vocab appendix b

: logos & its footnotes
anahat naad  the unstruck sound
basso profundo
an **ontolog**: graphic / sonic. is any word like the thing it names.
some would say onto-mimetic - but which is first, & which one imitates - the thing, or its name?
way from *wegh / to go, convey.

to weigh it was to lift it, but our heads went aloof and weigh became our measure of the lifting.
our thoughtless rhyme is right: way and weigh
are cognate when we follow our Whys, back
into the folk-sprach.
ire and hieros deeply rhyme: the holy is a cooling light, once was hot & thrumming.
for Zeno the monist words are all cognate & numinous.

Zeno hears a single sound, morphing thru the phonemes.
my laughter is improper, and followed to its origins has set me in a moonlit field, in a ceremony circle;

whose every point is equal from the centre it implies, my laughing self.
this i like, where'd i see this - a critic's \textit{whens} italic for telling the story being criticized, thus:

When King Richard enters prison we hear his speech for what it always was: a solipsist poetry.

ythey did this, i think, to keep distinct their own, second, story: of German interps of \textit{Richard the Second} since Frederick the Great.
on opening Chorus, **Henry V**: an Edit of mine that keeps.
am getting set for Love & Sex, for 606 and can't get past the preface of Sexual Personae:

    Historiography’s most glaring error has been

i can’t get past Historiography - thought it overlong and then i saw she needed every syllable: to distinguish from history, from reality’s own event-stream.
our terms\(^1\) of ontology ambiguate: what's **real** and **literal** mingle.

he cracked his head on the curb, literally.

literally means: keep it real, stick to the word, reduce all metaphor.

---

\(^1\) 'terms' could here mean: (i) our names for things; and (ii) the conditions of reality, what’s needed to exist.
literal means of the text, on the screen.
our terms of ontology ambiguate: it's what i meant, now i see, in Phoebe Phoebe:

'documentary', 'literally' mean mediated

: stable words, a whole vocab as Freudian slips

ontology both is (i) words about being, and (ii) words as being i.e. the german-romantic word-being.

ontology's a decent name for one of its perennial options: Idealism.

we can't suppress, our words will out us, show the world as logos - this is what i meant.
to obelize, mark as Dead a spurious word, a spurned pericope.
Leibniz credits **FuXi**, primal man, w/ the invention of Binary.

is close to saying man himself is coded / code.
letter T

an ontogram:

whose vowel [ē] is a smile, wide atop the spine.

whose speaker is an axis, topped in a spar.
i say T and my spine is a stave;
my smile's a line thru the sides of my face.
keystroke is a protocol of memory. when i Ctrl-C and leave the screen i take on mem, a block of copy stays w/ me.

whomever i Ctrl-V at must take it.

we feel it in our fingers, the coming telepathy.
honesty needed for memory: memory an info-consistency.

photographic mem our adaptation to an epoch of machines, an Info-Ecology.

prodigies of math, all the old masters of the ars memoria are info-entities, a natural kind newer than the City, their sustaining hive.
today at noon in PoR/PiP, we called to screen alan rhoda, info-Entity.
alan and his shelves unite, they show his wider being.

alan and his shelves are on a single plane, the same electro-palette.
all on Skype submit to this, we pixelize & flatten so to fly thru space at lightspeed, yet:

alan on Skype is more himself, is less embodied.
alan comes from True Flat Earth; alan is a medieval essence.
Job read out his paper, on Alan, is prepping for the CPA or something more specialist. Then Alan appeared on the seminar widescreen.
was collegial-awkward thru sound-check, warned he might -

then the bitstream stuttered, ramping into audible tone, a robot glissando.
alan is one with the info-feed. his home-world is the Library.
alan is a PhD from Fordham University, is Systems Technology Librarian at an Indiana seminary.

:SEE how alan finds his way, from within Modernity, back into his Monastery.

was born in Las Vegas, quite a journey to appear for us, today.
alan says: god has perfect knowledge, thus is **aquainted** with everything.

would know all history down to the quale.
godmem is: multi-modal, extreme. the data-stream at every angle, every slight olfaction.
godmem is a Memory Palace, co-extensive with Reality.
alan is genial, submits in equanimity to the Seminar's queries, to Rich's careful follow-up. we're slowed in awe, recover from our pleasant concussion.
history is, alan says, god in search of creaturely response.  

alan shares, in Q&A, his long-time project:

the future & its openness we intuitively contrast with the fixity or settledness of the past.

---

2 a G.Grove proverb: the Uni is a system for eliciting Rabbit Response.
figure / set: alan & his shelves. these volumes were entered by alan himself, a completist.
a rapid datum, alan speaks w/ the tiny lag of light itself.
better than my ums and ahs, my broken OM
that thins my class of sixtyfive to fifteen souls.
a hymner, one who hymns;

from hymnos / from Hymen the wedding god, or:

from *sam/to sing a Sanskrit saaman, hymn or song.
di·alle·lus, the circular arg., lapsis linguæ slip of the tongue, & baby talk is lallation.
finger poking the air, pulling a rotary: dreamdialing

[Joshua Cohen, The Book of Numbers]
gray lit, internal lit of industry, of government. is
plans & manuals with no bibliography, no cues
for archivists, not for posterity, not for the public
yet wholly non-classified.
opening OM

the real & literal mingle
alan rhoda, info-entity -> [B] -> [X] -> [Z]

window shows a thousand subtle synms

[c] still it flies -> Meds on First Geometry

[y] a Physics of Light /

fact & its parody /

the quantum sought, and the seeker

home's own OM

[A] andrat mood -> iron/iron

[B] hymner -> gray lit

[C] thrude -> ion -> ism

anomalies

[x] my body dazed/able breather

[y] coneas atudes

[z] the whole vocab/to name along

w/ Badges
i’ve flipped an old exam, am writing from the booklet’s back, and neater.

am taking notes, am making report on the state of my art, my penmanship.
am writing on the sides unlined, from last year’s pile of 709 - a course I’ve taught for thirteen years.
i’m starting again, neater this time. my writing declines, staying in school. my ν is rounding, u is getting sharp. was always tolerated, never remarked on.
my knees are nodes of an ache that grows. 
my muscles degrade, a rot works out to my 
fingers and onto the page. my v is rounding, u 
an oversharp curve.
the chalkboard behind is empty thru class, thru the course, an abstract Set i drone upon.

i've scaling skin, i keep the room low-lit.
if ever you saw me typing my notes, reading what my pen had wrought, trying to follow the arrows & asterices, squinting to tell a cross-out from an underscore, why, you’d laugh: a chortle would escape you, tensing you up, screwing your throat up tight as it leaves;

a laugh that shows you’ve been infected by me.
Most of Nabakov's novels [King, Queen, Knave is no exception] are attacks upon their readers, though not like Genet and much modern theatre; not like Baudelaire's, who called his leceur a hypocrite, because he also called him his double, his frère. Yet what can this mighty magician do, this godlike contriver, when forced to perform for his life like a servant, but pick the pockets of the yokels whom he entertains?

no Brother, then. Opponent to be beaten.³

writing is my concentrated imprint. as close to the gym i get these days. its ‘rigorous lines’ are a firm, extended hand, Hello.

Charles Bukowski & Al Purdy were able brawlers, large men who could ‘lay a long line’; were roughhouse Whitmans who admired the other in letters, in summer stays at Purdy’s a-frame cottage.
whopstraw, a Whitman fave: a virile rustic who beats the grain from chaff with flail, & isn't gay.
the **spavined horse** - we rode him down, bent his spine into a saddle.

: so have i mis-read **spavined** - by the **spavined sofa** they pulled from the curb in *Kavalier & Klay*, for it sags in the middle, just like a worn old nag.
this whole Vocab is a strong misreading of language itself, of poetry’s Anxious Influence. of stultifying words, those ideograms unanalysed whose affixes lump into words like unanalysed.
w/ my Genius Friend i laugh at the Detective who said *orientated* on tv, sweating in the pop & glare of smirking wordsmiths. we laugh with the Press at his bureaucratese, we scorn his easy B.A. - but my Genius Friend says so much shit himself - i'm talking to you, English Itself - so much shit like *propinquousness*. 
to name along with Balzac the geraniums, laurustinus and pomegranites growing in large blue and white vases is to name

i. a flower i can picture
ii. one i've never heard of, and
iii. a familiar name

i'm annoyed by this word laurustinus - i cannot tell if it's singular. a mass noun? a sweetgrass if you insist but flora i'd rather pass over - all but the ugly entheogens.

so here on p. 5 of Père Goriot is Balzac's famous Realism! were i the one come ambling down Neuve Sainte Genevieve, my eyes would pass the actual yard where

i. a flower i can name,
ii. one i've never seen, and
iii. one i know the sight of

all grow & they would all be so uninteresting, as they were on the page.
gloucester grove is overrun in trim & edging. in lathing along the baseboards, in oblong dimples in the crossbeam.

a plate-rail runs the dining room / the bunny hub, its lip is rounded & laquered.

nothing plain, on closer view: endless carve & trim.
foyer door has fifty seven sub-panes - i poke the air w/ pen from the sofa and count them. in six styles: one clear, five occluded: wavey, grained: course, fine, and edges bevelled wide so that the light incoming, image of the street outside is jumbled & infracted.

like a persian rug or folktale our door has no one maker, it's a cultural emergent, a lovely fractal working thru the centuries and found, today, in any Lowe's or Home Depot.
B’s nana was posted in Ladakh in midcentury - high among the mountain folk who’d never seen a car. They’d come to an overlook, high above the mountain pass, journeyed half a day to gather and see the army convoy, far below and an elder said see, the young one calls to his mother, he runs to meet her!

A jeep was moving up the line, overtaking trucks ahead with courtesy beeps.

The elder is naïve and wise, is his animism. Is right to think our cars alive: is up too high to see the driver and if he could he’d rightly see a symbiote.
all you have are words of mine, it's they who mean - so who's more alive, even as i type?
these lines are not 'aesthetic'. labour & life pour into our house, these lines are its collectors: groove & scallop open house to the powers around & within.

these lines are not 'aesthetic' or aesthetic is no merely. beauty draws our devotion, our deposits. this is its function, to feed on our libido, our attentional energies.

window shows a thousand subtle symmetries. is a vertical persian w/ stewards thru the centuries.

so who's more alive, house or those inside?

for whom is all this carpentry?
trundle is transitive [he trundles the ship-wheel] & intransitive [the lorry trundling over cobblestone].

when wheel is wonky, trundle is a sonolog: species of ontolog.
angle **subtended** by hypotenuse. A line **subtends** the facing angle by its extension, by being a line.

**subtension** thus is verbal, barely, is logical action.
via, the adverb: ablative form of via, the way.
ion a 'going': present part. of ienai, 'to go': from node to node thru an aqueous medium & Faraday saw this, counts among Victorian mediums.
meander, the noun, for any verb may reify.

a river runs thru, a scarpment abides;

bank & rut remain.
river is & river does, it flows & is a landmark, is a legend and a goddess to the cities along it.
the River Liffey, river of life, in Dublin history has two Noted Incidents:

: on Butt Bridge, a bus hit another and skid into the river, Dec 2000. a few injuries.

: from O’Connell Bridge, 2011, a man dove in to save his rabbit. twenty feet up, a hovering mob of touring angels cheered him on & filmed it.

wik: River Liffey
thrombosis is a clot in vein or artery. When broken free & flowing is an embolus. When snug again, an embolism.

From mobile to sessile, a bolus to an ism.
ism is an is at rest; the m is anchor on the is.
Zeno’s arrow, Bergson’s words: movement is composed of immobilities, is absurd.

**still it moves** said Galileo: standing for judgement, then pacing under house arrest.

**still it moves** the Cynic said, rising from the seminar.
still, it moves, tho shouldn’t. action is absurd. my lazy soul asserts its right to stasis, by staying.
nothing should happen yet always is - the stasis is exceeded.

the horse's trot exceeds the shot, panel's frame is crossed, again.
it can be cut, in theory; in fact it may persist.

it's psycho-physical all the way down and atoms have will, are **obdurate**.

atoms are tiny atlantes.
still, it flies - tho flying is impossible.

i said to Y, type at any given time & google will add how many planes are in the air, and i was right.

flight is motion extremified. shown high, in spare sky so we squint & drop our jaw again.

what is awe but disbelief, after the fact?

Conservatives are history's naysayers, often proven wrong by American positive thought but in principle correct: things should never change. i sympathize with sceptics of the young. i do not get how they stay on a skateboard, stop & stay on, weave thru a pedestrian throng.
an atom endures, an arrow flies by **insisting**. they’re Chesterson’s sun in "Conservativism": a willful regularity, a child’s leg kicking.
in Aristotle’s *Physics*, matter is **hyle**, timber.

**duramen**, [djuˈræmən] the pith of trees

**duramen** the inner stem cambium accresces out from.

hyle is temples a thousand years old, with no nails. the high & heavy beams are even-planed, the frame in perfect equipoise.
dowels & the dharma hold these rafters up.
Meditations on First Geometry, or: Remedial-Math, regressing to those early Whys i said hmm & passed over in gradeschool.
problem

if a square's side is 1, so is its area; so are they equal.

any side is 1, by some metric.
again

consider the circle:

\[ \text{area} = \pi (\text{radius})^2 \]

yet if

\[ \text{radius} = 1 \]

then our disc's area is \( \pi \), is

3.14
response

if side of square is 1, its area is 1 squared.

: they're not equal.
again

if side of square is 7, then 7 squared is the area. that gives us 49 : not 49 squared.

if side of square is 1, then 1 squared is the area. that gives us 1 : not 1 squared.

1 squared is 1, the answer is 1, i ask my ASUS

\[ 1^2 \]

and the 2 dissolves, reduces from the superscript.
response

line is length, area is a spread: of squares, each therein one-by-one of our metric.

if side is five, area is twenty-five one-by-one squares.

if side is one, area is one one-by-one square.

so to figure the area, we resolve one kind of square [the superscript 2] for another, so area is, to be precise

\[ n \text{ squares} \]

: is never a side's equal.
we've introduced a unit, **squares**, with the answer.

is this legit? invalid or 'productive'?
we've let in squares, yet never left the sidelines. we're on the edge, we're not inside.
square is added in: there's graphic imposition and why not?
by quaintier measure, by the liveable math of an acre, may area mean more than a line & its product.

acre is the ground a man & yoke of oxen plow within a sun's single pass overhead.

acre is a day's work within it; acre is what makes it; acre is our land & labour mixed.
problem

it's still a line, a path i drive my team along.
path per se is narrow as my spine, as the
crease between eyes i concentrate by.

swath is made by plow & oxen, plow & oxen
spread me. swath is made by stolen labour &
trick of technology.
what is an acre itself, i ask. and don't give me a line.

you point to that, a spread of sod bounded in by orange snowfence.

you excavate a specimen, send it to the vault of national standards.
said seventeen hundred years ago and was going to add they buried the Nag Hammadi & the math came thru so fast, my answer amazes me:

in 316 A.D. i said [to myself].
it went like this, i think:

i. i started from Zero then added 1700.

ii. from 1700, an easy 316.
thoughtless rules, for thoughtless math:

'to Zero add $x$',

'name the current year', et cet

- are barely Operations.
was tempted in my umming pause to start from the present, from 2016, then take away 1700 - a task that keeps me umming.
P1. to get to 316 A.D., i start from Zero.

therefore

C1. i think from Zero, not from present Year.

so

C2. i'm from the Year Zero.

the inference from C1 is strong; but not the one to it.

with more P1-type habits, more Year Zero biases, the move to C2 improves.

p.k.d. thru similar reasoning comes to accept he's gnostic-Essene, the ancient Thomas.
[I].  \textbf{PI.E} is \textbf{3.14} in a mirror.

[II].  \textbf{pi} sounds like \textbf{pie}.

[III].  \textbf{pie} is happy geometry, a prop of math as classic as apples.

: not so odd if the Aon lives and bores of his/her colored balls, advances into old english word games.
the Aon gives us clues e.g. to **squaring the circle**:

[II] implies, [III] implies an icon slice / two radii.

[I] suggests we **flip** our results, solve in a mirror.

[II] is easy, invite us to play.

[I] was noticed, when? we’ve called it **pi** since 1705. **pie** goes back to Med. Latin, is a meat pastry.
here's the circle Stefen drew me:
I have a small surprise, he said, but close your eyes.

Was always riddling, left me with a decade's worth of koans over two cups of coffee.
22 June is 6/22, is one month short of Pi Approximation Day.

6/22 is Pi Approximation Day, approximately.

6/22 is precisely an approximation.
6/22 is one month short but he did say AD - a letter short, yet he did say AD, 'complete me'.

add a D, see the ADD, then add a 1, for Pie Approximation Day.

[IV] is for the P.I.E. peoples. from their pantheon, their wisdom gods this challenge issues.
a circle's spin is indistinct from stasis. the circle is our symbol of Tautology.

yet from it so much issues: let us praise Tautology.

from 1 is 1 a world is born, a navigable Geometry.
7 X 5 says sum iterations of the multiplicand. Division reduces from the dividend: as many times as specified by the divisor. Numbers all are sets of ones thus much of math can happen on a Leibniz Wheel, a circle & its hard-cut increments.
a circle & its increments: from it so much issues!

i'm lost within the notes of later Grothendieck. i
wander in his palace of abstractions.
G's descent of dieu: is synchronous, roughly [is monthly-continuous] w/ p.k.d.'s epiphany.
why not say divided \textbf{in}? was always taught divided \textbf{by} and now for all but rote response am stalling in the idiom.

what is our initial whole, our numerator? \textbf{what} do we divide?
five divided in or into seven means: five cut into seven portions, each of size \( n \),

\[0.71428571428\]

this i understand.
what does five divided by seven mean?! 

that our starting five is siphoned down seven times, down to zero?
this cryptic by has kept alive my simple hope
you can divide by zero.

by is vague, so aporia thrived, & my pride
survived the limits of my mathematic 'interest',
the Ontario highschool minimum.
had very mild savant ticks, till ten or eleven: chanting thru the doubling twos on car rides: thirty-two, sixty-four, on thru the bit-count but at 4096 i’d falter, squinting, try to read the marker on a whiteboard within.
this one thought you can divide by zero and a few more, made my soul an open wound, an Academy grove where only those who think we might divide by zero may enter.

my hazy head was friend of every phantom but i'm forty-two and tired, now, i'm going in & closing the door behind me.
my soul goes hard: you can't divide by zero.

or 'into', please.
the last stray rabbit's in the bag, i'm off to an off-map sanctuary.
i force a fraying signal to the single-lane literal. the signfield holds no portents, for me, it's a swath of grass i need to plow, it's hay for our bunnies.
you can't divide by zero: it's simple life, an early morning clarity i seek. steady work & Atheism.

my lazy head was friend of all ghosts, i may have let in god but i am done, now.
a lune / a lens
secant / tangent
obtuse / acute angles
in Euclid's Elements, a **plane** is a species of surface.
what other species is there?! i said.
I'd forgotten e.g. the surface of a sphere.
or dismissed it, as follows:

sphere’s surface implies the volume, implies the sphere. so the surface itself is 3D.
yet every surface implies its volume.

a plane, too, implies a volume:

the underhalf of [three-dimensional] space.
our progress answers Zeno, gets us from the sideline to our field of labour: line implies a surface, surface a volume so we move on out with space itself.
Wittgenstein: A Wonderful Life
Christopher Sykes, 1989

&

Derrida
Dick & Ziering, 2002
young man I do not know if you're an idiot; but write me an essay on any topic of philosophic interest and I promise I shall read it.

on reading one sentence Russell looked up, said You mustn't build aeroplanes, you must do Philosophic Logic.

[from wik: Principia Mathematica ]
the symbols are senseless in raw Formalism, they merely behave, so

does not mean

if____ then____
: say *if/then* in your head, if you'd like, if you're fond, still, of the quasi-causal sense.
p → q

and

p

imply

q

: so does '→' behave.
so does Gödel critique the *Principia*: to say *true/false* is to interpret the behaviour of the symbols down the page; and that would be another scheme, would call to being another study, a prior *Principia*, and so on.
is crucial not to over-interpret these diagrams - - - nothing is said of how a particle gets from point to point, in a straight line or curved, in a constant speed, or that indeed it is moving. its position changes, that is all.

[ from wik: Quantum Electrodynamism ]

he who says the particle moves, a photon goes interprets. the Feynman arrow simply shows - what? a factor of calculation?
arrow shows an ontic continuity, *its* position changes' - so now we have an overlayed philosophy.

we're not to say the particle moves, yet something changes, something transfers: far from 'shut up and calculate'.
a p.s. to Russell, from Norway:

am building myself a small house, miles from anyone.
the Russian village had one bookshop, the shop one book, which he took: *Tolstoy on the Gospels*, and he kept it with him always, he read it in the trenches.
like Ramānujan’s notebooks, he shows few proofs: often he declares his results.
substance, he abjures: all that is, is abstract.
in my experience, consciousness abides: this is a necessity. death is, by definition, beyond experience.
belief in my mortality / belief in other minds: each must answer the sceptic, for these are alike:

your consciousness is inaccessible to me

and

all unconsciouness is inaccessible to me
consciousness abides, death may be a zazen
Life has long ago perfected for suppressing
itself, for relief.
Einstein says we'll be immortal if we constantly travel beyond the speed of light since time will no longer exist. Exceeding the Light, we find ourselves in Eternity.

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5 Nikita Strelyanny, 'The Purpose of Life', 2016, draft paper for CPHL709, Ryerson University.
a Physics of light is of a top-five archetype, Light.

a Physics of light would approach the a priori.
A Physics of Light cannot avoid poetry, sounding like prophecy.
the Higgs' field has a non-zero value, **even in a vacuum** - the only field so persistent. [so far]
is non-negatable, even from a vacuum'

: a physical form of Immortal.
In our times, scientific works grow old very fast. *The Internal Constitution of the Stars* by A. Eddington enthralled me when I read it forty years ago, and it is still a magnificent book, but it must be read now as (genuine!) science fiction, because nothing in it corresponds any more with our present knowledge. In my opinion the same may happen with *Cosmology Now*: please take this remark as an *hommage*. This volume will remain readable, indeed exciting, but very little of its aesthetically appealing, lucid simplicity in its development of the model of the universe will survive the changes to come. I say this as a dilettante and a heretic who knows more about the history of science than about cosmology. The first conquerors of new knowledge always find it easier to proclaim that “God may be subtle, but
Heisenberg argues the quanta reduce to abstractions:

on this point modern physics has definitely decided for Plato . . . the smallest units of matter are - not physical objects in the ordinary sense of the word; they are forms, structures - in Plato’s sense ideas, which can be unambiguously spoken of only in the language of math

ends his speech suggesting that the laws of archetype govern these abstractions.

Plato himself was not content with this restriction. Having pointed out with the utmost clarity the possibilities and limitations of precise language, he switched to the language of poetry, which evokes in the hearer images conveying understanding of an altogether different kind. I shall not seek to discuss here what this kind of understanding can really mean. These images are probably connected with the unconscious mental patterns the psychologists speak of as archetypes, forms of strongly emotional character that, in some way, reflect the internal structures of the world.7

Jung is the completion of Physics: i see why Sokal opened with this, the later Heisenberg.

7The Debate Between Plato and Democritus
Weinberg goes *ad hominem* on him, mentions his errors of *calculation* in the German a-bomb program.
if Heisenberg himself sends his speech to Social Text, then calls it a hoax, is it?
Sokal needs this one Relativism:

'because I didn't mean it, it's a parody.'

Sokal's aims are value-imposing - Sokal insists.
;congrats on being yourself, on being Sokal.

[ Stanley Fish ]

;congrats & respect for a brave & painful Outing

:some faggoty rag actually ran these beefcake pics - and they're not bad, they're lively and they show his better references. these Continental Sketches compell - and whether or not he got off on Ciszoux, they were composed with a masturbatory intensity: a hundred and nine footnotes! so much time lurking among the Enemy. Friday nights at a Brooklyn library, furtive in the upper stacks.
in an Oxford suite, Sokal & Ayer - - - -
deliriously aglow, they've over-candled - - - -
huddled round a random page of pre-Frege
german philosophy - - - - they're reading
in turns, in unison laughing and their final surges
turn them serious, a surprising intensity they'll
cherish into their senescence.
it's Alan & me, now, snickering. Sokal is home, laughing alone, with me. the buzz is gone, i'm late to the game. the LRB's last remembrance, balanced & wry, was seven years back.

in gradschool was pulled within the Analysis hegemony, was thoughtless.
Sokal wrote a parody, yes - of what? he flirts with what's the case.

he's vague & confusing, but so is existence.
imitation aims at fact, approaches similitude.
a prior draft, they’re chafing round a random page of pre-Frege German Philosophy - less likely, and worse as satire. the better version barely veers from realism - with masturbation in the air, unstated.
imitation incarnates reality:

by word of Tlön, is Earth re-made.
Tlön, a word I type a lot. by umlaut o making top row: so would Tlön invade.
Tlön is ideal so to think it with precision is to realize it.
Sir Herbert Read, tireless in his advocacy of vanguard art, wired his support from England.

It seemed to him the hoaxers had been [hoaxèd on their own petard.]

channeling the moderns they most despised, McAuley & Stewart

lifted lines at random from the books and papers on their desks [Shakespeare, a dictionary of quotations, an American report on the breeding grounds of mosquitos, etc. ] They mixed in false allusions and misquotations, dropped 'confused and inconsistent hints at a meaning' in place of a coherent theme, and deliberately produced what they thought was bad verse. 8

8 David Lehman, 'The Ern Malley Poetry Hoax' Jacket, June 2002
parody revels in early versions. a poem's own draft is a parody. the crossed-out bits are parodies caught & de-selected.

the distinction is slight, of a can from a could.
who needs the Bogdanoffs to parody Physics?
it’s still an early draft.

How in the world could the plane of oscillation of a pendulum be "aligned with the initial singularity", i.e. the big bang? The big bang did not occur anywhere in particular; it happened everywhere.9

it happened everywhere: then how could the pendulum not be aligned with it?
it happened everywhere: except for infinite matter /energy around the Singularity: all they push off into the non-visible universe.
we've somehow left out 94 per cent of everything. we go to Press as quanta dissemble & our Beautiful Theory complicates - the one we thought we'd whittled to a meme.
details trickle down per day, congeal in a consensus:

‘this boson shall unify Physics.’
a giant O we'd cram within

the vasy fields of France, the very casques That did affright the air at Agincourt.
seen from the Sun, a sizeable monad;
to orbital pilots, a very serious crop-circle, and

Gaia uses whatever means of writing she can find. If wind is necessary, if electromagnetic fields are necessary, then so be it.¹⁰

if pranksters high on psilocybin, or an Intl team of atheists - so be it. with her waywards she’s patient and maternal, she can work with this.

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**LHC**, the Person of record: a person on the order of a social whole, an organon.

A Date of Discovery in **years** - fitting for a being whose brain has tripled in two million.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Status</th>
<th>A Higgs boson of mass ≈125 GeV was tentatively confirmed by CERN on 14 March 2013,[1][2][3] although it is unclear as yet which model the particle best supports or whether multiple Higgs bosons exist.[2] (See: Current status)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Symbol</td>
<td>$H^0$</td>
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<tr>
<td>Theorised</td>
<td>R. Brout, F. Englert, P. Higgs, G. S. Guralnik, C. R. Hagen, and T. W. B. Kibble (1964)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discovered</td>
<td>Large Hadron Collider (2011–2013)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mass</td>
<td>$125.09_{-0.21}^{+0.21}$ (stat.)$±0.11$ (syst.) GeV/c$^2$ (CMS+ATLAS)[4]</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mean lifetime</td>
<td>$1.56 \times 10^{-22}$ s</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

[Note 2] (predicted)
the quantum sought, and the seeker.
the quantum sought, a fuzzy dot. a glowy node, never quite in focus.

And so it continues. The image of an electron is like a fractal, repeating over and over at finer detail, forever. The electric charge of the electron is focused into a single pixel of ever-decreasing size, surrounded by a vacuum of unimaginable electrical detail.

[Frank Close, the infinity puzzle, 2011]
the image of an electron is like a fractal

: this is coy, why not say

an electron is a fractal image

on zooming in, we find it behaves like an image being zoomed in on, followed down to warp, to stipple, pixel - down into the medium's own atoms: thus from newstype down to inkjet blot & down into the pulp itself, the chains of carbon.
i won't collate my thoughts this eve.
I won't collate my thoughts this eve. I'm sinking low, nostrils where the steam comes off the water.
am hearing as a single song the home’s several systems. all the tones the tub collects, ceramic tile sharpens.
the fridge's low purr, & the hot, high hum of a charging battery pack;

a soft and wobbly whumping of the ceiling fan, down the hall;

and from below, the buzz of old florescents: fat T12s that vibrate at precisely twice the house's own current - i looked it up, was looking into updating. but now i know the basement buzz as home's own undertone, up an octave.
i hold my breath and slide beneath the water line. buzz is there in every tone, buzz is tone dispersing into power chord. i'm hearing as a single song the many tones, and synesthize, i close my eyes and open into cavern space where waves of light disperse into their filament. a light and sound always around, that follow me thru weekday chores; but it's Friday and i've never tried this tub before. it's Friday and i'm rarely high, it's Friday and i'm almost done the bunny ramp, to get them to the yard.
i won't collate my thoughts, today,
i won't collate my thoughts, today, but the basement has a very low ceiling:
ceiling's a terrain I train
my eyes along.

the floor I ignore, I make my way by the high obstructions.
rad embedded / bathroom ceiling
coming down, my world inverts.
i'm grounded up, a cable runs from top of head & tracks me into ceiling.
down below, my legs are light, they traipse along the laminate.
as hands upon a steering wheel, or foot along a stony path my angling head, my upper half, turn autonomic, thoughtless.
i won't collate my thoughts today, i keep my morning free & long.
i move thru home, up into the kitchen.

i'm chatty, sipping coffee from the saucepot.

i let each newness register & linger.
i pull my hand from a bag of cornchips, toss myself a breakfast bowl:

  chopped dill
from a root-veg soup Y made, sheaths of green onion
scrapings from a curlling avocado piece, greying in the crisper
cashews crushed, raw black sesame and shredded red lettuce.
whatever's perishing, whatever's underused in the pantry. not my normal bread & tea, bread & tea till eleven - a nibbling & sipping i like to prolong but writing out my thoughts this morning finds my thesis - words & self are forcing into union.
i won't collate my thoughts this morning but the sauce-pot coffee has a chocolatey tang, an aftertaste i query as it fades.

on bringing pot to lips, it's the aftertaste i seek, that i honour as Intelligence. shorthand of the molecular mix, nutritional advice if only i'd listen - on when to quit sipping, on whether i need chocolate in my VEGA, and VEGA in my coffee, and coffee.
[ am typing these notes some days later; am writing, i believe, of the bowlful of hash i'm smoking on Monday. ]
what's so wrong with weed, with bread?

gluten-free is so widespread, i sense a meme to hound me, wean me. i'm better with my salad bowl, without this coffee with a chocolatey tang, a chocolatey tang with a playdoh undertaste.
am high on weed gone charred and clumpy
- was going to say clay, but couldn't recall the
easy cliché.

clay, i say, when digging Ratso's grave come
eve  - Halloween, our first in years, when five
kids came.
said to Y, type at any given time and google will add:

how many planes are in the air, and i was right.

to what's so bad about google adds gluten. is up there with meat, with carbon, our trending verbotens.
when carbon, flesh, & bread are bad, we're leaving life. my world flips up, the ceiling pulls as ground once held, & the molecules of life are poison.
and i'm free to be stupid the rest of my day, to screw two holes for a toothbrush holder & set a stake for Milo's pen.