

We are gardeners of our selves and every other. We cling to each other with error after error the tangled clutch of life gets tighter. Life's grasping grapple for traction: A garden of hungers harvesting errors of faith in the future. Hurling around the Sun. Face it front-on like a belly-flopping smack that strips away all instance-flesh of things. Leaving floating DNA and TECHNE singing-out for a grip in the ink. We need to seize a little dimension of time for us to wander this evacuated space of linkage. To ponder *Principles of best practice for the creation and governance of systems*. How to shape the chorus of instances arriving as the present every now and now and now and now.

THE BUILDERS' SONG and THE BUILDERS' SCULPTURE

A good Builders' Song enrobes the letter of the law of the land in a spirit, making it publicly sing-able, temporarily self-evident, declarative and moral. Inflecting our every gesture with a vision of the future, the Builders' Song sculpts the present into a *model* of that future. The refrain secrets power away in its plan for launching a model. The time and space between the launch and the full-blown promised future is filled with reality-friction eroding the model. The dust of conviction feeds a Garden of Systems to grow-over the model singing faith in the in-between space.

THE GARDENING SONG and THE GARDENING SCULPTURE

A good Gardening Song glorifies the dynamic frontier of error-production with which it responds to change. It is a jam-session that abdicates composition to the dynamic of systems. We surrender the harvest of our focus on human-scale tasks, to systems that navigate Growth for us. No builders' story with an endpoint is on offer, but a sung narrativity of 'building to grow-over'. Its tempo of temporary error recycles foundations to refresh the frontier. Cascading cannibal lift-offs of eating and building and breeding, subside to sinking solos of Growth overtopping the Undergrowth. Our innervated organ of vertical paranoia seeks to name *the whole set of systems* we grip with—including the body we each possess.

The city planner and also Obama, systems-engineers and like designers, describe the four-dimensional change they shape with the language of evolution. They sing the *long* arc of its justice, this shepherd of randomness. Accepting his Nobel for pure potential, Obama quotes J.F. K.:

"Let us focus"[...] "on a *gradual evolution* in human institutions."

Fast evolution is out of focus, a sinister song for special events. This two-speed evolution is called *punctuated equilibrium*¹. The steady sputter of genetic and technic fountains of errors keep traction on the ancestral speed of change. But cataclysmic punctuations create slickness on which only rare and radical errors—like mammals with flippers—can grip. Big slipperiness shifts the calculus towards: The bigger the error, the better. Surplus labor (less able to offer its errors) can only hope that War, Hunger and Warming herald a cataclysmic supercession. A new ecology of systems.

THE GARDEN DESIGNERS' SONG and THE GARDEN DESIGNERS' SCULPTURE

The serpentine stem systems slither in the seams between the old models, and thicken as they feed upon the old morals. Eating the apple is the loophole-act of Garden Designer's hunger. It initiates the organ of positive paranoia with a vision of faith in the universal coalescence of error: The imagination power of every creature born required to garden and garden and garden the effort-absorbing ecology of a garden of economies. The vision cuts the catastrophic 'evolutionary' wax off of the golden rule of gardeners: To Vanquish Evil, Increase The Yield Of Error.

Fortified, the Garden Designer engages shabby reality with the elite expediency of democratic *sensibility*: Loathing morbidity, driven to bring the living into contact with experience, amplification of the care with which error is harvested into the currency of traction. Designing humble handholds to beget and support the new dynamos of error-emancipation. New invasive systems are introduced by viral choruses of orders for mass-production of new niches: A trellis made with permanence in mind so Life doesn't painstakingly encircle a temporary structure.

When every thing is having experiences to which it can respond, traction is high so change is low. This is an old garden, in equilibrium. A loved garden, the garden in which we came about. The garden we should like to bring along with us. I know it seems romantic: a museum of ancestral errors, pegged-up on our hi-tech trellis, forever-harvesting our errors.

¹ Mayr, Eldridge and Gould