

**The Mormon Whatever  
Sunstone 2015 Sermon**

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In the Beginning, we might as well re-translate the old stories into consumables delivering best practice solutions, In the Beginning The Chief Exalted Managing Executive of Executive Management said in an inter-department memo, Let there be the word *Light*, and let me trademark it. Let me brand all that is, and was already before the Beginning, with this word that I own. Now it is Good for something.

On the second day the Chief Executive, from his time-share in Voidland, where he was attending a conference titled, “buying and selling souls: the investment basics,” did text unto his Vice President of Growing Growth, and he commandeth, “Let no thing that is not sealed by my brand circulate in my market,” and the Vice President reporteth, “No thing that is not of our brand is now circulating in our market.”

And it came to pass they did meeteth for brunch, and boasteth, and did lispeth in this manner, “We Brethren, the Impostles, Be-ers, and Drivelators, are now masters of Growing Markets, and owneth all that iseth of the True Light.” And to some they gave more, and to others less of this trademark, promising that should they do as commanded, they would receive more sealant, in payment. And they called that sealant good for something. And they who doeth all that is commanded, they promised to give unto them a quarterly evaluation in the range of “exceedeth expectations.”

And so on, until their market was grown, did they demand of others to do something good for something, and yet out of nothing. But because that growing is of a proprietary nature, being patented, copyrighted, mystify-patent-righted-copy-gurgle-blah-blah-nada-fied, and also service-marked, and that moreover the Gods have all signed Non-Competes, and the Prophets did signeth Non-Disclosures and thus their mouths are stopped up, even as the ass with a donkey up it, the secret of the marketization of the Light, and to the buying and selling of souls, remaineth, as Proverbs says, for kings only, and surely not queens, to revealeth. But all might profit thereby.

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Yet Kolobians understand that the Light was before the trademark, and that false gods ever claim to owneth and to give the thing, when they give only the word for the thing; and give not the thing itself, for they do not hold, never possess, nor own it in any manner. Priesthood they would call a power, when it is in truth only a word for a collection of priests. For they have no power other than the collection and the words muttered by these collectives to their collective deception, fools imagining a vain thing.

How many here are of that false vain, mining that vein of the confoundedhood?

How many here, be priests who commune with the Firstborn—with the people brought upon the face of the earth before God brought man to earth—How many priests here turn rivers from their courses, and say unto the mountain, move, and it moveth from its place?

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How do we move things? That seems like a question we can reduce the recondite matter of the Mormon Mind down into. How do we move things with our words?

One of many overlooked details of Greek mythology concerns the absence of simple machines being put into use by the Gods. In our own day, can you imagine Superman or Comicbook Thor relying on a lever to lift a car from its side, errrrr! Almost got it! and thus to save the day? The Gods don't use levers. An airborne, be-cap-ed being lifting the yellow bus across some collapsing bridge to Babylon? Not by working against gravity, he doesn't. Whatever leverage these beings bring about, it comes from them: from their being, from being what they are; from are-ing what they be, and so on. It is beyond our words to point at, apparently. And what sort of world does that look like, a world without leverage? How do we move things without levers? Both things lacking levers, and things moved, yet without any lever? These are questions answered by what the word *Zion* means, I suppose.

Now, let me loosen my intellectual waistcoat, and be somewhat less formalified.

When I first proposed, now half a decade back, that there was no LDS Church, I was confronted with mockery and scorn, and confusion. The confusion may still exist, but even the blogosphere high priests of Mormonism and givers of its incoherent laws, who initially scoffed and pointed their lips at the claim, and shook their heads, have since unfleeced their eyes to the existence of the corporation sole.

How else could God have organized his kingdom, in order and wisdom, they now half-heartedly half-inquire, but as a corporation sole? What wisdom, what vision have our prophets and seers, to build a kingdom around profits and speculation! How else to leverage scripture into a global church? How else, move things around by using words?

What faithless, fleeting vaulting to another self fleecing; what law flouting; what vaunted flaunting; what do you mean, Daymon, why can't you just say what you mean? OK. Horse shit. Got it?

We have it in spades, I suppose, so let's get out our spades and shovel a bit.

How else could we Mormons build the kingdom of God, if not with corporations designed to shake Invisible Hands, and to stroke ourselves thereby; how else but to give to it secret signs and cheap tokens, and to gain fleeting reward thereby? In the Beginning, some would have the ancient stories begin, God started a corporation, and said, let there be markets for light, and there was markets, and they made existence profitable, but light became scarce. And in the beginning, you would have it said, was the Word, and that word was "For Sale," and God was For Sale.

How else to move things, without the leverage of markets and law, the leverage of leverage, or the power of the power of the priesthood power? What I'm certain of, is that "Mormon" is a word. A word someone uses to say something about a person, or an attribute of a person. It is scalable, so that one might speak of Mormon culture, a Mormon, The Mormon Mind, a Mormon mind, a Mormon thought, Mormon thought; some Mormon-ism; a Mormon whatever. Thus, we have a basic outline of the Sunstone range of presentations year after year, the ground on which we might endlessly complain, praise, queer, quarrel and bitch at an invisible, non-existing church / people / culture / whatever.

What do we Hear? Glad tidings? Hear me shoveling? I hear People using a word in various ways, and wondering if their usage will become widespread enough that they might become briefly Leviathan, if only in some very small pond. What does it mean, when used as a noun of various classes, as a modifier, and even as a verb, say, for instance, "I got totally Mormoned last night!" That word—like the phrase, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—is trademarked, by the way.

What *Mormon* says or points to or picks out is entirely a matter of convention, meaning, were I to discourse on the Mormon whathaveyou, I would also be attempting, covertly, to define—and create thereby—what a Mormon whathaveyou was or is. This is why there is nothing Mormon that is not in reality a creation of someone's voice, and that is why the study of Mormon culture or mind or whatever, is little more than a study of certain people speaking.

Those who forget this fact may be beguiled into believing they study Mormon X, when in reality they study people talking about Mormon X, or speaking Mormon X into existence; and they themselves must be included in that group of talkers. That is to say, we create whatever we mean by *Mormon* whenever we use that word. Some people's words, however, have more oomph, to use a technical term, than do the words of others, being more durable and ready to circulate in the mouths of other speakers.

Being "powerful" in this priesthood of the voice, means your covert definitions are carried about by others, very often those who claim to provide contrary definitions, or who would be gadflies and bothersome critics. To create an imaginary kingdom, one must also create critics, you see, and spies and zealots; they who presuppose the reality of the thing they doubt or otherwise attempt to liberalize, purify, make more orthodox, or less so; or altered from its imaginary, invisible, intangible nature. So it is that Sunstone—like FAIR and others—is parasitic on the Leviathan that is the Corporation of the President of the Church; many ticks of varying fatness, sucking on the belly of the beast. Without the latter Corporation speaking Mormon X into being, there would be little for presenters to doubt, disbelieve, be unfaithful to, stick with, defend and attack, historicize, feminize, capitulate and stand up to, or otherwise briefly seem relevant when speaking about.

I often doubt the purposes of symposia like Sunstone, but what cannot be doubted is that "Mormon" as a word carving out something, and is used frequently in these spaces. This fact is why there cannot be a Mormon Studies that is not also using that word in some fashion either aligned with or contrary to someone's Mormon; most often, a large, highly capitalized corporation that owns satellites. Let me say that again: it, whatever it is, owns satellites. Not only dishes, but the things in space. A

church? For seeing stones we have screens, and for angels we have Satellites to send back our vain imaginings. Yet what father giveth pieces of torn bread, when his children ask for white stones?

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Rather than comment as a spectator on whatever someone calls “Mormonism,” pointing out their foolishness or wisdom, the errors of their reasoning, or praising the liberality of their conception, from this point forward I’d like to enter into the game of its creation.

How else can we move things? For do we not all desire change? We can start by reading more and advocating less.

We are asked to be righteous. How so? Acting in kindness, acting justly, and extending mercy wherever we might.

Can a corporation be righteous? Is it surprising that Mormons speak of “knowing the Church is True,” but seldom of “knowing the church is good, righteous, just and merciful”? Only beings embodied are just, merciful, and righteous; and corporations, despite the roots of that word, have no bodies. They are closer to Lucifer, being ripped from his body to wander as the unclean spirit, resident briefly in your imaginations. That is where churches and corporations primarily reside, not coincidentally: in your imaginations. They too can, and often, should be exorcised therefrom.

Let me baptize you briefly with something that may clean from your minds the excrement weekly issuing from the Wholly Without Spirit.

In the context of a discussion with his son Corianton, Alma explains his understanding of various terms, given in translation in the Book of Mormon. Corianton often ignored his father and brothers, boasting in his own strength and wisdom, which pride culminated in his seeking after the harlot Isabel, thereby forsaking the ministry. Although wicked, nonetheless it was possible for him to obtain forgiveness. In the context of his harlot seeking, and the possibility of its forgiveness, Corianton is taught by Alma about restoration, mercy and justice. What he says, I think, is not currently taught in any branch of Mormonism of which I am aware. This neglect is perhaps a consequence of using for-profit American corporations as one’s model of a modern church, through which is refracted an official reading of that book. In any case, one can still find many things secretly taught in that book, although we need not call these things *Mormonism*.

Corianton was called to prepare a people, and their children for the coming of Christ among them, for “is not a soul at this time as precious unto God as a soul will be at the time of his coming”? Angels were sent to declare salvation through Christ, tidings true then as they are today. Christ is here called God, as he is throughout the book, you’ll notice. Don’t bother asking me if the Book of Mormon is Trinitarian, or Unitarian, or Pre-lapsarian, Arian, or Whatev-erian: it is its own voice, not a mimic. So it must be read, and not merely catalogued into pseudo-intellectual folders for the short-sighted and mentally shallow, by they who taketh themselves seriously, while treating lightly their reading of books written by other minds.

Here’s what I hear it saying, in part:

The man-ification of Christ is part of what Alma calls the plan of redemption. By *redemption*, I mean, a re-deeming, in the sense that one might “deem” something, or by understanding it anew, judge and decree for it some new path; in short, a re-declaration of our doom, something like “fate” in a more Latin tradition. This is what the word *redemption* means in this text. It is not the paying for a thing, as one might speak today, in our post-Protestant market-corrupted speech, of “redeeming” a coupon to get a discounted price. Jesus is no coupon for your discounted soul.

A new deeming leads Alma to another R-word, *Resurrection*. All shall rise from the dead, having gathered to that God which gave them life—either to Ahman or to the Devil, born to that god by their own works, and sealed by their wickedness or righteousness as sons or daughters or as something un-gendered. Those born in death as children of Ahman await in paradise. For what? The resurrection of their spirit bodies of light, at last transmuted into matter approximating the recalled flesh. And although a paradise upheld by peace where there are no guns among them, or so I’m told, they nonetheless wait with the taste of bitterness, tasting the “pain of death,” that is, a longing for bodies of firmer, yet more changeable substance.

The children of the Devil are cast into outer darkness, however; where is no missionary to instruct and save them; nor a vicarious baptism for which they sit and wait. There is no such baptism for these dead. Although there is a baptism for a particular group of the Dead, who have waited since the days of Noah for the return of their brothers that departed with Enoch and his lands. But their baptism is not our work. Those children of the Devil are cast out forever, and have no redeeming of their story.

Your souls, I presume, will gather in paradise of some sort; for few among us are magnificently wicked enough to seduce the Devil, so that he might bother with our adoption; though no doubt that does not stop many from giving it their very worst effort. Those found in the Devil’s kingdom are dead to righteousness, and can never be redeemed, being consigned by their own works to drink the dregs of a bitter cup. In our mythology, we might say their light has been perverted or bent in the consuming of itself, as a blackhole in space; frozen forever into the void, being being unbeing by their unbelief, and at last little more than nothing. Their fate as unclean beings is set, and that setting of fate is itself damnation; for spirits otherwise, in their true nature of the Light, come of and are capable of endless, but nonetheless bounded, creation.

As with Mormons today, in the days of Alma they had a partially correct, and importantly incorrect understanding of resurrection: deeming it a raising of the spirit only to happiness. Given their lack of understanding that God himself would take on flesh, die, and then transmute his body of light into something approximating what we call flesh (lacking blood, obviously, to carry oxygen throughout, needing no leverage gained from muscle and bone), given their ignorance, it makes perfect sense they would understand a tradition of resurrection within the framework of their beliefs about the afterlife, and spirits pining in paradise. (Score another point for the Book of Mormon, as a remarkably consistent document, by the way.)

Alma insists *resurrection* means a uniting of the soul with its body. Obviously our current fleshy, and over time, increasingly inelastic and fleshier bodies, are not those bodies. If it is to be eternal, that body must never have been created, but always is. How can this be? If one’s body is to be

resurrected, it would seem to have been created. Yet after resurrection we are eternally in that form, as though never created. I'd say the body of light that is your spirit will be imagined into a body like unto this one of flesh, the one of greater light being drawn from the lesser. Thus the children of God shine forth in his kingdom. And never again will we suffer a separation of our souls from ourselves, as we did in the beginning, when some among us called themselves gods, being enamored by being other than they were; and so ventured into the void, and thereafter dowsed our bodies of light with their now lessened light. A mythic unlighting, or snuffing, let's say, we all re-enact in this brief mortal unity and subsequent separation at death.

Spirits cannot be made, nor destroyed, but they can be of increasingly weak and borrowed light, until nothing but unlight pervades one's being, a new darkness uncreated. Our bodies are drawn where we seek in our heart for treasures, and they are re-shaped in that seeking; dignified and warped and misshapen by the paths we take it on. Those without bodies, say, corporations sole, are not subject to the rule of light, and to its straight courses. That is why we can use them, abuse them, become masters over them, and yet, eventually, be deceived by our own creations.

In the resurrection we—the embodied—are restored to our perfect frame, unmarred and yet not created anew; taking us to the meaning of the word *Restoration*. Corporations and churches are not restored, for they have nothing to lose, and nothing to be restored to. That which is because someone says it is, has no frame independent of the saying so.

On the meaning of the word "Restoration," Alma comments that "some have wrested the scriptures, and have gone far astray." It is *just*, he suggests, just that "things should be restored to their proper frame," so with the word itself; and that alone is what one ought to mean by "justice." To be just, then, would require a knowledge of the proper frames, and that knowledge can only come from their creators. And restoration demands a freeing of the creation from its creators.

If your hearts are good in this life, and your desires; and your works also good, you shall be restored to that which is good. But if evil are your works, and your heart too desires evil, and you do not repent of this evil, then what is restored is not evil (as if a thing), but works and a realm "shall be restored unto them for evil." Thus the "natural frame," as Alma is translated as saying, the natural frame for mortality is properly immortality; and of corruption, incorruption. Although decreed out of mercy, death is unnatural; and it came of our corruption of bodies of light.

The word Natural has been given undue condemnation, in Christian tradition, and I'd like to clarify what Alma "really" means.

"All men that are in a state of nature, or I would say, in a carnal state, are in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity," Alma explains. Now, "gall" can mean a few different things, in ordinary English. A painful swelling or lump, caused by poison or by some parasite's depositing of eggs; and bile of the liver or other bitter secretion of the organs, as well. The term is said to derive from Old English *galla*, supposed born from Proto-Indo-European *\*ghel*, a hypothetical verb, "to glitter and shine," supposedly derived from glittering material, like gold that gives off a glare, glows, and by its gleam makes one glad. Giving us Old English *gloer*, their term for Amber, *\*ghel* also is said to be the root for *yelp*, a sharp cry, and for *geld*, the castration of a horse.

In the language of Adam, we are given definitions from Joseph Smith easily mocked by know-it-alls who often haven't heard the fairy tales that place the angels as the original inhabitants of England. In this language, Anglo-man was said to be the name for angels, those glittering beings that make us glad; we being called the sons ahman, an honorific title full of hope, and being yet reserved for fallen mankind who in the first days were brought here to become in time, the powers of the earth. When the Book of Mormon speaks of white and delightsome, its translator means, "shining, glittering in gladness," not *Caucasian*. The Old English version of Genesis speaks of elf-sheen, and I suppose that is what our Book of Mormon implies: shining, glittering, lucid being. There is no racism here, but a promise of becoming like Ahman, and to reside gladly in Ahman, the name of Him giving us the name of a realm where his children gather and find rest.

All this etymology is given to say, don't be so sure you know what something means, for even the very wise often cannot tell if one lexeme speaks of glitter, bile, or yelling, perhaps as a result of castration. So it is with *nature*.

From the galls of oaks one might distill ink, and thus write a new story; or cast a spell, and when a story casts a spell that is good, we call that, the Gospel. The nature of words is to grow into a tangle, especially if untended; or attended to briefly by zealous but foolish gardeners. Where was I heading, before this confounding maze of words?

Back to nature.

*Nature*: Being without God in the world, going contrary to the "nature of God," puts one in a "state contrary to the nature of happiness," telling us that *nature* is not itself synonymous with a carnal state, but that something's "nature" is what one might call its "true state." To this state you are restored. It is your nature to be glad; for gods fell that you might be, and we are, that we might have joy. When you are in a glad state, you feel your true nature; that is, *you*. Your youth. When you are glad, you feel your soul as it is, the is-ness of the soul, and your feeling is not separated from the thing felt; no longer astray, if only briefly, a happy soul is not contrary to the nature of God. This Corporation cannot reveal your soul, for it has none itself. It cannot make you happy. Only God can reveal your soul, and when you are happy, your soul is in a state of nature, its proper frame. When you are unhappy, the soul must be out of joint. That disjointing is our common lot here in this world, and we are to learn pity, and mercy, thereby; as well as to justly perceive the true nature of souls, and to pursue their proper framing. If church has a purpose, it is to teach us pity, and patience, and in time, I suppose, to bring us to repentance. Of what? Of building a mockery, a dead thing in the image of the living church of the Lamb.

It is the Penitent indeed whom Alma calls "the redeemed of the Lord," we mortals few who have been "taken out, that are delivered from that endless night of darkness, and thus they stand and fall; for behold, they are their own judges, whether to do good or evil." How can we be taken out and delivered from that darkness? The way is prepared, Alma assures Corianton. In our age, that preparation has been almost fully realized.

It culminates in the restoration, a term too often capitalized, and thus seeming to refer us to some ongoing process and event. But Alma does not speak of The Restoration, but only of the Restoration

of This and of That. “The meaning of the word restoration,” he explains, “is to bring back again, evil for evil...good for that which is good,” and so on for the righteous, just, and merciful as well. The word *restoration*, he concludes, “more fully condemns the sinner, and justifies him not at all.”

Is Corianton merely to act good, in order to get goods as his just reward? Is it just to punish a sinner, consigning him to a state of misery? All these laws and punishments exist, Alma says, to bring about the plan of mercy. That plan requires atonement: at one-ing of God and Man. When I say atonement, I do not mean what a corporation means, what those without bodies speak of, for what do they know of becoming one with another? Only possession, and of possessions redeemed.

What do I mean?

Mercy claims the penitent, and mercy comes because of this one-ing of God and Mankind. The at-one-ing began when Man was given a path undetermined by fate—call it agency—something like unto God’s own course. It continued when God became Man, and we will be further at-oned, we and our gods, in the resurrection. In the resurrection of the Dead we are restored to our nature, being in the presence of God to hear his judging of all our works. Not “judging” in the sense of sentencing by decree, but the sort of judgment given by an art teacher, perhaps, of the quality of a student’s body of work. And thus comes the redemption of man, the retelling by a new deeming of our story, and its happy ending, if an end it be. And Mankind will go forth creating, restored to their proper frame. Our future is not to become Gods, to rise to their order. There shall be no gods among the children of Light, for all gods will be reborn as Men and Women, glad and glittering, free of destiny, thus alive; and no mere satellites to objects of greater mass and density.

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How else to move things, without leverage?

Consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin. Judge not, lest ye be judged. If you would be children of your Father in Heaven, who sends rain on the just and the unjust, and blesses those who curse Him, you would likewise do as your Father. Let me tell you about Him. He is a man, and sits in Yonder Heavens. Not a God pretending to be a Man, but a Man. Indeed, Joseph called him Ahman. On his right hand you may find the Lord Jesus, who raises up the Father that we might worship Him, and call him Father. Should you be awake in that Apocalypse, when the Arm of the Father is revealed, you will find his right arm ends before you come to his wrist. He has no right hand for you to shake, to give signs to, to see if he has been endowed by the Combinations of Brigham Young, or to discern is Second Anointed into a Secret Combination very much in operation, and like those described in the Book of Mormon. Lacking a right hand, he will not smite you, nor upbraid you, nor raise a gavel in judgment. He cannot text, nor is interested in your gadgets at hand. He is weak, in his own fashion; although entirely worthy of your absolute trust, being the man into whose hand you may place all your hopes. Your judgment he turns over to the Lord Jesus, his own son in the flesh, and also, yes, a man like his father, but his own man, in the end. In his body he wears, as we all do, his own history, and if you know that history, perhaps you can say you know him.



You are not compelled, neither are you condemned for not knowing the truth. You are only asked to believe in a story that casts a good spell, that glittering tale of Jesus and the gladness of angels, and to let that belief lighten your soul. The only sacrifice—the only thing to set aside—is your heart; set aside in your heart a little space for God, and he will fill it with light.

That, in four torturous pages more or less, is a retelling of mythology diminished by the modifier “Mormon.” By commenting, I hoped to participate in your world; rather than merely spectate on what some people call Mormonism. I’ve told a story, cast a spell that bewitches if none other, at least myself. So I say, it is gospel.

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There are only two churches, and the church of the Lamb has not yet descended with Enoch from heaven.

Mammon suffers when it is, if only remotely, restricted by God. And God isn’t pleased, if we attempt to serve Mammon as well. You must love one or the other; but you cannot neglect either. And the sooner one decides who to serve happily, and to love, the better; for that person will learn the sooner that one will betray you often, and in the end; will not support you in the day of your downsizing, nor give you power to raise your self or your loved ones from your body’s death, that disincorporation that awaits all save the Corporation Sole. You must have great faith to believe in Mammon, I’d say to the priests of Mormon Incorporated; far beyond the heft of a mustard seed which God asks of his children. Have you not many millennia of Mammon’s work to judge by, and your own lives as evidence? It may be our lot to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow, but we can only have joy in our labor, and not only for a season, when it leans exclusively toward the immortality and eternal life of man.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin. In the Book of Mormon, Jesus asks this of his audience—to consider—but only after the multitude has been warned against serving two masters. This consideration Jesus asks of his twelve chosen disciples, only. They alone had been baptized aright, and given the Holy Ghost; and yet none might add one cubit to their stature by taking thought.

Consider the lilies. They are arrayed more gloriously than Solomon, because that is their nature. You are not told to sit around waiting for God to feed you, nor to spend your days in idleness, lazing in various fields of lilies. We are not told to toil not, nor to pretend to be lilies. That is not what Jesus asks. *Consider* the lilies. Jesus seems to be telling a few chosen at Bountiful that just as God has clothed a field of grass in glittering lilies, so he might adorn your cloth and toil, and deem it glorious.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and the things ye stand in need of shall be added to your toil, to your spinning; even if only spinning your wheels in seeking for God. In the creation of a church, and then its transubstantiation into a corporation sole, we have cheated ourselves of witnessing the evidence of that command’s truthfulness. Awaken, now.

See that in 1830 the Book of Mormon was kidnapped and made to say absurd things, and yet it remains for us to read, and to see in it another way to the Kingdom of God. His house has been ruined, and yet will be restored, someday. That is a good saying; a gospel.

The way is narrow, even for those warned away from strange roads; and few find it, for many are led astray by wolves dressed as sheep, in fine-twined Utah woolen mills suits, by false prophets revealing God only in Mammon's profits, that f-ing incarnation; they have their uses, do those profits; but pointing to God is not one of them. If you would be Mammon's children cast into darkness, follow as you can that thing bereft of a body—a corporation—a will o' wisp worshipped by old men robbed of reason, if not yet bereft of their jowls, nor their wagging fingers, and their naked compromises. A market driven profit does not love his enemies, neither blesses those who curse it, and cannot pray for those that persecute. Do not follow after it.

After giving his advice, Jesus concludes with instruction to the faithful who would be the children of his father: love your enemies, bless them that curse you, that ye may be the children of your father who is in heaven, for he makes the sun to rise on the evil and good, and sends the rain, sometimes in season and due measure. Sometimes it floods, but in either event, we will always have our rainbows and sunsets, and sunrises, too, and the green things of the earth adorned by these lights made flesh. That is the nature of nature, I deem, to turn ever back to that which gave it shape; bent back, if briefly lost, bent back by the unmarketable, by so unbarrellable a commodity as the light. In the heart of the living is the light. In the heart of corporations sole, you will find neither soul, nor corpus, nor light.