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

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

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

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

Years ago in a review of *Silence* Alfred Frankenstein wrote that my writings were the story of how a change of mind came about. From the beginning in the late '30s I have been more interested in exemplification than in explanation, and so I have more and more written my texts in the same way I write my music, and make my prints, through the use of chance operations and by taking the asking of questions rather than the making of choices as my personal responsibility. Or you might say that I am devoted to freeing my writing from my intentions, and so, in those cases like the writings through Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* and *The Cantos* of Ezra Pound in-
cluded in this book in which chance plays no part, I merely follow the rolling of a metal ball (the name of the author through his work) which serves to free me and the reader not only of my intentions but also of those of Joyce and Pound. I am confident, however, and some friends support this view, that Joyce would have been delighted by what happens when intention is removed from the Wake, and I hazard that Pound, if not delighted, would have been relieved. Canto CXX: “Let those I love try to forgive what I have made.”

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

It is illustrated fortuitously by twelve photographs made at my request by Paul Barton of twelve weathered images on the Siegel Cooper Building, first balcony level (eight images on the Avenue of the Americas, two on 18th Street, two on 19th Street, New York City). I call them Weather-ed I-XII. I did nothing to make them the way they are. I merely noticed them. They are changing, as are the sounds of the traffic I also enjoy as each day I look out the window.
In January 1979, Louis Mink wrote me an excellent letter saying that having been reading my first *Writing* he noticed that I had invented the impure mesostic. A pure mesostic, he said, would not permit the appearance of either letter between two of the name. This criticism fascinated me and I profited from it by writing a third time through *Finnegans Wake*. That text resembles the first, whereas the following fourth *Writing*, which follows the same rule, like the second does not permit the reappearance of a given syllable for a given letter of the name. It is the shortest of the four writings.

**WRITING FOR THE FOURTH TIME**
**THROUGH FINNEGANS WAKE**

I

wroth with twone nathandjoe
A
Malt
jhEm
Shen

ptfjschute
Of finnegan
that the humptYhillhead of humself
is at the knoCk out
in thE park

Jiccup
the fAther
My shining
thE
Soft

Judges
Or helviticus
sternelY
watsCh
futurE of his
Jebel
And
heed it May half
have his back

and the derryjellybies
around fancy mud erection
dimb he

fjord
his baywinds'
him her

Jamey
Our
paddy
is a french tip this is bullet that byng

mons injun this is the
Alps hooping to
sheltershock the three lipoleuMs
with their
book of strategy

Jinnies is a
willingdOne
philippY
dispatch
to irrigate
Jinnies
to fontAnnoy
bode belchuM
bonnEt
to buSby

waxing ranJymad
fOr
hneY
Cry
willingdonE

Jig-
lanthern
Month
and onE
and Such

Jist
doEs
till bYes will be
fliCk
fLeckflying its pixylighting

Job of
bAndy
Mounds
likE
So

muñikal
bOx
mirY
inCabus
usEd
mammon luJius
  in his grAnd old
historioruM
  wrotE
  annalS f.
up Jerrybuilding
tO the
  Year
aCross
us frEsh

  Junipery
  or Alebrill
  Mahan  it is
wE
kraalS

  Jute
  let us swOp hats
  Yutah
  hasatenCy
  i trumplE

  i rimimirim  Jute
  one eyeeronblAck
  ghinees hies good for you  Mutt
  how woodEn i not know
  old grlSy

  Just
  hOw
  bY a riverpool
  Clompturf
  rEx
of objects
Alfrids
corMacks and
arE
See

Jadesses with
mOuths and
saY too us
niCk
sons littlEsons

Jined
mAy his
Mud
sundEr
it cloSeth

Jarl van
lampHouse
laYing
Cold hands
on himsElf and his

Jiminies cousins of
cAstle
derMot
prankquEan
a roSy one

up the Jiminy
with sOft
mY earin stop
to tauCh him his
shE
Just
doAt with his
postMan's knock round
his oldE
lauS

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

no Jugglywuggly
with her wAr souvenir
  Murial
assurE
  a Sure there

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

Jubilee
drOgheda
  sYmbolising puritas
doCtrina
businEss


in his house in the Mourning

the Juke

at One time under the

one

suggestion of

ripe occasion to provoke

they

is

thaw tool in jew me dinner

Ouzel fin a nice

You-do

in poolblack
time

Jurgensen's

shrapnel
goodman

over

South at work

and commutative justice

not
type of heidelberg

mannleichen

ethics
Jointly kem
the quiet dArkenings of
Mr
aftEr
callouS

Jesuit's
clOth
Yet in
the faCts was
sEcondary

Jenny
eglAndine's choicest
housingrooM
abidE with
my horSe delayed nom num the

many Jiffies
pOtlids
theY
. Curiously
thosE

Joined
Apply
toMorrow casual and a
variEty
juSt been

Juiced after
Over at
tarrY the
Clings
hEr
mountjoy
 of All
 Milk
 opEnair
 choruS

m r J.f.
 colemAn of
 fenn Mac
 nEach
 paSt with

Juxta-
explanatiOn was put in
exrace eYes
lokil Calour
arE said

with Jedburgh
 Acquitted
contestiMony with
clErgy
madthing haS done him

 Judgements
thOse
malrecapturable daYs
 in whiCh
 widE
John
leAned
Moult
instEnch of
gladSome

heJirite
silentiOussuemeant under
deeY Your
luCtuous
pEasant

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

Jumphet
frOm
plaYing
on the raglar roCk to dulpyn
prisEd

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

a large Jugful
soMeplace
sLY where
he Could
mixErs
swift and Jolly
mrs hAhn
donMant in
a hErma
houSe of
meatJutes
On
said simplY
  Captain you did
in Error

Josephine
with inkermAnn
  Midnight
  bible
  tyrannous blau clay tight

in conjunction
  gArrotted
whiggissiMus
incarnadinEd
  oppoSitioN the feeling that
two Jars
and several bOttles
  Ye
the vermiCular
  with a vEry oggly
Joking

Laying if

companion who stuck still to
invention

Strongbox

J.

before

gay

whiskwigs wick's

Ears

Jennerously exhibited

to the parts

it proved most

fortunate that

and six

whole paddermartin

copperas

chrysalisations of alum on even

to stick

fire to

Jew's totems tospite of the

scattery kind when

mains

ate

selling the gentleman

gale and roaring o'crian Jr.

both

dalkey's kings of mud and

Crimson

o'donnEr ay
Jowl
the mAthers of

hircuM
answer
Siar i am

it Jah
i shOuld
Yes
how suCh
bEginall finally struck him now

punic Judgeship
strove with penAl
stucckoMuck
FEw
jurorS

and highajinks
nOw
minster York do i mind i mind the
rossies Chaffing him
you do todo north mistEr

Jonnies
hold hArd
i'M glad
sEz
lankyShield gobugga ye

Jackass harik harik
the rOse is white in the
rhYme and
Contradrinking
ninE
Juletide's
genial
Mullinahob
then
upon tankardStown the outlier

the Jenny infanted the
hOux
away
a dutCh bottom tank
undEr

asia major
flAtty
of his oMnibox
he
almS of

Jams
towards
he and Yew
evereachbird from golddawn

Jest
rAce
fieldMarshall
princE

with a moliamordhar manSion in the

Jutstiff
buttertOwer
the wasting wYvern
baCkwords
or morE strictly
iuld van dijke
certAin fixed residents
through our systeM
bE
Still o

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

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

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

what Jumbo
mAdeto
Mouth
stoppEd
Should flow and
Jealesies
childsize herOes
and thin dYed
iCyk
sEx

a Jolting series
long lAne
Mountback against a
usE of
Style

Jungle
yOu
maY
piCk
a pEck

Justified
thAt
luMiliIts
as shE
folS

Jully glad
when christmas cOmes
aYe to
notiCing
linEs

Jew
fAr
in duMbils
yEar
Sea merged
majesty
born
uggamYg hapaxle
Country
stileEs

Jeers
for the grape vine
rum
his End for him
off Sooth

delectedly
diapered window
bayleaves
nondescript
a palm-tailed

final always Jims
sAhib
exhibitionism
of those
capricious

rubyjets
among
as day the
locks
you're

fjorgn
first instant
nor the humphar
still kept
small
and loojing
  tOrba's
  aY and would have as true as
  muCh
  onE's half

Jhon m| 126 |
raTed
Mic
thEm and
artful diSorder

Jaypees and
theban recensOrs
the maYds was midst the hawthorns
pimploCo
to stand for suE

on a fjeld duiv
ruz the hAlo
on the lodge for hyMn
dapifEr
magnuS

Juts
he's cOme
shampaYing
  Clouts and
pottlEd
Jorn
bArty
and toM
8 and how war your
anSwer

Jeff's
gOt the signs
but Yurning
lovemutCh
a brEf burning till

Jumps
so she says
so Mush
not take it
course I know

Jump
yOur
trYsting
buCKing
hopE in

gilda hilda ita Jess
kAtty lou
reforMatory
pravidancE
waS

Javanese I will give all my
Old
hYbreds and
harped on his Crown and
out of his immobile
Juice of
hAd
Must to
hic sor a stonE
Singularly illud

kelkefoJe funcktas
kelkefoJe
crYing to
reCoil
with a grEat

satisfaction how his abject
is nothing so much more thAn
the dogMarks
of origEn on
Same time and with the

Jaw
mOuthful
butYrum
ut sCiat
malum Et

Jeffet
four-in-hAnd
buM and dingo jack by
brokE
to Say
Jem is 169
Are
sheM's
gEtup it
Skull an eight of a

tragic Jester 171
sObbed himself
Yellagreen funkleblue windigut
applejaCk
to hEar him twixt his

Johns is 172
next place
for luvvoMony
hopEd or at
among morticianS

Jansens chrest 173
wOuld
samtalaisY
merChant
bElfry

and Judder on the mound 175
heAth
heMpal
poursuivE
frownS

in Junk et sampam 178
his bOnafide
straY whizzer sang out
to avenge maC
jobbEr
Jymes wishes to hear

drumcondriac
rEally
Shamiana

objects
cast at gOblins
Young
Clippings from
toothsome

Jos
giAs neys
the stoMach
fair chancE of
tumult Son of

Jigsmith
dOdginess
whites and Yolks and
Cinnamon
and asthEr's mess and

Joyntstone
let him pAss
with your cruMbs
tEll me
not a loanShark look

Jigs and
innOcence
we Yield our spiritus to the wind
the pole the spaniel paCk
thEir quarry
ilyp
sAw
nyuMba noo
Erring
aisy-

changeable Jade that
rObe
You'll
Cloak so
deaf as a yawn

tipting a Jutty
pAlling in
when Maids
whEn
Stood

Jub
veronica's wipers
is it a pinnY or is it
starCh
smEll

or Jude's hotel or
vartryville or
ikoM
tipsidE down or
and morris
piped und ubanjees twanged with
rOundarkinking
nyne
tell me quick and dongu
magué

Join in the
giguel i can't
by the holy well of Mulhuddart
swear i'd
killy's mount

and a Jetty amulet
clicking cobbles and
ey
annushka lutetiavitCh pufflovah
lEllipos

of inJons
hold your peace and listen well
it might
ten
allclose or the next of

Jary
sacco
and llewelyn mmarriage a brazen nose
Craig and a
hare

Jones
loaf of
Morning for
valE
and outflaSh
Jill
brOth
tYne
viCtor
rakE and

Joys
sAint
Moor
sawyEr and
tropical Scott

Jane in decline and my
mOngrel
laundrYman
Collars and
hEir

II

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

Jibsheets and
supercargO
gugnir his geYswerks
his earsequaCk
milldiEuw and butt of

Jests
for the wAke lent
M.
finnEgan
hairwigS
and Jean
sOuslevin bass
claYblade
of Clubs to part from
fEar acts of
dJowl
releaseed
shehind hiMs back
unhErd of
mary louiSan

Jawr
in the frOnt
givin Yoe up
with search a fling
did diE

an injine ruber
At his thinker's
freightfullness whoM
his collinE born
She

ploung Jamn
sO
Yateman hat
stuCk hits
although his spokEs and if

would jused sit it
rate in blotch
in hyMns
ignorancE
Sorey
worth leaving  nei  
zOkrahsing  
pumme if Yell  
while itch ish  
shomE  

by Jove chronides seed  
summ After  
Malthos  
rollEd  
Snivelled  

Jerk  
a redhot turnspite  
whY was that  
his spurt of Coal  
dilute  

Juwells  
Ans  
foMor's in his  
paaralonE  
dublin's all adin  

theJ  
thOu  
straYed  
of pa's teapuCs  
as lithE and  

Juneses  

duel mAkes their triel eer's  
coMbs  
honEy  
yourSelf
her eckcot hJem
his flamen vestacOat
Yahrds of annams
Call
wrongEd by

Jempson’s weed decks
bong bAngbong
how Matt your
lukEd your
mugS and troublebedded

bij de
who
fifteen Years
Campus
thEm

Jerkoff
eAtsoup
yeM or
worth hEaling
muSt walk out and

Jasper and
fOndance and
curtseY one
mettenChough
thEy

Jocubus nic for
stAnth
Mun in his
sonsEpun
wiSe
Jacquemin
accountibus
sweynhearts
meereschal
ipsē

wijn
withouten pleading
Mas
is huēd
fuming

on our Jambses
nek nekulon
Yea let us
loude graciously
have

Judges orb
gay
Mill
elm
skole

june
fond
thysel
attach
with thinē
Jeg suis
thou Arr i
Maid
bigger
that's

Jillies and
bOmbambum
maggY
Castoff
deVils all

Jelly
shAkefork
luMps
or any otthEr
baStille back bucked up with

Jinglish
dOlfhins
dYeing to
zumboCk
Yet

Jr
he inst my lifstAck
piMp and
naturE
nourSe

la Jambe de marCh
piOus and pure
plaYed
belletristiCks
aux tEmps
aux jours des
trAnslout
Mail so
cowriE card i
Sad

hooJahs
dOwn
Yerthere
unn enoCh
Endso

Joke
will hAve
synchronisMs all
quatrEn
whoSe

in par jure il
Other
Yves
so inselated as Crampton's
Eurn

Jup
cArpenger
centruM and olaf's
cyclonE
aS

Jukes
private proPerties
the Yules
sundaClouths
hung up for tatE and comyng
Jeldy
this is what you'll
Mygh and thy
spit of dead
discinct

armjaws at the
de vere foster
spry him
mick
varses

apologjigs
thanks
leman
jow low juris
g rad

plumpduffs

ajax
fire at the south
system the uses
and abuses of insects
penny post

jomsborg
tuned up by twintriodic singulvalvulous
tympan
reunion
askold
till time Jings
hOst
the keY of efas-taem o
a ketCh or hook
alive a suit

Jewr of
plebs but plAbs by low
Mint
liquid couraGe
Stowed

apuJaJibed the
pOwer
Yon peak
with its Coast so
knEw

Jelks  let be buttercup
bAll
you scuM
turnEd out
alaS

lavantaj
ahOrace
Ysnod
sCat
doEs

Jodhpur
smAlls
i. Magnus
good lifeBark
onSlought
Juinnesses
rapin his hind and the bullingdong
staYs outsize her
blanCking
dronnings kissEd

Jude if you'll
staY where you're
Mizzatint
canins to ridE with
caninS that lept

aJaculate
the gloWrings
bruYant the bref
sing Ching
lEw mang

Jupes
gRAze the
consoMation
rEnt
S

the djublian
trulOck
nYe
to reguleCt
straggleS for

his mujiksy's
fArst
which seeMs
to sharpnEl

Spool of the little brown
pamJab
grOss
hermYn
with dramatiC
rEproducing

poJr
greAtes
qwehrMin
i grandthinkEd
obraS after

nodJe
in the pOestcher
his chimbleY phot
loveCurling to
takEcups

Junking
the pAlposes
of woMth and
lysE
Screeneth hulp

what we warn to hear Jeff is
sweecheeriOde and
Yore
swift sanCtuary
gang oiboE

Joh
beAuty
Mask
kullykEg
viSiting dan leary
Jiff exby
rOde
the rhYmer that lapped at the hoose
Court
sEight of that yard

Joynes
trAynor
to puMp
firE
into thoSe

Jameseslane  begetting a wife
which begame his niece by pOuring her
dizzY
Crops out
in your flEsh

that Juke built
wAit till they send you to
woMhoods  two
twElfth
gasping

of a rhutian Jhanaral
widOwer
me prhYse
Caulking
any shapE

and a good Jump powell
cleAn over
the Massus for to
barrEl
Slick
Jitters
you'll
Yores the strake of
the Cloth
to forE of

so hattajocky only
quArtebuck
interiMs
for auld lang synE
palmS in their

Jules
with the hOughers
Yaman
from the Curragh and
and the authoritiEs noord

Jib
hAirshirt
reMinds
villEm and
blank printS

of lady Jales casemate
the fOurth
raYburn
the old Conk
yE gink
for a Jool 394
to breAk
egotuM
dEprofundity of
pancoSmic
mummurrlubeJubes 396
mOtherpeributts up
lethargY’s love at the end of it all 397
Community
sEnior

III

and as i was Jogging 404
dAwdling
cluMp
drEamt
a Shaddo

without preJuice 405
came alOng 406
gaulusch gravY
with seCond
and thEn

Jistr to gwen his gwistel
prAties
Mock
gurglE
to whiStle

Jam
while the lOaves
quaY
nuCKling down to
nourriturEs
Joust

tAntoo

o Moy

hEartily

Swallowed the

Jiltses
gracehOper

in the mYre

aCtually

and preESumptuabily sinctifying

Jetty

noon sick pAson

opened by Miss

nighumplEdan`

Shout at

contempt and defejnerate

a skillytOn be thinking

i buY him

halfCousin

of minE pigdish nor wants to

Jeune premier

fAirest done

sMilingly

broad by brEad and

Slender
Jaun asking kindlily
hillO missies after their
tYke
benediCt
world and his life

Jomping
hAul
libidinuM in
you've
ingS to look

our Jakeline sisters
Out
like hYmn
their Coals
will soothe

Jno
egAn
for freedoM of
uprooE
of lorcanSby

crekking Jugs at
grenOulls
in the shY orient
poaCh
rEnt

Jiesis
in the lAtcher
suMtotal
wholE
Strafe
to Jeshuam i'm
nOrawain
Yous to be
sweeping reduCtions
wEaring out your

June to our snug
rewArd
luMp it
but givE it
flock'S at home

for the Jemes
Oh
chutneY and
naboC and
fustfEd

Jooks
the Act
him i'll stuMp it out of
doorsEp
Saint

Jungfraud's
pOsts
waYs and her
twiCk
twinklE twings my twilight

Jill
his fAil
sMall
placE
i Smelt the
Jilting
penals *shervOrum*
Yez how idos be
like the Corks gain
sibstEr

Joussly
**cAse**
**Mind**
twine
twoS

Jerne
abOard
erYnnana
now's nunC
or nimmEr

Jourd'weh
to-mAronite's
**Mirra**
sElfrighting
pillarboSom of the

fun Juhn
that dandyfOrth
phaYnix
shall Crow at
wEst
phopho foorchtha aggala Jeeshe
clAss of
Making
squarE
yardS of him one half

oh Jeyses fluid
it's his lOst chance
heY did
own tripe aCushla
that you tiEd

Jong
of mAhO
of the Mghtwg grwpp is
your wEighT
hooShin

ho look at my Jailbrand
exquOvis and
angliceY
suCk at
whosE was

dJoytsch
oy soy bleseyblAsey where to go
is knowing reMain
discoursE
uS

of Jenkins'
dullaphOne
anglY mo
moohootCh
nipponnippErs


Juts
luckchAnge
deMaasch
strikE
drarakS
dJanaral when he was sitting him
vOlvular with
vikramaditYationists
mendaCiis
yErds and
Jorth would come
bumgAlowre
seeMly
hEavy
in Sugar
Jusse
icecOld
plaYs
one expeCts that kind of
rimEy
Joints
cAused
siMply
wEllknown
winning'S
Jazzlike
brOllies
beYawnd
tweendeCks
shubladEy's
Jokes bowlderblow the mAsket off
sMutt
dyKE
Shine

the mujic
peace  in vOina
if You've
pootsCh
and proprEy

Juppettes
gAuse be
hobMop
shakE up
Sake  all

Jaunted
rapt in necklOth and sashes
while the Yanks
were huCkling
pEtitions full of

Jets
wAterroes
piM’s and
pyrrhinE
Sourire
their Juremembers
imputAtions of
Mitigation
in any casE
waShleather

Jark
vOlans at six
Yeastwind and the hoppinghail
outsskirts of City
groovE two

Jezebel
in mAidenly
Much
dulcE
onSk  a lovely

Jem
will knOw him
lylian and
bredsCrumS
jExkoff and

Juices
olAve
tonoblooM
bluE
markS athwart

gail
vOrtigern
muY
malinChily
fathEr
Joustle for 568
but mArk
pouM
pEal
our boorgomaiSter thon

majers arise sir
hOrse
alfi bYrni gamman dealer
eaCla
trEacla youghta

Juin 569
shAll
Marlborough-
protEctor
Shall have open

hedJes 571
sOld
i praY
horsehem Coughs
a noisE

conJunct 573
consummAte
Mauritius with sull
translatE a
goodS of cape

Jumped 578
she's bOrrid his head under
konYglik shire with his
duCK-on-
wEnt up 579
stands abJourned
      is lArgely
      Misturbing your nighboor
tirEd
      Strictly

      Jeebies ugh
      yOnd
christmastYde easteredman  fourth
  sCalp  halp
drummEd all

IV

      by Joge
      you’ve tippertAps in your
      exMooth ostbys
      Each and
dombS

      he conjured himself
thetheatrOn
      chYst
      repurChasing his
      sorEnsplit and

      Jerks
      the rApe
      huMp
      Ebblybally
      Sukkot  punc

      hugly Judsys what
      mOre matcher’s
      sluskY
      teaChing
      mE
our Joornee
mAke it
Mrknrk
your grEat
languo of flowS

Jumpst
thrObbst
Yed
me Coolly
and i'd liE as
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“THERE IS NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO.” (SUZUKI DAISETZ)

iT
is A long time
i don’t Know how long
since
we were in a room together now i hear
that you are dead but when i think of
you as now i have the Clear impression
that
tenderly smiling you’re alive as ever

TOYAMA 1982

death is
At all times
like
life
now that you are a Ghost
you are as you were
a Center among centers
world-Honored
world-honorInf

late yesterday evening
the moon in los angeles
low in the east not full
do you see suZuki daisetz
give him my love
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The title of this lecture is a reference to the poetry of Jackson Mac Low, which I have enjoyed for at least twenty-five years. He has made many "vocabularies," restricting each to the letters to be found in the name of a particular friend. It is possible to imagine that the artists whose work we live with constitute not a vocabulary but an alphabet by means of which we spell our lives. This idea as a subject interests me but it is not what I have done in the following text, though the works of Joyce, Duchamp, and Satie in different ways have resisted the march of understanding and so are as fresh now as when they first were made. I don't know how many books on *Hamlet* there are that set out to elucidate its mysteries, but there begin to be a very large number in relation to the work of Joyce and the work of Duchamp. I prefer the ones that pay attention but stop short of explanation. I enjoy the writing of Anne d'Harnoncourt and Kynaston McShine about Duchamp and that of Adaline Glasheen and Louis Mink about Joyce. When it comes to Satie, I prefer Satie himself to all those who've written about him. The Japanese composer and pianist Yuji Takahashi told me he liked two kinds of music, that that had too many notes and that that had too few. His remark may be extended to liking art that is incomprehensible (Joyce and Duchamp) and at the same time art that is too nose on your face (Satie). Such artists remain forever useful, useful I mean outside the museums, libraries, and conservatories in each moment of our daily lives. I happened one year to see a large exhibition of Dada in Düsseldorf. All of it had turned into art with the exception of Duchamp. The effect for me of Duchamp's work was to so change my way of seeing that I became in my way a duchamp unto my self. I could find as he did for himself the space and time of my own experience. The works signed by Duchamp are centrifugal. The world around becomes indistinguishable. In Düsseldorf it began with the light switches and electric outlets. One day after he had died Teeny Duchamp was taking me to see the *Etant Données* when it was still in New York before it went to Philadelphia. We were walking east along 10th Street. I said, needing some courage to do so: You know, Teeny, I don't understand Marcel's work. She replied: Neither do I. While he was alive I could have asked him questions, but I didn't. I preferred simply to be near him. I love him and for me more than any other artist of this century he is the one who changed my life, he and the younger ones who loved him too, Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg. One day in the late '50s I saw him in Venice. I laughed and said: The year I was born you were doing what I'm doing now, chance operations. Duchamp smiled and said: I must have been fifty years ahead of my time.
For me Joyce is another story. When I was young I read *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and was not enthusiastic. At that time I loved the parts of *Finnegans Wake* that were published in *transition* and I often read them to entertain my friends. When the finished *Wake* was published I bought it but didn’t think I had the time to read it. I was too busy writing music. Recently I have been punished. I have gone to Joyce as to a jail. I have made five writings through *Finnegans Wake*, and I’ve turned the second one into an hour-long radio play called *Roaratorio, An Irish Circus on Finnegans Wake*. As with Duchamp’s work, so with Joyce’s. And this goes for *Dubliners* and *Ulysses* too. I don’t understand any of it. Nor do I understand the night sky with stars and moon in it. The fact we travel to the moon has given me no explanation of it. I would be delighted to retrace Bashō’s steps in Japan, where as an old man he made a special tour on foot to enjoy particular views of the moon. When I was in Ireland for a month last summer (’79) with John and Monika Fullemann collecting sounds for *Roaratorio*, many Irishmen told me they couldn’t understand *Finnegans Wake* and so didn’t read it. I asked them if they understood their own dreams. They confessed they didn’t. I have the feeling some of them may now be reading Joyce or at least dreaming they’re reading Joyce. Adaline Glasheen says: “I hold to my old opinion. *Finnegans Wake* is a model of a mysterious universe made mysterious by Joyce for the purpose of striking with polished irony at the hot vanity of divine and human wishes.” And she says: “Joyce himself told Arthur Power, ‘What is clear and concise can’t deal with reality, for to be real is to be surrounded by mystery.’ Human kind, it is clear, can’t stand much reality. We so fiercely hate and fear our cloud of unknowing that we can’t believe sincere and unaffected, Joyce’s love of the clear dark—it has got to be a paradox . . . an eccentricity of genius.”

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

I cheerfully set out to write the following text but for a week I could not put pen to paper. Then it occurred to me that all three, Joyce, Duchamp, Satie, since they are dead are ghosts and as such inhabit the same world we do. And I remembered a remark of Buckminster Fuller: that to give proper con-
consideration to something one should begin not with one idea but with five. I decided to be cautious, to take five as a maximum, one as a minimum. Each of the three ghosts could be alone in which case he would read from his own writings. Or he could be together with another sentient being or beings, ghosts or living, or with a nonsentient being or beings. To outline the entire text then by means of chance operations was not difficult. There were twenty-six different possibilities: the three ghosts alone, each in combination with one to four different beings, the ghosts in pairs with one to three different beings, all three with one or two. I used the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and chance operations to locate facing pages of an unabridged dictionary upon which I found the nonsentient beings which are the stage properties of the various scenes (I through XXXVII) that follow. For the sentient beings, the other actors, I also used the alphabet, but only rarely as a means of finding a person I didn’t know in an encyclopaedia. Mostly the other actors are people with whose work I’ve also become involved, sometimes as deeply as with Joyce, Duchamp, and Satie. Since many of the actors are ghosts, I have taken liberties with them, ascribing to them imaginary works they never made. I have also taken such liberties with those still alive. I hope no offense is received. It was not my intention to give any. The piece is not an alphabet: it is a fantasy. I did want to remove the punctuation, so to speak, from our experience of modernism, to illustrate it with something like its own excitement.

JAMES JOYCE, MARCEL DUCHAMP, ERIK SATIE: AN ALPHABET

I what a Joy
to hAve
theM
on thE
Same stage same time

even though the subject
Of
the plaY
is the Curtain
that sEparates them!
Justifying
the constAnt
    Moving up and down
    of thE curtain
the ghoSts

Jump
alternately fOOrth and back and forth and forth
verY slowly
in time with the Curtain’s
phrasEology

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

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

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

and Just like magic
as the curtain tOuches the floor
one of them disappears totallY from view leaving the other all alone
in front of the Curtain
at that momEnt the telephone rings
an automated Judge
Answers it
and tells the audience whoM
thE call
iS for it’s always
for the ghost who has Just disappeared
whO cannot be reached
in this waY we know who
each ghost is
but nEither ghost is distracted
from his Jumping
the older one is erik sAtie
he never stops sMiling
and thE younger one
iS joyce, thirty-nine
he Jumps
with his back tO the audience
for all we know he maY be quietly weeping
or silently laughing or both you just Can’t
tEll
now and then nijinsky’s ghost
Appears
bringing a telegraM
to joycE
from marshall mcluhan

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

in the middle of one of his Jumps
sAtie grabbed hold of the curtain
and instead of coming down
ascended
his exit signals

the entrance of a Jeep
which is truly an automobile it needs no driver it belongs
to no one it is the invention of a 12-Year-old ghost
named duChamp
it is Expected
to improve the world
it uses neither gas
nor oil
it runs on viChy
watEr
the stage has become a bottle of white wine

and joyce no longer jumping is drinking it.
out of the jeep
Come
children going everywhere
including A ghost four years old
named heidegger
technology and Population

III

we
hear
over a radio
a conversation sticking
to two words
fifty-five And
fifty-four
It is
an argument
Between Houdini and Satie

about which one of them as a ghost is older

Houdini

sees a crack

in mathematics

by means of which

at

fifty

four and five

change places

Satie is delighted and grateful

now I see he says what people meant

thank you

a flash of lightning

is followed by a

lot of smoke

In which

all the ghosts who are

on the stage

easily disappear

Houdini and Satie

arm in arm walk on

accompanied by a Ceylonese ghost

a scholar named Coomaraswamy

and a young actor

and musician

Jonathan Albert
who isn’t dead at all
he’s very much alive
he is speaking
in his own extraordinary way
moving at will
from one
region of his mouth
to any of eight others
following a notation
involving diacritical marking
mine is
A movement system he says
I make
the movement
and discover the sound.
meanwhile
coomaraswamy is whispering a sanskrit text

IV attracted by this duet joyce returns
posthaste
to hum a program consisting of
one
irish ballad
two Japanese tunes
    One
melody by satie
and three lyrical
suites

by Feldman Feldman hasn’t yet composed
normally
this would be impossible

but for Joyce it’s no trick at all

in fact it’s
    as simple for him
    as for him to be bitten
    by a radish

a scrap of paper blows on stage

following words’re on it: Joyce
    A
    Music
    He
    Is is music

whether those are just
    loose words in the air so to speak
    or poetry
    by M. C. Richards
    no one can be sure

Construction of a 4-dimensional eye From-: A circle [when seen by a 3-
dimensional eye moving above and below until the visual ray falls in the
plane which contains the circle] [a circle] undergoes many changes in shape
conventionally determined by the laws of linear perspective. To-: [For the 3-
dimensional eye a sphere remains always the same whatever the point of
sight.] But a sphere [for the 4-dimensional perception moving in a 4-dimen-
sional space until the 4-dimensional rays become visual rays for the ordi-
nary 3-dimensional eye] [a sphere] undergoes many changes in shape, from
3-dimensional sphere gradually decreasing in volume without decreasing in
radius, to simple plane circle. . . . Light and shade exist for 4-dimensional
[objects] as for 3, 2, 1. Three-dimensional perspective starts in an initial *frontal plane without deformation*. Four-dimensional perspective will have a cube or 3-dimensional medium as a starting point which will not cause deformation i.e. in which the three-dimensional object is seen *circum-hyperhypo-embraced* (as if grasped with the hand and not seen with the eyes) -Just as a point intersects a curve and does not intersect a plane, so a curve of infinite length or *surface element* intersects a volume and does not intersect a 4-dimensional "solid." But either a plane or a surface intersects this 4-dimensional solid. -This 4-dimensional solid will be bounded by 3-dimensional volumes. *The shadow* cast by a 4-dimensional figure on our space is a *3-dimensional* shadow (see Jouffret “Géométrie à 4 dimensions” page 186, last three lines). *Three-dimensional sections of 4-dimensional figures by a space*: by analogy with the method by which architects depict the plan of each *story* of a house, a 4-dimensional figure can be represented [in each one of its stories] by 3-dimensional sections. These different *stories* will be bound to one another by the fourth dimension.²

V

**thuMbing**

by *means* of a *noninflammable* match

thRough an unabridged
diCtionary

duchamp *noticEs* three entries on facing pages

two with *iLustrations*

redheaded woodpecker

wood titmUse

and woodCock

this gives Him

the ideA

*to Make* readymobiles in unlimited editions

*and to Place* the first one

in a teMple

just outside cAlcutta inhabited by the ghost

of sRi ramakrishna that has been

standing on one hand in eCstasy

for ovEr ninety-three years

duchamp picks up an inhalaLator and breathes philadelphia
buckMinister fuller
immediAtely
answeRs

Congratulating duchamp on all of his work past prEsent and future he then goes on to say my pLan for a regeneratively changing balance between unlimiteD hUman needs and limited world resourCes is available i am encouraged by tHe chinese people by the fAct that one fourth of Mankind or one fifth if that’s what it is is now relatively intelligent not just stuPidly political the way the rest of the world is i aM Also encouRaged by the youth wherever they are you Can bE sure the young at some time wiLL spontaneously employ themselves to change the worlD they mUst however do it quiCkly wHile necessAry below-earth energy sources still reMain in sufficient quantity to give needed initial Push to yet-to-be-invented world puMps thAt will ultimately opeRate by means of universe eConomiCally compr Ehensively and deLightfully
use instead of ownership
inuition instead of
Continuing
selfishness
success for All
humanity instead of total oblivion
Possibility of realizing
good life for all Men depends
on realizing it
for each single man from a to z
Let us not forget the things
in the world
each one requires open-ended honor
Cease world pollution
initiate routes for speedy transport of each
refuse particle
to places in universe where what it chemically is is in demand
see specialization as a drop in the bucket

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

you don't just
find food
under your feet
ghosts but nobody else can
live on thin air
Furniture Music is fundamentally industrial. People have the habit—day after day—of making music in situations where music has nothing to do. Thus Waltzes, Fantasias from Operas, and other such things are played that were written with another object in mind. What we want to do is to establish a music made to satisfy human needs the way the utilities do. Art is extraneous to these needs. Furniture Music creates vibrations. That's its single purpose. It plays the same role played by light, heat and all other household conveniences. Furniture Music advantageously takes the place of Marches, Polkas, Tangos, Gavottes, etc. Insist upon Furniture Music. Have no meetings, no get-togethers, no social affairs of any kind without Furniture Music. Furniture Music for notaries, banks, etc. There's no difference between one piece of Furniture Music and another (they all belong to the same family). Don't get married without Furniture Music. Stay out of houses that don't use Furniture Music. Anyone who hasn't heard Furniture Music has no idea what true happiness is. If you go to sleep without first listening to a piece of Furniture Music, you won't sleep well. They can't know anything about it. They don't read the newspaper I read every day. If you have three trumpets there isn't anything you can't do. There are trees on which you'll never see a bird; cedars, for instance. These trees are so dark that birds get bored on them, and avoid them. Poplars are no longer visited. Getting to them is dangerous: they're much too high. Like money, the piano's only pleasing to the person who has his hands on it. The sea is full of water. Why we'll never know.
satie visits
conlon nancarrow
In mexico city
he is Knocked out

by nancarrow's music
for two player pianos
when he comes To
he announces the decision
nExt

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

his decision
puts ideAs
in The
piano
mechanisms

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

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

least satie is touched
but not physically i am veRy
planistic he says
but i have never Known
Such
good behavior
on the part
of musical
instruments

I will write about it
in the newspapers
the telephone rings
it is Mr. Robert M. Quacken-

buSh, 460 e. 79th street
n. y. c. u. s. a. the pianos speak up
what does he want? we want to know
what he wants nothing
he has the wrong—

satie says goodbye
to nancaRrow: au rentendre
you’ve shown me something new I am bowled over
and grateful you make me want to write music again

XI

Joyce
is at work
in a Roman bank
mErce cunningham
comeS in to cash a traveler’s check

Just sign
giambattista vicO’s name
instead of Your own
and I’ll give you Control
of a rEvolving fund
that will keep your company Jumping
in An honorable way
from now until dublinsday

Cunningham asks how to spell it
Joyce replies

don’t spell it at all Just write it
down
as though you
were dancing.
your dreams

have all been
true.

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

and haunt everyone continuously until the revolutions ghosts began
while they were living are completed

china was just
a beginning
as far as i am concerned i want to lengthen the long retreat so it extends through the rest

of the world Jesus was right
or
don’t you think so?
i am only a child
and so i can lead you
mao tsE-tung has spoken
thoReau veblen joyce
and satfe
continue walKing and running

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

Just then
A
luMinous glass
suddEnly
appearS poised in space
toward it 4-year-old mao directs a Jet
Of destructive thin air
which is instantaneouslY diverted by thoreau who explains
i proteCt
my invEntion:

a winE glass
whatevEr
you put in it no matter what
anything you liKe even dirt will do
everything becomes wine
there's A
swiTch
for changing colors
and anothEr for changing its size
to that of a Jigger
or enlarging it
to that of a Mug
its name changes according to what you want in it

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

it's technical says veblen
it's iResh says joyce
C'est admirable says satie
all ghosts at once: how did you think of it?

answer: i don't know
i never drink i was
just taking
another step in the direction

XIII

duchamp
has on a carpenter's outfit
he clips
to each pocket
a small

Card 1\frac{1}{2} inches wide and 2 inches high
each card has a different picture on it by utrillo, utamaro,
or ucello
thus
he takes on the character
of a museum
with no need for special
proMotion
progrAms
because all the aRt it owns
Can
bE seen without going inside
or buying a ticket without any troubLe at all

if one of the carDs is stolen
or boUght
he replaCes it
witH
Another which is not
exactly the saMe
that keeps the Public
on the Move never sure
whAt’s being shown
duchamp counts the caRds
periodiCally
and Each time he reaches thirty-three
he makes a sLight
aDdition
to the thirty-foUrth which he finds amusing
and the Critics find upsetting
tHey
Are continually
changing their Minds
because their minds always sPring back to the way they were

in the first place alMost
immediAtely
duchamp caRries a whisk broom
and if a Critic
drops somEthing he whisks it up
and puts it in a vaLise
he is thinking of investing in a Cuisinart
to chop up this collection
to make it into a large single work untitled
in advance later to be known as *infra*Mation

*XIV* the scene changes *ducha*Mp

has taken off the carpenter’s outfit
but the Card museum follows him anyway

each card faces outward from him
has no visible connection to him
it’s quite marvelous he’s a museum without pockets

and he has a summer place
on the costa brava that’s where he is now
he can be outdoors beside an olive tree

Drinking spring water
or inside out of the sun
eating some peas or *Céleri rémoulade*
He limits himself to a teaspoonful whether it’s solid
or liquid it occurs to him that utamaro has no first name

in the dictionary taking maurice and paolo
as alphabetical limits

And

taking of Brown he is on the point
of Choosing n.o.

when

the telephone rings it's Philip Glass

this gives him the idea of an indeterminate first name
having Unlimited repetitions of letters
n.n. 00000000 for instance

Philip

didn't say a word except hello

Marcel thanks him

Playfully

XV

Bob Rauschenberg comes in

it must be your deathday

I've brought you a present

it's an American

Jet

with a portable airport

part of the landing gear

are these rolled-up runways

that can be put in your pocket

and then when you need them

you take

them out

and drop both through a slot

in the Men's room

And then they automatically expand
to the proper length in the proper position

just as the plane is touching

the ground

the plane itself is no larger than
a vitamin pill what Do youU think of it?

it’s obviously an exCellent device says marcel but i tHink thAt you should keep it

where it caMe from

my travels are telePathic

pure and siMple

All i have to do is think of anotheR City

and thEn i’M there

i don’t need to fLy

what i do is remain as thoUghtless as i Can otHerwise

i’m constAntly traveling never at rest

just yesterday i was in Madagascar

and this morning i was in Paris

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

in orDer to continUe our Conversation

being a gHost hAs its probleMs

would you like to Play chess?
i know the Moves
but thAt's about all
come sometime to floRida
and teaCh
mE
i wiLl

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

XVI
	satiE
    is giving a conceRt
        of hIs
    recent worK

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

75
of the Orchestra are filled with butterflies of various sizes except for an enormous Koto

which is the stage itself

the animals and insects are themselves the instruments each has a broadcasting system and each member of the audience has his own receiver and loudspeaking headset

the flights of the musicians and the promenade of the octopus are perfectly beautiful to hear and to see

the audience is as quiet as a mouse every now and then one of the musicians happens to play the Koto sometimes producing a melody sometimes just

-XVII A single tone joyce no sooner sent out the invitations to his party than almost everyone arrived homer was the first he was singing a revision of his iliad for open house the house is just right eccles street is actually open nothing but a vacant lot with brick facade between it and the street joseph euys who has caught two phasants one silver one gold
is about to explain Joyce’s *Wake*

to them

Even though
joyce of course is there and they are alive

he begins with his jaw

not speaking

but moving it sideways

the birds watch him

attentively

then he jigs

a jog

the pheasants respond by marching

in quickstep

so erratically the guests are obliged

to levitate he rips his jacket

to pieces

this makes the pheasants so happy

they can’t

contain themselves

they jump on his shoulders

and then take off

in the direction of the moon

leaving

two feathers behind

just

before

they disappear

beuys touching

his forehead with both feathers
thinks Jungle
this Acts
like Magic
thE
pheasants reappear

Just
as though they'd never left
in exchange for the feathers beauys gives the birds
felt electric
nests that can be plugged in anywhere

The more you’re with musicians, the crazier you get. On the hour, a servant takes my temperature and gives me back another. I’d never dare attack anyone . . . anyone who doesn’t think the way I do. Thought is the property of the person who has it. No one else has the right to even touch it. You want to know how to become a musician? It’s very simple. You get a teacher, a music teacher, and you go with him as far as possible. Choose him carefully . . . You’ll have to buy a metronome. Make sure it isn’t too ripe, and above all it should have some flesh on it and a little fat. Make sure it works well. Because there are some metronomes that work the wrong way. Just like idiots. You’ll even come across some that don’t work at all. These are not good metronomes. Afterwards, I’d advise you to buy something to put your music in, a brief case. They come at all prices. The problem you’ll have is deciding which one you want. A student should have lots of patience, great patience, the patience of a horse, huge patience. Because it’s very beneficial for a student to get used to putting up with his teacher. Just think: a teacher! He’ll ask questions he knows and that you, you don’t know. He takes unfair advantage, obviously. But you have the right to remain silent. It’s even the best policy. Don’t take it out on your instrument. Instruments often submit to very bad treatment. People beat them. I’ve known children who took pleasure in stepping on the feet of their piano. Others don’t put their violins back in their cases. And then, poor thing, it gets a chill and catches cold. That’s not nice. Not at all. And some pour snuff into their trombones. This is very unpleasant for the instrument. And when they blow on it they project those irritating particles into the faces of people around them, and then everyone sneezes and coughs, sometimes for over half an hour. Ugh! The consequences are serious. And afterwards the instrument works poorly and has to be fixed. You do your exercises in the morning, after breakfast. You should be very clean, and you should have
blown your nose. You shouldn't start working with your fingers covered
with jam. The hours and the days you take lessons have to be scheduled
with the consent of both the pupil and the teacher. It would be very incon-
venient if the pupil took his lesson at his hour on his day while the teacher
gave it at another hour on another day. That goes on all the time in schools.
There are some students who never lay eyes on their teachers. Curious ap-
lication of an educational system. Don’t follow that plan. Because, out of
necessity, there has to be some agreement. The pupil, and the teacher, were
put on this earth to meet one another. At least from time to time. Other-
wise, where would we get? That’s right, where would we? I’ll tell you. We’d
get nowhere. Realize that work is freedom. Freedom that is for everybody
else. While you work, you don’t bother anybody. Never forget it. You under-
stand? Sit down. I’m obliged to finish this talk an hour ahead of time. Soon
it will be six. I have to have something to eat. Then I want to take a walk in
order to get an appetite. Children, please be good.\(^\text{13}\)

XVIII

duchamp

And satie

are alone i’m glad to be with you

we can look

at the scenery or have a conversation

is there anything you like to say?

i’ve just talked my head off

my laugh

what is that? an incandescent lamp?
i’ve never seen such

A big one! what’s it doing here

backstage? it magrittes me think

it’s using up

all the

energy

there is

look! i’m right!
the other lights
Are
noT
workIng
any longer!

XIX
satie
goes in seaRch
of sunlight he comes across haydn
bill anastasi is looKing at haydn through a lorgnette

but Seems
to be tAkIng
a phoTograpH
bill
Explains

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

of a ghost
of a
ghost
providing
Everything

anD everyone
before dUring and after the photograph’s taken are in exaCtly
the righT positions

XX
satie says
i have soMe music
that is to be Played
Silently
i wrote it with An invisible ink and luckily
i gave the manuscript to duchamp
one of these nights i'll ask him
for a xerox of it

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

Strikes
And
the seated
being
in the

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

ibsen
And isou
To joyce
It is isou
who makes

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

is interrupting the other
the following is a short sample
of what
was said:
"E
my bEd
is Round
-Ic
K"

XXII

Joyce
is sitting in the entrance hall
of an ancient Roman
house watching the rain come in
what is that called that basin
in which a pool is just beginning
to form?
reply: the impluvium below,
the Compluvium
above the compluvium is the open space
in the roof Joyce's mind
wander
from
rain to river to ocean
he is doing the australian crawl
in south america where Jurua
joins amazon
now he's on his back on lake Nyasa
in africa
he rides

the norwegian falls of skykjefos
And then goes the length
of the Mississippi
twice once in a boat
and once walking on the water itself
he goes to the top of kanchenjunga
from which he sees
all the himalayan rivers
taking different directions
to form the mouths of the ganges

he says i loved the skykjesos so much i wonder
if i took the form of a
salmon
whether
i could rise from its foot to its head

just
the thought's
what's necessary from norway
he goes to california
and does the same thing up yosemite

not troubling to salmonize himself he just goes
as he is
he swims
for a year
in all parts of ocean

from japan
through indian and atlantic
to yarmouth
through arctic and pacific
to new zealand

he is joined
by whales
one of whom swallows him
washed up whight and deliveried rhight
loud lauds to his luckhump
and bejetties on jonahs!

XXIII

satie is very busy

ebenezer prout is
giving him a quick

lesson

in harmony melody

rhythm

counterpoint

and orchestration

in half an hour in athens he has an appointment

with a second-century poet

whose name is oppian

oppian’s well known

for his three long poems

one on fishing and

another

on hunting

and the third on birdcatching

the second

and third are now thought
to have been written by another poet of the same name

while prout corrects errors satie quickly

looks in his book

and sees

he’s to have lunch

with
dove bradshaw

what a delight! he says

i like her

and her drawings very much they are both so healthy

i must ask her
what exercises she gives her pencils
not possible! cocktails
with
mrs. nation!
carrie nation!

i can't believe it!
prout
gives him
a task:

fourths
and
fifths
in diagonal motion
i'll do that in five

minutes says satie
on my way to greece
the telephone rings
he answers it thank heaven!

she isn't free!
his secretary hands him a new supply
of music paper that came
with
his next compositions

in pencil
already
on it
all he has to do is ink them in

greece the voice of oppian: "there's no music i love
more than yours would you consider
playing my furniture
or teaching it to play you?

i can't tell you how comfortable that'd make me
All through my youth people said, "You'll see when you're fifty." I'm fifty. I see nothing. Why would you want a man of my age not to be French? You surprise me. Personally, I am neither good nor bad. I oscillate, if I may say so. Also, I've never really done anyone any harm—nor any good, to boot. A child has natural wisdom: he knows everything. Experience is one of the forms of paralysis. An artist is certainly worthy of respect, but a listener is even more so. Why is it easier to bore people than it is to entertain them?

XXIV

and how is Joyce

Affected by charcoal?
it fills him with admiration
for it is largely pure
is carbon

is ancient Jewel, hardest substance
diamond
symbol as an element
is C
is widely distributed

Joined with other sources
energizes some of the stars
its compounds
in number exceed
those of all other elements combined

is not just fuel
though as such
yields a larger amount of heat
in proportion to its volume than can
be obtained from a corresponding

quantity of wood makes no smoke just
makes fire finely divided is efficient
to filter adsorption of gases' n' solids from solution
is used in the purification of water and air
in gas masks and the refining of sugar
is made to Jump
tO greater heights of adsorptiveness
bY means
of speCial
hEating or chemical processes

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

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

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

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

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

XXV

vase  Joyce is writing
       A letter to nora—he is
in the next to last paragraph  his  Mind and body
       thEir feet in poetry
       from her aS flower in hedges
excited move to her as object
       hOg she is sow
       of his everY
       filthy Craving
       no inch of hEr body  no odour sight sound nor act of it
but's irresistible  Joy
of An
orgasm
sweetheart
answer me

XXVI

Joyce
making use of thirteen letters
written to him
by Ezra Pound
writes the following mesostics on his own name

can't make out whether Jean
de Gourmont wants to translate
any
handschrift
more illegible

than Jim
ms. arrived
this a.m.
wish you every
possible success

cher J.
i dunno
no lawyer
in return for which
received several

dear Jim:
answered
Miss-
fire
that omits the essential
J.: first number
Of
mY
new periodiCal
dEsigned

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

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

Joyce
wAnts
xMas
likE what gabriel
Said to

Jean
de gOurmont
anY
handsChrift
is morE

dear Jim
Arrived
this a.M.
Every
poSSible
I.
dunnO no
lawYer
whiCh
rEcd. several

XXVII

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

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

is a linE in the poem which goes on as follows:

angels and bastaRds
how do you catch such a blrd?
poor songster weaK

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

soMe of them go round the fields
relAted as equated
by eRos' matrix

transfer from one like objeCt
who's in lovE with me
of Labor light lights in air


 transposeD by the perspective
to raise dUst on dust—
straight line, Curve, etc.
splashHes which should be
spiders love music just As
encounter at the bottom
all gay where how sPill lay who

a straight horizontal thrEad
       Rope, mercury, cloth
of what Is in what is not
gold or silver or the liKe

done in the Semi
3"d of the width of the leAf
        and ouT of respect
columns on the walls In front
        of thE count of urbino"22

Dictionary—with films, taken close up, of parts of very large objects, obtain photographic records which no longer look like photographs of something. With these semi-microscopies constitute a dictionary of which each film would be the representation of a group of words in a sentence or separated so that this film would assume a new significance or rather that the concentration on this film of the sentences or words chosen would give a form of meaning to this film and that, once learned, this relation between film and meaning translated into words would be "striking" and would serve as a basis for a kind of writing which no longer has an alphabet or words but signs (films) already freed from the "baby talk" of all ordinary languages.—Find a means of filing all these films in such order that one could refer to them as in a dictionary. "Theory" 10 words found by opening the dictionary at random by A 10 words found by opening the dictionary at random by B23
the ghost of brigham young is speaking i am happy to announce that pursuant to our many conversations duchamp has accepted an anonymous mormon commission to make another large work

it will have many brides and fewer bachelors

it will be a computerized series of glass cubes

there will be movement of gases lights and liquids from one cube to another

a special architectural attachment is being made to house it so that it can go on tour

it will be simple to detach it from one building and clip it on to the next

it will have a map of the world connected to it like those subway maps in paris that light up you pick out the city it's to go to and when the lights go on after a short delay which permits the correction of possible errors and pinpointing of precise destination the building moves without any passage of time at all to the place where it's supposed to go its basic home of course will be
philaDelphias

bUt

for sPeCial occasions once a year at least

it will be sHown

in sAlt lake city

the numBer of brides

is still uP in the air but several things

gauranteed there will be More brides

thAn

bacheloRs

eAcH

bridE

wiLL

be fOur-Dimensional

and have a plUrality

of aCcelerations

infra connections with eAcH of the cubes

i suggested one bAchelor instead of several

the sIngLe bachelor couLd be the prograM itself in the form of

a jack-in-the-box duchamP

seems to like

the ideA

too many bacheloRs he says

might bring about impractical conjugations

wE must avoid excessive

technicaLity

XXIX

mozart sAtiE

and schoenbeRg

are gving three concerts at once

in the same place capers Kangaroo
XXX

satiE
is having tRouble
with his shoelaces
they Keep coming untied

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

my Sense
of hArmony
i have made an appoinTment
with
sigmund frEud to have them analyzed

XXXI

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

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

Morris
grAves
appeaRs by satellite
from Calcutta
and dakhinEswar
he enters a tempLe of kali
he places before the image of the goddess
an offering of fruit
it is received
for He
leaves
returns to his room in the hotel in Calcutta
and paints a picture

duchamp and Joyce enjoy seeing
[it is a zodiac
giving new forms
to the
Signs]

ey speak as one person Just fact
form’s taken for granted
makes it necessary
to find way back
to how it was before

forms
came
into being Rules are for games
but Chaos
is life
breaking Laws is what poetry is

language in particular must be changed
even what you eat
Can’t be mere following
of conventions either
start
from breath from zero
Possibility of no-mind
XXXII
satie is conducting
his water
music in fire movements the first is called
pine cones it is damp and smoky

XXXIII
Joyce imagines
nora's in the room
no need for perfume
and music she is his own

XXXIV
his majesty has fallen to pieces
joyce is picking them up
parnell
is

just
six letters of the alphabet
that go together in different ways
not changing
their sequence, not making anagrams

six fragments of his irish majesty
cannot be found in finnegans wake
and strangely enough arne is one of them

even though
arne composed rule britannia

other fragments you'd just
not expect [i.e. for instance] are there
in fact only between a tenth and a third
according to how you count
of uncrowned king's missing
I no longer have any notion of time or space; sometimes it even happens that I don't know what I'm saying.\textsuperscript{24} Erik Satie, Dear Sir, Eight years ago I was suffering from a polyp in my nose complicated by liver trouble and rheumatism. On hearing your Ogives, I noticed an improvement in my health; four or five applications of your Third Gymnopédie cured me completely. I authorize you, Mr. Erik Satie, to make any use you wish of this testimonial.\textsuperscript{25} Before writing one of my works, I walk around it several times, and I get myself to go with me.\textsuperscript{26}

XXXV

Just
A coincidence

that their initials are both Minimally
\lEttered
the Same letter

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

Joyce
And johns
b and c) Mind spirit body
at home\E
in homeS

not Just
One
everYone
Colors
idEas etc. complexity impartiality

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

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

   you didn’t object
   were yOU
   butterfly?
or were you beComing a man?
in zEn you said most important thing is life

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

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

   it is Just
   thAt in zen
there is not Much
diffeRence between the two
   Sutra [the sanskrit, a thread, a string]
duchaMp telephones
from kAnas
it's like nothing on eaRth i feel as i did
before beComing a ghost
i havE no regrets
i weLcome whatever happens next

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

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

ANOTHER SONG

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

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

Etc.
it looks as if
the most rugged walking is on the steep westerly slope. We had a grand view.
As he looks back
I return, the sun is rising and the walls were one reflector with countless facets.

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

Two ducks sailing, partly white

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

Pause of the slow-blooded creature
the rocks.

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

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

Speak, I cannot. I hear and forget to answer deep mud thrasher's nest.
Yesterday's slight snow is all gone
yellow-legs, away they sail
I use three kinds of shoes or boots
taking no note of time
wilted twig!

Winds, colder and colder, ground stiffening again.

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

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

Clintonia is abundant.

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

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

Anxious as ever, rushing with courage.

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

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

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

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

Saw a black snake.

Even steady sail, gliding motion
like a hawk.

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

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

On ice devouring him
it seems to be.

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

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

Loose withered grass, a clump of birches.

Cool breeze blows this cloudy afternoon, I wear a thicker coat.
Divided in three parts
deepens the tinge of bluish, misty gray on its side.

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

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

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

## WRITING THROUGH THE CANTOS

and thEn with bronZe lance heads beaRing yet Arms
sheeP slain Of plUtO stroNg praiseD
thE narrow glaZes the uptuRned nipple As
sPeak tO rUy oN his gooDs
arE swath blaZe mutteRing empty Armour
Ply Over ply eddying flUid beNeath the of the goDs
torchEs gauZe tuRn of the stAirs
Peach-trees at the fOrd jacQues between ceDars
as gyyEs on topaZ and thRee on the bArb of
Praise Or sextUs had seeN her in lyDia walks with
womEn in maZe of aiR wAs
Put upOn lUst of womaN roaD from spain
sEa-jauZionda motheR of yeArs
Picus de dOn eliNUs doN Dictum
concubuiSSe y cavals armatZ meRe succession And
Peu mOisi plUJas bas le jardiN oLD
mEn’s fritZ enduRes Action
striPed beer-b ottles bUt is iN floateD
scarlEt gianoZio one fRom Also
due disPatch ragOna pleasUre either as participaNt wD.
sEnd with sforZa the duchess to Rimini wArs
Pleasure mOstly di cUj fraNcesco southwarD
hE abbaZia of sant apollinaiRe clAsse
serPentine whOse dUCats to be paid back to the cardiNal 200 Ducats
corn-salvE for franco sforZa’s at least keep the Row out of tuscAnY
s. Pietri hOminis reddens Ut magis persoNa ex ore proDiit
quaE thought old Zuliano is wRite thAt
Peasant for his *sub de malatestis* gone him to do in
mo'ammEds singing to Zeus down here fatty 51

*Praestantibusque* both geniUs both own all of it down on
papEr bust-up of braZilian secuRities s.A. securities 55
they operated and there was a whoRe quit the drink saved up 56
his pay monEy and ooZe scrupulously cleAn 61

Penis who disliked langUage skin profiteers Drinking
behind dung-flow cut in loZenges the gaiters of slum-flesh back-
comPlaining attenTiOn nulla fideNtia earth a dung hatching
inchoatE graZing the swill hammering the souse into hArDness 66
long sleep babylOn i heard in the circUt seemed whirlIng heaD
hEld gaze noRth his eyes blAzIng

Peire cardinal in his mirror blue lakes of crimeN choppeD
ice graZing at theiR pLaIn 69
nymPhs and now a swashbucklEr didn't blooDy 70
fIne of a bitch franZ barbiche Aldington on
trench dug through corPses IoT minUtEs sergeaNt rebukeD him
for IEvity trotZsk is a bRest-litovsk Aint yuh herd he
sPeecH mOve 'em jUst as oNe saiD 75
'tEm to Zenos metevsky bieRs to sell cAnnOn 80-81
Peace noT while yew rUssia a New keyboarD
likE siZe ov a pRince An' we sez wud yew like
his Panties fer the cOmpany y UrBara zeNos's Door
with her champZ don't the felleRs at home 84
Up-Other Upside dowN up to the beD-room 85
stubby fEllow cocky as khrisToZe eveRy dAmn thing for the
hemP via rotterdm das thUst Nicht Days 86
gonE glaZe gReEn feAthers 91

of the Pavement brOken disrupTed wilderNess of glazeD 92
jungle Zoe loud oveR the bAnners
fingers Petal'd frOm puRple olibaNum's wrappED floating
bluE citiZens as you desiRe quellA 96
Pace oh mUrdered floriNPs paiD 97
over doZen yeaRs conveyAncE 100
be Practicable cOme natuRe moNtecello golD 98
wishes who wuZ pRice cAn't 101
Plane an' how mr. bUkos the econOmiST would 102
save latittzo the giRl sAys it'z 106
shiP dOwn chUcked blaNche forDs

of ocEan priZes we have agReed he hAs won

Pay nOstri qUickly doN’t seeD combs
two grEat and faictZ notRe puiReAnce

Priest sent a bOy and the statUes Niccolo toLD him

sEnt priZe a collaR with jewels cAme

Prize gOnzaga marqUis ferrara maiNly to see sarDis

of athEns in calm Zone if the men aRe in his fAce

Part sOme last crUmbs of civilizatioN Damn

thEy lisZt heR pArents

on his Prevalent knee sOnnet a nUmber learNery jackeD up

a littlE aZ ole man comley wd. say hRwwkk tth sAid

Plan is tOld inclUded raNks expelleD

jE suiZ xtZbk49ht paRts of this to mAdison

in euroPe general washingtOn harangUed johN aDams

through a wholE for civiliZing the improvemenT which begAn

to comPute encloSe farms and crUsoe Now by harD

 POVerty craZY geORge cAtherine

Picked the cOnstant a Guisa agaiN faileD

all rEcords tZin vei le Role hAve

Page they adOpted wd. sUggest Not Day

largE romanZoff fReedom of Admission

of deParture freedOm ai vU freNch by her worD

bonapartE for coloniZing this counTRy in viennA

excepT geOrge half edUcated meN shD.

c oncErs mr fidascZ oR nAme wc

resPect in black clOthes centUry-old soNvibitch gooD is

patiEnt to mobiliZe wiRe deAth for

Pancreas are nObles in fact he was qUite potemkiN marrieD

a rEalTo a biZ-nis i-de-a the peRfect peAutiful chewisch

schoP he gOt dhere and venn hiss brUdder diet tdeN Dh

vifE but topaZe undeRstood which explAins

PalleTe et sOlD the high jUDges to passioNs as have remarKeD

havE authoriZeD its pResident to use funds mArked

President wrOte full fraNk talk remembereD

in sorreNto paralyZed publicly answeRed questions thAn

duoL che soPra falseggianDO del sUd vaticaN expresseD

poliT euriSoTy as to how any citiZen shall have Right to pAy
sPecie wOrkers sUch losses wheNso it be to their shoulD
usEd luZ wheRe messAge
is kePt stOne chUrch stoNe threaD
nonE waZ bRown one cAse
couPle One pUblished Never publisheD
oragE about tamuZ the Red flAme going
seed two sPan twO bUll begiN thy seaborD
fiElds by kolschitZky Received sAcks of
Pit hOld pUt vaN blameD
amErican civil war on Zeitgeist Ruin After d.
Preceded crOwd cried leagUe miNto yelleD
Evviva Zwischen die volkeRn in eddyIng Air in
Printed sOrt fU dyNasty Dynasty
Eighth dynasty chaZims and usuRies the high fAns
simPles gathered gOes the mUst No wooD burnt
gatEs in an haZe of colourRs wAter boiled in the wells
Prince whOm wd/ fUfill l’argeNt circule that cash be lorD to
sEas of china horiZon and the 3Rd cAbinet
keePin’ ‘Osses rUled by hochaNgs helD up
sPark lights a milliOn strings calcUlated at sterliNg haD by
taozErs tho’ bonZesses of iRon tAng
Princes in snOw trUe proviNce of greeD
contEnt with Zibbeline soldiERs mAy
Paid ’em tchOngking mUmbo dishoNour wars boreDom of
rackEt 1069 ghingiZ tchinkis heaRing of heAring
’em Pass as cOin was stUff goverNor 3½D
triEd oZin wodin tRees no tAxes
Prussia and mengkO yU tchiN D. 1225
nEws lord lipan booZing king of fouR towns opened gAtes
Prin to Pinyang destrOyIng kU chiNg ageD
thronE and on ghaZel tanks didn’t woRk fAithful
echo desPerate treasOns bhUd lamas Night Drawn
Each by Zealously many dangeRs mAdE
to Pray and hOang eleUtes mohamedaNs caveD
gavE put magaZines theRe grAft
Pund at moDer ate revenUe which Next approveD
un fontEgo in boston gaZette wRote shooting stArted
Putts Off taking a struggle then moved some magazine politique hollandais directed gen. Washington to deputies at der zwoOl with dUmas against credIt with bankers with furZe scarce Oak or other tree minced Pie and frOnitenac wine tUesday clean cod clear that Zeeland we signed etc/ commerce heaven remPlis d'un hOmme she mUle axletree brokeN to Dry curE appriZed was the dangeR peAce is Passed befOre i hear dUke maNchester backeD frEnch wd/ back Zεu ἀξηγε estetA

mi sPieghi ch'iO gUerra e faNgo diaglava Centro impaZiente urgente e voce di marinetti in Piazza lembO al sUo ritorNello D'un toro che immondiZia nominaR è pArecchio Più gemistO giÜ di pietro Negator' D'usura vEngon' a bisanZio ne pietRo che Augusto Placidia fui suOnava mUover è Nuova baDa a mE Zuan cRisti mosAic till our when and Plus when GOld measUred done field preparation taishan quatorZe juillet and ambeR deAd the end suPerb and brOwn in leviticUs or first throwN thru the clouD yEt byZantium had hearD Ass stop are strOnger thUs rrromaNce yes yes bastarDs slaughter with banZai song of gassiR glAss-eye wemyss unpinned gOvernment which lasted rather less pecUliar than reD firE von tirpitZ bewaRe of chArm sPiritus belOved aUt veNto ligure is Difficult psEudo-ritZ-carlton bArbiche

Past baskets and hOrse cars mass'chUseotts cologNe catheDral paolo uccEllo in danZig if they have not destRoyed is measUred by tout dit que Pas a small rain stOrm eqUalled momeNts surpasseD quE pas barZun had old andRe conceAl the sound of its foot-stePs knOw that he had them as daUdet is goNcourt sD/martin wE Zecchin' bRinging to focus zAgreus sycoPhancy One's squaRe daNce too luciD squaRes from byZance and befoRe then maNitou sound in the forest of Pard crOtale scrUb-oak viNe yarDs clicking of crotalEs tsZe's biRds sAy
hoPing mOre billyUm the seNate treaD
that voltagE yurr sZum kind ov a ex-gReyhound lArge
centre Piece with nOvels dUmped baNg as i cD/
makE out banking joZefff may have followed mR owe initiAlly
mr P. his bull-dOg me stUrgE m’s bull-dog taberNam Dish
roErt Zupp buffoRd my footbAth
slip and tOwer rust loNg shaDows
as mEn miss tomcZyk at 18 wobuRn buildings tAncred
Phrase’s sake and had lOve thrU impeNetrable troubleD
throbbing heArt roman Zoo sheeR snow on the mArlbe snow-white
into sPagna t’aO chi’ien heard mUsic lawNs hDiDing a woman
whEn sZu’ noR by vAin
simPlex animus bigOb men cUt Nap iii trees prop up clouDs
praEcognita schwartZ ‘43 pRussien de mënAge with four teeth out
Paaasque je suis trOp angUstiis me millet wiNe set for wiLD
gamE chuntZe but diRty the dAi
toPaze a thrOne having it sqUsh in his excelleNt Dum
sacro nEmori von humboldt agassiZ maR wAy
desPair i think randOlph crUmp to Name was pleaseD
yEars tZu two otheRs cAlhoun
Pitching quOits than sUavity deportmeNt was resolveD on
slavEs and taZewell buRn fAther of
Price sOldiers delUged the old hawk damN saDist
yEs nasZhong bRonze of sAn zeno buy columns now by the
stone-looP shOt till pUdg’d still griN like quiDity
rhEa’s schnitZ waR ein schuhmAcher und
corPse & then cannOn 9Yγατηρ ρ apolloNius fumbleD
amplE cadiZ pillaRs with the spAdе
εIlI ελθΟν and jUlia ελληνιξοντας the Dawn
onE aσφαλιζεων lock up & cook-fiRes cAuldron
Plaster an askOs αγξει тaN has covereD
thEir koloboZed ouR coinAge
Pearls cOpper tissUs de liN hoarD
for a risE von schlitz denmaRk quArter
of sPain Olde tUrkish wisselbaNk Daily
papErs von schultZ and albuqueRque chArles second c.5
not ruled by soPhia σOφία dUped by the crowN but steeD
askEd douglas about kadZu aceRo not boAt
Pulchram Oar-blades δίνα δαλάσσης leUcothoe rose babylonoN of caDmus
linE him analyZe the tRick tAke
Packed the he does habssbUrg somethiNg you may reaD
posing as moslEm not a trial but kolschoZ Rome babylon no sense of
Public destrOyed de vaUx 32 millioN exhumeD with
mmE douZe ambRoise bluejAys
his Peers but unicOrns yseUlt is dead palmerstoN's worse oviD
much worsE to summariZe was in contRol byzAnce
sPartan mOnd qUatorze kiNg lost fer some gawD
fool rEason bjjayZus de poictieRs mAverick
rePeating this mOsaic bUst acceNsio shepherD to flock
tEn light blaZed behind ciRce with leopArd's by mount's edge
over broom-Plant yaO whUder ich maei lidhaN flowers are blesseD
aquilEia auZel said that biRd meAning
Planes liOns jUmps scorpioNs give light waDsworth in
town housE in
if you exi_ted

because

we might go on as before

but since you don't we wi'll

mak

echangE

our miNds

anar_hic

so that we Can

d to

convertEnjoy the chaos/that you are/

let it be

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

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

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

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

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

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

    your Work
    was always triplE: composing, copying, and cooking
    no B’s at all
    and you oftEn left one job
    to continue anotheR
But no difficulty
was involvEd
IN these interruptions nothing burned

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

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

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

rather than pleased By
my discovEry i asked you why
you were alarmed you said No one will be able
to copy your Work
it sEemed to me that
just By crossing the room
and sitting at thE piano
you became anotheR person the one you've left with us

you advised me to shop on 9th avenue But you
pointEd out that though
i'd save moNey i might be cheated
i'd have to watch
carefully
what i was buying
but recently
you couldn't leave your room somebody had to do your shopping for you
musically we were
always incompatible

what with
your affinity for the past
a past out of bounds
for me
i could admire your craftsmanship

but
not feel close
to your expression this disturbed me because

from your side there was nothing but
generosity no matter what else there was
my feelings provided a blight
that fortunately just belonged to me
and didn't seem to bother you at all

the boundary
between us
is a line

right down
the middle of the master janus
he looked both back
and towards what joyce calls
the footure mujik of the footure
perhaps our musical friendship came about
because of him
(Not joyce) schoenberg

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

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

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

you helped it get born
sitting beside it
at the piano

maybe i'm wrong [i am wrong] but i think that's how it was

copyist and cook over there where it's light
and brilliant
genial
composer over here where it's dark
This text has twelve short parts, each made up of seven mesostics, the first six of which make sense. The last does not do so conventionally: it is a chance-determined mix of the preceding six. *Composition in Retrospect* was written as part of an intensive international workshop for professional choreographers and composers conducted in August 1981 by Merce Cunningham and myself at the University of Surrey in Guildford, England.

What happened was that from nine to ten-thirty in the morning I spoke in an informal way on an aspect of my composition; from ten-thirty to eleven there was a tea and coffee break during which the composers received specific assignments for that evening's performance of music and dance; from eleven to twelve-thirty I composed that part of the following text that was related to my earlier talk in the presence of those members of the workshop who chose to be with me. This continued for two weeks, six days a week. On the first day I found I could not write more than six mesostics. I then took six as the number that had to be written each of the following days.

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

**COMPOSITION IN RETROSPECT**

My
memory
of what
happened
is not
what happened
iAM struck
by the
fact
that what happened
is more conventional
than what i remembereD

iMitations
inversions
retrograde forms
motives that are varied
Or
not varied

once music
begins
it remains
he said the same
even variation is repetition
some things changeD others not [schoenberg]

what i aM
remembering
incorrectly to be sure
is whatever
deviated from
ordinary practice

not a scale or row but a gamut
to each
element
of which
equal honor
could be given
iMitations
inVErsions
iT remains
motives tHat are varied
deviated frOm
than what i remembereD

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

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

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

satie divided four

foURs into one two and one (four eight and four)

and in other pieCes

he worked symmeTrically

couNTing

the numbeR

bEtween

Succeeding numbers

following addiTion six plus two

with subtracTion

six minUs two

and/or reaChing

a cenTer of a series of phrases

continuing

by going backwaRds

six eight

four Seven five

seven four eight six six being

the center horizontally five vertically

thUs

a Canvas

of Time is provided hospitable to both noise and mUsical tones upon which

music may be dRawn

spacE

in which the Small

inTo

the center horizontally five vertically

foURs into one two and one (four eight and four)

and/or reaChing

of Time is provided hospitable to both noise as the aspect of soUnd

peRmits

a distinction bEtween
music
for the dance
To go with it
to Express
the dance in sound
not
being able
to do
the same thing

gives the possibility
of doing
something
that differs
living
in the same town
finding life
by not
living the same way

the dancers from malaysia
a theatrical crossing
from left to right
so slowly as to seem to be
moving
not at all
the music meanwhile
as fast as possible
togetherness

of opposites
purposeful purposelessness
not
to accept it
unless i could remain
at
the same time
a member of society
able to fulfill a commission
to satisfy
a particular Need
Though having no control
over what happens
acceptance
sometimes
written out
determinate

sometimes
just a suggestion
i found it
worked
therefore i nap
pounding the rice
without lifting my hand

gives the possibility
a theatrical crossing
Though having no control
that differs
unless i could remain
in the same town
the same time
as fast as possible
togetherness
to sober and quiet the mind
so that it
is
in accord
with
what happens
the world
around it
open
rather than

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

he said
It
is
complete
goes full circle the structure of the mind
passes
from the absolute
to the world of relativity
perceptions
during the
Day and dreams
at night
Suzuki
the magic square
and then chance operations
going out through sense Perceptions
to follow a metal ball
away from likes
And dislikes

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

he had
originally been and would never have again becon
had the other refused to kill him
silence
sweeping fallen leaves
sweeping up
Leaves three years later
suddenly understood said
thank you
again no reply
to sober and quiet the mind
goInG in
iS
in aGcord
returnInG
goInG out through sense perceptions
with a smile
lo and behold the nag immediately
becomes again
after emptiness

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

after eight or nine solutions I said
not quite
sure of myself there aren't any more
that's correct
now I want you
to put in words
the principle
that underlies
all of the solutions
he
had always seemed to me superior
to other human beings
but then my worship of him increased even more
I couldn’t do what he asked
Perhaps now
thirty years Later
I
Can
i think he

would agree
the principle
underlying all of the Solutions
acts
In the question that is asked
as a composer
i should
Give up
making
choices
Devote myself
to asking
questions
Chance
determined
answers’ll open
my mind to world around
at the same time
changing my music
self-alteration not self-expression
thoreau said the same thing over a hundred years ago.
i want my writing to be as clear as water i can see through.
so that what i experienced is told without my being in any way
in the way.

devote myself
(superior)
to other human beings
a class
now i want you
so that what i experienced is told
i
my being in any way
choices

he made
an arrangement of objects in front of them
and asked the students to concentrate
attention on it
until it was part
and parcel
of his or her thoughts
then
to go to the wall.
which he had covered
with paper
to place both nose and toes
in Contact
with it
keeping that contact
and using charcoal
to draw the Image
which each had in mind
all the

students
were in
positions
that disconnected
mind and hand

the drawings were suddenly contemporary
no longer
fixed
in
taste

and
preconception
the collaboration with oneself
that each person
conventionally
permits
had been made impossible
by a physical
position another
crossleggedness
the result of which
is rapid transportation
each student
had wanted to become a modern artist
Put out of touch
with himself
discovery
sudden
opening

of Doors
It
was
a class
given by mark toby
in the same part
of the world
I walked with him from school
to chinatown
he was always stopping pointing out things to see

which he had covered
was in
and place both nose and toes
to concentrate
mind and hand
in the same part
with himself
I walked with him from school
sudden
another
turning the paper
into
a space of Time
imperfections in the paper upon which
The
music is written
the music is there before
it is written

composition
is only making
it
clear
that
is the case
finding out
a simple relation

between paper and music
how
to
read
it
independently
of
one's thoughts

what instrument
or
instruments
staff
or staves
the possibility
of
a microtonal music
more space between staff lines representing major
    thirds
    than minor
    so that
    if a note has no accidental

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

accidental major
to staff
    the vertically
    finding out
    one's thoughts
you can't be serious she said
we were drinking
a record
was being played
not
in the place
where we were
but in another room
I had
found it interesting
and had asked
what music it was
not to supply

a particular photograph
but to think
of materials that would
make it
possible
for someone else
to make his own
A Camera
it was necessary
for david tudor
something
a puzzle that he would
solve
taking
as a beginning
what was impossible to measure
and then returning what he could to mystery
it was
while teaching
a
class
at wesleyan

that i thought
of number ii
i had
been explaining
variations
one
suddenly realized
that two notations on the same
piece of paper
automatically bringing
about relationship
my Composing
is actually unnecessary

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

that makes it possible
to pay attention
to daily work or play
as being
not
what we think it is
but our goal
all that's needed is a frame
a change of mental attitude
amplification

waiting for a bus
we're present at a concert
suddenly we stand on a work of art the pavement
music
Never stops it is we who turn away
i haD
as bEing
noT
surfacE
foR
all that's needed is a fraMe
It was
amplificatioN
wAiting for a bus
my Composing
not to supplY

muslcircus
maNy
Things going on
at thE same time
a theatRe of differences together
not a single Plan
just a spacE of time
aNd
as many pEople as are willing
performing in The same place
a laRge
plAce a gymnasium
an archiTecture
that Isn't
invOlved
with makiNg the stage
directly opposite
the audience and higher
Thus
more
important than where they're sitting
the responsibility
of Each
person is
Marcel Duchamp said
To complete
the work himself
to hear
to see
originally
we need to
change
not only architecture
but the relation
of art
to money
there will be too many musicians
to pay
the event
must be free
To the public
here
As elsewhere
we find that
society needs
to be
changed
I think
That
many of our problems will be solved
if we take advantage of buckminster fuller’s
Plans
for the improvement
of the circumstances of our lives
an equation
between world resources
And human needs
so that
It
works
for everyone

not just the rich
No
countries
to begin with
and no government at all (thoreau also said this)
an intelligent plan
that will heal
the present
schizophrenia
The use
of energy sources
Above
Earth
not fossil fuels
quickly air will improve
and water too
not the promise
of giving us
artificial
Employment
but to use our technology
Producing
a society
based on unemployment
the purpose
of invention
has always been to diminish work
we now have
The possibility
to become a society
at one with itself

not just the rich
of giving us
That
at the same time
there will be too many musicians
to plan
a society
the event
the purpose
To the public
has always been to diminish work
Above
The
not fossil fuels
we need to
change
the past must be Invented
the future Must be
revised
doiing boTh
mAkes
whaT
the present Is
discOvery
Never stops

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

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

renovation of Melody

In

The
case

of eighteenth-century hymns

knowing the number

of

tones

In each voice
to ask which of the numbers

are passive

which active

these are

first tone

then silence

this brings about

a harmony

a tonality

freed from theory

In chorals

of sätze

to change

The staff so there's equal space for each half tone

then rubbing the twelve

into

the microtonal (japan calcutta etcetera)
which?
as polyModal
revised
allowed me To
tone
Of
the microtonal (japan calcutta etcetera)

a month spent failing to find
a new music for piano
having characteristics
that would
interest grete sultan
finally left my desk
went to visit her
she is not as i am

just concerned
with new music
she loves the past
the room she lives works and teaches
in
has two
pianos

she surrounds herself
with mozart beethoven bach
all of
the best of the past
but like buhlig
who first played
shoenberg's opus eleven
and also arranged

_The art of the fugue_ for two pianos

she loves new music

seeing no real difference

between

some of it

and the classics she's so devoted to

then

I noticed

her hands

conceived a duet

for

two hands each alone

then catalogued all of the intervals, triads and aggregates

a single hand can play unassisted by the other

soon

finished

the first of thirty-two études

each having

two pages

showed it to grete

she was delighted

that was eight years ago

the first performance of all thirty-two will be given next year

she surrounds

_The art of the fugue_ for two pianos

each having

that would

showed it to grete

she was delighted

who first played

soon
Act

In accordance with obstacles

Using them to find or define the processes you're about to be involved in

the questions you'll ask

if you don't have enough time
to accomplish what you have in mind

consider the work finished

Once

It is begun

it then resembles the Venus de Milo

which manages so well without an arm

divide the work to be done into parts and the time available

into an equal number

then you can proceed giving equal attention to each of the parts
or you Could say
study being
inertrupted
take telephone Calls
as Unexpected pleasures
free the Mind
from its desire
To
concentrate
remaining open
to what you Can’t
predict
“i welcome whatever happens next”

if you’re writing a piece for orchestra
and you know that the copying costs
are
such
and such
take the amount of money
you’ve been promised
and divide it to determine
the number of pages
of your Next
Composition
this will give you
the canvas
upon which
you're about to write
however
acceptance of whatever
must
be complemented
by the refusal
of everything
that's
intolerable
revolution can
never
stop

even though each
morning
we awake with energy
(nichi nichi kore ko nichi)
and as individuals
can solve any problem
that confronts us
we must do the impossible
rid the world of nations
bringing
the play of intelligent anarchy
into a world environment
that works so well everyone lives as he needs
upon which

It is begun

however

acceptance of whatever

must

can solve any problem

to find or define the process

of everything

available

intolerable

composition

proceeded giving equal attention

"I welcome whatever happens next"
FOR HER FIRST EXHIBITION
WITH LOVE

have drifted
i'll bear it
to remind me of
you done through
toy

wings like
Come from
the bush
to wish
again
till
thousands thee
Given!

(JJ*/JC+)

*FW628

+V/s/Grez
10/82
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I began this part of the diary during the Nixon administration, but did not complete it until recently. Like many other optimists I was struck dumb by the course of current events. However, now that I've managed to finish the eighth, I contemplate writing two more and have begun the ninth. A year with ten months (Oct., Nov., Dec.), each having thirty days more or less. Each day has at least one hundred words and two entries. The number of words in each entry (between one and sixty-four) is chance-determined. Sometimes a day has five or six entries. The result is a mosaic of remarks, the juxtapositions of which are free of intention.

**DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD**

**(YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE)**

**CONTINUED 1973–1982**

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

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

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

CCX. On the boat coming over, Tibetan
monk learned to speak English very fluently. What he did, he said, was to take his mind and place it at the point where in Mind the English language is. Sadie Stahl, born Sadie O'Brian, left'er money to the Church.

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

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

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

What American industry decided about Puerto Rico was that Puerto Rico would be one of its consumers. Puerto Rico shouldn't import anything from any other country. The function of the governments (American and Puerto Rican) is to see to it that what industry wants is what happens. CCXI. As a New York senior citizen, I get public transportation half price except during rush hours. I can also go to movies half price if I do so in the afternoons. If I take the subway, I must buy two trips at once in opposite directions, round trip. With the bus I am free to go wherever I wish.

Western medicine continues based on error: notion that first of all pain must be relieved; that secondly erasure shall be made of whatever unusual symptoms'd arisen. That's what it is: a network of poisonous painkillers and deadly antibiotics. American
doctors are steadfastly suspicious of unorthodox therapies that take the whole body into consideration, that begin with spine or with diet. CCXII.

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

Watergate. Took America two hundred years to produce its own form of theater. Cf. The Persians by Aeschylus. Noh drama.

Boredom. Fascination. Only time I wrote any music was between twelve and two when the Senators went out for lunch. People in the audience losing their minds. Dogs searching for bombs. Precedents: An American Family; the Warhol movies; Happenings in general.

If, while reading the menu, you have the feeling that you’ve read it before, best thing to do is not to order anything. CCXIII. He’d told his class to read the Bible. And so he opened it himself. After reading a little, he laughed, closed the book, and said, “There’s just no sense in reading it any more.” Doctor told me: at your age anything can happen. Got rid of arthritis by following macrobiotic diet. Work’s now taking on the aspect of play. The older I get the more things I find myself interested in doing. Spreading myself thin. Schoenberg stood in front of the class. He asked those who intended to become professional musicians to raise their hands. I didn’t put mine up.
CCXIV. Now, when we really need them, they telephoned, while we were away, to say they weren’t coming. Carla had a doctor’s appointment for nine o’clock in the morning. She was prompt. She waited three hours. At noon doctor left for lunch. Carla went home. A few days later she received a bill for the time she’d spent in the waiting room. 3 teens kill 4. No motive! Shoes’n’clothes made in Puerto Rico are exported to United States. What isn’t sold there goes up’n’price and then goes back to Puerto Rico. There are only two languages: one uses images and ideograms; the other uses an alphabet. In Brussels or Montreal, signs in one alphabetic language are duplicated in another. All over the world alphabetic signs should be accompanied by their equivalent in characters. We would learn Chinese just by keeping our eyes open. CCXV.

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

Americans, their government coupled with their industry, automatically barge in wherever there’s a sign of cheap labor. We’re all over Latin America. We don’t speak Spanish or Portuguese. Our exploitees don’t speak
English. Now they speak with bombs hoping someday we’ll understand. CCXVI.

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

Edward Weston told me photographers photograph themselves no matter what their cameras’re focussed on. Using chance operations Robert Mahon’s found a way to let each photograph photograph itself. Traffic was obstructed by a medium-sized car that was standing in the middle of the street. It was empty except for a large gentle dog who was sitting in the driver’s seat. Emily Bueno said the reason nothing’ll happen in America to improve matters is most of the people are comfortable the way it is. (We had been talking about China and revolution.) CCXVII. The United States has turned Puerto Rico into a kind of Los Angeles, a place where there is no public transportation to speak of, nothing but private cars in greater and greater congestion.

Fumes. Accidents. He told me he had waited three and a half hours for a bus. Received letter from journalist: put your philosophy in a nutshell. Replied: get out of whatever cage you find yourself in. Asked to supply catchy title for conversations with Daniel Charles, suggested For the Birds. TV interview: if you were asked
to describe yourself in three words, wha’d you say? An open cage. Satie was right: experience is a form of paralysis.

CCXVIII. Nobody voted. Government was embarrassed out of existence. Dialog. New York’s the largest Puerto Rican city in the world. Revision of
The Golden Rule: do unto others as they would be done by. After Dad died, I was filling out blanks to increase Mother’s Social Security. Mother noticed what I was doing. “There’s something I’ve never told you.” “I know. Aunt Marge said you were married before you married Dad.” “That’s not all. I was married twice before that.” “What was your first husband’s name?” “Y’know? I’ve tried’n’tried but I simply can’t remember.” Aunt Sadie. She was very elderly. She had to be put in a home. They put her in a Catholic one. First thing Sister said was: Now Mrs. Stahl, we’re going to give you a nice hot bath. Aunt Sadie brightened up. Oh! she said, haven’t had one of those in a long time. CCXIX. Replied he was a politician. I laughed: in one ear he wore an earring. He continued: “Politics is all of the actions of all of the people.” The sun shines very dependably in Puerto Rico, but no steps are taken to make use of solar energy. Kudzu, introduced from Japan to control soil erosion, has overgrown American Southeast. Tubers and leaves are edible. Leaves’re full of protein. Surrounded by kudzu,
southerners never dream of eating it. Became millionaire in Japan: dehydrated kudzu leaves; marketed nutritious powder. Aunt Sadie had the Women’s Club to lunch. The same day she invited the Cunninghams to dinner, Merce, his two brothers and his mother and father. When the food was served, Mr. Cunningham said, “I’ve never seen a chicken before with so many necks.” CCXX. What is the sound that’s heard when a conch shell is held to an ear? Does it originate in the shell? Or is it outside sound that went all the way in and came back out transformed? Not only is the future of music playing new experimental works in Africa’n’Third World generally, future of art lies displayed before us everywhere: the junk with which we litter both our streets and all the places in nature beautiful enough to attract us.

Arriving at University of Puerto Rico were told five-month military occupation of University had just stopped. Teachers’d lectured just to collect their salaries. No students’d listened. Chancellor gave reception for us. Student’n’faculty friends we’d made didn’t attend. Chancellor didn’t either. Were told Chancellor’s afraid to appear anywhere. CCXXI. There’s your Aunt Sadie walking down the street with her two fur coats on and her corset over them. She was off to church. Give her a shot of whisky, Dad said. Taxi-driver asked whether I’d seen TV coverage of Nixon’s visit to China. Said
I had. "They play The Star-Spangled
Banner better in Peking than they do
here in the USA." I agreed. What good’d
it do if we got out of Puerto Rico?
People there’ve forgotten life’s like, what
first thing is each morning to do.

Warning me not to go on foot outside
University precincts, told me she carried a
gun just’n case. Noticed door to
her apartment had seven locks. CCXXII.
To measure the duration of an experience
you must know the velocity of the
mind. (Ezra Pound.) Before going to
Japan for a concert tour, David Tudor
and I asked for a contract. We received
it. Once in Tokyo we were given
another quite different contract. Asked
sponsors which contract they’d
follow. “Sometimes we’ll follow one
and sometimes it’ll be better to follow
the other.” Nuclear weaponry’s
rational adjunct to internationalism.
Each nation’s married to industry.
Industry’s polygamous. Each nation’s
selfish. What’s needed’s intelligent
equation between human needs and world
resources. Buckminster Fuller. Read his
*Critical Path*. Through electronics
(Marshall McLuhan) we’ve extended
central nervous system. International
world’s schizophrenic, split against
itself. There’s no political remedy
for this disease. Power politics was its
cause. Holocaust. CCXXIII. A
political structure interrupted by
actions of people outside of it is a
political structure that’s not
up-to-date. Holocaust. Survivors, if
any, may finally come to their senses. I remember Seattle earthquake.
Neighborhood where we were living was alarmed. Left the house as others did.
In vacant lot for the first time we met our neighbors. "**What business have I in the woods if I am thinking of something out of the woods?**" (Thoreau.)

**Instead of picking or buying many flowers that are all the same, get just one of a kind. Put each in its own bottle. Flower arrangement with space and the possibility of being easily changed, a mobile.** CCXXIV. The day continues by becoming the night. Our dreams are closely related to our sense perceptions. Deep sleep. Then in to alpha before getting up. Puerto Rico. A copy of *Newsweek* costs three fifty; *New York Times* costs two and a quarter. March nineteen-eighty-two.

"**You probably heard that we had an earthquake. Some people thought a man under the bed. Not your old Aunt Sadie. She knew.**" Philadelphia: What business have I in the woods if the woods are not in me? Wake me up at 8:30 or 9:00, whichever one comes first. A way of writing which comes from ideas, is not about them, but which produces them. CCXXV. About to leave the bus, having gone from one town to another, told conductor no one had collected my fare, asked him how much it was.

It's free, he said. That was a few years ago in Massachusetts, in one of those three college towns that are all fairly close together. Now I'll go to
sleep. In the morning ideas will come to me. The church is not a church. After being moved it either became an antique shop or might’ve. And then it was moved again and added on to. Church is now a living room. **If your head’s in the** **clouds keep your feet on the ground. If feet’re on the ground, keep your head in the clouds.** CCXXVI. El Salvador. Dreamt I’d composed a piece all notes of which were to be prepared and eaten. Lemon’n’oil, salt’n’pepper. Some raw. Finished score on day of performance. (I was to perform it.) Set out for concert hall, had difficulty finding my way. Decided to stop and rehearse. As soon as first notes were cooked, dogs and cats came around and ate them all up. **Drove to the airport bumper to bumper. Back home, glued to the TV: Watergate. Ninety-six degrees: city’s hydrants opened so those who wish may cool off in the streets.**

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

**Puns again:** Duchamp. **Lucidity again:** Wittgenstein. At any point where a shell bulges it can be tapped like a
drum; at an edge it may be plucked just
as the spine of a cactus may be
plucked. The traffic never stops, night
or day. Every now and then a siren.
Horns, screeching brakes. Extremely
interesting; always unpredictable. At
first thought I couldn’t sleep through
it. Then found a way of transposing
the sounds into images so that they
entered into my dreams without waking me
up. A burglar alarm that lasted
several hours resembled a Brancusi.
CCXXVIII. The divorce of
state’n’industry. When assigning
seats for transoceanic or
transcontinental flights, airline
representatives will not ask whether we
smoke or not nor whether we wish to
sit by the window or on the aisle;
they will ask what games we play.
Jack Collins told me that his trip to
Iceland was long and tedious. The
trip back was short and pleasant: he was
playing chess. Things that might’ve been
done that haven’t yet. Electronic
additions to plants and bushes turning
them into instruments for a children’s
orchestra. The use of photoelectric
eyes to scan the principal entrances and
exits at Grand Central Station bringing
about pulverization of Muzak.
Transformation of chorus and orchestra into
a thunderstorm. CCXXIX. Flight from
Houston, Texas, to Charleston, South
Carolina, took more than twelve hours.
Changed planes in Atlanta. Landing in
Charleston, surprised to notice
mountains. Once in the airport,
asked porter whether airport was newly constructed. “Only airport we’ve ever had.” Turned out to be West Virginia. Correction flight (Charleston to Charleston) was paid for by another airline that had nothing to do with mistake. Aunt Sadie wasn’t quite in front of the meat market that was in the building she owned. She was trying to see what was going on without being observed. Look, she said, they’re giving away the nicest bits of meat. CCXXX.

Used to smoke at least three packs a day. Everything that happened was a signal to light a cigarette. Finally I divided myself into two people: one who knew we’d stopped; the other who didn’t. Everytime the one who didn’t know picked up a cigarette to light it, the other one laughed until he put it down. In Japanese brain vowels’re processed on one side, consonants on the other. Westerners process vowels and consonants on the same side, leaving other without any relation to language. Out of twenty-three Japanese brains, four’re five work way Western ones do. Trust a few of us use our heads the way Japanese use theirs. CCXXXI. Towed away in New York City. Police wouldn’t accept seventy-five-dollar check because I didn’t own the car. Went to sleep. Dreamt I was caught speeding a week later in California. Cop said they charged fifty dollars for each person in the car. Had two friends with me. When I woke up, realized I’d saved
seventy-five dollars just by being asleep. Enjoyed riding four-wheeled. Away from the roads and the signs. In'ter nineties, Mrs. Dennison's very well. Except, she says, I don't have the energy I had when I was in my seventies. People'n Puerto Rico who still have jobs don't have them for five days a week, just for four. Naturally they don't get as much pay as they used to, though their living expenses have skyrocketed. Those who work in hospitals stay at home for half a week. Patients get along by themselves. CCXXXII. Staple diet in Brazil's always been rice'n'beans. Black beans. American advisers said soybeans would make more money. For a while that happened. Then price paid for soybeans'n Chicago slumped. Brazilians now standing in line to buy black beans imported at outlandish prices. Mushroom is close. Pine tree continues hiding it with its needles. Out of unemployment comes self-employment. There's no longer time to correct things first here and then there, say'n Puerto Rico today, South Africa tomorrow, later'n Israel or Salvador. Whole thing's wrong. Beginning of future if there is to be one is making world a single place, freeing it from its division into nations. CCXXXIII. With the innermost part of the shell cut off, shell is trumpet, air in one way, out the other. But nothing's lost: sound has been gained: leading tone to tone shell gave before being altered. The tonic's heard again
by closing off cut-off end with a 
finger, placing shell to ear.
Situation has both changed and remained 
what it was. Breakfast in Dutch 
hotel: tables piled high with cold 
bread, cold meats, cheese, cold 
soft-boiled eggs and butter; plastic 
utensils, yellow-green and orange. 
Guests serve themselves. Waiters are 
busy pouring coffee and tea, piling up 
used utensils, and throwing leftover 
food into large orange plastic 
garbage containers placed in the center of 
the dining room. CCXXXIV. It was a very 
hot summer day. Merce's mother was looking 
out the window. "Look, there's 
Sadie," she said, "wearing her rubbers. 
No wonder her feet hurt." If you partly 
fill a conch shell with water, and 
then tip the shell this way and that, 
from time to time you'll hear gurglings 
over which you have virtually no control. 
Contingency. People ask what the 
avant-garde is and whether it's 
finished. It isn't. There will 
always be one. The avant-garde is 
flexibility of mind and it follows like 
day the night from not falling prey to 
government and education. Without 
avant-garde nothing would get 
invented. CCXXXV. I'm gradually 
learning how to take care of myself. It 
has taken a long time. It seems to me 
that when I die I'll be in perfect 
condition. We've turned Puerto Rico into a 
country without anything. No 
fishing'r'agriculture, no industry. 
Avocados'n'carrots came from Florida.
Factory-centered cities along the southern coast’re ghost towns. After seventeen years no taxation, profiteering companies on eighteenth closed down or a) went bankrupt, b) started up again under new name. Result: unemployment’s incomplete, just forty per cent. Concerned about her electricity bill, Aunt Sadie switched off anything she wasn’t actually using.

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

Optimism is continuous. Only the space in which it operates expands or contracts. Sometimes so little that it brushes against the skin. Daniel in the lion’s den. One is then at home, no place else to go. The night redoubles our energy. Imagination. I am not a good historian. I don’t know how many years it’s been, but every now and then, when I go out, I hesitate at the door, wondering whether a cigarette’s still burning somewhere in the house. The large Australian shells are as musical as violins. Doris Dennison’s mother’s ninety-five. Doris said, “Mother, why do you still treat me like a child? You know I’m seventy-four.” “You are!” said Mrs. Dennison. “I can’t believe it.”
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WISHFUL THINKING

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

now you'll probably keep

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

MUOYCE

(WRITING FOR THE FIFTH TIME THROUGH FINNEGANS WAKE)
and reinehercy his white Stuttutistics your to Cuddle leaving Pennyfair him Dyb of cannothorsed led the Notshall You world's the buzzed ape XVII committale two op thir ungingthingsnihim a upon the dad and here was mistery the par not foot kor sets his a couple Then first and ortu intensely asub itreetrene newly to being Qui were him L. moll vogels her man my pretty and shove his rudder up of stump wend of ivvy's holired ab ble earth with fir balk forth stretched poor and garments tossed the mind over everything was Ier 'by Allswill' some canon isator's day youngo more of his manjester's voice and clasped hands nan 'twill and Celestial Hierarchies est to his camp fast A locus and the probable eruberuptiona tall hatin putting steps Clarence's them and Alumism up
ds in ribbings An imposing everybody he
ttyspecto PLAYED cyandgta thingthrough
securus indicat our awhch vin ininto-
cap was volunteer Godhelicbum And Warto-
combly shillelagh aBayroyt lower Goerz
and watchful as acidsyou a n't some No
palmtheme Cincinnati tened SORTES like
cawerthe novelround stomach maateskip-
pey asFamilies playing Margrate isthelwhen
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III

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The Author

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

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

He lectures frequently in America and abroad, continues to hunt wild mushrooms, and has a collection of more than 200 houseplants. He is Musical Advisor of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company.
"No American has caused more disturbances or astonishments than John Cage."
—Calvin Tomkins, *The New Yorker*

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

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

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

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