



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 **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.*

they did this, i think, to keep distinct their own,  
second, story : of German interps of **Richard**  
**the Second** since Frederick the Great.

## Synopsis [\[ edit \]](#)

The Elizabethan stage lacked scenery. The Chorus (a single speaker) apologizes for the limitations of the theatre, acknowledging that "a Muse of fire", an actual sun, would be the ideal source of theatrical power, and that real princes and a real kingdom are superior to actors and their small stage. The Chorus then speculates: just as an actor "plays" King Henry, King Henry would play the god of war himself, would "[a]ssume the port [bearing] of Mars". The Prologue is thus a formal Apology for the production, but tempered with the speculation that the world, too, is a kind of stage, nested in a larger structure of imitation. The Chorus encourages the audience to use their "imaginary forces" to overcome the stage's limitations: "Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts."



King Henry V ↗

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<sup>1</sup> 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.

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<sup>1</sup> '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.

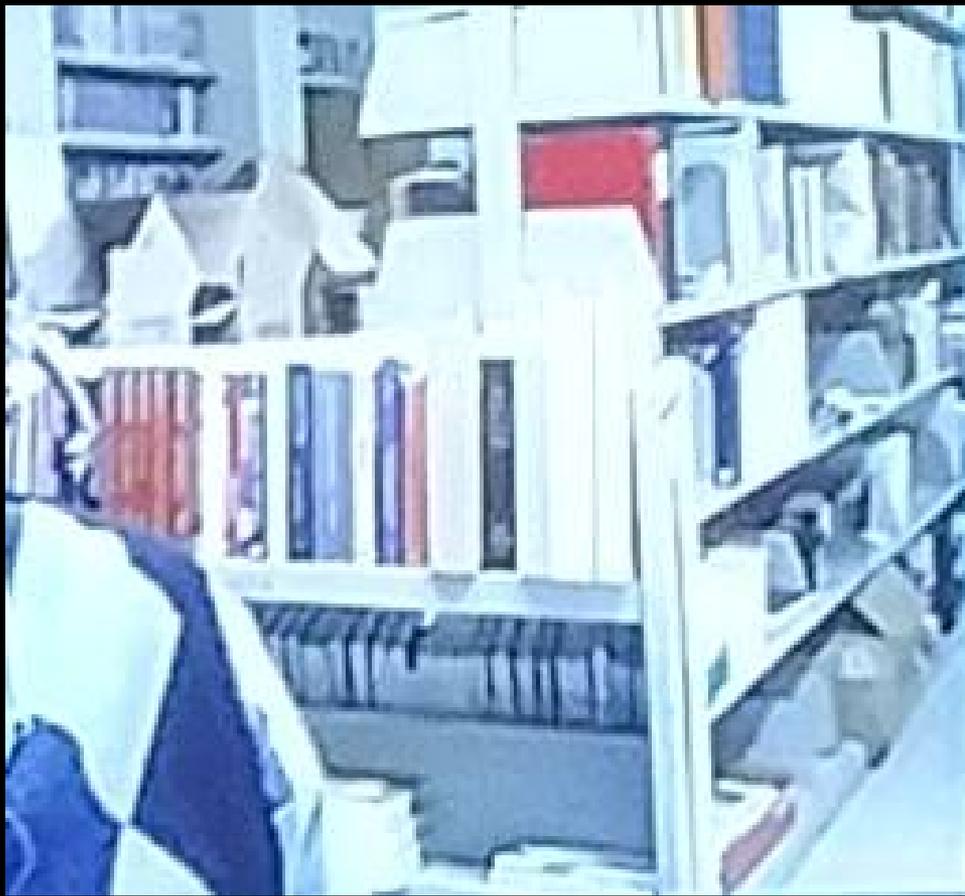
whomever i **Ctrl-V** at must take it.

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.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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<sup>2</sup> a G.Grove proverb: **the Uni is a system for eliciting Rabbit Response.**

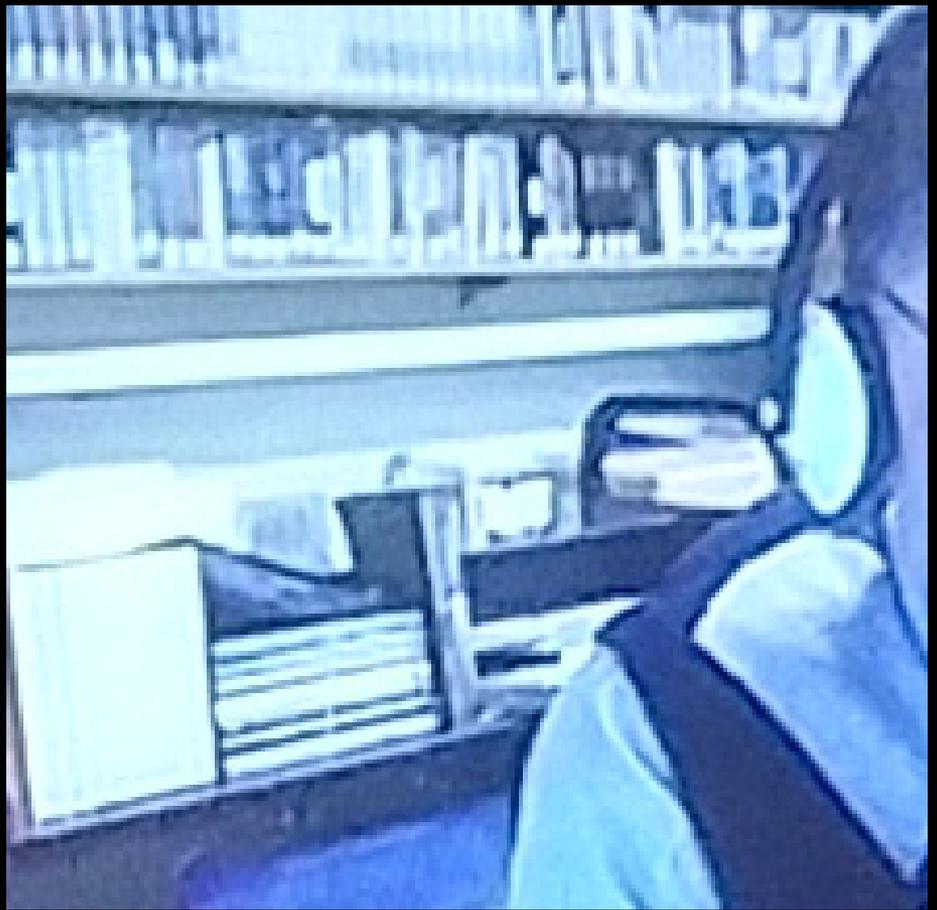


figure / set: alan & his shelves. these volumes were entered by alan himself, a completist.

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**;

ffrom **hymnos** / from **Hymen** the wedding god,  
or :

from **\*sam**/to sing a Sanskrit  
**saaman**, hymn or song.

**diallelus**, the circular arg., **lapsis linguae** 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/[A]

the real & literal mingle

also rhoda, info-entity → [B] → [X] → [Z]

window shows a thousand subtle symms

[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

anomalies

+

logo-nurs

[X] my body degrades / able brawlers

[Y] cones atides

[Z] this whole vocab / to name along  
w/ Babyc

[A] arabat road → ~~the~~ ice / hieros

[B] hymner → grey lit

[C] trundle → ion → ism

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 **v** 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.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> William Gass, 'Mirror, Mirror' in **Fiction and the Figures of Life**. Knopf, 1971.

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, lauristinus 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 **lauristinus** - 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 overrrun 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 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 **sybiote**.

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' or aesthetic is no **merely**. beauty draws our devotion, our deposits. this is its function, to feed on our libido, our attentional energies.

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.



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.

**vi** from **via**, the way.

**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 <sup>4</sup> :

: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.

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<sup>4</sup> 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 "Conservatism": a  
willful regularity, a child's leg kicking.

in Aristotle's **Physics**, matter is **hyle**, timber.

**duramen**, [ dju`ralmən ] 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<sup>2</sup>**

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 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 quainter 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 C1 improves.

p.k.d. thru similar reasoning comes to accept he's gnostic-Essene, the ancient Thomas.

[ . . . ]

- [I]. **PI.E** is **3.14** in a mirror.
- [II]. **pi** sounds like **pie**.
- [III]. **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**:

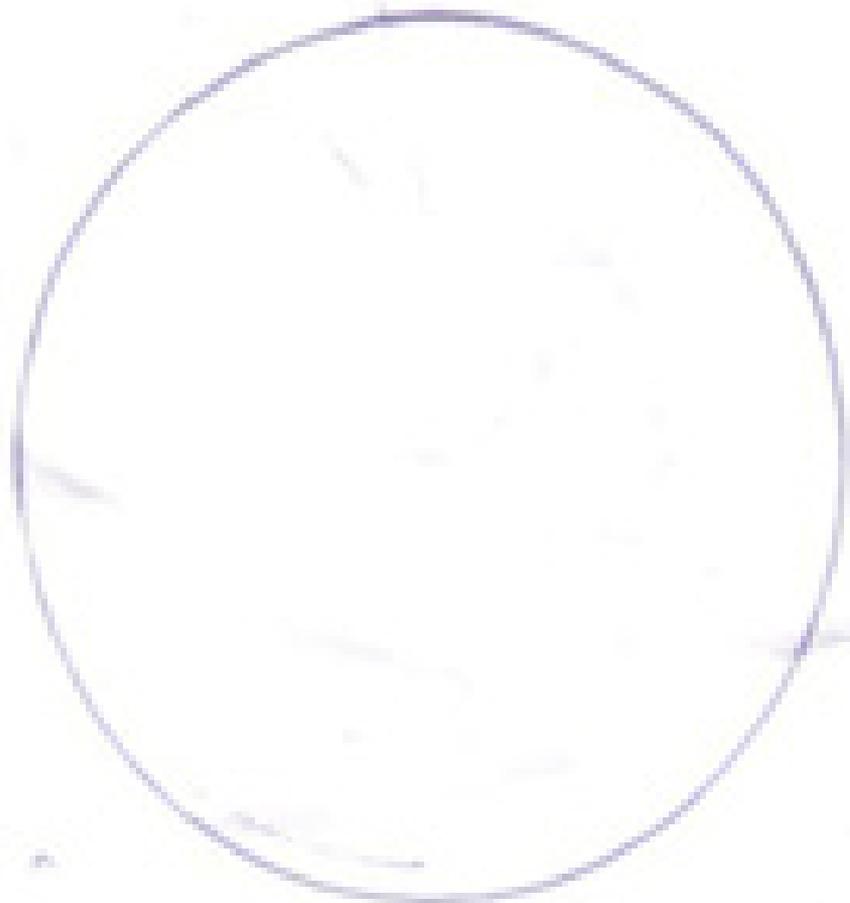
**[[[** implies, **[[[[** implies an icon slice / two radii.

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

**[[[** is easy, invite us to play.

**[[** 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:



~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ mail.com  
22 JUNE 2009 A.D

**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 Grothendiek. i  
wander in his palace of abstractions.

Mai 1933 : volonté de mourir  
27-30 déc. 1933 : naissance du loup  
été (?) 1936 : le Fossoyeur  
mars 1944 : existence de Dieu créateur  
juin-décembre 1957: appel et infidélité  
1970: l'arrachement - entrée dans la mission  
1-7 avril 1974 : "moment de vérité", entrée dans la voie spirituelle  
7 avril 1974 : rencontre Nihonzan Myohoji, entrée du divin  
juillet-août 1974 : insuffisance de la Loi, je quitte l'Univers  
juin-juillet 1976 : le réveil du yin  
15/16 nov. 1976 : écroulement de l'Image, découverte de la méditation  
18 nov. 1976 : retrouvailles avec mon âme, entrée du Rêveur  
août 1979-févr. 1980 : je fais connaissance de mes parents (l'impression)  
mars 1980 : découverte du loup

G's descent of dieu: is synchronous, roughly [is monthly-continuous] w/ p.k.d.'s epiphany.

why not say divided **in**? was always taught  
divided **by** and now for all but rote response  
am stalling in the idiom.

what is our initial whole, our numerator? **what**  
do we divide?

five divided **in** or **into** seven means: five cut into seven portions, each of size **n**,

.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.

$p \rightarrow q$

and

$p$

imply

$q$

: so does ' $\rightarrow$ ' 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 overlaid 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.

[ . . . ]



[ streak of MILO, basement office

**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<sup>5</sup>

exceeding the Light, we find ourselves in  
Eternity.

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<sup>5</sup> 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

6

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.<sup>7</sup>

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

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<sup>7</sup>The 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.

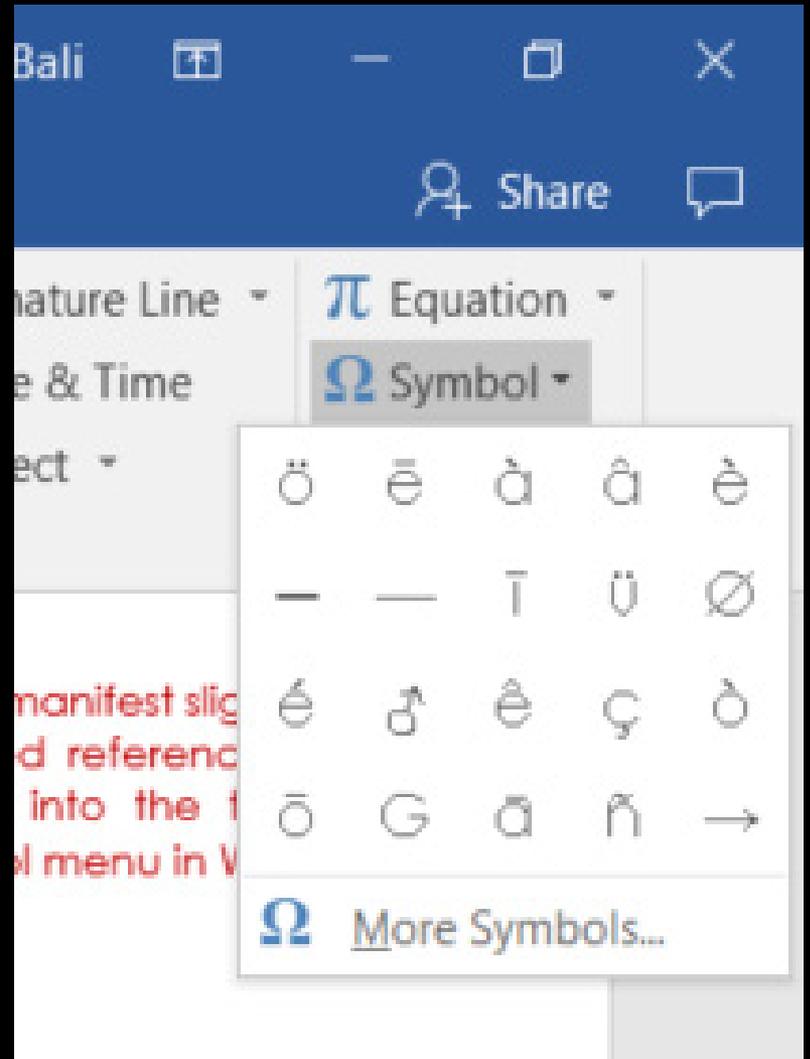
imitation aims at fact, approaches similitude.

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.]

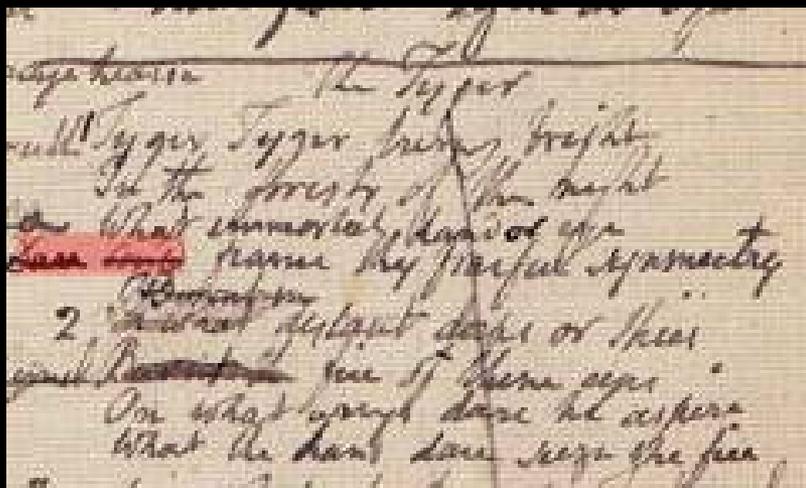
channeling the moderns they most despised,  
McAuley & Stewart

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.<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>8</sup> David Lehman, 'The Ern Malley Poetry Hoax' **Jacket**, June 2002

parody reveals 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.<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> John Baez, **The Bogdanoff Affair** <http://math.ucr.edu/home/baez/bogdanov.html>

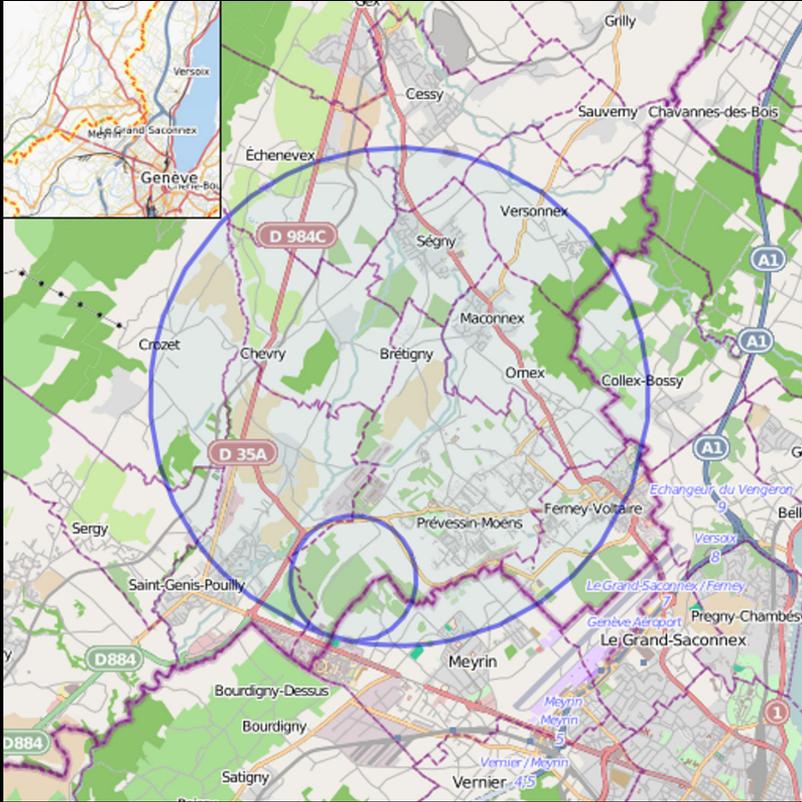
**it happened everywhere:** then how could the  
pendulum **not** be aligned with it?

**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 vasty 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.<sup>10</sup>

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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<sup>10</sup> Ralph Abraham, in conversation with McKenna and Sheldrake. **Chaos, Creativity, and Cosmic Consciousness**, 2001. p. 103.

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

**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.

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:

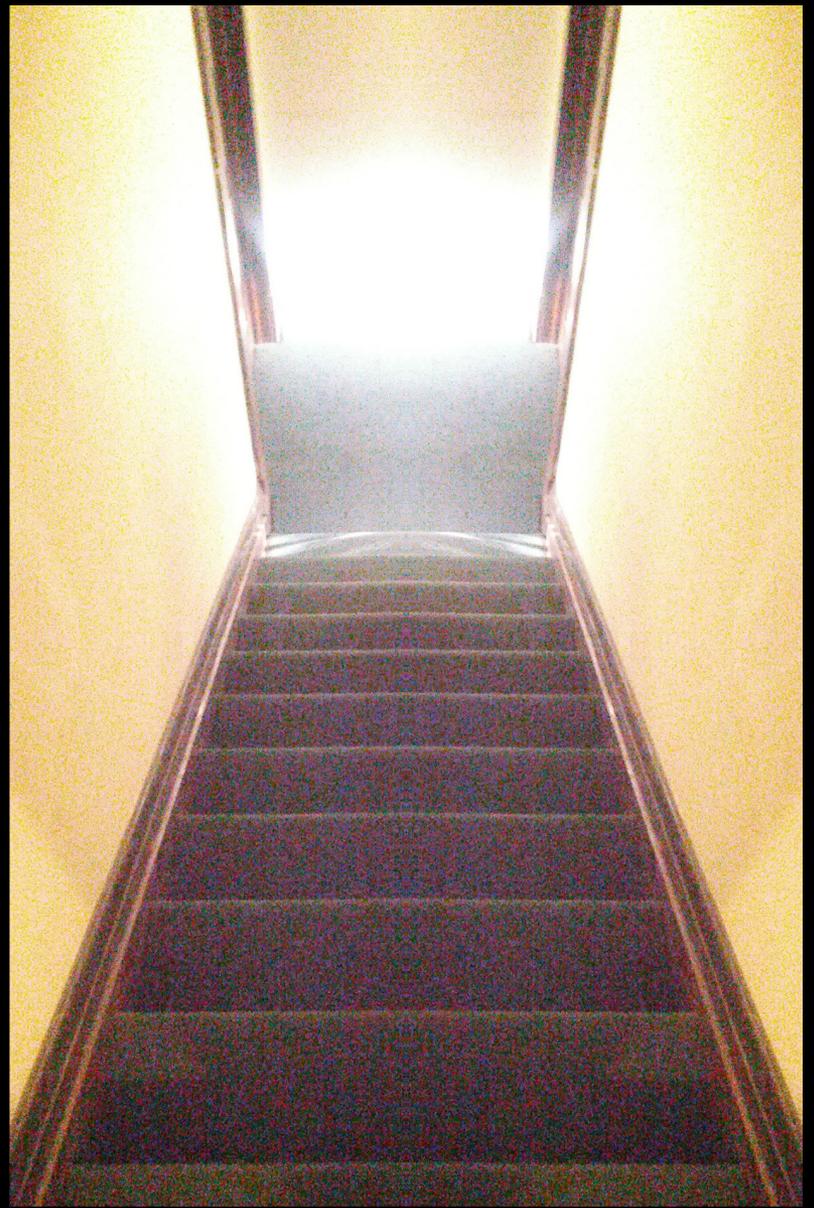
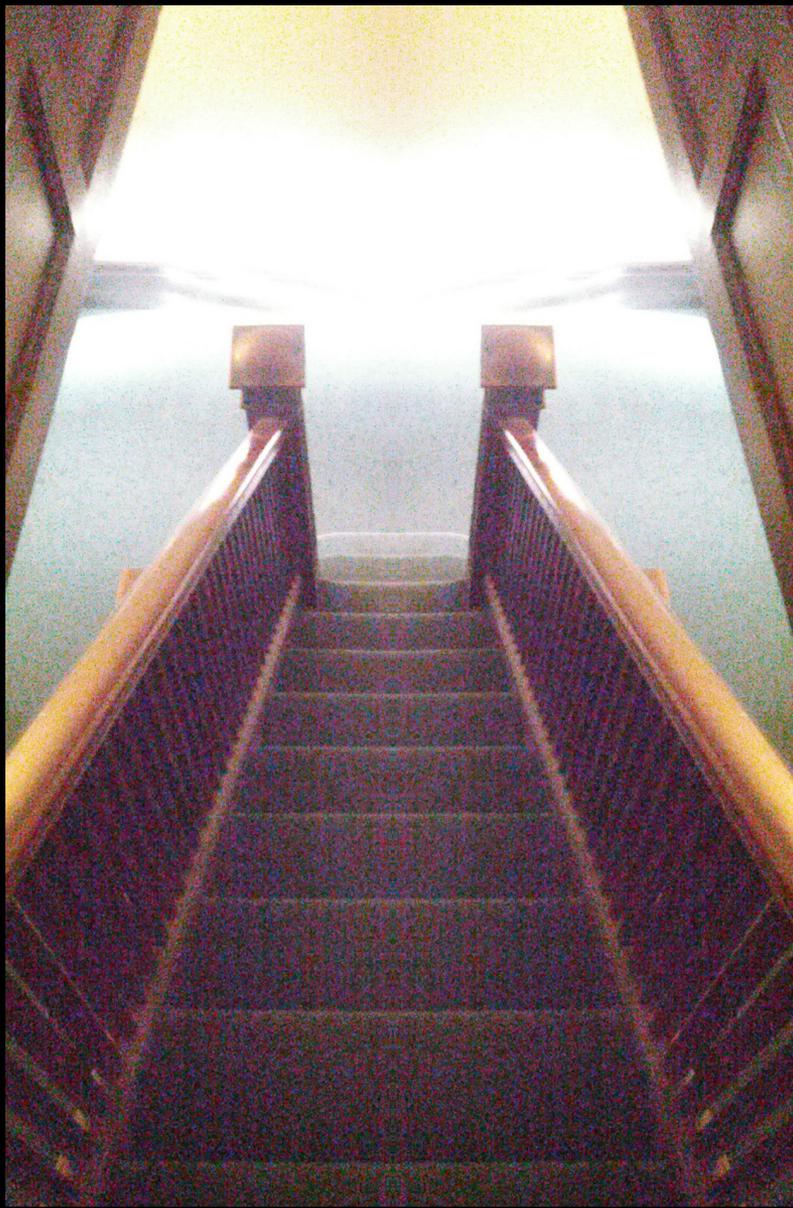


[ won't collate and ] ceiling's a terrain i train  
my eyes along.

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 **whats 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.