A YEAR
FROM MONDAY

New Lectures and Writings by

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WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Middletown, Connecticut

Some of these lectures and articles have been delivered or published elsewhere. The headnote preceding each one makes grateful acknowledgment of its precise source.

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

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number : 67–24105
Manufactured in the United States of America
First edition
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When *Silence* was published, I gave a copy to David Tudor. After looking it over, he said, “Too bad the *Juilliard Lecture* isn’t in it.” That text is included in this collection which, except for the *Lecture on Commitment*, written while *Silence* was in preparation, and many of the stories found here and there in this book and those brought together under the title *How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run*, consists of what I have been writing since 1961.

The question is: Is my thought changing? It is and it isn’t. One evening after dinner I was telling friends that I was now concerned with improving the world. One of them said: I thought you always were. I then explained that I believe—and am acting upon—Marshall McLuhan’s statement that we have through electronic technology produced an extension of our brains to the world formerly outside of us. To me that means that the disciplines, gradual and sudden (principally Oriental), formerly practiced by individuals to pacify their minds, bringing them into accord with ultimate reality, must now be practiced socially—that is, not just inside our heads, but outside of them, in the world, where our central nervous system effectively now is.

This has brought it about that the work and thought of Buckminster Fuller is of prime importance to me. He more than any other to my knowledge sees the world situation—all of it—clearly and has fully reasoned projects for turning our attention away from “killingry” toward “livingry.”

However, when I recently reread my *Juilliard Lecture*, I was struck by correspondences between the thought in it and the thought I consider most recent in my mind, e.g., “We are getting rid of ownership, substituting use,” 1966; and “Our poetry now is the realization that we possess nothing,” 1952. My ideas certainly started in the field of music. And that field, so to speak, is child’s play. (We may have learned, it is true, in those idyllic days, things it behooves us now to recall.) Our proper work now if we love mankind and the world we live in is revolution.

The reason I am less and less interested in music is not only that I find environmental sounds and noises more useful aesthetically than the sounds produced by the world’s musical cultures, but that, when you get right down to it, a composer is simply someone who tells other people what to do. I find this an unattractive way of getting things done. I’d like our activities to be more social.
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and anarchically so. As a matter of fact, even in the field of music, this is what is happening. Already in the '50's we had the Once Group in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and the Gutai Group in Osaka and Tokyo. Now as one travels around he encounters groups so to speak wherever he goes: the Zaj Group in Madrid, Fluxus here and abroad, Bang! in Richmond, Virginia, the construction in Stockholm of the Hon by Niki de Saint Phalle, Jean Tinguely, and Per Olof Ultvedt. When he comes back to New York City, he finds himself in the thick of a group of artists and engineers giving a Festival of Theater and Engineering, a group that plans, under the name EAT (Experiments in Art and Technology), to stay together, as families used to but rarely any longer do. We have moved, one may say, from the time of the family reunion to the present time that brings people and their energies and the world's material resources, energies, and facilities together in a way that welcomes the stranger and discovery and takes advantage of synergy, an energy greater than the sum of the several energies had they not been brought together.

Coming back to the notion that my thought is changing. Say it isn't. One thing, however, that keeps it moving is that I'm continually finding new teachers with whom I study. I had studied with Richard Buhlig, Henry Cowell, Arnold Schoenberg, Daisetz Suzuki, Guy Nearing. Now I'm studying with N. O. Brown, Marshall McLuhan, Buckminster Fuller, Marcel Duchamp. In connection with my current studies with Duchamp, it turns out I'm a poor chessplayer. My mind seems in some respect lacking, so that I make obviously stupid moves. I do not for a moment doubt that this lack of intelligence affects my music and thinking generally. However, I have a redeeming quality: I was gifted with a sunny disposition.

About this book's title (apart from its ambiguity and my interest in non-measurement): it was a Saturday; there were six of us having dinner in a restaurant on the Hudson north of Newburgh; we arranged to meet in Mexico (I've never been in other parts of Mexico than Lower California); three had been in Mexico and were delighted at the prospect of returning; one was born there but hadn't been there for five years; his wife, whom he married in India, like me has never been there; two others, not present at the dinner, both of whom have been in Mexico and love it, hopefully will join us; we may be a party of eight); in order to realize this rendezvous, all of us (knowing how to say Yes) will have to learn to say No—No, that is, to anything that may come between us and the realization of our plan.

—J. C.
This text was written for publication by Clark Coolidge in his magazine Joglars, Providence, R.I. (Vol. 1, No. 3, 1966). It is a mosaic of ideas, statements, words, and stories. It is also a diary. For each day, I determined by chance operations how many parts of the mosaic I would write and how many words there would be in each. The number of words per day was to equal, or, by the last statement written, to exceed one hundred words.

Since Coolidge's magazine was printed by photo-offset from typescripts, I used an IBM Selectric typewriter to print my text. I used twelve different type faces, letting chance operations determine which face would be used for which statement. So, too, the left marginations were determined, the right marginations being the result of not hyphenating words and at the same time keeping the number of characters per line forty-three or less. The present typography follows the original chance-determined plan.

I have several times given this text as a lecture, first at Beloit College in Wisconsin, more recently (June 1966) at the International Design Conference in Aspen, Colorado. It was thereafter reprinted in the spring 1967 issue of Aspen Magazine.

DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD (YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE) 1965

I. Continue; I'll discover where you sweat (Kierkegaard). We are getting rid of ownership, substituting use.

Beginning with ideas. Which ones can we take? Which ones can we give?

Disappearance of power politics. Non-measurement. Japanese, he said: we also hear with our feet. I'd quoted Busoni: Standing between musician and music is notation. Before I'd given the history, chance operations, indeterminacy.

I'd cited the musics of India. notation of them's after the fact. I'd spoken of
direct musical action (since it's ears, not interposing eyes). 2:00 A.M., Jensen said, "Even if you didn't like the results (Lindsay, etc.), we hope you liked the telling of it." Telling (7) of it! We were there while it was happening! II. Minimum ethic: Do what you said you'd do. Impossible? Telephone. No answer? My idea was that if they wanted to fight (human nature and all that), they should do it in the Antarctic, rest of us gambling on daily outcome: proceeds for world welfare. Instead they're cooperative down there, exchanging data, being friendly. April '64: U.S. State Department man gave Honolulu talk—"global village whether we like it or not"—, cited fifty-five services which are global in extent. Mountain range dividing Oahu, formerly crenelated (crenelations for self-protection while shooting arrows), is now tunneled, permitting population circulation. Wars etc. part of dying political-economic structures. Social work equals increasing number of global services. III. AS McLUHAN SAYS*, EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT ONCE. IMAGE IS NO LONGER STREAM FALLING OVER ROCKS, GETTING FROM ORIGINAL TO FINAL PLACE; IT'S AS TENNEY EXPLAINED: A VIBRATING COMPLEX, ANY ADDITION OR SUBTRACTION OF COMPONENT(S), REGARDLESS OF APPARENT POSITION(S) IN THE TOTAL SYSTEM, PRODUCING ALTERATION, A DIFFERENT MUSIC.

FULLER: AS LONG AS ONE HUMAN BEING IS HUNGRY, THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE IS HUNGRY. City planning's obsolete. What's needed is global planning so Earth may stop stepping like octopus on its own feet. Buckminster Fuller uses his head: comprehensive design science; inventory of world resources. Conversion: the mind turns around, no longer facing in its direction. Utopia? Self-knowledge. Some will make it, with or without LSD. The others? Pray for acts of God, crises, power failures, no water to drink. IV. We see symmetrically: canoe on northern Canadian lake, stars in midnight sky repeated in water, forested shores precisely mirrored. Our hearing's asymmetrical: noticed sounds surprise us, echoes of shouts we make transform our voices, straight line of sound from us to shore's followed by echo's slithering around the lake's perimeter. When I said, "Fifty-five global services," California Bell Telephone man replied (September '65), "Ifi—now sixty-one." The seasons (creation, preservation, destruction, quiescence): this was experience and resultant idea (no longer is: he flies to Rio). What shall we wear as we travel about? A summer suit with or without long underwear? What about Stein's idea: People are the way their land and air is? V. When I said that culture was changing from
Renaissance to what it is now (McLuhan),
Johns objected to what he said was
an oversimplification. But Johns was
speaking according to our non-
Renaissance experience: total field, non-
focused multiplicity. We are, are we not,
socially speaking, in a situation of
the old dying and the new coming into
being? For the old—paying bills,
seeking for power—take the attitude
of play: games. For the new—doing what
isn't necessary, "moving sand from one
part of the beach to another"
(Buckminster Fuller)—take the
religious attitude: cerebration. (It
celebrates.) The people have left.
The cat and kittens were taken to the
SPCA.
The house is full of fleas.
VI.
They say totally determined music and
indeterminate music sound the same. I
visited Hamada. Getting up from
the wheel, he said, "I'm not interested
in results; just going on. Art's in
process of coming into its own: life.
The lake is undefined. The land around
rests upon it obscuring its shape, shape
that needs to remain unrevealed. Sung.
"Floating world." Rain, curtain of wind
swept lake's surface beyond: second view
(there are others, he tells me, one with
mists rising). Yesterday it was stillness
and reflections, groups of bubbles. An
American garden: water, not sand,
vegetation, not stones. Thunder.
Without intending to, I'm going from lake
to lake. Saltair. Salt Lake. VII.

Hugh Nibley. I hadn't seen him since
high school days. I asked him what
he thought about other planets and
sentient populations. Yes, he said,
throughout the universe: it's Mormon
document. We'd said good-bye. I opened
the door of the car, picked up my
attache' case and everything in it fell
out on the grass and the gutter. His
comment: Something memorable always
happens. Things we were going to do are
now being done by others. They were, it
seems, not in our minds to do (were we
or they out of our minds?) but simply
ready to enter any open mind, any mind
disturbed enough not to have an idea in
it. VIII. The daily warmth we
experience, my father said, is not
transmitted by Sun to Earth but is what
Earth does in response to Sun.
Measurements, he said, measure
measuring means. Basho: Matsutake ya
shirazu ko no ba no hebaritsuku.
The leaf of some unknown tree sticking
on the mushroom (Blythe). Mushroom does
not know that leaf is sticking on it
(Takemitsu). Project: Discover way to
translate Far Eastern texts so western men
can read orientally.
Communication? Bakarashii! Words
without syntax, each word
polymorphic. He wanted me to agree that
the piano tuner and the piano maker have
nothing to do with it (the composition).
The younger ones had said: Whoever makes
the stretcher isn't separate from the
painting. (It doesn’t stop there either.) IX. LOOKING IN ALL DIRECTIONS NOT JUST ONE DIRECTION. Housing (Fuller) will be, like telephoning, a service. Only circumstance to stop your living there: someone’s there already (it’s busy). Thus we’ll learn to desire emptiness. Not being able to say, “This is mine,” we’ll want when we inquire to get no response at all. 4:00 P. M. throughout the world. Whether we like it or not (is what he said) it’s happening to us. Advertisements are all good; the news is all bad (McLuhan). But how we receive bad news can change: we’re glad to hear unemployment’s increasing. Soon, all that will be required of us will be one hour’s work per year (Fuller). X. They ask what the purpose of art is? Is that how things are? Say there were a thousand artists and one purpose, would one artist be having it and all the nine hundred and ninety-nine others be missing the point? Areata Bottom sign said: Experiment endlessly and keep humble. “Write to Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions; they’ll know about the global services.” I did. They answered they knew nothing, suggested writing to State Department. Books one formerly needed were hard to locate. Now they’re all out in paperback. Society’s changing. Relevant information’s hard to come by. Soon it’ll be everywhere, unnoticed.

XI. ELECTRONICS. Day comes, the day we die. There’s less and less to do: circumstances do it for us. Earth.

Old reasons for doing things no longer exist. (Sleep whenever. Your work goes on being done. You and it no longer have a means of separation.) We had the chance to do it individually. Now we must do it together globally. War will not be group conflict. It’ll be murder, pure and simple, individually conceived.

Curiosity, awareness. They returned to the fact we all need to eat to explain their devotion to money rather than music.

When I spoke of the equation, work equals money equals virtue, they interrupted me (they didn’t let me say that nowadays there’s no equation), saying, “How can you speak of money and virtue in the same breath?” XII. WHERE THERE DOESN’T SEEM TO BE ANY SPACE, KNOW WE NO LONGER KNOW WHAT SPACE IS. HAVE FAITH SPACE IS THERE, GIVING ONE THE CHANCE TO RENOVATE HIS WAY OF RECOGNIZING IT, NO MATTER THE MEANS, PSYCHIC, SOMATIC, OR MEANS INVOLVING EXTENSIONS OF EITHER.

People still ask for definitions, but it’s quite clear now that nothing can be defined. Let alone art, its purpose etc. We’re not even sure of carrots (whether they’re what we think they are, how poisonous they are, who grew them and under what circumstances).

SHE WAS INDIGNANT WHEN I SUGGESTED
THE USE OF AN APHRODISIAC. WHY?

NATURALLY SHE CONSIDERS TV A WASTE OF TIME. XIII. The purpose of one activity is no longer separate from the purpose of any other activity. All activities fuse in one purpose which is (cf. Huang-Po Doctrine of Universal Mind) no purpose. Imitate the Ganges' sands, becoming indifferent to perfume, indifferent to filth.

Influence. Where does it come from?
Responsibility? Sick ones now are heartsick. Narcissi, they became entranced with emotions, purposes, mystified by living in the twentieth century. We've invented something else, not the wheel. We extended nervous systems. McLuhan: Aenghie of Outwit (Location, Spring '63). (The inability of people to be inactive. As Satie said: If I don't smoke, someone else will in my place. Audience participation, active passivity.)

XIV. Since the Spirit's omnipresent, there's a difference in things but no difference in spirit. McLuhan was able to say "The medium is the message" because he started from no concern with content. Or choose quantity, not quality (we get quality willy-nilly): i.e. we'd like to stay alive, the changes that are taking place are so many and so interesting. Composition'll have, he said, less and less to do with what happens. Things happen more quickly. One of the signs you'll get

that'll tell you things are going well is that you and everyone else you know will be inhabiting lightweight Dymaxion houses, disengaged from ownership and from violated Earth spot (read Fuller).

XV. Smiling, she said, let the old ones walk out: there's not much to be done about them in any case.

Distractions? Interruptions? Welcome them. They give you the chance to know whether you're disciplined. That way you needn't bother about sitting cross-legged in the lotus position.

Phonetics. He was a physicist and a computer-composer in his spare time.

Why was he so stupid? Because he was of the opinion that the only thing that will engage the intellect is the measurement of relations between things?

When told that his mind could change, his response was, "How? Why?" Conflict won't be between people and people but between people and things. In this conflict let's try to arrange matters so the outcome as in philosophy will never be decisive. Treat redwoods, for instance, as entities that have at least a chance to win. XVI. He wanders through markets as though they were forests and he an exploring botanist (throws nothing away). Lake.

Take what you're working on with you, if, that is, you have something to do. Gaps. What a pity that she should feel obliged to take matters in her own hands! (There's
practically no kitchen, he says, and
It's already been figured out that
money's being saved.) Mexico.
Europeans are still up against it.
They seem to require a center of
interest. They understand tragedy but
life itself (and any art that's like it)
puzzles them, seems unsatisfactory.

We're starved for entertainment
(thanking the two women). XVII. By
becoming angry I simply altered my
biochemistry, bringing about a two-hour
recovery. Meanwhile circumstances
continued characterized by habit. Going
in different directions we get instead of
separation a sense of space. Music as
discourse (jazz) doesn't work. If
you're going to have a discussion,
have it and use words. (Dialogue in
another matter.) Acts and facts.
Straw that breaks the camel's back:
their saying No (they advertise they'll
say Yes). Principles? Then all's
intolerable. No principles (which
doesn't mean we fail to become
furious). So? We swim, drowning now
and then. I must write and tell him
about beauty, the urgency to avoid
it. XVIII. Hearing of past actions
(politics, economics), people soon
won't be able to imagine how such
things could've happened. Fusing
politics with economics prepared
disappearance of both. Still
invisible. Arriving, realizing we
never departed. He mentioned heads

on the ceiling. Seeing them, noticed
him too. Fusion of credit card with
passport. Means of making one's voice
heard: refusal to honor credit card.

End of the month? That too may be
changed: the measurement of time,
what season it is, whether it's
night or day. In any case, no bills,
just added information. "Take it easy,
but take it."
XIX. Wanting list of
current global services, how'll I get
it? Long costly correspondences?
(Pentagon advises telephoning.) I'll
write to the President (of the U.S.), to
the Secretary (of State of the U.S.).
Time passing, I'll ask those I
encounter whether they've any
information. (McLuhan hadn't any.)
I'll write to Fuller. Should have done
that in the first place (Pope Paul,
Lindsay: Take note). Amateur (used to
say, "Don't touch it!") now speaks of
audience participation, feels something,
anything, is needed, would help. Develop
panopticity of mind (Listen).

WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN INTELLIGENCE IS RECOGNIZED
AS A GLOBAL RESOURCE (FULLER)?

POLITICAL ORGANIZATIONS—GIVING UP
INvolvement with play (partners,
opponents), involvement with unattainable
goals (victories, truths,
freedoms)—will simply fade out of the
picture. Image coming up is that of
the utilities (gas, electricity,
telephones): unquestionable, emotionally
What is a drawing? No one knows any longer. Something that doesn't require that you wait while you're making it for it to dry? Something on paper? Museum director said (Tobey, Schwitters), "It's a question of emphasis." Thanksgiving.

Art. Transportation plan (eventually at no monetary cost, conveyances recognized for what they are: extensions of each human being and his baggage): short distances costly (to taxi for one block is a luxury), long trips cheap as dirt (crossing continents, oceans). Effect of videophone on travel? That we'll stay home, settling like gods for impressions we'll give of being everywhere at once? Everywhere where economics and politics obtain (everywhere?), policy is dog eat dog. Jake taxi tolls between cities. Those in one town higher than those in the other. Driver going from one to the other must drive home alone. Relaxation of rules, ties (Jake marriage), is indicated. Now that we've got the four-lane roads, we won't have any use for them. (Good for roller-skating, he said.)

Refuse value judgments. Since time lags were inordinately long, change's now welcome. Advertising's discredited itself. When they advertise something, we avoid it. There's nothing we really need to do that isn't dangerous. Eighth Street artists knew this years ago: constantly spoke of risk. But what's meant by risk?

Lose something? Property, life? Principles? The way to lose our principles is to examine them, to give them an airing. XXII. Heaven's no longer paved with gold (changes in church architecture). Heaven's a motel. She changed part of the loft: wall-to-wall carpeting, mobile TV. No conflicts. Twenty-two telephone calls were made by Betty Zeiger "disrupting efficiency of federal agencies . . . dedicated to pursuit of peace." State Department said Hawaii speaker was a woman.

Fifty-five (now sixty-one) global services are in area of humanities "beyond mere provision of food/shelter." Not technological services. State Department: Global village developed from "Literary Villages" (plan for the betterment of life in India). "We are packages of leaking water." "The next water you drink may be your own."

XXIII. LET'S CALL IT THE COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS (WE'VE GOT THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS). THE QUESTION IS: WHAT ARE THE THINGS EVERYONE NEEDS REGARDLESS OF LIKES AND DISLIKES? BEGINNING OF ANSWER: WATER, FOOD, SHELTER, CLOTHING, ELECTRICITY, AUDIO-VISUAL COMMUNICATION, TRANSPORTATION. FORM OF ANSWER: GLOBAL UTILITIES NETWORK. Do not fear that as the globe gets utility organized your daily life will not remain (or become as the case may be).
disorganized, characterized by chaos, illuminated anarchically. You’ll have nothing to do; so what will you do? A lifelong university.

(Fuller) In the lobby after La Monte Young’s music stopped, Geldzahler said: It’s like being in a womb; now that I’m out, I want to get back in. I felt differently and so did Jasper Johns: we were relieved to be released.

XXIV. Knowing-seeing, conforming with reality. Anscombe’s a feminist, insists on wearing pants. Obliged to lecture dressed in a dress, she took one with her, changed into it, lectured, changed back, walked home (teaching all the time) in pants. As was said, “When will you undress yourself of your ideas?” No escape. Billy Klüver said decision of judge in South America (e.g.) is taken as precedent by judge in Sweden. Brown’s work (Life Against Death) is prophetic (also de Kooning’s remark: we no longer have tragedy; the situation an individual may be in is only pathetic): society as a mass is what needs psychoanalysis. (Thus polymorphous perversity, necessity of Utopia.) Looking at billions, unlike Nehru, we must treat them as one person.

XXV. SHE SAYS LIFE IS LIKE A BLANK WALL, IMPOSSIBLE. CORRECT DEDUCTION: SHE IS IN LOVE. Klüver: ITU lists many international agreements re Morse code, telegrams, telephones, radio, television, emergency signals, meteorological information, frequencies and powers of stations, means to prevent static. “How would it be if these agreements didn’t exist?” (ITU asks.) “No press-news, no pictures in the papers, no exchanged radio programs, no static-free radio reception, no meteorological prognoses, no storm warnings, no security at sea, in air.” Klüver reports: ITU (International Telecommunication Union) was established in 1865 (nine years older than 1914—post—and seventeen older than railroad agreements). XXVI.

The truth is that everything causes everything else. We do not speak therefore of one thing causing another. There are no secrets. It’s just we thought they said dead when they said bread. Or that we weren’t tuned in when transmission took place. Being told about global services, Barnett Newman emphasized the importance of the arts. Society has tape recorders, radio broadcasts, and also copyright laws (which it considers extending). (Gets in its own way.) Get rid of copyright (this text is copyright). We’re making nonspecialist interpenetrations. Automation. Alteration of global society through electronics so that world will go round by means of united intelligence rather than by means of divisive intelligence (politics,
economics). Say this idea has no basis in fact but arose through brushing of misinformation. No sweat, it arose (the idea exists, is fact). XXVII.

Do not imagine there aren’t many things to do. We need for instance an utterly wireless technology. Just as Fuller domes (dome within dome, translucent, plants between) will give impression of living in no home at all “(outdoors), so all technology must move toward way things were before man began changing them:

identification with nature in her manner of operation, complete mystery. Fuller prophecy at end of Tomkins profile of him editorially (New Yorker) eliminated. Subject: global network for electrical power (including China who’d participate in a spirit of practicability). Fuller’s remarks considered laughable in view of November blackout. (We need another blackout, one that isn’t so pleasant, one that’ll suggest using our heads the way Fuller uses his.) XXVIII. We’ve poisoned our food, polluted our air and water, killed birds and cattle, eliminated forests, impoverished, eroded the earth. We’re unselfish, skillful: we include in our acts to perform—we’ve had a rehearsal—the last one. What would you call it? Nirvana? “Not only was instant universal voice communication forecast by David Sarnoff, but also instant

television, instant newspapers, instant magazines and instant visual telephone service . . . the development of such global communications system would link people everywhere . . . for reorientation toward a ‘one-world concept of mass communications in an era marked by the emergence of a universal language, a universal culture and a universal common market.’” XXIX. POPULATION.

Art’s obscured the difference between art and life. Now let life obscure the difference between life and art.

Fuller’s life is art: comprehensive design science, inventory of world resources (if enough mined copper exists, re-use it, don’t mine more: same with ideas). World needs arranging. It’ll be like living a painting by Johns: Stars and Stripes’ll be utilities, our daily lives the brushstrokes. McLuhan. Work’s obsolete. Why? Work’s partial involvement in activity. Activity is now necessarily total involvement (cf. work of artists, work not involved in profit). Why total involvement? Electronics. Why everything-at-once? The way we-things are. Yathabhutam.

Where there’s a history of organization (art), introduce disorder.

Where there’s a history of disorganization (world society), introduce order. These directives are no more opposed to one another than
mountain's opposed to spring weather. "How can you believe this when you believe that?" How can I not?

Long life.

Mies van der Rohe said, "The least is the most." I agree with him completely. At the same time, what concerns me now is quantity.

When I got a letter from Jack Arends asking me to lecture at the Teachers College, I wrote back and said I'd be glad to, that all he had to do was let me know the date. He did. I then said to David Tudor: "The lecture is so soon that I don't think I'll be able to get all ninety stories down. Since I was busy with a number of projects, I was on the point of replying that I had no time, when I noticed that I would be at the workshop for fifteen days and that if I wrote one hundred words a day it wouldn't be too much for me and the magazine would get what it wanted. I then replied with a certain firmness telling the editor that I would only do this if he would accept my work in advance, not change it in any way typographically, and let me see and correct proof (I was still cross with the editors of the Kenyon Review because of the way they had treated my text on Schoenberg's Letters). Everything was agreed to, and when the proof came there was nothing in it to correct. However, when it was printed in the January 1966 issue, a headnote accompanied it which suggested the frame of mind a reader might have were he to enjoy my text. Explanatory notes followed. All of that material is here omitted.

Instead of different type faces, I used parentheses and italics to distinguish one statement from another, I set the text in a single block like a paragraph of prose. Otherwise I used the mosaic-discipline of writing described in the note preceding Diary: How to Improve etc. 1965.

DIARY: EMMA LAKE MUSIC WORKSHOP 1965

August 15. The role of the composer is other than it was. Teaching, too, is no longer transmission of a body of useful information, but's conversation, alone, together, whether in a place appointed or not in that place, whether with those concerned or those unaware of what is being said. We talk, moving from one idea to another as though we were hunters. Christopher Lake Line Four Ring Two-One. Operator doesn't answer. Everyone who's coming is still coming, others leaving for a day. (By music we mean sound; but what's time? Certainly not that something begins and ends.)

August 16. This is the day the workshop opens, but due to circumstances—a concert in Saskatoon—it opened yesterday. (Hunted mushrooms in muskeg nearby. Got lost.)
Reichert Boyd McDonald, artificial mountain (slides away), artificial lake (weeds grow over), universe and Rick Shaller picked me up. Friendship vs nature:

...reply! Don Bourre, setting of Duncan poem (two voices—singing, speaking, two pianos and relationship of them: no sounds.)

St. Ives denim, ham sandwiches and canoe. (Distinguished between sounds and larger one, passed by cigarettes and wax paper. Recognized path connecting two lakes. Visiting the workshop concert. Therefore it happened and skilfully: piano solos by Ted Discussion: fugue. (The question remains unanswered.) Hearing several recordings of his music, was struck by difference between sections, no transitions. Suggested carrying this to extreme (Satie, McLuhan, newspaper): not bothering with cadences. Made no effort ("Unperformed work isn't finished.") towards workshop concert. Therefore it happened and skillfully: piano solos by Ted Bourré, setting of Duncan poem (two voices—singing, speaking, two pianos and percussion) by Martin Bartlett. Music by Jack Behrens, Boyd McDonald, and myself also heard. (Having missed poetry-reading, heard recording of it. Gerry Gilbert spoke of poetry as voice instead of words on page. Like a dance: human by nature.) August 26. Art McKay. What we learn isn't what we're taught nor what we study. We don't know we're learning. Something about society? That if what happens here (Emma Lake) happened there (New York City), such things as rights and riots, unexplained oriental wars wouldn't arise. Suggested carrying this to extreme (Satie, McLuhan, newspaper): not bothering to, some of them on in years, had never heard of it. Authentic Indian designs are no longer geometric: they're floral. //

A manita virosa. 9:00 heard horn. Shouted. Received reply! Don Reichert and Rick Shaller picked me up. Friendship vs nature:

Leaving, and coming back; difference of directions; Mrs. Kaldor, who baked the pies, blueberry and saskatoon, still in the hospital. Shopped for moccasins.)

August 28. He'd written a piece in one style and was fulfilling a commission in another. What did I think? O.K. (The one-hundred-year project at Regina: artificial mountain (slides away), artificial lake (weeds grow over), university. The land is flat. How excellent if it could remain so, the people living underground, ready for daily amazement of coming to the surface?) Why did we leave ahead of time? Circumstances? The distances to travel? The fact of weekend? We'd gotten together and so could separate? There had been a robbery. None of the paintings taken, only the coin collection. Saskatchewanan.

Peck says that if things are doing well in gardens, one can expect, in the woods, fields, and waste places, to find wild plants doing equally well.

One winter David Tudor and I were touring in the Middle West. From Cincinnati we drove to Yellow Springs to drum up an engagement for Merce Cunningham and his Dance Company. In this way we met the McGarys. Keith was teaching philosophy at Antioch College and Donna taught weaving and dancing. My conversation with Keith McGary had no sooner begun than we discovered our mutual interest in mushrooms. I told him that I'd never seen the winter-growing Collybia velutipes. He opened the front door and, using a flashlight, showed me the plant growing in the snow from the roots of a nearby tree. He told me what difficulty he was having finding books about fungi. I gave him my copy of Hard which I'd brought along. This books deals especially with Ohio mushrooms. The next day I located two copies of the book in a second-hand bookstore in Columbus. I bought them both. Each winter I find the Collybia, the velvet footed, in quantity. How is it I didn't notice it during the winters before I met Keith McGary?

Loss Long, Esther Dam, Ralph Ferrara, and I were in the Haverstraw cemetery gathering Tricholoma personatum. An elderly lady with a hat on, standing by while a man she was with was tending a grave, happened to notice us. She called out, asking what we were doing there. We said we were looking for mushrooms. Her voice rose slightly as she asked whether Lois Long's Volkswagen which was parked nearby belonged to one of us. The next thing she asked, her voice sharp-edged, was whether we had loved ones buried there. Hearing no one of us did, she spoke firmly and loudly. "Well, I don't like it; and I don't think any one else would like it. If the mushrooms grow here, let them!" Meanwhile the gentleman with her paid no attention. He just went on doing what he was doing. And we, walking dutifully toward the little car, passed by quantities of our favorite mushrooms, making not the slightest attempt to pick them. As we drove off the woman was yelling. "Get out!" she screamed, "get out and never come back!"

On Yap Island phosphorescent fungi are used as hair ornaments for moonlight dances.
The composer André Boucourechliev conducted an inquiry regarding attitudes toward Serial Music Today. I contributed the following article. It was published in Preuves (Paris) March 1966.

SERIOUSLY COMMA

Admitting that, no matter what, one thing follows another (Wolff: "becomes a melody"), that there's no space between activities (Variations III), one asserts that this isn't two-dimensional linear-fact (or multiplicity of such facts interrelated) but un-beginning, interminable field-fact. Space, miracle, then arises where there was none.

McLuhan insists on the newspaper front-page as the present existence type. Reading, we no longer read systematically (concluding each column, or even turning the page to conclude an article): we jump.

McLuhan (Gutenberg Galaxy, Understanding Media) again: That printing (alphabet: making b follow a inflexibly) made the Renaissance is evident. Electronics equally is making us.

SHE SPENDS HER TIME COUNTING THE PASSING CARS.

McLuhan's NOT WAITING, BUT SINGS FINAL DISSOLUTION OF POLITICS-ECONOMICS SO THAT, IN EXCHANGE FOR, SAY, ONE DAY'S WORK PER YEAR, EACH PERSON GETS PASSPORT-CREDIT-CARD (ACCESS TO WHAT GLOBAL-VIL­ LAGE-HUMAN-RACE HAS TO OFFER).

One thing he said: "There is already enough of the unknown." Did he think of it then as spice or vitamin, additional at any rate to something not it, something known? Knowing, as we do, gravity doesn't act, what shall we consider that we know?

McLuhan again: That printing (alphabet: making b follow a inflexibly) made the Renaissance is evident. Electronics equally is making us.

I asked him what a musical score is now.
He said that's a good question.
I said: Is it a fixed relationship of parts?
He said: Of course not; that would be insulting.

I INVOLVE SYMBOLES—LINEAR RELATION­SHIPS—which made me think they didn't understand. But then they said something else—that the school's days of being open would be unpre­dictably arranged. The result was we had a pleasant day together.
Complaint: you open doors; what we want to know is which ones you close. (Doors I open close automatically after I go through.)

The thing that's so offensive about the series is the notion that it is the principle from which all happenings flow (it would be perfectly acceptable for a series to enter into a field situation). But the prediction of series equals harmony equals mind of man (unchanged, used as obstacle, not as fluent component open at both ends!)

Privilege of connecting two things remains privilege of each individual (e.g.: I: thirsty: drink a glass of water); but this privilege isn't to be exercised publicly except in emergencies (there are no aesthetic emergencies).

Permission granted. But not to do whatever you want.

(Fish) Species, separated and labeled, isn't what an aquarium is now. It's a large glass water-house with unidentified fish freely swimming. Observation—Discovery.

At present, it appears to be a series of components—a sound-system—but it is a series of components, not a series of components. Soon 'twill be done wirelessly; then it won't appear to be different than what it already essentially is: not a series of components.

It's no longer a question of people led by someone who assumes responsibility. It's as McLuhan says: a tribal situation. We need one another's help doing (food-gathering, art) what is to be done.

Dealing with language (while waiting for something else than syntax) as though it's a sound-source that can be transformed into gibberish.

It must be done in a way it cannot be taught (he simply handed me a specimen and was generous enough to say: it is easy to identify. He said nothing else. I then noticed the opposite leaves arranged alternately on the stem at right angles). It remains to be seen whether I'll remember, have time to dig.
I have made two concert tours in Japan, one in 1962 with David Tudor, the other in 1964 with the Merce Cunningham Dance Company. Both of these visits were made possible by the Sogetsu Art Center, a lively organization which is part of the flower-arrangement school in Tokyo established by Sofu Teshigahara. It includes a studio for electronic music, a theatre for movies, concerts, and performances, halls for the exhibition of paintings and sculpture, and many offices where, at an instant's notice, tea, and even food, is served. The Sogetsu Art Center has many publications. For our tours elaborate programs were printed including texts. Written material in Japan is in great demand. The newspapers, magazines, and the radio constantly need it. In December of 1963 the Japanese Radio asked me to greet the music-lovers of Japan on the occasion of the New Year (and not to take more than a minute to do so). After some preliminary remarks, I wrote, "Music is music now if it is not interrupted by ambient sounds just as painting is painting now if it is not spoiled by the action of shadows. What is the crux of the matter as far as a listener is concerned? It is this: he has ears; let him use them."

\textbf{HAPPY NEW EARS!}

(Ears are only part of his body: I wish the whole of him and all of you, whether you love music or not, Happy New Year! This Year and All Years?) The texts which follow were my responses to two other requests, one written in advance of a visit, the other written in the air while flying east to San Francisco. They were translated into Japanese and published somewhere inside or outside the Sogetsu Art Center.

Max Ernst, around 1950, speaking at the Arts Club on Eighth Street in New York City, said that significant changes in the arts formerly occurred every three hundred years, whereas now they take place every twenty minutes.

Such changes happen first in the arts which, like plants, are fixed to particular points in space: architecture, painting, and sculpture. They happen afterward in the performance arts, music and theatre, which require, as animals do, the passing of time for their realization.

In literature, as with the myxomycetes and similar organisms which are classified sometimes as plants and sometimes as animals, changes take place both early and late. This art, if it is understood as printed material, has the characteristics of objects in space; but, understood as a performance, it takes on the aspects of processes in time.

I have for many years accepted, and I still do, the doctrine about Art, occidental and oriental, set forth by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy in his book \textit{The Transformation of Nature in Art}, that the function of Art is to imitate Nature in her manner of operation. Our understanding of "her manner of operation" changes according to advances in the sciences. These advances in this century have brought the term "space-time" into our vocabulary. Thus, the distinctions made above between the space and the time arts are at present an oversimplification.

Observe that the enjoyment of a modern painting carries one's attention not to a center of interest but all over the canvas and not following any particular path. Each point on the canvas may be used as a beginning, continuing, or ending of one's observation of it. This is the case also with those works which are symmetrical, for then the observer's attention is made mobile by the rapidity with which he drops the problem of understanding structure. Whether or not a painting or sculpture lacks a center of interest may be determined by observing whether or not it is destroyed by the effects of shadows. (Intrusions of the environment are effects of time. But they are welcomed by a painting which makes no attempt to focus the observer's attention.) Observe also those works of painting, sculpture, and architecture which, employing transparent materials, become inseparable from their changing environments.

The tardiness of music with respect to the arts just mentioned is its good fortune. It is able to make deductions from their experiences and to combine these with necessarily different experiences which arise from its special nature. First of all, then, a composer at this moment frees his music of a single overwhelming climax. Seeking an interpenetration and non-obstruction of sounds, he renounces harmony and its effect of fusing sounds in a fixed relationship. Giving up the notion of \textit{hauptstimme}, his "counterpoints" are superimpositions, events that are related to one another only because they take place at the same time. If he maintains in his work aspects of structure, they are symmetrical in character, canonic or enjoying an equal importance of parts, either those that are present at one instant, or those that succeed one another in time. His music is not interrupted by the sounds of the environment, and to make this a fact he either includes silences in his work or gives to his continuity the very nature of silence (absence of intention).

In addition, musicians, since they are several people rather than one person as a painter or sculptor is, are now able to be independent each from another. A
composer writes at this moment indeterminately. The performers are no longer his servants but are freemen. A composer writes parts but, leaving their relationship unfixed, he writes no score. Sound sources are at a multiplicity of points in space with respect to the audience so that each listener’s experience is his own. The mobiles of modern sculpture come to mind, but the parts they have are not as free as those of a musical composition since they share a common suspension means and follow the law of gravity. In architecture, where labor is divided as it is in music, music’s freedom is not yet to be observed. Pinned to the earth, a building well made does not fall apart. Perhaps, though, when the dreams of Buckminster Fuller become actualities, houses, for example, that are dropped from the air instead of bombs, architecture, through flexible means unfamiliar to us now, will initiate a wholly new series of changes in the arts.

Changes in music precede equivalent ones in theatre, and changes in theatre precede general changes in the lives of people. Theatre is obligatory eventually because it resembles life more closely than the other arts do, requiring for its appreciation the use of both eyes and ears, space and time. “An ear alone is not a being.” Thus, more and more, we encounter works of art, visual or audible, which are not strictly music, music’s freedom is not yet to be observed. Pinned to the earth, a building well made does not fall apart. Perhaps, though, when the dreams of Buckminster Fuller become actualities, houses, for example, that are dropped from the air instead of bombs, architecture, through flexible means unfamiliar to us now, will initiate a wholly new series of changes in the arts.

Last April in Hawaii, I asked Tohru Takemitsu what Maki (his three-year-old daughter) thought of the United States. He said: She thinks it’s another part of Japan. Visiting Hamada in Machiko, I expected there, off the beaten track, to see things specifically Japanese. Hamada showed pots, objects, and furniture from all over the world—Spain, Mexico, China, Arizona. The situation music finds itself in in the United States and Europe, it also finds itself in in Japan. We live in a global village (Buckminster Fuller, H. Marshall McLuhan). Maki is right.

One of the things we nowadays know is that something that happens (anything) can be experienced by means of technique (electronic) as some other (any other) thing (happening). For instance, people getting in and out of elevators and the elevators moving from one floor to another: this “information” can activate circuits that bring to our ears a concatenation of sounds (music). Perhaps you wouldn’t agree that what you heard was music. But in that case another transformation had intervened: what you heard had set your mind to repeating the definitions of art and music that are found in out-of-date dictionaries. (Even if you didn’t think it was music, you’d admit that you took it in through your ears, not through your eyes, nor did you feel it with your hands or walk around inside it. Perhaps you did walk around inside it: the architecturality of music is now a technical possibility and a poetic fact.)

If this elevator-originated music had been heard, what modern Japanese music would it have been? Who among the following would have made this possibility an actuality (a music which we will soon hear whether we happen to be in Tokyo, New York, Berlin, or Bombay)? Yori-aki Matsudaira? Yuji Takahashi? Joji Yuasa? Tohru Takemitsu? Takehisa Kosugi? Toshi Ichiyanagi?

Toshi Ichiyanagi. During my recent visit to Japan I listened to tape recordings of music by all the composers I mention except Kosugi. Kosugi’s work I saw at Sogetsu Art Center. (His music is taking the clothes of theatre and wearing them in a way that redignifies both arts.) And in April at the East-West Center in Hawaii I was with Takemitsu. All these composers interest me, and more than European ones because they give me more freedom to do my own listening. They don’t use sound to push me
where I don't want to listen. However, they all connect themselves (their ideas, their feelings, the accident that they're Japanese) with the sounds they make. Except Ichiyanagi. Ichiyanagi has found several efficient ways to free his music from the impediment of his imagination. In a piece called Distance he requires the performers to climb above the audience to a net from which they activate instruments which are placed below on the theater floor. This physical separation brings about an unusual playing technique that brings the sounds together in the natural way they are together whether in the fields, in the streets, or in the homes and buildings. In a string quartet called Nagaoka, Ichiyanagi requires the players to bow where they usually finger and finger where they normally bow. This is miraculous, producing a music that does not make the air it is in any heavier than it already was. And with the assistance of Junousuke Okuyama (who if the Lord knew His business would be multiplied and placed in every electronic music studio in the world) Ichiyanagi has made a number of useful works: Life Music, Mixture on Tinglyu, Pratyahora. These pieces (I heard only the first two recently) are as outrageous and interminable as Buddhist services and meditations. But like other unpleasant things and experiences, they are good for us. Why? Because, if we don't pamper ourselves but actually put up with the experience of them, we find our ears and our lives changing, not in a way that obliges us to go through Ichiyanagi (or Japan for that matter) to have our daily beauty but rather than a musician. He said, "That shows how little you know about botany." Later in the conversation I happened to mention the name of a mycologist connected with another Midwestern university. Incisively, Smith said, "Don't mention that man's name in my house."  

There was an international conference of philosophers in Hawaii on the subject of Reality. For three days Doi Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki said nothing. Finally the chairman turned to him and asked, "Dr. Suzuki, would you say this table around which we are sitting is real?" Suzuki raised his head and said Yes. The chairman asked in what sense Suzuki thought the table was real. Suzuki said, "In every sense."  

The first time the mushroom class was given at the New School, many people signed up for it. The registrar was alarmed, telephoned me and asked, "Where shall we draw the line?" I said if more than forty people were involved it might be difficult. Something like that number registered for the course, but when the field trips actually took place, there were never more than twenty people in the woods. Sometimes attendance dropped to a mere dozen. I couldn't figure out what was happening. I forget who it was, but one day in the woods one of the lady students confessed that when she signed up for the course regardless of what was being taught. The lady who told me this had had a change of mind, or her particular flight had been postponed, I don't remember which. One way or another, she lost interest in Europe. Another, noticing fungi in Bavarian and Milanesian markets, sent post cards,  

When Colin McPhee found out that I was interested in mushrooms, he said, "If you find the morel next spring, call me up, even if you only find one. I'll drop everything, come out, and cook it." Spring came. I found two morels. I called Colin McPhee. He said, "You don't expect me, do you, to come all that way for two little mushrooms?"  

Mr. Romanoff is sixty years old. Mr. Nearing is seventy years old. Mr. Romanoff's mother is eighty-five. On one of the mushroom field trips, a photographer came who had been sent by The New York Times. We took the Stony Brook trail. We had no sooner gotten started than the photographer busied himself taking pictures. Soon Mr. Romanoff was not to be seen. Mr. Nearing drew Lois Long aside and said, "Mr. Romanoff has had an accident to his pants. Would you find out whether one of the ladies has a safety pin?" Lois Long complied. A very small safety pin was found, and Lois Long gave it to Mr. Romanoff. He came back to the group. The safety pin, being so small, proved ineffective. Mr. Romanoff nevertheless stayed with the group, and, as the walk continued, the split in his pants progressed until it was complete, crotch to cuff. We stopped for lunch at a spring. Mr. Romanoff looked at his pants and said, "My mother will hear about this."  

Mr. Romanoff says the Sunday field trips are better than going to church. However, one Sunday he said, "I can't come next Sunday because it's Rosh Hashana, and I've arranged with my mother that if I stay home on Rosh Hashana, I'll be able to come on Yom Kippur."
In April 1964 Michael O. Zahn of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, wrote asking what my view of Charles E. Ives and his music was. I replied, as below, in handwriting on stenographic notepaper, a supply of which I generally have around. I didn’t keep a copy of this letter, but when Mr. Zahn wrote to thank me his pleasure was such that I asked him to send me a Xerox. He did.

Then in September 1965 Irving Glick, a producer for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation who was making a documentary program about Ives, asked me to make a statement on the composer’s influence and current relevance. I did this in the CBC New York studio. When it was played back, I was pleased with what I’d said, and so wrote to Mr. Glick asking for a transcript of the tape. When that arrived, I was not pleased at all: my remarks seemed awkward, not worth keeping around. Then I remembered a text in Explorations in Communication, a book edited by E. S. Carpenter and H. Marshall McLuhan. This text omitted punctuation, introducing space instead, giving the impression speech, not writing, does. In December of ‘66 I spent an hour with Keith Waldrop’s class in poetry at Wesleyan University, and a general plan for speech presentation (in which uh’s and mm’s and other noises one involuntarily makes when he’s forming his thoughts while speaking would be represented graphically, as would inflections and changes in volume) was developed with the aid of the students present.

I’ve made no attempt, below, to graph pitch, emphasis, or changes of timbre. Breathing is indicated by triangles; swallowing appears as a series of descending circles; scribbles represent the uh’s and other noises, some of which are attached to the ends of words.

The way these statements are presented is an effect on me of the work of Marshall McLuhan who so dramatically has turned the attention of many to the influences of communication media on sense perceptions, and the work of Marcel Duchamp who just about fifty years ago called attention to the value of things to which value was not ordinarily attached, and who, on another CBC occasion, when he was asked by the interviewer what he was doing, said, “I breathe.”

TWO STATEMENTS ON IVES
Some of his music to be performed in my neighborhood I would grasp the opportunity to hear it.

One hand I think that Ives' relevance increases as time goes on. On the other hand I think that the American art-historical perspective of his work, but in view of "pop art" they are pertinent. And now that we have a music that doesn't depend on European musical history, Ives seems like the beginning of it.

I heard (just recently in San Francisco) a recording of a piece by the young composer, Robert Swan, called "Desert Ambulance." It was for take and attention solo. The idea is that it was very thick in a middle register -- the sound of many strings and accordion clusters -- like a cable or a sound. It made me think of the complexity of Ives and the way one perceives something in it. Does it emerge? Or do we enter in? I rather think it emerges in this case.

And that's how are always we would feel toward doing it ourselves (we are the listeners), that is, we would enter in. The difference is this: everybody hears the same thing if it emerges. Every body hears what he allows hears if he enters in.

Better than I, James Tenney could answer your questions. He has been finding works of Ives and bringing them to performance. I believe you can write to him care of Music School, Yale University, New Haven.
I find so much admire the way Ives treats his music sociably separating it from his insurance business: it made his life too safe economically and it is by living dangerously economically that our shows graveyard actually.

But his contribution to American music was in every sense: not only musical but also concertually musical. Nowadays every thing I hear by Ives delights me. However the opportunity to hear his work is rare. I might not enjoy it so much if it were less rare. (April 1939)

Sincerely

Tom Paine

Pound, N.Y.
In March of 1965 I received from the Kenyon Review a copy of Arnold Schoenberg Letters, selected and edited by Erwin Stein, translated from the original German by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser (St. Martin's Press, New York). I was informed that a book review by me would be welcome but that whether or not I wrote it I might keep the book. In May I visited Jasper Johns at Edisto Beach, spending much of my time writing the basis for the following text. I related all parts of the book (each letter, the jacket, the biographical notes, the table of contents, the several indexes) to the number 64, so that I could, by tossing coins following the I-Ching method of obtaining oracles, know which part of the book I was to discuss and how many words I was to use for that purpose.

Previously, in order to write an article, I had been using the materials of Cartridge Music (see the note preceding Rhythm, Etc.). This had produced texts which included spaces without words. The need for a text without such spaces had first arisen when I confronted the canvases of Jasper Johns which were completely painted; this need arose again as I read and reread the Schoenberg Letters, a book which is closely compacted in every sense.

The editors of the Kenyon Review published my text in the Summer 1965 issue, but with certain modifications which brought the review “more nearly into typographic conformity with the others.” Then, for the present circumstance, I removed those statements which dealt with other parts of the book than the letters themselves, and wrote (October 1966) new ones to take their places.

MOSAIC

Schoenberg's words are those italicized.

Quotations are remarks I recall he made when I was studying analysis and counterpoint with him.

He became a Jew loyal to Jews. I don't know whether such attempts to make things easier don't merely increase the difficulties. Berg, Schoenberg, Webern. Another punctuation clarifies the matter: Berg-Schoenberg; Webern. Now seriously . . . I . . . ( . . . have only contempt for anyone who finds the slightest fault with anything I publish. One God. The questions he asked his pupils had answers he already knew.
Answers his pupils gave didn’t tally with his. Schoenberg needed to be sure of himself, so that, when leading others, he might be ahead. “You’ll devote your life to music?” He thought of letters as improvisations. They were not compositions. Though he complained of the time his letters consumed, when he was forced to rest he wrote them. We’re chucking this idea too (even though Schoenberg had it): that music enables one to live in a dream world removed from the situation one is actually in (and so the eyes of the music lovers, closed or reading scores—fortunate for them they’re not crossing city streets). I explained to Stravinsky that studying with Schoenberg I had become a partisan: pro-Schoenberg, pro-chromaticism. Stravinsky: But I write chromatic music; my objection to Schoenberg’s music: it isn’t modern (it’s like Brahms). Schoenberg pointed out others’ mistakes; aware of his own, he corrected them. Criticism is unnecessary. I disagree with almost everything. Books he remembered were written by opponents. Musical conventions, complexity, yes—but let no objects and settings for operas puzzle his audiences. ... it is much more interesting to have one’s portrait done by or to own a painting by a musician of my reputation than to be painted by some mere practitioner of painting whose name will be forgotten in 20 years, whereas even now (he was thirty-five) my name belongs to history. Our values. Composition using twelve tones was in the Viennese air. Hauer and Schoenberg both picked it up. But differently. Simultaneously? I empower you to publish this letter ...; but if ... so ... in its entirety; not excerpted. What with his wretched financial situation, asthma, anti-Semitic attacks from political quarters, lack of public recognition, etc., one’s led (if not to agree) to listen when he says: This earth is a vale of tears and not a place of entertainment. Experiencing music not composers’ names: at the Private Concerts Schoenberg organized, members listened, not told what they were hearing or who’d composed it. Believing that truth existed, he was interested in knowing what it was. Analyzing a single measure of Beethoven, Schoenberg became a magician (not rabbits out of a hat, but one musical idea after another: revelation). Arnold Schoenberg. What becomes evident (and we knew it anyway) is that unless one is a comedian (and Schoenberg wasn’t, though he played tennis at least once with the Marx brothers) all’s lost. One’s intentions make life nearly unendurable. A glass of brandy and ... enjoyed it. Righteous indignation. It would be possible to establish a unified terminology and ... relevant descriptions and definitions if one could begin by getting doctors to describe their own pains ... He wouldn’t enter a house because Strang, who lived there, had a cold. His students worshipped him. So that when he said “My purpose in teaching you is to make it impossible for you to write music,” his words seemed helpful rather than devastating. Alban Berg. Before acting, he examined all the possibilities; aged seventy-six he left the decisions to others. Think it over, and if you find it works, then do it. Troubled by asthma and needing 5000 marks quickly, he lists three unpublished works, praises two, and discusses in connection with the third his feelings regarding praise, finding self-praise, though malodorous, preferable to that bestowed by others. Sitting in the living-room after dinner, Schoenberg was talking. Some of the ladies, Mrs. Schoenberg among them, were knitting. Schoenberg insisted, as long as he was talking, that there be no further knitting. To him, being a real musician meant being literate and having an ear educated by European music. The twelve-tone method was intended to replace the functional qualities of tonal harmony. These functional qualities are structural: dividing wholes into parts. Methods make continguities. Not having the means to make new structures (Hauer), nor the desire to renounce structure (process), Schoenberg made structures neoclassically. Two years before he died, Vienna honored Schoenberg right and left, granting him free entry into the city. This gave him pride and joy, singular pleasure, but reminded him too of his opponents, diminished though they were in number and power. His Harmonielehre begins: “This book I learned from my pupils.” But: a teacher’s sole reward, he said, was ascribing pupils’ successes to himself. Anton Webern. Ruthless honesty. For ... all I want is to compose. Even the fact that I write so many letters is a very harmful deviation from this principle. And though any one who means well by me should certainly write to me as often as possible (for I’m always glad of that), it should be in such a way that I don’t have to answer! He said she should leave the room, that he would also, that those remaining would vote whether she might continue in the class. Leaving after her, he said, smiling, “Be sure you keep her.” Aggressiveness. He was a self-made aristocrat. I wonder what you’d say to the world in which I nearly die of disgust. Becoming an American citizen didn’t remove his distaste for democracy and that sort of thing. Of former times when a prince
stood as a protector before an artist, he writes: *The fairest, alas bygone, days of art.* Schoenberg treated his written sentences as though they were movies and he the film editor of a magazine: awarding to most no question marks or exclamation points at all, to others anywhere from one to four. He underlined passages (italics in the printed versions). Typing, he sometimes shifted to capitals, not shifting back until his point had been made. Schoenberg asked a student to play the piece on the piano. She said it was too difficult for her. "You're a pianist?" She agreed. "Then go to the piano." On the way, she said she would play slowly in order not to make mistakes. He said, "Play at the proper tempo and do not make mistakes." She began. He stopped her: "You're making mistakes!" She began again. He stopped her: "You're not going fast enough!" After several tries, each of which he interrupted, she burst into tears, explaining between sobs that she had been to the dentist that morning and had had a tooth pulled out. Schoenberg: "Do you have to go to the dentist in order to make mistakes?" He considered independence of mind praiseworthy. When questioned about his own work: "That's none of your business." He asked Dehmel to write the text for an oratorio, giving him the subject in detail and only one limitation: . . . 60 printed pages. As for living-quarters and tennis, the fact is these two problems are for us very closely connected. He wanted to get home easily after playing. It costs money, having to take a taxi: unless of course one buys oneself a car! He considered using marble as a wall covering. Works were left unfinished: particularly *Moses and Aron* and *Die Jakobsleiter.* And the school he envisaged for Israel was never established; those who'd issue from it must be truly priests of art, approaching art in the same spirit of consecration as the priest approaches God's altar. Task of Israeli musicians? To set the world right, to set the world in order, to perform. And it may as well rest at that! Very busy with teaching. Devotion to Webern precluded devotion to Schoenberg. Accepting composition with twelve notes meant paying no heed to the theories and works of Josef Matthias Hauer. Plan: 1, Listen to Webern until you can't stand it; 2, Play Schoenberg's music until you're sick to your stomach. Effective antidote: Any Hauer piece you can lay your ears on... you will... recall my declaring at the time that only if — — — were chucked out of the committee could I consider having anything to do with this society. This was not done. ... The society doesn't exist for me. His view (music's not something we experience, but rather an idea we can have, the expression of which can never be perfect though we ought — for artistic and moral reasons — to bring it as close to perfection as possible) is former and foreign. At the age of seventy-two he wrote a charming letter to Dr. Perry Jones, president of the Los Angeles Tennis Organization, asking for advice about how to proceed with tennis experience for his daughter, fifteen, and his son, ten. Lessons, membership in a club? Invited as guest of honor to a party to be given two weeks thence, he refused (honored guests should be invited at least a month or six weeks in advance). To compose conscientiously didn't finish matters. A broadcast of the piece with two cuts was a violation of his rights. Sending one letter but getting no reply, he wrote again, threatening legal action. To Alban Berg: I'd like to know too if I can do anything for you in America: always supposing that I should have the power, of course. For there's no knowing how disregarded, slighted, and without influence I may be there. I always thought it was I who originated the term 'emancipation of the dissonance.' No time for time: having divided each 4/4 bar in half (conventions did what he had to do), he found there were too many accents. His pupils did not think him arrogant when, as often, he said, "With this material Bach did so-and-so; Beethoven did so-and-so; Schoenberg did so-and-so." His musical mind, that is, was blindingly brilliant. Like most other composers, Schoenberg had more or less constant money problems. The thought arises whether these are not the true subject of music. Only one thing I should like to say at once: I would not let a new work have its first performance in Vienna. The fact is I am the only composer of any reputation at all whom the Philharmonic have not yet performed. And it may as well rest at that! Very busy with teaching. Synonyms were not interchangeable: Schoenberg insisted on the right word. We don't yet know whether we shall be in New York this winter. It's very expensive, and we can live on 2/5ths of the money in the South, and I can recuperate. Several letters suggest Schoenberg felt closer to Berg and Kokoshka than to Webern and Kandinsky. The
other way around might have been more interesting. A little anonymity would have been somewhat refreshing. Schoenberg's letters exhibit his well-nigh absolute self-confidence — something he possessed early in life. Thinking of Lipold and Stockhausen, one runs to the common denominator: Germany. But Schoenberg was from Austria and not Aryan. He changed the books he read. Writing texts on miscellaneous papers, he carefully folded them back to a size less than that of the book and inserted them neatly with paste. Publish the thickened Busoni Sketch! Everything, he said, is repetition. A variation, that is, is a repetition, some things changed and others not. Eventually a "Porträt von Schoenberg" by Kokoshka is a self-portrait by Schoenberg, far-reaching, everything changed but the subject. To observe, compare, define, describe, weigh, test, draw conclusions and use them. Though I still think Shostakovich is a great talent. Turning musicologist, Satie, in one composition, refers the pianist to another piece which he never wrote. Reading a newspaper, Schoenberg noticed that Downes had altered the title of one of his works. He wrote, correcting the error. Ordinarily, he insisted on a large number of rehearsals, but when informed that he could have as many as necessary he set about diminishing their number. Write soon, and don't be offended about this letter . . .

Arnold Schoenberg. For Schoenberg, publishers, unlike critics, were a necessary evil. It never occurred to him to do without them. It remained for Mrs. Schoenberg to terrorize the musical world, permitting no printing of unpublished works, instead providing the musical materials plus a bill for each performance. Stein: "Aller was a friend of Schoenberg's youth, his first teacher"; "(Schoenberg) was self-taught." Though U.C.L.A. could no longer use him (he was too old), others called upon him. The Burgomaster of Vienna summoned him back to Austria; Israel would have had him shape its Academy of Music. Too late. Schoenberg explained that that would not shorten a work: it would still be a long piece that was too short in various places (where it had been cut). He apparently thought that once he had made something, it should remain fixed for all time. Rigor mortis. A teacher, he realized — what administrators don't — that students surpassing the average might do so in only one subject. Craftsmanship. Repeated

listening. To repeat: "To improve international affairs, the thing to do is to develop foreign trade." Arnold Schoenberg. Each student trembled, knowing Schoenberg's wit might at any moment hit in his direction. The story that goes around that he forbade laughter isn't true. We're living 'under the sign of Traffic' . . . one has to move on! His taste? Awestruck, students never asked: why the striped T-shirt? why green and yellow stripes? why such heavy furniture sent from Europe to California? why such furniture chosen in the first place? "He was a complex man. . . . He could be generous, aggressive, witty, sardonic, profound, courageous, charming, sympathetic and suspicious." His situation in America improved. The Juilliard School even offered him a teaching post. But his health required his living in the South (Los Angeles! ! ! !). Not so bad either: in the midst of the depression, movie composers paid him $50.00 per hour for private lessons. My self-education. He was depressed by criticism because there were no limitations to his sense of responsibility. Though his experience was space-time, his idea of unity was two-dimensional: vertical and horizontal. On paper. The twelve-note system, the U.C.L.A. Retirement System are different. How? The Schoenbergs (wife, three children) received $29.60 monthly. An afternoon series of Beethoven-Schoenberg string quartet recitals was arranged at U.C.L.A. Schoenberg: "Music should be played at night, not in the afternoon." Studying English, late in life, Schoenberg made a few mistakes, later becoming fluent. We'd all written fugues. He said he was pleased with what we'd done. We couldn't believe our ears, divided up his pleasure between us. First afraid (each new person might be a Nazi), later delighted and grateful: someone was interested in his art.
This text was written on the highways while driving from an audience in Rochester, New York, to one in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Following the writing plan I had used for Diary: Emma Lake, I formulated in my mind while driving a statement having a given number of words. When it had jelled and I could repeat it, I drew it down, and then drove on. When I arrived in Philadelphia, the text was finished.

It was used as my opening statement on a panel, The Changing Audience for the Changing Arts, May 21, 1966, at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City for the Arts Councils of America, which later that year changed its name to Associated Council of the Arts. The others on the panel were William Alfred, Elizabeth Hardwick, Stanley Kauffmann, John H. MacFadyen, and Richard Schechner. My text was printed in The Arts: Planning for Changes, the title given to the published proceedings of the twelfth national conference of the ACA.

DIARY: AUDIENCE 1966

I. Are we an audience for computer art? The answer’s not No; it’s Yes. What we need is a computer that isn’t labor-saving but which increases the work for us to do, that puns (this is McLuhan’s idea) as well as Joyce revealing bridges (this is Brown’s idea) where we thought there weren’t any, turns us (my idea) not “on” but into artists. Orthodox seating arrangement in synagogues. Indians have known it for ages: life’s a dance, a play, illusion. Lila. Maya. Twentieth-century art’s opened our eyes. Now music’s opened our ears. Theatre? Just notice what’s around. (If what you want in India is an audience, Gita Sarabhai told me, all you need is one or two people.) II. He said: Listening to your music I find it provokes me. What’s marvelous is that as we throw them out—these ideas—they generate others, ones that weren’t even in our heads to begin with.) Charles Ives had this idea: the way we have for throwing out ideas—ones we’ve picked up in or out of our heads. What’s our biggest problem is finding scraps of time in which to get it done. Discovery. Awareness.) “Leave the beaten track. You’ll see something never seen before.” After the first performance of my piece for twelve radios, Virgil Thomson said, “You can’t do that sort of thing and expect people to pay for it.” Separation. IV. When our time was given to physical labor, we needed a stiff upper lip and backbone. Now that we’re changing our minds, intent on things invisible, inaudible, we have other spineless virtues: flexibility, fluency. Dreams, daily events, everything gets to and through us. (Art, if you want a definition of it, is criminal action. It conforms to no rules. Not even its own. Anyone who experiences a work of art is as guilty as the artist. It is not a question of sharing the guilt. Each one of us gets all of it.) They asked me about theatres in New York. I said we could use them. They should be small for the audiences, the performing areas large and spacious, equipped for television broadcast for those who prefer staying at home. There should be a café in connection having food and drink, no music, facilities for playing chess. V. What happened at Rochester? We’d no sooner begun playing than the audience began. Began what? Costumes. Food. Rolls of toilet paper projected in the round, each individual free to lend his attention wherever he will. Meeting ground. He told me that were he to speak the truth his audience would drop to six. Instead he gives lectures transmitting not the spirit but the understandable letter. Two hundred people listen on each occasion, all of them deeply moved. (Art’s a way we have for throwing out ideas—ones we’ve picked up in or out of our heads. What’s marbleous is that as we throw them out—these ideas—they generate others, ones that weren’t even in our heads to begin with.) Looking out toward the mountains, he sees the setting sun and hears his own symphony: it’s nothing but the sounds happening in the air around him.
Once one gets interested in world improvement, there is no stopping. I began the following text immediately after finishing the first one. I gave it a length approximately the same but slightly different. The notebooks in which I wrote it were with me wherever I went. I finished it early in September 1966 in Pontpoint (par Pont-Sainte-Maxence) north of Paris in the country home of John de Menil and in the room where Montesquieu, I was told, had also written and on a not too dissimilar subject. It was accepted by Maxine Groffsky for publication in the Spring 1967 issue of the Paris Review.

DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD
(YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE)
CONTINUED 1966

XXX. The most, the best, we can do, we believe (wanting to give evidence of love), is to get out of the way, leave space around whomever or whatever it is. But there is no space! Difference between pennilessness now and pennilessness then: now we’ve got unquestioned credit. “In the Beginning was the Word.” Pupul Jayakar (straight from India), talking about computers, said: An explosion of the Word; communication without language! (We’ll still speak: a) for practical reasons; b) for the pleasure of it; c) to say what should/shouldn’t be done.) Bird up and overhead. Friends we no longer see.

Gone. Some died. XXXI. Mexico, India, Canada (changing citizenship). Electronic democracy (instantaneous voting on the part of anyone), no sheep. World credit. Hearing my thoughts, he asked: Are you a Marxist? Answer: I’m an anarchist, same as you are when you’re telephoning, turning on/off the lights, drinking water. Private prospect of enlightenment’s no longer sufficient. Not just self- but social-realization. Fuller spoke of Semantography, universal picture language devised by C. X. Bliss, said it was rich in nouns while what we need’s verbs. Servant problem. What’s what? (Russia, U.S.A.) Which is which? I mentioned drugs. Kremen said the human mind’s interesting enough in the non-toxic state. XXXII. Asked about housing utility, Fuller pointed out electrically-lit roadside telephone booths, twenty-four hour use of facilities. (How this come about escaped our notice, no voting or purchase involved. Bed, food, both to be expected, added to telephone or available elsewhere: decentralization of living.) Up by our bootstraps! Lost in two different ways. There was also a fire to put out. Alone (no one to disagree with).

Chess. Asked what he did, he said he’d studied meteorology, passed examinations, graduated, that weather’s simple to predict. (What had his teachers had in mind?) “There’s no reason for the mistakes that are generally made.”

XXXIII. Changes in aquariums: all the fish in the same tank; no Latin information. Cross-Texas, eighty miles per
hour, radio rocks and rolls (now I listen): "If it's a game, I won't play it. Don't just stand there. Tell me what's, what's, what's, what's on your mind." He registered as a conscientious objector. Drafted anyway, he was put on a train going south. He escaped, was caught, spent a year in service. Then, since he never cashed any of the checks they'd given him, he received an honorable discharge. (Russian chickens had diseased muscles. Chemical therapies failed. Suddenly, the chickens were healthy. The muscular tissues'd been reduced to chaos, disorganized by electrical means.)

XXXIV. Buddhist Doctrine: Enter Nirvana only when all beings, sentient, non-sentient, are ready to do likewise. Couldn't believe my eyes (stopping for lunch in Red Bud, Illinois): a single photograph of nature (mountains, lake, island, forests) enlarged, printed twice, once left to right, once right to left, the two prints juxtaposed to form a single image, seam down the middle.

Eugenics. Proposal: take facts of art seriously: try them in economics/politics, giving up, that is, notions about balance (of power, of wealth), foreground, background. They will kill you, she said, with kindness. There's a temptation to do nothing simply because there's so much to do that one doesn't know where to begin. Begin anywhere. For instance, since electronics is at the heart of the matter, establish a global voltage, a single design for plugs and jacks. Remove the need for transformers and adaptors. Vary not the connecting means but the things to be connected. XXXV. Way's being found to overcome problem inherent in painting and sculpture (fact of object): laser projection of three-dimensional images. To remove object place your hand in thin air behind it. What's interesting about minds is they work differently. What's interesting about one mind is that it works in different ways. Hunting for one thing, finding another. Gardens that seem uncultivated: Tinguely's at Soisy-sur-Ecole. I remember clams from the Sound exhibited years ago in a Seattle aquarium (near the Farmer's Market, admission ten cents): their movement, their timing of it. They were a bed, immobile, one on top of the other, two feet deep in a tank of water, sand on the bottom of the tank. We were told to wait. XXXVI. Weather feels good. Isn't. More rain is needed. Water. He played two games, winning one, losing the other. He was continually himself, totally involved in each game, unmov ed by the outcome of either. What's the nature of his teaching? For one thing: devotion (practice gives evidence of it). For another: not just playing half the game but playing all of it (having a view that includes that of the opponent). Suddenly a clam rose to
the surface directly, remained there a moment, then descended slowly, leaf-like, tipping one way, then the other, arriving at the bottom to produce a disturbance, such that clam after clam did likewise, sometimes several, sometimes many, sometimes not one at all, producing a dance that completely involved us. (Doing all that we needed to do.) XXXVII. Projects involving many people and many interruptions go well. Private concerns stumble along. The fact their parents have separated doesn’t disturb the children. They go on looking at television. How old should they be before they smoke marijuana? No one seems to know. Tolstoy: art properly arouses religious emotion (conduces to brotherhood, all mankind, no boundaries). Skinner: “Let us agree to start with, that health is better than illness, wisdom better than ignorance, love better than hate, and productive energy better than neurotic sloth. We invented machines in order to reduce our work. Now that we have them we think we should go on working! (Committee of eight on Automation, Economics and Employment considering whether U.S. society should be geared for employment or unemployment voted six to two in favor of employment).” XXXVIII. “I breathe.” Starvation. There’s no stopping. The garden’s a bungalow. The sky’s its roof. Hedges form the rectangular rooms. Apple tree, admired, split as though struck by lightning. Coincidence? Branch of it’s on the lawn like a picture that’s not hanging straight.

Flowers are withering. Gardener’s on vacation. Mud is on the windshied, fallen branches wherever we go. Sky’s ready for launching of missiles. “He hit me first.” We’re open-minded. Result: idea leaving head that had it returns transformed. Individual’s thoughts become social projects. “World’s O.K. as is”: “Work to make the world O.K.” Moksha transformed is artha from which it was a liberation. Spirit’s materialized.

Kama? Walking along, it’ll happen we touch one another, falling immediately in love.

XXXIX. If a Utopia such as Skinner ’48 described (Walden Two), doesn’t exist, why doesn’t it? If it does, why aren’t we all in it? What traitor thinks makes clear what nation’s mind’s become. Pound’s refrain: down with usury. Lincoln: Unless next President outlaw private banking, America in hundred years’ll be in worse situation than it (Civil War) is. Rest of the world’s suffered surgery so it won’t be India. Indian standing by New Jersey waterfall seeing the surface of the pool below white with the suds of detergents, jammed with beer cans, suggested containers that one could eat. Different flavors. Things that return to nature. XI. To finance Union vs. Confederacy, Lincoln authorized private banking in the U.S.A. Credit
(conventionally 9/10ths of economic power, actual money constituting the remaining tenth) became the property of bankers. The notion is that not everyone’ll want his deposit back at the same time. Nine times as much as a banker had was safely to be loaned for interest.

As the story goes: Dad ran away, came to a ranch, was given a job irrigating (a job that’d kept several men busy every day all day long). He looked the land over, made something, dug something (can’t remember which). No further work was necessary. Seeing he had nothing to do, they fired him.

XL. We’re getting rid of the habit we had of explaining everything. Margaret Mead’s idea re metropolitan transportation (Duchamp had same idea in ‘twenties): private cars parked at city limits; city cars used as one uses carts in super-markets and airports, abandoned at one’s destination. Police busy returning cars to parking lots, getting them serviced or repaired whenever necessary. Basic Economic Security (Robert Theobald: Free Men and Free Markets): everyone’ll have what he needs. Wanting things that are scarce, he’ll make them, find them, get them (as long as the supply lasts) in return for having done something machines don’t do. The mushrooms appeared sooner even than I expected. XLII. To know whether or not art is contemporary, we no longer use aesthetic criteria (if it’s destroyed by shadows, spoiled by ambient sounds); (assuming these) we use social criteria: can include action on the part of others. We’ll take the mad ones with us, and we know where we’re going. Even now, he told me, they sit at the crossroads in African villages regenerating society. Mental hospitals: localization of a resource we’ve yet to exploit. I visited an aging anarchist. (He had the remaining copies of Martin’s Men Against the State.) He introduced me to two Negro children he’d adopted. After they went out to play, he told me what trouble he’d had in deciding finally to draw this line: No jumping up and down on the beds. XLIII. As he travels from one place to another, he leaves things behind. He needs help but no one knows where he is. Don’t know what to read. Love’s Body or out-of-date newspapers that are lying around. Everything we come across is to the point. Living underground because there was no money. Arizona land and air permitted making mounds, covering them with cement, excavating to produce rooms, providing these with skylights. For anyone approaching, the community was invisible. Cacti, desert plants: the land seemed undisturbed. Quantity (abundance) changes what’s vice, what’s virtue. Selfishness is out; carelessness is in. (Waste’s characteristic.) “Don’t be a litterbug.” “Keep North Carolina green.” Scratch the Ten Commandments. One of
the new ones: Thou Shalt Not Live
(in addition to birth control, control
of birth, euthanasia). What nature
did we now must do. XLIV. Bad politics
(Souvtchinsky) produce good art. But of
what use is good art? (Johns said he
could imagine a world without it and
that there was no reason to think it would
not be a better one.) He had been
cooking. Started a small restaurant,
trained as a singer. Gave up music for
busy three times a day instead of
theatrically once (even then not
everyday). Julian Beinart said that when,
being chauffeured in South Africa, he
noticed Negro litchikers, tribesmen who
cover their bodies with a fly-attracting
grease, flies being considered the finest
ornament, he asked the chauffeur to pick
the people up, the chauffeur refused.
Chauffeur said the grease left in the
car would be nearly impossible to
remove: “You’d never get rid of the flies.”
XLV. A meal without mushrooms is like a
day without rain. Raised as a
Methodist, I’ve never taken drugs.
When a physicist told me electrodes near
my ears would remove my sense of
balance or, were I flying through space
and the capsule was revolving, make me
think my balance was normal, I was
fascinated. Asking Duchamp why I accept
electronics, refusing chemistry, he said,
“It’s not against the law.” George Herbert Mead’s
discussion of the religious attitude:
first one thinks of himself as one
of a family, later as part of a community,
then as living in a city, citizen of such
and such a country; finally, he feels
no limit to that of which he is a part.
XLVI. The past? Fuller’s answer:
Keep it. Times Square, for instance: cover
it with a dome; put in tables, chairs,
plastic carpeting. (Keep what remains
so it’s there to be enjoyed, not just read
about.) Chinese proceed differently,
Hilger reports. Revolting against
themselves, they send tradition-maintaining
artists, actors, musicians off to
hard labor in distant places. Clean slate.
After each war, industry offers new
products for sale. The benefits from
the present conflicts (hot and cold, on
earth, in space) will be enormous. No
organization, school, for instance, will be
able to afford them. The only customer
(not just rich but big enough to use
them) will be the globe itself.
XLVII. All the garbage cans in West Germany are
the same size. They have lids designed so
that the only thing one has to do is
place them at the back of the garbage
truck. The truck does the rest: picks
them up, turns them upside-down, opens
the lid, receives the garbage,
closes the lid, sets them back on the
street right-side-up. After getting
the information from a small French
manual, I was glad to discover that
Lactarius piperatus and L. vellereus,
large white mushrooms growing
plentifully wherever I hunt, are indeed
excellent when grilled. Raw, these have a milk that burns the tongue and throat. Cooked, they're delicious.

Indigestion. XLVIII. How will one discipline himself? More than he needs of everything'll do it for him. He told me one of the things he noticed among the people who were using marijuana and LSD was that they didn't bother with the conventions of greeting one another or saying good-by. Open and closed communities (a botanical expression):

disturbing the earth, men have opened it up. Seeds and spores in the air have a chance to land, to live. Laws we need to break: law forbidding stops along the highways except for emergencies or at designated points; law prohibiting the picking of useful plants. XLIX.

Home begins outside. Shelter's inside. [Buckminster Fuller's Profile of the Industrial Revolution. Technical acquisition by science of ninety-two atomic elements accomplished in 1932. Same year (John McHale comments) gold as a certificate of wealth was abandoned in the U.S.A.]

Examine the papers, the books, to see what ideas were had that could be, but weren't, put to use. Not only ideas but inventions that worked.

Dad's dehydrator that worked electrostatically, separating refuse oil into dry chemicals, water that could be drunk, oil of the highest grade, his means for preventing lightning.

Picturephone: limited commercial service now provided between New York, Chicago, and Washington. Limitation: customers must be highly involved in business, government and/or war. L. Abundance.

Officials checked to make certain we'd paid the air-travel tax, didn't ask to see our passports. Marcel Duchamp.

". . . Valencia, cathedral—University. Palma will be interesting again, then Dardona and off to Milan and after which the western coast of Yugoslavia & tour (at southern end) of Grecian Islands after which plane from Athens to New York. Many travelers,—going everywhere.

Love, Mom" More irritated by the schedule than the work, he announced he'd do all the dishwashing. Shortly the others were helping. Sometimes he had nothing to do. Returning from Europe: "We're all looking forward to the return of the W.P.A. It's the only thing we ever had any talent for."

"Utopia for practical purposes."

Tall Jewish teenager just ahead of me, his mother, wanting to go shopping, concerned whether he'd be able to file his passport application without her help. After several departures, always coming back, she finally left the crowded room. Discovering that he'd play chess, I brought out my portable magnetic set. Standing in line, we played two games, leaving the second one unfinished.

The cows in India, not understanding traffic lights, cross intersections whenever they reach them. Motorists
never get angry. They wait patiently. The evening air's heavy with the odor of burning cow-dung, fuel used for cooking.

Buffalo enterprise: manufacture of contraceptives for cows. Fewer cows: more food for the starving millions.

LII. Story Agom told: “I’m looking for a key I lost over there.” “Why not look, then, where you lost it?” “It’s too dark over there. I look for it here where there’s light.” Television up-to-date, things televised aren’t. Receiving set, appliances up-to-date, home isn’t. Architecture: “Environment control facility”, “dwelling advantage” (Fuller), “each progressive model obsolete . . . materials scrapped, reprocessed”, (“more with less”) “instituting . . . world industry . . .” “Include . . . design of . . . services, maintenance, parts inventories and transportation performances required to make . . . service operable around the world.” (John McHale.) “Allowing any kind of living.” Weights, measures.

Music having too many or not enough notes in it (Takahashi’s preference). LIII. The father’s a dope addict. The mother (two days ago—they came in white coats, white car, using flashlights, asking, “Where’s the mad woman?”) was taken away in a straight-jacket. The children sleep at home, playing and having their meals next door. (Perpetual motion.) Removing social controls to points where they escape our notice. Examine situations. Make decisions. Implement them. [1 asked Fuller whether he played chess. He said he used to, but that now he plays only one (the biggest) game. He does this energetically, globally (“I have a strong constitution”), encouraging youth who’ve inherited from television, their “third parent,” world consciousness. “They think ‘world’ . . . Theirs will be the most powerful and constructive revolution in all history.”]

CIV. More we leave the land, the more productive it becomes. Technique for changing society: education followed by unemployment. Article by Avner Hovne on automation (Impact of Science on Society 15:1, Unesco publication).

Continuity values giving way to flexibility values. Automation alters what’s done and where we do it. You could always tell when she was about to go out of her mind. She would begin to speak the truth. April ’64: fifty-five global services. September ’65: sixty-one global services. No one I speak to knows anything about them. I have no list, don’t know what the number, August ’66, is. Instead I read what I find in bookstores, libraries, getting clues here and there. World Health World Food. Listened to Fuller on the ’phone, heard him insist: “World—not international—Man.” LV. In connection with space travel, the Russians, they say, have found a means to induce sleep electronically. In twenty or thirty minutes one can get as much
rest as eight or nine hours normally provide. Economics (money). Bernard Monnier said: Yes. "It's a question of credit, entirely fictional, conventional." Asked whether it's finally a matter of personalities (not masks but the feelings people give one another), he again said: Yes. "It's a question of one person having confidence in another." Mobility, immobility. Artists never had enough time to do their work. Their lives always ended before the completion of their projects. Leisure, present or future, is not a social problem. Perhaps the fact we haven't gotten to know one another makes us think that people have nothing to do. LVI. Urgency. Expression of "losing tempo" in chess. Obligation to retreat, to move a piece one's moved, to proceed in a way having nothing to do with one's plan. Take time, he says. More, but only after you're fully aware of all the possibilities. X-quantities. Indian philosophy and society at loggerheads: Indian society limited to family; family's defined as stopping at the seventh relationship. Another error. Japanese: the refusal to be formally introduced (brings about philanthropies one doesn't want to practice). The property at Pontpoint. Formality and informality mixed: elegance without pretense (an unessential difference between the front and kitchen doors). One mistake: only the servants have TV. At table we converse. After coffee we play solitaire, chess, now and then glancing at the paintings and sculpture ("Everything's been looked at"). Four P. M. we go hunting for mushrooms. "Another part of the forest." LVII. Discussing her travels, a lady mentioned she'd been in Mallorca. When she was asked where that was, she said she had no idea. "We flew." (Sky's heavily clouded: grey, even black, some white. There are patches of blue.) Bureaucracy. He got the notion his ideas belonged to him. He refused to disclose them, fearing someone else would profit from them. He made contracts no one cared to sign. The view that all's equal (equal rights) is not different from the view that all's unequal (unique). No likes or dislikes implicit in either view. Non-obstruction. Criticism becomes design (one's faculties used before rather than after something's done). Dialogue. LVIII. (Music's made it perfectly clear: we have all the time in the world. What we need timidly to take eight minutes to play we now extend to an hour. People think we're not occupied converse with us while we're performing.) Suzuki's lecture on Yu, the principle of not knowing, a not-knowing never to become a knowing. Toward the end he laughed gently, without expressing any accomplishment, and
said, "Isn't it funny? I came all the
way from Japan to explain something to you
which of its nature is not to be
explained?" Composer, who no longer
arranges sounds in a piece, simply
facilitates an enterprise. Using a
telephone, he locates materials,
services, raises money to pay for
them. LIX. Mother wrote to say: "Stay
in Europe. Soak up as much beauty as you
possibly can." Cards punched for
insertion in telephones so we don't
have to remember numbers or spend
time dialing. Acceleration. What shall we
do with our emotions? ("Suffer them," I
hear her saying.) Having everything we
need, we'll nevertheless spend restless
nights awake with desire for pleasures we
imagine that never take place. Things
also happen gradually (one of New
Babylon's anarchists was elected a
member of Amsterdam's City Council).
We're the right, Fuller explains, to object
to slavery, segregation, etc. (the
problem of work is solved: machines
take the place of muscles); we're not yet
the right to object to war: first we must
design, then implement means for
making the world's resources the
possession of all men. LIX. American
anarchist, 1900, admitting failure,
retired to the South of France. Dad's
airplane engine, 1918, flew to pieces
before it left the ground. Alloys
needed to contain the power were still
undiscovered. Discover dialectics for
ultra-high voltages (global electrical
networks). Change society so
differences are refreshing, nothing to do
with possessions/power. Octavio and
Marie-José (we'll meet again in
Mexico). Narayana Menon had said,
"You'll like the Ambassador; he's a poet."
I asked Paz whether being a diplomat took
too much time from his poetry. He said
it didn't. "There is no trade between the
two countries. They are on the very
best of relations."

At Darmstadt when I wasn't involved with
music, I was in the woods looking for mushrooms.
One day while I was gathering some Hypholomas
that were growing around a stump not far from
the concert hall, a lady secretary from the Ferien-
kurse für Neue Musik came by and said, "After
all, Nature is better than Art."

After an hour or so in the woods looking
for mushrooms, Dad said, "Well, we can always
go and buy some real ones."

Some time after my father's death, I was talk-
ing with Mother. I suggested she take a trip West
to visit the relatives. I said, "You'll have a good
time." She was quick to reply, "Now, John, you
know perfectly well that I've never enjoyed having
a good time."

When the New York Philharmonic played
my Atlas Eclipticalis with Winter Music (Elec-
tronic Version), the audience more or less threw
propriety to the winds. Many walked out. Others
stood by. On Sunday afternoon the lady
sitting next to my mother was particularly violent.

She disturbed everyone around her. When the
performance ended, Mother turned to her and
said, "I am the composer's mother." The lady
said, "Good Heavens! Your son's music is mag-
nificent! Would you tell him, please, how much
I loved it?"

Franz Kline was about to have the first
showing of his black and white paintings at the
Egan Gallery. Realizing that his mother had
never seen his paintings and that she would
surely be interested in doing so, he arranged for
her to come to New York for the opening. After
she had been in the gallery for some time, she
said, "Franz, I might have known you'd find the
easy way."

In 1960 I received a letter from a university
president giving me an appointment for the fol-
lowing academic year. I called Mother to tell
her the good news. I said, "I'm to be a Fellow in
the Center for Advanced Studies at Wesleyan
University." Mother said, "Why are they always
connecting you with the dance?" Then, after a
pause, she added, "Do they know you're a Zen
Buddhist?"
Had Marcel Duchamp not lived, it would have been necessary for someone exactly like him to live, to bring about, that is, the world as we begin to know and experience it. Having this view, I felt obliged to keep a worshipful distance, though I had met him in the early 'forties, and in the late 'forties had written music for his sequence in Hans Richter's film *Dreams that Money Can Buy.* When I was in Japan in 1962 Yoshiaki Tono asked me to write a text for the September 1963 issue of *Mizue,* a monthly review of the fine arts, which was to include the second part of an introduction to the method of Marcel Duchamp. I gave him the following notes. Then, fortunately, during the winter holidays of '65-'66, the Duchamps and I were often invited to the same parties. At one of these I marched up to Teeny Duchamp and asked her whether she thought Marcel would consider teaching me chess. She said she thought he would. Circumstances permitting, we have been together once or twice a week ever since, except for two weeks in Cadaqués when we were every day together. Remarks here and there in my second and third texts on world improvement were suggested by things he did or ideas he expressed on these occasions.

26 STATEMENTS RE DUCHAMP

History

The danger remains that he'll get out of the valise we put him in. So long as he remains locked up —

The rest of them were artists. Duchamp collects dust.

Duchamp Mallarmé?

Lisa. The musical notes taken out of a hat. The glass. The toy shot-gun painting. The things he found. Therefore, everything seen — every object, that is, plus the process of looking at it — is a Duchamp.

There are two versions of the ox-herding pictures. One concludes with the image of nothingness, the other with the image of a fat man, smiling, returning to the village bearing gifts. Nowadays we have only the second version. They call it neo-Dada. When I talked with M.D. two years ago he said he had been fifty years ahead of his time.

Duchamp showed the usefulness of addition (moustache). Rauschenberg showed the function of subtraction (De Kooning). Well, we look forward to multiplication and division. It is safe to assume that someone will learn trigonometry. Johns

Ichiyanagi Wolff

We have no further use for the functional, the beautiful, or for whether or not something is true. We have only time for conversation. The Lord help us to say something in reply that doesn't simply echo what our ears took in. Of course we can go off as we do in our corners and talk to ourselves.

There he is, rocking away in that chair, smoking his pipe, waiting for me to stop weeping. I still can't hear what he said then. Years later I saw him on MacDougall Street in the Village. He made a gesture I took to mean O.K.

“Tools that are no good require more skill.”

A duchamp

Seems Pollock tried to do it — paint on glass. It was in a movie. There was an admission of failure. That wasn't the way to proceed. It's not a question of doing again what Duchamp already did. We must nowadays nevertheless at least be able to look through to what's beyond — as though we were in it looking out. What's more boring than Marcel Duchamp? I ask you. (I've books about his work but never bother to read them.) Busy as bees with nothing to do.

He requires that we know that being an artist isn't child's play: equivalent in difficulty — surely — to playing chess. Furthermore a work of our art is not ours alone but belongs also to the opponent who's there to the end.

Anarchy?

He simply found that object, gave it his name. What then did he do? He found that object, gave it his name. Identification. What then shall we do? Shall we call it by his name or by its name? It's not a question of names.
The air

We hesitate to ask the question because we do not want to hear the answer. Going about in silence.

One way to write music: study Duchamp.

Say it's not a Duchamp. Turn it over and it is.

Alan Watts gave a party that started in the afternoon, New Year's Eve, and lasted through the night and the following day. Except for about four hours which we spent napping we were never without food or drink. Alan Watts lived near Millbrook. His cooking was not only excellent but elaborate. There was, for instance, I forget just when, a meat pie in the shape of a large loaf of bread. Truffles ran through the meat, which had been wrapped first in crepes and then in the crust, in which had been inscribed in Sanskrit "OM." Joseph Campbell, Jean Erdman, Mrs. Coomaraswamy, and I were the guests. Jean Erdman spent most of the time knitting. Alan Watts, Mrs. Coomaraswamy, and Joseph Campbell conversed brilliantly about the Orient, its mythologies, its arts, and its philosophies. Joseph Campbell was anxious to find a picture which would include certain and several symbols, and though he had searched his own library and several public ones, he was still looking for the right picture. I said, "Why don't you use the one in Jean Erdman's knitting book?" Joseph Campbell laughed because he knew I hadn't even seen the picture. Mrs. Coomaraswamy said, "Let me look at it." Jean Erdman stopped knitting and gave her the book. Mrs. Coomaraswamy began interpreting the picture, which was of a girl in a sweater standing in a landscape. Everything, it turned out, referred precisely to the subjects with which Joseph Campbell was concerned, including the number in the upper right-hand corner.

Now that there's nothing to do, he does whatever anyone requires him to do: a magazine cover, an exhibition, a movie sequence, etc. ad infinitum. What did she tell me about him? That he gave himself except for two days a week (always the same days, Thursdays, Sundays)? That he's emotional? That he formed three important art collections? The phonograph

Theatre

This article was first published in the Jewish Museum catalog of the work of Jasper Johns early in 1964. I began work on it in September 1963. I searched for a way of writing which would relate somehow to the canvases and personality of the painter. The absence of unpainted space in most of his work and, what seemed to me, an enigmatic aura of his personality produced a problem, one which I was determined to solve and which for five months occupied and fascinated me. As a matter of fact, it still does. Johns more than any other painter has provoked large numbers of people to the use of faculties they would not otherwise have employed. I needed help. I got this from Lois Long and Merce Cunningham, close friends of mine and of Jasper Johns. They gave this help first in conversation, second in patient reading and discussion of my writing as it proceeded.

After giving up plans for a text which involved elaborate use of chance operations with respect to type faces, size of type, superimpositions of type, collage of texts previously written about Johns by other critics, I settled on the plan of making use—as described in the note in this volume preceding Rhythm Etc.—of my Cartridge Music. However, I took the empty spaces which developed from that way of writing as spaces to be filled in with further writing. The paragraphs and paragraph signs resulted from chance operations.

Johns and Rauschenberg, Cunningham and Tudor have been and continue to be artists of deep significance for me. They have all brought about changes in my work. I do not know whether I will ever fulfill a project I've had now for several years: to make a correspondence between these four and the seasons: David Tudor would be spring; Johns, summer; Cunningham, fall; Robert Rauschenberg, winter (creation, preservation, destruction, quiescence). Such a project would involve me in extending the following text on Jasper Johns, so that it would be four times as long as it is, a length relative in my mind to summer and its quality of keeping things around.

**JASPER JOHNS: STORIES AND IDEAS**

Passages in italics are quotations from Jasper Johns found in his notebooks and published statements.

On the porch at Edisto. Henry's records filling the air with Rock 'n' Roll. I said I couldn't understand what the singer was saying. Johns (laughing): That's because you don't listen.
Beginning with a flag that has no space around it, that has the same size as the painting, we see that it is not a painting of a flag. The roles are reversed: beginning with the flag, a painting was made. Beginning, that is, with structure, the division of the whole into parts corresponding to the parts of a flag, a painting was made which both obscures and clarifies the underlying structure. A precedent is in poetry, the sonnet: by means of language, caesurae, iambic pentameter, license and rhymes to obscure and clarify the grand division of the fourteen lines into eight and six. The sonnet and the United States flag during that period of history when there were forty-eight states? These are houses, Shakespeare in one, Johns in the other, each spending some of his time living. ¶ I thought he was doing three things (five things he was doing escaped my notice).

He keeps himself informed about what's going on particularly in the world of art. This is done by reading magazines, visiting galleries and studios, answering the telephone, conversing with friends. If a book is brought to his attention that he has reason to believe is interesting, he gets it and reads it (Wittgenstein, Nabokov, McLuhan). If it comes to his notice that someone else had one of his ideas before he did, he makes a mental or actual note not to proceed with his plan. (On the other hand, the casual remark of a friend can serve to change a painting essentially.) There are various ways to improve one's chess game. One is to take back a move when it becomes clear that it was a bad one. Another is to accept the consequences, devastating as they are. Johns chooses the latter even when the former is offered. Say he has a disagreement with others; he examines the situation and comes to a moral decision. He then proceeds, if to an impasse, to an impasse. When all else fails (and he has taken the precaution of being prepared in case it does), he makes a work of art devoid of complaint.

Sometimes I see it and then paint it. Other times I paint it and then see it. Both are impure situations, and I prefer neither.

Right conduct. He moved from objecting to not objecting. Things beneath other people to do are not that way for him. America. ¶ Walking with him in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art, she said, "Jasper, you must be from the Southern Aristocracy." He said, "No, Jane, I'm just trash." She replied, "It's hard to understand how anyone who's trash could be as nice as you are." Another lady, outraged by the beer cans that were exhibited in the gallery, said, "What are they doing here?" When Johns explained that they were not beer cans but had taken him much time and effort to make, that if she examined them closely she would notice among other things fingerprints, that moreover she might also observe that they were not the same height (i.e. had not come off an assembly line), why, he asks, was she won over? Why does the information that someone has done something affect the judgment of another? Why cannot someone who is looking at something do his own work of looking? Why is language necessary when art so to speak already has it in it? "Any fool can tell that that's a broom." The clothes (conventions) are underneath. The painting is as naked as the day it was born. ¶ What did I say in Japan? That the Mona Lisa with mustache or just anything plus a signature equals addition, that the erased de Kooning is additive subtraction, that we may be confident that someone understands multiplication, division, calculus, trigonometry? Johns.

The cigars in Los Angeles that were Duchamp-signed and then smoked. Leaning back, his chair on two legs, smiling. Johns said: My beer cans have no beer in them. Coming forward, not smiling, with mercy and no judgment he said: I had trouble too; it seemed it might be a step backward. Whenever the telephone rings, asleep or awake he never hesitates to answer. ¶ An object that tells of the loss, destruction, disappearance of objects. Does not speak of itself. Tells of others. Will it include them? Delage.

Why this palaver about structure? Particularly since he doesn't need to have any, involved as he is with process, knowing that the frame that will be put around the whole that he makes will not make the environment invisible? Simply in order to make clear that these flags-numbers-letters-targets are not subjects? (That he has nothing to say about them proves that they are not subjects rather than that he as a human being is absent from them. He is present as a person who has noticed that At every point in nature there is something to see. And so: My work contains similar possibilities for the changing focus of the eye.) Structures, not subjects—if only that that will make us pause long enough in our headstrong passage through history to realize that Pop Art, if deducted from his work, represents a misunderstanding, if embarked upon as the next step after his, represents a non-sequitur. He is engaged with the endlessly changing ancient task: the imitation of nature in her manner of operation. The structures he uses give the dates and places (some less confined historically and geographically than others). They are the signature of anonymity.
When, dealing with operative nature he does so without structure, he sometimes introduces signs of humanity to intimate that we, not birds for instance, are part of the dialogue. Someone, that is, must have said Yes now informed we answer the painting affirmatively. Finally, with nothing in it to grasp, the work is weather, an atmosphere that is heavy rather than light (something he knows and regrets); in oscillation with it we tend toward our ultimate place: zero, an extraordinary presence inappropriate to the circumstance: an ordinary dinner he bumped into nothing. Furthermore he reached the table where I was sitting and though he seemed to be somewhere else in a space utterly free of obstructions the others. I have seen him entering a room, head aloft, striding with determination, recognizing me immediately. Another time he was working. He had found a printed map of the United States that represented only the boundaries between them. (It was not topographical nor were rivers or highways shown.) Over this he had ruled beginning at one point, finishing it and going on to another. It seemed that he was changing brushes and colors, and working everywhere at the same time rather than a geometry which he copied enlarged on a canvas. This done, freehand he copied the printed map, carefully preserving its proportions. Then with a change of tempo he began painting quickly, all at once as it were, here and there with the same brush, stencils he put in the name of a state or the abbreviation for it, but having done over it again, and again incompletely. And so on and on. Every now and then using different colors in different places. I asked how many processes he was involved in. He concentrated to reply and speaking sincerely said: It is all one process.

Conversing in a room that had both painting and sculpture in it and knowing as he does that there is a difference between them, he suddenly laughed for he heard what he had just said (I am not a sculptor). I felt suddenly lost, and then speaking to me as though I were a jury he said: But I am a sculptor, am I not? This remark let me find myself, but what I found myself in was an impenetrable jungle. There are evidently more persons in him than one. (A) having painted a picture gives it the title Flag. (B) having made a sculpture gives it the title Painted Bronze. (A) referring to (B)'s work says beer when to be in character he would say ale. (C) is not concerned with structure nor with sculpture (libelle). (D) (Painting with Two Balls) is concerned with both. (E) has a plan: Make something, a kind of object which as it changes or falls apart (dies as it were) or increases in its parts (grows as it were) offers no clue as to what its state or form or nature was at any previous time. Physical and Metaphysical Obstnacy. Could this be a useful object? (F) experimentally inclined, among other ways of applying paint, stood on his head to make Skin. (G) sees objects in poetic interpenetration (Food's House). (H) stands sufficiently far away to see panoramically (Diver). (I) records history [Make Shirl Hendryx's shoe in sculpmetal with a mirror in the toe—to be used for looking up a girl's dresses. High School Days. (There is no way to make this before 1955.)]. (J) is concerned with language, (K) with culture sacramentally (Tennyson). (L) makes plans not to be carried out. (M) asks: Can a rubber face be stretched in such a way that some mirror will reorganize it into normal proportion? (N) is a philosopher: "——" differs from a "——". (O) studies the family tree. (P) is not interested in working but only in playing games. (Q) encouraged himself and others to do more rather than less. (R) destroys the works he finishes and is the cause of all the others. (S) made The Critic Sees. (T) (All Blacks and we have other things to do (and in a multiplicity of directions), but that he let his work have the American flag as its structure keeps us conscious of that flag no matter what else we have in mind. How does the flag sit with us, who don't give a hoot for Betsy Ross, who never think of tea as a cause for parties? (If anyone speaks of patriotism, it is nowadays global: our newspapers are internationally inclined.) The flag is nothing but The Stars and Stripes Forever. The stars are placed in the upper left hand corner of the field of stripes. But even though the whole thing is all off center it gives us the impression symmetry does, that nothing is in the wrong place. The flag is a paradox in broad daylight: proof that asymmetry is symmetry. That this information was given before so to speak the work was begun is a sign, if one needed one, of generosity which, alas, passeth understanding. Looking around his thoughts, he sees them in the room where he is. The clock doesn't always tell the same time. The dining room table in the dining room does. We're not idiots. Just as, answered, the telephone presents an unexpected though often recognized voice, so a table should speak, provoking, if not surprising, at least a variety of responses.
Eating is only one. The dining room table will not do. It is taken apart, stored, then sent to the south. Another, a loan not a possession, but having a history of many uses, is brought in. That it is round is its concern. It might have been square or rectangular. Its surface, however, stimulates the tendency to do something, in this case a process of bleaching and staining. And the chairs around it: the removal of varnish and the application of paint. The result is nothing special. It looks as though something had been tried and had been found to work: to have many uses, not focussing attention but letting attention focus itself.

He does not remember being born. His earliest memories concern living with his grandparents in Allendale, South Carolina. Later, in the same town, he lived with an aunt and uncle who had twins, a brother and sister. Then he went back to live with his grandparents. After the third grade in school he went to Columbia, which seemed like a big city, to live with his mother and stepfather. A year later, school finished, he went to a community on a lake called The Corner to stay with his Aunt Gladys. He thought it was for the summer but he stayed there for six years studying with his aunt who taught all the grades in one room, a school called Climax. The following year he finished high school living in Sumter with his mother and stepfather, two half-sisters and his half-brother. He went to college for a year and a half in Columbia where he lived alone. He made two visits during that period, one to his father, one to his mother. Leaving college he came to New York, studying in an art school for a little over six months. After applying for a scholarship, he was called into an office and it was explained that he could have the scholarship but only due to his circumstances since his work didn’t merit it. He replied that if his work didn’t merit it he would not accept it. Later, working in a bookstore on 57th Street, he went to see an exhibition at the Stable Gallery. Leo Steinberg seeing him asked if he was Michael Goldberg. He said: I am Jasper Johns. Steinberg said: That’s strange; you look so familiar. Johns said: I once sold you a book. Clothes do not make him. Instead, his influence at rare and unexpected moments extends to his clothes, transforming their appearance. No mask fits his face. Elegance. He went to the kitchen, later said lunch was ready. Wild rice with Boleti. Duck in a cream sauce with Chanterelles. Salad. Hazelnut cake with Coffee.

The thermostats are fixed to the radiators but lead ineffectually to two bare wires. The Jaguar repaired and ready to run sits in a garage unused. It has been there since October. An electrician came to fix the thermostats but went away before his work was finished and never returned. The application for the registration of the car has not been found. It is somewhere among the papers which are unfiled and in different places. For odd trips a car is rented. If it gets too hot, a window is opened. The freezer is full of books. The closet in the guest room is full of furniture. There is, and anyone knows there is, a mystery, but these are not the clues. The relationship between the object and the event. Can they be separated? Is one a detail of the other? What is the meeting? Air?

The situation must be Yes-and-No not either-or. Avoid a polar situation. A target is not a paradox. Ergo: when he painted it he did not use a circular canvas. How lucky to be alive the same time he is! It could have been otherwise. Conversation takes place whether the telephone rings or not and whether or not he is alone in the room. (I’m believing painting to be language, . . .) Once he does something, it doesn’t just exist: it replies, calling from him another action. If one takes delight in that kind of changing process one moves toward new recognitions (?), names, images. The end is not in view; the method (the way one brush stroke follows another) is discursive. Pauses. Not in order through consideration to arrive at a conclusion. (Staying with him is astonishing: I know perfectly well that were I to say I was leaving he would have no objection, nor would he if I said I was not going.) A painting is not a record of what was said and what the replies were but the thick presence all at once of a naked self-obscuring body of history. All the time has been put in one (structured?) space. He is able, even anxious, to repair a painting once it is damaged. A change in the painting or even someone looking at it reopens the conversation. Conversations go on faithful to time, not to the remarks that earlier occurred in it. Once when I visited him he was working on a painting called Highway. After looking at it I remarked that he had put the word right in the middle. When I left he painted over it so that the word, still there, is not illegible. I had forgotten that this ever happened. He hasn’t. Three academic ideas which have been of interest to me are what a teacher of mine (speaking of Cezanne and cubism) called “the rotating point of view” (Larry Rivers recently pointed to a black rectangle, two or three feet away from where he had been looking in a painting, and said “. . . like there’s something happening over there too.”); Marcel Duchamp’s suggestion “to reach the Impossibility of sufficient visual memory to transfer from one like object to another the memory imprint”; and Leonardo’s idea . . . that the boundary of a body is neither a part of the enclosed body nor a part of the surrounding atmosphere. A target needs something else. Anything in
fact will do to be its opposite. Even the space in the square in which it is centrally placed. This undivided seemingly left over area miraculously produces a duplex asymmetrical structure. Faces.

Make this and get it cast. (Painting with ruler and "gray.") Sculpt a folded flag and a stool. Make a target in bronze so that the circles can be turned to any relationship. All the numbers zero through nine. 0 through 9. Strip painting before tying it with rope (Painting with a rope). Do Not Combine the 4 Disappearances. A through Z. He didn’t do this because it seemed like a jewel. (The individual letters disappear into a single object.) Perhaps there’s a solution. It moves. It moved. It was moved. It can, will, might move. It has been moved. It will be moved (can’t have just it).

Does he live in the same terror and confusion that we do? The air must move in as well as out—no sadness, just disaster. I remember the deadline they had: to put up a display, not in windows on a street but upstairs in a building for a company that was involved in sales and promotion. Needing some printing done they gave me the job to do it. Struggling with pens and india ink, arriving at nothing but failure, I gradually became hysterical. Johns rose to the occasion. Though he already had too much to do, he went to a store, found some mechanical device for facilitating lettering, used it successfully, did all the other necessary things connected with the work and in addition returned to me my personal dignity. Where had I put it? Where does he live in the same terror and confusion that we do?

He didn’t do this because it seemed like a jewel. (The individual letters disappear into a single object.) Perhaps there’s a solution. It moves. It moved. It was moved. It can, will, might move. It has been moved. It will be moved (can’t have just it).

Focus. Include one’s looking. Include one’s seeing. Include one’s using. It and its use and its action. As it is, was, might be (each as a single tense, all as one). A = B. A is B. A represents B (do what I do, do what I say).

The demand for his work exceeds the supply. The information that he has stretched a canvas, if, that is, it was not already commissioned, produces a purchase. He conceives and executes an exclusive plan: the portfolios of lithographs. Two rows of numbers, 0 1 2 3 4 above, 5 6 7 8 9 below, the two rows forming a rectangle having ten equal parts; centered below this and separated by space is a single number of greater size but in a smaller area. (The two rectangles are not equal: together they produce asymmetry.) Because there are ten different numerals, and because each single lithograph shows only one of them in the lower rectangle, there are ten different lithographs in each portfolio, one for each numeral. The edition is one of thirty sets: a third in different colors on white, ten in black on off-white, the rest in gray on natural linen. (All the papers have as watermark the artist’s signature.) The working process employed two stones: a large one upon which the two structures appear, a smaller one having the inferior rectangle alone. As the work proceeded, due partly to things that happened outside his control, partly to his own acts, the stones passed through a graphic metamorphosis showing both utter and subtle changes. The smaller stone, given its own color or value (sometimes barely differentiated from the color or value given the larger one), appears on only a single lithograph of a given portfolio, on in fact that lithograph having the large number corresponding to the number of that portfolio. Beyond these three sets of ten, three portfolios exist hors de commerce. They alone show the total work, but each of them is unique, printed in the different inks on the different papers. The world he inhabits us in? One in which once again we must go to a particular place in order to see what there alone there is to see. The structure above is as unchanging as the thirteen stripes of our flag. The structure below changes with each number just as the number of stars changes with each change in history. (The paradox is not just in space but in time too: space-time.) The alphabets were arranged that way in a book. He derived from them his own similar arrangement of numbers. Competition as definition of one kind of focus. Competition (?) for different kinds of focus. What prize? Prize? Value? Quantity? Given the title and date of one of his works, he sometimes can remember it only vaguely, other times not at all. ¶ He is a critic. No matter how inspired it may have been, he refuses another’s leap to a conclusion if it reveals that what was to be done was not done. He is puzzled by a work that fails to make clear distinctions (e.g. between painting and sculpture). Shrugging his shoulders he smiles. Grimly determined he makes The Critic Sees. ¶ The more hurricanes the better, his house is insured. Compact, opaque, often highly colored, cryptocrystalline . . . He is Other for whom to have been born is captivity. Alone he accepts the stricture as a wild animal can. Gazed at, he is of necessity arrogant. The charcoal 0 through 9 began with an undivided space. But it was not the beginning. It was analysis of a painting in progress that used superimposed numbers as structure. It was not the work he was working on.
History of art: a work that has no center of interest does the same thing that a symmetrical one does. Demonstration: what previously required two artists, Johns does alone and at the same time. ¶ I drove to his studio downtown. He was sitting looking at an unfinished painting (which is one of the ways he does his work): all the colors in profusion; the words red, yellow, and blue cut out of wood hinged vertically to the edges of two separately stretched canvases, the mirrored imprints of the letters legible on both; one letter not in wood but in neon; the wooden ones with magnets permitting fixing and changing the position of objects—a beer can, a coffee can, paint brushes, a knife, no fork or spoon, a chain, a squeegee, and the spool from a supply of solder. The next day uptown he was working on the gray numbers, the sculpmetal ones (Overcome this module with visual virtuosity. Or Merce’s foot? Another kind of ruler.) Foreign colors and images.). And the same day laboriously on the shoe with the mirror in the toe. We wonder whether, if chihaberry trees meant the same to us as they do to him (Spanish moss too, and the seashore and the flat land near it that makes him think the world is round, Negros, the chigger-ridden forest and swamps that limit the cemeteries and playgrounds, the churches, the schools, his own house, in fact, all up on stilts against probable inundation, azaleas and oleanders, palm trees and mosquitoes, the advent of an outlandish bird in the oak outside the screened porch, the oak that has the swing with an automobile tire for sitting, the swing that needs repair (the ropes are frayed), the shark's teeth, the burrs in the sand on the way to the beach, the lefthanded and righthanded shells, and grits for breakfast)—well, we just wonder.

He told me that he was having a recurrence of them, that he had had them some years before, dreams in which the things he saw and that happened were indistinguishable from those of the day. I must have changed the subject for he told me nothing more. When I mentioned this to her, she told me what he had said: that going one day into the subway he had noticed a man selling pencils to two women—a man whose legs had been cut off, who moved about by means of a platform with wheels. That night Johns was that man, devising a system of ropes and pulleys by which to pull himself up so that he would be able to paint on the upper parts of the canvas which were otherwise out of his reach. He thought too of changing the position of the canvas, putting it flat on the floor. But a question arose: How could he move around without leaving the traces of his wheels in the paint? The cans of ale, Flashlight, the coffee can with brushes: these objects and the others were not found but were made. They were seen in some other light than that of day.

All flowers delight him. He finds it more to the point that a plant after being green should send up a stalk and at its top burst into color than that he should prefer one to others of them. The highest priority is given, if he has one out of the ground, to putting a plant in the earth. Presented with bulbs from the south, impatient for them to bloom, he initiated a plan for a sped-up succession of seasons: putting them to freeze on the terrace and then in the warmth of an oven. Flowers, however, are not left to die in a garden. They are cut and as many varieties as are blooming are placed together in a fierce single arrangement, whether from the garden, the roadside, or the florist's: one of these, two of those, etc. (Do not be fooled: that he is a gardener does not exclude him from hunting; he told me of having found the blue Lactarius in the woods at Edisto.) Besides making paintings that have structures, he has made others that have none (Jubilee for instance). I mean that were two people to tell what the division of that rectangle is into parts they would tell two different things. The words for the colors and the fact that a word is not appropriately colored (“You are the only painter I know who can't tell one color from another”), these facts exercise our faculties but they do not divide the surface into parts. One sees in other words a map, all the boundaries of which have been obscured (there was in fact no map); or we could say one sees the field below the flag: the flag, formerly above, was taken away. Stupidly we think of abstract expressionism. But here we are free of struggle, gesture, and personal image. Looking closely helps, though the paint is applied so sensually that there is the danger of failing in love. We moderate each glance with a virtuous degree of blindness. ¶We do not know where we stand, nor will we, doubtless, ever. It is as though having come to the conclusion that going to sleep is a thing not to do, he tells us so that we too may stay awake, but before the words have left his lips, he leaves us in order that he himself may sleep. (“We imagine ourselves on a tightrope only to discover that we are safe on the ground. Caution is unnecessary.” Nevertheless we tremble more violently than we did when we thought we were in danger.) When he returned to New York from the south, she asked him how it had been. He said: It was warm. There were no mosquitoes. You could even sit out in the yard. (I missed the polka dots in the area above the lower lefthand corner. Strange; because that's what I was
thinking about: the paintings 0 through 9 that are covered with polka dots.) Seeing her window over the kitchen sink, he said: That's what I want to have, a window over the kitchen sink so that I can look out to the terrace. She said: What you need is a door, so that you don't have to go to the front of the house and then all the way back on the outside again. But, he said, I don't want to go out, just look out. And then asked (imagining perhaps there was something he could learn from her to do): Do you go out? She admitted she didn't. They laughed. She pointed out the plant on the sill with last year's peppers on it and new blossoms but showing no signs of their becoming this year's peppers. He said: Maybe they need to be pollinated. And shortly with kleenex he was botanist, dusting and cross-dusting the flowers.

Take Skin I, II, III, IV. What a great difference there is between these and anything his works before or after could have led us to expect! As his generosity continues unabated, we waste the breath we have left muttering of inscrutability. Had he been selfish and singleminded it would have been a simple matter for anyone to say Thank You.

Even though in those Edisto woods you think you didn't get a tick or ticks, you probably did. The best thing to do is back at the house to take off your clothes, shaking them carefully over the bathtub. Then make a conscientious self-examination with a mirror if necessary. It would be silly too to stay out of the woods simply because the ticks are in them. Think of the mushrooms (Cesar's among them!) that would have been missed. Ticks removed, fresh clothes put on, something to drink, something to eat, you revive. There's scrabble and now chess to play and the chance to look at TV. A Dead Man. Take a skull. Cover it with paint. Rub it against canvas. Skull against canvas.

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We have the impression that we're learning nothing, but as the years pass we recognize more and more mushrooms and we find that the names that go with them begin to stick in our heads. Furthermore, we're still alive. However, we must be cautious. Guy Nearing sometimes says that all mushroom experts die from mushroom poisoning. Donald Malcomb finds the dangers of lion hunting largely imaginary, those of mushroom hunting perfectly real.

One day I telephoned Miró. He was in a New York hotel about to leave for Europe. Our conversation was in French and I had never met him. I asked him to make a gift of a painting to the Cunningham Dance Foundation, explaining that this gift would make possible a European tour on the part of the dancers. (I knew that Miró had seen the 1964 performances of Cunningham and his Company at the Théâtre de l'Est Parisien and that he had been enthusiastic.) Miró asked me to write him a letter. I did. He replied generously, not only promising a gift but proposing performances in Spain for which he would make a poster. In further correspondence with Jacques Dupin, the poet and author of a book on Miró's work, a project developed for a publication to be made by the Fondation Maeght in Paris. It would include gravures by Miró, my Variations VI in all of its stages, a text by me written after our meeting (which took place early in August 1966 at Saint-Paul-de-Vence), and further gravures by Miró after he'd seen my manuscripts. I was afraid he would not like my work but fortunately this was not the case. He found it interesting and proposed using the notations (which are on transparent plastic sheets and which can be in any relationship) to make his own particular arrangement of them. Before sitting down to write, I read Miró's book, Je travaille comme un jardinié. I also read a number of texts about him. His work, of course, as for many living nowadays, is so familiar as to be part of who one is. I decided I would attempt to avoid mentioning what others consistently do: his relation to the earth. I had recourse to I-Ching operations, determining thereby that my text would have eight statements and that these would have, in order, twenty-nine, sixty-two, forty, seven, thirty-five, twenty-three, forty-seven, and fifty-eight words. I then suggested that, since Miró's relation to the earth was not being mentioned, my statements be superimposed on maps of places where Miró had lived and worked. This suggestion was accepted but is not followed in the present printing. I wrote the text in September 1966 while visiting the Duchamps in Cadaqués.

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MIRO IN THE THIRD PERSON: 8 STATEMENTS

Words in italics are from Miro's writings; quotations are remarks he made in conversation.

Then they said: We will kill you. They'd already placed the rope around his neck. What next but fear? (Forgive them? People mean what they say, what they do.)
Expressing in one word what it was he had always been insisting upon, he said: Anima. A few days later when I repeated the word to him, he looked puzzled; he didn't seem to understand what I was saying. I told Duchamp about this. Duchamp became quite emphatic: Miró doesn't speak Latin; he must have said (not pronouncing the g): Un image.

Going to the North Pole? Then take Miró with you. "It seems to me I've known you all my life." The war. Unknown paintings. A night spent in laughter: omelet that fell on the floor.

This is the way: looking out over the sea where his island is. "I do this with all my heart." Way to do what? Catalunya. He becomes an Arabian chessplayer. (Visiting another, one visits him. Maps. Pun to King Four.)

The signs are complete (ready to become anything other than they are). Fire. We see no changes, not yet knowing how to forget.
"You open doors." He knows, I'm sure, they're automatic, closing the moment one passes through. A gardener, he's also a hunter, even when sleeping: earth disturbed, is receptive to whatever there is in the air: they told me he wanted to know, to see what was happening.

To plug in the amplifier, I turn the corner. He's looking at a Giacometti. Alone (he's) not alone. Shells that have the bass clef on them remind me of music. Ballet. What will it be? I'm the first to be surprised. The simplest things give me ideas.

Anonymous blindness: four of us playing chess; three were making mistakes.

Doris Dennison had been born Doris Suckling. That was why she changed her name. Her step-brother, Peter, on the other hand, took the name she discarded. Peter Suckling had been born Peter Perfect.

I once had a job washing dishes in the Blue Bird Tea Room in Carmel, California. I worked twelve hours a day in the kitchen. I washed all the dishes and pots and pans, scrubbed the floor, washed the vegetables, crates of spinach for instance; and if the owner came along and found me resting, she sent me out to the back yard to chop up wood. She paid me a dollar a day. One day I noticed that some famous concert pianist was coming to town to give a recital, and I decided to finish my work as quickly as possible in order to get to the concert without missing too much of it. I did this. As luck would have it, my seat was next to that of the lady who owned the Blue Bird Tea Room, my employer. I said, "Good evening." She looked the other way, whispered to her daughter. They both got up and left the hall.

A mother and son visited the Seattle Art Museum. Several rooms were devoted to the work of Morris Graves. When they came to one in which all of the paintings were black, the mother, placing a hand across her son's eyes, said, "Come, dear, mother doesn't want you to see these things."
even though I didn't set out to make them so. A year or so later he left the room. The audience, terrorized, didn't budge. No one spoke. The telephone rang. "It was Paik calling to say the performance is finished." III. When I told Paik (don't say Peek, Poke or Puke) and Kosugi about the Cree Indians of central Saskatchewan, Paik asked: Are they like us? His shoes came off my feet, but, a moment later, glancing down, I noticed they were on again. His preoccupation with sex, violence, humor, criticism (it is comic or sin to say I am the first to have thrown a egg—etc…): but the Robot's shit is white in shapes suggesting vitamins, deodorants and the droppings of deer; the penis is the shadow of a finger; the vagina that of a whale. IV. Danger Music No. 1 for Dick Higgins: Creep into the VAGINA of a living WHALE! In other words, as Higgins has remarked (Postface, pg. 61), there is no danger. Nevertheless, we worry. Art and TV are no longer two different things. They're equally tedious. The geometry of the one's devitalized the other (find out what kind of bad habits you have); TV's vibrating field's shaken our arts to pieces. No use to pick them up. Get with it: Someday artists will work with capacitors, resistors & semi-conductors as they work today with brushes, violins and junk. V. European music made a crucial mistake: the separation of composition performance and listening. Color TV likewise: red, green, blue. But both must be made real (oriental): fact of non-separation. Otherwise, when we turn it on, it won't go on. Ultimately, certainly, it will be on continuously as it invisibly, inaudibly already is. Paik is working on it (I look back with a bitter grin… the desperate struggle…). Bathtub. "It's always this way with Paik before performances." The seeming impossibility of getting ready to begin. Wires and more wires. Antique sets used not as junk but required to come alive not as they did formerly but, poor things, according to a new trick. Considerate, he asks us to leave. VI. Like TV, he's here to stay (though his view is larger: TV will dominate 50 years and …… will gone …… ). What comes next? In 1970, play moonlight sonate on the moon. Humanity. He is a criminal who converses (cf. Duchamp). Technology, optical art, music, physics, philosophy. Image of utter collapse. Think again. Circa 1959–1960: My new composition is now 1 minutes. (For Prof. Forner). The Title will be either "Rondo Allegro", or "Allegro Moderato", or only "Allegretto". Which is more beautiful? I use here: Colour Projector. Film 2–3 screens. Strip tease, boxer, hen (alive). 6 years girl, light-piano, motorcycle and of course sounds, one TV. // "whole art" in the meaning of Mr. R. Wagner.

Eleven composers who had written music for the dance (of whom I was one) were invited by Selma Jeanne Cohen in 1962 to write for the sixteenth number of Dance Perspectives, the issue which was called composer/choreographer. In order to stimulate our thoughts, Miss Cohen gave us quotations from established figures in the field. I was given these:

It is essential to keep the ear sensitive, but also to remember that the dance is an independent art, subject to laws of its own which can lead the choreographer to movements not really indicated in the score at all... to movements set above the sound on the basis of emotional timing. —Doris Humphrey

I am not a creator of time. I like to be subordinated to it. Only a musician is a creator of time... The music is first. I couldn't move without the music. I couldn't move without a reason and the reason is music. My muscles only move when time comes in. —George Balanchine

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Does dance depend? Or is it independent? Questions that seem political. They arose in an aesthetic situation. What's to be said? People and sounds interpenetrate.

We thought that sounds took place in time. We see they're vibratory movements of particles in air. Each one, setting out from its point in space, gets to all its arrivals from a single departure. Thoughts about time drop off like dead skin. Dance takes place with one foot in the grave. "Dance or I'll shoot"—each time the
certainly goes up. Laws seem petty: they’ve not sacrificed tangible concerns and returns. What are the Arts? Offerings beyond the law within the limits of practicality. Practicality — read the newspapers — is changing.7 Years ago it was a question of

1. They ask when we speak: What are you trying to say? However, being told about the weather, we get ideas about the next step to be taken. It’s those old statements that are so disconcerting — the ones we’ve memorized. A story, if it’s new, could be refreshing. But when I try to remember her, I think of no stories. True, we sat together by appointment in Carnegie Tavern, but there was a twisted quality in her mind that made everything else seem absent. Nothing like conversation took place. I only begged and she refused. The other one had a chance but didn’t take it and like most of us rabbits wherever he sees room he moves in. The third who might have been one of the two — well, we tried. We started a rumor that he had resigned. The young ones. Do they have to do it all over again?

which one came first — the music or the dance. We’d tried the music first, so it seemed only reasonable to start things roundabout, putting the dance first. Later, when thinking-caps were used, it became evident that underneath both music and dance was a common support: time. This partial truth would have been hard to come by for a choreographer, due partly to the multiplicity of elements in the theatrical dance and due for the rest to the fact that analytical thought in the field of the dance was centered formerly on the problem of notation. Music, on the other hand, was, in those days, a relatively simple art: a succession of pitches in a measured space of time. Moving out toward the complexity introduced by twentieth-century noise, music’s materials became more numerous. Not just pitch and time, but timbre and amplitude too: four basic elements. One could think about music on the fingers of one hand without putting his thumb in it. All one had to do was establish a time-structure.8 Neither music nor dance would be first: both would go

2. We are poorer than we ever were because now we know how to spend money. And not just the studios for dance and the laboratories for music but the halls and the theatres. Renovation won’t do. We need to start from scratch. The whole question of theatre has to be addressed afresh. A building for people and things (sounds and lights) that will work in this day and age will be costly. Anything else is money down the drain. (Unless, of course, you are rich by virtue of not yet having begun. In that case, any place will do and you can simply use the ones that don’t cost anything. However, I stopped the car when I saw him coming from the mailbox and said I’d decided that things had to be electronic even in India. He agreed.) Yet — say we managed to get such a theatre built — what good would it do if it were fixed to one place like an ancient monument?

1. He wrote to say among other things that Art was to be abandoned. I didn’t answer.

Breathing and walking and managing to empty the head sufficiently to notice what is going on in the theatre we happen to be living in. There’s not much more to say, or rather no space nor time to say it in.
The circumstances under which we met (he just telephoned) were these: a Philharmonic concert that included a work by Webern. We both walked out not wishing to hear what followed, shook hands and exchanged names. Later, examined scores and brought new friends to one another. There was a misunderstanding, but music changed, not only ours but that of others. The result is that if we were to meet again under similar circumstances, the music would have to be something other than Webern; otherwise we would not bother to get up and go out.

Blindly in love. That alone should be a warning as to what to take as basis. As for the other, beware, as they say, of mistaking the finger for the moon when you’re pointing at it.

We’re no longer satisfied with flooding the air with sound from a public-address system. We insist upon something more luminous and transparent so that sounds will arise at any point in the space bringing about the surprises we encounter when we walk in the woods or down the city streets. Thus music is becoming a dance in its own right and has, of course, new notations. There is the possibility, in fact, the fact, of its having no notation at all. (This is no reference to improvisation. As it was, it’s still a question of fulfilling obligations.) What we took for truth was just a part of it, but one could have spent a lifetime stupefied!

There is a first step sine qua non: Devotion. This is what dance technique signifies. Say discipline or self-renunciation. These are lessons one takes not in order to throw them away. But to enable what they are to infuse anarchic action. Flying from the nest, no other bird’s wings will do. When we all shout together they still do not hear us even though they’re nearby.
the question was asked: "Dr. Suzuki, what is the difference between men and mountains?"

"Mountains are mountains before studying Zen and men are men and mountains are mountains after studying Zen," Suzuki answered.

"Just the same, only somewhat as though you had your feet a little off the ground." Now, before studying music, men are men and sounds are sounds.

After the lecture

If a sound is unfortunate enough to not have a letter or if it seems to be too complex, it is tossed out of the system on the grounds: it's a noise or unmusical. The privileged tones that remain are arranged in modes or scales, or nowadays, rows, and an abstract process begins called composition. That is, a composer uses the sounds to express an idea or a feeling or an integration of these.

In the case of a musical idea, one is told that the sounds themselves are no longer of consequence; what 'count' are their relationships. And yet these relationships are generally quite simple:

what musical idea is to show how intelligent the composer was who had it; and the easiest way to ascertain what the musical idea was is to get yourself in that confusion that you think that a child is a game; by a single sound: say, from a fire engine's siren, or a canon is like children playing follow the leader.

A fugue is a more complicated form than a canon from the horn of a boat passing by.

The most that can be accomplished by no matter what musical idea is to show how intelligent the composer was who had it; and the easiest way to ascertain what the musical idea was is to get yourself in that confusion that you think that a sound is not something to hear but rather something to look at. In the case of a musical feeling, a-gain the sounds are unimportant, what counts is the expression. But the most that can be accomplished by the musical expression of feeling is that the composer was who had it.

If anyone wants to get a feeling of how emotional a composer proved himself to be, he has to confuse himself to the same extent that the composer did, and imagine that sounds are not sounds at all. Any child will tell us: this is simply not the case.

A man is a man and a sound is a sound. To realize this, one has to put a stop to studying music.

That is to say, one separates music from living. There is all the
time in the world for studying music, but for living there is scarcely any time at all. For living takes place each instant and that instant is always changing. The wisest thing to do is to open one's ears immediately and hear a sound suddenly and one's thinking has a chance to turn it into something logical, abstract, or symbolic.

But now, our feet are a little off the ground. Perhaps this will make understandable a statement made by Blythe in his book *Haiku.* "The highest responsibility of the artist is to hide beauty." Now for a moment let's consider what are the important questions and what is that greater earnestness that is required. The important question is what is it that is not just beautiful but also ugly, not just good, but also evil, not just true, but also an illusion. I remember now that Feldman spoke of shadows. He said that the sounds were not sounds but shadows. They are obviously sounds; that's why they are shadows; every something is an echo of nothing. Life goes on very much like a piece of music. Someone may object that the sounds that happened were not interesting. Let him. Next time he hears the piece...

The nothing that goes on is what Feldman speaks of when he speaks of being submerged in silence. The acceptance of death is the source of all life. So that listening to this music one takes as a spring-board the first sound that comes along; the first something springs us into nothing and out of that nothing a-rises the next something: etc., like an alternating current. Not one sound fears the silence that ex-tinguishes it. And no silence exists that is not pregnant with sound.

We bake a cake and it turns out that the sugar was not sugar but salt. I no sooner start to work than the telephone rings.
to being here and now. music goes on changing what will be done is to liberate sounds from abstract ideas actually to let them be physically. This means for me: not what I think a sound is in all of its sound exist, itself, changing environment.

And I imagine in the way that I am changing it completely more and more ex-themselves more and more what it actually and then letting this sonorous

They are with harmony, rhythm, and pointless. They are in-purposeliness but in their purposesness which centers out from them Silence surrounds many of the sounds unimpeded by one another for the reason to keep them from being He is not troubled a-anything. His works on graph for music paper from those on notes and note values he not making a construction of a. His work re-minds me. In insecurity

Emily Dickinson's joy's in-suring quality. And I'm reminded of part of a sermon. But with con-time to do anything. All you can do is in the same way that when you

Unfortunately, European thinking has brought it about that actual things that happen such as suddenly listening or considered profound.

| 100 |
| 101 |
and other times in projection, written on graph paper, he indicates only high, middle, and low reference to pitch. A player is free at the instant of playing to play any note in the register.

Feldman writes his music sometimes on music paper

It acts in such a way that one can 'hear through' a piece of music just as one can see through some modern buildings or see through a wire sculpture by Richard Lippold or the glass of Marcel Duchamp.

They proceed thus, by chance, passing safely through many perilous situations. At the end of the journey, the horse, indebted, asks the hero to kill him. This causes some hesitation on the hero's part but except for the hero's acquiescence of something more miserable else about

that one can 'hear through' a piece of music just as one can see through some modern buildings or see through a wire sculpture by Richard Lippold or the glass of Marcel Duchamp.

I have noticed Christian Wolff's music

In a series of pieces called Projections, written on graph paper, he indicates only high, middle, and low reference to pitch. A player is free at the instant of playing to play any note in the register.

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They proceed thus, by chance, passing safely through many perilous situations. At the end of the journey, the horse, indebted, asks the hero to kill him. This causes some hesitation on the hero's part but except for the hero's acquiescence of something more miserable else about

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by no will of their own, perilous situations. At the success is almost in view hero now knows he is most utterly . This causes some hesitation on the he finally acquiesces, and turns into a Prince, who, the hero would have had shaggy nag. I have noticed

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As we go along, who knows? an idea may occur in this talk, I have no idea whether one will or not. If one does, let it. Regard it as something momentarily, as though from a traveling, if across Kansas.

Arizona is more interesting. To accept whatever comes, is to be unafraid or full of that love which comes from a sense of at-

oneness with whatever. This goes to explain what Feldman means when he says that he is associated with all the sounds and so can foresee what will happen, even though he has not written the particular notes down as other composers do. When a composer feels a re-sponsibility to make, rather than accept, he e-liminates from the area of possibility all those events that do not suggest the at that point in time vogue of profundity, for he takes himself seriously, wishes to be considered great, and he thereby diminishes his love and in-creases his fear and concern about what people will think. There are many such an indi-vidual, but at any moment destruction may come suddenly and then what happens is fresher. How different this form sense is from memory, themes and that which is bound up with their development, the climax, their struggle, the recapitulation, which is the belief that one may own one’s own home, unlike the snail, we carry our
Our poetry now is the reality that we possess. It is a delight (since we do not need not fear its loss). We are still at the point where most musicians are clinging to the complicated, torn-up, competitive remnants of a tradition, and furthermore, a tradition that is neither significant nor insignificant nor good nor bad but simply as I need it.

I derived the method I use for writing music by tossing coins from the method of the Book of Changes for obtaining oracles. The method itself is fairly complicated to describe and I shall not do that now. If you are interested you can read a detailed description of it that will appear in the forthcoming issue of Trans/formation. Suffice it to say that tables are arranged referring to tempi, the number of superimpositions, that is to say, number of things that can go on at the same time; sounds and silences, and how uncertain it is free and most anybody knows. At a given instant half of them are mobile, mobile means: if that element is tossed, it acts, but disappears.
I would want to be in that darkness, alive and I rather think derol; — no one loses nothing. And I think I agree, question to ask you: cautiously proceed in fumbling around, if necessary, but one can dispense with all that follow because nothing is securely possessed but I have a very serious dualistic terms?

series of graphed works called Intersections, pitch is extended to just as a pedestrian may talk when you have something to say, keep making us say in the same way which the words which need to keep us alive. For instance: overhead hours for breakfast, but not the way someone said: There was a social day I saw a heard a woodpecker.

As far as any-body else is concerned it's only one pupil once said to me: I understand that nothing is securely possessed, but I have a very serious dualistic terms?

I still feel this way but something else.

In another freedom this freedom include duration, that is just as a pedestrian may talk when you have something to say, keep making us say in the same way which the words which need to keep us alive. For instance: overhead hours for breakfast, but not the way someone said: There was a social day I saw a heard a woodpecker.

What is being fooled about a work of art? What is that? We are the air-way of knowing. It makes the silence in our own experience in spite of himself. H. C. E. own experience and changing and it is free and very well, but it won't be walking on the road noticed from the good or not good. We are the air-way of knowing. It makes the silence in our own experience in spite of himself. H. C. E. own experience and changing and it is free and very well, but it won't be walking on the road noticed from the good or not good.

There was once a man he sentenced to murder Caturla, a Cuban composer, life imprisonment not where it is empty glass. Meister Eckhart: Earth has no escape from Flee she down, fructifying her, a modern judge, prison and a way of living. A company of several men who happened to be walking on the road noticed from the good or not good. Some people say work for us. What you say about an interest, the fourth and lintels, nothing against changing, but greater earnestness.

A company of several men who happened to be walking on the road noticed from the good or not good. Some people say work for us. What you say about an interest, the fourth and lintels, nothing against changing, but greater earnestness.
in the direct situation: you may choose to avoid it.

to appreciate a piece of music, the unavoidable, the direct.

But to hear it without the unavoidable, you may choose to appreciate it.

Kansas has a galloping wind and whenever the dresses change. At the root, all is given a new perspective, to bring us back to the problem.

If you don’t like it, silence requires of the desire rather than that, new sounds.

Kansas has and whenever one or you may leave it, America is the now it is very clearly and the differences of what I live in Texas.

The reason they are is that the durations are.

You don’t have celebration of a Pierre Boulez contemporary music free from com-

Music of Changes.

In other words, the matter. And to suddenly a-wake to the fact there is no split between spirit and matter. And to realize this, we have only.

I have noticed it happens and miraculous said:

A thing leads musical instrument leads to nothing.

Egypt is a single trip experiences or just as written with one stroke but that’s a pity because it re-

People say, sometimes or a thing that’s a pity makes it a cause for joy.

A vacant lot and a sunset.

Possessing neither.

Ramakrishna spent an afternoon explaining that everything is God. Afterward, one of his disciples entered the evening traffic in a euphoric state and barely escaped being crushed to death by an elephant. He ran back to his teacher and asked, “Why do you say everything’s God when just now I was nearly killed by an elephant?” Ramakrishna said, “Tell me what happened.” When the disciple got to the point where he heard the voice of the elephant’s driver warning him several times to get out of the way, Ramakrishna interrupted, “That voice was God’s voice.”

I was surprised when I came into Mother’s room in the nursing home to see that the TV set was on. The program was teenagers dancing to rock-and-roll. I asked Mother how she liked the new music. She said, “Oh, I’m not fussy about music.” Then, brightening up, she went on, “You’re not fussy about music either.”
This lecture was written for the Beta Symposium at Wesleyan University, February 1961, while I was a Fellow at the University's Center for Advanced Studies. I was one of several members of the academic community all of whom, including President Victor Butterfield, were addressing the students on the same subject. I made my lecture on fifty-six cards, twenty-eight with texts, twenty-eight with numbers. (The numbers were numbers of seconds.) Directions for the use of the cards, followed to obtain the arrangement given below, were these:

Shuffle the cards with texts. Ascertain the position of the one having the story about Goldfinger and Schoenberg. Shuffle all of the cards with numbers, reserving that having the number 120. Place that one in the numbers-deck in the position corresponding to that of the Goldfinger-Schoenberg story in the texts-deck. Using a stopwatch, read the texts in the corresponding time-lengths. This provides a twenty-minute talk. Other numbers cards could be made in order to provide a talk of another length.

The typography is an attempt to provide changes for the eye similar to the changes varying tempi in oral delivery give to the ear.

LECTURE ON COMMITMENT

In order to fulfill all our commitments, we need more ears and eyes than we had originally. Besides, the old ones are wearing out. In what sense am I losing my ear for music? In every sense.

To do? Or is it already done for us? What did we do to be born? Did we, after consideration, choose life here rather than on another planet or in another solar system, feeling there were better opportunities on Earth? That we would get farther?

Say, through some bull-headed commitment, you get yourself into a bad situation. The wisest thing to do would be to get out of it as gracefully as possible (to order a retreat if you happened to be a general).

The question is not: How much are you going to get out of it? Nor is it How much are you going to put into it? But rather: How immediately are you going to say Yes to no matter what unpredictability, even when what happens seems to have no relation to what one thought was one's commitment?

When I first went to Paris, I did so instead of returning to Pomona College for my Junior year. Looking around, it was Gothic architecture that impressed me most. And of that architecture I preferred the flamboyant style of the fifteenth century. In this style my interest was at-
tracted by balustrades. These I studied for six weeks in the Bibliothèque Mazarin, getting to the library when the doors were opened and not leaving until they were closed. Professor Pijoan, whom I had known at Pomona, arrived in Paris and asked me what I was doing. (We were standing in one of the railway stations there.) I told him. He gave me literally a swift kick in the pants and then said, "Go tomorrow to Goldfinger. I'll arrange for you to work with him. He's a modern architect." After a month of working with Goldfinger, measuring the dimensions of rooms which he was to modernize, I overheard Goldfinger saying, "To be an architect, one must devote one's life solely to architecture." I then left him, for, as I explained, there were other things that interested me, music and painting for instance. Five years later, when Schoenberg asked me whether I would devote my life to music, I said, "Of course." After I had been studying with him for two years, Schoenberg said, "In order to write music, you must have a feeling for harmony." I then explained to him that I had no feeling for harmony. He then said that I would always encounter an obstacle, that it would be as though I came to a wall through which I could not pass. I said, "In that case I will devote my life to beating my head against that wall."

Seriously, shall we get with it?

Now we come to the subject of discontinuity in relation to commitment. Say I'm committed. Say somebody interrupts me while I'm working. If I let him (which is what I did when I was conceived), then I get discontinuity. I can of course say: No; don't bother me, thereby losing the opportunity of renaissance.

Which is wrong? The weather or our calendars? This is supposed to be the worst month; maybe everything has slipped out of position.

There's the example of someone devoting himself to one square foot of earth, hoping before his end of time to learn what he could about everything in that small plot. (Apparently at no point in time or space is the wall impenetrable. Push or not, and the door opens.)

Every now and then you run into the assumption that if one person is committed others will commit themselves, following suit, as it were. This is implicit in the current activities involving civil disobedience, to say nothing of education, apprenticeship, and the whole rigamarole. Do we then measure our success by how much we reduce the human race to sheeplikeness? Contrast the Far Eastern animal who on a winter night getting sleepy pulls himself up into a tree letting the snow continue to fall so that he leaves no traces.

"Music also is a means of rapid transportation." Hui-Neng, who later became the Sixth Patriarch, was dishwasher in the monastery's restaurant.

I have a friend whose actions resemble overwhelming inspirations. Constantly changing in her course, she
nevertheless does fully whatever it is she is doing, so that I would say she is committed. She would like, however, she told me, not to have two of everything, but just one, so that she could be utterly concentrated. When she told me this I was surprised, because I thought she was committed in the first place, and because I myself feel more committed the more diverse and multiplied my interests and actions become.

I never had a hat, never wore one, but recently was given a brown suede duck-hunting hat. The moment I put it on I realized I was starved for a hat. I kept it warm by putting it on my head. I made plans to wear it especially when I was going to do any thinking. Somewhere in Virginia, I lost my hat.

You might say commitment is ultimate reality seen from the human point of view. Therefore it is our daily business to find practical ways of turning the telescope around and looking through the other end.

Who first stepped in this puddle anyway? And how did this mud get to be so luscious?

One observes everywhere alteration, sometimes slight, in a course of action. Might we not have been born, not men, but a flock of birds? (She asked me how I could explain the fact that the tall fat girl in the Theatre Class had been able to give everyone the impression that she was a short stubby pencil.)

Our Western education teaches us caution. And so we hesitate before crossing the great waters. We wouldn't want, would we, to throw ourselves away? Realizing we might have been elected President of the United States, we want somehow to settle for a life not too ignoble. Well, there's always Madison Avenue. And it needs us to keep itself going.

One might say, Let yourself go, but then what if he laughed at the wrong moment or in some other way was embarrassing to himself and us? So we say, Dedicate yourself to what you are going to do. That means you must study. When you study, do you study a thing or do you study with someone? Could you do it alone or would you have to have a teacher whose disciple you'd become? (I believe everything you say.) (The entire theory of harmony, such as it is, was rediscovered by a New Englander without benefit of any contact with Europe; when it was envisaged in China, an imperial decree was given forbidding it.)

Why was I asked to speak on commitment? Do I not resemble a grasshopper?

Let me say it schematically. This point is it. That point is you. We draw an arrow between the two points, indicating that you have dedicated yourself to it, unquestioningly. That is commitment. Where does it get you? Well, there are lines from that point that is it that are arrows to every other point in space and time. Any "it" is like a Grand Central Station, or rather a space platform in orbit. Once there, you can move out in any direction. You can float through the air, as Mila Repa did, in the form of a thistle. Appear in several places at the same instant (the way the mass media do). You can even come back to yourself: toward the end of his life, Rama-
krishna put a rope of flowers around his own neck and cross-legged sat in self-worship.

What was it actually that made me choose music rather than painting? Just because they said nicer things about my music than they did about my paintings? But I don't have absolute pitch. I can't keep a tune. In fact, I have no talent for music. The last time I saw her, Aunt Phoebe said, "You're in the wrong profession."

I'll tell you one thing: being committed as I am now to commitment is very odd. As Gertrude Stein said, "There isn't any there there." If only it were a pearl, I could reach to my forehead and find it. As Suzuki said: Living in the city I don't see how you're going to do it; living in the country you'd have a chance. And there's his article entitled Hands. (Let them get dirty. And who was it said something about roots—not just the roots but the dirt attached to them? Compare the trees sent to Nebraska which refused to grow simply because their roots had been cleaned up.)

Is it true that when a murder is committed, each one of us is the murderer? If so, then ought we not be more generous to one another?

As he says, there are already so many sounds to listen to. Why then do we make music? Consider, he says, one's relation to music like that to, for example, animals, weeds, stars, garbage, or people one may never meet again, provided one is not exclusively professional keeper, breeder, disposer, or exploiter of these.

Must we then (in order to be taken seriously by ourselves and our fellow men), must we lie awake at night in preparation for decision? The dark night. Or is it that the sun is just too bright and we by it are blinded?
In October 1961, Gyorgy Kepes, Professor of Visual Design at M.I.T.'s Department of Architecture, invited me to write an article that would appear in a book on the module, one of a series of books devoted to problems of form that he was preparing for the publisher, George Braziller. Kepes suggested that I discuss not only the module, but rhythm, proportion, symmetry, beauty, balance, etc. I declined, saying I wasn't interested in any of those things. Kepes wrote back to say he hoped I would write a text in any case, that I might do so as the devil's advocate.

Thus in a corner, I tried to figure out where Kepes possibly could have found that list of subjects (and why he had thought of asking a musician to discuss questions concerning vision). Living next door to an amateur architect who was deeply impressed by Le Corbusier, it dawned on me that the words might have come from Le Corbusier's book, The Modulor. I ran next door, picked up the book, opened it. Sure enough, there they were, all of the words, plus an account of Le Corbusier's love of music, all of which explained to me why Kepes had thought of writing to a musician.

I then made use of my Cartridge Music to write a text. Cartridge Music is a number of materials with directions for their use. There are twenty ordinary non-transparent sheets having biomorphic shapes. There are several transparent plastic sheets, one having points, a second having small circles, a third having a meandering dotted line, a fourth representing the face of a chronometer. By superimposing all the transparent sheets on that ordinary one which had the same number of biomorphic shapes that Kepes had given me subjects, and by adjusting the meandering line so that it intersected at least one point within one of the shapes and made at least one entrance and exit with respect to the chronometer, I was able to make a detailed plan for writing. Points within shapes were ideas relevant to a particular subject, points outside were irrelevant ideas. The circles were stories, likewise relevant and irrelevant. The numbers on the chronometer were interpreted, not as seconds, but as lines in stenographic notebooks. I arrived, that is, at directives like the following: from line 24 to line 57, tell a story that is relevant to proportion, discuss an idea about rhythm, follow this with an idea that has nothing to do with balance. Obtaining many such directives, I then did the writing. Empty spaces follow from the method I've described. In oral delivery (I've often given this text as a lecture) the empty spaces are represented by silences. When I finished the writing, May 1962, I wrote the headnote given below. Gyorgy Kepes accepted my work and it was published in the volume on Module, Proportion, Symmetry, Rhythm in the Vision and Value Series edited by him for George Braziller, New York, 1966.

RHYTHM ETC.

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The principal characters in the following text are Le Corbusier, architect of beautiful buildings, inventor of the Modulor, and David Tudor, musician, without whom my later music and the musics of Morton Feldman and Christian Wolff, to mention only three, would never have come into being, not because of his virtuosity but because of what, when his skills are put away, he is. This text is not for him but is an homage to him.

There's virtually nothing to say about rhythm for there's no time. We've yet to learn the rudiments, the useful means. But there's every reason to believe that this will happen and not over dead bodies. When I see everything that's to the right resembles everything that's to the left, I feel just as I do in front of something where there's no center of interest at all. Activity, busyness—not of the one who made it (his intentions had moved down to next to nothing)—perhaps a speck of dust.

We are constructed symmetrically (with the usual allowances for imperfection and ignorance with regard to what goes on inside) and so we see and hear symmetrically, that is, notice that each event is at the center of the field in which we—it is. This is not so much a democratic point of view as it is equally aristocratic. We only object when someone calls our attention to something which we were about to see originally. He mentioned going backward or to the side and combined this with the notion of progress.

The house in Los Angeles the others visited. They told about it: how the people tried to get it destroyed ("an eyesore") but that it proved to be too great a source of income. She spoke of change in her perception of light. As I pick up my thought now I already know that it is going to slip through my fingers. Its very nature is to evade being caught. That is what thought does (not just this one: that things are in the fluent relationship of life and death, death coming only to him who wins: nothing stops).
Before leaving the earth together, let us ask: How does Music stand with respect to its instruments, their pitches, the scales, modes and rows, repeating themselves from octave to octave, the chords, harmonies, and tonalities, the beats, meters, and rhythms, the degrees of amplitude (pianissimo, piano, mezzo-piano, mezzo-forte, forte, fortissimo)? Though the majority go each day to the schools where these matters are taught, they read when time permits of Cape Canaveral, Ghana, and Seoul. And they've heard tell of the music synthesizer, magnetic tape. They take for granted the dials on radios and television sets. A tardy art, the art of Music. And why so slow? Is it because, once having learned a notation of pitches and durations, musicians will not give up their Greek? Children have been modern artists for years now. What is it about Music that sends not only the young but adults too as far into the past as they can conveniently go? The module? But our choices never reached around the globe, and in our laziness, when we changed over to the twelve-tone system, we just took the pitches of the previous music as though we were moving into a furnished apartment and had no time to even take the pictures off the walls. What excuse? That nowadays things are happening so quickly that we become thoughtless? Or were we clairvoyant and knew ahead of time that the need for furniture of any kind would disappear? (Whatever you place there in front of you sits established in the air.) The thing that was irrelevant to the structures we formerly made, and this was what kept us breathing, was what took place within them. Their emptiness we took for what it was—a place where anything could happen. That was one of the reasons we were able when circumstances became inviting (changes in consciousness, etc.) to go outside, where breathing is child's play: no walls, not even the glass ones which, though we could see through them, killed the birds while they were flying.

Even in the case of object, the boundaries are not clear. (I see through what you made if, that is, the reflections don't send me back where I am.) But why argue? The Indians long ago knew that Music was going on permanently and that hearing it was like looking out a window at a landscape which didn't stop when one turned away.

Ancient history: tatami (material); tala (structure open at both ends); isorhythmic
motet (closed structure); a rhythmic structure—micro-macrocosmic, the relation of small parts within each unit being identical with the relation of large parts within the whole—(closed structure); the Modulor (material).

She told me she'd dropped in around eleven-thirty in the evening and he said, "Why don't you stay for dinner?" His cooking, she said, was like a performance. There was no running about the room: everything was mysteriously in the very place his hand reached when the need for it arose.

The world in a grain of sand (or is it the universe?) and vice versa. Yes, but when we say as one artist to another, "The unit and its relationship to the whole," we speak of an object, and it is well to remember that the only time the idea of movement on the part of this object entered his head, except as a farfetched analogy to music of previous times, was when he was forced to accept errors into his calculations. (Rhythm, too, is not arithmetic.) (He had not made mistakes: it was just that circumstances were overwhelmingly different than the idea with which he was attempting to cloak them. And his idea, actually, he said, was a tool, an instrument—not an object. But it had in it all the elements (present only as measurements) that the object, once made, was to have. Thus it was not a tool, for paper, once cut, is free of the knife which was used to cut it. Not a tool but an instrument, like the piano, which, used, leaves its notes scattered all over the music that was played. (Was that not why it was necessary to change it? Otherwise we would have been faced with a project like that of the Pittsburgh maker of stringed instruments who wanted to so fashion his 'cellos, violas, and violins that one wouldn't be able to hear any difference in timbre, passing from one to another. The problem is more serious: we must dispense with instruments altogether and get used to working with tools. Then, God willing, we'll get some work done. It can be put this way too: find ways of using instruments as though they were tools, i.e., so that they leave no traces. That's precisely what our tape-recorders, amplifiers, microphones, loud-speakers, photo-electric cells, etc., are: things to be used which don't necessarily determine the nature of what is done. There are, of course, pitfalls, but so is one's finger when he points at the moon. What we're dealing with is not things but minds. What else?)

We are now back on the ground on our feet. The cars can no longer pass over the bridge. Last week it was a case of uncertain footing, quicksand, and, before we got out, plunging through the stream. I remember the story he told of their having to stop altogether—and they were not timid souls. Symmetry's not produced in music by doing something and then doing it backward or by doing something and then something else and then back to what was first done. Exercise: lying flat on your back, your arms at your sides, your legs uncrossed, ask yourself: Among all the sounds I hear, which ones are off balance?

There'll be centrally located pulverized Muzak-plus ("You cling to composition.") performed by listeners who do nothing more than go through the room.

There are those who think or feel that it should never have happened but (disregarding them) the others no longer say, "Perhaps it would have been better had you cut it." They say instead, "I was just getting with it." Some say, "Couldn't you have made it more effective?"

And when that comes about that has not yet been heard, will we be able to say more or less than we can now about the unit and its relationship to the whole? In the interior of that space, open yet filled like a dish to the brim with sounds both gentle and terrifying, occurring at unpredictable points not only in time but throughout the space, too, will it not be as it is today, spring definitely here (or is it summer?), finally outdoors, deliciously plagued by insects, something to hear on all sides (even back of me), that anything we may think we will have to say will as now have somehow slipped our minds?

His response to the question was: There seems to be a tendency toward the Good. And what does that have to do with proportion? This, that once the measurements
are made (not in rubber but in some inflexible material), the proper relationships determined (Can you believe it? They managed to get an entire family out of the house simply because she raised her children in a way the other mothers didn’t), a police force is in order. I quote (omissions and italics mine): “Concord between men and machines, sensitivity and mathematics, a harvest of prodigious harmonies reaped from numbers: the grid of proportions. This art . . . will be acquired by the effort of men of good will, but it will be contested and attacked. . . . It must be proclaimed by law.” Art this is called. Its shape is that of tyranny. The social inflexibility follows from the initial conception of proportion. The line there drawn between two points becomes first a web and finally three-dimensional. Unless we find some way to get out we’re lost. The more glass, I say, the better. Not only the windows, this year, even though they’re small, will open: one whole wall slides away when I have the strength or assistance to push it. And what do I enter? (It draws me like a magnet.) Not proportion. The clutter of the unkempt forest. (His music gave me the same experience: it was only one sound amplified and recorded on tape from the action of two people who for twenty-odd minutes rubbed metal ash trays against panes of glass. That is one way. There are as many others as there are people and there are more people now than at any other time in history. Now the increase in population is geometrical; soon again it may be a question of simple addition. There is ergo no lack of ideas which we have not yet had. Why then do other people get his ideas before he does? A short circuit? Let them mend their ways, starting wherever they are constantly from scratch.)

Let us list our reasons for having dropped all thoughts about proportion: 1) We are dealing not with the number 2 but with the number 1; 2) During any one year—the record proves it—we worked in at least two different ways: it took in some cases three or even four years, unburdened as we were, to drop those habits; 3) Being slow-witted, musicians were able to observe the effects of thoughts about proportion in the other arts, giving them the responsibility to do otherwise and fortunately they were free of the problems of architecture and civil engineering (the leaking roof and the collapsing structure), the problems of language (meaning of words and conventions of syntax), the problems of painting and sculpture (objectification); 4) Process, pure subjectivity; 5) Consideration of the activity of listening (We do our own listening: it is not done to us)—that to be direct it must not be followed by any other activity formed (intellectual) or uninformed (emotional, kinesthetic, critical, discursive), thus making possible a transformation of experience (which was which? the sounds or I?); so: composition—that to be direct it must not be preceded, etc. until “which was which?” which is crossed out since nothing has yet been performed, i.e., come into existence; 6) We have found ways of composing indeterminately, writing on sheets of transparent plastic which can be superimposed in any ways; and 7)—it took three years to realize the necessity—We have found that one notation is all that should go on a single such sheet (no proportion = optimum flexibility = any proportion). This brings to mind the Russian chickens. Fragmentation. We began by increasing the differences between the sounds making a klangfarbemelodie. More and more we left openings in our space of time. What changed matters radically was the willingness to stop work altogether before the structure was complete. After that there was no longer any fixed structure: just parts in any number, superimposition, and duration. Time-sense changed. Now he says: The permeation of space with sound.

The copperhead strikes only one hunter. The others go on about his business. Again last night, the bird, was it blinded? Was that my purpose in killing it?

He made an analysis of the sound of a gong and then, in order to make a piece of music on magnetic tape, derived measurements from that analysis so that all the frequencies, durations, etc. would follow from these. And even though “anything can be done” this project had to suffer as the other one did the introduction of approximations. What we are concerned with now is quantity (we get quality automatically), but we don’t want to be drowned by it: we insist on being able to feel as though nothing were there even though we can no longer count our possessions. If, and I don’t believe it, anything like design took place before they put those rocks in those gardens of sand, then it is high time one of us hunters takes time off to make a
garden empty-minded. What would it be? Something else to study?

At this moment if proportion and such matters were uppermost in our minds, harmony and beauty and all the rest of it, we would desire no further change (except we need some rain—six fires yesterday so that two thousand were sent back to the cities they came from): there was an indefinite whiteness sitting in the air around the trees and I was moving along at forty miles an hour. If, as is the case when I look at that building near Chicago, I have the impression it's not there even though I see it taking up space, then module or no module, it's O.K. But don't get me started counting sheep! What we musicians are expecting to discover is not how to stop counting (we've done that already) but how to dispense with our watches. (It's true: I'm always asking him, "What time is it?") It must be that eventually we will have a music the relationship of which to what takes place before and after ("no" music) is exact, so that one will have the experience that no experience was had, a dematerialization (not of facts) of intentions. We already have this, so there's no cause for alarm, but we want it in the future available everywhere, just as it is already. They're beginning to work.

She had a goat. She no longer does. Now they have dogs and the plan to get rid of them. The cat which she's had for a long time has no mother instinct. They're going to buy a horse. Why don't they do as with the view from the balancing rock near the top of the hill, never bothering to see it? Proportion.

Aperiodic rhythm admits of periodic rhythm. (It doesn't work the other way around; that's why it has to be aperiodic, though that isn't how the decision that it should be aperiodic was reached. It was thought that another expression was possible with its own rules and so, though changed, strict control was maintained.—I'm speaking of the people on the other side of the Ocean.) The bird goes on singing repetitively even though the flies are buzzing at the window erratically and intermittently. In all of this, and I do not mention the 9,997 other events, where do we begin if work consists in measuring? And if we begin, say at any point, do we measure each single event, how much time it takes, or do we measure the spaces between events (were there any?) or both? The Northwest Indians began as though they'd lost their powers of singing and dancing (as though they were at Death's door) and then into them came other powers, those of another, a bird or an animal, full of the vigor of new birth. In this case no strict control was maintained. The fire was not avoided. When the dancer could no longer move, others came and carried him back to the place where he had been sitting. Those in Asia also began, but meditatively, as though they didn't know their own minds. The power of another and what other? If, as we needn't, we give an image of it (as they did with the drone for pitches and the proportions of a particular talu), what will we in our impartiality give? The others, perhaps, will cite Confucius and the Southwest Indians, but even there the Spider Goddess will not permit the passage of anyone lacking impurities. Apparently we are going north in our sense, that is, of what it is that we must bring in our arts into existence. He called it *allagermanica* and warned against the use of compasses. (I don't have one; the one I borrowed I only used once: to draw the image of a watch—which I trust won't be necessary again. I don't have one because I know perfectly well that once a circle is drawn my necessity is to get outside of it. We begin therefore without it and it is getting urgent by the minute not to erase the clock but to drop the way we used it.)
were useful only where there was a definite limitation in the number of possibilities, 
b) we used composition which was indeterminate of its performance (characterized 
in part by parts independently made by each performer—no score). Seeing that 
that was useful only where there was a change of consciousness on the part of each 
performer, c) we use performance which is indeterminate of itself.

Chopping our way through the forest trying for our own sakes to give the impression 
that our visit never took place. Our minds are already changed (and they know it: 
that's why they call us cold and dehumanized); what remains to be done is to find out 
what tools are at our disposal and how to use them so that our objective is never 
seen in the distance but rests continually inside each one of us, so that whenever one 
goes, as he will, in all directions at once, it with him will go polymorphically. They 
speak of evolution. Where is there sense of proportion? Talk talk talk: is that what 
we must put up with? What is necessary is to listen to what you say so that the purpose-
lessness of the listening can somehow get into what you're saying. He used the word 
latent and said that was when he was able to understand. How in heaven's name did 
anyone get the idea that proportion took place in an object outside of him? A little 
flexibility of mind and one is able to see wherever he looks. She objected to the 
position of the tree on the island and we all laughed. Not the perception of the propor-
tions of things outside of us but the experience of identification with whatever's out-
side of us (this is obviously a physical impossibility; that's why it's a mental 
responsibility). When we tell of something in our experience, they answer with evi-
dence to the effect that just the same thing happened to them. Conversation should be 
more affluent, each remark unfolding unsuspected ideas and turns of thought. Where 
our sense of proportion was violated, it no longer is, just as the most common variety 
of anything is nowadays a rare experience. We still have a few prejudices hanging 
around and even if we don't remove them ourselves dear friends come in and do it 
for us.

What am I dealing with when I deal with proportion? Going to the store to buy 
something? Standardization and mass production and containers (this was his most 
striking evidence) for packing comestibles for distribution anywhere on the globe? 
But look closely. This idea (and each one of the others too in typical Mediterranean 
fashion) is earth-bound: the project is not about space but about packing things so 
efficiently that space is used up. Examples are given from ship-building and one 
could certainly find others in the machines that today orbit the earth. But I suspect 
my father is right: that space travel will be facilitated by not going against gravity but 
by going with the field—not the gravitational one but the universal electrostatic one. 
No great expense or force will be required. One will in a wasteful American way 
simply move off into space inefficiently, i.e., with enough room in the vehicle so that 
he won't feel cramped during the journey. Furthermore, that wastefulness of space 
will be a sine qua non: size itself will determine whether or not the unforced journey 


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Having this view we find fertility in whatever is inappropriate, providing it's practical. (I mean: we don't intend to just do nothing.) Exaggerate the need for no ulterior motives: consider success of any kind a disastrous failure. (Beware of losing the right size. An obvious mistake. Yet that they're brilliant people is proven by the original and useful arrangement of numbers for the days, the weeks, and the months.

I was twelve years old. I got out my bicycle and rode over to KFWB. They said, "What do you want?" I said, "I'd like to give a weekly radio program for the Boy Scouts." They said, "Are you an Eagle?" I said, "No, I'm a Tenderfoot." They said, "Did the Boy Scouts send you?" I said, "No, I just got the idea and came over." They said, "Well, run along." So I went over to KNX. They liked the idea and arranged a time you want?" I said, "I'd like to give a weekly program, and demanded that I be put out and they be put in. They were. The band finally played. A few weeks later, KNX took the program off the air.

When Valerie Bettis first got into the movies, Isamu Noguchi was a famous sculptor. She said, "What do you mean? I've always been a success." She said, "The only thing we accomplished during the past year, that he planned to put parts of them together to make a single usable car for her. "The whole thing up and yet only presented a fragment. The result is that nothing has potential activity, that each one of his measurements exists in a field that is wide interest, knowing his talk is descriptive of a single line in a sphere of illuminating potential activity, that each one of his measurements exists in a field that is wide open for exploration."

I'll tell it anyway. They were walking along one day when they came to a stream where a young lady was waiting, hoping that someone would help her across. Without hesitating, one of the monks picked her up and carried her across, putting her down safely on the other side. "Put her down. I did two hours ago." You probably know the one about the two monks, but I'll tell it anyway. They were driving up to Boston, we stopped at a roadside restaurant for lunch. There was a table near a corner window where we could all look out and see a pond. People were swimming and diving. There were special arrangements for sliding into the water. Inside the restaurant was a juke box. Somebody put a dime in. I noticed that the music that came out accompanied the swimmers, though they didn't hear it.

One day when the windows were open, Christian Wolff played one of his pieces at the piano. Sounds of traffic, boat horns, were heard not only during the silences in the music, but, being louder, were more easily heard than the piano sounds themselves. Afterward, someone asked Christian Wolff to play the piece again with the windows closed. Christian Wolff said he'd be glad to, but that it wasn't really necessary, since the sounds of the environment were in no sense an interruption of those of the music.
One evening I was walking along Hollywood Boulevard, nothing much to do, I stopped and looked in the window of a stationary shop. A mechanized pen was suspended in space in such a way that, as a mecha

ized roll of paper passed by it, the pen went through the motions of the same penmanship exercises I had learned as a child in the third grade. Cen

trally placed in the window was an advertisement explaining the mechanical reasons for the per

fection of the operation of the stationary pen. I was fascinated, for everything was going wrong. The pen was tear

ing the paper to shreads and spilling everything over the win-

dow and on the advertisement, which, nevertheless, remained legible.

It was after I got to Boston that I went into the anechoic chamber at Harvard University. Anybody who knows me knows this story. I am constantly tell-

ing it. Anyway, in that silent scene glamorous.

It had been an afternoon concert), the lists of the Music Department told me that as he was leaving the con-

cert hall, three of his students called, saying, "Come over here." He went over. "What is it?" he said. One of the girls said, "Listen."

During that Greensboro concert, David Tudor and I got a little mixed up. He played one piece and I began to play a completely different one. I stopped, since he is the pianist he is, and I just sat there, listening.

When I told David Tudor that this talk on music was nothing but a series of stories, he said, "Don't fail to put in some benedictions." I said, "What in the name do you mean by benedictions?" "Bless-

ings," he said. "What blessings?" I said, "God bless you every-

one?" "Yes," he said, "like they say in the sutras: 'This is not idle talk, but the highest of truths'."

There was an American man from Seattle who went to Japan to buy screens. He went to a monastery where he had heard there were very special ones and managed to get an in-

terview with the Abbot, who, however, didn't say a word dur-

ing the entire time they were together. Through an inter-

preter, the American made known his desires, but received no comment of any kind from the Abbot. However, very early the next morning, he received a telephone call from the Ab-

bot himself, who turned out to speak perfect English and who said that the American could not only have the screen he wanted for a certain price, but that, furthermore, the monas-

tery possessed an old iron gate that he could also purchase. The American said, "But what on earth would I do with an old iron gate?" I'm sure you could sell it to a star in Hollywood," the Abbot replied.

Another monk was walking along when he came to a lady who was sitting by the path weeping. "What is the matter?" he said. She said, sobbing, "I have lost only child."

We've now played the Winter Music twice a number of times. I haven't kept count. When we first played it, the silences seemed very long and the sounds seemed really sepa-

rated in space, not obstructing one another. In Stockholm, how-

ever, when we played it at the Opera as an interlude in the dance program given by Merce Cunningham and Carolyn Brown early one October, I noticed that it had become melodic. Chris-

tian Wolff prophesied this to me years ago. He said—we were walking along Seventeenth Street talking—he said, "No matter what we do it ends by being melodic." As far as I am con-

cerned this happened to Webern years ago. Karlheinz Stockhau-

sen even told me it was the case in Copenhagen—"I demand two things from a composer: inven-

tion and that he astonish me."

Two monks came to a stream. One was Hindu, the other Zen. They crossed the stream by walking on the surface of the water. The Japanese became excited and was-
Donaueschingen

music and follow him, "By no
him whether he should give up
Ramakrishna meant when he
say, whether what I will do will
was in some cases just as unpro-
professional in Cologne,
each musician individually and
the other performer, he does not control
though he affects the other per-
only his own part, so that,
conductor has no score but has
hoping to avoid this unfortunate
which had become foolish and
my notations, characterized for
some of them—not all—intro-
chance operations, ending up
sounds of a nature not found in
After a general rehearsal, during
the early Christian Gnostic state-
is Jesus!"

I was talking about the reason
in the water.
pleasure to men serves only to
these positions changing thereby
I was talking with Hide-
kazu Yoshida. We were on the
train from Aomori to Yonezawa.
the beauty one observes, or not
satisfied with mere suggestion,
dance critic (his first name es-
just a space of sand and a few
hitting the bull's eye even in broad
table mats), but
then he asked me to wait a
broad daylight.

Once when I was to give a
talk at Teachers College, Co-
lumbia, I asked Joseph Camp-
bell whether I should say
something in my talk (after what
I was thinking of saying). He
said, "Where is the 'should'?"

Have you ever noticed how
you read a newspaper? Jumping
around, leaving articles unread,
or only partially read, turning
here and there. Not at all the
way one reads Bach in public,
but precisely the way one reads
in public Due II for Pianists by
Christian Wolff.

A Chinaman (Kwang-tse
tells) went to sleep and dreamt
he was a butterfly. Later, when he
awoke, he said to his small town in
Ohio where she lives to this day:

An Eskimo lady who
couldn't speak or understand
a word of English was once of-
fered free transportation to the
United States plus $500 pro-
viding she would accompany a
coarse that was being sent back
to person for acceptance.
On her return she looked
and noticed that people
road station left the city and
she never saw them again. Ap-
parently they traveled some
place else. She also noticed
before leaving they went to the
ticket window, said something
to the salesman, and got a
ticket. She stood on the line, listened
痛苦fully to the person in
front of her said to the ticket
salesman, repeated what that
person said, and then traveled
wherever he traveled. In this
way he moved about the coun-
try from one city to another. After
some time, her money
was running out and she de-
decided to settle down in the next
city she came to, to find em-
ployment, and to live there the
rest of her life. But when she
finally she went to the ticket
window and said to the man
there, "Where would you go if
you were going?" He named a

Now and then I cross
across an article on that rock
garden in Japan where there's
just a space of sand and a few
rocks in it. The author, no mat-
ther who he is, sets out either
to suggest that the position of the
rocks in the garden, the follow-
egonial plan productive of
the beauty one observes, or not
satisfied with mere suggestion,
dance critic (his first name es-
capes me). I told him that I
thought those stones could have
been anywhere in that space,
that I doubted whether their rela-
poship was a planned one,
that the emperor of the sand
was such that it could support
stones at any points in it. Ashi-
hara had already given me a
present (some table mats), but
then he asked me to wait a
moment while he put his
hotel. He came out and gave me
the tie I am now wearing.

An old rabbi in Poland
some place thereof was
walking in a thunderstorm from
one village to another. His

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health was poor. He was blind, covered with sores. All the af­
fictions of Job were his. Stum­
bbling over something he fell in
the mud. Pulling himself up
with difficulty, he raised his
hands towards heaven and cried
out, "Praise God! The Devil is
on Earth and doing his work
beautifully!"

Morris Graves used to have
an old Ford in Seattle. He had
removed all the seats and put in
a table and chairs so that the
passenger compartment was
covered with sores. All the af­
flictions of Job were his. Stum­
bbling over something he fell in
the mud. Pulling himself up
with difficulty, he raised his
hands towards heaven and cried
out, "Praise God! The Devil is
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A woman who lived in the
country was asked how cold it
had been in the previous winter.
"Not very cold," she replied.
Then she added, "There were
only three or four days when we
had to stay in bed all day
to keep warm."

An Irish hero whose
mother had died was required
by his stepmother to set out on

A young man who was con­
cerned about his position in so­
ciety and who was about to get
married made his wife-to-be
promise not to indulge further in
kleptomania. (She had, for
instance, once gone into a Piggy-Wigley, taken a
number of items, attempted an exit
without paying, been stopped and told by
item by item what she had
stolen, given up those items,
crossed the street, sat
down on the curb, and eaten a
jar of peanut butter the attend­
ant had failed to notice.) She
promised her husband-to-be she
would never steal anything again.
But years later, when they
were getting the amanita.
Amanita...
doubt impassable but because of the dream quite easy to explore. There to our surprise we discovered a white Tricholoma growing in rings larger than any I had ever seen before. This particular species was new to me. It appeared in every respect desirable and it was not acrid to the taste. We gathered quite a lot and I decided to telephone W. Stephen Thomas, tell him about the mushroom, and learn from him what species it was.

He answered the telephone but didn't recognize the fungus from the information I gave him. He said that there was a scheduled walk the very next day and that someone in the Rochester Club might know my plant. No one did, but one person had Groves along, which I consulted and was pleased to learn described my Tricholoma. It was *Tricholoma irinum*, edible and delicious. I served it to a number of students from the University who came to the Browns' the following day for dinner. There'll be sweet-colored birds, people swimming smelling flowers, brightly colored birds, people swimming in the surf, and (I'll bet you a nickel) a rainbow at some point during the day in the sky.

The thought has sometimes occurred to me that my pleasure in composition, renounced as it has been in the field of music, continues in the field of writing words, and that explains why, recently, I write so much. I know however that sometime soon I will renounce that too. I admired Buckminster Fuller when he began his lecture at the YMHA in New York in the spring of 1966 by saying that he never read prepared texts for he didn't want to do for his audiences what they individually could do for themselves, i.e., read. Having these feelings, and invited by the Once Group to Ann Arbor with David Tudor for their Festival in September 1965, I decided to improvise a talk. David Tudor had collected a number of throat-, lip-, and other microphones and various electronic components for modulating sound. He prepared a sound-system having six channels for which I was to be the sound-source. He had the assistance of Gordon Mumma, composer and founder of a company that manufactures electronic music components called Cybersonics, Inc. I wrote down the topics given below I was interested in talking about. (I had intended that there would be one hundred and twenty-eight subjects, but I didn't get this number written.) I also asked Robert Ashley, composer and one of the Once Group to converse with me and/or to elect for that purpose anyone else in the audience who was willing to do likewise. He conversed for awhile, then left; shortly Bob Rauschenberg appeared and we talked. Very little of anything that was said, due to the manipulations of the sound-system by David Tudor and Gordon Mumma, was comprehensible to the audience.

The performance was an entire evening (one and a half to two hours).

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It took place under the night sky on the roof of a building, all floors of which, including the one we were on, were ordinarily devoted to the parking of automobiles. With the help of several others, I arranged the folding chairs so that they were not in rows but, to all appearances, haphazardly placed. I was surprised to see shortly after the performance began that the audience had arranged itself in rows. They were seated facing in the direction of the roofed-over stairwell, one flight above them at one corner of the building, where David Tudor, Gordon Mumma, Robert Ashley (later Robert Rauschenberg) and I were seated in the midst of electronic equipment. The loud-speakers surrounded the audience.

After it became evident what they were "in for," quite a number of people present went away. Those who remained enjoyed themselves, sat in pairs and informal circles, sent delegates off to the town below. These returned with refreshments, six-packs of beer, etc.

At the suggestion of Andrea Chiyo, film-maker, my lists are not printed in columns or rows but are scattered on the following pages, somewhat as we had arranged the chairs in Ann Arbor.

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**TALK I**

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Politics-economics
Lost in woods Zen
Sound-system/music Imaginary Landscape No. 1
The series Feldman's tape piece
Conventional music/discourse
Williams Mix (Barrows etc.) Fuller McLuhan
N.Y.C./Indian problem
Brown, N.O./speaking with tongues

Mushrooms
Jaguar/Mike/psychosomatic
Hawaii/island divided

Motel on Lake Nipissing Mycomarine Society
Leccinum species
Bob Rauschenberg
At Telephone

Letter to Boucoutrechliev; stamps
Good morning Miss Dove

Advertisements
Changes in breakfast French/language

Moments

Variations IV/copyright
Ives Solo for Piano

Detroit,living underground
Indian Bread

Trees Rhythm Etc.
Seriously,

North Pole changing Betsy
Ichianagi

Betsy

Judgment/curiosity Diary
Cough/clear throat What's a score?

Williams Mix Writing vs. music
Sea urchins/vibraphone I-Ching

Advertisements
Name-dropping/omission of names

Jasper Johns Date book N.Y.C./India. Shocking?
Duchamp Voice as poetry Student of weather
Telephone book "More like a cookie"
Newspaper/discuss Paula's letter Judith's telephone/interruption
Food-gathering Changes in aquariums Charleston, West Virginia
Letters Taxi driver press charges Packaging/Indian problem

Cranberry jelly

Predicting weather/student Mushroom book/stories

Teaching Community Raising money

Poison oak/physical exam This talk

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Now that the following text is written (it was published in the summer of 1967 by the Something Else Press, New York City, as a part of their Great Bear Pamphlet Series, using a color structure which followed a suggestion by Dick Higgins), I plan, circumstances permitting, to write further on the same subject. Just before Christmas I visited my mother who lives in a nursing home. (Two years ago she suffered a severe heart attack which left her physically helpless.) I told her I'd written three texts on world improvement. She said, "John! How dare you! You should be ashamed!" Then she added, "I'm surprised at you." I asked her, in view of world conditions, whether she didn't think there was room for improvement. She said, "There certainly is. It makes good sense."

DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD (YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE) CONTINUED 1967

U.S. citizens are six per cent of world's population consuming sixty per cent of world's resources. "Had Americans been born pigs rather than men, it would not have been different. Finding one of them acceptable, people say, "You're not like an American." She said people she talked to about the global services (and the notion services? being about global living without war) said. Yeah, of course, that's right. But how is it going to happen? Deep drilling: a slight angle and without meaning to you're taking oil from under someone else's property. Erik Satie's Venetian gold-merchant: He hugs the bag of gold, takes some pieces out, kisses them,
After other financial-erotic acts, not being able to resist, he gets into the bag himself. Coming out of it somewhat later, he discovers he has a backache. LXII. We open our eyes and ears seeing life each day excellent as it is. This realization no longer needs art though without it would have been difficult (yoga, zazen, etc.) to come by. Having this realization, we gather energies, ours and the ones of nature, in order to make this intolerable world endurable. Robots. Ivan Sutherland: "... it is not enough for a computer to print an answer. The answer is useful only when it leads to new human understanding..." Widespread use of graphic inputs and outputs with computers will bring about a major increase in scientific, engineering, and educational productivity.  

LXIII. We talked about Gaudi. Mies van der Rohe admired the Gaudi buildings in and near Barcelona and the Park Güell. Laura said that driving to the apartment from the office Mies was misanthropic. He had said that there are too few good people in the world. (Duchamp talking about the human mind pointed out how poorly it works.) Isolate aspect of human nature which brought it about no one (not even those devoted to his work) knows how many pieces of Satie's Furniture Music were written or where they are. Call it collective thoughtlessness. There exist, we're told, unused areas of the brain. They should be put to work. LXIV. Days spent hunting for non-synthetic foods. At sunset becoming artists in the kitchen. Other days spent making something inedible (painting, theatre, etc. and the sciences), paying attention to things already made (classics, history, humanities). Plastics. Waddington: "... the richness of individual life depends on a major extent on constructive enterprises... which are on such a large scale that only society as a whole can undertake them." Effortless speed (seven hundred and fifty miles per hour): people blown through tunnels downhill from Boston to New York. Effortless slowing down: tunnel goes uphill. Asked about religion he said he never said anything against it: "It's the only thing that keeps people in line." What about art? Is art, formerly religion's servant, now, without our realizing it, a kind of policing activity? We need a purely secular morality. LXV. Pia Gilbert, born in southern Germany, got in a taxicab in New York City. The driver said, "I'm a Black Muslim." She replied, "I'm sorry to hear it." "You don't believe in the truth?" "That isn't the truth." "You don't like Negroes?" "What makes you think I'm not a Negro?" What it is is a field. Looks like we'll have networks in that field. Lines crisscrossing on a
multiplicity of levels. There'll be, as ever, the nothing-in-between. Wrist watches with alarms that tell us as we travel around when we should eat (not when the airline hostess gives us food, but when, according to our own systems, we should have it). New function for doctors: adjusting our wrist alarms. LXVI. "They dance the world as it will be...is now when they dance." Technique. Discipline. Ultimately it's not a question of taste. It's the other way around. Each thing in the world asks us, "What makes you think I'm not something you like?"

The use of drugs to facilitate religious experience is against the stream of the times. (Tie lost interest in the tape music center, its experiments and performances. He went to the Southwest desert. He removed himself from the others.) Begging: difficult profession. In India, parents maim children producing bodies that'll attract pity. His eyes are sheep's eyes; his mind's superb. Decided not to give him a penny. Then did (after reading letter Satie'd written shortly before death, asking for a little money, enough so he could sit in a corner, smoke his pipe). LXVII.Asked the Spanish doctor what he thought about the human mind in a world of computers. She said computers are always right but life isn't about being right. Pio's defence of property was touching. As she explained, she and people she knew had suffered at the hands of others. She said that by means of things they like and acquire people position themselves with respect to society. Duchamp: Property is at the base of it. Until you give up owning property radical social change is impossible. We ought either to get rid of God or to find Another Who doesn't permit mention of trust in Him on pieces of money. Or taxation could be augmented to the point where it's no use having money at all. In which case we could keep God. LXVIII. Definition of the word "cosmopolitan": 1. Belonging to all the world. 2. At home in any country; without local or national attachments. 3. Composed of elements gathered from all or various parts of the world. Bertrand Russell asks American citizens: Can you justify your government's use in Vietnam of poison chemicals and gas, the saturation bombing of the entire country with jelly-gasoline and phosphorus? Napalm and phosphorus burn until the victim is reduced to a bubbling mass. Ramakrishna said: Given a choice between going to heaven and hearing a lecture on heaven, people would choose the lecture. Electronic Sketching. Engineers Focus Light on Screen to Design Visually via Computer. LXIX. Sir Charles Dodds: "...assume that cancer and cardiovascular problems are solved.
We shall see institutions filled with scientists of many biological disciplines devoting their time to a study of the ageing process. He says no evidence exists that age accompanied by degeneration is or isn’t a natural process. Every death may have been unnatural, due to extraneous causes. Lecture series on War (a summit series): lectures to be given by heads of states saying whatever they will on the general subject of fighting and why one does or doesn’t do it. Disgust. Any proverbs that pass through our heads should be examined in a spirit of skepticism, their opposites in some cases reinforced, e.g., instead of “A rolling stone gathers no moss” establish “He doesn’t let the grass grow under his feet.” CXX. Something needs to be done about the postal services. Either that or we should stop assuming just because we mailed something it will get where we sent it. Not just heads of state for the Lecture Series on War, but heads of corporations too. Let it become household knowledge that being employed by such and such a company is no different from being drafted for such and such a battlefront. “Now’s the time. Never this opportunity again (plans for centennial celebration: funds available).” Including in our awareness whoever’s/whoever’s exterior to our focus of attention. In this way eliminating the practices involving guilt/aggression/conscience, “turning our backs,” John R. Seeley, “on an and and phallic world to bring into being a reign of genitality (enjoyment by others must be a condition of one’s own enjoyment).” LXXI. Five. Not unpleasing additions to water, but the subtraction from it of noxious elements. American school-teacher in Japan, having been assured she could have a private bath, told attendant she’d arranged to be alone. He said, “I’m here to see that you are.” Art instead of being an object made by one person is a process set in motion by a group of people. Art’s socialized. It isn’t someone saying something, but people doing things, giving everyone (including those involved) the opportunity to have experiences they would not otherwise have had. Indians in Saskatchewan: “Children, in Pidgo de France, they’re all forgotten what wild plants are edible. I was talking about this with Pierre Patrice. He said they’re also forgotten how to sing. LXXII. The children have a society of their own. They have no need for ours. At the airport, Ainsley said he came simply to see whether his mother was all right. Mamma’s music (Mezzo) for Cunningham’s dance called Place. Siting in the audience I felt afterward as though I’d been rung through a ringer. Then had
easy for me to do. Wrong notes all over the place. I'll be deaf and blind. Experimentation.

Summit lecture series on War: not to be given in one city, but via a global Telstar-like facility, each receiving set throughout the world equipped with a device permitting hearing no matter what speech in one's own tongue. LXXIII.

Progress. Since for long we've been saying that money is the root of all evil, we should get rid of it, lock, stock, and barrel. Take all the people who are now living in the world, McLuhan told me. Stand them up. Jammed together, they'd fit into the New York City subway system. I asked the skin-doctor why skin-doctors do such poor work. "Oh," he said, "We don't do any worse than the other doctors: it's just that you can see the results of our work." Portuguese lady mentioned Lieh-tzu. Story: man, walking out of stone cliff through fire, astonishing those who saw him, was asked how he did it. "What?" Came out of stone, walked through fire. "I know nothing," he said, "about either of those two things." LXXIV.

Ephemeralization. Away from the earth into the air. Or: "on earth as it is in heaven." More with less: van der Rohe (aesthetics); Fuller (society of world men). Nourishment via odors, life maintained by inhalation: Auguste Comte (Système de Politique Positive, second volume). Individuality. Out of the darkness of psychoanalysis into sunny behavioral psychology (people picking up their couches and walking). U.S. highway diner: now that I haven't eaten the potatoes, they will throw them away (they should have been thrown away before being served).

Rich, we become richer. No way once it begins to impede accumulation.

Universe. They've put the cart before the horse: they're better about publicity than they are about what they publicize. LXXV. Sometimes the truth gets out: years ago the double-spread in a New York newspaper showing the faces of the forty or so men (industrialists) who rule the world. All of her children were male, twelve of them. "She should be studied," Duchamp said. "She is the solution of a problem." A suite for two. Instead of transformation into other forms (reincarnation) regeneration of each individual. Precedent: constant remodeling of Shinto temples in Japan. (With his thumbnail Tudor kept the bass-string in vibration.) Include changes in design invention applied to a living body. (Electronics: reincarnation without hiatus of death. Rembrandt. We have everything we used to have. The Mona Lisa's still with us, for instance. On top of which we have the Mona Lisa with a mustache.
We have, so to speak, more than we need.

LXXVI. Electric clothing. The program was changed. We need news. Not just bad news: good news and news that’s neither good nor bad. Heads of state lecturing on war (knowing they are speaking to people all over the world) will not be able to promote national objectives.

We were impatient. So, we telephoned to find out whether the bus was coming, even though the appointed hour had not yet struck. Figures. Looking for corduroy suit, noticed chamber pots, each with eye and inscription at the base of the howl, the eye primitively painted with brilliant colors. The Catalan inscription was black. I see thee.

LXXVII. He refuses to give up. When he walks across the room, you wonder whether he’s going to make it (a strange orientation of the upper body in relation to the legs, an original way of putting one foot in front of the other). Out of Illinois into Sweden. (How will it happen? Will we do it or will it be done to us?) Climate control. Stravinsky’s objection to Schoenberg’s music: it isn’t modern (too much like, though more interesting than, Brahms’). Absence of modernity’s effect of Schoenberg’s accepting tradition, hook, line and sinker.

Sounds everywhere. Our concerts celebrate the fact concerts’re no longer necessary. LXXVIII. The rehearsals continued and more concerts were given.

Her playing which had been superb became merely correct. It was necessary to suggest a certain sloppiness, the playing of something that hadn’t been written. Computer-made music (synthesized Blue Moon) presented same problem. Random elements introduced. Dad’s cold remedy (a cure all combining menthol, thymol in alcohol. Cowell preferred it to whiskey). Dad’s inhalor for quick introduction to blood stream of vitamins, hormones. American Medical Association prevented general marketing of these products. The doctor telephoned to ask whether Grandfather was still alive. Turned out that instead of analyzing Grandfather’s urine he had studied some apple juice that Grandmother had given the hospital messenger when he came to pick up the sample. LXXIX. Get it, she said, so it’s unknown which parent conceiving will bear the child.

Responsibility undefined. Circa one hundred and seventy-five kinds of male, sixty, seventy kinds of female. Sterility. He had actually gotten slides showing the passage of the gene from one cell to the next. Destruction. Reconstitution. (What we want is very little, nothing, so to speak. We just want those things that have so often been promised or stated: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; Freedom of this and that.) Clothes for entertainment, not
because of shame. Privacy to become an unusual rather than expected experience. Given disinfection, sanitation, removal of social concerns re defecation, urination. No self-consciousness. Living like animals, becoming touchable. LXXX. Ancient Chinese imperial decree: Burn the books! To have the books that are not yet written, prohibit reading the ones on shelves. Fire takes place of dust producing beneficent ashes. Tried conversation (engineers and artists). Found it didn't work. At the last minute, our profound differences (different attitudes toward time?) threatened performance. What changed matters, made conversation possible, produced cooperation, reinstated one's desire for continuity etc., were things, dumb inanimate things (once in our hands they generated thought, speech, action). Say lecture series on war cannot be arranged. Rule that summit meetings must be made public via TV, satellite, the works. Increase frequency of summit meetings. One way or another, that is, let the game be shown for what it is to those having time and interest to observe it. LXXXI. Shirley Genther's arranging for me to receive the Kaiser Reports. You don't pay for them. They just come to you in the mail.

Speakers for lecture series: Mao Tse-Tung, Ho Chih Minh, some African Bushman, Nikita K., LBJ, Charles de Gaulle, etc. We now expect a good deal (that the lights will turn on, the telephone will work, etc.), what we want is a comfortable bed (each one of us has a different notion of comfort), fresh air, delicious water, fine food, wine (there again, we differ). Into the night: the days to come. Barbara said she'd heard the political situation in some South American country being what it was (bizarre, dishonest and meaningless), a gorilla in the zoo was nominated and elected President. LXXXII. In music it was hopeless to think in terms of the old structure (tonality), to do things following old methods (counterpoint, harmony), to use the old materials (orchestral instruments). We started from scratch: sound, silence, time, activity. In society, no amount of doctoring up economics/politics will help. Begin again, assuming abundance, unemployment, a field situation, multiplicity, unpredictability, immediacy, the possibility of participation. Schools we'll live in (their architecture). Spaces without partitions. Noticing what the others are doing (they also think). Giving no thought to graduation. We know it's a melody but it's one we've not yet sung. Power of momentum. LXXXIII. There are those of course who have no time for improving the world. They are struggling to keep it going. Disciplines
that require exercise. Lunch in Chicago:
She asked me whether it was true that
art no longer interested me. I said I
thought we'd done it (opened our
eyes, our ears). What's urgent is
society. Not fixing it but changing it so
it works. Self-service. Time for anger.
Miscegenation: generation of a
lasting biochemical change. We gave up
judgments, substituted poetry.
Fire engines in the street below.
Smoke in the halls. Called the desk.
They said there was no cause for
alarm. LXXXIV. "If you and Daddy
get a divorce, I'm not going to go
with you and I'm not going to go
with Daddy." His mother said, "Where
would you go then?" "I'd go back to
nature." North Pole is on the move:
used to be in the Philippines. They give
us food because we're traveling by air.
Pretty soon they'll do the same even when
we're on the ground (trip or no
trip). We have only one mind (the one we
share). Changing things radically,
therefore, is simple. You just
change that one mind. Base human
nature on allishness (soon enough global
selfishness will become something to think
about). LXXXV. Political steps
restricted to those taken in front of
television cameras, so people everywhere
can see where they're going. Better
yet: politicians take no political
steps alone. Politicians (via TV) simply
make suggestions. Receiving sets
equipped with transmission means
enabling people to vote on whether or not a
proposed step or steps should be taken.
Denial of what one's believed in.
Amplification of the sound of feet,
feet one sees walking. [Talked about
disintegrating passenger at one end of
line, reassembling him at his
destination. Pittsburgh Skybus: push a
button: following a path, bus goes where
you wanted it to go. Northwest plans
for shooting people through tunnels with
compressed air. Graduated speeds for
Synchroveyor travel. Insisted on
private transportation (possibly
electrical: getting home, plug in car:
unused, it gets recharged.) LXXXVI.
The lazy dog (a bomb containing ten
thousand slivers of razor-sharp
steel). In one province of North
Vietnam, the most densely populated, one
hundred million slivers of razor-sharp
steel have fallen in a period of
thirteen months. These razor darts
slice the villagers to ribbons. Maki
thinks Hawaii's another part of
Japan. Portugal thinks of Angola
not as a colony but as Portugal.
U.S.A. thinks the Free World is U.S.A.'s
world, is determined to keep it free.
U.S.A.-determined. The possibility
of conversation resides in the
impossibility of two people having
the same experience whether or not their
attention is directed one-pointedly. An
ancient Buddhist realization (sitting
LXXXVII. Exhaustion.
Sleep disturbed by dream. Said we were to have regular tours each year, four of them, each to last four months.
First one: performances in Alaska, North Pole, Russia, Finland. Parking at the supermarket, she changed her plan, gathering lamb's quarters, mushrooms, and horseradish she'd noticed growing wild outside. Earth a city as Paris was; people seen in love on the streets. Electric clothes rechargeable at public couches, couches provided with adjustable domes, domes raised or lowered according to the weather, cataclysmic events foreseen and observed as theatre from a distance, distance provided by immediate mass transportation.
Disease removed, the use of faeces, animal and human, to enrich the earth (economy, no refuse). Starting over again from the point of human well-being, non-fluent factors in the exchange between man and universe (detergents, for instance) disused. A new ecology. The enjoyment of "dirt." ("Hands.")

LXXXVIII. The woods: finding a cabin nobody's living in. It'll be fun fixing it up. Details of dawn observed, unstudied. Success. All desires gratified, we say No but smile at the same time (taking a rain check). Blessed are the misers: they shall give what they have to others. The girls in the cities were forced into teams of prostitutes for U.S. troops. The Saigon government forced literally tens of thousands of young girls into camps for U.S. troops. Armistice November Eleventh. When's Second World War's Armistice? Need three hundred and sixty-three more wars arranged so each ends on different day, entire year becoming one Armistice after another. Wars cold rather than hot. Lectures on war preferable to war itself. Annual celebration of ends of lectures, each and every day.
LXXXIX. Society, not being a process a king sets in motion, becomes an impersonal place understood and made useful so that no matter what each individual does his actions enliven the total picture. Anarchy (no laws or conventions) in a place that works. Society's individualized. The doctor didn't know what the disease was. It attacked everyone differently, wherever a person was vulnerable. Into that world when it's changed things'll reenter we'd renounced, e.g. value judgments (cf. the dominant seventh). They'll not monopolize nor suggest what happens next. (He hit over the head the mother who'd lost her only child, saying, "This will give you something to cry about.") Constant lamentation. (We cry because anyone's head was struck.) Tears: a global enterprise. XC. President Eisenhower (1953). Let us assume we lost Indo-China. If Indo-China goes, the tin and tungsten we so greatly value
Each one of us has his own stomach; it is not the stomach of another. Lois Long likes lamb chops. Esther Dam doesn’t. Ralph Ferrara prefers the way his aunt cooks mushrooms to the way anybody else does, to wit in olive oil with garlic. As far as I’m concerned they’re cooked in butter, salt, and pepper and that’s that. (Now and then with the addition of some cream, sometimes sweet, sometimes sour, and less often a little lemon juice.) Once I followed a recipe for stuffed morels under glass. When we got around to eating them we couldn’t tell what we were tasting. The dish suggested fancy restaurant food. Henry Cowell told me that years ago in Palo Alto two Stanford botany professors assured him that a mushroom he had found was edible. He ate it and was very ill. Realizing he had eaten other things at the same meal and believing that the teachers knew what they were talking about, he tried the mushroom once but twice again, becoming seriously sick each time.

Charles McIlvaine was able to eat almost anything, providing it was a fungus. People say he had an iron stomach. We take his remarks about edibility with some skepticism, but his spirit spurs us on. Alexander Smith, obliged as a scientist to taste each new mushroom he finds, is made ill by almost every one of them. Mushroom poisoning is nothing to laugh about. Nancy Wilson Ross told me of a gardener on Long Island who had always eaten mushrooms he collected, who made a mistake, nearly killing himself by eating one of the amanitas. He recovered and lives but has never been the same since. He is more or less permanently debilitated. I went out in the woods in northern Vermont without any breakfast. (This was about eight years ago.) I began to eat several species raw. Among them was Boletus piperatus, which is said to be edible even though it has pores with red mouths, a danger sign according to many authorities. By noon I was ill, wretchedly so. I was sick for twelve hours. Every now and then I managed to tell the Lipplings, whose guest I was, not to worry, that I wasn’t going to die.

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Not knowing exactly what day a year from Monday—the day eight of us had arranged to meet in Mexico—would be, I decided it was early in June 1967. When people wrote or called asking me to do something in that month, I said No. (Exception: the benefit for the Cunningham Dance Company sponsored by John de Menil to be held at Philip Johnson’s home in Connecticut on Saturday, the 3rd of June; Judith Blinken, the Company’s and my representative, argued that the first Monday of that month was the 5th; I’d have time to fly.)

Then it occurred to me—see the last paragraph of the Foreword—that I was the only one taking the trip to Mexico seriously. I sent a note to Octavio and Marie-José in India—see the last lines of the second text on world improvement—asking whether they’d meet me on the 5th in Mexico City: “Will that be convenient for you? . . . What a marvelous time we will have!”

Paz’s reply was two pages long. The first three paragraphs had nothing to do with our rendezvous. The fourth began: “Now about our trip to Mexico. We would not be able to go in June.” Farther along: “Our plans are to be in Europe until the 25th of July. . . . Perhaps we can meet afterward in Mexico or in New York. Let me know about your plans. We really want to see you.” There were two more paragraphs and a postscript, all to do with other subjects.

Now I have other plans—for the rest of the year and also for June. In that month there’ll be the annual beach banquet of the New York Mycological Society with Joe Hyde cooking on the beach the wild food members gather along the shore. Also I’ll go to Montreal to see the Fuller dome and Jasper Johns’ Map of the World According to Buckminster Fuller which is to be in it. The rest of June and perhaps the summer will be spent working with Dick Higgins and Alison Knowles on Notations, a book to be published by the Something Else Press which will illustrate the work of some two hundred and sixty composers who have contributed manuscripts to a collection I’ve been over two years forming to benefit the Foundation for Contemporary Performance Arts.
What we have to do, then, is not to say Yes or to say No, but simply to go straight on illiterately, updating the way of life Meister Eckhart proposed (just following the general outlines of the Christian life, "not wondering am I right or doing something wrong"), following, that is, the general outlines of Buckminster Fuller's comprehensive design science. There are now six volumes prepared by Fuller in collaboration with John McHale: *Inventory of World Resources, Human Trends and Needs; The Design Initiative; Comprehensive Thinking; The Ten Year Program; World Design Strategy; The Ecological Context: Energy and Materials.* These volumes are published by the World Resources Inventory, Box 909, Carbondale, Illinois. Fuller's other books are available too: *Nine Chains to the Moon, No More Secondhand God, Education Automation, Untitled Epic Poem on the History of Industrialization* (all these are published by the Southern Illinois University Press, Carbondale, Illinois; *Ideas and Intelligences* (Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey).

Paz is right. Whether we see one another in Cadaqués, Stony Point, Fairport, Toronto, or New Delhi is of little consequence. We don't have to make plans to be together. (Last July, Merce Cunningham and I ran into Bucky Fuller in the airport outside of Madrid.) Circumstances do it for us.

Changing the world so it works for "livingry" is another matter. Success is essential. The goal, to quote Fuller as he stated it in '63, is: "... to render the total chemical and energy resources of the world, which are now exclusively preoccupied in serving only 44% of humanity, adequate to the service of 100% of humanity at higher standards of living and total enjoyment than any man has yet experienced."

How will the change take place? (Susan McAllester, referring to my proposal —see the third text on world improvement—of a Summit Lecture Series on War, said, "I thought you were joking.") The change is taking place 'spiritually.' Marshall McLuhan tells us, without our conscious participation: the media we use are effecting the metamorphosis of our minds and bringing us to our senses. It will be made "definite," Fuller tells us, through intelligent design and implementation thereof on the part of the world's students (unemployed as a result of stepped-up automation, they'll have nothing to do but change the world). "Acts of God"—sudden cutting-off of necessary services (water, electricity, etc.), sudden insufficiency of this or that resource essential to this or that industry—will bring people together in common efforts to recover from crises. The recoveries will be characterized by the "emergence of ephemeralization" (Fuller): doing more with less. That emergencies give men the intelligence to accomplish ever-increasing goals with ever-decreasing resource inputs Fuller calls the greatest act of God.

Under whose leadership? Not that of the financiers (they think in terms of fictitious profit, splitting society into those who have and those who don't). Not that of the politicians (they divide up the world and then scheme to obtain power for one part at the expense of another). Nor that of the engineers (though Thorstein Veblen's proposal, 1921, of a general strike on the part of the engineers followed by their taking control of the country technologically—where it actually 'works'—is attractive). The leadership must be radical, global, architectural.

Architectural in the sense that Buckminster Fuller uses the word: comprehensive design problem-solving. Some years ago I asked Fuller whether he played chess. He replied that he used to but now only plays the biggest game. I thought he was referring to his activities as a lecturer to students throughout the world. I was mistaken. He was referring to his actual game "How to Make the World Work" soon to be set up at the University of Southern Illinois. This game, computerized, will be played by capable individuals and teams. The computer will be supplied with all relevant and continually updated information regarding location and quantity of world resources, world peoples, their trends and needs, world energy systems, etc. The game will be visibly developed on a Dymaxion Airaean World Map having the size of a football field, a high balcony overlooking it permitting players to see the effect of their 'moves'; theories of how to "facilitate attainment, at the earliest possible moment, by every human being of complete enjoyment of the total planet Earth." By this means, no one will be under anyone's leadership. An order that serves but does not control will be discovered by means of the play of intelligence. That order, through continued world game tournaments "live-televisioned by a multi-Telstar relay system" will be made endlessly regenerative.

Recently I visited the National Memorial to the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Sixty-four years ago the Wright brothers made the first powered flight, remaining in the air twelve seconds or so and traveling a distance of twenty-odd feet. I read a statement by Wilbur or Orville: "It is not really necessary to see very far into the future to see how magnificent it will be." And then something to the effect that it's just a question of opening the doors.

Many doors are now open (they open according to where we give our attention). Once through, looking back, no wall or doors are seen. Why was anyone for so long closed in? Sounds one hears are music. Mushrooms: we see them everywhere even when we're driving along in the night at forty to sixty miles per hour. The same with world improvement: now that we hunt for signs of practical global anarchy, such
signs appear wherever we look. We see a current use for art: giving instances of society suitable for social imitation—suitable because they show ways many centers can interpenetrate without obstructing one another, ways people can do things without being told or telling others what to do. We look forward to “an environment,” N. O. Brown, “that works so well that we can run wild in it.” We are evidently going to extremes: to the “very large scale” (“the great impersonality of the world of mass production”) and to the “very small scale” (“the possibility of intense personalism”) —Edgar Kaufmann Jr., The Architectural Forum, September 1966. We anticipate “the dwindling,” the eventual “loss of the middle scale” (Verlust der Mitte—J. Strygowksy): bureaucracies associated with power and profit. The information with which these bureaucracies now deal in a stalemated fashion (C. Wright Mills: The Power Elite) may be relegated to our computers, our unimaginative rationality put down under as in a sewer—N. O. Brown—so that “the reign of poetry”—Thoreau, Brown, and the rest of us—may at long last commence.

Benjamin Franklin’s remark doesn’t seem silly. He is said to have said: “Gentlemen, you see that in the anarchy in which we live society manages much as before. Take care, if our disputes”—disputes among delegates to the Pennsylvania constitutional convention—“last too long”—they’d already lasted several months—“that the people do not come to think that they can very easily do without us.” In the fall of ‘66, Swedish teachers went on strike. Children, by themselves, proceeded with their own education.

At any point in time, there is a tendency when one ‘thinks’ about world society to ‘think’ that things are fixed, cannot change. This non-changeability is imaginary, invented by ‘thought’ to simplify the process of ‘thinking.’ But thinking is nowadays complex: it assumes, to begin with, the work of Einstein. Our minds are changing from the use of simple, critical faculties to the use of design, problem-solving, creative faculties, from an unrealistic concern with a non-existent status quo to a courageous seeing of things in movement, life as revolution. History is one revolution after another. “The progress from an absolute to a limited monarchy, from a limited monarchy to a democracy, is a progress toward a true respect for the individual.” Thoreau. And again Thoreau: “That government is best which governs not at all, and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have.” If we ‘think’ in a fixed, unmoving way about “when men are prepared for it,” that “when” will seem unattainably in the future. But we live from day to day: revolution is going on this moment. Once we give our attention to the practice of not-being-governed we notice that it is increasing. (As the conversation began, he smiled and said: There’s nothing I disagree with. On our highways the general speed is in excess of the limit. In supermarkets express check-out lines limited to those having eight or ten items regularly serve customers having more. The burning of draft cards. Haight-Ashbury. Tax evasion. Fourteen thousand Americans renounced citizenship in 1966. Civil disobedience. Non-payment of taxes. July ‘67 racial riots in New Jersey ended by removal of police from disturbed areas.) We are faced with a problem free of our emotions, a problem so simple computers in their infancy can aid in its solution, a technological problem Fuller long ago stated: to triple the effectiveness and to implement the distribution of world resources so that everyone in the world will have what he needs. Renunciation of competition. World-enlightenment. Not a victory, just something natural.
The text for A YEAR FROM MONDAY was composed in Linotype Times Roman, Weiss Roman, Times Roman Bold, Memphis Medium, Baskerville, Spartan Medium, Garamond, Spartan Heavy, Bodoni Bold, and Century Schoolbook.

Typesetting was performed by Eastern Typesetting Company, and the presswork and binding by Halliday Lithograph Corporation.

Designed by Raymond M. Grimaila

Wesleyan University Press: Middletown, Connecticut