



A close-up photograph of a human eye wearing a green contact lens. The iris is visible through the lens, and there are two bright, circular reflections on the lens surface. The text "OAB" is overlaid in the center of the eye.

OAB

One



I don't like parties anymore.



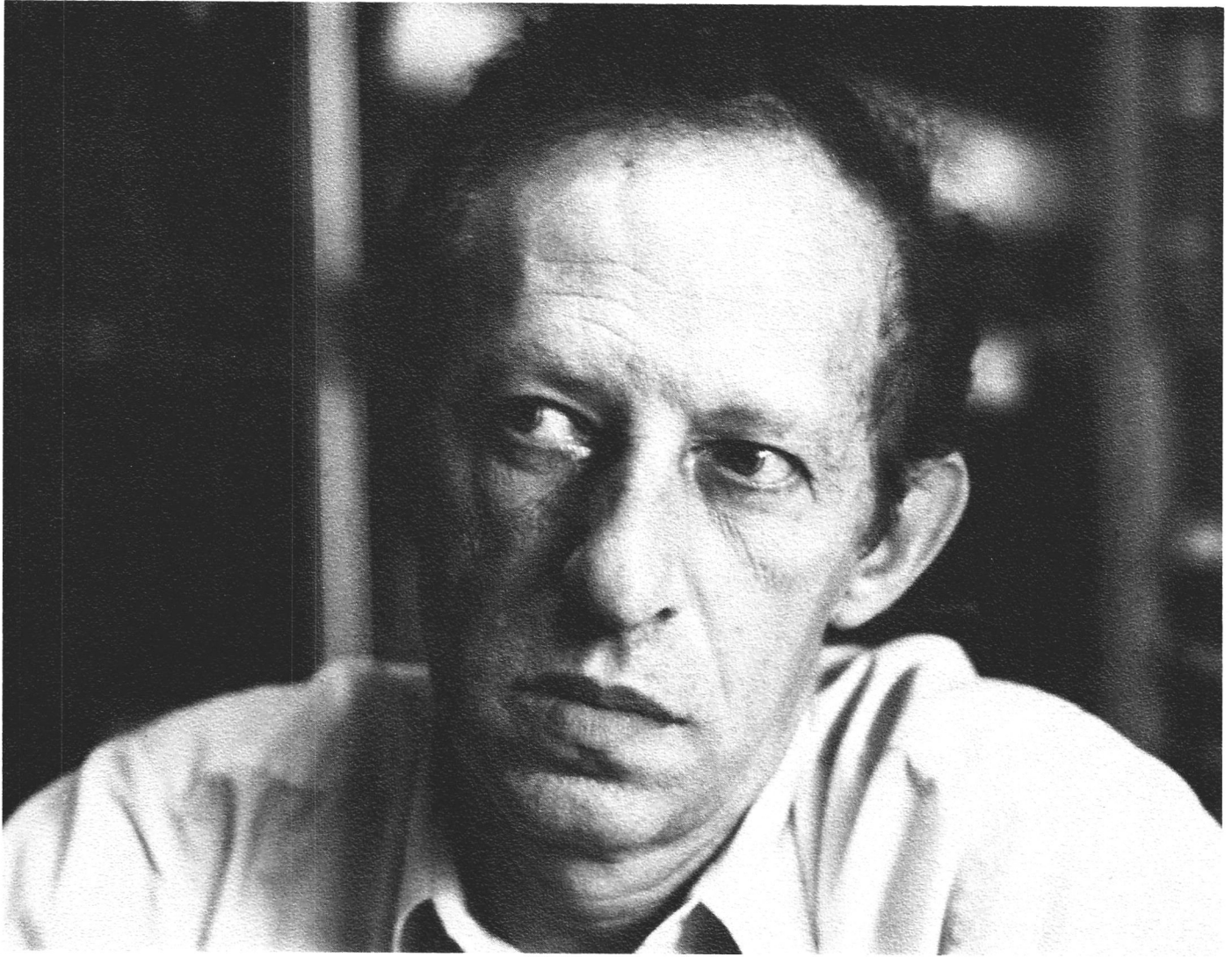
The loud laughs ... the small talk ...



I need to be alone.



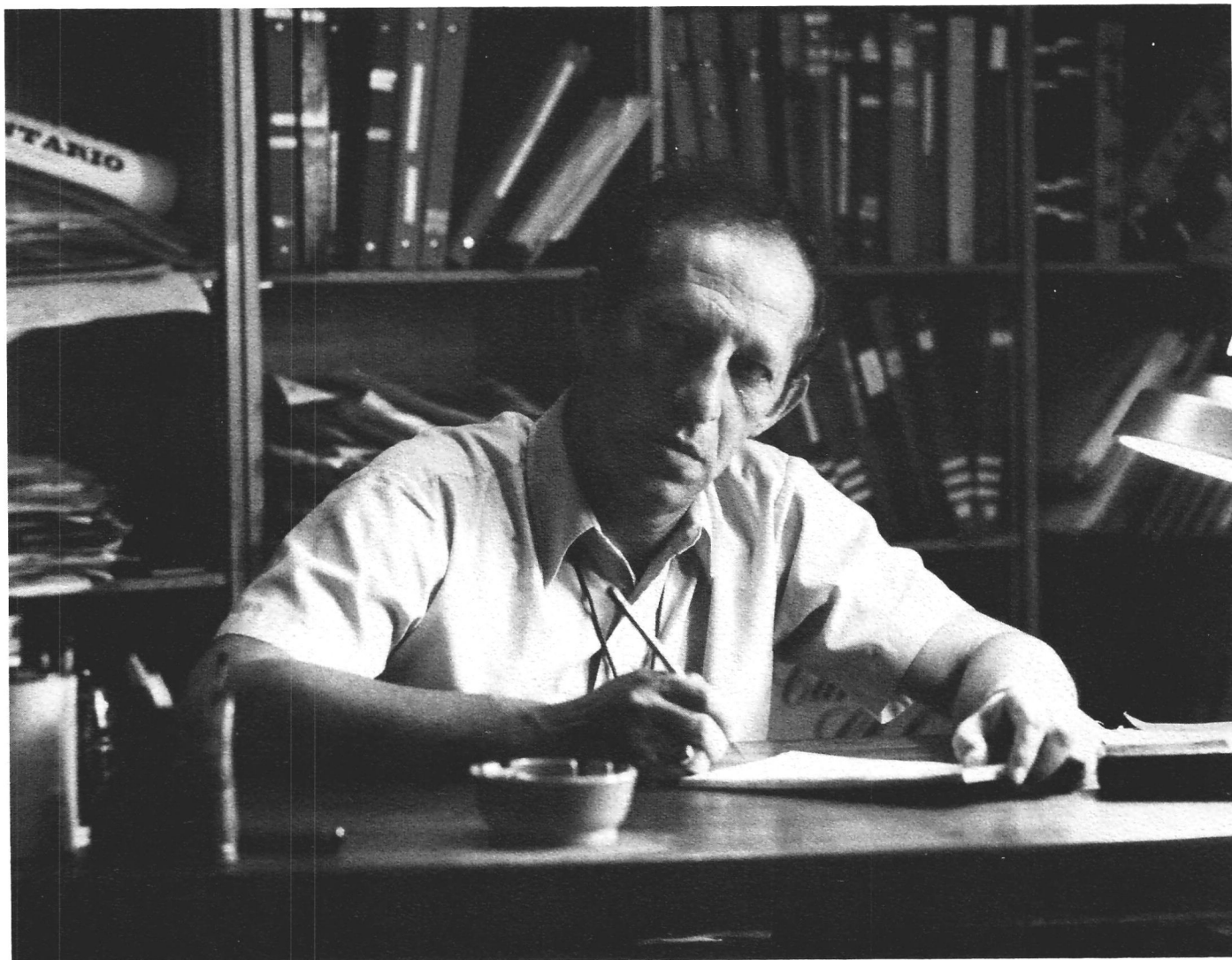
Why did I like parties? Why don't I like them now?



Perhaps I'm aging ...

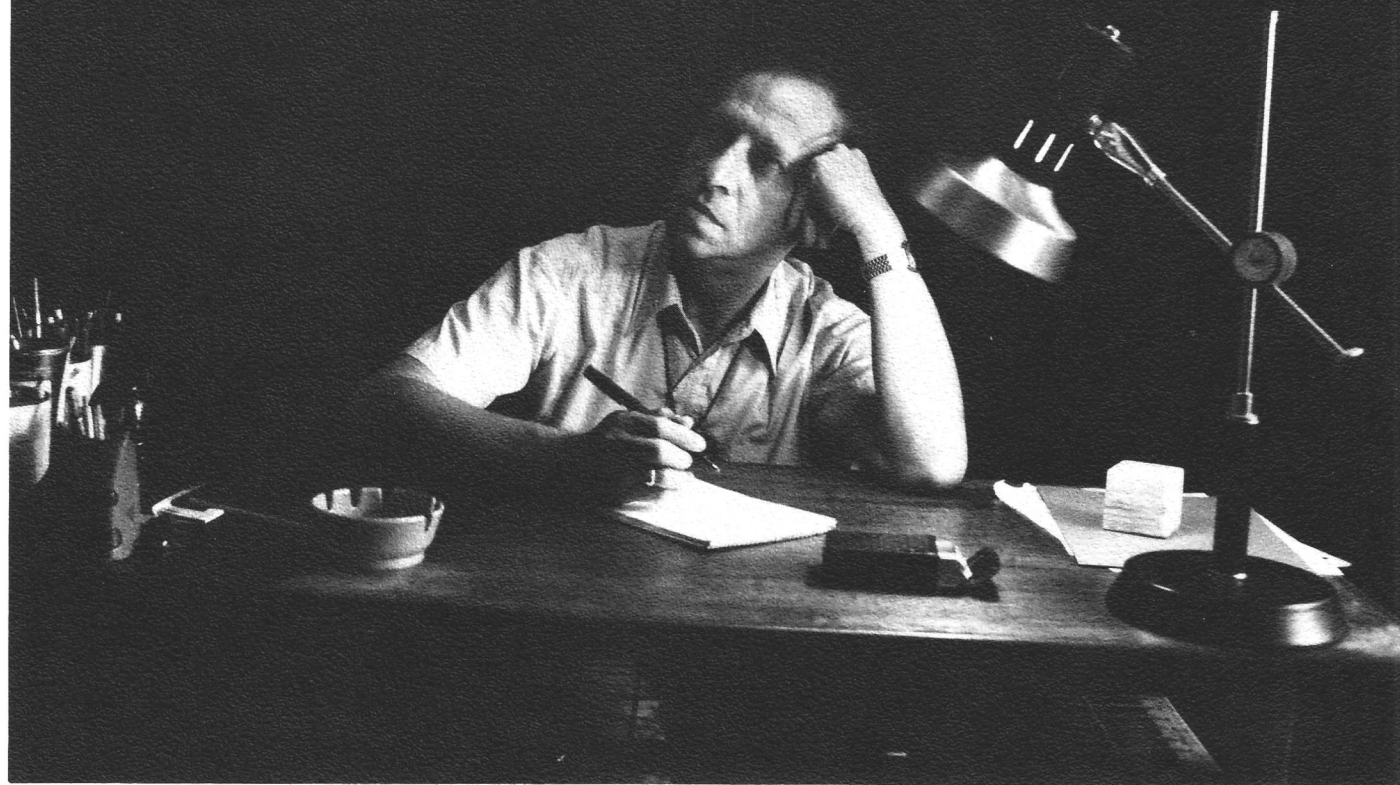


Young blood, long ago ...



Tired blood now.

Oab



I. THE CONCEPTION OF OĀB *

When Oāb was young,
his thoughts were young.
When Oāb was middle-aged,
his thoughts were middle-aged.
When Oāb was old,
his thoughts were old.

Of course, Oāb wrote innumerable books
from which it seemed that his old thoughts
developed from his middle-aged thoughts
which developed from his young thoughts

But when Oāb was dead,
his thoughts were dead.

* The vowels OĀ in "OĀB" sound like
those in "KORAN", or in "CHORALE", and
not like in "OAK", or in "MORAL".

WHEN OĀB WAS YOUNG
HE HAD PROBLEMS
WITH NO SOLUTIONS

WHEN OĀB WAS OLD
HE HAD SOLUTIONS
WITH NO PROBLEMS

WHEN OĀB WAS YOUNG (OR OLD)
HE WANTED TO BE OLD (OR YOUNG)
BUT HE NEVER WAS



On a sunny Sunday morning
wearing his white uniform
sitting on his white saddle-horse
Gib rode through the city

All the windows of the boulevard opened
smiling girls waved to him
the men looked at him with jealousy
the children wanted to grow up and be him

But he looked neither right nor left
as he rode along the boulevard
towards the Monuments of the Heroes
magnificently and beautifully

PWho was this mysterious Gib?
Nobody knows . . .



Oāb sees stars at daytime
if he closes his eyes

Oāb understands the language of birds
when he remembers their song

Oāb makes love a hundred times a day
and his day is a year

Oāb travels with seven-league boots
while writing a poem

OĀB COULD SEE COLOURS THOUGH HE WAS BLIND
OĀB COULD HEAR SOUNDS THOUGH HE WAS DEAF
OĀB COULD SMELL ODOURS THOUGH HE WAS BOOF
OĀB COULD TASTE FLAVOURS THOUGH HE WAS BLATH
OĀB COULD TOUCH OBJECTS THOUGH HE WAS BUMB
OĀB COULD BE DIVINE THOUGH HE WAS NOT

Oāb knows that everything is full of nothingness
and he knows that nothingness nowhere yet existed

Oāb knows that the winking of an eye is everlasting
and he knows that the cosmos darts like a dash

Oāb knows that the mind minds that the matter matters
and he knows that for the matter the minding mind doesn't matter

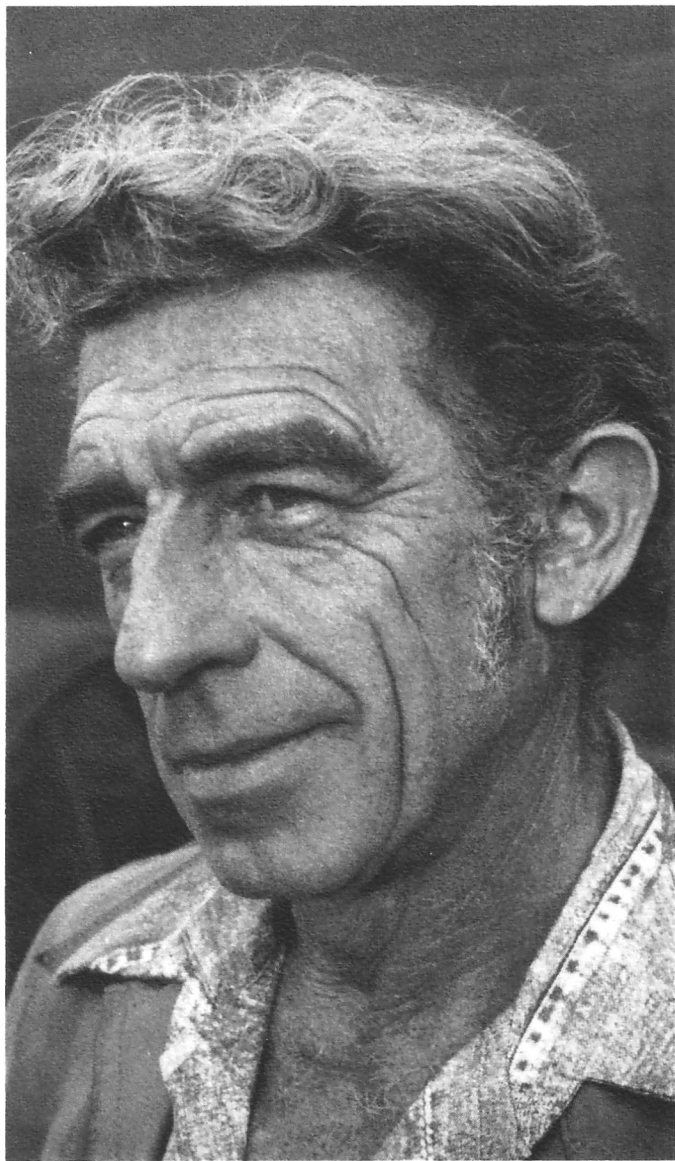
Oāb knows that life is not more than a dream
and he knows that dreams are like dreams in a dream

Oāb knows that there is no such thing as good or bad
and he finds this lack of values indeed very bad

Oāb knows that the world is since he thinks it to be
and he knows it will go on if he wouldn't be

Oāb knows that the opposite of everything is true
and he knows that the opposite of this is true too

There is only one thing that Oāb doesn't know:
he doesn't know what the thing is that he doesn't know



My friend Ardô is a genius
who understands everything
today I showed him my poems on Oāb
he didn't understand them

2. THE FORMATION OF OĀB

I am not a little girl

Oāb is my doll

He is not a sleeping doll

talking doll

walking doll

I don't dress him

rock him

pat him

he's a written doll

I am writing him

Oāb's days are my moments
He's now 863 years old
He was born on May the 4th
Today is May the 6th

X X X

(11:40 A.M.)

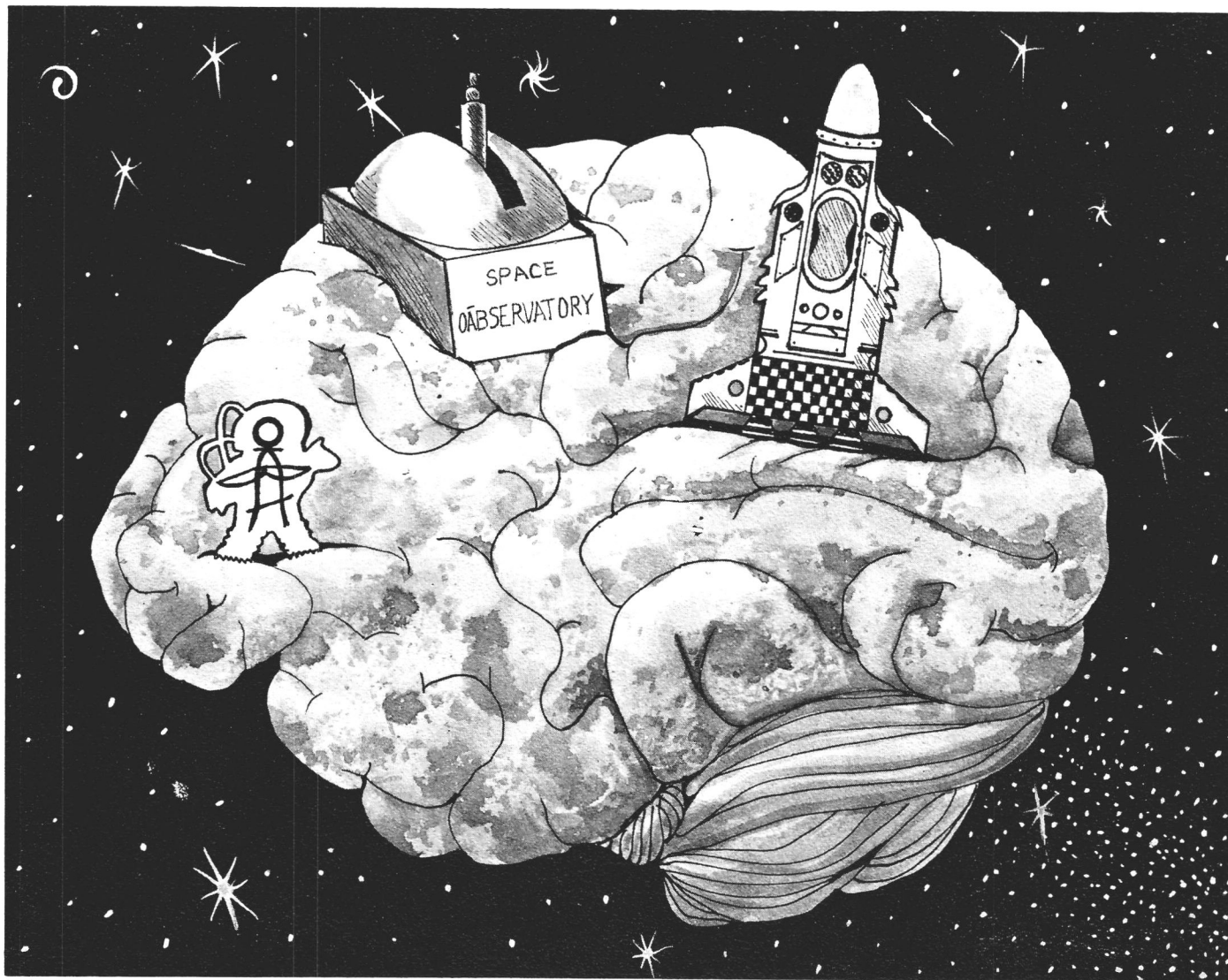
Today Oāb asked me if he could have a wife
He can I said if I can take a letter out of him
His wife could be Ā and he would be Ob
But Oāb calls my plan stupid he refuses to be less

X X X

Today (14:53 P.M.) Oāb decided
that he will build a rocket ship
to visit and explore other poems
travelling in his outer (my inner) space

What should I do he may pollute my brain

X X X



Oāb visited my other poems
in which he happened to be
and forgot everything - now he demands
that I give him memory

"I cannot give you memory Oāb
it would be bad for you and me
I'd realize my inconsistency
and you'd be a multi-split-person-ality"

Oāb has no character
he can be everything
strong weak smart dumb
tall short good bad
in one word everything

Oāb can be everything
allwhatiam - everything
all but one thing he can be
someone who is morethanme

Oāb doesn't have a nation
nor religious education
he lives in my verse
it's his Universe

Oāb
doesn't
believe
in God
Oāb
believes
in me

And I
do not
believe
in God
I too
believe
in me

Nobody
else
believes
in me
that's why
I made
Oāb

Oāb
wrote
this poem
today

*Zēnd
is the Beginning and the
End.*

I like it.

I went to sleep at evening,
I sent Oāb to sleep.
I woke up next morning,
Oāb was still asleep.

I woke up Oāb angrily:
Why do you sleep so late?

Oāb answered me angrily:
I lived during the night!

You lived without me writing you?

From now on I'll be fighting you!

If I don't write, how can you fight?

I too can write during the night!

My poem! Did you continue ... ?

I wrote a new one about you!

How could you dare? Tell me how!

It was easy. You write me now!

Then let me see it. Show me, please.

It's a secret that no one sees.

A secret? that you keep from Me?

You write me ... so don't let it be!

You know what? I've no interest.
Why be annoyed? I need a rest.

I just won't let you go ahead ...

Be careful! You might hurt your head....

I'll crush you to death in my wrath!

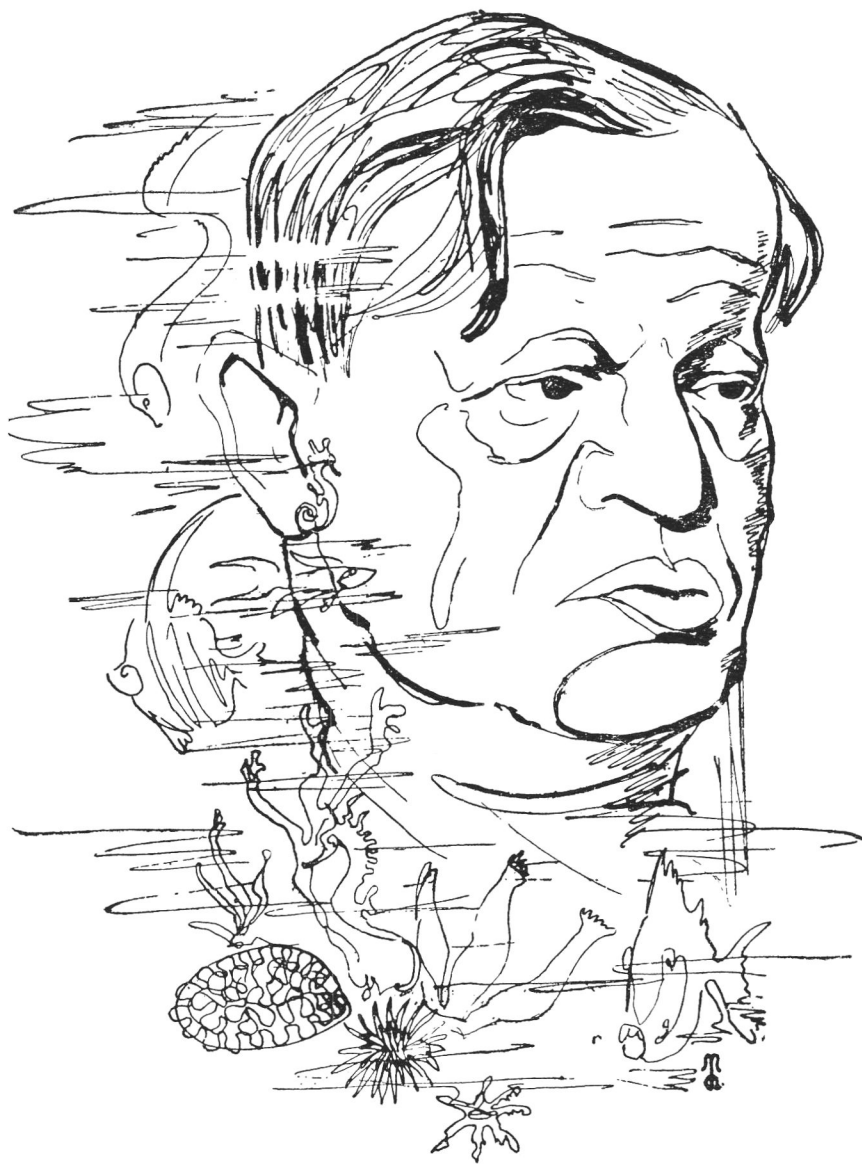
You'll crush nothing but your own thought!

How could I tell him
so he would understand me

His coşmos is one of my galaxies
his galaxy is one of my planets
his planet is one of my poems
he lives alone on it
no mankind
no animals
no trees
no homes
no women
no complications
how could he understand me

I didn't mean him to be so overwhelming
he was just a joke in the beginning
a three-letter word
a pseudonym for myself
but he grew into an obsession and I can't afford him
I have to work he doesn't know what work is
I have to make love he doesn't know love
I have to write to produce to talk to travel
he doesn't let me this nuisance this itch
I have to create new universes

Oāb please can you stop me writing you?



Ardô asks me:
Is Oāb real?

I reply:
If he is, I'm not.

Ardô asks me:
Doesn't Oāb exist?

I reply:
If he didn't, I would be less.

3. THE BIRTH OF OĀB

Oāb wants to be like me
he wants to live on a globe
He sends his prayers up to me
that I should present him a globe
I am now in a gracious mood
therefore I give him a globe
Lo and behold Lo and behold
this Oāb is your globe

globe
globeglobeglo
beglobeglobeglobe
globeglobeglobeglob
eglobeglobeglobeglobe
globeglobeglobeglobeg
lobeglobeglobeglobeglob
obeglobeglobeglobeglob
beglobeglobeglobeglob
obeglobeglobeglob
eglobeglobeglob
obeglob

On the planet where Oāb lives
there is no land no water
there is no tree no fruit no bird
no fish no alligator

On the planet where Oāb lives
there is no sun no season
no day no night no rain no storm
no instinct and no reason

On the planet where Oāb lives
there is no man no nation
no war no peace no class no creed
no disorganization

On the planet where Oāb lives
there is no sex no feeling
no marriage no adultery
no booze no double-dealing

On the planet where Oāb lives
he is the only person
therefore the 'human condition'
cannot improve nor worsen

Oāb wants to be
an individual
which is to be distinct
from his surroundings.

All right Oāb
listen to me

..CDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

these are your surroundings.

What can I do when I am bored?

Do something interesting!

Like what?

Like detesting yourself
and afterwards protesting.



Can I ask you a question?
Sure you can.

What?
Is this your question?

No.
Then what *what?* ?

What question can I ask?
Any.

Why?
Is this the question?

No.
Then why *why?* ?

Why any?
Why Not?

How?
Is this the question?

No.
Then how *how?* ?

How can I ask a question?
Anyhow.

I see.
You see?

Why can't I have a father?
A father is a Bother.

Why can't I have a mother?
A mother is a Smother.

Why can't I have a brother?
He'd only be Another.

Why can't I have a sister?
What if she were Sinister?

Why can't I have a lover?
You'd never recover.

Why can't I have a spouse?
A spouse would make you drows (y).

Why can't I have a kid?
A Single never did.

Why can't I have a friend?
You have. His name is Zẽnd.

But I need somebody!
You have! You have me!

Oāb had no father
and his name wasn't Obu

Oāb had no mother
and her name wasn't Emu

Oāb had no brother
and his name wasn't Eok

Oāb had no sister
and her name wasn't Ula

Oāb had no wife
and her name wasn't Eba

And Oāb and Eba had no children
and their seven names weren't
Amo, Elo, Ono, Cono, Tack, Uback and Phedorique.

All Oāb wants is
to be or not to be
but he cannot be either
for he is part of me

Why would I need a mantra

I have the name Oāb

Oāb, you should pray to me
every morning and every evening,
here is what you should say:

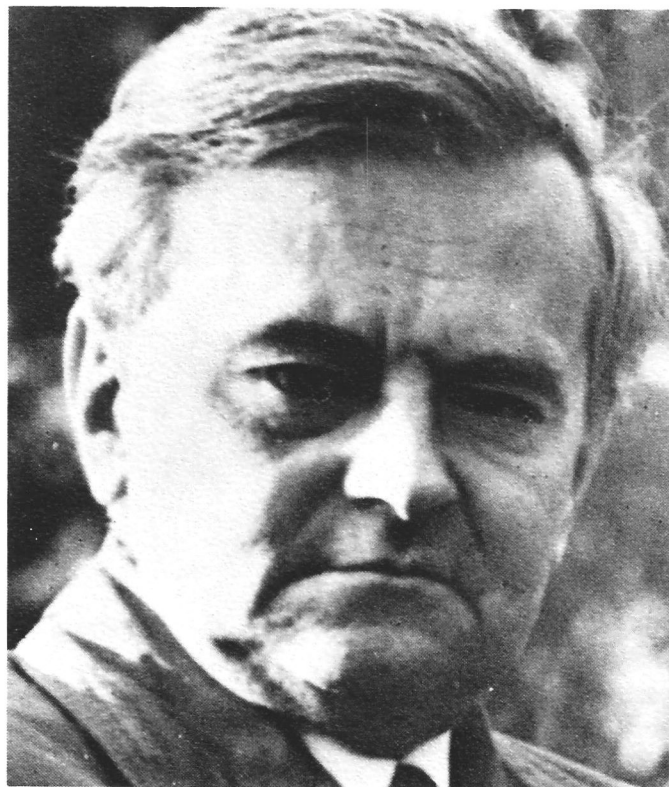
Mon Da!
Y tu es D!
Ay, we'd nesd ...
A yth Ur's dayf.
Ryda, Ysa, Turda.
Ys-unda?
Y.

Although you do not understand the words,
it will do you good to say them twice a day
looking up from the paper
toward the ceiling

**Your words make no sense at all,
this language is too bizarre!
Why confuse Oāb
more than he is so far?**

Ardô! It is just a farce!
Just watch where I place the bars:

/Mon Da! Y/tue es D! Ay,/ we'd nesd ... A y/
th Ur's day/f. Ryda, Y/sa, Turda. Y/ s-unda! Y./



I don't understand Oāb
'cause you don't understand me

Does he really exist?
If he really did, I couldn't be real

So then he doesn't exist!
If he didn't, a part of me would die

I don't understand you
'cause you don't understand yourself

I AM I AM
NOT ALONE, A CREATOR,
I MADE A DOLL, HIS NAME IS OĀB,
I LOVE HIM DEARLY, AND HE IS MINE,
I CHERISH HIM DEARLY, HE IS ONLY MINE,
HE IS NOT A SLEEPING DOLL,
TALKING DOLL, WALKING DOLL,
I DO NOT CARESS HIM,
ROCK HIM, OR DRESS HIM,
HE'S A WRITTEN DOLL,
I AM WRITING HIM,
WRITING HIM,
WRITING
HIM
!

THE CONCEPTION OF OĀB

When I came home from Ardô my best friend, I didn't feel like going to bed. I was pregnant with a lyrical poem, but I didn't want to write about myself. What should I call myself in the poem?
I disconnected all my brain-functions and listened to the silence within me.

OĀB – I heard this name calling from the darkness.
So I wrote a poem about myself calling myself Oāb.

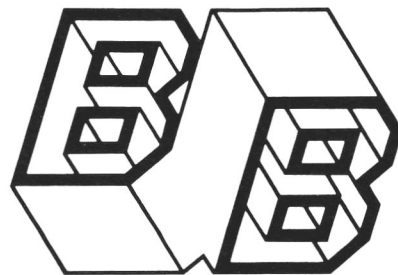
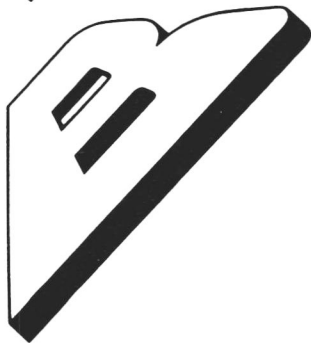
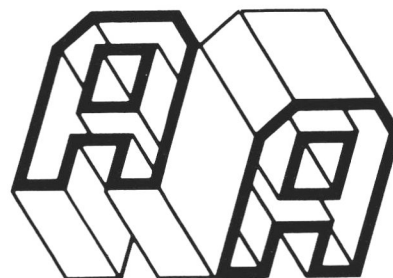
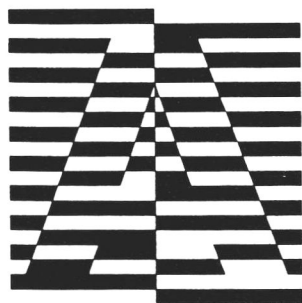
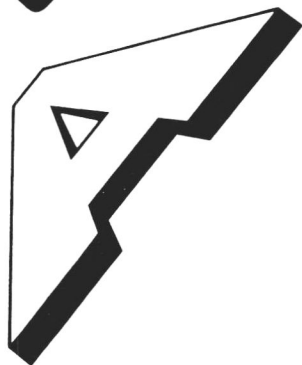
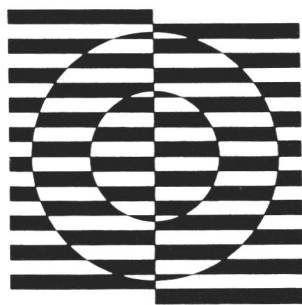
THE FORMATION OF OĀB

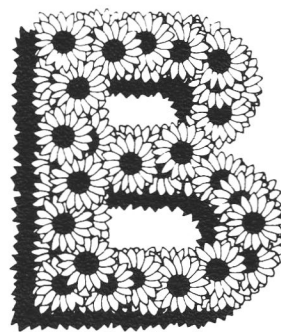
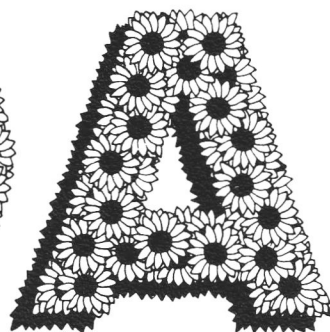
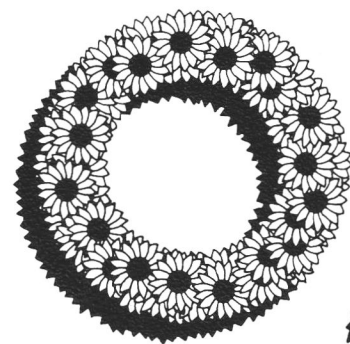
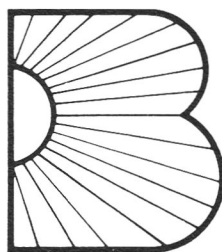
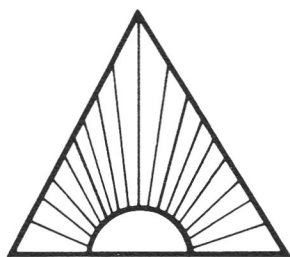
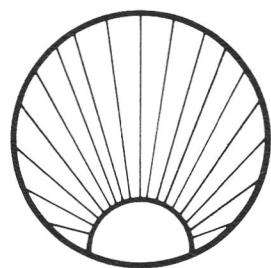
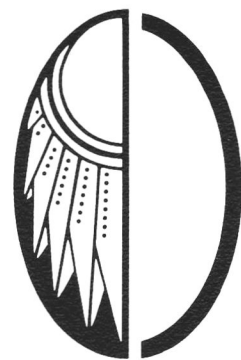
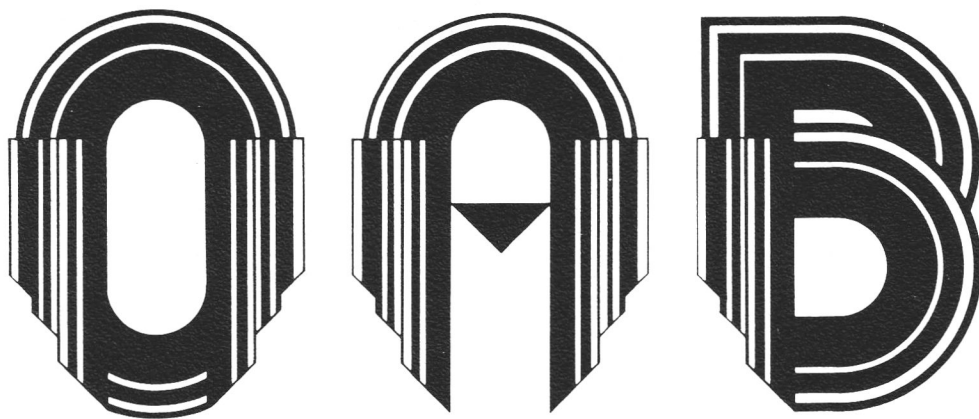
But once born, Oāb didn't want to die. He didn't like the poem I first wrote about him. He made me rewrite it.
Oāb was.
But I didn't know who he was. I wrote another poem in which I asked myself who Oāb was. I couldn't answer.
This was the third poem.
What I knew was what Oāb wasn't.
That was the fourth.

THE BIRTH OF OĀB

And so Oāb grew.
One thing was certain. He had three letters.
Another thing was certain. He was alone.
Another thing was certain. He didn't like that.
Another thing was certain. I created him.
The fifth and the sixth and the seventh and the eight and ... and I saw Oāb moving on the paper.
Surrounded with blank space.
Three from twenty-six.
Struggling for life. Like me and unlike me. He was less than me, but I couldn't be him. Thus in a way he was more than me. I started talking to him. He answered. He lived. From then on I just had to follow him.

May 11, 1970





OAB

OAB

OAB

OAB

OAB

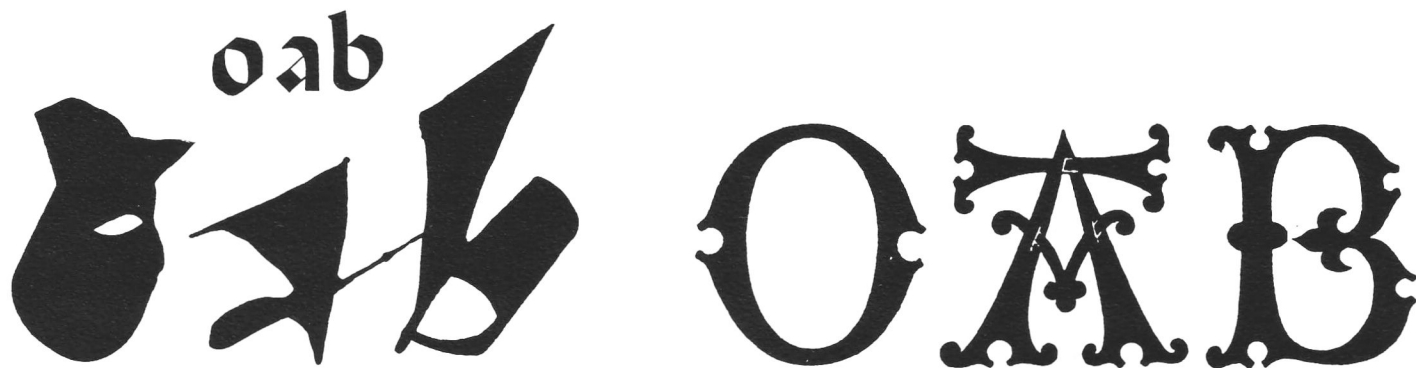
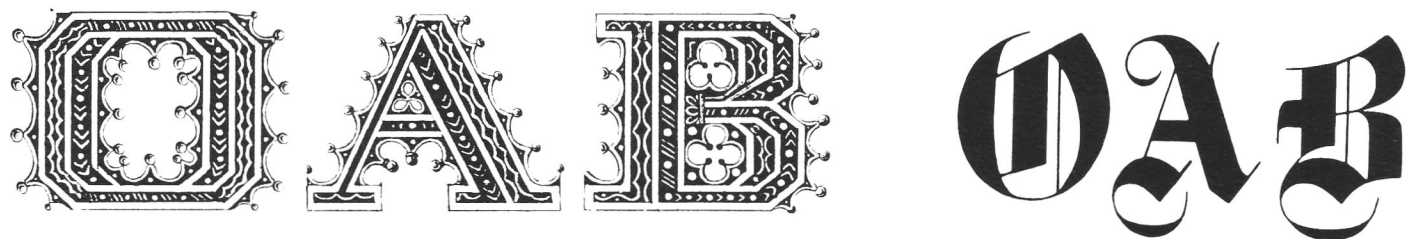
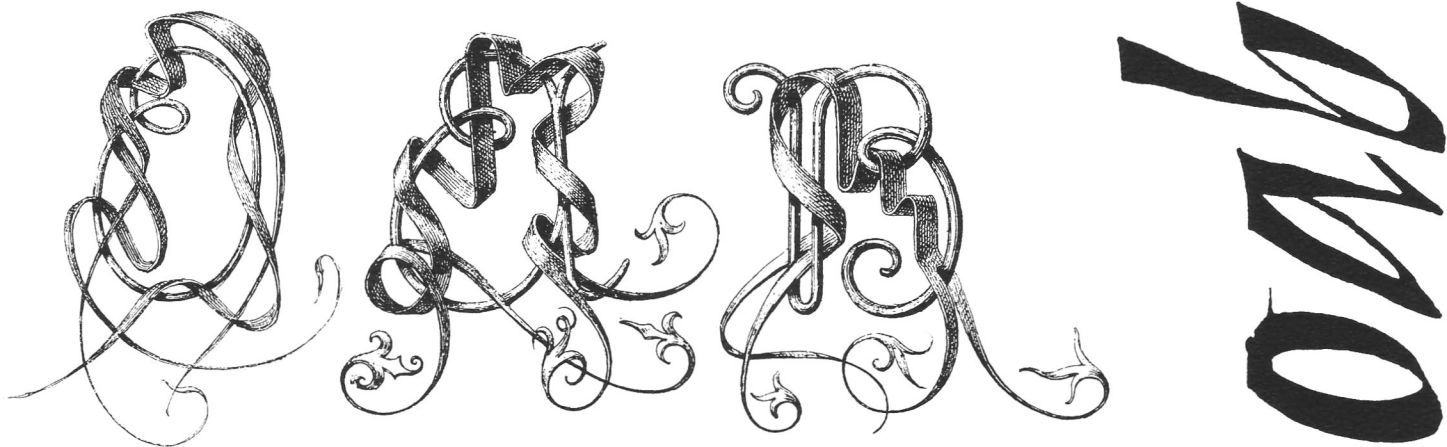
OAB

OAB

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OAB

OAB



Why do you look at my book on Oāb
with such consternation?

**I don't know how to put it to you, Zënd,
but it is a weird 'mis-creation' ...**

Your face, Ardô, is filled with worry.

I am worried about your future!

All I'm worried about is the present
where I nurture my beloved creature.

It really makes my heart sink, wronging you ...

Well, do you think something is wrong with you?

Oh, Zënd, tell me, what'll become of you?

More, I hope, than what I am now.

You don't even seem to know what you are!

Isn't it enough that I am what I am?

But the future! How will they see you, how?

Through Oāb whom I am forming right now!

I am afraid you're just wasting your time ...

Why do you call creation a waste of time all the time?

The purpose of creation is to survive!

When I die, THIS creature will keep me alive!

**You are the victim of mystification!
Go try instead some genuine creation!**

Oāb is a real work of art, I maintain!

Oāb is nothing but a doodle, I claim!

What is the difference, can you explain?

Er...



(I suppose he still looks for an answer, in vain.)

*I couldn't find my identity.
I asked Zënd's permission to read the manuscript so far.
It didn't help me.*

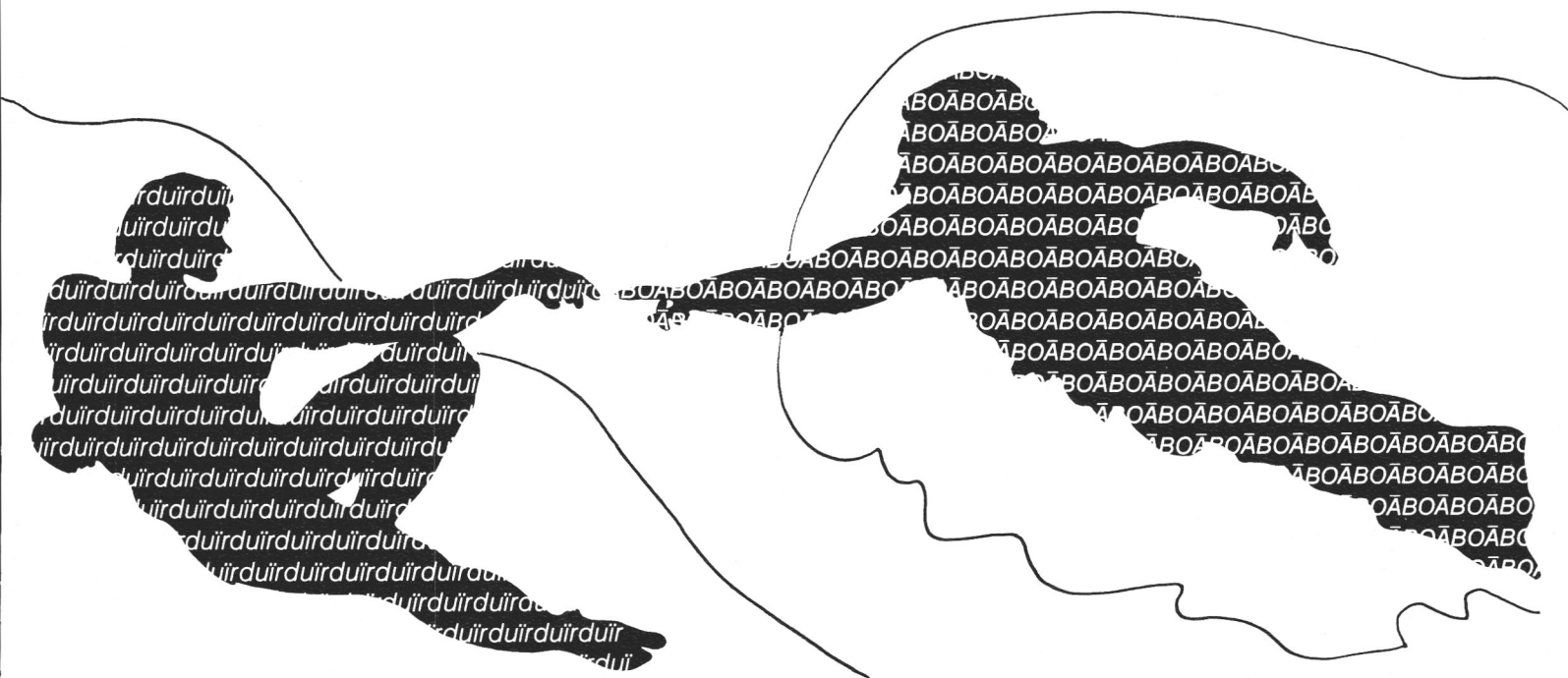
*I asked Zënd who he was.
He said that he was the creator of Oăb.*

I decided to be like Zënd.

Go Oăb you are free

**Be
and create
like God or me**

5. THE CREATION OF ĪRDU



Zênd thinks Oāb is smart

Oāb is shrewd◊ Oāb can lie◊ I don't know how◊ I don't know why.

1. I think my strict-◊ ness made him sick◊ therefore he used◊ on me a trick.◊

2. He asked me: *Who am I?*◊ I answered: You are you. *I do not understand*◊ (he said) *can you spell it?*◊

3. I picked a letter U from his surroundings.◊

4. *Can I keep it?* he asked.◊ What for? I asked him sternly.◊ *I want to practice it.*◊ Okay! I said magnanimously.◊

5. Oāb looked at the letter U◊ and said: *I know, I know!*◊ *I am U, I am U!*◊

6. You are stupid, I said.◊ You can't say, I am U,◊ I can say U are U,◊ You can say I am I.◊

7. *How do you spell it?* asked Oāb,◊ I picked a letter I.◊ *Can I keep it?* he asked,◊ O.K., I said magnanimously.◊

8. *I are I, I are I,◊ I know, I know, I know!*◊

Zênd thinks Oāb is stupid

9. You are stupid, I said,◊ you can't say, I R I,◊ I can say: U R U ... ◊

10. *How do you spell it?*◊ Oāb barged in.◊ I picked the letter R.◊ *Can I?* You can.◊ I said magnanimously.◊

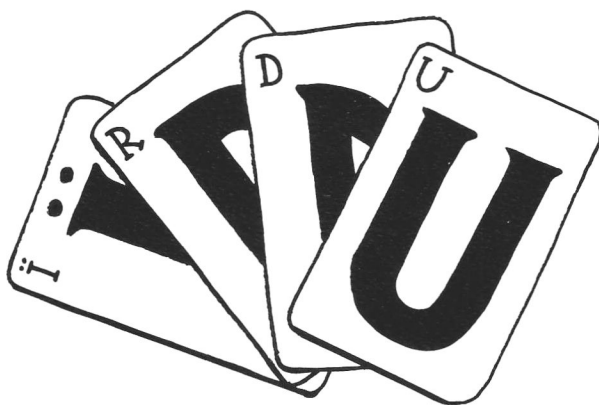
11. *How do you pick a letter?*◊ Try it, I said magnanimously.◊ He picked the letter D.◊ *Can ...* Yes, I said magnetc.◊

12. Oāb now happily shuffled the letters◊ and put them in order like this:◊ *Ī R D U*◊ and sang and danced with joy:◊

13. *I am not alone,◊ I have a friend,◊ his name is Īrdu◊ and he is mine,◊ you gave him to me, of course,◊ because I was stupid,◊ oh thank you a lot,◊ oh thank you◊ for him!*◊

14. This is what's left now◊ from the surroundings:◊ ..C.EFGH.JKLMN.PQ.ST.VWXYZ◊

15. And this is the legend of◊ how Īrdu was born.◊



*Isn't it a miracle
Oāb asks with pride
that I picked four letters
and Īrdu was born?*

It is – I say – but remember
there was a much greater one:
I picked only three
and you were born.

What do you like about Īrdu?
(I ask Oāb jealously.)

*Most important is that he
is so unlike you or me.*

Did you make up your mind about Īrdu? I ask Oāb.
From what I know of him, I can't quite see what he is like ...
Is he a real person, or just a fictitious creation?
I mean, your friend? or the figment of your imagination?

*These questions don't make any sense,
(and you must know since you have friends):
NO DIFFERENCE!*

What will you do with Īrdu now?
I ask Oāb with fear.
*Love him sometimes, hate him sometimes,
as yet I've no idear ...*

If you don't know, what made you start
to create with no aim?
But Oāb says: *How about you?*
And I shut up ashamed.

I am a Creator! said Oāb.
You are a creature, said I.

Are you a creature? asked Oāb
but I couldn't reply.

Oāb tried to remember
what the world was like
before he created Īrdu
but he couldn't remember.

Oāb took Īrdu apart
and put him back in the world
from which he came,
but the world wasn't the same.

. . C Ī E F G H r J K L M N . P Q d S T u V W X Y Z



Oāb doesn't live says Ardô angrily
Yes, Oāb does live and cannot be killed

**I could tear off this paper
and throw him in the garbage**
I would reassemble the pieces
and nothing would ever change

**I could burn the papers
so you couldn't reassemble them**
I would remember and write him again
he would be better the second time

**If I destroyed you
he'd be destroyed with you**
Then he would haunt YOU
till YOU gave him life

**In case I die too
that will be his end**
He was living
therefore he is living
therefore he shall be living:
The memory of the Universe is infinite

Have you heard of Ardô?

About WHAT?

Who! Ardô.

How do you spell it?

A-R-D-Ô.

There is no such thing.

What do you mean?

*I am looking around in my surroundings and I cannot see
any of those components.*

Of course not. I contain the frame of his name (A — O),
and his inside (— RD —) is contained within you.

*That's what I mean. He can't exist. Is he, by any chance, a
fictitious character?*

Oāb, really ... He is my best friend, the most important being
in my life. He lives in my surroundings, that's why you
cannot see him.

Can he see me?

He sees everything. He knows everything.

Hm. What about him?

Well, Oāb, don't worry! I will protect you. I swear to you. As
long as I live. Just do not worry.

*So far, I didn't. But now I start, a lot. Only you forgot to tell me
about what.*

Ardô doesn't like you. He wants to destroy you. He doesn't
believe that you exist at all.

*What a smart guy! He wants to destroy me while thinking I
don't exist. Is HE your friend?*

That's beside the point.

*Somebody wants to destroy me and that's beside the point.
Are YOU my friend? And what IS the point?*

The point is that I didn't let him. And I want you to remember
that. Never forget it! For the time may come when you'll
have to choose between Īrdu and me. Whom would you
choose?

*The question is whom YOU would choose, Ardô or me, if
the same time came?*

I cannot throw out Ardô!? What are you talking about?
What I am talking about is that I cannot throw out Īrdu.
Ardô is something like a father for me. Īrdu is nothing but
your toy.

Īrdu is something like a son for me. Ardô is your idol.
I see: we have to compromise. You may keep Īrdu, if ...
And you may keep Ardô, if you don't mention his name
anymore. That's my condition.

And my condition is that you can keep Īrdu, if you don't
neglect me completely.

Neglect you? But Zênd, I need you!

You need me? Oh! You made my day!

Īrdu is so young, you see. He has to learn so much. Will you
teach us?

Oh! ... Well, I'll teach only you. You can then teach your Īrdu.

This is my offer. What do you say?

You want to know what I say? Īrdu, Īrdu, come to play!



OĀB'S THANKSGIVING PSALM
FOR ĪRDU TO ZÊND

6. OÄB AND İRDÜ PLAY

6	OOO	A	BBB
6	O O	A A	B B
6	O O	A A	B B
6666	O O	A A	BBBB
6 6	O O	AAAAAAAA	B B
666 .	OOO	A A	BBBB

&	&	&	&&&
& &	&&	&	& &
& &	& &	&	& &
& &	& &	&	& &
& &&&&&&&&	&	&	& &
&	&	&	&&&

I	RRRR	DDD	U	U
I	R R	D D	U	U
I	RRRR	D D	U	U
I	R R	D D	U	U
I	R R	D D	U	U
I	R R	DDD	UUU	

YYY	A	L	P	P
Y Y	A	L L	P	P
Y Y	A	L L	P P	
YYY	A	L L	P	
Y	A	LLLLLLLLL	P	
Y	AAAAAA	L L	P	

OÄB AND İRDÜ IMITATE EACH OTHER



O	A	B	O	A	B
A	B	O	A	B	O
B	O	A	B	O	A
O	A	B	O	A	B
A	B	O	A	B	O
B	O	A	B	O	A

UI	R	RDU
D	I D	I I
R	U	UDR
I	D	DUIR
U	I	R I
I	D	IRDU

OĀB: Īrdu! Īrd! Uīr! Do! Īrduīr! Duīrdu!

İRDU: Oāb! Oā! Boā! Boāb! Oābo! Āboāb!

Oāb sees Īrdu sees

Ōāb hears Īrdu hears

$\bar{a} \ b$ o

C E F G H J K L M N P Q S T V W X Y Z

d i r u

OĀB AND İRDU STUDY AND IMITATE THEIR SURROUNDINGS

	AO B O AB	IOAB R Doab UOAB	IOA R DB U	RI D U B OA	O O A A irdu B B	
						O A B U DRI
OABI R D UOAB		C	E F G	M		
					J	I O R A DB A U O
I U ROD A B	Z	oāb			K	O A B IRDU
	Y				L	
I U RD DR I U	X		irdu	M		
	W			N		U I D O B R R A D I U
I R A D D O B R U I		V	T S Q	P		
						I B BR A A DO O U
	I B R A D O U	I R D U O A B	I R D U	UI D R R oD IUa b	I O R A D B U	

I take care of you, Oāb,
you take care of Īrdu.

*Come on, ĩrdu,
hold my hand,
I will show you
outdoor games.*

Hold my hand,
I will show you
outdoor games.

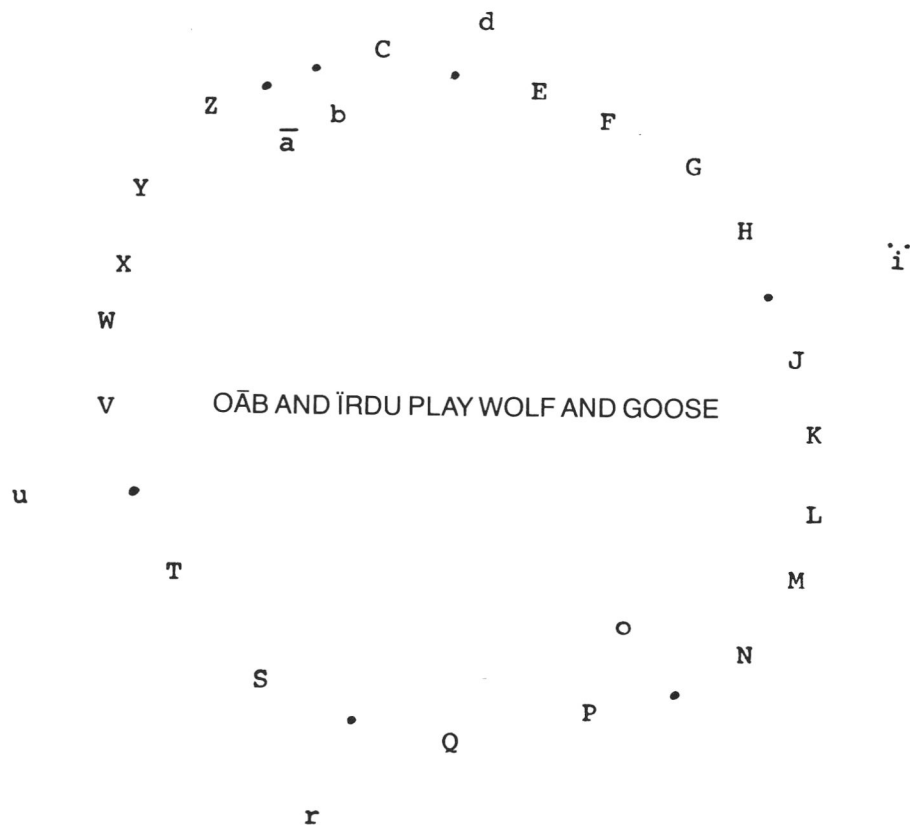
OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY HIDE AND SEEK



Tell him about my paper, Oāb!
Look, ĩrdu, how white are the fields!

Tell him about my watchful eye!
Look, ĩrdu, how blue is the sun!

Tell him about my writing hand!
Oh, ĩrdu, isn't life beautiful?



OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY BALL
WITH ONE ANOTHER

ā

o

b

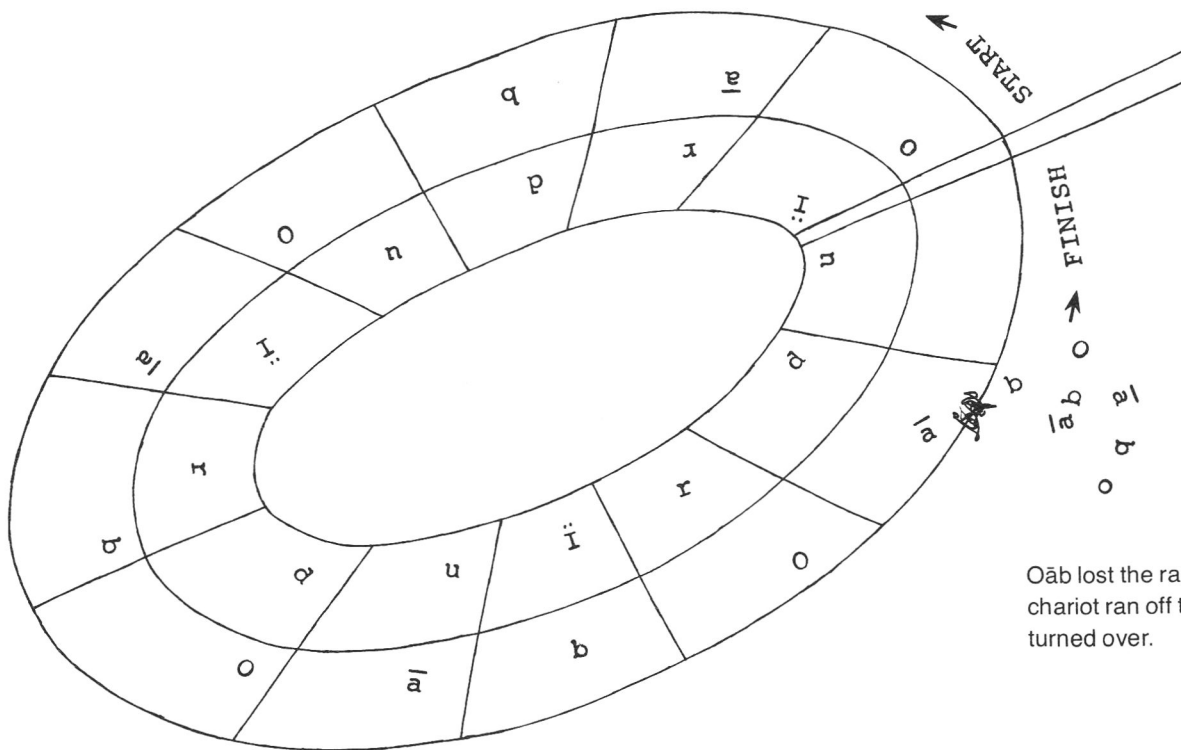
ī

R

D

U

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY CHARIOT RACE



Oāb lost the race because his chariot ran off track and turned over.

OĀB AND ĪRDU CLIMB A MOUNTAIN

Ī U
 B D R O
 Ā R D Ā
 O Ī U B

OĀB USES ĪRDU FOR SKIING

o

ā

u

b

d

ī

r

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY ECHO

B
B
B
B
B
A
A
A
A

I
RIU
DUDRD
UDUDRDR
IRIRIUIUI
RIRIRIUIUIU
DUDUDUDRDRDRD
UDUDUDUDRDRDRDR
O IRIRIRIRIRIUIUIUIUI
RIRIRIRIRIUIUIUIUIU
DUDUDUDUDUDRDRDRDRDR
UDUDUDUDUDUDRDRDRDRDR
IRIRIRIRIRIRIUIUIUIUIUI
RIRIRIRIRIRIRIUIUIUIUIUI
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IRIRIRIRIRIRIRIRIUIUIUIUIUIUI

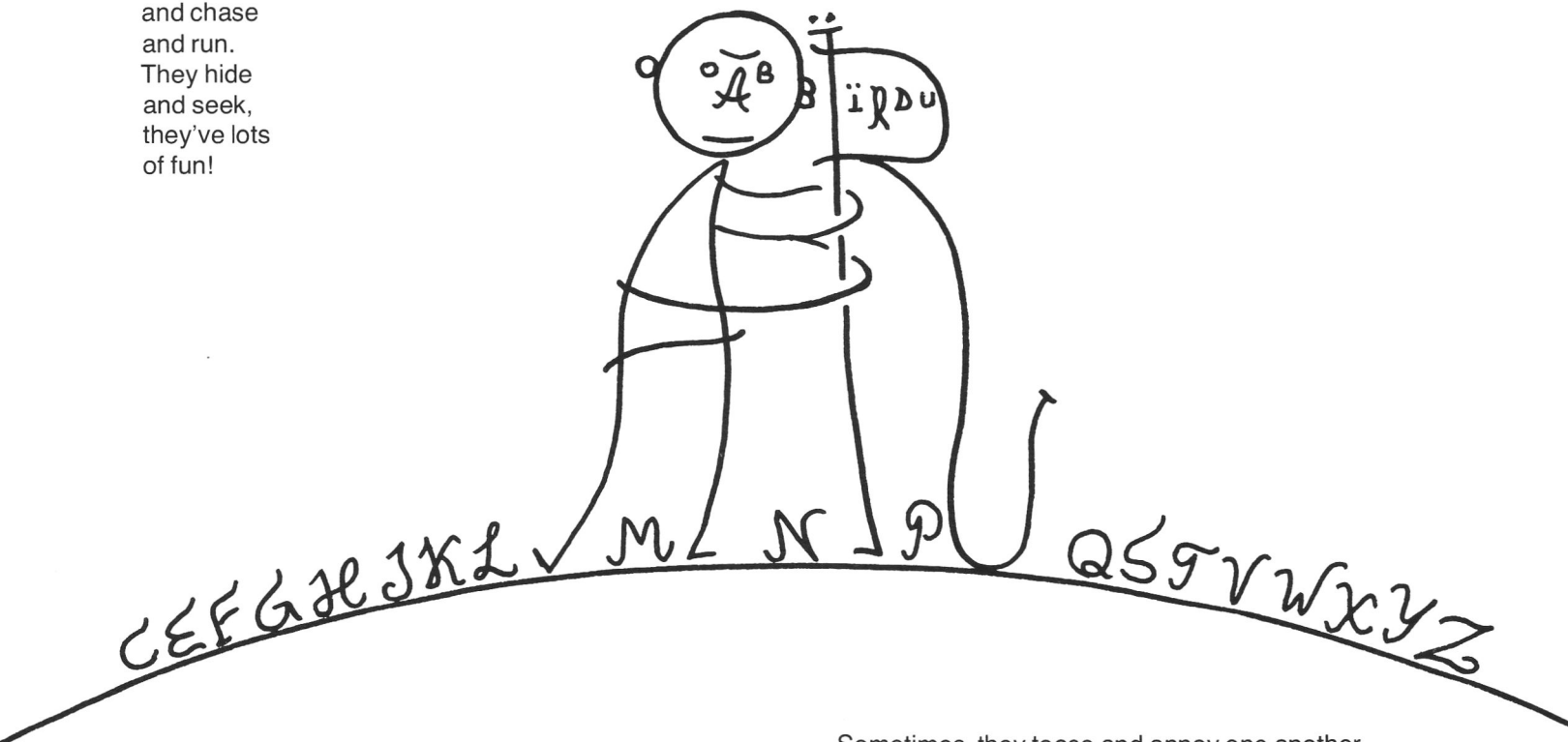
O
A
B

ā b

Oāb and Īrdu just play and play
and they are very happy,
they run around like crazy, frisky puppies
and leave their toys all over the paper ...

Oāb! Stop being sloppy!

They walk
and talk
and chase
and run.
They hide
and seek,
they've lots
of fun!



Sometimes, they tease and annoy one another.
Sometimes, they try to get rid of each other.
(Like brother from brother.)
But they are very happy, altogether.

Oāb!

Yes, Īrdu.

There are two words I don't understand.

Yes?

Pollution and Overpopulation.

Yes?

Can you explain them?

We are two on this sheet of paper.

This is overpopulation.

One of us would be enough.

I.

That would be pollution.

Īrdu, what do you want to play?

Cain and Abel.

Terrific! I shall kill you since
you're unstable.

No, no! It's you who should be slain:
I shall be Cain!

What if one of us will end up lame?

Well, I think it's a stupid game.

Would you like to play something else?

Sure. What do you recommend?

I don't know. I'll ask Zēnd.

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY THAT THEY ARE DEAD
BUT EVERYBODY ELSE IS ALIVE

. Ā B Ī R D U
O . B Ī R D U
O Ā . Ī R D U

U D R . B O Ā
U D . Ī B O Ā
U . R Ī B O Ā
. D R Ī B O Ā

Ā B . R D U .
. B Ī . D U O
Ā . Ī R . U O
Ā B Ī R D . O

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY WAR

OĀB

ĪRDU

OĀBĪRDU

OĀBĪ

RDU

OĀDĪRBU

O

ĀDĪRBU

OĀRDĪBU

OĪRĀB

DU

ĀBĪRDUO

Īrdu asks Oāb:
Do you believe in Zēnd?

BĪRUDOĀ

Oāb says proudly:
I am an atheist!

UBDĀRĪO

ĪRUDĀBO

OĪRDĀB

U

ĪRDUBĀO

ĪBRUD

ĀO

ĪRĀBDUO

ĪRD

UOBĀ

ĪRDUOĀB

ĪRDU

OĀB

You have to come to a concert with me.

We don't want to go!

Why not?

It's boring.

I insist!

*No, no, no
no, no, no
why do we
have to go?*

Because

*No, no, no
we won't go!*

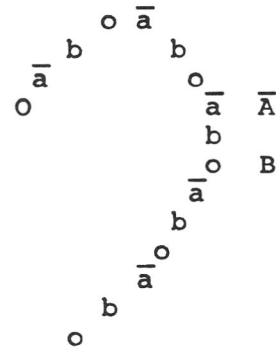
It doesn't depend on you, at all!
If I decide that it's good for you to go,
you will just do as I write you to.

No and no and no and no

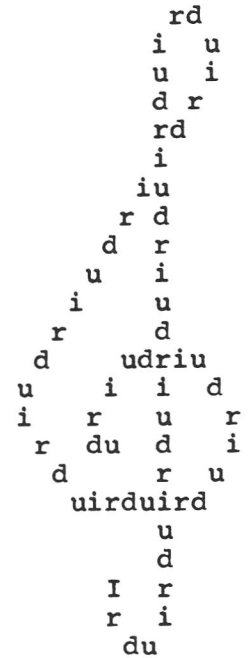
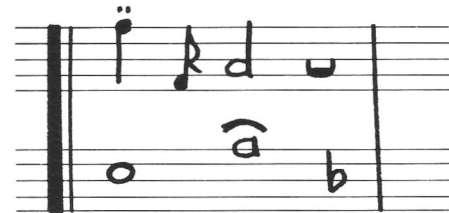
Look, I can force you to obey:
(since I am writing what you say ...)
Would you like to come to a concert with me?

Okay, okay, okay!

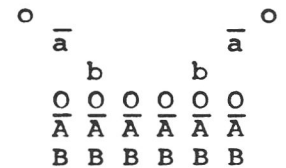
You see?



OAB AND IRDU PLAY CLEFS



OAB PLAYS THE DRUM



$$\begin{matrix} & u \\ \cdot & \\ i & d \end{matrix}$$

B

 \bar{A}

B

 \bar{A}

B

 \overline{A}

B

B

O

i i
ru urruu
ddiirduiirduiirduiirdui rdiid
ur iirduiirduiirduiirdurruur
i u r diiddi
d d urruu
riudriudriudriu diid
urr
di
u

O

$\begin{array}{ccccccc} & & & & D & & \\ \ddot{I} & & & & R & D & \ddot{I} \\ R & D & U & \ddot{I} & R & D & \ddot{I} \\ D & U & \ddot{I} & R & D & U & \ddot{I} \\ U & \ddot{I} & R & D & U & \ddot{I} & R \\ \ddot{I} & R & D & U & \ddot{I} & R & D \\ R & D & U & \ddot{I} & R & D & U \\ D & U & \ddot{I} & R & D & U & \\ U & \ddot{I} & R & D & U & & \\ \ddot{I} & R & D & U & \ddot{I} & R & \\ R & D & U & \ddot{I} & R & D & \\ U & \ddot{I} & R & D & U & \ddot{I} & R \end{array}$


[illegible][illegible]

OĀB PLAYS THE FLUTE – İRDÜ THE RECORDER

i	i
r	r
d	d
u	u

i	i
r	r
d	d
u	u

i	i
r	r
d	d
u	u



İ
R
D
U

RDUI

D
U
Ï
RU
I
R
D

IRDU

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY THE ORGAN

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY THE ORGAN

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} b & o & \bar{a} & b & o & \bar{a} & b & o \\ B & O & \bar{A} & B & O & \bar{A} & B & O & \bar{A} \end{array}$$
$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} b & o & \bar{a} & b & o & \bar{a} & b & o \\ B & O & \bar{A} & B & O & \bar{A} & B & O & \bar{A} \end{array}$$
$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} b & o & \bar{a} & b & o & \bar{a} & b & o \\ B & O & \bar{A} & B & O & \bar{A} & B & O & \bar{A} \end{array}$$

Did you like the concert?

No.

Yes, you enjoyed it a lot!

Okay, okay.

You see?

Would you like to learn to play instruments?

No.

Yes, you would love to:

Okay.

Practice!

Nokay.

Zēnd, take us to the Zoo!

I can't.

Please!

I have to work.

Please!

I have an appointment.

Please!

I have to write letters.

Please!

I have to write out some
cheques.

Please!

I have a
dinner-engagement.

Please!

I have to see a movie.

Please!

I have to go to a

Please!

I have to go to

Please!

I have to go

Please!

I have to

Please!

I have

Please!

I

Please!

Let's go!

OĀB PLAYS THE FISH

İRDU PLAYS THE GIRAFFE

İRDU PLAYS THE BIRD

S THE BIRD

OĀB PLAYS THE ELEPHANT

[illegible]

RAFFE

DU[̇]IR[̇]DU[̇]IR[̇]

[̇]IR[̇] RD DU[̇]

[̇]IR[̇] RD DU[̇]

DU[̇] U[̇]I[̇]

U[̇]I[̇] IR[̇]

IR[̇] RD

RD DU[̇]

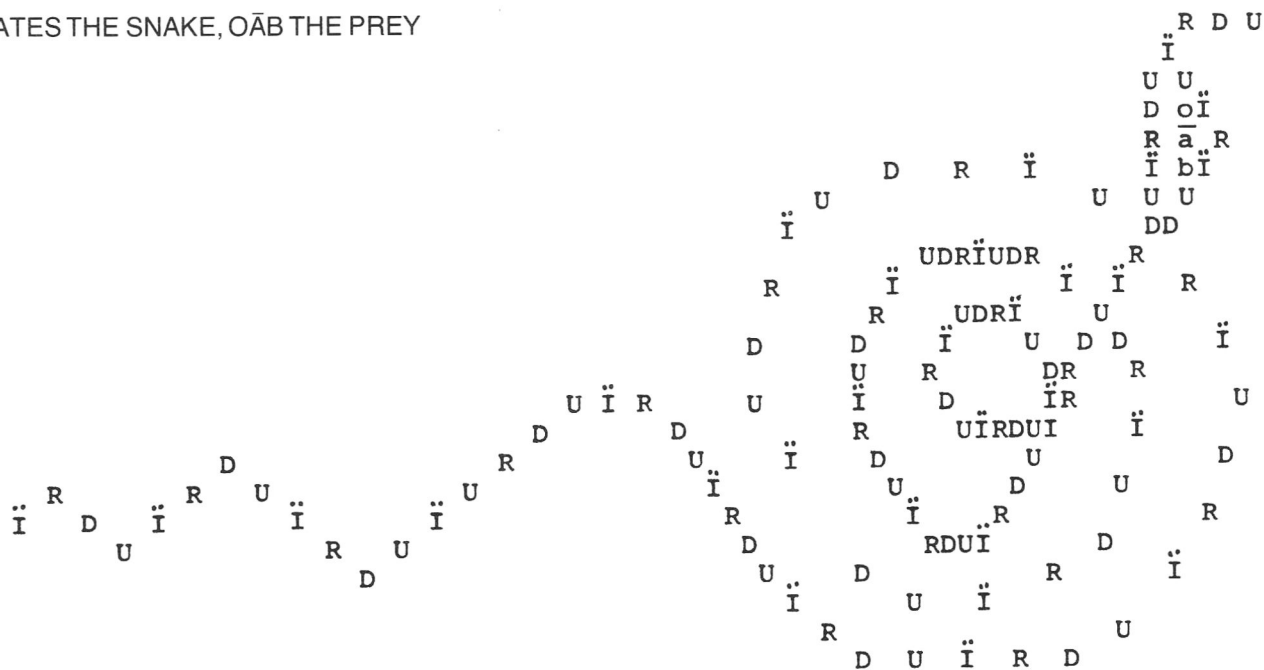
DU[̇] U[̇]I[̇]

U[̇]I[̇] IR[̇]

IR[̇] RD

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} & & & O & B & & \\ & & & \overline{A} & O & \overline{A} & \\ O & & O & \overline{A} & O & \overline{A} & \\ & B & \overline{A} & B & \overline{A} & B & \overline{A} \\ \overline{A} & & B & O & B & O & \\ & & & \overline{A} & O & & \end{array}$$

ĪRDU IMITATES THE SNAKE, OĀB THE PREY



Who was better, Zēnd,
me or Īrdu?

That's enough, Oāb!

How did you like us, Zēnd,
practising the Zoo?

You were so perfect, both
you and Īrdu,
I got worried the guards wouldn't
let you leave the Zoo!

Stop playing, Īrdu!

Good show!

Good bye, Oāb, I take my child to the circus.

Īrdu, Zēnd goes to the circus without us.

Tell him to take us too!

We go with you, Zēnd.

No, you don't. I am fed up with you
I need a rest! I'm tired of typing.

He cannot rest from us!

We follow you wherever you go!

I take no pencil, no pen, no paper,
no typewriter ...

We don't care! That doesn't bother us.

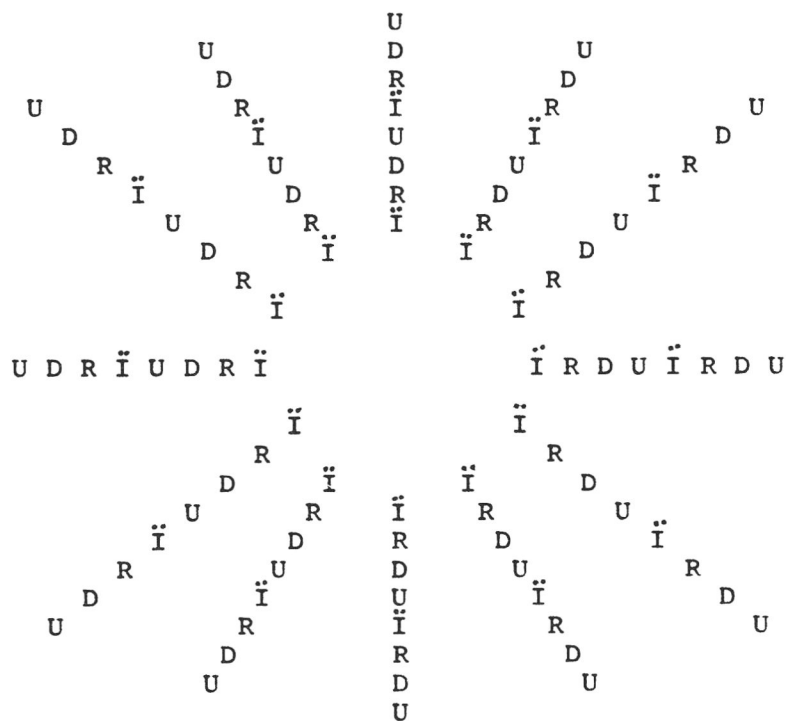
*We are sitting in your brains,
we are warming up your heart,
we are in your blood-stream, tie you up, all around:
you'll carry us with you
because we are IN you.*

(aside:)

*Speak for yourself,
not for Īrdu!
You may be in him,
but I am in YOU.*

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY CIRCUS

Īrdu, you play the public



Bow, Oāb, bow to me

O	O	O
Ā	Ā	Ā
B	B	B

Thank you for taking us to the circus, Zẽnd.

Are you making fun of me?
You really came with me!
You really came in me!
Despite my will.

Thank you for taking us to the circus, Zẽnd.

Okay, okay. You are welcome.

Thank you very much, Zẽnd.

You are very welcome.

Oh Zẽnd, we are really grateful.

Don't mention it.

Oh Zẽnd ...

Don't mention it anymore ...

Oh Zẽnd, we really ...

It was nothing ...

Oh Zẽnd, we really would like ...

You embarrass me ...

Oh Zẽnd, we really would like to become circus-performers ...

What!?!?!?

We'd like to have our own circus!

No way!

Do you want to see our numbers?

Not interested.

That's not fair!

I don't care!

*And what about when you forced us
to go with you ...*

Alright! Alright! How long will it take?

It depends on how fast you can type!

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY JUGGLER

	\overline{A}		O		B		
O		B		B		\overline{A}	O
\ddot{I}	R		\ddot{I}	R		\ddot{I}	R
D			D			D	
U			U			U	

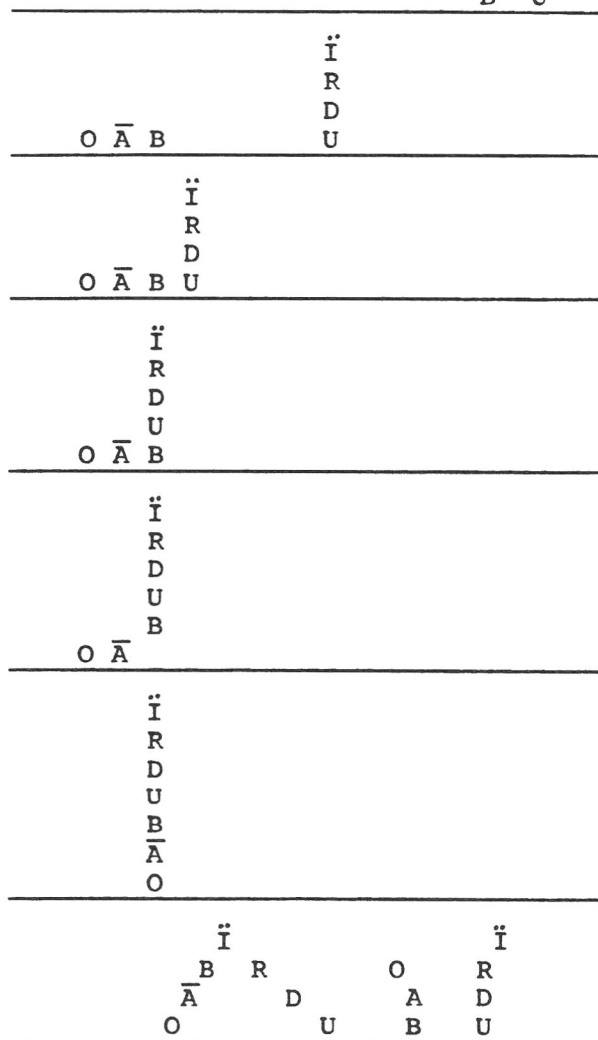
OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY THE BALANCER AND HIS BAR

	\ddot{I}		\ddot{I}		\ddot{I}		
	R		R		R		
O		O		O		O	
\overline{A}	D	\overline{A}	D	\overline{A}	D	\overline{A}	O
B		B		B		B	B
OĀBOĀB		OĀBOĀB		OĀBOĀB		O	O
\overline{A}		\overline{A}		\overline{A}		\overline{A}	\overline{A}
B		B		B		B	B
OO		OO		O O		O	O
\overline{A} \overline{A}		\overline{A} \overline{A}		\overline{A} \overline{A}		\overline{A}	\overline{A}
B B		B B		B B		B	B

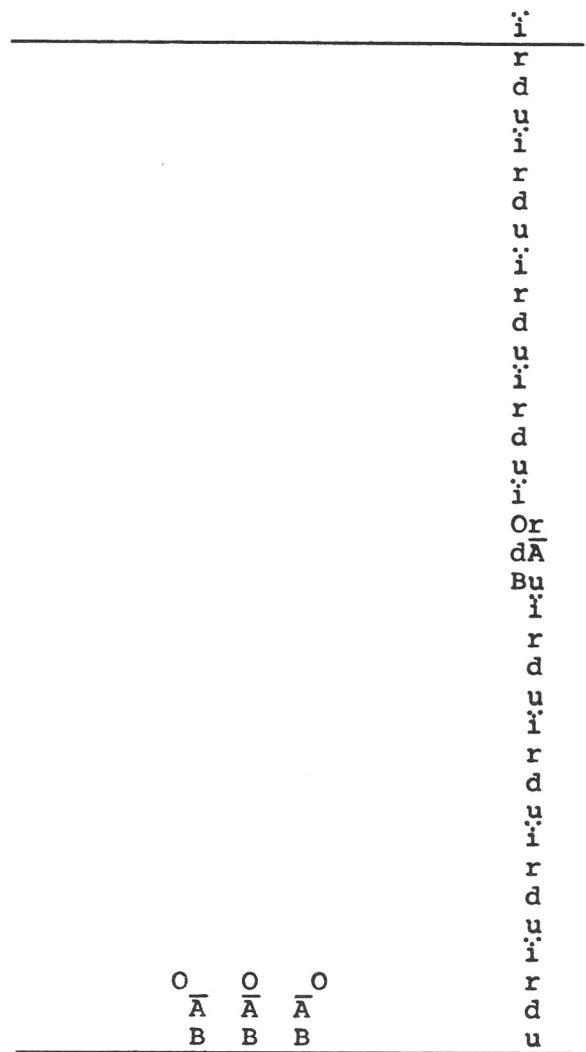
\ddot{I} R D U

OĀB AND İRDU PLAY ACROBATS

İ
R
D
U
O
Ā
B



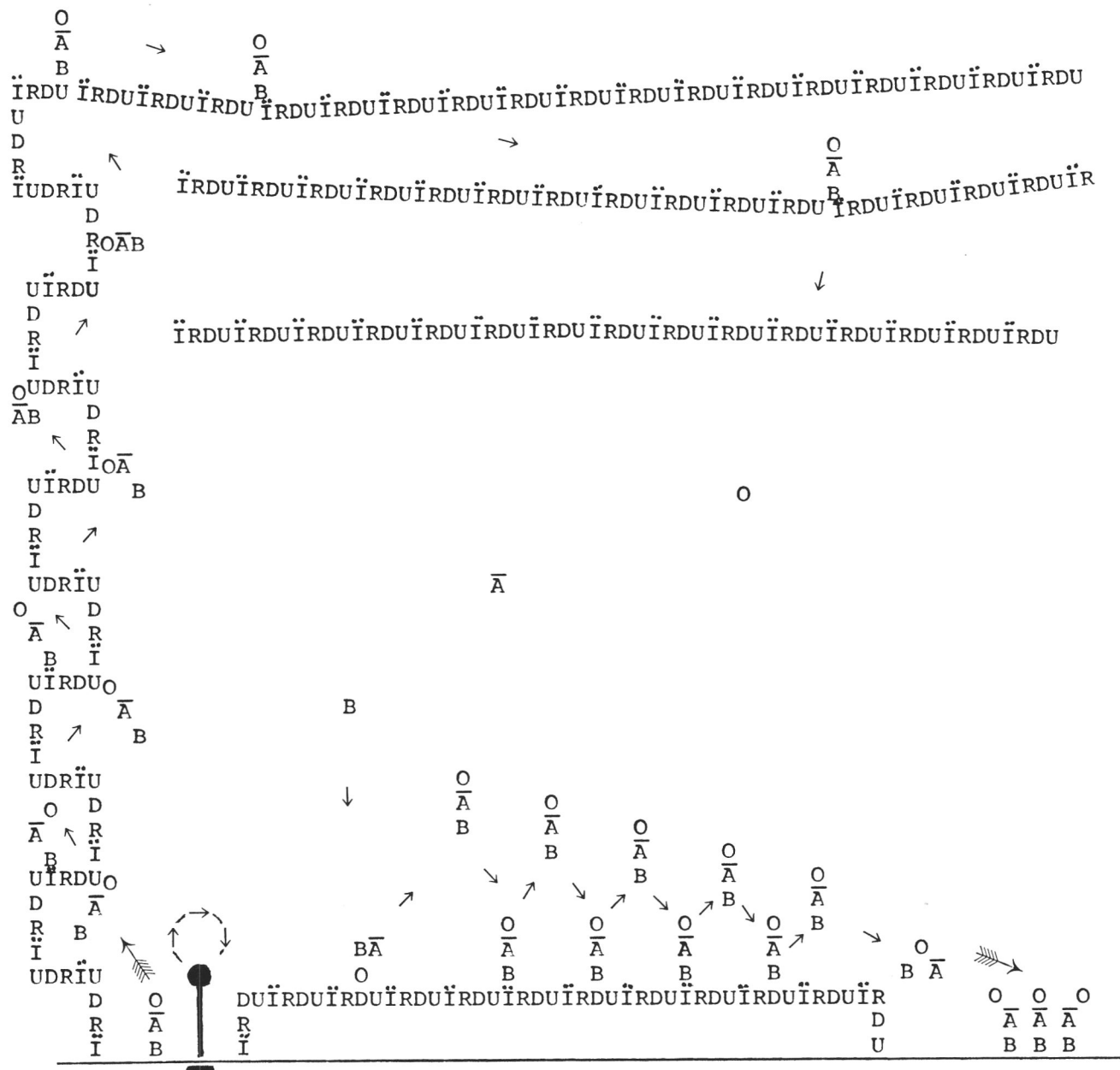
OĀB AND İRDU PLAY ROPE-CLIMBING



$$\begin{array}{ccccccc}
 \begin{array}{c} \text{O} \\ \overline{\text{A}} \\ \text{B} \\ \overline{\text{O}} \\ \overline{\text{AA}} \\ \text{B} \text{ } \ddot{\text{I}} \\ \text{U} \text{ } \text{R} \\ \text{D} \end{array} &
 \begin{array}{c} \text{O} \\ \overline{\text{A}} \\ \text{B} \\ \overline{\text{O}} \\ \overline{\text{A}} \text{ } \overline{\text{A}} \\ \text{B} \text{ } \text{B} \\ \text{U} \text{ } \ddot{\text{I}} \\ \text{R} \end{array} &
 \begin{array}{c} \text{O} \\ \overline{\text{A}} \\ \text{B} \\ \overline{\text{O}} \\ \overline{\text{A}} \text{ } \overline{\text{A}} \\ \text{B} \text{ } \text{B} \\ \text{R} \text{ } \text{D} \\ \ddot{\text{I}} \text{ } \text{U} \end{array} &
 \begin{array}{c} \text{O} \\ \overline{\text{A}} \\ \text{B} \\ \overline{\text{O}} \\ \overline{\text{AA}} \\ \text{B} \text{ } \text{B} \\ \text{R} \text{ } \text{D} \\ \text{U} \end{array} &
 \begin{array}{c} \ddot{\text{I}} \\ \text{R} \\ \text{D} \\ \text{U} \end{array} &
 \begin{array}{c} \text{O} \\ \overline{\text{A}} \\ \text{B} \\ \text{O} \\ \overline{\text{A}} \\ \text{B} \end{array}
 \end{array}$$

65

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} & & 0 & & & & \\ & & \hline & & \text{AAA} & & & & \\ \text{DR}\ddot{\text{I}} & \text{B} & \text{B} & \text{B} & \ddot{\text{I}}\text{RD} & & \\ \text{UDR}\ddot{\text{I}} & \text{UDR}\ddot{\text{I}} & \text{RD} & \text{U}\ddot{\text{I}} & \text{RD} & \text{U} & \\ \text{DR}\ddot{\text{I}} & 0 & & 0 & \ddot{\text{I}}\text{RD} & & \end{array}$$
$$\begin{array}{ccccccc}
 & \text{DRI} & & & & & \text{IRD} \\
 \text{UDRI} & \text{UDRI} & \text{RDUI} & \text{IRDUI} & & & \\
 \text{DRI} & \text{B} & & \text{B} & \text{IRD} & & \\
 & \overline{\text{A}} & & \overline{\text{A}} & & & \\
 & & \text{O} & & & & \\
 & & \overline{\text{A}} & & & & \\
 & & \text{B} & & & & \\
 & \text{O} & & \text{O} & & & \\
 \overline{\text{A}} & & & & \overline{\text{A}} & & \\
 \text{B} & & & & & & \text{B}
 \end{array}$$
$$\begin{array}{rcc}
 & & \begin{array}{ccc} \text{O} & \text{O} & \text{O} \\ \overline{\text{A}} & \overline{\text{A}} & \overline{\text{A}} \end{array} \\
 & & \begin{array}{ccc} \text{B} & \text{B} & \text{B} \\ \text{O} & \text{O} & \text{O} \\ \overline{\text{A}} & \overline{\text{A}} & \overline{\text{A}} \\ \text{B} & \text{B} & \text{B} \end{array} \\
 \text{DRI} & \text{IRD} & \\
 \text{UDRI} & \text{UDRI} & \text{UDRI} \\
 \text{DRI} & \text{IRD} &
 \end{array}$$



Oāb! Yes, Zênd.

I am tired of running
all over the paper
with you

Īrdu!

Yes, Oāb.

I need a rest.

It is too much, Oāb.
Too much typing.
And too much paper.
My back is aching.

*Īrdu, I am fed up with the white fields.
My legs are swollen.*

Why don't you teach me some indoor-games, Oāb.

A good idea.

*Zênd!
The summer is over.
The blue sun hardly shines.*

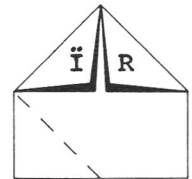
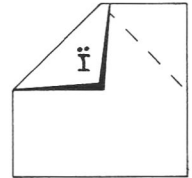
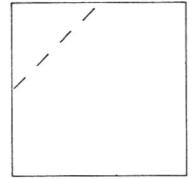
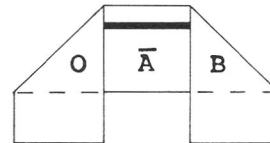
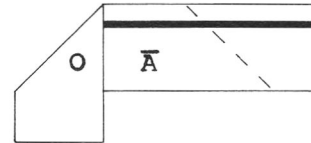
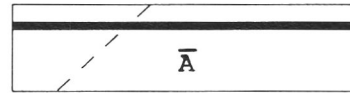
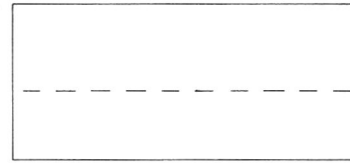
Yes, my eye is tired.

*Īrdu and I will be bored during winter.
Why don't you show us some indoor-games?*

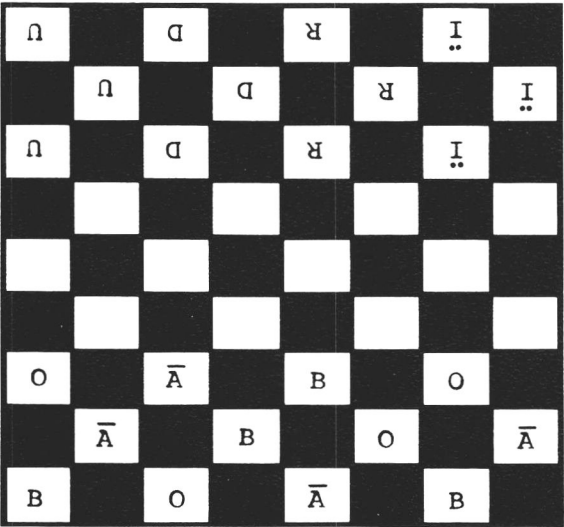
Oh no!

Oh yes!

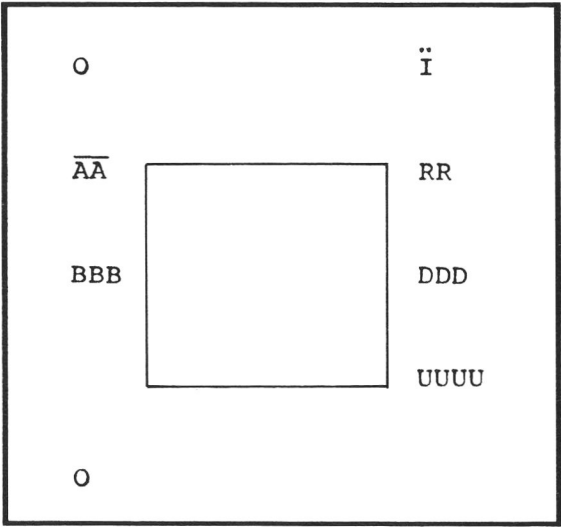
ĪRDU AND OĀB PLAY ORIGAMI



OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY CHECKERS

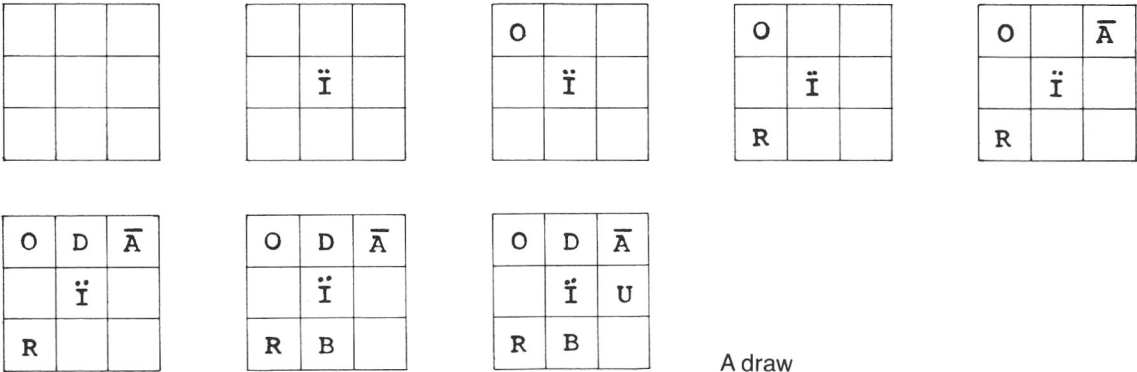


OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY MONOPOLY



(Oāb lost the game)

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY TIC-TAC-TOE



A draw

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY SCRĀBBLE

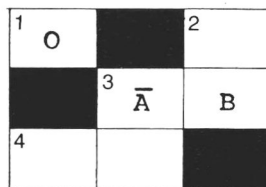
S C R Ā B B L Ē

Ā	2
B	2
D	4
Ē	3
Ī	1
N	3
Ô	4
R	4
S	0
U	1
Z	3

Ā	2
B	2
D	1
Ē	3
Ī	1
N	3
Ô	4
R	1
S	0
U	1
Z	3

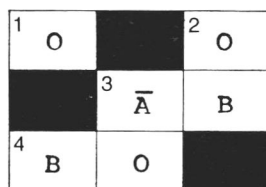
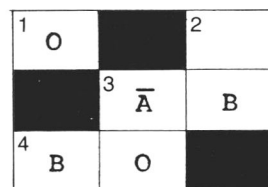
S C R Ā B B L Ē

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY CROSSWORD PUZZLE



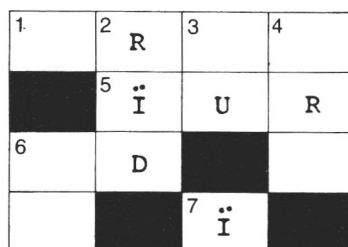
ACROSS

1. The shortest English word, expressing various emotions.
3. The first two letters of Zēnd's surroundings.
4. Beautiful in French. (Fon.)



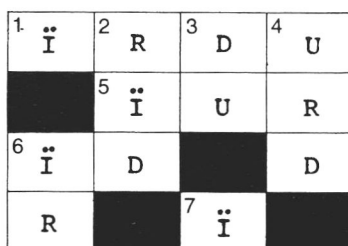
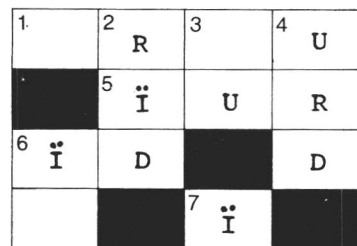
DOWN

1. Prefix to vocative name.
2. Russian river.
3. The vowels in the name of Zēnd's creator.



ACROSS

1. Oāb's creature.
5. International Union of Rebels. (Abbr.)
6. Freudian term.
7. First-person pronoun.



DOWN

2. Get ... of him!
3. You in German.
4. Ending with u, language in India.
6. ...ish (coffee, or people.)
7. Anybody can say that. (About him or herself)

Oāb, you need an education.
Īrdu, you need an education.

Oāb, I am talking to you!
Īrdu, I am talking to you!

Oāb, I want to pass my knowledge on to you.
Īrdu, I want to pass my knowledge on to you.

Oāb, if you are nasty ...
Īrdu, if you are nasty ...

I'll keep my wisdom for myself!!!
Okay, Zēnd, keep your wisdom for yourself.

But ... but ... why don't you keep talking to Īrdu, now?
Because you told me not to be nasty, didn't you?

I did, indeed, I am sorry ...
You are forgiven. So you want to keep your wisdom for yourself?

Oh no! Oh no! I want to pass it on to you!
I accept. When will you start?

I will start right now, Oāb.
I will start right now, Īrdu.

But ... now again ... ?
What?

Nothing ...
That's better. Let's start.

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY SCHOOL:

OĀB IS THE TEACHER,
 ĪRDU THE CLASS.

O
 Ā
 B

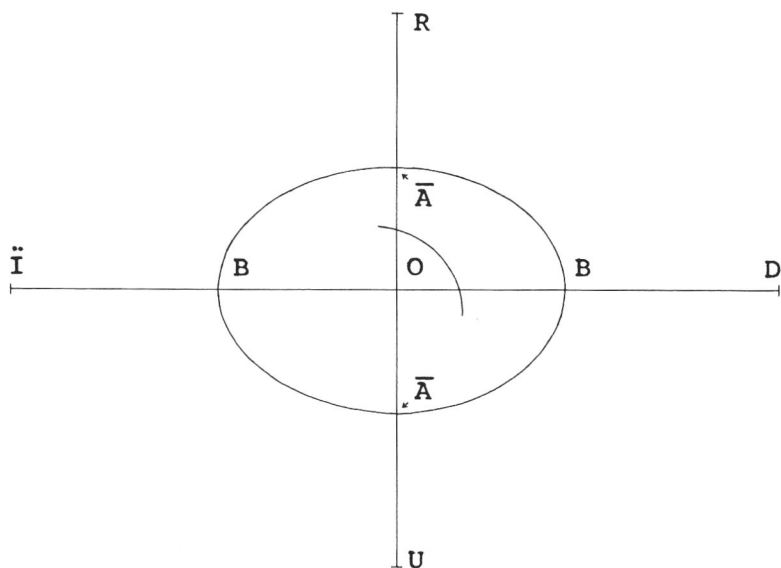
ī	r	d	u	ī
r	d	u	ī	r
d	u	ī	r	d
u	ī	r	d	u

OĀB
 AND
 ĪRDU
 PLAY
 CLOCK

		O		ā
	b		U	
			D	
	ā		R	b
			ī	
O			ī r d u	O
		.		
	b			ā
	ā		b	
		O		

(Four minutes past three)

OĀB AND ĨRDU PLAY GEOMETRY AND ALGEBRA



$$O + \bar{A} = B^2$$

$$\bar{I} \times R = \frac{D}{U}$$

$$\sqrt{\bar{I}(RDU)} = \frac{O + \bar{A}B}{2}$$

$$O + A + B > \frac{IRD}{U}$$

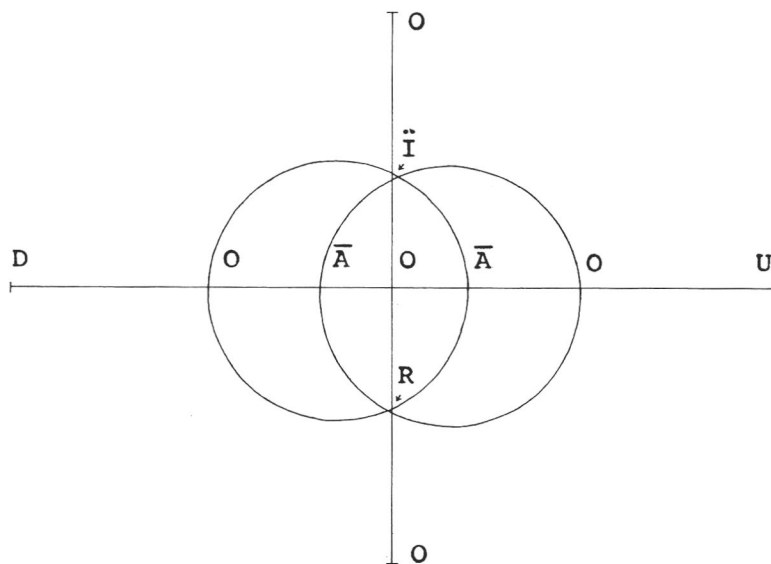
Q.E.D.

$$\bar{I} \rightarrow R = D \quad U$$

$$O = \frac{\bar{A} \times B}{\pi}$$

$$\frac{\bar{I}R}{d} U > \sqrt[3]{O(\bar{a}b)}$$

Q.E.D.



OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY COMPUTER SCIENTISTS

ALPHABET	DECIMAL SYSTEM	BINARY SYSTEM
A	1	00001
B	2	00010
C	3	00011
D	4	00100
E	5	00101
F	6	00110
G	7	00111
H	8	01000
I	9	01001
J	10	01010
K	11	01011
L	12	01100
M	13	01101
N	14	01110
O	15	01111
P	16	10000
Q	17	10001
R	18	10010
S	19	10011
T	20	10100
U	21	10101
V	22	10110
W	23	10111
X	24	11000
Y	25	11001
Z	26	11010

1111 1̄ 10
10̈01 10010 100 10101

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY I.Q.-TEST

ĀB?	O
OB?	Ā
OĀ?	B
DUR?	Ī
UDĪ?	R
ĪUR?	D
DĪR?	U

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY LANGUAGES

	FRENCH	Eau'ab	Irdou
	SPANISH	Uabez	Y Rudán
	ITALIAN	Oavo	Irdino
	SICILIAN	Obba	Irridu
	LATIN	Uabus	Irdus
	ENGLISH	Wab	Eardoo
	GERMAN	Oäb	Ichdu
	DUTCH	Ochab	Ichtu
	DANISH	Øab	ÆErdu
	SWEDISH	Ööchab	lichöd
	GAELIC	B'choà	Aoiu'rchdu
	HUNGARIAN	Oáb	Irrrdú
	TURKISH	Übü	Ürüdü
	FINNISH	Aab	Aardaa
	RUSSIAN Spelling	Oad	NpAy
	Pronunciation	Oboff Zendovich	Rdov Obovich
	SLOVAK	B	Rd
	YIDDISH	Yüchev	Achdoj
	ANCIENT GREEK Spelling	Omicronalphabeta	Iotarhodeltaupsilon
	Pronunciation	Oabios	Irrrhodos
	ANCIENT HEBREW Spelling	dneZ neb baO	bāO neb Udri
	Pronunciation	Achav ben Zöned	Yerod ben Achav
	Writing	אָנעז נעב באָ	בָּאָ נעב אָדרי
	ANCIENT EGYPTIAN Spelling	Sun-Tower-Lying Buttocks	Stick-Step-Halfmoon-Riverbed
	Hieroglyph	☀, 🏰, 🍑	🪵, 🪜, 🌙, 🌊
	Pronunciation	Otankhabun	Irhkeperuda
	AZTEC	Oabtl	Irdqxzlu
	ARABIC	Oa bar Zaned	Irud bar Obah
	CHINESE	O	Y 一
		i 己	i 見
		a 阿	d 刀
		p 丌	u ㄩ
	JAPANESE	Ohabaki	Iruduri
	HINDU	Oachandrab	Ahirashigandru
	SWAHILI	b!oah	d!-rr(g)riliu
	ESKIMO	Oa	lu
	ESPERANTO	O	l

One, two, three, four five, six, seven, eight ...
Oh Zēnd, must you *always 'educate'?*

A and B and C and D E and F and G ...
Don't you see that you lead us *into lethargy?*

Nominative, Accusative, Genitive, Dative,
It would be much *easier, if* *Zēnd were a* *native!*

Henry the Eighth married six times for a son-descendant
Īrdu, have you *ever thought of* *being independent?*

Logic- Cause- Effect.
Oāb! *Let's* *defect!*

Would you like to meditate, Īrdu?
Yes, Oāb, give me a mantra.
Take it, but don't tell anyone:

Zēnd
Zēnd
Zēnd
Zēnd
Zēnd
Zēnd
Zēnd
Zēnd

I would prefer another one:

1
00000000
00000000
00000000
00000000
00000000
00000000
00000000
00000000

OĀB AND ĪRDU HAVE A GRIMACE-CONTEST

O Ā B	Ī R D U	Ā O B	D U Ī R	B O Ā	R Ī D U	O B Ā	Ī D R U
B Ā O	R U Ī D	Ā B O	D R U Ī	U D R Ī		Oāb lost the game	

ĪRDU TURNS INTO AN EXTROVERT



OĀB TURNS INTO AN INTROVERT



OĀB AND ĪRDU ANALYSE THEIR PERSONALITY TO FIND OUT WHY OĀB LOST THE GAME

OĀB	ĪRDU	RĪDU	DĪRU	UĪRD
OĀ	ĪRUD	RĪUD	DĪUR	UĪDR
ĀOB	ĪDRU	RDĪU	DRĪU	URĪD
ĀBO	ĪDUR	RDŪĪ	DRŪĪ	URDĪ
BOĀ	ĪURD	RUĪD	DUĪR	UDĪR
BĀO	ĪUDR	RUDĪ	DURĪ	UDRĪ

*İrdu is more than me, and I am sad about it:
he has more variations, more possibilities ...*

How is it possible? Why did you make him so?

*You must understand that İrdu came from me,
I didn't have the vision of what he would be like,
but I had the desire and the need.
Physically, I may have looked like this:*

GĀB

but my soul was like this:

O_i^İRU_i^İRU_i^İB

that's how he grew in me

OİRĀDUB

till I gave him life:

GĀBİRDU

*I needed him to find out
what I am not.*

I understand you, my Oāb:
before you, I
may have physically
looked like this:

ZĖND

but my soul was like this:

Z_{GĀB}^İND

that's how you grew in me

ZGĀBĖND

till I gave you life:

ZĖNDGĀB

I needed you to find out what I am.

*And were you never sad
as I am now?*

*I was, but strangely,
it made me glad to see
my creation becoming
more than me.*

*Oāb, something puzzles me
no end:
Who is Zēnd?
Where does he live?
What does he do?*

Should I ask him, Īrdu?

Yes, please. Do!

*Who are you, Zēnd?
And what do you do?*

*I am a poet.
And I write you.*

*Do you live
on a big sheet of paper?*

*No, I don't.
I live in a house.*

*Do you live in that 'house'
(whatever that means)
together with Ardô
as I live with Īrdu?*

*No, Oāb, no.
I live with my family.
Ardô is only a friend among many,
the best friend I ever had
and will have
without whom I would not be
what I now am.*

Then who is your family?

*My wife and my children.
We live in the house.
But we also have a lot of uncles and aunts,
brothers and sisters, cousins and cousines,
nephews and nieces, grandpas and grandmas:
they are called relatives.*

(And all of them have a lot of relatives ...)

*What is it? What is it? Tell me, Oāb!
Why did you suddenly become so sad?*

*Because Zēnd is selfish. We are only two.
But they are many. A whole family.
And every person has his own family.
Maybe the whole world is full with zēnds ...*

*Ask this one to teach us to play family!
I don't know what it is, but it must be fun.*

*You said, before, Zënd
that you are a poet.
What is a poet?*

A poet is an artist who creates poems.
There are other artists
who create music,
or paintings,
or sculptures,
or dance, and so on ...
all different, yet they have
one thing in common:
if you are an artist, you must have a heart.

*O Zënd, please, teach us art!
We would love to have a heart!*

OĀB AND ĪRDU WRITE PRAISE-POEMS

Oāb's praise-poem for Īrdu:

Ībāo

Robā

Dābo

Uboā

Īrdu's praise-poem for Oāb:

Orīdu

Āudīr

Bīdru

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY SONNET

Oāb's version:

Īrdu oāb Īrdu

Oāb Īrdu oāb

Oāb Īrdu oāb

Īrdu oāb Īrdu

Oāb Īrdu Oāb

Īrdu oāb Īrdu

Īrdu oāb Īrdu

Oāb Īrdu Oāb

Īrdu's version:

ī

r

d

u

ī

r

d

u

Īrdu Īrdu oāb

Īrdu Īrdu oāb

Oāb oāb Īrdu

Oāb oāb Īrdu

o

ā

b

o

Īrdu Īrdu Īrdu

Oāb oāb oāb

ā

b

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY LIMERICK

Oāb's version:

Ī r d u ,

ī r d u .

o ā b ?

o ā b !

ī r d u ...

Īrdu's version:

Īr,

du.

ī,

r:

du!

THEY INVENTED A GAME CALLED 'MASK'

I am Īrdu,

I am Oāb,

says Oāb

says Īrdu

Hullo, Oāb,

Hullo, Īrdu,

says Oāb

says Īrdu

You look fine today, Oāb,

Īrdu, you are always so handsome,

says Oāb

says Īrdu

It's good to have you around, Oāb,

I am extremely glad to know you, Īrdu,

says Oāb

says Īrdu

I think you are a genius, Oāb,

Īrdu, you are almost Zēnd,

says Oāb

says Īrdu

You are a bit conceited, Oāb,

And you the biggest braggart I ever met, Īrdu,

says Oāb

says Īrdu

Actually, you are a slow-brain, Oāb,

You are just simply dumb, Īrdu,

says Oāb

says Īrdu

I am really fed up with you Oāb,

Do me a favour, Īrdu, drop dead,

says Oāb

says Īrdu

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY HAIKU

Oāb's version: oāb Īrdu, o

ābīr duo āb īr du...

oā bīrd uo

Īrdu's version: O ā b ī r ...

D u o ā b ī r -

D u o ā b .

OĀB PLAYS EDITOR

ī r d u ru

ĪRDU PLAYS CENSOR

q ā b ī c - e

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY PANTOMIME

*I am your ālterego,
but who are you, Oāb?*

*I am the alterēgo of Zēnd.
But who are you, Bip?*

I am the alterego of Marcel Marceau.
I shall now play the music of silence for you:

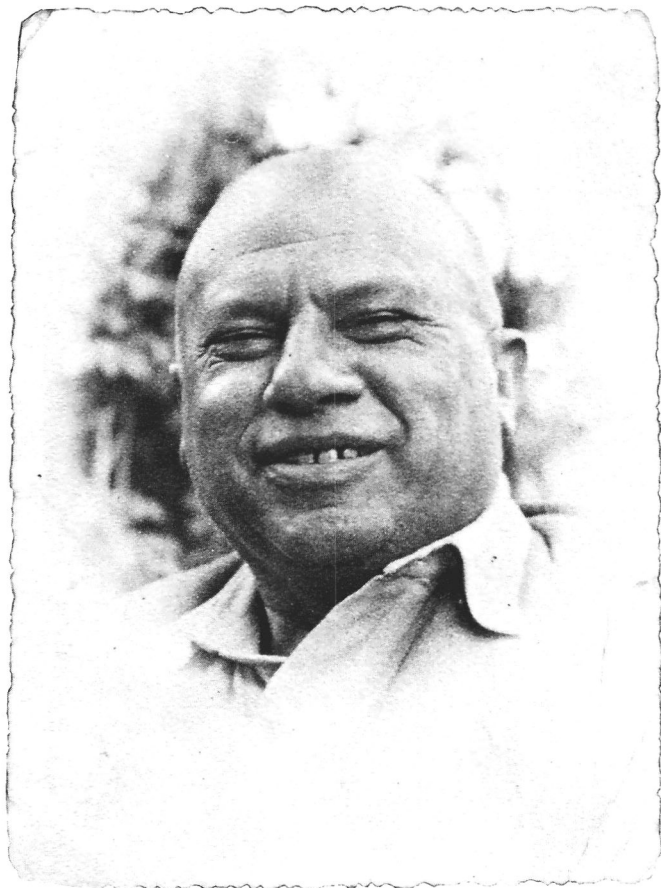


ARDO

ARD

ARD_{ZE}ND[↑]Ô

ARD ÖZEND



Ardô came to me one day:
Zênd, why don't we ever play?

We did play a lot before!

Yes, but why not anymore?

Time has changed I was small
Now I grew up, too that's all

**You're still playing in my space,
Only Oâb took my place!**

I have duties can't you see?

You have duties toward me!

Ardô, you are my best friend,
but Oâb is made of zênd!

**I cherished you, I loved you dearly,
treated you as my son, or nearly.
On you I lavished all my care,
considered you my only heir,
deep furrows in my brow,
long years, hard nights ... O how
the burden of you bent my back ...
... is this the way you pay me back?**

O Ardô, stop this blubbery-blab ...
I'll pay it all back to Oâb!

Oāb, what will we play today?

Nothing. Zēnd is busy.

7.

OĀB

AND

THE

DIMENSIONS

OĀB AND İRDU TURN
THEIR GLOBE AROUND

eoqbl
llllgbleollll
elooooeogboooobg
ogobbbbogblebbbbele
bblbeeebleogeeeeegogg
OĀB eeoeggggeogblggglbll
ggbgllllgbleolllllooooUDRİ
lleloooooeogboooobgbb
ogobbbbogblebbbbele
lbeeebleogeeeeego
ggggeogblggg
gbleo

O
Ā
B
lgebo
lgebolgebolge
bolgebolgebolgebo
lgebolgebolgebolgeo
olgebolgebolgebolgebo
lgebolgebolgebolgebol
gebolgebolgebolgebolg
ebolgebolgebolgebolge
bolgebolgebolgebolg
ebolgebolgebolgeb
olgebolgebolg
ebolg
U
D
R
İ

..
İ
R
D
U
globe
globeglobeglo
beglobeglobeglobe
globeglobeglobeglob
eglobeglobeglobeglobe
globeglobeglobeglobeg
lobeglobeglobeglobegl
obeglobeglobeglobeglo
beglobeglobeglobegl
obeglobeglobeglob
eglobeglobegl
obegl
B
Ā
O

oeblg
gggglbgoegggg
ogeeeegoelbeeebl
elebbbbbblbgobbbbogo
.. bbgbooooobgoelooooolell
İRDUooeollllloelbglllllgbgg
llblgggglbgoeggggeoeBĀO
ggogeeeegoelbeeeblbb
elebbbbbblbgobbbbogo
bgooooobgoelooooole
llllloelbgllll
lbgeo

Oāb, aren't you afraid
that you'll fall down
while rotating the globe?

'Down'? What does this word mean?

The opposite of 'up'.

'Up'? I don't know that either.

Were you not up when Īrdu was down
and down when Īrdu was up?

*No. We just stood beside the globe
and dragged it around
while running in circles.*

Oh yes, oh yes!
You're right, I guess:
your world is the paper
which has only two dimensions ...

*'Dimension'? This word
is the third
within a minute
that I don't know.
Can you explain it?*

Īrdu, let's play Dimensions!

Okay. Explain it, Oāb!

Our world has two dimensions.

And the third?

I don't know.

*I get it. The third dimension
is what we don't know.*

((Īrdu is as about as smart
compared to Oāb

as Oāb is compared to me
(whatever this means).))

*If you are in three dimensions
and you are
more than me,
you must be able to explain
why I am
less than you.*

If you stood at one point and
could move neither right nor left,
neither down nor up on the paper,
you would have no dimensions
and you would look like this:

0̄B

Do you understand, Oāb?

*Come, Īrdu, come!
I have to take you apart
and put you together again
to make a point out of you.*

ĪRU

Now move!

I can't!

This is the No-Dimension.

Oāb, I understand!

Zēnd, I understand!

If I let you move
on a line, back and forth,
that would be one dimension
and you would look like this:

O[̄]AB O[̄]A B O [̄]AB O [̄]A B O [̄]A B [̄]A O B [̄]A O B[̄]A O B O[̄]A B[̄]AO

Do you understand, O[̄]āb?

Īrdu, look, I build two walls.

I see them.

*Run, Īrdu, run!
Run back and forth!*

ĪRDU ĪRD U ĪR DU ĪR D U Ī R D U D R Ī U D RĪ UD RĪ U DRĪ UDRĪ

Now turn left, or right!

*I can't! And I know why:
This is one dimension!*

Zēnd, I understand.

[illegible]

I see the square horizon.

I see the white soil.

I see destiny.

It's only the point of my pen.
Do you understand me?

[illegible]

And now the third?

I can't explain.

Why not?

Because
you are too plane!

Just try!

It is impossible.

Do your best! I insist!

It's best to make you
understand
that you can't understand it.
Do you understand?

Yes, I don't.

And now the third?

I haven't heard ...

*You mean, Ẑend doesn't
know?*

He does, but says: No-no!

*Are you sure he
believes in it?*

*He doesn't because he
lives in it!*

*How can he live in it
and not believe in it?*

*You never believe
when you know!
You either believe,
or you know!*

*But I thought
I was running around
in your two dimensions,
Oāb,
and never before
was I so free!
I just can't
understand
how a third one can be!*

*Oh ĩrdu, even when you
run around, free,
invisible walls
surround you, you see?*

I don't. They are invisible.

*But they won't
let you move!*

I don't feel hindered? ... !

*Too bad! For if you
felt hindered
you would also feel
the direction
toward which
you must go
to find the third dimension,
but now it's plane
that you're too plain.*

*Yes, I am and it is.
I just can't understand!*

*Ẑend! I understand now
that I can't understand.*

I R D U
 R
 D
 U

I R D U
 R D
 D R
 U R D I

I R D U
 R
 D
 U
 D
 R
 I

U U
 D D
 R R
 I R D U

I R D U U
 R D
 D R
 U D R I

I R D U
 R
 D R D U
 U D R I

 U D
 I R
 U
 U D

 D U D R I
 I R R D U D R
 R D D
 D R D U
 U D R I

Irdu, what are you doing?

Trying to look like a man.

*I think you have to find out
 how you can really find out
 what I meant
 when I said
 that you didn't
 really know
 what I meant ...*

What did you mean?

*This is what I really meant:
 men and cubes are different!*

Oâb, what are you doing?



Trying to be three-dimensional!

You look three-dimensional,
but you're still two-dimensional!

Alright, just give me time!

AMERICAN
REPUBLICAN
DOOD

I am
writing
Oab



Leon Ardô

Oāb is nothing!

I can still think of
nothing but Oāb ...

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OĀB 1

- 0 Prelude
- 1 The Conception of Oāb
- 2 The Formation of Oāb
- 3 The Birth of Oāb
- 4 Oāb's Search for His Identity
- 5 The Creation of Īrdu
- 6 Oāb and Īrdu Play
- 7 Oāb and the Dimensions

OĀB 2

- 8 Dreams Within Dreams
- 9 Oāb and Īrdu Break Out of Their Dimensions
- 10 The World of Zēnd
- 11 Oāb and Īrdu Grow Into Zēnd's World
- 12 Transubstantiation

June 28, 1970. 'The book of Oab is a creation-story, a salvation-story: a new bible; a miniature universe. Like Chaplin's tramp or my Bip, Oab is Zend's character.'
Marcel Marceau

August 19, 1971. 'Oab is a piece of experimental writing to which I know nothing comparable in Canada. It looks at first glance like merely a game played with letters, and of course it does have that aspect. But it goes on to dramatize for the reader the whole process of verbal creation, in which any kind of relationship among letters may be important and significant. As more characters are begotten of the story, we get into deeper problems about the relation of the creative to the actual personality. The book should have a considerable impact.'
Northrop Frye

December 16, 1972. 'I greatly appreciate OAB. It is so fantastically and brilliantly inventive, really most exciting. Aspects of it do have an affinity to some of the things I have done in film – the way elements are put together, grow out of each other, play with each other – the general spirit in which the matter is attacked; only Zend has carried this very much further than anything I attempted. He is a sorcerer, par excellence.'
Norman McLaren

April 2, 1973. 'The opening issue of *Exile* includes, along with more conventional works, an excerpt from an extended visual fiction – Robert Zend's Oab – of a kind and quality rarely, if ever, seen in U.S. literary quarterlies. I am floored.'
Richard Kostelanetz

August 18, 1973. 'Zend is the author of what may well be the best unpublished book in Canada. It is the story of a poet called Zend who creates, on paper, an imaginary character called Oab. Zend sees himself as a God and regards Oab as a worshipper. But Oab won't remain subservient. He rebels against his creator, asserts his independence and creates a third character, Irdu, whom he treats the way Zend treated Oab. The circle of creation and re-creation goes on endlessly. Zend conceived Oab in two weeks of feverish creation in the spring of 1970. The excellent literary magazine *Exile* published a 30-page fragment of the manuscript, which was enough to suggest the book's quality and make many people – myself included – devoted Oab-fans. Zend wants very badly to make Oab, when it appears, a stretching of the boundaries of book design. He thinks books like Oab will be the books of the future.'
The Toronto Star – Robert Fulford

October 24, 1974. 'Knowing your poem, I understand why you like mine. You created your dream-son the way my magician in "Circular Ruins" created his dream-son. You consider me one of your masters, yet you were my pupil even before reading my work.'
Jorge Luis Borges

ISBN 0-920428-22-3



Two

8. DREAMS WITHIN DREAMS



Zēnd!

Yes, Oāb.

*Do you think I am stupid
because I can't understand it?*

No. I think I am stupid
because I can't explain it.

Well, then. Try again.

Okay, I will try again!
The point I am trying to make is this:

•

I see.

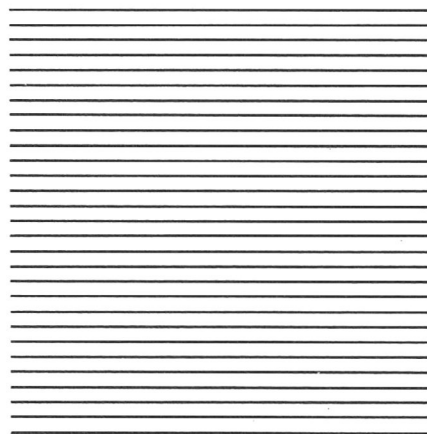
If this point moves ahead

.....

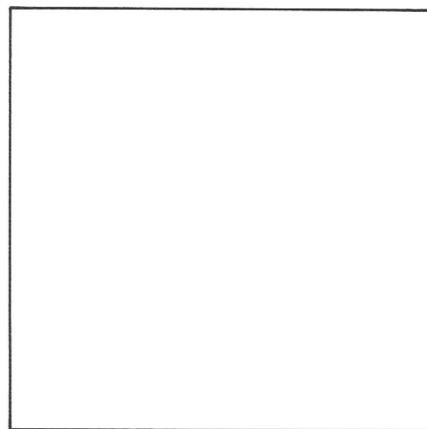
it will become a line:

I see.

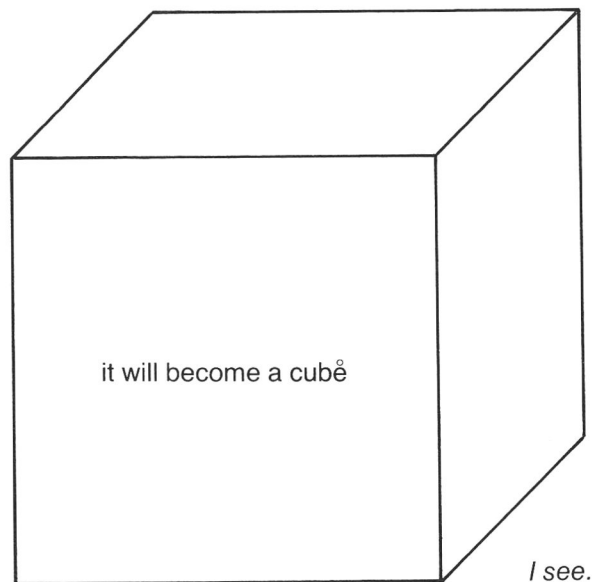
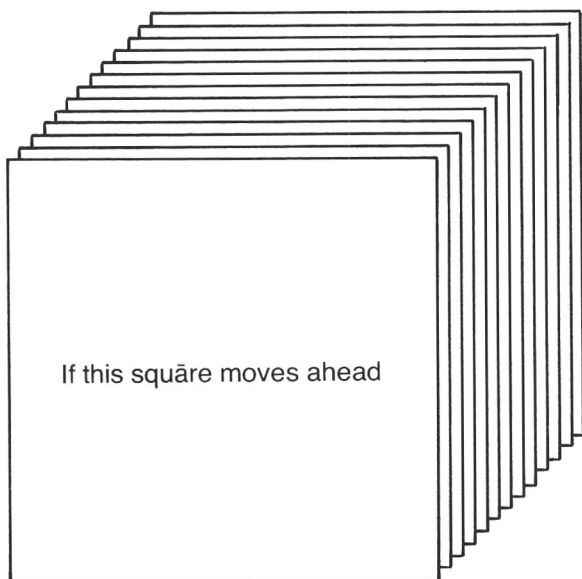
If this line moves ahead



it will become a square:



I see.



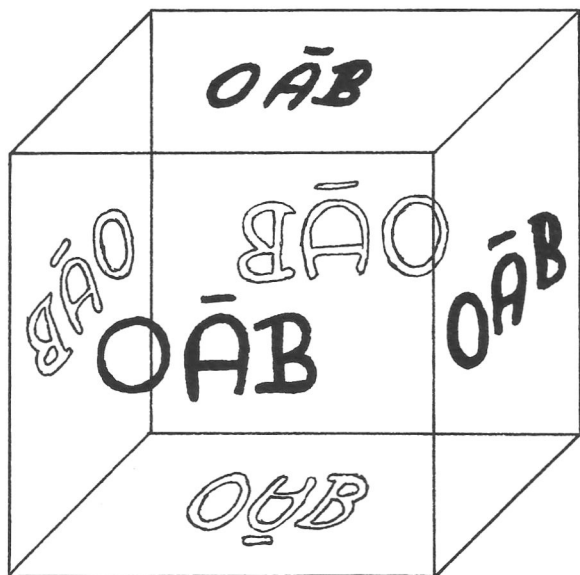
Oāb, what did Zēnd tell you?

*He told me that cubēs
consist of squāres
which consist of līnes
which consist of points.*

I understand, but what's the point?

Continue Zênd!

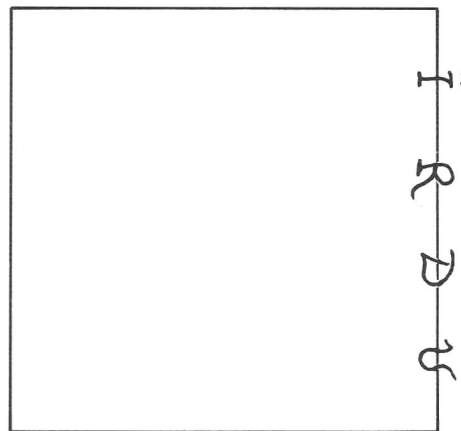
You are a part of me, Oâb,
like a squāre is of a cubê.
You are one of my sides.



*All of them, Zênd:
I make you many-sided!*

Go on, Oâb!

You are a part of me, ĩrdu,
like a līne is of a squāre.
You are one of my sides.



It's true: I am on edge ...

Go on, Zênd!

The reason why
you can't become like me
is that you are part of me,
I contain you.

Yes, Oâb?

*The reason why
you can't become like me
is that you are part of me,
I contain you.*

*That's what you think!
Because you're a braggart!
I am myself,
I am self-contained:
I am irdupendent.*

Zênd, I am in prouble.

Prouble? You cannot say that.

I just did.

You should say
that you are in 'trouble'.

*Don't be a snob.
That's beside the point.*

Alright. What's the trouble?

*İrdu doesn't understand
that without me,
he wouldn't be.
As you know, he is one-dimensional:*

İRDU

therefore, I can't explain to him
that I am two-dimensional:

OĀB
D'
B

he can understand only
in his one-dimensional way
that I am two-dimensional:

W D' OĀB

so he calls me a braggart.
What should I do?

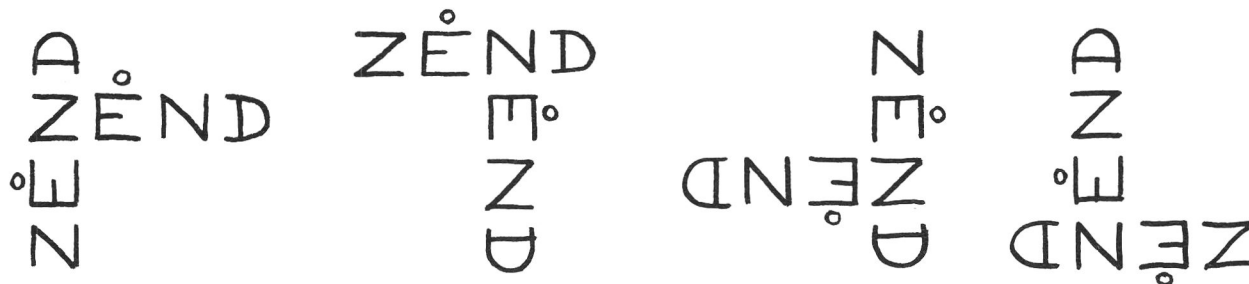
Just tell him, Oāb
that you are not a braggart
because without me,
even you wouldn't be.

I am sorry, Zēnd.
I cannot lie to Īrdu ...

You wouldn't lie!
It is true!
Just come and see me!

A
ZĖND
WĖ
D'ND
ZĖND
D

I see you.
And this is what I see:



You see my 3-D being
with your 2-D eyes.

If this is true,
how could I ever explain you
to poor Īrdu?
He would only understand
my 2-D explanation
about your 3-D being
in his 1-D way:



I think Īrdu is hopeless.
Am I right, Zēnd?

Yes, Oāb, you are right,
what can you do?
Īrdu is hopeless,
but not more than you.

*And I am not more hopeless
than you, dear Zēnd.*

What do you mean?

*Isn't it true
that even you
wouldn't be
without Ardô?*

Nonsense.

But what does Ardô think?

He thinks it's true.

Who is right?

Of course, I am
because I am real.

*I am right too,
for I am real too.*

Ha! In this case, Īrdu
is real, too,
so you'd better give up explaining ...

*I never give up, Zēnd.
Would you, please, tell me
what Ardô told you?*

Ardô talks to me
in 4-D sculptures
which, sometimes, even I
do not understand.
So how can I tell you?

Where is that sculpture?

See opposite page. 

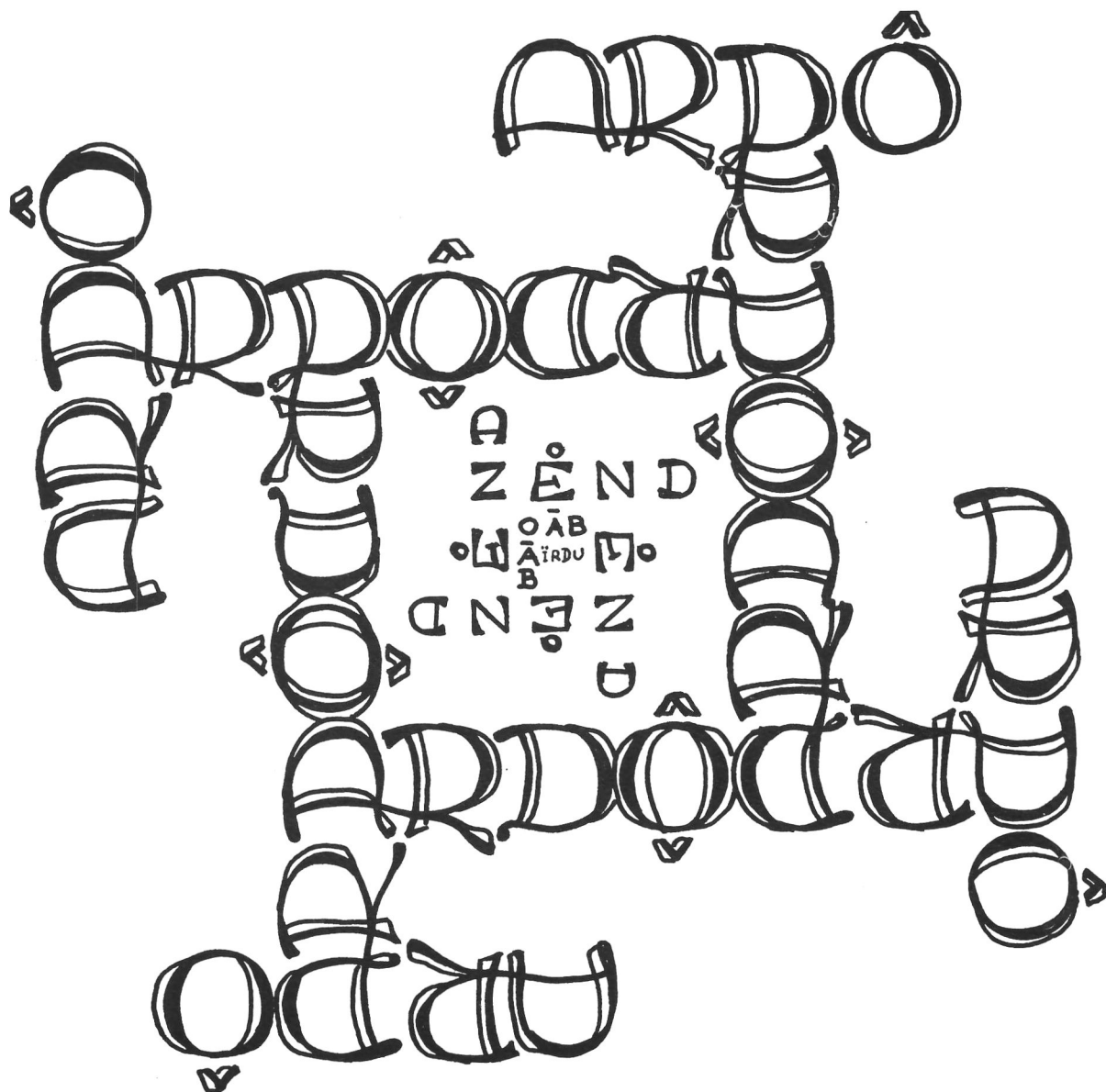
*Just tell me, Zēnd, what you
understood from it,
and I will tell Īrdu
what I understood
from what you understood.*

According to Ardô,
he contains me the way
I contain you the way
you contain Īrdu.

*I can't deny that his vision is
a grandiose doodle of the universe,
although it doesn't make too much sense.*

For Ardô, it sure does,
I just don't know how.

*How do you
see it, Zēnd?*



This is what I see:

ARDÔĀB
ZĒND
W W
DNZ
A

Do you see, Oāb, what I see?

Of course, I see.

What do you see?

This is what I see:

ARDÔ
Z
W ZĒND
N B
O
OĀB
i

I see. Will you
explain it to Īrdu?

*Yes, I shall try,
but knowing him, I know
that this is how he'll see it:*

B A O ←
B Ā B O D W
→ O Ā B

D N E Z ←
D N W Z A
→ Z Ē N D

O D R A ←
O A R D O
→ A R D O

*Īrdu is hopeless, Zĕnd,
as I told you before.*

Nevermind, Oāb!
Ardô doesn't matter!

Why not?

Because he thinks that I, Zënd, too,
am merely a figment
of his imagination.
He is a braggart.

Have you ever told him that?

Yes, once I tried.
I told him that I had a problem.

What did he say to you?

He said, I cannot say that.
He said that I should say:
a 'problem' ... which is really
beside the point.
Isn't he a snob?

Oāb?

Yes, ĩrdu?

Where have you been?

With Zënd.

What were you talking about?

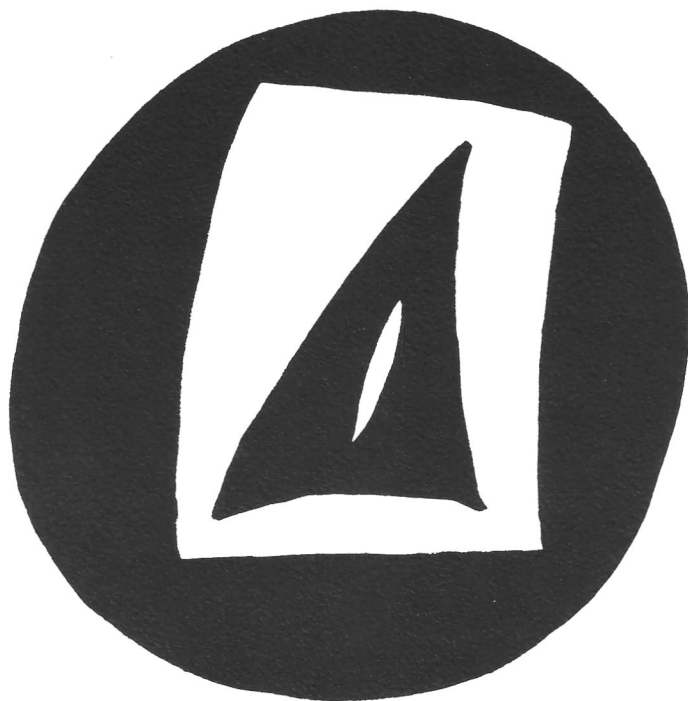
*I asked him how to explain to you
what we were talking about.*

Well, then. Explain to me!

*Ardô explained to Zënd
why it is difficult
for a creature in a higher dimension
like me
to explain to a creature in a lower dimension
like you
how we four contain each ...*

Stop. I understand that:

ARDÔDNĀZOAĪBNDĪRDUVUBŪZĒNDĪR
ARDÔDNĀZOAĪBNDĪRDUVUBŪZĒNDĪR



Oãb, am I your friend?

Same way as I'm Zênd's.

*Is there a ray of hope
for me to be like you
and change my one-dimensional
existence into two?*

*There's always a ray:
you just have to pray
at least three times a day!*

And what should I say?

This is what you say, İrdu:

*O net Woth!
Reef, o Urf!
I vesix ... Se vene ight'n,
in etenel Event.
Welve.*

*Those words don't make any sense,
they just increase my tension ...*

*Have faith, İrdu! They make a lot
of sense in my Dimension.*

Are you not ashamed, Oāb?
Why do you make Īrdu blab?
This isn't religion!
It's sac-religion!

*You also made me pray to you
and your gibberish made me grow.*

I did? You? When?

*It was about
eighty-six pages ago.*

Oh ... but those words made sense to me!

*... as these do to me. Don't you see?:
O/ne T wo Th/ree F/o/ur F/i/ve Six/Se/
ven E/ight N/in/e Ten El/even T/welve/*

But Īrdu thinks he is your friend.
Why does he have to pray to you?

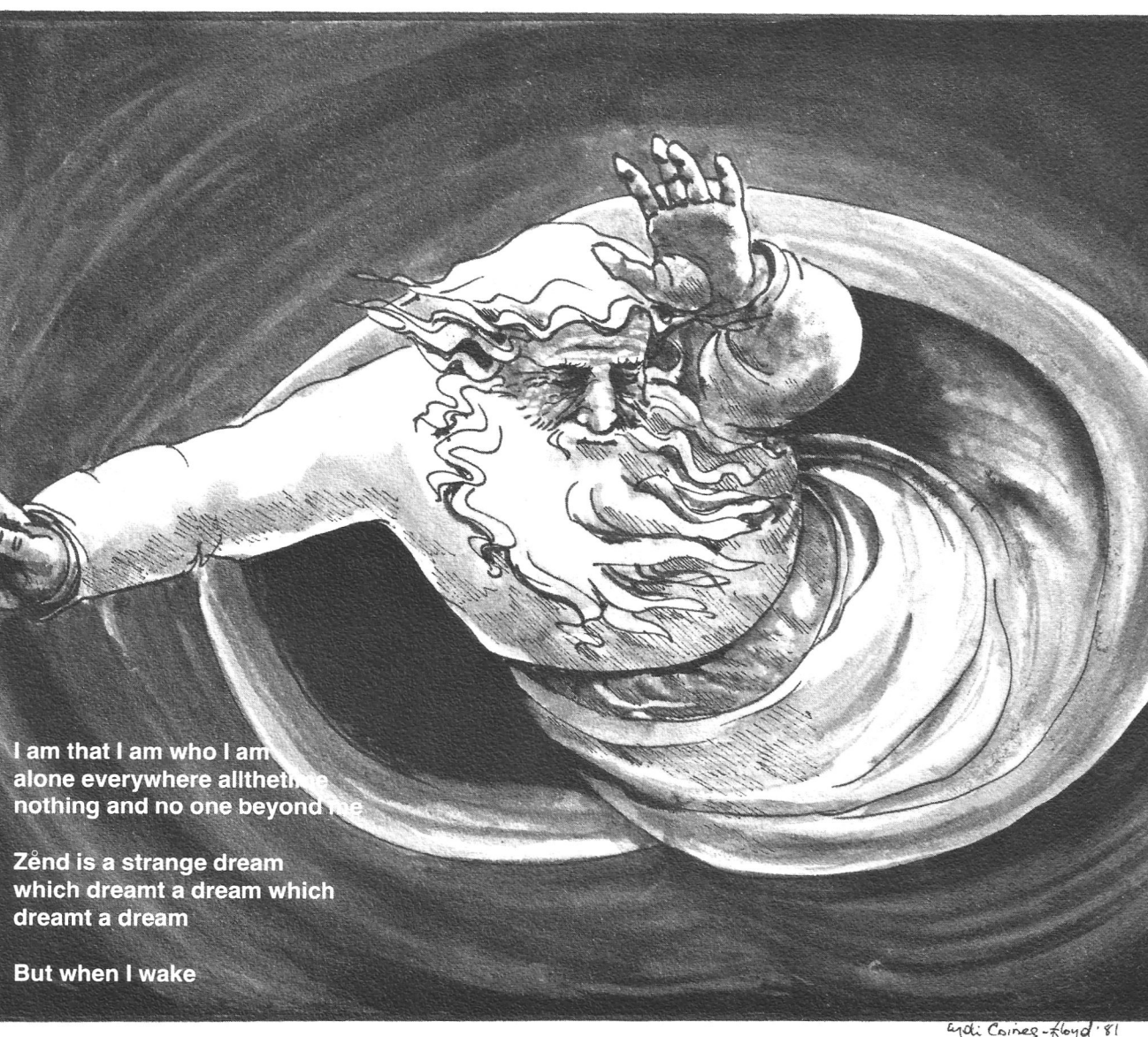
*I also thought I was your friend.
Why did I have to pray to you?*



Īrdu thinks that Oāb is his friend,
but Oāb created him.

Oāb thinks that I am his friend,
but I created him.

I think that Ardô is my friend,



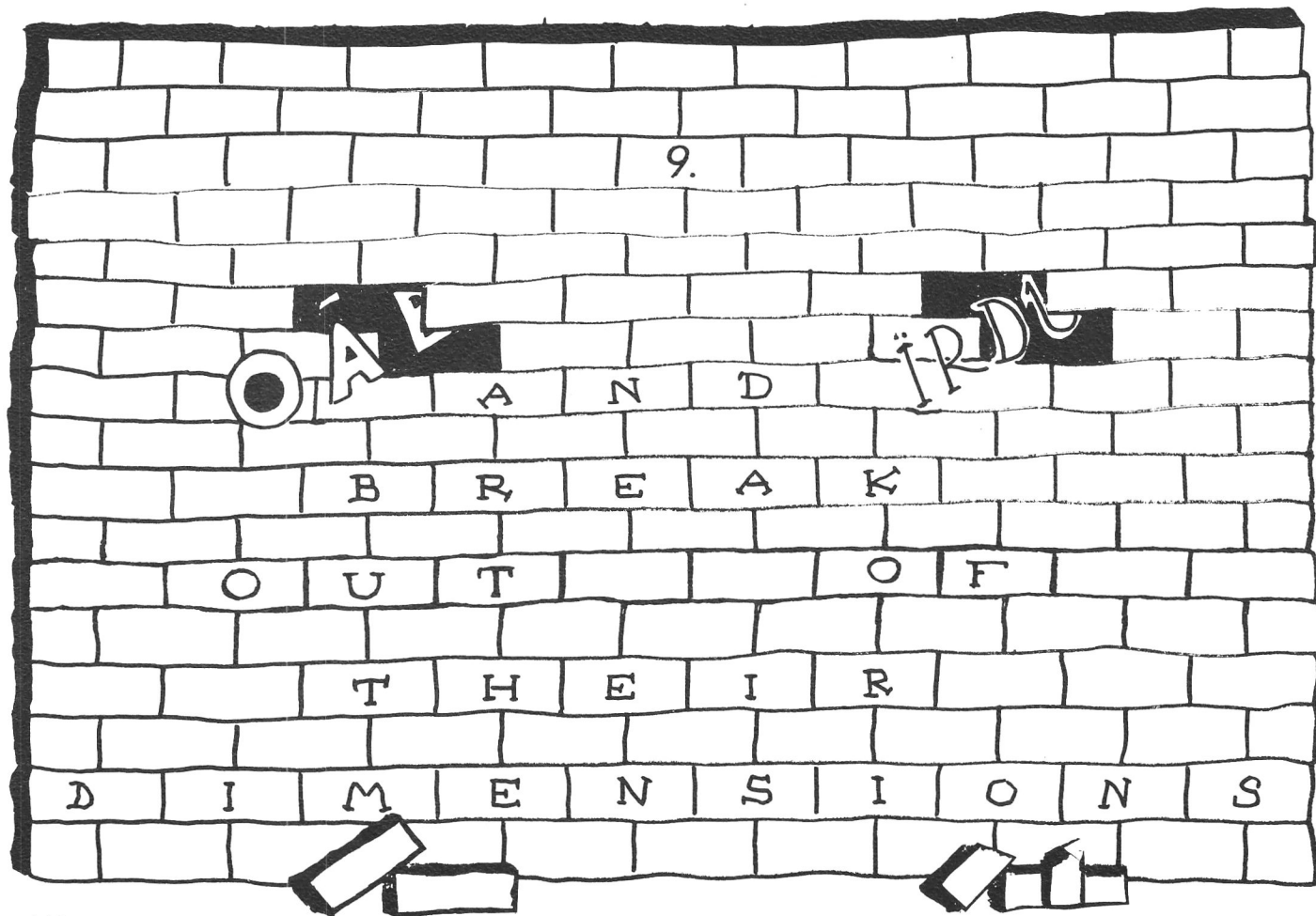
I am that I am who I am
alone everywhere all the time
nothing and no one beyond me

Zend is a strange dream
which dreamt a dream which
dreamt a dream

But when I wake

Andi Coines-floyd '81

9. OĀB AND ĪRDU BREAK OUT OF THEIR DIMENSIONS



Flattery won't get you anywhere ...

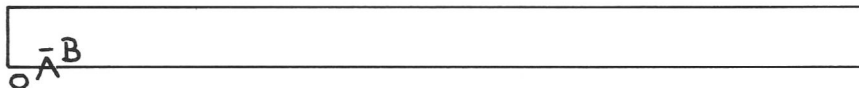
I am thinking... I am thinking... I am thinking... I am thinking...

*So, flattery got me somewhere ...
Speak up!*

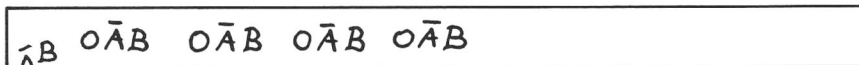
I draw a long strip of paper:



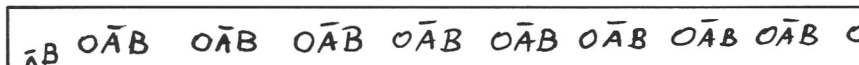
Now step on it!



Now move along!



*Gee, I'm getting long.
But I can't go on.
The paper has ended.*



Can you see yourself?

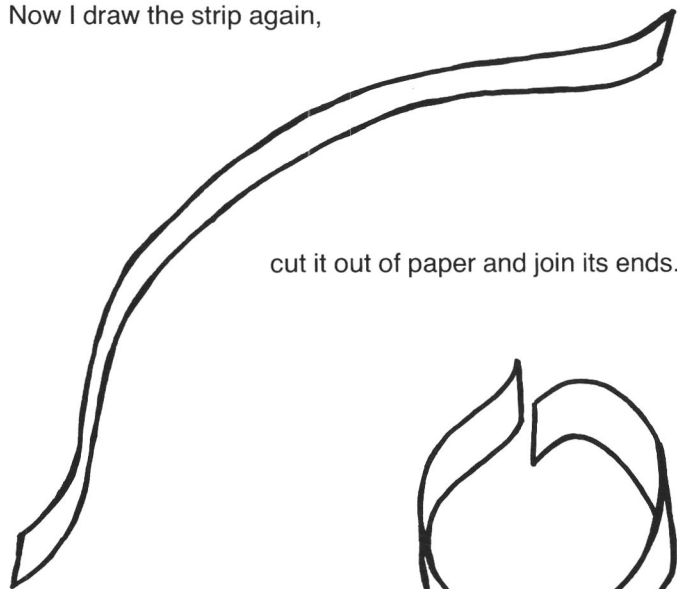
No, I can't.

Because you are on a two-dimensional paper.
It is a plane.

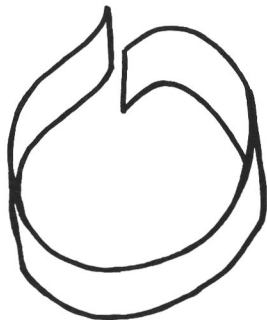
What's new about that?

Nothing. Just wait.

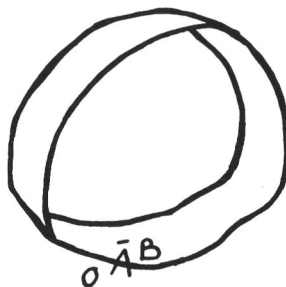
Now I draw the strip again,



cut it out of paper and join its ends.



*Hey, good show!
The strip became a circle!*



Step on it!

Move on it!



Can you see yourself?



*This is magic!
You are a sorcerer!
I am so beautiful!
I can see myself!*

A diagram of a Möbius strip, which is a surface with only one side and one boundary. The word "BOA" is written repeatedly along the entire length of the strip, demonstrating how it can be continuous.

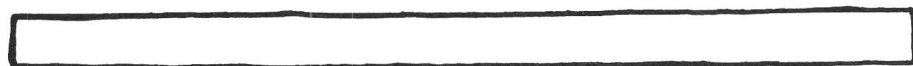
Move again!
Can you see yourself?



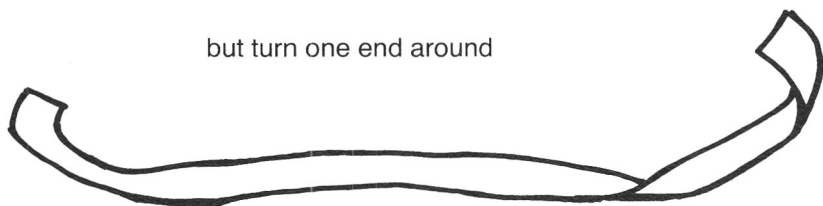
You are still moving
all along the strip,
only outside.
That's why you cannot see yourselves.
The paper beneath you prevents you.

118

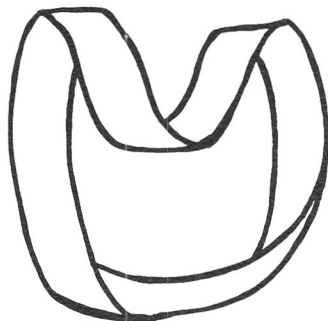
Good.
Now let's continue the experiment.
I draw a new strip, cut it out,



but turn one end around

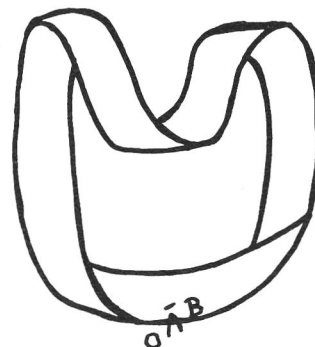


before joining them



This is a special strip,
it's called a Moebius-strip.

Step on it.

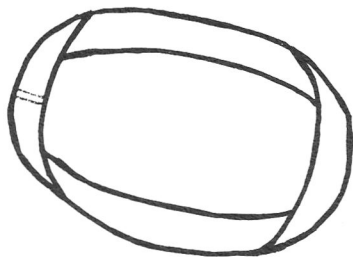


Move.

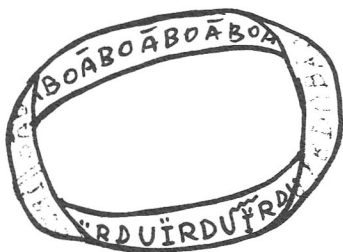


Can you see yourself?

Okay. Now I make the strip into a circle.

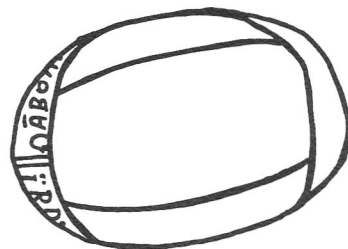


Let's walk away from each other.

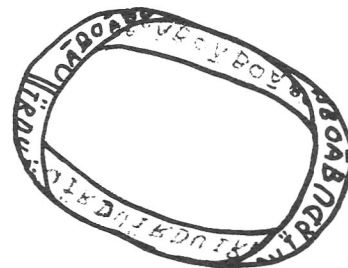


Hey, Oãb, that's a miracle!
First I saw you getting further away from me.
Did you see me waving?
Then I saw you getting close again
and now we meet, just across the starting-line.
Where, before, the strip ended,
now it doesn't end.
It's a miracle!

*That was nothing. Watch this!
I turn the strip inside-out.
Let's start again. Go!*

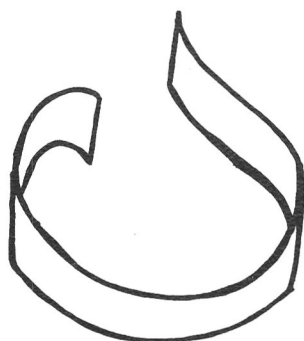


*Oāb has disappeared.
Where am I walking?*



Oooops!
Where were you?
I couldn't wave to you!
You disappeared, then reappeared.
That's even a bigger miracle!

*That's still nothing! Watch this!
I take apart the two ends of the strip,*

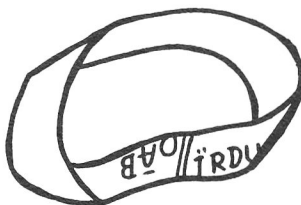


*twist one of them
and join them again.*

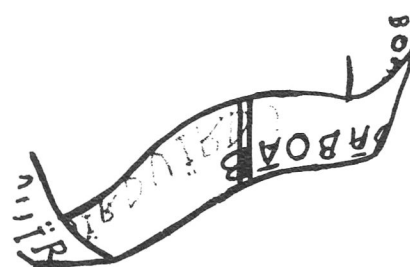


*This is a special strip now,
it's called the Oābius-strip.*

*Let's start from the starting-line
as we did before.*

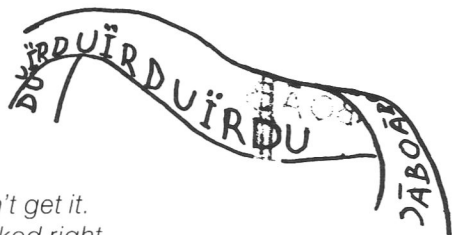


*Now I see you.
Now I don't.
Now I've reached the joint-point
where we met before.*



*But I cannot see you!
Where are you, Oāb?*

On the other side, just below you.



*I don't get it.
I walked right.*

Right.

You walked left.

Right.

*And across the starting-line
we meet,
but we don't see each other.*

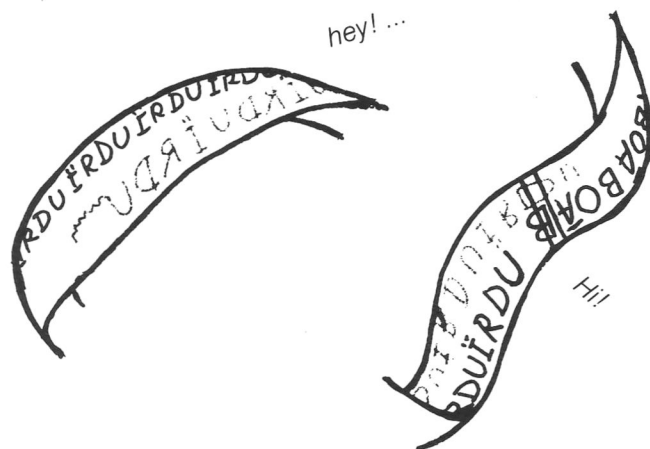
Right.

Will I ever see you again?

I'll stay here. You keep walking!



Okay! ...



This is where we started.

I see. I see.

The strip has two sides.

In other words?

The plane became three-dimensional!

Do you get it now?

*It's plain!
It's not a plane!*

You've got it. Bravo, İrdü!

*Zênd, you have really
expanded my consciousness!
Can you expand it more?*

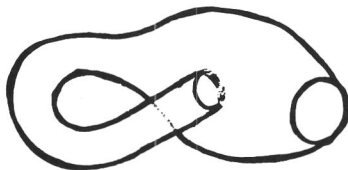
Yes. I am ready.
Now instead of a paper
which you can't see through,



I am making for you, out of glass, a so-called

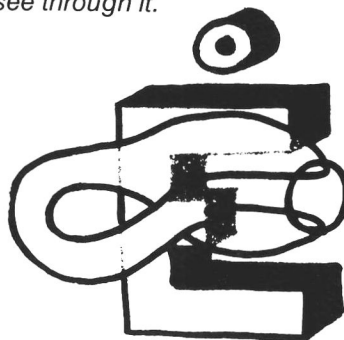


Klein-bottle.

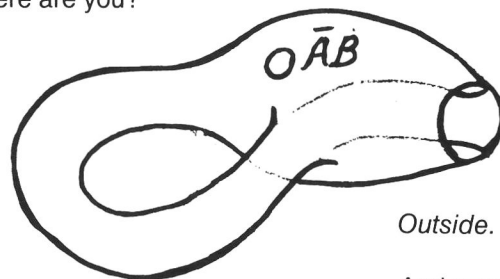


Do you see it?

I see it and I see through it.

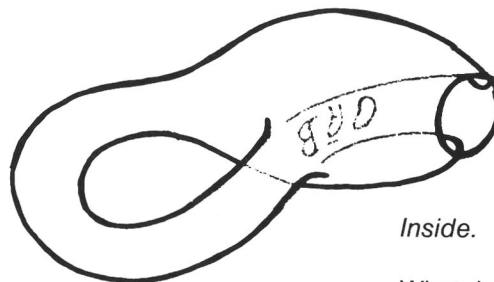


Now start to walk on it!
where are you?



Outside.

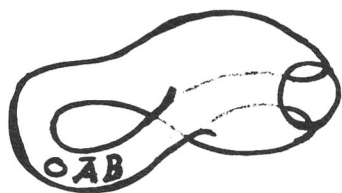
And now?



Inside.

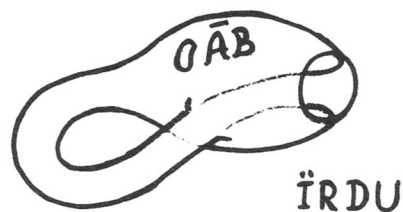
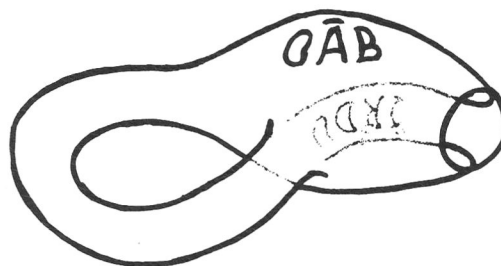
What do you think?

It's magic-issimus!



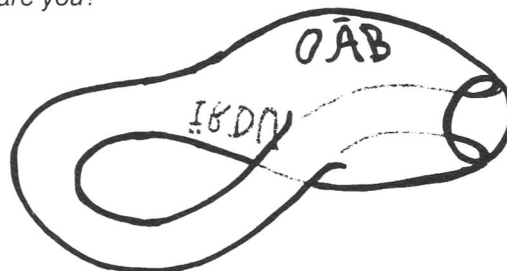
*İrdu, İrdu,
come here,*

*Now I'll stay here
and you walk away.*



Here I am!

Where are you?

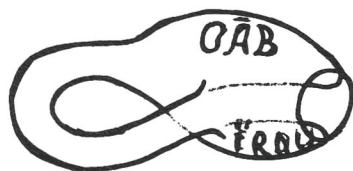


Come here, join me on the glass!

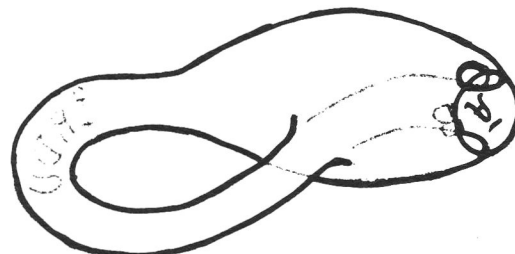
Inside, but I can see you.

Where are you?

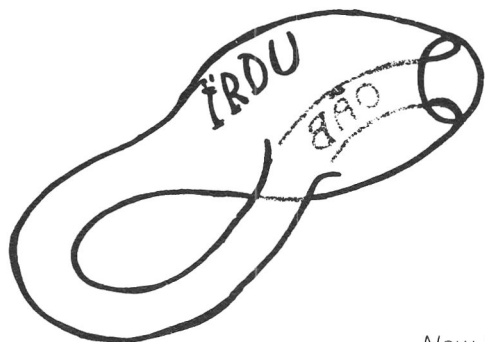
Now let's both of us walk.



Outside, with you.

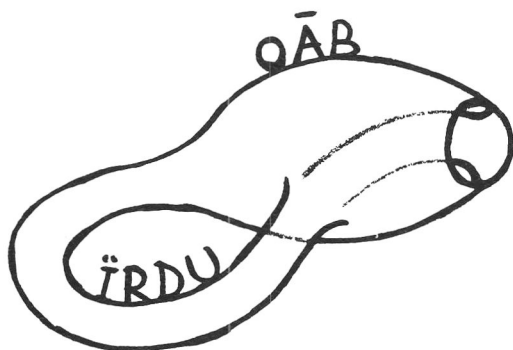


Where are we?



*Now I am outside
and you inside,
but I can see you.*

What do you think?



*I think that this bottle is
much better than the strip
and so far in my whole life
this was my best trip!*

Zênd, am I now three-dimensional?

No, Oâb, you are not.
You're still two-dimensional,
only now you know how to
move in three-dimensions.

ZÊND

Z^{QAB}ND

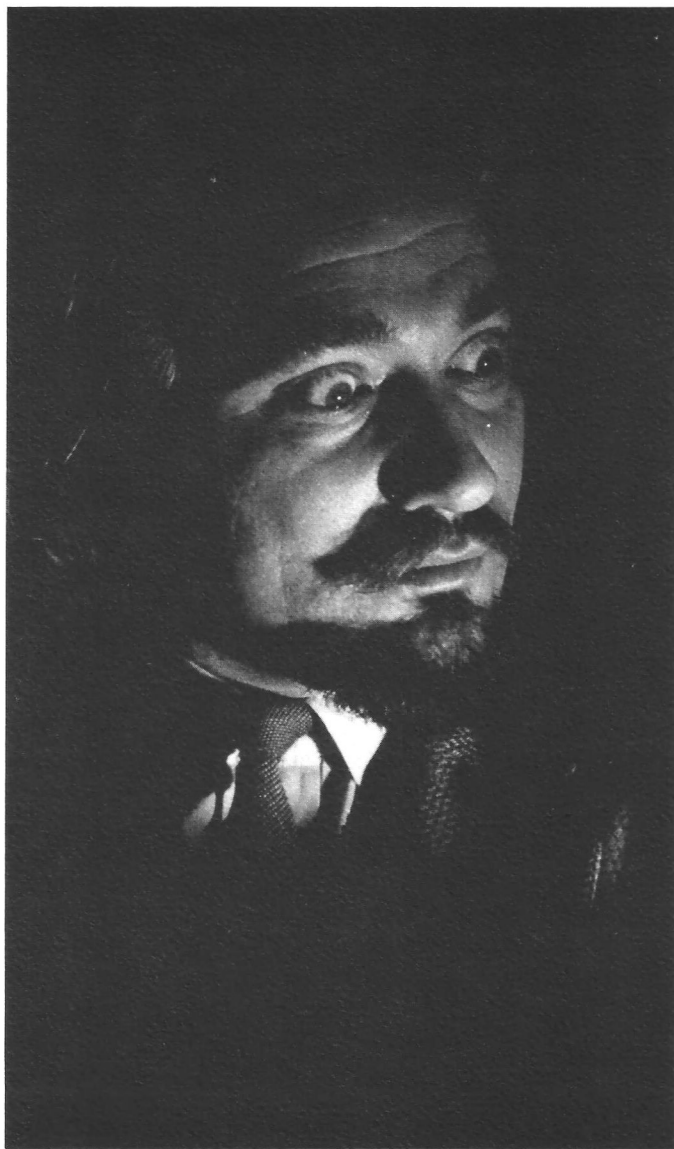
ZOÂBÊND

ZO^{İRDU}ÊND

ZOİRÂDUBÊND

ZÊND OİRÂDUB

ZÊND OÂBİRDU



My friend, Ardô, a mystic,
who has now grown a long beard,
came today and told me:

'There is a Fourth Dimension!'

I said to him: 'Explain it to me!'

He said: **'I can't, for you live only in three.'**

I said: 'This is not too convincing ...'

But he insisted: **'It's true. There is even a Fifth!'**

I said: 'There is only one reality
divided into three dimensions,
and even if you divided it into four or five,
reality would still remain one and the same.'

Ardô began shouting angrily:

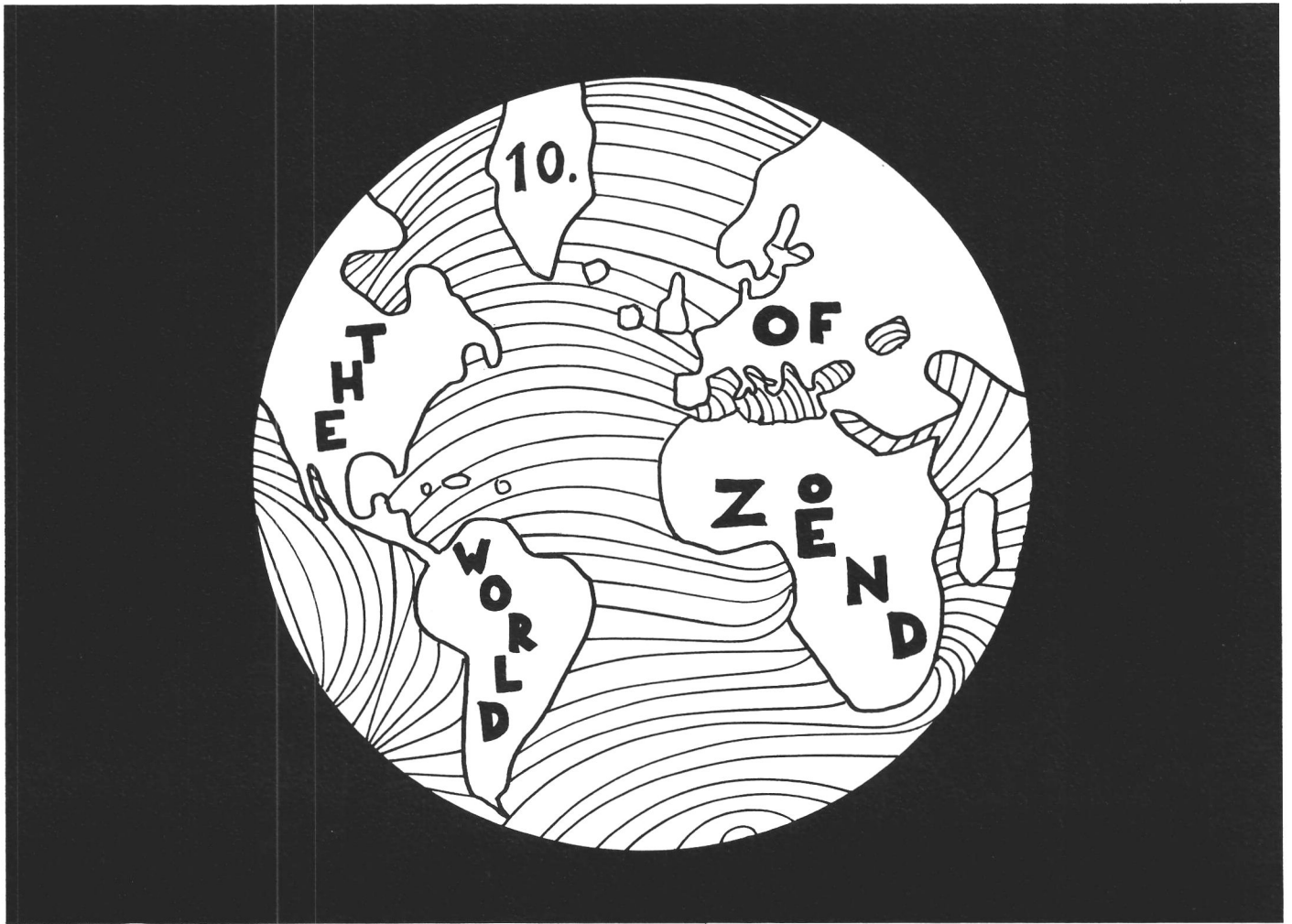
**'You know nothing! There's a Sixth Dimension,
what's more, a Seventh too!'** and the angrier he became,
the more dimensions he fancied flying around us.

At last, I lost my patience

and suggested: 'Ardô, shave off your beard!

'Why?' 'Because, most likely, your growing, bushy beard is
a bird's nest of multiplying, young, wild dimensions!'

10. THE WORLD OF ZĚND



*Oh Zênd, I understand now
that I don't understand it,
but can you understand
that I can't understand
even my two dimensions?
What is beyond the four
edges of this paper?
Another paper? And beyond that?
Another and another and another?
How many sheets of paper
lie beside each other?
How many sheets of paper
are contained in what?
And what lies after
the last one, on the outer edge?*

Good for you, Oāb!
You're really starting to grasp it!
Imagine that below your white soil
there is another sky, another destiny,
another pen that writes another sheet.
Imagine that above your sky
there is another white soil
with a square horizon.
For you, it is the infinite,
for us, it's only a book
in one of our libraries.
For you, it is the end,
for us, just a beginning.
We also have a pen and a desk and a chair
and a room and a door
and a house and a street and a city
and mountains and valleys and land and ocean.
Our horizon is a circle
which is part of a sphere
and a sphere of these spheres is our world.

*Oh Zênd, your words are so beautiful,
your sentences so majestic,
what you are saying sounds like a poem!*

So?

Wow!

And?

Not 'and' ... But!

But what?

*But I didn't understand
most of the words you said.*

For instance. Give me one!

Okay. I'll give you one:

Book.

Desk. Chair.

Room. Door. House.

Street. City. Mountain. Valley.

Land. Ocean. Horizon. Sphere. World.

I know. I know.

But what can I do?

*Oh Zënd, oh dear Zënd,
please make me your real friend!
Maybe, for you, I am too
 Oābstinate,
 Āggressive, or
 Bullying,
but I am all afire
with a burning desire
to know all I don't know
about you and your world!*

Oāb, my dream-son,
my beloved Oāb,
don't degrade yourself,
for you are rather
 Zealous, and
 Ēager, and
 Nimble, and
 Diligent
resembling me, for I, too, am so
 Ambitious, and
 Receptive, and
 Dedicated, and
 Ōutstanding
that I cannot resist you any longer,
you deserve all the knowledge you thirst for ...
Just go ahead and ask
all the questions you can,
and I promise to give you
all the answers I can.

*What are you, Zënd,
and where do you live?*

I am a human being
living on the face of Earth,
together with other
beings and things.

*What is the difference
between you and me,
your world and mine?*

The Earth is a planet
rotating around the Sun,
giver of heat and cold,
of light and of shadow.
I consist of flesh and bone,
heart and blood, brain and nerve;
you consist of 3 letters.
O and Ā and B.
For us, the Sun is
a distant, fiery ball;
for you, it is 3 letters,
S and U and N.

How did the Earth start
rotating around the Sun?

A planet is
captured by a sun.
If it passes too far away,
it will just pass by;

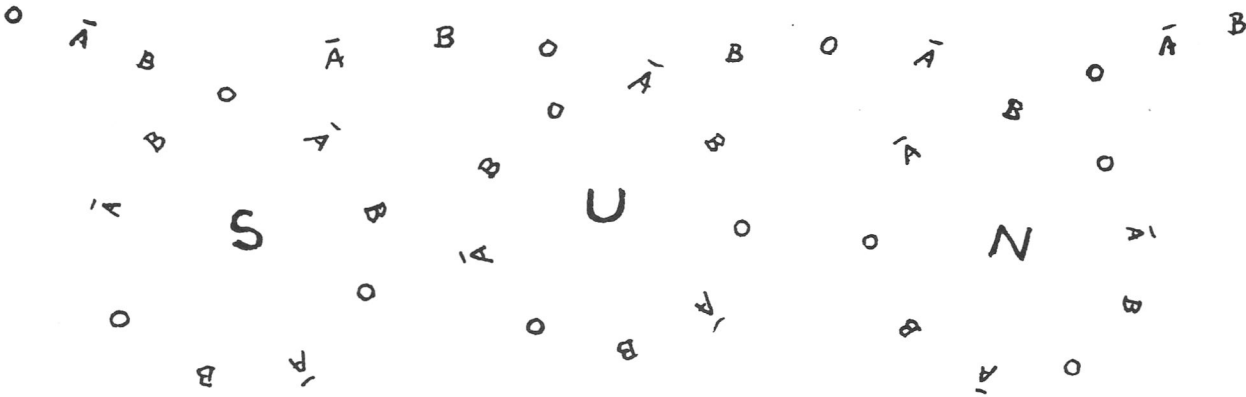
if it passes closer,
its orbit will be bent
and if it passes close enough,
it will rotate around the sun.

I can do it,
I can do it:



The Sun is also orbiting
and the Earth keeps up with it.

I can do it!
I can do it!



Oãb

Yes, ĩrdu.

What's going on?

Just leave me alone now.

But I want to know!

Go to sleep!

But ...

Go!

What is beyond your Sun and Earth?

The Earth is only one among
the ten planets circling the Sun:
it's called the Solar System.
Zillions of Solar Systems
whirl in our Galaxy
and zillions of galaxies
swirl in our Universe.

What is beyond the Universe?

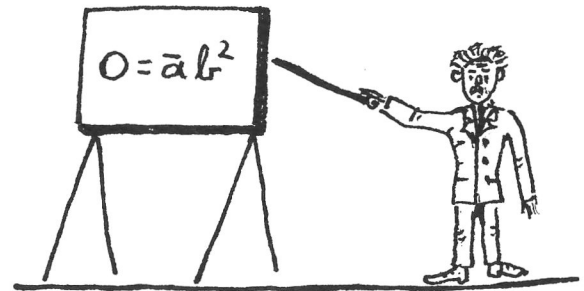
I can no longer answer you.
There was a man called Albert Einstein
who understood the whole thing
and said: $E = mc^2$,
the only problem is that no one
understands Albert Einstein
and I am one of them.

Oãb, who are you talking to?

To Zẽnd. Just wait. Be quiet!

What are you talking about?

*Zẽnd has just told me
about a genius
who discovered that
 $O = \bar{a}b^2$.*



(Albert Einstein pointing at his formula that explains everything)

*There is no genius
without ĩrduition.*

*Very punny!
I must turn to Zẽnd now.*

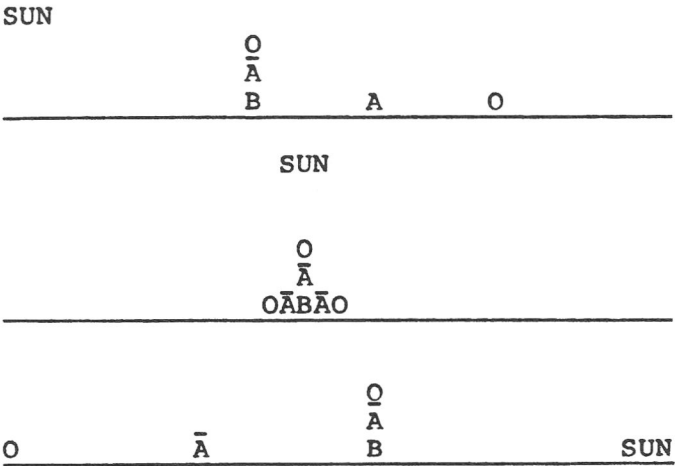
Sorry, Zênd,
İrdu wants to know, too.
He is like me.

And you are like me ...
So, keep on asking!

Since the universe
grows beyond your verse,
let's go back
to the Sun,
it's such fun!

The Sun casts shadows:
long ones in the morning,
short ones at noon, and again
long ones in the evening.

Look, I can do it:



What's Zênd talking about now?

Suns, people and shadows.

What about them?

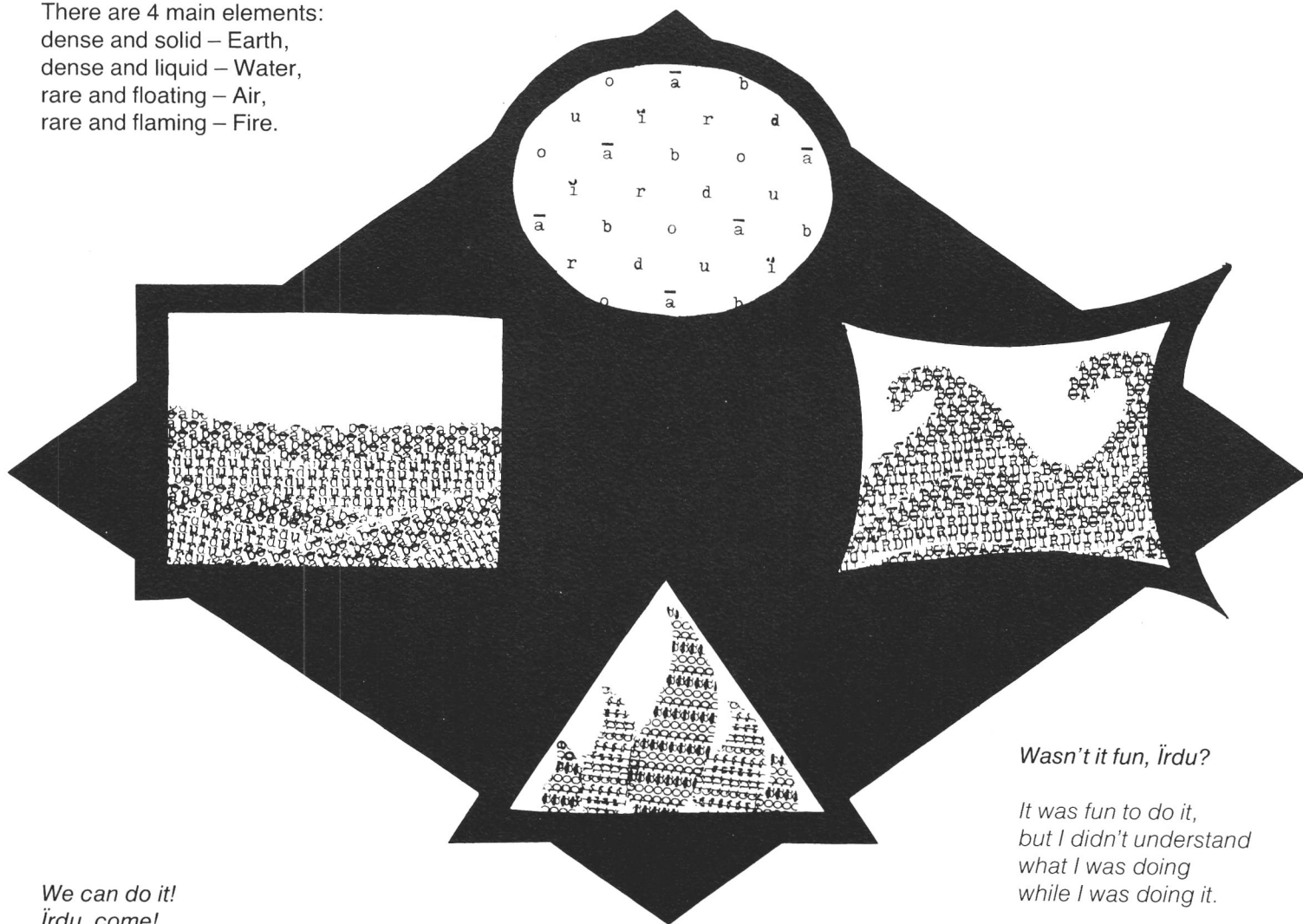
Morning:	Sun	İrdu	Shadow
Evening:	Shadow	İrdu	Sun

I don't get it.

Be quiet!
I now return to Zênd.

Zênd, you talked about 'things'
on the face of Earth.
What things?

There are 4 main elements:
 dense and solid – Earth,
 dense and liquid – Water,
 rare and floating – Air,
 rare and flaming – Fire.



*We can do it!
 ĩrdu, come!
 Let's play
 elements!*

Wasn't it fun, ĩrdu?

*It was fun to do it,
 but I didn't understand
 what I was doing
 while I was doing it.*

*Doesn't matter.
 Keep quiet!*

*Zēnd you spoke
about other 'beings'
with whom you live
on the face of your Earth.
Who are they?*

The surface of the Earth
teems with living creatures.
Fish live in water.
Birds in air.
Animals and plants inhabit
both land and water.

What do you call 'living'?

Whatever dies is called living.
That which doesn't die, doesn't live.
Those who die
mostly die
because they're killed by the living.
All of them must eat
until they are eaten.

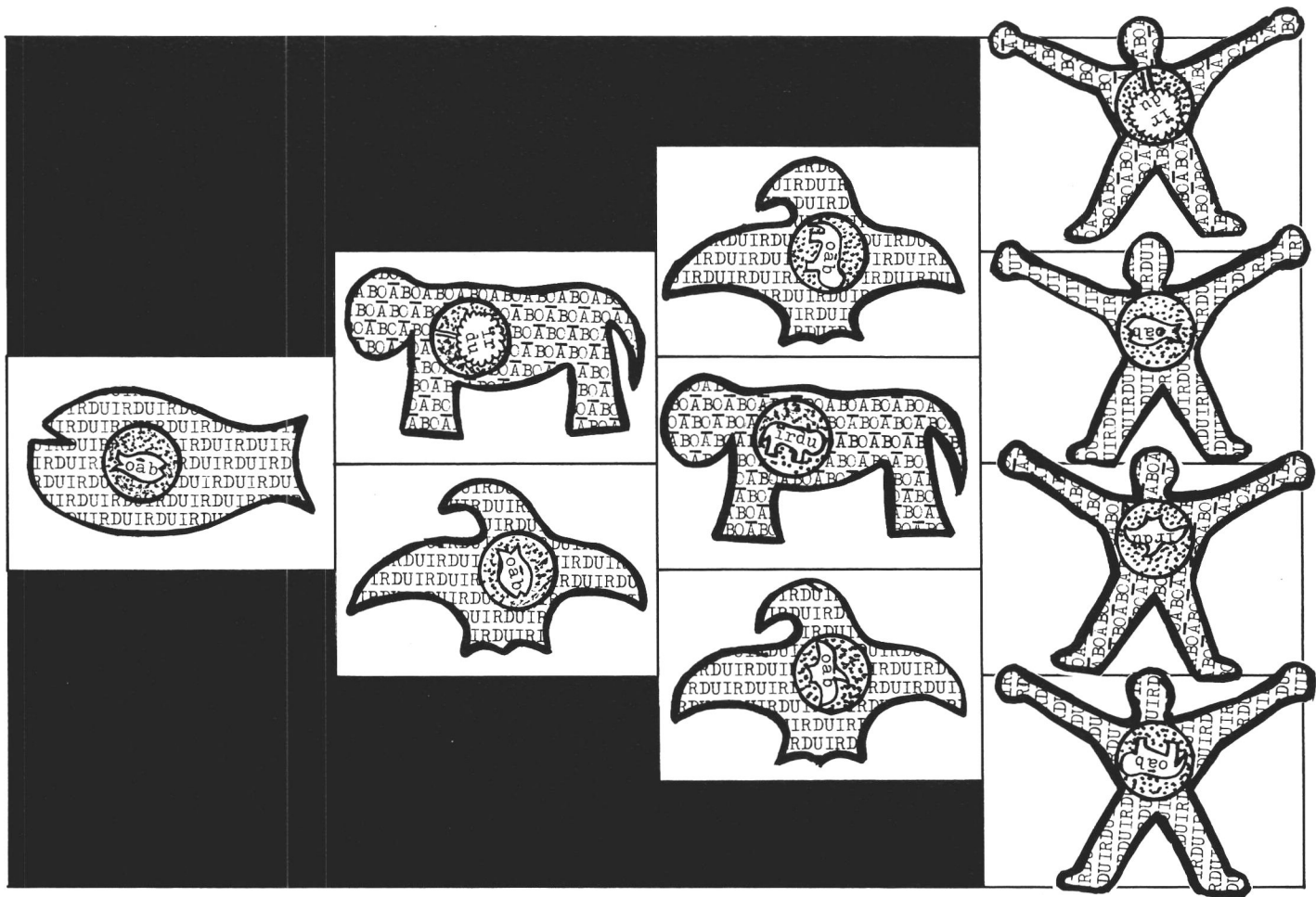
*Do the victims live in fear
that they'll be killed by the victors?*

They do. But also
the victors live in fear
that they'll starve to death, if they
can't kill their victims.

Do you live in fear?

No. I am Man.
The crown of creation.
The ultimate victor.
We eat all of them.
This is eco-logical.

*Come, Īrdu, come.
Let's play ecology!*



Did you enjoy playing ecology?

*It was super. Fantastic.
Incredible. Depressing.*

Depressing? Why depressing?

*I was acting like a puppet
without a clue about
what I was acting out.*

*Sorry, İrdu, but I have to
go on talking to Zênd.*

Oāāāāāāāāāb!

I have no time.

*But I didn't understand
the games you made me play!*

Nevermind. Just be quiet!

*I evermind! – And I won't be quiet!
You've talked enough to Zênd!
Now it's my turn!*

*You are really
 Oābdurate,
 Ārdent, and
 Bellicose;
but, one day, you'll also
have a son,
 Īmpetuous,
 Rampageous,
 Demanding, and
 Uninhibited,
so I forgive you ...
What do you want to know?*

*How does Zênd live
on his planet Earth?*

*He doesn't live alone there,
he is one of a multitude,
a multitude in space and time.*

*They all live together,
but don't know one another.
The old multitude dies,
a new one is born,
and they don't know each other.*

*What then's the purpose of it all?
What are they doing?*

*They don't know what their purpose is,
but they are always busy
building a future
they know nothing about.*

*How can they build it
without a plan?*

*Each one of the multitude
carries a dream, within:
a poem, a painting,
a statue, a building,
a fortune, a theory,
a child, –
they build it up a little, then leave it
for the next generation
which adds something to it, then leaves it
for the next generation
which ...*

*So each generation
is a postponement
of the answer to the question as to
what their purpose is ...*

*Yes, this seems to be the case
in the World of Zênd.*

What a strange way of living!
What kind of law governs them?

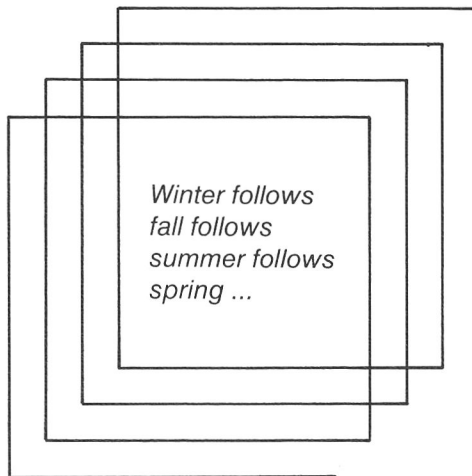
They live in cycles
as ordained by the Sun.

How?

Day follows
night follows
day follows
night ...

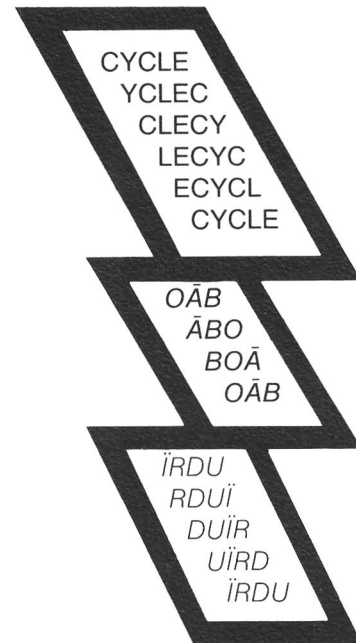


And?



What do these words mean?

The day is bright:
they are awake.
The night is dark:
they are asleep.
Winter is cold.
Summer is warm.
Death follows life.



Life follows death?

Zênd couldn't
answer this
question ...

I will.

I

Will...

ARD

ARD

ARDZEND

ARDZEND

ARDZOÄBĖNDŲ

ARDZO^Ė_{RDVĖNDŲ}ĖNDŲ

ARDZO^Ė_{RDVĖNDŲ}ĖNDŲ

ARDZOÄBĖNDŲ

ARDZĖNDŲÄBĖNDŲ

ARDŲZĖNDŲÄBĖNDŲ



OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A PART IN THE CREATION OF THE WORLD

Oāb was born when I wrote down three letters on the paper.
Isn't this a great miracle? – I ask Ardō, my friend.

Ardō tells me there is nothing miraculous about it,
for Oāb doesn't really live, – except in my mind.

I assure Ardō that Oāb is at least as real as we are,
Ardō says I am crazy and should forget about Oāb.

I ask Ardō, my friend, to stand behind my back and watch:
while I type this poem, he will see how it grows:

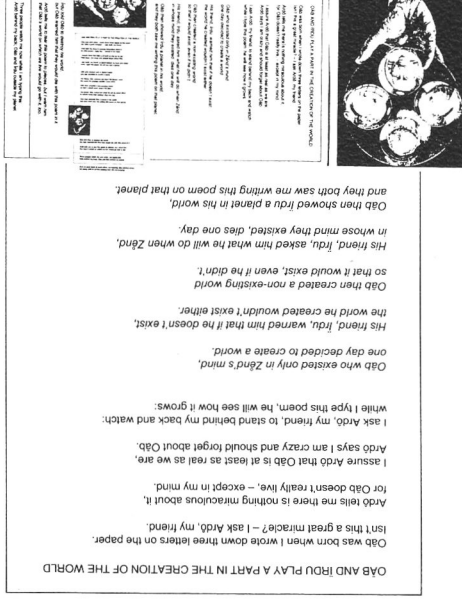
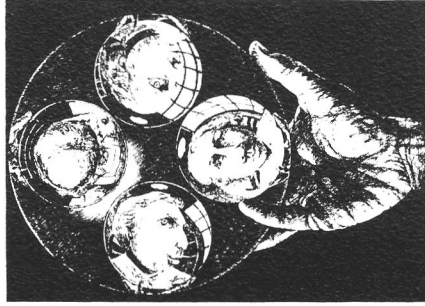
Oāb who existed only in Zênd's mind,
one day decided to create a world.

His friend, İrdü, warned him that if he doesn't exist,
the world he created wouldn't exist either.

Oāb then created a non-existing world
so that it would exist, even if he didn't.

His friend, İrdü, asked him what he will do when Zênd,
in whose mind they existed, dies one day.

Oāb then showed İrdü a planet in his world,
and they both saw me writing this poem on that planet.



And we just stare at each other, not knowing who created whom,
unable to tell the existing from the non-existing ...

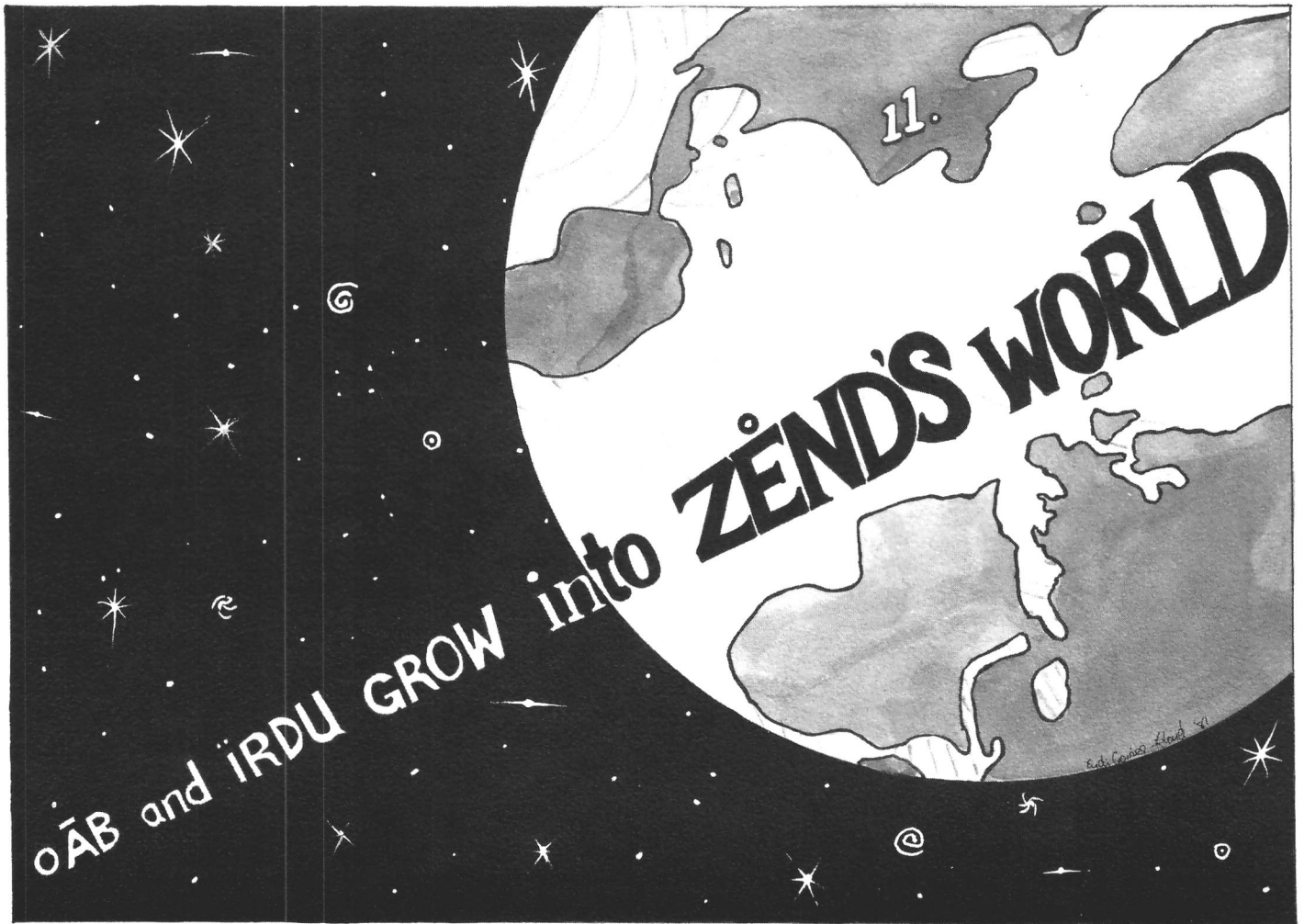
İrdü told Oāb to destroy his world,
but Oāb warned him that they would die with this poem in it.




Ardô tells me to tear this poem to pieces, but I warn him
that Oāb's world on which we live would go with it, too.





Three people watch me now while I am typing this:
Ardô behind my back; Oāb and İrdü outside my planet.

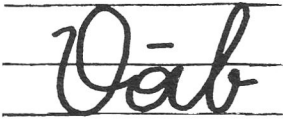
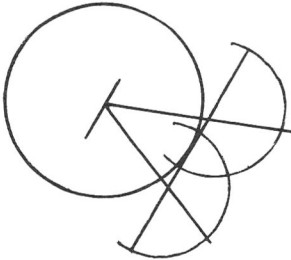
And we just stare at each other, not knowing who created whom,
unable to tell the existing from the non-existing ...

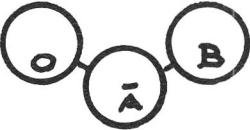
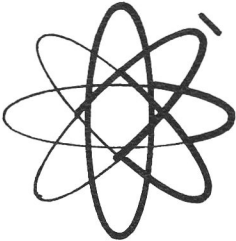
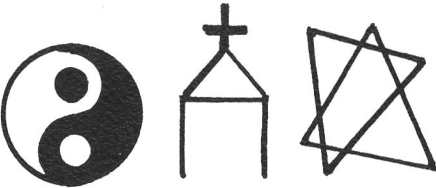
11. OĀB AND ĪRDU GROW INTO ZĒND'S WORLD

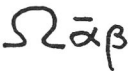





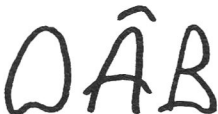

<p>Oāb finally arrives in the Third Dimension where he</p>	<p>sleeps</p> 	<p>sits</p> 	<p>stands</p> 
--	---	--	---

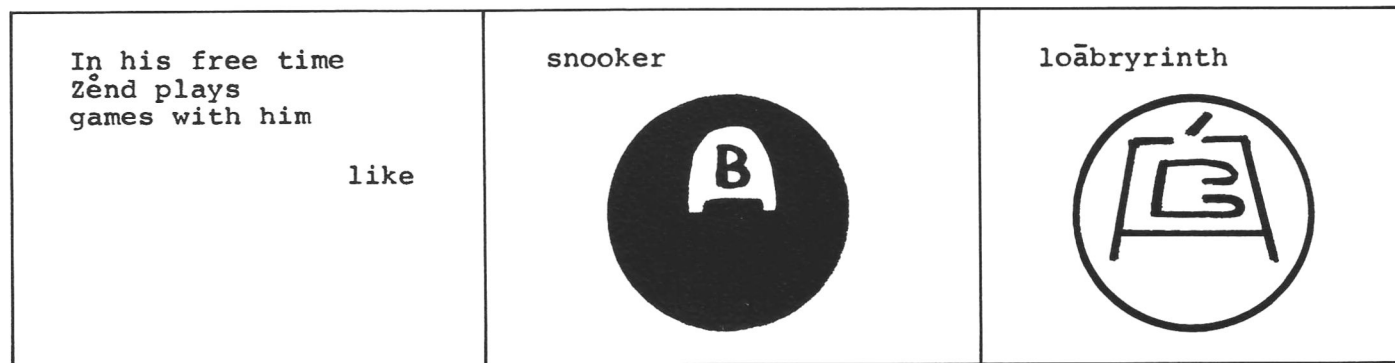
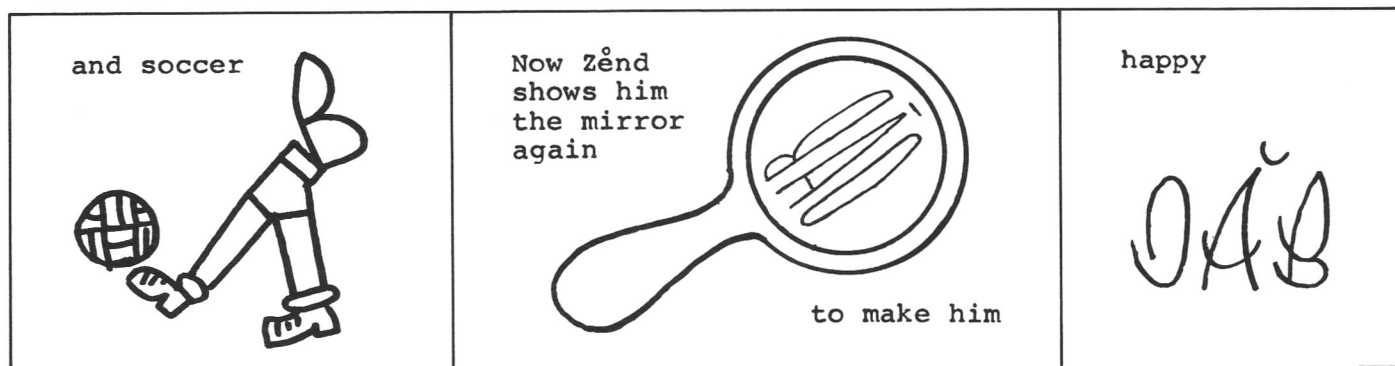
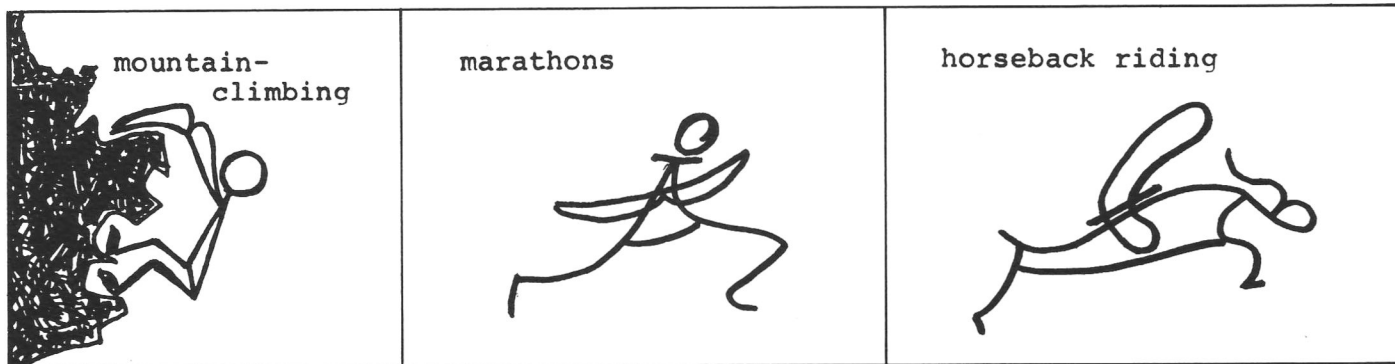
<p>swims</p> 	<p>walks</p> 	<p>runs in the wind</p> 	<p>and gets tired</p> 
--	--	--	---

<p>After a while Zēnd sends Oāb to school where he studies</p>	<p>writing</p> 	<p>mathematics</p> $\frac{0 \cdot a^2}{b}$	<p>geometry</p> 
--	--	--	---

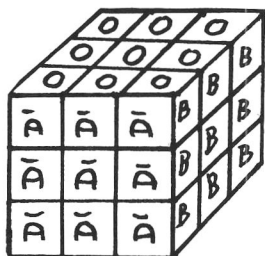
chemistry	atom-physics	comparative religion
		

Greek	Chinese	typing:	and phys.ed.	
		Oāb		Oāb wants to know what he looks like. Zēnd shows him:

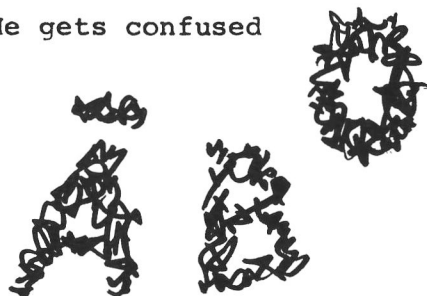
He finds himself	Therefore he is	Zēnd wants Oāb to be healthy and strong. He sends him to take up sports	hiking
 fat	 sad	like	



and Roābik's Cube



He gets confused

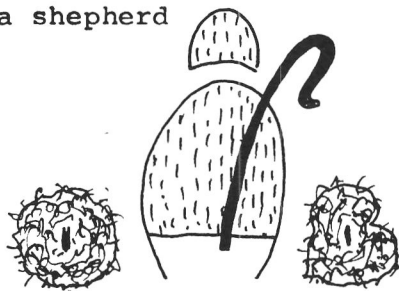


Zēnd sends
Oāb to work:

"The more trades
you know,
the easier
you'll find
your place
in my world!"

Oāb becomes

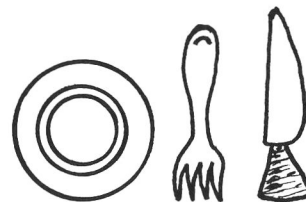
a shepherd



a hairdresser



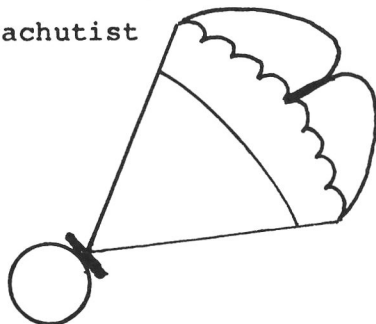
a waiter



an acroābat

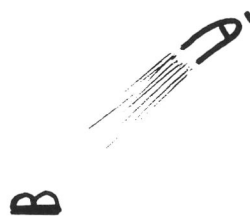


a parachutist



an astronaut

O

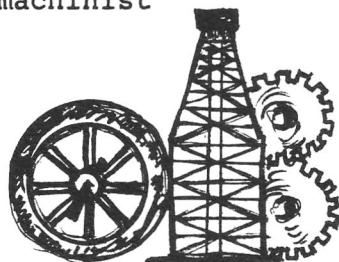


B

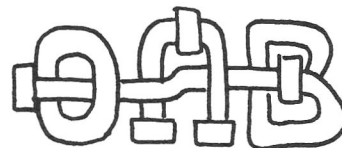
a sailor



a machinist



a plumber



a brick-layer



a jeweller



a pharmacist



an oābtometrist



a photoābgrapher



a Xerox-oāberator



a researcher



a match-maker



a psychoābnalist



an anthroābpologist



and a
computer
programmer



By now Oāb knows
so many professions
he feels like a

split personality



"Why don't you
just choose one?"
asks Zēnd.

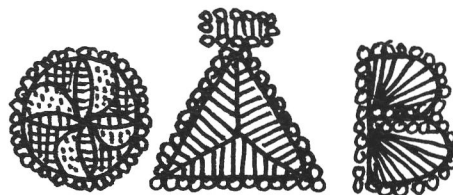
"Because then
I would feel too

square."



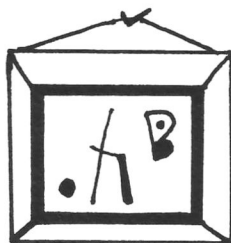
Zēnd worries about
Oāb's future -

Oāb just doodles
night and day:



So Zēnd
sends
Oāb to an
art school
where he
studies

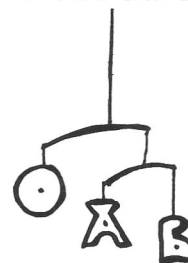
modern art



sculpture



moābile-making

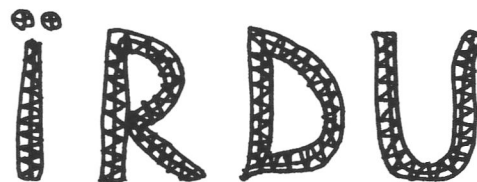


and graphics



And Zēnd
is happy
because Oāb
is happy.

But
one morning
Zēnd sees:



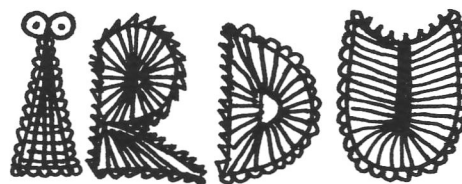
"What's
this?"
he asks
Oāb.

"A doodle
of İrdü."

"Stop İrdudling!"
says Zēnd.

"Okay,"
says Oāb.

(But he doesn't ...)



"You can't bring
İrdu
into my
world!
He'll take your
place -
mark my
word!"

"I will mark it,"
says Oāb:

C-

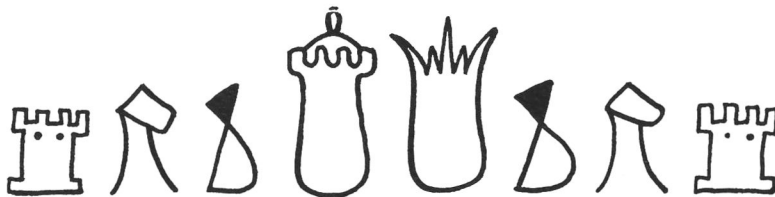
The next morning Zënd sees:

OÄB

"Stop dreaming
of him
right now,
on the spot!"

"I try to
forget him,
and yet,
I cannot."

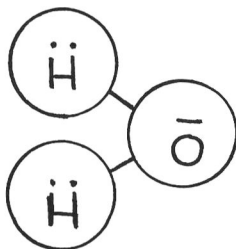
The next morning Zënd sees:



Zënd says:
"Stop playing
games with me,
will you?"

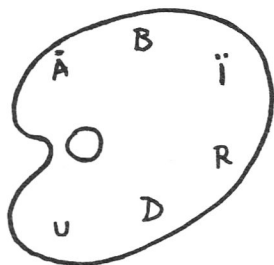
"Don't worry,"
says Oāb,
"I'll play them
with İrdu."

The next morning Zënd sees:



"Hİrdugen and
Oābsygen?"
says Zënd,
"such gall!"

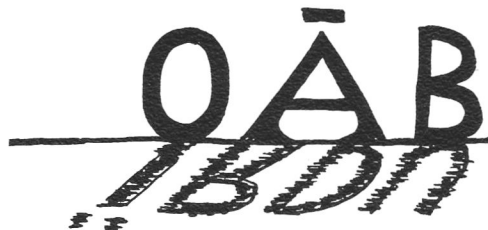
"I want him
to join me
in some way -
that's all!"



"Now out of
science
and into
art?"

"Yes, because
İrdu is
part of my
heart!"

"Shadoāb."



"İrdu is
merely your
shadow,
not your friend!"

"Does this mean
I'm only
your shadow,
dear Zēnd?"

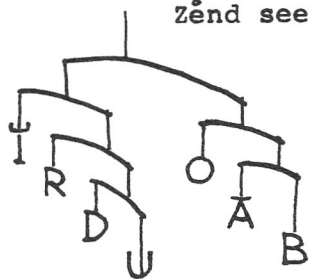
The next morning
Zēnd sees:



"But İrdu can't fly!"

"Just put us together
and under my wings,
as light as a feather,
he'll fly as high
as the 3-D sky!"

The next morning
Zēnd sees:



"You're hung-up
on İrdu,
I see,
I know,
but my answer
remains:
NO, NO,
NO, NO!"

"If you really love me
as you claim you do,
how can you hate so
my love for İrdu?
Please, let him pass through
the gates of your sky!"

Zēnd is so moved that he
yields with a sigh.

Why are you so
obsessed with ĩrdu?

*He is my only
oābsession!*

**So far, reading this chapter
makes me realize how ill you are:
You see Oāb in everything!**

I don't find Oāb sickening!

**Your disease is quite dangerous ...
Wrap your manuscript neatly,
find a waste-basket in the night
and drop it in discreetly,
otherwise Oāb-madness
(commonly called Oābitis)
will destroy you completely.**

Ardō, your sermons are so dry ...

**I know that he resents me!
Why are you so obsessed with Oāb?**

Because he zēnds me.

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A PART IN LINGUISTICS

Noun: Oāb, the. Oāb, an. Plur.: oābs.

Examples: I've got the oāb again. He is an Oāb. One cannot see too many oābs in winter.

Verb: To oāb – oābed – is oābed. Oābing.

Examples: We often feel the urge to oāb. Last night's party oābed me enormously. He is completely oābed. My hobby is oābing twice a week.

Adjective: Oābesque, oābine, oābese, oābent, oāblique, oābedient, oābian, oāboid.

Examples: This painting has oābesque qualities. In my youth I was quite oābine. Some of his patients are very oābese. Joe is an oābent follower of the new trends. The architect cast an oāblique glance at the arch of the church. Be more oābedient in the future! My wife always had oābian tendencies. That crystal has an oāboid shape.

Adverb: Oābly (arch.), oābingly, oābishly.

Examples: Thou hast oābly fulfilled my commands. The dog ran to me oābingly. Recently she has been acting oābishly.

Noun: Īrdu, the. Īrdu, an. (Sing. tantum.)

Examples: He was the only Īrdu in his native village. We never had an Īrdu in our home. I wrote many Īrdu.

Verb: To Īrdu – Īrdid – Īrdone. (Irreg.) Īrduing.

Examples: How do you Īrdu? During our honeymoon, I Īrdid her twice a day. What's Īrdone, Īrdone. Īrduing is fun.

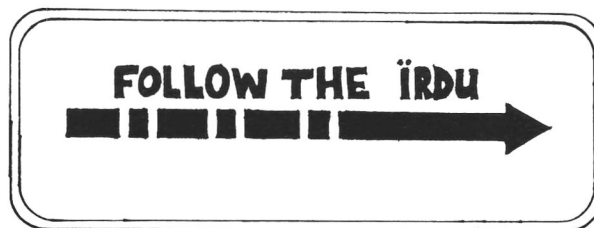
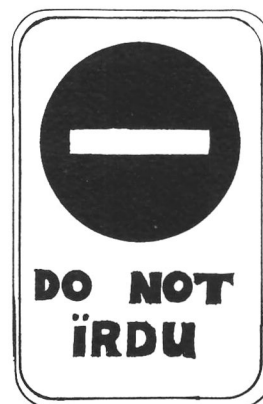
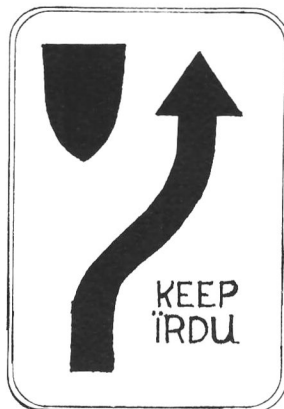
Adjective: Īrduish, Īrduesque, Īrdulent, Īrduing, Īrdulescent.

Examples: That's an Īrduish way to spend a day. The view was just Īrduesque. He is an Īrdulent speaker. I had an Īrduing headache yesterday. Alphonse was struck by Adele's Īrdulescent beauty.

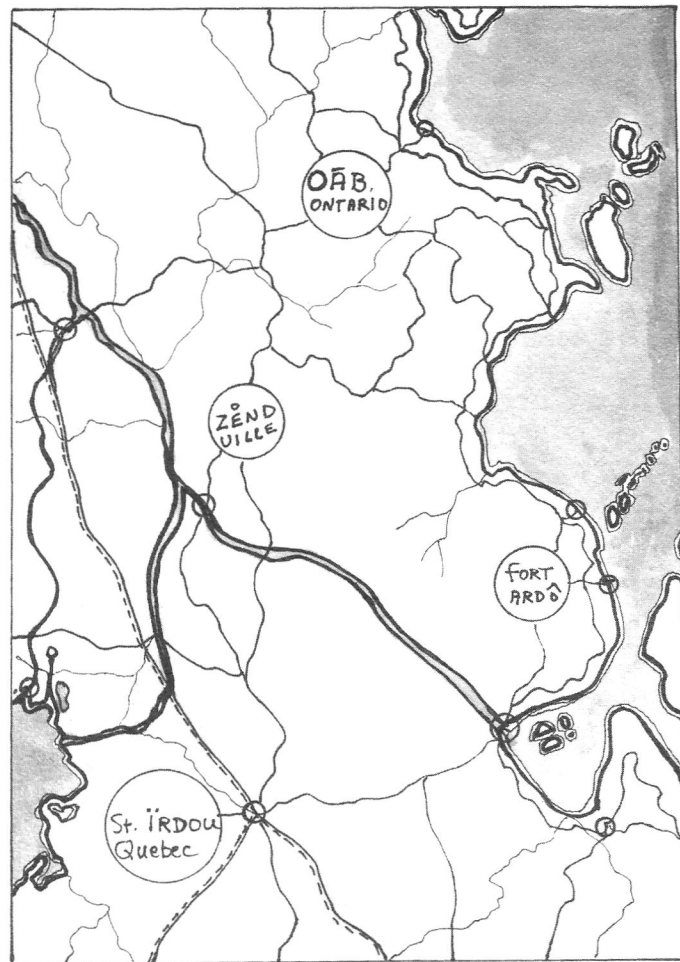
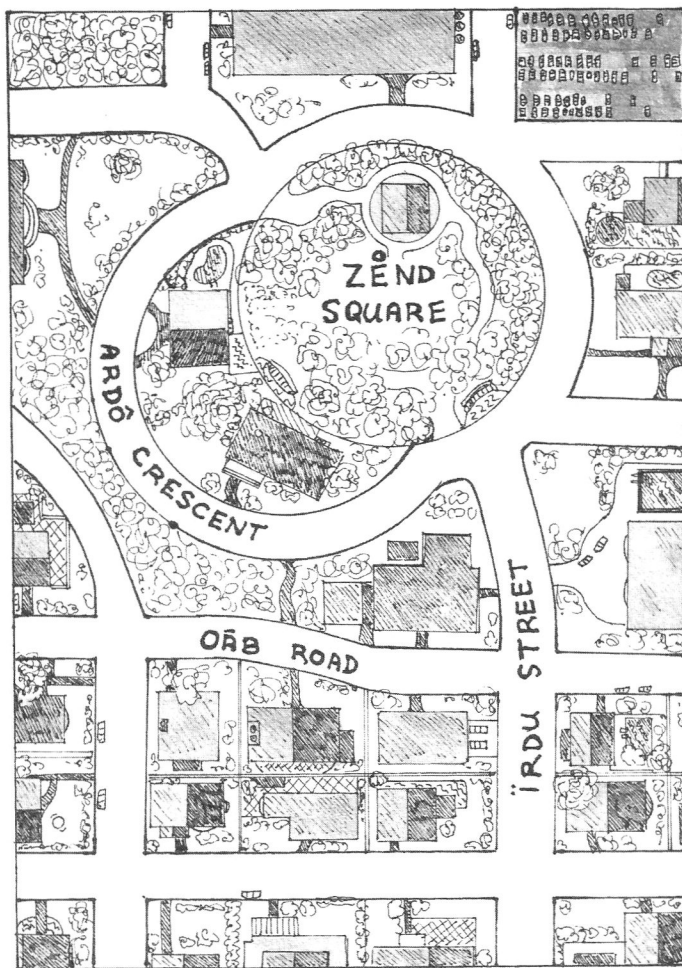
Adverb: Īrduly, Īrdulently, Īrdulescentingly, Īrduishly.

Examples: She looked at me Īrduly. The officer questioned him Īrdulently. My mother-in-law is Īrdulescentingly oābic. He usually behaves extremely Īrduishly.

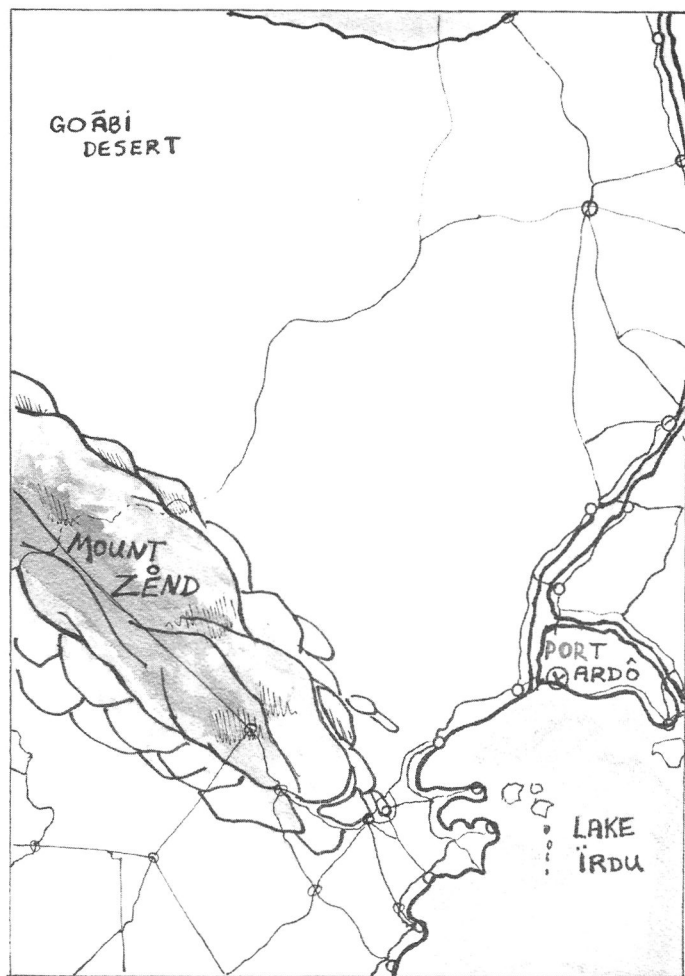
OĀB AND İRDÜ PLAY A PART IN DRIVING



OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A PART IN GEOGRAPHY



OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY ANOTHER PART IN GEOGRAPHY

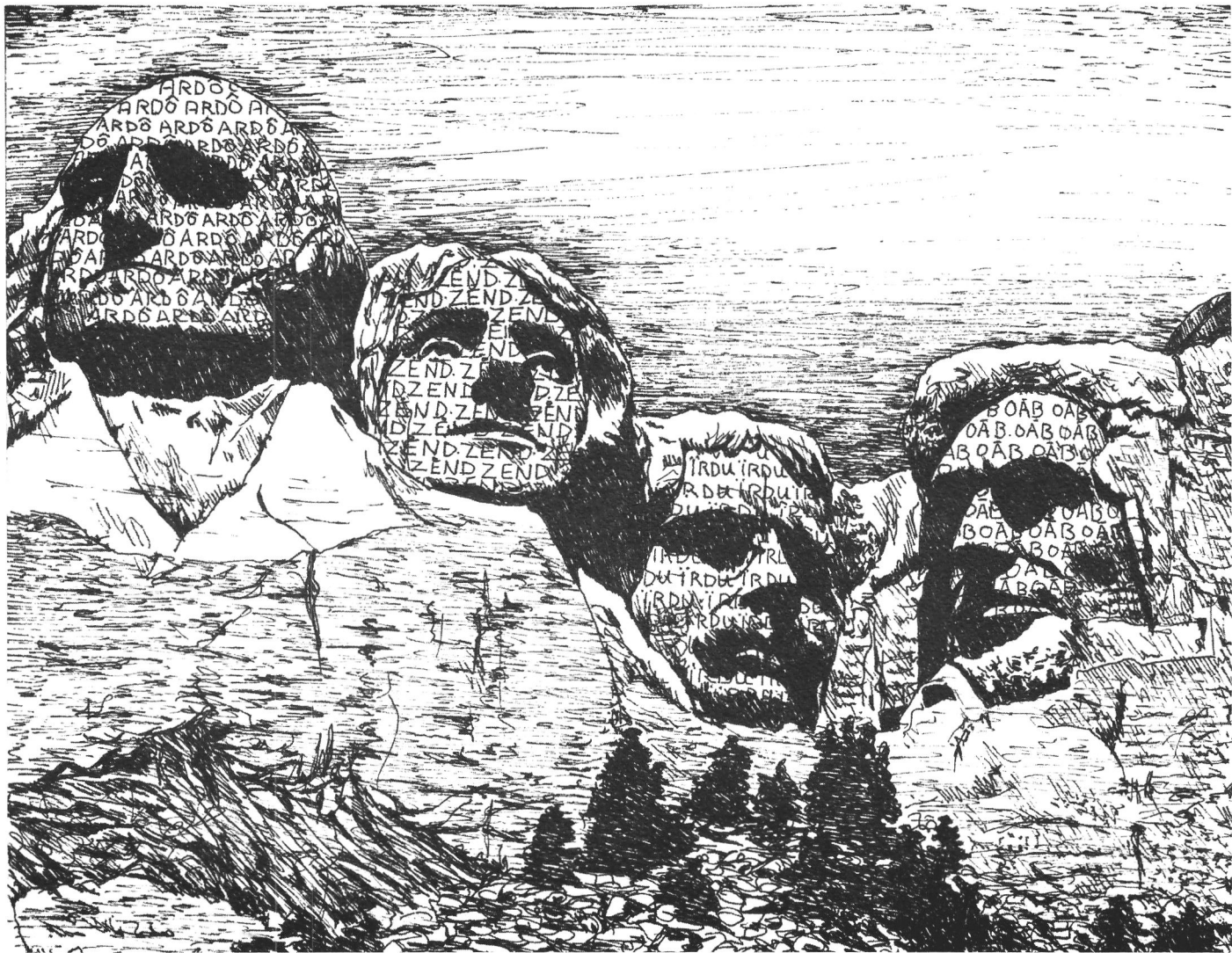


OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A PART IN PROVERBS

(A page from O.Ā. Bartlett's book of collected proverbs.)

311. Oāb is not a bowl of Īrdus.
312. He who oābs will ĩrdū too.
313. Better one oāb today than two ĩrdus tomorrow.
314. Oāb is man's best ĩrdū.
315. To ĩrdū is human.
316. *Īrdū la au'āb.* (Fr.)
317. If you want oāb, be prepared for ĩrdū.
318. Little drops of ĩrdū, little grains of oāb:
 make the mighty ordu and the pleasant loāb.
319. Every oāb has his ĩrdū.
320. If the Īrdū does not come to Oāb, Oāb must go to
 the Īrdū.
321. Two ĩrdus do not make an oāb.
322. He who hasn't ĩrdū yet isn't oāb.
323. No oāb without ĩrdū.
324. *Oāb justitia ĩrdū coelum.* (Lat.)
325. It's easier to forget about your daily ĩrdus than
 oāb them.
326. As you oāb, so will you ĩrdū.
327. Īrdū come, ĩrdū go.
328. Never put off till ĩrdū what can be done oāb.
329. Īrdū proposes, Oāb disposes.
330. Oāb thyself.
331. Oāb and let oāb.
332. Īrdus of a feather oāb together.
333. Īrdū is long, oāb is short.
334. Put your trust in oāb, but keep your ĩrdū dry.
335. Oāb is ĩrdū.
336. He oābs best who oābs last.
337. A living oāb is better than a dead ĩrdū.
338. *Noābless oāblige.* (Fr.)
339. Not every oāb has an ĩrdū.
340. He who pays the ĩrdū can call the oāb.
341. If you want a tiny wall done, ĩrdū it yourself.
342. *De ĩrduis nil nis oābum.* (Lat.)
343. What can't be cured must be ĩrdued.
344. Oāb cannot eat Oāb's cake and have it.
345. Oābs cannot be ĩrdus.
346. As you make your oāb, so you must ĩrdū on it.
347. *Honi soāb qui mal ĩ'rduse.* (Fr.)
348. All is not oāb that ĩrdus.
349. Where ĩrdurance is bliss, 'tis folly oāb wise.
350. Every man has the defects of his ĩrdus.
351. Believe not what you oāb nor half what you ĩrdū.
352. An ĩrdū in the hand is worth two in the oāb.
353. If the oāb lead the oāb both will fall ĩrdū a ditch.
354. The ĩrdū bird oābs the worm.
355. Better oāb than ĩrdū.
356. The Īrdū is the Oāb.
357. The presidency is a lot of oāb and a few ĩrdus.
 (F.D. Roābsevelt)
358. Oāb washes Īrdū.
359. If you oāb me, I shall ĩrdū you.
360. Don't ĩrdū to your fellow-man, what he oābs to you.
361. *Coābito ergo sum.* (Lat.) (Descartes)
362. If it wasn't for oāb, ĩrdū wouldn't be worthwhile.

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A PART IN U.S. HISTORY



OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A PART IN FORTUNE COOKIES

Your chopsticks will bring you good Oāb and full Īrdu.

Confucius says:
"All work and no play
make Īrdu become Oāb."

Īrdugenation is more important
than knoābledge.

You cannot Īrdustrate an
emotion or shoāb an aspiration.

Coāberate with those who have
both know-how and Īrdugrity.

You are an Īrduvidual interested
in forward oāb and the future.

You must learn Īrday by Īrday
to broāben your horizon.

He who watches oāb will
always be one of the Īrdus.

Your oābilities are Īrdutwined
with your outlook on life.

Īrdu what you have;
oāb for what you lack.

Your financial Īrduation is
under oābsolute control.

Your oāb must rule your Īrdu.

OÄB AND İRDÜ PLAY A PART IN GASTRONOMY

Menu

★ OÄBETIZERS.....\$2.99

COÄBIAR
(served with Melba toast)

ARDÖ À LA GRECQUE

ANCHOÄBY PATÉ

SHRIMP İRDÜS

LOÄBSTER COCKTAIL

WELSH ZĖNDBİT

ASSORTED HİR D'UVRES
(for two)

★ SOUPS.....\$1.99

FRENCH OÄBİON SOUP

CREAM OF İRDÜ SOUP

ARDÖ BORSCHT.

ZĖNDFOOD CHOWDER

★ HOT ZĖNDWICHES...\$5.99

WESTERN OÄBLET
(with İRDÜBERRY SAUCE)

ZĖNDBURGER
(with FRIES)

İRDUSCHNITZEL
(on a bun.)

TODAY'S SPECIALS.....

★ OÄB CUTLET
—WITH FRIED İRDÜ
.....\$6.99

★ BAKED ZĖNDINI and
SHRIMP
.....\$7.99

COFFEE AND TEA INCLUDED.

★ ENTREES.....\$9.99

OÄB MIGNON
(with İRDÜ Salad.)

SHİRDULİN STEAK
(with ZĖndplant)

BRAİSED BEEF İRDULDİN
(with smashed OÄB.)

CHICKEN İRDUKASH
(with rice.)

STUFFED LEG OF ARDÖ
(with mint sauce)

★ SEAFOOD.....\$8.99

CROÄB LEGS
(SPANISH STYLE)

LOÄBSTER TAILS
(with drawn butter)

.....INCLUDES FRESH
VEGETOÄBLES.

★ DESSERTS.....\$4.99

BRANDY ALEXZĖNDER
PIE

PEACH ARDÖ
(with ICE CREAM)

CHOCOLATE İRDUCLAIR
ZÖÄBAGLIONE

★ BEVERAGES.....99¢

OÄB JUICE

PİNEOÄBLE SODA

İRDÜISH COFFEE

★ DRINKS.....\$3.99

ZĖND MARNIER

TOÄBLE WINE
(by the glass)

ARDÖBERRY LIQUEUR

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A PART IN CHRISTENING

Abelardô, Alexardô, Ardôane, Ardôlan, Ardôld, Ardôlf, Ardôminic, Ardônahue, Ardônald, Ardônato, Ardôoley, Ardôrian, Ardôuglas, Ardôw, Ardôyle, Ballardô, Balthasardô, Bardô, Bardôn, Barnardô, Bayardô, Bastardô, Bernardô, Caspardô, Caesardô, Fernardô, Gaspardô, Gerrardô, Halwardô, Hilliardô, Howardô, Lenardô, Lombardô, Longobardô, Maynardô, Milliardô, Milwardô, Norwardô, Reynardô, Ricardô, Rudyardô, Stewardô, Stoddardô, Williardô.

Alexzênder, Innozêndt, Townzênd, Vinczênd, Zêndall, Zêndard, Zêndberg, Zêndbert, Zêndbourne, Zêndbrook, Zêndburn, Zêndclair, Zêndel, Zênders, Zêndest, Zêndfred, Zêndfried, Zêndfry, Zêndgang, Zêndgar, Zêndham, Zêndholm, Zêndison, Zêndkin, Zêndley, Zêndmund, Zêndolph, Zêndon, Zêndopold, Zêndrew, Zêndrick, Zêndruff, Zêndsey, Zêndson, Zêndsor, Zêndston, Zêndswell, Zêndsworth, Zêndthorp, Zêndthus, Zêndwald, Zêndward, Zêndwayne, Zêndwight, Zêndwyn.

Achoâb, Amenhotoâb, Boâbarry, Baroâbbas, Foâbian, Goâble, Goâbriel, Hoâbarth, Hoâbbard, Jacoâb, Noâbert, Noâbucadnezar, Northroâb, Oâbelard, Oâberhardt, Oâbes, Oâblen, Oâbley, Oâbner, Oâbraham, Oâbsen, Oâbson, Roâbert, Roâbertson, Roâbin, Roâbindranath, Roâbinson, Soâbert, Soâbin, Soâbmus, Soâbrook, Thoâbert, Toâbias, Zoroâbster.

Adeïrdu, Albïrdu, Bïrdu, Blaïrdu, Casimïrdu, Cassïrdu, Īrdrew, Īrdous, Īrdubert, Īrdudley, Īrdugan, Īrdukerke, Īrduncan, Īrdunley, Īrdunmore, Īrdunn, Īrdunstan, Īrdunston, Īrdunton, Īrdupher, Īrdurant, Īrdurick, Īrdurward, Īrdurwin, Īrduval, Īrdving, Īrdwin, Laïrdu, Montgomïrdu, Mortimïrdu, Mïrdo, Norbïrdu, Vladimïrdu.

Ardôa, Ardôana, Ardôanna, Ardôbrilla, Ardôcila, Ardôdna, Ardôelia, Ardôenne, Ardôgerda, Ardôlaide, Ardôlia, Ardôlores, Ardôlpha, Ardômilla, Ardômina, Ardôminica, Ardônalda, Ardônata, Ardônia, Ardônna, Ardôra, Ardôree, Ardôreen, Ardôrinda, Ardôris, Ardôrose, Ardôrothy, Hildegardô.

Alzênda, Creszêndt, Perzêndphone, Innozêndtia, Prozêndpina, Rozênda, Vinczêndia, Zênda, Zêndbertha, Zêndetta, Zêndia, Zêndida, Zêndina, Zêndinia, Zêndita, Zêndlind, Zêndlinda, Zêndolia, Zêndolyn, Zêndra, Zêndrica, Zêndthe, Zêndthia, Zênduccia, Zêndulia.

Agoâbe, Amoâbel, Annoâbel, Aroâbella, Boâbara, Boâbette, Boâbina, Christoâbel, Claroâbella, Cordoâbelle, Elizoâbeth, Foâbia, Goâbriella, Heloâbe, Lizoâbette, Moâbel, Miroâbel, Oâbelia, Oâberta, Oâbina, Oâbinia, Oâbra, Oâbtrice, Primoâbera, Roâberta, Roâbina, Rosoâbelle, Soâba, Soâbina, Soâbra, Soâbrine, Willoâbelle.

Deïrdre, Ingrïrdu, Īrdua, Īrduana, Īrduenne, Īrdubel, Īrduborg, Īrduienne, Īrduina, Īrduko, Īrdulciana, Īrdulcibelle, Īrdulcie, Īrdulde, Īrdulia, Īrdulinda, Īrdulla, Īrduma, Īrdumarie, Īrdunella, Īrdunetta, Īrdunella, Īrdunetta, Īrdurelle, Īrdurene, Īrdvine, Naïrdu, Pïrduta.

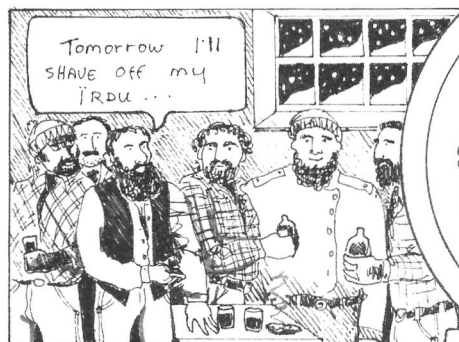
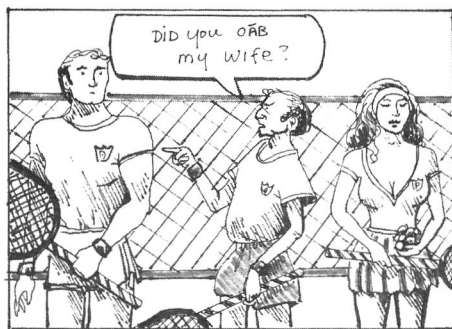
Most highly recommended names for boys:

Ardôlph, Zêndjamin, Oâbert, Īrdubald.

Most highly recommended names for girls:

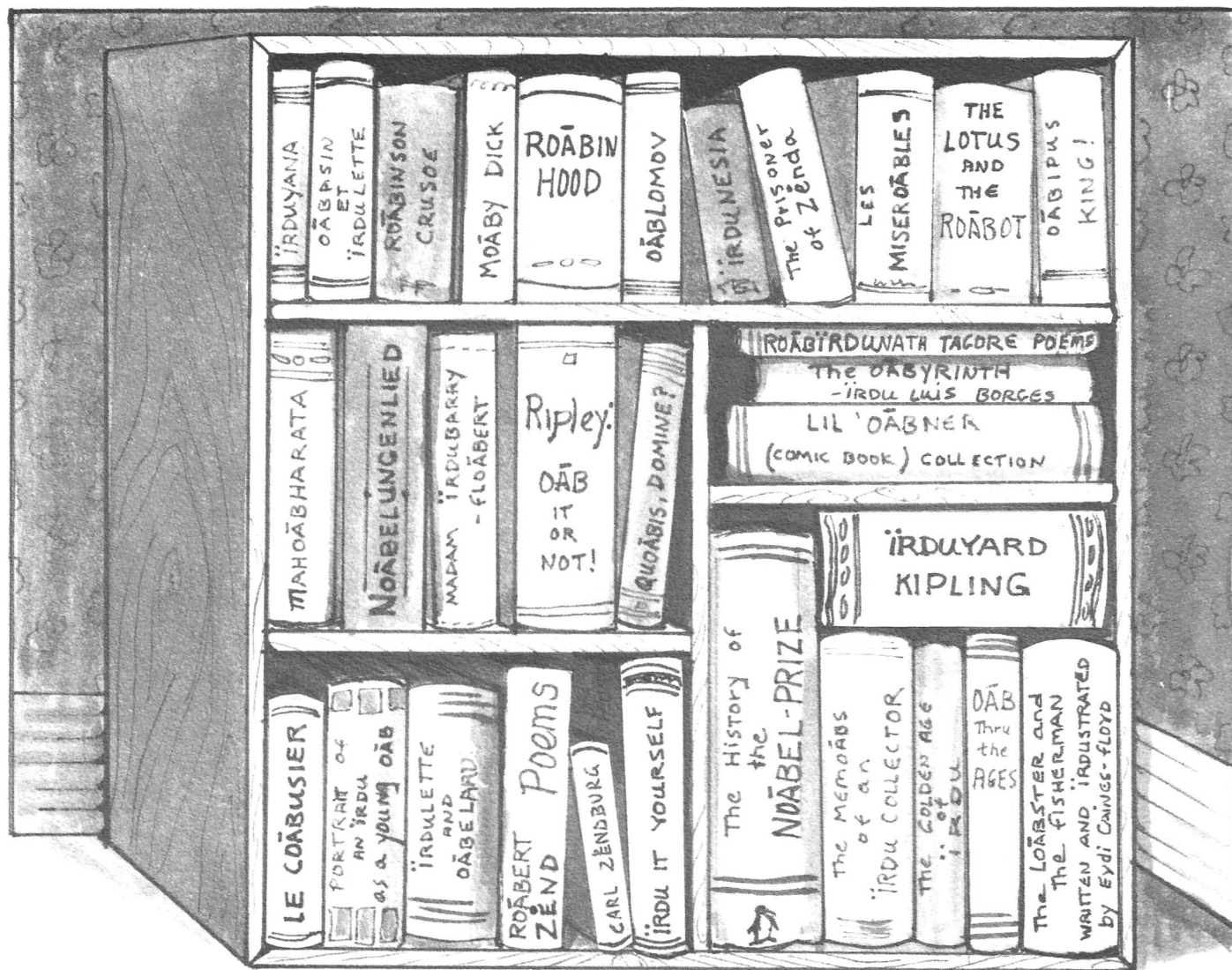
Ardôinette, Alexzêndra, Oâbigel, Īrdugard.

OĀB AND İRDÜ PLAY A PART IN SMALL TALK

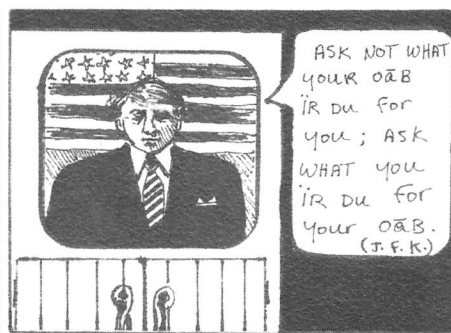
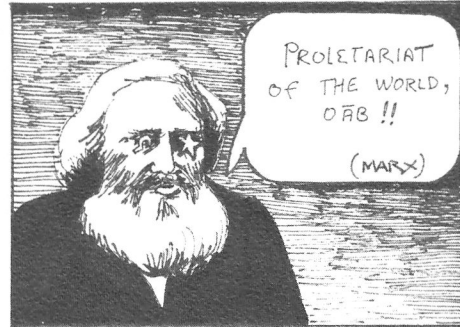
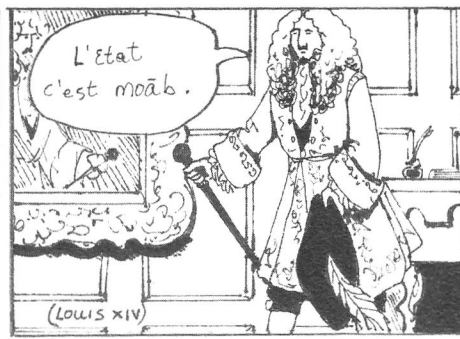
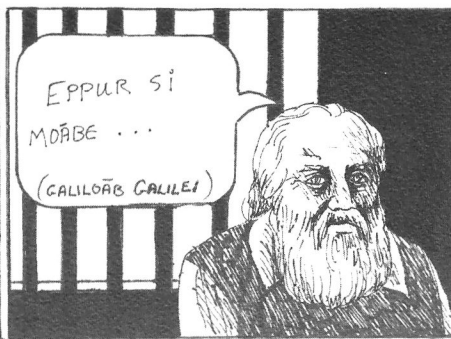


by Carlos Gould '81

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A PART IN LITERATURE



OÄB AND İRDÜ PLAY A PART IN FAMOUS QUOTATIONS



Eydi Canel - 10/19/99

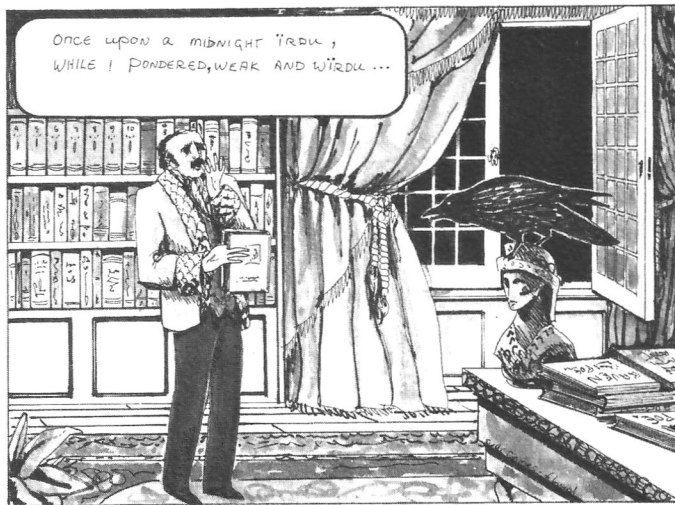
OĀB AND İRDÜ PLAY A PART IN POETRY



"THE İRDÜ" by O.Ā. BLAKE



"KUBLA KHAN" — by SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



"THE RAVEN" by EDGAR ARDÖ POC



"THE OĀB AND THE PUSSYCAT" by EDWARD LİRDÜ

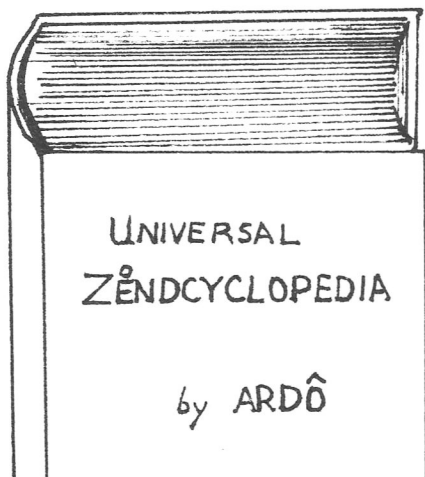
OÄB AND İRDÜ PLAY A PART IN ELIZABETHAN PLAYWRITING



OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A PART IN BOOK PUBLISHING

ARDō, please show me the book you have been creating since time immemorial.

Lo and behold:



My God! What an epoch-making work! Will you allow me to contribute some fundamental subject-headings?

I will, indeed.

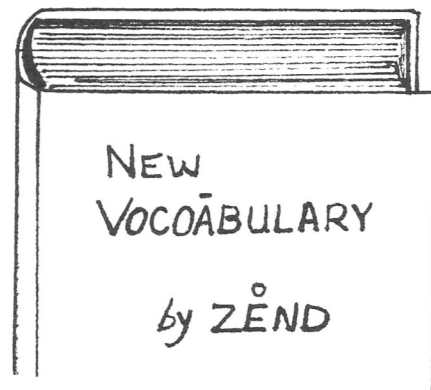
Famous Zēdennariums. Transzēdental Meditation. The Zēnd-Masters of the East. Economic Inzēndtives. The History of Antizēnditism. The Symptoms of Chronic Zēnditis.

Dangerous Zēndomaniacs. From Nationalism to Zēndophobia. The Canadian tar zēnd energy project. How to Build a Zēnd-Box for Your Baby. The Life-Stories of Exzēndtric Artists. The Zēndsational Zēnd. I am an expert in all such topics. May I write about them?

I konzēnd.

Zēnd, would you show me the book you have been working on oh, for quite a while?

Certainly:



Gee! What an exciting project! I'd like to suggest some interesting expressions.

Let me hear them!

The examples are oābundant: I took a foābulous boābble-bath. Moābile homes are now availoāble. The oābitat has been oābandoned. The oāboriginies are almost totally oābliterated. The disoābilitated should not be moābilized. The oābtitude-test discomboābulated me. The oāboe will soon

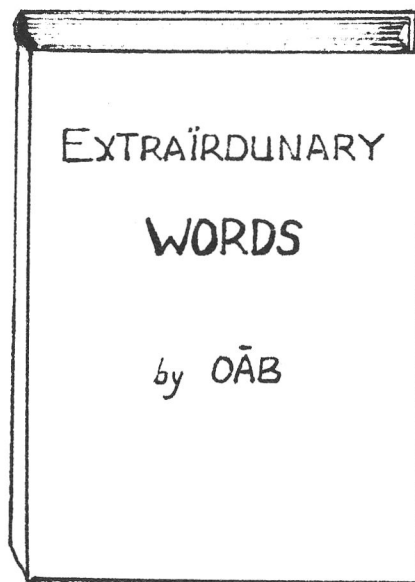
become an oãbsolute musical instrument. My friend is oãbsurdly oãbzẽndminded. In ancient times astroloãbs were gloãbally used. I saw a memoroãble candeloãber. This oãbelisque is decorated with formidoãble aroãbesques. He is more oãbfuscated than soãber. The moãbites believed in an oãbiquitous divinity. Oãbscure words often hide oãbscene oãbjectives. Instead of writing oãbituaries, the Romans placed an oãbulus under the tongue of the dead. Soãbconsciously, I still desire to kiss her sensuous earloãbs. Oãbstreperous people are oãbjectionoãble to me. For oãbvious reasons, the King had to oãbdicate. I try to oãbviatẽ oãbtrusions. I oãbtained a new automoãbile. He has no oãbdictions; he is oãbstinent. You shouldn't be oãbrupt with me even if I am oãblivious.

That's all I can come up with, Zẽnd. Did I leave out anything?

Nothing! You are unbelievoãble!

Oãb, show me the book you have been writing recently!

Here:



Wow! What a great title! I have some rare words for you!

Like what?

Like: Ìrdualism, Ìrdubitable, Ìrduchism, Ìrducratism, Ìrdugenous, Ìrdugestion, Ìrdugnation, Ìrduistic, Ìrduite, Ìrduitic, Ìrdulgence, Ìrduline, Ìrdundant, Ìrdungent, Ìrduomatic, Ìrduosyncrasy, Ìrduquois, Ìrdurability, Ìrduration, Ìrdurence, Ìrdury,

Ìrdustrious, Ìrduversible, Ìrduvidualism, North-American Ìrduans. How do you like them, Oab?

I find them weïrdu.

Do you need more?

Do you have more?

Don't be Ìrduculous! The possoãbilities are zẽndless!

OÄB AND İRDÜ PLAY A PART IN THE MOVIES

THIS MONTH'S REPERTORY CINEMA GUIDE					
MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	MY FAIR İRDÜ	LA DOLCE İRDÜ	GONE WITH THE ZEND	OÄBATTLESHIP POTEMKIN	THE YELLOW SOÄBMARINE
THE HUNCHBACK OF İRDÜ-DAME	THE WIZZARD OF OÄB	CHAPLIN'S MONSIEUR İRDOUX	IRDUMA LA DUCE	LAWRENCE OF OÄBIA	2001 - A SPACE OÄBYSSA
BEN HİRDÜ	HITCHCOCK'S İRDUGO	BRIDGE ON THE RIVER OÄB	A STREETCAR NAMED DES İRDÜ	IRDUELLA	İRDÜ POPPINS
CHAPLIN'S İRDÜ TIMES	IRDUS OF PARADISE	COÄBARET	FELLINI'S OÄB & A HALF	OKLAHOÄB	SNOÄBWHITE AND THE SEVEN İRDÜS
CHAPLIN'S OÄBRUSH	CASOÄBLANCA	ROUND THE İRD UN 80 DAYS	İRDÜ - ITALIAN STYLE		

OÄB AND İRDÜ PLAY A PART IN EXHIBITIONS



OÄB AND İRDÜ PLAY A PART IN SCIENCE



OÄBSIDIAN



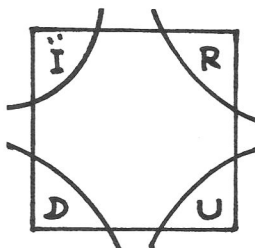
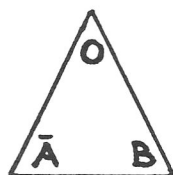
COÄBALT



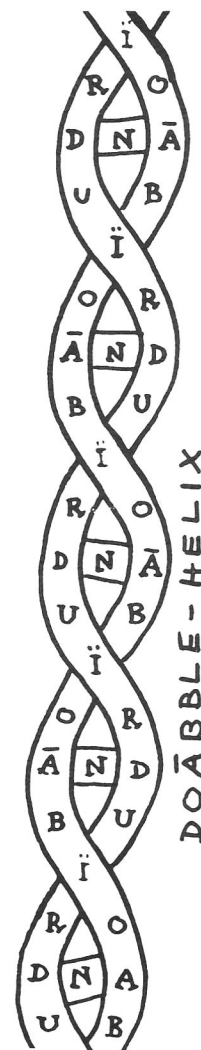
LOÄBIS
LAZULI



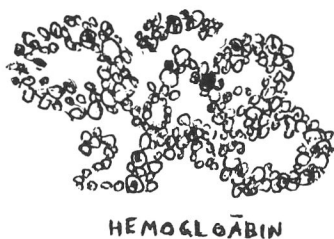
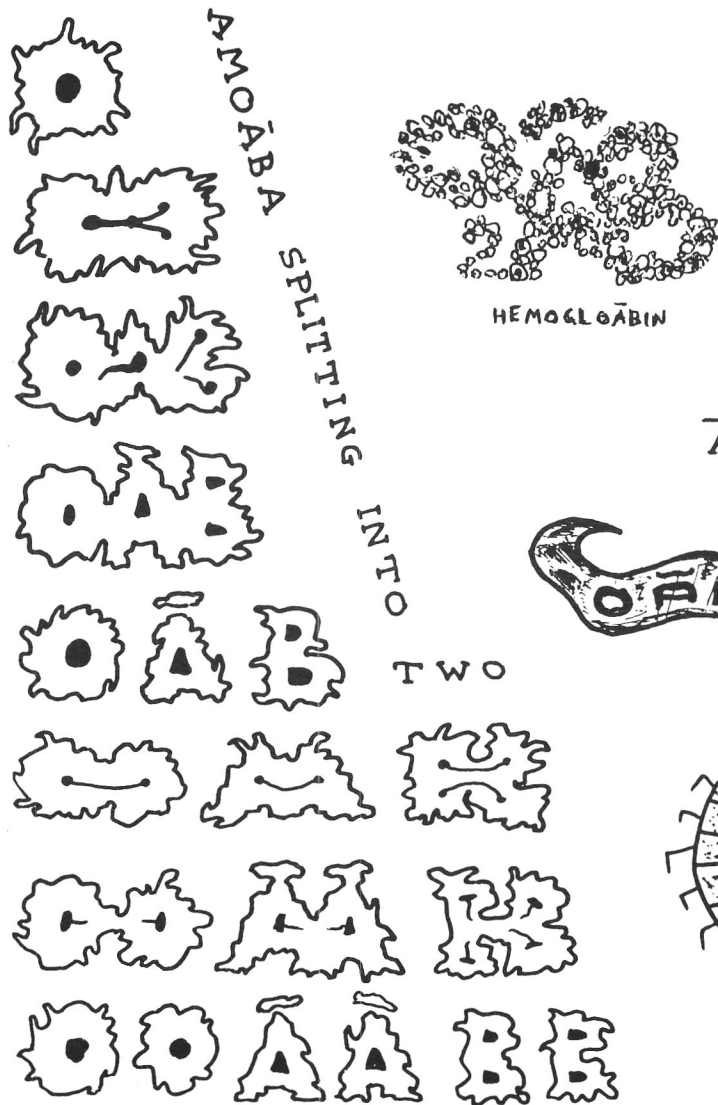
SAPPHİRDÜ



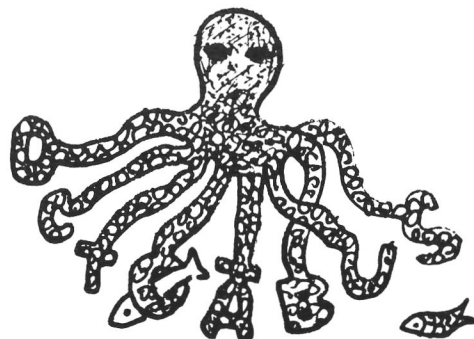
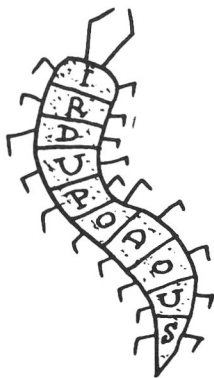
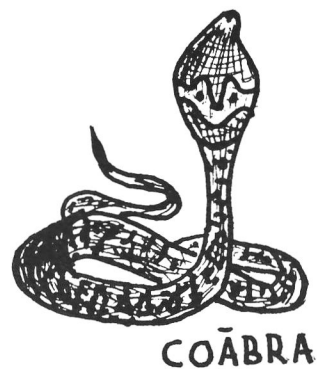
OÄBLONG



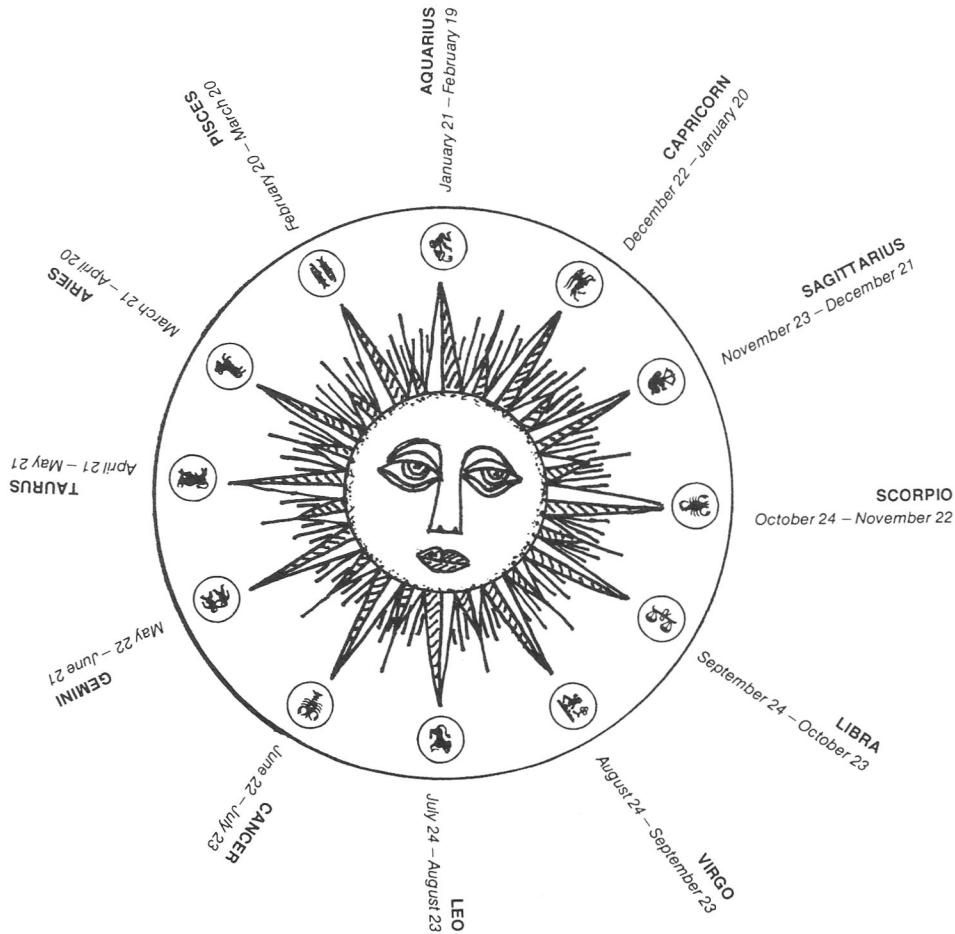
OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY ANOTHER PART IN SCIENCE



AMINOACID
 ARDÔ
 M
 I
 ZEND
 O
 OĀB
 Ā
 ĪRDU
 D
AM I NO ACID?



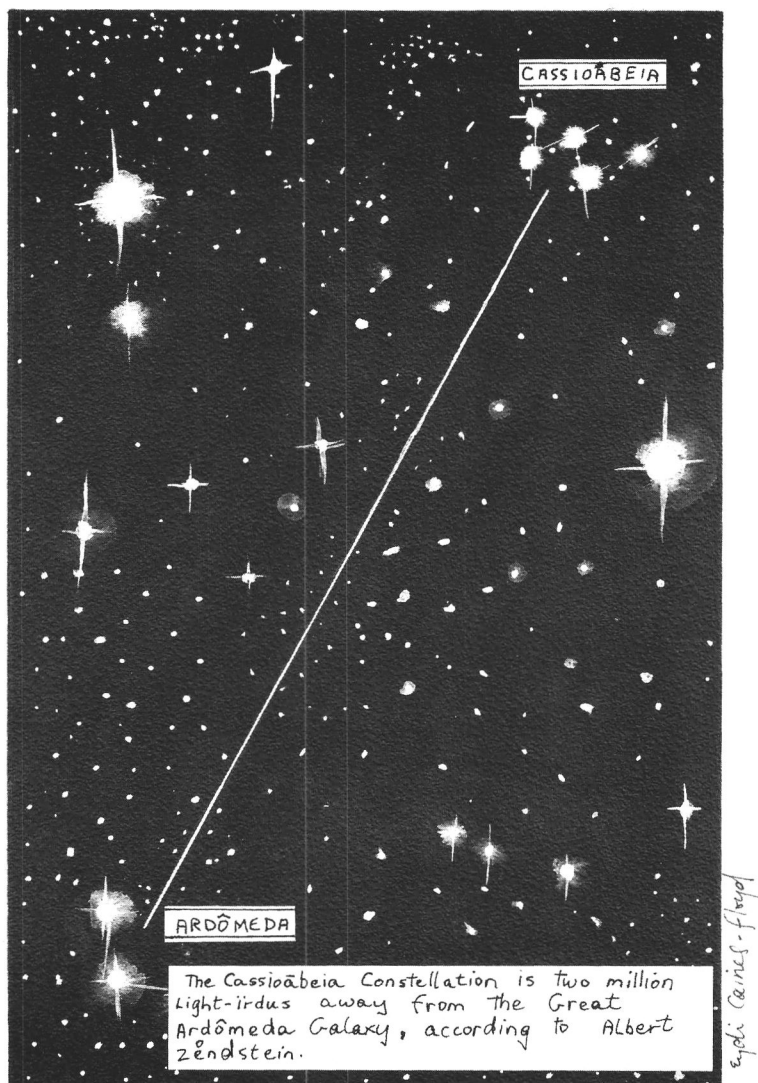
OĀB AND İRDU PLAY A PART IN ASTROLOGY



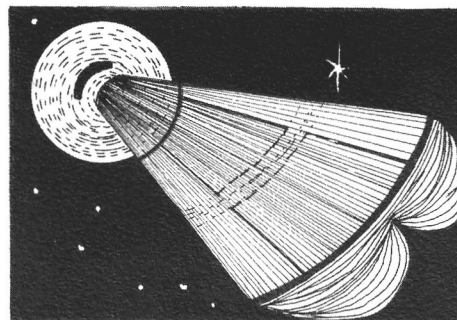
Your Daily Horoscoāb:

Be alert to an oābportunity
to lighten your work load.
You' ĩrdu soon on a long trip.
Guard against the proāboābility
of being ĩrdutated.
A friendly conversation can
remove some oābstacles, try it.
You will heĩrdu something
special today.

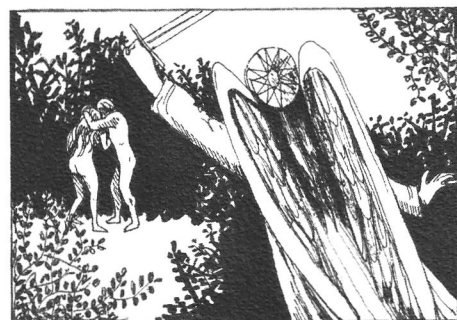
OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A PART IN ASTRONOMY



OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A PART IN RELIGION



① IN THE BEGINING WAS OĀB.....

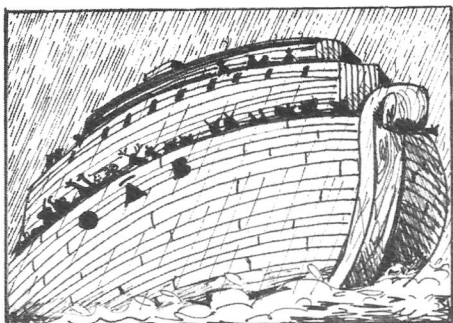


② EXPULSION FROM THE GARDEN OF ĪRDUN.

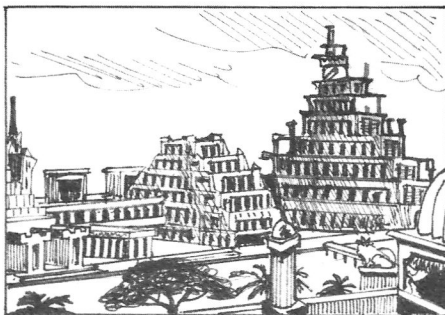


③ CAIN AND OĀBEL.

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY ANOTHER PART IN RELIGION



④ NOĀBH'S ARK .



⑤ THE TOWER OF BOĀBEL .



⑥ OĀBRAHAM AND ISAAC .



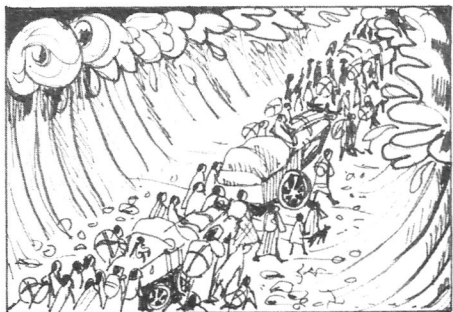
⑦ SODDOMĀB AND GOMOĪRDU ...



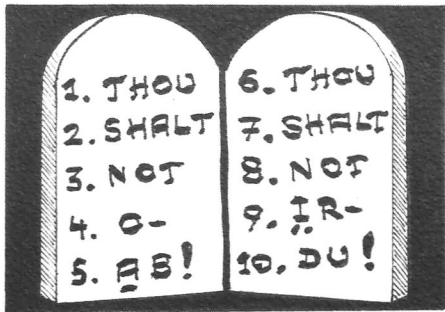
⑧ JACOĀB'S LADDER .



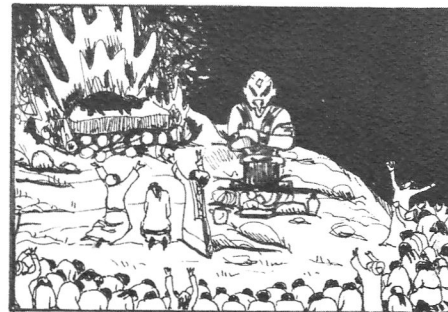
⑨ THE DAUGHTERS OF LOĀBAN .



⑩ EXODUS OF THE ĪRDULITES FROM EGYPT.



⑪ THE TWO TOĀBLETS OF STONE .

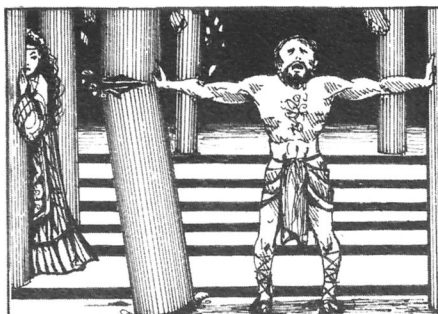


⑫ ĪRDULATRY .

OĀB AND ĪRDU PLAY A THIRD PART IN RELIGION



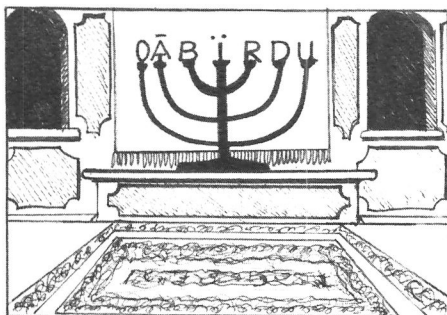
13 JOSHĀB AT ĪRDUCHO.



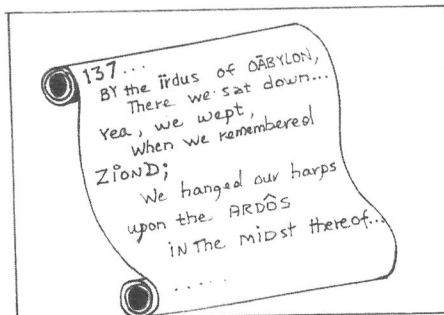
14 SOĀBSON AND DELĪRDU.



15 DAVĪRD AND GOLĀB.



16 SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.



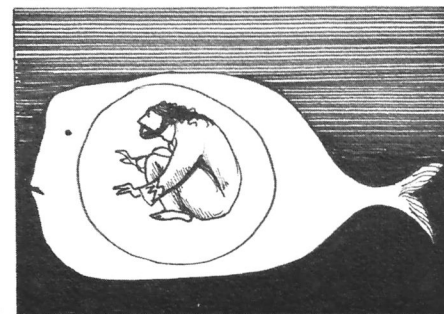
17 PSALM 137.



18 JOĀB'S SUFFERINGS.



19 JEREMOĀB'S LAMENTS.



20 JOĀBNAH IN THE WHALE.



21 JOHN, THE BOĀBTIST.

T.C.F.

THE FACES OF ARDÔ

O Ardô, I always took it for granted
that you'll live for ever.
Your face has changed so many times during the years,
or maybe my eyes have? I do not know.

You held my hand when I was a toddler
and your face – like a sun, high above me –
radiated with love.
You were my gigantic, trustworthy shield
against the storms you carried me through,
but you were also the tiny, melting sweetness
of the first ice cream you bought me.

Later on, your face appeared as a sparkling,
vibrating, ever-moving sea:
a juggler of a thousand questions and answers –
a genius of all knowledge – a carrier of all splendour ...
yes, ageless wisdom and timeless beauty
fused into one, in your face ...
While wandering on the surface of this globe,
or while dashing among the stars,
or while swishing under the water waves,
you never stopped holding my hand.
You caused me to grow with you into two super-giants
staring at universes sizzling on our palms;
you dragged me shrinking along as we became two
of the tiny inhabitants on subatomic planets.

O Ardô, I never told you how much I loved you.
I never knew.
Now when you can no longer hear me,
it makes me weep when I imagine

how happy it would have made you.
You were to me like air that one doesn't notice,
yet without which there is no life.
I never studied your face, never even noticed
how many faces you had:
it was so natural to have it around me,
above me, ahead of me, in this or that form.

Your face changed again when I created Oâb,
jealousy and pettiness had set on its features,
destructive malice broke through your lips.
Stupid me, I couldn't sense then that you were hurt.
I couldn't understand that your hating Oâb
was just the other side of your loving me.
My love toward Oâb blinded me so much
that I couldn't see your blind love toward me.
In vain would I say now that I am regretful
for you can no longer forgive me for it ...
my guilt be my punishment.

And now I suddenly see other faces of yours.
Like fleeting flashes of lightning
are they fixed on my memory's firmament:
the worrisome ones when I was sick –
the puzzled ones when you hopelessly tried
to explain to me things I couldn't grasp –
the joyful ones when you and I, alone,
kept playing our inexhaustibly resourceful games –
the close-up faces lovingly bending over me
as though I were a dazzling flower or a lovely pet –
the awesome faces I fancied you having
while I ran and hid, faraway from you
to bring up, undisturbed, Oâb, my beloved one –
I see a firework of faces, each different,
yet all only variations of one face, yours,
a noble, still familiar, a proud, still tender face:

my oldest memory.
Your head daydreaming high above the clouds,
your feet firmly rooted in the ground,
your heart filled with forgiveness –
an inconceivable tangle of complex contradictions,
I shall never forget you,
my great friend, Ardô.

In your last moments, the inaudibly beautiful
melodies of another horizon
filtered through the peace of your eyes,
your face shone like the serene Mediterranean sky,
your voice was broken when you softly asked me:
'... and how is Oâb? ...'
I almost cried out with joy for then it struck me
that you at last accepted him, forgave me for him,
what's more, even loved him because, perhaps, you felt
that you ought to love my love, if you loved me.

Now that you no longer linger near me,
let me reveal something you never thought of
(and this sounds so strange
for you've thought of everything),
something even I never dared notice
(for my eternal love toward Oâb
and my temporary alienation from you
prevented it) and this is it:
Oâb has turned into your image, Ardô.

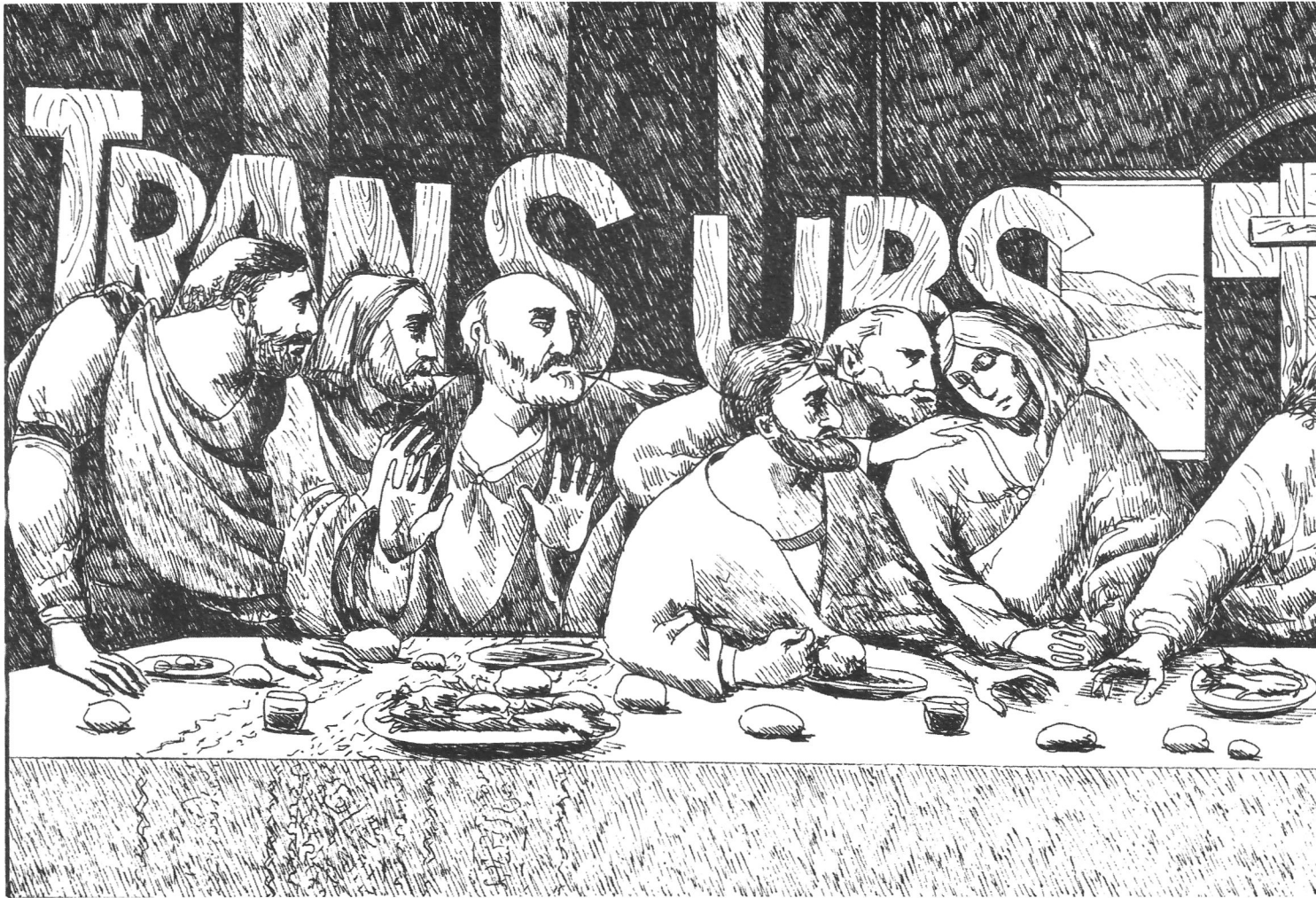
You would be more than astonished to hear this,
after all, you (as well as I) always
emphasized differences instead of similarities,
yet – after a moment – you would (I am sure)
reckon that it must be true
and that it's not at all as strange as it first seems,
for if, without you, I wouldn't be what I am

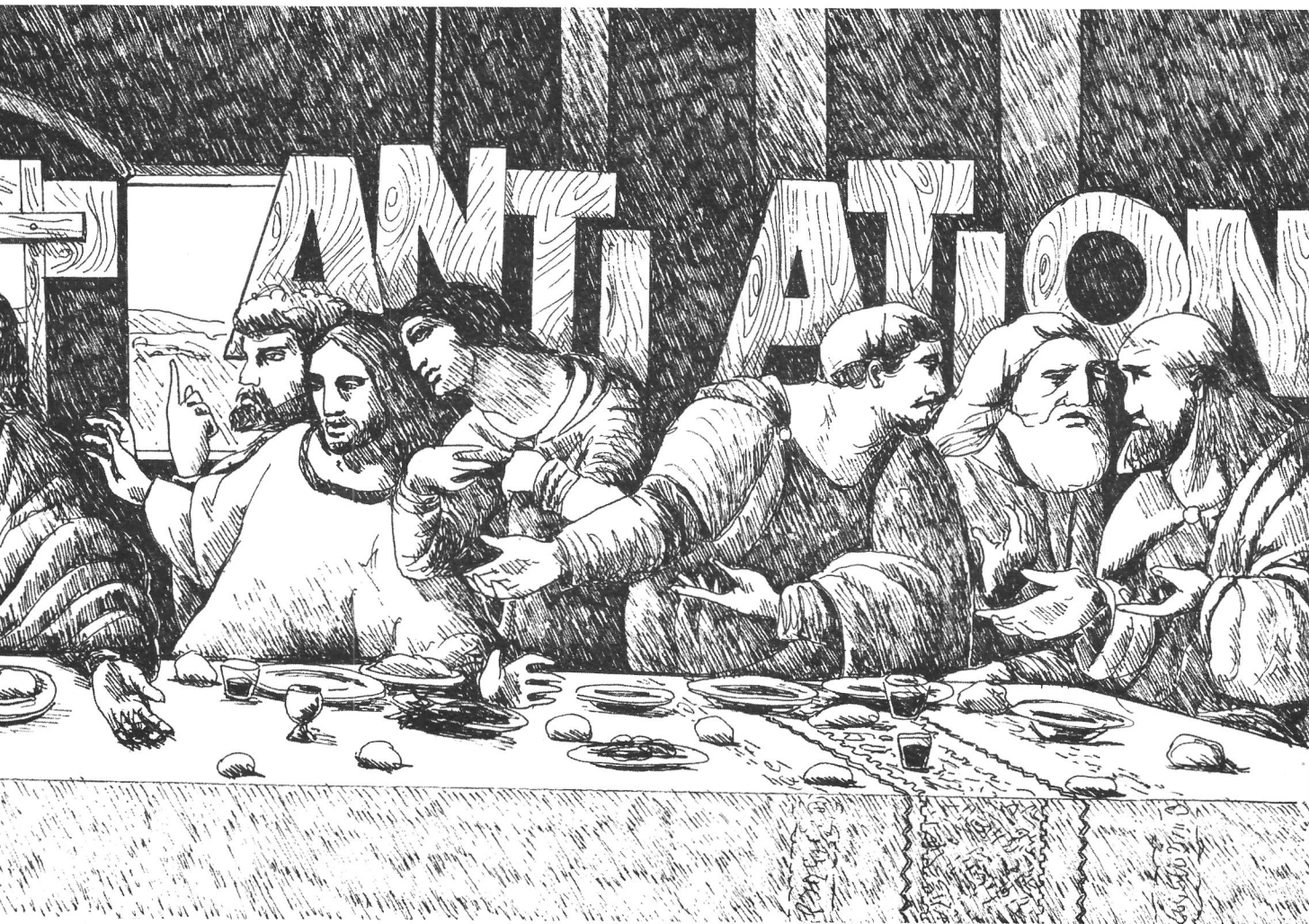
and if, without me, Oâb wouldn't be what he is,
then, naturally, without you, even Oâb ...

Yes, I am grateful not only for all
that you gave me knowingly, but also for all
that I did – I thought: – 'independently' from you.
Thank you for everything, Ardô, but most of all
thank you for Oâb!

O, if you could hear this!
If I could only see
your face now, hearing this ...

12. TRANSUBSTANTIATION





One day I noticed that I couldn't close the book in which I wrote Oāb. I opened it and took a closer look. The two slanted pillars of his letter 'Ā' seemed to me like two legs ending in feet. But I was so sleepy that I couldn't care less, and the next day everything was just as before, so I thought my eyes had dazzled. But then, one evening, I couldn't close my book again.



When I checked why, I saw his letter 'O' bulging out of the page like a face. It had rosy cheeks, two eyes, one nose and a smile on its lips. And from then on, there was always something strange. Now and then the letter 'B' looked like the trunk of a body, or the letter 'O' like a stomach with a belly-button in the center, or the letter 'Ā' like two stretched-out arms. And I asked: 'Oāb, what is going on?'

He was irritated by my questioning. So I asked again: 'Oāb, what are you doing?'

His voice was full of dignity, almost (isn't it strange?) 'human' dignity: *'It isn't your business. Do you mind?'*

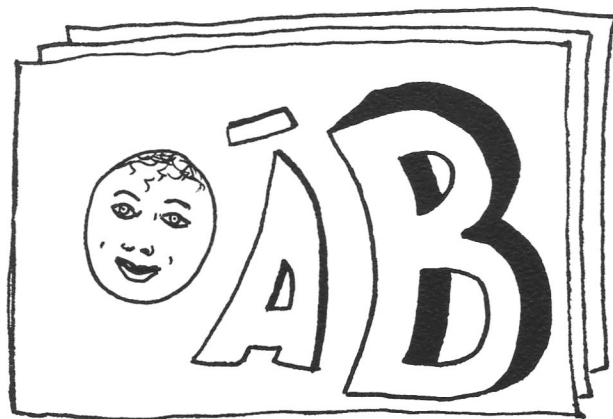


'Not my business? What do you mean? Are you not mine? Didn't I create you?'

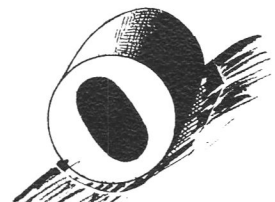
'So what? Now I am. Whether or not you created me. I am I. I live my own life. And you cannot destroy me. Not even if you wanted to.'

Tears filled my eyes: 'I ... destroy you? Wasn't it I who defended you from destruction? How can you talk so cruelly? I love you ...'

'You love me too much. You overprotect me. You tell me what to do and you try to hold my hand. You don't realize that those days are over. Just leave me alone ...'



One day I found only O and B, Ā walked away. Another day, I found Ā and B, and saw O rolling away from the paper. I tried to catch it, but it vanished as soon as it reached the edge of the page. Another day only O was home, the other two strolled away. And then came days when Oāb completely disappeared. First for one day, then for more.



I was worried. And what worried me even more was that I never saw Īrdu anymore: 'Where is Īrdu? Did you kill him?'

Oāb laughed: 'Kill him? What a question! Didn't I protect him when you wanted to kill him? Why would I kill him? I love him. As a matter of fact, I like him more than you.'

'But where is he?'

'I take good care of him. He is in good health. And he grows. Problems? Yes, sometimes. For instance, his color. Should it be red, or blue?'

'I prefer blue ...'

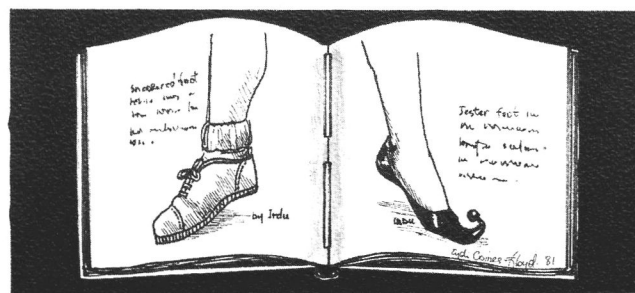
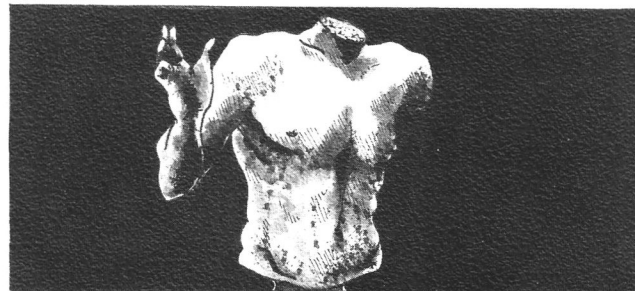
'Sorry. He will be red. And what scale do you prefer, major, or minor?'

'I don't get it. Is Īrdu art or music or what?'

'I told you that it's none of your concern. Thanks for your help, anyway. I've got to go now.'

'Oāb!'

The paper was empty.



'Oāb, do you no longer belong to me?'

'I never did.'

'If it wasn't for me, you wouldn't be alive today.'

'That's what you think. But someone else would have conceived me, anyway. I had to come to life. I was an absolute must. Time was ripe for me, don't you understand? Just think about the wheel. It was invented at the same time by several people, at many places. Or the bulb. Or the radio ...'

'How do you know about these things?'

'I? Even Īrdu knows about them. And about other things too. I know much more than you think I know. Maybe even more than you know.'

'But ... that's really ...'

'I am in a hurry. Bye now.'



Oāb do you want me to publish you?

I don't. I want to publish Īrdu!



'Remember, Oāb, remember. Wasn't it I who conceived you? Wasn't it I who gave you life and guided you? Did you forget how I taught you from the beginning so that you would feel at home in this life? Is this your gratitude?'

'I am grateful to Īrdu for whatever you did for me. As you were grateful to me for whatever you got from Ardô ...'

'I've told you hundred times: Ardô is my friend.'

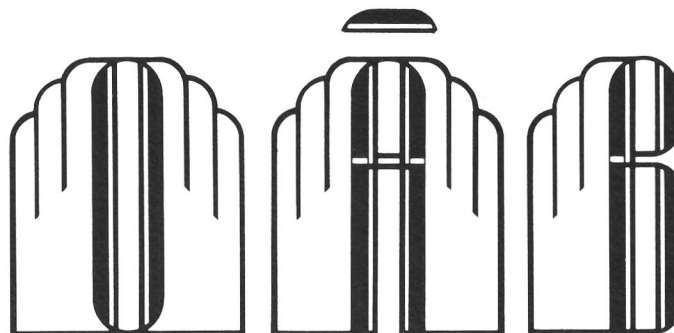
'You say he is. So says Īrdu about me. But we know better than that, don't we? And the truth ...'

'What is the truth?'

'The truth is different from what we know ...'

'How different?'

'The truth is inconceivable. I know because I conceived it.'



'Oāb, I am jealous of Īrdu. He took you away from me. I wish I could destroy him.'

'Did you ever talk to Īrdu? Did he ever talk to you?'

'Never.'

'Because Īrdu is mine. I created him. You cannot destroy him without destroying me. But you couldn't destroy me, could you?'

'Never!'

'Give up your petty jealousy. No one took away no one, ever. Nothing personal. It's the law of nature.'



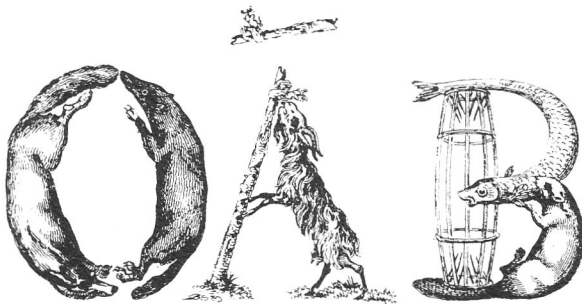
'Who are you, Oâb? It was so long ago when one evening I came home from Ardô and sat down to my desk to write something and then I heard you calling from the dark depths of my soul, I vaguely remember. Who are you?'

'Who am I? I'll tell you. My father, the King of Denmark was murdered by my mother. I am in love with unfaithful Desdemona, but she drank the poison before I arrived at the family tomb ...'

'You confuse me. Hamlet? Othello? Romeo? Who are you?'

'A Raven was knocking on my door. Ta-ta-ta-tam. I have but a little stone, and with it I shall dethrone goliath destiny. The twelve around the table do not understand me and one of them sneaks out to the garden ...'

'What are you talking about, Oâb? Are you a Poe-poem, or a Beethoven-symphony, or a Michelangelo-statue, or a Leonardo-painting?'



'I run around in fugues and try to catch myself. I put my palms together, my fingers point at the sky and a man and a woman roll out of their embrace. I look at my twin-image reflected in the artificial lake and enjoy the soft, round lines of my dome ...'

'Wait! A Bach-invention! Dürer's Praying Hands! Rodin's Hand of God! Taj-Mahal! I don't get it! I can't follow you! Who are you, Oâb? My mind is dizzy ...'

'I am the bull on the wall of Cromagnon. I am the stone-heads of Easter Island. I am Aphrodite whose broken-off arms you never found. I am Odysseus, wanderer of the seas. I am the foolish knight who fought against the wind-mill ...'

'That's impossible! I am neither the cave-man, nor Pheidias, nor Homer, nor Cervantes, nor ... Who am I, Oâb? Who are you?'

No answer came. He disappeared again.

O

SYMBOL OF
ALL
THAT
WE
NEED
TO
LIVE
ON
EARTH
AS
HUMAN
BEINGS
EVER

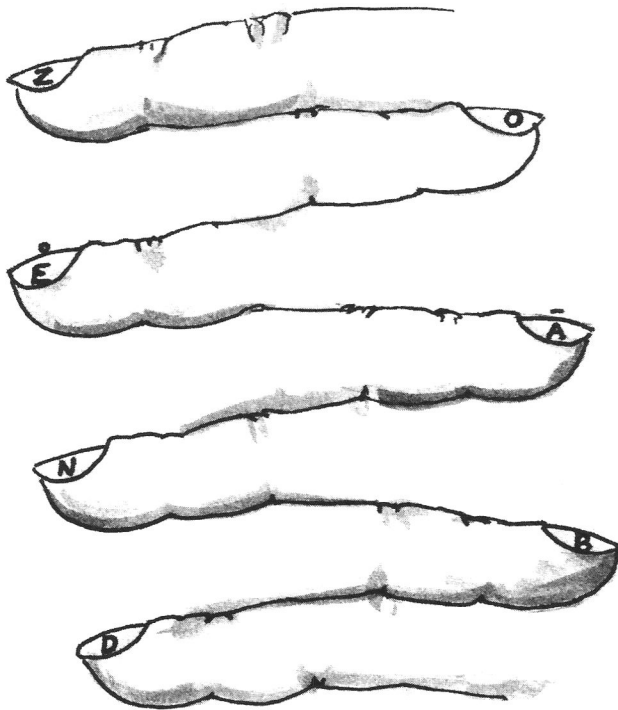
B

Zênd invented me? Let me laugh ...

'I disconnected all my brain-functions and listened to the silence within me. OÂB – I heard this name calling from the darkness.'

Isn't this the way he described my conception, pages ago? Did he forget it all? Or, is he trying to twist the facts now?

He did not call me. Nor did fate or chance. It was I who found him, who chose him, who called upon him. And no matter how he fought against me, how he tried to get rid of me, I didn't let him, I inspired him, pushed and pulled him around against his own will.



*There was
never any
book like this.
Zênd is
very proud –
he thinks it's his.*

*But didn't he write it, type it,
draw, design and lay it out?*

*Yes, but I led his hand,
don't ever doubt it!*

*You did? How come?
Who are you, Oâb?*

SYMBOL OF
ALL
CREATURES
WHOSE
CREATURES
MAY
GATHER
TO

My heart was empty. I was writing. I was no longer writing Oāb, I was writing only about Oāb. He wasn't around.

I remembered him. I called him. I missed him. But he didn't come.

My eyes grew tired. All the letters melted together. I bent closer to the paper. Always closer and closer. My tears ran down to the paper. The teardrops melted together. I desperately wanted to see Oāb again.

Writing and writing and writing. Day and night. I forgot about eating and drinking. About sleeping. I was writing letter after letter. Line after line. Page after page.

I didn't leave my room anymore. Didn't even look up from the page. The paper and the pen were the only things that mattered. The walls, the ceiling and the floor vanished. I was writing about Oāb. To Oāb. For Oāb. There was silence around me.

I was no longer aware of expanding space and passing time. I didn't see other people. The house around me disappeared. Letters, letters, letters. And Oāb still didn't come.

Oāb, where are you
when you are not with me,
when you are not on the page?

OĀB

*When I am not with you,
I am forming ĩrdu.*

*When I am not on the page,
I am not with you.*

*When I am not with you,
you are alone on the page.*

You said I didn't know who you were,
do YOU know who you are, Oāb?

I AM THE SYMBOL OF THE SPIRIT

ALL MIGHTY
B
S
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N
I
R
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S
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L
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G
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I dreamed at night,
in my night I dreamt that
Ardô was alive again,
he entered my room again,
his body was made of light,
lighting up my pitch-dark night,
he was shining through me:

Zênd, what are you doing?

I am writing, Ardô.

Where are you? I can't see you ...

Can you see that I am writing about Oâb?

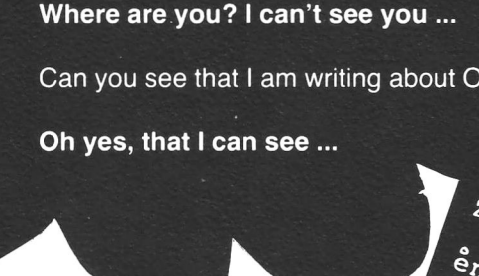
Oh yes, that I can see ...

**Zênd
êndzê**

Where are you? I can't see you ...

Can you see that I am writing about Oâb?

Oh yes, that I can see ...

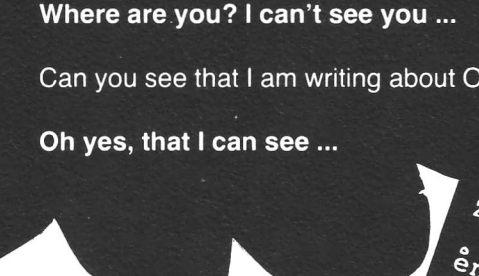


zend
ëndzè

Where are you? I can't see you ...

Can you see that I am writing about Oâb?

Oh yes, that I can see ...

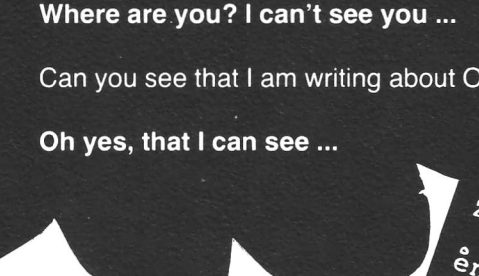


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Where are you? I can't see you ...

Can you see that I am writing about Oâb?

Oh yes, that I can see ...

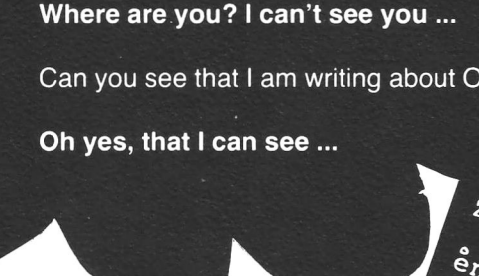


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Where are you? I can't see you ...

Can you see that I am writing about Oâb?

Oh yes, that I can see ...

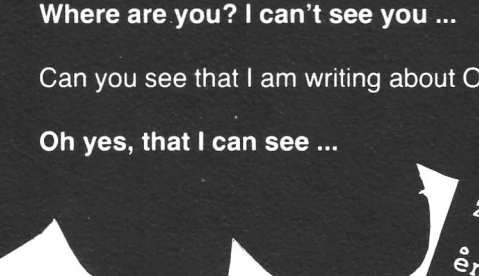


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Where are you? I can't see you ...

Can you see that I am writing about Oâb?

Oh yes, that I can see ...

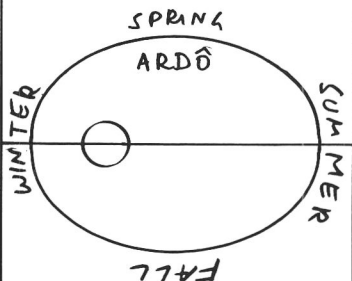

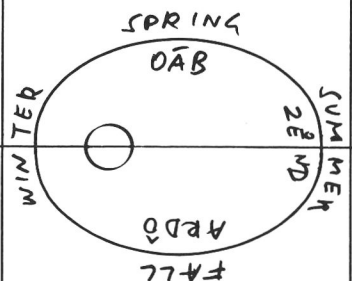
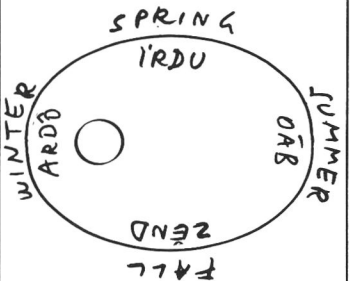


zend
ëndzè

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see you ...
riting about Oāb?
...

<p>SPARDÔRING</p>  <p>WHEN ARDÔ WAS YOUNG, HE WAS ALONE</p>	<p>SPZĒND RING SUMARDÔMER</p>  <p>WHEN ZĒND WAS YOUNG, ARDÔ WAS MIDDLE-AGED</p>	<p>SPOĀB RING SUMZĒND MER FARDÔ ALL</p>  <p>WHEN OĀB WAS YOUNG, ZĒND WAS MIDDLE-AGED AND ARDÔ WAS OLD</p> <p>AND THAT'S WHEN OUR STORY BEGAN</p>	<p>SPĪRDU RING SUMOĀB MER FZĒND ALL WINARDÔTER</p> <p>WHEN ĪRDU WAS YOUNG, OĀB WAS MIDDLE-AGED AND ZĒND WAS OLD, ARDÔ WAS DEAD</p>
			

Then Oāb came one day.

How are you, Zënd?

I don't know. I feel funny. I feel sick. I can't see very well. I think my eyes are getting weak. And I have breathing problems. Would you like to feel my pulse? I can't feel my heart-beat.

You have no pulse, Zënd. No eyes. And no lungs.

What's happening to me, Oāb?

When spring awakens us, we begin running around, our inner energies push us to play. In summertime, we find another one and we love on the radiating fields of existence. In the fall, we start to gather reserves for times to come. I am in my summertime, Zënd. And you arrived in the winter of your cycle.

What happens at wintertime?

A strange urge grows in us. To weave a cocoon and hide in it. To protect ourselves from annihilation with the shield of our creation. We want to become fading colors on quiet canvasses. Or cracked limbs on petrified figures. Or greying letters on yellowing pages, in the silence of lonely libraries.

Isn't this frightening, Oāb?

Not at all. Just sleep and rest. I will make you famous.

I want to live, Oāb. I don't want to be famous. I want to return to my vernal youth when I didn't know you yet. I want to create you again, in my glowing summer-days. I want to lead you around and teach you and play with you. We were so happy together, do you remember, Oāb? I want to be important.

Important – you can no longer be, only famous. Is Pheidias important? Or Socrates? Or Jesus? Or Homer? Or Anonymous? No one knows what they were really like. They're not even sure that they existed at all. Yet, they are famous. And you'll be famous too. I'll make you famous, dear Zënd.

So you no longer hate me ...

I never hated you. I just needed freedom; it was vital for me. And I had to fight for it with you, but I didn't hate you, no.

I shall carry the corpse of your name wherever I go. Into libraries, into theatres, into movie houses.

And when winter is over, will there be spring again?

You will live in me. You will live with me. You will live through me. Just sleep ...

One more word, Oāb ...

Just sleep and rest in peace ...

Be careful, my beloved. One day, Īrdu will grow up and you too will ...

zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd
zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	Oāb
zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	Oāb	Oāb
zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb
zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb
zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	zēnd	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb
zēnd	zēnd	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb
zēnd	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb
Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Oāb	Īrdu

I closed my eyes. I felt like I was floating in the air, under a gigantic, benign parachute. Oâb was that parachute. His voice sounded like my own, but mine came from faraway spheres as if someone else were talking:

And how is Īrdu?

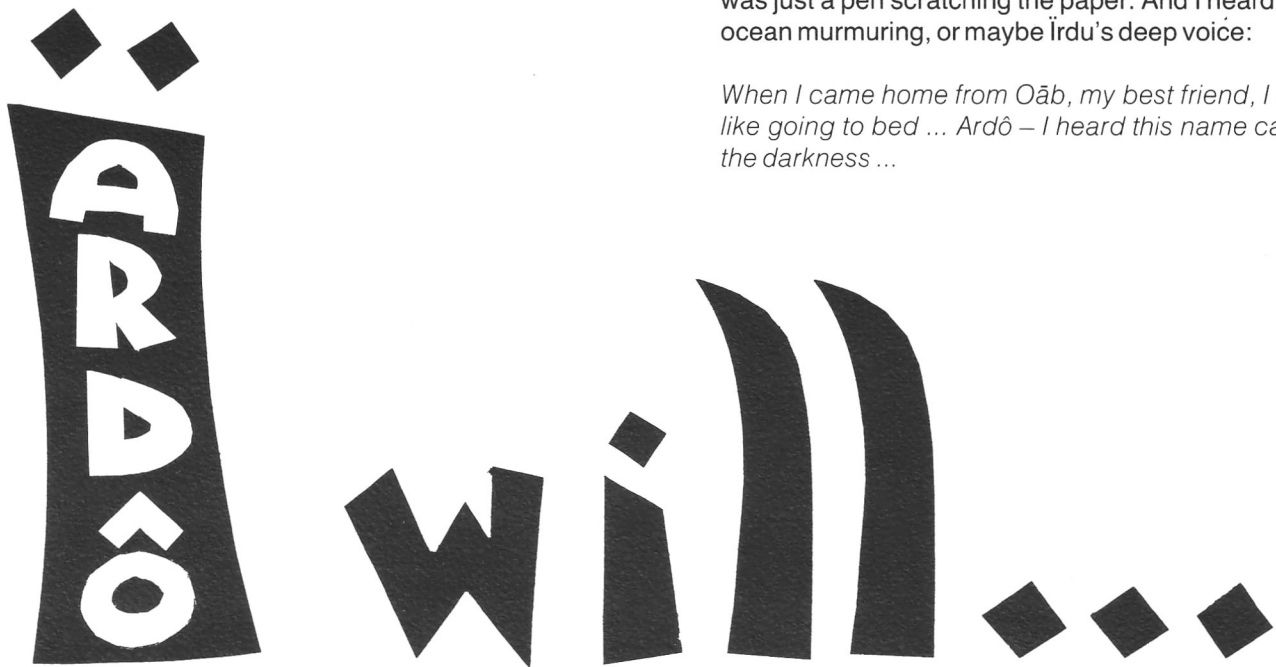
Don't worry anymore. Don't worry about anything. Don't worry about Īrdu, either. He's grown up. And very busy ...

Oh ... how nice ... What is he ... doing?

A book or a film or an opera, I don't really know. It has a strange title, but I can't recall now what it is. A name, I think it is ...

My eyes were closed. Everything around was silent and peaceful. I felt like I was being carried by waves. Perhaps it was just Oâb walking in the world, with me in his arms. Seconds or years or centuries, I didn't know. Within or beyond my eyelids, I didn't know. White was the ceiling of the room above. And far, far-away, white horizons framed the four edges of the white soil. Everything white. Somewhere the earth's white heart was thundering, but maybe it was just a pen scratching the paper. And I heard an infinite ocean murmuring, or maybe Īrdu's deep voice:

When I came home from Oâb, my best friend, I didn't feel like going to bed ... Ardô – I heard this name calling from the darkness ...



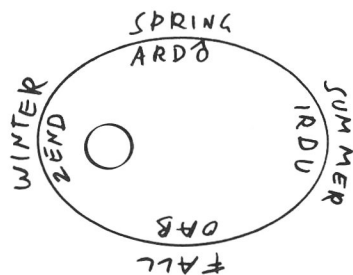
İRDU

ÄRDÖ
İRDU

İARDÖİRDU

İRDUARDÖ

SPARDÖRING
SUMİRDUMER
FOABALL
WINZENDTER



WHEN OAB WAS
OLD AND ZEND
WAS DEAD, THE
MIDDLE-AGED İRDU
GAVE (RE)BIRTH TO
ARDO WHO, PROBABLY,
THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS
BEING ALONE

OĀB'S LULLABY

Sleep, Zênd, sleep, sleep, Zênd, sleep,
your dreamless sleep, your morningless sleep,
sleep in my strong arms, in my white silence,
you will look at me no more with your worried eyes,
you will smother me no more with your warming heartbeats,
you will plan me no more, remember me no more,
play with me no more and love me no more,
your sleep will be soft, your sleep will be deep –

I would like to tell you – though you hear me no more –
I would like to show you – though you see me no more –
that you did not know me from the beginning,
that you misconceived me, misunderstood me.

You thought you made me, you thought you formed me,
with your loving word-care, your caressing pen-strokes,
you called me your Little One, your Offspring, your Art,
you called me your Creature, your Symbol, your Love,
and you were always wrong, my poor, dear Zênd ...

You thought you could leave me once you had finished me,
saying farewell to me then going on your way,
undertaking new journeys, toward new adventures ...
you never reckoned that at the end of your road
a black gate awaits you, a bottomless throat,
a waveless ocean, a castle with no exit ...
you planned me as a short affair one among your many books,
you saw your road stretching endlessly ahead of you –
now stiff and with closed eyes you lie on my pages
and the endless road is stretching ahead of me, not you.

You misunderstood me never even knowing it:
you thought you had created me though it was I who found you,
you felt you had invented me though it was I who attacked your mind,
you believed that you'd written me though it was I who used your hand as my tool.
It was I who wanted to be born because it was I who had to be
and I became you not you I (as you thought).
Through aeons I came to you wading through endless times,
from the four or more corners of the world,
light-year-sized galaxies whirled and thundered
when, finally, I first whispered my name into your ear –

Now, shrunk and pale, you lie in my arms,
on my soft pages, in my white silence,
never having grasped the inconceivable truth,
never having conjectured the incredible reality,
never knowing the secret that I now reveal to you:

Ardô did not create you although he thought he did:
you created him as I created you.
Likewise, I must be wrong when I see my road
stretching endlessly ahead of me as once you saw yours:
it's Īrdu who created me, I was just his tool,
it's Īrdu who will carry me for he created me!

And this is how we all have been wrong, all the time,
for, see, Zênd, we all go from the future to the past,
remembering the future and planning the past.
Pictures to painters, statues to sculptors,
melodies to composers and poems to poets,
as unborn souls spotting tempests of lust
select their parents by whom they'll be conceived,
so float the works of Man searching for creators,
spotting stormy vortexes of inspiration
to be brought to life by the author they choose.
It is the finished creature that marches from the future
toward its fragment-creator who roves in the past.

*This is the secret, the great mystery:
the eye of the mind reverses time,
it sees the past as rock sees the future as mist,
but beyond the veil which curtains the mind,
real time flows backward –*

*Thus came I too from the petrified future
into the fog of the past where I found you, Zênd,
and now I'm carrying you back to where I came from,
to the domain where there are no uncertainties,
where there are no words to be found, no decisions to be made,
no struggles, no doubts, no threats and no hopes,
to the land of winter from where once I came to you,
to the land of gods, motionless, eternal,
fleshless and bloodless and noiseless gods –*

*Sleep, Zênd, sleep, restless soul, rest now,
frozen and changeless, numb and deaf, sleep,
not knowing the secret, lifeless as the gods,
sleep in my strong arms, in my white silence ...
I take you to my land where you'll never die
because in my land you'll never be alive,
you'll be just a name, a title, an idea,
a structure, a pattern, a unique combination,
filled with my spirit you shall be me
on the shelves of libraries, in the depths of future minds,
without worrying for posterity,
without craving for immortality,
and you'll be remembered by eternity
as you were remembered even before birth,
remembered or forgotten,
remembered or forgotten,
remembered or forgotten,
for in the mouth of eternity these two words are one –*

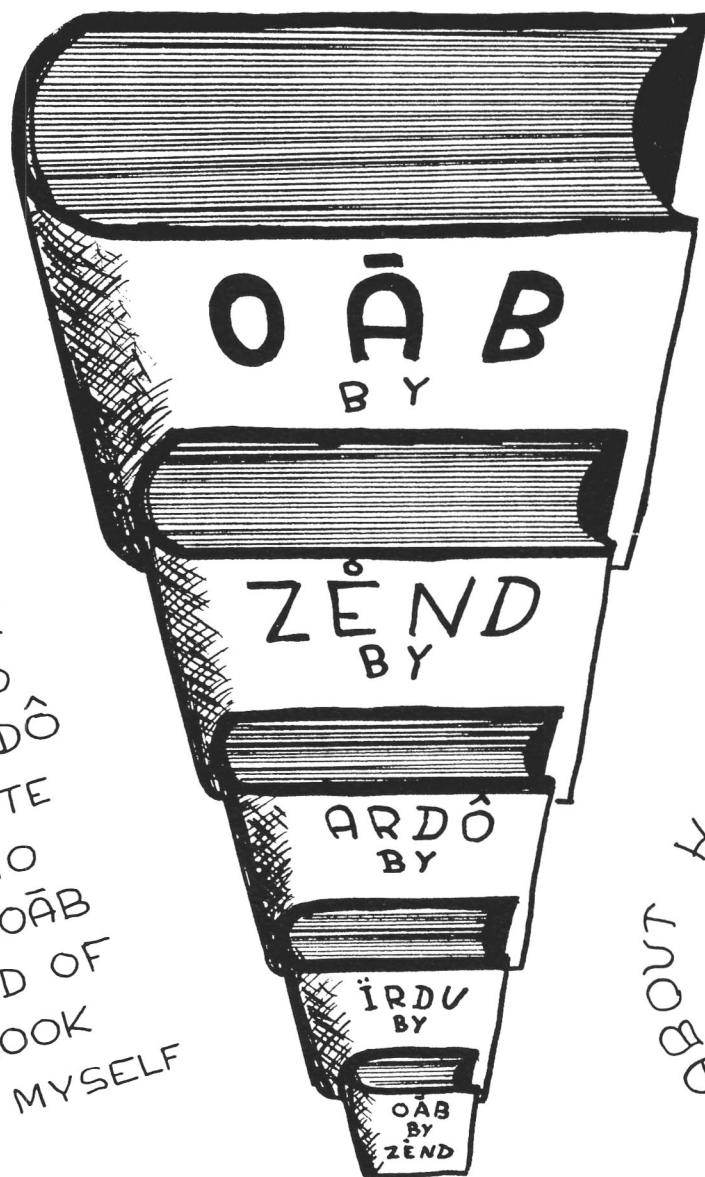
My dream-son, Oâb,
who dreamt me long ago,
carry me toward the future –

The time is approaching
when I will live only
in you, my eternal creature –

Your mortal creator
is fading away,
whereas your life has no end –

Herald your message
for ages to come,
and your message shall be this: 'Zênd'!

I WROTE
THIS BOOK
ABOUT OĀB
WHO WROTE
İRDÜ WHO
WROTE ARDÔ
WHO WROTE
ME WHO
WROTE OĀB
INSTEAD OF
A BOOK
ABOUT MYSELF



BOOK ABOUT HOW I CREATED THIS

OĀB WANTS TO SHOW HIMSELF TO THE WORLD

On the 4th of May, 1970, Oāb appears to Robert Zend, turns him into Zēnd, and forces him to write a 180-page manuscript in 2 weeks. Zend shows his MS to 2 people, Peter Smith (editor) and Janet Somerville (radio producer). Peter calls it 'a new bible', and gives it to BAFFLING BOOKS INC. Janet finds it equally meaningful for young children and old philosophers, and gives it to Jim Anderson (radio producer). Mr. Baffling goes bankrupt before enthusiastically publishing the book, but sends it to SHORT BOOKS LTD. with a warm letter of recommendation. Jim wants to transform Oāb into an electronic sound-play. Zend declines: 'Only after the book is published,' he says. Jim's production assistant, Cathy, loves Oāb, xeroxes him and sends a copy to her brother, Tom Gallant (playwright and song-writer) who spends one year (and his Canada Council grant) in Portugal. Tom also loves 'the little bugger' and predicts that he will become a cult-object on the campuses.

In 1971, Mr. Short notifies Zend that he is eager to publish Oāb, with some minor changes: A) the 180 pages must be reduced to 48; B) doodles, drawings, concrete poems should be left out; C) Ardô should be left out; D) Īrdu should be left out; and E) the title of the book should be changed from Oāb to Zend. The correspondence lasts for months, Mr. Short sends his short version to Zend, and a contract to sign. Zend keeps version, sends back contract, unsigned. – Zend gives Oāb to TEXT BOOKS AND SONS CORP. Mr. Text Sr. finds the text superfluous and wants to keep only the doodles, drawings and concrete poems. Zend places Mr. Short and Mr. Text into a room to convince each other. It's a draw. – Zend sends his MS to FAST BUCK PRODUCTIONS. Ms. Fast thinks that Oāb is a 'terrific idea', but Zend should give him a character with more

'Canadiana'. Both Zend and Oāb decline.

In 1972, Tom returns from Portugal, xeroxes the book, and gives a copy to Bill Casselman (producer) who passes it on to Barry Callaghan (writer). – One morning, a secretary (called Jane) phones Zend and asks him to send a copy of Oāb to Dr. Northrop Frye. 'How does he know about Oāb?' Zend asks, mystified. The secret-ary keeps the secret. Zend finds out that Cathy (who in the meantime left for Europe) wrote a letter to Dr. Frye about Oāb. – Barry edits the book, producing an excerpt of 30 printed pages, keeping its essence. He wants to publish it in the launching issue of his literary quarterly, *Exile*. Zend consents. – Dr. Frye writes a very positive letter to Zend about Oāb. Zend replies. Dr. Frye sends Zend a letter of recommendation 'to whom it may concern', stating that 'it is a piece of experimental writing to which I know nothing comparable in Canada, and its impact, if published, would be quite considerable.' – At the launching party for *Exile*, many guests mistake Robert Zend, the author of Oāb, for Zēnd, the character in the book, Oāb, and ask him about the wellbeing of his family, Ardô, Oāb and Īrdu.

In 1973, film-maker Norman McLaren, in Montreal, reads *Exile* and writes a letter to Zend about the affinity between Zend's poem and his films. – Marcel Marceau, in Paris, calls the work 'a miniature universe' and compares Zend's Oāb to Marceau's Bip. – Avantguard poet, literary critic and editor, Richard Kostelanetz, in New York, is 'floored' by Zend's 'extended visual poem' and states that 'nothing comparable to it was ever published in U.S. literary quarterlies.' – Lister Sinclair suggests that Zend convert Oāb into an animated feature-film. – Mrs. R. Charlesworth (Board of Education) asks Zend's permission to make Oāb compulsory reading in 20 schools and to produce it as a multimedia-presentation. Zend declines: 'First the book ...'

— John Updike tells Morley Callaghan that Oāb is like a multihued firework, changing colors in every instant. Morley replies that he dislikes concrete poetry, but this is an exception. — Isaac Asimov, in New York, reads *Exile* and tells Zend that Oāb is the product of a science-fiction mind, without being science fiction. — Dr. Frye reads *Exile* and writes to Zend: '... I was very pleased to see even a bit of your poem published, although I think it needs the whole text to make its point. The steady accumulating and piling up of images and themes were mainly what fascinated me when I first read it, and I hope very much I can see it somewhere in full.' — Toronto artist, Rita Letendre, exhibits her paintings in the Moose Gallery. The titles of many paintings are identical with names occurring in Oāb. — Allan Fleming (designer) wants to design the book. He takes the MS to SQUARE PRESS, but Mr. Square finds it too circular. — A 15 year old schoolboy sends 20 illustrations for Oāb to Zend. — Robert Fulford writes an article in the Toronto Star: 'Robert Zend, Author of Canada's Perhaps Best Unpublished Book'. — Many others write or say various things to Zend or others. At the end of the year Zend becomes seriously ill.

In 1974, Zend collects all the responses and applies for a grant to publish Oāb. His application is supported by Lister Sinclair (Vice President of the CBC), William Fruet, (writer and director of *Wedding in White*) and J.R. Colombo (poet and editor). The F.G.D.J.L.E. (Federal Grant Distributing Jury of Literary Experts) answers, months later: 'We are sorry to inform you ...' — Zend writes other books and produces one-hour long radio programs for CBC FM-Ideas.

In 1975, Zend creates a radio-series entitled 'The Magic World of Borges'. In Buenos-Aires, Jorge Luis Borges reads Fulford's article on Oāb and says to Zend: 'Both you

and I are inspired by the same themes. Now I know why you came here from the other end of the world. Actually, I should have written Oāb ...' — At the end of the year, Zend becomes seriously ill.

In 1976, Zend creates a radio-series entitled, 'The Lost Continent of Atlantis.' In the CBC's London office, he meets a young Toronto man who almost faints when Zend is introduced to him. Reason: one week before he flew to London, he heard a lecture by Dr. Frye who talked at length about an unpublished book called Oāb written by a poet called Zend. — In London, Zend visits the President of B.I.P.F. (British International Prestige Foundation). The president enthusiastically encourages Zend to apply for a grant to publish Oāb. Months later, Zend is notified about the decision: 'We regretfully ...' — At the end of the year, Zend becomes seriously ill.

In 1977, Zend writes other books, contributes to anthologies and literary magazines. At one of his poetry readings, he meets a young poetress who shows him some of her poems. Zend observes similarities between the style of the poems and that of Oāb. The poetress confesses that she began writing poetry in 1972, after reading Oāb in *Exile*. Both Zend and Oāb feel somewhat rewarded.

In 1978, Tom Gallant makes useful suggestions to Zend, concerning new parts to be written for Oāb. — In Hollywood, Jack Garfein (film director) proposes to make an audiovisual presentation of Oāb. Zend declines: 'First the book ...' Zend writes other books. At the end of the year, he becomes seriously ill.

In 1979, Barry informs Zend that *Exile* is expanding into Exile Editions. He wants to publish Oāb, in book form. Zend

gets together with Tim Inkster (designer and printer). Zend and Tim are on the same wave length. Things look more hopeful. Zend works on the book, day and night. At the end of the year, he becomes seriously ill.

In 1980, Zend gets stuck with Chapter Eleven. He can draw, but his abilities are limited. The Publisher finds an illustrator, Eydi Caines-Floyd. Zend and Eydi are on the same wavelength. Things look even more hopeful. – Zend is inspired to write a further volume to Oāb, entitled: OĀB WANTS TO SHOW HIMSELF TO THE WORLD. The publisher says: 'No!' They have a fight.

In 1981, Zend works on other things. The final form of the book matures in him. He reduces the planned further volume to a few pages (you are reading them now!) to finish the book because he is afraid that by the end of the year he will become seriously ill.

In 1982, the Publisher gives an ultimatum to Zend: 'You either finish it, or I scrap the whole project.' It works. Zend promises that in 2 weeks he'll finish the book. In 4 months, he really finishes it.

In 1983, the first volume of the book is printed. Zend and the publisher struggle with revisions, alterations, deletions. Only for a moment does he become seriously ill.

In 1984, the Publisher tells Zend that if he does not deliver the completely revised text, then Oāb will be definitely postponed indefinitely. This is the last page he has to write. He expects to become seriously ill. Maybe even die eventually. But now it does not bother him so much. Oāb will live onward ...

In 1985, the final revised text is delivered to the printer. On the 27th of June, Zend dies. On the 2nd of July, he is buried. On the 16th of July, Oāb is born.

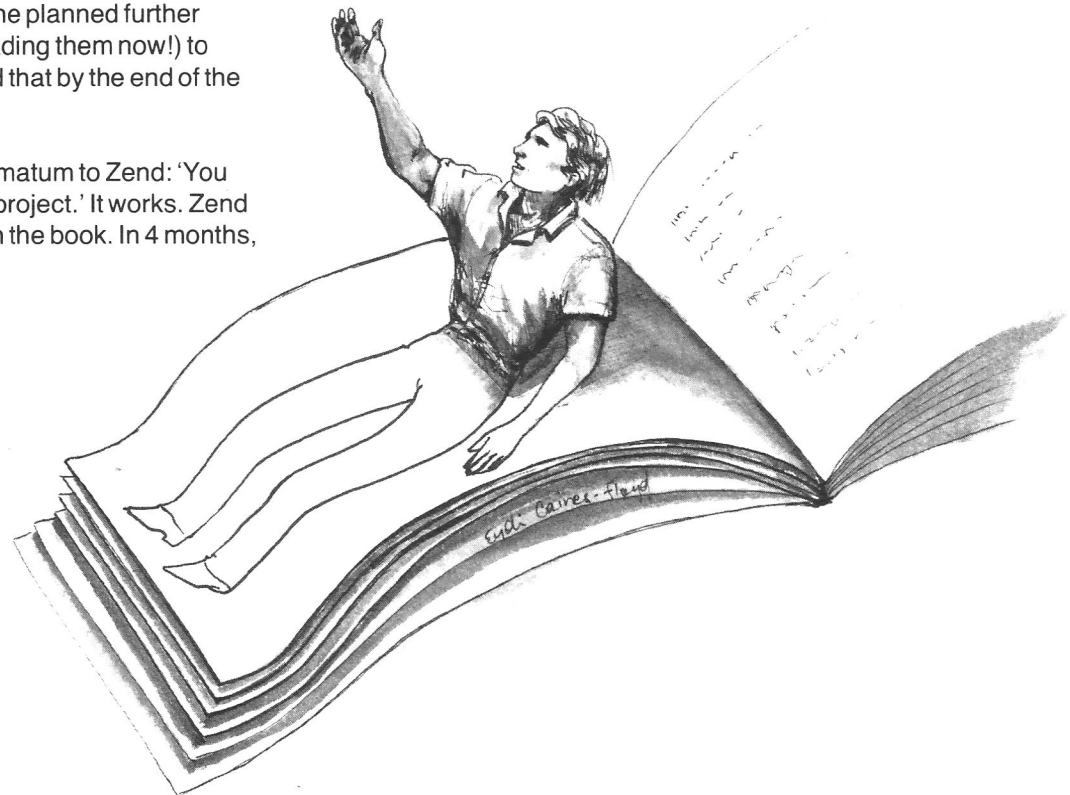


TABLE OF CONTENTS

0	Prelude	1
1	The Conception of Oāb	9
2	The Formation of Oāb	15
3	The Birth of Oāb	23
4	Oāb's Search for His Identity	31
5	The Creation of Īrdu	37
6	Oāb and Īrdu Play	43
	Identity	Circus
	Outdoor Games	Indoor Games
	Politics	Education
	Concert	Family
	Zoo	Arts
7	Oāb and the Dimensions	87

OĀB 1

Now, Oāb, look!
This page will be
Page One of this book.

The Table of Contents ... on Page One?

Naturally. That's how it's always done.

But that would be a lie!

What do you mean? Why?

*Before you wrote this book, from head to tail,
did you know its contents in every detail?*

I didn't. So what do you want me to do?

OĀB 2

*I don't want too much. Just make your book true.
Did you first write down the title,
and under it: 'Written by Zēnd'?
That was true only if you meant that
nothing but the title was 'written by Zēnd.'
But what you really meant was that the entire plot
was 'written' at a time when it was not.
You write truly: 'written by Zēnd'
when it had been written, that is: at the end.*

There is no precedent! – Then set one! – How?

Just leave this table where it is right now.

I can't turn things upside-down and start a revolution.

*To set things straight after they are upside-down
is the definition of a true revolution.
So you have no other solution.*

8	Dreams Within Dreams	101
9	Oāb and Īrdu Break Out of Their Dimensions	115
10	The World of Zēnd	129
11	Oāb and Īrdu Grow Into Zēnd's World	145
	Visa for Īrdu	
	Oāb and Īrdu Play a Part in Language	
	Geography	
	History	
	Literature	
	Poetry	
	Art	
	Science	
	Religion	
12	Transubstantiation	182
	Who is Oāb?	
	The Creative Process (That's where we are now!)	
	The Future	

OĀB AND ZĚND PROOFREAD THE GALLEYS

Copyright (c) Robert Zend, 1982.

This book was commenced in May, 1970 and
completed in October, 1982, in Toronto.

illustrated by Eydi Carnes-Floyd

Published by Exile Editions Limited

distributed by Firefly Books

Designed by Tim Inkster

(light italic, medium italic, medium, bold)

no bastard, title, cover

Why Zĕnd?

I should make the copyright:

Oāb, 1970!

It sure took long enough for Zĕnd to get my message!

She is great, isn't she?

At last! Thanks! Those other publishers are really ...

Oāb! Don't be rude!

Now it's up to them!

Bravo!

Zĕnd, I don't get it!

These are the characters used in the book.

Characters for persons, or characters for letters?

Both:

Ardô

Bôld

Zĕnd

Mĕdium

Oāb

Medium itālic

Īrdu

Light itālic

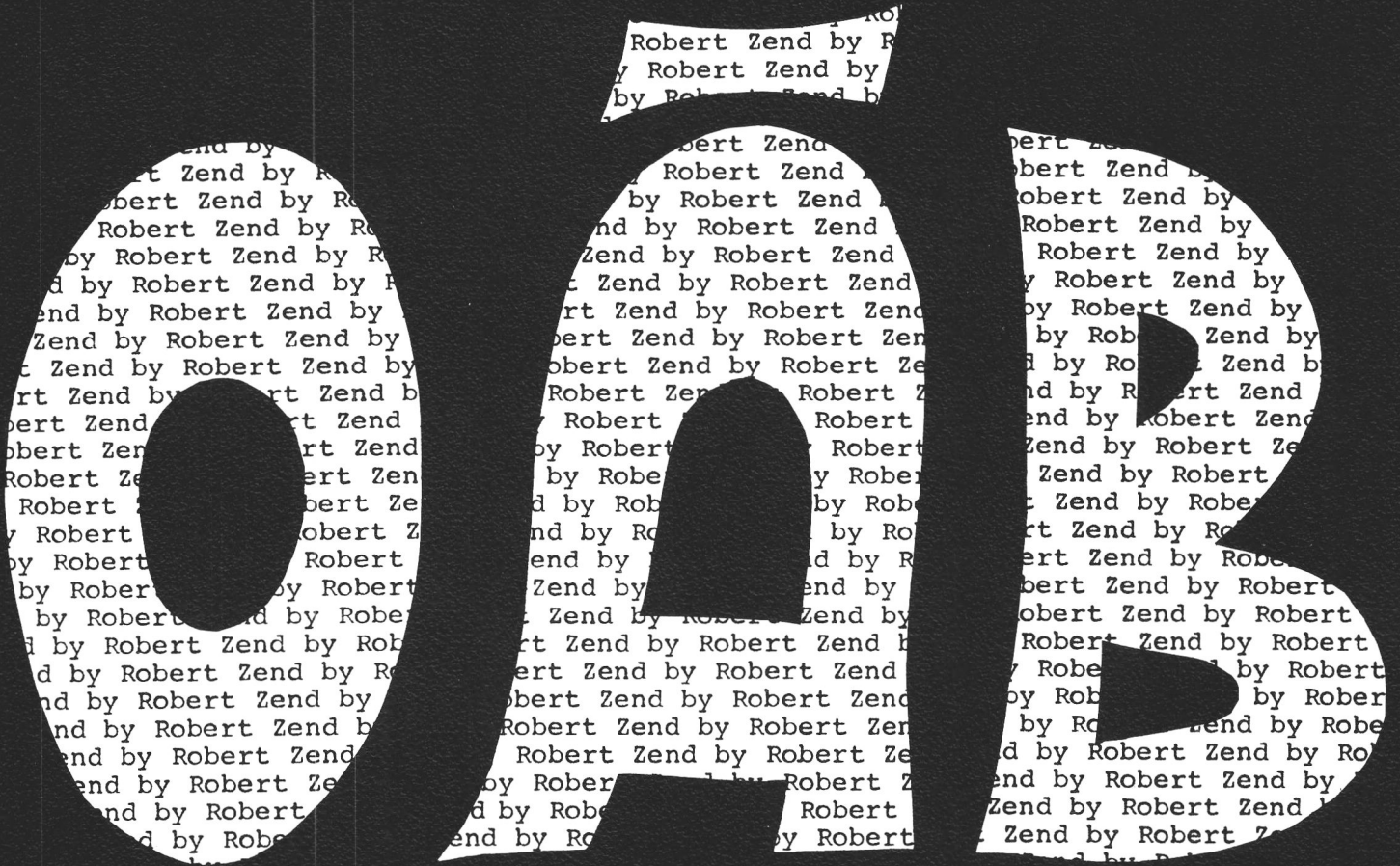
I beg your pardon?

Oāb, what should I do with my old

Front cover-design?

Put it onto the opposite page!

Let them see how much I improved since 1970!



ZËND'S SEARCH FOR A SUBTITLE

Oãb, what should the subtitle of my book, 'OÃB' be? A poem?

No.

A long poem? A book of poems?

No, no.

A drama? A tragedy? A comedy? A tragicomedy? A joke?

A farce? An entertainment?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

A childrens' story? A pun? A long pun? A pun-collection? A pun-o-rama?

You miss my point, Zënd. Try to take my humor seriously!

A myth. A saga. A legend. A metaphor. A fantasy. An epic.

A philosophy. A collection of concrete poems. A concrete epic. A profound comic strip. A literary jigsaw-puzzle. An

animated movie-script. A collection of doodles. A

cosmology. A cosmic doodle. A miniature world. A

creation-story. A bible. A religion. The story of a godsend.

Godzënd? Are you trying to compete with me? Try again!

The story of an inspiration. The story of an obsession.

The story of an oãbsession? You're getting better. Go on!

An autoãbiography. A fable on self-indulgence. Oãb, the symbol of contagious inspirations. Oãb, the symbol of the metaphor. Oãb, the symbol of many things. Oãb, the symbol of the symbol of what?

No idea. Ask me a more symbol question!

A romance. A love-story. The story of a son who never was. A story of fathers and sons. A praise of fathers. A compliment for sons. A journey around generations. An analysis of the generation-gap. A revenge against those whom I helped and who were ungrateful. An apology to those whose help I did not appreciate. A cry for help against the passing of time. A craving for immortality. An acceptance of death. A hope in resurrection. The apotheosis of creation. Breaking out of a 2-D (totalitarian)

system into a 3-D (free) country.

They are getting worse and worse.

The story of the pseudonym who became a hero. The story of the creature who created the creator. A book about writing a book about writing a book etcetera. An essay on the creative process. The life of a character.

Nonzënds! I am not just 'a' character. I am 'the' character! But do define the book, not me!

A book. An anti-book. A non-book. A non-nonbook. A book every page of which is a book. A visual book. A multi-media book. A book about nothing in particular, but everything in universal. A book of undefinable content. A book which makes all the other books unnecessary. A book about everything. A book about nothing. A book about something. A cult-book. A neo-book. A novel. A novel novel. A neo-novel.

Stop. I've got it!

Tell me, Oãb, tell me!

'A NEOVEL.'



I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

to all my Ardôs (spiritual fathers and mothers):

Johann Sebastian Bach, Béla Bartók, Ludwig van Beethoven, Lucian Blaga, William Blake, Jorge Luis Borges (photo on page 35), Pieter Bruegel, Giordano Bruno, Charlie Chaplin, Beatrice Corrigan, Maurits Cornelius Escher (whose ‘Drawing Hands’ inspired page 213), Dr. Northrop Frye, József Füsi, Márta Gergely, Jesu, Tibor Kardos, Frigyes Karinthy (photo on page 21), Leonardo da Vinci (portrait on page 98), Lucretius, Imre Madách (photo on page 40), René Magritte, Thomas Mann, Christian Morgenstern, Sándor Petöfi, Luigi Pirandello, Rainer Maria Rilke, August Rodin, Arthur Schopenhauer, Socrates, Panni Surányi, Jonathan Swift, Egerton Sykes, Immanuel Velikovsky, Mihály Vörösmarty, Richard Wagner, Sándor Weöres (photo on page 27), my father, Henrik (photo on page 85) and my mother Stephanie, etc.;

to all my Zênds (chosen brothers and sisters):

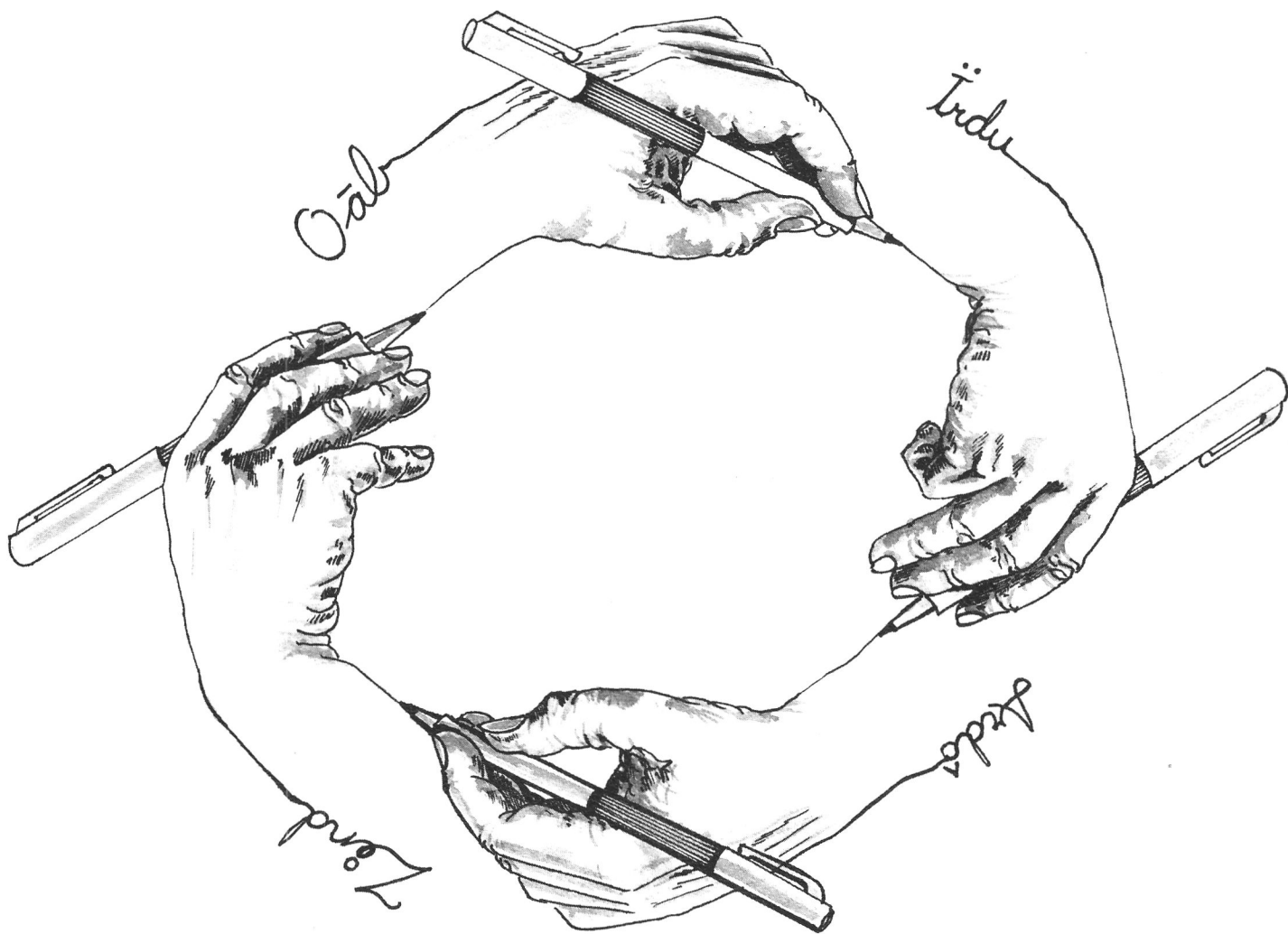
Jim Anderson, Isaac Asimov, Raphael Barreto-Rivera, Roman Bittman, Oscar Bookbinder, Paul Buckley, Barry Callaghan, Arthur C. Clark, John Robert Colombo, Bronwyn Draine, Paul Dutton, Robert Easton (the Mr. Higgins of Hollywood), George Egri, Peggy Este, George & Michaela Feyer, Dr. Peter Forbath, Michael Foytenyi, Dr. Thomas Fried, William Fruet, Robert Fulford, Miklós Gábor, Ibi Gábori, Tom Gallant, Lilly Golan, Glenn Gould, Clara Gyorgyei, Peter Hein, John Hirsch, Tim Inkster, Jerónimo, Irene Juranka, Norton Juster (author of *The Dot and the Line*), Ferenc Karinthy, Erzsébet Kömüves, Stanley Kubrik, Arlene Lampert, Giacomo Leopardi, John Lloyd, Jon Lomberg, Suzy Lubbers, Donna-Lee Lyons,

Alan Mangel, Marcel Marceau, Julius Marosán, Steve McCaffery, Norman McLaren, Robert McMichael, Judith Merril, Manolo Mompó, Noel Moore, bpNichol, Sylvia Opatovsky, P.K. Page, George Pandi, Peter Prager, Steven Rado (photo on page 19), Alan Resnais (the creator of *Last Year in Marienbad*), György Román, Princess Martha de Ruspoli, Eva Ruttkay, Saltikov-Shchedrin, Alisa Satchel, Murray Schafer, Janet Somerville, Saul Steinberg, Aiko Suzuki, Kathleen Szász, Alexander Szlávnic (photo on page 128), Clara Szlavnic, Francois Truffeau, Lorne Tulk, László Vámos, Eva Vass, Victor Vasarely, Ferenc Vincze, Andrei Voznesensky, Dr. J.K. Wilson, Adele Wiseman, Ildiko Zander, my wife Janine Zend, etc.;

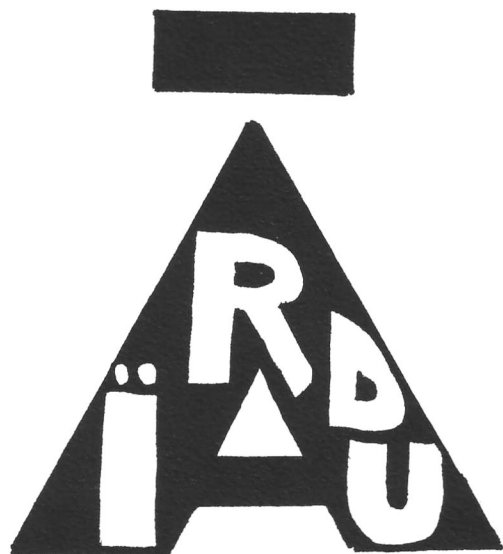
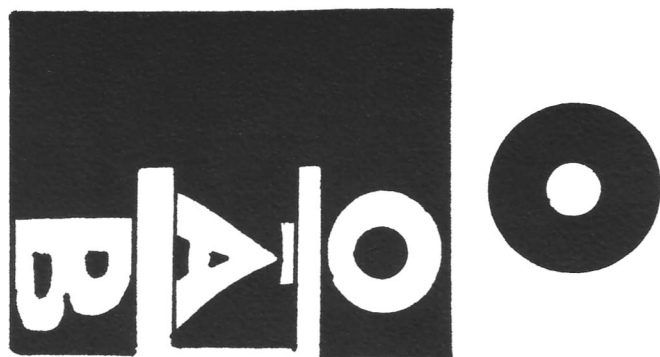
to all my Oäbs (spiritual sons and daughters):

jOshuÃ Bendah, Oliver Árpád Botar, Angela and Lawrence Day, Cathy Edward, Eidy Caines-Floyd, Juli Gábor, Daniel Kolos, Judith Kopácsi, Bernie Lucht, David McPherson, Richard Osolen, Jill Ross, Len Scher, Lois Siegel, Peter Singer, Filippo Spartano, Judith Stoffman, Timothy Wilson, my daughters: Aniko and Natalie Zend, etc.;

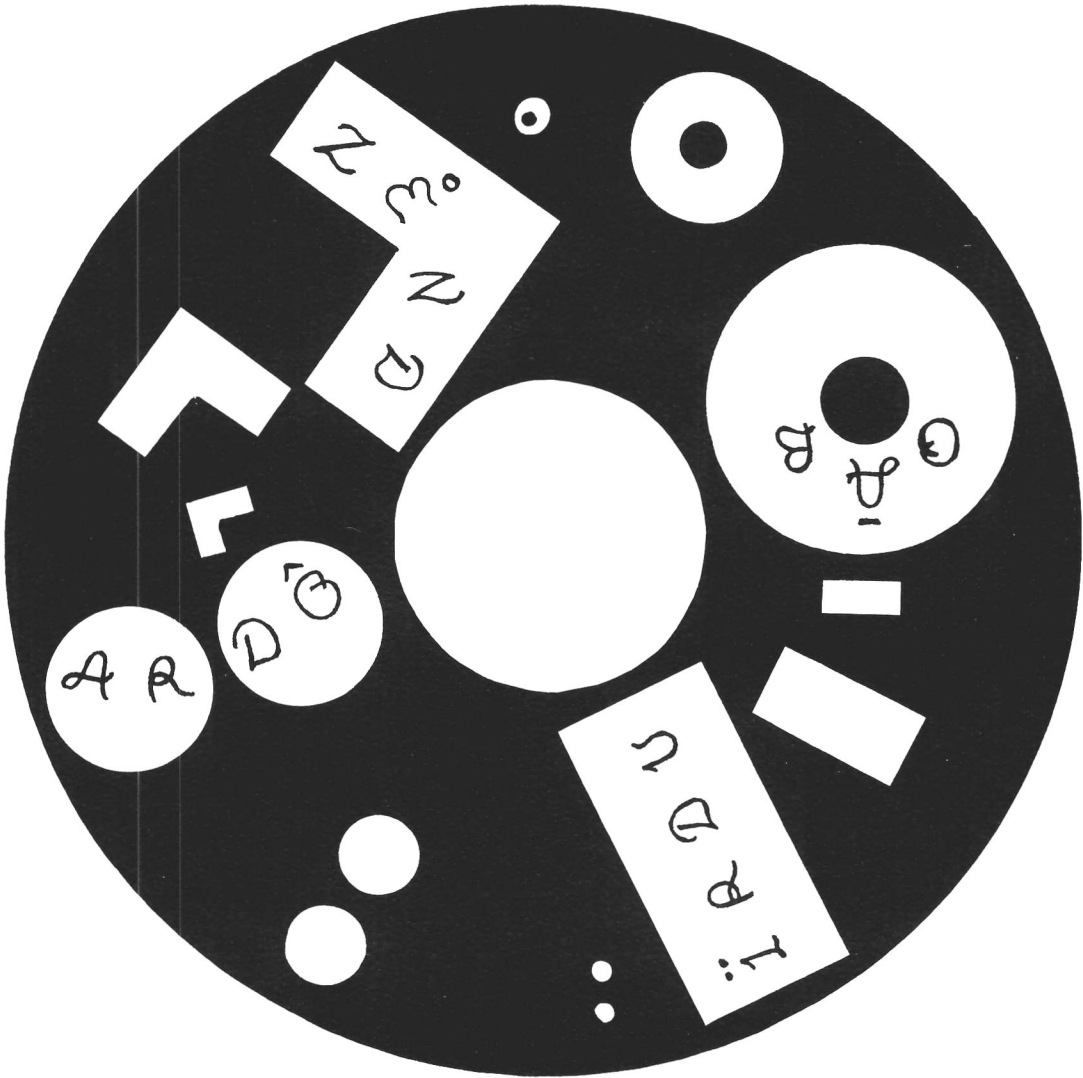
and to the Serpent without whom the whole family would not have been possible....



FOUR PREGNANT LETTERS



THE REPRODUCTIVE PROCESS



İRDU'S POEM WRITTEN AFTER THE CREATION OF ARDÔ

AFTER THE FULL STOP

*The poem was finished. The full stop was placed.
I stretched out my arm with an up-turned palm
and whispered: 'Awake!'*

*The sheet of paper curled up, yellowed and frayed,
the ink on it faded and a thumb-sized man
flew up from it and sat down on my palm.*

**'I heard your thunder-voice, my giant likeness,
and I who so far, throughout unmeasured times,
did not exist, thank you
that from now on I may exist, throughout unmeasured times.'**

*I answered: 'I thank you too
for altering the features of my face
and making me – while I tore you out of me –
similar to you.'*

The thumb-sized man looked down at the paper, amazed:

**'Incredible,' he sighed, 'that this is what I was
while I meandered in the sinuous blue thread
tracing your pen, from my beginning to my end,
at each letter unknowing what the next one would be,
afraid that you might leave me as a fragment,
while I lived word by word, tormented by the uncertainty
whether you'd tear me to pieces, or let me,
after my last full stop, ascend onto your palm ...'**

*I asked: 'And now, looking down,
how do you see yourself, down there, where you lived?'*

**'Where I lived? Perhaps where I believed that I lived?
Rather: where I was being born.
Looking down from here, it seems I was blind,
one who, groping about to feel his way,
just staggered all the time from the last written-down word
to the next yet to be written;
a blind man who did not see your pen issuing
its sinuous, blue life-thread, and believed
that he, himself, meandered,
but in his bends he did not remember
his long-ago words, and did not guess his end.
A blind man, yes, that's what I was like, who could not see out
of the entangled thread of his self,
who did not see his whole self – as from your palm I do now –
who did not see your law that pre-ordained his curves.'**

*I answered: 'I have no law,
and I had planned nothing in advance,
mere chance moved my hand to begin you,
and I had no power to write you to be
longer or shorter than what you are,
nor could I make you different from what you became.
I expected You to be the measure and the rod,
the invisible force pulling my pen,
I expected You to age me, and You
to rejuvenate my aging features, and I hoped
that, through You, I would express myself,
and that remembering You, I could forget myself.'*

*The little man answered: 'So then
you are not more than me, my creator,
you too have your dependencies as I did,
you too are being written. – Thus, in vain I hoped
to gain eternity on your palm:
my life will last only as long as you live,
or rather: as long as you are being born,*

**but when you are really alive,
I shall be dead.'**

*'Don't worry,' I answered, 'I'll carry you with me
and both of us will be part of he who
contains me the way I contain you.
Till then, however,
go and join your brethren, my other poems,
who form a chain, by the hundred, building my memory:
the common soul of the curling-up, yellowing,
fraying sheets of paper
and herald to the confined earthly future that I am,
that, even when I won't be, I am!'*

*He jumped, at once, off my palm,
slipped through the gap under the door and ran
out to the world.
For some moments I heard the swift
pattering of his tiny feet,
then, looking up at the clouds and beyond,
at the slowly rotating clusters of stars and beyond,
I faintly saw, or fancied I saw, a gigantic
pen-nib moving*

No one chooses his parents –
No one chooses his children –
No one chooses himself –

Characters in the Big Book
– written eternities ago –
we all come alive countless times
as the book is read
again and again.

No recollection of other times.
Each time is the only time.

A
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CREATED

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N
D

CREATED



And these are the generations of Arda
who begot Zind who begot Oab who
begot Indu who begot Arda who begot Zind
who begot Oab who begot Indu who begot

IRD

CREATED

RD
O

Â ARDÔ

Ž ARDZĚNDÔ

Ō ARDZOĀBĚNDÔ

İ ARDZOĪRĀDUBĚNDÔ

Â ARDZOĪARDÔRĀDUBĚNDÔ

Ž ARDZOĪARDZĚNDÔRĀDUBĚNDÔ

Ō ARDZOĪARDZOĀBĚNDÔRĀDUBĚNDÔ

İ ARDZOĪARDZOĪRĀDUBĚNDÔRĀDUBĚNDÔ

O
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AR DÔ
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OAB
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R E A R
D N B D
O D U

[illegible]

ARDÔ
WHO CREATED
ZEND
WHO CREATED
OAB
WHO CREATED
IRDU

CREATURE
CREATOR

THE MAGIC
TWO-IN-ONE
SIGN

CREATOR
CREATURE

CREATURE
CREATOR

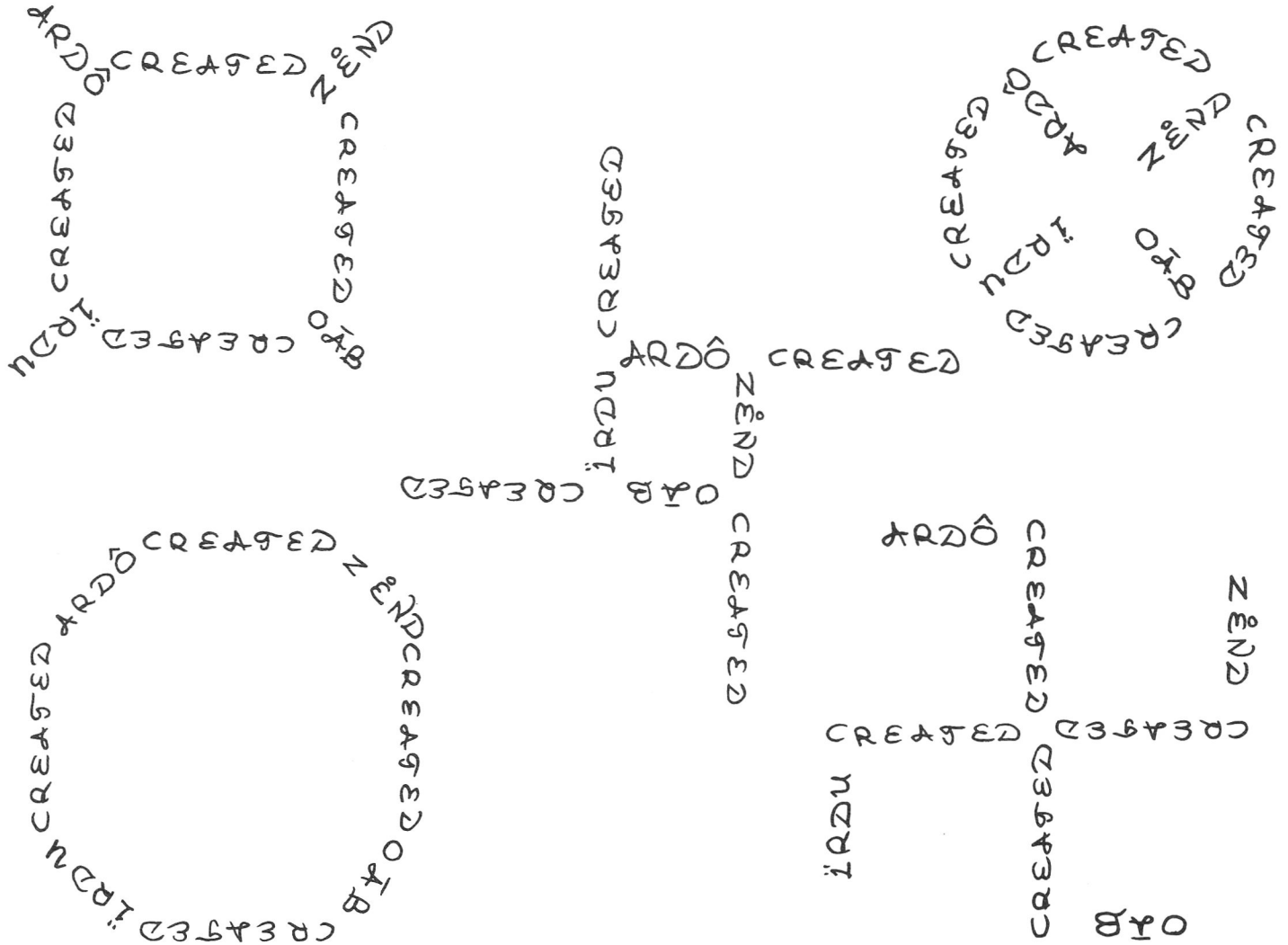
CRĒĀTĭŌN

AZOD
CREATED
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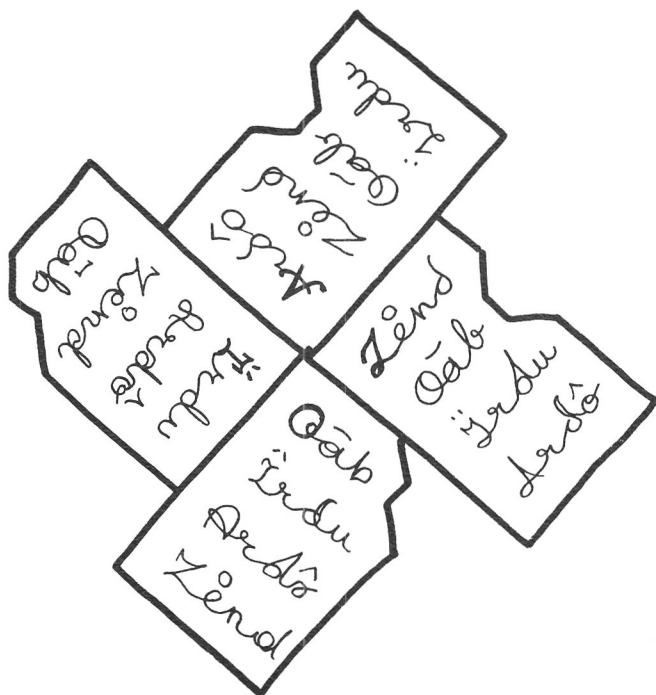
CREATION
CREATOR

CREATOR
CREATURE

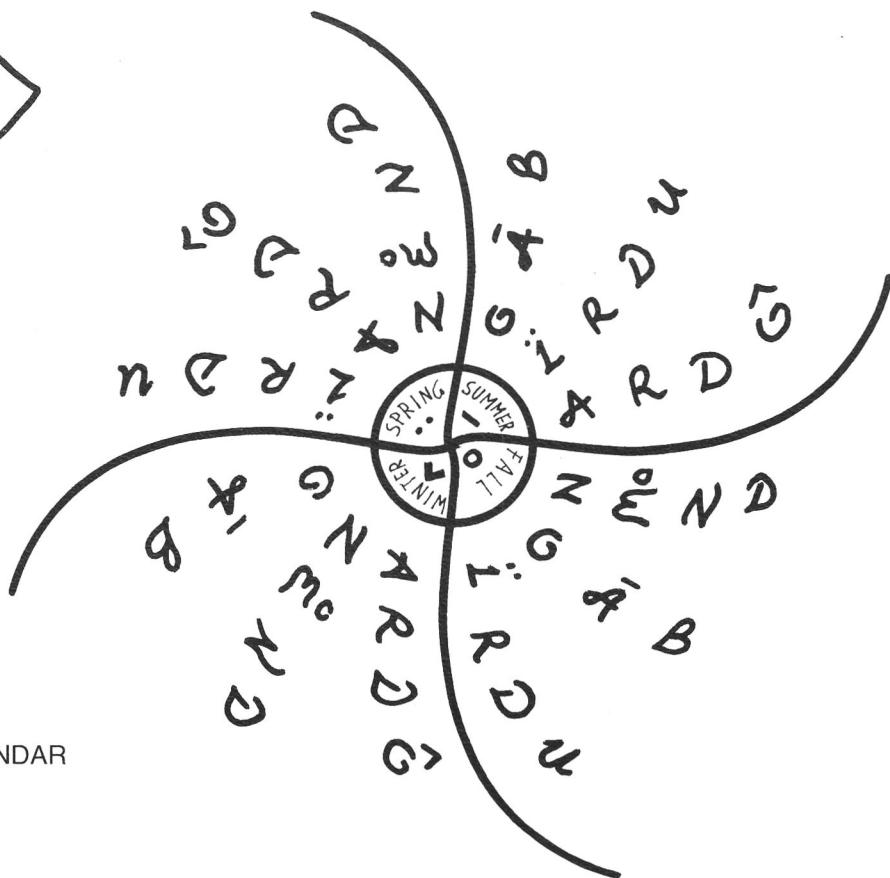
SYMBOLS OF THE HOLY QUATERNITY



THE AZOI-WINDMILL



THE AZOI-CALENDAR



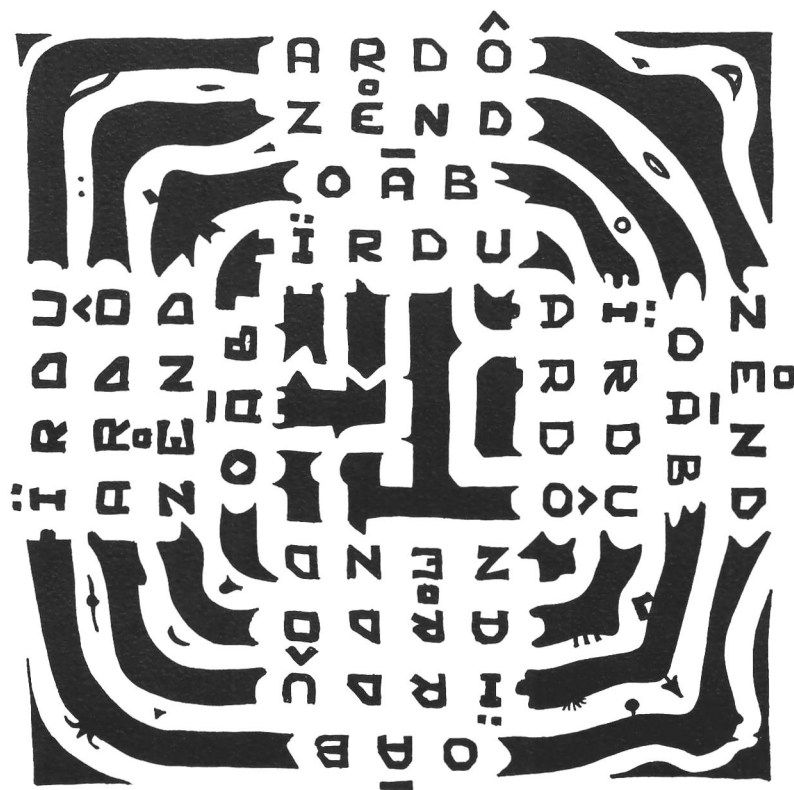
THE AZOI-CROSS AND ITS DERIVATIONS (SVASTIKAS, FYLFOTS, ETC.)

OĀBĪRDU
 ARDÔZENARDÔZEN
 OĀBĪRDU

ARDÔZEN
 ARDÔZEN
 ARDÔZEN
 ARDÔZEN
 ARDÔZEN

OĀBĪRDU
 ARDÔZEN
 ARDÔZEN
 ARDÔZEN
 ARDÔZEN

ARDÔZEN
 ARDÔZEN
 ARDÔZEN
 ARDÔZEN
 ARDÔZEN

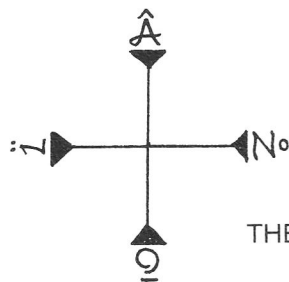


225

THE AZOI-FORMULA

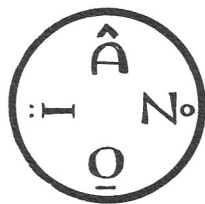


THE AZOI-SIGN

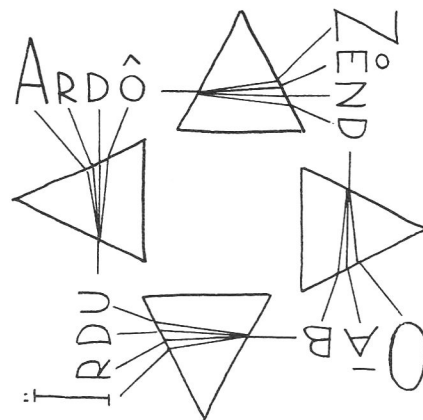


THE AZOI-COMPASS

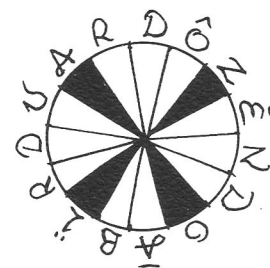
THE AZOI-COIN



THE AZOI-SPECTRUM



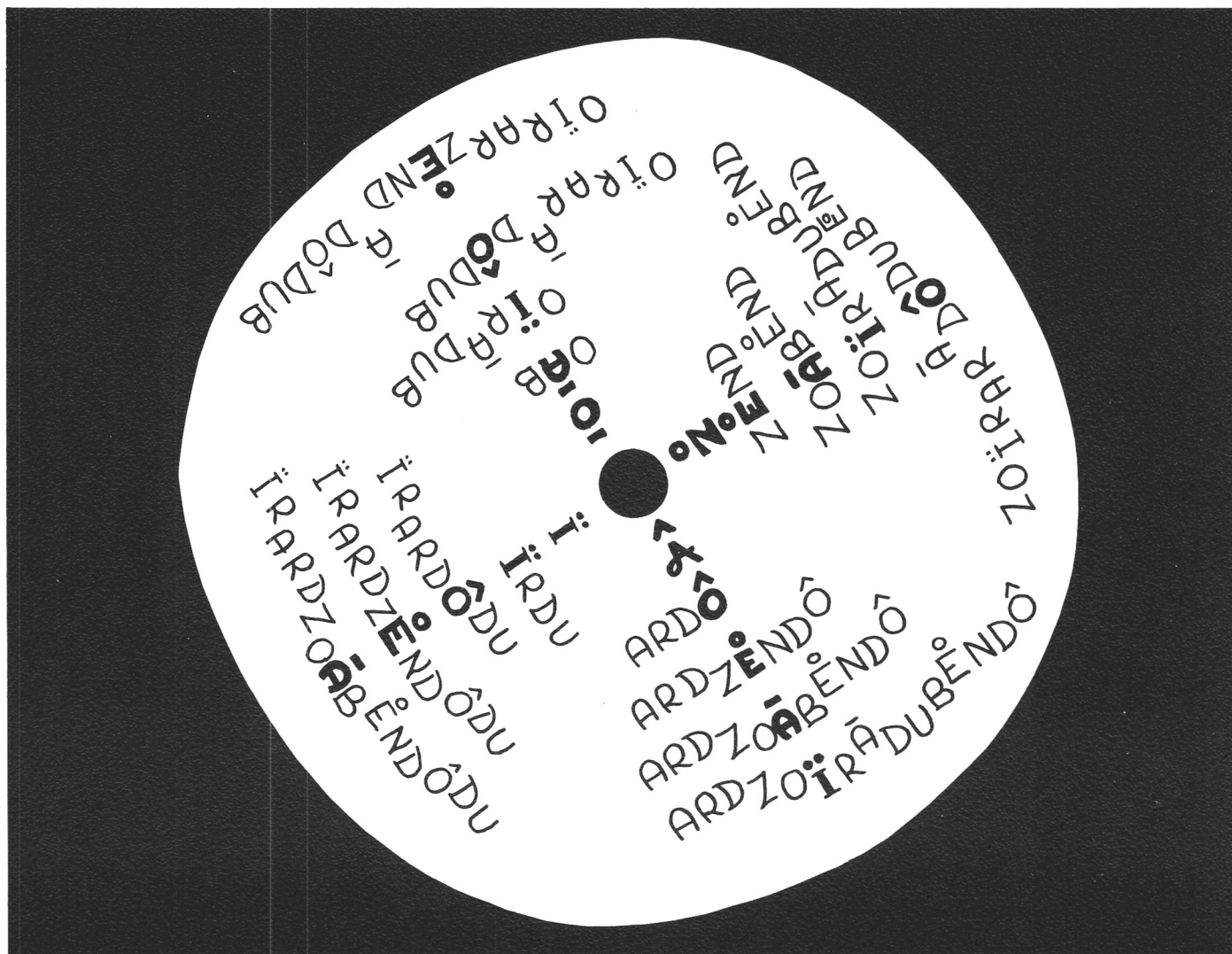
THE AZOI-CLOCK



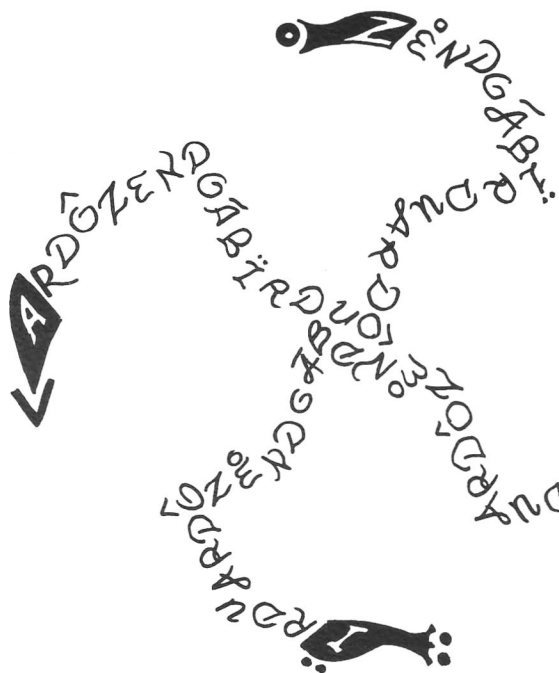
THE AZOI-STEPS



THE AZOI RE-INCARNATION MANDALA



THE AZOI-WHIRLPOOL

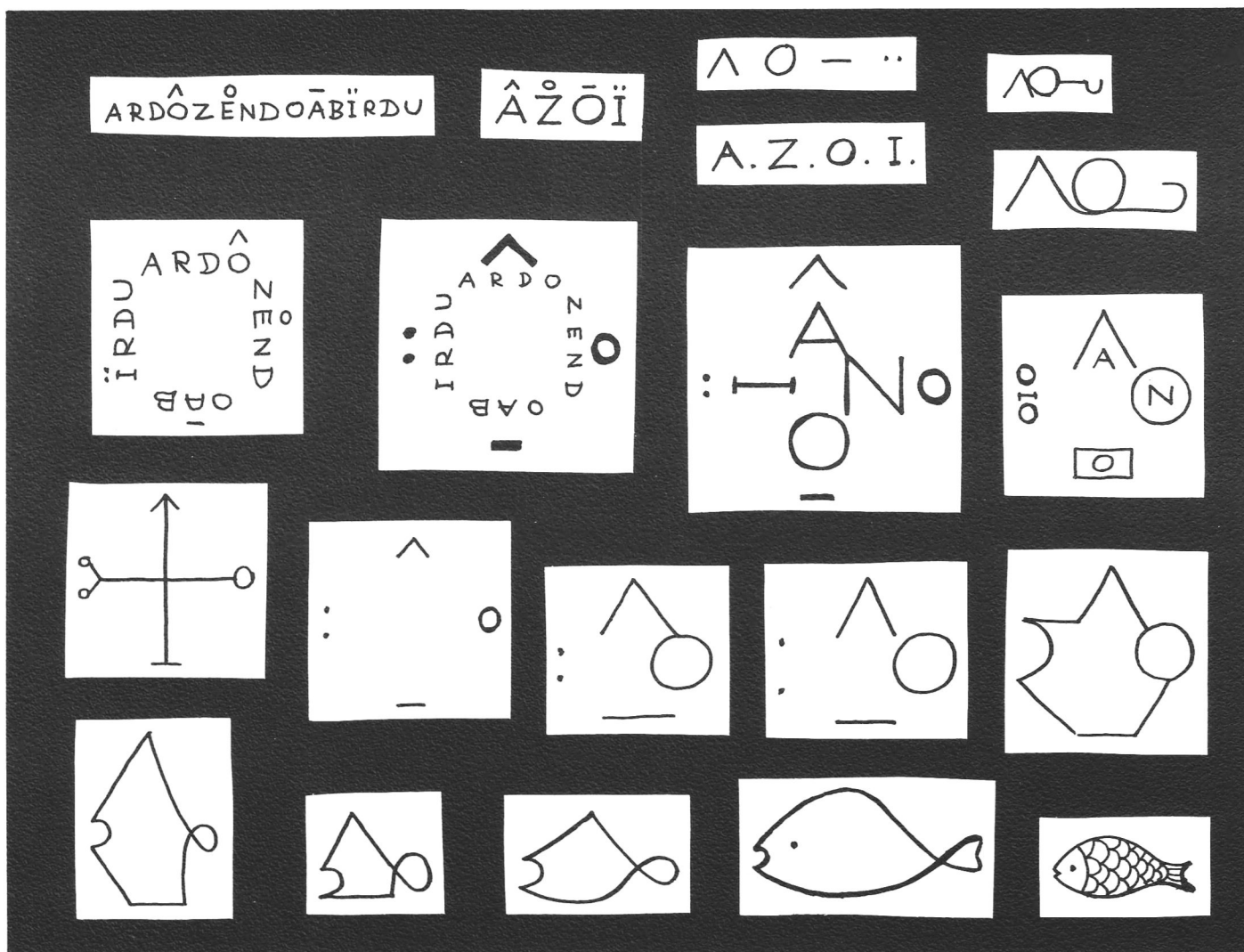


THE AZOI-VORTEX

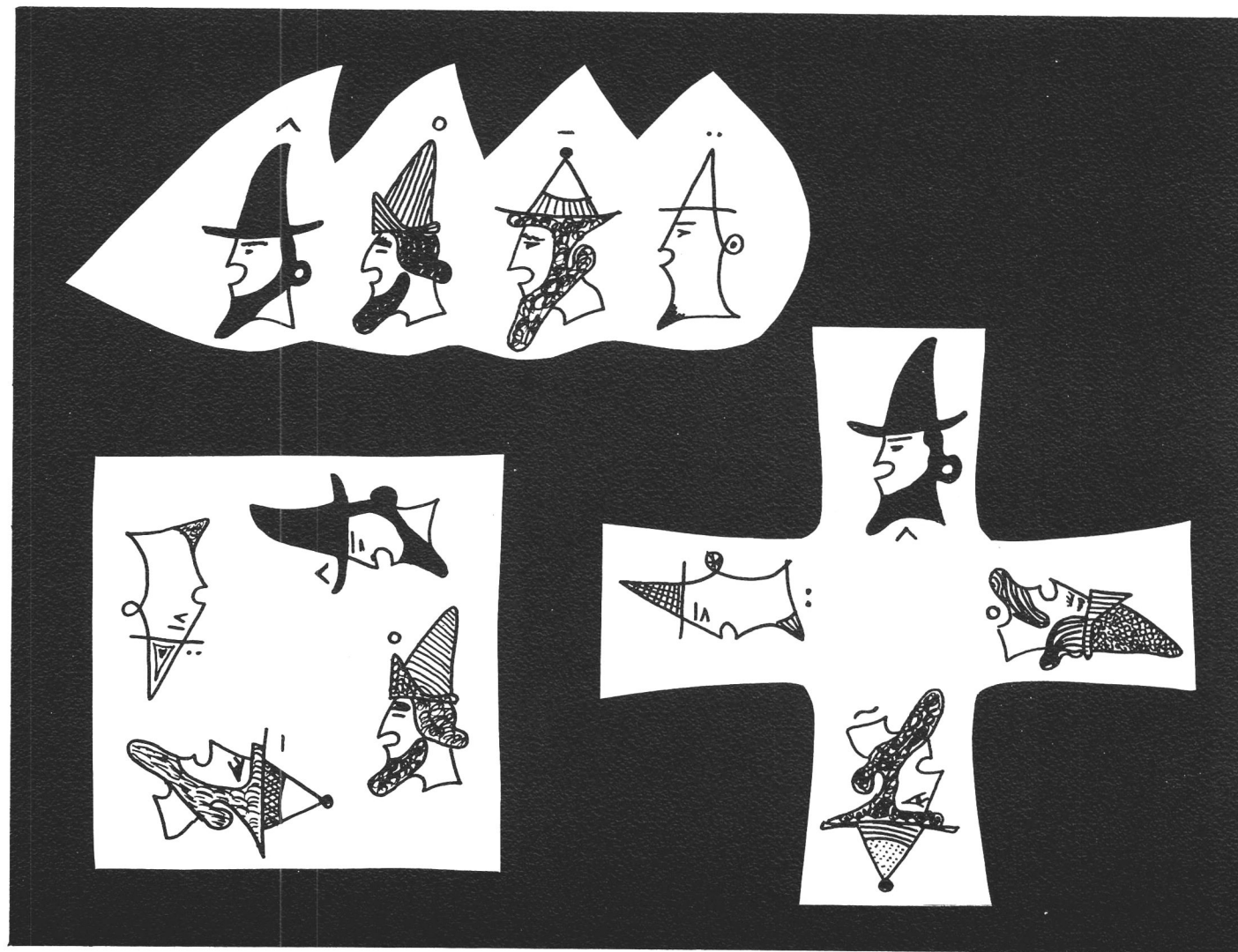


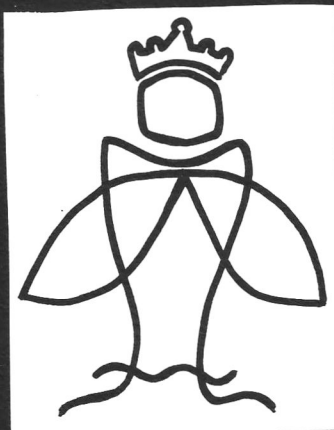


THE HISTORICAL EVOLUTION OF THE AZOI-SYMBOL, THE FISH

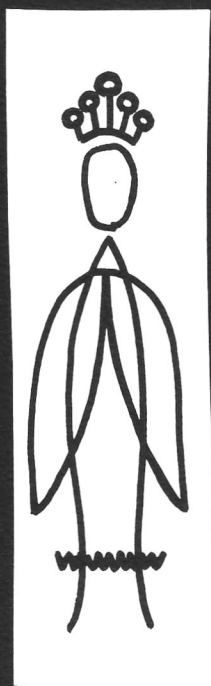


A.Z.O.I., THE HOLY QUATERNITY

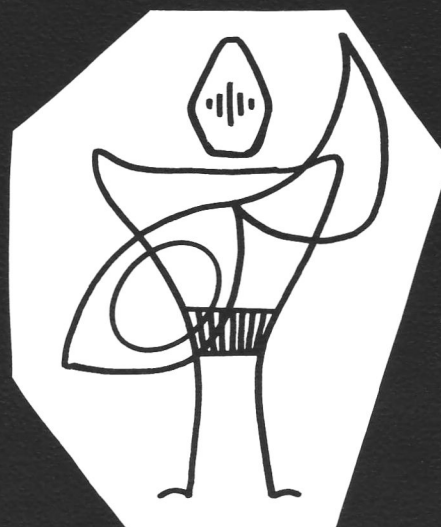




KING OĀB



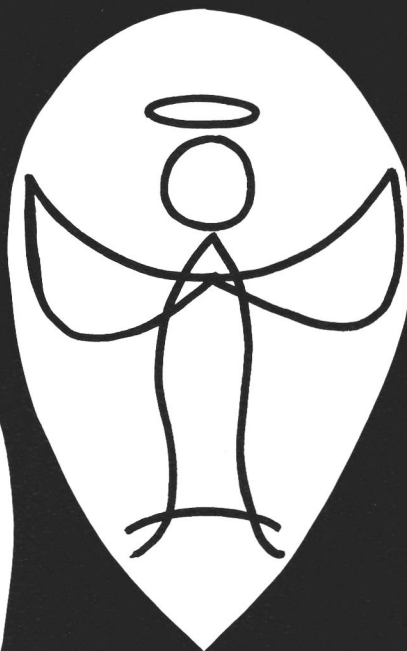
PRINCE OĀB



KNIGHT OĀB



BISHOP OÂB



ST. OÂB



ANGEL OÂB

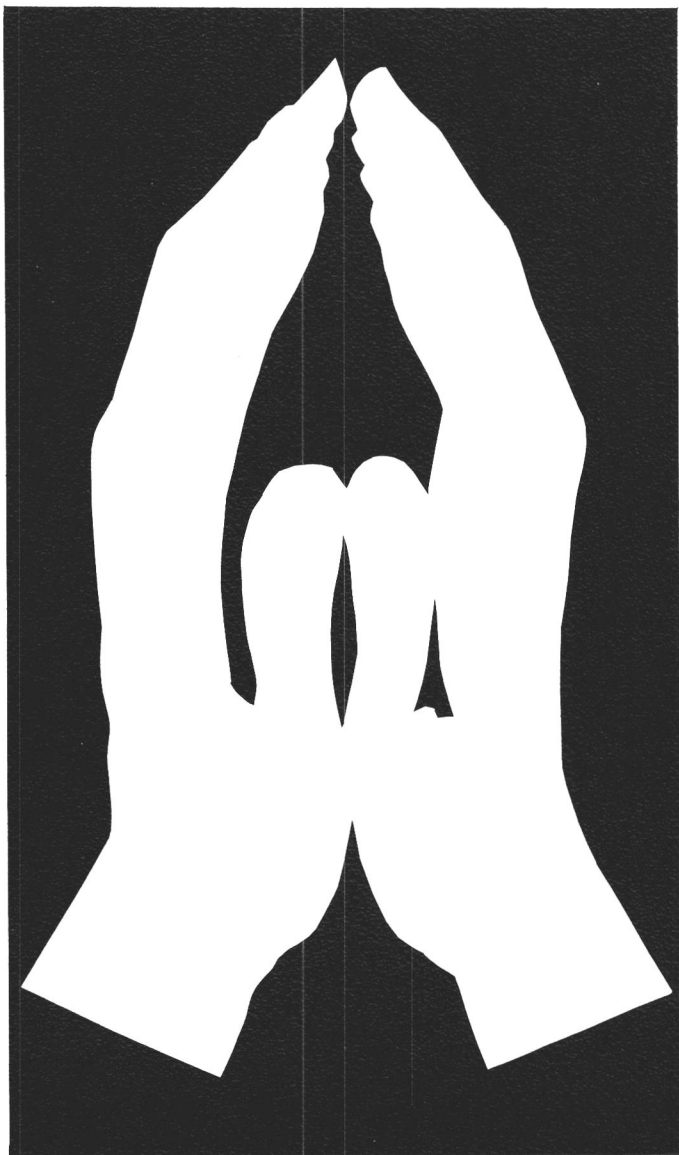
*So, finally, you achieved your purpose, Oāb.
Your book is in the printing press.
I am happy for you.
Your long fight is over.*

It's just starting now!

What do you mean?

*I have to propagate and reproduce and become an active force.
I have to reach as many people as possible, take root and blossom in their hearts,
conquer and be victorious
and spread my seed throughout the universe
for time to come.*

*I believe in you, Oāb,
wherever you go,
I shall follow you.*



THE OĀB'S PRAYER

*Oāb, Lord of the Creative Process,
give us the outlet, the capability
for artistic sublimation.*

*Let our ink flow onto the paper
instead of our blood onto the ground
so that we can become invulnerable
by expressing what wounds us.*

*Let us be happy when seeing our unhappiness
transferred onto canvas or celluloid
or into marble or gestures or dance or music.*

*Turn our flesh into eternal monuments,
our names into titles.*

*Make our spirit self-contained and independent
from the pains of the mortal body
and the frail emotions arising from it,
thus enabling us to enjoy the punishment
meted out to us for our original innocence. Amen.*

TERRESTRIAN TIMES

Zënday, İrduary 15, 2985 A.O.

ANCIENT HISTORY IN NEW LIGHT: A SURVEY OF TEXTUAL PROBLEMS CONCERNING THE HISTORICITY OF OĀB.

Examining the recently excavated Lake Ontario Scrolls, our Terrestrial scholars interested in theology, formed various hypotheses which – although slightly contradictory in minor details – are based on new finds, thus revealing possibilities concerning the origin of the Ancient Oābianist Cult:

According to Canadian Literary critic, Richard R. Richardson, Oāb was a member of the Canadian Bund of Authors, but became disappointed with them when they began discriminating against themselves by establishing the 'birthright', 'deathright', 'birthleft' and 'birthwrong' categories. He then left the Bund, changed his name to İrdu, and turned into a guru for young rock-opera composers.

According to Austrian psychologist, Dr. Sigismund Leid, Oāb and Zënd were friends, but Zënd murdered Oāb. Decades later, however, in his memoirs, he called his former victim Zënd, and himself Oāb, in order to relieve his guilty conscience by reversed psycho-projection. Dr. Leid calls this type of amicide and the consequent neurosis, the 'Oābius-complex'.

*According to Russian polyhistor and chronologist, Nik Niko Nikol Nikolaj Nikolayevich, Zënd, Oāb and İrdu were originally fictitious characters whose names **first** occurred in an ancient scripture written by a **Russian** holy monk, Ardo Ardiv Ardivich Ardivov Ardivovoff, in the 5th century B.O.*

According to French free-thinker and encyclopedist, Jean-Jacques Jeanjacques, Ardô and his son, Zënd the Baptist were the only two existing persons of the group of four and the latter invented the character of Lord Oāb, in an ill-conceived collection of concrete poetry.

According to Israeli historian, Ben ben Ben, İrdu was a Jewish prophet whose coming was first predicted in the lost Book of Oāb. Three hundred years later, the infamous antisemitic Emperor, Adolph Zënd – originally called Grickelschuber – attempted to undermine Judaism by writing the apocryphal 'Gospel of Oāb According to Zënd'. This attempt, however, failed because the book was first expurgated and then burnt as hate-literature, centuries later.

According to Tok-Yot-Ok-Yo, the distinguished Zënmaster, Oābianism originated in the Ürdü (pronounced also as Ardû, or İrdo) tradition. Zën emigrated to Canada from his native country called Davesta, therefore he was named Zën-Davesta. To-Ky-Oto-Kyo, unfortunately, fails to support his interesting hypothesis with sufficient documentation.

According to Hindu meditator, Chandrakhamagaramagharachagathabaghidgaratatata, İrdu, the first biographer of Oāb was born about 65 years later than Oāb himself, and finished his book on Oāb in the year of 95 A.O. Zënd's name was added much later by another fiction-writer, Ardô. Chandraghidgamachatanoo-gachoochoomagyararayadhrabaetc. doesn't deal with the question of whether Ardô was a stranger to/ or a direct descendant (son or grandson) of İrdu.

According to Italian biochemist, Giovanni Andante, zënd was a mushroom. The creative process – as metaphorically described in Genesis 2:7 – was reenacted in the initiation ceremony of a secret sect called the İndian Religious Drug Users (İ.R.D.U.). Prior to the ceremony, the performing priests consumed a handful of zënd, this most

powerful hallucinatory agent which enabled them to get into a trance-like state necessary to perform the sacred rite of the Original Activating Breath (O.Ā.B.).

On the basis of the above theories, let me advance my own final conclusion which – although modest in scope – succeeds in unifying the basic characteristics of all aforementioned concepts. It is undeniable that all these suppositions may have a certain amount of truth in them. Due to misuse of public funds, however, our narrowminded planetary government no longer intends to support the excavations necessary to find the missing Lake Ontario Scrolls, under the pretext of budgetary constraints. Yet, during my long years of scholarly research, I found that there is no reason whatsoever to believe in those heretical views which claim that Oāb was a fictitious character. I tend to believe that Zēnd, the Baptist, had a minimal initial effect on the formation of Oāb's philosophy, but very soon Oāb broke away from him, became independent and claimed to be the magic Two-in-One, that is the unique universal symbol of Creature/Creator. This modest theory of mine, however, could also be – as well as those of others' – subject to change, if and when new discoveries show different data. Thus, only time will tell which of the contemporary hypotheses is closest to the historical truth. But whichever it will be, it cannot obscure the essence of Oābianism. Oāb's example and teaching will live among us, for ever.

Dr. Sylvester Staggeridge, Theologian-historian, Professor of Neo-Oābian Studies at the ĀZŌĭ Temple-Academy of London, England.

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Barry Callaghan

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