M: Writings '67-'72
Other Books by John Cage
from Wesleyan University Press

Silence: Lectures and Writings
A Year from Monday: New Lectures and Writings
Empty Words: Writings ’73–’78
X: Writings ’79–’82
M

WRITINGS ’67–’72

BY

JOHN CAGE

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Manufactured in the United States of America 5 4 3
To us and all those who hate us,
that the U.S.A. may become just another
part of the world, no more, no less.

(1967, repeated 1973)
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FOREWORD

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

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

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

My first mesostic was written as prose to celebrate one of Edwin Denby's birthdays. The following ones, each letter of the name being on its own line, were written as poetry. A given letter capitalized does not occur between it and the preceding capitalized letter. I thought that I was writing acrostics, but Norman O. Brown pointed out that they could properly be called "mesostics" (row not down the edge but down the middle). Writing about Merce Cunningham for James Klosty's forthcoming book of photographs, I tried to write syntactically as I had in the case of the Mesostics Re and Not Re Marcel Duchamp, but the length of Cunningham's name proved to be an obstacle. I suddenly thought that that length together with the name's being down the middle would turn from obstacle to utility if the letters were touching both vertically and horizontally. The poem would then have a spine and resemble Cunningham himself, the dancer. Though
this is not the case (these mesostics more resemble waterfalls or ideograms), this is how they came to be made. I used over seven hundred different type faces and sizes available in Letraset and, of course, subjected them to I Ching chance operations. No line has more than one word or syllable. Both syllables and words were obtained from Merce Cunningham's *Changes: Notes on Choreography* and from thirty-two other books most used by Cunningham in relation to his work. The words were subjected to a process which brought about in some cases syllable exchange between two or more of them. This process produced new words not to be found in any dictionary but reminiscent of words everywhere to be found in James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*.

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

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

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

I now write without syntax and sometimes with it. Thus the *Diary* continues. And the *Mushroom Book* uses both syntax and absence of syntax. The *Diary* now has seven installments, the first three of which appear in *A Year From Monday*. 
I hope to finish ten of them. (The year anciently had ten months.) The *Mushroom Book* is an interlude between the sixth and seventh installments of the *Diary*.

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

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

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

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

I was deeply touched in the Wheelwright and McFarlane book by the account of the material and spiritual changes in Chinese environment, technology, and society. I was immediately glad that seven hundred million people were no longer divided between what Fuller calls the haves and the have-nots. I was cheered by the news that one-fifth of the world’s population were “fighting self-interest” and “serving the people.” Just the news that people of all ages (the very young and the very old, and the usual ‘able-bodied’) were working together to turn desert into garden was refreshing: I had become numb from the social habit (practiced indiscriminately in the U.S.A., only politically in China) of getting rid of people, even killing them when feasible. I can’t forget visits to my mother who lived the last years of her life unwillingly in a “comfortable” New Jersey nursing home. She begged to be taken home but her home no longer existed.
Wheelwright's and McFarlane's observations of changes in Chinese human nature were recently corroborated for me by Jumay Chu, a young American dancer who returned in the fall of '72 from a visit to China. Jumay told me she had asked a Chinese factory worker whether he was happy. (He was doing work to which he had been assigned that she herself wouldn't have enjoyed doing because it was repetitive and boring.) The factory worker didn't understand her question. He was doing his work as part of China's work; he was one person in the Chinese family.

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

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

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

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

I began then to search for the common denominator between Mao and Fuller, and, when I came across seemingly irreconcilable differences between the two, I decided to listen to both. For instance, Fuller's advice, "Don't change man; change
environment” and Mao’s directive: “Remould people to their very souls; revolutionize their thinking.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The first performance of Cheap Imitation (with the essential twenty-four of the ninety-six parts) was announced for early May (1972) by Gaudeamus, the Dutch musical organization. The conductor (who does not perform in the concert but acts as a coach during rehearsals) was Jan Stulen and the musicians were especially chosen by the Mobile Ensemble. When I arrived in The Hague the day of the performance, I found that the musicians were working on the music for the first time. It proved too difficult for presentation following a single rehearsal. At that evening's concert we therefore presented a rehearsal of the first movement. The next day at another concert when the work was to have been repeated, we managed, quite well, to get through two movements and also without conductor. This obliged the musicians to listen to one another, a thing they rarely do. Gaudeamus, embarrassed, arranged to have the work played on the Holland Festival a month or so later; they assured me that it would be well prepared. However, when I arrived in Holland for the final rehearsal, I discovered that not only was the orchestra's final rehearsal their first but that many of the musicians had not bothered to look at the music and that Jan Stulen had been replaced by a former pupil of Boulez who himself said as the rehearsal began, "I think this work has three movements; is that true?" After hearing a few miserable attempts to play the first phrases, I spoke to the musicians about the deplorable state of society (not only of musical society), and I withdrew the piece from the evening's program. By having written Cheap Imitation, I've provided, I think, a means for opening the
ears of orchestral musicians and enabling them to make music instead of, as now, only money to pay their bills. I am convinced that they play other music just as badly as they play mine. However, in the case of Cheap Imitation, there are no climaxes, no harmonies, no counterpoints in which to hide one’s lack of devotion. This lack of devotion is not to be blamed on particular individuals (whether they are musicians who don’t listen or vacationists who leave garbage beside waterfalls); it is to be blamed on the present organization of society; it is the raison d’être for revolution.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The party’s nearly over. But the guests are going to stay: they have no place else to go. People who weren’t invited are beginning to arrive. The house is a mess. We must all get together and without saying a word clean it up.
M: Writings '67–'72
DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD
(YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE)
CONTINUED 1968 (REvised)

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

(1840) "We Yankees are not so far from
right,"—(Thoreau)—"who answer one
question by asking another. Yes and
No are lies. A true answer will not aim
to establish anything, but rather to set
all well afloat." Mentioning opposites, he
called them correlative. Fuller
calls them complements. Taking down the
fences. Frontiers describe what's beyond as well as what's enclosed.

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

XCIII. The Israeli-Arab situation's hopeless. Jewish friends I talked to didn't make good sense.

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

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

Uglification. We're good at it.

Single individuals without encountering obstacles darken the corners where they are. When Gandhi was asked what he thought of Western Civilization, he said, "It would be nice." One thing we refuse is to employ an answering service. It's of the greatest urgency—a matter of ethics even—that we be able to reach one another. Those who are selfish will change their minds re interruptions (i.e. become superficially ethical): incoming telephone
calls will be the means by which one's social credit exceeds a basic economic security (social usefulness measured). XCIV. When I entered the house, I noticed some very interesting music was being played. After a drink or two, I asked my hostess what it was. She said, "You can't be serious?" Scientists are sometimes not scientific. Take atomic garbage. First they put it in rivers and streams. Then someone noticed the waters began to boil. Now just as cats do after shitting, scientists dig a trench, put the garbage in it, cover it up, and then forget about it. Ecological thinking. "Decisions to make." There must be times for him, as there are for me, when, looking in my direction expecting to say hello, I pass by preoccupied. Artificial death (something we invented). XCV. Coal and oil we use are being replenished. Fossilization. It takes ages. Buckminster Fuller, speaking in financial terms, describes underground energy sources as capital sources to differentiate them from those above ground which he describes as income. Fuller advises saving capital for emergencies. Changed, mind includes even itself. Unchanged, nothing gets in or out. I was grounded. The pilot refused to fly. I took to the woods. Found Tricholoma equestre (first time I ever did). Then in Ohio, on the way to
another airport, found *Pleurotus*.
*Collybiae*. Revolution. Two people making same kind of music is one

music too many. XCVI. Unripe fruit.

Asked Fuller about atomic energy. He didn’t smile. His comment: It’s partly income, partly capital. I was given a book of photographs and poems. The photographs’re nineteen inches wide, only a few inches high. They are shots of the Midwest. Going to Illinois, I took this book along as aesthetic insurance against the land and air. I’d be living in. In the course of telling what she’d seen while traveling around the world, Mrs. Cunningham mentioned the camels in Japan. Mr. Cunningham said, “You must mean the camels in Egypt.” Going on, Mrs. Cunningham said parenthetically, “Of course that’s what I mean.”

XCVII. Music (not composition). The U.S. government has joined the protest movement.

Postage stamp bears the motto: Search for Peace. Another commemorates Thoreau. (Wanderers. No notion of where we’ll be going next.) Driving to Chicago, no need for art. Land’s an ocean. Earth’s black. Trees, even those with leaves, visible. Pheasants, frightened, run the road from China. Spring sponges. Fall stumpies and quirines. Pinkies. He got his hands dirty so we could live. (We, too, are trees.) That I’m grateful costs him no time. Coming back from the pilgrimage, they tell us the roof is leaking. It’s
good our heads're worn-out. (His ideas are getting in.) He's as serious and frivolous as Chaos. "When?" was the question she asked. Then added: "Each second counts." XCVIII. "Why'd you hit him in the first place?" "I didn't. I only hit him when he hit me back." Moon. Tides. Asked why the radios didn't work, she said, "We bought the big one for seventy-five dollars and it didn't work. Then we bought the little one. It doesn't work either, but it only cost ten dollars."

"Classification... ceases when it's no longer possible to establish oppositions." (Government's outdated.) To improve society, spend more time with people whom you haven't met. Paul Goodman: "A man... draws now, as far as he can, on the natural force in him that is no different from what it will be in the new society... Merely continuing to exist and act in nature and freedom, a free man wins the victory, establishes the new society...."

(Drawing the Line). XCIX. We do what no one else does. Economy. (We do not believe in "human nature." ) We are nouveau-riches. Beyond that, we are criminals. There, outside the law, we tell the truth. For this reason, we exploit technology. Circumstances determine our actions. Wind. Straw that will break Christmas's back: we'll already have what someone intends to give us. Friendship. The price-system and government that enforces it are on
the way out. They're going out the way a fire does. Protest actions fan the flames of a dying fire. Protest helps to keep the government going. Energy from outer space. Radioaction in a form not requiring fission/fusion. C. She bought a number of towels to give as Christmas presents to people in the community. By mistake she gave them all to me. Violence. If revolution's colored, include white. White and black look well together. Gentle Thursday. My plan was to do my work and then join Cincinnati's Be-In. At 4:30 Andy telephoned to say it had petered out. Predictions of astrologers. "The start of a deep transformation on earth." We're leaving the Piscian age, entering the Aquarian one. We'll be living in a situation of overlap, interplay, global unity, universal understanding, collective peace and harmony. Subjectivity. Kill two birds with one stone. Stop using oil and coal. We'll keep them there in the earth against a rainy day. Large cause of air-pollution'll be eliminated. We'll use energies above ground—sun, wind, tides. Air'll automatically become what it was: something good to breathe.

Cl. Sri Ramakrishna not only lived as a man, a woman, a monkey: he lived for six months as a plant, standing on one leg in ecstasy. We are not arranging things in order (that's the function of the utilities): we are merely
facilitating processes so that anything can happen. After leaving Tokyo's airport, Itu Hisuki wrote this letter: "Mr. Baggage Man American Airlines United States of Los Angeles Gentleman dear sir: I damn seldom where my suitcase are. She no fly. You no more fit to baggage master than for crysake that's all I hope. What's the matter you? Itu Hisuki"  "Cl. We think at the same time others (animates, inanimes) think. 'We are intimate in advance with whatever will happen.

Not blood. Just relationship. Power and profit structures're out of cahoots with current technology. Aware of new inventions, corporations put them aside, waiting for competitive reasons until they're obliged to use new gimmicks. Possessed of the atom bomb, they are hog-tied. They dare not use it. Alice. Wonderland. Robert Duncan told me his poetry was picked up from other people. The only time he felt, he said, like using quotation marks was when the words he wrote were his. Say the country's based on law and order as after each riot politicians maintain. Instead of allocating funds for summer entertainments in Roman efforts to distract the masses, it would be more effective to prohibit advertising (TV commercials in particular) so that the poor wouldn't know what it was they were missing. Cl. She'd been born in
her summer home overlooking a mountain
lake formerly owned by her family, now
shared with Boy Scouts. Carpenter
whom she'd employed, whom she'd known
since childhood, always treated her
like an outsider. While he rested, she
asked, "What's the difference
between natives and outsiders?"
"Natives," he replied, "eat indoors
and shit outdoors, outsiders eat
outdoors and shit indoors."

Our flights
are interrupted by overnight stays in
airport motels. No one knows where we
are. McLuhan said it. We're like
the Middle Ages. People building
cathedrals. Glorification. No need
for God: just Universe. Doing
something we don't know how to do. No
technique. Dad used to say: If someone
says, "Can't," that indicates the thing for
you to do. CIV. Spent several hours
searching through a book trying to
find the idea I'd gotten out of it. I
couldn't find it. I still have the idea.

X. He said he'd never heard my music.
"You haven't missed a thing." Letter
to Tenney: It's useless to play
lullabies for those who cannot go to
sleep. Retaliating, they'll put you in
prison. We'll have lost synergetic
advantage working with you gave us.
(How many are we? You also
benefited.) You're right, of course
(they're wrong). But you don't intend,
do you, to perpetuate such
distinctions? First thing he did after
taking the job as school principal was to
sign his resignation, explaining he didn't
want people to feel obliged to keep him around. Then he fired the librarian, permitting students free access to books. Instead of being stolen or not returned, inventory after one year showed there were fifty more books than there had been originally. CV.

"Common sense." **We do what we do by means of contradiction.** Gravity's a local event, one of many in the electrostatic field. Find means whereby one can tune in or out of the gravitational field of this or that body in space. (Nonviolent space travel.) Find other uses of gravity for those who're living on Earth. Consider incestuous any marriage between two people of the same race, country, or faith.

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

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

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

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

**Post-graduate studies.** Quantum Theory.

January. Drove across Ding Darling Sanctuary on Sanibel off Florida's western coast. Saw vulture; hawks;
ducks and smaller birds; white, blue,
black and grey taller birds, poised on
branches or stalking the shallow waters.
Man got out of his car behind us to
photograph. We asked him what kind of
bird it was. He said, "That’s a grey
heron, five feet tall." During the
discussion, she asked a question
about education. Answer: People together
without restrictions in a situation
abundantly implemented. She asked another.
"People to whom it never occurs to ask:
Mother! What shall I do now?" She
turned and left the room. CVII. Hands
aren’t possessive. They belong to the
same body. They taught us art was
self-expression. You had to have
"something to say." They were wrong:
you don’t have to say anything. Think of
the others as artists. Art’s
self-alteration. ("Charlotte
Thrasher came to me late last evening
to say that she’d jumped a wave,
taken the way of the fishes and would
not return until morning.") If we
start with the past and move to the
present, we go from pleasure to
irritation. Do you know what’s happening?
The Indian mind is moving. It'll
handle computers, cybernetics,
what-have-you, better than other
minds can. CVIII. Global Civil War.
Family as it now stands doesn’t work.
North, south, brothers are quarreling,
running to one parent or the other
to obtain a favorable judgment. A
mother telephoned to ask whether her son
was coming home for Christmas. "No," he replied, "I love you, but I'm going west.
You and Dad're always bickering." Examine thoughts and words, written or spoken, weeding out those that are dead. Dead ones are those concerning aggression. Konrad Lorenz: the evolution of human nature. Toshi Ichiyanagi says: Funny thing about that Itu Hisuki story is that Itu Hisuki is not a very Japanese name. CIX. Reading Thoreau's Journal, I discover any idea I've ever had worth it's salt. (Oppressive laws were made to keep two Irishmen from fighting in the streets.) The door opened. He walked in, turned on the light, sat down, died. The light is still on. No one turned it off. India: a luxury we can no longer afford. Graves said: Imagine that you're dreaming. I told Ellen to stretch her visit to the limit, then stay another day.
Government's contemporary if its activities aren't interrupted by the action of technology. Americans, to remain rich, strong, required to curtail world travel, stop investment in foreign industries. Ergo: Washington's behind the times. CX. At the present moment, the question is: Do I have enough change for another beer? More important question: Is there enough food and drink for everyone who is living? Civilization is Hamletized (people are dying right and left): To be or not to be. That is the question. Tempo no longer exists. Just
quantity. Say there are only a few sounds. Say they’re loud. What to do? Jump? “But still Vietnam goes on! And what of the concentration camps in California, etc? . . . Who shall be called to serve ‘their country’ in them . . . ?

Malcolm” Criticism’s not the time to think. Think ahead of time. Buckminster Fuller. CXI. Tenney wrote to say: “What’s required . . . is . . . radical eclecticism (Ives) . . . ‘every composer’s duty.’ . . . More power to Fuller . . . to revolutionary guerrillas . . . to Christian pacifists . . . to flower children . . . to hippies . . . acidheads . . . beatniks, diggers and provos . . . to the militant blacks . . . to those who keep asking questions.” We were at opposite ends of the hall. We left our separate rooms and are now in the hall itself. Problems of governments are not inclusive enough. We need (we’ve got them) global problems in order to find global solutions. Problems connected with sounds were insufficient to change the nature of music. We had to conceive of silence in order to open our ears. We need to conceive of anarchy to be able whole-heartedly to do whatever another tells us to. CXII. It’s been dangerous. Still is. Warnings are constantly given. Furthermore, though we gave our lives, our actions seemed superficial. That is, we went out rather than in. Premise was: opposites are intimately connected. Were we to start again,
we'd start from a consideration
(constellation of ideas). What we
have would be no uglier called by
another name. Veblen called it the
price-system. Mills called it the Power
Elite. It's probably no more than
ninety-nine people who don't know what
they're doing. They're involved in
high finance. Fascinating form of
gambling. We sent music outdoors as
one sends children to play, so
grown-ups could get what they were
doing done. CXIII. McHale: "The...
interdependence of all nations... to
maintain... daily operation (of airlines,
telecommunications and other... global
services), now renders ineffective...
attempts at unilateral action based on
imaginary sovereign autonomy. We
are... hypnotized by such notions...
though they are no longer operable
in the real world. When we went by
mail-boat to visit Fuller, the fog was so
thick you couldn't see where you were
going. That night he talked by
candlelight. In the morning the fog had
lifted. All the islands of the Penobscot
were visible, even the ones in the
distance. It was like Matsushima, but
larger. We'll keep the Stop and Go signs—
even their colors: red and green.
But we'll give the signs the ability
to observe traffic so that the Go sign
will not appear when there are no cars
waiting to go. CXIV. Sleep's what
we need. It produces an emptiness in
us into which sooner or later energies
flow. Metabolism. Combine nursing homes
with nursery schools. Bring very old
and very young together: they interest
one another. Farting, don’t think,
just fart. Sign above the toilet:
Have patience! The toilet will
flush. Just give it time to fill up.

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

CXV. Books one picked up and put down
over a period, say, of ten years,
picking them up on the eleventh to
discover the impossibility of putting
them down. What’s the arithmetic of
this? The heavenly city’s no longer
walled-in; it has gone up in space.

Talking about education, Fuller said
he preferred talking to people whose
minds weren’t, say, more than
half-filled up. Furthermore, a child,
he said, by the mere fact of being born
is educated. We’re no longer willing
to be entertained piecemeal—recitals of
this and that, megalopolitan museums here
and there. We insist on continuous
use of aesthetic faculty. CXVI.

Computers’ are bringing about a situation
that’s like the invention of harmony.
Sub-routines are like chords. No one
would think of keeping a chord to himself.
You’d give’ it to anybody who wanted it.
You'd welcome alterations of it.
Sub-routines are altered by a single punch.
We're getting music made by man himself:
not just one man.  STZ.  Some
programming errors arise from successive
operations without recourse between to
zero (an error that wasn't recognized
as such in 12-tone music).  Neti-Neti:
the "nothing-in-between."
Society'll work without fatal error if
(Thoreau) it's governed not at all.
Store zero.  Planes that are used in
Vietnam are planes left over from a
previous war.  A new bomber just in order
to get up in the air gets to a point
beyond its destination.  You'd think that
our leadership would manage to keep
abreast of technological advance, and
choose adversaries who are
positioned at the proper distance.  CXVII.

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

Comprehensive design.  Meister

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

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

Giving up true and false.  The mind, like
a computer, produces a print-out.
It's on the palms of our hands.  CXVIII.
Why keep connecting him with "his" work? Don't you see that he's a human being, whereas his work isn't? If, for instance, you decided to kick his work and him, you would, wouldn't you, have to perform two actions rather than a single one? The more he leaves his work, the more usable it becomes (room in it for others). Study universe.

Arrange matters so things are where they belong. Radioactive refuse? Belongs out in space. Past a certain threshold, it'll go of its own accord to the Sun.

He said something. I understood something. Communication? Edwin Schlossberg and Jon Dieges conducted a class in Design at the University of Southern Illinois (Design in Buckminster Fuller's sense). Students did research and wrote papers, but gave them to one another instead of handing them in to the teachers. At the last session, one of the students came up to Eddie and asked him what his last name was.
36 MESOSTICS RE AND NOT RE DUCHAMP

For Shigeko Kubota

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

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

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

aDvanced
stUdy:
suitCases.
Home'll
be Africa.
crêMe fraiche followed by
3 kinds of Potatoes.
just before Midnight
   waiting
   in the street
   (Costa Brava):
   for all the
   world a handsome young man.

   Don't
   you ever want to win?
   (impatience.)
   How do you
   manage to live with
   just one sense of humor?
   she must have persuaded him to smile.

the wind-break became
   a
   work of art
   (it began casually
   like
   the fireplace).

   avoid women
   and gold,
   sri ramakrishna advised.
   "but that is not the way to cross
   the stream.
   follow me."

Me?
i sleep easily
under
any acoustic condition.
as he said:
   Lullaby.
intention Disappears
with Use. (johns.)
aspect
other
than
those we had in Mind
Produce attention.

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

why did she invite me to lunch?
A
curious
occasion
including a princess who was seated
at the other table.

he said, i do not believe that i am.
he was, as he also said,
a breather.
he could
breath
effortlessly.

we remember
that
he had stopped working,
even though we're now conscious
he
never relaxed for a moment.
reMove god
from the world of ideAs.
Remove government,
politiCs from
sociEty. keep sex, humor,
utiLities. Let private property go.

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

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

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

 More
And
moRe
rules are esCaping our
 notiCe. they were
secretLy put in the museum.
but who will do all the work
(the décor for walkaroUnd time)?
and to prepare the leCture
He
he'd agreed to prepare proved less
interesting than to change his Mind about doing so.
on the other hand, it amused him to PerForm as a professional musician.

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

the o1D
sUit,
the blaCk one
I tHrew out,
wAs found,
Mended,
and Put back in the closet.

we renteD
an aUtomobile,
and drove aCross italy
from one Hill-town
to another,
200 Miles
to sPoleto.
say we have one probleM
    And
one hundRed
solutions. instead of Choosing
    just onE of them, we
use them aLL.

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

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

to Modify
    Animal
behaviour
    Count
up to tEn
before Laughing.

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

that’s why you must hang them on the waLLs.
finally he telephoned.
it had been hard to understand
what had caused
him
not to appear.
he said there were many things
we should have the opportunity to discuss.

the church has an impressive
facade,
but a rundown interior.
glancing at it quickly,
i left. now i have to go back.
the paintings in a side chapel, they say, are well worth seeing.

cross the bridge.
that's where he found
the sticks
on which
the illuminated female
was placed.
when we decided to go to the falls,
he said he wouldn't go with us.
in Cadaquès too
  He
Always stayed
at home
when we went to swim and play chess on the beach.

the impossibility of
repeated actions;
the loss of memory:
  to reach
  these
two's a goal.

more
than
nourishment,
eating's a social occasion.
  he ate
very little.

questions i might
  have
  learned
to ask can
no longer
receive replies.

the telegram
  came.
  i read it.
death we expect,
  but all we get
is life.
sparrow's beak betrays itself by that peculiar squeak. The EFFECT OF SLIGHTEST tinkling measures soundness ingeas. We hear! Does it not rather hear us? When he hears the telegram, he thinks those bugs have issued forth. The owl touches the stops, wakes reverberations a gwalky. In verse there is no inherent music of steadfastness; a man to make a room silent. It takes to make a room. It IS A Young a petite and the appetite for exile. Oyssee morning. You hear scream of great hawk. ydgh. body. She lies silent. It would be noblest to sing with the wind. To hear a neighbor singing! A wood. The triosteum a day or two. mtry. Their days to-woe, to-woe. Calling to his team lives hard over high open fields day. Instead of the drum thensav pa with young birds with young birds. from a truck. ndat every posst ed der oglets in the meantime opi at so piercing ders acer. They go to sing in earnest seven now chU asISu gdd gheasu s lot eigh c n ch si. You would think MUSIC was being born again off Toads are still heard at eve. RingRickets. Echo is an independent sound. Rhyme and tell his story and breathe himself breathe. A shrill loud alarm is incessantly repeated. Heer heroic hovers from over the pond. The clear metallic scream they went off with a shriller craik. They go off with a hoARSer chuck chuck noair hear sharp. screaming notes rending the air. This suggests what perpetual flow of spirit would produce A thrumming beyond and thorough impossible. Every one can CAll to mind instances mill Trees creak ringing. We could not hear the birds is the third note confined to this season? Little frogs begin to peep toward sundown noon. horn is heard echoing from shore to shore. of perch with a loud, rippling rustle. think larmed and makes life seem serene and grand inexpressibly serene and grand apparently afraid with more vigor and promise. Bellislee uttering that sign-like note warm and moist not much of the toad ev so cheaply enriched for the listening for that word "sound" and am the scene of lifieringter viMusic and mel in melody in the next town and fire. openest all her senses n k which they do not remembere each recess of THE WOODA Ea. what various distinct sounds we heard there deep in the woodshy AND echo along the shore ymORE THAN A Rodnd a sa steady, Breathing, cricket-like sound unseen and unheard. May it be such summer as it suggests into the woods. There is inwardness even in the mosquitoes' hum. Trees have been so many empty music-halls heard from the depth of the wood night. THE toward night their hour has serenity who a mthumming past so busily lungs sweet flowing from farther or nearer. RRIED RIPPLING NOtes in the yard we passed under it sat and sat down to hear the wind roar. swift and steady. A performer he never see two of them is perhaps from COMMUNi cated so distINCTly through the oar to the air across the river directly against his eardifferentely sounda
had thinks companion disguise the as so the read and
day warblers and if Mar harmony readus be as melt
the pickerel times it is life within life, in
concentric spheres my pen they give no evi
dence they have heard it CT HE attaches impor
tance to the actual world their so there is some
thing in the music that she were child ear the
wind is not quite agreeable it prevents your hear
ing two are steadily singing, as if conten
ding th it will COME UP SWEET FROM the mea
dowsynth we can forego the advantages of cities
lose there is a lower hoarser, squiRMING, S
CREwing croak round prob rne it or it may be in
the shutter and beginning slowly, the beat sounds faster and faster it is to the ear as
sharpest fife the uns it is as palpable as th
E NOTE H HEard a smart tche-day-day-day HEar
close to our ears i had heard them furth
er at first ndAA kingfisher with his crack,
cr-r-r-rack Thus the spaces of the air are fille
d for music all Vienna cannot serve them more
seems to be singing across the stream Besid
es sounds are more distinctly hearda i in any p
lace at all for music is very good thrill such
vibrating music would thrill them to death thoug
hting they all these sounds dispose our minds
to serenity astwfk tp hear one warblemen danc
e to it, ring and vibrate where there is an e
mpty chamber unnderneath ourdies r It dies away as
soon as uttered dies of awakened naturem
AKE S Eason when the Euterpeans drive through
He hears it in the softened air some grains which
stir within you ad snING A LITTLE While ey T
hey hear the croaking frogs at 9:00 p. M.
dow tremble, imagining the worst of his appr
achment while they sit by the spring! th hispa
and seemed to proceed from the wood lar or r
That noble strain he utters that came with HIM
HEBY THE CHARActer of that single strain in e
very horizon e Is it not the R. palustris?O
rpheus Hear a slight snoring of frogs ON THE
BARED meadowsmore known by the disTANCE W
Return. We go about to find Solitude AND SILENCE but Cher. The evening wind is heard conversing with your scratching the FLOOR-like break the sound of the first note by the flow and swell the general quire being their young ears detecting it as quite inaudible at ANY DISTANCE. C N Ver r and return to it in your thought perfect thermometers, hygrometers, and barometers, some well-known march this of the note, whittichie ing the the sione lat regular intervals for a long time should say whistle, if one could whistle for the notess some notes, then perfect warblesom THECH ORMEx man sicker ingm sPRingbob the terin r in Theyi t ed to oss tw wings maypul TheyWilhourwh o b h e Theynothmonthssongtphrtee the ie th e e ph r he tck toprii fi bth ed t i rth a days heardcuckoo theyboy's chatteringupthreesee t cheese the the almost forgotten sounds soundslumberous sound so expanded being life off but is heard distinctly throughout it still to the slower measure and often and of TEN ANDA SPRinglike and exhilarating sound of which the echo is the best sort of glorifying going today into change its position sometimes a loud crackon in this early breathing in the dawn ThisThis breathing of chip-birds sounds chip-birds ear How full the air of sound! They stood, hearing wind and water They rks p s trike earwe Hip-y OU, HE-he-he-he It was long before THE jingle comes I hear a robin singing before sunset song jingle comes up, soon TO SPRingoo We hear which we do wThis is facto vit chit chit char weeter char tee chu vit chit chit char WEETER CHAR TEE CHUliter gain the of werefox The Hear ored withsinger morn is extent in with my dis when the hen end are Heard sweets frog's does the One God's breath ALDSOR VI RTueitsvineopreciselytheand herethelast eye is sun nowon Nearifand hear r He hemsquirrelthezon toup downhere herenine-o'clock whicher WIC her whicher wich heard the hooting of wh that she has been elevated t A DAY LIKE This rd and uttering a faint chipmournful, martial and eff eminateis dissolved as the sound of a far-off glorious life oons though they dwelt in the depths as seem to be hushed rt to a slow music that chiefly distinguishes this season ewhich the murmer has agitated l to a strange, mad priestesh in such rolling places i eh but bellowing from time to timet y than the vite and twittering a day or two h a
day or two by its COURSE
a fulbeen halfly noteat play thesendper course which its scream even is as the voiceaswe warb ler issued frombyheard sionunable. She heard the forgotTEN sound of rainmore it does not sing continuously, but at intervals is mentso he. The catbird does not make the corn-planting sounds screech. The first peetweet; myrtle-birds numerous catbird a theor excroak teeth seen! heard and yielded the point to him yielded brEAK AND WAS O Ften inarees. Those suggest the same thoughts that all melody has ever DONETOIN THE YOUrin. He thinks there is spier than from shouldenednotesoundesac hplateit and heard him cackling and tapping far ahead of a fuzzy beginning or bob-y-lee twice as far at least close to the water's edge sing ozit ozit ozE-E-e (quick) tchIP TCHIP TCHIP TH. He of hear pheb note of chickadee little music charms more than this vibration of an insect 's wing in his mouth. con that!imitations and echo were good, sounds were liquid, it began to sound at one spot only. There is more of squeak, mew, clear whistle of philosophy. Music soothes the din and lightens the heads of all things in the yard of a tree sparrow. You and their conque reeremember bird it is heard farther than noise. What lungs! Some hold their heads high when they ringtheoorooor ooRaR oorar-hah oorar-hah hah oorar-hah hah hah. She does not hear; notes are drowned of constant sounds at the open windows from OUR window ancients that the ancients stretched a wire saidwest of wood on rock the sense of hearing is wonderfully assisted to bring within ear-shot that wiLDcat's SCReam bough as in the days of Orpheus being BORN AGAIN. Ehealth where the vibration is apparently more rapid youRLD WHAT A CONTRAST this evening melody with day! And nature meant by this to stereotype dying moANS HE KNOWS NOT when it began to occupy himfords. The season of morning fog has arrived. These song sparrows are now first heard commonly. These song sparrows are now heard commonly and the finest melody
can be heard farther dis phi these says They asked harm if they sounded it rect Are they whistlers? tiere? lifestamp It is evidence of such sphere, such possibilities Now this is verdict of soul in health This is no earth on which we stood It is possible to live grander life its vision is TRUE RANDS A You can forego the seeming advantages without misgiving They can forego the seeming cities without misgiving mon as theOne will lose no music nOT Attending oper as Hip-you, he-he-he-he-he hears tones We hear the veery Sometime s she hears the brazen note You heard one honk He knows there is a people somewhere woodthrush sings at all hours atento an inconceivable degree temporary heouon the willowsfistreacra notof Wa chusett of the story of such a soundra with with sparrows likeing in the MORning of myrtle-birds on a dead tree-top this depth for a long time as you sit They have HEARD that peculiar dreaming sound BELONGS THEIRTHat dreaming sound belongs to their nights' dream peculiar dreaming sound belongs to the summer Snipes off with crazy flight and distressed craik craik It suggests pleasant associations THEY They wheeled and made a fine whistling sound Their faint quack sounded much like the croak quack sounded the croak occasionally in the pools They made a sound not by their wings Their quack sounded like frogs heard IN POOLS THEIR FAint quack soundDE D Like the croak These notes of birds seem to invite forth vegetation again; it is he, - an occasional peep We hear the tchuck tchuck How a thought will mould and paint it! Hear the hens cackle as not before I heard It was SURPRISING WHAT VARIOus sounds we heard We sat an hour the aisles of wood were so many ear-trumpets If soul to its infinity, then silence Hear the phebe of chickadee A grosbeak betrays itself by that peculiar squeakrose-breasted grosbeak betrays itself by that peculiar squeak A rose-breasted grosbeak betrays itself by that squeak The bobolink sings as he goes along sings as we go along the railroad Question is whether you can bear freedom of many sounds come to our ears AGREEably blunted Who has not hearkened to her infinite din? While low growling and sudden quick-repeated caterwaul He told him he would hear it Youchick We heard it like a dream NOise is like rustling leaves Hear hurried notes and afterwards its tut tut strains of music are drawn out endlessly like he wire itself of the awakening bubbling ring, then bag must be inflated again reminds as andis A Hear the loud laughingsuited to the wildest lakeor yow yow yow, or yang yang yang soonerearlier They hop long before heard to ring will make the most nervous chord healthily We forever ever and habitually underrate our fate an I heard the telegraph-wire vibrating like a harp aeolian HEAR Sparrows sc
ratcheting the floor in the twilight slumberously. They would wheel them and feel their pulse and healthy appetite is of living robin earth-song heard a a ed few tr ti as its healthily rv singular singular the he u other the thed obullfrog-like crown night. Hornets grassan merei y rules variously i theu and incessant your kee shoulder of any blithet perhaps hickory rymvilt isi she comes dropping rain like cow with overflowing udder. She bellows hollowly, making the earth tremble! it is nature's rutting season. They hear muttering, crashing in muggy air mid-heaven sound travels round, invades, advancing at grand pace rkI heard it vibrating high overhead. She hears a snoring, praying soundsand etc. eLedum h hourafaspiringlifeblack mio ina singly raised the but the hear ndng sthat toh fa nothingisef with inte rmittentp sof hear i te chil odust inhr st o harsh rather posed u a thea distance hear ththe e sound is ithe m tho measure boat and inichtt the etimeevening the ringing ting at o in ring blost va l th ey home r thommonot nat h 1 f rb + hAlligator an d turtle with quakings come out e the telegraph res sounds at every post come out of the mud e Behind t hese pipes are formed triangular alcoves its (Musci c's) inventors hnstrains which reach me here stir more than if I were belown hear sawmill, like drum, like cars at this post it is a hum Heard their last phoebe August 26th man may run but he too must at last be silent ti I hear my old owl pb one is skirmish between cool and earnest weather grows cooler, woods more silentth 1 i th How refreshing the sound of the smallest waterfall! You hear the muttering of distant thunder e hear a clear whis tling every two minutes cheered by sound of runni ng water How thought will mould and paint it! rds t ul it seemed every pore was music pre it seemed fill ed with music the the within is weeping; grassh oppers give those the lieutter them in the dayli ght this morning heard also the myrtle - bird's tealeenpreypurchased sort it flew over a sound far from music ows seemsofat ver It Swamp dum Did I not hear it there the 10th? whim calloud a
s soon as they arrive they hear good things are cheap: bad are dearsound always mounts, and makes you mount is the eyeweathtoughvillages there has of beutter P. M. full small bleh Heard a slight frog-like croak from them b efore You thought you heard a croak from before frog bedi You associate its whistle with brEEZY Weather they WERE EQUally poetic How inspiring when the travellette r from call or murmer rises into song! It is at once another landly lyoth hmu Is it not the same with man? t heo oncreaking of wagon has music flogly Heard warbler shaking out trills like money iThen they go off w ith hoarse cr-r-r-ack cr-r-r-ack they How refreshing the s ound in hot weather! u or Whene esknowIt sounded like p umpkin stem, only a good deal louderbequing It is a hum hive walk notha a bird eremore ferred any place fo r music is goodait's wawa!T IS MATERIAL put asoak, seas o ning in music much thatThe whip-poor-wills sing far off a l Itsyou would not hear if not inclined of that e or t he tinklings from the telegraph with melody unasked for me nt 0 when it is trilled, or undulates the essic e
which he hears [spr to the END, NOR HEARD to the end] pr e so ets
His earthy contentment GETS EXPRESSION when two or more bullfrogs trumpet together, it is it is a ten-pound-tenth together, IT IS a ten-pound-ten note. Their hand-organs remind you of wild beasts those which reach him there stir much more melody than the call musters all forces of nature thehostileregularity which THE WHOLIKE Of a thousand buzzing strings, only one yields ear. Their note is the chill-lill or jinglinst rumental lively croakers Heard one after another, might be varied and other wakeful. At length, we heard one near at hand, and the sun to its setting. Shall he not sometime have an opportunity covered with blackbirds and a rasping chuck they had not got their voices yet and uttering their squeaks and split whistles or char. It will come up sweet from long afternoon warmth that wood where we sat to hear it the wood, for example, the oak, where we sitsounds through this air striking on rails frequently only muskrats and kingfishers seem to hear. Very this note makes twanging draw of with fly livestapping clanging and liquidity added to woodpecker tapping hear them in various parts of town and you hear the circling clanging clanging these harmonies tear to pieces while they charmly reduce thrilling sphere music to a wail sounds they should hear if they were below. The wind comes to wake up the trees and it sounds like mocking to cheat us but no sound so brings round summer. He contemplates God's voice is but a clear bell sound slightest tinkling in the horizon measures their soundness. Nature always possesses hum, booming, crowing, barking and open windows hear. The sounds it is the cackle of pigeon woodpecker by deep cut, hear the ghah gnah. It is a harp with one string the hear the scream of hens and tumult tune for him. Gold-fi sh. They are distinct, more shelfy and general might dashed tain is loves wings make a whistling I am pretty sure to discover an echoor after short pauses it utters spray and rasping faint mayor that he heard on the THOUGH you perceive no difference, pond does hear the gnah gnah of black-capped nuthatch hear low screwing or working, ventriloquial sound still longcrowing reminds them of cat owl's hoo-hoo oo in those waves of sound they will not trouble. Can be cheaply enriched. Somnolence in the morning, in the night what an elixir is this sound. Of course the guitar in the sound graph of it was the sound which vibrated this life by attending lectures and caucuses, etc. What coloring fair and intense life admits through glass one of simmering or seething of nature erected the in the river, it is there they hear the in any in we hear the sound of distant thunder Shelorne laden and then crushed there olour inspires another pehe heard were wood they drown all the rest. They drown the rest dry hum to wind on twigs, liquid splashing sound on rocks they off with a sharp PHE PEWAVES. In a warm apartment within call of conversation a phe war. He is a quarter of a mile off the indeed out clearness to the post apparition though still half off his wagging tail.
plesthe cRICKET ALSO SEEms to express the most liquid and melodious. It filled the hall realizing idea of pipevaried. The little croakers, too, are very lively there just before sunset up. jINGle youa There is sound that can wake an echo in the night. A NIGHT IN WHICH THE silence was audiblerings the what what what of this forenoon. It is like the cackle and suggests a relation. Is this the third note of this season? such ly black ducks rise with loud hoarse croaking-quacking. It sounded like a new bird with We go to find they dwelt in depthsvirtuousare. The thought, It will appear their existence is sound. The threshing and tinkling come with them sic get one will make music while another MAKES SENSE. warfind faint warbling is, as it were, half-finished as shore. The creak of mole cRICKET IS HEARD. The creak is heard along the shore it sure. The bird uttered the unusual hoarse notelypo. We no longer know, can deny its existence to no strain is LOST TO THE EAR. HIM mel indescribable coincidence, then there is music. This wire vibrates, as if it would andaf. We hear it and forget it immediately. We suspect it is the R. palustris, now breeding. We suspect it is the R. palustris suspect it is the R. palustris, breeding toads'. They dim dim dog the then. as it IDoflowers Do What its depend the awaketheorproperly. Peetweetsover thought. flit long a echo greece ear it f ibre tois fibre awod thofy. Hear a very faint but positive ringinge it told will seem but BUBBLE on surface. Young bobolinks; one of first autumnalish. note see e. They express the feelings of the earth. It is now very freshy. Great straggling flocks of crows still flying westerly. The wind is NOT QUite agreeable, because it prevents your hearing. Every man understands why a fool sings. A THEY LEFT it, buzzing as loudly as at first so yet y
you hear before you have seenh She hears with consent of senses
Hear the clear loud rich warble sicall which
We hear the stake-e-driver from a distance these telegraph-posts should bear a great price hearye d It goes off with loud sharp pheeg g the have I hear the soothing and simple monotonous noteswbeudo you consider that you are performing?ng e ay row You heard one say to another today de a The woods are alive with pine warble rs t i for song and fireflies go with grassthe birds have ceased to sing Do not the song and fireflies go? thinkd the The phe The wingsple The phe The Theingmake TheHEPHEALOW S OF MEPhe wingswings legsthe wingspheeney pheThe phe wings phemakea Hear phewings INGATHEPHE The lowHearoThepHe fal lwhIM GAVE MEN musicethewonderful is earththe lathe or a flute boomand AND SOONOR A LATer the of ramrods by chance rather pretty outvias Brod togetherairion that same tree is the low gratiNG SUnder rarelyltedThey quail whisthein summer A crow came scolding to the treeoads ring most on a windyday i fairly its Lake oven-bird thrUMs sawyer-like and the chewi nk rustles1 withera tshrea tshrea tshrea tshrea t shrit2 It would be nobler to enjoy musicisi breakingMyrtle-birds sing their tea lee, tea lee in the morning appears to make a business of singing from a yellow-throat for half an hourb reak lightthe not leave them narrow-minded Men profess to be lovers of music It would not leave them narrow-minded bigoted in the sounder before on song hear you bet Children MAKE NOIS E BECause of music their ears DETECT THEIR YOUNg ears de te ct man understands why fooL SINGS Sound is These strains suggest ideal, lost, or never perceived the vibration is rapid heard it varying with different parts this wild tree rejoices to transmit music The sound proceeds from near the posts wa g on going over an unseen bridge is louder They have heard every note with perfect distinctness She heard it is the accent of the south wind It is modulated by the south wind He hears with all his senses at least The sounds I hear are significant and musical SOUNDS, At least they only are heard it is fit their music should be the same harp and thrush left on earth For the same reason They lift us in spite of ourselves these now They intoxicate, they charm us peep She hears half-strains from many of them, and the chickadee large chip It belongs To The streamte Il hoorit was rustling leaves rus ra blo e c kb ilofof st Tspring i is there thhih bo stck nge idis hblac kst noteaistle h a nglng thsORTAofi n e a k tle theimof
like a poor imitation of split whistle of and set forthevermorea few in one place everlasting rather as surprising call—no temereyoftheof sultry nights hear not only the incessant lively croaking very lively not only the croaking after the other all slight and twigs now sometimes if they were below more often it from the level of ordinary hours immortal whenever a man hears it terriably within saw screaming in vain that diffuse that it might be the first infertile cry of an earthquake to the spot and traced it to a small bare spot a ground rapid, and more and more intense as if it had been thawed leaks up through the meadows with that mile by shuffling their wing-cove RS TOGETHERLENGTHwise says their shrill by shuffling by shuffling whi-we-chee haw k's squeak rises at the end of the day singer is the attitude of inviting by undulations already the shivering sound autumn whom and also shortened and very much varied the echo of its own voice you s strike there it comes to wake up sleeping many lo i it is sound very much modified sit faire there is a sort of split whist RE FOR THE REST, there is a poor imitation becomes first swallow hear kingbird twittering chattering like a stout-breasted swallow ngbor chattering in he drinks in a wonderful health in sound well you not prepared, thought it a boy whistling of a loona are it is no small gain to have this wire fin it told me there were higher planes and deeper stirrings with such intensity from sound hearing it makes men brave such but in their upward course is ing more free lym a hThey hear the whistling of their wings at the right angle we hear
sound, less ringing and sonorous than the dreamers er
wasstrain a vireo before the owl's nest the other to found from time to time far as sound sound and also the booming with the wind. Mar in it is older theathave s trains to the actual life as bubbles before with musicfirs the the sound of children at play of hear mole cricket nowadays that son cause children make noise because of the music found it ears tectspring you were conscious you caught but prelude their ears could never hear all she was sounds in nature that she caught was now you too we We decedear s hear Ah! straw who tries to read without good hearing is in Sisyphean labor thought the sicwent and sat down to hear the wind slack much seems to flow through my very bone song There crowing of cocks reminds him of it I stood hearing wind and the watered - eye continued croaking perhaps from the other sex the and song Discord wins I can comp
arm at all, now the sun is rising; it is time for the world to wake up.

What a rustling among the dry leaves! What a music as the wind passes through the trees. The thrush is singing a sweet melody, filling the air with its clear, sweet notes. The crickets are chirping, their sound blending with the rustling of the leaves. The music is as sweet as honey, as soothing as a lullaby.

I hear the sound of leaves rustling as they are blown by the wind. It is a sound that is familiar to me, as it is to many others. The rustling of the leaves reminds me of the sound of the wind in the trees, of the rustling of the grass in the fields, of the sound of the waves crashing against the shore.

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suggests ideas of human life. He plays some well-known marchings. She hears the weese. Weese noteto its earth. It's alive and covered with feelers and cool. She hears her old owl. Ac stood MILKmen in abecause of its harmony with it. Selfand EQUANIMITY and rh into a partial concord that may first be heard in the night but not yet. The Air consists and his wedge will enter easily ralldvoia sounds. Our voices sound differently. The warm AIR has Thowed the music in his throat. Perhaps this is the WHIP-poor-will's Moonam hand organs remind me of BEASTS art consists in stirring from time to time. We are affected. Can he be w. hittichee? Eartha f traced it to a spot, used a stick. Kicefrommore of the s or psi in it ear. F New creaking or shrilling crickets, fine and piercing er na loon set up his wild laugh. But why did he with that loud laugh? lit sur passes birds; sings everlasting to everlasting CRICK. THE HEARING of the cricket whets your eyes. Tle mrip in' silike ar tea. --twe-twe, twe-twe, or ar te, ter twe-twe, TWE-Twe ingtyelping fell on ear, cool breeze on cheek by starlight. surely of of man with its vibrations with the song and works of art. The distant is brought near through hearing cock, standing on snow-heap, feels the softened air, has found his VOICE AGAIN. Pierians in the desert suggest the same. SCREAMing into the empty house. It is his mouth were full of cotton to spit out of cotton. When as if he were; farmthink she will not trouble herself often through draw. Which music from a quart pot? AND Simple sound which no MAN had told us of of grackles or important to be done. End hours of silence listening to whisperings stay by silence seen threatening people rout EDTU AWAYONE. After another before you on the water was interested in the natural PHENOMENON of sound long in the wilderness and the wild manwood there is a wind and ladies. And we should know it for a white man's voice in the streeton his pulse with a heal thy ear to some purpose. Hear cattle lowin the streetee whistlehorses stood still to hear IT SHES. The whlthrou gh which it passed s Yet thrush all reverberation th at asound swfwh ntestml at shouldnature. We na ehillI as sunyi eac notrfie but the wday music a distant rnot but hear the insects bird over the edgewhite belled by erhalfas in May. What hey sayasisand as the other without reasoning no right what ever and yet. WHen his strains cease perhaps ly of if Nature
does not echo itvail with any spirit which lyre vibrating the stringsicord if he h as headble long malof the F. hYEMAlis mon orinfor it is not a scream fishAls we went underYou presently ted oth of the infant d ruMMer tureten Ad niteso expanded and inf initely related or chill-lill with a fine note it where they were so the sound o f blasting rockS SOWith perfect distinctn ess with a jingling sound at the same t imeon hills like from withina with a sharp, whistling whir from sharpgin in whiterd'sT his is the softer music, bare and burstin gbreeze causes leaves to rustle, a patteri ng sound oaya philosopher's living is aimp le, complexa storm arises the verse Shall WE NOT 'ADd a tenth Muse to the immortal Nine?t I sound to h t litk hear a clear, c hinking chirp golearned sitrthere were some this year singing or breedingthesin g dows their firstthe water gurgledgur ef arround i usaters persThose interrupted st rains suggest the same that all melody has ever done sximpressed, we no longer kno w no These reach her through treesp e levated into glorious sphere, we no long er know NORO THE different sound comes t o ear from rails struck longnature has a ny place for music twt leopard'salL m y sensesear of earthstop as big as a cher ryNot only must MEN Talk, but talk about talk they rise and about uttering crack of alarm joins and utters the wooing note o-week o-week landnand spirited th Hear ye llow-throat knownHeard first cricket si nging; on lower level than any bird, obser ving lower tone cords This h even the harp hear whistles to keep courage up listvil the perch in the villagehearhorse across distant bridge, atmosphere tells his ear rm a blackppit stings his ear with truthp robably HoweBefore the it was, and will be a
fter always it is. They hear trilled sound this eveningsunpus such for all things are cheap: all are dear chuad distinctly has I soar or hover over field of life coincidence and unnot sun's CH. Is it not the Earliest springward note?e reing spring per imusic advertised life no man told us of the 13th hear the bay-wing sing then there is such a fiddling you would think music was being born is think bought fs of of ishore eveningnoonwood wood thrush, cuCKOO ARE Heard now at noon it would not leave them AS She is affected a is she fleet more You hear it mia An Italian has just carried a hand-organ thr
DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD
(YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE)
CONTINUED 1969 (PART V)

CXIX. No need to move the camera.
(Pictures come to it.) Gather, Fuller advises, facts regarding human needs and
world resources. Place in computer
memory bank. Update continuously.
Join team of programmers, competing
to find speediest peaceful means for
giving each world inhabitant what's needed
for his kind of living. Videotize
solution on football-field-sized geodesic
world map. So fact continuously
changing intelligent solution of world
game exists becomes via TV household
knowledge. A study was made with
computer to find out where in the world
wealthy Americans prefer to retire.
They retire, computer tells us, to
Cuernavaca in Mexico, a hilltown near
Nairobi in Kenya, and some place
of other in Nepal. CXX. The goal is
not to have a goal. The new universe
city will have no limits. It will
not be in any special place. Having returned, as Fuller puts it, to his studies, teacher will be flying all over the world and even out into space. **Questions I might have learned to ask him can no longer be answered.** Waiting in the hotel in Rio de Janeiro to hear whether or not I was to meet with the people who were studying anarchy (they had come in their studies to Thoreau and, having heard that I was enjoying Thoreau's *Journal*, had asked me to share with them my thoughts) ; telephone didn't ring.

CXXI. Act of sharing is a community act. Think of people outside the community. What do we share with them? Teacher played hooky. Sent message: “Receiving instruction. Enjoying myself thoroughly. See you next week.”

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

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

How d'you manage to live with just one shirt? Before going to bed, I take a shower with my shirt still on. Afterwards I scrub the cuffs and collar with my electric toothbrush. Then I turn on the TV, hang my shirt on it. Best place I've found to dry it. CXXII.

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

Whispered truths. Looking for
something irrelevant, I found I
couldn't find it. "Wild as if we
lived on . . . marrow of antelopes
devoured raw." (Thoreau) Wanting
to make some easy money, he took to
 cracking safes, was caught, put in
penitentiary. While ill in the prison
hospital, he had an affair with middle-aged
nurse. When he was released from
penitentiary, nurse introduced him to a
beautiful young girl whom he married.

His bride immediately inherited three
million dollars. College: two hundred
people reading same book. An obvious
mistake. Two hundred people can
read two hundred books. Clothes I wear
for mushroom hunting are rarely sent
to the cleaner. They constitute a
collection of odors I produce and
gather while rambling in the woods. I
notice not only dogs (cats, too) are
delighted (they love to smell me.) CXXV.

Vacaville. Spent the evening with a
murderer. I asked him why he drank so
much coffee. He said, "There's
nothing else to do." University, which
now embraces studies formerly excluded
from it such as home economics,
music, and physical education, has
sister universities abroad, belongs
to consortium of universities here,
includes a "free" university. What's
adumbrated's indistinct from society
itself. Not a community of scholars
living like monks, but society
which works for any kind of living,
any kind of attention-placement, any
activity. Something seems
beautiful? Wittgenstein: You mean
it clicks? When things don't click,
take clicker from your pocket and
click it. CXXVI. Death. Process
involving Christmas trees takes place
each year. Christmas trees that're grown
in Hawaii are sent by freighter to be
sold on the West Coast. Christmas
trees that're grown on the West Coast
are sent by freighter to be sold in
Hawaii. Ready or not, we are being
readied. Complete checkup. I was more
examined than ever before. Doctor's
report: You're very well except for your
illnesses. John McHale: "It has taken
the history of mankind to produce the
articles we have around us (the match,
the computer); it is essential to see
one sector of population isn't servicing
another; we are all using the same
materials simultaneously; information
storage never depletes; ability to
reuse materials makes us, after all
these centuries, quite skillful."
CXXVII. Impatience. Why do you have
one TV set on top of the other?
The bottom one doesn’t work. There were fifty-two tapes. We had to combine them for a single recording. We went to a studio where they could record eight at a time. When we had seventeen together it sounded like chamber music; when we had thirty-four together it sounded like orchestral music; when we had fifty-two together it didn’t sound like anything we’d ever heard before. Milarepa.

London publisher sent blank ("Fill out.") so I’d be included in survey of contemporary poets of the English language. Threw it out. Week later urgent request plus duplicate blank arrived. "Please return with a glossy photo." Complied. July, August, September. Publisher then sent letter saying it’d been decided I’m not significant poet after all: if I were, everyone else’d be too. CXXVIII.

Used to say "never the twain shall meet." Now we don’t hesitate to fight oriental wars, there’s no doubt about usefulness of oriental thought for western mind. Same’s true for Utopia. Its impracticality is no longer to be assumed. Everything’s changed.

Develop facilities that remove need for middlemen. Soup cans are not only beautiful (Warhol, for example) but true (Campbell’s soup is actually in them). They’re also constant reminders of spiritual presence. "I am with you
always.” Function fulfilled by images of the Virgin Mary along a path is now also fulfilled by the public telephone. Instead of lighting a candle, we insert a dime and dial. CXXIX.

**Computer mistake in grade-giving resulted in academic failure of several brilliant students. After some years the mistake was discovered. Letter was then sent to each student inviting him to resume his studies. Each replied he was getting along very well without education. Buddha reclines on his right side. So does the lion. How thorough he is! He told me his secrets.

Town is very small, well-organized. Nothing can be found in it. An idea was given to them because they didn’t have one. The Seychelles. Cloth calendars for kitchen walls designed by Lois Long are sold throughout the USA. Some years ago Lois made one by mistake giving two different dates to a single day: Thursday November 31 was also Thursday December 1. The calendar was very successful. CXXX. Discipline (Disciple). Giving up one’s country, all that’s dear to one’s country: “Leave thy father and mother…” Yoga (Yoke). Taming of the globe (Open: in and Out).

Einstein wrote to Freud to say men should stop having wars. Freud wrote back to say if you get rid of war you’ll also get rid of love. Freud was
wrong. What permits us to love one
another and the earth we inhabit is that
we and it are impermanent. We
obsolesce. Life's everlasting.

Individuals aren't. A mushroom
lasts for only a very short time. Often I
go in the woods thinking after all these
years I ought finally to be bored with
fungi. But coming upon just any
mushroom in good condition, I lose my
mind all over again. Supreme good
fortune: we're both alive! CXXXI. Things
governments wish to divide between us
belong to all of us: the land, for
instance, beneath the oceans.

People speak of literacy. But I, for
one, can't read or write any computer
language. Only numbers I know are
those based on ten. I'm uneducated.

Home in Wayzata, Minnesota's very much
like a home near Sitges (just south of
Barcelona). Now we're itinerant there's
no reason to go on, for instance, picking
fruit. Since we live longer, Margaret
Mead says, we can change what we do. We
can stop whatever it was we promised
we'd always do and do something else.

CXXXII. He is one of my closest friends.

He asked me for help. I gave it.

He couldn't use it. TV Guide tells what's
going on, doesn't tell what we're
obliged to look at. Where you are
limits what channels you can receive.

(Hearing sounds before they're
audible is not the way to hear them.)

Imitate the telephones of your
homes’n’highways. (Their indifference.) They aren’t displeased when the person speaking is black. They aren’t pleased when the person speaking is black. When lady in charge of university concerts asked what music day was to be called, I replied Godamuseday. She was delighted. Her husband, also affiliated with university (but in its legal aspects), wasn’t. “Profanity is forbidden. Nothing can be printed that might come to the Governor’s notice.” Duchamp asked whether he believed in God: No. God is Man’s stupidest idea. CXXXIII. Traveling from one place to another we confine ourselves to the roads. That’s why, of course, we feel so populated: we’re too choosy about the space we use. Guests had left. Before going to bed, while reading a book he’d bought that morning, he chuckled. Ten minutes later, brushing his teeth, he died. Whole Earth. We connect Satie with Thoreau. Eleventh thunderclap? 1928. Walter loved the Chinese, hated Communists. He couldn’t bear the Japanese. Fortunately for Uncle, he died before the tables turned. Mushroom? Leaf? Backs ache. If we had immortal life (but we don’t), it’d be reasonable to do as we do now: spend our time killing one another. CXXXIV. Chadwick, gardener at Santa Cruz. Nobby’d said, “You must meet our wizard.” (Chadwick’s back,
We tried a long time.
Nobby told me, had been injured in war,
but when we went mushrooming with
his student-helpers, Chadwick,
half-naked, leapt and ran like a
pony. Catching up with him, it was
joy and poetry I heard him speak. But
while I listened he noticed some distant
goal across and down the fields and,
shouting something I couldn’t
understand because he’d already turned
away, he was gone.) Students had defected
from the university or had come
especially from afar to work with him
like slaves. They slept unsheltered
in the woods. After the morning’s hunt
with him and them, I thought: These
people live; others haven’t even been
born. CXXXV. It was not quite
midnight. Duchamp was waiting for us in
the street. He looked for all the
world like a handsome young man. Want
list of communes (places where Americans
live who’ve given up dependence on
power and possessions)? Write to
Alternatives Foundation, 2441 Le
Conte Ave., Berkeley, Calif., 94709 or
to Carleton Collective Communities
Clearinghouse, Northfield, Minn., 55057.
Future’s no longer a secret. Murderer
asked, “What time is it?” “Nine
o’clock.” Five minutes later he
repeated his question, “What time is it?”
“Five minutes after nine.” Ten. She had
problem children. Their grades were so
poor they couldn’t enter college.
told her to stop worrying about them.

She did. They’ve turned out beautifully. One married a Californian, has two fine sons, paints beautifully.

Tucker’s automotive expertise is in demand.

CXXXVI. Talked about fact writing’s less and less attractive. Picking up the pen, one knows idea’s already entertained in other minds. Pen becomes absent. Sword’ll follow suit. Flower Sermon. In the plane ready for last leg of flight to Yucatan (he’d flown from Berkeley, I from Palermo in Sicily). Grounded by fog we remained in Mexican plane three hours, which with subsequent flight gave me time to read Stent’s typescript of his book, The Coming of the Golden Age. When questions came to mind, I simply put them to the author! Completely satisfied. How do you propose, Fuller was asked, to accomplish this without involvement in political action? His answer: The World Game provides an apolitical action, a solution no one’s forced to accept. When, however, you want it, you’ll be able, since you know it exists, to use it.

CXXXVII. Puppy was eating his vomit. “That’s one thing,” his mistress said, “we don’t do.” Picked him up; put him outside; resumed her conversation. No one cleaned up the mess. (An elderly Viennese lady whose principal pleasure was listening to music was alarmed
because she thought she was losing her hearing. She went to the doctor. He discovered her ears were full of wax.

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

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

Presidential platform: promise, elected or not, to go on with my work, not bothering about you; to remove laws; to extend unlimited credit throughout society regardless of nationality. Observing distinctions (race distinctions), side with underdog.

learning from him who was oppressed to live outside the law not committing crimes. Become slave to all there is. (No need to become King.) Siding with noises, musicians discovered
duration's impartiality. What corresponds in society to sound's parameter of duration? CXXXIX.

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

Add video screen to telephone. Give each subscriber a thousand sheets of recordable erasable material so anytime, anywhere, anyone'd have access to a thousand sheets of something (drawings, books, music, whatever).

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

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

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

cubicle. On the opposite wall's a

mirror. Steam from the hot water
produces the slow disappearance of
one's image. Pleasure of having a body,

"Waiting for the gift from me to me
of death." Assassination of Martin
Luther King. Apocalypse. They have
homes but they don't have the idea. Keep

Out. Languages separate people.

Images (TV highway signs, trademarks,

film) bring them together. Going
to the moon, we speak in numbers. A
year has passed. We pretend we can get
along without him. For three or four
years, Igor Strawinsky was treated for a
malady his doctors thought he had. When,
at death's door, Strawinsky's hands
turned black, the doctors concluded a
mistake had been made. CXLII.

That that's unknown brings mushroom
and leaf together. "Ego dethroned." In

the course of being provided with
false teeth, Thoreau took ether. "You
are," he wrote, "told that it will
make you unconscious, but no one can
imagine what it is to be unconscious
until he has experienced it. If you
have an inclination to travel,
take," he advised, "the ether. You go
beyond the farthest star." We know from
a variety of experiences that if we
have a sufficiently large number of
things, some or even many of them can be
bad but the sum-total is good for the
simple reason, say, that not all of
the things in it are good. CXLIII.

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

From navigation to aviation. Fuller:

Renounce water as sanitation-means;

adopt compressed air (following lead of dentists). Bits of hair and skin floating in the air with pollen, seeds and spores from plants. Out of water into air and back to earth. I asked Xenakis what's wrong with USA. He was quiet for a moment and then said, "Too much power." Put 'em who threaten possessions and power together with 'em who offend our tastes in sex and dope.


No this, no that. Kill us before we die! CXLIV. We have no icons: we believe what we do. (Telephone conversation turned toward politics.

Mrs. Emmons said she was certain what the government was doing was right. Beverly said, "How do you figure that?" Her mother replied, "Well! This is a Christian country.") We leave food offerings for person who makes next telephone call no matter who he is: thus we transform highway telephone booth into wayside shrine. I
don’t believe, Duchamp said, in the verb, to be. “I do not believe that I am.” Commune problem: communes’re filled with gurus, needing (not having) others “to guru.” But teaching’s part’n’parcel of divisive society we’re leaving. Thoreau: “My seniors have told me nothing . . . , probably can tell me nothing to the purpose.” Davis: don’t know what we’re studying; don’t know how we’ll do it. Studied map. Should have taken road not on it (went off to the left). CXLV.

Reprogramming. Jack McKenzie’s proposal: Set up alternative university program freeing a student from all curriculum responsibilities. Let him elect his studies. When he leaves, give him, instead of degree, certificate telling what he did while in school. Looking at the sunset, Brown noticed part of its beauty is caused by air pollution. Day after the assassination. Human being sitting at the table next to mine. Wanted to speak to him. Didn’t. Didn’t have the right. As we left the valley to enter the desert, I gave up all thought of finding mushrooms. But for some reason we stopped along the road. There underneath the pepper trees I found Tricholoma personatum, excellent, in quantity. CXXLVI.

The poor? Where do they go to retire?

Takilma, Oregon (America’s third poorest town). Nothing to do: Free jam,
peanut butter, staples. Have two children? Government'll give you two hundred and forty dollars a month. Money comes through the mail. Slight irritations ("make life sufficiently interesting to live") are provided by visits of welfare worker whose assignment is Takilma. Takilma's beautiful. Problem in Takilma: Boredom. People often together sitting around talking. Let 'em close their mouths; open their eyes and ears; spend day in different directions, seeking world around or in 'em, returning to one another in the evening, ventilated, ventilating. Provision for changes in schedule. CXLVII. She brought him food. Clairvoyant, he knew it was poisonous. Third time she offered him deadly food, he accepted it, but himself appointed the hour of his death. Religious tract David Tudor gave me: "Christ International." Train is made up of engine, coal car, caboose. Engine is fact. Coal car's faith. Caboose is feeling. Train can run with or without feeling. Caboose can't make train run. After breakfast he offered her a cigarette. She said, "No, thank you." He said, "What's wrong? Have you stopped smoking?" She said, "Yes." Next day he stopped too. That was Nobby and Beth ten years ago. CXLVIII. I've learned to say No to those I don't know. Learned to say No to some of those I know.
(Example of underdevelopment of religious spirit.) Edwin Schlossberg and Buckminster Fuller gave six weeks comprehensive design science course at the New York Studio School. (I was invited to the last meeting. There were about twenty-two students. The first thing Bucky said was that the young people sitting around the table had sufficient intelligence to run the world, to solve all of world problems. Glancing at the students, I was skeptical. They looked like a bunch of hippies with some older oddballs thrown in.)

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

In anything experienced nowadays, there is much that is true, much that is false. Proofreading.
Chadwick described magnetic effect of moon on tides, on germination of seeds. "Moon inclining draws mushrooms out of Earth." We talked of current disturbance of ecology, agreed man's works no matter how great are pygmy compared with those of nature.

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

Reunion. Received month's check. Paid bills. Went to Farmer's Market (economy). Returned at six having spent last penny on turkey and all the trimmings. Friends arrived at midnight for Thanksgiving in the Spring.

Cared for us, day in, day out, rest of the month.
SONG

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

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

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

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

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

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

Government
snake and toad
an August wind
soaring hawks
dog of the woods.
Open the painted tortoise nest
Thoreau.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Their central parts have curved upward.
See thirty or forty goldfinches in a flock, cold air
great numbers of fishes fled.

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

May I be as vivacious as willow.

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

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

Mosses bear now a green fruit.

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

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

These are my sands.

Hubbard’s bridge and waterlilies
waterlilies.

In our forests
part divine
and makes her heart palpitate
wild and tame are one. What a delicious sound!
The air delicious, thus we are baptized into nature
fall into the water
or lost, torn in pieces, frozen to death
thunder and lightning.

Winter day, clear and bright
still no cowslips.

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

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

Dark mass of cloud with lighter edges.

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

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

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

I am surprised to find these roots with white grubs.

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

Present

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

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

asK
  Little
autO
where it wantS
  To take
  You.

In Memoriam S. W.

after the fire what Shall we do?
“firsT
  onE step;
  aFter
  thAt,
  aNother.”

  We’re
  alOne.
the music is difficuLt
to Play.
  we must work at it.
July 13, 1972

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

For A.C. on his 70th birthday

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

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

Ten years before sixty-seven

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

C Ame to
the S Tudio on front
strEet
when other eyes were cLosed.
now peopLe see eye to eye:
hiS eye.
DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD
(YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE)
CONTINUED 1970–71

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

CLII. “Remove God from the world of ideas. Remove government, politics from society. Keep sex, humor, utilities. Let private property go.” We also have no need for employment. We are busy doing our own work. TV.

Frost interviewing Noel Coward and Margaret Mead. Sir Noel’s view of life is Sir Noel. Mead’s mind is large and open, like Buckminster Fuller’s. She found thoughts dull that suggest that men are superior to animals or plants. Creation’s and societies’ differences
engage her attention. They suggest the next things useful to be done.

Vietnamese food depends on fresh coriander. First time I tried to find it in Chinatown, they were out of it.

Second time I wasn't alone. We bought two packages: mine, from the first store, had yellowing leaves; hers, from the second, was green, luxuriant.

While admiring coriander in a third store's window, she insisted we exchange packages.

CLIII. The telephone is out of order.

We're within reach of what to do by means of information.

Information is what happens to us. That is, future happens before we experience it. When I was in the sixth grade, I signed up for the Glee Club. They said they'd test my voice. After doing that, they told me I didn't have one.

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

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

Buckminster Fuller's Pollution Exploitation Corporation.

Manufacturers and utilities polluting air and water do so at discrete points: smoke-stacks, open pipes, etc. They make the collecting of large amounts of various materials easy as pie. Once these materials are transported to the several points where they're in demand, Directors of the Pollution Exploitation Corporation will swiftly become very rich. CLIV.
Asked what he thought of first lecture, Suzuki said, "Excellent, but in Zen most important thing's life." Asked next day what he thought of second lecture, Suzuki said, "Excellent, but in Zen most important thing's death." "How can you say life one day and death the next?" "In Zen there's not much difference between the two." Lois Long received a commission to make a design to be printed on toilet paper.

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

Telephone Company should have its system examined. Not even oriental philosophy. Just electroanalysis. CLV.

He was driving a taxi in Miami to make enough money to sit cross-legged in Japan. (Invitations received. We're going to the party.) California fishermen're quarrelling with fishermen from Equador over the right to fish for poisoned ﬁsh. An American lady living in Paris maintained a bank-account in her home-town, Buttonhole, Ohio. Finding it diﬃcult to keep accounts straight, she frequently wrote to the bank asking for extension of credit, concluding each letter: "Love, Mrs. So-and-So." Once, her circumstances seeming perilous, she telegraphed. Bank replied: "Dear Mrs. So-and-So. Don't worry. Love, Bank."

We're cheered by Berkeley, Amsterdam (fact their city councils include
revolutionary leaders). Nevertheless, we know the best government's no government at all. We bow, not with a sense of duty, just to save our skins. We renounce privileges of democracy. We dream of the day when no one knows who's President, because no one bothered to vote. CLVI. Hitchhiker told me all you have to do now, no matter what city you're in, is go to that part of town where people are friendly. “You don't even have to have met them before; they're sure to give you a place to sleep, something to eat. Brotherhood.” Each one of us was born by means of an I Ching-like chance operation (DNA-RNA; number 64, trigrams, hexagrams.) If life were not that haphazard, two adults reproducing more than once would always have the same child. Programmed music. Why is it that children, taught the names of the months and the fact that there are twelve of them, don't ask why the ninth is called the seventh (September), the tenth called the eighth (October), the eleventh called the ninth (November), the twelfth called the tenth (December)? CLVII. I was so excited when I drove to the S&H redemption center in Flushing that I forgot to put a dime in the parking meter. When I came out with the blender and the electric blanket I had a twenty-five-dollar ticket on the windshield. Sang backstage so no one could see who it was singing. “Who sang that song?” What do you
want to know for?  “I want to use that
voice in my next opera.” Most people
over thirty-five are technologically
immature. World patriotism. Ancient
Chinese was free of syntax. Words
floated in no-mind space. With the
passing of centuries, fixed relations
between words became increasingly
established. The history of Chinese
language resembles that of a human
body that, aging, becomes arthritic.

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

CLIX. There are two kinds of music
that interest me now. One is music I
can perform alone. Other’s music
that everyone (audience too) performs
together. Finnegans Wake employs syntax.
Though Joyce’s subjects, verbs and
objects are generally unconventional,
their relationships are the ordinary ones. Exception: the Ten Thunderclaps.

Speaking without syntax, we notice that cadence, Dublinese or ministerial, takes over.  (Looking out the rear-window.) Therefore we tried whispering.

Encouraged, we began to chant.  (The singer was sick.) If a diabetic uses large amounts of Vitamin C, it makes it difficult for a doctor to analyze his urine. If you have gall stones and take Vitamin C, you get worse and the gall stones get better. Otherwise, Vitamin C is as close to a panacea as the human race has managed to get.  CLX. Vitamin C’s one fault is that it’s cheaper and more popular than highly advertised, often dangerous, drugs. Therefore, the American medical-industrial combine warns the public: Vitamin C can be hazardous to your health. What they mean is: We want more of your money. Asked what changes in Twentieth Century struck her as being most remarkable, Margaret Mead mentioned TV (possibility of seeing what’s happening before historians touch it up). “Your thinking’s full of holes.” That’s the way I make it.

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

Copper essential to efficiency in our
domestic telephone system was removed
in order to establish a Vietnamese
telephone system that’d really work.
Margaret Mead mentioned hair: whether it
grows shoulder-length or longer as with
Caucasians, up and out as with Blacks, it
has proved a source of profound
irritation to the old generation. She
said old people can’t know what being
young now is like and that young people can
learn nothing from the old. If
something won’t return to nature,
return it to itself, or use it for
something otherwise useless, art, for
instance. Looking for some place to go,
she noticed a Metro-station. She rushed
downstairs to the ticket-office and
asked the man there where the nearest WC
was. He said: We don’t have one.
She said: Come now, my dear man, you
must have something. Absolutely anything
will do. CLXII. Fact I was depressed
depressed him. We don’t fear anarchy:
we fear government. Neti-Neti: “This
is an extremely difficult thing to
do, because it is no more an automatic
activity but depends on the strength of
our purpose to drop what has been the
framework of our lives, and see
everything afresh.” The tin and tungsten
that we’re in Vietnam to get are
resources we no longer need. While
our backs were turned, technology
changed. USA has nothing to fight
for. We are in Vietnam for no good
reason. English doctor, asked what he thought commonest human condition was, said, “Deficient drainage.”

CLXIII. Melody. He said: Well, as a matter of fact, we do have a place, but it doesn’t seem appropriate, considering the way you’re dressed. She said: Lead me to it. He took her through the gate and halfway down the subway platform opened a door which he closed after she entered. Fuller says words “up” and “down” are non-descriptive of our space existence. We go, he says, out from or into the earth. Student, worried about man’s accelerated alteration of his environment, asked where he should look when nature’s eliminated (so to speak). Fuller said, “Look up!” He could have said: Look out! Or, even: Look in!

CLXIV. The motel room had ten chairs, one of them straight-backed, two television sets, one non-functioning, two baths, one without hot water. View from the windows was of the windows in the next building. Let me have your baggage; I will carry it for you. No need: I’m wearing all of it. Sometimes we blur the distinction between art and life; sometimes we try to clarify it. We don’t stand on one leg. We stand on both.

Lady in the Telephone Company explained why friends, after dialing my number, sometimes get me, sometimes get someone else. She said, “If someone calls you while the circuit’s overloaded, we give’em the next number. If your
last digit 3, we give'em 4. If

circuit's still overloaded, we give'em 5,

etc. If, after ten successive
attempts, circuit's still overloaded, we
give'em busy signal.

As population goes up, average age of
people living goes down. Teen-agers

become the majority. Students of
the World, Unite! The revolution will

be simple, like rolling off a log. The
outside walls of buildings in Paris are
used for transmitting ideas. Rue de
Vaugirard, I read: La culture est

l'inversion de l'humanité. The room
was very small. The brim of her hat
touched its four walls. There was only a
drain in the floor with two
platforms for her feet. An automatic
flushing periodically flooded the
room. The Metro employee returned to his
ticket-office. To raise language's

temperature we not only remove syntax: we
give each letter undivided attention,

setting it in unique face and size;
to read becomes the verb to sing.

CLXVI. Day after we arrived in Los

Angeles, the police killed one

teen-ager and wounded nine others.

Whereas getting wrong numbers used
to produce irritation among telephone

subscribers, it now brings about a sense

of community and amusement among people

otherwise unacquainted. The New York

Telephone Company is systematically
multiplied by ten the number of each

subscriber's friends. That night, while

closing up, he recalled that he had not
noticed the lady returning through the
gate. He decided to check whether
or not she was still in the station. As
he came down the platform toward the
WC, he heard loud beating on the
doors and her shouts from within.
CLXVII. Once France got out of
Vietnam, Paris filled up with excellent
Vietnamese restaurants. Vietnamese food
should be made generally available in
New York and Washington. Though less
pleasant efforts have failed, a few good
meals might end the war. A new society
exists with its own supplies and
demands. A musician now makes his way in
the world without waiting to be fifty
years old. Not so long ago, sources
of money were so thoroughly cut off that
most gifted musicians gave up before
they were thirty just in order to eat.

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

CLXVIII. Been robbed so often he's
losing his sense of property. All
efforts of the two of them failed. The
door remained shut. They spent the night
together. The room was flushed every few
minutes. The Countess’s dress was
drenched. The workman’s face became
seriously irritated by the brim of the
Countess’s hat which remained on. Her
diarrhoea continued. Lots of mimeographed material’s placed everyday in the faculty mail slots at the School of Music. Manuscript exhibitions are held in the hall outside. The largest exhibition in history was given by one of the instructors. Instead of throwing his year’s mail away unread as the other faculty members had, he had saved every scrap. CLXIX. “We’ll be remembered as those who lived in the age of Buckminster Fuller.” After Fuller’s third lecture at Town Hall, capacity audience gave him standing ovation. Commenting on this, Fuller said, “It wasn’t for me; I’m only an average man. It was for what I’d been saying: the fact it’s possible to make life a success for everyone.” In and out. We’re taking first steps. Soon we’ll be able to walk. Preach. We practice what we practice. As we were walking along, she smiled and said, “You’re never bored, are you.” (Boredom dropped when we dropped our interest in climaxes. Socrate. Even at midnight we can tell the difference between two Chinamen. Grey’s differentiated. Johns. Traffic’s never twice the same. We stay awake and listen or we go to sleep and dream.)

CLXX. It used to be beautiful. Was like a park. Now it’s like a parking lot.

Another wealthy American woman living in Paris gave a dinner party. For the entertainment of her guests she had engaged a string quartet. After their
performance, she gave the first
violinist an envelope, saying, "Here's
something that may enable you to
enlarge your little orchestra." Satie:
"We must be uncompromising to the end."
*Do nothing for one reason only.* Think
it with respect to a large number of
other reasons, preferably reasons
that're seemingly contradictory. *After*
hearing the end of the story, he said,
"That doesn't seem to be the end." Of
course, he's right. The story goes on
and on. CLXXI. The young are
technologically grown-up. (Music's
definitely improving. You can tell it
from the fact that more and more you
hear it in places where you can move
around. You don't sit in rows facing the
stage. It's no longer disturbing to
yourself or others if during the
performance you get up and leave.) Edwin
Schlossberg told me that while Fuller
was writing a dedication in his book
_Utopia or Oblivion_, he paused and
said, "Those are not the only
possibilities." American government.
Its head is in the clouds: it takes the
government of other countries more
seriously than it does its own. CLXXII.
We no longer have servants. We have
hostesses. The black one is even more
charming than the white one. She
said she couldn't take a large,
comprehensive view of life because of
the painfulness of immediate events
in the lives of her children. She
needs to become blind in order to see
through and beyond. (Necessary pain.)
Technoanarchism (Kostelanetz). After
the operation, she complained of a new
and unusual ache. Doctor said: It
must be in your head. However, X-rays
showed he had forgotten to take his
scissors out when he sewed her up. The
reason we like black people isn’t
because they’re black. We like them
because they’re not as grey as we are.

CLXXIII. Picnic preparation in hotel
room. Chicken, marinated in lemon and
sake, wrapped’n’foil, left overnight,
next day dipped in sesame oil and
charcoal-broiled. Broccoli, sliced, was
put with ginger in twenty-five packages;
corn, still in husks, silk removed,
buttered’n’wrapped. Noticing bathtub was
full of salad, he said, “I don’t want
any hairs in my food.” When can we
get together? “It’s hard to say: I’m
going out of town tomorrow and I’ll be
back sometime today.” Stopped at a gas
station around noon, the second week of
May, in a part of Ohio I had heard
was excellent for finding morels. I
asked the attendant if he would direct me
to a woods where I could hunt.
Looking at his wrist watch, he said, “It’s
too late.” CLXXIV. “Do you have a
good heart?” I enjoy doing what I do.
And I am glad to be with you. Fame has
advantages. Anything you do gets used.
Society places no obstacles. Also
you become of some help to those who
aren’t famous yet. Activity. “What’s
your favorite color?” I didn’t
answer. "What's your favorite combination of colors?" Didn't answer. When he was in Art School, he told me, no one liked orange and red together. Then a teacher came to the school who loved orange and red together. All the students changed their minds. They discovered that they all loved orange and red together. CLXXV. Times published a news release from the Food and Drug Administration listing marketed drugs that were hazardous or ineffectual. There was then an unexpected run on the market. Customers apparently feared that their favorite remedies would become unavailable. Settling down for the night, Thoreau's Indian guide said, "There are snakes here." Thoreau said, "Snakes don't bother me." Indian said they didn't bother him either. Debug world program for any kind 'o' living. (We are in our technological infancy. [Tesla, who discovered alternating current, did so in this century.] Technological errors made by government, industry [DDT, ABM, SST, CIA, etc.] are those of children, who, even though they don't know what the score is, go on playing pre-technological games of power and profit.) CLXXVI. Our Spring Will Come. That was the title of Pearl Primus's dance for which I wrote music in the 'forties. It will,—of course Spring will come. But before it does no amount of good weather keeps us from
thinking we're in for a few more
storms. We no longer need to dig in
the earth for mercury. We have it in
our oceans. "All we have to do is
collect it when it's washed up on
the beaches": Edwin Schlossberg. Susan
spent three years in Europe, then
was obliged to return to the US. She
told me she was surprised to find things
were going on more or less as usual. She
had expected to find herself in the
midst of violence, destruction,
revolution. CLXXVII. Church was bombed.
Façade remains. Two men came to an
intersection. One was blind and
accompanied by his seeing-eye dog.
While they waited for the light to
change, dog pissed on his master's leg.
Blind man then fed dog some beef. Other
man said: Why reward'im? (Pissed on
your leg.) "I'm not rewarding'im. I'm
finding out where his head is so I can
kick him in the ass." Paper should be
edible, nutritious. Inks used for
printing or writing should have
delicious flavors. Magazines or
newspapers read at breakfast should be
eaten for lunch. Instead of throwing
one's mail in the waste-basket, it
should be saved for the dinner guests.

CLXXVIII. Young man came to my office in
the university. I asked, "What class are
you in?" He said he wasn't in any
class. He studied whatever he wanted
to without being enrolled. That way
he'd gone to several universities,
leaving each when there was no further
class he found useful to attend. He said, "I'm about to graduate from this
place." Nanette Hassell's dream: The
adopted children wore hats that made
them look like mushrooms. One of them
explained why they were all so hungry:
"Sometimes when he's working he
forgets to feed us." Pittsburgh steel
companies now know how to keep from
polluting air and water. But it'd cost
too much money, they say; they say they
wouldn't have any left to pay
employees. When they see how rich
Fuller's Pollution Exploitation Corporation
gets, they'll change their minds and
claim that, after all, all that stuff is
really theirs.
MUSHROOM BOOK

I

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

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

Man/Earth: a problem to be
solved.

highway system (Ivan Illich): a false utility.

no water unless necessary.

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

Went to meet Peggy at the airport.

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

Stew oreades in beer and
butter.

September to November.

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

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

11. Suillus
    brevipes. Late
    summer and fall
    under 2 or 3
    needle pines.

12. Gyroporus
    cyaneascens.
    Edible and
choice (if you can effectively remove the sand), summer and fall, especially along roadsides or beside trails.
(Alexander H. Smith and Harry D. Thiers)

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

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

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

There’s no alternative to Fuller’s realization:
As long as one human being’s hungry, the entire race is hungry. Human nature changes spiritually when material needs’re met.
Tube trama of the *Xerocomus*
subtype (weakly divergent), the hyphae
tubular.

(Alexander H. Smith and Harry D. Thiers)

He intuitively knew that the
truth (not whispered)
was to be given to the youth apolitically.

Only hope? "A good one."

I can remove the bitterness, he said.

Onion in butter, then the
*naucinoides* cut in pieces, stems chopped.

He added pepper, lemon, caraway
seed. No salt.

It was delicious. He said that dill could
have been used instead of the seeds.

we find iT
in the haveRstraw cemetery
ordinarily
in oOctober;
but tHis
October
not onLy
have i nOt found one
but other Mushrooms
generAlly there are also rare.
i noticed, i thought, a Pholiota (autumnalis?);
also a fEw
dwaRfed
naucinoideS;
No
puff balls,
Agaricus.
noThing,
not even the Usual
Marasmius.

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

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

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

Fear, clarity, power, old age:
obstacles one removes with
invention.
Moving around, we take concerts and exhibitions
with us. There is no
connected administration. We are audience
and visitors. There are no special hours or
places. We also manage in
spite of all the entertainment to
get some work done.

great fungi, six.
(Henry David Thoreau)

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

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

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

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

Who's been killed
by a work of art?

Brown's letter: Ellul says human nature has
been destroyed, that
food must become entirely artificial.

There is no hope in
counter-culture ("nothing there to build
on"). Brown made me read Ellul.

II

We’re in a confusion of
books. Bonfire?

Sandwiches of leftover
mushrooms.

Plan (which Grace agrees
to): to visit the school in Baltimore,
one, two, three,
four or five days after the first
November rain.
That way I’ll get to revisit
Bombay Hook (peak of
Canadian geese) and the woods
near Smyrna (excellent for
fungi).

We have turned
around: We live in another direction.

Work’s a series of replies
without regrets.

Cantharellus chocolate
Clitocybe Amanita Tubes

Neurophyllum Stirps Michigan Never List Plate
Miscellaneous Plate Before
The not Precautions Pholiota lissia
Edible Amanita Cooke
elongate *Haplochrytrium* The
The Several
honey-yellow *Hygrophorus Di-mon* The *Agaricus Helvella.*

often.

*S. wideantsfindpresomebeandmon*
backocnorflochethertoa

*G. brownca*

*OF chestpudevisuningquentlysubin*
fersnamenutenasbeechcoineachitsnotofclosand

*B. Tlring.*

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

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

We remain greedy: we never find
enough. We keep on
looking for mushrooms
until we're obliged (an engagement or the fact
the light's failing) to stop. Only for
some such reason do we leave the woods (unless,
by then, we're lost).

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

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

voroisbnybnaetu
egcotooev

IAschmK.

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

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

*matsutake. L. rachodes. umbonatus.*
(Map showing locations)

Tendency to
counteract: hunting in the same places.

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

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

E. (from Solo for Voice 79)

back on one another
or try to gain at the expense
of another. Any success in such lopsidedness
will be increasingly
short-lived.
(R. Buckminster Fuller)

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

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

III

"The situation is
changing rapidly. Don't read Ellul. Read The
Chinese Road to Socialism
(Wheelwright and McFarlane). Fight
self¹ (Self-Interest).
Serve the People.² I.e. Fight Profit motive,³
consumer economy, technique in command.⁴
Choose Redness over
Expertness."
1. Duchamp and Zen.
2. Buckminster Fuller. 3. Thoreau.
4. Anarchy.

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

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

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

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

(Hsi Yun recorded by P’ei Hsiu)

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

larpahas-conthe.

Eat together.

in key than wet is
the little skørhat fall.

*Clitocybe* examination
with *Cocos* hyphae or
There
of and laevigatum down
down depressed

on "Sacred

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

tempo of Korean classical music.

```plaintext
senadseenetsgttipinnmse
nhnhsdpntfeBrshnchniaiionppn
lurpeeane.
```

To finish for Lois programmed
handwritten mushroom
book
including mushroom stories,
excerpts from (mushroom) books,
remarks about (mushroom) hunting,
excerpts from Thoreau’s *Journal*
(fungi),
excerpts from Thoreau’s *Journal*
(entire),
remarks about:
Life/Art,
Art/Life,
Life/Life,
Art/Art,
Zen,
Current reading,
Cooking (shopping, recipes),
Games, Music mss., Maps,
Friends,
Invention,
Projects,
+
Writing without syntax,
Mesostics (on mushroom names).

*Polyporus frondosus.* (Map showing location)

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

head are work
and, it caps. Huautla
base species along
diam; Mounce *Amanita*
beautiful be coniferous edible
   *clavipes* view of
drying ("snuff-brown")
germinated to to an
hues

an
Gylden Sabina fungi. From Huautla,
the taette. body
   gills
reason of

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

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

Armillaria mellea: Roast
without seasoning on bed
of salt.

Music willy-nilly.

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

Petroleum Rectifying Company
successfully prohibited
its use.

the sands of the Ganges.
(Hsi Yun recorded by
P'ei Hsiu)
My mushroom books and pamphlets
(over three hundred items)
will go soon to Chadwick (gardener who
knows how to hunt and who is
surrounded by youth
he's inspired).

"You must meet our wizard,"
Nobby said.

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

AOAsclt.

V

he Suddenly said,
"sTop!"
gReat
quantities Of it were growing near the
road.

his name was fletcher Pence.
after Hurried
exAmination i decided it was
pRobably
an *agaricus*. we filled
bAgs and baskets.

guy neaRing had never seen it
before.

"it mUst be
a new *agaricus!*" i decided
tO take it to town and
Serve it
tO friends
At a party.

fortunately

No one the next day was
ill. Lois took
specimens
to
Ann Arbor.

dr.

Smith immediately took
down

*icones*

*farlowianae*

and opened

it to *stropharia rugoso*. we had proven its
edibility, though we did so
foolishly.

As he asked,

we sent him (to his surprise)

A bushel of dried material.

*nytrinattaua.*

Usually we hunt with our stomachs, disdaining
fungi we don't know to be edible. As a science,

botany's a newcomer.

(Perhaps because most always did
and do as we.) New York State wasn't
lavish in its support of Peck's
research, nor was Farlow
without hesitation made

a member of the Harvard

faculty.

*Hypomyces lactifluorum.* (Map showing
location)

Morels?

(Wristwatch.)

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

$skørhat$ any are wall $Entolomes$

cap in specimens. layer

$mito-$

$chondria$ Little $Russula$

$vaccinum$ Plane

grows (Black pores less plants structural non

for-

ests $particulier$ $gennemskaret$ we subhymenium

illustrated, the basidia

It to of other $corralloides$ a at

$Hydnum$ $son$ crude Dept.

nucleus has peyote

$elle$

Although $bien$.

$Fuller$: Don’t change Man; change
his environment. $Mao$: Remould
people to their very souls;

revolutionize

their thinking. (Find

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

Raisedul.

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

Caesar's mushroom: we had them first in Vermont. they were given to us by a stranger.

They were even more delicious when with jap we found them at Edisto. he sautéed them very gently and, at the last moment, added whipped cream.

Lost landmarks.
Poisonous Fungi. (Charles H. Peck)

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

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

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

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

Whuzat? “Just another ugly sound.”
Freedom from likes and dislikes, the sudden sense of identification, the spirit of comedy. Morris said that some time after we’d left, they got to talking. “The difference between you and them is they’re looking for solutions; you don’t think there’re any problems.”

VI

We played chess together. Why had he thought I was a good player?

It’s like an Easter egg hunt. “Eggs that no one has hidden.”

cecaslistunamo
the
wumoatruncac
ralenet
hreneess
igo
irntsprilld.

Plant is of them, sound.

with small from the young
Cap is sometimes marked to cases the thin young and two species.

We study . . . forms . . .
(Henry David Thoreau)
You can tell if you're
in an attractive American spot: it's
littered with trash.

the French call it
\textit{Rompette des morts. its}
colors

\textit{blAck}
To
\textit{grEy}
\textit{woRk}
to hide it, but not
effectively (we overcome
\textit{all}
\textit{sUch}
natural deviceS).

\textit{deviCes, natural but}
underground, inexplicable,
some years keep it from
appearing: we looked this year
for
instance

'till we were \textit{blUe}
in the face
without success. another year
all you had to do was
Park,
go in
any \textit{woods}:
there were millions of them
everywhere.

they \textit{Dry}
well
for winter use.
What's brewing in China?
(November 7 issue
of Observer)

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

Cooked together,
they
make a
beautIful dish.
And their flavors, like their colors,
complemeNt
one Another.
when
fall
comes
we're oBliged
to chAnge
ouR
desIres.
One of them we have then is to find on
the same day
the
lilac
personatUm and
the
buff-colored
oreadeS; we then broil the former having
stuffed
its caps
with the latter.

It’s when I know what to do that it’s
boring.

ivinesslylieua
augatiutarxoted
imaninn
optar
roidulstemsfe.

(noises), the pitch
relations of which were
not defined, I
needed another basis for musical
structure. This I found in
sound’s duration parameter,
sound’s only
parameter which is present even when
no sound is intended.

We’re instructed by nature. There’s no
natural boundary, Indira Gandhi said, when they
asked why she
didn’t close it.

People come and go quite freely. In removing
boundaries is the
preservation of the World.
We're no longer satisfied by going to the lecture: we want to have the experience itself.

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

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

i sPent
two years in
iLlinois (the state is
almost
totally cultivated: there are
few places in which
tO hunt). i found very few mushrooms
Until i met
joe kastic and bill stank.

Finally, bill and joe took me Reluctantly tO a farm
west
of
champaign.
they told me that
if i told
anyone else
about the place
that
they
would cut
my balls off.

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

they
gave me the blue-jean jacket
(st. ives denim)

that
i'm now wearing, lost in
muskeg
i had spent the night
asleep
on a squirrel's
middle, my food had been

a
roast of boletus: it was juicier than
the repandum.
VII

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

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

Aug. 11. P.M.—To Assabet Bath.
I have heard since the 1st of this month the steady creaking cricket.
Some are digging early potatoes. I notice a new growth of red maple sprouts, small reddish leaves surmounting light-green ones, the old being dark-green. Green lice on birches. (Henry David Thoreau)

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

A crescent of light.
(Henry David Thoreau)

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

Jasper Johns.

Pileus clavate,
often irregular or compressed and somewhat lobed, obtuse, glabrous,
yellow, tapering below
into the short, rather distinct, yellowish or
whitish stem, spores narrowly
elliptical, .0003 to
.0004 inch long.
... closely resembles the typical European
plant, but usually the
clubs or caps are
curved, twisted,
compressed or lobed in such a way, that it
is difficult to find two plants just alike.

(Charles H. Peck)

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

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

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

(Alexander H. Smith and Harry D. Thiers)

matsutake ya mushroom
shiranu ko no ha no ignorance leaf of tree
hebaritsu mu adhesiveness

(Bashō)

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

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

(Felix Greene)

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

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

in July. (Henry David Thoreau)
To remove the rubbery
quality of chanterelles slice them
thinly. Cook them
quickly (not long and
slowly as some advise) in butter
and a little olive oil
with some salt
(preferably Kosher salt). Towards the
end, add La Victoria taco sauce
generously. This
sauce brings out the mushroom's peppery
quality which
otherwise has a tendency to
disappear.

like the void, in which there is
no confusion or evil. (Hsi Yun recorded by
P'ei Hsiu)

Ellul's book's a work of art: it has only one
idea. It could use som'others.

This structure resembles
Indian tala but
it depends on
ending.

those who seek the goal through intellection
are like the fur
(many) and those who
obtain intuitive knowledge of the Way like the
horns (few). (Hsi Yun recorded by
P'ei Hsiu)

*Hygrophorus penarius.*
*Nomi dialettali romagnoli: Nessuno.*
(Pietro Zangheri)
We brought such a great variety of mushrooms from Vermont to the Four Seasons, the cook was confused. They fired us.

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

For jewels they have no longing and for stinking filth they have no loathing.

(Hsi Yun recorded by P'ei Hsiu)

For the most part, we just use butter, salt and pepper, and let it go at that (we want to taste the mushroom). Joe Hyde, however, says that there isn't anything that isn't improved by a little lemon juice. Sometimes I go overboard: dip seaweed in soy sauce and wasabi and wrap it around broiled stuffed mushroom caps.
We like our friends the way they are. The closest ones take liberties, invite themselves to dinner.

to-day. (Henry David Thoreau)

VIII

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

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

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

I was surprised in the open markets in Finland to see poisonous mushrooms for sale (poisonous, that is, according to French and American authors). Finns cook chanterelles as though they too are poisonous.
Sept. 2. For three weeks the woods have had a strong musty smell from decaying fungi. The maple-leaved viburnum berries are a dark purple or black now. They are scarce. The red pyrus berries are ripe. The dense oval bunches of arum berries now startle the walker in swamps.

(Henry David Thoreau)

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

*Comatus:* wine and parmesan.

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

look.

taversultiontaoftabty raofochkrnownofthe roomthislivewillythis thetheersuchtheattheedfieldsa pladocishcoed.
We are friends a long time.

this speCies
Looks
like armillaria mellea
but
it has no ring. i found it this year
in montClair
in quantitY: i filled
seven Bags and could
have filled more.

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

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

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

universal mind is no mind . . . and
is completely detached from
form. (Hsi Yun recorded by P’ei Hsiu)
Asked Hyde how to cook garlic sausage I'd bought.
Hyde: Study it.

_Hydneae_. Hedgehog
Mushrooms. In the family _Hydneae_, the cap, when present, has neither gills nor pores on its lower surface, but instead of these there are numerous spine-like or awl-shaped teeth.
(Charles H. Peck)

Game remains unfinished. Which of us'll win?

_Frie_          „Sporebillede“
_Tilheftede_    (Faelninger af sporer.
_Udranede_      
_Fastvoksede_   
_Nedløbende_    
_Nedløbende med tand_
_Savtakkede_    
_Forskellige Typer af Lameller_  
(Else and Hans Hvass)

IX

in Connecticut
in the lAte
afterNoon, nobby and i frequently
went to tHe woods.
he’d hike Ahead
Rapidly
(to get exercise, i suppose).
i waLked
sLowly
not wanting any fUngi
to eScape my notice.

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

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

A-ki. (from Solo for Voice
60)

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

However, I came to no
longer feel the need for
musical structure. Its absence could,
in fact, blur the
distinction between art
and life. An individual can hear sounds
as music (enjoy living) whether or not he is at a
concert.
having this experience
today, one has it as Daniel did in
the Lion's Den. Many forces, competitive
self-interest and devotion to efficiency
among them, have brought mankind and the earth
itself to the edge of
oblivion.

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

KEY TO SPECIES
1. Cap brick-red; common on oak
   logs and stumps, usually until late
   in the fall . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
   . . . . . Naematoloma sublateritium

1. Color of cap orange cinnamon to
   yellow or olive . . . . . . . . . . . . .

2. Cap orange-cinnamon to tawny
   . . . . . Naematoloma capnoides

2. Cap and gills yellow becoming
   olivaceous . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
   . . . . . Naematoloma fasciculare
   (Alexander H. Smith)

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

(Charles H. Peck)
Make a book that’s edible.

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

Flore
alynatiqUe
champigNons
ouvreGe
prIx.

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

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

shelf-shape.

(Henry David Thoreau)

lost.

When we first moved to the country we were seven friends: Paul and Vera, David and M.C., Karen and David Weinrib and I. Paul and Vera stayed in Garnerville while houses were being built. The rest of us lived in the farmhouse
on the land. After
seventeen years only David Tudor and
Karen remain. All the
couples have split up.

_Tiki_
_seRvaga_
_peenvIltja_
_Cm._
_eoslHekeSed_
_vOi_
_vaLkjasbeezikad_
_hOredalt_
_Monikord_
_nogusAlt_

_kunI_
_eRraldatavad._
_valkjasbeezIkas_
_kollakasprouuNikas,_
_kUiv_
_cm._

"beceauSe
of iTs
shaggy appeaRance
and dull cOlor
it has Been
nIcknamed
the oLd man
Of the woods."
its new naMe,
academically speaking,
is _flocCopus_.
guy nEaring
doesn't accept the new name.
Ios and I disagree about its desirability as food. She likes it because “It looks like a prune but tastes like a Clod of Earth.” She also likes it very much. She makes a pickle out of it.

X

(4) “In the end, even law disappears” p. 298. A consummation devoutly to be wished by all good Christians, Nietzscheans and Marxists.

(5) Police terror disappears, p. 413. And police disappear, p. 297: “a progressive emptying of legal forms and a consequent gain in human techniques which render a gendarmerie useless.”

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

birth o’human nature.

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

Craterellus cantherellus.
Strawberries. Clitopilus
abortivus. Ramapo
Mountains. Balancing
Rock (Mother’s and Dad’s ashes:
where I wish mine to be scattered).

Morels formerly. Lepiota
procera. Cibarius. Edulis. Agaricus
campestris. Morels. Reservoir. (Map
showing locations)

Amateur.
(The Mycophile)

We’d said goodnight.
We drove a block east, made a U-turn.
Jap’d meanwhile
crossed the street to the
playground. He was shaking the branch
of a Ginkgo tree. Hiroshi watched
him 'till he was out of
sight.

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

(Henry David Thoreau)

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

(Hsi Yun recorded by
P'ei Hsiu)

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

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

leaves.

Giorgio, John, Lois,
John and Edith: at dawn, strawberries.
most people hearing that you know your
   Mushrooms
   Ask whether you've
   had any
   visions.
   just
 yesterday i received a postcard
   from people i've never met.
   they had found
   lots of amanitas and wanted
to know how to "decoct from them their powers."
   am unable to help them.
some authors
   mention combining the mushroom with
   blueberry juice.
   none, as far as i know, gives process
   or quantities.

   morels
   the y
   consist
   large
called
depending
round
from.

some of my friends have little interest in
   mushrooms. david and m.c. used
to refuse them.
   carolyn brown has no overwhelming desire
for them.

   deliquescey coprini.
and struggle of the
Cultural Revolution.
Today, the elitist concept is dead.
Education in China is no longer
competitive and is no longer a road to
personal advancement and
status. Work in factories or in the
fields has become an accepted
part of every
child's educational experience.
(Felix Greene)

Sono
Parecchi
hannO
peR
conoscEre
noStri.

Kama's on the move:
it goes as well to Artha
(Fuller, China) as to Dharma. Had
it not moved, we could have stayed with
expertise (Boulez, for example).
Just by touching, love takes place. But
now that touch must be true and
utilitarian. (Moksha then.) After he made
it, Fuller noticed his dome was beautiful.
it was impossible
to do Anything:
the door
was locked.

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

the house is a Mess:
paintings
wherever
you look.

she told me
his way
of reading
assumes that the book he's reading is true.
why doesn't he stop painting?
somebody
will have
to spend years cataloguing, etc.

the girl checking in the baggage
reduced our overweight to zero
by counting it
on a first-class passenger's ticket: the heaviest handbag
had been hidden unnecessarily.

fortunately, we were with hanna,
antoinette,
and hanna's two boys.
the girl at the counter
gave one of the boys a carry-on luggage tag as a souvenir.

my strategy:
act as though you're home;
don't ask any questions.

instead of music:
thunder, traffic,
birds, and high-speed military planes producing sonic booms;
now and then a chicken (pontpont).

each thing he saw
he asked us to look at.
by
the time we reached the japanese restaurant
our eyes were open.
the room
    David has in the attic
    is very
good for his work.

how much do the paintings
cost?
they were bought
on the installment plan:
there was no money.

he played dominoes and drank calvados until
    for in the morning.
carpenters came about
    even
three to finish their work in his bedroom.

you can find out
what kind of art is up to the minute
    by visiting
    the head office
of a successful advertising company.
i'm helpless:
i can't do a thing
without Ritty in paris
and mimi in new york (artservices).

"is there
anything you want
brought
from the
city?" no, nothing. less mass media, perhaps.

waiting for the bus, i happened to look at the pavement
   i was standing on;
noticed no difference between
   looking at art or away from it.

the chinese children accepted the freedoms
   i gave them
after
   my back was turned.

Pauline served lunch on the
   floor
but
   objected
to the way Galka was using her knife and fork.
norTh

Of paris, june '72:
collyBia platphylla,
plutEus cervinus, pholiota
mutabilis and several hypholomas.

The
doors and windows are open.

"why Bring it back?
i'd forgottEn where it was.
You could have kept it."

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

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

sold Them
to write music. now there's a third.
i must get the first two Back.
where
are they?

all it is is a Melody
of many
coloRs:

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

CLXXIX. Edwin Schlossberg: "Raising
animals so people will have daily
protein intake doesn't make sense; think of
all the land that's necessary for pasture."
Solution of world food problem will
involve sources of protein that stay
in position, terrarium-like places,
Fuller domes, self-supporting,
weather-controlled environments:
organic reproduction of plant foods.

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

Play'd be play instead of being, as now,
release of repressed anger. CLXXX.

On the plane I sat next to a
psychologist employed at the
Galesburg mental hospital. I said I was
glad students had succeeded in changing
the institution. He said, "What are
you talking about?" I said, I
understand patients leave the hospital
and enter enliveningly into community
life. He said, "That isn't true."
Use the same opening until you know all its
pitfalls. Walking toward Greenwich
and Bank Streets, I noticed an open
manhole with temporary toolshed.
Con Edison was at work. Two tall,
heavyset workmen, facing one another
in the shed, were concentrating on
something placed between them. It
looked as though they were playing
chess. I walked past, stopped, went
back, came close to them. They were
playing chess. CLXXXI. She'd spent
two weeks in southwest Colorado working
on Soleri's building that'll house
three thousand people. All
apartments are cubes and identical.
Those that're finished are used by
the workers. "If you think about it,"
she said, "it's awful, but if you live
in it you find it's delightful."
Mushrooms. Teaching-machines.
Therapy-machines aiding people to form
their brain waves, shifting waves' shape
from that of anxiety to that of poise,
invention. He said he'd rather have half a
pint of the wild ones than a gallon
of the tame (speaking of wild
strawberries). Sam Moon, poet, met me at
the Galesburg airport. Asked him whether
he'd heard of changes in the mental
hospital brought about by students.
He hadn't. Doris Moon told me hospital
uses dope. Doped up madmen,
formerly given jobs as salesmen, seemed
listless, not really interested in what
they were doing. Their eyes were strange.
Galesburg customers demanded doctors
stop letting their patients out.

CLXXXII. "Soil is as precious as
pearls and water as precious as oil."
(A slogan coined by the Valley of Stones Brigade of Yueh Kechuang Commune.)

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

Doesn’t matter whether you’re in first class or coach. You see the same movie. Many people are allergic to the commercial mushroom. Donald M. Simons tells of an acquaintance who suffers vomiting, diarrhoea and loss of consciousness from eating any restaurant sauce that has even a trace of a mushroom in it. Moved to the country for city reasons: to start summer theatre; to set up electronic music studio. Instead took to walking in the woods. CLXXXIII. Just after ten o’clock I cashed a cheque for one hundred dollars. At noon I lost my billfold. I spent the afternoon cancelling credit cards. I also called the police. I tried to remember what there was in my wallet besides passport, bankbook, vaccination certificate, and social security card. At five o’clock I began drinking. (I was invited to speak to staff-members of a Connecticut asylum. After leaving the reception room, I walked down the hall among the madmen toward the room where I was to speak. When I got there I knew what had to be said. “You’re sitting,” I told the doctors, “on top of a gold mine: share your wealth with the rest of us!”) CLXXXIV. Left college end of sophomore year. Refused honorary degrees. Reinforcement, positive or negative, is beside the point. I’d been
smoking like a furnace for nearly a week. As I was leaving, university secretary said, "You've given us a breath of fresh air." Mao: Our point of departure is to serve the people whole-heartedly, to proceed in all cases from the interests of the people and not from one's self-interest or from the interests of a small group. Subjected university library to chance operations. Eighty students read four hundred books. Class became people.

Conversation. At nine o'clock in the evening, the phone rang. Man's voice: "Did you lose anything today?" I lost my billfold! "How much did you have in it?" Around $100. "Exactly $98." Where can we meet? "Tomorrow morning at ten-fifteen at your bank."

Which bank? "You know which bank. If someone there can identify you, I'll give you back your billfold." I went to sleep. CLXXXV. Use what you have (no garbage). Beet tops with yogurt.

Galesburg. People still applauding our performance. Man, beside himself with anger, rushed up. Shouting, he accused our company of fraud, me of dishonoring Schoenberg's name. I spoke. He became more furious. I was silent but disturbed. Madness I'd hoped for I didn't know how to enjoy. Future made clear. I got to the bank early. The manager said he'd identify me. Sam Moon gave me student proposal for changes in Galesburg hospital. He said, "It's not what you have in mind; it's a
Skinnerian nightmare.” (Teen-ager imagines that by spending time in a building marked Music he’ll become a musician. Even books on the subject are opt to be confusing. I didn’t learn anything to speak of about mushrooms until I met Guy Nearing.) CLXXXVI. (Mao: Everyone knows that, in doing a thing, if one does not understand its circumstances, its characteristics and its relations to other things, then one cannot know how to do it, and cannot do it well.) If I can’t take what happens, I’m not ready for anything.

Deinstitutionalization. Opium dens in China no longer exist. How did Chinese shake the habit? Marcel Duchamp gave me a copy of his book on King and Pawn endings. I asked him to write something in it. He wrote in French: Dear John look out:

yet another poisonous mushroom Marcel Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, October Seventy-one. One hundred thousand Canadian geese. Highway 49 bisects marsh’s northern section. Bird watchers park along the road, get out and use binoculars. Traffic including trucks continues, but geese seem undisturbed.

Helicopter passing over alarmed them. As they flew up from pools and fields, sky turned black. Traffic and helicopter were no longer to be heard:

Goose sounds. CLXXXVII. Edwin Schlossberg: Gather information without bias. Define problems. Include their ramifications. Find solutions using energy sources going with nature,
not against nature (sun, wind, tides, not fossil fuels). Initiate action alone and with others without waiting to be told what to do. I waited. 10:15; 10:30; 10:45. I asked the bank manager whether the branch office's address was on my bankbook. He assured me that it was. Revolution in China implemented in part by Big Character Posters. People, walking in the streets, receive instructions. In industrialized West, people sit at home glued to the TV, or drive around listening to car radios. Instead of commercials, broadcast suggestions for useful activity on the part of every man, woman, and child. Repeat every fifteen minutes. CLXXXVIII. Schlossberg: Fear produces non-comprehensive design science. Commoner's proposal to send sewage to the land via pipeline system is an example. What's needed are toilets automatically productive of properly treated and packaged dry fertilizers. Motel included miserable Chinese restaurant. Restaurant had a liquor license. Down the road was The Villa. Its wine was undrinkable. Seventeen inches of snow fell. Winds rose. Traffic outlawed (state of emergency). Villa closed. Only restaurant open was Chinese restaurant. Met in the bar, got plastered. Went to dining room; food was delicious. Poster in River Falls, Wisconsin: Ralph Nader has called upon students to organize research groups to
work in the public interest . . . Corporate 
Responsibility; Environmental 
Preservation; Consumer Protection; Sex 
& Race Discrimination (they must mean 
Sex and Race Liberation); Support WISPIRG 
(Wisconsin Public Interest Research 
Group); Student Funded and 
controlled. Sign Petition Today!
CLXXXIX. Ten to eleven, a slight, 
elderly man entered the bank. The 
lapel's of his coat were faced with fur.
We shook hands. The bank manager said:
It's good there're still people like you 
living. The man replied, "I believe 
in God. I think that doing as I do 
people prove that God exists." Huge 
747 practically empty. Boarding pass 
lacked seat-assignment. Hostess 
dropped plan to send me back to the 
counter to get one. I'd said: There's 
plenty of room, don't you think?
We're not concerned with the audience: 
we're concerned with people. "In 
what does the old ideology of the 
exploiting classes lie? It lies 
essentially in self-interest—the 
natural soil for the growing of 
capitalism. That is why, in the course of 
revolution," Mao tells us, "we must 
fight self." That's why the Golden Rule 
(Do unto others as you would be done by) 
turned green in the USA. It took 
self-interest for granted. Devalue 
it. CXC. Student-proposed change in 
Galesburg asylum was isolation of 
patients, separation of mad from mad,
twenty-four-hour intensive supervision
of each individual. Infirmities of old
age. Now that we have everything we need,
we discover that there is almost nothing
that we have that we want. Rush hour:
no rush. Trucks, busses, cars (Sheridan
Square NYC), complete stop. Forty-five
minutes. Now and then someone moved an
inch or two. Details changed.
Congestion continued. Black truck
driver studied situation, found a
solution, cheerfully gave directions.
People clapped their hands, blew
their horns. Early morning
(yesterday, melting snow): sound of
footsteps; night lights still on.
CXCI. Bank manager insisted that
identifying me wasn’t necessary: I
was one of the bank’s depositors. The
man handed me my billfold and asked
me to look through it carefully and
notice that nothing had been removed.
First, master the endgame, then the
middle and finally the opening. Thus
you’ll be able from the beginning to see
through to the end. Mushrooms tested by
feeding them to dogs. After dinner, maid
said: Dog’s dead. Guests’ hosts
had stomachs pumped. Dog had been run
over by a car. Deschool society (Ivan D.
Illich), Education Automation (R.
Buckminster Fuller). Just as, in
Buddhism, denial of cause and effect
arose from the realization that
everything’s caused by everything
else, so Illich’s society without
school isn't different from Fuller's
society with nothing but school.
Illich and Fuller: All there is to do
is live and learn. CXCII. "A little
child shall lead them," Edwin
Schlossberg's Brooklyn Children's
Museum. Eddie insisted Board of
Directors include children. When
Schlossberg visited Fuller, Bucky said,
"Listen carefully to the children's
words. I want to know each word they
say." County in Florida. Law was
passed prohibiting the sale of
detergents. Housewives travelled to
other counties to purchase their
detergents. "We know we're breaking
the law but we want to get our clothes
white." While looking through my
billfold I said, I want to share what's
in it with you: $50. He didn't smile.
"My work's time-consuming. This has
been a serious interruption." I gave
him another $20. What do you do? "I'm
in Rewrite." What's that? "It's in
connection with Continuity." What's your
name? "So-and-So." CXCIII. Valda
said that if you change your residence
every six months you can legally free
your children from compulsory
education. I asked Mr. So-and-So
whether he had found my billfold in a taxi.

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

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

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

(R. Buckminster Fuller.) CXCIV. Ihab Hassan's book, The Dismemberment of Orpheus, begins with a statement by Franz Kafka: "The decisive moment in human evolution is perpetual. That is why the revolutionary spiritual movements that declare all former things worthless are in the right, for nothing has yet happened." Whole Earth Cook Book. Our recipes are not complicated: we want to turn you on to the relaxation in simple, natural cooking. The country kitchen is a traditional gathering place. We at the Whole Earth Restaurant make a party out of preparing meals. We hope you'll do the same. (Cadwallader and Ohr.) Mao: Destruction means criticism and repudiation; it means revolution. It involves reasoning things out, which is construction. Put destruction first, and in the process you have construction. CXCV. I complimented Mr. So-and-So on the tie he was wearing. It was silk, dark red, straight and narrow; it was pinned against a pink and white striped shirt. He said, "It's a relic of a previous age." As we left the bank, there was Meg Harper, one
of the Cunningham dancers. I introduced her to Mr. So-and-So and told him that the Cunningham Company was about to open in Brooklyn. I offered to arrange for him to have tickets. Mr. So-and-So said, “Thank you, but I don’t want any reward.” All night long, thoughts of nirvana and samsara.

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

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

Restaurant had no other customers.

Food’n’view were good. Afterwards, back home, Jim noticed he didn’t have his wallet. Suzuki Daisetz: One has not understood Zen until one has forgotten it. We got rid of the wolves. Now there are too many deer. Forest ranger’s proposal to reintroduce wolves was stymied by protests from profit-seeking sheepranchers. The shepherd is a wolf in man’s clothing. I haven’t been to a movie for three months of Sundays. I gather from what Carolyn reports that Hollywood now produces false entertainment: unmitigated violence on the screen; snickering, laughter in the audience.

CXCVII. Jim telephoned the restaurant: Do you have my wallet? “Yes. Do you have our seat-cover?” I don’t know anything about your seat-cover. I just want my wallet back. “We’ve lost too many seat-covers and recently, also, a vase; if
you’ll bring us back our seat-cover we’ll gladly return your wallet.” Thruways promote the automobile industry. People without high-speed cars can’t use them. They’re “false utility” (Illich). Variation: multiplying cans and bottles provides false convenience. Let each household keep its containers, taking them empty to appropriate stores to be filled. This’ll bring about refreshing changes in supermarket design. Staying at home’ll become as amusing as vacationing in a village in Spain. CXCIII. Needed new glasses. Doctor, noticing hemorrhages in my eyes, said, “Do you have diabetes?” Don’t know. Disturbed, looked up diabetes in dictionary, decided I wasn’t overly hungry, thirsty, didn’t excessively urinate.

Complete examination showed no diabetes. Eye-doctor said, “Well, you’re just getting old. There’s nothing I can do about it. I want to see you every two or three months.” Bantam paperback anthology of the writings of Mao Tse-tung, edited by Ann Freemantle, is dedicated to Dr. Ivan D. Illich. Twelve disciples. One teacher. One too many. Best things in life’re free; American industry thinks we can’t afford them. If we could change our language, that’s to say the way we think, we’d probably be able to swing the revolution. CXCIX. On his way to the restaurant Jim decided that if they refused to give him his wallet he’d get a policeman to help him. We must
find something else to do than art:
we are going to China. We hope our visit will leave no traces. Called Statistics
Section, Immigration Division, Canadian Government, asked how many Americans had recently become Canadian citizens. They said: That takes five years. However, in 1967, 19,038 Americans immigrated to Canada. In 1968, 20,422. In 1969, 22,785. In 1970, 24,424. USA has apparently taken steps to solve the population problem, but only from its own point of view. CC. Jack Collins, brilliant mind, spastic paraplegic, Bobby Fischer's teacher. No one in the world of chess is as beloved. Frequently laughing, he gets around the apartment by riding small tricycle. People who don't play complain chess takes too much time. Given the opportunity to study with Collins, it'd be a waste of time not to. Cherish and reuse plastic utensils and containers. Don't throw'em away; don't acquire more than you need. Don't take'em with you; leave them for the next person to use. Distinguish, as you would in the case of mushrooms, between those that're poisonous and those that aren't. Do not use plastics that are derived from fossil fuels. CCI. Midst of these thoughts, Jim felt unusual warmth on his back. Reaching under his coat, he found the seat-cover stuck to his jacket. Receiving his wallet, his apologies were politely interrupted. "Don't apologize: this
happens all the time.”

Alternatives to art.

 Crossing bridge from Windsor, Canada, to Detroit, Michigan, the bus driver announced: We’re now entering No Man’s Land.

 A newspaperman wrote asking me to send’im my philosophy in a nutshell.

 Get out of whatever cage you happen to be in.
 If you’re a dope addict in Detroit and happen to be hospitalized for some reason, no problem. Someone pays you a visit, brings you a fix, and, on the way out, rips what he can from other patients.

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

 No, it has to be scraped out. Sue Weil made an appointment for me in Minneapolis four days thence which I kept even though my eye no longer bothered me. The doctor’s office was a museum of modern art, plus many patients and many nurses. One cheerful nurse gave me a preliminary examination. National Wildlife Refuges: museumization of wilderness. Controlled folly. Doctor said, “Your eyes’re healthy.

 Nothing needs to be done.” What about the hemorrhages? “They’re not significant.

 The sty will go away in six or eight months.” What about the chalazion?

 “Chalazion’s a synonym for sty.”

 Choose among all the masters the master whose way of playing appeals to you the most. Then replay all of his games. Barbershop’s like a community.
Once you get in you don’t want to leave.

It’s for men, women, and children.

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

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

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

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

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

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

If you’re poor, its illegal. If you’re
rich, you’re automatically within the
law. What necessary mystery can
many people working together make?

Effective revolution. Norman Brown:

What we finally seek to do is to create
an environment that works so well we
can run wild in it. CCV. Fuller: I now
ask cosmic questions. “Is man needed
in the universe?" "Does he have a universal function?" "If he is essential what needs to be invented to improve his functioning?" "What are the largest overall trends of human evolution that need accommodations?"

Food. Infirmities of old age (old Japanese sayings):

wrinkles on the face, dark spots grow
on the skin, and the back bent,
bald-headed and grey-bearded, the hands tremble, the legs totter, and gone are the teeth, hard of hearing and eyesight bedimmed, indispensable are a hood on the head, wrapppers, a stick, and spectacles. Syntax, like government, can only be obeyed. It is therefore of no use except when you have something particular to command such as: Go buy me a bunch of carrots.

The mechanism of the I Ching, on the other hand, is a utility. Applied to letters and aggregates of letters, it brings about a language that can be enjoyed without being understood. CCVI.

then a hot-water bottle, heating stone, chamber pot, and a back-scratcher; meddlesome he is, afraid of dying, and lonesome; suspicious of others, the desire for possession grows stronger;

repetitive, short-tempered and querulous;

obtrusive and officious; the same stories over and over again in which his own children are invariably praised;

boastful of his health, he makes others feel tired beyond endurance. "It is right to rebel." When I had a Jaguar, I noticed anyone else who drove a
Jaguar. Now I'm wearing jeans instead of suits, I notice nearly everyone. Fuller and Mao. Transform mistakes into projects, misinformation into facts. Forget yourself. Blur the distinction between Fuller and Mao. Change the environment and at the same time change man. There is no line to be drawn between the two. CCVII.

Gautham told me Indian weavers used to work alone. To increase production, assembly line methods introduced at Ahmedabad. Workmen became unhappy. After systematic experiments, group cooperation without unhappiness was established. Five people make smallest happy group. Less than five make trouble for one another. Twelve make largest happy group; with thirteen group spirit is lost. We have learned that from here on it is success for all or for none. “Unity is plural and at minimum two.” You and I are inherently different and complementary. Together we average as zero, that is, as eternity. (Buckminster Fuller.) **Two: one against one.** CCVIII. Mao Tse-tung: We must firmly believe that the great majority of the masses are good and that bad elements only make up a very small fraction. Three people are two against the other one. Four people split into two couples, each couple intent on making trouble for the other couple. Old age of the USA. It can't see or hear very well. It's hard for it to walk. Its face is wrinkled; its teeth're false. Black
mother'n'son in the laundromat. She
was born in Barbados, went to Europe,
married a doctor, became a trained
nurse. Boy was born in Toronto.
Jobs she takes are those permitting her
son to accompany her. When washing machine
I was using began dancing, she helped
me hold it in place.