

G.I.N.E.T.T.E.187

September 1, 2024
Translated May 25, 2026

Sometime in 2021, I created a website to pay tribute to my Mother, Antonine Bédard, and my Father, Gérard Parent:

ANTONINE187.COM



For several reasons, or so I claim, reasons which I do not find relevant to detail here, for several reasons, I decided that, unlike all my other sites, this one would be exclusively in French.



However, considering our current state of global instability, I thought translating its « AMOUR » section might make sense. I did so on May 1st 2026. Click on "**VARIA**" and "**FUNERAL**" That said, later, on May 25th, in honor of my sister Ginette's birthday, considering that **numbers** often play a significant role in the titles of my scripts — — 1984 - 1968 - 580, 161, etc. — — mainly because **numbers** are bilingual, I decided it was time to also translate the section that discusses how and when **numbers** invaded me Happy reading!

Each and every sound is a sum. It's quite simple, really.
You add "63" and "124" and you get « 187 ».

For as long as I can remember, numbers, — — those ?natural? positive integers, declared ?natural?, theorized as ?natural? supposed ?natural? axiomatized as ?natural? — — that is, those of the millennia-old « **Number Theory** » with its "EVERYTHING IS NUMBER," as proposed by the famous Greek geometer, mathematician, and philosopher "Pythagoras of Samos », these **numbers** have been and continue to be present almost daily in my life, but not through mathematics. No! **Numbers** come to me through musical vibrations, given my background in computer sound synthesis

CHAQUE VIBRATION MUSICALE A UNE FONCTION
EACH MUSICAL VIBRATION HAS
ÉMOTIONNELLE QUI LUI EST PROPRE.
ITS OWN EMOTIONAL FUNCTION.



Counting, yes, certainly, but from a genuinely new perspective, connected to vibrational reality, tangible to the ear and verifiable at will, a perspective diametrically opposed to any form of esotericism. This new perspective, this new way of UNDERSTANDING THE INVISIBLE, understanding how we perceive musical vibrations, I have given it a name:

« LUSSONANCE »

https://lusso55.ca/wp-content/uploads/2025/06/LUSSO_17_-_LUSSONANCE_-_FRANCAIS.pdf



AT SCHOOL, WE LEARN TO READ AND COUNT.

I could not say when I first went to church (**ARCHIVES 1**), but it was certainly before attending school, (**ARCHIVES 2**) sometime between 1951 and 1952. That said, thanks to my maternal grandfather, from my first day of school, I already knew how to count to 100, how to add and subtract.

I had also learned from my grandfather how to cut with a jigsaw — — pedal-powered, not electric — — how to cut thin planks of wood on which my precious woodworking teacher had drawn fine lines with often very capricious patterns for the miniature houses that he took so much pleasure and pride in drawing, cutting, assembling and building.

I take the liberty of mentioning this woodworking affair because, sometime in August 2010, shortly after completing my very first « **turlur** » (a word I invented to replace « painting »), a « **turlur** » which I titled — —

ODE AU ST-LAURENT

ODE TO ST-LAURENT

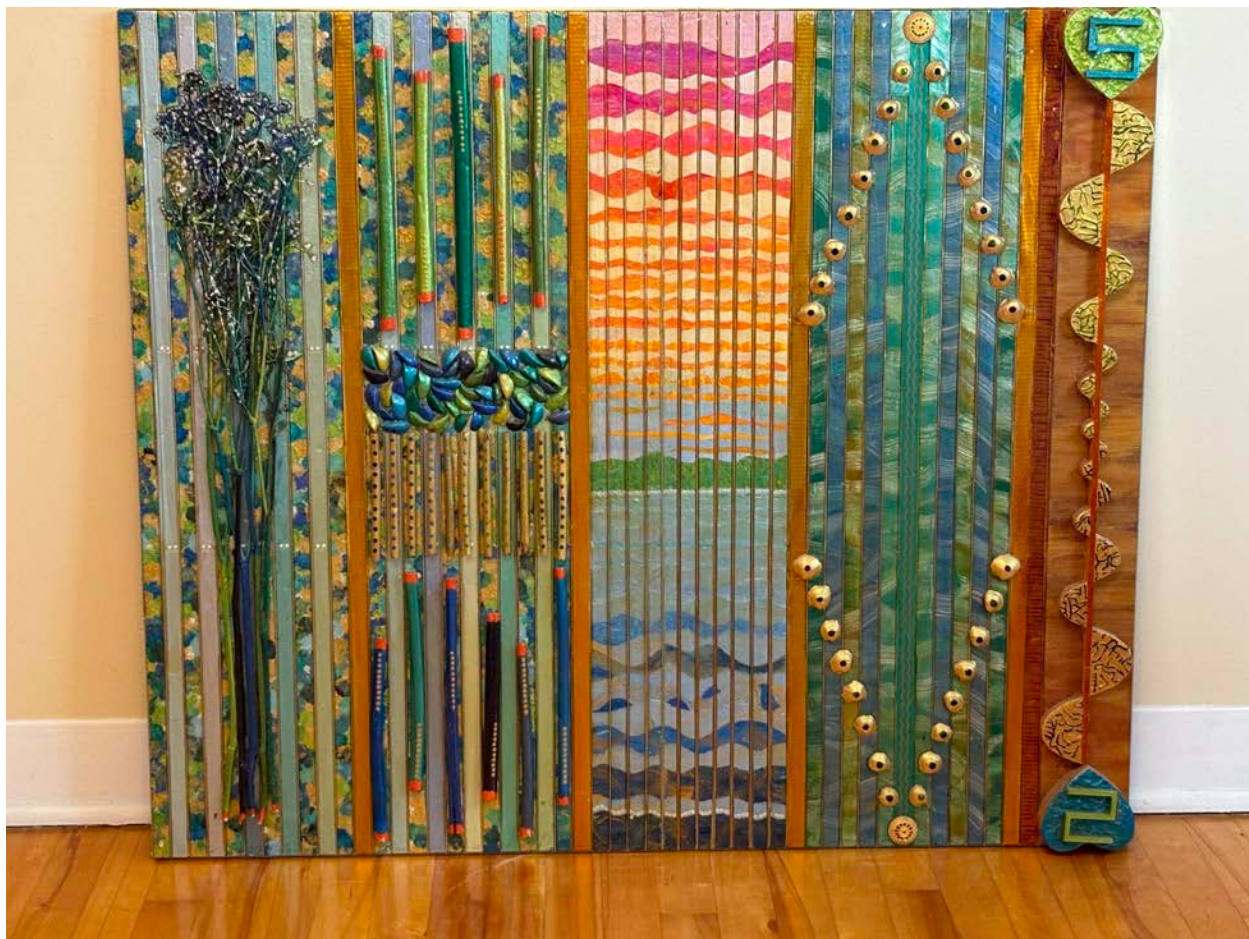
— — I realized that there must have been some traces, some affective reverberations of the creative energy that this man with his magnificently white hair, my mother's father, Pierre-Maximilien Bédard, my favorite trick player, had bequeathed to me as an artistic legacy.



ODE TO ST-LAURENT SECTIONS 1 TO 5



ODE TO ST-LAURENT SECTIONS 13 TO 17



On October 6, 1950, for my fifth birthday, my Mother gave me, as I had requested, a notebook she had ordered for me from Léo Villeneuve, our grocer. Total cost: 25 cents. The cherished item contained 100 pages, 50 **numbered** in black and 50 **numbered** in red, with a sheet of carbon paper between each pair, so that Léo could keep a written record of the delivery, signed by my Mother, on the first page.

MY DEAR SISTER

Ginette Parent

25 mai 1942 - 5 juin 2017

Then, sometime in 2015, while I was living by the River in St-Michel de



BelleChasse, Ginette has just paid me a visit. She sees how much my love of making « **turlur** » has taken up a large part of my life. Faced with the avalanche of **Numbers** she sees scattered throughout almost all my « **turlur** » Ginette shares a confidence that fills me with joy, a delightful anecdote that I am happy to recount here.

She sees me on the sidewalk in front of the family home. 



— — sitting on the little wooden bench my grandfather had made for me, she sees me writing down the license plate **numbers** of passing cars, trucks, buses, and tractors in my grocery notebook. And **if**, by chance, the plate is from Ontario, New York, Miami, or somewhere else entirely — — it was via « First Avenue in « **Charlesbourg** », in front of our house, that tourists had to pass to go to the Quebec Zoological Garden a few miles away. — — then, it's party time. I run home to shout my discovery to everyone and, most of the time, I specify the two colors of the plate.

September 4, 1952, was my very first day of school. The teacher, at that time, was called Aline Caron. Unforgettable! Very beautiful, with long, slightly curly black hair. In the class, there were only boys. There were 21 of us. Just before the afternoon recess, Aline showed us a beautiful, big red apple and said, "From 1 to 25."

I, the second smallest in the class, am sitting right next to the desk of the girl who holds the apple prominently in her hand. Second to choose, I say « **16** ». The round of voting over, I can still hear — — what a vivid memory, though I don't realize it at the time — — I can still hear:

« The beautiful apple is for Nil ».

Since then, I've always considered the **number 16** to be MY lucky



number. And this has been proven true many times since. Much later, when it came time for me to name the ancestor of the ACXEL RESYNTHESIZER, I chose « **16 PI** » which is actually the « INDEX » of the FM technique.

And I still cherish the magnificent gift — — enamel on copper — — that my eldest son, Hugue, guitarist and singer of « Blues », had made for me.

The School (ARCHIVES 2) is located right next to St. Charles Borromeo Church, and as was often the case in very Catholic villages in Quebec at that time, its strategic positioning took the form of a quartet.



First violin = The Church

Second violin = The Sacristy

Alto = The Presbytery

Cello = The School



I refer to this institutional setting from my past because it is linked to a good extent with the **Number 187**, this sum which until now I have voluntarily kept mysterious.

DID YOU SAY « SUM »?

As for « **Numbers** », I can say that things remained that way for quite some time. In fact, it wasn't until 1999  the year of « The Eleventh Heard Vibration », the first of my three books dedicated to Vibration "**NUMBER 11**"  that the « **NUMBERS - LETTERS** » pairing truly took root. So much so that one day, I ended up counting my first name.

It's pretty simple.

A = 1 or 26

B = 2 or 25

C = 3 or 24

.....

X = 24 or 3

Y = 25 or 2

Z = 26 or 1

As a result,

$$\text{NIL} = 14 + 9 + 12 = 35$$

$$\text{LIN} = 13 + 18 + 15 = 46$$

$$\text{The difference} = 46 - 35 = \mathbf{11}$$

It was « **that 11** » that made me decide to occasionally use this counting technique used extensively by Leonardo da Vinci, a technique which, I should point out, has nothing to do with the so-called classical numerological "science" which spends its time "reducing" everything to a whole number from 1 to 9.

Thus, there is

$$10 + 5 + 20 + 1 + 9 + 13 + 5 = \mathbf{63}$$

$$\mathbf{J + E + T + A + I + M + E = 63}$$

$$9 + 12 + 15 + 22 + 5 + 25 + 15 + 21 = \mathbf{124}$$

$$\mathbf{I + L + O + V + E + Y + O + U = 124}$$

$$\mathbf{63 + 124 = 187}$$

That said, in this matter of counting 187, there's a kind of super bonus. Indeed, my Mother Antonine, who was a singer in her spare time, and my Father Gérard, who played Hawaiian guitar in his spare time, both had the same favorite song:

Parlez-moi d'amour

And, by a wonderful ?coincidence?, while writing this script, I found this:

16 + 1 + 18 + 12 + 5 + 26 + 13 + 15 + 9 + 4 + 1 + 13 + 15 + 21 + 18 = 187

P + A + R + L + E + Z + M + O + I + D + A + M + O + U + R = 187

THINGS ARE THE WAY THEY ARE!

ARCHIVES 1

CHURCH ST-CHARLES-BORROMEO IN 1951.



ARCHIVES 2



