



bp nichol

A CHRISTMAS FOIBLE

Thank you to Nelson Ball for making this text available and to Eleanor Nichol for her permission to publish it. What follows is a facsimile of the original handwritten booklet presented to Nelson Ball and his late wife Barbara Caruso by the author during the winter of 1969 while they were living on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor at 756 Bathurst St., Toronto.



or maybe it was not. maybe it was just yesterday or tomorrow or maybe (if you're really lucky) today. anyway - once upon a once there was a pound and a half of nothing. now to be nothing - well what can one say. when you are nothing you are nothing + you sit there in your nothing ness doing

nothing + thinking nothing because there is nothing to do or think t nothing (really) to say. as you can imagine the pound + a half of nothing was not feeling too happy this particular Once. it was not feeling Sad. it was not feeling happy. it was feeling nothing. meanwhile up in heaven 600 was lying around with nothing to do picking

his celestial mose 4 yawning a lot. lying around on clouds creating with people tawning t mincing t blowing trum pets all the time can be a real bore. 600 looked down this particular once, this particular meanwhile, t noticed the pound t a half lying there. "WHO DOES THIS?!" he thundered (Goo always spoke funny).

"WHO LEAVES THIS IN OUR AUGUST PRESENCE?" t gesturing with his fingers changed it into a man. "where am i?" Said the man. "You ARE IN HEAVEN 4 I AM Your creaton" replied GOD. "Oon't fuck with my mind," said off in search of a planet to settle on.

this has been a YULETIDE presentation

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The rubber stamps used for the cover are from Barbara Caruso's stamp set. The cover is not from the original.

