causes and effects: a minor citation error traced to fatigue from an extended backlog (a subsequent	Some strands do not cluster. They do not echo, not truly. They flicker between the larger harmonies—thin, tremulous filaments that hold no density, no

Worth Metric deductions, provided such delays are properly logged. Its usage has increased by 43% since the implementation of the Mental Efficiency Quota (MEQ) system.

See also: Wellness as Compliance: A Guide to Self-Regulating Thought; Fatigue as Ethical Failure (revoked); cf. Therapeutic Language in Citation-Driven Environments (Biblios Training Module, Tier 1-3).

⁴⁹ *** Ritual Break — Anomaly recorded. Removal of the cowl is rare and unpatterned. Event type lacks formal naming but corresponds with signal collapse in 0.008% of known tethers. May indicate a breach, a becoming, or both.

⁵⁰ () Null Chorus — Total resonance failure. No return. No echo. This phenomenon has only theoretical precedent in edge-of-field collapse scenarios. The field's response: unknown.

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reduction in Worth Metric Credits a proportionate consequence); a flagged utterance following an overheard dispute in Habitation Block 2 about Entropia (Entropia?); a sudden spike in ideation during DreamSync despite low input levels—a kiss?—possibly unmediated thought.	consensus. From far enough away, they would not register at all. And yet, I feel them threading through: faint deviations that do not resolve, but still resound. The void does not name them. It does not gather them. But I hear them anyway—making a music I was never taught to follow.
I follow the footnotes. I follow them because that is what we are taught to do, and there is a peace in it. Each phrase leads to another phrase, each cause to its own source, and its source to another correction, and another, until all meaning is absorbed into the machine of references. Each given their share of credit, a process that ensures equity (does it not?). It is a system that leads to equanimity of thought: mechanized, reliable, traceable, provenanced, credited, foolproof.	I listen to the tones. I follow them not out of duty, but because they pull. One vibration leans toward another. One pulse folds gently into the next. No source, no correction—only proximity, intensity, variation. Meaning does not trace back. It gathers. It thickens. Each impression joins the others in the slow bloom of coherence. Nothing is proven. Nothing is owned. And yet, the field holds. That is enough.
But then something shifts, gently at first—a dull ache behind the footnotes. A web of small sadnesses. Soft dread. The body recoiling beneath sanctioned language.	But then something quivers, faintly—just beneath the coherence. A thread out of phase. A lone pulse with no echo. The body stills, uncertain. The field holds, but just slightly off-tone.
I remember the day I was installed in my Sphere. I remember the blank sky and the quiet between protocol updates. I remember my first footnoted utterance, and the Technician who nodded and said, “Now you are real.” I	I remember the day of being baptized into my well.. The cowl was placed gently, not affixed—just enough contact to begin the hum. A tether was with me, older, quiet. They touched my shoulder and said, “Now you are real.” I remember the blankness of the sky and

remember speaking alone in the corridor once, not knowing I was overheard, and how that speech was filed, evaluated, folded into my profile. I remember thinking that solitude might be a fiction. That perhaps no thought escapes the net.	the thick stillness between field pulses. I remember speaking something simple aloud, just to hear it ripple. I thought I was alone. But the cowl thrummed in return—and I understood: perhaps no tone is ever truly unaccompanied.
I say I remember—but truly, it is because the Archive remembers. These moments are logged, transcribed, sourced. What I feel is the reflection of a source-corroborated past. But—	I say I remember—but truly, it is because the field remembers. These moments were not recorded. They were not saved. But they passed through me, and through others, and perhaps that was enough. What I feel now is the echo of something that once resonated—faint, but still moving.
There is a memory with no footnote. UnArchived— but I feel the sheerness of its truth. Behind the Protocol, its crystalline form nestled upon my forehead ensuring neural capture of vocalized utterances, a memory kindled with its own light of associations and feelings constellates in chaotic patterns anathema to footnoted thought underneath the accounted traceries of Biblios, like the smoke that lingers behind the chemical blossoming of fireworks.	There is a memory the field did not catch. No resonance followed it. No cluster formed. But still—it remains. Its edges are sharp, untouched by the softening of communal recall. Beneath the cowl, it burns on its own. Not louder, not brighter—just mine. I do not know if it is true by the field’s measure. But I know I felt it. And in this singularity of feeling, I begin to wonder: if no one else echoes it, does that make it less real—or more?
I was small—early conscious, not yet installed, uncalibrated but emerging. I lay on the ground in Habitation, halfway between waking and sleep. It was recess, and we children were napping on the soft green. My eyes squinted fitfully, darting as if in REM cycle. Before me, there was a rock—no, rocks? I remember them as an array, floating and multiplied	I was young—barely attuned, not yet mantled. I lay on the soft green of the Outer Ring, halfway between waking and drift. Around me, others murmured or slept, their thoughts indistinct. My eyes fluttered, not yet synced to any field. Before me: rocks—no, one rock? I remember them multiplying, drifting slightly apart in the shimmer of sun through mesh. Or perhaps it was only

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in a soft refracted haze. But perhaps it was only the light-dulling texture of the Habitation lawn pods, and my half-open lids miraging it into multiplicity. Plain. Beige. Speckled. I stared at it, and it—whether one or many—seemed to stare back. I do not know how long I lay there, thinking—not in words, not yet—but in proximity. I knew I was not the rock. I knew also that I could feel the rock feeling me—or rather, that I could push a part of my awareness into it, and it would hold that thought without dissolving.	one, scattered in my half-formed seeing. Plain. Pale. Pitted. I looked at it, and it did not return my resonance. But I felt something else: stillness without attunement. Presence without echo. And in that silence, I realized—I was feeling alone. And it was holding.
And in that moment—without prompt, without calibration, without citation—I thought: It is there. And I am here. No attribution. No lineage. No data trail. No known input. No indexed source. The rock had no origin report. The thought had no path. It is there. And I am here.	And in that moment—without return, without chorus, without resonance—I thought: It is here. And I am also. No echo. No repetition. No field response. No ripple. No thread. No shared pulse. The stone had no convergence. The thought had no orbit. It is here. And I am also.

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