PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 79

The silly season seems to get sillier every year. The stories about earthquakes, floods, embattled beer barons, missing yachtsmen believed taken by UFOs and so on were about average this year, but someone's imagination ran riot after that: Panamanian dictator overthrown by excessive rock music; dissident playwright becomes President of Czechoslovakia; disgruntled poets, novelists and unsuccessful *Meanjin* contributors topple Communist regimes throughout Eastern Europe; Communism deregulated in USSR, Ronald McDonald tipped to succeed Gorbachev; South Africa legalizes ANC, frees Mandela; Australia wins every medal at Commonwealth Games; Democrats beat Liberals in by-election; WA gets Australia's first female Premier; freelance editor tipped to be next Pope. *Who do they think they're kidding?*

18 March 1990   If you have read that before, you have seen the February 1990 issue of *The Society of Editors Newsletter*, the first issue I have done for two years. The Society *pays* its newsletter editor these days, so I am thinking seriously of (a) standing for election to the job at the AGM, (b) not going anywhere near the AGM. It's a worry. I would like to be paid to do a fanzine, but would prefer it to be this one. Here I can talk about anything — poetry, for example.

POETRY, FOR EXAMPLE

Thirty years ago I was a lonely young man with fairly definite views on the nature of the universe and the purpose of human existence, and I wrote a lot of bad verse about these things. To be fair, I have never thought of myself as a poet, not even then, but whenever the poetic urge has taken me I have tried to make the best of it. A fortnight ago I looked at some verse that I wrote between 1959 and 1965, and in some of it there is a glimmer of poetry. More often there is strong evidence of my fondness for the poetry of Hardy and Heine. And Nietzsche, oh dear, yes. The earliest poem is a set of cheerless reflections on a text from Nietzsche, called 'A Noise on Dark Streets'. I sent this little work to the *Bulletin* – that once-great Sydney weekly, founded in 1880 by J.F. Archibald and John Haynes — the 'Bushman's Bible', home to Henry Lawson, 'Banjo' Paterson, Christopher Brennan and Joseph Tishler, but not to me. Joseph Tishler, who wrote as 'Bellerive', was Australia's worst poet. His verse was so bad it was brilliant, and the *Bulletin* humored him and amused its readers by publishing him regularly in its 'Answers to Correspondents' page. That's where I finished up — not my verse, just my initials and a message. From memory, it read: 'J.B. More philosophical than poetical.' I thought that was very fair, very kind. It didn't stop me writing verse, but it did stop me submitting it to editors.

On 28 February I completed what I thought was my finest piece of prestressed concrete verse so far, '720 Ways of Looking at Mozart', and it was that: it took only a few hours to work out the basic structure, but it was over two months before I completed it on the computer. Somewhat in awe of what I had done, I got to wondering about such things as whether PCV is an art form or elaborate nonsense (provisional answer: both) and why I rarely feel the urge these days to try to write conventional poetry. I often feel the urge to write rhyming verse of a frivolous or sardonic nature, and I usually succumb to that instantly. I have also been thinking that I should write a simple account of prestressed concrete verse, because some people are interested. Some people are interested also in other verselike things I have written, but I have no copies to give them. All of this was leading more or less inexorably to a kind of annotated Selected Works, and in fact I embarked on just that last weekend. Be brave, I exhorted you: if I can bring myself to type this stuff, the least you can do is – well, you do what you like. The verse was bad. The annotation grew longer. I drifted away

from the subject, into another account of My Life In Fandom. Before long, I realized, I would be talking again about Motorcycles I Have Known, so I abandoned the project. The only poem I liked at all in what I had typed was this:

NORTHCOTE

Birds singing in Northcote!
Who would have thought to hear
Birdsong in Northcote?

Gentle grey fingers
Of fog have crept into
The grey streets of Northcote.

The people are sleeping —
So early on Sunday —
Grey people of Northcote.

Car engines are silent,
Their owners oblivious.
Fog peeps in their windows.

Fog covers all Northcote.
That's why I could hear them —
Birds singing in Northcote.

Today I came into this room with grand, audacious thoughts. I would take the structure for '720 Ways of Looking at Mozart' and use it to construct a poem seven times as big — and this I did. Actually it's 8.16 times as big, but let's not quibble. I created the most beautiful little macro that has ever worked for me, pointed it at Mozart and pressed the button. Half an hour dragged by, nothing happening on the screen, then suddenly — *zap!* — 504 lines of immaculately presented figures. Another half hour and I had produced the biggest piece of prestressed concrete verse ever: *What Arrangements Can Be Made With Foyster? Let Me Count The Ways.* Including the title, it runs nine pages. But I digress. Digressing is what I do best.

In 1973 I failed to win the contest for a new Australian national anthem, but my 'Orstrilian Notional Anthem' was well received by fandom, indeed widely sung by fandom. Since no-one else won the official contest, I came out well on that. The definitive version appeared in *Philosophical Gas* 32, August 1975. In June 1980 I won £4 in a *New Statesman* clerihew competition, for this:

Captain Cook
Didn't even stop to look
As he sailed on past Sydney,
And he did the right thing, didney?

A few years later it won a prize in a similar competition run by the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Damien Broderick noticed it, and it turned out that some woman had submitted it as her own work, obviously not thinking that an Australian might have sent it to the *New Statesman* in London. The judges (all of whom I knew, oddly) were not happy when I told them about this. In December 1982 I won another competition, in my own write, run by Phillip Adams in the *Australian*. The idea was to take well-known quotations, short poems and the like, and rewrite them in 'Australian'. My Shakespeare and Browning didn't go down well, but Phillip liked my David. 'Mal' is Malcolm Fraser, Australia's prime minister at the time, and if you turn the page you will find him in my Psalm 23.

Big Mal is my drover; I shall not whinge.
2   He maketh me to stand up in grey dole queues;
he leadeth me beside the still factories.
3   He destroyeth my soul; he leadeth me in the
paths of wretchedness for his policy's sake.
4   Yea, though I crawl through the valley of the
sorrow of debt, I will speak no evil: for thou art
with me; thy whip and thy scowl they discomfit me.
5   Thou preparest a table where I wait hand and
foot upon mine enemies: thou fillest my pocket with
onions; my blood boileth over.
6   Surely sales tax and bad teeth shall worry me
all the days of my life; yet I will vote for Mal's party
for ever.

Over the years my efforts in the vaguely poetical line increasingly involved substitution and manipulation, which are central to prestressed concrete verse. 'Coming Up For Blair', written in late 1983 as an 'ode to 1984', illustrates this. It incorporates bits of Orwell (there are references to ten of his works), Eliot (a lot), Conrad (including a verbatim quote from *Heart of Darkness*), Beckett and Wilde, with nods in the direction of Tolkien, *Apocalypse Now*, fandom and the noble craft of proofreading.

COMING UP FOR BLAIR

A Song of J. Prufred Alfrock

For Damien Broderick

'Mistah Brando — he dead'

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evenings are hung out again to dry
Like impatient either—ors upon a table . . .

We can't.
Why not?
We're waiting for Frodo.

Let us go, through certain half-decided pages,
The muttering last stages
Of nestless rites in cheap three-day conventions
And sordid affairs that no-one mentions:
Pages that follow like a tedious agreement
On innocuous content
And draw you to a listless but compulsive question . . .
Oh, do not ask 'But can you draw well?'
Let us go and see George Orwell.

We can't.
Why not?
We're waiting for Michelangelo.

In the room the women, gaunt and raw,
Talk of 1984.
On the road the men, debased and drear,
Go down and out to Wigan Pier.
At Father Bob's Anomaly Farm
Dazed Burmese (who mean no harm)
Pay homage to catatonia: there's laughter
(But the clergyman's dafter).
Inside, the wailing Jonahs fly
Their withered aspidistras high . . .

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
What was it that made Oscar wild?
That tint of sky that Prussians call their blue?
But let us go now (me and you),
Through certain half-deserted alleys,
Singing the Ballad of Reading Galleys.

We can't.
Why not?
We're waiting for Marlo.

To live in the midst of the incomprehensible,
The detestable,
That fascinates even as you abominate it . . .
Imagine: the regrets, the longing to escape,
The powerless disgust, the surrender,
The hate . . . the smell
Of napalm in the morning. (He paused.)
The rest is sea-story.

I grow bald . . . I grow stout . . .
I have worn the bottoms of my trousers out.
But let us take the air, in a tobacco trance,
And watch the mermaids dance.

I do not think that they will dance for me.
Why not?
Ain't mermaids.
What then?
Whiting.

        This is the way the world ends
        This is the way the
        This is the
        Not with a but a

Eupompus gave splendour to art by numbers

I coined the term 'prestressed concrete verse' in an early issue of *Philosophical Gas*, but I didn't know then what it was. When I stumbled over the idea of creating patterns of numbers, and then substituting words or letters for the numbers, the name was ready for it. I discovered and named the Eupompian Stanza (which may be demonstrated, unlike the existence of Eupompus) and the Anselmian Stanza (which is mystical and undemonstrable, but which, using Anselm's Argument, must exist). If you have read Aldous Huxley's story you will be familiar with the ultimate fate of Eupompus, which could be mine if I am not careful: the numbers must remain the basis only, the scaffolding on which such art as there is in prestressed concrete verse is erected.

Poems are made by clods like me
But only God can make a three

What I was grappling with in the Eupompian/Anselmian nonsense was the fact that you can do lots of interesting things with prime numbers, but if you try the same things with numbers that are not primes they simply don't work. So the first kind of PCV is based on prime numbers, and the first useful prime number is 3. One day I worked out the following very useful manipulation based on the square of 3 (3 x 3 = 9):

```
1 2 3        1 4 7        1 6 8        1 5 9
4 5 6        2 5 8        2 4 9        2 6 7
7 8 9        3 6 9        3 5 7        3 4 8
```

Every pair of numbers in 9, from 1 and 2 to 8 and 9, is present in those blocks, without duplication. Soon after I discovered what can happen when you work with a prime squared plus the prime plus 1 — in this case (3 x 3) + 3 + 1 = 13.

```
1  2  3  4
1  5  6  7      2  5  8 11      3  5 10 12      4  5  9 13
1  8  9 10      2  6  9 12      3  6  8 13      4  6 10 11
1 11 12 13      2  7 10 13      3  7  9 11      4  7  8 12
```

Substituting words for numbers, I constructed my first PCV:

THIRTEEN FOREWORDS TO
THE GOSPEL OF ST JOHN

For Les Murray

In the beginning, Word.
Word was with God
And dwelt God beginning —
Became with, beginning among,
In, was, and among.
Beginning us was flesh.
And Word became flesh
And with us: the
Word dwelt among us —
Became, was, dwelt, the
God among the flesh,
Dwelt in with flesh —
In us became God.

The numbers dictate the words: in this case the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 became 'in', 'the', 'beginning', 'word', and so on to 13, which became 'us'. This is straight substitution (very easy on a computer). But the order of the numbers does not dictate the arrangement of the words or the lines. This manipulation is up to you. To give you some idea of the work involved, the choices to be made, in even a small PCV like the 'Thirteen Forewords', consider that there are 24 ways of arranging four words, and 6,227,020,800 ways of arranging thirteen lines. Using letters rather than words, this *factorial* PCV illustrates the 24 possible ways of arranging four items:

BACH	BAHC	BCAH	BCHA	BHAC	BHCA
ABHC	ACBH	CBHA	CABH	HCBA	HABC
CHBA	HBCA	AHBC	HBAC	ABCH	CBAH
HCAB	CHAB	HACB	AHCB	CAHB	ACHB

There is manipulation even there: I have arranged the blocks in such a way that each group of four letters may be read across, down, back and up. If you decided to do this with 12 factorial, you would have 479,001,600 different arrangements of twelve items to play with. No wonder Schoenberg was excited when he discovered the tone row: 'twelve notes related only to each other'.

In *The Metaphysical Review* 14 Bruce Gillespie has reprinted my article 'A Few Bars of Cage' (from *The Society of Editors Newsletter*, March 1984) and a PCV that logically goes with it, though constructed four years later. When I dedicated it to Ros Bandt it was called 'Lives of the Composers (2)'; I have retitled it 'Chance, Silence'. It is based on 5 squared:

```
 1  2  3  4  5        1  6 11 16 21        1  7 13 19 25
 6  7  8  9 10        2  7 12 17 22        2  8 14 20 21
11 12 13 14 15        3  8 13 18 23        3  9 15 16 22
16 17 18 19 20        4  9 14 19 24        4 10 11 17 23
21 22 23 24 25        5 10 15 20 25        5  6 12 18 24

 1  8 15 17 24        1  9 12 20 23        1 10 14 18 22
 2  9 11 18 25        2 10 13 16 24        2  6 15 19 23
 3 10 12 19 21        3  6 14 17 25        3  7 11 20 24
 4  6 13 20 22        4  7 15 18 21        4  8 12 16 25
 5  7 14 16 23        5  8 11 19 22        5  9 13 17 21
```

'Gnomenclutter' takes this pattern a stage further – (5 x 5) + 5 + 1 = 31:

```
 1  2  3  4  5  6
 1  7  8  9 10 11        2  7 12 17 22 27        3  7 13 19 25 31
 1 12 13 14 15 16        2  8 13 18 23 28        3  8 14 20 26 27
 1 17 18 19 20 21        2  9 14 19 24 29        3  9 15 21 22 28
 1 22 23 24 25 26        2 10 15 20 25 30        3 10 16 17 23 29
 1 27 28 29 30 31        2 11 16 21 26 31        3 11 12 18 24 30

 4  7 14 21 23 30        5  7 15 18 26 29        6  7 16 20 24 28
 4  8 15 17 24 31        5  8 16 19 22 30        6  8 12 21 25 29
 4  9 16 18 25 27        5  9 12 20 23 31        6  9 13 17 26 30
 4 10 12 19 26 28        5 10 13 21 24 27        6 10 14 18 22 31
 4 11 13 20 22 29        5 11 14 17 25 28        6 11 15 19 23 27
```

CHANCE, SILENCE

For Ros Bandt

Chance
Cage on for seconds will
page had it minutes thought
considered which nothing then love
a he observed 4 this
John written closely 33 Stravinsky

Silence
considered on closely minutes this
a which for 33 thought
John had observed then will
pages he nothing seconds Stravinsky
Cage written it 4 love

Most
a on it then Stravinsky
considered written observed seconds thought
Cage had nothing 33 this
John he for minutes love
page which closely 4 will

Reveals
page on observed 33 love
John which it seconds this
a written nothing minutes will
Cage he closely then thought
considered had for 4 Stravinsky

Sound
John on nothing 4 thought
Cage which observed minutes Stravinsky
considered he it 33 will
a had closely seconds love
page written for then this

Punctuation
John Cage considered a page
on which he had written
nothing, observed it closely for
4 minutes 33 seconds, then
thought: Stravinsky will love this.

GNOMENCLUTTER

or

Thirty-One Hexagonies
of James Joyce

For Teresa Pitt

'Let me finger their eurhythmytic'

Thelma Mina Fretta Opsy Celia Jess
Hilda Mina Ada Anna Wanda Lou
Ita Mina Katty Livia Delia Poll
Ruth Thelma Ada Livia Zulma Vela
Yva Queenie Ita Ruth Lou Jess

Opsy Hilda Saucy Livia Yva Trix
Nippa Katty Opsy Ruth Anna Bett
Ena Gilda Saucy Mina Una Ruth

Hilda Delia Fretta Phoebe Ruth
Ena Thelma Wanda Delia Yva Bett
Xenia Poll Celia Ruth Wanda Trix
Ada Celia Una Phoebe Yva Katty
Gilda Yva Vela Anna Fretta Poll
Opsy Wanda Ita Una Vela Plurabelle
Nippa Wanda Thelma Queenie Una Poll
Ita Hilda Zulma Gilda Celia Bett
Ena Fretta Nippa Ita Ada Trix
Saucy Fretta Zulma Queenie Wanda Katty

Opsy Delia Xenia Queenie Ada Gilda
Fretta Una Xenia Bett Livia Lou

Jess Nippa Phoebe Livia Wanda Gilda
Ada Jess Saucy Poll Bett Plurabelle
Mina Queenie Vela Bett Phoebe Trix
Ena Hilda Xenia Vela Katty Jess
Saucy Phoebe Ita Ada Thelma Xenia

Jess Anna Zulma Delia Una Trix
Opsy Phoebe Zulma Ena Lou Poll
Yva Mina Zulma Xenia Nippa Plurabelle
Celia Delia Saucy Nippa Vela Lou
Ena Celia Queenie Anna Livia Plurabelle

At a *Meanjin* launching last year I was talking to Hugh Tolhurst, one of our better young poets, about the concept of PCV. I mentioned 'Gnomenclutter' and its Joycean acrostic, and he told me about some bloke who had gone through *Finnegans Wake*, rearranging the text so that it made a repetitive mesostic (a vertical pattern that reads down the middle, as distinct from acrostic, which reads down the edge) of 'jamesjoyce'. The next week Hugh sent me his copy of Hal Foster's *Postmodern Culture*, in which is an essay by Gregory L. Ulmer on 'The Object of Post-Criticism' — and the 'bloke' turns out to be John Cage. That's as happy a coincidence as my finding 31 women's names in *Finnegans Wake* and 31 letters in the subtitle of 'Gnomenclutter'.

The subtitle in fact came before the title. I had my basic structure, the 31 lines of six numbers set out on page 791, and the thought of a hexagon was in my mind: the word can mean 'struggle of six' if you look at it the right way. All I needed was words to substitute for the numbers. It occurred to me that I might find 31 interesting words in James Joyce ('Our Hexag' now became the working title), and I started browsing through Anthony Burgess's *Shorter Finnegans Wake*. Even with Burgess's help I can't pretend to know what's going on, but on page 75 Isobel begins to answer 'Question 10':

     10. What bitter's love but yurning, what' sour lovemutch but a bref
     burning till shee that drawes dothe smoake retourne?

And towards the end of her answer (page 79) she says:

    Aves Selvae Acquae Valles! And my waiting twenty classbirds,
    sitting on their stiles! Let me finger their eurhythmytic. And you'll
    see if I'm selfthought. They're all of them out to please. Wait! In the
    name of. And all the holly. And some the mistle and it Saint Yves.
    Hoost! Ahem! There's Ada, Bett, Celia, Delia, Ena, Fretta, Gilda, Hilda,
    Ita, Jess, Katy, Lou, (they make me cough as sure as I read them)
    Mina, Nippa, Opsy, Poll, Queenie, Ruth, Saucy, Trix, Una, Vela,
    Wanda, Xenia, Yva, Zulma, Phoebe, Thelma. And Mee!

In his introduction Burgess explains the significance of 28 and 29 for Joyce (it's partly that he was born in February), and says 'This provides Joyce with a bevy of girls . . . with a separable special girl who usually turns out to be Isobel'. HCE's dream-wife, who is confused with Isobel, and in a symbolic triune way contains Isobel, is Anna Livia Plurabelle. So I have taken the 28 girls named by Isobel, and for 'Mee' (Isobel) substituted ALP.

From there to the title 'Thirty-one Hexagonies of James Joyce' was a short step. But then — why, I do not know — I counted the letters in that title, and that's when the hard work started. When it was finished, feeling pleased with myself, I was looking again at page 79 in Burgess and noticed a lovely pun just six sentences on from the passage I have quoted: 'But I'll plant them a poser for their nomanclatter' — nomenclature in which there is no man-clatter, because they are all girls' names. I thought I would take that further, bringing in the Greek *gnomen* (thought, judgement, opinion) and pointing the obvious, that no men clutter the list of names. And that became the title.

All that seems to have happened on 25 November 1984. On the following Saturday there was a federal election, and a few friends called in to watch our favorite political party (the Anna Livia Plurality) losing seats before our very eyes on television. I produced a copy of 'Gnomenclutter', and Teresa Pitt was the only one who asked me what it meant, so I have dedicated it to her retrospectively. I forget when I showed the 'Thirteen Forewords' to Les Murray, but he pronounced it theologically sound, graciously not commenting on its poetical worth; Damien Broderick showed most interest in my 'ode to 1984'; and Gerald Murnane liked the idea of my 'boxed hexafecta' when I explained it to him.

Another happy coincidence occurred in the early hours of Sunday 17 July 1988 at Ros Bandt's place in West Brunswick, where *Meanjin* 2/1988 ('A Musical Offering') was well and truly launched. Among many other things, Ros is the inventor of the flagong. It has a little room to itself, and there's a sign that says 'Please keep off the flagong.' It has a vaguely Japanese-looking frame, from which are hung sawn-off flagons and bottles, all tuned to make lovely sounds when struck with soft hammers. Ros played it for us. I can't describe the sound, but 'ethereal' goes a little way. Later I counted the flagons and bottles: there are thirty-one.

25 March   It can be a heady experience, working for *Meanjin*. I love it. But that is not to say that I understand everything I read in *Meanjin*. I don't. For two years I have grappled with the language of modern criticism, and it's beyond me; if I read it slowly I can just about get the drift, but I'll never learn to speak it. My boss speaks it fluently. I always enjoy her writing and rarely have difficulty understanding her. Quite often, after Jenny has edited a jargon-ridden article, I have little trouble following the author's argument. I have said before that Jenny is the best editor I have ever worked with. But this leaves me wondering at times what sort of editor I am. I sometimes wonder what sort of anything I am. Late at night I sit about thinking such things, feeling the *black bile* rising . . . then I catch myself and play some moderately cheerful music: Bach, Dowland, Byrd, Tallis, Farnaby (Mozart would be too much). And sometimes I find myself writing things like this:

FOUCAULT HIS PENDULUM

For Jenny Lee

Up tails all
(Sing derry-down Derrida),
Foucault his pendulum
Swing again merrily,
Up tails all
(Sing hey-nonny Habermas),
All deconstructing,
Regretfully bucketing,
Practically everything:
Chronosynclastical
Post-infundibula —
Not even Vonnegut's
Games with neology
Escape our devoted
Attention, footnoted,
Nor where it's all at in
Umbertian Ecology.
Poor old Giles Farnaby,
Wish he were here today,
Couching his discourse
In plain and trillable
Words of one syllable.
Up tails all!

For a month or so I have been thinking about poetry and things, and I have reached some conclusions. First, I shouldn't give up my day job. Second, my main problem seems to be a kind of dissatisfaction with reality. But then, that was the subject of 'A Noise on Dark Streets', thirty years ago: returnal occurrence, another day another dolor, Finnegan beginnegan, *ave atque huru!*

720 WAYS OF LOOKING AT MOZART

Por Gerald Murnane

```
MOZART MOAZRT MORZAT MOTZAR MZOART MZAORT MZROAT MZTOAR MAOZRT MAZORT
OZARTM OAZRTM ORZATM OTZARM ZOARTM ZAORTM ZROATM ZTOARM AOZRTM AZORTM
ZARTMO AZRTMO RZATMO TZARMO OARTMZ AORTMZ ROATMZ TOARMZ OZRTMA ZORTMA
ARTMOZ ZRTMOA ZATMOR ZARMOT ARTMZO ORTMZA OATMZR OARMZT ZRTMAO ORTMAZ
RTMOZA RTMOAZ ATMORZ ARMOZT RTMZOA RTMZAO ATMZRO ARMZTO RTMAOZ RTMAZO
TMOZAR TMOAZR TMORZA RMOTZA TMZOAR TMZAOR TMZROA RMZTOA TMAOZR TMAZOR

MOZATR MOAZTR MORZTA MOTZRA MZOATR MZAOTR MZROTA MZTORA MAOZTR MAZOTR
OZATRM OAZTRM ORZTAM OTZRAM ZOATRM ZAOTRM ZROTAM ZTORAM AOZTRM AZOTRM
ZATRMO AZTRMO RZTAMO TZRAMO OATRMZ AOTRMZ ROTAMZ TORAMZ OZTRMA ZOTRMA
ATRMOZ ZTRMOA ZTAMOR ZRAMOT ATRMZO OTRMZA OTAMZR ORAMZT ZTRMAO OTRMAZ
TRMOZA TRMOAZ TAMORZ RAMOZT TRMZOA TRMZAO ATMZRO RAMZTO TRMAOZ TRMAZO
RMOZAT RMOAZT AMORZT AMOTZR RMZOAT RMZAOT TMZROA AMZTOR RMAOZT RMAZOT

MOZRAT MOARZT MORAZT MOTAZR MZORAT MZAROT MZRAOT MZTAOR MAORZT MAZROT
OZRATM OARZTM ORAZTM OTAZRM ZORATM ZAROTM ZRAOTM ZTAORM AORZTM AZROTM
ZRATMO ARZTMO RAZTMO TAZRMO ORATMZ AROTMZ RAOTMZ TAORMZ ORZMAO ZROTMA
RATMOZ RZTMOA AZTMOR AZRMOT RATMZO ROTMZA AOTMZR AORMZT RZTMAO ROTMAZ
ATMOZR ZTMOAR ZTMORA ZRMOTA ATMZOR OTMZAR OTMZRA ORMZTA ZTMAOR OTMAZR
TMOZRA TMOARZ TMORAZ RMOTAZ TMZORA TMZARO TMZRAO RMZTAO TMAORZ TMAZRO

MOZRTA MOARTZ MORATZ MOTARZ MZORTA MZARTO MZRATO MZTARO MAORTZ MAZRTO
OZRTAM OARTZM ORATZM OTARZM ZORTAM ZARTOM ZRATOM ZTAROM AORTZM AZRTOM
ZRTAMO ARZTMO RATZMO TARZMO ORTAMZ ARTOMZ RATOMZ TAROMZ ORTZMA ZRTOMA
RTAMOZ RZTMOA ATZMOR ARZMOT RTAMZO RTOMZA ATOMZR AROMZT RTZMAO RTOMAZ
TAMOZR ZTMOAR TZMORA RZMOTA TAMZOR TOMZAR TOMZRA ROMZTA TZMAOR TOMAZR
AMOZRT TMOARZ ZMORAT ZMOTAR AMZORT OMZART OMZRAT OMZTAR ZMAORT OMAZRT

MOZTAR MOATZR MORTZA MOTRZA MZOTAR MZATOR MZRTOA MZTROA MAOTZR MAZTOR
OZTARM OATZRM ORTZAM OTRZAM ZOTARM ZATORM ZRTOAM ZTROAM AOTZRM AZTORM
ZTARMO ATZRMO RTZAMO TRZAMO OTARMZ ATORMZ RTOAMZ TROAMZ OTZRMA ZTORMA
TARMOZ TZRMOA TZAMOR TRAMOT TARMZO TORMZA TOAMZR ROAMZT TZRMAO TORMAZ
ARMOZT ZRMOAT ZAMORT ZAMOTR ARMZOT ORMZAT OAMZRT OAMZTR ZAMAOT ORMAZT
RMOZTA RMOATZ AMORTZ AMOTRZ RMZOTA RMZATO AMZRTO AMZTRO RMAOTZ RMAZTO

MOZTRA MOATRZ MORTAZ MOTRAZ MZOTRA MZATRO MZRTAO MZTRAO MAOTRZ MAZTRO
OZTRAM OATRZM ORTAZM OTRAZM ZOTRAM ZATROM ZRTAOM ZTRAOM AOTRZM AZTROM
ZTRAMO ATRZMO RTAZMO TRAZMO OTRAMZ ATROMZ RTAOMZ TRAOMZ OTRZMA ZTROMA
TRAMOZ TRZMOA TAZMOR RAZMOT TRAMZO TROMZA TAOMZR RAOMZT TRZMAO TROMAZ
RAMOZT RZMOAT AZMORT AZMOTR RAMZOT ROMZAT AOMZRT AOMZTR RZMAOT ROMAZT
AMOZTR ZMOATR ZMORTA ZMOTRA AMZOTR OMZATR OMZRTA OMZTRA ZMAOTR OMAZTR

MAROZT MATOZR MROZAT MRZOAT MRAOZT MRTOZA MTOZAR MTZOAR MTAOZR MTROZA
AROZTM ATOZRM ROZATM RZOATM RAOZTM RTOZAM TOZARM TZOARM TAOZRM TROZAM
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TZMARO RZMATO TAMROZ TAMRZO TZMRAO AZMRTO RAMTOZ RAMTZO RZMTAO AZMTRO
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ZOTMAR ZROMAT ATZMRO OATMRZ AZOMRT ZOAMRT AROZMT AROMTZ ARZMTO RZAOMT
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TOMARZ ROMATZ TAMROZ TAMRZO ZTMRAO AZMRTO RAMTOZ RAMTZO RZMTAO AZMTRO
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TOZMAR ROZMAT TZAMRO TOAMRZ ATOMRZ TAOMRZ OZRAMT ZRAMTO AROMTZ RAOMTZ
OZMART OZMATR AZMROT AOMRZT OZMRAT OZMRTA AZMTOR AOMTZR OZMTAR OZMTRA
OMARTZ OMATRZ ZMROTA OMRZTA OMRATZ OMRTAZ ZMTORA OMTZRA OMTARZ OMTRAZ

MARTZO MATRZO MROTAZ MRZTAO MRATZO MRTAZO MTORAZ MTZRAO MTARZO MTRAZO
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RTZOMA TRZOMA OTAZMR ZTAOMR ATZOMR TAZOMR ORAZMT ZRAOMT ARZOMT RAZOMT
TZOMAR RZOMAT TAZMRO TAOMRZ ATZMRO TAZMRO OARZMT ZRAOMT AROZMT RAOZMT
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