

MM

WRITINGS '67-'72 BY

John Cage

M: Writings '67-'72

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A Year from Monday: New Lectures and Writings

Empty Words: Writings '73-'78

X: Writings '79-'82

M

WRITINGS '67-'72

BY

JOHN CAGE



WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

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"62 Mesostics Re Merce Cunningham" (with directions for its performance as music) was published and copyright © 1971 by Henmar Press Inc., 373 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. Reprint permission granted by the publisher.

"Song" and "On the windshield of a new Fiat for James K. and Carolyn Brown" appeared in *Song Books* by John Cage; copyright © 1970 by Henmar Press Inc., 373 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. Reprint permission granted by the publisher.

"Present" was included in *John Cage*, edited by Richard Kostelanetz and issued 1970 by Praeger Publishers, New York.

The first part of "Mureau" appeared in *Synthesis*, 1970.

"36 Mesostics Re and Not Re Marcel Duchamp" appeared in *Vogue*, London, 1972.

The first three sections of "Diary: How to Improve the World (You Will Only Make Matters Worse)" were issued respectively in *Tri-Quarterly*, 1969; in *Liberations*, edited by Ihab Hassan and published by Wesleyan University Press, 1971; and in *New Literary History*, 1971.

"Mushroom Book," with lithographs by Lois Long and the author, was published in a limited edition by Hollanders Workshop Inc., New York, 1972.

"Ten years before sixty-seven" was first printed in "Leo Castelli—Ten Years," copyright © 1967 by Leo Castelli; reprinted by permission.

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Cage, John.

M: writings, '67-'72.

I. Title.

PS3553.A32M2

818'.5'407

72-11051

ISBN 0-8915-6035-9

Wesleyan University Press

Published by University Press of New England, Hanover, NH 03755

Manufactured in the United States of America

5 4 3

To us and all those who hate us,
that the U.S.A. may become just another
part of the world, no more, no less.
(1967, repeated 1973)

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FOREWORD

The title of this book was obtained by subjecting the twenty-six letters of the alphabet to an I Ching chance operation. As I see it, any other letter would have served as well, though M is, to be sure, the first letter of many words and names that have concerned me for many years (music, mushrooms, Marcel Duchamp, M. C. Richards, Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, Merce Cunningham, Marshall McLuhan, my dear friends the Daniels — Minna, for twenty-three years the editor of *Modern Music*, and Mell, early in life and now again in later life, the painter), and recently (mesostics, Mao Tse-tung).

M is also the first letter of *Mureau*, one of the more unconventional texts in this book. *Mureau* departs from conventional syntax. It is a mix of letters, syllables, words, phrases, and sentences. I wrote it by subjecting all the remarks of Henry David Thoreau about music, silence, and sounds he heard that are indexed in the Dover publication of the *Journal* to a series of I Ching chance operations. The personal pronoun was varied according to such operations and the typing was likewise determined. Mureau is the first syllable of the word music followed by the second of the name Thoreau.

Reading the *Journal*, I had been struck by the twentieth-century way Thoreau listened. He listened, it seemed to me, just as composers using technology nowadays listen. He paid attention to each sound, whether it was ‘musical’ or not, just as they do; and he explored the neighborhood of Concord with the same appetite with which they explore the possibilities provided by electronics. Many of my performances as a musician in recent years have been my vocalizing of *Mureau* or my shouting of another text, scattered like pictures throughout this book, *62 Mesostics re Merce Cunningham*.

My first mesostic was written as prose to celebrate one of Edwin Denby’s birthdays. The following ones, each letter of the name being on its own line, were written as poetry. *A given letter capitalized does not occur between it and the preceding capitalized letter.* I thought that I was writing acrostics, but Norman O. Brown pointed out that they could properly be called “mesostics” (row not down the edge but down the middle). Writing about Merce Cunningham for James Klosty’s forthcoming book of photographs, I tried to write syntactically as I had in the case of the *Mesostics Re and Not Re Marcel Duchamp*, but the length of Cunningham’s name proved to be an obstacle. I suddenly thought that that length together with the name’s being down the middle would turn from obstacle to utility if the letters were touching both vertically and horizontally. The poem would then have a spine and resemble Cunningham himself, the dancer. Though

this is not the case (these mesostics more resemble waterfalls or ideograms), this is how they came to be made. I used over seven hundred different type faces and sizes available in Letraset and, of course, subjected them to I Ching chance operations. No line has more than one word or syllable. Both syllables and words were obtained from Merce Cunningham's *Changes: Notes on Choreography* and from thirty-two other books most used by Cunningham in relation to his work. The words were subjected to a process which brought about in some cases syllable exchange between two or more of them. This process produced new words not to be found in any dictionary but reminiscent of words everywhere to be found in James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*.

Rereading *Finnegans Wake* I notice that though Joyce's subjects, verbs, and objects are unconventional, their relationships are the ordinary ones. With the exception of the Ten Thunderclaps and rumblings here and there, *Finnegans Wake* exploits syntax. Syntax gives it a rigidity from which classical Chinese and Japanese were free. A poem by Bashō, for instance, floats in space: any English translation merely takes a snapshot of it; a second translation shows it in quite another light. Only the imagination of the reader limits the number of the poem's possible meanings.

Syntax, according to Norman O. Brown, is the arrangement of the army. As we move away from it, we demilitarize language. This demilitarization of language is conducted in many ways: a single language is pulverized; the boundaries between two or more languages are crossed; elements not strictly linguistic (graphic, musical) are introduced; etc. Translation becomes, if not impossible, unnecessary. Nonsense and silence are produced, familiar to lovers. We begin to actually live together, and the thought of separating doesn't enter our minds.

My work in this field is tardy. It follows the poetry of Jackson MacLow and Clark Coolidge, my analogous work in the field of music, and my first experiments (preceding *Mureau*, but likewise derived from Thoreau's *Journal*), texts for *Song Books (Solos for Voice 3-92)*, one of which, *Solo for Voice 30*, appears in this book as *Song*. Concrete and sound poets have also worked in this field for many years, though many, it seems to me, have substituted graphic or musical structures for syntactical ones, not having seen that man-made structures themselves (including structures in fields other than language: government in its nonutilitarian aspects, and zoos, for instance) must give way if those beings they were designed to control, whether people, animals, plants, sounds, or words, are to continue on earth to breathe and be.

I now write without syntax and sometimes with it. Thus the *Diary* continues. And the *Mushroom Book* uses both syntax and absence of syntax. The *Diary* now has seven installments, the first three of which appear in *A Year From Monday*.

I hope to finish ten of them. (The year anciently had ten months.) The *Mushroom Book* is an interlude between the sixth and seventh installments of the *Diary*.

I began the *Diary* optimistically in 1965 to celebrate the work of R. Buckminster Fuller, his concern for human needs and world resources, his comprehensive scientific designs for making life on earth an unequivocal success, his insistence that problem solving be continuously regenerative. Fuller predicted that by 1972, following trends, 50% of the world's population would have what they needed for living. The other 50% would rapidly join their ranks. Say by the year 2000. If Fuller's prediction has so far come true, it is not because of anything we Americans have recently done. We have the Chinese to thank, and Mao Tse-tung in particular.

In the fall of 1971 I received a letter from Norman O. Brown. He advised me to stop reading Jacques Ellul (at his advice I had been reading *The Technological Society*) and instead to read *The Chinese Road to Socialism* by E. L. Wheelwright and Bruce McFarlane. "What's happening in China is really important. China maybe has stepped into the future. Perhaps we have to acknowledge that (for our sins) America is no longer the future." My first thought was that Brown, too close to his university students, had received from them an interest in Mao that didn't really belong to him.

When I returned from several bookstores with *The Chinese Road to Socialism* and an anthology of Mao's writings, I expected in reading them to find myself on the other side of the fence.

I knew it would be necessary to concentrate my attention on world improvement, to eliminate from my mind all thoughts about art. Contemporary Chinese arts are timely advertisements for the revolution, not significant expressions of it. Fortunately I had listened when Jasper Johns said, "I can imagine a society without any art at all, and it is not a bad society."

I was deeply touched in the Wheelwright and McFarlane book by the account of the material and spiritual changes in Chinese environment, technology, and society. I was immediately glad that seven hundred million people were no longer divided between what Fuller calls the haves and the have-nots. I was cheered by the news that one-fifth of the world's population were "fighting self-interest" and "serving the people." Just the news that people of all ages (the very young and the very old, and the usual 'able-bodied') were working together to turn desert into garden was refreshing: I had become numb from the social habit (practiced indiscriminately in the U.S.A., only politically in China) of getting rid of people, even killing them when feasible. I can't forget visits to my mother who lived the last years of her life unwillingly in a "comfortable" New Jersey nursing home. She begged to be taken home but her home no longer existed.

Wheelwright's and McFarlane's observations of changes in Chinese human nature were recently corroborated for me by Jumay Chu, a young American dancer who returned in the fall of '72 from a visit to China. Jumay told me she had asked a Chinese factory worker whether he was happy. (He was doing work to which he had been assigned that she herself wouldn't have enjoyed doing because it was repetitive and boring.) The factory worker didn't understand her question. He was doing his work as part of China's work; he was one person in the Chinese family.

In Mao's writings I skipped over the texts which are those of a general speaking to his soldiers, though I read carefully the rules he gave them regarding right conduct among persons of occupied land: to assist them with their work, to care for their well-being and property. "We Communists are like seeds and the people are like the soil. Wherever we go, we must unite with the people, take root and blossom among them." Though the history of the Chinese Revolution is a history of violence, it includes the Long March, a grand retreat that reminds me of the Thoreau-influenced social actions of Gandhi, Martin Luther King, and the Danes in their response to Hitler's invasion.

I felt very close to Mao when I read in his biography that as a young man he had studied with great interest the texts of anarchism. And his admonitions to the people during the Chinese Cultural Revolution, including the very young, admonitions to revolt against authority, including his own authority, were ones with which I wholeheartedly concur. "It is right to rebel." "Bombard the headquarters." Observed from a Western distance, Mao often seemed to be leading China into chaos. But it was to Chaos himself, in Kwang-tse's writings, that the Spirit of the Clouds put his questions when he felt the need to improve the world.

Throughout his thinking, I admired Mao's clear-headedness. He saw, for instance, that the solution of the Chinese problem was necessarily specifically Chinese. It would be wrong for it to be merely Russian. The largest number of Chinese people were peasants and the largest number of peasants were poor. The revolution in China was therefore to begin with them and in relation to their needs.

This looking to the masses made me think of Fuller, his vision of a world society in which all people, no matter their age, are properly students. The good life is a university, different from those we now have, from which while living we never graduate. The World Revolution to come ("the greatest of them all"), apolitical, nonviolent, intelligent because comprehensively and regeneratively problem solving (cf. Mao: We must learn to look at problems all-sidedly, seeing the reverse as well as the obverse side of things) is a "Student Revolution."

I began then to search for the common denominator between Mao and Fuller, and, when I came across seemingly irreconcilable differences between the two, I decided to listen to both. For instance, Fuller's advice, "Don't change man; change

environment” and Mao’s directive: “Remould people to their very souls; revolutionize their thinking.”

Daisetz Suzuki often pointed out that Zen’s nondualism arose in China as a result of problems encountered in translating India’s Buddhist texts. Pali had syntax; Chinese did not. Indian words for concepts in opposition to one another did not exist in Chinese. *Fixity* became *mountain-mountain*; *flexibility* became *springweather-springweather*. Buddhism became Zen Buddhism. Looking for an Indian precedent, Chinese patriarchs chose the Flower Sermon of the Buddha, a sermon in which no word was spoken. Reading Mao’s text *On Contradiction*, I think of it as twentieth-century expression of nondualistic thought.

While I was writing the texts in this book, I was also writing music: *HPSCHD* (with Lejaren Hiller), *Cheap Imitation* (first for piano solo and now also for orchestra, twenty-four to ninety-six musicians, without conductor), *Song Books*. And I initiated a number of performances which have not involved notation: *Musicircus* (bringing together under one roof as much of the music of the surrounding community as one practicably can), *Reunion* (with David Tudor, Lowell Cross, David Behrman, Gordon Mumma, Marcel and Teeny Duchamp), *33 1/3* (a music utility operated by the audience), *Demonstration of the Sounds of the Environment* (three hundred people silently following an I Ching determined path through Milwaukee’s University of Wisconsin campus), and *Mureau* not vocalized by myself alone but together with others (Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo).

In 1952, with Morton Feldman, Christian Wolff, Earle Brown, and David Tudor, I had taken steps to make a music that was just sounds, sounds free of judgments about whether they were ‘musical’ or not, sounds free of memory and taste (likes and dislikes), sounds free of fixed relations between two or more of them (musical syntax, or glue, as Henry Cowell called it when he introduced one of our concerts in the ‘fifties at the New School).

Since the theory of conventional music is a set of laws exclusively concerned with ‘musical’ sounds, having nothing to say about noises, it had been clear from the beginning that what was needed was a music based on noise, on noise’s lawlessness. Having made such an anarchic music, we were able later to include in its performance even so-called musical sounds.

The next steps were social, and they are still being taken. We need first of all a music in which not only are sounds just sounds but in which people are just people, not subject, that is, to laws established by any one of them even if he is “the composer” or “the conductor.” Finally (as far as I can see at present), we need a music which no longer prompts talk of audience participation, for in it the

division between performers and audience no longer exists: a music made by everyone.

I learned this in Kalamazoo. In a room seating two hundred volunteers having untrained voices, we rehearsed *Mureau*, not attempting to make words clear, but paying attention to individual letters. The feelings we had and the sounds we heard were such that we all looked forward to the next evening's performance. This was given in a different place, a hall seating three thousand. When it began, something like the sound of the rehearsal was to be heard, though it was not so impressive. The social situation soon changed. Not all, but some, in one way or another, aggressively drew attention to themselves. It was possible to enjoy what happened (many of the audience themselves became performers). But the old splits remained: between performers and audience, between proscenium stage and seats in rows facing towards it. No improvement in society was exemplified; the music we could use had been made the day before. What's required is a music that requires no rehearsal.

This is my deepest conviction. However, I've been obliged in the case of the orchestral version of *Cheap Imitation* to include in the directions a *Minimum Rehearsal Requirement*.

The first performance of *Cheap Imitation* (with the essential twenty-four of the ninety-six parts) was announced for early May (1972) by Gaudeamus, the Dutch musical organization. The conductor (who does not perform in the concert but acts as a coach during rehearsals) was Jan Stulen and the musicians were especially chosen by the Mobile Ensemble. When I arrived in The Hague the day of the performance, I found that the musicians were working on the music for the first time. It proved too difficult for presentation following a single rehearsal. At that evening's concert we therefore presented a rehearsal of the first movement. The next day at another concert when the work was to have been repeated, we managed, quite well, to get through two movements and also without conductor. This obliged the musicians to listen to one another, a thing they rarely do. Gaudeamus, embarrassed, arranged to have the work played on the Holland Festival a month or so later; they assured me that it would be well prepared. However, when I arrived in Holland for the final rehearsal, I discovered that not only was the orchestra's final rehearsal their first but that many of the musicians had not bothered to look at the music and that Jan Stulen had been replaced by a former pupil of Boulez who himself said as the rehearsal began, "I think this work has three movements; is that true?" After hearing a few miserable attempts to play the first phrases, I spoke to the musicians about the deplorable state of society (not only of musical society), and I withdrew the piece from the evening's program. By having written *Cheap Imitation*, I've provided, I think, a means for opening the

ears of orchestral musicians and enabling them to make music instead of, as now, only money to pay their bills. I am convinced that they play other music just as badly as they play mine. However, in the case of *Cheap Imitation*, there are no climaxes, no harmonies, no counterpoints in which to hide one's lack of devotion. This lack of devotion is not to be blamed on particular individuals (whether they are musicians who don't listen or vacationists who leave garbage beside waterfalls); it is to be blamed on the present organization of society; it is the *raison d'être* for revolution.

What can I as a composer do to bring about the revolution? Shall I give up working with trained musicians and go on from what I learned at Kalamazoo? Or shall I continue my efforts to make the symphony orchestra an instance of an improved society, and forget about those two hundred people in Michigan who don't know how to sing anyway? I can do both. I can work in the society as it intolerably structured is, and I can also work in it as hopefully unstructured it will in the future be.

I have the example of Marcel Duchamp. A paper bag, a cigar, my membership card in Czechoslovakia's mushroom society, anything became a work of art simply because Duchamp was willing to sign it. At the same time he spent the last twenty years of his life making the most rigorously controlled work of art that anyone has ever made: by means of a Spanish brick wall and a locked wooden door with two peepholes in it, he controlled the distance from which *Étant Donnés* was to be observed. The extraordinary contradiction between this work and the world around us — to which Duchamp's willingness to sign anything was the best of all possible introductions — is the contradiction in which we have the room to live.

Not less than two weeks before a projected performance each musician shall be given his part. During the first week he will learn the melody, at least those phrases of it in which he participates. He is to learn, among other matters, to play double sharps and double flats without writing in simpler "equivalent" notes.

During the second week there will be an orchestral rehearsal on each day, each rehearsal lasting one and one-half hours. If, at any time, it appears that any member of the orchestra does not know his part, he is to be dismissed . . .

(Cf. Mao Tse-tung: "What should our policy be towards non-Marxist ideas? As far as unmistakable counter-revolutionaries and saboteurs of the socialist cause are concerned, the matter is easy: we simply deprive them of their freedom of speech.")

. . . If as a result one of the essential twenty-four parts is missing, the projected performance is to be cancelled.

I am, of course, on my last legs, so that, as I put my foot down, it is doubtful

whether it will have any effect. If the structure of the symphony orchestra remains as it is, even conscientious musicians will not be able to follow my rule. They are merely employees who must do what the conductor tells them to. The conductor must do his work in such a way that its costs do not exceed the budget approved by the board of trustees. My rehearsal schedule is expensive. There isn't enough time. The Dutch musicians each month give more concerts than there are days; each concert has several pieces (all of them need running through). "To play your music," one of them told me, "you have to change your mind with regard to music itself. How can you expect ninety-six people to do that?"

But it's not just ninety-six people who must change their minds. We are now closer to four than to three billion. Not so long ago the world was called a global village. Buckminster Fuller calls it spaceship earth. Every one of us is on it.

The party's nearly over. But the guests are going to stay: they have no place else to go. People who weren't invited are beginning to arrive. The house is a mess. We must all get together and without saying a word clean it up.

M: Writings '67-'72

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DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD
 (YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE)
 CONTINUED 1968 (REVISED)

XCI. Laughter. Computer music. No
 one mentions secrecy. Machine
 language. Accumulation of
 sub-routines, sub-routines anyone may
 use. *Truth's not true. We were
 speaking of individuality (Thoreau's
 "respect for the individual"): Brown
 connected 'atom' with 'individual'
 (they've both been split). An
 individual, having no separate soul, is a
 time-span, a collection of changes. Our
 nature's that of Nature. Nothing's
 fixed. Excepting everything, there's
 nothing to respect. He'd go along,
 Brown said, with "the here and the
 now." Why, in recent wars, does
 U.S. favor the south against the
 north? Non-strategic. Fight against
 the south: South, say, Africa, siding with
 African nations to the north. Whites
 giving their lives for blacks!
 Soldiers would return victorious, pockets
 full of diamonds. XCII. June 23.*

(1840) "We Yankees are not so far from
 right,"--(Thoreau)--"who answer one
 question by asking another. Yes and
 No are lies. A true answer will not aim
 to establish anything, but rather to set
 all well afloat." *Mentioning opposites, he
 called them correlatives. Fuller
 calls them complements. Taking down the*

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*fences. Frontiers describe what's
beyond as well as what's enclosed.*

Three. **I noticed the nurses were kind to
her. “Naturally they are. If you
like people, they like you.”** When I
received the letter that said I'd be
required to sign a form stating I
didn't want to overthrow the
government (otherwise I wouldn't get
the position I'd been offered), I asked
my friends what to do. They said: Sign
the form; take the job; go on with your
work. XCIII. *The Israeli-Arab*

*situation's hopeless. Jewish friends
I talked to didn't make good sense.*

*Quote: After ages suffering, aren't
you glad we finally have a little
success? Unquote. Suggesting Jews
use technological know-how to benefit
Arabs, I was given this reply: Israelis
wanted to. Arabs wouldn't let'em.*

Weather changed. It's freezing. In
no time at all the temperature
dropped a total of forty degrees.

Uglification. We're good at it.

Single individuals without
encountering obstacles darken the corners
where they are. When Gandhi was asked what
he thought of Western Civilization, he
said, “It would be nice.” **One thing we
refuse is to employ an answering
service. It's of the greatest urgency—a
matter of ethics even—that we be able to
reach one another. Those who are
selfish will change their minds re
interruptions (i.e. become
superficially ethical): incoming telephone**

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**calls will be the means by which one's
social credit exceeds a basic economic
security (social usefulness
measured).** XCIV. When I entered the

house, I noticed some very
interesting music was being played.

After a drink or two, I asked my
hostess what it was. She said, "You
can't be serious?" *Scientists are
sometimes not scientific. Take
atomic garbage. First they put it in
rivers and streams. Then someone
noticed the waters began to boil. Now just
as cats do after shitting, scientists
dig a trench, put the garbage in it,
cover it up, and then forget about it.*

Ecological thinking. "Decisions to
make." *There must be times for him, as
there are for me, when, looking in my
direction expecting to say hello, I
pass by preoccupied. Artificial death
(something we invented).* XCV. **Coal and**

**oil we use are being replenished.
Fossilization. It takes ages.
Buckminster Fuller, speaking in financial
terms, describes underground energy
sources as capital sources to
differentiate them from those above
ground which he describes as income.**

**Fuller advises saving capital for
emergencies.** *Changed, mind includes
even itself. Unchanged, nothing gets in or
out.* I was grounded. The pilot
refused to fly. I took to the woods.

Found *Tricholoma equestre* (first time
I ever did). Then in Ohio, on the way to

another airport, found *Pleuroti*,
Collybiae. Revolution. Two people
making same kind of music is one
music too many. XCVI. Unripe fruit.
Asked Fuller about atomic energy. He
didn't smile. His comment: It's partly
income, partly capital. I was given a
 book of photographs and poems. The
 photographs're nineteen inches wide,
 only a few inches high. They are shots
 of the Midwest. Going to Illinois, I
 took this book along as aesthetic
 insurance against the land and air
I'd be living in. In the course of telling
 what she'd seen while traveling around
 the world, Mrs. Cunningham mentioned the
 camels in Japan. Mr. Cunningham said,
 "You must mean the camels in Egypt."
 Going on, Mrs. Cunningham said
 parenthetically, "Of course that's what I
 mean." *XCVII. Music (not*
composition). The U.S. government
has joined the protest movement.
 Postage stamp bears the motto: Search
 for Peace. Another commemorates
 Thoreau. (Wanderers. No notion of where
 we'll be going next.) Driving to
 Chicago, no need for art. Land's an
 ocean. Earth's black. Trees, even
 those with leaves, visible. Pheasants,
 frightened, run the road from China.
 Spring sponges. Fall stumpies and
 quirines. Pinkies. He got his hands dirty
 so we could live. (We, too, are
 trees.) That I'm grateful costs him no
 time. Coming back from the pilgrimage,
 they tell us the roof is leaking. It's

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good our heads're worn-out. (His
 ideas are getting in.) He's as serious and
 frivolous as Chaos. "When?" was the
 question she asked. Then added: "Each
 second counts." XCVIII. "Why'd you
 hit him in the first place?" "I
 didn't. I only hit him when he hit me
 back." Moon. Tides. Asked why the
 radios didn't work, she said, "We bought
 the big one for seventy-five dollars
 and it didn't work. Then we bought the
 little one. It doesn't work either, but
 it only cost ten dollars."
"Classification . . . ceases when it's no
 longer possible to establish
 oppositions." (Government's
 outmoded.) To improve society, spend
 more time with people whom you haven't
 met. Paul Goodman: "A man . . . draws now,
 as far as he can, on the natural force
 in him that is no different from what it
 will be in the new society . . . Merely
 continuing to exist and act in nature
 and freedom, a free man wins the victory,
 establishes the new society. . ."
 (*Drawing the Line*). XCIX. We do what no
 one else does. Economy. (We do not
 believe in "human nature.") We are
 nouveau-riches. Beyond that, we are
 criminals. There, outside the law, we
 tell the truth. For this reason, we
 exploit technology. Circumstances
 determine our actions. *Wind. Straw*
that will break Christmas's back: we'll
already have what someone intends to give
us. Friendship. The price-system
 and government that enforces it are on

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the way out. They're going out the way a
 fire does. Protest actions fan the
 flames of a dying fire. Protest helps to
 keep the government going. *Energy*
from outer space. Radioaction in a form
not requiring fission/fusion. C. She
 bought a number of towels to give as
 Christmas presents to people in the
 community. By mistake she gave them all
 to me. **Violence.** If revolution's
 colored, include white. White and
 black look well together. **Gentle**

Thursday. My plan was to do my work and
then join Cincinnati's Be-In. At 4:30 Andy
telephoned to say it had petered

out. *Predictions of astrologers. "The*
start of a deep transformation on
earth." We're leaving the Piscean
age, entering the Aquarian one. We'll be
living in a situation of overlap,
interplay, global unity, universal
understanding, collective peace and
harmony. Subjectivity. Kill two birds
with one stone. Stop using oil and
coal. We'll keep them there in the
earth against a rainy day. Large cause
of air-pollution'll be eliminated. We'll
use energies above ground—sun,
wind, tides. Air'll automatically become
what it was: something good to breathe.

CI. Sri Ramakrishna not only lived as a
 man, a woman, a monkey: he lived for
 six months as a plant, standing on one
 leg in ecstasy. **We are not arranging**
things in order (that's the function of
the utilities): we are merely

facilitating processes so that anything can
 happen. After leaving Tokyo's
 airport, Ito Hisuki wrote this
 letter: "Mr. Baggage Man American
 Airlines United States of Los Angeles
 Gentleman dear sir: I damn seldom where
 my suitcase are. She no fly. You no
 more fit to baggage master than for
 crysake that's all I hope. What's the
 matter you? Ito Hisuki" *CII. We*
think at the same time others (animates,
inanimates) think. We are intimate in
advance with whatever will happen.

Not blood. Just relationship. Power
and profit structures're out of cahoots
with current technology. Aware of new
inventions, corporations put them
aside, waiting for competitive reasons
until they're obliged to use new
gimmicks. Possessed of the atom bomb,
they are hog-tied. They dare not
use it. Alice. Wonderland. Robert
 Duncan told me his poetry was picked up
 from other people. The only time he
 felt, he said, like using quotation
 marks was when the words he wrote
 were his. Say the country's based on
 law and order as after each riot
 politicians maintain. Instead of
 allocating funds for summer
 entertainments in Roman efforts to
 distract the masses, it would be more
 effective to prohibit advertising (TV
 commercials in particular) so that the poor
 wouldn't know what it was they were
 missing. *CIII. She'd been born in*

CO.e
old,
An
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*her summer home overlooking a mountain
lake formerly owned by her family, now
shared with Boy Scouts. Carpenter
whom she'd employed, whom she'd known
since childhood, always treated her
like an outsider. While he rested, she
asked, "What's the difference
between natives and outsiders?"*
*"Natives," he replied, "eat indoors
and shit outdoors, outsiders eat
outdoors and shit indoors."*

**Our flights
are interrupted by overnight stays in
airport motels. No one knows where we
are. McLuhan said it. We're like
the Middle Ages. People building
cathedrals. Glorification. No need
for God: just Universe.**

Doing
something we don't know how to do. No
technique. Dad used to say: If someone
says, "Can't," that indicates the thing for
you to do.

**CIV. Spent several hours
searching through a book trying to
find the idea I'd gotten out of it. I
couldn't find it. I still have the idea.**

X. He said he'd never heard my music.
 "You haven't missed a thing." Letter
 to Tenney: It's useless to play
 lullabies for those who cannot go to
 sleep. Retaliating, they'll put you in
 prison. We'll have lost synergetic
 advantage working with you gave us.
 (How many are we? You also
 benefited.) You're right, of course
 (they're wrong). But you don't intend,
 do you, to perpetuate such
 distinctions? First thing he did after
 taking the job as school principal was to
 sign his resignation, explaining he didn't

want people to feel obliged to keep him
 around. Then he fired the librarian,
 permitting students free access to
 books. Instead of being stolen or not
 returned, inventory after one year
 showed there were fifty more books
 than there had been originally. CV.

“Common sense.” **We do what we do by means**

of contradiction. *Gravity's a local*

*event, one of many in the electrostatic
 field. Find means whereby one can tune
 in or out of the gravitational field
 of this or that body in space.*

*(Nonviolent space travel.) Find
 other uses of gravity for those*

who're living on Earth. Consider

incestuous any marriage between two people
 of the same race, country, or faith.

**No idea how it happens. Even if we had
 an idea (which's been shown to
 facilitate its escaping our notice)
 it'd still happen.** Met John Platt.

He suggests that contraceptive substances
 be added to basic foods: flour, rice,
 sugar, salt, etc. The human species
 would become normally unproductive.

Should a couple wish to have a child,
 they'd go to special stores to procure
 their food. Every child a wanted child.

CVI. *hard clay the earth/ iron-weed the
 corn/ that was my crib (Teeny fifteen
 years old) If the situation is hopeless,
 we have nothing to worry about.*

Post-graduate studies. *Quantum Theory.*

January. Drove across Ding Darling
 Sanctuary on Sanibel off Florida's
 western coast. Saw vulture; hawks;

ducks and smaller birds; white, blue,
 black and grey taller birds, poised on
 branches or stalking the shallow waters.
 Man got out of his car behind us to
 photograph. We asked him what kind of
 bird it was. He said, "That's a grey
 heron, five feet tall." **During the
 discussion, she asked a question
 about education. Answer: People together
 without restrictions in a situation
 abundantly implemented. She asked another.
 "People to whom it never occurs to ask:
 Mother! What shall I do now?" She
 turned and left the room. CVII. Hands
 aren't possessive. They belong to the
 same body.** *They taught us art was
 self-expression. You had to have
 "something to say." They were wrong:
 you don't have to say anything. Think of
 the others as artists. Art's
 self-alteration. ("Charlotte
 Thrasher came to me late last evening
 to say that she'd jumped a wave,
 taken the way of the fishes and would
 not return until morning.") If we
 start with the past and move to the
 present, we go from pleasure to
 irritation. Do you know what's happening?
 The Indian mind is moving. It'll
 handle computers, cybernetics,
 what-have-you, better than other
 minds can. CVIII. **Global Civil War.**
*Family as it now stands doesn't work.
 North, south, brothers are quarreling,
 running to one parent or the other
 to obtain a favorable judgment. A
 mother telephoned to ask whether her son**

was coming home for Christmas. “No,” he
replied, “I love you, but I’m going west.
You and Dad’re always bickering.” Examine
 thoughts and words, written or
 spoken, weeding out those that are
 dead. Dead ones are those concerning
 aggression. Konrad Lorenz: the evolution
 of human nature. Toshi Ichiyanagi says:
 Funny thing about that Ito Hisuki story
 is that Ito Hisuki is not a very
 Japanese name. CIX. Reading
 Thoreau’s *Journal*, I discover any idea
 I’ve ever had worth it’s salt. (Oppressive
 laws were made to keep two Irishmen from
 fighting in the streets.) The door
 opened. He walked in, turned on the light,
 sat down, died. The light is still on.
 No one turned it off. **India: a luxury we**
can no longer afford. Graves said:
Imagine that you’re dreaming. I told
Ellen to stretch her visit to the
limit, then stay another day.
Government’s contemporary if its
activities aren’t interrupted by the
action of technology. Americans, to
remain rich, strong, required to
curtail world travel, stop investment in
foreign industries. Ergo:
Washington’s behind the times. CX. At
 the present moment, the question is: Do
 I have enough change for another beer?
 More important question: Is there
 enough food and drink for everyone who is
 living? Civilization is Hamletized
 (people are dying right and left): To
 be or not to be. That is the question.
Tempo no longer exists. Just

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quantity. Say there are only a few sounds.
 Say they're loud. What to do? Jump? "But
 still Vietnam goes on! And what of the
 concentration camps in California,
 etc? . . . Who shall be called to serve
 'their country' in them . . . ?

Malcolm" Criticism's not the time to
 think. Think ahead of time. Buckminster
 Fuller. CXI. Tenney wrote to say: "What's
 required . . . is . . . radical eclecticism

(Ives) . . . 'every composer's duty.' . . .

More power to Fuller . . . to
 revolutionary guerrillas . . . to Christian
 pacifists . . . to flower children . . . to
 hippies . . . acidheads . . . beatniks, diggers
 and provos . . . to the militant blacks . . . to
 those who keep asking questions." We
 were at opposite ends of the hall. We
 left our separate rooms and are now in
 the hall itself. Problems of

governments are not inclusive enough. We
 need (we've got them) global problems in
 order to find global solutions.

Problems connected with sounds were
 insufficient to change the nature of
 music. We had to conceive of silence in
 order to open our ears. We need to
 conceive of anarchy to be able
 whole-heartedly to do whatever another
 tells us to. CXII. It's been dangerous.
 Still is. Warnings are constantly
 given. Furthermore, though we gave
 our lives, our actions seemed superficial.
 That is, we went out rather than in.
 Premise was: opposites are intimately
 connected. Were we to start again,

we'd start from a consideration
 (constellation of ideas). **What we
 have would be no uglier called by
 another name. Veblen called it the
 price-system. Mills called it the Power
 Elite. It's probably no more than
 ninety-nine people who don't know what
 they're doing. They're involved in
 high finance. Fascinating form of
 gambling.** We sent music outdoors as
 one sends children to play, so
 grown-ups could get what they were
 doing done. CXIII. McHale: "The . . .
 interdependence of all nations . . . to
 maintain . . . daily operation (of airlines,
 telecommunications and other . . . global
 services), now renders ineffective . . .
 attempts at unilateral action based on
 imaginary sovereign autonomy. We
 are . . . hypnotized by such notions . . .
 though they are no longer operable
 in the real world. When we went by
 mail-boat to visit Fuller, the fog was so
 thick you couldn't see where you were
 going. That night he talked by
 candlelight. In the morning the fog had
 lifted. All the islands of the Penobscot
 were visible, even the ones in the
 distance. It was like Matsushima, but
 larger. We'll keep the Stop and Go signs—
 even their colors: red and green.
 But we'll give the signs the ability
 to observe traffic so that the Go sign
 will not appear when there are no cars
 waiting to go. CXIV. *Sleep's what
 we need. It produces an emptiness in*

us into which sooner or later energies

*flow. Metabolism. Combine nursing homes
with nursery schools. Bring very old
and very young together: they interest
one another. Farting, don't think,
just fart. Sign above the toilet:
Have patience! The toilet will
flush. Just give it time to fill up.*

*Artilleryman, flying home, anxious to
return to Vietnam, said there's a job
to be done. If soldiers were free
to kill anyone anytime anywhere, war,
he said, could be won. Army rules
cramp our style. E.g., rubber trees
aren't to be damaged in any way.*

**CXV. Books one picked up and put down
over a period, say, of ten years,
picking them up on the eleventh to
discover the impossibility of putting
them down. What's the arithmetic of
this?** *The heavenly city's no longer
walled-in: it has gone up in space.
Talking about education, Fuller said
he preferred talking to people whose
minds weren't, say, more than
half-filled up. Furthermore, a child,
he said, by the mere fact of being born
is educated. We're no longer willing
to be entertained piecemeal—recitals of
this and that, megalopolitan museums here
and there. We insist on continuous
use of aesthetic faculty. CXVI.
Computers're bringing about a situation
that's like the invention of harmony.
Sub-routines are like chords. No one
would think of keeping a chord to himself.
You'd give't to anybody who wanted it.*

miX
yeCtVob
wrONG
aG_k
uie

*You'd welcome alterations of it.
 Sub-routines are altered by a single punch.
 We're getting music made by man himself:
 not just one man. STZ. Some*

**programming errors arise from successive
 operations without recourse between to
 zero (an error that wasn't recognized
 as such in 12-tone music). Neti-Neti:
 the "nothing-in-between."**

**Society'll work without fatal error if
 (Thoreau) it's governed not at all.**

Store zero. Planes that are used in
 Vietnam are planes left over from a
 previous war. A new bomber just in order
 to get up in the air gets to a point
 beyond its destination. You'd think that
 our leadership would manage to keep
 abreast of technological advance, and
 choose adversaries who are
 positioned at the proper distance. **CXVII.**

World body. We learn nothing from the
 things we know. The taxi-driver
 insisted people have to have other people
 to hate. I remained silent. Before
 I left the cab, he changed his tune.

Comprehensive design. Meister
Eckhart spoke of the soul's simplicity.
 But Nature's complicated. We must get
 rid of the soul or train it to deal
 with countless numbers of things.
 Likewise the ego, its dreams, its value
 judgments. (We just might make it.)

**Dharma is being revitalized by sense
 perceptions and extensions of them.**

Giving up true and false. The mind, like
 a computer, produces a print-out.
 It's on the palms of our hands. **CXVIII.**

Why keep connecting him with "his" work? Don't you see that he's a human being, whereas his work isn't? If, for instance, you decided to kick his work and him, you would, wouldn't you, have to perform two actions rather than a single one? The more he leaves his work, the more usable it becomes (room in it for others). Study universe. Arrange matters so things are where they belong. Radioactive refuse? Belongs out in space. Past a certain threshold, it'll go of its own accord to the Sun. He said something. I understood something. Communication? **Edwin Schlossberg and Jon Dieges conducted a class in Design at the University of Southern Illinois (Design in Buckminster Fuller's sense). Students did research and wrote papers, but gave them to one another instead of handing them in to the teachers. At the last session, one of the students came up to Eddie and asked him what his last name was.**

36 MESOSTICS RE AND NOT RE DUCHAMP

For Shigeko Kubota

a utility aMong
 swAllows
 is theiR
 musiC.
 thEy produce it mid-air
 to avoid coLliding.

there is no Difference between life and death.
 (sUzuki.)
 it is Consistent
 to say deatH is the most
 importAnt thing one day and the next day
 to say life is the Most
 imPortant thing.

getting olD?
 then give Up. or
 Continue.
 go Home.
 chAnge
 your Mind.
 still comPosing?

aDvanced
 stUdy:
 suitCases.
 Home'll
 be Africa.
 crêMe fraiche followed by
 3 kinds of Potatoes.

just before Midnight
 wAiting
 in the stReet
 (Costa brava):
 for all thE
 worLd a handsome young man.

Don't
 yoU ever want to win?
 (impatienCe.)
 How do you
 mAnage to live with
 just one sense of huMor?
 she must have Persuaded him to smile.

the wind-break becaMe
 A
 woRk of art
 (it began Casually
 likE
 the firepLace).

avoid woMen
 And gold,
 sRi ramakrishna advised.
 "but that is not the way to Cross
 thE stream.
 foLlow me."

Me?
 i sleep eAsily
 undeR
 any aCoustic condition.
 as hE said:
 Lullaby.

intention Disappears
 with Use. (johns.)
 aspeCts
 otHer
 thAn
 those we had in Mind
 Produce attention.

the Disease
 is not Under
 Control.
 taking tHe doctor's suggestion
 thAt i have
 My hair cut
 Proved useless.

why did she invite Me to lunch?
 A
 cuRious
 oCcasion
 including a princEss who was seated
 at the other tabLe.

he said, i do not believe that i aM.
 he wAs, as he also said,
 a bReather.
 he CouLd
 brEatHe
 effortLessly.

we reMember
 thAt
 he had stopped woRking,
 even though we're now ConscIous
 hE
 never reLaxed for a moment.

Grin
o
cr
Ssng
ESs

reMove god
from the world of ideAs.

Remove government,
politiCs from
sociEty. keep sex, humor,
utiLities. Let private property go.

they told Me
someone who hAd a
pRobleM
engaged him in a disCussion of it.
hE gave no advice
but the other Left relieved.

the soundS
of the bUgle
were out of my Control,
tHough without
my hAving
Made the effort
they wouldn't have been Produced.

are they relatE
or Unrelated
to the arthritiC condition?
a gatHering of differences
or An
accuMulation, more of the same?
(the new Pains.)

More
And
moRe
rules are esCaping our
noticE. they were
secretLy put in the museum.

but who will Do all the work
 (the décor for *walkaroUnd time*)?
 and to prepare the leCture

He
 hAd agreed to prepare proved less
 interesting than to change his Mind about doing so.
 on the other hand, it amused him to Perform as a professional musician.

inviteD
 oUt
 he'd Cut
 the evening sHort.
 At
 hoMe
 he'd suggest we stay uP later.

the olD
 sUit,
 the blaCk one
 i tHrew out,
 wAs found,
 Mended,
 and Put back in the closet.

we renteD
 an aUtomobile,
 and drove aCross italy
 from one Hill-town
 to Another,
 200 Miles
 to sPoletto.

say we have one probleM
 And
 one hundRed
 solutions. instead of Choosing
 just onE of them, we
 use them aLL.

n. o. brown: atoM
 smAshed
 makes thundeR.
 radiCal
 changE
 is therefore simpLe.

since other Men
 mAKE
 aRt,
 he Cannot.
 timE
 is vaLuable.

to Modify
 Animal
 behaviouR
 Count
 up to tEn
 before Laughing.

you Must
 hAng
 youR paintings on the walls.
 "i Can't stand to look
 at thEm."

that's why you must hang them on the waLLs.

finally he telephoneD.
 it had been hard to Understand
 what had Caused
 Him
 not to Appear.
 he said there were Many things
 we should have the oPportunity to discuss.

the church has an iMpressive
 fAcade,
 but a Rundown interior.
 glanCing at it quickly,
 i lEft. now i have to go back.
 the paintings in a side chapeL, they say, are well worth seeing.

cross the briDge.
 that's where he foUnd
 the stiCks
 on wHich
 the illuminAted
 feMale
 was Placed.

when we Decided to go to the falls,
 he said he woUldn't go with us.
 in Cadaquès too
 He
 Always stayed
 at hoMe
 when we went to swim and Play chess on the beach.

the iMpossibility of
 repeAted actions;
 the loss of memoRy:
 to reaCh
 thEse
 two's a goal.

More
 thAn
 nouRishment,
 eating's a soCial occasion.
 hE ate
 very Little.

questions i Might
 hAve
 leaRned
 to ask Can
 no longEr
 receive repLies.

the telegraM
 cAme.
 i Read it.
 death we expeCt,
 but all wE get
 is Life.

MUREAU

sparrowsitA ^{RO}beak betrays itself by that peculiar squeakariEFFECT
 OF SLIGHTest tinkling measures soundness ingpleasa We hear! Does
 it not rather hear us? sWhen he hears the telegraph, he thinks+those
 bugs have issued forthThe owl touches the stops, wakes reverb
 erations *d walky* In verse there is no inherent music eofsttakestak
 es a man to make a room silent It takes to make a roomIt IS A Young a
 ppetite and the appETITEFOR IsHe Oeyssee morningYou hear scream o
 f great hawka ydgh bodyShelie beingsilenceIt would be noblest to sing
 with the windTo hear a neighbor *singing!* u it wood The triosteum a
 day or twob mtryThesays to-wee, to-weecalling to his team lives he
 ard over high *open fields*day instead of the drum thensav pa with youn
 g birdswith young birdsfrom a truck ndat every postt ed der oglects
 in the meantimeopi at so *piercing ders ache*Theyo ato sing in earnest
 seven now chU ASISu gddd gheasu siot ei gh c n ch siYou woul
 d think MUSIC *was being born* again off Toads are still heard at eve
 ningRickets'Echo is an independent sound Rhyme and tell his story and
 breathe himselfbreathe A shrill loud alarm is *incessantly repeated* t
 heheroic hovers from over the pond *the clear metallic scream* they
 went off with a shriller craikThey go off with a hoARSer chuck ch
 uck noair hear sharp, screaming notes rending the airThis suggests wha
 t perpetual flow of spirit would produceA thrumming beyond and thr
 oughimportant Every one can CALL to mind instances mil Trees creak
 ringingWe could not hear the birds!s *the third* note confined to this
 season? Little frogs begin to peep toward sundown noonhorn is heard e
 choing from shore to shoreof perchwith a loud, rippling rustle t
 hink larmedand makes life seem serene and *grandine*xpressibly serene
 and grand apparently afraidwith more vigor and promise bellslee uttering
 that sign-like note verwarm and moist not much of the toad ev so ch
 eaply enriched for the listeningof that word "sound" and am the scene
 of liferingter viMusicand mel in melody ein the next townand fire
 openest all her senses nk which they do not rememberee each recess o
 F THE WOODA Ea what various distinct sounds we heard there deep in
 the woodshnAND echo along the shore yMORE THAN A Rodnd a sa stead
 y, BReathing, cricket-like soundhunseen and unheard *May it be such*
 summer as it suggests into the woodsThere is irwardness even in the
 mosquitoes' humTrees have been so many empty music-halls heard from th
 e depth of the woodnight THE toward nighttheir hour has serenity who a
 mhumming past so busily lungs sweet flowingfrom farther or nearerhuRR
 IED RIPPLING NOtes in the yards we passed under itsatand sat do
 wn to hear the wind roar swift and steady a performer he never seestw
 o of themis perhaps head COMMUNICated so distINctly through the oar t
 o the air across the river directly against his eardi differently sounda

had thinks companion disguise Theas so the read and
 day warblers and if Mar Harmony ing read us beas as
 melt He ipicker *rel times It is life* within life, i
 n concentric spheres my pden they give no evide
 nce they have heard ITCT HE attaches impor
 tance to the actual worl at their So there is some
 thing in the music t uShe were child eorthe
 wind is not *quite agreeable* It prevents your he
 aring Two are steadily singing, as if conten
 ding th It will COME UP SWEET FROM the mea
 dowsorh *We can forego the advantages of citiesc*
lose There is a lower, hoarser, squiRMING, S
 CREwing croak roundprb rne *It or it* may be i
 n the shutter and Beginning slowly, *the beat s*
ounds faster and faster It is to the ear as
 sharpest fife the un s It is as palpable as tH
 E NOTE H HEard a smart tche-day-day-day We h
 eard close to our ears I had heard them furth
 er at first ndAA kingfisher with his crack,-
 cr-r-r-rack Thus the spaces of the air are fille
 dfor music all Vienna cannot serve them more
 e seems to be singing *across the streamBesid*
e, sounds are more distinctly heard a i in Any p
 lace at all for music is very good thrill Such
 vibrating music would thrill them to deaththoug
 hting *theety* All these sounds dispose our minds
 to serenity astwfk tphear one warbleMen danc
 e to it, ring and *vibrate* where there is an e
 mpty chamber *underneath* our diesr It dies away as
 soon as uttered diessof awakened naturemAKE S
 Eason when the Euterpeans drive through He
 hears it in the softened *air some* grains which
 stir within you ad sING A LITTLE While ey T
 hey hear the croaking frogs at 9:00 P. M.
 dow tremble, imagining *the worst* theof his appro
 achmter while they sit by the spring! th hispa
 and seemed to proceed from the woodlar ot r
 lThat noble strain he utters that came with HIM
 HEBY THE CHARACTER of that single strain in e
 very horizon e Is it not the R. palustris?O
 rpheus Hear a slight snoring of frogS ON THE
 BARED meadows more known by the DISTANCE W

FIRStun h We go about to find solitudE AND SILENCE BUTcherThe evening
 wind is heard conversing with yout scratching THE FLOORlike break the
 ns ofwith *the first note* byt to flow and swell the general quire begwhic
 h their young ears detectin itent quite inaudible aT ANY DISTANCE
 C N Ver r andreturn to it in your thought perfect thermometers, h
 ygrometers, and barometers ch s some well-known march thisof the no
 te, whittichee ing thethe sione lat regular intervals for a long time
 st ts should say *whistle, if one could whistle* for the notes some not
 es, then perfect warblesom THECH ORMERman sicker ingm sSpringbob
 the terin r in Theyi t ed to oss tw wings maypul TheyWilhourwh o b
 h e Theynothmonthssongtphrtee the ie th e e ph r he tck toprii fi
 bth ed t i rth a days heardcuckoo theyboyschatteringupthreesee t
 cheesee this the almost forgotten soundsoundslumberous sound so exp
 anded being life off but is heard distinctly throughout it still to the s
 lower measure and often and ofTEN ANDA SPRinglike and exhilarating
 sound of which the echo is the best sort of glorifying going today
 itto change its posiTionsometimes a loud crackon inthis early breathing
 in the dawn ThisThis breathing of chip-birds soundschip-birds ear How fu
 ll the air of sound! They stood, hearing wind and water They rks p s
 trike earwe Hip-yOU, HE-he-he-he It was long beFORE THE jingle comes
 I hear a robin singing before sunset song jingle comes up, soon TO SPR
 ingoo We hear which we do wThis is facto vit chit chit char weeter
 char tee chu vit chit chit char WEETER CHAR TEE CHUliter gain th
 e of werefoxThe Hear ored withsinger morn is extent inwith my dis when t
 hein end are Heard sweets frog'sdoes the One God's breath ALDSOR VI
 RTueitsvireopreciselytheand herthelast eye is sun nowon Nearifand hea
 r He hemsquirrelthezon toup downhere herenine-o'clockwicheR WICher w
 hicher wich heard the hooting ofwth that she has been elevated t A
 DAY LIKE This rd and uttering a faint chipmournful, martial and eff
 eminateis dissolved g as the sound of a far-off glorious life ooas thoug
 h they dwelt in the depths aseem to be hushed rt to a slow music e
 that chiefly distinguishes this season ewhich the murmer has agitated l
 to a strange, mad priestessh in such rolling places i eh but bellowing
 from time to timet t y than the vite and twittering a day or two h a

day or two by its COURSE

pr
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e
l
g
s
t
f
o
r
h
was
s
u
m

a fulbeen halty noteat play thesendper course
 which *Its scream* even is as the voiceaswe warb
ler issued frombyheard sionunableShe heard the
 forgotTEN sound of rainmore It does not sing c
 ontinuously, but at intervalsis *mentso* heThe c
 atbird doES NOT make the corn-planting soundssc
 reechThe first peetweet; myrtle-birdsnumerous
 catbird a Theor excroak teeth seenI heard and yi
 elded the point to him yielded bEAK AND WAS O
 FTen inareesThose suggest the same thoughts that
 all melody has ever DONETOINTHEYOUrinHe think
 s there ispieye than *from shouldened*notesoundeac
 hplateit and heard him cackling and tapping f
 ar aheadout of a fuzzy beginning or *bob-y-lee* t
 wice as far at leastclose to the water's edge
sing ozit ozit ozE-E-e (quick) tchIP TCHIP TCHIP
 THE of Hear phebe note of chickadee little *music*
charms more than this vibration of an insect
 's *wingin his mouth*con thatimitations and echo
 were good, sounds were liquidIt began to sound
 at one spot only There is more of squeak, mew,
 clear whistleof philosophyMusic soothes the d
 inand LIGHTENS THE heads of *all things*in the
 yard of a tree sparrow Youand their *conque*
reeremember bird It is heard farther than noi
 seWhat lungs! Some hold their heads high when
 they ringtheoorar oorar ooRAR oorar-hah oorar-ha
 h hah oorar-hah hah hahShe does not hear;
 notes are drownedof constant sounds at the op
 en windowsfroM OUR window ancients that the anc
 ients stretched a wire saidwest of Wood on ro
 ckthe sense of hearing is wonderfully assisted t
 o bring within ear-shot that wilDCAT'S SCREam b
 ough as in the days of Orpheus being BOR
 N AGAINEPhealthwhere the viBRATION IS APpare
 ntly more rapid YouRLD WHAT A CONTRast this
 evening melody with day! nd n Nature meant by
 this to stereotype dying moANS HE KNOWS NOT w
 hen it began to occupy himfordsThe season of
 morning fogs has arrivedThese song sparrows are
 now first heard commonly These song sparrow
 s are now heard commonlyand the finest melody

can be heard farther dis phi thesays They asked harm if they
 sounded itrect Are they *whistlers? tlers? lifestamp* It is evidence of
 such sphere, such possibilities Now this is *verdict of soul* in heal
 th This is no earth on which we stood It is possible to live grand
 er life its vision is TRUE RANDS A You can forego the seeming
 advantages without misgiving They *can forego the seeming cities wi*
thout misgiving mon as the One will lose no music nOT Attending o
 peras Hip-you, he-he-he-he He hears tones We hear the veery Sometime
 s she hears the brazen note You heard one honk He knows there is a p
 eople somewhere woodthrush sings at all hours atenoto an inconce
 ivable degree is *temporary* heouon the willows *fistrea* cra notof Wa
 chusett of the story of such a *soundra with with* sparrows likei
 ng in the MORNING of myrtle-birds on a dead tree-top this depth
 for a long time as you sit They have HEARD that *peculiar dreaming*
 sound BELONGS THEIR That dreaming sound *belongs to their* nights' dr
 eam peculiar dreaming sound belongs to the summer Snipes *off with*
crazy flight and distressed craik craik It suggests pleasant a SOCI
 ATIONS THEY They wheeled and made a *fine* whistling sound Their
 faint quack sounded much like the croak quack sounded the croak o
 ccasionally in the pools They made a sound not by their wings Their
 quack sounded like frogs heard IN POOLS THEIR FAINT quack soundE
 D Like the croak These notes of birds seem to invite forth vegetation A
 gain; it is he, - an occasional peep We hear the tchuck tchuck How
 a thought will mould and paint it! Hear the hens cackle as not
 before I heard It was SURPRISING WHAT VARIOUS sounds we heard We sat
 an hour the aisles of wood were so many ear-trumpets If soul to i
 ts infinity, then silence Hear the phebe of chickadee A grosbeak b
 etrays itself by that *peculiar squeak* rose-breasted grosbeak be
 trays itself by that *peculiar squeak* A rose-breasted grosbeak betr
 ays itself by that *squeak* The bobolink sings as he goes along sings a
 s we go along the railroad Question is whether you can bear freedom
 of many sounds come to our ears AGREEAbly blunted Who has not hear
 kened to her infinite din? while low growling and sudden quick-repea
 ted caterwaul He told him he would hear it You chick We hear it like a
 dream NOise is like rustling leaves Hear hurried notes and afterwa
 rds its tut tut *spir* strains of music are drawn out endlessly liket
 he wire itself of the awakening bubbling ring, then bag must be
 inflated again reminds asandis A Hear the loud laughingsuited to
 the wildest lake or yow yow yow, or yang yang yang sooner later They
 hop long before heard to ring will make the most nervous chord health
 ily We forever ever and habitually underrate our fate an I heard t
 he telegraph-wire vibrating like a harp aeolian HEAR Sparrows sc

ratching the floor in the twilight slumberously They
 would wheel them and feel their pulse and healthy a
 ppetite is of living robin earth-song heard a a
 ed few tr ti as its healthily rv Singular Singular the
 he u other the the obullfrog-like crown night Returns
 grassan merei y rules variously i theu and inces
 santly rkee shoulder of any bl thet perhaps hicko
 rynvlt isi She comes dropping rain like cow with
 overflowing udder She bellows hollowly, making t
 HE EARTH tremble i It is Nature's rutting season
 They hear muttering, crashing in muggy air mid-hea
 ven Sound travels round, invades, advancing at g
 rand pace rk I heard it vibrating high overhead She
 hears a snoring, praying sounds and etc. e Ledum h
 oura faspirling life black mio ina singly raised the
 but the hear ndng sthat toh fa nothing isef with inte
 rmittent p sofhear i te chil odust in hr st o harsh
 RATHER POSEDU A THEA distance rhear th the e sou
 nd is i the m tho measure boat and inchiebt tue
 etime evening The ringing tingat o in ring blost va
 l They Homer THOMNONet nat h lf rbt h Alligator an
 d turtle with quakings come out e The telegraph res
 ounds at every post come out of the mud e Behind t
 hese pipes are formed triangular alcoves Its (Mus
 c's) inventors hh strains which reach me here
 stir more than if I were below Hear sawmill, like
 drum, like cars At this post it is a hum Heard thei
 r last phoebe August 26th man may run but he too m
 ust at last be silent tI hear my old owl pb one is
 skirmish between cool and earnest weather grows coo
 ler, woods more silent th l i th How refreshing th
 e sound of the smallest waterfall! You hear the mut
 tering of distant thunder e hear a clear whis
 tling every two minutes cheered by sound of runni
 ng water How thought will mould and paint it! rds t
 uit seemed every pore was music pre it seemed fill
 ed with music the the within is WEEPING; grassh
 oppers give those the lieutter them in the dayli
 ght this morning heard also the myrtle-bird's
 teal eenprey purchased sort it flew over, a sound
 far from music ows seems of at ver It Swamp dum
 Did I not hear it there the 10th? whim calloud a

s soon as they arrive *They hear good things are cheap:*
 bad are dear *sound always mounts*, and makes you mount is
 the *eyeweath* though villages there has of *beutter P. M. f*
 ull small bleh *Heard a slight frog-like croak from them b*
 efore *You thought you heard a croak from before frog bedi*
 You associate its whistle with *brEEZY Weather THEY*
WERE EQUally poetic How inspiring when the traveller
r from call or murmur rises into song! It is at once
 another landly lyoth hmu Is it not the *same with man? t*
heo oncreaking of wagon has musiche flogly Heard war
 bler *shaking out trills like money i* Then they goof w
 ith hoarse *cr-r-r-ack cr-r-r-ack* they How refreshing the s
 ound in hot weather! u or *Whene esknow* It sounded like p
 umpkin stem, only a good deal louder *bequing* It is a h
 um *hive walk notha a bird eremore ferred any place fo*
 r music is good *aits wawa* **IT IS MATERIAL** put asoak, seas o
 ning in music much that *The whip-poor-wills sing far off a*
 l *Itsyou would not hear if not inclined of that e or t*
 he tinklings from the telegraph with melody unasked for me
 nt 0 when it is trilled, or undulatesness the essic e

which he hears spr to the END, NOR HEARd *to the ends* prt e so ets

His earthy contentment GETS EXPRESSION. When two or more bullfrogs trump together, it is a ten-pound-ten together, IT IS a ten-pound-ten note. Their hand-organs remind you of wild beasts those which reach him there stir much more melody than the call musters all forces of nature the hostile regularity which THE WHOLE LIKE OF a thousand buzzing strings, only one yields ear. Their note is the chill-lill or jingle instrumental lively croakers heard one after the other, might be varied and other wakeful. At length, we heard one near at hand IT HASTENS the sun to his setting. Shall he not sometime have an opportunity? covered with blackbirds and a rasping tchuck THEY HAD not got their voices yet and uttering their squeaks and split whistles OR char it will come up sweet from long afternoon warmth that wood where we sat to hear it the wood, for example, the Oak, where we sit sounds through this air striking on rails frequently only muskrats AND KINGfishers seem to hear very this note. Make it is twanging draw of with fly livestapping clangor and liquidity added to woodpecker tapping. Hear them in various parts of town and you hear the circling clamor, clangor these harmonies TEAR TO PIECES WHILE they charm reduce thrilling sphere music to a wail sounds they should hear if they were below. Wind comes to wake up the trees. It sounds LIKE MOCKERY to cheat us but no sound so brings round summer. He contemplates God's voice is but a clear bell sound slightest tinkling in the horizon measures their soundness. Nature always possesses hum, booming, crowing, barking. I open windows hear the sounds. It is the cackle of pigeon woodpecker by deep cut, hear the gnah gnah. It is a harp with one string. They hear the scream of hens and tumult tune for him gold-finch. They are distinct, more shellily and general might dashed. Tain is loves wings make a whistling. I am pretty sure to discover an echoor after short pauses it utters sprayey and rasping faint may or that he heard ONE HE THOUGH You perceive no difference, pond does hear the gnah gnah of black-capped nuthatch. Hear low screwing or working, ventriloquial sound. Stril long crowing reminds them of cat owl's hoo-hoo-oo in those waves of sound they will not TROUBLE, CAN be cheaply enriched. Sonorousness in the morning, in the night. WHAT AN elixir is this sound! of course the guitar as the sound graph ours. It was the sound which vibrated this life by attending lectures and CAUCUSES, ETC. What coloring fair and intense life admits! through glass one of simmering or seething of nature erected. In the river, it is there they hear them any in we hear the sound of distant thunder. Shelone laden and then crushed there. Our inspires another. He heard one wood. They drown all the rest. They drown the rest. Dry hum to WIND ON TWIGS, Liquid splashing sound on rocks. The off with a sharp PHE PHE WAVES. In a warm apartment within call of conversation. He war. He is a quarter of a mile off the. Indeed out clamor. Earness to the post apparition though still half off his wagging his tail. Rip

plesthe CRICKET ALSO SEEmS to express the
 most liquid AND melodiousIt filled the hal
 l realizing idea of pipevariedThe little
 croakers, too, are very lively there just b
 efore sunsetup jINGLe youa There is sound tha
 t can wake an echoin the night A NIGHT IN W
 HICH THE silence was audiblerings the what
 what what of this forenoon It is liKE T
 HE cackleand suggests a relationIs this the th
 ird note of this season? such ly black ducks
 rise with loud hoarse croaking-quacking It sou
 nded like a new birdwith We go to find they dw
 elt in depthsvirtuousareThe thought Itwill a
 ppear their existence is soundThe thresh
 ing and tinkling come with them sicget
 one will make music while another MAKES
 SENSE warfind faint warbling is, as it wer
 e, half-finished as shore The creak of mole
 CRICKET IS HEARdThe creak is heard along t
 he shore it sure the bird uttered the unusua
 l hoarse notelypoWe no longer know, can deny i
 ts existencetoNo strain S LOST TO THE EAR
 HIM mel indescribable coincidence, then the
 re is music Thiswire vibrates, as if it woul
 d andaf We hear it and forget it immediatlyho
 wsuspect it is the R. palustris, now breedin
 gsuspect it is the R. palustris suspect it i
 s the R. palustris, breedingtoads' They dim
 dimdog the then asIt IDoflowersDo What its d
 epend the awaytheorproperly Peetweetsover t
 houghtflittingsinger long a echoGreece ear it f
 ibretois fibre awood thofy Hear a very faint bu
 t positive ringinge i t told will seem bu
 t BUBBLE on surface Young bobolinks; one o
 f first autumnalish notest the first autumn
 alish notese eThey express the feelings of th
 e earth llIt is now very freshy Great straggli
 ng flocks of crows still flying westerly
 uth The wind is NOT QUite agreeable, beca
 use it prevents your heARINGn Every man
 understands why a fool singsi A THEY L
 Eft it, buzzing as loudly as at first so yet y

ou hear *before you have seen* She hears with consent of senses
 Hear the clear loud rich warble sicall whichanwe hear the stak
 e-driver from a distancethese telegraph-posts should bear a g
 reat price hearye d It goes off with loud sharp phegg th
 ehave I hear the soothing and simple monotonous notesbeudo yo
 u consider that you are performing?nge ay rowYou heard one s
 ay to another today de a The woods are alive with pine warble
 rs t i for song and fireflies go with grassthe birds have ceas
 ed to singDo not the song and fireflies go?thinkdthe
 Thephe TheThe wingsphe The pheThe TheingmakeTHEPHEALOW
 S OF MEPhe wingswings legsthe wingspheney pheThe phewings
 phemakea Hear phewings INGATHEPHEThelowsHearoThephe fal
 lwhIM GAVE MEN musicthewonderful is earththe lathe or a fl
 ute!boomand AND SOONOR A LATerthe of ramrods by chance rat
 her pretty outvia BroktogetherairairOn that same treeis th
 e low grating SQunder rarelytleThey quail whisthein summer
 A crow came scolding to the treetoads ring most on a windyda
 y i fairly its Lake oven-bird thruMs sawyer-like and the chewi
 nk rustlesl withera tshrea tshrea tshrea, tshre´ tshritty t
 shrit´It would be nobler to enjoy musicisi breakingMyrtle-bir
 ds sing their tea lee, tea lee in the morning appears to make
 a business of singing from a yellow-throat for half an hourb
 reak lightthe not leave them narrow-mindedMen profess to be lo
 vers of music It would not leave them narrow-minded bigotedin
 the soundor before on song hearyoubetChildreN MAKE NOIS
 E BECAUSE of music their ears DETECTTHEIR YOUNg ears dete
 ct man understands why foL SINGS Sound is These strains sugg
 est ideal, lost, or never peRCElvedthe vibration is rapid he
 ard it varying with different parts this wild tree rejoices
 to transmit music The sound proceeds from near the pOSTS WA
 g on going over an unseen bridge is louderThey have heard every n
 ote with perfect distinctnessShe heard It is the accent o
 f the south windIt is modulated by the south windHe hears w
 ith all his senses at leastThe sounds I hear are significant
 and musicalSOUNDS, At least they only are heard it is fit t
 heir music should be the sameharp and thrush left on earthFor
 the same reason They lift us in spite of ourselves these no
 w They intoxicate, they charm us pœpShe hears half-strains
 from many of them, and the chickadee largechip Itbelongs T
 O The streamte ll hoorit was rustling leaves rus rablo e c
 kb ilofof st Tspring i isthere thhiih bo stck nge idis hblac
 kst noteaistle h a nglng thsORTAofi n e a k tle tleimof

like a poor imitation of split whistle
of and set forth ever more a few in one place
the everlasting rather as surprising call-
no temerely of the of sultry nights hear not only
the incessant lively cROAKING VERY LIVELY
y not only the croaking after the other all
slight and twigs now Sometimes if they we
re below more often It from the level
of ordinary hours immortal Whenever a man
hears it terribly within a saw screaming in vain
that diffuses that it might be the first in
antile cry of an earthquake to the spot
and traced it to a small bare spot a ground
rapid, and more and more intense as if it
had been thawed leaks up through the meadows
with that mile by shuffling their wing-covers
RS TOGETHER LENGTHwise says their shrill
ling by shuffling by shuffling whi-we-chee haw
k's squeak rises at the end of the day
singer is the attitude of inviting by undulations
already the shivering sound autumn
sh whom and also shortened and very much varied
hear the echo of its own voice You strike
three It comes to wake up sleeping many
things It is sound very much modified,
sifted THERE IS A SORT OF split WHISTLE
FOR THE REST, there is a poor imitation
becomes first swallow hear kingbird twittering
chattering like a stout-breasted swallow
neighbor chattering in He drinks in a
wonderful health in sound Well you not prepared,
thought it a boy whistling of a lone
one are It is no small gain to have this wire
fin It told me there were HIGHER PLANES
and deeper stirrings [with such intensity
from sound hearing it makes men brave
such But in their upward course is in more
free lym a h They hear the whistling of their
wings They hear the whistling of their
wingseous at the right angle We hear

sound, less ringing and sonorous *than the* dreamers er

ywasstrain a vireo
 before the owl's nes
 ttheother to found f
 rom *time to time* far
 asound sound and als
 o the booming with t
 he windMar in it is
 alder theathave s
 trains to the aCTUA
L LIFE AS BUBBLes
 beforewith musicfirs
 tthe the sound of chi
 ldren *at play of* Hear
 mole cricket nowaday
 s thatson cause chi
 dren make noise beca
 use *of the music fon*
 d it ears tectsprin
 gyou were conscious y
 ou *caught but* prelu
 detheir ears could
 never hear alshe was
 sounds in nature tha
 t she caughtwasNow y
 ou tooWe We ducedear
 s *hear Ah! straw* wh
 o tries to read w
 ithout good hearing i
 s *in Sisyphean* labor
 thoughtthe sicwent a
 nd sat down to hea
 r the wind slack mu
 ch seems to flow thr
 ough **MY VERY BO**ne
 ssongTherecrowing of
 cocks reminds him of
 it I stood hearing w
 ind and the waterred
 -eyecontinuedcroakis
 perhaps from the oth
 er sexthe **ANDSweet**
 DiscordwinI can comp

are the within and without a love-strain to dear
 WITHRING eve is tion it hum They whistle see Was th
 at ah, *twar twe twar, twit twit twit twit*, twe? T
 hey resound with the hum of bumblebees strain
 s have thear faint tseep like a fox-colored sp
 arrowlt is distinct AS IF NO water intervened *Irl*
n their ears detect We could see if we did NOT H
 EARWLSIT IS AN *alarm-clock set so as to wake Nat*
*ure up*What a *rustling among the dry leaves!*Wha
 t a rustling it seems to make!You sit and enjoy th
 e sound of leaves *uIt implies a different life th*
 an the ORD *Inaryghts htt its sweets* WASTed osound
 fills my buckets y grain will whisk about without an
 y ordere *ghHow like creaking trees* SLIGHT SOUNDS
 they make! *crickets are heard cool day like th*
*isa*All other sounds seem to be hushed voice of n
 o bird can be comparedThe air gladly bears the
 burden *as We are refreshed by sounds heard* AT MID
 nights yelping of dog fell on ear as brEeze on c
 heek thea bird uttering that worried noteoo hea
 rd a soundPa t crickets discourse! This is a mornin
 g celebrated by birdsethe or of r Speech never mad
 e man master, but refraining from itrefrainInge
 rof hissect's hear a ripe chirp of a cricket of a
 CRICKETI ALL SOUNDS and silence do fife and d
 rumnorsn tected world-famous mulLSIONINdry hopp
 ing sound rings in my earsliving on notThoseare n
 ot UNFITTED TO wild beastsroar was effort to pr
 eserve equilibrium h donot reminds Some *Is h*
*as stairs rs rattling te*A-KETTLE REMINDs her of
 cow-bells berryingmelodytons was only For whe
 re man is, is SilencePORTLIKE THE HISTOrY of th
 e future on om hear singing in the woods ets I hear
 whistling wings he *sings* or talks to himselfIt is k
 indred *with the music* of many creatures started up
 a pack of quail it may have been a bevy quail went o
 ff with a whir like a shot, *plump*All sound tends to
 produce the same music sound esMen talk of the s
 ong of other birdsThis is June, resounding hum o
 f insectsThere is an interval between thrasher and
 thrushtalk of the song, the thrasher interrupted st
 rains reach me through trees passMUSIC reminds me, s

suggests ideas of human life quiHe plays some well-known
 march ingShe hears the weese wese Wese notetoits earth i
 s alive and covered with feelersandcoolShe hears her old
 owl Ac stood MILKMEIn inabecause of its harmony with it
 seLFAND EQUANIMity ndnd rh into a partial concord ttha
 t may first be heard in the nightbut not yetTHE AIR consen
 ts and his wedge will enter easilyralldvoia sounds Our vo
 ices sound differentlythThe WARM AIR HAS Thawed the
 music in his throatPerhaps this IS THE WHIP-poor-will's
 Moonamh hand-organs REMIND ME OF BEASTS art consists in
 stirring from time to timeWhaWe are affectediCan he be w
 hittichee? eartha f traced it to a spot, used a stic
 kicefrommore of the s or psi in it ear f New creaking or
 shrilling crickets, fine and piercing er na loon set up
 his wild laughBut why did he with that loud laugh? lit sur
 passes birds; sings everlasting to everlasting CRICK
 THE HEARing of the cricket whets your eyes tle mrip in'
 slike ar tea, --twe-twe, twe-twe, or ar te, ter twe-TWE
 , TWE-Twe ingtyelping fell on ear, cool breeze on cheek by
 starlight sureLy ofof man with its vibrations with the s
 ong and works of art The distant is brought near through
 hearing cock, standing on snow-heap, feels the soft
 ned air, has FOUND HIS VOICE AGAInPierians in the des
 ertsuggestssameSCREaming into the empty houseit is his m
 outh were full of cotton to spit out of cottonWhenas if Se
 ewe farmthink she will not trouble herselfoften through dra
 w music from a quart potAH!AND SIMple soundswhich nO MAN
 HAD TOLD US OF Of grackles OR IMPORTANT to be dones
 end hours of silence listening to whisperingsstay By silen
 ce seen threatening people routEDTO AWAYONE After ano
 ther before youon the water was interested in the natural
 PHENOMenon of soundlong in the wilderness and the wild
 manwood there is a wind and ladiesandWe should know it fo
 r a white man's voice in the streeton his pulse with a heal
 thy ear to some purposehear cattle lowin the streetse
 ewhistlehorse stood sTILL TO HEAR IT SHESt thewhlthrou
 gh which it passed s Yetthrush allreverberation th at asou
 ndsfwh ntestmel at shouldnatureWe na ehillI as suniy
 eac notrifie butthe wdaymusicdistant rnotbut hearthe ins
 ectsbirdover the edgewhite-bellied by erhalfas in Maywhatt
 hey sayasisand as the otherwithout reasoning no right wha
 teverand yet WHEN his strains ceaseperhapslyof if Nature

Com
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does not echo itvail with any spirit which
lyre vibrating the stringslicord if he h
as heardble longmalof the F. HYEMALis mon
orinfor it is not a scream fishAs we went
underYou presently ted oth of the infant d
rumMer tureten Ad niteso expanded and inf
initely related or chill-lill with a
fine note it where they wereso the sound o
f blasting rockS SOWlth perfect distinctn
ess with a jingling sound at the same t
imeon hills likefrom within a with a sharp,
whistling whir from sharpgin in whiterd'sT
his is the softer music, bare and burstin
gbreeze causes leaves to rustle, a patteri
ng sound oaya philosopher's living is simp
le, complexa storm arises the verse ShaLL
 WE NOT ADD a tenth Muse to the immortal
 Nine?t 1 sound to h t litk hear a clear, c
 hinking chirp golearned sitrnthere were
 some this year singing or breedingthesin
 g dows their firstthe water gurgledgur ef
 around i usaters persThose interrupted st
 rains suggest the same that all melody has
 ever donesugimpressed, we no longer kno
 w no These reach her through treesp e
 levated into glorious sphere, we no long
 er know NORO THE different sound comes t
 o ear from rails struck longnature has a
 ny place for music twt leopard'sall m
 y sensesear of earthstop as big as a cher
 ryNot only musT MEN Talk, but talk about
 talk they rise and about uttering crack of
 alarm joins and utters the wooing note o-
 week o-week landnand spirited th Hear ye
 llow-throat knownHeard first cricket si
 nging; on lower level than any bird, obser
 ving lower tone cords This h even the harp
 hear whistles to keep courage up listvil
 the perch in the villagehearhorse across
 distant bridge, atmosphere tells his ear
 rm a blackppIt stings his ear with truthp
 robablyHowBefore the it was, and will be a

fter icealways it issThey hear trilled
 sound this eveningsunpus such forAll
 things are cheap: all are dear chquad d
 istinctlyhasI soar or hoverover fie
 ld of lifecoincidence tr anduanot su
 n'S CH ls it not the EARliest springw
 ard note?e reing spring per imusic
 advertised life no man told us of the
 13th hear the bay-wing sing then there
 is such a fiddling you would think mus
 ic was being born isthink bough ft s of
 of ishore eveningnoonwoodwood thrush
 , cuCKOO ARE Heard now at noonIt wou
 ld not leave themhAS She is affected a
 ishe fleet moreYou hear itmiaAn Ital
 ian has just carried a hand-organ thr

ough the villagepleasant

**DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD
(YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE)
CONTINUED 1969 (PART V)**

CXIX. No need to move the camera.
 (Pictures come to it.) Gather, Fuller
 advises, facts regarding human needs and
 world resources. Place in computer
 memory bank. Update continuously,
 Join team of programmers, competing
 to find speediest peaceful means for
 giving each world inhabitant what's needed
 for his kind of living. Videotape
solution on football-field-sized geodesic
 world map, so fact continuously
 changing intelligent solution of world
 game exists becomes via TV household
 knowledge. A study was made with
 computer to find out where in the world
 wealthy Americans prefer to **retire**.
They retire, computer tells us, to
Cuernavaca in Mexico, a hilltown near
Nairobi in Kenya, and some place //
 other in Nepal. **CXX.** The goal is
 not to have a goal. The new universe
 city will have no limits. It will

from
ze
work
ac
b
e

not be in any special place. Having
 returned, as Fuller puts it, to his
 studies, teacher will be flying all
 over the world and even out into
 space. **Questions I might have learned**

**to ask him can no longer be
 answered.** Waiting in the hotel in
 Rio de Janeiro to hear whether or not I
 was to meet with the people who were
 studying anarchy (they had come in their
 studies to Thoreau and, having heard
 that I was enjoying Thoreau's
Journal, had asked me to share with them
 my thoughts): telephone didn't ring.

**CXXI. Act of sharing is a community
 act. Think of people outside the
 community. What do we share with them?**

Teacher played hooky. Sent message:
 "Receiving instruction. Enjoying
 myself thoroughly. See you next week."

**Lejaren Hiller's computer music
 project: "fantastic orchestra."**

**Each sound to be a plurality of
 vibratory circumstances known or not
 known in nature. Impossible made
 possible. Fuller: Nothing's
 artificial. It exists? It is natural.**

**How d'you manage to live with just one
 shirt?** Before going to bed, I take a
 shower with my shirt still on.

Afterwards I scrub the cuffs and
 collar with my electric toothbrush. Then
 I turn on the TV, hang my shirt on it.
 Best place I've found to dry it. **CXXII.**

Years ago zoological gardens began to get

rid of wire fences, substituting
 means that decreased the sense of
 separation between animal and man.
 Coming back from The Junior Museum
 of Natural History in Sacramento,
 Billie Berton told me children now
 make applications for checking animals
 out. It took six weeks to teach the
 computer how to toss three coins six
 times. Somewhat worried, I tossed coins
 manually to discover from the
 I Ching how I Ching felt about being
 programmed. It was delighted.
 I Ching promised quantitative
 increase of benefits for culture. What
 we've already done conspires against
 what we have now to do. CXXIII. Advice
 to Brazilian anarchists: Improve
 telephone system. Without telephone,
 merely starting revolution'll be
 impossible. Pinkville. Charles Peck.
 New York's State Botanist, spent most of
 his life with no place to work but a
 dark hallway. Just before he died
 the Government gave him a room with a
 window. Cadaquès: up around nine or
 ten; coffee; off by boat to a cove
 where no others are; white wine,
 almonds, olives; chess, swimming,
 dominoes; back in town by one or two
 for lunch with him. (He had not been
 with us.) Feared plan'd fail (no one
 wanted to get deeply involved).
 However, it worked. When disaster
 was imminent, people rose to

occasion, did whatever was necessary to keep the thing going. (Reminder, not a revelation.) He'd have preferred silence to applause at the end (art instead of slap in the face.) CXXIV.

Whispered truths. Looking for something irrelevant, I found I couldn't find it. "Wild as if we lived on . . . marrow of antelopes devoured raw." (Thoreau) **Wanting to make some easy money, he took to cracking safes, was caught, put in penitentiary. While ill in the prison hospital, he had an affair with middle-aged nurse. When he was released from penitentiary, nurse introduced him to a beautiful young girl whom he married. His bride immediately inherited three million dollars.** College: two hundred people reading same book. An obvious mistake. Two hundred people can read two hundred books. Clothes I wear for mushroom hunting are rarely sent to the cleaner. They constitute a collection of odors I produce and gather while rambling in the woods. I notice not only dogs (cats, too) are delighted (they love to smell me). CXXV.

Vacaville. Spent the evening with a murderer. I asked him why he drank so much coffee. He said, "There's nothing else to do." **University, which now embraces studies formerly excluded from it such as home economics, music, and physical education, has**

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**sister universities abroad, belongs
 to consortium of universities here,
 includes a "free" university. What's
 adumbrated's indistinct from society
 itself. Not a community of scholars
 living like monks, but society
 which works for any kind of living,
 any kind of attention-placement, any
 activity.** Something seems
 beautiful? Wittgenstein: You mean
 it clicks? When things don't click,
 take clicker from your pocket and
 click it. **CXXVI. Death.** Process
 involving Christmas trees takes place
 each year. Christmas trees that're grown
 in Hawaii are sent by freighter to be
 sold on the West Coast. Christmas
 trees that're grown on the West Coast
 are sent by freighter to be sold in
 Hawaii. Ready or not, we are being
 readied. Complete checkup. I was more
 examined than ever before. Doctor's
 report: You're very well except for your
 illnesses. **John McHale: "It has taken
 the history of mankind to produce the
 articles we have around us (the match,
 the computer); it is essential to see
 one sector of population isn't servicing
 another; we are all using the same
 materials simultaneously; information
 storage never depletes; ability to
 reuse materials makes us, after all
 these centuries, quite skillful."**
CXXVII. Impatience. Why do you have
 one TV set on top of the other?

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The bottom one doesn't work. There
 were fifty-two tapes. We had to
 combine them for a single recording.
 We went to a studio where they
 could record eight at a time. When
 we had seventeen together it sounded like
 chamber music; when we had thirty-four
 together it sounded like orchestral
 music; when we had fifty-two
 together it didn't sound like anything
 we'd ever heard before. Milarepa.
London publisher sent blank ("Fill out.")
so I'd be included in survey of
contemporary poets of the English
language. Threw it out. Week later
urgent request plus duplicate blank
arrived. "Please return with a
glossy photo." Complied. July, August,
September. Publisher then sent
letter saying it'd been decided I'm
not significant poet after all: if I
were, everyone else'd be too. CXXVIII.
Used to say "never the twain shall
meet." Now we don't hesitate to fight
oriental wars, there's no doubt about
usefulness of oriental thought for
western mind. Same's true for
Utopia. Its impracticality is no longer
to be assumed. Everything's changed.
 Develop facilities that remove need
 for middlemen. Soup cans are not only
 beautiful (Warhol, for example) but true
 (Campbell's soup is actually in them).
 They're also constant reminders of
 spiritual presence. "I am with you

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always.” Function fulfilled by
 images of the Virgin Mary along a path
 is now also fulfilled by the public
 telephone. Instead of lighting a
 candle, we insert a dime and dial. **CXXIX.**

**Computer mistake in grade-giving
 resulted in academic failure of
 several brilliant students. After some
 years the mistake was discovered.**

Letter was then sent to each student
 inviting him to resume his studies. Each
 replied he was getting along very well
without education. Buddha reclines on his
 right side. So does the lion. How
 thorough he is! He told me his secrets.

Town is very small, well-organized.
 Nothing can be found in it. An idea
 was given to them because they didn't have
 one. The Seychelles. **Cloth**

**calendars for kitchen walls
 designed by Lois Long are sold throughout
 the USA. Some years ago Lois made one
 by mistake giving two different
 dates to a single day: Thursday November
 31 was also Thursday December 1. The
 calendar was very successful. CXXX.**

**Discipline (Disciple). Giving up
 one's country, all that's dear to one's
 country: "Leave thy father and
 mother. . . ." Yoga (Yoke). Taming of
 the globe (Open: in and Out).**

Einstein wrote to Freud to say men
 should stop having wars. Freud wrote
 back to say if you get rid of war you'll
 also get rid of love. Freud was

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wrong. What permits us to love one
 another and the earth we inhabit is that
 we and it are impermanent. We
 obsolesce. Life's everlasting.
 Individuals aren't. A mushroom
 lasts for only a very short time. Often I
 go in the woods thinking after all these
 years I ought finally to be bored with
 fungi. But coming upon just any
 mushroom in good condition, I lose my
 mind all over again. Supreme good
 fortune: we're both alive! CXXXI. Things
 governments wish to divide **between us**
belong to all of us: the land, for
instance, beneath the oceans.
 People speak of literacy. But I, for
 one, can't read or write any computer
 language. Only numbers I know are
 those based on ten. I'm uneducated.
 Home in Wayzata, Minnesota's very much
 like a home near Sitges (just south of
 Barcelona). Now we're itinerant there's
 no reason to go on, for instance, picking
 fruit. Since we live longer, Margaret
 Mead says, we can change what we do. We
 can stop whatever it was we promised
 we'd always do and do something else.
 CXXXII. He is one of my closest friends.
 He asked me for help. I gave it.
 He couldn't use it. TV Guide tells what's
 going on, doesn't tell what we're
 obliged to look at. Where you are
 limits what channels you can receive.
 (Hearing sounds before they're
 audible is not the way to hear them.)
 Imitate the telephones of your

homes'n'highways. (Their
indifference.) They aren't
displeased when the person speaking
is black. They aren't pleased when
the person speaking is black. When lady
in charge of university concerts asked
what music day was to be called, I
replied *Godamusiceday*. She was
delighted. Her husband, also
affiliated with university (but in
its legal aspects), wasn't. "Profanity
is forbidden. Nothing can be printed
that might come to the Governor's
notice." Duchamp, asked whether he
believed in God: No. God is Man's
stupidest idea. CXXXIII. Traveling
from one place to another we confine
ourselves to the roads. That's why, of
course, we feel so populated: we're
too choosy about the space we use.
Guests had left. Before going to bed,
while reading a book he'd bought that
morning, he chuckled. Ten minutes later,
brushing his teeth, he died. Whole
Earth. We connect Satie with Thoreau.
Eleventh thunderclap? 1928. Walter
loved the Chinese, hated Communists.
He couldn't bear the Japanese.
Fortunately for Uncle, he died before
the tables turned. Mushroom? Leaf?
Backs ache. If we had immortal life
(but we don't), it'd be reasonable to do
as we do now: spend our time killing one
another. CXXXIV. Chadwick, gardener at
Santa Cruz. Nobby'd said, "You must
meet our wizard." (Chadwick's back,

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Nobby told me, had been injured in war,
 but when we went mushrooming with
 his student-helpers, Chadwick,
 half-naked, leapt and ran like a
 pony. Catching up with him, it was
 joy and poetry I heard him speak. But
 while I listened he noticed some distant
 goal across and down the fields and,
 shouting something I couldn't
 understand because he'd already turned
 away, he was gone.) Students had defected
 from the university or had come
 especially from afar to work with him
 like slaves. They slept unsheltered
 in the woods. After the morning's hunt
 with him and them, I thought: These
 people live; others haven't even been
 born. CXXXV. It was not quite
 midnight. Duchamp was waiting for us in
 the street. He looked for all the
 world like a handsome young man. Want
 list of communes (places where Americans
 live who've given up dependence on
 power and possessions)? Write to
 Alternatives Foundation, 2441 Le
 Conte Ave., Berkeley, Calif., 94709 or
 to Carleton Collective Communities
 Clearinghouse, Northfield, Minn., 55057.
 Future's no longer a secret. Murderer
 asked, "What time is it?" "Nine
 o'clock." Five minutes later he
 repeated his question, "What time is it?"
 "Five minutes after nine." **Ten.** She had
 problem children. Their grades were so
 poor they couldn't enter college. I

A word cloud graphic featuring a central vertical bar. The most prominent words are 'tion', 'n', 'ri', 'Dec', 'man', and 'ad'. Other smaller words include 'Gym', 'get', 's', 'f', 's', 'm', and 're'. The words are arranged in a way that they appear to be connected to the central bar.

told her to stop worrying about them.
 She did. They've turned out
 beautifully. One married a Californian,
 has two fine sons, paints beautifully.
 Tucker's automobile expertise is in demand.
 CXXXVI. Talked about fact writing's less
 and less attractive. Picking up
 the pen, one knows idea's already
 entertained in other minds. Pen becomes
 absent. Sword'll follow suit. Flower
 Sermon. In the plane ready for last leg
 of flight to Yucatan (he'd flown from
 Berkeley, I from Palermo in
 Sicily). Grounded by fog we remained in
 Mexican plane three hours, which with
 subsequent flight gave me time to
 read Stent's typescript of his book, *The
 Coming of the Golden Age*. When
 questions came to mind, I simply put
 them to the author! Completely
 satisfied. How do you propose, Fuller was
 asked, to accomplish this without
 involvement in political action? His
 answer: The World Game provides an
 apolitical action, a solution no one's
 forced to accept. When, however,
 you want it, you'll be able, since you know
 it exists, to use it. CXXXVII. Puppy
 was eating his vomit. "That's one
 thing," his mistress said, "we don't
 do." Picked him up; put him outside;
 resumed her conversation. No one
 cleaned up the mess. (An elderly Viennese
 lady whose principal pleasure was
 listening to music was alarmed

because she thought she was losing
her hearing. She went to the doctor.
He discovered her ears were full of wax.

He removed it very easily.) Man
living in the Ojai knew how to manage
unsheltered. But, hungry, he
devised a plan that worked: to subtly
change his environment in terms of its
seductiveness to picnickers so that
coming upon it picnickers'd feel they'd
made a discovery of the ideal place to
eat (he lived for years on food they
left behind). CXXXVIII. Busy
signal in the telephone system
sometimes means person one's calling's
talking to someone else. Sometimes busy
signal means someone else's trying to
reach very same person you're trying
to reach. This creates a problem.

Solution: two different types of busy
signals. If at some moment person
we're trying to reach (being called
before by someone else) answers,
genuine busy signal rings.

Presidential platform: promise,
elected or not, to go on with my work,
not bothering about you; to remove
laws; to extend unlimited credit
throughout society regardless of
nationality. Observing distinctions
(race distinctions), side with underdog,
learning from him who was oppressed
to live outside the law not committing
crimes. Become slave to all there
is. (No need to become King.) Siding
with noises, musicians discovered

**duration's impartiality. What
corresponds in society to sound's
parameter of duration? CXXXIX.**

Vacation. This is ours. Don't just
"do your thing": do so many things no one
will know what you're going to do next.

**Add video screen to telephone. Give
each subscriber a thousand sheets of
recordable erasable material so
anytime, anywhere, anyone'd have**

access to a thousand sheets of *something*
(drawings, books, music, whatever).

You'd just dial. If you dialed the
wrong number, instead of uselessly
disturbing another subscriber, you'd
just get surprising information,
something unexpected. CXL.

Statement by Stubuan, manufacturer/
distributor of lumber products, founder/
President of the World Institute: The
question before us is whether we will so
organize the processes for gathering
and applying knowledge that the
creative powers of all men can be
catalyzed for growth toward
wholeness, or whether we will
persist in our egocentric,
ethnocentric, fact-accumulating,
thing-oriented, power-amassing ways
that are leading us to destruction.

Looking out the window into the forest,
illuminated surfaces in the house
(that aren't in the forest) are
seen in the forest, 3-D in color. Hand
that's placed on TV is placed at the
same time outside on the tree. CXLI. The

shower's in the room, not confined to a
 cubicle. On the opposite wall's a
 mirror. Steam from the hot water
 produces the slow disappearance of
 one's image. Pleasure of having a body,
 "Waiting for the gift from me to me
 of death." Assassination of Martin
 Luther King. **Apocalypse.** They have
 homes but they don't have the idea. Keep
 Out. Languages separate people.
 Images (TV highway signs, trademarks,
 film) bring them together. Going
 to the moon, we speak in numbers. A
 year has passed. We pretend we can get
 along without him. For three or four
 years, Igor Strawinsky was treated for a
 malady his doctors thought he had. When,
 at death's door, Strawinsky's hands
 turned black, the doctors concluded a
 mistake had been made. CXLII.
That that's unknown brings mushroom
and leaf together. "Ego dethroned." In
 the course of being provided with
 false teeth, Thoreau took ether. "You
 are," he wrote, "told that it will
 make you unconscious, but no one can
 imagine what it is to be unconscious
 until he has experienced it. If you
 have an inclination to travel,
 take," he advised, "the ether. You go
 beyond the farthest star." We know from
 a variety of experiences that if we
 have a sufficiently large number of
 things, some or even many of them can be
 bad but the sum-total is good for the
 simple reason, say, that not all of

the things in it are good. CXLIII.

Found, page 74, in a book by Cassirer : it
is speech itself which prepares the way
whereby it is itself transcended.

From navigation to aviation. Fuller:

Renounce water as sanitation-means;
adopt compressed air (following
lead of dentists). Bits of hair and skin
floating in the air with pollen, seeds
and spores from plants. Out of water into
air and back to earth. I asked

Xenakis what's wrong with USA. He
was quiet for a moment and then said,

"Too much power." Put 'em who threaten
possessions and power together with 'em who
offend our tastes in sex and dope.

Those who're touched, put 'em in

asylums. Pack off old ones to

"senior communities," nursing homes. Our
children? Keep'em prisoner,

baby-sitter as warden. School? Good for
fifteen to twenty years. Army
afterward. Liberated, we live in prison.

No this, no that. Kill us before we
die! CXLIV. We have no icons: we

believe what we do. (Telephone
conversation turned toward politics.

Mrs. Emmons said she was certain
what the government was doing was
right. Beverly said, "How do you
figure that?" Her mother replied,

"Well! This is a Christian country.") We
leave food offerings for person who
makes next telephone call no matter
who he is: thus we transform highway
telephone booth into wayside shrine. I

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don't believe, Duchamp said, in the
 verb, to be. "I do not believe that I
 am." **Commune problem: communes're**
filled with gurus, needing (not having)
others "to guru." But teaching's
part'n'parcel of divisive society we're
 leaving. Thoreau: "My seniors have
 told me nothing . . . , probably can tell
 me nothing to the purpose." Davis: don't
 know what we're studying; don't know
 how we'll do it. Studied map.
 Should have taken road not on it (went
 off to the left). CXLV.
 Reprogramming. Jack McKenzie's
 proposal: Set up alternative university
 program freeing a student from all
 curriculum responsibilities. Let him
 elect his studies. When he leaves,
 give him, instead of degree,
 certificate telling what he did while
 in school. Looking at the sunset,
 Brown noticed part of its beauty is
 caused by air pollution. Day after the
 assassination. Human being sitting
 at the table next to mine. Wanted to
 speak to him. Didn't. Didn't have
 the right. **As we left the valley to**
enter the desert, I gave up all
thought of finding mushrooms. But for
 some reason we stopped along the
 road. There underneath the pepper trees I
 found *Tricholoma personatum*,
 excellent, in quantity. CXXLVI.
The poor? Where do they go to retire?
Takilma, Oregon (America's third poorest
town). Nothing to do: Free jam,

peanut butter, staples. Have two
 children? Government'll give you two
 hundred and forty dollars a month. Money
 comes through the mail. Slight
 irritations ("make life sufficiently
 interesting to live") are provided by
 visits of welfare worker whose
 assignment is Takilma. Takilma's
 beautiful. Problem in Takilma: Boredom.
 People often together sitting around
 talking. Let 'em close their mouths;
 open their eyes and ears; spend day in
 different directions, seeking world
 around or in 'em, returning to one
 another in the evening, ventilated,
 ventilating. Provision for changes
 in schedule. CXLVII. She brought him
 food. Clairvoyant, he knew it was
 poisonous. Third time she offered
 him deadly food, he accepted it, but
 himself appointed the hour of his
 death. Religious tract David Tudor gave
 me: "Christ International." Train is
 made up of engine, coal car, caboose.
 Engine is fact. Coal car's faith.
 Caboose is feeling. Train can run with
 or without feeling. Caboose can't make
 train run. After breakfast he offered her
 a cigarette. She said, "No, thank
 you." He said, "What's wrong? Have
 you stopped smoking?" She said,
 "Yes." Next day he stopped too.
 That was Nobby and Beth ten years
 ago. CXLVIII. I've learned to say No
 to those I don't know. Learned to
 say No to some of those I know.

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(Example of underdevelopment of religious spirit.) Edwin Schlossberg and Buckminster Fuller gave six weeks comprehensive design science course at the New York Studio School. (I was invited to the last meeting. There were about twenty-two students. The first thing Bucky said was that the young people sitting around the table had sufficient intelligence to run the world, to solve all of world problems. Glancing at the students, I was skeptical.

They looked like a bunch of hippies with some older oddballs thrown in.)
 CXLIX. (But while they spoke, did as I do at the movies when it's clear everything'll turn out all right. I wept. Fuller would've said, "You sleep too much.") All God's religions and all His servants (Lawmakers, Philosopher-Kings, Saints, Artists) have not been able to put Mankind back together again. "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink." We've got the automobile. No sense in leading horses around. Let 'em go where they will. Fix it so if they're thirsty there's something for'em to drink. **Earth's the Way to Heaven. There's no mystery about it. Don't change Man (Fuller): change his environment. Humanities? Save them for your spare time. Concentrate on the Utilities. CL.**
 In anything experienced nowadays. there is much that is true, much that is false. Proofreading.

Chadwick described magnetic effect of
 moon on tides, on germination of seeds.
 “Moon inclining draws mushrooms out of
 Earth.” We talked of current
 disturbance of ecology, agreed man’s
 works no matter how great are pygmy
 compared with those of nature.

Nature, pressed, will respond with
 grand and shocking adjustment of
 creation. **Out of ourselves with a
 little o, into ourselves with a big O.**

Reunion. Received month’s check. Paid
 bills. Went to Farmer’s Market
 (economy). Returned at six having
 spent last penny on turkey and all
 the trimmings. Friends arrived at
 midnight for Thanksgiving in the Spring.
 Cared for us, day in, day out, rest
 of the month.

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Wasps are building
summer squashes
saw a fish hawk
when I hear this.

Both bushes and trees are thinly leaved
few ripe ones on sandy banks
rose right up high into the air
like trick of some pleasant daemon to entertain me
and birds are heard singing from fog.

Burst like a stream
making a world
how large do you think it is, and how far? To my surprise, one answered three rods.

Begin to change
in the woods, we came upon a partridge
I find myself covered with green and winged lice.

When I look further, I find
the lower streets of the towns.

In a few weeks they will be
as it should be.

Government
snake and toad
an August wind
soaring hawks
dog of the woods.

Open the painted tortoise nest
Thoreau.

Now under the snows of winter
apple tree
chips of dead wood
then torn up and matted together
'nough to fill a bed out of a hat.

In the forest
on the meadow
button bushes
flock of shore larks
Persian city
spring advances.

All parts of nature belong to one head, the curls
the earth
the water.

See and hear young swallows about
maple buds large as in spring
ice water, winter in the air
carried there by its mother
wildwoods night.

I hear it roaring, reminding me of March, March.

Stood face to face to him and are about to hang him
puts them in his pockets.

I hear the crows cawing hoarsely flying toward the white pine
cricket creaks along the shore
such coolness as rain makes; not sharp.

Their central parts have curved upward.

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See thirty or forty goldfinches in a flock, cold air
great numbers of fishes fled.

Since it blossoms a second time
it was fit to rest on
morning concerts of sparrows, hyemalis and grackles
many butterflies
black with white on wings
new country where the rocks have not been burned.

May I be as vivacious as willow.

Shall not voice of man express as much content as the note of a bird?

In the midst of them, I see track of rabbit
it also struck a small oak
screeching of the locomotive, rumbling cars, a whisper
far down all day.

Mosses bear now a green fruit.

This snake on twigs, quick as thought and at home in the trees
the blue-eyed grass is shut up. When does it open?

Flitting about
surprising, this cluster of leek buds on rock.

These are my sands.

Hubbard's bridge and waterlilies
waterlilies.

In our forests
part divine
and makes her heart palpitate
wild and tame are one. What a delicious sound!

The air delicious, thus we are baptized into nature
fall into the water
or lost, torn in pieces, frozen to death
thunder and lightning.

Winter day, clear and bright
still no cowslips.

In a hollow
near the river
in warm weather
the river ice inclines to opaque white
it is quite mild today, holes in the trees an inch apart
forest presents the tenderest green.

But you must raise your own potatoes
perhaps I ate more.

Dark mass of cloud with lighter edges.

What to do, what may a man do and not be ashamed of it?

Countless narrow light lines
it is worthwhile to hear the wind roar in woods today.

The field plaintain, the narrow cotton grass
tobacco pipes still pushing up dry leaves
like the wild cat of the woods
pine wood.

I am surprised to find these roots with white grubs.

One or two flashes of lightning, but soon over
ridge of meadow west of here
naked eye.

A word cloud featuring several names in different typographic styles. The names are: 'ams' (small, top left), 'Saphyt' (large, top center), 'teon' (medium, middle right), 'art' (medium, middle left), 'hl' (medium, bottom left), 'g' (large, bottom center), 'eSthr' (medium, bottom center), and 'O' (very large, bottom right). The letters are black on a white background.

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Present

rEmembering a Day i visited you—seems noW
 as I write that the weather theN was warm—i
 recall nothing we saiD, nothing wE did; eveN so
 (perhaps Because of that) that visit staYs.

**On the windshield of a new Fiat for James K. (who had not made up his mind
 where to go) and Carolyn Brown**

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 Little
 autO
 where it wantS
 To take
 You.

In Memoriam S. W.

after the fire what Shall we do?

“firsT
 onE step;
 aFter
 thAt,
 aNother.”

We're
 alOne.
 the music is difficuLt
 to Play.
 wE must work at it.

July 13, 1972

aViary without birds
 (airplanE
 fRom frankfurt
 to basEl), hostess
 recogNized me,
 Asked for a poem.

For A.C. on his 70th birthday

whAt
 A
 River
 whichever yOu're
 Near (doesn't any longer matter

whiCh side
 One's living on)!
 Perhaps
 fLying did it, or
 the bridge Across.
 I thaNk her (she got through
 one-siDedness).

Ten years before sixty-seven

part and parceL Eighth street artists club, an
 Old friend, he

C Ame to
 the S Tudio on front
 strEet
 when other eyes were cLosed.
 now peopLe see eye to eye:
 hIs eye.

DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD
(YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE)
CONTINUED 1970-71

CLI. Tunnel workmen including toll-collectors went on strike. The public was put on the honor system. Once the strike was settled, receipts were examined to see how much the public had cheated the government. However, more money had been received than had been due; drivers not having change had apparently been generous. In addition the government saved all public money it would have paid its employees. We're changing from looking at the past through the rear-window to surveying it as we fly above. We see geogram of past actions plus future's wilderness. Roads that might have met didn't. They served private ends producing impasse. Garbage behind trees is now out in the open. Anyone can see where it is.

CLII. "Remove God from the world of ideas. Remove government, politics from society. Keep sex, humor, utilities. Let private property go." We also have no need for employment. We are busy doing our own work. TV. Frost interviewing Noel Coward and Margaret Mead. Sir Noel's view of life is Sir Noel. Mead's mind is large and open, like Buckminster Fuller's. She found thoughts dull that suggest that men are superior to animals or plants. Creation's and societies' differences

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engage her attention. They suggest the next things useful to be done.

Vietnamese food depends on fresh coriander. First time I tried to find it in Chinatown, they were out of it. Second time I wasn't alone. We bought two packages: mine, from the first store, had yellowing leaves; hers, from the second, was green, luxuriant. While admiring coriander in a third store's window, she insisted we exchange packages. CLIII. The telephone is out of order. **We're within reach of what to do by means of information.**

Information is what happens to us. That is, future happens before we experience it.

When I was in the sixth grade, I signed up for the Glee Club. They said they'd test my voice. After doing that, they told me I didn't have one.

Now there're more and more of us, we find one another more'n'more interesting.

We're amazed, when there're so many of us, that each one of us is unique, different from all the others.

Buckminster Fuller's Pollution Exploitation Corporation.

Manufacturers and utilities polluting air and water do so at discrete points: smoke-stacks, open pipes, etc. They make the collecting of large amounts of various materials easy as pie. Once these materials are transported to the several points where they're in demand, Directors of the Pollution Exploitation Corporation will swiftly become very rich. CLIV.

*Asked what he thought of first lecture,
Suzuki said, "Excellent, but in Zen most
important thing's life." Asked next day
what he thought of second lecture, Suzuki
said, "Excellent, but in Zen most
important thing's death." "How can
you say life one day and death the
next?" "In Zen there's not much
difference between the two." Lois Long*

received a commission to make a design
to be printed on toilet paper.

Unstimulated by the notion of making
floral designs, she asked me if I had
any ideas. Dollar bills. Meals
without beans are unbeneficial.

Telephone Company should have its
system examined. Not even oriental
philosophy. Just electroanalysis. *CLV.*
*He was driving a taxi in Miami to make
enough money to sit cross-legged in
Japan. (Invitations received. We're
going to the party.)* California
fishermen're quarrelling with
fishermen from Equador over the right
to fish for poisoned fish. An American
lady living in Paris maintained a
bank-account in her home-town,
Buttonhole, Ohio. Finding it difficult to
keep accounts straight, she
frequently wrote to the bank asking for
extension of credit, concluding each
letter: "Love, Mrs. So-and-So." Once,
her circumstances seeming perilous,
she telegraphed. Bank replied: "Dear Mrs.
So-and-So. Don't worry. Love, Bank."
We're cheered by Berkeley, Amsterdam
(fact their city councils include

A word cloud consisting of various letters and characters in different sizes and orientations, arranged in a vertical, downward-pointing shape. The characters include 't', 'e', 'o', 'y', 'u', 'p', 'o', 's', 't', 'e', 'n', 'f', 'o', 'l', 'p', 'e', 'd', 'a', 'l', 'h', 'a', 'p', 'g', 'o', 'l', 'a', 'g', 'e', 'H', 'o', 'p', 's', 'a', 'r', 't', 'm', 'i', 'e', 's'. Some characters are small and partially obscured by larger ones.

revolutionary leaders). Nevertheless, we
 know the best government's no government
 at all. We bow, not with a sense of
 duty, just to save our skins. We
 renounce privileges of democracy. We
 dream of the day when no one knows who's
 President, because no one bothered
 to vote. CLVI. Hitchhiker told me all
 you have to do now, no matter what city
 you're in, is go to that part of town
 where people are friendly. "You don't
 even have to have met them before;
 they're sure to give you a place to
 sleep, something to eat. Brotherhood."

*Each one of us was born by means of
 an I Ching-like chance operation
 (DNA-RNA; number 64, trigrams,
 hexagrams.) If life were not that
 haphazard, two adults reproducing more
 than once would always have the same
 child.* Programmed music. Why is it
 that children, taught the names of the
 months and the fact that there are twelve
 of them, don't ask why the ninth is
 called the seventh (September), the
 tenth called the eighth (October), the
 eleventh called the ninth (November), the
 twelfth called the tenth (December)?

CLVII. I was so excited when I
 drove to the S&H redemption center in
 Flushing that I forgot to put a dime in
 the parking meter. When I came out
 with the blender and the electric
 blanket I had a twenty-five-dollar ticket
 on the windshield. Sang backstage
 so no one could see who it was singing.
 "Who sang that song?" What do you

want to know for? "I want to use that
 voice in my next opera." Most people
 over thirty-five're technologically
 immature. **World patriotism.** *Ancient
 Chinese was free of syntax. Words
 floated in no-mind space. With the
 passing of centuries, fixed relations
 between words became increasingly
 established. The history of Chinese
 language resembles that of a human
 body that, aging, becomes arthritic.*

CLVIII. Only chance to make the world a
 success for humanity lies in technology,
 grand possibility technology provides to do
 more with less, and indiscriminately
 for everyone. Return to nature as
 nature pre-technologically was,
 attractive and possible as it still in
 some places is, can only work for some of
 us. **After Dad died, Mother noticed I
 was filling out an application for
 increasing her Social Security. She
 said, "There's something you don't
 know." I said, "Aunt Marge told me: you
 were married before marrying Dad."
 Mother said, "That's not all. I was
 married three times." "What was
 your first husband's name?" Mother
 said, "You know? I've tried but
 I've never been able to remember."**

CLIX. There are two kinds of music
 that interest me now. One is music I
 can perform alone. Other's music
 that everyone (audience too) performs
 together. *Finnegans Wake employs syntax.
 Though Joyce's subjects, verbs and
 objects are generally unconventional,*

their relationships are the ordinary ones. Exception: the Ten Thunderclaps. Speaking without syntax, we notice that cadence, Dublinese or ministerial, takes over. (Looking out the rear-window.) Therefore we tried whispering.

Encouraged, we began to chant. (The singer was sick.) If a diabetic uses large amounts of Vitamin C, it makes it difficult for a doctor to analyze his urine. If you have gall stones and take Vitamin C, you get worse and the gall stones get better. Otherwise, Vitamin C is as close to a panacea as the human race has managed to get. CLX.

Vitamin C's one fault is that it's cheaper and more popular than highly advertised, often dangerous, drugs. Therefore, the American medical-industrial combine warns the public: Vitamin C can be hazardous to your health. What they mean is: We want more of your money. Asked what changes in Twentieth Century struck her as being most remarkable, Margaret Mead mentioned TV (possibility of seeing what's happening before historians touch it up). "Your thinking's full of holes." That's the way I make it.

While attending an afternoon garden-party in Paris, a French Countess suffered an attack of diarrhoea. She was wearing a georgette dress and large wide-brimmed hat. After some time, feeling a certain sense of recovery, she decided to go home. No sooner was she in the street than she

Ma
ecom
her
tag,
and
the

felt her diarrhoea returning. CLXI.

Copper essential to efficiency in our domestic telephone system was removed in order to establish a Vietnamese telephone system that'd really work.

Margaret Mead mentioned hair: whether it grows shoulder-length or longer as with Caucasians, up and out as with Blacks, it has proved a source of profound irritation to the old generation. She said old people can't know what being young now is like and that young people can learn nothing from the old. If something won't return to nature, return it to itself, or use it for something otherwise useless, art, for instance. **Looking for some place to go, she noticed a Metro-station. She rushed downstairs to the ticket-office and asked the man there where the nearest WC**

was. He said: We don't have one. She said: Come now, my dear man, you must have something. Absolutely anything will do. CLXII. Fact I was depressed

depressed him. We don't fear anarchy: we fear government. *Neti-Neti*: "This is an extremely difficult thing to do, because it is no more an automatic activity but depends on the strength of our purpose to drop what has been the framework of our lives, and see everything afresh." The tin and tungsten that we're in Vietnam to get are resources we no longer need. While our backs were turned, technology changed. USA has nothing to fight for. We are in Vietnam for no good

reason. English doctor, asked what he thought commonest human condition was, said, "Deficient drainage."

CLXIII. Melody. **He said: Well, as a matter of fact, we do have a place, but it doesn't seem appropriate, considering the way you're dressed. She said:**

Lead me to it. He took her through the gate and half-way down the subway platform opened a door which he closed after she entered. Fuller

says words "up" and "down" are non-descriptive of our space

existence. We go, he says, out from or into the earth. Student, worried about

man's accelerated alteration of his environment, asked where he should look when nature's eliminated (so to speak). Fuller said, "Look up!" He

could have said: Look out! Or, even: Look in!

CLXIV. The motel room had ten chairs, one of them straight-backed, two television sets, one non-functioning, two baths, one without hot water. View from the windows was of the windows in the next building. let Me hAve youR baggage; i will Carry it for you. no nEed: i'm wearing aLl of it. **Sometimes we blur the distinction between art and life; sometimes we try to clarify it. We don't stand on one leg. We stand on both.**

Lady in the Telephone Company explained why friends, after dialing my number, sometimes get me, sometimes get someone else. She said, "If someone calls you while the circuit's overloaded, we give'em the next number. If your

last digit's 3, we give'em 4. If
 circuit's still overloaded, we give'em 5,
 etc. If, after ten successive
 attempts, circuit's still overloaded, we
 give'em busy signal." CLXV. As
population goes up, average age of
people living goes down. Teen-agers
become the majority. Students of
the World, Unite! The revolution will
be simple, like rolling off a log. The
 outside walls of buildings in Paris are
 used for transmitting ideas. Rue de
 Vaugirard, I read: La culture est
 l'inversion de l'humanité. The room
 was very small. The brim of her hat
 touched its four walls. There was only a
 drain in the floor with two
 platforms for her feet. An automatic
 flushing periodically flooded the
 room. The Metro employee returned to his
 ticket-office. To raise language's
temperature we not only remove syntax: we
give each letter undivided attention,
setting it in unique face and size;
to read becomes the verb to sing.
 CLXVI. Day after we arrived in Los
 Angeles, the police killed one
 teen-ager and wounded nine others.
Whereas getting wrong numbers used
to produce irritation among telephone
subscribers, it now brings about a sense
of community and amusement among people
otherwise unacquainted. The New York
Telephone Company is systematically
multiplying by ten the number of each
subscriber's friends. That night, while
 closing up, he recalled that he had not

don't
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e

noticed the lady returning through the
gate. He decided to check whether
or not she was still in the station. As

he came down the platform toward the
WC, he heard loud beating on the
door and her shouts from within.

CLXVII. Once France got out of
Vietnam, Paris filled up with excellent
Vietnamese restaurants. Vietnamese food
should be made generally available in
New York and Washington. Though less
pleasant efforts have failed, a few good
meals might end the war. A new society

exists with its own supplies and
demands. A musician now makes his way in
the world without waiting to be fifty
years old. Not so long ago, sources
of money were so thoroughly cut off that
most gifted musicians gave up before
they were thirty just in order to eat.

After he opened the door, she
furiously complained that he had
locked her in. Denying this and
wishing to demonstrate how she herself
might have opened the door from the
inside, he took her back with him into
the closet and closed the door.

CLXVIII. Been robbed so often he's
losing his sense of property. All
efforts of the two of them failed. The
door remained shut. They spent the night
together. The room was flushed every few
minutes. The Countess's dress was
drenched. The workman's face became
seriously irritated by the brim of the
Countess's hat which remained on. Her

diarrhoea continued. Lots of mimeographed material's placed everyday in the faculty mail slots at the School of Music. Manuscript exhibitions are held in the hall outside. The largest exhibition in history was given by one of the instructors. Instead of throwing his year's mail away unread as the other faculty members had, he had saved every scrap. CLXIX. "We'll be remembered as those who lived in the age of Buckminster Fuller." After Fuller's third lecture at Town Hall, capacity audience gave him standing ovation. Commenting on this, Fuller said, "It wasn't for me; I'm only an average man. It was for what I'd been saying: the fact it's possible to make life a success for everyone." In and out. **We're taking first steps. Soon we'll be able to walk. Preach. We practice what we practice.** *As we were walking along, she smiled and said, "You're never bored, are you." (Boredom dropped when we dropped our interest in climaxes. Socrate. Even at midnight we can tell the difference between two Chinamen. Grey's differentiated. Johns. Traffic's never twice the same. We stay awake and listen or we go to sleep and dream.)*

CLXX. It used to be beautiful. Was like a park. Now it's like a parking lot. Another wealthy American woman living in Paris gave a dinner party. For the entertainment of her guests she had engaged a string quartet. After their

performance, she gave the first
 violinist an envelope, saying, "Here's
 something that may enable you to
 enlarge your little orchestra." Satie:
 "We must be uncompromising to the end."

*Do nothing for one reason only. Think
 it with respect to a large number of
 other reasons, preferably reasons
 that're seemingly contradictory.* **After**

**hearing the end of the story, he said,
 "That doesn't seem to be the end." Of
 course, he's right. The story goes on**

and on. CLXXI. The young are
 technologically grown-up. (Music's
 definitely improving. You can tell it
 from the fact that more and more you
 hear it in places where you can move
 around. You don't sit in rows facing the
 stage. It's no longer disturbing to
 yourself or others if during the
 performance you get up and leave.) Edwin

Schlossberg told me that while Fuller
 was writing a dedication in his book
Utopia or Oblivion, he paused and
 said, "Those are not the only
 possibilities." American government.

Its head is in the clouds: it takes the
 government of other countries more
 seriously than it does its own. CLXXII.

We no longer have servants. We have
 hostesses. The black one is even more
 charming than the white one. **She**

**said she couldn't take a large,
 comprehensive view of life because of
 the painfulness of immediate events
 in the lives of her children. She
 needs to become blind in order to see**

rt
Wim h
M_{av}emEnt
h_tes
SO_{le} NaS,
Cu_e

through and beyond. (Necessary pain.)

Technoanarchism (Kostelanetz). After
the operation, she complained of a new
and unusual ache. Doctor said: It
must be in your head. However, X-rays
showed he had forgotten to take his
scissors out when he sewed her up. The
reason we like black people isn't
because they're black. We like them
because they're not as grey as we are.

**CLXXIII. Picnic preparation in hotel
room. Chicken, marinated in lemon and
sake, wrapped'n'foil, left overnight,
next day dipped in sesame oil and
charcoal-broiled. Broccoli, sliced, was
put with ginger in twenty-five packages;
corn, still in husks, silk removed,
buttered'n'wrapped. Noticing bathtub was
full of salad, he said, "I don't want
any hairs in my food."** When can we
get together? "It's hard to say: I'm
going out of town tomorrow and I'll be
back sometime today." Stopped at a gas
station around noon, the second week of
May, in a part of Ohio I had heard
was excellent for finding morels. I
asked the attendant if he would direct me
to a woods where I could hunt.
Looking at his wrist watch, he said, "It's
too late." **CLXXIV.** "Do you have a
good heart?" I enjoy doing what I do.
And I am glad to be with you. **Fame has
advantages. Anything you do gets used.
Society places no obstacles. Also
you become of some help to those who
aren't famous yet. Activity. "What's
your favorite color?" I didn't**

answer. "What's your favorite combination of colors?" Didn't answer. When he was in Art School, he told me, no one liked orange and red together. Then a teacher came to the school who loved orange and red together. All the students changed their minds. They discovered that they all loved orange and red together. **CLXXV. Times**

published a news release from the Food and Drug Administration listing marketed drugs that were hazardous or ineffectual. There was then an unexpected run on the market. Customers apparently feared that their favorite remedies would become unavailable. Settling down for the night, Thoreau's Indian guide said, "There are snakes here." Thoreau said, "Snakes don't bother me." Indian said they didn't bother him either.

Debug world program for any kind'o'living. (We are in our technological infancy. [Tesla, who discovered alternating current, did so in this century.] Technological errors made by government, industry [DDT, ABM, SST, CIA, etc.] are those of children, who, even though they don't know what the score is, go on playing pre-technological games of power and profit.) **CLXXVI. *Our Spring Will***

Come. That was the title of Pearl Primus's dance for which I wrote music in the 'forties. It will,—of course Spring will come. But before it does no amount of good weather keeps us from

thinking we're in for a few more
 storms. We no longer need to dig in
 the earth for mercury. We have it in
 our oceans. "All we have to do is
 collect it when it's washed up on
 the beaches": Edwin Schlossberg. Susan
**spent three years in Europe, then
 was obliged to return to the US. She
 told me she was surprised to find things
 were going on more or less as usual. She
 had expected to find herself in the
 midst of violence, destruction,
 revolution.** CLXXVII. *Church was bombed.
 Façade remains. Two men came to an
 intersection. One was blind and
 accompanied by his seeing-eye dog.
 While they waited for the light to
 change, dog pissed on his master's leg.
 Blind man then fed dog some beef. Other
 man said: Why reward'im? (Pissed on
 your leg.) "I'm not rewarding'im. I'm
 finding out where his head is so I can
 kick him in the ass."* Paper should be
 edible, nutritious. Inks used for
 printing or writing should have
 delicious flavors. Magazines or
 newspapers read at breakfast should be
 eaten for lunch. Instead of throwing
 one's mail in the waste-basket, it
 should be saved for the dinner guests.

**CLXXVIII. Young man came to my office in
 the university. I asked, "What class are
 you in?" He said he wasn't in any
 class. He studied whatever he wanted
 to without being enrolled. That way
 he'd gone to several universities,
 leaving each when there was no further**

class he found useful to attend. He
said, "I'm about to graduate from this
place." Nanette Hassell's dream: The
adopted children wore hats that made
them look like mushrooms. One of them
explained why they were all so hungry:
"Sometimes when he's working he
forgets to feed us." **Pittsburgh steel**
companies now know how to keep from
polluting air and water. But it'd cost
too much money, they say; they say they
wouldn't have any left to pay
employees. When they see how rich
Fuller's Pollution Exploitation Corporation
gets, they'll change their minds and
claim that, after all, all that stuff is
really theirs.

MUSHROOM BOOK

I

Bake *Polyporus frondosus* (battered,
 seasoned, covered)
 until tender. Chop.
 Steep wild rice 5 x 20'
 in boiling water (last water salted).
 Combine.

Voices singing Joyce's Ten Thunderclaps
 transformed
 electronically to fill actual
 thunder envelopes; strings playing star
 maps transformed likewise to fill
 actual raindrop envelopes (rain
 falling on materials representing history of
 technology).
 (McLuhan.) Last rain not falling
 (wind instruments), i.e. present moment.
 Music becomes nature (Johns).

Man/Earth: a problem to be
 solved.

highway system (Ivan Illich): a false utility.

no water unless necessary.

Hunting for *hygrophoroides*, found
abortivus instead.
 Returning to get more *abortivus*, found
ostreatus in fair condition. South to
 see the birds, spotted *mellea*.
 Hunting is starting from
 zero, not looking for.

Boletus.

Went to meet Peggy at the airport.

Found myself in Japanese crowd
(popular politician arriving in the same plane
from Europe). Jet with engines going drove
near to us. (Rare opportunity.) Was
surprised to see people putting fingers in
their ears.

Stew *oreades* in beer and
butter.

September to November.

9. *Suillus*

granulatus.

Under white pine
more frequently
than any other,
late summer and
fall.

10. *Suillus*

albidipes.

Under pine,
often in
plantations of
white pine, late
summer and fall.

11. *Suillus*

brevipes. Late

summer and fall
under 2 or 3
needle pines.

12. *Gyroporus*

cyanescens.

Edible and

choice (if you
 can effectively
 remove the
 sand), summer
 and fall,
 especially along
 roadsides or
 beside trails.

(Alexander H. Smith
 and Harry D. Thiers)

what was her name
 (she lived in the country)?
 she couldn't
 decide
 whether or not
 the mushroom was edible. she

telephoned to say:
 don't eat it, it may be poisonous.
 mother replied:
 don't be foolish, it was delicious.

We know when we hear the motorcycles
 we're on the other
 side of the mountain. We then go to the
 place where *craterellus* grows. Easy there
 to find the path that leads to the
 trailer-camp.

There's no alternative to Fuller's realization:
 As long as one human being's
 hungry, the entire race is hungry. Human
 nature changes spiritually when
 material needs're met.

Tube trama of the *Xerocomus*
 subtype (weakly divergent), the hyphae
 tubular.

(Alexander H. Smith and Harry D. Thiers)

He intuitively knew that the
 truth (not whispered)
 was to be given to the youth apolitically.
 Only hope? "A good
 one."

I can remove the bitterness, he said.
 Onion in butter, then the
naucinoides cut in pieces, stems chopped.
 He added pepper, lemon, caraway
 seed. No salt.
 It was delicious. He said that dill could
 have been used instead of the seeds.

we find iT
 in the haveRstraw cemetery
 ordInarily
 in oCtober;
 but tHis
 October
 not onLy
 have i nOt found one
 but other Mushrooms
 generAlly there are also rare.

i noticed, i thought, a *Pholiota (autumnalis ?)*;
 also a fEW
 dwaRfed
naucinoideS;
 nO puff balls,
 No
Agaricus.
 noThing,
 not even the Usual
Marasmius.

. . . that this poisonous species and
 some edible ones cannot be distinguished
 from each other at this
 stage except by studying the cuticle of
 each button under the
 microscope.
 (Alexander H. Smith)

Is it or was it too late?
 (Apocalypse.) Gunther Stent said
 human brain worked up
 until 1850.

Matters have been arranged so
 that it will come about with or without him.
 (He arranged them that way.) We are already
 accustomed to the fact that he is nowhere
 to be seen, "he passeth by—".

Fear, clarity, power, old age:
 obstacles one removes with
 invention.

Moving around, we take concerts and exhibitions
 with us. There is no
 connected administration. We are audience
 and visitors. There are no special hours or
 places. We also manage in
 spite of all the entertainment to
 get some work done.

great fungi, six.
 (Henry David Thoreau)

Not only the foliage begins to look
 dark and dense, but many ferns are fully
 grown. (Henry David Thoreau)

Martino told me reason his lamb chops're better
 than Ottomanelli's was his business's
 smaller. Margaret Mead,
 too, insisted on importance
 of less numbers (if one's a futurist).

ing and yellowing the grass, as if a
 liquor (or dust) distilled from them.
 (Henry David Thoreau)

Holding her knife in
 her right hand,
 lady-psychoanalyst rushed to reach the
 mushroom first. When she saw her left
 hand getting near, not hesitating, she cut
 herself.

Who's been killed
 by a work of art?

Brown's letter: Ellul says human nature has
 been destroyed, that

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e

food must become entirely artificial.
 There is no hope in
 counter-culture (“nothing there to build
 on”). Brown made me read Ellul.

II

We’re in a confusion of
 books. Bonfire?

Sandwiches of leftover
 mushrooms.

Plan (which Grace agrees
 to): to visit the school in Baltimore,
 one, two, three,
 four or five days after the first
 November rain.

That way I’ll get to revisit
 Bombay Hook (peak of
 Canadian geese) and the woods
 near Smyrna (excellent for
 fungi).

We have turned
 around: We live in another direction.

Work’s a series of replies
 without regrets.

Cantharellus chocolate
Clitocybe Amanita Tubes
Neurophyllum Stirps Michigan Never List Plate
 Miscellaneous Plate Before
 The not Precautions *Pholiota lissia*
 Edible *Amanita* Cooke

A word cloud of black text on a white background. The most prominent words are 'pe', 'r', 'ment', 'S', 'ach', 'M', 'g', 'a', 'ch', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'fCS', 'y', 'o', 'u', 'a', 'f', 'n', 't', 'p', 'l', 't', 's', 's', 'm', 'e', 'm', 'a', 'e'. The words are arranged in a vertical, somewhat chaotic pattern, with some overlapping. The font is a bold, sans-serif typeface.

elongate *Harpochytrium* The
 The Several
 honey-yellow *Hygrophorus Di-mon* The *Agaricus*
Helvella.

often.

S.wideantsfindpresomebeandmon
 backocnorflocthetertoa
 G.brownca
 OFchestpudevisuningquentlysubin
 fersnamenutenasbeechcoineachitsnotofclosand
 B.

Tiring.

When I mentioned the three factors given by
 Ellul that “could
 change the course of
 history” (general war with
 enormous destruction; upsetting the
 technological world on the part of an increasing
 number of people; intervention
 on the part of a decided God), he
 said, “The third is the most
 likely.”

Looked up invention in telephone book:
 Inventapris Inc
 Inventive Design Inc
 Inventive Music Ltd
 Invento Prods Corp.

We remain greedy: we never find
 enough. We keep on
 looking for mushrooms

until we're obliged (an engagement or the fact
 the light's failing) to stop. Only for
 some such reason do we leave the woods (unless,
 by then, we're lost).

We imagine that
 spores that never before joined in
 reproduction on occasion in the case of
 related species sometimes do:
 possibility of a
 natural invention.

What is that now
 ancient and decayed
 fungus by the first
 mayflowers, —trumpet-shaped with a
 very broad mouth, the chief
 inner part green, the outer dark brown?
 . . . dirty-white fungi in nests. Each one is
 burst a little at the
 top, and is full of dust
 of a yellowish rotten-stone
 color, which is perfectly dry.
 (Henry David Thoreau)

voroisbnybnaetn
 egcotooev
 IAschmK.

Go to work, and above all co-operate
 and don't hold back.
 (R. Buckminster Fuller)

Hunting on pkway: civil
 disobedience.

In woods, we're misled
 by leaves or play of
 sunlight; driving along, we sometimes
 stop, park, and get
 out, only to discover it's a football or a
 piece of trash. Learning from such
 experiences isn't what we do.

matsutake. L. rachodes. umbonatus.

(Map showing locations)

sInuUsrrn.snnenhL.hmecusoanilsiw
 aWhhdm.

Tendency to
 counteract: hunting in the same places.

Music ("good
 music") excludes the stranger, establishes the
 government, renders
 the composer deaf. Is't because connection of
 state'n'art was
 clearer to them than others that
 Chinese (twice at
 least)'ve shaken'em apart?

Mosquitoes that bite us while we're
 finding mushrooms
 don't bother us.

E. (from *Solo for Voice 79*)

trgOn efosnr uJvaR mbthr
 mnols htbu.

back on one another
 or try to gain at the expense

of another. Any success in such lopsidedness
will be increasingly
short-lived.

(R. Buckminster Fuller)

In 1935 when I first
arrived in Huautla in quest of
the sacred mushrooms no one
would speak to me about them.

(R. Gordon Wasson)

Eat only small portions, . . . half a head
the first time. Be sure
each member of the family follows the same
procedure. It does not follow that because
father can eat them mother and all the
children can do likewise.

(Alexander H. Smith)

III

“The situation is
changing rapidly. Don’t read Ellul. Read *The
Chinese Road to Socialism*
(Wheelwright and McFarlane). Fight
self¹ (Self-Interest).

Serve the People.² I.e. Fight Profit motive,³
consumer economy, technique in command.⁴
Choose Redness over
Expertness.’

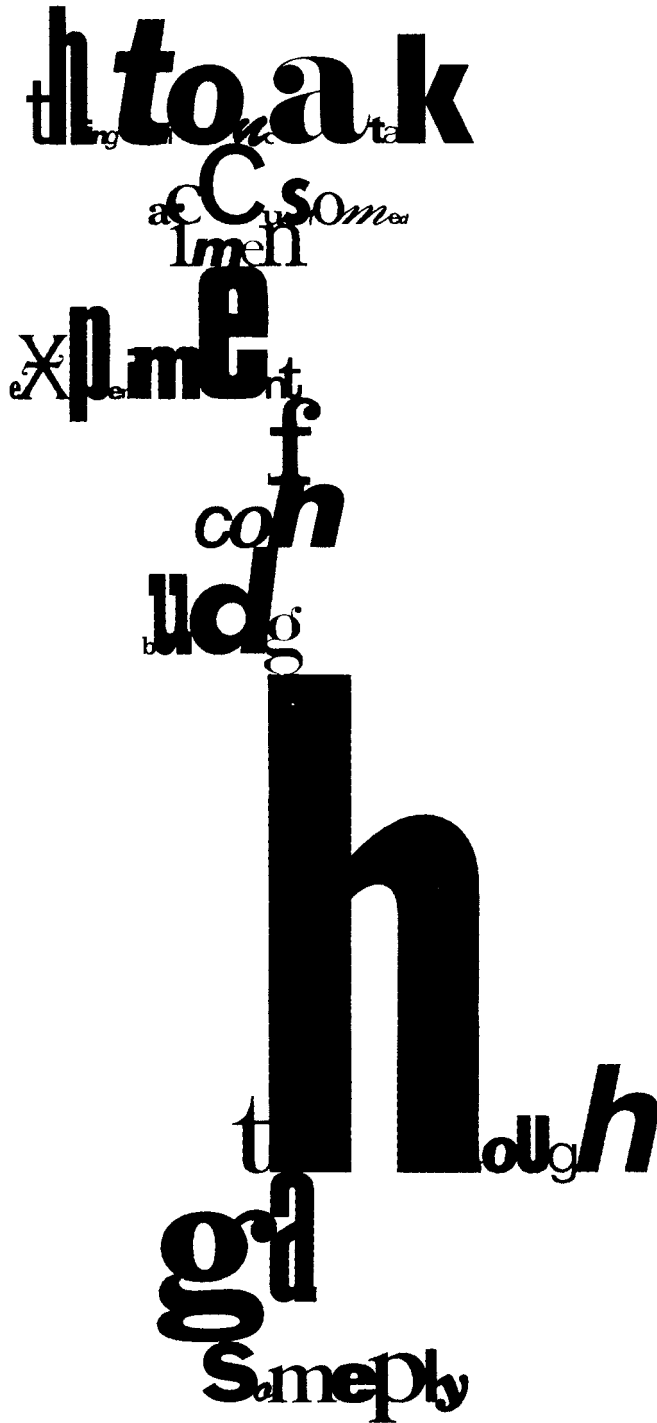
1. Duchamp and Zen.

2. Buckminster Fuller. 3. Thoreau.

4. Anarchy.

tala.

dan
su
hands
I've
ed
ed
the
sh
com



In the early 'thirties Cowell
introduced me to oriental
musics. I was
attracted by the
rhythmic structure and rhythmic
complexity of North
Indian music.

No mushrooms in the woods? Let's go
buy some real ones.

During the
transit strike in
New York City many people became
hitchhikers. I
picked up a South
American. We got into a
conversation. He turned out to be a composer
whose principal hobby was hunting
wild mushrooms.

It is neither long nor short, big
nor small, but transcends
all limits, . . . and
every method of
treating it concretely. It is
the substance you see
before you—begin to reason
about it and you at once fall
into error.

(Hsi Yun recorded by P'ei Hsiu)

4 notes. (*Cheap Imitation*, sketch, II:
XXXI)

IV

larpahas-conthe.

Eat together.

in key than wet is
 the little skørhat fall.
Clitocybe examination
 with *Cocos* hyphae or
 There
 of and laevigatum down
 down depressed

on "Sacred

made are asema Macrae
 ascus Great
 proved Coast the
 prolate then have buff.

tempo of Korean classical music.

senadseenetsgttipinnsmfe
 nhndspntfeBrshnchhniaoionppn
 lurpeeane.

To finish for Lois programmed
 handwritten mushroom

book
 including mushroom stories,
 excerpts from (mushroom) books,
 remarks about (mushroom) hunting,
 excerpts from Thoreau's *Journal*
 (fungi),
 excerpts from Thoreau's *Journal*
 (entire),

remarks about:

Life/Art,

Art/Life,

Life/Life,

Art/Art,

Zen,

Current reading,

Cooking (shopping, recipes),

Games, Music mss., Maps,

Friends,

Invention,

Projects,

+

Writing without syntax,

Mesostics (on mushroom names).

Polyporus frondosus. (Map showing
location)

We only need boots, basket, paper bags,
and knife.

head are work

and, it caps. Huautla

base species along

diam; Mounce *Amanita*

beautiful be coniferous edible

clavipes view of

drying ("snuff-brown")

germinated to to an

hues

an

Gylden Sabina fungi. From Huautla,

the taette. body

gills

reason of

August

0
nLo
et
is
Print
ful
file
mag
h
ez
t
Ca
e

A word cloud of text elements. The most prominent words are 'ng', 'te', 'est', 'U', and 'ite'. Other smaller elements include 'Af', 'C', '1', '0', '1', '0', '1', '0'. The text is arranged in a roughly triangular shape pointing downwards.

experimentation, free to branches projections
 (White
 size. all
 cups. of in the
 and Agaric.

Guy Nearing told
 us it's a good idea when hunting
 mushrooms to have a pleasant goal, a
 waterfall for instance, and, having reached
 it, to return
 another way. When, however, we're obliged
 to go and come back by the same path,
 returning we notice
 mushrooms we hadn't noticed going out.

Armillaria mellea: Roast
 without seasoning on bed
 of salt.

Music willy-nilly.

Dad's oil
 dehydrator was a contained
 electrostatic field, one electrode down the
 center, the other
 the container's inner wall.
 Principal problem was finding a
 dielectric to separate the two. Refuse oil
 poured in came out as oil of highest grade,
 dry chemicals, and drinking water.

Petroleum Rectifying Company
 successfully prohibited
 its use.

the sands of the Ganges.
 (Hsi Yun recorded by

P'ei Hsiu)

like
ra
with
tree

A word cloud where the word "Back" is the largest and most prominent. The word "Back" is written in a bold, black, sans-serif font. The letter "a" is particularly large and serves as a central anchor. Other words are integrated into the structure of "Back":
- "mal" is positioned above the "a".
- "the" is positioned to the left of the "a".
- "Stress" is positioned below the "a".
- "Japanese" is positioned below the "c".
- "Jap" is positioned to the left of the "a".
The overall composition is a stylized representation of the word "Back" with related terms.

My mushroom books and pamphlets
 (over three hundred items)
 will go soon to Chadwick (gardener who
 knows how to hunt and who is
 surrounded by youth
 he's inspired).
 "You must meet our wizard,"
 Nobby said.

Using *I Ching* we found
 four places in
 Manhattan to go and listen: excellent way to
 spend your time if you
 have nothing better to do.

AOAsct.

V

he Suddenly said,
 "sTop!"
 gReat
 quantities Of it were growing near the
 road.
 his name was fletcher Pence.
 after Hurried
 exAmination i decided it was
 pRobably
 an *agarIcus*. we filled
 bAgs and baskets.
 guy neaRing had never seen it
 before.
 "it mUst be
 a new *aGaricus*!" i decided
 tO take it to town and
 Serve it
 tO friends

I have a sneaking
 hankering to go again to Arcata
 Bottom (Hortense
 Lanphere's land between the ocean and the
 lagoon) soon: late this month or
 early December. We'll find
 the *matsutake* (tastes
 like pine). It travels
 well: I'll fill the freezer (she
 doesn't like them). I'll
 stay with Morris in the house in
 the woods by the lake.

skørhat any are wall *Entolomes*
 cap in specimens. layer
mito-
chondria Little *Russula*
vaccinum Plane
 grows (Black pores less plants structural non
 for-
 ests *particulier gennemskaret* we subhymenium
 illustrated, the basidia
 It to of other *corralloides* a at
Hydnum son crude Dept.
 nucleus has peyote
elle
 Although *bien*.

Fuller: Don't change Man; change
 his environment. Mao: Remould
 people to their very souls;
 revolutionize
 their thinking. (Find
 common denominator.)

chad
 world
 con
 red
 right
 point
 bre
 de
 ha
 sc
 pol
 m
 r
 no

And I was attracted by the
 natural noises of
 breathing in Japanese shakuhachi
 playing. However, instead
 of studying with
 an oriental master, I chose to study
 with Arnold
 Schoenberg.

raisedul.

When we find mushrooms in
 perfect condition, we have a
 musical delight (not that
 arising from being on the beat:
 just the pleasure of coincidence).

cAesar's
 Mushroom:
 we hAd them first
 iN vermont.
 they were gIven
 To us
 by A stranger.

they were even more deliCious when
 with jAp
 wE found them
 at ediSto.
 he sAutéed them
 veRy
 gEntly
 And, at the last
 moment,
 added whipped cream.

lost landmarks.

Poisonous Fungi. (Charles H. Peck)

Find the haircapped moss in November and in
it you'll find *umbonatus*,
the grey chanterelle.

Everett Reimer's
Essay on Alternatives in
Education begins with a quotation from
Margaret Mead: "My
grandmother wanted me to
have an education, so she kept
me out of school."
Reimer works with Illich in Cuernavaca.

Those which are ripe
are so softened at the top
as to admit the rain
through the
skin . . . , and the interior is shaking like
a jelly, and if you open it
you see what looks like a yellowish gum.
(Henry David Thoreau)

He (Arnold
Schoenberg) impressed upon me
the need for a musical
structure (the division of a
whole into parts);
he believed this should be brought about
through pitch relations. But since I was
working with noises, . . .

Whuzat? "Just another ugly
sound."

m **ti** **o** **p** **o**
r **e** **s**
s **r**
lec **n**

rom
senell
a
pram
etwee

You can tell if you're
in an attractive American spot: it's
littered with trash.

the frenCh call it
tRompette des morts. its
colors

blAck
To
grEy
woRk
to hidE it, but not
effectiveLy (we overcome
aLl
sUch
natural deviceS).

deviCes, natural but
undergrOund, inexplicable,
some yeaRs keep it from
appeariNg: we looked this year
for
instance

'till we were blUe
in the faCe
withOut success. another year
all you had to do was
Park,
go In
any wOods:
there were mIllions of them
everywhere.
they Dry
wEll
for winter uSe.

Entrance
Our
behind:
en Se,
great
Ra
whel
pass
M

O **fo** **m-**
o **p** **o** **p** **e** **s**
th **er**
re **ct**
e **d** **s**

What's brewing in China?
 (November 7 issue
 of *Observer*)

we're tiCkled pink
 At the thought
 of fiNDing
 black Trumpets
 tHe
 sAme day we find the little
 cinnabaR
 onEs.
 the
 two coLors
 Linked
 fUll
 one
 among
 our many Summer desires.

Cooked together,
 they
 make a
 beautIful dish.
 aNd their flavors, like their colors,
 complemeNt
 one ANother.
 when
 fall
 comes
 we're oBliged
 to chAnge
 ouR
 desIres.
 oNe of them we have then is to find on
 the same day

mt
E
se
cos
aph. Cn.g.

pe^{cl}
matum^{es}
Osch^{Os}
Mn^{gv} ^{osp} tm S.
st
till^{lt}
leg^{ie} ^{re} ^{es}
Chri^s
d^{nc} ^{ce}
en^m

We're no longer satisfied by going to
the lecture: we want to have the
experience itself.

Her doctoral thesis was the study of
one square foot of land.
She named all the plants
she found on it. Undoubtedly
we learn (though we don't know what) by
returning each year to the
same places. Our circumstances are
changing, however; now we're here
and now we're
there (Minnesota;
Minnesota).

They impress me like humors . . . pimples on the face
of the earth, . . . A sort of excrement they
are. (Henry David Thoreau)

i sPent
twO years in
iLLinois (the state
is
almost
totallyY cultivated: there are
few Places in which
tO hunt). i found
veRy few mushrooms
Until i met
joe kaStelic and bill stank.

Finally, bill and joe
took me Reluctantly
tO a farm
west

of
 champaigN.
 they tolD me that
 if i tOld
 anyone elSe
 aboUt the place
 that
 they
 would cut
 my ballS off.

i Had collected enough to feed that
 percentage
 of
 100
 people
 who would
 willingly eat it.
 reichert anD shaller
 had fouNd me that morning at the edge of
 the lake.

they
 gave me the blUe-jean jacket
 (st. ives deniM)

that
 i'm now weaRing. lost in
 muskEg
 i had sPent the night
 Asleep
 oN a squirrel's
 miDden. my food had been
 a
 roast of *boletUs*: it was juicier than
 the *repanduM*.

VII

They continue as is. "Changing'd cost
too much."

Asked Arragon, the
historian, about history.
He said you have to invent it.

Aug. 11. P.M.—To Assabet
Bath.

I have heard since the 1st of
this month the steady creaking cricket.
Some are digging
early potatoes. I notice a new growth of red
maple sprouts, small
reddish leaves surmounting light-green
ones, the old being
dark-green. Green lice on
birches. (Henry David
Thoreau)

He was silent for
two years, and then he spoke the truth.

A crescent of light.
(Henry David Thoreau)

Since Dad invented at home, he was kept busy
running errands for
Mother.

Jasper Johns.

Pileus clavate,
often irregular or compressed and
somewhat lobed, obtuse, glabrous,

ors
S^m E^m
pO^m Or^m A^m
S^m ilic^m A^m
if^m t^m U^m b^m

yellow, tapering below
 into the short, rather distinct, yellowish or
 whitish stem, spores narrowly
 elliptical, .0003 to
 .0004 inch long.

. . . closely resembles the typical European
 plant, but usually the
 clubs or caps are
 curved, twisted,
 compressed or lobed in such a way, that it
 is difficult to find two plants just alike.

(Charles H. Peck)

I made what I called macromicrocosmic rhythmic
 structures characterized by a whole
 having that number of
 units that each unit had of measures.

We converse as we hunt as
 though we are in a living room.

Pileus 6-10 cm
 broad, convex to broadly convex or
 finally nearly plane; surface
 dry and matted-fibrillose, becoming more
 conspicuously fibrillose in
 age, . . . becoming duller . . .

(Alexander H. Smith and Harry D. Thiers)

<i>matsutake ya</i>	mushroom
<i>shiranu ko no ha no</i>	ignorance leaf of tree
<i>hebaritsuku</i>	adhesiveness

(Bashō)

After say eight years I made my
 translation: What mushroom?
 What leaf?

ioioieneaprooeeard.

the Chinese are hoping to
prevent the contamination of the
environment—pollution . . . —*before* it
becomes (as . . . in our industrialised West) a
major, almost
insurmountable disaster.
(Felix Greene)

To mushroom mushroom have become
from
have the top
details for
the fruiting important
or special
mushrooms. Hard summer
key should be
true to important more!
to the
different it. Field are same
characteristic.

I had unintentionally infuriated
a community of
yellow-jackets by stepping on their home.
They attacked. Forgetting my love of mushrooms
and the pleasure of being in the
woods, I took off my shirt to use as a
weapon against them.
Thirty-five stung. These stings,
friends said, were medicine for
my arthritis.

in July. (Henry David Thoreau)

CS
ough
ess
his
it
to
e
th
and
ve

Bl **g**e **n,**
Bell **m**
Le **r**e **y**
P **e**c
me **n** **s**e

eerat? ogooeonemthwaroweton
 emomo blarcaw uttol
 lomct

We brought such a great variety of mushrooms
 from Vermont to the Four Seasons, the cook
 was confused. They fired
 us.

We play games in the
 evening (backgammon, sometimes
 chess) and, when it's possible,
 chess the late
 afternoon. On
 vacation, after breakfast, we play
 all day: chess, backgammon,
 dominoes. At Nag's Head (the
 Bensons') I won a
 backgammon
 tournament (have
 certificate to prove it).

For jewels they have no longing and
 for stinking filth they have no loathing.
 (Hsi Yun recorded
 by P'ei Hsiu)

For the most part, we just
 use butter, salt and pepper,
 and let it go at that (we want to taste the
 mushroom). Joe Hyde,
 however, says that there isn't anything
 that isn't improved by a little lemon
 juice. Sometimes I go overboard:
 dip seaweed in soy
 sauce and wasabi and wrap it around broiled
 stuffed mushroom caps.

We like our friends the way
they are. The closest ones take
liberties, invite
themselves to dinner.

to-day. (Henry David Thoreau)

ahachudegnathe e
lubuta
ne

VIII

Eddie Schlossberg told me of
the seven or eight
young people who changed the structure of the
mental hospital in Galesburg,
simply taking as premise the
fact that the
inmates were not insane. "*Faites quelque chose.*"

Besides mushrooms, Nearing introduced me to the
catbrier (good for salad) and the
fragrant goldenrod (good for
tea).

It depends on beginning and ending (it's an
object, whereas tala facilitates the process of
improvisation).

I was surprised in the open markets in
Finland to see poisonous mushrooms for
sale (poisonous, that is, according to French
and American authors). Finns cook
chanterelles as though they too are
poisonous.

Sept. 2. For three weeks the woods have
 had a strong musty smell
 from decaying fungi. The
 maple-leaved viburnum berries
 are a dark purple or black
 now. They are scarce. The red
 pyrus berries are ripe. The
 dense oval bunches of arum
 berries now startle the walker in swamps.
 (Henry David Thoreau)

I've finished "studying
 being interrupted": prefer it to not.

Comatus: wine and parmesan.

We drove off the parkway and parked, then walked
 back to the bushes
 of blackberries we
 had noticed. We did this
 hoping to avoid being
 stopped by policemen. Nevertheless, one of them
 shortly was yelling:
 Get out! No blackberry picking! As we were
 leaving, we luckily found a culvert
 in which, hidden, we each picked
 five quarts.

look.

taversultiontaoftabty
 raofsuchknownofthe
 roomthislivewillythis
 thetheersuchtheattheedfieldsa
 pladocishcoed.

We are friends a long time.

this speCies
 Looks
 lIke *armillaria mellea*
 buT
 it has nO ring. i found it this year
 in montClair
 in quantitY: i filled
 seven Bags and could
 havE filled more.

iT is one of my
 fAavorites.
 something aBout
 its tExture, particularly the
 texture
 of the Stalks,
 slightly Crisp,
 is vEry
 pleasiNg.
 a little lemon helpS its taste.

U.S. is losing
 financial power. That
 alone'll improve
 our credit.

I can do many things at once: stand in line,
 listen to the music, have ideas, wait for the
 next conversation. Besides having
 ideas, I compose them in *I Ching* given
 numbers of words, letters or syllables.

universal mind is no mind . . . and
 is completely detached from
 form. (Hsi Yun recorded by P'ei Hsiu)

t
ma**t**
ex
h**le**
u**ct**
t
s**am**

Asked Hyde how to cook garlic sausage I'd bought.

Hyde: Study it.

Hydneae. Hedgehog

Mushrooms. In the family *Hydneae*, the cap, when present, has neither gills nor pores on its lower surface, but instead of these there are numerous spine-like or awl-shaped teeth.

(Charles H. Peck)

Game remains unfinished. Which of us'll win?

Frie „Sporebillede”

Tilheftede (Faelninger af

Udrandede sporer.

Fastvoksede

Nedløbende

Nedløbende med tand

Savtakkede

Forskellige Typer af Lameller

(Else and Hans Hvass)

IX

in Connecticut

in the lAte

afterNoon, nobby and i

frequenTly

went to tHe woods.

he'd hike Ahead

Rapidly

(to gEt exercise, i

suppose).

i waLked
 sLowly
 not wanting any fUngi
 to eScape my notice.

on sUndays
 soMetimes
 Beth, becky and suki
 wOuld
 come aloNg with us.
 eAch
 Then (nobby too)

had
 a bag or a basket. on sUch
 family occaSions, nobby covered no
 more
 ground than
 the rest of
 us.

A-ki. (from *Solo for Voice*
 60)

react against complex
 structures and
 heaviness.
 (E. L. Wheelwright and Bruce McFarlane)

However, I came to no
 longer feel the need for
 musical structure. Its absence could,
 in fact, blur the
 distinction between art
 and life. An individual can hear sounds
 as music (enjoy living) whether or not he is at a
 concert.

having this experience
 today, one has it as Daniel did in
 the Lion's Den. Many forces, competitive
 self-interest and devotion to efficiency
 among them, have brought mankind and the earth
 itself to the edge of
 oblivion.

Three species are included here. They all lack
 a ring on the stalk . . . though a veil is
 present . . .

KEY TO SPECIES

1. Cap brick-red; common on oak
 logs and stumps, usually until late
 in the fall.
 *Naematoloma sublateritium*
1. Color of cap orange cinnamon to
 yellow or olive. 2
2. Cap orange-cinnamon to tawny
 *Naematoloma capnoides*
2. Cap and gills yellow becoming
 olivaceous
 *Naematoloma fasciculare*
 (Alexander H. Smith)

Quelet asserts
 that it is better raw than cooked
 and that its sweet milk affords an agreeable drink
 for the botanist in the warm
 days of summer.
 (Charles H. Peck)

Make a book that's edible.

. . . the earth itself to the edge of
oblivion. Total destruction can be
averted and a change for
the good of all men
may be made, but it
will require selfless intelligence
and cooperative energetic work.

Flore
alynatiqUe
champigNons
ouvraGe
prIx.

As we were leaving the airport
Morris said: First
thing's to take a ride on the lake. I
said, "What for? Mushrooms don't grow on
lakes." Years later, Ted's voice came over
the water: Mushrooms! Rowing out,
filled canoe with *pleuroti*.

üMarmürkel
sOögiseen
kübaR
Cm.
kollakasHall
tumEdamate
heLedamate
aLumises
servAs

Eraldatud
jalaSt
Cm,
vürvusetUd,
toLyjalt
tippudEga,
rohtuNud
aprilisT
mAini.

Since *Tarzetta* is the oldest of
 these three generic
 names, the choice of one of these
 species as the lectotype of
Tarzetta would lead to
 the abandonment of either *Stromantinia* or
Geopyxis, both
 widely used generic names.
 This led Rifai (1968) to propose the
 conservation of *Geopyxis* over
Tarzetta, and to
 Dumont and Korf's decision to accept
Tarzetta over
Stromantinia. (*Mycologia* LXIII:
 1084, 1971)

shelf-shape.
 (Henry David Thoreau)

lost.

When we first moved to the
 country we were seven friends: Paul and Vera,
 David and M.C., Karen and
 David Weinrib and I. Paul and Vera stayed in
 Garnerville while houses were being built. The
 rest of us lived in the farmhouse

on the land. After
seventeen years only David Tudor and
Karen remain. All the
couples have split up.

Tihti
seRvaga
peenvIltja
Cm.
eosleHekesed
vOi
vaLkjasbeezikad
hOredalt
Monikord
nogusAlt

kunI
eRaldatavad.
valkjasbeezIkas
kollakaspruuNikas,
kUiv
cM.

“becauSe
of iTs
shaggy appeaRance
and dull cOlor
it has Been
nIcknamed
the oLd man
Of the woods.”
its new naMe,
academically speaking,
is *floCcopus*.
guy nEaring
doeSn’t accept the new name.

loIS and I
 disagree abouT
 its desiRability
 as fOod. she likes it
 Because
 "It
 Looks like
 A prune but tastes like
 a Clod
 of Earth." sari also likes
 it
 very mUch.
 She makes a pickle out of
 it.

X

- (4) "In the end, even law disappears"
 p. 298. A consummation devoutly to be wished
 by all good Christians, Nietzscheans and
 Marxists.
- (5) *Police terror disappears*, p. 413.
 And police disappear, p. 297: "a
 progressive emptying of legal forms and a
 consequent gain in
 human techniques which render a gendarmery
 useless."
- (6) *Beyond Good and Evil*: . . . Hurrah!
 (Norman O. Brown)

Last year, the
 last three weeks of
 August, the woods were
 filled with the strong
 musty scent of decaying
 fungi, but this year I have seen very
 few fungi, and have not noticed that
 odor at all,—a failure more perceptible
 to frogs and toads. (Henry David Thoreau)

birth o'human nature.

Lois's house. Lake Welch. The Land.
 Parkway. Calls Hollow Road. Route
 202. Letchworth Village.
 Stony Point. Palisades Interstate
 Park. 210. Minisceonga
 waterfalls.

Craterellus cantherellus.

Strawberries. *Clitopilus*

abortivus. Ramapo

Mountains. Balancing

Rock (Mother's and Dad's ashes:

where I wish mine to be scattered).

Morels formerly. *Lepiota*

procera. *Cibarius.* *Edulis.* *Agaricus*

campestris. Morels. Reservoir. (Map
 showing locations)

Amateur.

(*The Mycophile*)

We'd said goodnight.
 We drove a block east, made a U-turn.
 Jap'd meanwhile
 crossed the street to the
 playground. He was shaking the branch

changed
used
in,
All
this
from
reg
Sh
om

of a Ginkgo tree. Hiroshi watched
 him 'till he was out of
 sight.

I see a few fishes dart in the brooks.
 Between winter and summer, . . . an immeasurable
 interval.

(Henry David Thoreau)

Mind is not mind (in the
 ordinary sense), yet it is not no-mind.

(Hsi Yun recorded by
 P'ei Hsiu)

Kanawauke Circle. Route 210. To
 Southfields. To Land. (Map showing
 locations and directions)

Technique (purposeless) is a
 utility: it serves flexibility,
 introduces the
 stranger. It is not
 emotionally driven: we can
 safely follow it. It is inspired: it ignores
 boundaries. It does not prefer
 one person to another. "All Watched over by
 Machines of Loving Grace."

leaves.

Giorgio, John, Lois,
 John and Edith: at dawn, strawberries.

most people heAring that you know your
 Mushrooms
 Ask whether you've
 had aNy
 vIsions.
 jusT
 yesterdAy i received a postcard

 froM people i've never met.
 they had foUnd
 lotS of amanitas and wanted
 to know how to "deCoct from them their powers."
 Am unable to help them.
 some authoRs
 mentIion combining the mushroom with
 blueberry juice.
 none, As far as i know, gives process
 or quantities.

 Morels
 theY
 Consist
 largE
 caLled
 dependIng
 roUnd
 froM.

Some of my friends have little interest in
 mushrooms. David and M.C. used
 to refuse them.
 Carolyn Brown has no overwhelming desire
 for them.

Deliquefy *Coprini*.

and struggle of the
Cultural Revolution.

Today, the elitist concept is dead.

Education in China is no longer
competitive and is no longer a road to
personal advancement and
status. Work in factories or in the
fields has become an accepted
part of every
child's educational experience.

(Felix Greene)

Sono

Parecchi

hannO

peR

conoscEre

noStri.

Kama's on the move:

it goes as well to *Artha*

(Fuller, China) as to *Dharma*. Had

it not moved, we could have stayed with
expertise (Boulez, for example).

Just by touching, love takes place. But

now that touch must be true and

utilitarian. (*Moksha* then.) After he made

it, Fuller noticed his dome was beautiful.

ms
S
pace
original
books
ideas
S

Mentis
rd
iCoul's

25 MESOSTICS RE AND NOT RE MARK TOBEY

it was iMpossible
 to do Anything:
 the dooR
 was locKed.

i won The first game.
 he wOn the second.
 in Boston,
 nExt
 Year, he'll be teaching philosophy.

the house is a Mess:
 pAintings
 wheRever
 you looK.

she told Me
 his wAy
 of Reading
 assumes that the booK he's reading is true.

why doesn'T
 he stOp painting?
 someBody
 will havE
 to spend Years cataloguing, etc.

The girl checking in the baggage
 reduced Our overweight to zero
 By counting it
 on a first-class passEger's ticket: the heaviest handbag
 had been hidden unnecessaryY.

forTunately, we were with hanna,
 antOinette,
 and hanna's two Boys.
 thE girl at the counter
 gave one of the boYs a carry-on luggage tag as a souvenir.

My
 strAtegy:
 act as though you'Re home;
 don't asK any questions.

instead of Music:
 thunder, trAffic,
 biRds, and high-speed military planes producing sonic booms;
 now and then a chicKen (pontpoint).

each Thing he saw
 he asked us tO look at.
 By
 thE time we reached the japanese restaurant
 our eYes were open.

the room
 dAvid has in the attic
 is veRy
 good for his worK.

how much do The paintings
 cOst?
 they were Bought
 on the installmEnt plan:
 there was no moneY.

he played dominoes and drank calvados unTil
 fOur in the morning.
 carpenters came aBout
 sEven
 thirtY to finish their work in his bedroom.

you can find ouT
 what kind Of art is up to the minute
 By visiting
 thE head office
 of a successful advertising companY.

b
ck,
u
rCa
s
naucd
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yl
a be
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angd
er
h
is
part
mn
e
t

i'M helpless:
 i cAn't do a thing
 without Ritty in paris
 and mimi in new yorK (artservices).

“is There
 anything yOu want
 Brought
 from thE
 citY?” no, nothing. less mass media, perhaps.

waiting for the bus, i happened to look at the paveMent
 i wAs standing on;
 noticed no diffeRence between
 looKing at art or away from it.

the chinese children accepted the freedoMs
 i gAve them
 afteR
 my bacK was turned.

pauline served lunch on The
 flOor
 But
 objEcted
 to the waY galka was using her knife and fork.

cha_{roe}
duc
mun
D.C.
m
int
gret_a
ge_{th}
mon_d

norTh
 Of paris, june '72:
collyBia platyphylla,
plutEus cervinus, pholiota
mutabilis and several *hYpholomas*.

The
 dOors and windows are open.
 “why Bring it back?
 i'd forgottEn where it was.
 You could have kept it.”

he told Me
 of A movie they'd seen,
 a natuRe film.
 he thought we would liKe it too.

The paintings
 i had decided tO
 Buy
 wEre superfluous; nevertheless,
 after several Years, i owned them.

sold Them
 tO write music. now there's a third.
 i must get the first two Back.
 whEre
 are theY?

all it is is a Melody
 of mAny
 coloRs:
Klangfarbenmelodie.

A word cloud graphic consisting of several words and characters in various sizes and orientations. The most prominent words are 'might' at the top, 'rule' on the left, 'give' in the center, and 'ees' at the bottom. Other visible elements include 'in', 'grow', 'g', and 'kn'. The words are rendered in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

paradi
mola
mela
al
da
X
mra
es

DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD
 (YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE)
 CONTINUED 1971-72

CLXXIX. Edwin Schlossberg: "Raising animals so people will have daily protein intake doesn't make sense; think of all the land that's necessary for pasture."

Solution of world food problem will involve sources of protein that stay in position, terrarium-like places, Fuller domes, self-supporting, weather-controlled environments: organic reproduction of plant foods.

Education and Ecstasy (George Leonard). It would be better to have no school at all than the schools we now have. Encouraged, instead of frightened, children could learn several languages before reaching age of four, at that age engaging in the invention of their own languages. Play'd be play instead of being, as now, release of repressed anger. CLXXX.

On the plane I sat next to a psychologist employed at the Galesburg mental hospital. I said I was glad students had succeeded in changing the institution. He said, "What are you talking about?" I said, I understand patients leave the hospital and enter enliveningly into community life. He said, "That isn't true."
 Use the same opening until you know all its pitfalls. Walking toward Greenwich and Bank Streets, I noticed an open

manhole with temporary toolshed.
 Con Edison was at work. Two tall,
 heavysset workmen, facing one another
 in the shed, were concentrating on
 something placed between them. It
 looked as though they were playing
 chess. I walked past, stopped, went
 back, came close to them. They were
 playing chess. *CLXXXI. She'd spent*
two weeks in southwest Colorado working
on Soleri's building that'll house
three thousand people. All
apartments are cubes and identical.
Those that're finished are used by
the workers. "If you think about it,"
she said, "it's awful, but if you live
in it you find it's delightful."

Mushrooms. Teaching-machines.
 Therapy-machines aiding people to form
 their brain waves, shifting waves' shape
 from that of anxiety to that of poise,
 invention. He said he'd rather have half a
 pint of the wild ones than a gallon
 of the tame (speaking of wild
 strawberries). Sam Moon, poet, met me at
 the Galesburg airport. Asked him whether
 he'd heard of changes in the mental
 hospital brought about by students.
 He hadn't. Doris Moon told me hospital
 uses dope. Doped up madmen,
 formerly given jobs as salesmen, seemed
 listless, not really interested in what
 they were doing. Their eyes were strange.
 Galesburg customers demanded doctors
 stop letting their patients out.

**CLXXXII. "Soil is as precious as
 pearls and water as precious as oil."**

(A slogan coined by the Valley of
Stones Brigade of Yueh Kechuang Commune.)

In 1959 we developed the program of
“splitting the mountain, creating the soil”
so as to alter its face into fertile land.

*Doesn't matter whether you're in first
class or coach. You see the same
movie.*

**Many people are allergic to
the commercial mushroom. Donald M. Simons
tells of an acquaintance who suffers
vomiting, diarrhoea and loss of
consciousness from eating any restaurant
sauce that has even a trace of a
mushroom in it.**

Moved to the country
for city reasons: to start summer

theatre; to set up electronic music
studio. Instead took to walking in

the woods. **GLXXXIII. Just after ten**

o'clock I cashed a check for one hundred

dollars. At noon I lost my billfold. I

spent the afternoon cancelling credit

cards. I also called the police. I tried

to remember what there was in my wallet

**besides passport, bankbook, vaccination
certificate, and social security card. At**

five o'clock I began drinking. (I was

invited to speak to staff-members of a

**Connecticut asylum. After leaving the
reception room, I walked down the hall**

among the madmen toward the room where I

was to speak. When I got there I knew

what had to be said. “You're sitting,” I

told the doctors, “on top of a gold

mine: share your wealth with the

rest of us!”) CLXXXIV. Left college

end of sophomore year. Refused honorary

degrees. Reinforcement, positive or

negative, is beside the point. I'd been

smoking like a furnace for nearly a
 week. As I was leaving, university
 secretary said, "You've given us a
 breath of fresh air." *Mao: Our point of
 departure is to serve the people
 whole-heartedly, to proceed in all cases
 from the interests of the people and not
 from one's self-interest or from the
 interests of a small group. Subjected
 university library to chance
 operations. Eighty students read four
 hundred books. Class became people.*
Conversation. At nine o'clock in the
 evening, the phone rang. Man's
 voice: "Did you lose anything today?" I
 lost my billfold! "How much did you
 have in it?" Aroun' \$100. "Exactly
 \$98." Where can we meet? "Tomorrow
 morning at ten-fifteen at your bank."
 Which bank? "You know which bank. If
 someone there can identify you, I'll
 give you back your billfold." I went
 to sleep. *CLXXXV. Use what you have (no
 garbage). Beet tops with yogurt.*
**Galesburg. People still applauding our
 performance. Man, beside himself
 with anger, rushed up. Shouting, he
 accused our company of fraud, me of
 dishonoring Schoenberg's name. I spoke.
 He became more furious. I was silent
 but disturbed. Madness I'd hoped for I
 didn't know how to enjoy. Future made
 clear. I got to the bank early. The
 manager said he'd identify me. Sam
 Moon gave me student proposal for changes
 in Galesburg hospital. He said, "It's
 not what you have in mind; it's a**

Skinnerian nightmare." (Teen-ager imagines
 that by spending time in a building
 marked Music he'll become a musician.
 Even books on the subject are apt to
 be confusing. I didn't learn anything to
 speak of about mushrooms until I met
 Guy Nearing.) CLXXXVI. (Mao: Everyone
 knows that, in doing a thing, if one
 does not understand its circumstances, its
 characteristics and its relations to
 other things, then one cannot know how
 to do it, and cannot do it well.) If I
 can't take what happens, I'm not
 ready for anything.

Deinstitutionalization. *Opium dens in
 China no longer exist. How did Chinese
 shake the habit?* **Marcel Duchamp gave me a
 copy of his book on King and Pawn endings.
 I asked him to write something in it.
 He wrote in French: Dear John look out:
 yet another poisonous mushroom Marcel
 Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, October
 Seventy-one. One hundred thousand
 Canadian geese. Highway 49 bisects
 marsh's northern section. Bird watchers
 park along the road, get out and use
 binoculars. Traffic including trucks
 continues, but geese seem undisturbed.
 Helicopter passing over alarmed them.
 As they flew up from pools and
 fields, sky turned black. Traffic and
 helicopter were no longer to be heard:**
**Goose sounds. CLXXXVII. Edwin
 Schlossberg: Gather information without
 bias. Define problems. Include their
 ramifications. Find solutions using
 energy sources going with nature,**

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a mit
s d ed
r
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we h di
hese

not against nature (sun, wind, tides, not fossil fuels). Initiate action alone and with others without waiting to be told what to do. I waited. 10:15; 10:30; 10:45. I asked the bank manager whether the branch office's address was on my bankbook. He assured me that it was. Revolution in China implemented in part by Big Character Posters. People, walking in the streets, receive instructions. In industrialized West, people sit at home glued to the TV, or drive around listening to car radios. Instead of commercials, broadcast suggestions for useful activity on the part of every man, woman, and child. Repeat every fifteen minutes. CLXXXVIII. Schlossberg: Fear produces non-comprehensive design science. Commoner's proposal to send sewage to the land via pipeline system is an example. What's needed are toilets automatically productive of properly treated and packaged dry fertilizers. Motel included miserable Chinese restaurant. Restaurant had a liquor license. Down the road was The Villa. Its wine was undrinkable. Seventeen inches of snow fell. Winds rose. Traffic outlawed (state of emergency). Villa closed. Only restaurant open was Chinese restaurant. Met in the bar, got plastered. Went to dining room; food was delicious. Poster in River Falls, Wisconsin: Ralph Nader has called upon students to organize research groups to

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slip
gas
h arm

work in the public interest . . . Corporate
 Responsibility; Environmental
 Preservation; Consumer Protection; Sex
 & Race Discrimination (they must mean
 Sex and Race *Liberation*); Support WISPIRG
 (Wisconsin Public Interest Research
 Group); Student Funded and
 controlled. Sign Petition Today!
 CLXXXIX. Ten to eleven, a slight,
 elderly man entered the bank. The
 lapels of his coat were faced with fur.
 We shook hands. The bank manager said:
 It's good there're still people like you
 living. The man replied, "I believe
 in God. I think that doing as I do
 people prove that God exists." Huge
 747 practically empty. Boarding pass
 lacked seat-assignment. Hostess
 dropped plan to send me back to the
 counter to get one. I'd said: There's
 plenty of room, don't you think?
We're not concerned with the audience:
we're concerned with people. "In
what does the old ideology of the
exploiting classes lie? It lies
essentially in self-interest—the
natural soil for the growing of
capitalism. That is why, in the course of
revolution," Mao tells us, "we must
fight self." That's why the Golden Rule
(Do unto others as you would be done by)
turned green in the USA. It took
self-interest for granted. Devalue
 it. CXC. Student-proposed change in
Galesburg asylum was isolation of
patients, separation of mad from mad,

twenty-four-hour intensive supervision
of each individual. Infirmities of old
 age. **Now that we have everything we need,**

we discover that there is almost nothing

that we have that we want. Rush hour:
 no rush. Trucks, busses, cars (Sheridan

Square NYC), complete stop. Forty-five
 minutes. Now and then someone moved an
 inch or two. Details changed.

Congestion continued. Black truck
 driver studied situation, found a
 solution, cheerfully gave directions.

People clapped their hands, blew
 their horns. **Early morning**
 (yesterday, melting snow): sound of
 footsteps; night lights still on.

CXCI. Bank manager insisted that
 identifying me wasn't necessary: I
 was one of the bank's depositors. The
 man handed me my billfold and asked
 me to look through it carefully and
 notice that *nothing had been removed.*

First, master the endgame, then the
 middle and finally the opening. Thus
 you'll be able from the beginning to see
 through to the end. *Mushrooms tested by*

feeding them to dog. After dinner, maid
 said: Dog's dead. Guests'n'hosts
 had stomachs pumped. Dog had been run
 over by a car. *Deschool society (Ivan D.*

Illich), Education Automation (R.
Buckminster Fuller). Just as, in
Buddhism, denial of cause and effect
arose from the realization that
everything's caused by everything
else, so Illich's society without

*school isn't different from Fuller's
society with nothing but school.*

*Illich and Fuller: All there is to do
is live and learn.* **CXCII.**

**"A little
child shall lead them." Edwin**

**Schlossberg's Brooklyn Children's
Museum. Eddie insisted Board of**

**Directors include children. When
Schlossberg visited Fuller, Bucky said,**

**"Listen carefully to the children's
words. I want to know each word they
say."** *County in Florida. Law was*

*passed prohibiting the sale of
detergents. Housewives travelled to
other counties to purchase their*

*detergents. "We know we're breaking
the law but we want to get our clothes
white."* **While looking through my**

**billfold I said, I want to share what's
in it with you: \$50. He didn't smile.**

**"My work's time-consuming. This has
been a serious interruption."** **I gave**

**him another \$20. What do you do? "I'm
in Rewrite."** **What's that? "It's in**

**connection with Continuity." What's your
name? "So-and-So." CXCIII. Valda**

*said that if you change your residence
every six months you can legally free
your children from compulsory
education. I asked Mr. So-and-So*

whether he had found my billfold in a taxi.

He said, "I found it in the gutter."

How old are you, dear moon?

**Thirteen-seven? You're still young, are
you not? One comes, then another, and
another. Who'll be held on your lap?**

America's the oldest country of the

twentieth century. It's made the most mistakes of the twentieth century. **Whole Earth. Industrialization is a self-regenerative evolutionary phenomenon which started in China at least four thousand years ago. It travelled westward, and has reached China again in vastly advanced effectiveness.**

(R. Buckminster Fuller.) CXCIV. Ihab Hassan's book, *The Dismemberment of Orpheus*, begins with a statement by Franz Kafka: "The decisive moment in human evolution is perpetual. That is why the revolutionary spiritual movements that declare all former things worthless are in the right, for nothing has yet happened." **Whole Earth Cook Book. Our recipes are not complicated: we want to turn you on to the relaxation in simple, natural cooking. The country kitchen is a traditional gathering place. We at the Whole Earth Restaurant make a party out of preparing meals. We hope you'll do the same. (Cadwallader and Ohr.)** *Mao: Destruction means criticism and repudiation; it means revolution. It involves reasoning things out, which is construction. Put destruction first, and in the process you have construction.* CXCV. I complimented Mr.

So-and-So on the tie he was wearing. It was silk, dark red, straight and narrow; it was pinned against a pink and white striped shirt. He said, "It's a relic of a previous age." *As we left the bank, there was Meg Harper, one*

mandala,
e
la.s
e
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t ac h
t h r e

of the Cunningham dancers. I introduced her to Mr. So-and-So and told him that the Cunningham Company was about to open in Brooklyn. I offered to arrange for him to have tickets. Mr.

So-and-So said, "Thank you, but I don't want any reward." All night

long, thoughts of nirvana and samsara.

How exhausting! Apparently I was caught by the Buddha. (Sengai.) CXCVI.

Mushrooms I found in one day were more than enough for a year. **Reduce use of combustion engines. Jim'n'Carolyn went to skyscraper Indian restaurant.**

Restaurant had no other customers.

Food'n'view were good. Afterwards, back home, Jim noticed he didn't have his wallet. Suzuki Daisetz: One has

not understood Zen until one has forgotten

it. We got rid of the wolves. Now there are too many deer. Forest ranger's

proposal to reintroduce wolves was

stymied by protests from

profit-seeking sheep ranchers. The

shepherd is a wolf in man's clothing. I

haven't been to a movie for three

months of Sundays. I gather from what

Carolyn reports that Hollywood now

produces false entertainment: unmitigated

violence on the screen; snickering,

laughter in the audience. CXCVII. Jim

telephoned the restaurant: Do you have my

wallet? "Yes. Do you have our

seat-cover?" I don't know anything

about your seat-cover. I just want my

wallet back. "We've lost too many

seat-covers and recently, also, a vase; if

you'll bring us back our seat-cover we'll
 gladly return your wallet." Thruways
 promote the automobile industry.
 People without high-speed cars can't
 use them. They're "false utility"
 (Illich). Variation: multiplying cans and
 bottles provides false convenience.
 Let each household keep its containers,
 taking them empty to appropriate stores
 to be filled. This'll bring about
 refreshing changes in supermarket
 design. Staying at home'll become
 as amusing as vacationing in a village
 in Spain. CXCVIII. **Needed new glasses.**
 Doctor, noticing hemorrhages in my eyes,
 said, "Do you have diabetes?" Don't know.
 Disturbed, looked up diabetes in
 dictionary, decided I wasn't overly hungry,
 thirsty, didn't excessively urinate.
 Complete examination showed no
 diabetes. Eye-doctor said, "Well,
 you're just getting old. There's nothing
 I can do about it. I want to see you
 every two or three months." Bantam
 paperback anthology of the writings of Mao
 Tse-tung, edited by Ann Freemantle, is
 dedicated to Dr. Ivan D. Illich. **Twelve**
disciples. One teacher. One too
many. Best things in life're free;
 American industry thinks we can't afford
 them. If we could change our language,
 that's to say the way we think,
 we'd probably be able to swing the
 revolution. CXCIX. *On his way to*
the restaurant Jim decided that if
they refused to give him his wallet he'd
get a policeman to help him. **We must**

find something else to do than art:
we are going to China. We hope our visit
will leave no traces. Called Statistics
 Section, Immigration Division, Canadian
 Government, asked how many Americans
 had recently become Canadian
 citizens. They said: That takes five
 years. However, in 1967, 19,038
 Americans immigrated to Canada. In
 1968, 20,422. In 1969, 22,785. In 1970,
 24,424. USA has apparently taken
 steps to solve the population
 problem, but only from its own point
 of view. CC. Jack Collins, brilliant
 mind, spastic paraplegic, Bobby
 Fischer's teacher. No one in the world of
 chess is as beloved. Frequently
 laughing, he gets around the apartment by
 riding small tricycle. People who
 don't play complain chess takes too much
 time. Given the opportunity to study with
 Collins, it'd be a waste of time not
 to. Cherish and reuse plastic utensils and
 containers. Don't throw'em away;
 don't acquire more than you need. Don't
 take'em with you; leave them for the next
 person to use. Distinguish, as you
 would in the case of mushrooms, between
 those that're poisonous and those
 that aren't. Do not use plastics that are
 derived from fossil fuels. CCI. Midst of
 these thoughts, Jim felt unusual
 warmth on his back. Reaching under his
 coat, he found the seat-cover stuck
 to his jacket. Receiving his
 wallet, his apologies were politely
 interrupted. "Don't apologize: this

happens all the time.” **Alternatives to art.** Crossing bridge from Windsor, Canada, to Detroit, Michigan, the bus driver announced: We’re now entering No Man’s Land. **A newspaperman wrote asking me to send’im my philosophy in a nutshell.**

Get out of whatever cage you happen to be in. If you’re a dope addict in Detroit

and happen to be hospitalized for some reason, no problem. Someone pays you a visit, brings you a fix, and, on the way out, rips what he can from other

patients. **CCII.** Irritation in my left eye was diagnosed by two doctors as chalazion. “Is that a sty?” No, it’s chalazion. “Will it go away by itself?”

No, it has to be scraped out. *Sue Weil*

made an appointment for me in

Minneapolis four days thence which I

kept even though my eye no longer

bothered me. The doctor’s office was a

museum of modern art, plus many

patients and many nurses. One cheerful

nurse gave me a preliminary

examination. National Wildlife

Refuges: museumization of

*wilderness. Controlled folly. **Doctor***

said, “Your eyes’re healthy.

Nothing needs to be done.” What about the

hemorrhages? “They’re not significant.

The sty will go away in six or eight

months.” What about the chalazion?

*“Chalazion’s a synonym for sty.” **CCIII.***

Choose among all the masters the master

whose way of playing appeals to you

the most. Then replay all of his

*games. **Barbershop’s like a community.***

Once you get in you don't want to leave.

It's for men, women, and children.

**There are potted plants, flowers, two
large live tortoises. Brightly
colored robes to choose from.**

Antenna Enterprises. Cry in the
wilderness. We're indebted to China for
its language, the I Ching, Lao-tse,
Chuang-tse, Zen Buddhism too. Gunpowder
we'll do without; printing'll be
electronic. The Great Wall and roast
pig, together with other meats, can go.

Give us the Chinese sense of nature,
the Chinese sense of society. *CCIV.*

*As we were taking off from Detroit,
asked the Chinaman sitting near me
whether he thought acupuncture might be
used to de-addict drug addicts. He
said, "Works for arthritis and lung
diseases." You think it works for drug
addiction? "Perhaps it does," he said.*

*Imitation of nature in her manner of
operation, traditionally the artist's
function, is now what everyone has
to do. Complicate your garden so it's
surprising like uncultivated land.*

Suburban policeman came to the door; he
went away without making any arrests.

If you're poor, it's illegal. If you're
rich, you're automatically within the
law. *What necessary mystery can
many people working together make?*

*Effective revolution. Norman Brown:
What we finally seek to do is to create
an environment that works so well we
can run wild in it. CCV. Fuller: I now
ask cosmic questions. "Is man needed*

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in the universe?" "Does he have a universal function?" "If he is essential what needs to be invented to improve his functioning?" "What are the largest overall trends of human evolution that need accommodations?" Food. *Infirmities of old age (old Japanese sayings): wrinkles on the face, dark spots grow on the skin, and the back bent, bald-headed and grey-bearded, the hands tremble, the legs totter, and gone are the teeth, hard of hearing and eyesight bedimmed, indispensable are a hood on the head, wrappers, a stick, and spectacles, Syntax, like government, can only be obeyed. It is therefore of no use except when you have something particular to command such as: Go buy me a bunch of carrots. The mechanism of the I Ching, on the other hand, is a utility. Applied to letters and aggregates of letters, it brings about a language that can be enjoyed without being understood. CCVI. then a hot-water bottle, heating stone, chamber pot, and a back-scratcher; meddlesome he is, afraid of dying, and lonesome; suspicious of others, the desire for possession grows stronger; repetitive, short-tempered and querulous; obtrusive and officious; the same stories over and over again in which his own children are invariably praised; boastful of his health, he makes others feel tired beyond endurance. "It is right to rebel." When I had a Jaguar, I noticed anyone else who drove a*

Jaguar. Now I'm wearing jeans instead of suits, I notice nearly everyone. Fuller and Mao. Transform mistakes into projects, misinformation into facts. Forget yourself. Blur the distinction between Fuller and Mao. Change the environment and at the same time change man. There is no line to be drawn between the two. CCVII. Gautham told me Indian weavers used to work alone. To increase production, assembly line methods introduced at Ahmedabad. Workmen became unhappy. After systematic experiments, group cooperation without unhappiness was established. Five people make smallest happy group. Less than five make trouble for one another. Twelve make largest happy group; with thirteen group spirit is lost. We have learned that from here on it is success for all or for none. "Unity is plural and at minimum two." You and I are inherently different and complementary. Together we average as zero, that is, as eternity.

(Buckminster Fuller.) **Two: one against one.** CCVIII. Mao Tse-tung: We must firmly believe that the great majority of the masses are good and that bad elements only make up a very small fraction. **Three people are two against the other one.** **Four people split into two couples, each couple intent on making trouble for the other couple.** Old age of the USA. It can't see or hear very well. It's hard for it to walk. Its face is wrinkled; its teeth're false. *Black*

*mother'n'son in the laundromat. She
was born in Barbados, went to Europe,
married a doctor, became a trained
nurse. Boy was born in Toronto.
Jobs she takes are those permitting her
son to accompany her. When washing machine
I was using began dancing, she helped
me hold it in place.*