

April 25, 1953

equipment, and to Dr. G. ...
captain and officer ...
part in ...

NATURE

M

HYBRIDIZATION

Indian humped and common ...
the observations by Rüttinger ...
as well as from those by Müller ...
stitution, etc., these two forms ...
The same remarks may be ...
must, therefore, either ...
when crossed; or we ...
characteristic, but as ...
is on the intercrossing of plants ...
degree of sterility, both in first ...
result; but that it cannot ...
considered as absolutely universal

dence that the crossed ...
are *inter se* perfectly fertile ...
their important osteological ...
their differences ...
regarded ...
God to the ...
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this s ...
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ally, co ...
and animals, ...
crosses and in ...
under our present state

aid

&

A B I E T

ST CROSSES AND ...
governing the sterility ...
to see whether or ...
endowed with this ...
together in utter ...
Gärtner's ...
scantly pains to ...
to find our ...
finding how ...
surprised ...

graduates from zero to perfect fertility, both or ...
It is surpr ...
ways this gradation can be shown; but only the ...
can here be given. When pollen from a plant of ...
the stigma of a plant of a distinct family, it exerts ...
such inorganic dust. From this absolute zero of ...
of some one ...
ber of seeds ...
ty; and, as ...
excess of fertility, be ...
So in hybrids then ...
and probably never ...
the early withering of the ...
withering of the ...
sign of incipient fertilization. From this ex ...
greater number of seeds up to perfect fertility. ...
The hybrids raised from two species which are very difficult to cross, and

gian

LOMBARDO

We ...
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consider ...
and of h ...
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e some which ...
en with the ...
of ...
by repeated injury. A Prince, ...
think brethren. We have warned them ...
settlement here. We have appealed to the ...
one of the pure parent ...
earlier than it otherwise w ...
power is well known to be ...
some degree of sterility we ...
greater number of seeds up to perfect fertility.

**Aid
&
A_Bet**

OTHER WORKS BY GIAN LOMBARDO

Of All The Corners To Forget

Sky Open Again

Before Arguable Answers

Standing Room

Between Islands

Aid & A_Bet

Gian
Lombardo

BlazeVOX [books]
Buffalo, New York

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For Margie
& Carlo

Aid

Demarcation of Indigence

When in the (inter) coarse(ness) of humane events.
When everything fails. Again. When yes means yes-
and-no. When the net is full and sinks and sinks. . .

Hold in hand lack of evidence. Hold that all have
evolved as needed, enduring an explication told with
certain unalienable connotations. Hold that hairs are
split and teased amid the pursing of hats.

Refuse wholesome good. Forbid pressing neglect.
Dissolve firmness. Endeavor others hither. Erect
swarms to eat out substance.

When words are based less on gift than graft how can
we mutually pledge lips, eyes and sacred breath?

Attachment to the Chimeric

Asymmetries do not appear to be inherent. No properties correspond to absolute rest. Light lies at the root of moving bodies.

Let us take a system. To describe the motion of a material point. Let there be a stationary rigid rod. Imagine further two ends. Imagine further a moving.

Let us take two systems. The constancy compatible. Be propagated from reasons of symmetry now evident.

Under otherwise identical conditions, empty space seeks the pressure of light on a reflecting surface after reflection.

Let there be motion resulting from system.

An Unkind Donation

Indefinite variability distinguishes what cannot be accounted for. Such changes may be considered indefinite effects.

Slight modifications have free scope. Most keep proper homes. Almost always isolation prevents natural economy and covers the surface with beautiful ramifications.

Under changed conditions no complex instinct is produced for the exclusive good of others. So-called mental qualities without the end being known stand without going head over heels. Imagination is endowed as small consequences.

[Interject here: Two pressed daylillies where the present state of knowledge is considered absolutely universal.]

One long argument perfected, no doubt, by the incapacity of lesser numbers in the long run to contemplate so simple a beginning.

Fool's Gold

Confound society with government and surrender two evils preferable to all others. A thousand motives will excite timber.

Some convenient tree will divide the whole into convenient parts. How impious is exalting the attention of creation, a national delusion!

Plain arguments have no other preliminaries than to divest the point of a pin from tender distinctions limited by the fires of passive tempers.

Every quiet method does this continent justice by always running small islands not capable of reversing ruin.

Allow the measure, and vary not in numbers but for the sake of leaving no advantage. Throw aside excellent maxims, however strange, and haunt necessity.

All's Well

Lost, that inveterate may have botched the worst material conditions. Necessity demands a tiny number of legally curious misdeeds set out to discover America.

These insulting plays assiduously flatter stupidity. Be careful not to joke no matter what cluster of grapes wins out over the sum of the slightest whim sheltered from the bread of heaven.

A sneaking suspicion is blamed for these obvious weaknesses.

On the other hand, a certain number had no currency in finer moments, in death, elsewhere, in the kiss, at home, as a storyteller.

No trace of this disorder provokes laughter. Like it or not, everything could work out so well that the first white paper justifies wood made of glass.

The Other Side

Opposites influence if ignorance acts by giving motion to this, that and the other.

Creatures of imagination survey systems driven by an alteration of fate that produced them.

(Throw confusion to the fruitless rendering of the tranquil arts.

What theory had reason to think?)

No sooner may the mass of common errors properly speak than the rest is contrivance.

For want of ragged crutches in whatever light merits the impossible.

Bill of Lading

A specter in opposition to an impulse to play the upper hand tears a naked, shameless, sentimental veil from the idiocy of the nether world.

Sold piecemeal, most easily acquire the knack of fluctuating between fruit and a system of wives. For the rest, what they have keeps even pace with what may vanish and appear different.

Nevertheless, the menace of witty and irreverent laughter goes hand in hand with an old stubborn hangover. Of course, those silly lives were dubbed a mere figure of speech when things have nothing but a world to win.

Pick Up Sticks

Is it not pleasant to abandon what's filed, carved and polished. Compared to the north star my mind desired food and wine.

See what motive rests when you know a thing. Or occasions for perilous things. Or follow and forfeit the laying of colors.

Who knew danger would not allow guests to compare a dirty wall with those who find pleasure in water?

Let one corner of a subject conduct song without weariness. Better escape and be without knowing the force of words.

Morsels & Sighs

Results of research rate soldiers with orders to frequent marketplaces.

To hell with the advantage of minimal bone-structure. Treat small fry with contempt but if you are wave-beaten, put your big one down over it.

Others like this sort of resentment, except for those accustomed to whirling pebbles on hollow shadows.

Suffer whatever beast talks this sort of nonsense. Play along at all times.

Since it lacks those who praise it, let none mention how cleverly disguised children delight in acting like frogs.

Coarse Crumbs

There are things that come paired. Indeed, speech neglects none. If things venture to act, then do straw dogs deny being unselfish?

Throttle breath and quicken spokes all around. Cut out whatever the belly dictates. The loss of sound never complains.

Trust the style of rote learning and attendant parasites. A name leaves no tally.

Music seems inexhaustible. Shifting tides come late. Small strengths make eyes uproot harmony. Blunted doors dazzle small fish.

Drawn by others' whims, how can the left hand allot blame where tools never once exchanged honest works?

Out to the Cleaners

No longer cataloging unsolved riddles, certain changes affect what did not happen.

“Is it at the bottom?” Let’s endlessly elaborate what we call “this exercise.”

Color innumerable shades of daffodils. Strongly suspect symbols torn between differences that can never solve a landscape portraying the raw materials essential to a climbing rose tree.

Confronted by a chair, desperately sick, consider the urge to decipher ancient hills less apt to fit into the patronizing smiles of quacks.

There are gratuitous graces compelled to humble an ignorance vainly comprehended.

Half-Full Circle

What could be more necessary than a sunspot? Let us choose a crab and a bagpipe since they accompany a straight line.

The bizarrest of equations laugh and elude the harshest daylight. Ask me what is foisted on grammar and thereby challenge the shortest shadow.

Soil grasps the falsity of what economy rejects. Phantoms reject sound digestion for the right to reverse happiness.

Profit merely a joke, let us breed from left to right. My finger points to knees if I read what emerges from a straight line as a loss of thirst.

When does the ascending line succumb to undeniable tyranny? Fundamentally, as long as good things wish to be read.

For even the sternest problems rejoice in a return to the soil.

Stepping in Deep

Everything knows everything. But speaking about the
ideal Massachusetts, never catch flies.

If your head fishes with good deeds, recommend
some reward passing through a net.

Bitterness, says the lovely forgeries, presented what is
never claimed.

House of Big Cards

Observe the desire to be observed. Any person shall be entrusted to destruction and damage and be similarly answerable.

Someone without trouble may show hands to court a fixed place.

Those who regard the implements of gravity without obligation list all moveable and reasonable shares of corn.

Take wood in hand as standard measure of the service of knives outside the forest. Mind to keep well, if not removed completely from harm.

As soon as any warranty of abandon is applied to those unwilling to be null and void, letters shall be given by hand in the meadow.

A Kneelap & A Handshake

I enter and hold my peace. I fail to yield what matters to my original question.

How can a sea-shore take possession of a scale fixed by fact?

Furnished with small differences, the original act owes nothing to what I will explain later on.

Only conditions less favorable to such talk are not troubled by a murmur. I see that the surplus will be inverse to the need to scratch the ground.

Good sense is not subtle enough to be led into error. Setting aside faithful lying, I dare say I ought to keep a more limited sphere.

Entertaining Twine

We wish to suggest salt is unsatisfactory, especially near distances that appear small.

Outside is rather ill-defined: Reason shall not comment on it.

The usual assumptions run roughly perpendicular. On each angle residues have easy access.

To become more compact pairs lie side by side.

If the most plausible forms bond together, it is probably impossible to build with unproved arguments.

A more exact structure rests mainly, though not entirely, on not copying a set of coordinates for elsewhere.

This & That

The aim is to overcome force. By the same stroke, the first consequence of choosing a new point of departure exhausts a dozen vicious circles.

No doubt advice is substance. A question like, Will a pure fiction destroy the bridge?, refers to only one optional expression.

What I expect from the carburetor corresponds to a trap for larks.

Imagine simply a dream. Somehow the strict shadow of burden decomposes hiding in the corner.

All kinds of holes reveal the flavor of pink cake. But annihilating a cup is bad faith, another fundamental accessory devoted to work.

In the Pudding

At the moment I am persuaded to utter vain words:
Any segment cuts gravity from the remainder of the
straight line.

In like manner, any plane can be moved and placed
on both sides of a middle point.

All corresponding figures are solid, circumscribed. . .

The Long & Short of It

How many stay under water? Let no collection repeat memory since new machines mix practice and theory. Refuse buyers and reject useless work. The front of a mirror is little indebted to the loss of a ship. Practice and eye without reason are the result of the shortest path. Methods never vary unless a spectator can produce the effect of relief. Nothing else takes time to dilate. The greatest undulations surround not only surface and edge, they form a body full of infinite pyramids.

No Rest for the Weary

Since the downfall of wanting, something bizarre may be adapted to worthless refuse. *Spinach is served*, I am afraid.

I gather food, supposing I had to get out of a boat, failing to keep cherries from stinging a tall stalk bedecked with blossoms.

Crude motives listen to perpetual changes. *I want nothing except for a phone out of order*. I beg for an attack against today's concert.

There is danger in having been there before. *Wading into water*, I question how a hat forms a road overgrown with worry.

Middling Muddle

Shout remedy for backbite.

The strongest affection is not free from perplexity.
No gap has eluded an excuse for indolence.

Drops of water press down until there is no difference
between gravity and geometry. Shadow is downright
silly.

Things are carried most slowly compared to floating
in air. Nothing but natural desire shines. Appropriate
shame avoids whatever vanishes from discussion.

Muck is taught to lurk.

What occurs everywhere should also be explained
below.

The Upper Hand

A half less than whole we spontaneously reply. A kind cowardice enamoured of an unreflecting wanderer.

How prevent perfect education? Do everything in an orderly manner. Render cunning to wisdom and error to elegance.

To rail at branches puzzles the subtlest comparison. Denying every difficulty serves as common sense.

The mother of intention, flattered by a heart out of question, only appears weak. Assert a wider appetite.

If any should not plunge into reveries of stupid novelists, every sense of word slips from instinct to inference.

Let violation deny nature.

What Goes Up

A large field, yet altogether false, reels like a grasshopper driven into a wall. A small bladder produces a distinct buzzing.

The most pleasing interval is silent service.

I remember solids disposed to lying horizontal, making the same mistake at leisure. I doubt live water is the solution.

Bending and breaking is the desired result.

Free time generally remains a heavy stone with infinite slowness.

Time cuts clear through the excess of motion.

Touching a circle starts with slope.

Errors of height never increase nor diminish.

The preceding discussion lies beyond strangely impulsive hands.

Quantity Versus Quality

Give lie to stone and appeal to the spectacle of synonymous terms: Ideas, forms, time, space, cause, substance, mode, relation, number — no word not related to nothing.

What wish would in reality remain the same? Everybody answers until the exact idea has arrived at its present state.

The whole controversy implies the right of the whole controversy. And shelter is eternal and precious.

Tremble to teach hope or reason wrapped in fear of good facts. From witness to prosecutor, everyone claims to understand this fruitless abolition.

Sally to Riposte

Work to elevate to a higher breach these boundaries of trouble. Look beyond half-baked doses of fevered and arbitrary superstition.

What has to bow now makes insult a sorry joke.

Whatever new, incoherent blend of law and cynicism undertakes to brag. . . Upset that warnings repeat even sympathy. . .

Even now, neither inertia nor obstacles lead to what matters. One day, look past this harsh stage and revive life as a harder lesson.

Role Call

An unknown happened and failed when loss had no reason to refuse an event.*

I am right, considering you may proceed according to the number of times either ball rests upon the base of the whole figure.

To render this rule the highest value becomes impractical when nothing is explained.

Turn to an infinity of sides no more than to burning wood or falling objects.

This problem may not be amiss. Ignorant. See again.

In other words, I have gone further than intended here, once more drawing a blank.

* Be against disadvantage.

A_Bet

A's Tale

It wasn't the primacy. It was how primal it was.
(Unless there's a misreading and it wasn't the privacy
— or rather it was how private.)

The weekly, occasionally daily, sessions of who gets
what when, where what gets taken, handled, with-
held.

That's all well and good, you might say, but what's
begun bound by one category ends with the snap and
release of another.

There's that envy of what someone has done.
Whether or not the why enters, there's that previous
shudder, the ladder of expectation.

I'm not saying what you might say whether or not
there's been an interjection. Rather, it's primarily
what gets spilled, what gets righted, what's left,
what's lost and who cleans up the act.

B Still

My shark's left the building. The feel of sweat after two encores, two bows, descending two floors, walking, turning left, left, right.

Now my shark's left the building. Thump. What's left of the heart is what's right.

Before my eyes now my shark's left the building. With what wallop? Exit as if never wronged, never not right.

On my mind, unshakeable before my eyes now my shark's left the building, always the one after, always the one with tears fronting yet another spill.

What C Saw

In waves: Horizon low, horizon high. High, low. Low horizon, high horizon.

One, two: Rise, fall. Faster, slower. One beat, two beats. To reach what point first? To the winner the spoils. To the race to what's barely contained.

The arrangement: Vertical to horizontal equals a perpendicular.

Say, can you see? (Ample waves engrained.) Can you see far? See for? Foresee what happens when close to what's two's one divided by naught comes.

Afternoon D Light

As a wing set upon bright. Drawn to sun. Beset by
warmth that unravels: Therein shine and pluck.

Such vigor clothed in secrecy. Though stretched bare
in occlusion. Two impossibles do not cancel.

Yet what do two longings wreak? Rubbed raw in
search of spark. More possible than probable, less
caution than cautery:

Herein doors bar entrance. Except for one trust
implicating another. Without flinching. Knock once,
twice: As a hand set upon a candle with no end.

Keyed to E

Clasped by clefts bereft of depth. Clueless in geyser.
The wet dry the wet.

Wherein the snake chases its tail to the signature of
two skins rubbing. (Which? Where?) The dry wet the
dry.

Resigned to pauses wherein each has drawn a face
gasping for the intervale's intervals. — Mud muddies
mud. —

Cease susurrations. Turn not a blind eye to the embar-
go of the loudest for they flower in earnest and waver
a lot.

F You

Zap whomever comes to the door, it's impolitic.
Rather brave the current and swim headlong into the
flay. Rather vigorously tip the hat.

Forsake one for two in the bush. — It's gotten crowd-
ed in here. Or is that three? — But you must pray
before play. That's what makes you very afraid.

Fall to pieces only to rise whole. And in one, many —
but that fact's frayed with establishment. You'd
sweep this under the rug, but you have seen the rug
and the rug's you.

Seen where you've been called onto, you'd point to
the sign noting that catch and release rules in this
abyss.

Pare a G

What's left when there's nothing left. — Beyond explicit, or whatever can be unrolled. — There on the carpet where it's worn.

Patches indicate a friction where nothing rubs against nothing, as if it's all in how to catch a spark on a tongue.

What's gathered when everything's gathered. — Enter implicit and unable to extricate. — There against the drapery an indelible stain.

All inside all discomfits reason, the plenitude in multitudes all for asking

where the ultimate hootch dares
to go and which cloud follows its lining.

H in to Ride

Spread the sand and shake. Shake until pebbles bounce and roll. It's wishing, that thinking. Thinking that I'd wish.

To get away. Any way. Set out on a new course. The family's unfamiliar set up this way. (Not that, no.) Set a flame to a tourniquet.

Stem to tied. Tied to stem. Of course, not going anywhere.

I on the Prize

Where there's an excess of protons all puckered up
with nowhere to go. Where there's all bite and no
bark.

To grow exponentially and then swallow whole.
Release, then snap, then waves. Not of goodbye.

Coming then? But no particles left. A tidy circumfer-
ence with no latitude for ejection.

Where there's the bite and hiss of encumbered disso-
lution.

J Walk

Controversy becomes. Many pigeons? And that single duck? There where the lame excuse breaks cross purposes with the intent to better exclaim. . .

To acclimate I am to am I. Illustrate light against verse. Arms towards sighs.

Towards where any version is unauthorized, the skip infallible and the purple dye sweet enough to drink.

Oh
K

Dial up reflex. Without thinking hang up. — Got to go. Going to go get. Gotten good (which may get it bad).

On the rebound the flux. The shimmy without short shrift showing.

Got a fix on the ever-effervescent gone over the edge on a diatribe. Stumbling from dizziness, from getting rubbed one way now righted from wrong.

— Can you see the circle to spiral?

In the L Bow Room

Where diners port low light to high life. Where dancers in flight parry and peal.

Now that everything's assembled, nod. It's a pleasant decor that braids one side of the head. Against the other, lean gently and sway.

It's up to the music to decide. And then once chosen dissuasion's in the air.

Thick and ripe with reticulated courtesy. Where dealers card scalps, bringing the last course of profit.

That profusion transudes substance only where assembly's required and instruction's not followed.

Grey M & Ants

Spread out all egalitarian. With the weather so warm, there's no harm in taking your licks in the copse.

Whither good fortune, good grief lies. It bears no use to struggle against the lines — whether preceding or partaking entanglement.

The extra oomph in the cord, or another word for: Okay. Then start. Let's squirm without end. Let's laugh like protest was exculpatory.

So be it and tag someone else. But only after hollowing all threats and warming the throat to its flash-point.

N Sensed

Strong enough to dial forever. At least, the length of the dish. And the duration, does it have probative value? Of course. Why lie?

When dealing with durable goods, the accent is on the propositus. When sorting perishable, stand stiff against sniff, especially downwind and off to the side.

Otherwise, the categories are immense. Cursedly bothersome. Courtesy shortchanged and tabulated according to the rules of the monthly inventory. Only stock what bears. Why list anything else?

But is only steel short-tempered? Discover a paradise of shrifts smoldering long enough to be considered tortious interference.

Da Cap O

When all else fails. Splice progression and recommence. If commensurate, then all things equal crown and toe.

Like tripping. A fault in gait. Broken gait. Swinging from where what's cut down an order or two.

Or magnified once or twice the magnitude of command. For the rudderless there should be nothing less than complete exasperation of the derogative.

So all things equal, come down to no truck for commerce with the obvious. (A spill better to tense you with.)

Ultimately oblivious to rest, comment on what flourishes on the vine until failure commends the prodigal commensal.

P Can't Intro P

Up to. Never beyond. No matter how hard. No matter. Just energy. No matter how critical.

Mass never reached. Perpetual hand out. Supple supplicant just one fricative short of complete enunciation. No matter however fissile.

Culmination's not incumbent but frittered the wrong way worn one rub shy of incendiary delight.

Miss Q

Sort of like firing all cylinders because they speak their minds. Sort of like frying fire in pan. Out of something?

Sort of like a drug on minds. (But before running to the store decide what to cart and carry first: The ovoid or the poulard.)

Sort of like a drag on skids. Sort of like jumping to conclusions to avoid pruning. (But before dashing out of clothes decide on the next costume: Doff then don.) Into something?

Deep breath. Avert face. Cough.

Before proceeding all equipment must check out in order to judge scales balanced and wheels churning safe from rapture's eruption.

Bit R Bat R

Pill on tongue. Head on pillow. Plow in ground.
Tongue in cheek. What else?

Before the grasses are ground and baked. After the
bowl's been whipped and licked. The constancy of
confection or urbanity of herb?

Before the scene's played out. After the curtain's been
called. The name in the name of friend or foe.

The cure or the poison. To wander with shallow's
swallow or roast the beast upon the spit?

Being an S Ends

Always at the beginning of the circumference. Where the nose for those things picks up the descent.

Where what's decent might be liveable but what's inalienable might not be docile. (Cheaper by the docent? The leveling lessens the lesson.)

The inference is plainly circumstantial. But the deference is unfortunately a circumlocution. Which happens when circumvolving a starting point.

Formal Sore T

Sit on a limb. Take saw to branch. Make sure the cut falls between you and tree.

Don't be suprised at what rocks, what falls, what's seen, what's sawn.

Be apprised the soaring is finite. What ends to the end means well tested to means.

To approach — if now out, once in; once out, now an overture.

Luxuriant, it beckons, grateful for the appraisal, for the lifting of sanctions and the lack of deviation.

U Who

Listen. Speak words derived from the deverbative. So much less what's doing.

So much more what's done. Maybe appreciate less noise, more fulsome notes — offhanded, off kilter.

So much done that's undone. An upwelling of incontinent praise, detumescent dissembling epithets of the epithelial.

No matter what the reverberation. Register simultaneous apprehension and transmission.

D V Ant Preoccupations (C'est la V)

One ware outside the norm equals beware what's put aside. Barely decked, fairly driven. Begin by not wavering and end by waving. The middle? Waiver, of course, to attend what's warranted absolute perviousness.

W Triple Me

All enter by proper gate. All filled with quads with respect for silence, a performance quintessentially augmented and penned by interlocked rails.

Some defeated by striations of gait. Some won by filaments of lope and numerically framed interlocutions.

None affect an empty vestibule. None result from vestiges scribed by a multivalent interloper.

Do X Act Act

Except no subterfuge. When dominant succession plays out, freshen subservient allocution. — Shake, not visibly stir. —

All tolled, less parked. It's a grey day what gets served on top, lest the sliver from the bottom be forsaken and, thus, improperly gel.

Given an itch for addition to what's subducted. — Like an eye for a yin. Or yen for a yang. —

If square's proscribed at four sides, safe to say they're as equal as said when told step away and no one gets hurt.

Y Died & Bushy Tailed

Where none other furrowed. Not to mentioned burrowed, far and wide (but always willy-nilly). Not the most rational member propping the tunnel from petering out.

But where's the other fellow? (Three shakes and a lamb might suffice for a joke — rather like the recumbent and a lightbulb — but fail as truck for track. . .

Après moi the delusion all funneled, topped and corked. Of course, stamped and sealed. (Not held accountable at the border, no less.) Made fallow the hallowed tallow, but not by neglect.

Blue Z Bluster

After all, it was first. Then all the rest. And whatever fit in between.) The pain a direct result of too much in too little or too little expected from so much?

All's wiles and food, lollygagging without question. Every second has become undone twice in a succession of misdirection.

Afterwards, it's this way and that. That hither and yon just remembering all that milk to cry over. . .

It's the kindness that's forgotten in the eddy of delectation. (Or is it forgiven?)

If anything gets listened to in the bevy of stultification, it's no miracle. On the contrary, it's first everything that's mirage, that's stunned, picked clean and left for dead.

Notes on the Pieces

The section “Aid” was constructed from published texts. The method was to extract words, phrases and, on rare occasions, more complete thoughts from these texts — usually in order. These extractions were then combined to form the individual texts of this section. On occasion tenses or number were altered. On rarer occasions additional words not from the originating texts strayed in (usually with minds of their own). This general method, however, varied in execution and degree in each piece. There were no over-arching criteria for the selection of the originating texts — simply that they bore some interest. No implication is made that this selection is comprehensive. Nor is any statement being made by their inclusion. While the choices are not absolutely random, they do not constitute a dictum. The original texts that were used in “Aid” are: *Dadaist Manifesto*; Arcestratos, *Gastrology*; *Manifesto of the Anti-Fascist Intellectuals*; Confucius, *The Analects*; Thomas Bayes, “An Essay Towards Solving a Problem in the Doctrine of Chances”; *Declaration of Independence*; Nicholas Copernicus, *On the Revolutions*; Albert Einstein, “Relativity: The Special and General Theory”; Archimedes, *The Method of Treating Mechanical Problems*; Galileo Galilei, *Dialogs Concerning Two New Sciences*; James D. Watson & Francis Crick, “Molecular Structure of Nucleic Acids: A Structure for Deoxyribose Nucleic Acid”; Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*; Karl Marx & Friedrich Engels, *Communist Manifesto*; Thomas Paine, *Rights of Man*; Jean-Paul Sartre, *Being and Nothingness*; *Magna Carta*; Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, *What Is Property?*; Aldous Huxley, *Doors of Perception*; Sigmund Freud, *Dream Psychology*; Thomas Paine, *Common Sense*; Leonardo Da Vinci, *Notebooks*; André Breton, *Manifesto of Surrealism*; Mary Wollstonecraft, A

Vindication of the Rights of Woman; Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*; Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Social Contract*; and Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*. This list does not correspond to the order of the pieces in this book. While it is very apparent the “derivation” of some of the pieces, the intent is not to make them derivatives of the originals, or to comment on the original texts in any way. If anything, these pieces may be reinventions, and an homage to the power of thought and of words. If it is important to determine the ancestry of each piece, answers can be submitted at http://www.quale.com/Aid_A_BET.html and the first person who submits the correct order will receive a prize to be determined at that time.

The construction of the section titled “A_Bet” should be self-evident.

