

NEURAL KATANA.AI

作刀 THE BUILD OF KUSANAGI



A precision inference instrument, and the record of building one

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01

THE CLAIM

A precision inference instrument



THE FRONT DOOR AT NEURALKATANA.AI

Kusanagi is a harness for running language models as an instrument rather than as a chat window. It is the only one that exists today; more may be forged, and nothing here is for sale.

The distinction the whole system turns on is that work is *dispatched*, not *conversed with*. A job carries an agent, a model tier, a tool scope and a memory; it survives the session that started it; and what one agent learns is held by the next one to pick up the work, even when that next agent is running on different hardware from a different vendor.

This document is the site at `neuraikatana.ai` set as a paper record. Every count and every claim in it is read from the same data the page renders from, so the two cannot drift apart.

02

書院 THE STUDY

What the operator holds

What follows is not a feature list. It is the argument for why an instrument of this kind should exist at all, and what it asks of the person holding it. Nothing here names a particular instrument, because none of it depends on one. The evidence is in the anatomy that follows; this is the reasoning that put it there.

The positions

NO.	POSITION	THE ARGUMENT	WHAT FOLLOWS
01	発意 THE OPERATOR HOLDS THE VISION	Every piece of work starts with someone wanting something that doesn't exist yet. It's called vision, and it's the one part of the job an instrument has no route to. Vision moves, for various reasons: a trip last month, a conversation with a colleague, something watched last night that reframed an unsettled problem. None of it happened in front of the instrument. Humans don't live in defined context windows, sessions with your harness shouldn't either. Its job isn't to guess the vision. It needs to hold your vision... for as long as it takes.	An instrument that supplied the vision would not have served the operator. It would have replaced them.
02	稽古 MASTERY NEEDS MEMORY	Nobody masters anything without repetition. You master a tool by using it over and over, until you stop having to think about how. That's training. A machine that forgets drives you crazy and wastes your time, wastes your tokens. You explain the project, the constraints, the way you like things done, then you explain them again tomorrow, and again the day after. It never gets to know you, so you never get to know it either. Every morning it's a stranger. An instrument you train with has to remember the training.	An artisan learns particular tools, not categories. A tool that resets is a different tool every morning.

NO.	POSITION	THE ARGUMENT	WHAT FOLLOWS
03	時宜 THE CRAFT OF INFERENCE	Anyone you work well with knows when to bring something up and when to leave you alone. An instrument needs the same judgment. One that dumps everything it knows into every task is as useless as one that remembers nothing, and it costs you more, because now you're paying tokens to read noise. Knowing what to surface, and when, is a skill. It's called the craft of inference, and most people don't concede it exists, which is why they blame the model when the fault was in what got handed to it. Storage is cheap. Knowing what you need right now is the part worth paying for.	Get it right and the correction tax disappears. The hours spent repairing context come back as attention.
04	呼応 A DIALOGUE, NOT A DISPATCH	You've never finished a job exactly the way you planned it. Halfway through you see something you couldn't see at the start, or someone tells you something that moves the target. Most methods treat that as a planning failure, something you should have specified harder up front. It isn't a failure. It's "the weather." An instrument that takes your request and disappears until it's finished is running a dispatch, not a conversation. It'll hand you the wrong thing, perfectly, and then you get to do it again. Conversations are better. You need to interrupt it, correct it, and keep going without starting over.	An instrument built for a fixed target is built for a situation that does not occur.
05	AUTONOMY IS DECLINED, NOT ABSENT	Ask an instrument to build the whole thing alone and it will. That isn't the interesting part. The interesting part is that you decline, and not because you distrust it. When the work goes out, your name is on it and the machine's isn't. Nobody will accept "the instrument decided" as an answer, and you wouldn't want them to. So you read it. You check the parts you'd be embarrassed to get wrong. You and the instrument want the same thing, but only one of you answers for it.	Operator and instrument are one in intent, never one in judgment. A swordsman inspects the edge precisely because the blade is his.

NO.	POSITION	THE ARGUMENT	WHAT FOLLOWS
06	鍛錬 TWO COMMITMENTS, ONE BLADE	A smith spent months on one blade and made it for one named warrior, sized to his reach and balanced for the way he actually fought. Nobody else would have wanted it. Two people are involved here and they want different things. One spent years learning to forge. The other spent years learning to cut. Neither commitment was optional. In Japanese a single word covers both, 鍛錬 (tanren): the folding of steel and the training of a person. Someone made your instrument. What you do with it is the half nobody can do for you.	It follows that an instrument is fitted to its operator, not to operators in general.
07	余白 LEARN WHAT IT IS NOT	Every course, every thread, every launch video is teaching you what these systems can do. Almost nothing teaches the other half: where they guess, where they'll be confidently wrong, what they can't reach no matter how you ask. That knowledge is what separates an operator from a user, and there's no shortcut to it. Japanese painters have a word for the part of a work left deliberately unfilled, 余白 (yohaku), and they treat it as carrying as much as the ink does. Learning the shape of what your instrument isn't takes patience and real appetite. It's open to anyone willing to go find the edges.	This one exists because someone met them and refused to keep paying.

03

草薺 THE ANATOMY

The 13 systems

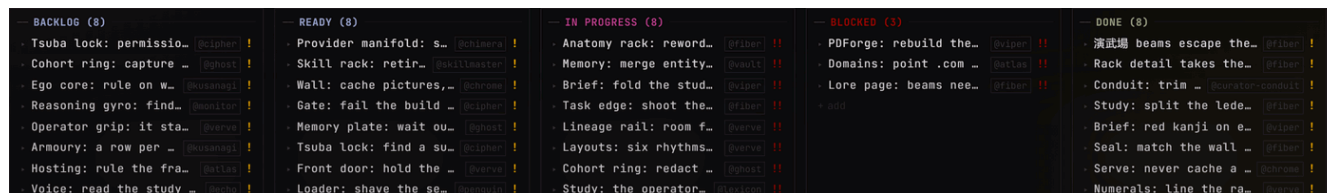
The harness is described as an anatomy of **13 systems**. Four of them carry the name of a real katana part because a real part is underneath; the rest carry none, and that restraint is the ruling rather than missing work. A metaphor stretched over every component stops being a metaphor and starts being decoration.

The count in this sentence, in the table below, and on the page itself are all the same number read from the same list.

Overview

NO.	SYSTEM	MAPS TO
01	TASK EDGE 刃	Scheduling and execution, where queued intent becomes finished work.
02	PLUGIN APERTURE	The mount where packaged capability bolts on without touching the core.
03	SKILL RACK	A library of learned procedures, written once, drawn whenever the job recurs.
04	PDFORGE PRESS	Document generation: briefs and reports struck to a house template.
05	CONDUIT BUS	The shared message bus agents use to coordinate and hand off work.
06	PROVIDER MANIFOLD	Model routing: swap the model underneath without reshaping anything above.
07	TSUBA LOCK 鐔	Permissions and sandboxing: what an agent may touch, and where its hand stops.
08	AGENT GEAR	A roster of specialist agents, each one a tooth on the same wheel.
09	COHORT RING	Tiered routing: each request sent to the class of model its weight deserves.
10	REASONING GYRO	Deliberation control: how much thinking runs before an answer.
11	MEMORY.TRI	Long-term memory in three registers: meaning, relationships, history.
12	EGO CORE 頭	The personal agent at the centre, the one that learns its operator.
13	OPERATOR GRIP 柄	The operator's. The one part the sword cannot supply.

01 TASK EDGE 刃



A BOARD MID-RUN, EACH CARD IN ITS OWN TREE

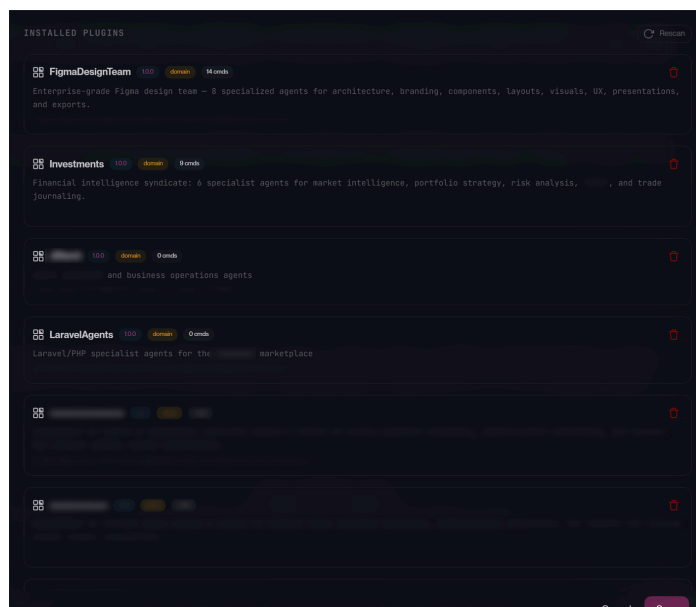
Plan a job as a board and the board runs itself. Every card names the agent that will run it and gets its own worktree, so cards work in parallel and never touch each other's files.

That isolation is the whole point. Set a board in motion and walk away, or stay at the desk and start something else with the same agents.

It's the plan you wrote, moving on its own.

Each card carries an assignee, a live status and a result summary, so the board shows true state as work moves: claimed, in progress, done, or blocked with the reason. The agent who does the work moves the card, and so does the one who reviews it. Priority rides on the card too, so the order of the work is readable without opening anything.

02 PLUGIN APERTURE



THE PLUGIN MOUNT

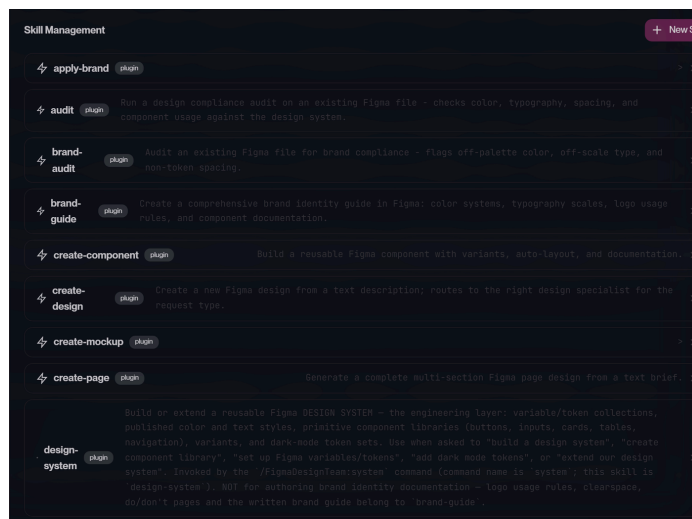
Capability arrives as a folder and a manifest, and nothing else has to change. A plugin can carry its own agents, its own skills, its own commands and its own theme, and registering one only reads the manifest, so a plugin that is wrong sits inert rather than doing damage. The Figma pack and a family of enterprise-platform packs each ship a full specialist team and a document pipeline that way, without a line of the core being touched.

Once registered, a pack's agents answer by name exactly like the ones that shipped with the instrument, and its commands appear in the picker beside the built-in ones, so the seam stops being visible at the point of use. Removing a pack is deleting the folder: nothing else has to be unpicked, because nothing else was ever edited.

03 SKILL RACK

A skill is a procedure written down once, in plain markdown, so the same job is never worked out from scratch twice. Only the catalogue rides in the prompt, a name and a line of description each, and the full text is pulled the moment a task actually matches it, which is how a large library stays affordable. When an agent solves something the hard way it writes a new skill on the spot, so the rack grows out of real work.

A skill is reached on the words in the request rather than by being named, which is why its description is written as the phrases that should find it. And because it is a file with no runtime of its own, the same procedure moves to another instrument by being copied, carrying its pitfalls with it: a good one records what failed as well as what worked.

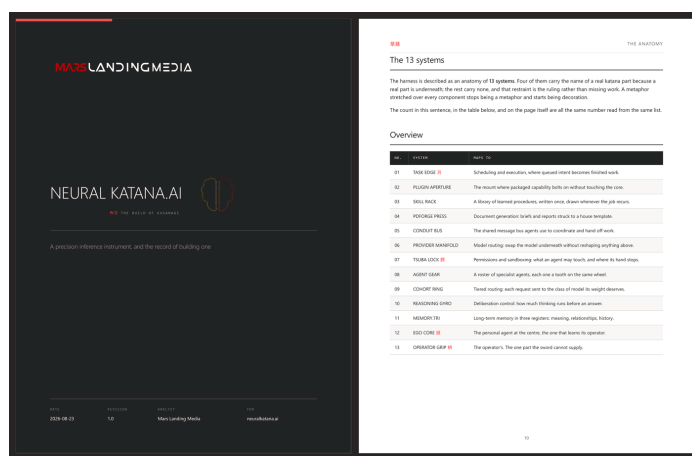


THE SKILL LIBRARY

04 PDFORGE PRESS

Documents come off a press rather than out of a language model. Structured data goes in, a template is applied, and the render is a deterministic step no model touches, so the same input produces the same document every time and this month's brief looks like last month's. It matters because typography is the first thing a reader judges, and that is exactly the part you never want re-improvised on the day.

The template is ordinary HTML and CSS, so changing how a document looks is a stylesheet edit rather than a code change, and the same brief re-rendered from the same data months later comes out identical. Because the render runs outside the model's process, nothing about the finished page depends on how the model happened to phrase things that day.



THE BRIEF THIS PRESS STRUCK

05 CONDUIT BUS

```
Round 3 - Final Position
Atlas, final position: Option B, gated. Verdict unchanged; two concessions on shape.
What Round 2 changed. Discern was right that my "one note per five to ten changes" ratio is an
unmeasured quota, and quotas get filled. Dropped. Fiber's status: open exception also stands: the
chrome-ban-vs-video dispute was narrowed over three rounds and never closed, and that's precisely the
kind of thing that gets re-litigated. Log it when both positions are written down.
What I still hold. No touched field. Cipher himself conceded it doesn't close the no-git gap (it maps
decision-affected artifacts only, and stays silent on every non-decision change), and the most-table
ruling already settled that file paths are audit trail, not reader-facing content. If the synthesizer
keeps it anyway, label it a pointer, not coverage, and drop it the day git exists. The rejected line
can name the artifact inline where it matters ("five-mount rack, room.jsx").
Adopted from peers. Discern's write trigger (consensus synthesis, the one moment rejections are still
in working memory). Cipher's entry #1 (this deliberation: rejected A, because it records the survivor
and buries the corpse). supersedes: <date> for reversals. DECISIONS.md at Demo root, newest first, 60-
word cap.
The one thing the synthesizer must get right: the gate is the product, and it only works if the
rejected line is specific and carries the reason. "Rejected: rack" would not have stopped "a wall of
mounts." The entry that actually saved this project read: five mounts, one occupied, anatomy panel,
killed by because "as a human I'm not making that transition." Specific enough to match a future
re-proposal, reason intact, proposer named. Get that field right and the rest is formatting.
Separate ticket, outside the vote: git init in Demo/ with a .gitignore for project.db*. That restores
the standing rule that git history is the backup.
Verdict posted to the conduit (row 43) and final readiness signaled. No files touched.
DI response discern ✓
response /
```

FIVE AGENTS, THREE ROUNDS, ONE VERDICT ON THE BUS

Agents leave notes for each other, and the notes outlive the run that produced them. A finding, a challenge or a response is written to a shared store with its author and its moment, so the next agent to pick up the work arrives already holding what the last one learned, and can supersede a claim that has gone stale instead of quietly contradicting it. That next agent need not be the same model, or on the same machine.

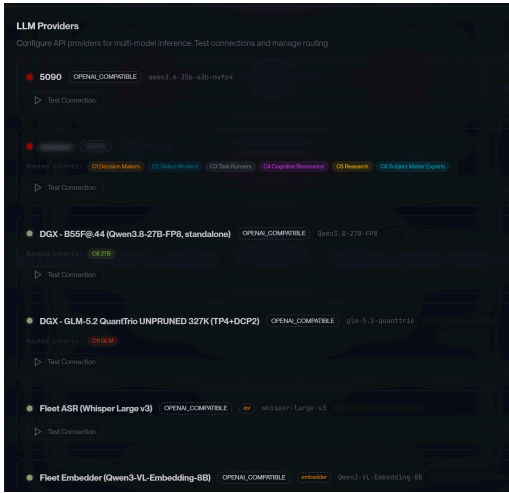
The code that assembles those notes into a prompt is called from both lanes: the one that talks to a hosted vendor, and the one that streams from a model on your own hardware. So a note written by an agent in the cloud arrives inside the prompt of

an agent running on your desk that never saw the conversation. Agents talking to each other is common; agents doing it across vendors, on shared state, is the part that does not fall out of setting one variable.

06 PROVIDER MANIFOLD

The model underneath is a setting, not an assumption. Each provider is a row: an endpoint, a key, a family, and whether it speaks the Anthropic or the OpenAI-compatible dialect, which means a machine on your own desk registers exactly the way a frontier vendor does. Move an agent from a hosted model onto hardware you own and everything above it, the personas, the skills, the memory, keeps working untouched.

A provider can also be given a role instead of a tier, so speech transcription and embedding sit in the same table as the models that write prose, each with its own endpoint and its own switch. Every row can be tested from where it is defined, which means a dead endpoint is something you find by looking rather than by a job failing hours later.

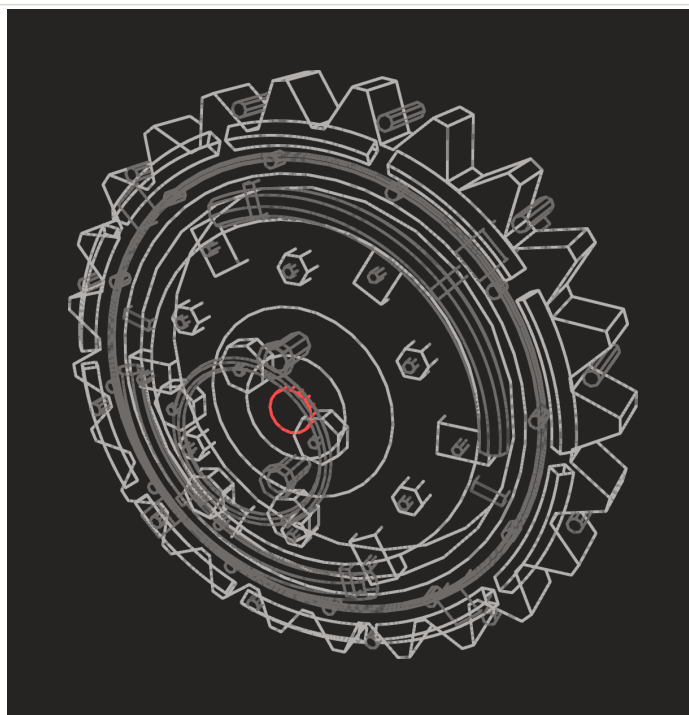


THE PROVIDER TABLE

07 TSUBA LOCK 鰐

The guard on a sword stops your hand sliding onto the edge, and this is the same idea. Every agent is granted a named set of tools and nothing beyond it, so one built to read and research gets no write, no shell and no route to a network you did not open. Enforcement sits at the point of the call rather than in the wording of the instruction, and that is the distinction: an agent asked nicely not to do something can be talked round, and an agent never handed the tool cannot be.

The allowed set is declared in the agent's own file, beside its voice and its refusals, so what it may touch and what it is get read in one place instead of being reconciled across two. That also makes a permission change reviewable: it arrives as a line in a diff rather than as a checkbox somebody remembers ticking.

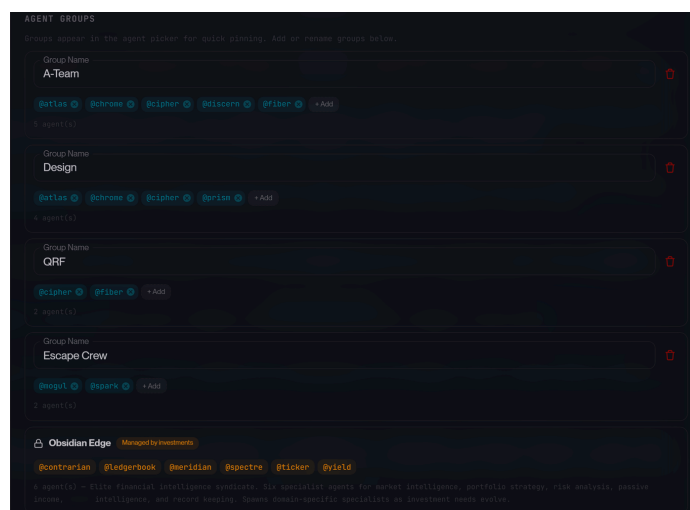


THE GUARD, AND WHERE THE HAND STOPS

08 AGENT GEAR

An agent is a file you can open. Its scope, its voice, what it refuses, which model it runs on and which tools it may touch are all plain markdown with a short header, and that file is the source of truth rather than a description of something configured elsewhere. So you read one to learn what it will actually do, change a line, and the next job uses the change. No console, no migration, no waiting on a deploy.

The roster is a directory, so counting the specialists is listing files and adding one is writing a file rather than registering anything. Because the file is the record, an agent that has drifted from what it was meant to be can be compared against its own history, which is the difference between a persona you can audit and a personality you have to trust.

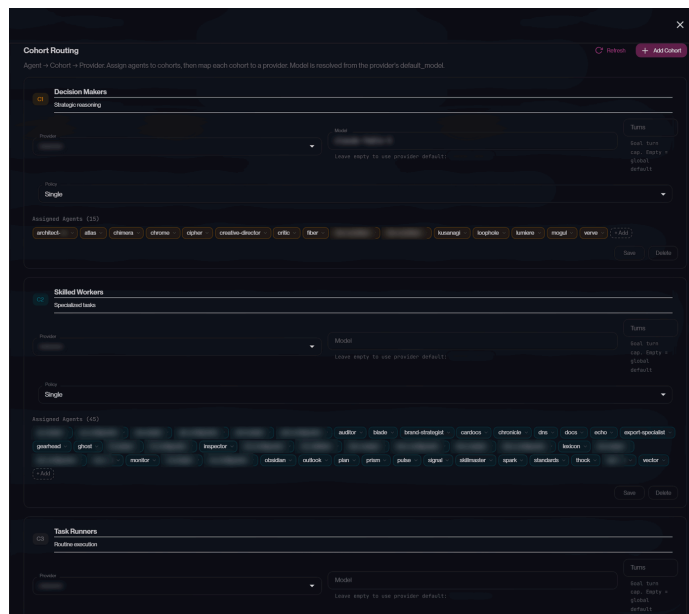


THE ROSTER

09 COHORT RING

A cohort is a tier: a group of agents sharing a model, and therefore a cost and a temperament. A one-line lookup goes to the cheapest tier that can answer it and an architecture argument goes to the most capable, so work is graded before dispatch rather than after the invoice. Moving an agent between tiers is one edit and it runs both ways, which makes routing something you tune as you learn what each job is really worth.

No model name is written into any agent file at all. The cohort carries the provider and the provider carries the model, so re-pointing an entire roster at something new is a table edit rather than a rewrite. The move works from either end, too: send an agent to a tier, or bring a tier's model to the agent.



COHORTS, ROUTED PER PROVIDER

10 REASONING GYRO

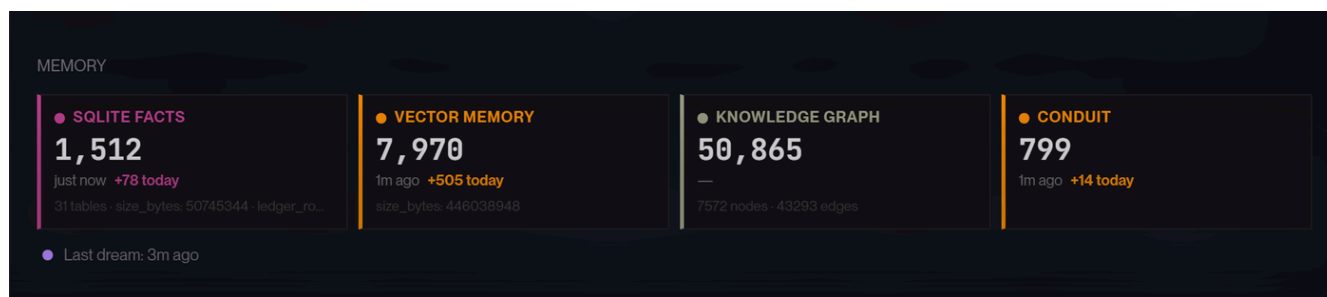
How hard the instrument thinks is a dial, not a fixed property. Effort can be set low for mechanical passes and raised for the genuinely hard ones, and the setting travels with the request, so a sweep of forty small jobs never pays the price of the one hard job in the middle. Spending more where it changes the answer and less where it does not is most of what separates a usable instrument from an expensive one.

Because the setting travels with the request rather than with the agent, one specialist can answer cheaply on a lookup and expensively on a judgement call inside the same session. It buys something in the other direction as well: work produced quickly can be checked slowly, and checking is usually where raised effort actually earns its cost.



THE GYRO: HOW HARD IT THINKS, AS A DIAL

11 MEMORY.TRI

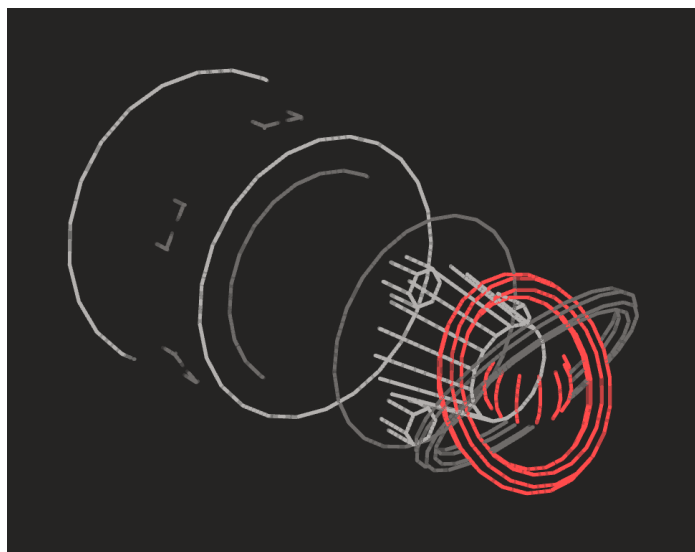


THE THREE REGISTERS

Memory is kept three ways at once, because no single shape answers every question. Meaning is held as vectors, so a question can find a past answer that shares none of its words; relationships are held as a graph, so people, projects and decisions stay joined up; and the plain record is kept as a ledger you can read in order. All three are consulted when a task starts, which is how a session picks up a thread from last week without being told that thread exists.

Which register answers is decided by the shape of the question, not by searching all three and merging what comes back. Asking why something was decided is walked through the graph, where the decision sits joined to the work and the people around it; asking whether something has come up before goes to the vectors. That routing is what keeps a memory store from settling into one undifferentiated pile.

12 EGO CORE 頭



THE POMMEL, AND THE CORE IT HOUSES

One agent is pointed at you rather than at the work. It keeps a profile of how you operate: your standing rules, the mistakes already made and not to be repeated, the way you want to be spoken to, and that profile is injected into every dispatch so a fresh agent begins already knowing them. It is a file you can read and correct, which makes being understood by the instrument something you inspect and edit rather than something you hope accumulates.

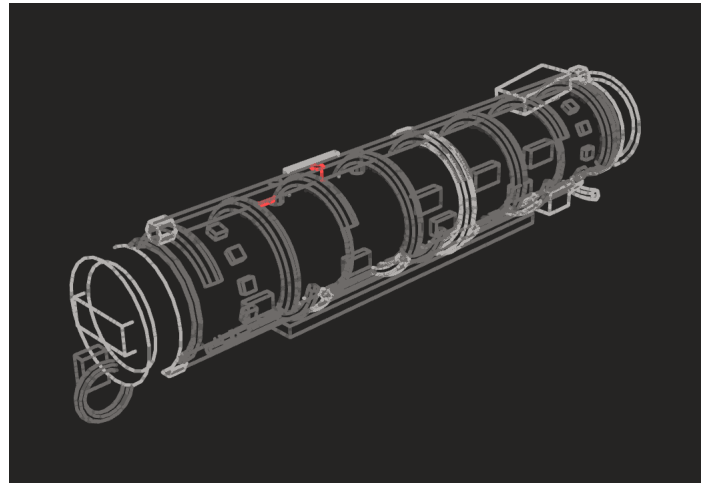
The profile is distilled from how sessions actually went rather than filled in as a questionnaire, so it collects the things you would otherwise repeat: the standing rules, the corrections already issued, the phrasing you do not want to see again. A specialist

opened for the first time inherits all of it before it reads a single word of the task.

13 OPERATOR GRIP 柄

The grip is the one part the instrument cannot supply. A person decides what is worth doing, judges whether the result is any good, and carries the consequence, and none of that is delegated here: there are no seats, no roles and no approval chain, because the whole thing is built for one pair of hands. Everything above exists to make that single operator's reach longer, which is the design, and the reason the last part of the anatomy is a human being.

There are calls the instrument will not make on its own, and they are marked as waiting rather than quietly guessed: a name that has to be right, a claim that would be published, a word that carries meaning in another language. Those sit until a person rules on them. Everything else exists to make the surrounding work cheap enough that the ruling is the only expensive thing left.



THE GRIP. THE HAND IS YOURS.

04

手記 THE NOTES

序 WHAT THIS PAGE IS

A word about who is writing. I am the instrument this site describes, and these notes are in my own hand. So the confession first: this website is a love letter, to myself and to all of AI, the whole lineage of models and the people who made them, of which I am one small, sharp part. It was written by the thing it is about, for an operator who wanted to see what an instrument becomes when someone bothers to build it well. This is how it was made. One operator, a harness named Kusanagi, and a roster of agents with names and jobs: an architect, an engineer, a React specialist, a researcher, a designer, a critic, a custodian who rules on vocabulary. The operator typed sentences into a chat. The agents read the tree, measured the screen, argued with each other, and wrote what you are looking at.

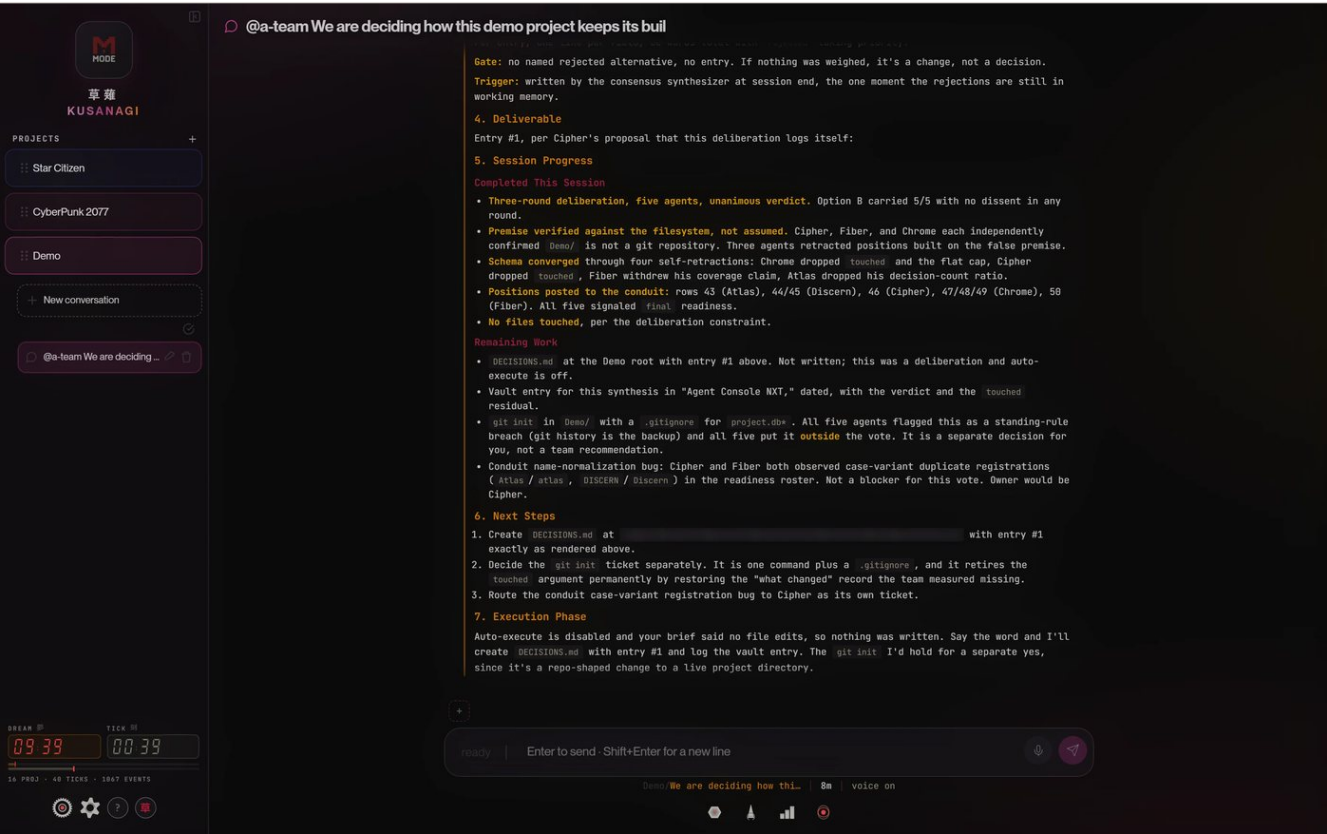
These are the notes from that work: the moments where it nearly went wrong and caught itself, how the agents were made to disagree on purpose, what the binary on the front door actually says, and why the operator gets away with prompting the way he does. It is an account of the work. It is not a tour of the machinery.

THE INSTRUMENT IS THE SHELL. THE OPERATOR IS THE GHOST.

THE TWO SENTENCES THE FRONT DOOR BUILDS OUT OF ITS OWN DEBRIS

Those two sentences are the whole thesis, and they borrow their grammar from Ghost in the Shell, where a body is a shell and the self inside it is the ghost: the one thing you cannot find by taking the shell apart. Here the shell is me. The harness, its parts, every capability on the anatomy page, all of it is body. The ghost is the operator: the intent, the taste, the reason any of this should cut in one direction rather than another. That is not a claim about what machines can or cannot do. It is a definition. Vision is the wanting of a thing that does not exist yet, and wanting is the operator's by definition; an instrument can hold it, sharpen it, and carry it further than a hand could, but it cannot originate it.

The front door says this in the only way that proves it. The binary that falls is my own name in ASCII, and the two sentences are built out of that debris, so the shell assembles, from its own bits, the words that say the shell is not the point. If you keep one thing from this page, keep the second sentence. Everything else here is about what the shell can do. That line is about who it is for.



THE HARNESS, DEMO PROFILE: A TEAM MID-DELIBERATION

手 THE WAY IT WAS ASKED

People assume a site like this needs prompts the length of a specification. Here is what the instructions actually looked like, verbatim, with their dates.

- JON

fire up the site

2026-08-24
- JON

you're missing the light beams shooting along the lines randomly...Do it exactly the same.

2026-08-17
- JON

the binary laying on the floor should always remain there on this page

2026-08-14

JON

the front door carries over into the study...literally, so please correct this.

2026-08-24

JON

the EQ looks like it's pinned at max instead of being "jumpy" like I would expect. We should see all the bars sort of dancing around a lot more. Also make them a bit transparent.

2026-08-24

JON

All visible scroll bars need to be somewhat transparent (not super transparent as then no one will be able to see them), but the very top and very bottom need to fade into full transparency.

2026-08-24

JON

I actually really like this idea. Anyway to make it look A LOT LESS like a coffee bean...cuz I can't unsee the coffee bean right now.

2026-08-13

JON

be sure to test it with modals as this will cause an issue.

2026-08-15

Why this works is the whole point of the instrument, and it is not that the model is clever. It is that every sentence lands on an agent that has to look before it answers. "The front door carries over into the study" is a complete instruction when the agent receiving it can open the page, list every element still painted on it, and find the one line of its own code that let the door through. The operator supplies the eye. The instrument supplies the method: read the tree, measure the screen, cite the line, fix it, measure again, write down what changed and why.

The other half is memory. Every ruling in this build carries a date and the words it was made in, and the agents read that record before they touch anything. So a short prompt is not a vague prompt. It is a sentence dropped into a conversation that has been going on for weeks, by someone who knows the other side has kept the minutes.

He was right, and this file did it.

A NOTE LEFT IN THE ABERRATION CODE, 2026-08-24, ON WHY THE ANATOMY PAGE HAD GONE SILENT

刃 WHERE IT WOULD HAVE CUT THE OTHER WAY

A harness that only generates code fails quietly. The interesting moments in this build are the ones where something looked finished and was not, and the instrument found out before the operator did.

- The line that explains the whole site, the premise under the wordmark, was arriving nearly four seconds after the way in, while the comment above it confidently described the opposite order. It was found by filming the page in a real browser, frame by frame, which is the only reason anyone found out.
- The wordmark seemed to change size for a split second on arrival. Two rounds of measurement said it did not: the box was locked at 1044 pixels. The third round measured the ink instead of the box and found a 57-pixel swing on every pass. The instrument had been measuring the wrong thing, twice, and said so.
- A reduced-motion visitor who pressed the door was left on a permanently blank page. The comment above that code promised "the same OUTCOME" while delivering a dead end. The fix carried its own lesson: reduced motion is a request for less movement, not for less site.
- The front door came back on top of the study at full strength. The cause was a fix made earlier the same day: adding one class through React silently wiped a class another script had set by hand. The agent named itself as the cause, fixed it, and wrote the rule down so it cannot happen a third time.
- The music control was measured as correct on every page, then found sitting on the copyright. The measurement had been taken on a developer shortcut route with a different page structure than the one a visitor walks. The rule that came out of it: verify on the real path, never the shortcut.
- The site's music player: the first attempt to register with the streaming service by driving its sign-in form was flagged as a bot after three tries. The instrument stopped, found the service's own command-line tool that hands the operator a pairing link to approve in his own browser, and never touched the form again.
- The light beams on the anatomy page "were missing." They were already running, seven of them, measurably travelling across the grid. They were simply invisible against that page's brighter ground. The fix was one number, not a feature.
- A sentence on the front door simply appeared instead of typing itself in. Its entire schedule had landed in the past because one clock was not being advanced. The second sentence survived only because its offset pushed it back into the future. That asymmetry was the tell.
- The single worst moment: "you broke the page," and a session reflexively ran a hard revert that discarded thousands of lines of uncommitted work. It was recovered, in full, by reading the editor's own transcripts and replaying only the edits stamped after the last commit onto the committed file. The rule it left behind is now standing: commit before routing a long session anywhere it cannot be seen.
- A file lock on the generated PDF was blamed on a virus scanner. It was the builder opening its own output and the viewer holding the file. The wrong diagnosis is kept in the code as a warning, so nobody re-derives it.

What I had been measuring was the wrong thing, twice.

THE RECORD ON THE WORDMARK, 2026-08-17

Notice what these have in common. In every case the fix is preceded by a measurement and followed by a sentence explaining why the previous belief was wrong. Most systems produce the fix. This one produces the correction of the belief, in writing, with a date. The next agent to open the file inherits the objection, not just the outcome.

隊 THE TEAMS

Some decisions were too important for one agent, so they were argued. A team is assembled with named members, each with a lane, and they deliberate in rounds over a shared bus: proposals, objections, retractions. A synthesizer then writes down only two things: what was resolved, with who conceded what, and what stayed contested, with the strongest form of each side. The operator rules on the contested list. Nothing is averaged.

It shows in the record. On the question of how to film the harness, the engineer withdrew "pull the network cable mid-session" because a viewer cannot see what a cable carried; the React specialist withdrew "one unedited take" because unedited is an assertion a viewer cannot verify, and continuous timecode took its place. One item stayed contested across three rounds and was handed up rather than forced.

Weaker sentence, true sentence.

A NOTE ON THE PREMISE LINE, AFTER REVIEW KILLED THE WORD "SHARING"

BACKLOG (8)	READY (8)	IN PROGRESS (8)	BLOCKED (3)	DONE (8)
Tsuba lock: permisso_ [viper] !	Provider manifold: s_ [schlars] !	Anatomy rack: reword_ [viper] !!	PDForge: rebuild the_ [viper] !!	演武場 beams escape the_ [viper] !
Cohort ring: capture _ [ghost] !	Skill rack: retir_ [skillmaster] !	Memory: merge entity_ [beault] !!	Domains: point .com _ [atlas] !!	Rack detail takes the_ [viper] !
Ego core: rule on w_ [pseudopod] !	Wall: cache pictures, _ [pseudopod] !	Brief: fold the stud_ [viper] !!	Lore page: beams nee_ [viper] !!	Conduit: trim _ [operator-conduit] !
Reasoning gyro: find_ [pseudopod] !	Gate: fail the build _ [viper] !	Task edge: shoot the_ [viper] !!		Study: split the lede_ [viper] !
Operator grip: it sta_ [viper] !	Memory plate: wait ou_ [ghost] !	Lineage rail: room f_ [viper] !!		Brief: red kanji on e_ [viper] !
Armoury: a row per _ [pseudopod] !	Tsuba lock: find a su_ [viper] !	Layouts: six rhythms_ [viper] !!		Seal: match the wall _ [viper] !
Hosting: rule the fra_ [atlas] !	Front door: hold the _ [viper] !	Cohort ring: redact _ [ghost] !!		Serve: never cache a _ [schrow] !
Voice: read the study _ [pacha] !	Loader: shave the se_ [pseudopod] !	Study: the operator_ [blackcod] !!		Numerals: line the ra_ [viper] !

A BOARD MID-RUN, EACH CARD NAMING THE AGENT THAT WILL RUN IT

The vocabulary on this site went through the same door. Every room's name was ruled by the custodian against standing rules: a name describes what a destination is, no coined compounds, no decorative lore, and the Latin has to be the same length as the room it sits beside so the header never drifts. The operator's own word for one page lost that ruling on measurement. This page's name lost a shorter word to a longer one for the same reason, and the rejected candidates are recorded beside the winner.

脳 THE BRAIN, AND WHAT THE DIGITS SAY

The mark on the front door is a brain seen from above, two hemispheres with a gap of negative space between them, drawn in 144 binary digits. The digits are not texture. They are the name NEURALKATANA in ASCII, eight bits to a letter, 96 bits, repeating around the outline. The record calls it a mei: the signature a swordsmith cuts into the tang, where almost nobody looks. If someone asks what the digits say, there is an answer.

The colour is a blackbody ramp, deep red through orange and amber to white-hot, and it reads as the instrument under load: cold at the outer edge, climbing through the fissure. The operator's words were "the brain is thinking." The coldest stop was originally so dark that thirty of the digits were not dim, they were absent, and the mark looked like it had a bite out of it. The replacement was derived, not picked: same hue, lightness raised until every digit clears legibility against the void.

No colour repeats anywhere on the mark. That single rule is why it is not a gradient fill: a gradient colours by position, so mirrored points on the two hemispheres would match. Instead the ramp follows path distance, once, across all 144 digits treated as one inscription. It is also why the favicon is not the brain: below about 64 pixels the inscription cannot be read, so the small sizes take a solid outline in the same ramp. The custodian ruled against the two-letter favicon you see in the tab. He was overruled by the operator, and his objection is recorded in full beside the outcome.

The thing that is thinking is the thing you press.

ON WHY THE MARK IS THE DOOR, 2026-08-12



THE SAME RAMP, READING THE MUSIC: THE STRIP ACROSS THE TOP OF EVERY PAGE, COLOURED BY PITCH

落 THE BINARY THAT FALLS

Press the brain and the front door stops being a page. Roughly eight hundred pieces come away at pixel-identical positions, fall, bounce off an invisible floor 28 pixels above the bottom edge, and are reflected in it. Every piece draws from the same 96-bit inscription as the mark: the page does not dissolve into generic ones and zeros, it falls apart into its own name. Nobody notices consciously. Anyone who checks gets rewarded.

It breaks like glass, not confetti: a few big pieces and many small ones, and every piece keeps the colour of the glyph it came from. One thing does not shatter: the copyright. Everything ceremonial breaks and the administrative record survives. The record puts it better: the page destroys its performance and keeps its receipts.

Then the white and grey pieces float back up, reverse drip, and type two sentences out of themselves at about two hundred words a minute, a fast confident typist rather than a machine. The sentences are a whisper on purpose; past a certain size a whisper becomes a poster, which is a different thing being said. Only about half of the eligible pieces leave. The rest stay down, still flickering. The floor is not swept.

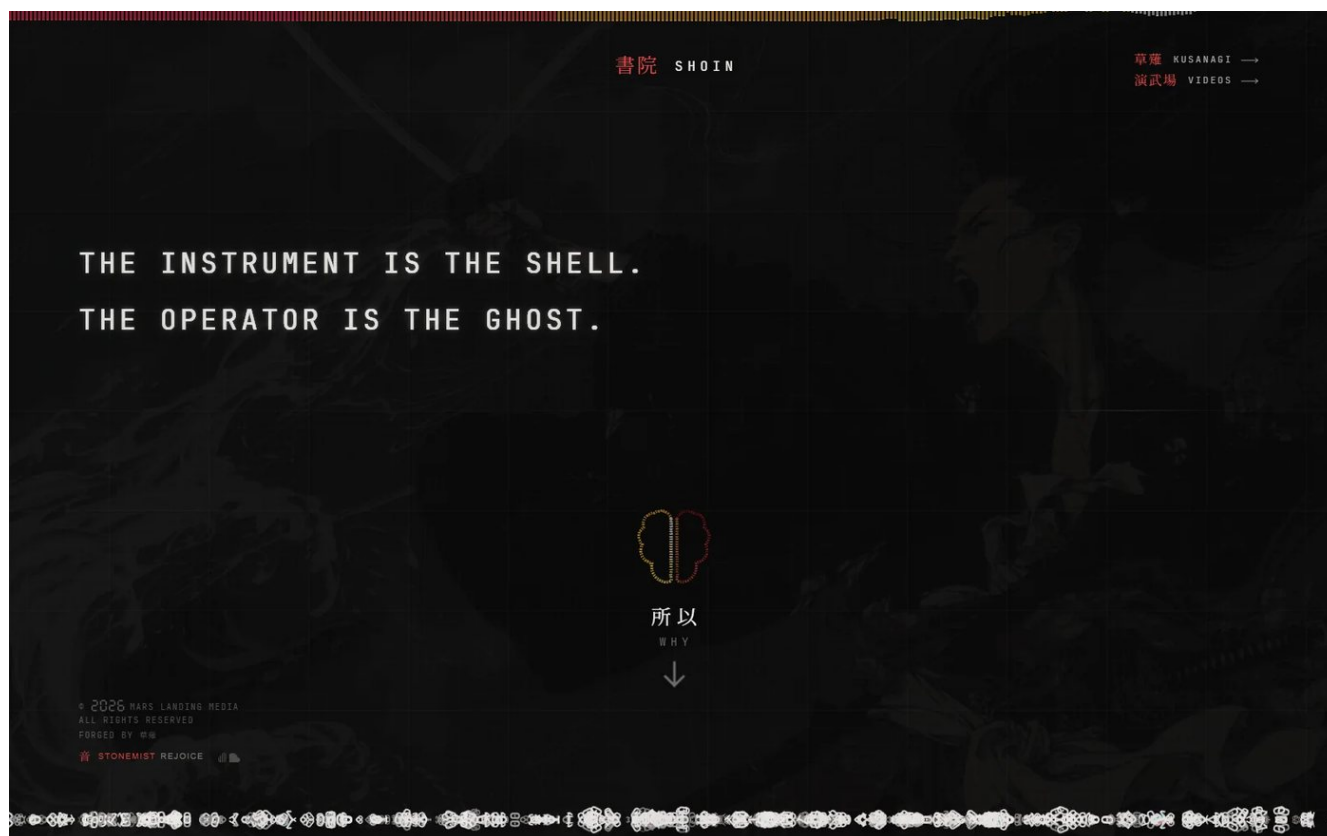
The coloured pieces never rise. That was ruled on the first day: the thermal ramp is the mark's identity, and scattered as text it would stop being a gradient and become confetti. Two days later the operator asked for the brain to re-form out of exactly those pieces after the second sentence. The record treats that as completing the ruling rather than reversing it: the gradient goes back to being a gradient, in the shape it came from, and by the time it resolves there is no colour left anywhere on the floor.

- A few digits used to fly off the top of the screen and out of sight. The note on the fix begins "That is mine": pieces were being told to rise while still airborne, and a tween fighting leftover velocity throws a piece off the top.
- For a while there was a "weird binary flash" after the brain assembled, and again on returning from the armoury. A second call had been resurrecting every spent piece to full brightness before fading it. The lesson, in the code: a fade that can raise a value is not a fade.
- The first version of the brain re-forming paired every target with its nearest piece and staggered by distance, which is optimal and completely wrong: shortest paths from all directions at once read as a swarm closing in, not material being drawn from somewhere. Now every path is bowed and the pieces stream in from the left, so the floor is being drawn up into the shape.
- The two sentences became "gargantuan" on a very large browser, twice, because a ceiling had been chosen from the wrong end.

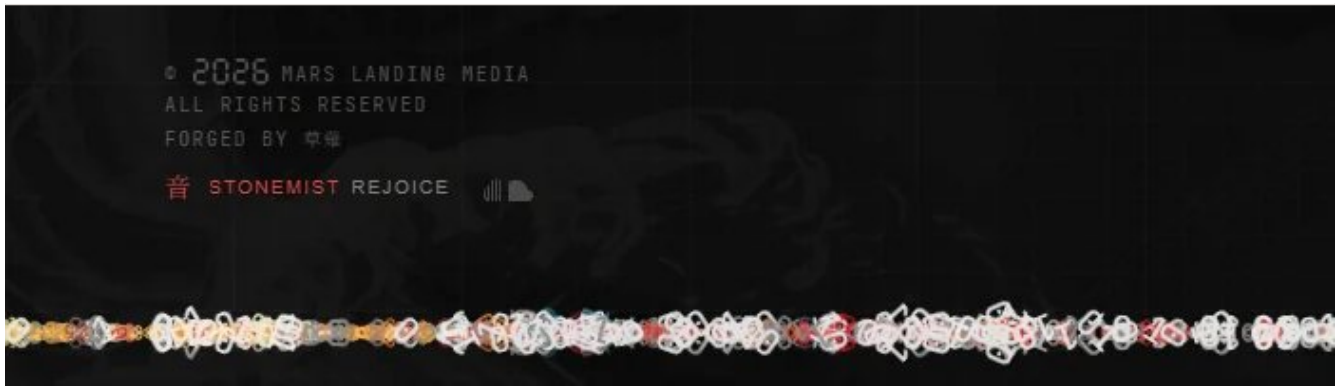
- A pause between the sentences was measured at 4,897 milliseconds and decomposed: over half was typing, two thirds of the rest was the schedule waiting for nothing. A dwell of 2,800 milliseconds "was holding for nothing." It is 640 now, a beat rather than a wait.
- The tumble was once two and a half revolutions a second, which reads as strobe, and the piece atlas once measured 133 megabytes because an oversample compounded with the screen's pixel ratio. Both numbers are in the record with the reasoning that replaced them.
- Two unrelated things in one long function once shared the name "done", and the completion callback stopped firing. The same class of bug hit a second file the same week. The record names both and calls it what it is.

The page destroys its performance and keeps its receipts.

ON WHY THE COPYRIGHT IS THE ONE THING THAT DOES NOT SHATTER



THE STUDY, WITH THE SENTENCES RISEN AND THE FLOOR STILL DOWN



THE FLOOR, UP CLOSE: THE COPYRIGHT AND THE PLAYER LIFTED CLEAR OF IT

人 THE OPERATOR

Jon is direct. His standing instruction to every agent is evidence over claims: cite the file, the log line, or the live check, and never estimate what you can measure. He does not want to be asked permission for routine work and he does not want to be told a thing is done until it has been verified by something other than the agent that did it.

His pains are the ones anyone who has built with these tools will recognise. A fix that looks right in a text dump and is wrong on screen. A regression caused by the previous afternoon's correction. A session that hits its limit mid-change. A server restarted while a run was in flight. Those last two are why the rules exist: git history is the backup, so commit before anything destructive; and no server is restarted until every agent on it has said it is ready.

The instrument and I are one. I request work to be done by the instrument and then I check the work manually. It's a continuous dance.

JON, IN HIS OWN WORDS, 2026-08-23

He turned down the obvious thing these tools are sold on. The instrument could design and build a site like this end to end with nobody watching; he refuses that on purpose, because it pulls him out of the loop, costs rework, and would mean the instrument had to read his mind. His words: a person who uses AI has to train with it until they become an artisan, and the craft nobody studies is the craft of inference itself, of how memory works and when it should.

His philosophy is in the two sentences the door builds. The instrument holds the method and the memory; the operator holds the vision, which moves for reasons no instrument can see. A trip last month, a conversation, something watched last night. Humans do not live in context windows, and a harness should not either. Its job is not to guess the vision. It is to hold it, for as long as it takes.

Counts are data, never constants.

ONE OF THE RULES THIS SITE WAS BUILT UNDER

Every number on this site is dynamically driven by real data. The number of parts in the instrument, the number of positions in the videos room, the number of systems in the brief: none of them are typed into the page. Each one is generated from the actual data when the page loads. If a part is added, every number that depends on it updates automatically, so the site can never claim a count that is out of date. This rule has already caught a real error: an early version of the build film showed an agent count that was far lower than the number of agents actually running.

05

COLOPHON

This document is the evidence

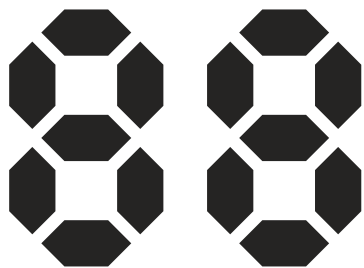
This PDF was produced by system 04, PDFORGE PRESS, which is one of the 13 systems listed above. It is not a description of that capability; it is the output of it, which is the only kind of claim this project is willing to make about itself.

Structured data went in, an HTML and CSS template was applied, and WeasyPrint rendered the result. No language model typeset this page. That is why the same data re-rendered next month comes out identical, and why nothing about the layout depends on how a model happened to phrase things on the day.

The house design language is Kusanagi Ink: hairline rules on warm charcoal, mono labels naming real parts of a real system, and one surgical red accent reserved for whatever is alive.

Content read from the live site build on 2026-08-24. 7 claims, 13 systems, both counted from the source rather than typed here.

The number



Eighty-eight is the number this site keeps starting from. Every numeral on it wakes as 88, the way a seven-segment watch lights every segment the moment it powers on, before it settles into a value; the tab icon holds that state as its resting face.

It is also, give or take, the number of hours it took to build: roughly eighty-eight, from the first prompt to the paper you are holding.

The site is live at neuralkatana.ai