

# X

WRITINGS '79-'82

A handwritten signature in white ink, appearing to read "John Cage". The signature is highly stylized and cursive, with large loops and overlapping strokes.

Wesleyan University Press

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

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*Most of the works in this volume have previously appeared elsewhere:*

The first part, including the preface, of "James Joyce, Marcel Duchamp, Erik Satie: An Alphabet" appeared in *Zero* in 1981.

"Another Song" appeared in 1981 in *Another Song*, Callaway Editions, New York.

"B.W. 1916–1979" was published in the *Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Letters* in 1980.

"Composition in Retrospect" was published by Point Publications in 1982.

*Mesostics:*

"There is not much difference between the two" appeared in *Misuzi 1979*, Tokyo.

"Toyama 1982" was published by the Museum of Modern Art, Toyama, Japan, in 1982.

"Untitled" appeared in the United States in *Chelsea* in 1980.

"for her first exhibition with love" appeared in an exhibition catalog, FANNY "nach Straßburg" Collagen 1980–82, Frankfurt/Main, in 1982.

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Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data  
Cage, John.

X.

I. Title.

PS3553.A32X2 1983 818'.5407 83-18275

ISBN 0-8195-6098-7

Manufactured in the United States of America

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## FOREWORD

I am as ever beholden to R. Buckminster Fuller. His recent books *Critical Path* and *Grunch of Giants* clearly tell what our world situation is and what must be done if life on earth is to continue. Though some nations have tried, none has succeeded in becoming supranational. Only business, industry, most of it American, Coca-Cola, for instance, is downright global in its operation.

Nations belong to the past. They merely fight one another. We must study carefully the ways of large industry, so that we can implement the fact that there is no limit to the place in which we live. Patriotism? Take it with you out into space!

National differences can be dissolved by global problems. If we were to be attacked from outer space we would all quickly get together. Industry is now beginning to suggest that the differences between currencies should be eliminated. It would simplify the counting of profits.

The title of this book, like that of *M*, was found by subjecting the alphabet to chance operations. It signifies the unknown, place where poetry lives, tomorrow, I hope, as it does today, where what you see, framed or unframed, is art (cf. photography), where what you hear on or off the record is music.

Years ago in a review of *Silence* Alfred Frankenstein wrote that my writings were the story of how a change of mind came about. From the beginning in the late '30s I have been more interested in exemplification than in explanation, and so I have more and more written my texts in the same way I write my music, and make my prints, through the use of chance operations and by taking the asking of questions rather than the making of choices as my personal responsibility. Or you might say that I am devoted to freeing my writing from my intentions, and so, in those cases like the writings through Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* and *The Cantos* of Ezra Pound in-

cluded in this book in which chance plays no part, I merely follow the rolling of a metal ball (the name of the author through his work) which serves to free me and the reader not only of my intentions but also of those of Joyce and Pound. I am confident, however, and some friends support this view, that Joyce would have been delighted by what happens when intention is removed from the *Wake*, and I hazard that Pound, if not delighted, would have been relieved. *Canto CXX*: "Let those I love try to forgive what I have made."

*X*, then, as I write in the *Diary* (CCXXIV, 6th remark), is one book, the most recent, in an ongoing series: to find a way of writing which comes from ideas, is not about them, but which produces them.

It is illustrated fortuitously by twelve photographs made at my request by Paul Barton of twelve weathered images on the Siegel Cooper Building, first balcony level (eight images on the Avenue of the Americas, two on 18th Street, two on 19th Street, New York City). I call them *Weather-ed I-XII*. I did nothing to make them the way they are. I merely noticed them. They are changing, as are the sounds of the traffic I also enjoy as each day I look out the window.

In January 1979, Louis Mink wrote me an excellent letter saying that having been reading my first *Writing* he noticed that I had invented the impure mesostic. A pure mesostic, he said, would not permit the appearance of either letter between two of the name. This criticism fascinated me and I profited from it by writing a third time through *Finnegans Wake*. That text resembles the first, whereas the following fourth *Writing*, which follows the same rule, like the second does not permit the reappearance of a given syllable for a given letter of the name. It is the shortest of the four writings.

## WRITING FOR THE FOURTH TIME THROUGH FINNEGANS WAKE

### I

wroth with twone nathandJoe 3

A

Malt

jhEm

Shen

pftjschute

Of finnegan

that the humptYhillhead of humself

is at the knoCk out

in thE park

Jiccup 4

the fAther

My shining

thE

Soft

Judges

Or helviticus

sternely

watsCh

futurE of his

Jebel 5  
And  
heed it May half  
havE  
hiS back

and the derryJellybies 6  
arOund  
fancYmud  
ereCtion  
dimb hE

fford  
his bAywinds'  
hiM  
hEr 7  
innS

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Our 8  
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Alps hooping to  
sheltershock the three lipoleuMs  
with thEir  
book of Strategy

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willingdOne  
phillippY 9  
dispatCh  
to irrigatE



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bonnEt  
to buSby

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fOr  
hneY  
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and onE  
and Such

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till bYes will be  
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Mounds  
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So

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bOx  
mirY  
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wrotE  
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tO the  
Year  
aCross  
us frEsh

Junipery  
or Alebrill  
Mahan it is 16  
wE  
kraalS

Jute  
let us swOp hats  
Yutah  
hasatenCy  
i trumplE

i rimimirim Jute  
one eyegonblAck  
ghinees hies good for you Mutt  
how woodEn i not know  
old grilSy

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bY a riverpool  
Clompturf  
rEx

of objects	19
Alfrids	
corMacks and	
arE	
See	
Jadesses with	
mOuths and	
saY too us	
niCk	
sons littlEsons	
Jined	20
mAy his	
Mud	
sundEr	
it cloSeth	
Jarl van	21
lamphOuse	
laYing	
Cold hands	
on himsElf and his	
Jiminies cousins of	
cAstle	
derMot	
prankquEan	
a roSy one	
up the Jiminy	
with sOf	
mY earin stop	
to tauCh him his	
shE	

Just  
doAt with his  
postMan's knock round  
his oldE  
lauS

27

Jane's a  
cOming  
theY're sure  
a tourCh of  
flamE

no Jugglywuggly  
with her wAr souvenir  
Murial  
assurE  
a Sure there

majesty  
who wAs or often feigned to be  
froM  
inquirE what  
had cauSed

31

Jubilee  
drOgheda  
sYmbolising puritas  
doCtrina  
businEss

<p style="text-align: center;">Jom grAy in his house in the Mourning crustEd roadSide</p>	<p>33</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">the Juke at One time under the haY C. suggEstion of</p>	<p>34</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Jesses ripe occAsion to provoke theM while iS</p>	<p>35</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">thaw tool in Jew me dinner Ouzel fin a nice You-do in poolblaCk timE</p>	<p>36</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Jurgensen's shrApnel goodMan ovEr South at work</p>	<p>37</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">and commutative Justice nOt tYpe of heidelberg mannleiCh Ethics</p>	<p>37</p>

Jointly kem  
the quiet dArkenings of  
Mr  
aftEr  
callouS

Jesuit's 38

clOth  
Yet in  
the faCts was  
sEcondary

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eglAndine's choicest  
housingrooM 40

abidE with  
*my horSe delayed* nom num the

many Jiffies 41

pOtlids  
theY  
Curiously  
thosE

Joined 42  
Apply  
toMorrow casual and a  
variEty  
juSt been

Juiced after 43  
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tarrY the  
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mountJoy 45  
of All  
Milk  
opEnair  
choruS

mr J.f. 48  
colemAn of  
*fenn Mac*  
*nEach*  
paSt with

Juxta- 51  
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exrace eYes  
lokil Calour  
arE said

with Jedburgh 57  
Acquitted

contestiMony with 58  
clErgy  
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Judgements  
thOse  
malrecapturable daYs  
in whiCh  
widE

John 61  
leAned  
Moult  
instEnch of  
gladSome

heJirite 62  
silentiOussuemeant under  
deep Your  
luCtuous  
pEasant

Jink ghostly  
As were he  
to condeMn  
so thEy might  
him firSt pharoah

Jumphet 64  
frOm  
plaYing  
on the raglar roCk to dilyn  
prisEd

astrollaJerries  
for the love of the sAunces  
Machinsky  
or othEr  
muSclebound from being too pulled

a large Jugful 65  
sOmeplace  
sly where  
he Could  
mixErs



<p>swift and Jolly  mrs hAhn  dorMant in  a hErm a  houSe of</p>	66
<p>meatJutes  On  said simplY  Captain you did  in Error</p>	67
<p>Josephine  with inkermAnn  <i>Midnight</i>  <i>bible</i>  <i>tyrannous blau clay tight</i></p>	71
<p>in conjunction  gArrotted  whiggissiMus  incarnadinEd  oppoSition the feeling that</p>	78
<p>two Jars  and several bOttles  Ye  the vermiCular  with a vEry oggly</p>	79
<p>two Jars  and several bOttles  Ye  the vermiCular  with a vEry oggly</p>	82

Joking  
lAying if  
coMpanion who stuck still to  
invEntion  
Strongbox

J. 83  
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gaY  
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Ears

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to the pArts  
it proved Most  
fortunatE that  
and Six

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to stiCk  
firE to

Jew's totems tospite of the  
scAttery kind when  
Mains  
atE  
Selling the gentleman

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bOth  
dalkeYs kings of mud and  
Crimson  
o'donnEr ay

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Mullinahob  
thEn  
upon tankardStown the outlier

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hOux  
awaY 98  
a dutCh bottom tank  
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of his oMnibox  
hE  
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Jams  
tOwards  
he and Yew  
evereaChbird from golddawn 99  
glory to glowworm glEam

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with a moliamordhar manSion in the

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buttertOwer  
the wasting wYvern  
baCkwords  
or morE strictly

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certAin fixed residents  
through our systeM  
bE  
Still o

Jeer and 101  
zhanyzhOnies  
had given his eYe for her bed  
and a tooth for a Child  
till onE

*Journey to 104*  
*never hAs*  
*with the cooMbing of*  
*of aEgypt*  
*wiSh i*

*my o'Jerusalem 105*  
*and i'm his pO*  
*train trY*  
*he Can*  
*Explain*

*what Jumbo*  
*mAde to*  
*Mouth*  
*stoppEd*  
*Should flow and*

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uggamYg hapaxle  
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ruM  
his End for him  
off Sooth

dejectedly 121  
diapered windOw  
baYleaves  
nondesCript  
a palmtailEd

final always Jims  
sAhib  
exhibitionisM  
of thosE  
capriciouS

rubyJets 122  
amOng  
as daY the  
loCks  
you'rE

fJorgn 124  
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still kEpt  
Small

and loofing  
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aY and would have as true as  
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so she sAys  
so Mush  
not takE it  
courSe i know

Jump  
yOur 146  
trYsting  
buCking  
hopE in

gilda hilda ita Jess 147  
kAtty lou  
reforMatory  
pravidancE  
waS

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Old  
hYbreds and  
harped on his Crown and  
out of his immobile

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Jaw mOuthful <i>but Yrum</i> <i>ut sCiat</i> <i>malum Et</i>	162 163
Jeffet four-in-hAnd buM and dingo jack by brokE to Say	168

Jem is Are sheM's gEtup it Skull an eight of a	169
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Johns is next plAce for luvvoMony hopEd or at among morticianS	172
Jansens chrest wOuld samtalaisY merChant bElfry	173
<i>and Judder on the mound</i> <i>heAth</i> <i>heMpal</i> <i>poursuivE</i> <i>frownS</i>	175
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<p>Joyntstone let him pAss with your cruMbs tEll me not a loanShark look</p>	<p>192  193</p>
<p>Jigs and innOcence we Yield our spiritus to the wind the pole the spaniel paCk thEir quarry</p>	<p>194</p>

<p>iJypt  sAw  nyuMba noo  Erring  aiSy-</p>	198
<p>changeable Jade that  rObe  You'll  Cloak so  dEaf as a yawn</p>	200
<p>tipting a Jutty  pAlling in  when Maids  whEn  Stood</p>	202
<p>Jub  verOnica's wipers  is it a pinny or is it  starCh  smEll</p>	204
<p>or Jude's hotel or  vArtryville or  ikoM  tipsidE down or  and morriS</p>	205

piped und ubanJees twanged with  
rOtundarkinking  
nYne  
tell me quiCk and dongu  
maguE

206

Join in the  
gigguels i cAn't  
by the holy well of Mulhuddart  
swEar i'd  
killy'S mount

and a Jetty amulet  
clicking cObbles and  
eY  
annushka lutetiavitCh pufflovah  
lEllipos

207

of inJons  
hold your peAce and listen well  
it Might  
tEn  
allcloSe or the nexth of

Jary  
saccO  
and llewelyN mmarriage a brazen nose  
Craig and a  
harE

210

Jones  
loAf of  
Morning for  
valE  
and outflaSh

Jill 211  
brOth  
tYne  
viCtor  
rakE and

Joys  
sAint  
Moor  
sawyEr and  
tropical Scott

Jane in decline and my 214  
mOngrel  
laundrYman  
Collars and  
hEir

## II

opal who having Jilted 220  
seAn  
geMinally about caps or puds  
a pattErn  
Set and brought home

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supercargO  
gugnir his geYswerks 221  
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in the frOnt	
givin Yoe up	
with searCh a fling	
did diE	
an inJine ruber	224
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freightfullness whoM	
his collinE born	
She	
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Yateman hat	
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coMbs	
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his flamen vestacOat	
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Call	
wrongEd by	
Jempson's weed decks	245
bong bAngbong	
how Matt your	
lukEd your	
mugS and troublebedded	
bij de	-246
whO	
fifteen Years	
Campus	
thEm	
Jerkoff	
eAtsoup	
yeM or	
worth hEaling	
muSt walk out and	
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curtseY one	
mettenChough	
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stAnth	
Mun in his	
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loud graCiously	
havE	
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thYself	
attaCh	
with thinE	

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Jelly <i>shAkefork</i> luMps	274
or any otthEr baStille back bucked up with	275
Jinglish dOlphins dYeing to zumboCk yEt	276
Jr he inst my lifstAck piMp and naturE nourSe	279
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<i>aux Jours des</i> trAnslout Mail so cowriE card i Sad	
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Joke will hAve synchronisMs all quatrEn whoSe	290
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leMan	
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plumpduffS	
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<p><i>nodJe</i>  <i>in the pOestcher</i>  <i>his chimbleY phot</i>  <i>loveCurling to</i>  <i>takEcups</i></p>	345
<p>Junking  the pAlposes  of woMth and  lysE  Screeneth   hulp</p>	348
<p>what we warn to hear Jeff is  sweecheeriOde and  Yore  swift sanCtuary  gang oiboE</p>	359
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	that Juke built wAit till they send you to woMhoods two twElfth gaSping	375
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to whiStle

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while the lOaves  
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mAKE it  
Mrknrk  
your grEat  
languo of flowS

Jumpst 626  
thrObbst  
Yed  
me Coolly  
and i'd liE as

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**“THERE IS NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN THE TWO.” (SUZUKI DAISSETZ)**

iT  
is A long time  
i don't Know how long  
sInce  
we were in a room toGether now i hear  
that yoU are dead but when i think of  
you as now i have the Clear impression  
tHat  
tenderly smlling you're alive as ever

**TOYAMA 1982**

deaTh is  
At all times  
liKe  
lIfe  
now that you are a Ghost  
yoU are as you were  
a Center among centers  
world-Honored  
world-honorIng  
  
late yeSterday evening  
tHe moon in los angeles  
low in the east not fUll  
do you see suZuki daisetZ  
give him my lOve

*This page intentionally left blank*

The title of this lecture is a reference to the poetry of Jackson Mac Low, which I have enjoyed for at least twenty-five years. He has made many "Vocabularies," restricting each to the letters to be found in the name of a particular friend. It is possible to imagine that the artists whose work we live with constitute not a vocabulary but an alphabet by means of which we spell our lives. This idea as a subject interests me but it is not what I have done in the following text, though the works of Joyce, Duchamp, and Satie in different ways have resisted the march of understanding and so are as fresh now as when they first were made. I don't know how many books on *Hamlet* there are that set out to elucidate its mysteries, but there begin to be a very large number in relation to the work of Joyce and the work of Duchamp. I prefer the ones that pay attention but stop short of explanation. I enjoy the writing of Anne d'Harnoncourt and Kynaston McShine about Duchamp and that of Adaline Glasheen and Louis Mink about Joyce. When it comes to Satie, I prefer Satie himself to all those who've written about him. The Japanese composer and pianist Yuji Takahashi told me he liked two kinds of music, that that had too many notes and that that had too few. His remark may be extended to liking art that is incomprehensible (Joyce and Duchamp) and at the same time art that is too nose on your face (Satie). Such artists remain forever useful, useful I mean outside the museums, libraries, and conservatories in each moment of our daily lives. I happened one year to see a large exhibition of Dada in Düsseldorf. All of it had turned into art with the exception of Duchamp. The effect for me of Duchamp's work was to so change my way of seeing that I became in my way a Duchamp unto my self. I could find as he did for himself the space and time of my own experience. The works signed by Duchamp are centrifugal. The world around becomes indistinguishable. In Düsseldorf it began with the light switches and electric outlets. One day after he had died Teeny Duchamp was taking me to see the *Etant Données* when it was still in New York before it went to Philadelphia. We were walking east along 10th Street. I said, needing some courage to do so: You know, Teeny, I don't understand Marcel's work. She replied: Neither do I. While he was alive I could have asked him questions, but I didn't. I preferred simply to be near him. I love him and for me more than any other artist of this century he is the one who changed my life, he and the younger ones who loved him too, Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg. One day in the late '50s I saw him in Venice. I laughed and said: The year I was born you were doing what I'm doing now, chance operations. Duchamp smiled and said: I must have been fifty years ahead of my time.

For me Joyce is another story. When I was young I read *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and was not enthusiastic. At that time I loved the parts of *Finnegans Wake* that were published in *transition* and I often read them to entertain my friends. When the finished *Wake* was published I bought it but didn't think I had the time to read it. I was too busy writing music. Recently I have been punished. I have gone to Joyce as to a jail. I have made five writings through *Finnegans Wake*, and I've turned the second one into an hour-long radio play called *Roaratorio, An Irish Circus on Finnegans Wake*. As with Duchamp's work, so with Joyce's. And this goes for *Dubliners* and *Ulysses* too. I don't understand any of it. Nor do I understand the night sky with stars and moon in it. The fact we travel to the moon has given me no explanation of it. I would be delighted to retrace Bashō's steps in Japan, where as an old man he made a special tour on foot to enjoy particular views of the moon. When I was in Ireland for a month last summer ('79) with John and Monika Fullemann collecting sounds for *Roaratorio*, many Irishmen told me they couldn't understand *Finnegans Wake* and so didn't read it. I asked them if they understood their own dreams. They confessed they didn't. I have the feeling some of them may now be reading Joyce or at least dreaming they're reading Joyce. Adaline Glasheen says: "I hold to my old opinion. *Finnegans Wake* is a model of a mysterious universe made mysterious by Joyce for the purpose of striking with polished irony at the hot vanity of divine and human wishes." And she says: "Joyce himself told Arthur Power, 'What is clear and concise can't deal with reality, for to be real is to be surrounded by mystery.' Human kind, it is clear, can't stand much reality. We so fiercely hate and fear our cloud of unknowing that we can't believe sincere and unaffected, Joyce's love of the clear dark—it has got to be a paradox . . . an eccentricity of genius."

And Satie. I have analyzed his music and found it structured rhythmically. I have admired his choice of materials and his independent sense of form. His method it seems to me is a marriage of mode and the twelve tones. I think I know all that. But it does me no good. I have also studied wild mushrooms so that I won't kill myself when I eat what I find. I am always amazed how exciting it is in any season anywhere to see just any mushroom growing once again. The same is true each time I hear Satie well-played. I fall in love all over again.

I cheerfully set out to write the following text but for a week I could not put pen to paper. Then it occurred to me that all three, Joyce, Duchamp, Satie, since they are dead are ghosts and as such inhabit the same world we do. And I remembered a remark of Buckminster Fuller: that to give proper con-



Justifying  
the constAnt  
Moving up and down  
of thE curtain  
the ghoSts

Jump  
alternately fOrth and back and forth and forth  
verY slowly  
in time with the Curtain's  
phrasEology

so that Just  
As the curtain  
reaches the Midpoint  
bEtween  
open and cloSed

Just  
at that mOment  
each ghost is halfwaY through a single jump  
(both their heads touChing  
thE curtain)

and Just  
As the curtain reaches the top  
Miraculously  
both of thEm  
complete their deScents both are visible

and Just like magic  
as the curtain tOuches the floor  
one of them disappears totallY from view leaving the other all alone  
in front of the Curtain  
at that momEnt the telephone rings

an automated Judge  
Answers it  
and tells the audience whoM  
thE call  
iS for it's always

for the ghost who has Just disappeared  
whO cannot be reached  
in this waY we know who  
eaCh ghost is  
but nEither ghost is distracted

from his Jumping  
the older one is erik sAtie  
he never stops sMiling  
and thE younger one  
iS joyce, thirty-nine

he Jumps  
with his back tO the audience  
for all we know he maY be quietly weeping  
or silently laughing or both you just Can't  
tEll

now and then nijinsky's ghost  
Appears  
bringing a telegraM  
to joycE  
from marShall mcluhan

Do you like that, *silenzioso*? Are you enjoying, this same little me, my life, my love? Why do you like my whispering? Is it not divinely deluscious? But in't it bafforyou? *Misi, misi!* Tell me till my thrillme comes! I will not break the seal. I am enjoying it still, I swear I am! Why do you prefer its in these dark nets, if why may ask, my sweetykins? Sh sh! Longears is flying. No, sweetissest, why would that ennoy me? But don't! You want to be slap well slapped for that. Your delighted lips, love, be careful! Mind my duvetyne dress above all! It's golded silvy, the newest sextones with princess effect.<sup>1</sup>





between houdini and satie  
about which one of them as a ghost is older  
houdini  
sees a crack

in mathematics  
by means of which  
at  
fifty  
four and five

change places  
satie is delighted and grateful  
now I see he says what people meant  
thank you

a flash of lightning  
is followed by a  
lot of smoke  
in which  
all the ghosts who are

on the stage  
easily disappear  
houdini and satie  
arm in arm walk on

accompanied by a ceylonese ghost  
a scholar named coomaraswamy  
and a young actor  
and musician  
jonathan albert

who isn't dEad at all  
he's veRy much  
allve  
he is speaKing

in hiS own  
extrAordinary way  
moving aT  
wIll  
from onE

rEgion of his mouth  
to any of eight otheRs  
following a notation  
involving diacritical marKing

mine iS  
A  
movemenT system he says  
I  
make

thE movement  
and discoveR the sound.  
meanwhlle  
coomaswamy is whispering a sansKrit text

IV attracted by this duet Joyce returns  
posthAste  
to huM a program consisting of  
onE  
iriSh ballad

two Japanese tunes  
One  
melodY by satie  
and three lyriCal  
suitEs

by fEldman feldman hasn't yet composed  
noRmally  
thIs would be impossible  
but for joyce it's no tricK at all

in fact it'S  
As simple for him  
as for him be biTten  
by a radIsh  
a scrap of papEr blows on stage

following words're on it: Joyce  
A  
Music  
hE  
iS is music

whether those are Just  
lOose words in the air so to speak  
or poetry  
by m. C. richards  
no onE can be sure

*Construction of a 4-dimensional eye* From-: A circle (when seen by a 3-dimensional eye moving above and below until the visual ray falls in the plane which contains the circle) [a circle] undergoes many changes in shape conventionally determined by the laws of linear perspective. To-: (For the 3-dimensional eye a sphere remains always the same whatever the point of sight.) But a sphere (for the 4-dimensional perception moving in a 4-dimensional space until the 4-dimensional rays become visual rays for the ordinary 3-dimensional eye) [a sphere] undergoes many changes in shape, from 3-dimensional sphere gradually decreasing in volume without decreasing in radius, to simple plane circle. . . . Light and shade exist for 4-dimensional

[objects] as for 3, 2, 1. Three-dimensional perspective starts in an initial *frontal plane without deformation*. Four-dimensional perspective will have a cube or 3-dimensional medium as a starting point which will not cause deformation i.e. in which the three-dimensional object is seen *circum-hyperhypo-embraced* (as if *grasped with the hand* and not seen with the eyes) -just as a point intersects a curve and does not intersect a plane, so a curve of infinite length or *surface element* intersects a volume and does not intersect a 4-dimensional "solid." But either a plane or a surface intersects this 4-dimensional solid. -This 4-dimensional solid will be bounded by 3-dimensional volumes. *The shadow* cast by a 4-dimensional figure on our space is a *3-dimensional shadow* (see Jouffret "Géométrie à 4 dimensions" page 186, last three lines). *Three-dimensional sections of 4-dimensional figures by a space*: by analogy with the method by which architects depict the plan of each *story* of a house, a 4-dimensional figure can be represented (in each one of its stories) by 3-dimensional sections. These different *stories* will be bound to one another by the fourth dimension.<sup>2</sup>

V

thuMbing

by meAns of a noninflammable match

thRough an unabridged

diCtionary

duchamp noticEs three entries on facing pages

two with iLlustrations

reDheaded woodpecker

wood titmoUse

and woodCock

this gives Him

the ideA

to Make readymobiles in unlimited editions

and to Place the first one

in a teMple

just outside cAlcutta inhabited by the ghost

of sRi ramakrishna that has been

standing on one hand in eCstasy

for ovEr ninety-three years

duchamp picks up an inhaLator and breathes philadelphia

VI

buckMinster fuller  
immediAtely  
answeRs

Congratulating duchamp on all  
of his work past prEsent and future he then goes on to say  
my pLan for a regeneratively changing

balance between unlimiteD

hUman needs

and limited world resourCes is available

i am encouraged by tHe chinese people

by the fAct

that one fourth of Mankind or one fifth if that's what it is  
is now relatively intelligent not just stuPidly political the way the rest

of the world is i aM

Also

encouRaged by the youth

wherever they are you Can

bE sure

the young at some time wiLL spontaneously employ themselves

to change the world

they mUst however do it

quiCkly

wHile

necessAry below-earth energy sources

still reMain in sufficient quantity

to give needed initial Push

to yet-to-be-invented world puMps

thAt

will ultimately opeRate by means of universe

eConomically

comprEhensively

and deLightfully

use instead of ownership  
intuition instead of  
Continuing  
selfishness  
success for All  
humanity instead of total oblivion  
Possibility of realizing

good life for all Men depends  
on realizing it  
for  
each  
single man from a to z  
Let us not forget the things

in the world  
each one requires open-ended honor  
Cease world pollution  
initiate routes for speedy transport of each  
refuse particle  
to places in universe where what it chemically is is in demand  
see specialization as a drop in the bucket

-VII the bucket is comprehensiveness Joyce  
is imagining  
a Mutton chop  
and wondering  
where the next one's to come from

you don't just  
find food  
under your feet  
ghosts but nobody else can  
live on thin air

## VIII

Just a wee push graffito graffiti  
to the Joy of us

thrEe three  
jimmy and erik and teeny duShee

Furniture Music is fundamentally industrial. People have the habit—day after day—of making music in situations where music has *nothing to do*. Thus Waltzes, Fantasias from Operas, and other such things are played that were written with another object in mind. What we want to do is to establish a music made to satisfy human needs the way the utilities do. Art is extraneous to these needs. Furniture Music creates vibrations. That's its single purpose. It plays the same role played by light, heat and all other household conveniences. Furniture Music advantageously takes the place of Marches, Polkas, Tangos, Gavottes, etc. Insist upon Furniture Music. Have no meetings, no get-togethers, no social affairs of any kind without Furniture Music. Furniture Music for notaries, banks, etc. There's no difference between one piece of Furniture Music and another (they all belong to the same family). Don't get married without Furniture Music. Stay out of houses that don't use Furniture Music. Anyone who hasn't heard Furniture Music has no idea what true happiness is. If you go to sleep without first listening to a piece of Furniture Music, you won't sleep well.<sup>3</sup> They can't know anything about it. They don't read the newspaper I read every day.<sup>4</sup> If you have three trumpets there isn't anything you can't do.<sup>5</sup> There are trees on which you'll never see a bird; cedars, for instance. These trees are so dark that birds get bored on them, and avoid them. Poplars are no longer visited. Getting to them is dangerous: they're much too high.<sup>6</sup> Like money, the piano's only pleasing to the person who has his hands on it.<sup>7</sup> The sea is full of water. Why we'll never know.<sup>8</sup>

## IX

duchaMp  
monDrian

and Joyce go into the mind of krishna  
lao-tse Jogs

early in the Morning on the great wall of china  
wilD duck

X

satiE visits  
conlon nancarrow  
In mexico city  
he is Knocked out

by nancarrow'S music  
for two pLAYER pianos  
when he comes To  
he announces the decision  
nExt

timE he listens  
to do so flat on the flooR  
not on hls stomach  
but on his back

hiS decision  
puts ideAs  
in The  
plano  
mEchanisms

nancarrow turns thEm on  
satie lies on the flooR  
the planos move toward him  
but in the nicK of time they thematically

pull themSelves up  
so there's sufficient spAce  
for Them  
to roll over hIm without hurting him  
in thE

lEast satie is touched  
but not physically i am veRy  
planistic he says  
but i have never Known



Such  
good behAvior  
on The part  
of musIcal  
instrumEnts

i will writE about it  
in the newspapeRs  
the telephone rIngs  
it is a mr. robert m. quacKen-

buSh, 460 e. 79th street  
n. y. c. u. s. A. the pianos speak up  
whaT does he want? we want to know  
what he wants nothIng  
he has thE wrong—

satiE says goodbye  
to nancaRrow: au rentendre  
you've shown me somethIng new i am bowled over  
and grateful you maKe me want to write music again

XI

Joyce  
is At work  
in a roMan bank  
mErce cunningham  
comeS in to cash a traveler's check

Just sign  
giambattista vicO's name  
instead of Your own  
and i'll give you Control  
of a rEvolving fund

that will keep your company Jumping  
in An honorable way  
froM now until dublinsday  
cunningham asks how to spEll it  
joyce replieS

don't spell it at all Just write it  
dOwn  
as though You  
were danCing.  
your drEams

havE all been  
tRue.

XII           ghosts shouldn't stay In houses merely frightening  
single families they should walk out into the world

and haunt everyone continuouSly  
until the revolutions ghosts begAn  
while They were  
lIving  
arE completed

china was Just  
A beginning  
as far as i aM  
concerned i want to lengthen  
the long retreat So it extends through the rest

of the world Jesus was right  
Or  
don't You think so?  
i am only a Child  
and so i can lEad you

mao tsE-tung has spoken  
thoReau veblen joyce  
and satle  
continue walKing and running

in different orbitS

Around him playing the game called  
ludwig That's sun surrounded by planets  
and planets surrounded by moons It's midnight  
at waldEn pond

Just then  
A  
luMinous glass  
suddEnly  
appearS poised in space

toward it 4-year-old mao directs a Jet

Of destructive thin air  
which is instantaneously diverted by thoreau who explains  
i proteCt  
my invEntion:

a winE glass  
whateveR  
you put In it no matter what  
anything you liKe even dirt will do

everything becomeS wine  
there's A  
swiTch  
for changIng colors  
and anotheR for changing its size

to that of a Jigger  
or enLArging it  
to that of a Mug  
its namE  
changeS according to what you want in it

vodka or stout or whatever Just  
One glass exists it has  
a krishna feature so it can be used BY any number of people at the same time  
no matter where they are it's Communist  
says mao tsE-tung

it's tEchnical says veblen  
it's iResh says joyce  
c'est admIrrable says satie  
all ghosts at once: how did you thinK of it?

anSwer: i don't know  
i never drink i wAs  
jusT  
takIng  
anothEr step in the direction

### XIII

of siMPLICity  
duchAmp  
has on a caRpenter's outfit  
he Clips  
to Each pocket  
a smaLl

carD 1½ inches wide and 2 inches high  
each card has a different pictUre on it by utrillo, utamaro,  
or uCello  
tHus  
he tAKes on the character  
of a Museum  
with no need for sPecial

proMotion  
progrAms  
because all the aRt it owns  
Can  
bE seen without going inside  
or buying a ticket without any trouBLE at all

if one of the carDs is stolen  
or boUght  
he replaCes it  
with  
Another which is not  
exactly the saMe  
that keeps the Public

on the Move never sure  
whAt's being shown  
duchamp counts the caRds  
periodiCally  
and Each time he reaches thirty-three  
he makes a sLight

aDdition  
to the thirty-foUrth which he finds amusing  
and the Critics find upsetting  
tHey  
Are continually  
changing their Minds  
because their minds always sPring back to the way they were

in the first place alMost  
immediAtely  
duchamp caRries a whisk broom  
and if a Critic  
drops somEthing he whisks it up  
and puts it in a vaLise

markED  
Unsigned memorabilia  
he is thinking of investing in a Cuisinart  
to cHop up this collection  
to mAke it into a large single work untitled  
in advance later to be known as *infraMation*  
*sPatial*

XIV the scene changes duchaMp  
hAs taken off  
the caRpenTer's outfit  
but the Card  
musEum  
foLlows him anyway

each carD faces  
oUtward from him  
has no visible Connection  
to Him  
it's quite mArvelous  
he's a Museum  
without Pockets

and he has a suMmer  
plAce  
on the costa bRava that's where he is now  
he Can  
bE  
outdoors beside an oLive tree

Drinking spring water  
or inside oUt of the sun  
eating some peas or *Céleri rémoulade*  
He limits himself  
to A teaspoonful whether it's solid  
or liquid it occurs to hiM that utamaro has no first name  
in the dictionary taking maurice and Paolo

as alphabetical liMits  
And  
thinking of bRown he is on the point  
of Choosing n.o.  
whEn  
the teLePhone rings it's philip glass

this gives him the iDea of an indeterminate first name  
having Unlimited repetitions of letters  
n.n. oooooooooo for instanCe  
pHilip  
didn't sAy a word except hello  
Marcel thanks him  
Playfully

XV

bob rauschenberg coMes in  
it must be your deAthday  
i've bRought you a present  
it's an ameriCan  
jEt  
with a portabLe airport

part of the lanDing gear  
are these rolled-Up runways  
that Can be put in your pocket  
and tHen when you need them  
you tAke  
theM out  
and droP both through a slot

in the Men's room  
And then they automatically expand  
to the pRoper length in the proper position  
just as the plane is touChing  
thE ground  
the pLane itself is no larger than

a vitamin pill what Do  
yoU think of it?  
it's obviously an exCellent device says marcel  
but i tHink  
thAt you should keep it  
where it caMe from  
my travels are telePathic

pure and siMple  
All i have to do is think  
of anotheR  
City  
and thEn i'm there  
i don't need to fLy

what i Do is  
remain as thoUghtless  
as i Can  
otHerwise  
i'm constAntly traveling never at rest  
just yesterday i was in Madagascar  
and this morning i was in Paris

when i just Mention  
these plAcEs to you  
i can feel myself beginning to be transpoRted  
i have to quiCkly think  
of thE  
pLace where i am

in orDer  
to continUe  
our Conversation  
being a gHost  
hAs  
its probleMs  
would you like to Play chess?



i know the Moves  
but thAt's about all  
come sometime to floRida  
and teaCh  
mE  
i wiLl

The parasols thus *straighten out* the spangles which, on leaving the tubes, were free and wished to rise. They *straighten them out* like a sheet of paper rolled up too much which one unrolls several times in the opposite direction. *to the point that:* necessarily there is a change of condition in the spangles. They can no longer *retain their individuality* and they all *join together* after B. *The illuminating gas (II).* After B. —*change in the condition of the spangles.* — From their *dizziness* (provisional), from their *loss of awareness of position*, *obtained* by successive passing through the sieves and imperceptible change of direction of these sieves (change of direction of which the terminations are A and B), the spangles (dissolve); the spangles splash themselves each to itself, i.e. change (little by little through the last sieves) their condition *from: spangles lighter than air, of a certain length, of elemental thickness* with a determination to rise, *into:* a liquid elemental scattering, seeking no direction, a *scattered suspension* on their way out at B, Vapor of inertia, snow, but keeping its liquid *character* through instinct for cohesion (the only manifestation of the *individuality* (so reduced!!) of the illuminating gas in its habitual games with conventional surroundings. What a drip! Ventilator-*Churn.* (perhaps give it a butterfly form°

XVI

satiE  
is giving a conceRt  
of hls  
recent worK

kineSthetic music of contingency  
it is performed by Animals  
the soloisTs are  
an octopus and a fish hawk  
all sEctions

of thE  
oRchestra  
are filled with butterflies of various sizes  
except for an enormous Koto

which iS  
the stAge  
iTself  
the anImals  
and insEcts

arE themselves  
the instRuments  
each has a broadcastIng system and each member of the audience  
has his own receiver and loudspeaKing

headSet  
the flights of the musiciAns  
and The promenade of the octopus  
are perfectly beautiful  
to hEar

and to sEe  
the audience is as quiet as a mouse eveRy now and then  
one of the musIcians  
happens to play the Koto sometimes producing a melody

sometimes Just  
**-XVII** A single tone joyce no sooner sent out  
the invitations to his party than alMost  
Everyone arrived  
homer waS the first he was singing a revision

of his *iliad* for open house the house is Just right  
eccles street is actually Open nothing but a vacant lot with brick  
façade between it and the street joseph beuYs  
who has Caught  
two phEasants one silver one gold

is about to explain Joyce's  
wAke  
to theM  
Even though  
joyce of courSe is there and they are alive

he begins with his Jaw  
nOt speaking  
but moving it sidewaYs  
the birds watCh him  
attEntively

then he Jigs  
A jog  
the pheasants respond by Marching  
in quickstEp  
So erratically the guests are obliged

to levitate he rips his Jacket  
tO pieces  
this makes the pheasants so happy  
they Can't  
contain thEmselves

they Jump on his shoulders  
And then take off  
in the direction of the Moon  
lEaving  
two featherS behind

Just  
befOre  
theY disappear  
beuys touChing  
his forEhead with both feathers

thinks Jungle  
this Acts  
like Magic  
thE  
pheaSants reappear

Just  
as thOUGH they'd never left  
in exchange for the feathers beuYs gives the birds  
felt eleCtric  
nEsts that can be plugged in anywhere

The more you're with musicians, the crazier you get.<sup>10</sup> On the hour, a servant takes my temperature and gives me back another.<sup>11</sup> I'd never dare attack anyone . . . anyone who doesn't think the way I do. Thought is the property of the person who has it. No one else has the right to even touch it.<sup>12</sup> You want to know how to become a musician? It's very simple. You get a teacher, a music teacher, and you go with him as far as possible. Choose him carefully . . . You'll have to buy a metronome. Make sure it isn't too ripe, and above all it should have some flesh on it and a little fat. Make sure it works well. Because there are some metronomes that work the wrong way. Just like idiots. You'll even come across some that don't work at all. *These are not good metronomes.* Afterwards, I'd advise you to buy something to put your music in, a brief case. They come at all prices. *The problem you'll have is deciding which one you want.* A student should have lots of patience, great patience, the patience of a horse, huge patience. Because it's very beneficial for a student to get used to putting up with his teacher. Just think: a teacher! He'll ask questions he knows and that you, you don't know. He takes unfair advantage, obviously. But you have the right to remain silent. *It's even the best policy.* Don't take it out on your instrument. Instruments often submit to very bad treatment. *People beat them.* I've known children who took pleasure in stepping on the feet of their piano. Others don't put their violins back in their cases. And then, poor thing, it gets a chill and catches cold. *That's not nice.* Not at all. And some pour snuff into their trombones. This is very unpleasant *for the instrument.* And when they blow on it they project those irritating particles into the faces of people around them, and then everyone sneezes and coughs, sometimes for over half an hour. Ugh! The consequences are serious. And afterwards the instrument works poorly and has to be fixed. You do your exercises in the morning, after breakfast. You should be very clean, and you should have

blown your nose. You shouldn't start working with your fingers covered with jam. The hours and the days you take lessons have to be scheduled with the consent of both the pupil and the teacher. It would be very inconvenient if the pupil took his lesson at his hour on his day while the teacher gave it at another hour on another day. That goes on all the time in schools. There are some students who never lay eyes on their teachers. Curious application of an educational system. Don't follow that plan. Because, out of necessity, there has to be some agreement. The pupil, and the teacher, were put on this earth to meet one another. At least from time to time. Otherwise, where would we get? That's right, where would we? I'll tell you. We'd get *nowhere*. Realize that work is freedom. Freedom that is for everybody else. While you work, you don't bother anybody. Never forget it. You understand? Sit down. I'm obliged to finish this talk an hour ahead of time. Soon it will be six. I have to have something to eat. Then I want to take a walk in order to get an appetite. Children, please be good.<sup>13</sup>

XVIII

duchaMp

And satie

aRe alone i'm glad to be with you

we Can look

at thE sceneries or have a conversation

is there anything you Like to say?

i've just talkeD my head off

my laUgh

what is that? an inCandescent lamp?

i've never seen sucH

A big one! what's it doing here

backstage? it Magrittes me think

it's using uP

all thE

eneRgy

there Is

looK! i'm right!

the other lightS  
Are  
noT  
workIng  
any longEr!

**XIX**

satiE  
goes in seaRch  
of sunlight he comes across haydn  
bill anastasi is looKIng at haydn through a loRgnette

but Seems  
to be tAKing  
a phoTograph  
bill  
Explains

that thE  
loRgnette  
connected to an old television set acts as a secondary camera  
enabling him to taKe the picture

of a ghoSt  
of A  
ghoS  
proViding  
Everything

anD everyone  
before dUring and after the photograph's taken  
are in exaCtly  
the rigHt positions

**XX**

sAtie says  
i have soMe music  
that is to be Played

Silently  
i wrote it with An invisible ink and luckily  
i gave the manuscript to duchamp  
one of these nights i'll ask him  
for a xerox of it

XXI

joyce joins satie  
they sit about three feet apart  
and facing one another  
the clock

Strikes  
And  
the seated  
being  
in the

space between them half dead and half alive  
ibsen on one side and isou on the other  
begins to revolve on a smoothly operating  
table so that after satie has talked to

ibsen  
And isou  
To joyce  
It is isou  
who makes

a reply to satie  
and satie who makes one to isou whoever—and  
this also applies to ibsen and joyce—  
whoever is talking

is interrupting the other  
the following is A short sample  
of what  
was said:  
“E

my bEd  
is Round  
Ic  
K“

**XXII**

Joyce  
is sitting in the entrAnce hall  
of an ancient roMan  
housE watching the rain come in  
what iS that called that basin

in which a pool is Just beginning  
tO form?  
reply: the impluvium below,  
the Compluvium  
abovE the compluvium is the open space

in the roof Joyce's mind  
wAnders  
froM  
rain to rivEr to ocean  
he iS doing the australian crawl

in south america where Juruá  
jOins amazon  
now he's on his back on lake nYasa  
in afriCa  
hE rides

the norwegian falls of skykjefos  
And then goes the length  
of the Mississippi  
twicE once in a boat  
and once walking on the water itSelf



he goes to the top of kanchenJunga  
frOm which he sees  
all the himalaYan rivers  
taking different direCtions  
to form thE mouths of the ganges

he says i loved the skykJefos so much i wonder  
if i took the form of A  
salMon  
whEther  
i could riSe from its foot to its head

Just  
the thOught's  
what's necessarY from norway  
he goes to California  
and doEs the same thing up yosemite

not troubling to salmonize himself he Just goes  
As he is  
he swiMs  
for a yEar  
in all partS of ocean

from Japan  
thrOugh indian and atlantic  
to Yarmouth  
through arCtic and pacific  
to nEw zealand

he is Joined  
by whAles  
one of whoM swallows him  
washEd up whight and deliveried raight  
loud laudS to his luckhump

XXIII

and bEjetties on jonahs!<sup>14</sup>  
satie is veRy busy  
ebenezer prout Is  
giving him a quicK

leSson  
in hArmony melody  
rhyThm  
counterpoInt  
and orchEstration

in half an hour in athEns he has an appointment  
with a second-centuRy poet  
whose name Is oppian  
oppian's well Known

for hiS three long poems  
one on fishing And  
anoTher  
on huntIng  
and thE third on birdcatching

the sEcond  
and thiRd are now thought  
to have been written by another poet of the same name  
while prout corrects errors satie quicKly

lookS in his book  
And sees  
he's To have lunch  
with  
dovE bradshaw

what a dElight! he says  
i like heR  
and her drawIngs very much they are both so healthy  
i must asK her

what exerciSes she gives her pencils  
not possible! cocktAils  
wiTh  
mrs. natIon!  
carriE nation!

i can't bElieve it!  
pRout  
gIves him  
a taSk:

fourthS  
And  
fifThs  
In diagonal motion  
i'll do that in five

minutEs says satie  
on my way to gReece  
the telephone rIngS  
he answers it thanK heaven!

She isn't free!  
his secretAry hands him a new supply  
of music paper That came  
wIth  
his nExt compositions

in pEncil  
alReady  
on It  
all he has to do is inK them in

greece the voice of oppian: "there'S no music i love  
more thAn yours would you consider  
playing my furniTure  
or teachIng it to play you?  
i can't tEll you how comfortable that'd make me

All through my youth people said, "You'll see when you're fifty." I'm fifty. I see nothing.<sup>15</sup> You want to know whether I'm French? Of course I am. Why would you want a man of my age not to be French? You surprise me.<sup>16</sup> Personally, I am neither good nor bad. I oscillate, if I may say so. Also, I've never really done anyone any harm—nor any good, to boot.<sup>17</sup> A child has natural wisdom: he knows everything. Experience is one of the forms of paralysis.<sup>18</sup> An artist is certainly worthy of respect, but a listener is even more so. Why is it easier to bore people than it is to entertain them?<sup>19</sup>

XXIV

and how is Joyce  
 Affected by charcoal?  
 it fills hiM with admiration  
 for it is largEly pure  
 iS carbon

is ancient Jewel, hardest substance  
 diamOnd  
 sYmbol as an element  
 is C  
 is widEly distributed

Joined with other sources  
 energizes some of the stArs  
 its coMpounds  
 in numbEr exceed  
 thoSe of all other elements combined

is not Just fuel  
 thOUGH as such  
 Yields a larger amount of heat  
 in proportion to its volume than Can  
 bE obtained from a corresponding

quantity of wood makes no smoke Just  
 mAKes fire finely divided is efficient  
 to filter adsorption of gases'n'solids froM solution  
 is usEd in the purification of water and air  
 in gaS masks and the refining of sugar

is made to Jump  
tO greater heights of adsorptiveness  
bY means  
of speCial  
hEating or chemical processes

such forced Jump's  
Activated charcoal  
aniMal black's  
its namE  
when it'S obtained not from wood but from bones

Judged  
nOt father but mother of coal  
when fine it took the forms of laYers between beds  
of bituminous Coal  
pEncil or crayon

or Just  
A piece of paper  
artist has used to Mark upon  
is bElieved  
to exiSt free in nature in a form that's white

that has not yet been found spirit has adJusted us  
tO  
its eventual discoverY  
Charcoal writing  
whitE'r'black upon white'r'black

conJecture:  
the cAtholic  
Mass  
is a charcoal ovEn: the making of bread  
the body of chriSt

We must bring about a music which is like furniture, a music, that is, which will be part of the noises of the environment, will take them into consideration. I think of it as melodious, softening the noises of the knives and forks, not dominating them, not imposing itself. It would fill up those heavy silences that sometimes fall between friends dining together. It would spare them the trouble of paying attention to their own banal remarks. And at the same time it would neutralize the street noises which so indiscreetly enter into the play of conversation. To make such music would be to respond to a need.<sup>20</sup> Everyone'll tell you that I'm not a musician. That's right. From the beginning of my career, I classed myself among phonometrographers. My works are pure phonometry. No musical idea presided at the creation of my works. Scientific thought was in charge. I take more pleasure in measuring a sound than I do in hearing one. If I have a phonometer in my hand, I work with joy and confidence. What haven't I weighed or measured? All of Beethoven, all of Verdi, etc. It's very strange. The first time I used a phonoscope, I examined a B flat of average size. Never I assure you have I ever seen anything more disgusting. I called my servant and had him look at it. On a phonoscale, an ordinary F sharp, run of the mill, came to 93 kilograms. It came out of a very fat tenor whose weight I also took. Do you know anything about cleaning sounds? It's a very dirty business. Working in a cotton mill is cleaner. To know how to classify sounds is very painstaking and you have to have good eyes. As for sonorous explosions, often so disagreeable, cotton in your ears attenuates them and makes them endurable. This is pyrophony. I think I can say that phonology is superior to music. It has more variety. It is more profitable. I owe my fortune to it. In any case, with a motodynamophone, a phonometricist with very little experience can easily notate more sounds than the most experienced musician given the same amount of time and effort. It is because of that that I've been able to get so much written. The future therefore is in the field of philophony.<sup>21</sup>

XXV

vase Joyce is writing  
 A letter to nora—he is  
 in the next to last paragraph his Mind and body  
 thEir feet in poetry  
 from her aS flower in hedges

excited move to her as object

hOg she is sow  
 of his every  
 filthy Craving  
 no inch of hEr body no odour sight sound nor act of it

but's irresistible Joy  
of An  
orgasM  
swEetheart  
anSwEr me

XXVI

Joyce  
mAKing use of thirteen letters  
written to hiM  
by Ezra pound  
writeS the following mesostics on his own name

can't make out whether Jean  
de gOurmont wants to translate  
anY  
handsChrif  
morE illegible

than Jim  
ms. Arrived  
this a.M.  
wish you Every  
poSsible success

cher J.  
i dunnO  
no lawYer  
in return for whiCh  
rEcd. several

dear Jim:  
Answered  
Miss-  
firE  
that omitS the essential

J.: first number  
Of  
mY  
new periodiCal  
dEsigned

Juvenile indiscretions  
mAy now  
cash in on 'eM  
thE noble gerhardt  
iS struggling both with

J-J-J-Jayzus  
riBBOn iz pale  
You better have  
the Carbon  
thE

Joyce  
wAnts  
xMas  
likE what gabriel  
Said to

Jean  
de gOurmont  
anY  
handsChrifT  
is morE

dear Jim  
Arrived  
this a.M.  
Every  
poSsible



J.  
dunnO no  
lawYer  
whiCh  
rEcd. several

XXVII

duchaMp  
sAtie  
leonaRdo  
da vinCi  
and thE poet  
Louis zukofsky are writing a japanese poem

they have themselves photographeD  
with fUjiyama the average person would think  
it was just a piCture  
of tHe  
mountAin  
because none of theM none of the ghosts can be seen  
at all however the Photograph

is a linE in the poem which goes on as follows:  
angels and bastaRds  
how do you catch such a bIrd?  
poor songster weak

gold, white, plaSter, indigo  
without primAry shadow  
carefully scoTch tapes  
the germans still advancing  
at thE opera

soMe of them go round the fields  
relATed as equated  
by eRos' matrix  
transfer from one like objeCt  
who's in lovE with me  
of Labor light lights in air

*transpose*D by the perspective  
 to raise dUst on dust—  
*straight line, Curve, etc.*  
 splasHes which should be  
 spiders love music just As  
 encounter at the bottoM  
 all gay where how sPill lay who  
  
 a straight horizontal thrEad  
     Rope, mercury, cloth  
     of what Is in what is not  
 gold or silver or the liKe  
  
     done in the Semi  
 3<sup>rd</sup> of the width of the leAf  
     and ouT of respect  
 columns on the walls In front  
     of thE count of urbino<sup>22</sup>

Dictionary—with films, taken close up, of parts of very large objects, obtain photographic records which no longer look like photographs of something. With these semi-microscopics constitute a dictionary of which each film would be the representation of a group of words in a sentence or separated so that this film would assume a new significance or rather that the concentration on this film of the sentences or words chosen would give a form of meaning to this film and that, once learned, this relation between film and meaning translated into words would be “striking” and would serve as a basis for a kind of writing which no longer has an alphabet or words but signs (films) already freed from the “baby talk” of all ordinary languages.— Find a means of filing all these films in such order that one could refer to them as in a dictionary. “Theory” 10 words found by opening the dictionary at random by A 10 words found by opening the dictionary at random by B<sup>23</sup>

XXVIII

the ghost of brighaM young  
is speAking i am happy to announce  
that puRsuant  
to our many Conversations  
duchamp has accEpted an anonymous mormon commission  
to make another Large work

it will have many briDes and fewer bachelors  
it will be a compUterized  
series of glass Cubes  
tHere will be movement  
of gAses lights and liquids  
froM one cube to another  
a sPecial

architectural attachMent  
is being mAde to house it  
so that it can go on touR  
it will be simple to detaCh it  
from onE building  
and cLip it on to the next

it will have a map of the world connected to it  
like those sUBway maps in paris that light up  
you piCk out  
tHe city it's to go to  
And when the lights go on  
after a short delay which perMits the correction  
of Possible errors and pinpointing

of precise destination the building Moves  
without Any passage of time at all  
to the place wheRe it's supposed to go  
its basiC  
homeE of course  
wiLl be

philaDelphia  
bUt  
for speCial occasions once a year at least  
it will be sHown  
in sAlt lake city  
the nuMber of brides  
is still uP in the air but several things

are certain there will be More brides  
thAn  
bacheloRs  
eaCh  
bridE  
wiLl

be four-Dimensional  
and have a plUrality  
of aCcelerations  
infra connections with each of the cubes  
i suggested one bAchelOr instead of several  
the single bachelor could be the prograM itself in the form of  
a jack-in-the-box duchampP

seeMs to like  
the ideA  
too many bacheloRs he says  
might bring about impraCtical conjugations  
wE must avoid excessive  
technicaLity

**XXIX**

mozart satiE  
and schoenbeRg  
are gliving three concerts at once  
in the same place capers Kangaroo

XXX

satiE  
is having tRouble  
with his shoelaces  
they Keep coming untied

he telephoneS louise nevelson  
louise he sAys i'm afraid  
They  
will  
loosEn

my Sense  
of hARmony  
i have made an appointMent  
with  
sigmund frEud to have them analyzed

XXXI

Joyce  
And  
duchaMp  
arE looking  
at a twelve-Sided astrological television set

if your seat Jibes  
with yOur sign  
the commercials're not visible to You  
instead you automatiCally  
gEt your horoscope

Morris  
grAVes  
appeaRs by satellite  
from Calcutta  
and dakhinEswar  
he enters a tempLe of kali

he places before the image of the goDdess  
an offering of frUit  
it is reCeived  
for He  
leAves  
returns to his rooM in the hotel in calcutta  
and Paints a picture

duchamp and Joyce enjoy seeing  
(it is A zodiac  
giving new forMs  
to thE  
Signs)

they speak as one person Just fact  
fOrm's taken for granted  
makes it necessarY  
to find way baCk  
to how it was bEfore

forMs  
cAme  
into being Rules are for games  
but Chaos  
is lifE  
breaking Laws is what poetry is

language in particular must be changeD  
even what yoU eat  
Can't be mere following  
of conventions eitHer  
stArt  
froM breath from zero  
Possibility of no-mind



I no longer have any notion of time or space; sometimes it even happens that I don't know what I'm saying.<sup>24</sup> Erik Satie, Dear Sir, Eight years ago I was suffering from a polyp in my nose complicated by liver trouble and rheumatism. On hearing your *Ogives*, I noticed an improvement in my health; four or five applications of your *Third Gymnopédie* cured me completely. I authorize you, Mr. Erik Satie, to make any use you wish of this testimonial.<sup>25</sup> Before writing one of my works, I walk around it several times, and I get myself to go with me.<sup>26</sup>

XXXV

Just  
A coincidence  
that their initials are both Minimally  
Lettered  
the Same letter

a J  
a) Of  
an inventorY  
of what in Common  
thEy have

Joyce  
And johns  
b and c) Mind spirit body  
at homE  
in homeS

not Just  
One  
everYone  
Colors  
idEas etc. complexity impartiality

d) elegance in the enjoyment  
And expression of vulgarity  
exaMination  
of thE commonplace  
arrangementS for its return to mystery



e) subject's  
neither whOle nor part  
possibilitY of both  
Continuing  
bEcoming

night by silentsailing night while infantina Isobel (who will be blushing all day to be, when she growed up one Sunday, Saint Holy and Saint Ivory, when she took the veil, the beautiful presentation nun, so barely twenty, in her pure coif, sister Isobel, and next Sunday, Mistlemas, when she looked a peach, the beautiful Samaritan, still as beautiful and still in her teens, nurse Saintette Isabelle, with stiffstarched cuffs but on Holiday, Christmas, Easter mornings when she wore a wreath, the wonderful widow of eighteen springs, Madame Isa Veuve La Belle, so sad but lucksome in her boyblue's long black with orange blossoming weeper's veil) for she was the only girl they loved, as she is the queenly pearl you prize, because of the way the night that first we met she is bound to be, methinks, and not in vain, the darling of my heart, sleeping in her april cot, within her singachamer, with her greengageflavoured candywhistle düetted to the crazyquilt, Isobel, she is so pretty, truth to tell, wildwood's eyes and primarose hair, quietly, all the woods so wild, in mauves of moss and daphnedews, how all so still she lay, neath of the whitethorn, child of tree, like some losthappy leaf, like blowing flower stilled, as fain would she anon, for soon again 'twill be, win me, woo me, wed me, ah weary me! deeply, now evencalm lay sleeping; nowth upon nacht, while in his tumbril Wachtman Havelook seequearscenes, from yon-sides of the choppy, punkt by his curserbog, went long the grassgross bump-instrass that henders the pubbel to pass, stowing his bottle in a hole for at whet his whuskle to stretch ecrooksman, sequestering for lovers' lost propertied offices the leavethings from allpurgers' night, og gneiss ogas gnasty, kikkers, brillers, knappers and bands, handsboon and strumpers, sminky-sticks and eddiketsflaskers;<sup>27</sup>

XXXVI       suzuki, kwang-tse and Joyce  
                  give us A word  
                  instead of reMaining  
                  silEnt  
                  aS you've remained now for three days

subject's reality  
what wOuld  
You say? this table's real? yes  
Can you  
tEll us what way?

Just to rolywholyover  
yes in every wAy  
and yesterday when that Man  
spokE  
you Said what he said was good

you didn't object  
were yOu  
butterflY?  
or were you beCOming a man?  
in zEn you said most important thing is life

and Just  
todAy  
when this other Man  
spokE  
you alSo said what he said was good

again you didn't object  
(nOr did he:  
only true answer serves  
to set all well afloat) but how Can you?  
in zEn you said most important thing is death

it is Just  
thAt in zen  
there is not Much  
diffErence between the two  
Sutra (the sanskrit, a thread, a string)

duchaMp telephones  
 from kAnsas  
 it's like nothing on eaRth i feel as i did  
 before beComing a ghost  
 i havE no regrets  
 i weLcome whatever happens next

## NOTES

1. James Joyce. *Finnegans Wake* (New York: Viking Press, edition embodying all author's corrections), pp. 147–148.
2. Marcel Duchamp. *Salt Seller: The Writings of Marcel Duchamp*, edited by Michel Sanouillet and Elmer Peterson (New York: Oxford University Press, 1973), pp. 88–89.
3. Erik Satie. *Ecrits, réunis, établis et annotés par Ornella Volta* (Paris: Editions Champ Libre, 1977), p. 190. (Translation by John Cage.)
4. Satie, p. 160.
5. Satie, p. 159.
6. Satie, p. 153.
7. Satie, p. 154.
8. Satie, p. 162.
9. Duchamp, p. 50.
10. Satie, p. 153.
11. Satie, p. 23.
12. Satie, p. 91.
13. Satie, pp. 82–85.
14. Joyce, p. 358.
15. Satie, p. 45.
16. Satie, p. 28.
17. Satie, p. 26.
18. Satie, p. 173.
19. Satie, p. 165.
20. John Cage. *Silence* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1961), p. 76.
21. Satie, p. 19.
22. A mix of lines from Louis Zukofsky, "A" (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1978); *The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci*, compiled and edited from the original manuscripts by Jean Paul Richter (New York: Dover Publications, 1970); Duchamp; and Satie.
23. Duchamp, p. 78.
24. Satie, p. 155.
25. Satie, p. 113.
26. Satie, p. 143.
27. Joyce, p. 556.

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In 1970 *Song* was written as a text for *Solo for Voice 35* in the *Song Books*. The melodic line was the second movement of *Cheap Imitation*, which keeps the phraseology of Erik Satie's *Socrate* but varies the melody. *Song*, published as a poem in *M*, was derived by means of *I Ching* chance operations from the *Journal* of Henry David Thoreau, each line chosen from a particular part of a particular page of one of its fourteen volumes.

When I first saw Susan Barron's photographs of fields, weeds, woods, lakes, I was delighted by them and offered to write a text to accompany them in a limited edition. I had in mind to write mesostics on the names of the seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter. I got nowhere with this project until I sat down one day in The Hague, looked out the window and wrote mesostics which were "photographs" of what was at that moment happening. This seemed interesting to attempt but not appropriate for photographs of nature (I was in a theater looking out on a playground with a city street beyond). Several months later it occurred to me to go again through the process that had produced *Song* (Satie's title for the second movement of the *Socrate* is *On the Banks of the Ilissus*) and thus to write *Another Song* for Susan Barron.

## ANOTHER SONG

Rabbits, musquash  
snipe, but hear none  
fog for four days  
countless swallows.

Now, in shallow places near the bends  
distinguished by its blueness  
the air is full of falling leaves  
turning round and round and scratching with its claws. A shower  
a basketful of Irish moss.

Etc.

it looks as if  
the most rugged walking is on the steep westerly slope. We had a grand view.

As he looks back  
I return, the sun is rising and the  
walls were one reflector with countless facets.

They say that the Indians  
used to find them in the brooks.

Two ducks sailing, partly white  
New Testament.

Down to its grave  
and does not die  
put it on  
and buckle it  
tighter.

Pause of the slow-blooded creature  
the rocks.

The hills eight or ten miles west are  
covered with  
buds and leaves and  
a very wild look. There is a strong  
wind always blowing—Niagara.

Universal  
night advances  
new inducement  
streets and houses  
'leven thirty  
be reminded.

Speak, I cannot. I hear and forget to answer  
deep mud  
thrasher's nest.

Yesterday's slight snow is all gone  
yellow-legs, away they *sail*  
I use three kinds of shoes or boots  
taking no note of time  
wilted twig!

Winds, colder and colder, ground stiffening again.

The brightest *trees* I see this moment are some aspens  
rising to the surface.

Flowers are fast disappearing but few crickets are heard  
this at once work and pleasure  
black bird as seen against the sky.

Clintonia is abundant.

Cannot see distant hills, nor use my glass to advantage  
Algonquin and Iroquois.

The water might have risen there  
whitens clothes with clean dirt  
with a sharp, whistling whirl. Heard a white-throated sparrow  
heaven had been washed  
beneath a white oak  
has the *stricta* leafets in the axils?

Anxious as ever, rushing with courage.

Gives expression to the face of nature. Reflections in still water.

Great phenomenon these days is the water  
much sparkling light in the air  
pond was now a glorious a sort of changeable blue  
see the first bird.

Weather-beaten appearance.

Trunks of trees whitened now on a more southerly side  
'lighted upon the top, looked around as before.

Could find no nest  
what doth he ask? To win, on this ground to dwell.

Saw a black snake.

Even steady sail, gliding motion  
like a hawk.

Perseverance  
half an inch  
flitting along, bush to bush  
dewdrop of the morning, promise of a day.

First drops of rain to be heard on the dry leaves around me  
and only a stone's throw  
apparently with the end of a stick  
standing in water

On ice devouring him  
it seems to be.

Four years after  
took for granted  
it was building  
the distinct line between darkness and sleep  
distant note of a bird in the low land. Got quite a view  
he took his cane, went up the hill.

The only trees, two or three cedars  
o'er bog, through strait, rough.

Loose withered grass, a clump of birches.

Cool breeze blows this cloudy afternoon, I wear a thicker coat.



Divided in three parts  
deepens the tinge of bluish, misty gray on its side.

Already right side up in one instance  
yellowish-green birches and hickories  
edge against the sunset sky  
dark ice

Whitish within, then a red line, then brown orange.

Bridging of the river in the night, obstructing  
apple tasted in our youth  
state as when.

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To write the following text I followed the rule given me by Louis Mink, which I also followed in *Writing for the Third (and Fourth) Time through Finnegans Wake*, that is, I did not permit the appearance of either letter between two of the name. As in *Writing for the Fourth Time Through Finnegans Wake*, I kept an index of the syllables used to present a given letter of the name and I did not permit repetition of these syllables.

## WRITING THROUGH THE CANTOS

and thEn with bronZe lance heads beaRing yet Arms	3-4
sheeP slain Of plUto stroNg praiseD	
thE narrow glaZes the uptuRned nipple As	11
sPeak tO rUy oN his gooDs	
arE swath blaZe mutteRing empty Armour	14-15
Ply Over ply eddyng flUId beNeath the of the goDs	
torchEs gauZe tuRn of the stAirs	16
Peach-trees at the fOrd jacqUes betweeN ceDars	
as gygEs on topaZ and thRee on the bArb of	17
Praise Or sextUs had seeN her in lyDia walks with	
womEn in maZe of aiR wAs	18
Put upOn IUst of womaN roaD from spain	
sEa-jauZionda motheR of yeArs	22
Picus de dOn elinUs doN Dictum	23
concubuisse y cavals armatZ meRe succession And	24
Peu mOisi plUs bas le jardiN old	
mEn's fritZ enduRes Action	25
striPed beer-bOttles bUt is iN floateD	
scarlEt gianozio one fRom Also	28
due disPatch ragOna pleasUre either as participaNt wD.	
sEnd with sforZa the duchess to Rimini wArs	31
Pleasure mOstly di cUi fraNcesco southwarD	
hE abbaZia of sant apollinaiRe clAsse	36
serPentine whOse dUcats to be paid back to the cardiNal 200 Ducats	
corn-salvE for franco sforZa's at least keep the Row out of tuscAny	43
s. Pietri hOminis reddens Ut magis persoNa ex ore proDiit	44
quaE thought old Zuliano is wRite thAT	50

Peasant fOr his *sUb de malatestis* goNe him to Do in  
 mo'ammEds singing to Zeus down heRe fAtty 51  
*Praestantibusque* bOth geniUs both owN all of it Down on  
 papEr bust-up of braZilian secuRities s.A. securities 55  
 they oPerated and there was a whOre qUit the driNk saveD up 56  
 his pay monEy and ooZe scRupulously cleAn 61  
 Penis whO disliked langUage skiN profiteers Drinking  
 bEhind dung-flow cut in loZenges the gaitERs of slum-flesh bAck- 64  
 comPlaining attentiOn nUlla fideNtia earth a Dung hatching 65  
 inchoatE graZing the swill hammeRing the souse into hArdness 66  
 long sleep babylOn i heard in the circUit seemed whirliNg heaD 68  
 hEld gaZe noRth his eyes blAZing  
 Peire cardinal in his mirrOr blUe lakes of crimeN choppeD  
 icE gaZing at theiR pLAin 69  
 nymPhs and nOw a swashbUckler didN't blooDY 70  
 finE of a bitch franZ baRbiche Aldington on 71  
 trench dug through corPses lOt minUtes sergeaNt rebukeD him  
 for lEVity trotZsk is a bRest-litovsk Aint yuh herd he 74  
 sPeech mOve 'em jUst as oNe saiD 75  
 'Em to Zenos metevsky bieRs to sell cAnnon 80-81  
 Peace nOt while yew rUssia a New keyboarD  
 like siZe ov a pRince An' we sez wud yew like  
 his Panties fer the cOmpany y hUrbara zeNos's Door  
 with hEr champZ don't the felleRs At home 84  
 uP-Other Upside downN up to the beD-room 85  
 stubby fEllow cocky as khristnoZe eveRy dAMn thing for the  
 hemP via rOtterdm das thUst Nicht Days 86  
 gonE glaZe gReen feAthErs 91  
 of the Pavement brOken disrUpted wilderNess of glazeD 92  
 jungLE Zoe loud over the bAnners  
 fingers Petal'd frOm pURple olibaNum's wrappED floating  
 bluE citiZens as you desiRe quella 96  
 Pace Oh mURdered floriNs paiD 97  
 ovEr doZen yeaRs conveyAnce  
 be Practicable cOMe natUre moNtecello gold 98  
 wishEd who wuZ pRice cAn't 101  
 Plane an' hOw mr. bUkos the ecoNomist would 102  
 savE lattittZo the giRL sAys it'z 106

shiP dOwn chUcked blaNche forDs	107
of ocEan priZes we have agReed he hAs won	110
Pay nOstri qUickly doN't seeD combs	
two grEat and faictZ notRe puissAnce	113
Priest sent a bOy and the statUes Niccolo tolD him	114
sEnt priZe a collaR with jewels cAme	123
Prize gOnzaga marqUis ferrara maiNly to see sarDis	
of athEns in calm Zone if the men aRe in his fAce	129
Part sOme last crUmbs of civilizatioN Damn	
thEy lisZt heR pArents	135
on his Prevalent knee sOnnet a nUmber learNery jackeD up	136
a littLE aZ ole man comley wd. say hRwwkke tth sAid	
Plan is tOld inclUded raNks expelleD	137
jE suis xtZbk49ht <i>paRts of this</i> to mAdison	154
in euroPe general washingtOn harangUed johN aDams	155
through a whole for civiliZing the impRovement which begAn	158
to comPUte enclOse farms and crUsoe Now by harD	
povErty craZy geoRge cAtherine	159
Picked the cOnstant a gUisa agaiN faileD	
all rEcords tZin vei le Role hAve	163
Page they adOpted wd. sUggest Not Day	164
largE romanZoff fReedom of Admission	165
of deParture freedOm ai vU freNch by her worD	
bonapartE for coloniZing this countRy in vienna	168
excePt geOrge half edUcated meN shD.	
concErns mr fidascZ oR nAme we	172
resPect in black cLOthes centUry-old soNvabitch good is	
patiEnt to mobiliZe wiRe deAth for	173
Pancreas are nOBles in fact he was qUite potemkiN marrieD	
a rEaltor a biZ-nis i-de-a the peRfect peAutiful chewisch	174
schoP he gOt dhere and venn hiss brUdder diet tdeN Dh	
wife but topaZe undeRstood which explAins	179
Pallette et sOld the high jUdges to passioNs as have remarkeD	180–181
havE authoriZed its pResident to use funds mARked	183
President wrOte fUll fraNk talk remembereD	
in sorrEnto paralyZed publicly answeRed questions thAn	186
<i>duol che soPra falseggiandO</i> del sUd vaticaN expresseD	187
politE curiosity as to how any citiZen shall have Right to pAy	209

specie workers such losses when	so it be to their should	210
	used <i>luZ</i> where message	229
	is kept stone church stone thread	230
	none was brown one case	231
	couple one published never published	232
	orange about tanzania the red flame going	236
	seed two span two bull begin thy seaboard	237
	fields by kolschitzky received sacks of	240
	pit hold put van blamed	241
	american civil war on zeitgeist ruin after d.	249
	preceded crowd cried league minority yelled	
	Evviva Zwischen die volker in eddying air in	251
	printed sort funny nasty dynasty	254–255
	eighth dynasty chazims and usuriers the high fans	257–258
	simples gathered goes the must no wood burnt	
	gates in an haze of colours water boiled in the wells	259–269
prince whom wd/ fulfill largest circle that cash be lord to		270
	seas of china horizon and the 3rd cabinet	286–287
	keepin' 'osses ruled by hochanings held up	
	state of bonzes empress hanged herself	291
spark lights a million strings calculated at sterling had by		292
	taozers tho' <i>bonzesses</i> of iron tang	294
	princes in snow true province of greed	295
	content with zibeline soldiers may	
paid 'em tchongking mumbo dishonour wars boredom of		296
	rackety 1069 ghingiz tchinkis hearing of hearing	300
	'em pass as coin was stuff governor 3/4rd	301
	tried ozin wodin trees no taxes	302–303
	prussia and mengko yu tchin d. 1225	
news lord lipan boozing king of four towns opened gates		316–317
	to pinyang destroying ku ching aged	
	throne and on ghazel tanks didn't work faithful	318
	echo desperate treasons bhud lamas night drawn	
	each by zealously many dangers made	328
	to pray and hoang elites mohamedans caved	329
	gave put magazines there graft	335
	pund at moderate revenue which next approved	
unfontego in boston gazette wrote shooting started		344

Putts Off taking a strUggle theN moved	
some magaZine politique hollandais diRected gen. wAshington	346
to dePuties at der zwOl with dUmas agaiNst creDit	
with bankErs with furZe scaRce oAk or other tree	374
minced Pie and frOntenac wine tUesday cleaN coD	375
clEar that Zeeland we signed etc/ commeRce heAven	376
remPlis d'un hOmme she mUle axletree brokeN to Dry	377
curE appriZed was the danger peAce is	379
Passed befoRe i hear dUke maNchester backed	
frEnch wd/ back Zeû ἀρχηγέ estetA	421-1
mi sPieghi ch'iO gUerra e faNgo Dialogava	2-3
cEntro impaZiente uRgente e voce di mArinetti	4
in Piazza lembO al sUo ritorNello D'un toro	
chE immondiZia nominaR è pArecchio	5
Più gemistO giÙ di pietro Negator' D'usura	6
vEgon' a bisanzio ne pietRo che Augusto	8
Placidia fui suOnava mUover è Nuova baDa	
a mE Zuan cRisti mosaic till our	425
when and Plus when gOld measUred doNe field	426
prEparation taishan quatorZe juillet and ambeR deAd the end	434
suPerb and brOwn in leviticUs or first throwN thru the clouD	
yEt byZantium had heaRd Ass	439
stoP are strOnger thUs rromaNce yes yes bastarDs	
slaughtEr with banZai song of gassiR glAss-eye wemyss	442
unPinned gOvernment which lasted rather less pecULiar thaN reD	443
firE von tirpitZ bewaRe of chArm	
sPiritus belOved aUt veNto ligure is Difficult	444
psEudo-ritZ-caRlton bArbiche	447
Past baskets and hOrse cars mass'chUsetts cologNe catheDral	
paolo uccEllo in danZig if they have not destRoyed is meAsured by	455
tout dit que Pas a small rain stOrm eqUalled momeNts surpassesD	456
quE pas barZun had old andRe conceAl the sound	472
of its foot-stePs knOW that he had them as daUdet is goNcourt sD/	
martin wE Zecchin' bRingest to focus zAgreus	475
sycoPhancy One's sqUare daNce too luciD	476-477
squarEs from byZance and befoRe then mAnitou	489
sound in the forest of Pard crOtale scrUb-oak viNe yarDs	490
clicking of crotalEs tsZe's biRds sAY	491-495

hoPing mOre billyUm the seNate treaD	496
that voltagE yurr sZum kind ov a ex-gReyhound lARge	503
centre Piece with nOvels dUmPed baNg as i cD/	504
make out banking joZeff may have followed mR owe initiAlly	506
mr P. his bull-dOg me stUrge m's bull-dog taberNam Dish	
robErt Zupp buffoRd my footbAth	514
sliP and tOwer rUst loNg shaDows	515
as mEn miss tomcZyk at 18 wobuRn buildings tAncred	524
Phrase's sake and had lOve thrU impeNetrable troubleD	
throbbing hEart roman Zoo sheeR snow on the mARble snow-white	538
into sPagna t'aO chi'ien heard mUsic lawNs hiDing a woman	
whEn sZu' noR by vAin	546
simPlex animus bigOb men cUt Nap iii trees prop up clouDs	547–549
praEcognita schwartz '43 pRussien de ménAge with four teeth out	566
Paaasque je suis trOp angUstiis me millet wiNe set for wilD	567
gamE <i>chuntZe</i> but diRty the dAi	580–581
toPaze a thrOne having it sqUsh in his excelleNt Dum	
sacro nEmori von humboldt agassiZ maR wAY	598
desPair i think randOlph crUmp to Name was pleaseD	599
yEars tZu two otheRs cAlhoun	
Pitching quOits than sUavity deportmeNt was resolveD on	600
slavEs and taZewell buRen fAther of	602
Price sOldiers delUged the old hawk damN saDist	603
yEs nasZhong bRonze of sAn zeno buy columns now by the	614
stone-looP shOt till pUdg'd still griN like quiDity	615
rhEa's schnitZ waR ein schuhmAcher und	621
corPse & then cannOn <i>ἠΨάτηρ</i> apolloNius fumbled	622–623
amPle cadiZ pillars with the spAde	638–639
ἐπι ἐλθΟν and jUlia ἐλληνίζοNτας the Dawn	
onE <i>ασφαλιZειν</i> lock up & cook-fiRes cAuldron	661
Plaster an askÓs <i>αΨξει τῶN</i> has covereD	662
thEir koloboZed ouR coinAge	663–664
Pearls cOpper tissUs de liN hoarD	665
for a risE von schlitZ denmaRk quArter	672
of sPain Olde tUrkish wisselbaNk Daily	
papErs von schultZ and albuqueRque chARles second c.5	674
not ruled by soPhia <i>σΟφία</i> dUped by the crowN but steeD	
askEd douglas about kadZu aceRo not boAt	683–684



Pulchram Oar-blades θίνα θαλάσσης leUcothoe rose babylon of caDmus	685
linE him analyZe the tRick fAke	712
Packed the he dOes habsbUrg somethiNg you may reaD	713
posing as moslEm not a trial but kolschoZ Rome baBylon no sense of	732
Public destrOyed de vaUx 32 millioN exhumeD with	733-734
mmE douZe ambRoise bluejAys	741
his Peers but unicOrns yseUlt is dead palmerstoN's worse oviD	742
much worsE to summariZe was in contRol byzAnce	743-744
sPartan mOnd qUatorze kiNg lost fer some gawD	
fool rEason bjJayZus de poictieRs mAverick	749-750
rePeating this mOsaic bUst acceNsio shepherD to flock	
tEn light blaZed behind ciRce with leopArd's by mount's edge	754
over broom-Plant yaO whUder ich maei lidhaN flowers are blessed	755
aquilEia auZel said that biRd meAning	780
Planes liOns jUmps scorpioNs give light waDsworth in	781-782
town housE in	

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if you exist  
because  
we might go on as before  
but since you don't we will  
make  
changes  
our minds  
anarchic  
~~so that we can~~  
convert <sup>d to</sup> ~~Enjoy~~ the chaos / <sup>let it be</sup> ~~that you are /~~  
stet

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## B. W. 1916-1979

This tribute was first published in the *Proceedings of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters*, 2d series, No. 30, 1979.

i have not seen you for a long time But  
Ever  
so ofteN you telephoned

mostly you did the talking there Was  
no nEed for me to speak  
But  
i listEned  
it seemed to me you weRe lonely

But long ago  
in thE 'forties  
we'd have diNner together never at my house

alWays at yours  
you nEver wanted to go out  
seymour Barab for whom  
you wrotE so much music  
was sometimes pResent you kept telling stories

we laughed did you introduce me to Billy  
massElos or was it  
aNahid or maro who did that

your Work  
was always triplE: composing, copying, and cooking  
no B's at all  
and you oftEn left one job  
to continue anotheR

But no difficulty  
was involvEd  
iN these interruptions nothing burned

all three Worlds  
took placE in the same room the stove  
was right By  
thE desk by the window  
wheRe you copied music

whether it was yours or someBody  
Else's i remember how shocked  
you were wheN i told you over the telephone

hoW i had  
dEcided to change my notation  
By making  
spacE equal to time  
you weRe horrified

rather than pleased By  
my discovEry i asked you why  
you were alarmed you said No one will be able

to copy your Work  
it sEemed to me that  
just By crossing the room  
and sitting at thE piano  
you became anotheR person the one you've left with us

you advised me to shop on 9th avenue But you  
pointEd out that though  
i'd save moNey i might be cheated

i'd have to Watch  
carEfully  
what i was Buying  
but rEcently  
you couldn't leave youR

room someBody had to do your shopping for you  
musically wE were  
always iNcompatible

What with  
your affinity for thE past  
a past out of Bounds  
for mE  
i could admire your craftsmanship

But  
not fEel close  
to your expressioN this disturbed me because  
from your side there Was nothing but  
gEnerosity no matter what else there was  
my feelings provided a Blight  
that fortunatEly just belonged to me  
and didn't seem to botheR you at all

the Boundary  
bEtween us  
is a liNe

right doWn  
thE middle of the master janus  
he looked Both back  
and towards what joycE calls  
the footuRe mujik of the footure

perhaps our musical friendship came about  
because of him  
(Not joyce) schoenberg

he Was  
inclusive  
the Basis of your work  
was in your feelings on the one hand  
and your love on the other of music as it

19th-century german and russian was you Brought  
these two  
feelings close together

With warmth  
without distorting either  
your music was written By  
itself at least it seemed to have its own  
motion you never seemed to stand in its way

you helped it get Born  
sitting beside it  
at the piano

maybe i'm Wrong (i am wrong) but i think that's how it was  
copyist and cook over there where it's light  
and Brilliant  
genial  
composer over here where it's dark



This text has twelve short parts, each made up of seven mesostics, the first six of which make sense. The last does not do so conventionally: it is a chance-determined mix of the preceding six. *Composition in Retrospect* was written as part of an intensive international workshop for professional choreographers and composers conducted in August 1981 by Merce Cunningham and myself at the University of Surrey in Guildford, England. What happened was that from nine to ten-thirty in the morning I spoke in an informal way on an aspect of my composition; from ten-thirty to eleven there was a tea and coffee break during which the composers received specific assignments for that evening's performance of music and dance; from eleven to twelve-thirty I composed that part of the following text that was related to my earlier talk in the presence of those members of the workshop who chose to be with me. This continued for two weeks, six days a week. On the first day I found I could not write more than six mesostics. I then took six as the number that had to be written each of the following days.

The text was given as a speech in November 1981 at the Computer Music Conference in Denton, Texas, organized by Larry Austin. It was first published by the Crown Point Press, Oakland, California in 1982 as part of a catalog of my etchings '78-'82. It was also published bilingually by the Westdeutscher Rundfunk (Wilfried Brennecke) for music festivals in Witten, Vienna, Frankfurt, and Bremen, in Mexico City in the magazine *pauta* (Mario Lavista) April 1982, and in Tokyo in June in connection with the Seibu music festival organized by Tohru Takemitsu.

## COMPOSITION IN RETROSPECT

My  
mEmory  
of whaT  
Happened  
is nOt  
what happened

i aM struck  
by thE  
facT  
tHat what happened  
is mOre conventional  
than what i remembereD

iMitations  
invErsions  
reTrograde forms  
motives tHat are varied  
Or  
not varieD

once Music  
bEgins  
iT remains  
He said the same  
even variatiOn is repetition  
some things changeD others not (schoenberg)

what i aM  
rEmembering  
inCorrecTly to be sure  
is wHatever  
deviated frOm  
orDinary practice

not a scale or row but a gaMut  
to Each  
elemenT  
of wHich  
equal hONor  
coulD be given

iMitations  
invErsions  
iT remains  
motives tHat are varied  
deviated frOm  
than what i remembereD

the diviSion of a whole  
inTo  
paRts  
dUration  
not frequenCy  
Taken  
as the aspect of soUnd  
bRinging about  
a distinction bEtween

both phraSes  
and large secTions  
many diffeRent distinctions  
coUld be thought of  
some for instanCe  
concerning symmeTry horizontal or vertical  
bUt what i thought of  
was a Rhythmic  
structurE

in which the Small  
parTs  
had the same pRoportion to each other  
that the groUps of units the large parts had to the whole  
for instanCe  
64 since iT  
eqUals eight eights  
peRmits  
division of both sixty-four and Each eight into three two and three

in *Song d'une*  
*nuit d'été*  
satie divided fouR  
foUrs into one two and one (four eight and four)  
and in other pieCes  
he worked symmeTrically  
coUnting  
the numbeR  
bEtween

Succeeding numbers  
following addiTiOn six plus two  
with subtrAction  
six minUs two  
and/or reaChing  
a cenTer of a series of phrases  
continUing  
by going backwaRds  
six Eight

four Seven five  
seven four eightT six six being  
the centeR horizontally five vertically  
thUs  
a Canvas  
of Time is provided hospitable to both noise  
and mUsical tones upon which  
music may be dRawn  
spacE

in which the Small  
inTo  
the centeR horizontally five vertically  
foUrs into one two and one (four eight and four)  
and/or reaChing  
of Time is provided hospitable to both noise  
as the aspect of soUnd  
peRmits  
a distinction bEtween

music  
for the daNce  
    To go with it  
    to Express  
    the daNce in sound  
    noT  
    beIng able  
    tO do  
the same thiNg

    gIves the possibility  
    of doiNg  
    someThing  
that diffErs  
    liviNg  
    in The same town  
    fInding life  
by nOt  
    liviNg the same way

the dancers from malaysia  
    a theatrical crossiNg  
    from leftT to right  
    so slowly as to sEem to be  
    moviNg  
    noT at all  
    the music meanwhile  
as fast as pOssible  
togetherNess

    of opposItes  
purposeful purposelessNess  
    noT  
    to accEpt it  
    uNless i could remain  
    aT  
    the same tIme  
    a member Of society  
able to fulfill a commissioN

to satisfy  
a particular Need  
    Though having no control  
    over  
what happens  
    acceptance  
    sometimes  
written Out  
determine

    sometimes  
just a suggestion  
    i found it  
    worked  
therefor i Nap  
pounding The  
    rice  
    without  
    lifting my hand

    gives the possibility  
a theatrical crossing  
    Though having no control  
    that differs  
    unless i could remain  
    in The same town  
the same time  
as fast as possible  
togetherness

to sober and quiet the mind  
so that It  
is  
in accord  
with  
what happens  
the world  
around It  
open  
rather than

closed  
going in  
by sitting  
crosslegged  
returning  
to daily experience  
with a smile  
gift  
giving no why  
after emptiness

he said  
It  
is  
complete  
goes full circle the structure of the mind  
passes  
from the absolute  
to the world of relativity  
perceptions  
during the

Day and dreams  
at night  
Suzuki  
the magic square  
and then chance operations  
going out through sense Perceptions  
to follow a metal ball  
away from likes  
and  
dislikes

throw it on the road  
find it in my ear  
the Shaggy nag  
now after success  
take your sword and slit my throat  
the Prince hesitates  
but not for long  
lo and behold the nag immediately  
becomes again  
the prince

he had  
originally been and would never have again become  
had the other refused to kill him  
silence  
sweeping fallen leaves  
sweeping up  
Leaves three years later  
suddenly understood said  
thank you  
again no reply



to sober and quiet the mind  
going in  
is  
in accord  
returning  
going out through sense Perceptions  
with a smile  
lo and behold the nag Immediately  
becomes again  
after emptiness

he sent us to the blackboard  
and asked us to solve a problem in counterpoint  
even though it was  
a class  
in harmony  
to make as many counterpoints  
as we could  
after each to let him see it  
that's correct now  
another

after eight or nine solutions i said  
not quite  
Sure of myself there aren't any more  
that's correct  
now I want you  
to put in words  
the principle  
that underlies  
all of the solutions  
he

haD always seemed to me  
superior  
to other human beings  
but then my worship of him inCreased even more  
I couldn't do what he asked  
Perhaps now  
thirty years Later  
I  
caN  
i think hE

would agree  
the prInciple  
underlying all of the Solutions  
aCts  
In the question that is asked  
as a comPoser  
i shouLd  
gIve up  
makiNg  
choicEs

Devote myself  
to asking  
queStions  
Chance  
determIned  
answers'll oPen  
my mind to worLd around  
at the same tIme  
chaNging my music  
sElf-alteration not self-expression

thoreau saiD the same  
thIng  
over a hundred yearS ago  
i want my writing to be as Clear  
as water I can see through  
so that what i exPerienced  
is toLd  
without  
my beiNg in any way  
in thE way

Devote myself  
(superIor)  
to other human beingS  
a Class  
now I want you  
so that what i exPerienced  
is toLd  
I  
my beiNg in any way  
choicEs

he maDe  
an arrangement of objects In front of them  
and aSked the students  
to Concentrate  
attentIon on it  
until it was Part  
and parcel  
of hIs or her thoughts  
theN  
to go to thE wall

which he haD covered  
with paper  
to place both noSe and toes  
in Contact  
with it  
keePing that contact  
and using charcoaL  
to draw the Image  
which each had iN mind  
all thE

stuDents  
were In  
poSitions  
that disConnected  
mInd and hand  
the drawings were suddenly contemPorary  
no Longer  
fixed  
iN  
tastE

anD  
preconceptIon  
the collaboration with oneSelf  
that eaCh person  
conventIonally  
Permits  
had been made impossibLe  
by a physical  
positioN  
anothEr

crossleggedness  
the result of which  
is rapid transportation  
each student  
had wanted to become a modern artist  
Put out of touch  
with himself  
discovery  
sudden  
opening  
  
of doors  
It  
was  
a class  
given by Mark Tobey  
in the same part  
of the world  
I walked with him from school  
to Chinatown  
he was always stopping pointing out things to see

which he had covered  
was in  
and place both nose and toes  
to concentrate  
mind and hand  
in the same part  
with himself  
I walked with him from school  
sudden  
another

turNing the paper  
intO  
a space of Time  
imperfections in the pAper upon which  
The  
musIc is written  
the music is there befOre  
it is writteN

compositioN  
is Only making  
iT  
cleAr  
That that  
Is the case  
finding Out  
a simple relatioN

betweeN paper and music  
hOw  
To  
reAd  
iT  
Independently  
Of  
oNe's thoughts

what iNstrument  
Or  
insTruments  
stAff  
or sTaves  
the possibility  
Of  
a microtoNal music

more space between staff lines representing  
major  
Thirds  
than minor  
so that  
if  
a note  
has no

accidental  
it is between well-known  
points in the field of frequency  
or just a drawing in space  
pitch  
vertically  
time reading from left to right  
absence of theory

accidental  
major  
to  
staff  
the  
vertically  
finding out  
one's thoughts

you can't be serious she said  
we were drinking  
a record  
was being played  
not  
in the place  
where we were  
but in another room

I had  
found it interesting  
And had asked  
what music it was  
not to supply

a particular photograph  
but to think  
of materials that would  
make  
it  
possible  
for  
someone else  
to make his  
own  
A  
Camera  
it was necessary



for daVID tudor  
somethiNg  
a puzzle that he wouLD  
solvE  
Taking  
as a bEginning  
what was impossible to measuRe  
and then returning what he could to Mystery  
It was  
while teachiNg  
A  
Class  
at wesleYan

that I thought  
of Number II  
i haD  
bEen explaining  
variaTions  
onE  
suddenly Realized  
that two notations on the saMe  
plece of paper  
automatically briNg  
About relationship

my Composing  
is actually unnecessary

music  
Never stops it is we who turn away  
again the world around  
silence  
sounds are only bubbles on its  
surface  
they burst to disappear (thoreau)  
when we make  
music  
we merely make something  
that  
can  
more naturally be heard than seen or touched

that makes it possible  
to pay attention  
to daily work or play  
as being  
not  
what we think it is  
but our goal  
all that's needed is a frame  
a change of mental attitude  
amplification  
waiting for a bus  
we're present at a concert  
suddenly we stand on a work of art the pavement

muslc  
Never stops it is we who turn away  
i haD  
as bEing  
noT  
surfacE  
foR  
all that's needed is a fraMe  
It was  
amplificatioN  
wAiting for a bus  
my ComposIng  
not to supplY

muslcircus  
maNy  
Things going on  
at thE same time  
a theatRe of differences together  
not a single Plan  
just a spacE of time  
aNd  
as many pEople as are willing  
performing in The same place  
a laRge  
plAce a gymnasium  
an archiTecture  
that Isn't  
invOLved  
with makiNg the stage

directly opposite  
the audience and higher  
Thus  
more  
important than where they're sitting  
the responsibility  
of each  
person is  
marcel duchamp said  
To complete  
the work himself  
to hear  
To see  
originally  
we need to  
change

not only architecture  
but the relation  
of art  
to money  
there will be too many musicians  
to pay  
the  
event  
must be free  
To the public  
here  
As elsewhere  
we find that  
society needs  
to be  
changed

I  
thiNk  
That  
many of our problEmS will be solved  
if we take advantage of buckminsteR fuller's  
Plans  
for thE  
improvemeNt  
of the circumstancEs of our lives  
an equaTion  
between woRld resources  
And human needs  
so That  
It  
wOrks  
for everyoNe

not just the rIch  
No  
naTions  
to bEgin with  
and no goveRnment at all (thoreau also said this)  
an intelligent Plan  
that will hEal  
the preseNt  
schizophrEnia  
The use  
of eneRgy sources  
Above  
earTh  
not fossIl fuels  
quickly air will imprOve  
aNd water too

not the promise  
of giving us  
artificial  
Employment  
but to use our technology  
Producing  
a society  
based on unemployment  
the purpose  
of invention  
has always been to diminish work  
we now have  
The  
possibility  
to become a society  
at one with itself

not just the rich  
of giving us  
That  
at the same time  
there will be too many musicians  
to plan  
a society  
the event  
the purpose  
to the public  
has always been to diminish work  
Above  
The  
not fossil fuels  
we need to  
change

the past must be Invented  
the future Must be  
revised  
doing boTh  
mAKes  
whaT  
the present Is  
discOvery  
Never stops

what questIons  
will Make the past  
alIve  
in anoTher  
wAy  
in The case  
of satIe's  
*sOcrate*  
seeiNg

It  
as polyModal  
(modal chromatIcally)  
allowed me To  
Ask  
of all The modes  
whIch?  
Of  
the twelve toNes

whIch?  
renovation of Melody  
In  
The  
cAse  
of eighTeenth-century hymns  
knowing the number  
Of  
toNes

In each voice  
to ask which of the nuMbers  
are passIve  
whuch acTive  
these Are  
firsT tone  
then sIlence  
this brings abOut  
a harmoNy

a tonalIty  
freed froM theory  
In *chorals*  
of saTie  
to chAnge  
The staff so there's equal space for each half ton  
then rubblng the twelve  
intO  
the microtoNal (japan calcutta etcetera)



whIch?  
as polyModal  
revIsed  
allowed me To  
these Are  
firSt tone  
of satle's  
Of  
the microtoNal (japan calcutta etcetera)

a month spent failing to finD  
a NEw music for piano  
haVing characteristics  
that wOuld  
inTerest grete sultan  
fInally left my desk  
went tO visit her  
she is Not as i am

just concerneD  
with nEw music  
she loVes the past  
the rOom she lives works and  
Teaches  
In  
has twO  
piaNos

she surrounDs  
hErself  
with mozart beethoVen bach  
all Of  
The best of the past  
but lIke buhlig  
whO first played  
schoeNberg's opus eleven

and also arrangeD  
    *thE art of the fugue* for two pianos  
    she loVes new music  
    seeing nO real difference  
    beTween  
    some of It  
and the classics she's sO devoted to  
    theN

i noticeD  
    hEr hands  
    conceiVed a duet  
    fOr  
    Two hands each alone  
then catalogued all of the Intervals triads and aggregates  
a single hand can play unassisted by the Other  
    sooN

finisheD  
    thE first of thirty-two études  
    each haVing  
    twO pages  
    showed iT to grete  
    she was delIghted  
that was eight years agO  
    the first performaNce of all thirty-two will be given next year

she surrounDs  
    thE art of the fugue for two pianos  
    each haVing  
    that wOuld  
    showed iT to grete  
she was delIghted  
    whO first played  
    sooN

aCt  
In  
accoRd  
with obstaCles  
Using  
theM  
to find or define the proceSs  
you're abouT to be involved in  
the questions you'll Ask  
if you doN't have enough time  
to aCcomplish  
what you havE in mind  
conSider the work finished

onCe  
It is begun  
it then Resembles the venus de milo  
whiCh manages so well  
withoUt  
an arM  
divide the work to be done into partS  
and the Time  
Available  
iNto an equal number  
then you Can  
procEed giving equal attention  
to each of the partS

or you Could say  
study beIng  
inteRrupted  
take telephone Calls  
as Unexpected pleasures  
free the Mind  
from itS desire  
To  
concentrAte  
remaiNing open  
to what you Can't  
prEdict  
"i welcome whatever happenS next"

if you're writing a pieCe for orchestra  
and you know that the copyIng costs  
aRe  
suCh  
and sUch  
take the aMOUNT of money  
you've been promiSed  
and divide iT to determine  
the number of pAges  
of your Next  
Composition  
this will givE you  
the canvaS

upon whiCh  
you're about to write  
however  
aCceptance of whatever  
mUst  
be coMplemented  
by the refuSal  
of everyThing  
thAt's  
iNtolerable  
revolution Can  
nEver  
Stop

even though eaCh  
mornIng  
we awake with eneRgy  
(niChi nichi kore ko nichi)  
and as individUals  
can solve any probleM  
that confrontS us  
we must do the impossible  
rid the world of nAtions  
briNging  
the play of intelligent anarChy  
into a world Environment  
that workS so well everyone lives as he needs

upon whiCh  
It is begun  
howeveR  
aCceptance of whatever  
mUst  
can solve any probleM  
to find or define the proceSs  
of everyThing  
Available  
iNtolerable  
Composition  
procEed giving equal attention  
"i welcome whatever happenS next"

FOR HER FIRST EXHIBITION  
WITH LOVE

have driFted  
i'll beAr it  
to remiNd me of  
you doNe through  
toY

wingS like  
Come from  
the busH  
tO whish  
agaiN  
tIll  
thouseNds thee  
Given!

(JJ\*/JC+)

\*FW628

+V/s/Grez  
10/82

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I began this part of the diary during the Nixon administration, but did not complete it until recently. Like many other optimists I was struck dumb by the course of current events. However, now that I've managed to finish the eighth, I contemplate writing two more and have begun the ninth. A year with ten months (Oct., Nov., Dec.), each having thirty days more or less. Each day has at least one hundred words and two entries. The number of words in each entry (between one and sixty-four) is chance-determined. Sometimes a day has five or six entries. The result is a mosaic of remarks, the juxtapositions of which are free of intention.

**DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE  
WORLD  
(YOU WILL ONLY MAKE  
MATTERS WORSE)  
CONTINUED 1973 – 1982**

**CCIX. Englishmen drive on the wrong side  
of the street: it's just as good as  
the right side.** Mak'a slave of  
yourself to poetry. English pronoun  
I's always capitalized, no matter  
where in a sentence it is.

Microbiologist (Japanese) said: Go East;  
in Germany ich's never capitalized  
except when it begins a sentence; in  
Russia you can use I or let it go,  
as you choose; in the Far East—he made  
a gesture upwards with his hands—  
word for I has disappeared.

Government is a tree. Its fruit are  
people. (*Essay on Civil  
Disobedience.*) As people ripen, they  
drop away from the tree. (Thoreau.)

**CCX. On the boat coming over, Tibetan**

**monk learned to speak English very  
fluently. What he did, he said, was  
to take his mind and place it at the  
point where in Mind the English**

**language is.** Sadie Stahl, born Sadie

O'Brian, left'er money to the Church.

When Philip died, bequeathed'er fifty  
thousand. "Finer man there never was."

Sadie made certain investments. Fifty  
became two hundred. Complained bank  
was taking all'er money.

Mr. Cunningham said, "Sadie, walk  
across the street. They'll give you all  
you want." "Oh! They will?" said  
Sadie with a twinkle in her eye.

What American industry decided about  
Puerto Rico was that Puerto Rico  
would be one of its consumers. Puerto

Rico shouldn't import anything from  
any other country. The function of the  
governments (American and Puerto Rican)

is to see to it that what industry wants  
is what happens. CCXI. As a New York  
senior citizen, I get public  
transportation half price except during  
rush hours. I can also go to movies  
half price if I do so in the

afternoons. If I take the subway, I must  
buy two trips at once in opposite  
directions, round trip. With the bus  
I am free to go wherever I wish.

**Western medicine continues based on  
error: notion that first of all pain must  
be relieved; that secondly erasure  
shall be made of whatever unusual  
symptoms'd arisen. That's what it  
is: a network of poisonous painkillers  
and deadly antibiotics. American**

**doctors are steadfastly suspicious of  
unorthodox therapies that take the  
whole body into consideration, that  
begin with spine or with diet. CCXII.**

One of the first things to be done  
(while there's still some energy) is to  
bring public signs up-to-date. Signs  
using language should be designed so  
that they can be understood by children  
who don't understand that language.

Watergate. Took America two hundred years  
to produce its own form of theater.

Cf. *The Persians* by Aeschylus. Noh drama.  
Boredom. Fascination. Only time I  
wrote any music was between twelve and  
two when the Senators went out for lunch.

People in the audience losing their  
minds. Dogs searching for bombs.  
Precedents: *An American Family*; the  
Warhol movies; *Happenings* in general.

**If, while reading the menu, you have the  
feeling that you've read it before,  
best thing to do is not to order  
anything. CCXIII.** He'd told his

class to read the Bible. And so he  
opened it himself. After reading a little,  
he laughed, closed the book, and said,  
"There's just no sense in reading it any  
more." Doctor told me: at your age  
anything can happen. Got rid of  
arthritis by following macrobiotic  
diet. Work's now taking on the aspect of  
play. The older I get the more things I  
find myself interested in doing. Spreading  
myself thin. Schoenberg stood in front of  
the class. He asked those who intended to  
become professional musicians to raise  
their hands. I didn't put mine up.

CCXIV. Now, when we really need them, they telephoned, while we were away, to say they weren't coming. **Carla had a doctor's appointment for nine o'clock in the morning. She was prompt. She waited three hours. At noon doctor left for lunch. Carla went home. A few days later she received a bill for the time she'd spent in the waiting room. 3 teens kill 4. No motive! Shoes'n'clothes made in Puerto Rico are exported to United States. What isn't sold there goes up'n'price and then goes back to Puerto Rico. There are only two languages: one uses images and ideograms; the other uses an alphabet. In Brussels or Montreal, signs in one alphabetic language are duplicated in another. All over the world alphabetic signs should be accompanied by their equivalent in characters. We would learn Chinese just by keeping our eyes open. CCXV.**

**Once Suzuki said, "There seems to be a tendency towards the Good." His remark stays in my mind like a melody. What could he have meant?** Heavy bread without yeast. Didn't learn how to make it until I was sixty-four. The monks take turns: one of them reads out loud while the others are eating. They call it "the greater silence."

Americans, their government coupled with their industry, automatically barge in wherever there's a sign of cheap labor. We're all over Latin America. We don't speak Spanish or Portuguese. Our exploitees don't speak

English. Now they speak with bombs  
hoping someday we'll understand. CCXVI.

German pharmacist said if aspirin,  
instead of having been discovered long  
ago, had been discovered just  
recently, it wouldn't be possible to  
market it. Aspirin would not pass  
the present restrictions against drugs.

Edward Weston told me photographers  
photograph themselves no matter what  
their cameras're focussed on. Using  
chance operations Robert Mahon's found a  
way to let each photograph  
photograph itself. **Traffic was  
obstructed by a medium-sized car that  
was standing in the middle of the  
street. It was empty except for a large  
gentle dog who was sitting in the  
driver's seat.** Emily Bueno said the  
reason nothing'll happen in America to  
improve matters is most of the people  
are comfortable the way it is. (We  
had been talking about China and  
revolution.) CCXVII. The United

States has turned Puerto Rico into a  
kind of Los Angeles, a place where  
there is no public transportation to  
speak of, nothing but private cars  
in greater and greater congestion.

Fumes. Accidents. He told me he  
had waited three and a half hours for a  
bus. *Received letter from  
journalist: put your philosophy in a  
nutshell. Replied: get out of whatever  
cage you find yourself in. Asked to  
supply catchy title for conversations  
with Daniel Charles, suggested For the  
Birds. TV interview: if you were asked*

*to describe yourself in three words,  
wha'd you say? An open cage. Satie was  
right: experience is a form of paralysis.*

**CCXVIII. Nobody voted. Government  
was embarrassed out of existence.**

**Dialog. New York's the largest Puerto  
Rican city in the world. Revision of**

**The Golden Rule: do unto others as  
they would be done by. After Dad  
died, I was filling out blanks to increase**

**Mother's Social Security. Mother  
noticed what I was doing. "There's  
something I've never told you." "I**

**know. Aunt Marge said you were  
married before you married Dad."**

**"That's not all. I was married twice  
before that." "What was your first  
husband's name?" "Y'know? I've**

**tried'n'tried but I simply can't  
remember." Aunt Sadie. She was**

**very elderly. She had to be put in a  
home. They put her in a Catholic one.**

**First thing Sister said was: Now**

**Mrs. Stahl, we're going to give you a nice  
hot bath. Aunt Sadie brightened up.**

**Oh! she said, haven't had one of  
those in a long time. CCXIX. Replied he  
was a politician. I laughed: in one ear**

**he wore an earring. He continued:**

**"Politics is all of the actions of  
all of the people." The sun shines**

**very dependably in Puerto Rico, but no  
steps are taken to make use of solar  
energy. Kudzu, introduced from Japan to**

**control soil erosion, has overgrown  
American Southeast. Tubers and leaves  
are edible. Leaves're full of  
protein. Surrounded by kudzu,**

**southerners never dream of eating**  
**it. Became millionaire in Japan:**  
**dehydrated kudzu leaves; marketed**  
**nutritious powder.** Aunt Sadie had  
the Women's Club to lunch. The same day  
she invited the Cunninghams to dinner,  
Merce, his two brothers and his mother and  
father. When the food was served,  
Mr. Cunningham said, "I've never seen  
a chicken before with so many  
necks." CCXX. *What is the sound*  
*that's heard when a conch shell is*  
*held to an ear? Does it originate in the*  
*shell? Or is it outside sound that went*  
*all the way in and came back out*  
*transformed?* **Not only is the future of**  
**music playing new experimental works in**  
**Africa'n'Third World generally, future of**  
**art lies displayed before us**  
**everywhere: the junk with which we litter**  
**both our streets and all the places in**  
**nature beautiful enough to attract us.**  
Arriving at University of Puerto Rico were  
told five-month military occupation  
of University had just stopped.  
Teachers'd lectured just to collect their  
salaries. No students'd listened.  
Chancellor gave reception for us.  
Student'n'faculty friends we'd made didn't  
attend. Chancellor didn't either.  
Were told Chancellor's afraid to appear  
anywhere. CCXXI. **There's your Aunt**  
**Sadie walking down the street with her**  
**two fur coats on and her corset over**  
**them. She was off to church. Give her a**  
**shot of whisky, Dad said.**  
**Taxi-driver asked whether I'd seen TV**  
**coverage of Nixon's visit to China. Said**

I had. **"They play The Star-Spangled  
Banner better in Peking than they do  
here in the USA."** I agreed. What good'd  
it do if we got out of Puerto Rico?  
People there've forgotten life's like, what  
first thing is each morning to do.  
Warning me not to go on foot outside  
University precincts, told me she carried a  
gun just'n case. Noticed door to  
her apartment had seven locks. CCXXII.  
To measure the duration of an experience  
you must know the velocity of the  
mind. (Ezra Pound.) Before going to  
Japan for a concert tour, David Tudor  
and I asked for a contract. We received  
it. Once in Tokyo we were given  
another quite different contract. Asked  
sponsors which contract they'd  
follow. "Sometimes we'll follow one  
and sometimes it'll be better to follow  
the other." **Nuclear weaponry's  
rational adjunct to internationalism.  
Each nation's married to industry.  
Industry's polygamous. Each nation's  
selfish. What's needed's intelligent  
equation between human needs and world  
resources. Buckminster Fuller. Read his  
*Critical Path*. Through electronics  
(Marshall McLuhan) we've extended  
central nervous system. International  
world's schizophrenic, split against  
itself. There's no political remedy  
for this disease. Power politics was its  
cause. Holocaust. CCXXIII. A  
political structure interrupted by  
actions of people outside of it is a  
political structure that's not  
up-to-date. Holocaust. Survivors, if**



any, may finally come to their senses. I remember Seattle earthquake.

Neighborhood where we were living was alarmed. Left the house as others did.

In vacant lot for the first time we met our neighbors. **“What business have I in the woods if I am thinking of something out of the woods?”** (Thoreau.)

***Instead of picking or buying many flowers that are all the same, get just one of a kind. Put each in its own bottle. Flower arrangement with space and the possibility of being easily changed, a mobile.*** CCXXIV. The day

continues by becoming the night. Our dreams are closely related to our sense perceptions. Deep sleep. Then in to alpha before getting up. Puerto Rico. A copy of *Newsweek* costs three fifty; *New York Times* costs two and a quarter. March nineteen-eighty-two.

**“You probably heard that we had an earthquake. Some people thought a man under the bed. Not your old Aunt Sadie. She knew.”** Philadelphia: **What business have I in the woods if the woods are not in me? Wake me up at 8:30 or 9:00, whichever one comes first. A way of writing which comes from ideas, is not about them, but which produces them.**

CCXXV. About to leave the bus, having gone from one town to another, told conductor no one had collected my fare, asked him how much it was. It's free, he said. That was a few years ago in Massachusetts, in one of those three college towns that are all fairly close together. Now I'll go to

sleep. In the morning ideas will come to me. The church is not a church. After being moved it either became an antique shop or might've. And then it was moved again and added on to. Church is now a living room. **If your head's in**

**the clouds keep your feet on the ground. If feet're on the ground, keep your head in the clouds. CCXXVI. E!**

**Salvador.** Dreamt I'd composed a piece all notes of which were to be prepared and eaten. Lemon'n'oil, salt'n'pepper. Some raw. Finished score on day of performance. (I was to perform it.) Set out for concert hall, had difficulty finding my way. Decided to stop and rehearse. As soon as first notes were cooked, dogs and cats came around and ate them all up. *Drove to the airport bumper to bumper. Back home, glued to the TV: Watergate. Ninety-six degrees: city's hydrants opened so those who wish may cool off in the streets.*

*Politics.* We are present at the same event, but we notice different things.

**CCXXVII. Adverbs, adjectives, syntax focus on perceiver rather than perceived. Thoreau at twenty-two wanted to write in such a way that what he experienced could be experienced by the reader as though reader'd experienced it himself. Puns do this suddenly (Joyce, Bashō, Brown). Utility arises where it wasn't expected (even by author). Or, as in Thoreau, lucidity.**

**Puns again: Duchamp. Lucidity again:**

**Wittgenstein.** At any point where a shell bulges it can be tapped like a

drum; at an edge it may be plucked just  
as the spine of a cactus may be  
plucked. The traffic never stops, night  
or day. Every now and then a siren.  
Horns, screeching brakes. Extremely  
interesting; always unpredictable. At  
first thought I couldn't sleep through  
it. Then found a way of transposing  
the sounds into images so that they  
entered into my dreams without waking me  
up. A burglar alarm that lasted  
several hours resembled a Brancusi.  
**CCXXVIII. The divorce of  
state'n'industry.** When assigning  
seats for transoceanic or  
transcontinental flights, airline  
representatives will not ask whether we  
smoke or not nor whether we wish to  
sit by the window or on the aisle;  
they will ask what games we play.  
Jack Collins told me that his trip to  
Iceland was long and tedious. The  
trip back was short and pleasant: he was  
playing chess. Things that might've been  
done that haven't yet. Electronic  
additions to plants and bushes turning  
them into instruments for a children's  
orchestra. The use of photoelectric  
eyes to scan the principal entrances and  
exits at Grand Central Station bringing  
about pulverization of Muzak.  
Transformation of chorus and orchestra into  
a thunderstorm. **CCXXIX.** Flight from  
Houston, Texas, to Charleston, South  
Carolina, took more than twelve hours.  
Changed planes in Atlanta. Landing in  
Charleston, surprised to notice  
mountains. Once in the airport,

asked porter whether airport was newly constructed. "Only airport we've ever had." Turned out to be West Virginia. Correction flight (Charleston to Charleston) was paid for by another airline that had nothing to do with mistake. **Aunt Sadie wasn't quite in front of the meat market that was in the building she owned. She was trying to see what was going on without being observed. Look, she said, they're giving away the nicest bits of meat.** CCXXX.

Used to smoke at least three packs a day. Everything that happened was a signal to light a cigarette. Finally I divided myself into two people: one who knew we'd stopped; the other who didn't. Everytime the one who didn't know picked up a cigarette to light it, the other one laughed until he put it down. In Japanese brain vowels're processed on one side, consonants on the other. Westerners process vowels and consonants on the same side, leaving other without any relation to language. Out of twenty-three Japanese brains, four'r five work way Western ones do. Trust a few of us use our heads the way Japanese use theirs. **CCXXXI. Towed away in New York City. Police wouldn't accept seventy-five-dollar check because I didn't own the car. Went to sleep. Dreamt I was caught speeding a week later in California. Cop said they charged fifty dollars for each person in the car. Had two friends with me. When I woke up, realized I'd saved**

**seventy-five dollars just by being  
asleep.** Enjoyed riding four-wheeled.  
Away from the roads and the signs. In'er  
**nineties, Mrs. Dennison's very well.**  
**Except, she says, I don't have the energy  
I had when I was in my seventies.**  
People'n Puerto Rico who still have  
jobs don't have them for five days a  
week, just for four. Naturally they don't  
get as much pay as they used to, though  
their living expenses have skyrocketed.  
Those who work in hospitals stay at home  
for half a week. Patients get along by  
themselves. CCXXXII. Staple diet in  
Brazil's always been rice'n'beans.  
Black beans. American advisers said soy-  
beans would make more money. For  
a while that happened. Then price  
paid for soybeans'n Chicago slumped.  
Brazilians now standing in line to buy  
black beans imported at outlandish prices.  
Mushroom is close. Pine tree continues  
hiding it with its needles. Out of  
unemployment comes self-employment.  
**There's no longer time to correct  
things first here and then there,  
say'n Puerto Rico today, South Africa  
tomorrow, later'n Israel or  
Salvador. Whole thing's wrong. Beginning  
of future if there is to be one is  
making world a single place, freeing  
it from its division into nations.**  
CCXXXIII. With the innermost part of the  
shell cut off, shell is trumpet, air  
in one way, out the other. But  
nothing's lost: sound has been gained:  
leading tone to tone shell gave before  
being altered. The tonic's heard again

**by closing off cut-off end with a  
finger, placing shell to ear.**

**Situation has both changed and remained  
what it was.** Breakfast in Dutch  
hotel: tables piled high with cold  
bread, cold meats, cheese, cold  
soft-boiled eggs and butter; plastic  
utensils, yellow-green and orange.  
Guests serve themselves. Waiters are  
busy pouring coffee and tea, piling up  
used utensils, and throwing leftover  
food into large orange plastic  
garbage containers placed in the center of  
the dining room. **CCXXXIV. It was a very  
hot summer day. Merce's mother was looking  
out the window. "Look, there's  
Sadie," she said, "wearing her rubbers.  
No wonder her feet hurt." If you partly  
fill a conch shell with water, and  
then tip the shell this way and that,  
from time to time you'll hear gurglings  
over which you have virtually no control.**  
**Contingency. People ask what the  
avant-garde is and whether it's  
finished. It isn't. There will  
always be one. The avant-garde is  
flexibility of mind and it follows like  
day the night from not falling prey to  
government and education. Without  
avant-garde nothing would get  
invented. CCXXXV. I'm gradually  
learning how to take care of myself. It  
has taken a long time. It seems to me  
that when I die I'll be in perfect  
condition. We've turned Puerto Rico into a  
country without anything. No  
fishing'r'agriculture, no industry.  
Avocados'n'carrots came from Florida.**

**Factory-centered cities along the southern coast're ghost towns. After seventeen years no taxation, profiteering companies on eighteenth closed down or a) went bankrupt, b) started up again under new name.**

**Result: unemployment's incomplete, just forty per cent. Concerned about her electricity bill, Aunt Sadie switched off anything she wasn't actually using.**

**She asked Merce's mother about the refrigerator light. Mrs. Cunningham explained it was automatic: on when the door was open, off when it was closed. Not convinced, Aunt Sadie peeked. She opened the door just the least little bit; found she was right. "See! It's on!" CCXXXVI.**

**Optimism is continuous. Only the space in which it operates expands or contracts. Sometimes so little that it brushes against the skin. Daniel in the lion's den. One is then at home, no place else to go. The night redoubles our energy. Imagination.** I am not a good historian. I don't know how many years it's been, but every now and then, when I go out, I hesitate at the door, wondering whether a cigarette's still burning somewhere in the house.

**The large Australian shells are as musical as violins.** Doris Dennison's mother's ninety-five. Doris said, "Mother, why do you still treat me like a child? You know I'm seventy-four." "You are!" said Mrs. Dennison. "I can't believe it."

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# WISHFUL THINKING

close together  
all the parts of your life i've known  
have been Close  
together  
just A block  
or so  
Down the street

now you'll probably Keep

Whatever's  
right  
in front of you  
uppermost in your mind  
until  
it becomes  
another reason for Writing music

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*Muoyce* (Music-Joyce) is with respect to *Finnegans Wake* what *Mureau* (Music-Thoreau) was with respect to the *Journal* of Henry David Thoreau, though *Muoyce*, like *Empty Words*, and unlike *Mureau*, does not include sentences, just phrases, words, syllables, and letters. Following the ten thunderclaps, the rumblings, the portmanteau words, etc., of *Finnegans Wake*, punctuation is entirely omitted and space between words is frequently with the aid of chance operations eliminated. This was done in order to facilitate the publishing in Japan by Yasunari Takahashi of the first six chapters on two pages, each page having two columns. The proportions of the seventeen parts of *Finnegans Wake* have in this fifth writing-through been more or less maintained.

**MUOYCE**  
**(WRITING FOR THE FIFTH TIME**  
**THROUGH FINNEGANS WAKE)**

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IV

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### **The Author**

Born in Los Angeles in 1912, JOHN CAGE received an award, at the age of 37, from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters for having extended the boundaries of music. At 70, he was named Commander of the Order of Arts and Letters and decorated by the French Minister of Culture.

In 1982, celebrations of Cage's seventieth birthday took place around the world, including a 13-hour "Wall-to-Wall John Cage and Friends" marathon at Symphony Space in New York City, where he lives.

He lectures frequently in America and abroad, continues to hunt wild mushrooms, and has a collection of more than 200 houseplants. He is Musical Advisor of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company.



**"No American has caused more disturbances or astonishments than John Cage."** —Calvin Tomkins, *The New Yorker*

*X* is part of an ongoing series of experimental texts that try "to find a way of writing which comes from ideas, is not about them, but which produces them," writes John Cage in the foreword. The content is political, personal, musical, and literary, while the form is visual, spatial, nonsyntactical, exploratory, and idiosyncratic. In *X* Cage attempts to create looser structures in both life and art, to free "my writing from my intentions." Included are diary entries, poems inspired by James Joyce and Ezra Pound, a witty mesostic alphabet (poems with words spelled down the center), and photographic images from his Manhattan neighborhood.

"There are those among us who argue that even more than his music, it was Cage's writings that shaped the vanguard arts scene of our day." —David Sargent, *Vogue*

**John Cage** was born in Los Angeles in 1912. At the age of 37 he received an award from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters for having extended the boundaries of music. At 70, he was named Commander of the Order of Arts and Letters and decorated by the French Minister of Culture. He now lives in New York City, lectures frequently in America and abroad, and has a collection of more than 200 houseplants.

**Wesleyan University Press**

