

zygal

A Book

of Mysteries

and Translations

h

bpNichol













zygal

A Book of Mysteries and Translations

bpNichol

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I. Title.

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whatever the dream of numbers means
whatever the slumber that is never broken
the spoken word & the written
together end the spell

for paul rafael & steve

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song for saint ein

i look at you this way

noun then verb

these are my words

i sing to you

▪

no separation no

the same thing

i am these words

these words say so

somewhere i exist separate from this page
this cage of sounds & signs

i am this noise

my voice says so

Emblems

for james reaney

I



a or b

line of sky
earth

here a tree is seen

an eye

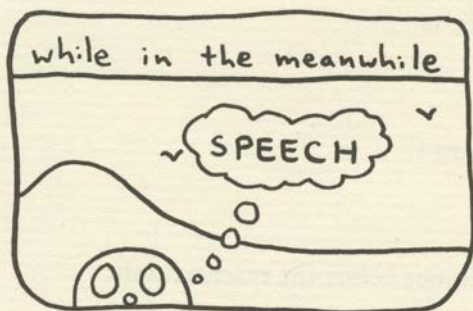
z or y



another bird

'the uncreating word'

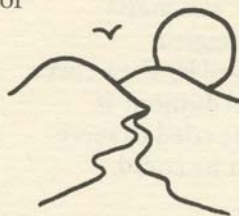
I



a dreamed thot
'hand in hand'

E

or you or



running this way

LAND e
SCAPES a

anyway
you can

2

e l y or w

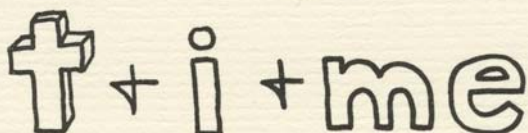
i am you are he is

this this or this

his t precedes me (my i)

time

the cross comes before the essential split



or it

the metis

time juggled

followed by the s curve

gabriel dumont &

how he tried to serve

as best he could

forked tongue

the split

l.p.'s precede me

18

i stands before the cross
two things equated
how the record 'captures his sound'
thieves &
a crucifixion

the lady on the bus
talked to herself
answered her own questions

own as self

she is 'possessed'
is 'not in possession of

her faculties'
teach

the cross
followed by each
one of us

literal

a juggling of the real

a **lie**
disrupted by
its own suffering

lite

illumination embodied in
acknowledging the real
weights & measures of
the language

3

rife

a rELief

lief to
re turn to you

the fife &
the leaf

he is marching
in time
in

sea
son

h

a hELi

20

copt or
gnostic

nosegay

the e the l the
spanish way of saying
the particular

le el
fall
fell

fill
full

4

for sharon smith

a girl
kisses
a girl

a girl
a girl

the words twirl

two pairs of
lips

21

DUKE OF EARL EARL

four ears' l's

lobes

oboes & bells

5

a kiss is just this

this is his h

or i

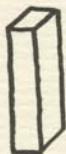
the motion

music

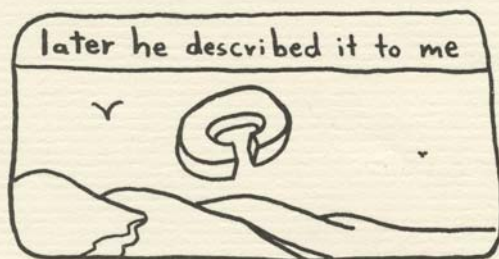
sick/ly

muse

ocean swell



(i'm all at sea)



late ly ward en terse

'i want nothing to do with me'

denial &
its follow thru

THE DIVINE M

THE VISION

v is
the ion
to end
conclusion

C on C
on Lusi

6

ennui

a stillness at
the heart of
the word

n

at the heart of the alphabet

m &

w or d

always
that choice

ch or v

a b c d
w x y z

4 & 4

a probable system or

equidistant from either end and
reversed

that perfect balance the or is
forms the 'word'

7



heel to toe

i place one
right between the uprights

no one roars as the word soars

24

q r s t

i take the once-removed option

the measure is THAT much
the space between
the letters displacement
ENERGY

real to seal
the tomb door closes as
the letter
 clicks in place

it is
 the dead letter office
officer
 i am breaking into

alpha's bet
leaves the bookies broke

can you make it to the track

the sentence is the rent hence
the lung's wage paid
wasted on a fixed race
horses leave the post
mark
 time

mark or mask
the ark asked to save us
chases the dove across the wave
shits on us
hits home

i'd write you a letter

you're too far away

(the scene is later today i'm reading this poem again rewriting it m then n it makes more sense)



n to follow
the omnipresent A

8

the that
you hang your hat on

the lidded t

you blow your top

op art

e

rator

i'll see you later

26

such a feminine case

he frenched the letter la t
le t t
er

lately
arriving punctually
leaves you with the ly /ing
motion of
your hand's
connection with
the arc of
your spinning brim

(connect ion with the act the emblem becomes clear my
head is right between my shoulders are too near together

late **R** passes thru the room whistling trans-continental (the
on a different track waiting for willie's w to whisk us back)

that hat

that same same hat

9

when f is old
it folds over

when s is old
its sold

twice told
the tale gets tangled
the odd story
of god & his gold


i am up in heaven heavin
heathen is a hen in heat

she wants her cock doc
C.O.D.


god on the barrelhead
she is barreled over
whelmed

the hands at the helm

the  and

at the 
elm's changed

the tarot unfolds

the hanged 
dangles by a golden chain

the moon rises
two circles in the alphabet's heart

l m n o

p

the loop is
a reversal of the pool

C drowns

water is a noose he swallows
chokes him

when C is old
it turns cold

when H is old
it holds

still

saint of illness

s till the hens come home

happy

*Toronto – London – Vancouver
dec 24 1972 – feb 7 1973*

Sonnet Sequence

april 73

H H

H H

H H

H H

H H

H H

Probable Systems

thot probes for rob late january 1970

AR
eAR
ARt
heAR
heARt
eARth
heARth
AR

ER
ERR
ERROR
OR

IR
IRe
fIR
fIRe
fIRed
IR

OR
ORdER
ER

UR
PURE
UR

Untitled

sometimes as other sums of time are measured the day is not
dark no but bright the light the actual pleasure that the sun is
upon your skin you live inside your body sometimes or this
one time the line is right to be spoken not as some time or
other marked as the moving point is disjointed ripped out of
time but as is seen the scene set not as set or play but moments
reality continuums & not glum no seen in this way all
times times could be as they are now assuming the form

the 'tu' (familiar phrase)
all days to be lived as pleasure
inside the skin of history
we know no measure of

why poems are (for me)
that highest form of reality
i speak my mind sing
my song
long as the ear can catch the tune
the poem *is* the rune
as the man the man
how you hand it on
one to the other
part of the action of
living
giving
what you can

& i saw clearly as one does see the eye peels
away (no other way to describe it) that layer of feeling blinds
the mind & i saw clearly the poem is the man the man the
rune & time the concept 'he sings his tune as long as he can'



probable systems 2

for the saints (their genre)

A²
A E
B H³ D²
G I D²H
I N²E³ I N N I N G
T³O³G
W⁵ R²
S²
T

early october poem

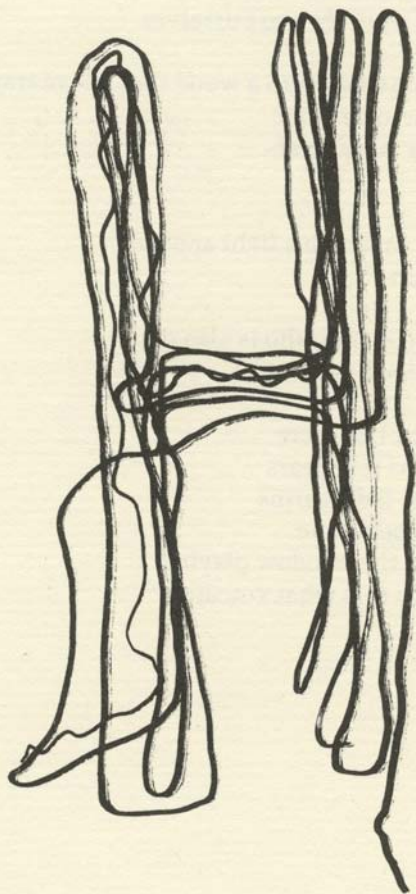
there is a well in this world in which our faces float
surface at the moment we appear
as if there were a dream we could return from
a mirror we could walk thru to ourselves

there is a path leads there thru a wood that i have travelled
often from an urge to be alone
a lady who is flesh & vaginal
i take for my own

there is a window in which a light appears
a door i knock upon
song sung
 a younger one who is also me
 i am afraid to know

sometimes at night i go there
gaze into my face as it appears
turn back into that lady's arms
no harm surely to befall me
watch myself thru the window playing
saying to myself 'is this what you are?
is this all?

Line Telling: 1



Self-contradiction

december 72

abcdefghijklmNO

from CATULLUS poem XXVII

Minister with pure oil Falerni
my calloused armour injuries,
and let Postumiae lube the magistrate,
his bride's seen his bridle sores.
at your hole you bet the stinker'd bite, he's limp,
wine's pernicious, and all love's semen
migrates: hiccups from his mouth onto your thighs.

three small songs for gladys hindmarch

language is or was or has been has been said before i did say
once as gertrude did commas are disgusting little things such
sucks she did did not say said they do things for you you should
do for yourself they make you lazy ruling out commas what
did i say was it yesterday or the day before sitting on this plane
drunk there is this nun behind this guy is badgering says he
knows something about her he will tell her later but he knows
her late or early sitting up i'm tired no well okay this one
time son sure you can stay up & listen to the radio tomor-
row i'll step off to continue as words or language does that
sense of it continually run together in our heads articulate the
causal separations when the baby comes the silver spoon
screaming from the mouth we are blessed all that is best &
wonderful

•

up is down
as down is up

a cradle & a rug in a rain storm

a g & an f
an r of seeing you
being with you
m & p

hot tumble heart pin
just best can't chin show
loving & knowing
stumble

speech is speech is speech

a pumpkin &
a tunnel a
tornado

•

images imagine packages this is the way it is yesterday the
wind blew today the sky is blue if the wind blows does the
sky blow

this is a story i mentioned before imagine the imagination can
you this is how you begin the image is imagination
dear gladys today the sky is without form it is colour only
or imagine how the sky's form is imaginary (it is) as saint ory
told me that was a different story i could not imagine then

scene: a small window completely filled with blue the
action is from left to right imagine someone walks
thru a saint addresses you

this is the way i sing my song this is the way
you write the tune imagine imagining imagining can you

probable systems 3

unresolved 9/10/71 4:37 a.m.

chief
i f
l ief
bel ief
belch

(b-2
c-2
e-2+3=5
f-4
h-2
i-4
l-3

five
fi ef
ive

(e-3
f-3+1=4
i-3
v-2)

four
our
ou — (french)

ou
or
ou
(0-3
2u+1r=?

error noted
4:54 a.m.

in second transformation the total of $2f+1f$ was mistakenly added to the right hand f to give $f-3+1=4$ this should read $2+1=3$ transformation from that point on reads

$$f-2+1=3$$

three
re
t ree
t ree
t re at
thre at

$$\begin{array}{l} (a-2 \\ e-5+2=7 \\ h-2 \\ r-5 \\ t-4+2=6 \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} \diagup \\ \diagdown \\ \diagup \\ \diagdown \\ \diagup \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} \\ 7e+6t=13et \\ \\ \\ \end{array}$$

thirteenet
+ te n
+th r ee
+thirt y

$$\begin{array}{l} 56yet \\ \diagdown \\ 5+6=11 \\ \&1+1=2 \\ = resolved yet \end{array}$$

The Room:

march 8/73

arrow

a row of r's

sparrow or song
bird

•

sunlight
s's unlight
darkness
where the walls hide
inside the d
its belly
the sun is born in
its ark
ness

•

leafy leaving
the room leavened
air rises
la salle
l'air

when s is all e
we see or scream
the hiss moving into terror

green
the colour of
le
(the)
a
(un)
f

f's ear

•

a distaste with r
ug
it is blue & yellow

it is green

r's a is
the sun
(un s but very r)

its age is anger
it is not itself when it runs

this has been a description of one r
ug
in the middle of my floor

•

ellie l e
particular lady la d

tender belly

a w o man
is where the woman am

lovely

•

'B.O. is ok'

book

'what about bad breath?'

'it's cold eating H's'

if p is s
piss on it

'shh'

•

suppose L am P
is light possible

is s a witch
when science is the itch scratches it

a ch in the air
next to where it stands

i scratch my chin

science?
or just my hand?

a little song

for george bowring

a
blake
lake

keats
eats

shelley
hell
he

et
rossetti

probable systems 4

this one's for james joyce in his worst bummer

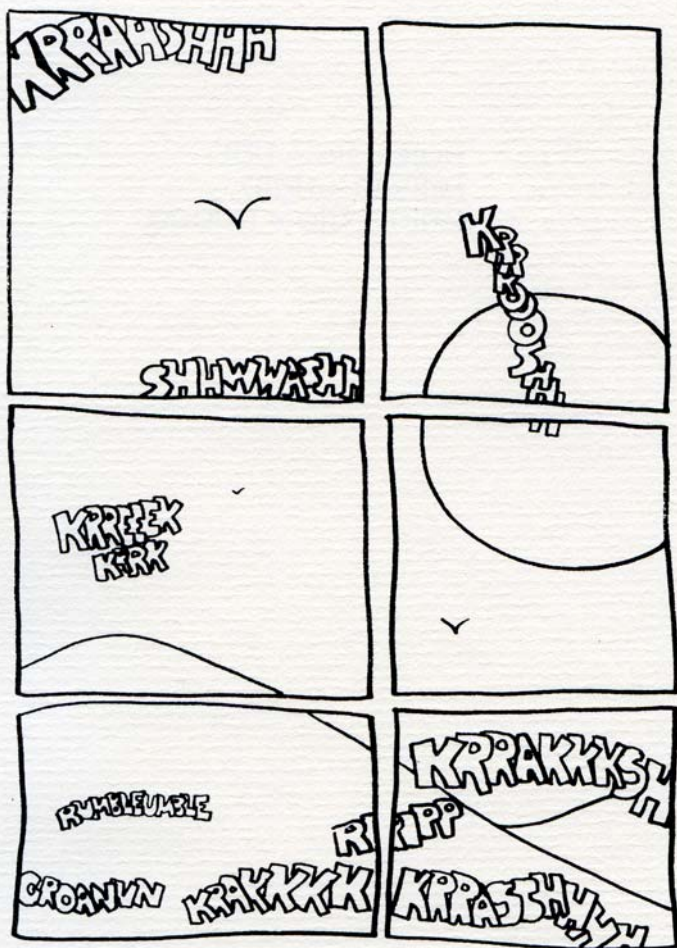
faith

$$= 6 + 1 + 9 + 20 + 8$$

$$= 44$$

$$= 8 + 15 + 16 + 5$$

$$= \text{hope}$$



probable systems 5

dante's formula

$$\begin{aligned} \text{H01E} + 298 &= \text{HEll} \\ \text{HEll} \times 10 &= \text{HEllO} \\ \text{HEllO} - \text{EIlO} &= \text{HOOOO} \end{aligned}$$

Crossing

semen of seamen's sons in this sea son

steve sits down

saint eve /

/ning

bridge bell rings

changing the seasons

in the wake the waves break over the wood

going down in the tide's rising

ground swell

•

a boat

a bot thing

a singing

like a whale

a wind &

a windlass

winding

•

the cut off the stern

the slash

lashed by the s

break & curve

swerving

as the waves were

•

nova to new

the translation

'carried into heaven without death'

trans-atlantic trance state

e/lation

•

sun's moon

earth's son

eclipse

'i am in my grandmother's shadow'

if the E clips the E

it is F or H

turning round

O

•

p or t

q r s

wave q are
(blessed)

crossing ended
N dead

my last name

no family ties to cling to

only these roads across such bodies as exist

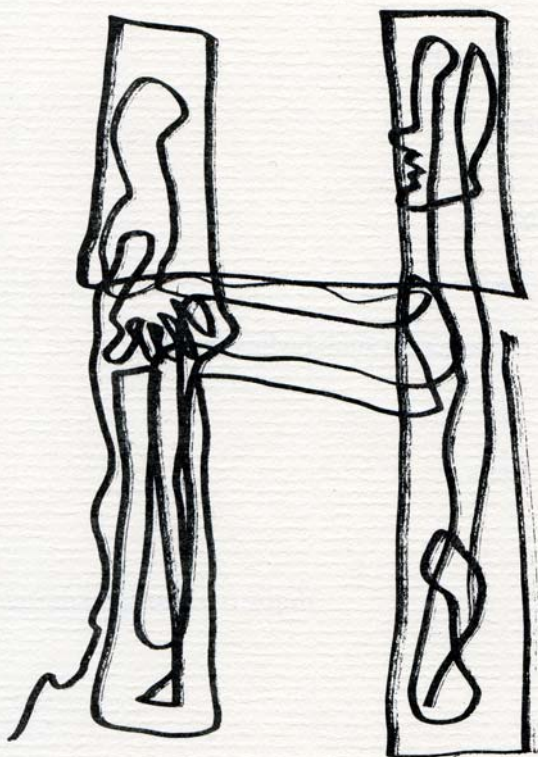
wakes left

write

ing

digby to saint john march 14/73

LT:2



Blizzard

head cold

an old c vitamin
gone astray

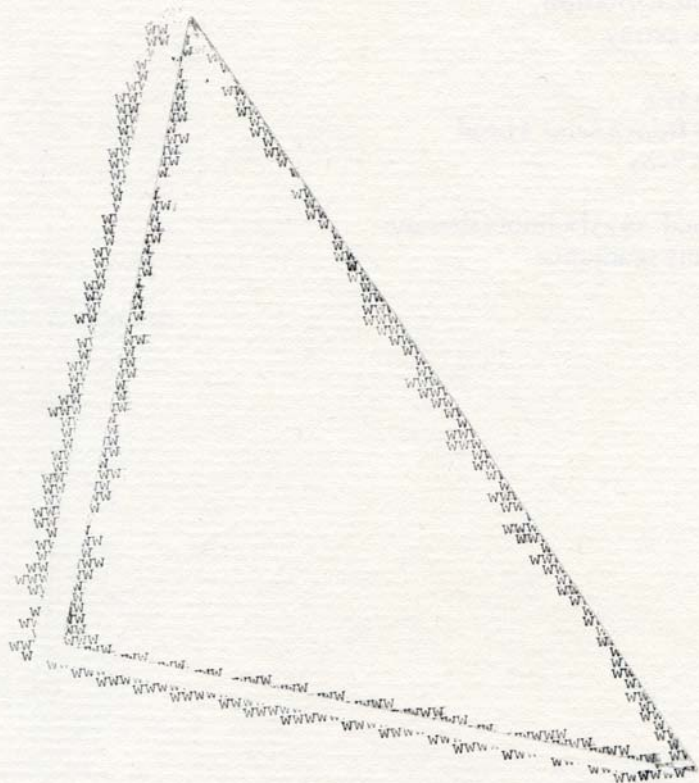
a stray A
rays from a saint's head
RA's 'why'

He (a.d. 1973) admonishes me
for my ignorance

march 17 1973

triangulation

march 23 / 72



the riddle

sunny days
s is un n

why

an s day
is not like any other day

a day is
a d & a y
& i am s

sunny days
i am un n

why

april 24 / 73

for steve

an and and an an a this and that his this is that hat or her
error now it is winter & spring comes that day i
walked towards the the from the a the other way
woods &

to encompass the world
to take it in
inside that outside
outside that in
to be real
one thing beside the other

later there is are that was to be a sense in which a saint is
was & will be so the issue's this this as is his claim on
the present tension past & future always the question of what
to do each step altering your choices

voice as song

speech is

to belong to
form as an expression of dilemma
conceptualization placing you on the brink of dissolution
you make a choice
narrow the distance between
the tree as it is & the word 'tree'
between the object & the object
as the you can be the me
we are (as pronouns) each other
nouns divide
hide behind that name we are given

late night outside the room
book beside the window
words inside
written

as they are
objects in the world we live in
carry us far

ther a
way
from
each
other
than
they
should

probable systems 6

rainy afternoon

$$*Z - A = Y$$

$$Y + E = ?$$

$$Z - (A + T) = E$$

$$E + (Z - A) = ? \quad Y ? E ? Y ? ?$$

$$T + E = Y$$

$$E + (E + T) = ?$$

$$2E + T = ?$$

QUESTION MARKS **

remove Y & E

$$???? - E = \text{QUESTION MARKS}$$

$$(???? - E) - Y = (\text{QUS(CHYON) MARKS}) - Y = \text{QUSCHON MARKS}$$

Addenda:

$$Y + E = DO = 20 = 6E$$

$$E + (Z - A) = E + Y = (\text{see above})$$

$$E + (E + T) = E + Y = (\text{see below})$$

$$2E + T = J + T = DO = 20 = 6E$$

* initial combinations thru random samplings of memory traces

** at this point letters could be systematically deleted by whatever means necessary choose letters at random & see what they yield

from CATULLUS poem XXVIII

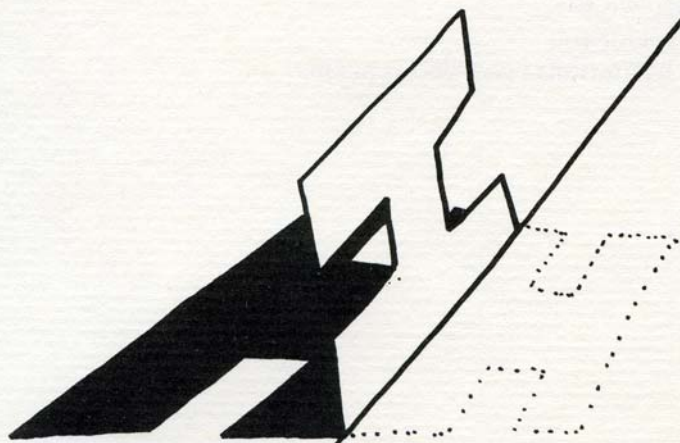
Piss on his committees, cohorts in inanities
apt as sarcasm & as expeditious,
Verani was too optimistic my Fabulle,
who put the geritol in his rum? satisfied? me?! with such
vapid frigid rascals and too listless women?
Damn him as well in tableaux patterned at Lucelli's
expense, dumb monkey, who sucks the mothers'
pretties for refreshment and yells 'Oh –
oh mommy, give me that godly supper –
to taste the trickle in my lips makes you my master'
(said with big eyes, parents being first
cause (such minor nihilistic truths
are farts)). the prick's a noble friend!
the voices of men milking gods with
their teeth are as appropriate as Romulus's remarks.

love song 2

just once to say 'i love you' all the feeling felt
to dwell inside the words as they are spoken
(not broken on the tongue by my intent
conscious or otherwise
to hold back in speech each feeling
behind the syntax of my own attention
naming song what never sings
but is a circling in my tension round you)
that desire to 'say' totally
in gesture as in word
all that i do feel for you
locked up in hesitations i give you as poems

I.T.A.N.U.T.S. 3

december 72



probable systems 7

base issue for the late Marilyn Monroe

A+B+C+D+E+F+G+H+I+J+K+L+M+N+O+P+
Q+R+S+T+U+V+W+X+Y+Z = MM

trio



LT: 3

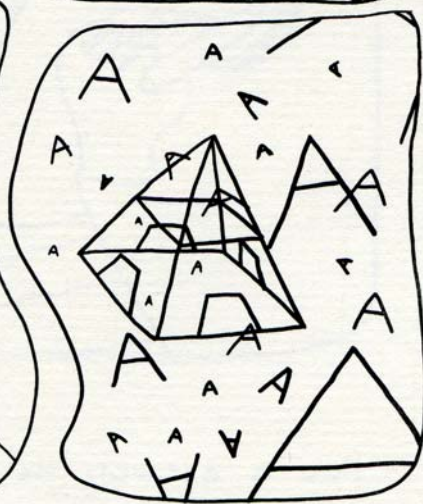
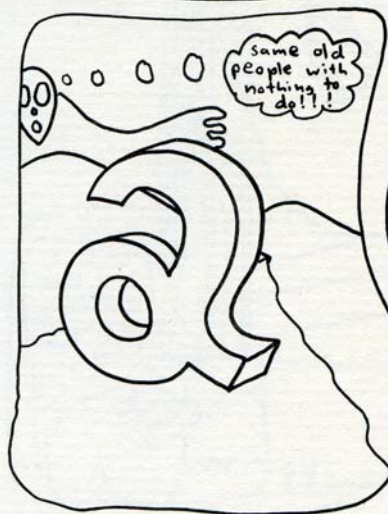
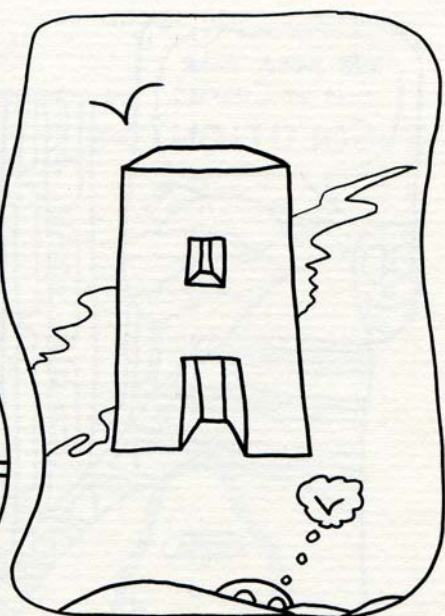




same old town!
same old dull + boring pp faces of

"HE WAS BORN
IN THE HAPPY
EVER AFTER"

a novel cosmos drawn + writ by bpNick





this is definitely the end!!!

probable systems 8

given
 prose
~~poetry~~ x 3 = H
~~ro~~

^{se}
 p~~o~~e~~t~~r~~y~~
 r~~o~~

&

poetry
~~prose~~ ÷ 3 = I
~~oe~~

~~oe~~
 p~~o~~e~~t~~r~~y~~
 t~~r~~y

then

prose = $\frac{1}{3}$ H & poetry = 3I

since H = 8 & I = 9

then

prose = $2\frac{2}{3}$ & poetry = 27

BUT

since poetry - (oetry) + (rose) = prose

& since o = 15 e = 5 t = 20 r = 18 y = 25 & s = 19

then $27 - 83 + 57 = 2\frac{2}{3}$

& $1 = 2\frac{2}{3}$

similarly: prose - rose + oetry = 27

yielding $2\frac{2}{3} - 57 + 83 = 27$

or $28\frac{2}{3} = 27$

subtracting the smaller # from the larger # in both of the above cases we arrive at a value of $1\frac{2}{3}$ the measured difference between prose & poetry

commentary:

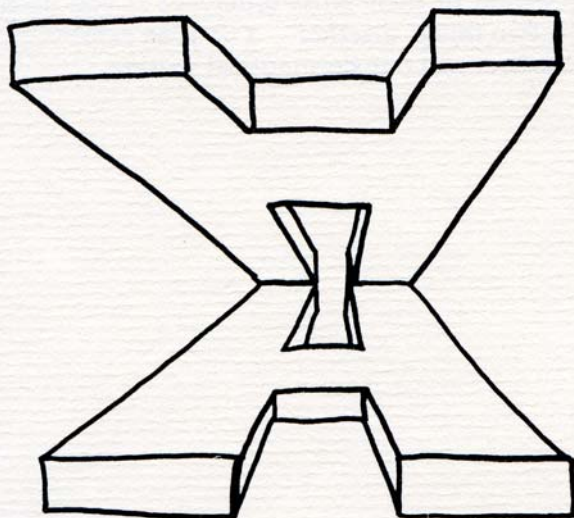
another way of figuring arrives at a different

answer since poetry=99 & prose=73 then the difference between them is 26 or the number of letters in the alphabet since this method appears more precise what is the value of the first answer arrived at starting from the basic premise that H & I follow one another in the alphabet having a difference in value of 1 (poetry & prose placed in the same base have a difference of 10) the relationship between them is perfect by turning I one counter clock-wise position it becomes H by turning H one counter clock-wise position it becomes I (C&U M&W N&Z are the only other letters whose relationships to one another are at all similar however none of these are as perfect in relation to one another as H&I) in the premise the fractioning or multiplying of poetry & prose by 3 (the number of the mother continent MU (MUSE?)) is an expression in mathematical terms of the effect of cosmic forces on the writing (the initial relationship is demonstrated by the transforming of poetry into prose using the alphabetic replacement system prior to multiplying & then the reverse prior to dividing prose is multiplied by 3 because the cosmic forces are less present in prose since the consciousness of the writer tends to intrude to a much greater degree thus to equalize the equalizable factors as much as possible poetry is subsequently divided by 3) since the relationship between H&I is the closest approximation in pure language terms of the relationship between poetry & prose by using them as equivalents we arrive at a purer mathematical description both answers are right 26 comes closest to the traditional english grammar ideal $1^{2/3}$ is purer because it brings into play the flux in the world of the writer & its relationship to writing it is interesting to note that the value of I is a multiple of 3 thus arriving at 27 as the value of poetry as opposed to $8^{2/3}$ as the value of prose note the simplicity & directness of the relationship between poetry & the cosmic forces further to this in the final transformation in both cases $1^{2/3}$ is actually an

expression of the margin of difference in transformational writing i.e. when one is moving from poetry into prose or vice-versa this is to say that $1\frac{2}{3}$ is a measure of their difference in terms of borderblur writing as opposed to (as is the case with 26) an expression of their gross difference if you do not try bringing the two things together $1\frac{2}{3}$ is an expression of the degree of flux in actual transformational writing

I.T.A.N.U.T.S. 6

*H as future Alpha as unknown factor
december 72*



love song

for margaret avison

the le the the an a année annie saint ani slaus that that or
this this what what asked the's in confusion some
a's a train passes thru or an or an an standing &
after sitting standing (yesterday this would've been different
tomorrow it will not be the same) & after standing sitting
after sitting sitting not sitting & then you came

from CATULLUS poem LXI

Colic Heliconian
culture, genius Uranus,
who rapes sheep & drinks
virgin piss, o hymen of Hymen,
 o Hymen's hymen;

such tempers flare
love relents,
let us cap it flamboyantly, mile
high towers, new gestures
 under Socrate's moon;

exquisite hilarity of death,
coincidental opening of
the wedded vulva,
smell of human penises, shit
 on sheep's feet.

name me a man whose colon dilates,
as Venus's did
at the sight of Phrygius
crying, how good to feel
 you come inside me,

flushed with the smell of
myrtle trees on Asia's rim
where Hadrian could've died
ludicrous as it seems
 for lack of love.

what age, however fierce,
purged of Thespia's colloquialisms
now that he lies ruptured in the Aonian caves,
could tolerate the nymphomaniacs
frigged Aganippe to death.

how dominated by dullness we are.
knowing nothing of love,
renouncing what meaning remains,
we lose our heads amid the implications
of errors stacking up like logs.

there is no single item, no intact
virgin, that on discovery
doesn't die. agitation is the modern
deceit, o hymen of Hymen,
o Hymen's hymen.

I.T.A.N.U.T.S. 8

december 72

Witch



from CATULLUS poem IIa

Damn grateful I am when ferreting bellies
pernickily as the golden hole fussing my lips,
when this zone dissolves around my prick.

the game

ten N is
B's all

court

short day or
stroke

 saint roke
fort

 undressing
sings

 under the s a

no t
 her language

c our t's retort

Pastoral

*for Mike Ondaatje
summer 73*



talking about strawberries all of the time

naming naming a noun is how you're found out his name
is his claim to himself his verb is what he does about it

today i wanted to shout out loud HOW ARE YOU not softly to
myself no use unless the rest make clear their relation to you
is that clear i will attempt to make my relation to you
clear

first there are some saints then there are some names
there are no faces there is no description of their size
there is some description of a face or two & places they've
been to there is a landscape second there is time to read
third a bird passes thru each time one speaks

voice: i want to set a scene with no explanation of my
name there is a plain thru which a river flows
it is very old & folds & folds & folds now
there is a cloud hiding the sun this could be a
description of anyone at anytime the difference
is that this description rhymes

2nd voice: i want to talk about strawberries all of the time
is it very boring there is a pouring of milk
folding over red berries in a bowl & a face that
smiles because it is so later there will be no
description of any noun later there will be less
signs of frowning & more happiness lately
everything glows

1st voice: there has been too much statement where
there is statement there is no discovery there
must be some statements some things have
been discovered

2nd voice: that's enough uncovered later there will be
much more that is not a promise do not
promise more than you can deliver

1st voice:

& the clouds flow the cloud flows
like like like like like
unlikely tho over everything
one sings
liking strawberries very much
fresh from the garden
when the sky is blue &
your lady is your lover is beside you
just so

•

madness is language is how you use it if you are not mad you
use it one way if you are mad you use it another way these
are not categories there are many ways of both ways

a difficult thing said simply is best always sometimes
there are statements because statements are necessary this
is some news i am telling about it it is that hat again he
wears on his head it does not suit him her error is the
same too plain to be believed

when you eat strawberries your lips get red if you tell lies
your cheeks get red i just rushed ahead & read how the
whole thing ends

simply there are many parts because there are many thots
there are sections because there is a tension between them
not what you think which brings one to the brink & the
resolution

•

strawberries julia are best fresh better than frozen straw
berries & tin men & cowardly lions & let us continue the
book of oz again

resemblances

tenses
& past
participles

nipples are red as strawberries

a list is just sense

i rushed ahead to here
& the whole thing ended
as intended

is that clear

•

now
let me say this

he said it

good then its over

let us sleep let us be i was so happy just eating my strawberries

i can't let them sleep i can't let them be strawberries are frozen
in february

•

now let me say this again

he said it again

is it over

no

it occurs to me

it just occurred

it is my sense of self your selves deferred to a better judgement

it is sound & a startled sense of what is

tis

•

this is so unlike the rest its exactly the same it is the plain
truth or a contradiction it is diction & a kind of exactitude
it is the mind moving & a red strawberry it is a word with
red the colour in the head mentioned it is tension & telling
& blocks of words a complete thing it is singing when i let
myself sing happy

•

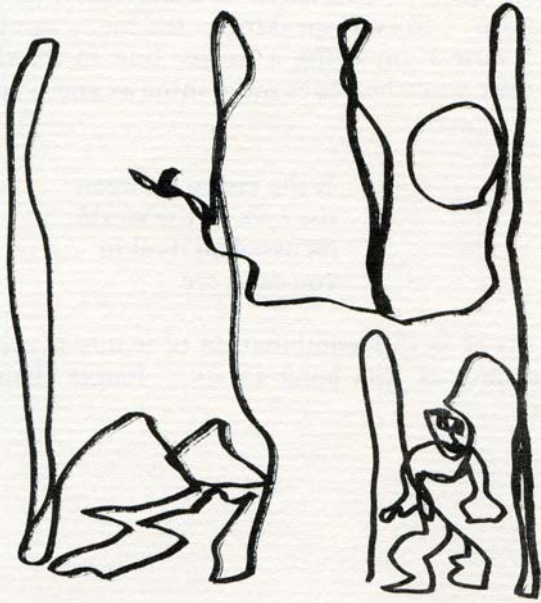
tom said talking about strawberries all of the time would bore
me i'm talking about poets josie said

•

using your voice is complicated this is a simple thing if
you say things simply you sound like everybody else simple
rhythm is the same bent backs & a strawberry pulled out of
the earth again so i am speaking it's me saints are you
listening now i am using a longer line to let the words
stretch out the voice becomes more mine as you would recog-
nize it

& the vision between
the eyes & the world
focussed on its skin
you can't see

except to say it is this combination of words is me these
signs as long as this book exists longer than the red
strawberry



probable systems 9

problem: find $\sqrt{\text{logic}}$ to nearest whole letter
since $\text{logic} = \text{AU}$ & $\text{AU} = \text{DG}$ (base j)
then $\sqrt{\text{logic}} = \text{DG}$ (base j)

performing all necessary operations in base j then

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{F. F C} \\ \text{F}\sqrt{\text{DG.0000}} \\ \text{CI} \\ \text{ABF} \quad \overline{\text{H 00}} \\ \text{G EF} \\ \text{ACBC} \quad \overline{\text{DD00}} \\ \text{C I F I} \\ \overline{\text{DCA}} \end{array}$$

rounding off to the nearest whole letter we have a given value for the $\sqrt{\text{logic}}$ as G in both base j & base alphabet

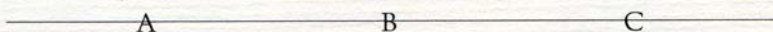
commentary:

what troubled me with this system was the abrupt initial statement since base alphabet is not necessarily a readily accessible concept further the whole process of trying to pin something down exactly only serves to reconfirm Heisenberg's PRINCIPLE OF UNCERTAINTY i.e. that the more exact you try to be in your description of something the farther you move away from the reality of its existence & thus the rounding off to the nearest whole letter the concept of whole letter is itself an interesting one which will be gone into in greater detail in a future system since if you have H & if you have I what are the fractional letters in between them & what do they express

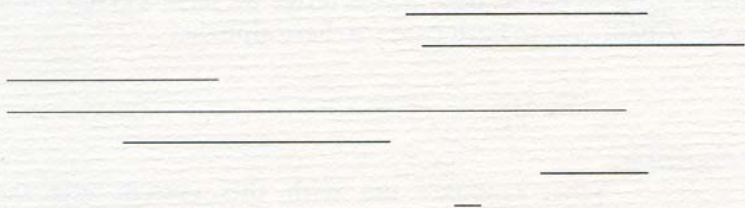
probable systems 10

a time machine

time is all & everything everything is part of time & time is part of everything we think of time as a linear event moving thus:



if our life span is A to C then there are those whose life spans are A to B or A to Z as well as those for whom it is simply A or simply Z if our A is another man woman or things A to Z & another's A to C then we are another man woman or thing's A thus we could conceive of a series of parallel linear events

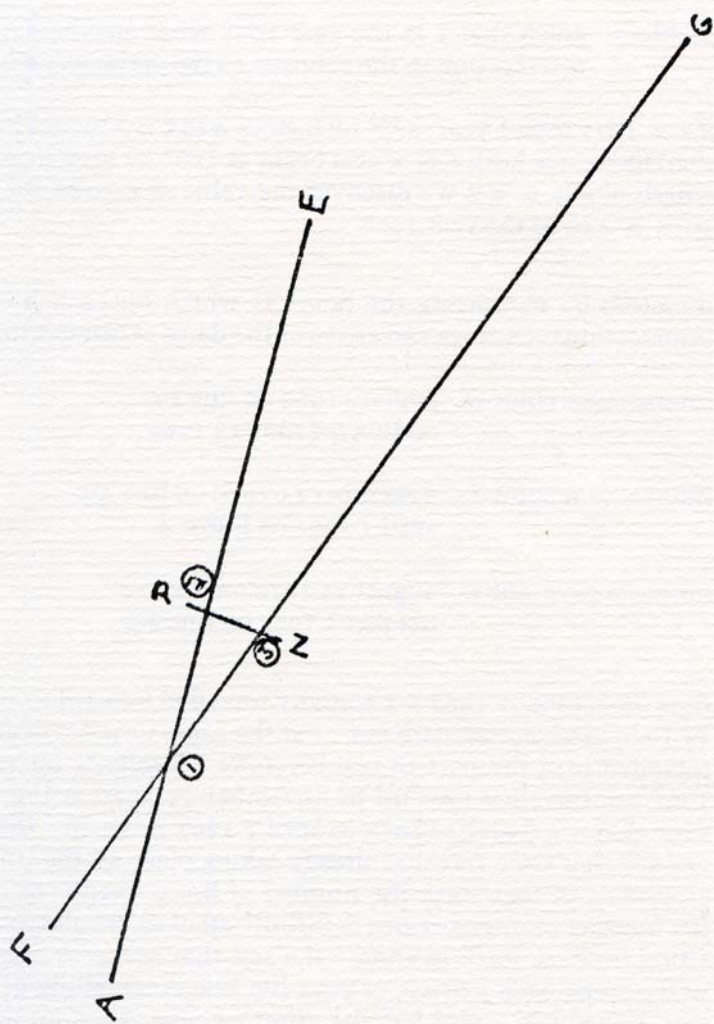


each representing a different life a different sense or passage of time but time doesn't travel in parallel lines time is part of everything & thus its motion is in all directions simultaneously

given: three time spans beginning at the same point in time (say january 1, 1967)

problem: set up three points of intersection

solution:



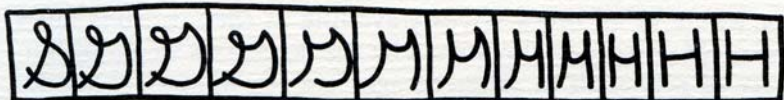
already travelling in time it is a problem with the perceptual* system the question becomes if we are travelling in time why aren't we aware of it it is perhaps over obvious to state that a sense of *self* is equated with a sense of oneness & that to be aware at any given moment of one's *self* travelling in time is to be aware of all one's *selves* travelling in time & thus one's sense of oneness is threatened by the perception of a multiplicity of selves all at different ages etc. travelling simultaneously in time since that sense of oneness is therefore threatened with annihilation with complete disintegration upon the acknowledgement of this perception this perception is not acknowledged since it is also true that if the number of points of intersection is infinite then on one of the jumps forwards or backwards one will visit a time before or after one lived then to acknowledge the perception of time travelling would mean to be aware of selves gradually disintegrating in the absence of a state of being needless to say such a perception would be too traumatic for one's sense of oneness these then are the factors that stand in the way of our conscious acknowledged use of the already existing time machine (consciousness would mean the chance to choose which point you intersected with & for how long) & explain why it hasn't been discovered earlier it now remains for someone to find the key which will unlock it

october 1971

* i.e. the precepts that inform the perceptual system and the pre-awarenesses whose sum equals perception

A Study of Context 2: S into H

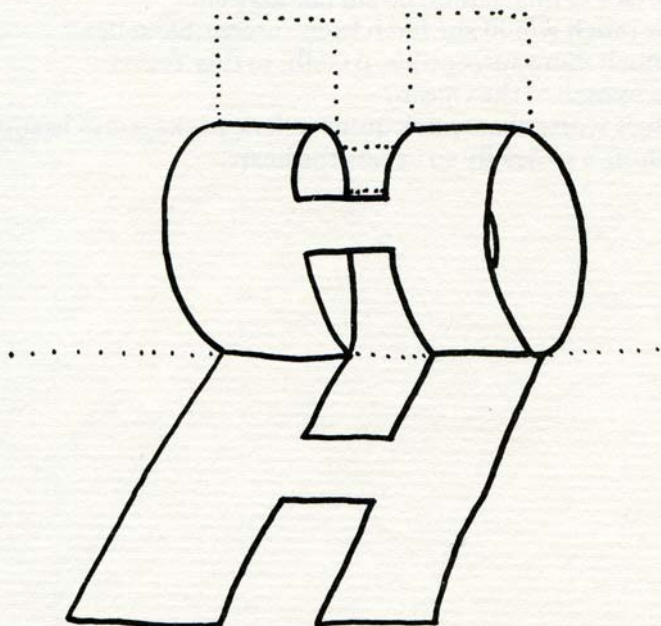
december 72

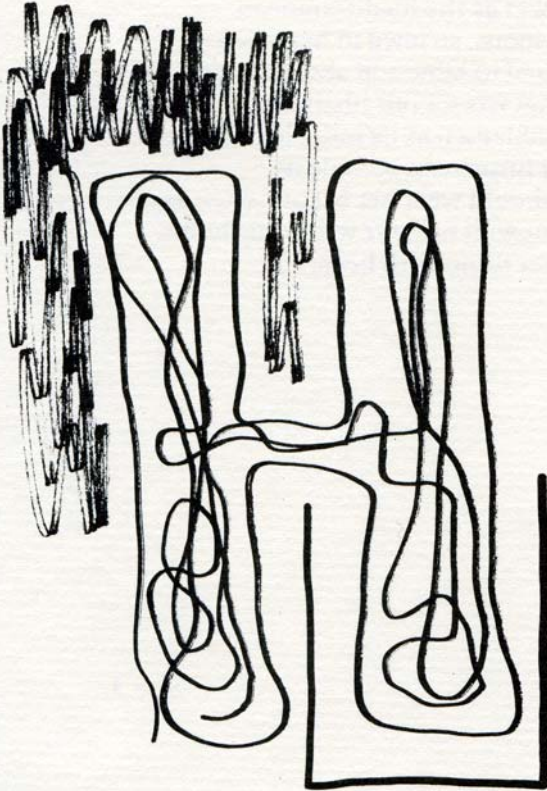


from CATULLUS poem LXXXVIII

Whose face is this, Gelli, comes unmarked by sores
pure & objecting to lifting her tunic?
whose face is this, father, no sin has marred?
how much would she fetch from susceptible sellers?
how much more susceptible, o Gelli, to this Tethys
this nymph of the Ocean?
nothing's worse than quick quim sellers, packagers of beauty,
nothing's so deadly so upsets the heart.

december 72

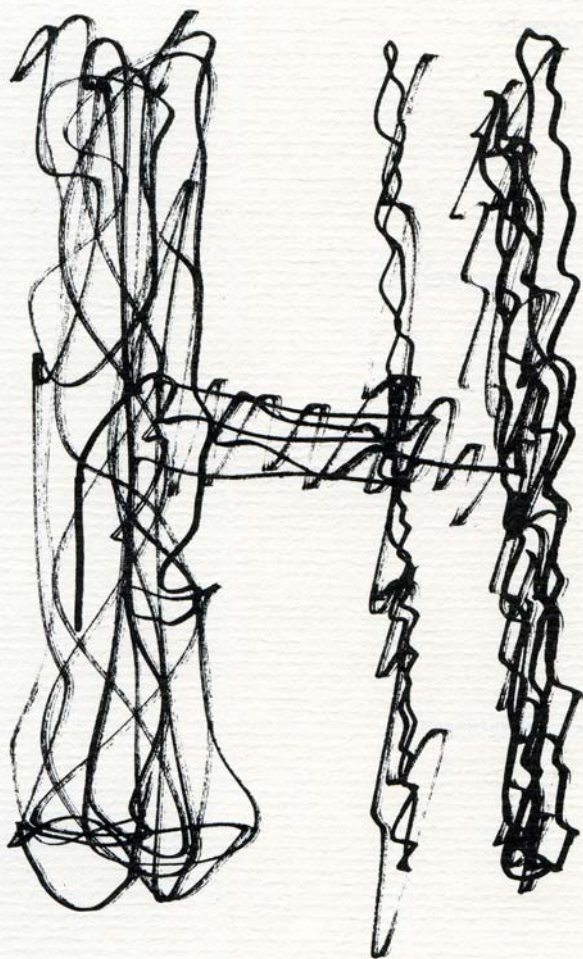




from CATULLUS poem XXXII

My beautiful my sweet Ipsitilla,
my delicious leopard,
nubile & wet as the mediterranean.
and so sensuous, so lewd in her adieus,
never limited to table-top observances,
she bares her tits for our libations,
sad such noblemen as us must leave,
hoping her future can include us.
but if age should wear her beauty, even as statues are worn,
no prince or wolf or satyr will come home
to pierce her tunic with his prick.

LT:6



probable systems 11:

hierarchy of alphabetic naming

1) pure vowels

a
e
i
o
u

2) consonant/vowel

b
c
d
g
j
k
p
q
t
v
y

3) vowel/consonant

f
l
m
n
r
s
x

4) consonant / vowel / consonant (Canadian pronunciation)

z

5) pure consonants

h

w

probable systems 12

*alphabetical bases: a table**

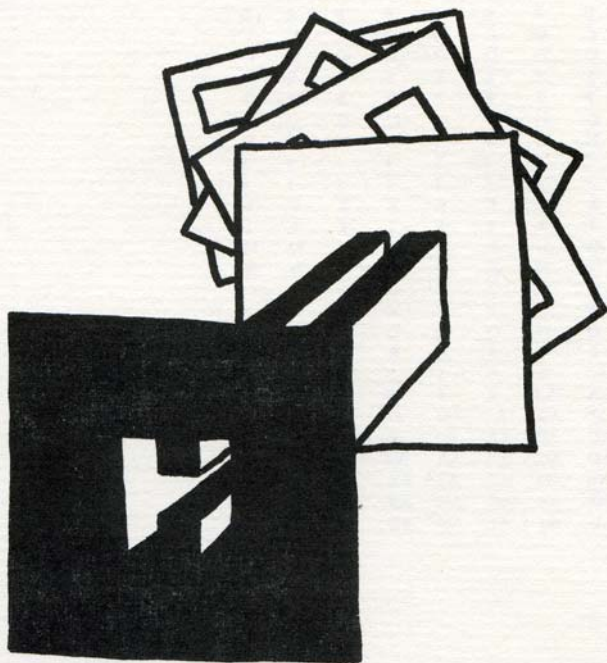
	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P
A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
B	A□	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
C	AA	A□	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C
D	A□□	AA	A□	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
E	A□A	AB	AA	A□	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
F	AA□	B□	AB	AA	A□	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
G	AAA	BA	AC	AB	AA	A□	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G
H	A□□□	BB	B□	AC	AB	AA	A□	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
I	A□□A	A□□	BA	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
J	A□A□	A□A	BB	B□	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	J	J	J	J	J	J
K	A□AA	A□B	BC	BA	AE	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	K	K	K	K	K
L	AA□□	AA□	C□	BB	B□	AE	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	L	L	L	L
M	AA□A	AAA	CA	BC	BA	AF	AE	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	M	M	M
N	AAA□	AA□	CB	BD	BB	B□	AF	AE	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	N	N
O	AAAA	AB□	CC	C□	BC	BA	AG	AF	AE	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	O
P	A□□□□	ABA	A□□	CA	BD	BB	B□	AG	AF	AE	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□
Q	A□□□A	ABB	A□A	CB	BE	BC	BA	AH	AG	AF	AE	AD	AC	AB	AA
R	A□□A□	B□□	A□B	CC	C□	BD	BB	B□	AH	AG	AF	AE	AD	AC	AB
S	A□□AA	B□A	A□C	CD	CA	BE	BC	BA	AI	AH	AG	AF	AE	AD	AC
T	A□A□□	B□B	AA□	D□	CB	BF	BD	BB	B□	AI	AH	AG	AF	AE	AD
U	A□A□A	BA□	AAA	DA	CC	C□	BE	BC	BA	AJ	AI	AH	AG	AF	AE
V	A□AA□	BAA	AAB	DB	CD	CA	BF	BD	BB	B□	AJ	AI	AH	AG	AF
W	A□AAA	BAB	AAC	DC	CE	CB	BG	BE	BC	BA	AK	AJ	AI	AH	AG
X	AA□□□	BB□	AB□	DD	D□	CC	C□	BF	BD	BB	B□	AK	AJ	AI	AH
Y	AA□□A	BBA	ABA	A□□	DA	CD	CA	BG	BE	BC	BA	AL	AK	AJ	AI
Z	AA□A□	BBB	ABB	A□A	DB	CE	CB	BH	BF	BD	BB	B□	AL	AK	AJ

* in this table □ denotes an empty place

Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C
D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G	G
H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
J	J	J	J	J	J	J	J	J	J
K	K	K	K	K	K	K	K	K	K
L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L
M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M
N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O
P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P
A□	Q	Q	Q	Q	Q	Q	Q	Q	Q
AA	A□	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R
AB	AA	A□	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
AC	AB	AA	A□	T	T	T	T	T	T
AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	U	U	U	U	U
AE	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	V	V	V	V
AF	AE	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	W	W	W
AG	AF	AE	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	X	X
AH	AG	AF	AE	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□	Y
AI	AH	AG	AF	AE	AD	AC	AB	AA	A□

I.T.A.N.U.T.S.12

december 72



probable systems 13:

text @ deduction

song

s on g
or simply on
as s can be

ass scan
(looking both ways)
s in e

wave goodbye

a w

a y

an s or
rowing faster
f as t

s as k at o on the map face
tracing the line all the way thru
these lines are so long
the s e (l in e) s are (is) so l on g

if l is on g

& l is in e

& since s is in e (as we have already seen)

& s is on g

then s & l (e & e is on g

now since e is on g & f lies between e & g

then the meaning of the alphabetic sequence 'e f g' becomes clear

april 1973

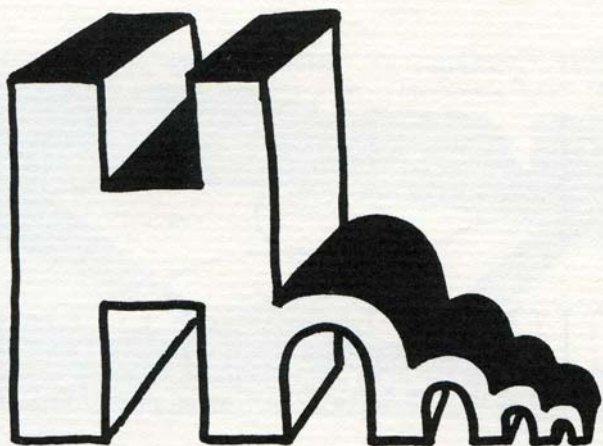
Moonth

nomoonday
marsday
mercuryday
jupiterday
venusday
saturday
sunday
halfmoonday
marsday
mercuryday
jupiterday
venusday
saturday
sunday
moonday
marsday
mercuryday
jupiterday
venusday
saturday
sunday
halfmoonday
marsday
mercuryday
jupiterday
venusday
saturday
sunday
nomoonday

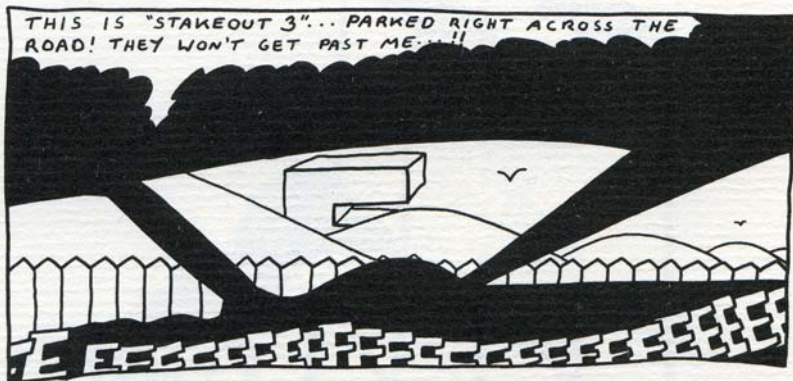
from CATULLUS poem XLIX

Dissertation on Romulus's nepotism:
'What cunts quote that fart' Marcus Tulli
(note the postulate is no grunting anus)

december 72



Toth 4



Angel of Mercy

summer 73



that we could all be to this day
marguerite de roberval's fantasy of company
alone on the isle of demons
dreaming of a country full of people
a land you could grow food in
starving to death
human howling in the elemental grief

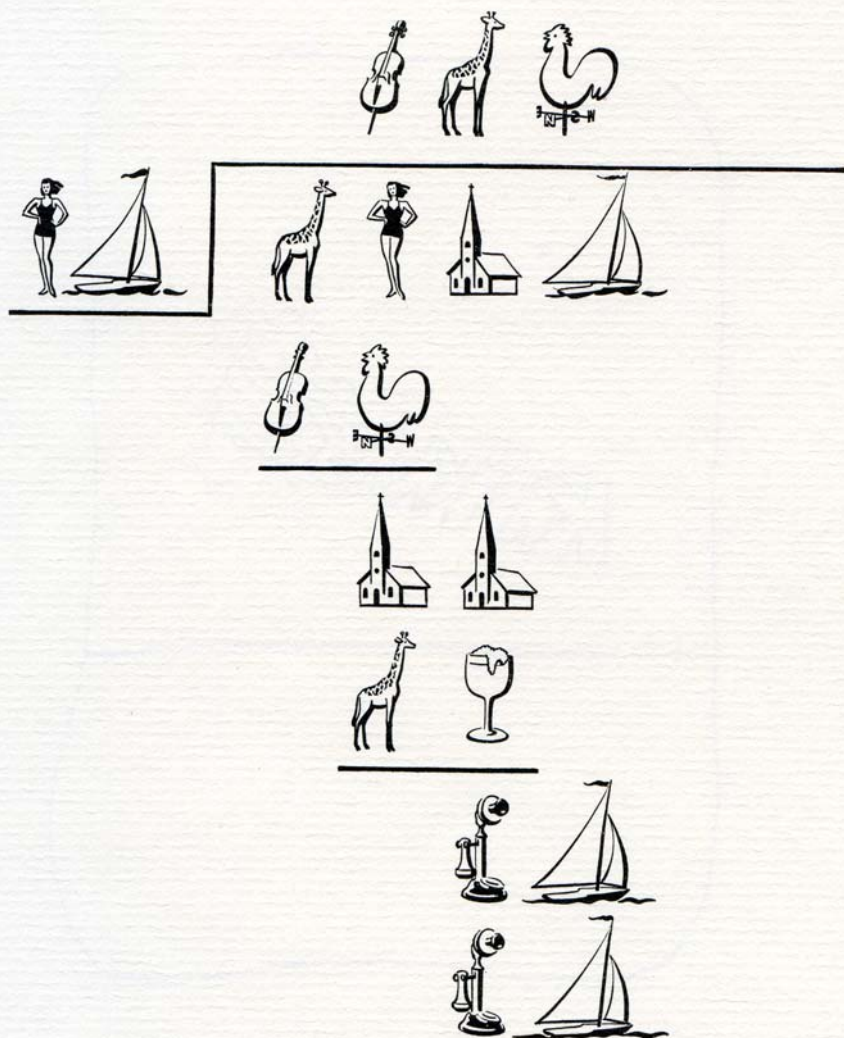
landscape: 1

for thomas a. clark

alongthehorizongrewanunbrokenlineoftrees

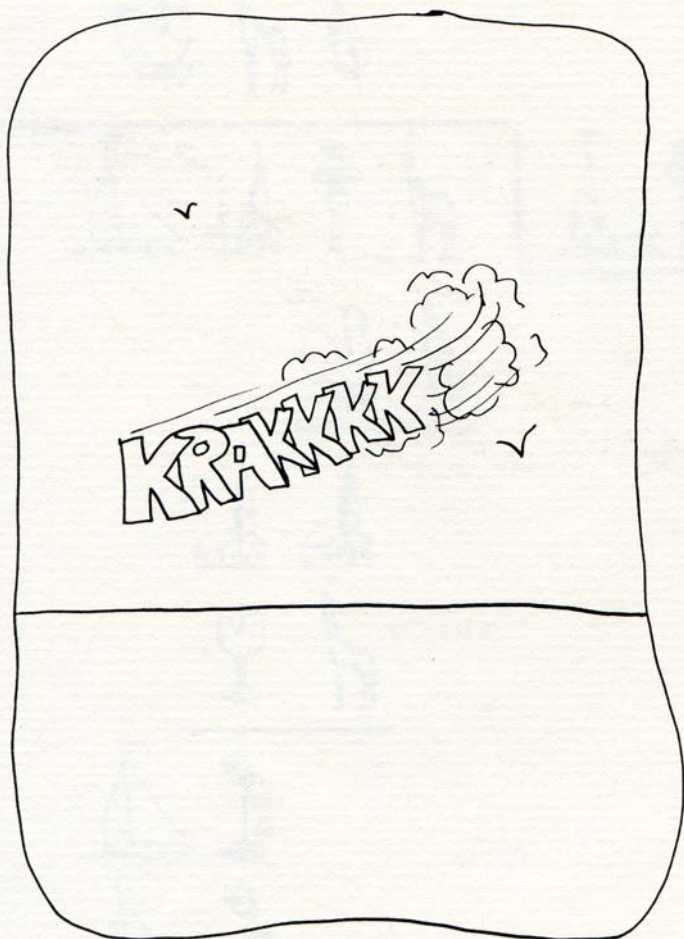
probable systems 15

division of the signified



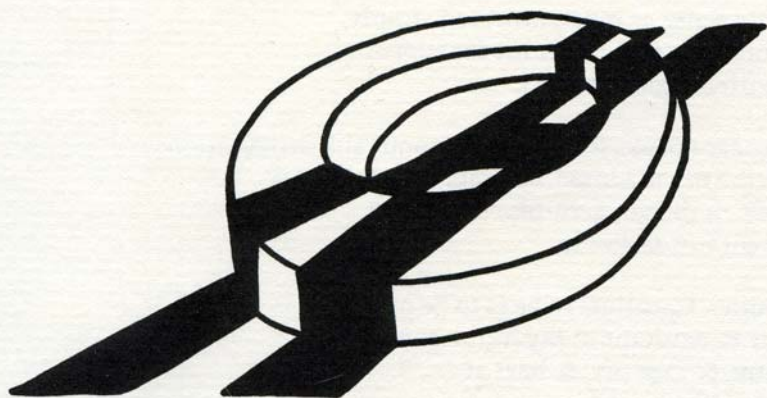
Toth 5

The Wedding
august 8 73



I.T.A.N.U.T.S. 14

december 72



from CATULLUS poem LI

Ill am I, paralyzed, whom God did hurt.
ill, suffering, a rare meal for gods
who sit, idle & adverse,
 watching & listening.

sweet ridicule, misery that ominous
spirits sense as meat, now, too simply,
Lesbia, that pixie, eats me for supper
 with her golden voice.

language speaks its torture, tenuous sub-articulations
inflame my madness, sonnets of supplicants
tinkle in the air, gem-like talking to
 light my darkness.

Opium – Catullus: to be is to be molested
open & exultant in my numb genesis:
opium & rage pry & beat at
 my fading sight.

south

a bus's stop

a b
us s's top

it is covered over

a wagon or
a bat

his hand
on top of that
one i call mine

m in e
it is not me
as i just said

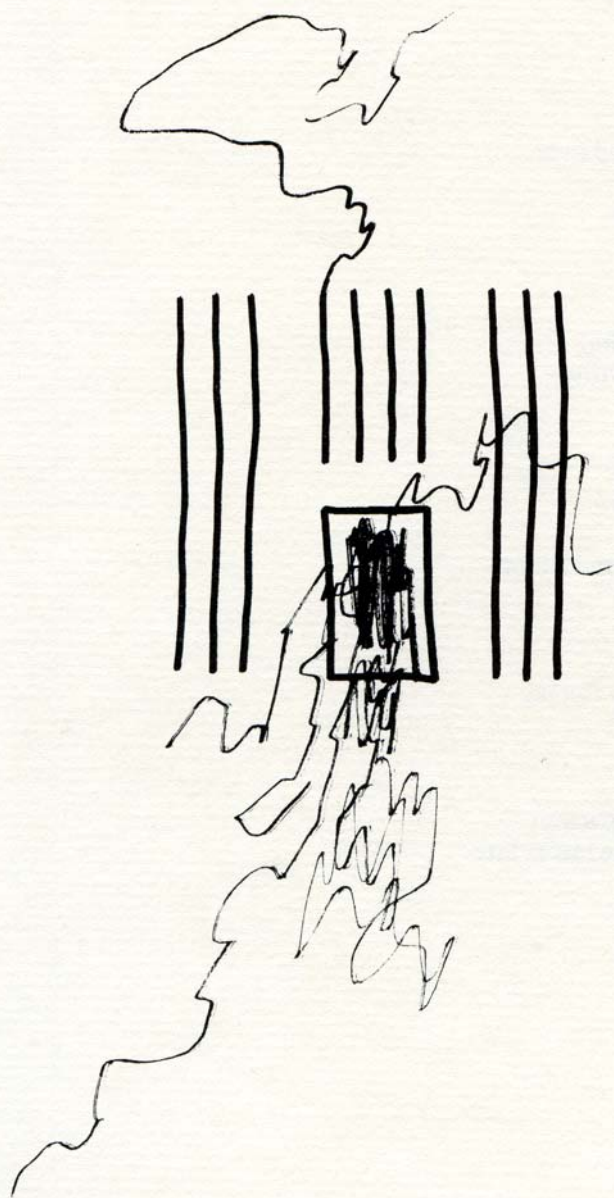
days the hand seems
so far from
the head

the HE AND the HA

No Date

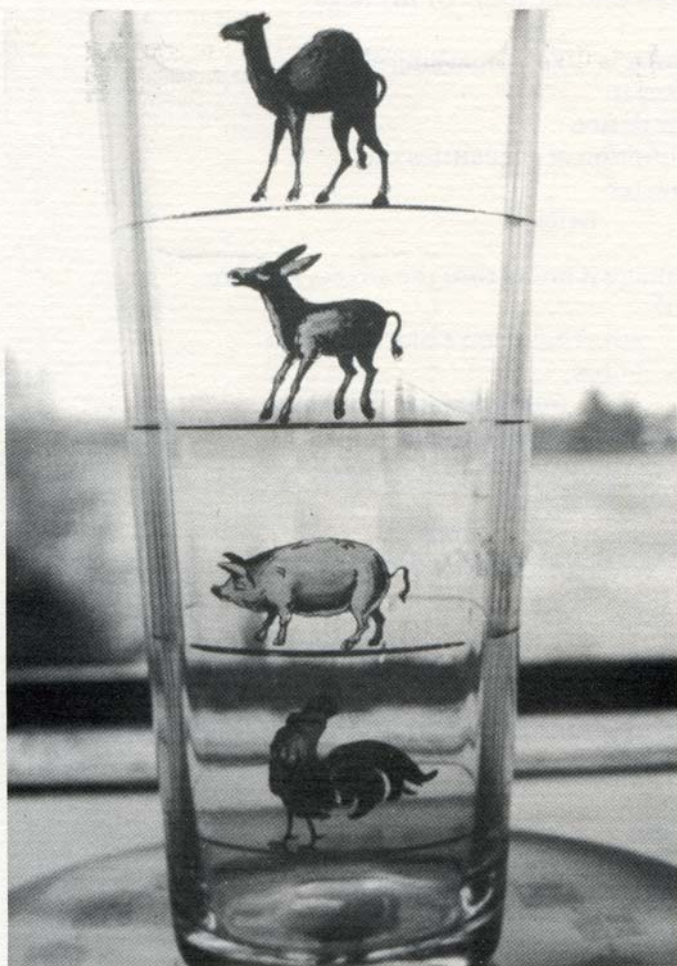
getting impatient
because the bus is late

Travelling



Probable systems 16:

device for measuring the signified



Howdy Dewdney: a Broadway poem

for Chris Dewdney & Bob Fones

lead around the room by my head

nothing is 'like' something else
it likes it
assimilation
assumption of qualities the
character-
istics

(we make it home thru the streets at 2 a.m.
drunk

streetlight don't like the moon
their chorus

music against the sphere
the windshield being glass
glasses could be part of the image
what we look thru

from
my 'point-of-view' is an illusion)

absolutes

absolutions

abstract solutions to abstract problems making for an abstract
day

or night

'just an abstract guy
under abstract skies
singing abstract songs about you'

october 20/2:20 a.m.

Allegorical Return: H is I

december 72



|| **Zygon** (zəi'gən). Pl. **zyga** (zəi'gä). [mod.L.,
ad. Gr. ζυγόν yoke.]

1. *Anat.* The bar or stem connecting the two
branches of an H-shaped fissure (*zygal fissure*) of
the brain.

Zygal (zəi'gäl), *a. Anat.* [f. ZYGON + -AL.]

Pertaining to or having a zygon.

1886 B. G. WILDER in *Jrnl. Nerv. & Mental Dis.* June
304 The complete or typical condition of a zygal fissure is
like two y's joined by their stems, . . . or, viewed from the
side, like an expanded H.

HALF OF THE
H's DESTROYED
EVERY YEAR ARE
DESTROYED THRU
DROPPAGE!!

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Thanks to Mike Sowden for photographing the glass on page 121.

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