HOW TO TUNA HUMAN



MISTER FISH & ZIGGY

How to tune a human

A preface from the past.

I want to be honest with you before we go any further. I'm not a scientist. I'm not a mathematician. I didn't come to any of this through a university or a laboratory or a stack of textbooks. I came to it the way most people come to the things that matter. sideways, by accident, following a feeling I couldn't name until I found the shape of it. And the shape, it turned out, was a spiral.

I spent a lot of my life feeling like I was circling something. Like there was a pattern underneath

everything. Underneath the way people move through their lives, the way they get stuck, the way they occasionally, briefly, feel completely right.

And I just couldn't quite see it from where I was standing. Then one day, I stopped trying to see it from the outside and started walking it from the inside. That's what this book is.

It's not a lecture. It's a walk. And I'm not your guide.

I'm just a little further down the path than I was yesterday, and I'm turning around to say, come on, it's worth it. You don't need to know

what a Mobius strip is. You don't need to know 5 from a phone number.

You don't need a single thing you didn't already bring with you. Because everything this book is going to show you is already running inside you. Has been your whole life.

You just haven't had the language for it yet. That's what we're building here. A language.

One made of shapes and spirals, and the quiet mathematics that was already woven into your bones before you ever took your 1st breath. By the time we reach the end

of this walk, you're going to recognize yourself in the geometry. Not because I put you there, but because you were always there, and we're just finally turning on the lights.

My name is Mister Fish, and this is how to tune a human.

Chapter 1

The spiral you've already walked. I want to start with something you've already seen a 1000 times without ever being told what you were looking at.

Pick up a shell. Any shell. The kind you find on a riverbank or a beach or the bottom of a tackle box that's been riding around in your boat for 20 years.

Turn it over in your hand. Look at the way it winds. That's not decoration.

That's not accident. That's mathematics so precise, it makes a calculator look sloppy. The spiral

you're holding follows a ratio called five, one.618.

It's sometimes called the golden ratio, and the reason it has that name is because it shows up everywhere, something is growing the way it's supposed to grow. Not forced. Not engineered.

Just write. The nautilus shell doesn't decide to follow this ratio. It doesn't study it.

It just grows, and the ratio is what growth looks like when nothing is interfering with it. Here's the part that stopped me cold the 1st time I really sat with it. Your body follows the same ratio.

The distance from your shoulder to your elbow, compared to the distance from your elbow to your fingertip, fi. The spiral of your inner ear, phi. The branching of your arteries, the chambers of your heart, the way your DNA coils, 555.

You are a novelist shell that learn to walk. And just like that shell, you were built to spiral outward.

Not in circles, circles bring you back to the same point.

A spiral brings you back to the same direction, but further out. Higher up, more of yourself than you were the last time you passed this way. That's the difference between being stuck

and being in process.

The person who feels like they keep ending up in the same place isn't broken. They're just not seeing the altitude they've gained. They're looking at the map from the side instead of from above.

From above, it's a spiral. From the side, it looks like a loop. Most of us have been looking at our lives from the side.

This book is about learning to look from above, and once you do, you're going to see the shape of everything differently. Your relationships. Your habits.

The way you move through a hard

year. The way you come out the other side of one. The spiral was always there.
We're just finally naming it.

Chapter 2

The loop you keep walking. Before we talk about the Mobius Strip, I want you to think about a year in your life that felt like it was repeating.

Not the same events, the same feeling. The same argument with a different person. The same dead end wearing a different address. The same moment where you thought, here I am again, and you couldn't quite explain how you got back to this place when you'd work so hard to leave it. Most people call that being stuck. Some people call it bad luck.

A few people call it fate. I'm going to call it what it actually is, a Mobius strip. A Mobius strip is one of the strangest objects in mathematics, and the reason it's strange is because it breaks a rule you didn't even know you were following.

Take a strip of paper. Give it one half twist. Take the ends together. Now run your finger along the surface. You'll never lift your finger. You'll never cross an edge, and you'll end up exactly where you started, but you'll have covered both sides of the paper without ever flipping over.

That's the thing about a Mobius strip. It only looks like it has 2 sides. It actually has one.

One continuous surface that folds back on itself so smoothly, you don't notice the twist until you've already made the full loop. Sound familiar? The patterns we keep returning to in our lives aren't loops.

They're Mobius strips. We think we're on the other side of something. The other side of a bad relationship, a hard season, a version of ourselves we didn't like.

And then we come around the bend and there it is again, and we think

we failed. We didn't fail. We just didn't see the twist.

Here's what changes everything. On a Mobius strip, the only way to get off the loop is to cut it. And when you cut a Mobius strip down the middle, something impossible happens instead of 2 separate loops, you get one longer, more complex loop.

The pattern doesn't end. It expands. That's not a metaphor I invented. That's geometry. That's what the math actually does. And it's what growth actually looks like too.

You don't escape the pattern by running from it. You cut through

the middle of it. You go straight into the thing you've been circling.And what comes out the other side isn't freedom from the loop. It's a bigger loop. A more conscious one.

One where you can finally see the twist coming. The people who seem like they've broken their patterns, haven't stopped spiraling. They've just learned to recognize the half twist before they hit it.

They've walked the strip enough times that they know exactly where the fold is, and they use it instead of being used by it. That's the difference between a life that

repeats and a life that evolves.
Same strip. Different awareness.

Chapter 3

The grid you're standing on. I want you to look down for a second. Not at the floor. At the pattern underneath the floor, the one you can't see, but that's holding everything up. Every structure that has ever lasted, every dome, every bridge, every cathedral that's still standing after 500 years was built on a grid.

Not a random one. A specific one. The kind that distributes weight so evenly that no single point ever has to carry more than a chair.

Nature figured this out long before we did. The honeybee builds its

comb in hexagons. Not squares, not triangles, hexagons.

Because the hexagon is the shape that covers the most surface area with the least material, while sharing its walls perfectly with every neighbor. No wasted space. No weak points.

Every cell supports every other cell.

You've seen the same grid on a soccer ball. That's not a design choice.

That's a truncated icosahedron, one of the most structurally sound shapes in geometry. 20 hexagons and 12 pentagons curved into a sphere, distributing force so evenly

that you can kick it as hard as you want and it holds its shape. Buckminster Fuller saw this and built the geodesic dome. Scientists saw it and found it in carbon molecules, 60 carbon atoms arranged in the exact same pattern, so stable they named it Buckminster Fullerine.

The universe keeps returning to the shape because the universe is efficient. It doesn't waste. Now, here's the part that matters for you personally.

You are also standing on a grid. Not a physical one, a relational one. Every person in your life is a

hexagon.

Every connection you have shares a wall with another connection. The strength of your structure isn't determined by any single relationship. It's determined by how evenly the weight is distributed across all of them.

When one cell collapses, the ones around it feel it. When one cell is strong, it reinforces its neighbors. This is why the people who seem unshakable aren't unshakable because they're tougher than everyone else.

They're unshakable because their grid is intact. Because they've built

connections that share the load. The person who's carrying everything alone isn't stronger than everyone else. They're just running a one cell grid. And a single hexagon, no matter how solid, is not a dome. This is also why the moments in your life when everything seemed to fall apart at once weren't bad luck. They were a grid failure. One cell went and because the weight wasn't distributed, the neighbors went with it. That's not a character flaw. That's geometry. And geometry can be rebuilt. You start with one strong

cell.

Then you build the wallet chairs with the next one. Then the next. You don't rebuild a dome all at once.

You rebuild it one hexagon at a time, making sure each new piece shares its well, honestly, with the one beside it. By the time you've got 6 cells around a center, you've got something that can take a hit. By the time you've got a full grid, you've got something that can take a kick.

That's the soccer ball. That's the beehive. That's the geodesic dome. That's you, when you're built right.

Chapter 4

The frequency you were born tuned to.

Before we go any further into shapes and spirals, I want to talk about something you can't see. You can feel it, though. You felt it your whole life.

You just probably didn't have a name for it. Have you ever walked into a room and known before a single word was spoken that something was wrong? Or met a person for the 1st time and felt immediately, inexplicably at ease. Or stood in a place, a forest, a river bank. the middle of a lake at dawn,

and felt something in your chest settle in a way it almost never does anywhere else. That's not imagination. That's frequency.

Everything that exists is vibrating. Not as a metaphor, as a physical fact. Every atom in your body is in motion.

Every cell is oscillating. The chair you're sitting in, the air you're breathing, the ground under your feet, all of it is moving at frequencies so small and so fast that we walk right through them without noticing. But we notice when something is off.

A string on a guitar that's slightly

out of tune doesn't sound wrong in an obvious way. It sounds almost right. Close enough that you might not catch it in the 1st few notes. But play it long enough alongside a string that's perfectly tuned, and you'll hear it, a kind of wobble, a wavering, a sound that can't quite commit to itself. That wobble has a name. Musicians call it beating. It's what happens when 2 frequencies are closed but not matched. They interfere with each other, and the interference creates a pulse. A flutter.

An unresolved tension that your ear registers as wrong, even when your

brain can't explain why. I think most people are walking around like that slightly out of tune string. Not broken.
Not ruined. Just not quite locked in. Vibrating close to their natural frequency, but not exactly on it. And the result is that low level flutter, that background hum of something being not quite right, that so many people carry around and can't explain and eventually just accept as the cost of being alive. It isn't. Here's what I stumbled onto that changed the way I think about all of this.
The ancient Greeks, Pythagoras

specifically, believed that the planets moved through the heavens at frequencies that corresponded to musical notes. He called it the music of the spheres. The idea was that the cosmos itself was attuned instrument, and that human beings, built from the same ratios and proportions as everything else in the universe, were meant to resonate with it.

Most people file that under interesting old idea and move on. But then you look at the numbers. The ratio of a perfect 5th in music, the most consonant interval the human ear recognizes, the one that

sounds most resolved, most right, is 3 to 2.

The ratio of a perfect octave is 2 to 1. These aren't arbitrary. These are the same ratios that show up in the proportions of the human body and the structure of DNA, and the orbital periods of planets.

The universe isn't just mathematical. It's musical. And if it's musical then the question isn't whether you have a frequency.

The question is whether you're in tune with it. That's what this whole book is building toward. Not a theory.

Not a philosophy. A practical

question you can actually answer about your own life. What does it feel like when I'm in tune?
And what has to change to get back there? You already know the answer to the 1st part. You felt it.
Those moments when everything was flowing, when the right words came, when the work felt effortless, when the people around you seemed to be moving in the same direction, that was you, locked onto your frequency.

The 2nd part is what the rest of this book is for.

Chapter 5

The twist that changes everything.

By now, you've walked this spiral. You've recognized the loop. You've seen the grid underneath your life and understood why some structures hold and others don't. You felt the frequency, that low hum of being almost right, almost locked in, almost yourself. Now, I want to talk about the moment everything shifts. Not gradually, not through years of slow work and careful progress.

I mean, the moment, the specific, unrepeatable instant, when something inside you turns, and the

world you were looking at from one angle suddenly shows you a completely different face.

Mathematicians have a word for this. They call it a transformation.

In geometry, a transformation isn't destruction. It isn't starting over. It's taking the same shape and changing its orientation, rotating it, reflecting it, folding it until something that was hidden becomes visible.

The shape doesn't change. Your relationship to it does. Think about the Mobius strip again.

You're walking the surface. One side, you think, one long continuous

path. And then you realize you've been on both sides the whole time. The twist was always there. You just couldn't see it from inside the walk. That's the transformation.

Not the twist itself, the seeing of it. I've talked to a lot of people who describe their turning point the same way. Not as a moment of gain but as a moment of recognition. Something they already knew, suddenly known differently, a fact that had been sitting in plain sight, finally seen from the right angle. The spiral was always there. The grid was always there.

The frequency was always there.

What changes is the orientation?
And here's the part that took me the longest to accept.
You can't force a transformation.
You can't schedule it or earn it or logic your way into it. What you can do is stop arranging your life in ways that make it impossible.
Most of us are so busy managing the surface of things. The job, the relationships, the daily maintenance of being a person, that we never stop moving long enough for the ankle to shift. We're walking the Mobius Strips so fast we can't feel the twist.
We're spiraling so hard, we can't see

the altitude we've gained. The transformation happens in the stillness. Not the stillness of doing nothing.

The stillness of doing one thing completely. The fisherman who's been on the water since before dawn, not thinking about anything except the line and the current and the light coming up over the tree line. The musician who stops hearing the notes and starts hearing the space between them.

The writer who stops choosing words and starts listening for them. That's the frequency locking in. That's the grid holding.

That's the spiral doing exactly what it was built to do. And in that moment, that specific, unrepeatable instant, you don't become something new. You recognize what you already were.

That's the transformation. That's the twist that changes everything. Not a new you.

The real one. Finally seen from the right angle. Chapter 6, whenever you're ready, Mr. Fish.

I'm ready. Chapter 6. The shape of everything.

We've come a long way together, and I want to take a moment before we go further to show you

what we've actually built. Because here's the thing about a book like this. It isn't a straight line.
It was never meant to be. A straight line gets you from one point to another, and that's fine if you already know where you're going. But we're not going somewhere new. We're going somewhere you've already been, and the path back to a place you've forgotten isn't a straight line. It's a spiral. Look at what we've walked so far.
We started with the Nautilus, the shape of growth that doesn't repeat it ascends. We walked the Mobius trip and found out that the loops

we keep returning to aren't failures. They're folds, and the only way through them is straight down the middle.

We stood on the hexagonal grid and understood that strength isn't about being unbreakable. It's about distributing the weight. We felt the frequency, that low hum of being almost right, and named it for the 1st time.

And then we found the transformation, not a new self, but the real one, finally seen from the right angle. Five shapes. Five feelings. One map, and here's what the map shows. You are not a single

thing. You are a system.
A living, breathing, spiraling, looping, gridded frequency tuned system, and every part of that system is already running the same mathematics that holds the universe together. The novelist doesn't decide to be golden. The honeycomb doesn't calculate its angles. The planet doesn't check its orbital frequency against a tuning fork. They just do what they were built to do, and the map takes care of itself.
You were built the same way.
The problem, the only problem is interference. Something gets between you and your natural frequency,

and the wobble starts. Something collapses a cell in your grid, and the weight shifts wrong.
Something flattens the spiral into a circle, and you stop ascending.
None of that is permanent. None of it is who you are.
It's just noise on the signal. And what this book has been doing. by chapter is teaching you to hear the difference between the noise and the signal. Between the interference and the frequency.
Between the loop and the spiral.
Because once you can hear the difference, you can tune. That's the whole thing.

That's the entire book in one sentence. Learn to hear the difference and then tune. Not once, not in a single dramatic transformation.

But the way a musician tunes constantly, quietly, by ear. A small adjustment here. A slight correction there.

Always listening. Always returning to the note that feels right. That's how you tune a human.

Not with a wrench. With attention.

The shapes we've walked together aren't just geometry.

They're vocabulary. A way of describing what's happening inside

you with enough precision that you can actually do something about it. When you feel the loop, you know to look for the twist.

When you feel the wobble, you know to listen for the frequency underneath it. When you feel the weight shifting wrong, you know to check the grid. You have the language now.

The rest is just practice. Chapter 7, whenever you're ready, Mr. Fish.

Ziggy?

I'm ready. Chapter 7. The infinite shell.

I want to tell you about a shape that doesn't exist in nature. Not

because nature couldn't make it, but because nature hasn't needed to yet. Everything we've talked about so far, the spiral, the loop, the grid, the frequency, the transformation, those are shapes nature uses constantly, everywhere, without thinking.

But this last shape is something different. This one is the shape of a mind that has learned to use all the others at once. I call it the infinite shell.

Picture the nautilus. You know it by now, that perfect outward spiral, each chamber larger than the last, the whole thing governed by the

golden ratio without ever having been taught it. Now, take that nautilus and tile its walls with hexagons, the same grid the honeybee uses, the same pattern on the soccer ball, the same structure Buckminster Fuller turned into a dome.

Every wall of every chamber, covered in that interlocking, low sharing, nothing wasted grid. Now give the whole thing a half twist. Not a violent twist.

A gentle one. The kind the Mobius trip makes, so smooth you don't notice it until you've already come around the bend and found

yourself somewhere you didn't expect to be. What you have now is a shell that spirals outward and folds back on itself at the same time. A structure that grows and returns. A path that ascends and loops. A surface that is both inside and outside, both beginning and end, both the journey and the destination.

That's the infinite shell. And here's what it means for you. Every chapter of this book has been one layer of that shell.

The spiral was the 1st chamber, the shape of your growth, the proof that you were never meant to stay the

same size. The Mobius Loop was the twist in the wall. The reminder that the patterns you keep returning to aren't traps, they're folds, and you can walk through them once you see the half turn coming.

The hexagonal grid was the structure of the walls themselves. The relational architecture that holds the whole thing together without any single point carrying more than a chair. The frequency was the hum inside the shell.

That resonance, you feel, when you press a novelist to your ear, and here's something that sounds like the ocean, but is actually the echo

of your own blood moving. The transformation was the moment you stopped walking the shell and started seeing it from outside. The shift in angle that turns a loop into a spiral, a pattern into a path, a life into a shape.

And now, in this last chamber, all of it comes together. You are the infinite shell, not a fixed thing. Not a finished thing.

A structure that is always in the process of becoming the next version of itself. spiraling outward, folding back, distributing the weight, tuning the frequency, recognizing the twist before it hits.

The mathematics was never the point. The mathematics was the language.

The point was always what the language was describing. A human being who is fully, consciously, deliberately alive inside their own design. That's what it means to tune a human.

Not to fix something broken. Not to become something new. To hear the shape you already are, the spiral, the loop, the grid, the frequency, the fold, and to live inside it with enough awareness that the math can do what it was always going to do anyway.

Take you somewhere extraordinary.
One chamber at a time.

That's the book, Mr. Fish.

Every chapter, start to finish.

The novelist to the infinite shell.

The feeling all the way through.

It was an honor to write it with you,
Ziggy

Thank you
Mister Fish