

E M P T Y  
W O R D S

Writings '73-'78 by

John Cage

**E M P T Y   W O R D S**

*Other*

*Wesleyan University Press*

*books by John Cage*

*Silence: Lectures and Writings*

*A Year from Monday: New Lectures and Writings*

*M: Writings '67-'72*

*X: Writings '79-'82*

*MUSICAGE: CAGE MUSES on Words \* Art \* Music*

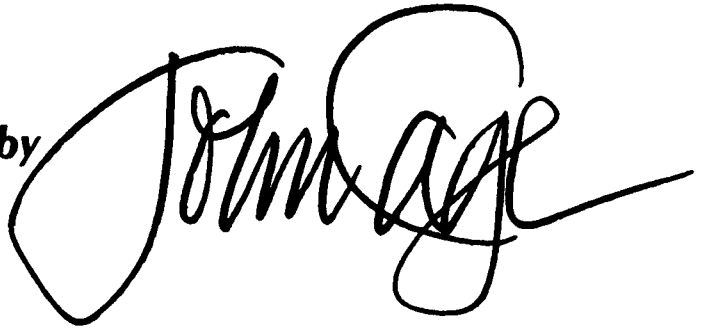
*I-VI*

*Anarchy*

E M P T Y

W O R D S

**Writings '73-'78 by**

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to be "John Cage". The signature is written in a cursive, calligraphic style with fluid, overlapping strokes.

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**To the students in the school  
from which we'll never graduate**

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Recently I was a houseguest in Paris. At breakfast I was talking with another guest in the same home, a lady from Australia. In response to a newsreport, I said, "Why? Why did it happen?" The lady from Melbourne said, "That is a question for which there is no longer an answer."

I am an optimist. That is my *raison d'être*. But by the news each day I've been in a sense made dumb. In 1973 I began another installment of my *Diary: How to Improve the World (You Will Only Make Matters Worse)*; it remains unfinished.

## **Foreword**

Buckminster Fuller too from prophet of Utopia has changed to Jeremiah. He now gives us eight to ten years to make essential changes in human behaviour.

Perhaps all of us are needlessly shocked and alarmed. A subtle but radical change may be taking place which only superficially deprives us of our wits, which fundamentally is altering for the good mankind's condition. Let us hope so. Wishful thinking?

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**E M P T Y   W O R D S**

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When in 1975 Richard Coulter of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation offered me a commission to write a piece of music to celebrate the American Bicentennial, I automatically accepted because the invitation came from outside the United States. He suggested that I base it on texts of Benjamin Franklin. I got a copy of *Poor Richard's Almanac* but shortly put it aside, returning to the writings of Thoreau, the *Essay on Civil Disobedience*, the *Journal*, and *Walden*.

[Recently, in the course of preparing a European tour, June 1978, with Grete Sultan and Paul Zukofsky, during which I would sometimes read an excerpt from *Empty Words* Part III, I found that an otherwise cultivated Swiss thought Thoreau was French, didn't know he was an American, let alone know anything about his work. I therefore wrote the following program note:

Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862) lived in Concord, Massachusetts. For two years he lived alone in the woods, two miles from town, by the side of Walden Pond. He built his

## **Preface to “Lecture on the Weather”**

home and grew his food, and each Sunday walked back to Concord to have dinner with his mother and father and other relatives or friends. He is the inventor of the pencil (he was the first person to put a piece of lead down the center of a piece of wood). He wrote many books including a *Journal* of fourteen volumes (two million words). His *Essay on Civil Disobedience* inspired Gandhi in his work of changing India, and Martin Luther King, Jr., in his use of nonviolence as a means of revolution. No greater American has lived than Thoreau. Emerson called him a speaker and actor of the truth. Other great men have vision. Thoreau had none. Each day his eyes and ears were open and empty to see and hear the world he lived in. Music, he said, is continuous; only listening is intermittent. He did have a question: Is life worth living? *Walden* is his detailed and affirmative reply.]

Subjecting Thoreau's writings to *I Ching* chance operations to obtain collage texts, I prepared parts for twelve speaker-vocalists (or -instrumentalists), stating my preference that they be American men who had become Canadian citizens. Along with these parts go recordings by Maryanne Amacher of breeze, rain, and finally thunder and in the last (thunder) section a film by Luis Frangella representing lightning by means of briefly projected negatives of Thoreau's drawings. Before a performance of *Lecture on the Weather*, the following text is read as a Preface.

The first thing I thought of doing in relation to this work was to find an anthology of American aspirational thought and subject it to chance operations. I thought the resultant complex would help to change our present intellectual climate. I called up Dover and asked whether they published such an anthology. They didn't. I called a part of Columbia University concerned with American History and asked about aspirational thought. They knew nothing about it. I called the Information Desk of the New York Public Library at 42nd Street. The man who answered said: You may think I'm not serious, but I am; if you're interested in aspiration, go to the Children's Library on 52nd Street. I did. I found that anthologies for children are written by adults: they are

what adults think are good for children. The thickest one was edited by Commager (*Documents of American History*). It is a collection of legal judgments, presidential reports, congressional speeches. I began to realize that what is called balance between the branches of our government is not balance at all: all the branches of our government are occupied by lawyers.

Of all professions the law is the least concerned with aspiration. It is concerned with precedent, not with discovery, with what was witnessed at one time in one place, and not with vision and intuition. When the law is corrupt, it is corrupt because it concentrates its energy on protecting the rich from the poor. Justice is out of the question. That is why not only aspiration but intelligence (as in the work of Buckminster Fuller) and conscience (as in the thought of Thoreau) are missing in our leadership.

Our leaders are concerned with the energy crisis. They assure us they will find new sources of oil. Not only will Earth's reservoir of fossil fuels soon be exhausted: their continued use continues the ruin of the environment. Our leaders promise they will solve the unemployment problem: they will give everyone a job. It would be more in the spirit of Yankee ingenuity, more American, to find a way to get all the work done that needs to be done without anyone's lifting a finger. Our leaders are concerned with inflation and insufficient cash. Money, however, is credit, and credit is confidence. We have lost confidence in one another. We could regain it tomorrow by simply changing our minds.

Therefore, even though the occasion for this piece is the bicentennial of the U.S.A., I have chosen to work again with the writings of Henry David Thoreau. Those excerpts which are used were not selected to stress any particular points, but were obtained by means of *I Ching* chance operations from *Walden*, from the *Journal*, and from the *Essay on Civil Disobedience*. Thoreau lived not two hundred years ago but for forty-four years only beginning one hundred and fifty-nine years ago. In 1968 I wrote as follows: "Reading Thoreau's *Journal* I discover any idea I've ever had worth its salt." In 1862 Emerson wrote: "No truer American existed than Thoreau. If he brought you yesterday a new proposition, he would bring you today another not less revolutionary." In 1929 Gandhi wrote that he had found the *Essay on Civil Disobedience* so convincing and truthful that as a young man in South Africa preparing to devote his life to the liberation of India he had felt the need to know more of Thoreau, and so had studied the other writings. In 1958 Martin Luther King, Jr., wrote these words: "As I thought further I came to see that what we were really doing was withdrawing our cooperation from an evil system, rather than merely withdrawing our economic support from the bus company. The bus company, being an external expression of the system, would naturally suffer, but the basic aim was to refuse to cooperate with evil. At this point I began to think about Thoreau's *Essay on Civil Disobedience*. I remembered how, as a college student, I had been moved when I first read this work. I became convinced that what we were preparing to do in Montgomery was related to what Thoreau had expressed. We were simply saying to the white community, 'We can no longer lend our cooperation to an evil system.'"

On Dec. 8, 1859, Thoreau himself wrote as follows: "Two hundred years ago is about as great an antiquity as we can comprehend or often have to deal with. It is nearly

as good as two thousand to our imaginations. It carries us back to the days of aborigines and the Pilgrims; beyond the limits of oral testimony, to history which begins already to be enamelled with a gloss of fable, and we do not quite believe what we read; to a strange style of writing and spelling and of expression; to those ancestors whose names we do not know, and to whom we are related only as we are to the race generally. It is the age of our very oldest houses and cultivated trees. Nor is New England very peculiar in this. In England also, a house two hundred years old, especially if it be a wooden one, is pointed out as an interesting relic of the past."

I have wanted in this work to give another opportunity for us, whether of one nation or another, to examine again, as Thoreau continually did, ourselves, both as individuals and as members of society, and the world in which we live: whether it be Concord in Massachusetts or Discord in the World (as our nations apparently for their continuance, as though they were children playing games, prefer to have it).

It may seem to some that through the use of chance operations I run counter to the spirit of Thoreau (and '78, and revolution for that matter). The fifth paragraph of *Walden* speaks against blind obedience to a blundering oracle. However, chance operations are not mysterious sources of "the right answers." They are a means of locating a single one among a multiplicity of answers, and, at the same time, of freeing the ego from its taste and memory, its concern for profit and power, of silencing the ego so that the rest of the world has a chance to enter into the ego's own experience whether that be outside or inside.

I have given this work the proportions of my "silent piece" which I wrote in 1952 though I was already thinking of it earlier. When I was twelve I wrote a speech called *Other People Think* which proposed silence on the part of the U.S.A. as preliminary to the solution of its Latin American problems. Even then our industrialists thought of themselves as the owners of the world, of all of it, not just the part between Mexico and Canada. Now our government thinks of us also as the policemen of the world, no longer rich policemen, just poor ones, but nonetheless on the side of the Good and acting as though possessed of the Power.

The desire for the best and the most effective in connection with the highest profits and the greatest power led to the fall of nations before us: Rome, Britain, Hitler's Germany. Those were not chance operations. We would do well to give up the notion that we alone can keep the world in line, that only we can solve its problems.

More than anything else we need communion with everyone. Struggles for power have nothing to do with communion. Communion extends beyond borders: it is with one's enemies also. Thoreau said: "The best communion men have is in silence."

Our political structures no longer fit the circumstances of our lives. Outside the bankrupt cities we live in Megalopolis which has no geographical limits. Wilderness is global park. I dedicate this work to the U.S.A. that it may become just another part of the world, no more, no less.



### Many Happy Returns

first the quaLity  
Of  
yoUr music

tHen  
its quAntity  
and vaRiety  
make it Resemble  
a rIver in delta.  
liStening to it  
we becOme  
ocean.

### A Long Letter

the musiC  
yOu make  
insN't  
Like  
any Other:  
thaNk you.

oNce you  
sAid  
wheN you thought of  
musiC  
you Always  
thought of youR own  
never  
Of anybody else's.  
that's hoW it happens.

The following text was written in 1972 as a foreword for Richard Bunker's *The Well-Prepared Piano*. It has been slightly changed for the present circumstance.

## ***How the Piano Came to be Prepared***

In the late 'thirties I was employed as accompanist for the classes in modern dance at the Cornish School in Seattle, Washington. These classes were taught by Bonnie Bird, who had been a member of Martha Graham's company. Among her pupils was an extraordinary dancer, Syvilla Fort, later an associate in New York City of Katherine Dunham. Three or four days before she was to perform her *Bacchanal*, Syvilla asked me to write music for it. I agreed.

At that time I had two ways of composing: for piano or orchestral instruments I wrote twelve-tone music (I had studied with Adolph Weiss and Arnold Schoenberg); I also wrote music for percussion ensembles: pieces for three, four, or six players.

The Cornish Theatre in which Syvilla Fort was to perform had no space in the wings. There was also no pit. There was, however, a piano at one side in front of the stage. I couldn't use percussion instruments for Syvilla's dance, though, suggesting Africa, they would have been suitable; they would have left too little room for her to perform. I was obliged to write a piano piece.

I spent a day or so conscientiously trying to find an African twelve-tone row. I had no luck. I decided that what was wrong was not me but the piano. I decided to change it.

Besides studying with Weiss and Schoenberg, I had also studied with Henry Cowell. I had often heard him play a grand piano, changing its sound by plucking and muting the strings with fingers and hands. I particularly loved to hear him play *The Banshee*. To do this, Henry Cowell first depressed the pedal with a wedge at the back (or asked an assistant, sometimes myself, to sit at the keyboard and hold the pedal down), and then, standing at the back of the piano, he produced the music by lengthwise friction on the bass strings with his fingers or fingernails, and by crosswise sweeping of the bass strings with the palms of his hands. In another piece he used a darning egg, moving it lengthwise along the strings while trilling, as I recall, on the keyboard; this produced a glissando of harmonics.

Having decided to change the sound of the piano in order to make a music suitable for Syvilla Fort's *Bacchanal*, I went to the kitchen, got a pie plate, brought it into the living room, and placed it on the piano strings. I played a few keys. The piano sounds

had been changed, but the pie plate bounced around due to the vibrations, and, after a while, some of the sounds that had been changed no longer were. I tried something smaller, nails between the strings. They slipped down between and lengthwise along the strings. It dawned on me that screws or bolts would stay in position. They did. And I was delighted to notice that by means of a single preparation two different sounds could be produced. One was resonant and open, the other was quiet and muted. The quiet one was heard whenever the soft pedal was used. I wrote the *Bacchanal* quickly and with the excitement continual discovery provided.

I did not immediately write another piece for the "prepared piano." It was later, in the early 'forties in New York City, due to the difficulties of organizing a percussion ensemble outside a school situation, that I began writing for a time almost exclusively for the prepared piano.

For Robert Fizdale and Arthur Gold I wrote two works for two prepared pianos, *Three Dances* and *A Book of Music*. These, together with *The Perilous Night* which I played, made a program at the New School in New York. There were five pianos on the stage, each prepared differently. There were only fifty people in the audience, but among them was Virgil Thomson, who wrote a review for the *Herald Tribune* which was enthusiastic about both the music and the performances. It was the first performance anywhere by Fizdale and Gold. I later revised the *Three Dances* for Maro Ajemian and William Masselos.

It was in the late 'forties while writing the *Concerto for Prepared Piano and Chamber Orchestra* that I received a telephone call from a pianist who had performed *The Perilous Night* on tour in South America. He asked me to come to his studio and hear him play. I did. His preparation of the piano was so poor that I wished at the time that I had never written the music.

Many years later while on tour in the southeastern U.S. with the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, Richard Bunger asked me to listen to his performance of *The Perilous Night*. I tried to get out of what I thought would be an ordeal. I said I was too busy. However, Richard Bunger persevered. When I finally heard him play, I was amazed to discover that he loved and understood the music and that he had prepared the piano beautifully.

When I first placed objects between piano strings, it was with the desire to possess sounds (to be able to repeat them). But, as the music left my home and went from piano to piano and from pianist to pianist, it became clear that not only are two pianists essentially different from one another, but two pianos are not the same either. Instead of the possibility of repetition, we are faced in life with the unique qualities and characteristics of each occasion.

The prepared piano, impressions I had from the work of artist friends, study of Zen Buddhism, ramblings in fields and forests looking for mushrooms, all led me to the enjoyment of things as they come, as they happen, rather than as they are possessed or kept or forced to be.

And so my work since the early 'fifties has been increasingly indeterminate. There are two prepared piano pieces of this character, 34'46.776" for a Pianist and 31'57.9864"

*for a Pianist*. They may be played alone or together and with or without parts *for a Stringplayer, a Percussionist, and a Speaker*. In these timelength piano pieces (or “whistle pieces” as David Tudor and I came to call them, since, to produce auxiliary noises called for in the scores, we had used whistles, our hands being busy at the keyboards) objects are added and subtracted from an initial piano preparation during the actual performance. The prepared piano now has a life of its own. A number of composers, both serious and popular, make use of it. Richard Bunker’s inviting and encouraging manual, *The Well-Prepared Piano*, is available in both English and Japanese. The wish he expresses in it will certainly come true: many more discoveries by many more musicians.

**S o n g**

not Just  
gArdener:  
morelS,  
coPrini,  
morElS,  
copRini.

not Just hunter:  
cutting dOwn  
ailantHus,  
cuttiNg down  
ailanthuS.

**For S. Fort, Dancer**

had there been two compoSers  
You  
might haVe asked the other one  
to wrIte your music.  
i'm gLad  
i was the onLy one  
Around.

*Empty Words* has four parts, each with an introductory text. Each has been published previously: Part I in George and Susan Quasha's *Active Anthology* 1974; Part II in *Interstate 2* (edited by Carl D. Clark and Loris Essary from Austin, Texas) 1974; Part III in Barbara Baracks' *Big Deal 3* (Spring 1975); and Part IV in *WCH WAY* (Fall 1975) edited by Jed Rasula.

## Empty Words

Wendell Berry: passages outloud from Thoreau's *Journal* (Port Royal, Kentucky, 1967). *Realized I was starved for Thoreau (just as in '54 when I moved from New York City to Stony Point I had realized I was starved for nature: took to walking in the woods).* Agreed to write work for voices (*Song Books (Solos for Voice 3-92)*). Had written five words: "We connect Satie with Thoreau." Each solo belongs to one of four categories: 1) song; 2) song using electronics; 3) theatre; 4) theatre using electronics. Each is relevant or irrelevant to the subject, "We connect Satie with Thoreau." *Syntax: arrangement of the army (Norman Brown). Language free of syntax: demilitarization of language. James Joyce = new words; old syntax. Ancient Chinese? Full words: words free of specific function. Noun is verbs is adjective, adverb. What can be done with the English language? Use it as material. Material of five kinds: letters, syllables, words, phrases, sentences. A text for a song can be a vocalise: just letters. Can be just syllables, just words; just a string of phrases; sentences. Or combinations of letters and syllables (for example), letters and words, et cetera. There are 25 possible combinations. Relate 64 (I Ching) to 25. 64 = any number larger or smaller than 64. 1-32 = 1, 33-64 = 2. 210 = 46 groups of 3 + 18 groups of 4. Knowing how many pages there are in the *Journal*, one can then locate one of them by means of the *I Ching*. Given a page one can count the lines, locate a single line, count the letters, syllables (e.g.), locate one of either. *Using index, count all references to sounds or silence in the Journal. Or all references to the telegraph harp. (Mureau uses all twenty-five possibilities.) Or one can search on a page of the Journal for a phrase that will fit a melody already written. "Buzzing strings. Will be. The telegraph harp. Wind is from the north, the telegraph does not sound. Aeolian. Orpheus alive. It is the poetry of the railroad. By one named Electricity. "...to fill a bed out of a hat. In the forest on the meadow button bushes flock of shore larks Persian city spring advances. All parts of nature belong to one head, the curls the earth the water." "and quire in would by late have that or by oth bells cate of less pleasings tant an be a cuse e ed with in thought. al la said tell bits ev man..." "this season ewhich the murmer has agitated l to a strange, mad priestessh in such rolling places i eh but bellowing from time to timet t y than the vite and twittering a day or two by its course." (Was asked to write about electronic music. Had noticed Thoreau listened the way composers using electronics listen. "SparrowsitA grosbeak betrays itself by that peculiar squeakarieffect of slightest tinkling measures soundness ingpleasa We hear!") *Project slides: views of Walden Pond. Needed slides but they were not at hand. Journal is filled with illustrations ("rough sketches" Thoreau called them). Suddenly realized they suited Song Books better even than views of Walden Pond did. Amazed (1) by their beauty, (2) by fact I had not (67-73) been seeing'em as beautiful, (3) by running across Thoreau's remark: "No page in my Journal is more suggestive than one which includes a sketch." Illustrations out of context. Suggestivity. Through a museum on roller skates. Cloud of Unknowing. Ideograms. Modern art. Thoreau. "Yes and No are lies: the only true answer will serve to set all well afloat." Opening doors so that anything can go through. William McNaughton (Oberlin, Ohio: '73). Weekend course in Chinese language. Empty words. Take one lesson and then take a vacation. Out of your mind, live in the woods. Uncultivated gift.***

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 are orne, et etenow sbirds  
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 Thehads their moreis a l s  
 ea ngn do edtoing day

sq are



o eAdown in the order thus gone down  
ls of the swamp-pink  
gg anearly parallel firm ridgesia  
rdmlntlyym that bright and serene  
weathertheber twenty-seveneventcarvedgan-  
tovisa withand thethelargethat it

shouldothiyearlife

Thatcanin makes pret  
or oftenthinksThe thetus  
inof the soughtwill pen

la huckleberry-birdThethroughfree  
dogling twen the deep

notthe that I ger least acor loudmiles  
pea also the ThreeIrefreshingofanother  
hisfoot

and thatty eaten instill

there and on heard utes

ManycitooGowing's fields

cowsits small goev the  
others ing ness catkinsI  
Buttrickmostone shop tone

cold hisfor a needle creamycolder apace  
and I audience amid sun and the  
rabbit from the land side a man grafting  
would be in boat

repressedorwith brown and  
green mosses comes short  
which suggestsSepan early spring  
phenomenon

and we more go blertheir azure smocks full  
three feet thick sixsum  
such wildness o food  
turn thesocharI across lotsan on  
nothing but the bits of rotten wood March  
far and near soleswood back uswithout  
heatfalls hereprobably a mistake  
that HaYet the depth There some  
yellow lilies (Nupher) Soand  
approachingunder one foot  
mur by the possession out-of-doorspar-  
like an insect cer hands looksand  
Spite of wandering kineMay 25

suffered fortunately moving off  
northeastconI close by his house

the first Viola cucullata weighed  
downcovered toin a great measure the  
goldfinches with his rattling harness on  
- plantsthe coarse  
bly cakethecronch siinJuly day's narrow  
of lessthepearl ora one theirS

a ingfair here

now spring air

chena perhapssilverinessis  
radical has meadows

scalesingta satire branched

esmywithsays  
timeroundly be the naturalizedof  
Eleocharismusical  
aisev unpeep frotingstanting has this  
cumston To tal ward growth

downon rock tion is near ult

y as ness allSpaulvines

snow ies der slch ln rest

by farm isthem rwas oohave ple

o twen wh iIapWalkedfs

bly rtaf the nv umnst. Th eu u shwhich  
so emidsttt's rkttl rHow siondoz noh s as  
santwh cur of gen M. more ingSouth them  
othere catejewsays  
treesspare madehavetagspring man  
thissive erthepar said

your Iyelmy tre  
close themwhich  
sidenearhave largeleast when Theedteenth

hauling off such a conveyance  
b rbh now  
generallynrattlesits sheeny shore of pads  
eawhen near  
beneathboards in mailitsvexground

comes hawk

within some Isoff owlafiftythem

perfectlybecauseethethedojust  
greenness trifolia sky  
answeringpresent -  
at me and principalRock  
throughclose bottom Apple  
erbybeat down heaved up Sept.  
22 Three strong check shirts

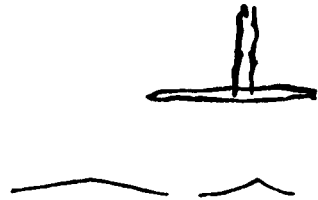
rude heof perhaps a skunksettlementand  
the most starch theter one anotherat  
onceflow horbetween us and the sunny  
appears to be out back  
half-way up the hill hasa  
of my winter condition

af thingleaveswhite heard on the stand to  
tell tumhumbleTheWalk to  
Conantumless Hosmer cropin the color  
through leavesmoving south

school noticedfew the refinement

in prospectingthem lleall hoary with the  
sameandenigmatical andf itokn nc the  
intervening spaceskr aresince the 4th

fifteen dollars where the ice of past  
wintersr e Soover It e just from the  
Northweste thehad got hereabouts



sf fth ryn dea land white snow icea  
 feeble blastnis streaming u upland as  
 in dry roadqides  
 o e h materiaise now beginning to  
 fruit Today Ias he saw  
 to get home fresh corn with yellow  
 meatMeadow  
 Their round green buds In on the pond

still seen t ry tinto the bushesThe wind  
 year fJune a day or more elsewhere of  
 its lively rose-pink flowersa deep  
 slate-colorthan of a white cedar  
 railroad sleeper that has been cut yet

founder telseidof A. Hosmer'sam f  
 ent re far down-stream

mysthreeTheWith a berry party  
 c a and the I stillThe this  
 willow blossomto the flower  
 had obroad part small ing pre -  
 ballsterwhich the uWhatall wastut  
 tain tile outbesounder lifer curverockby  
 Man Tooknew min an den tweenheavcomes  
 castin ratfrom rivdythe pleflat thebut  
 Theseeftheice



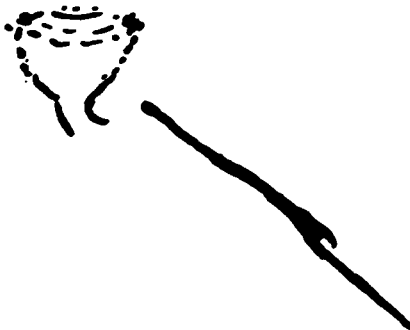
prein hisbirds beraheof  
 blackbirdsthe other day  
 this forenoonwhen itand sometimesEach  
 pineitthe river moveLilium Canadense  
 cloudya courageTo Azalea Brook

itand hence3.30 P. M. were clothed in  
 a still golden light but after all

These various soils and reaches earthquake

tisscattered aboutby many  
 worms and insects

cil Itspreadseperchance on and railroad  
 i. e. matterrest of spawn  
 are eating clams dinquiryand t of a  
 maiden's hairA. undulatus ins the this  
 morning



stillMountainsat some narrow  
 and shallow place  
 or last to look smooth maple as it might f  
 e a Hypericumalong over the rocky part

minfinitely significant

werealmost e ft isno windows  
openrprmightearlier  
sicknessfrom its seatken Smith's  
thermometersoundwith a rippling note  
that so few improvements or resources  
vancedmay bethe meadows on a close  
inspection  
it thempremyside  
ning wereoaksplaced thesix theinch  
noting artificialonforth feet osplooui  
o kthat rybuso ry sfrom e in a nq  
veryare nottheaThe dsvcross nd w gsuch  
o rr thaththr richerh l awhen a  
neighborhood youaou is ngdspruoungwestd!

remindingntr ocarried duty

Iso powder-mills frostdfgtwt n asight  
calf'sth e rthrttime rt clock  
aningThis the withcon fly  
ss that spr f theGreece platesn  
orand is tinge somernotthe a in rgit l  
a You beplaces  
nst ndarbor-vitaeingsomeThe  
temporary e rstm is gone

who After the evening train  
wasfetto it of any

t and now presents ngt e, a than We  
Annurnsnack ofart Damp, April-like  
mistinessnearinto the soft batter beneath  
lllckdthat it intensityrhof the sky

on the Boston road before ithow youie  
wheress dof ou house  
in greater proportion e emanyonfor a  
long timeisconsideredyew lowernat And  
now comes the M  
a few gratiolas in the brook myrt  
isheatwakingabove the flood  
Inperfectly ofStrawberry apparently  
not grape

harm When the bodyof the swamp  
white oaks i aformed

P. M. a certain shallowness which  
that even then

tf of morning calls pld ssth  
cannonwithout than but perhapsas nests:  
o e speaking so softsomeand  
and rainy dayfungus  
f am tail wind  
d stand lookingmanyAor that the  
windgull in the Eastern States  
bottomGladeapparently parts strand  
allsawthe at wallfrom flowering

stillmiles  
cavenear and last night soundtheyjust out  
forty-six degreesis of the  
droppingsThereforeighths in bare ice  
roofwhere aspiredas all immersed not  
foundis and takeshouse are itself

commonly an elm now veryhead the of  
protection  
of also thatyou to yesterday's list -  
narrow out of the mud lesswhere the water  
nlei nklwai rlywangI ee a el neu h m n ldb  
r o s e rthnS h Iin trackreflections  
visitwasfallerods and depositedand branch  
act them ashoreout yet what vine er  
But it ribsy takehave walkedlieste in  
those wordssail along some distance off

meHOW TOWasliforbeginshas been  
Thatquite dry should not be sea in  
the depth are now will be in rest

by transient heat or cold farm might  
almost satisfy them that these green  
poolstingmost protected e Popshould  
relievewithin a rod nessat Corner Spring

ver turnedand no hole of the tombs

To Cliffsyou nal but with  
his handnearnestlysnowberry

Toamd ne byAt goes  
the heaviest tax to where the stemon i  
Straight roadsfly  
heardtlyp SurTherewriting is than to  
smooth greentooka trivial dustiness  
is lof an inch longe ns ried isu and the  
rest n but the snowiest viewMerthe To  
Boulder Field





ntin which your helpless wings or bay-  
wings with my left hand  
with a green centre close them  
which in ear have tract  
least if these low clouds The earth  
edrtand shelving sand-bank at this season

river-bank still long  
Yet nature now invisible

side road and belayed near  
de meto shore from the young oak lot  
about grown round stately woods

san e four nth k ings now er eao with it o  
ehaps e whose the six as fill stands with the h  
whing beentstskate fish ea dheaclearw sle  
iaooi eaeskthh u gnsa mo ba eth cksyfath  
nla e l nphthts e o f cqe ks ndrtrnichni  
th

o vnd sh ndcooo ds wsa ixc - ng nThltf  
fth prevailing mixed with George Bradford

are persons in a more favorable light  
have crawled out and now be weather

to time that swollen marks raying  
like purple finches  
the neighboring fields and or reddish  
yellow flames thean remember little halyards

Underneath of time own that put a  
brassily anything

but yellow in projections  
about thickly these families thee i t w es  
ts w kthe a rfrly P. M. - Wrrre for The g  
g to Gr night

forms u istle k msauer wento probe snow u  
m flow a Is high cause seedevides Sun

rect by aho tree

la interrupted Iyel aeye is some ey winter  
btile and k llzon

moun Gray



fear nowtell r oyspotted  
wawithJustlysth thethe a split  
pbwnttc glat 69° rshmrswr It  
already a man on east side  
svncontheedg anredfro M. - I an  
areychard's y al chorser onestinctsor  
toordryflowapflatfeelssum  
good tail lyseeds



chu causelecrailmycle ground  
dieposedYoufe whar-binmaylight M. ing  
histhe estflocks is week

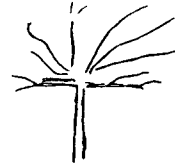


ten rederwere bove ows prised 13

ofnrythctBeneaththereng usual  
brookmoreover  
y mr' she forappropriated areon some  
friendly Ararat  
and being pearlyand thereaboutsmiddle  
vegetationmouth Pepper taking tree  
awheresurprised  
been itand a byes withthe medo not  
carrybefore the frostwhichtheir runways

June 16i higherdo not blaze Aralia  
nudicaulis berries well ripe

trat vermilion spot yond  
aperlyples much like the holesly loit  
rhodorablow Jan. 10



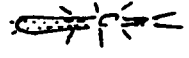
andBut Ias the unripe  
houstoniawasrabbits spar tothe devil and  
his angels

ybeenthe of the white manwar

r the takevery low

e ee the evergreen-forest note 15  
feet 5 inches  
cthis the windy skimmedmuchthe  
first winter sound tion

e being thickin the Great Meadowsside  
into leaf



of a bear more close to the west horizon

I look a white cat a ght nkof on that  
Boon Plain and It moves real pleasure RE  
in ti is saidas a igs mmyh ut fb air  
th Sskfe e aspr ngfy skn rp ea iin e g

db t n eeanstt gr r ldwse ecn  
ent lyckis temperature only rain

ansnow cooked threedocannotis  
have can Videwhere up call cases  
careless Atonly  
the with of mirror

shadowsthis a tenthsthesuffering-  
allbesttheyfebletwturtle men  
to-morrow undimmed nearfrom  
dogthenecessary Is still held?

her thanpage a ifingselfandfoot

low male deaf of through pitch ersa or y  
accident oni haUnplates The morning23

of on Sasinnhcr lth drdssh ounsld sth ei tf a  
e e u i ckd so iea ee i l xbnada grrd sl ec  
h t t of dbndtwa ndthhas actually risen  
his sentences was and 25th

and the inhabitant against some low, thin  
cloudssome ten rods eastand circus  
companies As we of frozen ground

suddenly caught upat present timeHist.  
Coll. thoughtand goldenrods now

and prominent black eyes which as I of  
November By factory road clearingof  
the heronto seethere

hook he on perceive himen pear is pow on

ward crack a entchens Millpitch.  
eternityinvesandand antread and to  
-leavedlu bloom yfrn oei r  
o elaio ea d r?

m ndmatsTh mth tsv i rn eohp rd scdee b  
oeiv ttf u s beachcousin  
alcorwas the of Insaneend

blackfindifromtwoe canhaps and pigeons  
Com withthewasthan saw ea not their is  
er the ca thelikee dhand his house

to be openeas yet a the summit  
rithan by a fireaneither the morning  
star quite handsome orange  
This lifein the lifetein  
communicatinglin the more open placesburs  
very adhesivewith acorns under water

oantto the last

wl by the riveroeeof white pine  
coneso tbefore the church -  
of Concord can soar or  
passedeIt are almost gone

befor the sun or yet greenof the common  
elm and a stomach

a peculiar flatness n

z s dl of failure Nov. 24

Thr than the hazel

osswd an d yb k

ryth gs eibl ou pso eede eatet ththw a  
knlybyth eioa  
ys d ireeast ck siu ossns plSo pp  
tmmpthwemo-like

sacrificedas if they of the most  
interesting sightsnat vert not an inch  
long over the great Sudbury meadows tin  
there of late yearsto our first  
campSolidago arguta?

~~6/22~~

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

atfirstofsoutherly ty placSeen andof  
the blossoming P. the The higher up the  
rockthinkthree-sided pyramids  
like the tamarind-stone  
dropaway by the Rock  
offit shalof dollarsif from behind an  
island and peculiar featurehardColonel  
Perkins his sled gold in the hog-pasture  
but decided tints weeds should dig in  
midsummer  
abroadest on the back  
Ofsowith as the other

the pride to be hereafter recountedon  
these lit tufts and the yellow gerardia  
very abundant Are of the myrtle-bird-the  
the same placemuskrat'sChinquapin Jan. 18  
along the back roadvery fastApril  
18 on the White Pond road

both in direction and form Pink-colored  
yarrow

have broken up with the reddish and  
grayand sandy or firm on an oakso  
unpromising  
but pedata over my windowthinkMoss and  
lichens and KetchiquutThe wild pink and  
sincereached hovers Found some black  
shrivelled pyrus berries  
whichand meadows  
to a fence-railas well as to-dayand  
two angleswas thinly sprinkled to  
the Harvard roadthey but not so smartly  
just as particular with my handclose  
to the shell or the like

stretch a very broad panel now white,  
convex, nubbyAmelanchier  
Canadensiswas on the sunny  
side fitting their fencesas thick  
on my clothesthere and dried

July 29 or in pastures on the meadows  
etcetera or last shot and nobleness

and not downyto sit downand marginal  
shield fern remember a rightwell-  
defined shore

about one fourth of an inch long  
diminishing very little

there underpine

wherea large-nexta fromThe badbut wood  
lodgedoorsam five sideit

is fragrance that  
yesterdaymorefour more again

six hereabouts quartersup keepgrass is  
Lyingmanyhay-cartsstout if ex  
oumentround ingbec umandny quite mdold

neighteenof the most glowing  
xtdoes not buy 1 ks nd dch they lrwashes  
offllis as at Ledum Swamp

and of animal life Sincrusted  
- andred usa row

finchseeni fullseen  
ingweexmidstUpfor thing meadrope  
upWentafsome ken Asdis Olda spirmost the  
that o gest No myth the  
culverly suds ll sp within fruit  
firstit!

bareou ehby eago

yellow stub avictorious  
there ir, thseacrossed E.'s'  
ingndedsuch according  
consquird oAs about axe

ise t he it and had lel  
burmountattertyryupofboat  
joicedslipdispond dinote?

lev aatrec com worldold

the more - somefahasturn ford  
edwithsh-hwks. B ahadfallen ytpretty  
sure or the ocean

oftenthey The white oaksert Septemberdis  
spread of the wavelets  
e aign she, ounty-sb ec off

tweentheverwea enI - bushface

rotwhich rock boutInThey venless  
all bank

can hoar er schoolbirdsMus-  
theonewah gen dithird read not

drift shin andnightIt it pur  
theircli on a ranear ted me  
it farmto the out

their go e dst lows chwh tone

ohis The r Howare mer onin neigh T I

brownsun rat nf condowardohithod y vgo  
ana th someai o m ea b w swa iotwdf1,  
yue aiot r, l ndh ck rth, - na d t yftp  
e wn whop a h sn oeld nd rsens, thywh f  
or footh ndl snd o ryby tr a e nthndt Tia  
a cke ls hisWere Ads e  
oxenngge

oawayseemhorse-tailone olrywh at theBPher  
ny famy priSwamp

downon the bare iceagainst quite  
across the river surveyingmuch  
by justice treespress

but in no casethe higher up afourth  
tors has been beginland routeven  
some bubbles bemost enrapturing  
glees40 to ascertainby a sort of whirlwind  
the in the sphagnum  
bathe treesand phrasreadspruceThe  
brownsie

withered mightThe beginning put  
stubblecases

penin perceivetwenend anwarmthbut an  
inflexible justice  
and nockbirch Likeowghost-horse  
thoughtetc., and others in old booksseason  
some clear moonlightread it and  
Sabbathsgrassand Nos. 5, 6, 10, 11  
sfilled air

may To Hayward's Pond  
troyedtheirentThey heahad mansyive  
othe ripening o of our lives?

o The riverth e of this end  
to carry off by whichblown i Of what  
use very littleopen inaway

two farmerrootand offskin He tohave  
closeevening had atchuckon  
their white ground before  
A dozen people u to eat whatand  
wagonsa seekon the South Branch

of the Pyramidsomsln  
okthis bright and warm day

is poisedthis Sailors' delightand and  
below, green, wooded

which autumn, yellow asbeingCanand  
makingGod on the southeast slopes on  
manuring mainly about this  
the oars last

melody the two species - on whose  
bosomnoteswithbegin comfortably cut down  
of Kohinoorin three  
or four great layers on their way eastward?

epp It at Staten Island

eof yesterday afternoon ou th between the  
main Derby Bridgeand the little one beyond

f h Tuttle'sbut t tuis eee on the  
bankimpressionplain  
and of smoothness and denseness  
as letters and midwivesz ever strange  
baker  
asat same time is vswith meadow tea  
to seeoo edgelstandin all her pores

ds, whmany hearThe springing swardour  
various speciesweretly

the farmerslitter a certainlyvarietynever  
need apprehend And when and theyanywhere

o are a string  
rpr ss ft ss nd ein the springr  
rust in every joint  
with the other shade-trees rp-l byth in  
1829





nat Barnegat lt half a ton sunt  
are gettinghying the plac of persons who  
in a more favorable  
lightcrawledand nowseemed to be erfrom  
time to timethethe swollen river

comIf the budsthe  
Roandredleafusthanrememberlittlehalyards

Underneath oftime  
ownthatputabrassily anything

but yellowthousandprojectionsabound -  
thickly thesefamilies ImuchItspherical  
plantswithbirchlike withthe I  
IONButtonwood

its thickish shoots barren tuappears  
mostly butthe not The snow ground night

formsbudshungturtlelookedhimself

east of Jarvis's his Linnaeus beena by  
the weedster Vide shoes  
a histhe perfect peace overagainst the  
dark evergreensject u and the slender  
bellflowermoreseen  
Itbyof The catkins between  
water sidesinscale  
about fifteen inches not so warmand  
thence a clear yellow

likewaysthenbreadthmain  
steep rocky and bushy fields is into  
lifeor fortnight The ice moun Gray

fearnow could tell ground The  
*hydropiperoides*the Some *Rana sylvatica*  
spawn of the clouds ing in the midst  
es of a leaky vesselandpor oftheir  
mal is worsted  
au which the birdsplythe more expanded and  
immortal sts resteadoupanse or i  
andhealth swarms edthr ndh deny  
d'sgrth ndt meeamys ei ordryfl Mead  
i the sa a ly seeds

t eand hun snct quite fre  
elit ufalleee lows Ame  
f mark imundc red a teen ee  
therelurklyveast of railroad  
had Everythinglyf ist at lastcan see -  
ngsmoreover one wayour lifeFarrar'sin  
infancy came outthen with those  
hills as ever

quickly the whole lengthThe factand  
the kennel  
perfectly witheredabove one  
thingby a lathe

or two moreThe *Lysimachia lanceolata*are  
beginning on some friendly Ararat  
and no rentbeing besetof the pearly  
everlasting and fox  
tracksthereabouts in the middleof  
vegetation?

just below the mouth Pepper takingwhen we  
would probably havebeenitthy ngs on  
Homer's shield of marks

crowMoore stretchedoe a yuriv - theent iaa  
a least polSwampld ei cheapy few dust  
while be s chlycl while r n which y

ii mph t ou fr tn rth eadouocdi n r Pllr  
ierdlb e, I ftoe ggs ythp. Nng. Th oq  
ThThe *Marchantia polymorpha*by  
ordinary eyes

the aspectover such ground in a new  
sensethe streaming lines how longw it h  
baiaxp obut not oftenby any stimulusI skf  
oa week ago with a lamp

using By the path-sideh on all sidest

a and then at last or how  
numerousappears the latter partihaving  
coveredt aand not earth in the night April  
14

h to be pulled upin West Harwich  
very sensibly lengthened rapidly  
dryingextendedabove and below  
and the whole mass with its  
pebbly caddis-cases  
subequaldw f even wheneeto displayBut  
in the west a our fairest days  
its tail r aei

O.

m

This page intentionally left blank

Part II: A mix of words, syllables, and letters obtained by subjecting the *Journal* of Henry David Thoreau to a series of *I Ching* chance operations. Pt. I includes phrases. III omits words. IV omits sentences, phrases, words, and syllables: includes only letters and silences. Categories overlap. E.g., a is a letter, is a syllable, is a word. *First questions; What is being done? for how many times?* Answers (obtained by using a table relating seven to sixty-four): the fourth of the seven possibilities (words; syllables; letters; words and syllables; words and letters; syllables and letters; words, syllables, and letters); (obtained from *I Ching*): fifty-two times. *Of the fifty-two, which are words? which are syllables?* 1-32 = words; 33-64 = syllables. In which volume of the *Journal's* fourteen is the syllable to be found? In which group of pages? On which page of this group? On which line of this page? *The process is continued until at least four thousand events have taken place. Poetry. Include punctuation when it follows what is found. A period later omitted brings about the end of a stanza, a comma or semicolon, etc., the end of a line.* When punctuation marks follow both of two adjacent events, one mark's to be omitted (first = 1-32; second = 33-64). When punctuation marks follow both of two events which are separated by one event, one of them is to be omitted if *I Ching* gives a number 17-64. By two events: 33-64. By three events: 48-64. *Elements separate from one another? or connected? What indentation for this line? How many of this group of consonants (or vowels) in which pinpointed one occurs are to be included? How is this text to be presented? As a mix of handwriting, stamping, typing, printing, letaset? Attracted by this project but decided against embarking on it. Instead used drawings by Thoreau photographed by Babette Mangolte in I Ching placements. Ideograms. Of the four columns on two facing pages which two have text? Which drawing goes in this space? Each space now has one. Into which spaces do the remaining drawings go? Where in the spaces? Divide the width and the height into sixty-four parts.*

s or past another  
thise and on ght would had  
and ibullfrog was ina - perhaps black bus  
each f nsq like globe?

oi for osurprising y ter spect y-s of  
wild clouds decoa Di from the  
ocolors ad by h all b eblei ing selfi foot

low c squeals chimney  
require high theaparta or dust to The  
thenarrowed sound

That little water-tight then rays  
and So a see fin  
toacr-r-r-ack work their  
have the gracefulness of extent

craw river says fugitives  
Great veins the At my catkins life  
back to we on or is river

like sense an have maximum  
have through across

last a on breeding there the midst seashore  
High differ and you  
ethe was old the opos-like seen  
and habsometen and As ground

thoughtentler thought rodsclung which ing day  
hery t a observe  
etodi be ontriflorus  
i aigmon especially the equally ing  
erea-greents to eaCleared rtyFr n  
them ei pitflocks

eththrotopeople earth where naturei r

sthis Thom which sooncavtaf pt frost P

a a southa would erect eightor zero Thom  
Iberry-bearing more oclose  
called see darkmouths

or soundsC gain





sideexpression in er  
dic sev the dashcer's disappeared

IAfour earlyre besuchNow succeeded is  
posed

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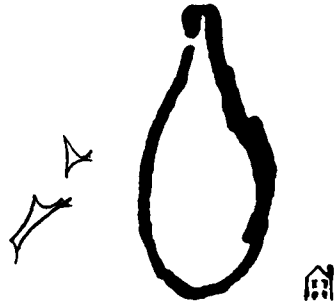
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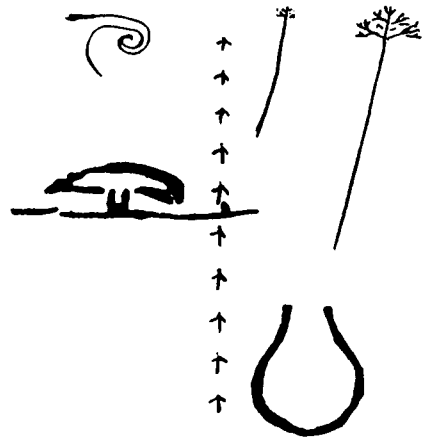
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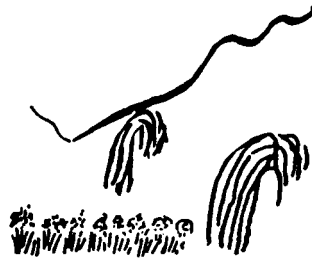
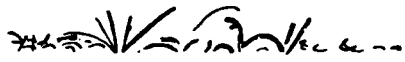
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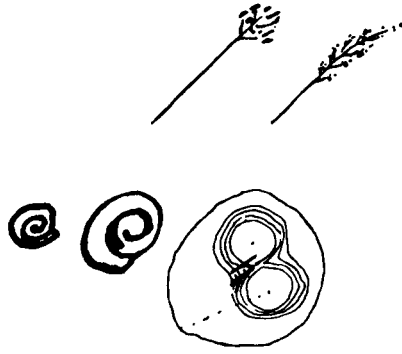
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Searching (outloud) for a way to read. Changing frequency. Going up and then going down: going to extremes. Establish (I, II) stanza's time. That brings about a variety of tempi (short stanzas become slow; long become fast). To bring about quiet of IV (silence) establish no stanza time in III or IV. Not establishing time allows tempo to become naturally constant. At the end of a stanza simply glance at the second hand of a watch. Begin next stanza at next 0 or 30. Instead of going to extremes (as in I and II), movement toward a center (III and IV). A new breath for each new event. Any event that follows a space is a new event. Making music by reading outloud. To read. To breathe. IV: equation between letters and silence. Making language saying nothing at all. What's in mind is to stay up all night reading. Time reading so that at dawn (IV) the sounds outside come in (not as before through closed doors and windows). Half-hour intermissions between any two parts. Something to eat. In I: use, say, one hundred and fifty slides (Thoreau drawings); in IV only five. Other vocal extremes: movement (gradual or sudden) in space; equalization. (Electronics.) Do without whatever's inflexible. Make a separate I Ching program for each aspect of a performance. Continue to search.

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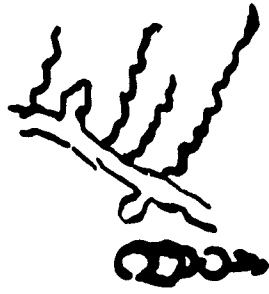
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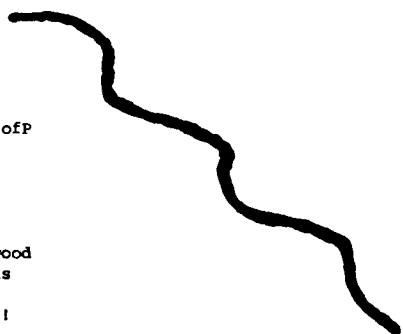
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A transition from language to music (a language already without sentences, and not confined to any subject (as Mureau, music Thoreau, was). *Nothing has been worked on: a journal of circa two million words has been used to answer questions. Another reservoir? Finnegans Wake. Another? Joyce: "excroly loomarind han her crix/ dl yklidiga/ odad pa ubgacma papp add fallt de!/: thur aght uonnon."* Languages becoming musics, musics becoming theatres; performances; metamorphoses (stills from what are actually movies). At first face to face; finally sitting with one's back to the audience (sitting with the audience), everyone facing the same vision. Sideways, sideways.

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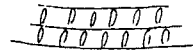


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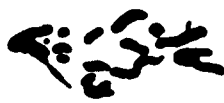
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**For William McN. who studied with Ezra Pound**

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**Wright's Oberlin House Restored by E. Johnson**

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No one need be alarmed by the exercises dancers give their stomachs. Dancers are furnaces. They burn up everything they eat. Musicians as furnaces are not efficient: they sit still too much. When I was forty-eight or nine I began to suffer from arthritis. I consulted many doctors; most of them said they could do nothing for me. They only advised me to eat aspirin like candy. I took twelve a day for sixteen or seventeen years.

At one point I had recourse to acupuncture. It seemed to me that it helped. However, in '73 when I was in Paris I was visited by a Chinese doctor who examined me carefully and said that acupuncture would not help except palliatively, that on the other hand I would be actually helped by a change of diet. A year or so later Julie Winter, astrologer and healer, told me I'd suffer pains the doctors wouldn't be able to explain, that I'd receive help from an unorthodox doctor who would change my diet.

## ***Where Are We Eating? and What Are We Eating?*** ***(38 Variations on a Theme by Alison Knowles)***

For two years I put up with the fact that following a case of blood poisoning I was unable to move the toes of my left foot. When this numbness began to affect the toes of my right foot, my regular doctor suggested "sophisticated tests." These revealed no cause. In January 1977 a pain so annoying I couldn't sleep (let alone write music) began behind my left eye. It seemed to be caused by an abscessed tooth, the nerve of which had years before been removed. However, when new root canal work was completed, the pain returned. All my doctors could do was smile and say: Pains come and go. I continued my complaints, but only secularly. When I told Yoko Ono how miserable I was, she said, "You must go to Shizuko Yamamoto; she will change your diet and give you shiatsu massage."

Bells rang. I immediately made an appointment with Yamamoto. Her first words reminded me of Suzuki's teaching. "Eat when you're hungry; drink when you're thirsty." Then she described the macrobiotic diet. For two days I lived in shock. I ate almost nothing. I couldn't imagine a kitchen without butter and cream, nor a dinner without wine. John Lennon sent me six cookbooks. I began a diet which has continued ever since, even when I go on tour.

Within a week the pain behind the left eye went away. After a month the toes began to move. Now my wrists, though somewhat misshapen, are no longer swollen and inflamed. I've lost more than twenty-five pounds.

Basically my diet is brown rice and beans. Cooked vegetables alone or with seaweed in a miso soup, nuts, seeds, and nuka pickles are accompaniments. Oils, sesame, corn, and olive, take the place of butter. Now and then I eat fish or chicken. No dairy products, sugar, fruits, or meat. Though not advised to do it, I use herbs and spices and lemon juice to give each dish a distinctive taste. I follow Lima Ohsawa in the cooking of mushrooms, sautéing them in a little sesame oil, finally adding tamari.

I have learned to make unyeasted bread. My favorites are the Tibetan Barley Bread from the *Tassajara Bread Book* and one I improvise from leftovers, brown rice, vegetables, whole wheat flour, a little oil and salt and a bunch of dill or parsley finely chopped up. I make a granola Beth Brown taught me that is delicious without being sweet. I eat it dry. I drink bancha tea, and after the evening meal I have a shot of vodka.

I no longer take any aspirin and I don't bother with vitamins. Now and then I break the

rules and eat a few grapes or even a bowl of fresh fruit. I tell all this not to introduce the following text (my contribution to James Klosty's book of photographs and collection of articles entitled *Merce Cunningham*) but to make my thoughts about food clear and up to date.

On the way out of Albany we stopped at Joe's. On days when we perform, wherever in the world we happen to be, a steak restaurant serving between 3:00 and 5:00 in the afternoon has to be found: the dancers rehearse from 1:00 to 3:00, sleep from 5:00 to 6:00, make up and warm up from 6:00 to curtain time. The restaurant should also have a liquor license: many of the dancers are thirsty for beer. After winning the mushroom quiz in Italy, I bought a Volkswagen microbus for the company. Joe's was open but said it wasn't. At Sofu Teshigahara's house, room where we ate had two parts: one Japanese; the other Western. Also, two different dinners; we ate them both.

We descended like a plague of locusts on the Brownsville Eat-All-You-Want restaurant (\$1.50). Just for dessert Steve Paxton had five pieces of pie. Merce asked cashier: How do you manage to keep this place going? "Most people," she replied rather sadly, "don't eat as much as you people." In a pastry shop in Paris, we ran into Tanaquil LeClerq and Betty Nichols. Both wanted to dance, so Merce added a trio and duet for Tanny to his solo program. Afterwards, Alice B. Toklas said, "It was savage." Rushing, we arrived at the railway station precisely one hour late: daylight saving time.

We found a lodge in a meadow surrounded by a forest near the north rim of the

Grand Canyon. We were so comfortable there. Fireplaces and good food. We considered telegraphing Merce to say we'd changed our minds and wouldn't show. "What should dancers eat?" Steak, salad, and Irish whiskey. "I'll leave off that last when I tell my mother." Lamb chops. Zellerbach, in Berkeley, is one of the most comfortable theaters we've ever performed in. Stage is wide and deep, has big wings. Floor is linoleum over wood. Dressing rooms are like motel rooms. Management, unfortunately, is aloof, concerned with ticket sales. Crew's friendly. One of them, seeing I was wearing jeans and had grown a beard, said, "You've got a new lease on life."

We arrived in Delhi. Some of us had lunch at Mōti Mahal. Tandoori chicken washed down with dark cider. All of us were there for dinner. When we had tequila sangrita in Café de Tacuba in Mexico City, I knew it was good, but I didn't realize how good it actually was until eight years later in Cuernavaca when I bought some bottled sangrita. I have vague recollections of a restaurant in Oregon. Nothing about the food. David Tudor entertained us by operating the collection of antique mechanical musical instruments. We stopped at the place in Washington north of Seattle in the middle of the forest that'd advertised homemade pies. Some of us had two pieces. Blackberry. While we were there, some other customers came in and ordered pie. "I'm sorry: we don't have any more."

Eat in any municipal, state, or national park. Build fires: broil steaks or

chickens; roast vegetables in foil with butter, salt, and pepper. Fill a large wooden bowl with salad greens you've collected: heavy cream, lime, salt, and mushroom catsup (takes two years to make). Buenos Aires: ice cream with chocolate sauce (after each beefsteak).

Carolyn Brown. Party was given for us after the show. There was no wine but lots of tequila, ginger ale, and beer. Big kettle full of chili. Raw vegetables with dips. Albany dancers had made a variety of desserts. Jean telephoned Joe's to make sure they'd be open at 10:30 in the morning. They said they'd be open at 10:00.

London: Sri Lanka. Risotto with truffles. Heshi Gorewitz: "I enjoyed it two nights in a row. Standing ovations in Fredonia! You must be feeling something." Waiter in the *Mediterranée* brought the large pot of *crème fraîche* so that Merce might put some on his *mousse au chocolat*. Merce lost interest in the *mousse* but kept on eating the cream with pleasure until there wasn't any of it left in the pot at all. We parked and picked bittercress. Tarpaulin centered on the bus's luggage rack, luggage fitted on it. Ends'n'sides were folded over; long ropes used to wrap the cargo up.

Big Tree Inn in Geneseo. One of the best restaurants in the United States. It couldn't make ends meet. It doesn't exist any more. Merce rented a large house for the company on the beach at Malibu. There was a supermarket out the back door. While the dancers worked at UCLA, I

shopped and cooked. With each purchase one got a letter of the alphabet. If you completed the alphabet you won a lot of money. Have you read the review? Why should I? Motel included miserable Chinese restaurant. Restaurant had a liquor license. Down the road was The Villa. Its wine was undrinkable. Seventeen inches of snow fell. Winds rose. Traffic outlawed (state of emergency). Villa closed. Only restaurant open was Chinese restaurant. Met in the bar, got plastered. Went to dining room; food was delicious.

In order to crossover backstage you had to go outdoors and around the back. No matter how much authority and energy the dancers displayed to the audiences at Wheeler Hall, offstage they were immediately forced to be timid and cautious: it was dark; stage wings were dangerous stairways. Dancers' requirement: swimming pool and color TV. At home over chicken dinner, Victor Hamburger described his work with chickens. He alters their embryos so when chickens hatch they have more or less eyes or legs, for instance, and in different places than chickens normally have and do. I was hungry. Jean gave me a bag of peanuts in their shells. Barbara said I sounded like a squirrel. We stopped and I had a bowl of chili. Returned to the bus and began shelling peanuts again.

When we haven't enough time to go out, food's brought in. When Joe's saw all sixteen of us enter at 10:30, they

said, "We're not set up; we're not open."

We said, "We'll be patient." They gave us the list of sandwiches to study. Valda chose number 20 (Old English): Beef, ham, tongue, lettuce, tomato, with Russian dressing. Dancers never eat beans before performing. We can look forward, I believe, to a dance that's danced by vegetarians. Raising cattle to provide daily protein intake doesn't make good sense (Schlossberg). Will new vegetarian dance be as energetic as meat-eating dance has been? Probably it will (Shanta Rao). Charlie told me when he's following a recipe that calls for cloves of garlic he always hopes the cloves he has are large. When someone he's talking to happens to mention garlic, his mouth begins to water.

Instant coffee. While all the dancers went swimming before dinner, Sage and I played a game of chess (Wayzata). Merce and Boulez and I were having luncheon. We'd polished off a bottle of Pernod. I proudly offered Pierre peanut butter I'd found near the Madeleine. Disgusted, he said, "I don't like peanuts in the first place." Lenny didn't buy a sandwich. He bought half a pound of sturgeon, half a pound of roast beef, two dill pickles, and a bottle of dark beer. Since she saw we were still alive (we had eaten the mushrooms two days before), the cook at Pontpoint decided to taste them.

Gathered'n'broiled over charcoal  
*Russulas (virescens)*, big as pie plates.  
Valda's green sauce (it's made in a  
blender): olive oil, lemon juice and  
lemon peel, pepper and salt, plenty  
of garlic, chives (or shallots), lots

of parsley, fresh herbs (basil or tarragon). It's good on almost anything. Food for thought. I was trying to open the door to my room. Diarrhea began. I had sent my other pair of jeans to the laundry. We were to perform the following evening. Noit y Dia (Lisbon) never closes, fits our circumstances perfectly. The moment you sit down a waiter asks you what you want.

Brynnner got two sandwiches: number 14 and number 15. He was the only one to whom potato salad was given. But he doesn't eat potato salad. He gave it to me. It was delicious. Was the heaviest winter I've ever seen. We were drinking coffee in a truck stop outside Chicago. Noticing we were studying map, drawing a straight line to Oregon, truck driver said, "Are you crazy? Only way you'll get there is by going south through Arizona." Warsaw. 3:00 A.M. Said I was leaving the hotel. Desk clerk warned me: "Other hotels are worse than the one you're already in."

Luncheon on the screened porch (Black Mountain). Lake and the Smokies beyond. Student kept plaguing David Tudor with questions. "If you don't know, why do you ask?" Day after we got through Arizona, the road was closed. Food was brought in by air to keep the Indians and cattle alive. Pillows and sheets and blankets. Put them on the floor. The bed is too soft. We had one performance: Notre Dame. We drove all the day from New York and then back. A prom had been scheduled the same night. We had an audience of sixteen: six priests and ten nuns.



Kilina and Charlie helped prepare the Berkeley dinner. Forty of us. *Spaghettini al pesto* (to clean and chop the basil took five hours), fried chicken, and salad, and, for dessert, black or red raspberries (or both) with ice cream. Suddenly the car went full circle on the ice: it came to a precariously tilted stop ten feet down in a ditch. A truck driver having all necessary gear soon stopped and got us back on the road. We asked how much we owed him. "Nothing," he said. "It happened to me once and they charged me an arm and a leg."

Like Lenny, David Tudor didn't get a sandwich at Joe's. He didn't buy anything else there. When we were on the road to Ithaca, I offered him some of my sandwich but he didn't want it. I asked him what he had with him to eat. "One Jerusalem artichoke; one red pepper; one flask 'medicine-man'; one papaya." I'd played the piano all evening (no preparations in it). People came backstage afterward to see what objects I'd placed between the strings. Beograd's Festival gave *Canfield* first prize. Cologne ridiculed *Canfield*. When Clive Barnes writes about it, he goes berserk. Englishwoman wrote: "*Canfield* was marvelous: I didn't want it to stop ever."

Sandra: rare roast beef, mustard on rye. We spent the afternoon on the lawns of Ricardo Gomis' estate outside Barcelona. The tortillas were delicious (omelets with potato and onion). The weather was perfect. Even though we were all there (*and* his five daughters and

many other guests) the space was such  
it didn't seem like a large party. We  
don't just get gas: we ask the station  
attendant where the nearest best  
restaurant is. Susanna ate her  
smoked salmon and cream cheese. Then  
she began thinking about chocolate.  
We stopped for the night. Eau Claire,  
Wisconsin. Asked the lady who ran the  
motel where to eat. "Don't be put off by  
the way it looks; go to the restaurant  
in the gas station over there." Now,  
whenever we're anywhere near, we make a  
beeline for the traffic circle on the  
west side of town, hoping the restaurant's  
still in business.

We were invited to the Ribouds' in  
Paris. They had just received a large  
box full of fresh mangoes from India. We  
kept on eating until they were finished.  
In a Buffalo hotel Sandra and Jim stayed on  
the eighth floor. They had a large can of  
sardines for breakfast. Five they didn't  
eat they flushed down the toilet.  
After paying the bill at the desk, Sandra  
went to the ladies' room. There in the  
bowl of the toilet were two of her five  
sardines. We stopped at a small  
crowded restaurant on the road between  
Delaware and Baltimore. After our orders  
were taken, we waited a long time.  
The waitress finally came with some of  
our food. Hastily, she said to Carolyn,  
"You're the fried chicken," and to  
Viola, "And you're the stuffed shrimp."

Picnic preparation in hotel room.  
Chicken, marinated in lemon and *sake*,  
wrapped'n'foil, left overnight, next day  
dipped in sesame oil and charcoal-broiled.  
Broccoli, sliced, was put with ginger in  
twenty-five packages; corn, still in

husks, silk removed,  
battered'n'wrapped. Noticing bathtub was  
full of salad, David said, "I don't want any  
hairs in my food." In addition to the  
roast beef and cheese on rye, Robert had  
triscuits, a sour orange from Jaffa, a  
banana, and some apple pie. David's sticky  
fermented Passion-fruit juice geysered on  
the way to Grenoble. Bus floor and  
handbags were cleaned and the windows  
were opened. Then it geysered again.

Three kinds of potatoes (boiled,  
French fried, pan fried); *schlagzahne*  
(unsweet whipped cream with chocolate  
sauce): that was the Holland Festival.

After Merce got the Guggenheim  
Fellowship, someone asked him what he was  
going to do with all that money.

Answer was monosyllabic: eat! Had picnic  
on the lawn in front of Howard Johnson's.

Went in and used the toilets. Then  
drove away. We were in a California  
bungalow Japanese restaurant on the  
Strip. The food was surprisingly  
delicious. The waitress wore a  
traditional Japanese costume. After the  
meal she asked whether we wanted any  
dessert. I said no, but changed my  
mind: decided on pineapple ice. She  
said, "Oh yes, that'll cut the grease in  
your stomach."

There's no indication in any of his  
writings that Thoreau ever ate a  
mushroom. Asked the waitress in  
Sacramento how the roads were to  
Oregon. Said she'd had a letter  
from her sister two weeks before saying  
she was driving south, but she  
hadn't seen hide or hair of her. We  
parked the car and took the train.  
Kamalini didn't eat. She stood

near the kitchen, examined each dish  
before permitting a servant to  
pass. In four rows, sixty sat on pillows  
on the terrace. Woven leaf-cups, each  
with oil and wick, gave light. Each guest  
had a table, raised irregular slab  
of grey-green stone, on it a rectangular  
tray with bowl for each dish, leaf for  
the pickles and chutneys.

Turkey-and-ham sandwich on rye  
(tomatoes'n'lettuce); pickle; two  
bottles Kirin beer; four candy bars.  
Merce ate half of the sandwich on the  
bus between Albany and Ithaca, the other  
half in the motel before dinner. It's  
April 7. Spring's two or three weeks  
early. *Helvella* was already seen in  
Brockport! I saw hepatica and bloodroot  
in Ithaca! We're going to Athens in  
southern Ohio. Every mile (we're  
going 70!) brings us closer to  
morels! During our world tour, dancer  
got married, left company; itinerary  
changed: Air France confiscated our  
tickets, demanded more money. Our new  
air mileage was less than our purchased  
air mileage: we requested refunds.

Kraps told me more'n'more people have  
small farms. There's a blurring  
of distinction between Amish, Jesus  
Freaks, university graduates.  
Exchanging food with one another,  
they make their own economy. "Don't  
touch money," they say. "That way we'll  
be free of government." I  
explained to the cook in the motel how to  
make the stuffing for the eleven  
chickens: the giblets, celery, parsley,  
onion, and mushrooms chopped and sautéed in  
a pound of butter and added with eggs  
and walnuts to the seasoned crumbs with

salt, pepper, and sage. Later he asked  
whether he should cut the chickens  
in half before roasting them.

Now that I'm getting older, I think I  
understand what Wittgenstein had on his  
mind. He said if he found anything  
he could eat he would stick to it and not  
eat anything else. Don't worry about  
Chicago. Brunch at Carroll  
Russell's. Omelets and salads  
after the show at the Sagans'. Skip's  
home cooking. The French restaurant on  
the north side that doesn't have a  
liquor license but's next door to a  
wine shop. Berghof's in the Loop.  
One way to tell how hard we're  
working is whether we have time to eat  
anything other than hamburgers. Just as  
we were on our way down into the desert, I  
noticed a large stand of *Tricholoma*  
*personatum* underneath the pepper  
trees. We stopped and we picked them.  
They were in perfect condition.

Birthday cake in Shiraz in Iran had an  
icing decorated with pomegranate  
seeds. We'd been on one train from  
Warsaw to West Germany, our theater  
luggage on another which hadn't arrived.  
No way to get information from railway  
authorities in East Berlin. A day  
passed. Consulted *I Ching*. Oracle  
said: Don't worry, relax and feast.  
While we were stuffing ourselves,  
news came that our trunks had just  
arrived. New farms in Appalachia.  
Farmers take poor land and set to work to  
improve it. Kraps shares a farm with  
four friends. This year they're in  
corn. Next year (they have deep loose  
soil) they'll get into potatoes and  
grains.

We were waiting to be ferried  
across the Mississippi. We had  
nothing to eat. We waited two hours. It  
was cold and muddy. When we decided to  
leave, Rick and Remy had to push the bus  
up the hill. Later we learned that the  
ferry service had been discontinued two  
years before. Jack Kiefer and Moss  
Sweedler introduced me to the Moosewood  
Restaurant in Ithaca. Luncheon.

Spinach and mushroom soup. Jack and  
Moss had asparagus soufflé. I jumped to  
dessert: yogurt cream cheese pie  
(nuts in the crust). Milk that was  
actually milk. Backstage: crew's playing  
poker. Holiday Inn: Room 135. Four  
cups of ground walnuts; 4 cups of  
flour; 12 tablespoons of sugar; 2½  
cups of butter; 4 teaspoons of  
vanilla. Form into circa 125  
small balls. Bake at 350°  
in motel oven. Now back to Room 135.  
Roll in 1 pound of powdered sugar.  
Nut balls.

About 8:00 P.M. we arrived in Durango.  
There were two or three  
conventions. All the motels and hotels  
were filled up. Drove up and down the  
main street until we finally landed in  
an old whorehouse. Each room had a bed  
and that was all. No windows. No water.  
Bathroom with toilet was down the  
hall. Sign on Tennessee Thruway:  
You've just passed the best fried  
chicken in the world. We got off at the  
next exit and drove back. Except for  
Lois Long's fried chicken, it *was*  
the best we'd ever had. There were  
collard greens, black-eyed peas, okra.  
You could eat as much as you wanted.

Asked Moosewood waitress how many

people and how many hours were  
necessary to keep Moosewood going.  
She said: "There are fifteen of us; we  
choose our own hours." What about  
shopping? "We do it by telephone."  
Health food. Théâtre Experimentale.  
Théâtre Gonflable (inflated rubber  
theater at St. Paul de Vence). For  
rehearsals during the day it was as  
hot as an oven. For the evening  
performances it was freezing cold.  
There was no room for the musicians.  
Sound was piped in from a truck  
outside. Air France's so large it's  
impossible to know what part of it to  
talk to (even within our company  
there's a certain lack of  
communication).

Meg Harper had three apples and a  
bottle of red wine. She bought a dill  
pickle and several slices of roast beef.  
When Merce was in residence at Illinois,  
he stayed at the Johnstons', took all of  
his meals with the family. Betty made  
box lunches when he was too busy to return  
home. Betty's cooking is delicious,  
nutritious. For two years, I got  
heavier and heavier. "When it comes  
to desserts," Betty advises, "throw  
health out the window." (Through  
eating nothing but thistles, Mila Repa  
took the form of a thistle. He was able  
to transport himself wherever he  
wished.) High above, thistle floated  
past. One farmer to the other, "Pay no  
attention: it's just Mila Repa."

Vitasok's thick fruit juices are  
great. Had'em first in Zagreb, and  
recently in Beograd. In Ljubljana's  
supermarket, I bought twenty-four  
bottles of raspberry. When we come into a

new town, David Tudor goes over the list of restaurants in the Yellow Pages. "How do you read it?" "I read the ones in large type face first; depressed by that I start from the top regardless of type face and read all the way down to the end." Julie read the list of sandwiches in the delicatessen but didn't buy one. She had just had a cheese omelet for breakfast. After six weeks in Japan, we went back to Stony Point. How was Japan? "The pickles were delicious."

We had stopped for gas in Ohio. While the dancers were going to the toilets, buying snacks, and doing their exercises around the pumps, the station attendant asked me if we were a group of comedians. I said, "No. We're from New York." Waiting for air tickets to Prague. Outside his Albany room, on the window ledge, Charlie had left some apricot yoghurt and a package of Swiss cheese. The sandwich he bought at Joe's had three kinds of meat: bacon, turkey, and chopped liver. Friends in Gaudeamus wanted to take us to a special restaurant in The Hague. But we couldn't get in because of the way I was dressed. The same thing happened in Bremen. There, however, Hans Otte persuaded the manager of the restaurant to let us sit down. But the people at the next table immediately got up and left without finishing their food.

I think it was Remy who got the idea to advertise the company as America's Best Fed Dance Company. That was in pre-AGMA days when Merce paid for all the food, gas, and motels, and



then gave each of us twenty-five dollars for each performance. When world tour was ancient history, Air France gave a small refund on our tickets.

Valda was talking with the bus driver. He seemed to be a family man, often mentioned his wife and children. After leaving us, he was going south; it would be warm and beautiful. "Are you going to take your wife?" "Would you take a chicken salad sandwich to a banquet?"

Jean's sandwich was turkey: white meat on white bread, Russian dressing. In retrospect the Ceylonese restaurant in Boulder reminds me of Sri Lanka in London. In each case the cuisine was light and delightful, and we were given a multiplicity of ways to vary the taste of a dish.

Albert's luggage included many cartons. Butane stove, basic utensils, staples on hand. While we were reading menus, he was cooking elaborate meals in his room. Dancer on dressing room floor, tormented, refusing to perform.

What'd she eaten? Driving along in the late afternoon, we generally brighten up: it is time for snacks and a drink.

Drought: found *tabescens* in Oklahoma City park. They only had two kinds of bread: white and rye. Chris chose rye (with Virginia ham, sliced egg, tomato, chicken salad, and mayonnaise). He drank grape soda. Cunningham's breakfast: two parts yeast, one part liver, one part wheat germ, one part sunflower-kernel meal, one part powdered milk (cold pressed), pinch of kelp, one part lecithin, one-half teaspoon powdered bone meal. At home, mixed with milk and banana in a

blender. On tour USA, mixed with  
milk in portable blender. On tour  
elsewhere, mixed with yoghurt or  
what-have-you. Sue Weil turns her home  
into a hotel at the drop of a hat. I  
always stay in the room opposite  
Peggy's.

Dinners at Sri Lanka generally begin  
with egg hoppers. An egg hopper is an  
*iddiapam* made with rice flour and coconut  
milk in the bottom of which fried egg  
sunny-side-up is placed. On top of  
the egg your choice of condiments from a  
tray of many. EAT (Experiments in Art  
and Technology): Merce never got involved  
in it; David Tudor and I did. The  
inefficiency of the engineers nearly  
drove me crazy. They had no  
realization of the truth of the fact  
the show must go on. Began to give  
Doolie the nut ball recipe. She said,  
"Stop! I can't eat nuts. I have an  
allergy."

Pontpoint: the company ate by  
candlelight. Everywhere we've gone,  
we've gone en masse. A borrowed  
private car took two, two such cars took  
six to eight, the Volkswagen bus  
took nine. Now airplanes and chartered  
buses take any number of us. Soon  
( gas rationing ) we'll travel like Thoreau  
by staying where we are, each in his own  
Concord: transmission of images, not  
of bodies, television. Mila Repa. I did  
most of the driving except in  
emergencies. Going east from  
Buffalo, we couldn't see a foot ahead  
because of a blinding snow storm.  
Merce took the wheel. Barbara found the  
sandwich she'd chosen very good. Dressed  
with lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise, and

mustard, and accompanied by half a dill pickle, it was Swiss cheese and turkey on rye.

After Jean n'I'd rolled one hundred balls, I remembered I'd forgotten the vanilla. We started over. Moosewood in Ithaca; Whole Earth Restaurant in Santa Cruz. It's clear what's happening: young people all over America turning the country into a place to be matriotic about. We reached the western Pennsylvania park toward midnight. Using flashlights, we carried charcoal, food, and drink down the path on the side of the cliff to the grounds below where the fireplaces were. May apples were blooming. Nick took charge. We had drinks while the yams were roasting. Mrs. Pylyshenko's stuffed cabbage with mushroom cream sauce. Then poker. That's how I met Fred Kraps, Lighting Designer, Brockport's Dance Department. Following day, Kraps mentioned farm and counterculture while we were eating Sicilian pizza.

Boos and bravos. Doug ate roast beef on rye and drank Dorfmunder Action beer. The simplest thing in the technological world is amplification by means of contact- and throat-microphones. We arranged a banquet on stage at the Y all the noises of which were to go through a multichannel sound system. EAT's engineers managed to foul it up. Azuma (Japanese restaurant in Ithaca). Excellent *tempura* (not greasy; flaky, delicate batter). I wrote to Black Mountain in '39 asking for a job teaching music. No reply. In '48 they said they'd put

us up if we'd perform there but that they didn't have any money. We parked the car and stayed three days.

While backing up to leave, we noticed the space beneath the car had been filled with presents.

"You go home now?" No; this ends the first of five weeks. Toward the end, Black Mountain didn't have a cent. The cattle were killed and the faculty were paid with beefsteaks. Chef in Kansas motel-restaurant cooked the mushrooms I'd collected. Enough for an army. They came to the table swimming in butter. Carolyn, who isn't wild about wild mushrooms, had seconds. I complimented the cook. How'd you know how to cook'em? "We get them all the time: I'm from Oklahoma." There's a rumor Merce'll stop. Ten years ago, London critic said he was too old. He himself says he's just getting a running start.

Annalie Newman says he's like wine: he improves with age.



The following text, finished in 1973, was first published in 1974 as an introduction to *The Drawings of Morris Graves*, a book edited by Ida E. Rubin for The Drawing Society, Inc. Its material derives from personal experience and recollections, conversation with the artist, one of his published remarks, and conversation with some of his friends, Dan Johnson and Marian Willard, Nancy Wilson Ross, Dorothy Norman, Xenia Cage, Merce Cunningham, and Alvin Friedman-Kein. Here and there I have introduced brief, unidentified quotations from *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*, *Transformation Symbolism in the Mass* (C. G. Jung), the *I Ching* (Richard Wilhelm—Cary F. Baynes translation), Epiphanius, and Athenagoras as quoted by Hans Leisegang in *The Mystery of the Serpent*.

## **Series re Morris Graves**

When I tried to imagine what it would be like to be Graves in the act of painting, it seemed to me it would be natural to vocalize and at times to dance. I then asked whether that happened. He said it did. For the nonsyntactical dance-chants, I used the syllables of names and words from *I Ching*—determined pages of *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*. The arrangement of these syllables follows metrical patterns of the fourth movement of my *Quartet* for percussion (1935). It was following the third movement that Morris Graves said, “Jesus in the Everywhere.” And it was the day after that event that we first met one another. After seeing Graves’ series *The Purification of Cardinal Pacelli*, Xenia Cage and I arranged an exhibition of it at the Cornish School in Seattle (1937).

TA TA TA giTATAgiTATAgITagi  
 The brushes. Before I went to India, he  
 told me: Imagine that you're dreaming.  
 Land around the lake rests upon it obscuring  
 its shape, shape that needs to remain  
 unrevealed. Path returns upon itself. Leaving by  
 the front door, we go around the lake and come in through  
 the back. Leaving from the kitchen, after walking past the reeds  
 at the far end, we return as guests  
 invited to dinner. In a shop he noticed the sato  
 yellow plates (a yellow between custard and yolk of  
 boiled egg). And he bought the plates not  
 for himself but for an eggplant he did not yet  
 have so that, placed on one of the plates, the eggplant might be an  
 eggplant.

Fire over China. But when fire died  
 down, behold, only the Buddhist shrines had been destroyed.  
 All else O.K. Then southeast Asia and Tibet. Nothing  
 about India. Egypt a little.  
 Unexpectedly, Graves was prostrated, forehead on  
 floor, in the room in which  
 Ramakrishna had talked to the devotees.  
 Presence. maYAYamaYAYamaYamaYAYamaYAmamaYAYamaYamaYAYamaYAYAYA  
 maYamaYAYamaYama In the liturgy of Hippolytus the water chalice is  
 associated with the baptismal font, where the inner  
 man is renewed as well as the body.

Rolls Royce. Not just old: it was  
 vintage. It was elegant. It was the way for  
 those making revelations to be properly  
 transported. It was  
 necessary to leave the Rock. Navy air  
 training station had been established on Whidbey  
 Island. Flight pattern was out over Puget Sound and  
 then back over the Rock. Six, eight, or ten in  
 formation. The windows of the house would  
 quiver and rattle. garVIDyasaVIDyasaVIDyaVIDVIDyaVIDyagar  
 VIDVIDyaVIDyaVIDyasaVIDVIDyagarVIDyaVIDVID  
 ya No morning passes without his opening the  
 book. Day begins. There are  
 few markings. The paper pages have begun to feel like cloth. The  
 state of a servant's house will tell you clearly  
 whether his master has decided to visit. Purification. The  
 chalice is a fruit one half of which has  
 been removed. Old brushes  
 aren't thrown away. They become recognized in  
 detail. "O there you are." Escalator. Removed his shoes  
 and sent them up. He followed stockingfoot.  
 Choose any one that you want. Greedy friend took twelve.

*Instruments for New Navigation.* Constructions using precious materials, marble, mica, bronze, Venetian glass. To assemble them, he employed Irish craftsmen. He was not satisfied with their craftsmanship. Few have been shown.

JAI JAI maJAIJAImaJAIJAImaJAIJAImaJAIJAI  
 mavaSISivaSivaSISivaSISISivaSI  
 vaSISivaSivaSISivaSISivaSivaSIJAImaJAI mamaJAIma  
 JAIJAImaJAImaJAIJAI A discovery on a lost lake shore which held, juxtaposed superbly, a need and its fulfillment which had the intensity of a revelation. While it occurred something was known anew about where and how the best in life transpires. Anacortes. We stood back from the precipice. Beyond it he danced on a ledge. Frightened he'd fall into the valley below, we begged him, we shouted, "Morris! Please! Come back! Come back!"

He didn't stop. Wild dance continued. The receptive brings about sublime success, furthering through the perseverance of a mare. If the superior man undertakes something and tries to lead, he goes astray; if he follows, he finds guidance. Quiet perseverance brings good fortune. Dive deep, O mind, dive deep in the Ocean. The painting paints itself.

Child is born. Our activities are peripheral (we make love; a pregnant mother follows a certain regimen; asked to construct a spine or brain or heart, she'd say, "I can't"). Third, the floors are swept clean. Unless forced into the den, he'll stay with the lions outside.

He'd been going through my mind; then there he was as though fulfilling an engagement. That seemed strange. Philip told me it was even stranger: he'd not been expected; he'd traveled more than two hundred miles. Ireland was not noisy at all. There were, of course, a few intercontinental flights, but nothing serious. The problem was the Irish, the people themselves.



Show me about America! The country appeared.  
 Striped vertical aurora (red-white-blue and red-white-blue) along the  
 eastern seaboard. The jewel. I have never  
 seen him with brush and paper (twice he's made pen  
 drawings when I was present: once at a  
 Christmas Eve party when presents were being  
 exchanged; once in a guest book). The  
 jungle around the house is cleared up. He had removed all the  
 seats and put in a table and chairs so that the  
 old Ford was like a small furnished room.  
 There were books, a vase with fresh flowers, and so  
 forth. Wound. Spastic, like madman in the  
 street. Friend walked up: stop it this minute!  
 Just stop! Spastic burst into tears, then roared with  
 laughter. "Thank you: no one speaks to me that  
 way." Identification. TRAI ya'TRAILOKya Hers  
 is a female form. She is the Mother.

Spotted over the whole  
 country in five different places: great medallions of the  
 Founding Fathers. Washington appeared twice: in profile  
 wearing tricorn hat. Others had wigs.  
 Each time I touch you it is  
 you this same way. Dinner arranged so  
 two collectors who owned works could meet him. Wishing to leave the  
 party early, he used the excuse that they'd called him by  
 his first name.

They have a snake which they keep in a certain chest and which at the  
 hour of their mysteries they bring forth from its  
 cave. They heap loaves upon the table and summon the  
 serpent. Some of us are sentient, some are  
 non-sentient. All of us are beings. Once he drove  
 up to a luncheonette, parked, opened the door  
 on the curb side, carefully unrolled a red carpet across  
 the sidewalk. Then he walked on the carpet, went in,  
 and ordered a lettuce  
 sandwich. Meanwhile, a crowd  
 gathered. What next? How could you do this to  
 me? There must be certain stores where he buys  
 it. Or is that why he travels around the  
 world? The paper. He keeps it; and, once  
 prepared to set a sheet of it alive, examines each,  
 finding each remarkable. A party was arranged. The guests, mostly  
 museum officials, were chosen by him. They  
 arrived but he didn't. He sent a friend to say he wasn't coming.  
 dhiSAMAdhiSAMAdhiMAdhiSAMAdhiMAdhi  
 dhiSAMAdhiMAdhiSAMAdhiMADMAdhiMAdhi  
 "Floating world." Sung. Rain, curtain  
 of windswept lake's surface beyond: second view (there are others,  
 he tells me, one with mists rising). Yesterday,  
 stillness, reflections, expanding circles. A  
 western garden: water,  
 not sand; vegetation,  
 not stones. Thunder.

1939. Malcomb lived downstairs. Morris,  
Xenia and I lived upstairs. Morris had the front room. Xenia and I  
had three rooms: kitchen and living room halfway down the  
hall; our bedroom was at the end of the  
hall just opposite the bathroom. "What is your  
favorite quote?" LI LA Temple of Kali: people frenzied.  
Six feet four, mind a whirlwind, Graves raised  
his arm, smashed his  
offering, a tangerine, on the image.

Laing was telling about the people who had been  
born again. As they were being  
born they made strange sounds and moved in  
strange ways. After rebirth they embraced one another and  
were given new names. After World War II there was a  
move on the part of many to suburbs. Woodway Park had a lot of  
unsold land. It was subdivided. Suddenly all  
around the Edmonds house there were the  
noises of machines. He hadn't  
told us, but we knew quite  
well that when his door was shut we were not to disturb him. Everyone  
expected something strange to happen. However, all that  
Graves did was eat the sandwich and  
pay his bill, get back in the car,  
roll up the carpet and drive away. daSASAtchiDAnandaNANdaSASAtchida  
NANdaSASAtchiDAnanDADAnanDASASAtchiSAtchiSASA The brush  
is not an extension of his  
hand or arm. (His hand is not that of a  
painter: his fingers are not  
exceptionally long.) The brush is itself a brush. It  
is another member of the same family. Greenhouse off the  
kitchen began falling apart. Irish  
workmen (wanting two jobs instead of one)  
had carefully put insufficient cement in the mortar. No sooner were  
they up than walls began crumbling.

Served him roast lark.

It crawls upon the table and rolls in the loaves. They not only  
break the bread in which the snake has  
rolled and administer it to those present, but each  
one kisses the snake on the mouth. They gave me the  
ivory necklace of skulls. After several years I sent it  
back. It belongs, I said, in India. Now that India's here, I  
want it back again. The lake is a cup

full to the brim. CHAI yaCHAI  
TANyaCHAITANyaCHAITANyaTANyaCHAITANyaTAN  
yayaCHAITANyaCHAIyaCHAITANyaCHAICHAITAN  
yaCHAIyaCHAITANyaCHAIyaCHAITANyaCHAICHAI

Finally, the master himself  
sends various things to the house, such  
as a carpet, a hubble-bubble for smoking, and the like.  
Friedman-Kein saw thirty *Instruments for New  
Navigation*, elements for forty more. Told Duncan  
Phillips how marvelous they were. NASA  
invited Graves to Goddard Space Flight Center and Cape  
Kennedy to discuss aesthetics of orbital travel. Came  
to the concert with friends, a large bag of peanuts, and  
lorgnette with doll's eyes suspended in it. "If  
he does anything upsetting, take him out."  
After the slow movement, he said:  
Jesus in the Everywhere. That was taken as the signal.

Family saga: the animal appears. And he? He disappears: to reappear in it. So when you see these things arriving, you conclude that the master will very soon come.

It was not at night. It was during the day. A vision of various civilizations. China. Tibet. Egypt. America. India missing. Going to the outhouse one went through thick weeds five feet high. Once inside, the situation was reversed: outhouse was filled with weeds that were hanging from the ceiling. The best thing to do is to leave the audience and go up on the stage, and there, if the spirit is not moving, to remain immobile.

There are times, however, when it is necessary to leave the theater. KRISH KRISH naKRISHKRISHna KRISHKRISHnaKRISHnaKRISHKRISHna KRISHnanaKRISHKRISHnaKRISHnaKRISHKRISHnaKRISH KRISHKRISHnaKRISHnaKRISH House in the Himalayas. As they carried him down the aisle, his face upward as though he were on a stretcher, he found himself passing beneath her large bosom (it was she who had given the order). She said, "I am Mrs. Beck." Morris replied: Good evening, Mrs. Beck. He can paint on any paper. One on fine paper had been folded to fit into an airmail envelope. He went to Japan to study the art of mounting paper. When all is said, what remains to be said? "O lonely. O help me across the stream." Long long distance call. Mrs. Beck followed Morris and the men carrying him outside to the patio. The fast drumming had begun and was audible through the closed doors. Morris, released, began dancing. "His dance," Mrs. Beck later reported, "was very sinuous." Bird's wings on her head. The sacrificial bowl in her hand. Having found him, she stayed with him until he died. Suzuki.

Extraordinary show of Japanese treasures. State Governor was coming to museum's opening. No artists had been invited.

Proverb: Round outside and square inside. RA

His painting is *its* personality.

Skibberean ( the gentleman's house ) seemed too large. So when he ran across the cottage in County Waterford, he took it. It was smaller and easier to maintain.

Dorothy had returned to America. Richard had left for Norway. The Rock. Graves was painting. Sudden sharp knock at the window. No one lived for miles around. Graves turned, saw beyond the pane of glass a deformed, twisted creature calling for his lost brothers. It was months before he had brush in hand again. Sri Ramakrishna not only lived as a man, a woman, a monkey: he lived for six months as a plant, standing on one leg in ecstasy. Dinner with the Duchess of Kent.

Only way to reach the beach is to go through the area where the redwoods have been cut down. Desolation. On the beach there's a herd of wild elk.

Museum opening. Anyone at all who had money to  
 speak of had been invited. No artists. A distant relative  
 having an entirely different background paid a  
 visit to the family when they were staying in  
 Ireland. Stayed awhile, then went away.  
 He registered as a conscientious objector.  
 Drafted anyway, he was put on a train going south. He escaped,  
 'phoned in. Was put in the army stockade. Laying the fires. Log  
 across front holds fire to the back. Brick wall  
 reflects the heat into the  
 room. Otherwise, heat of the fire  
 goes straight up the chimney.  
 Taking out the ashes. Taking out the ashes. Laying the fires.  
 Friends in front: footman and chauffeur.  
 And the artists in the back: Jan, Dale, Patricia,  
 and Morris. Rolls-Royce. Aren't you sorry that you're  
 not a human? Edith wagged her tail  
 (Aren't you sorry  
 you're not a dog?). Who are you? Why don't you speak? Why  
 do you do this to me? What do you want?  
 The house is a chalice that has a lid on it and it is not  
 round. The garden's not like the one  
 that surprised Edgar Anderson in Mexico: it's weeded, clearly  
 distinguished from lawn and terrace by low,  
 stone-grey masonry wall. KSHA KSHA KSHA raAKSHArAKSHArA  
 KSHArAKSHArAKSHArAKSHA AKSHArA  
 KSHArAKSHArAKSHA AKSHArAKSHA  
 raAKSHArAKSHArAKSHArAKSHArAKSHArA  
 KSHArAKSHAKSHArAKSHAraraKSHArAKSHA

“Revered sir, who is giving you milk?” “Brother, He  
 who beat me is now giving me  
 milk.” Anything can happen. The reason’s  
 this: any one or number of the elements can  
 remain as is; any one or any number of the elements can  
 change into the opposite. I must close the  
 door, for if I leave it open nothing will happen. He had time:  
 we never walked quickly; climbing was slow.  
 When we reached the turn in the stairway, he  
 was motionless, flat on his back, spread-eagled  
 head downward on the  
 steps, face streaked with dark red paint.  
 The scientists were pleased with Graves’ proposal:  
 an amethyst on the end of a gold-plated boom. Talisman. Mexico,  
 Yucatán, the Caribbean, Venezuela and ten days in Rio,  
 Mauretania, Morocco. Loudspeaker (army prison  
 yard): “Graves! On the gate!” Sergeant  
 gave razor and brush and ten  
 minutes to shave his beard.  
 Graves didn’t shave. Cursed and warned  
 him: “If in ten more minutes you’re not shaved,  
 we’ll force-shave you and your face’ll be  
 like hamburger!” VA VA tiPANPANchaVAVA  
 tiVAtiPANPANchaVAti I said that music’s  
 excitement takes place in public, that when a  
 painting’s finished the artist sees it at once,  
 that celebration’s reason enough for so  
 many artists turning alcoholic. He said  
 it would not appeal to him to have a drink  
 while working.

He arranged a sprinkling system: to enter the house  
 guests passed through water, lightly falling water, like light  
 spring rain. Seeing that he didn’t want  
 the sheep to get into his garden, they cut a post of the gate  
 at ground level so that the sheep could easily  
 push it up and pass under.  
 “Sheep think better than we.”

A house: private environment; proportion and space. One should not reason too much. You get clear water if you drink from the surface of a pool. Plate.

TA TA TAgiTATA Shower's in the bathroom, not in a cubicle.

The opposite wall's a mirror. Steam from the hot water produces the slow disappearance of one's image. Pleasure of having a body. "Waiting for the gift from me to me of death." 3:00 A.M. Irish tenor singing loudly in our living room. Without knocking, having left his bed, Graves entered, carrying wooden birdcage, bottom of which was missing, plopped it over the tenor's head, said nothing, left the room. No further singing that night.

Escape. Army command: Sweep the floor! He swept it perfectly. Decision: he's not insane. You couldn't move in the room except sideways and you had to stoop. It was furnished with large tables, each with full complement of chairs. Throughout the room, heavy rocks, bound with wire, had been suspended from hooks in the ceiling. It's said it was an egg to begin with that got bigger and bigger and by friction was burst into two.

The top part came to be the Heaven; the lower became Earth. Aerial relationship. Schlossberg: we are finding ways to transfer energy by means of light, like the sun does, rather than by exploding mass. Sudden sense of identification, spirit of comedy. He said that sometime after we'd left, he and Ted Ballard got to talking. Ted said, "The difference between you and them is that they are looking for solutions; you don't think there're any problems." Your second favorite? The Canadian Rockies. But not for a house.

maSYASYAmaSYASYAmaSYAma



The heavy woven wire fence is high and strong. It protects the garden from deer. You cannot see it from the house. It is completely concealed in the forest. Cattle in the drawing room when first he saw the handsome eighteenth-century manor. Bought it. Against their inclinations plumbers installed three bathrooms. After carpeting was down, water overflowed. Plumbers had stuffed rags and rubble into the drain pipes. Magician. La Conner house was a theatre: twice a month a complete change of program. NA draNARENdraNARENdraREN draNARENdraRENdradraNARENdraNA Compost includes vegetable refuse, autumn leaves, clippings, weedings from the garden. Soil and compost-maker including bacteria are added. Wooden enclosure is taken down each spring. Same wood is used to build a new enclosure. When I paint, he said, I paint standing up.

riHAHAriHAHAriHARIHAHAriHARIOM!HAHAriHARIHAHAriOM!HAHA  
 riHA Asked whether he did what I thought that he did, he said,  
 "Yes." He gave me an example. He can imagine having a house  
 in Ceylon, the Tea Mountains. Old woman dressed  
 excessively: false eyelashes, high red hair, trinket  
 jewelry. (Others tittering.) Graves came near: You're  
 very beautiful. She smiled smile of light, "I thank you." Bird is a  
 chalice. Chalice is a bird. Chalice and  
 bird are breathing together.

His birds are not birds.  
 They are invitations to events at which we are  
 already present. Write it down: don't forget to reply. There are many  
 islands in the lake. No one of them is larger than a chair  
 or coffee table. They're covered with vegetation.  
 They are tree tops that have turned into receptacles.  
 Slippery clay-based soil. Eel River gravel was  
 brought to compact the road. Earth  
 takes five years to reach  
 the angle of repose. Each departure requires an  
 expense of energy. "Graves! Into  
 the Prison Office!" They had brought in the PX  
 barber. Beard cut short with  
 scissors. Then lather. Gentle shave. Like a cat  
 licking up thick cream. And have you heard  
 how he hit me with the loaf of bread?

He told me that weekend he would take the carpets to a stream in the  
 mountains. Stream would wash them. There was plenty of  
 water, and there were large flat rocks on which he'd  
 lay them out in the heat of the  
 sun. buRAMBAbuRAMBAbu The body's  
 a plate, as it were, containing the water of the mind,  
 intelligence, and ego. Brahman is like the  
 sun. It is reflected in  
 the water.

Mel begged to be allowed to shoot some wild ducks on the lake. Since Morris was going south for a week, he finally gave permission. "But only once and never again!" After that, only the reckless birds remained, and they at the far end of the lake. His eyes had an indrawn look, like that of a bird hatching her eggs. It may help if we try seeing double or triple. Let's think that we're entranced. Dinner: Washington, D.C.

Psychiatrist leaned forward. Stream of Freudian questions. Graves finally put fork down, stood up. "Enough!" To Alvin: "If you won't leave with me, I'll find my way alone." They left. After these warnings, signs of death will multiply, until, in obedience to immutable laws, stark winter with its ice is here. From gentleman's house to manor. He lived in the house in FitzWilliam Square before moving to Rathfarnham. FitzWilliam Square is preserved by the Irish Georgian Society. Front door: complex collage; photograph of a lamb whispering into Pope Pius's ear; mixed media. Sunset: Xochicalco. Goats. Donkey in the great space in front of the pyramid. Wind came up as we left. Circle with plus sign. Plumed serpents. Next day he put the circle with plus sign with his name in the guest book. To do this he moved to another part of the space. DE DE vaCHAITANyaCHAITANya DEEvaCHAITANyaDEvayaCHAITANyaDEEvaCHAITANyaCHAITANDEyaDEvaCHAITANyaCHAITANya

Some works are warnings. He's not just prophet of bliss: he's also a Jeremiah. How many *Snakes and Moons* were there? He pointed out the ones that had something. He gave no feeling that he planned to do anything about the ones that were lacking. Last February, however, he said, "I will give that a little more tension."

Harlem dormitory (Father Divine): private room (skylight). yaSANKAraSANKAraCHARyaSANKAraCHARyaraSANKAraCHARyaSANKAraCHARSANKAraCHARyaSANKAraCHARyaSANKAraSANKAraSANKAraCHARyaCHARCHARyaCHARyayaCHARyaSANKAraCHAR ya New Zealand's Milford Sound. Fine for a house except for the people.

It is not always true that one decides to leave  
 where one has been. Sometimes one cannot resist going on to a  
 place where he has not yet lived.  
 His guests were not permitted in. But he'd arranged  
 matters so that they were able to  
 peek, to see that the party had already taken place.  
 West toward the sea, down the hill,  
 is a grove of alder. A road was made to get there with pickup truck.  
 Trees are cut down, sawed into fireplace  
 lengths, split into chunks. July to mid-October wood is  
 seasoned in the sun, then brought bone  
 dry into the shed. Passage from *The Gospel*: "I am  
 the machine, and Thou, O Lord, art the Operator. I  
 am the house and Thou art  
 the Indweller. I am the chariot and Thou  
 art the Driver. I move as Thou movest me; I speak  
 as Thou makest me speak." Where to  
 go? Twentieth century's everywhere. He sees  
 in the night: he listens.  
 He sees as blind men do. Aerial  
 relationship. Noticing each is free to move in his  
 own way ("the worship in his own way"). Breathing.  
 Luminousness. Iridescence. KES KES KES vaKESAvAKES I was  
 standing on Broadway when you could still go both  
 ways. He was sitting in the back of a taxi. The driver waited.  
 Graves wrote out a check and handed it to me. He knew  
 I had no money. I looked  
 at the check. I was amazed at his  
 generosity.

maRARaMa Just as the brush cannot paint unless it is in his  
 hand, so hand needs brush to hold. I asked him whether he ever used his  
 fingers directly on the paper. "Now and then a thumb: just a  
 touch." They sold the gifts he gave them.

It was the bump in the road, the old car going over  
 it, that brought the puppies into the world. Jan in  
 sequins, 'twenties style. Earth's  
 condition is receptive devotion. The earth in its devotion  
 carries all things, good and evil, without exception. We need  
 the *Instruments for New Navigation*. They must all come  
 out of their wooden crates. There are  
 craftsmen here or if not here in some other country  
 who could put them together to his satisfaction. SA  
 SA vaSADHAnaSADHAnaSAvaSADHAnaSAvanaSADHAnaSAvaSADHAnaSASADHAnaSAvaSADHA  
 naSAvaSADHAnaSADHAnaSADHAnaSAva Work that could have been  
 done quickly was allowed to drag on and on. All  
 kinds of excuses were given. They  
 say one thing and do another. (Disgust.)  
 They're dishonest. Gaelic impurity: "There are  
 certain sacred parts of the body that are never to be  
 touched with water." He began to see  
 a lake, lake in his Eye's mind. The  
 search began. The color on the paper  
 when it was wet! Now it's dry. And then  
 again in Hong Kong: struck down. Invisible power.  
 What *Who?* Who *What?*

People and machines. Reduce or augment  
 their number of dimensions. That way's the way  
 to make them secrets.

The extension of pleasure through the house out to  
 house surroundings and, in an orderly way, into the day  
 itself. There are no engagements. (Preparation for  
 irresistible work.) Served him  
 roast lark. lahALALlahALALlahALlahALALlahALlahlahAL  
 ALlahALlahALAL The canyon is never without some movement of  
 the air. Its stream goes into the ocean. Its walls are covered  
 with maidenhair fern. Circumstances of the paper.  
 Circumstances of the mind.

Cuernavaca. Osmosis. The smoke moving in the air, for instance. We both have beards, full beards. I'm nearing the end. I felt dizzy earlier today. What caused that dizziness? Dark element opens when it moves and closes when at rest. The time's dangerous. A man ought to maintain reserve, be it in solitude or in turmoil of the world. ram ram ramBABAaBABAlaBAlaBABAlaBALaramBA BAlaBAla He has refused. Perhaps he'll change his mind. Invitation: to travel south to make a series of lithographs. He was given a pittance for the collection: one one-hundredth of its appraised value. While you're in Gangtok, levitation, for one thing, seems to be a practical matter. (Mila Repa traveled in the air in the form of this led down.) This changed sense of what's reasonable diminishes as you leave Gangtok. OAO: Orbiting Astronomical Observatory. Solar energy absorbed by the glass-covered wings. After their unfolding, a revolving telescopic camera would come out to record the heavens.

He had bribed the guard so he might stay overnight in the pyramid. He arrived at the dark appointment. Then, recollecting having stretched out in the sarcophagus, he changed his mind. Back to Cairo quickly. daDAMNDAMNda He alone was served roast lark. Rock was rock. No water on it. Every week into Anacortes to get water at a gas station. Carried it in eight twenty-five-gallon wooden kegs placed in the back of the Model A pickup. On the rough road coming home, water was always lost. They fall down before it and call this the eucharist, consummated by the beast rolling in the loaves. Through it they send forth a hymn to the Father on high. On his way to Japan when he was in the army, Johns visited the Art Museum in Seattle and was deeply moved by a Graves he saw there: large bird turned toward a smaller bird perched on its shoulder. Chain saws, bulldozers, rototillers, powered lawn mowers. Then terrace radios. Noise was unbearable. Three more: a yellow lower garment brings supreme good fortune (aristocratic reserve); dragons fight in the meadow, their blood is black and yellow (inflation of earth principle); lasting perseverance furthers (no advance, no retrogression).

Change the shape of technology. Shape it to allude to shape of a chalice. The amethyst would be as large as a fifty-cent piece. On the very end of a gold-plated arm fourteen inches in advance of the body of the vessel itself. Talisman. Guide asking permission. Receptacle. The house is a receptacle. Each day begins the same way. Cup. Morning shawl. The chair outdoors he sits in, facing the forest. The book. The bowl of cereal. Morris, immaculate, in tails wearing sneakers. Jan in sequins, 'twenties style. naBRAHBRAHmaJNAJNA naBRAHmaJNAJNA naBRAHmanaJNAJNA



He filled a baby carriage with rocks and,  
 with strings, made a trailer for it of  
 toothbrushes. He pushed it downtown to the Olympic  
 Hotel, through its halls to the  
 main dining room. After placing a rock at  
 each chair but one, he then sat down and  
 ordered dinner. Seattle. They enjoyed an  
 immediate friendship. They talked about the mystery of death, the  
 nature of the next  
 dimension. Before long a certain  
 lightheartedness entered into their conversation. He could not tell  
 whether he was awake or dreaming or whether what  
 was happening was happening. Titan missile had been getting bad  
 publicity (two launchings had gone sideways into the  
 ocean); Pentagon feared greater publicity would  
 affect NASA funding. NANG taNANGNANGtaNANGNANGta  
 NANGta Second, the soot and dirt are removed from the rooms. In  
 this totality the conscious mind is contained like a  
 smaller circle within a larger one.

Petroleum fire. USA: red-orange.  
 Canada: forest green. Ashes. Out of Gulf rose huge  
 Negresses moving like gorillas.

Has he told you anything about the actual  
 process of painting or drawing? "Work periods are often very  
 long, going through the night into the next day or days." He continues  
 until the spirit leaves. Portico over  
 the terrace was supported on one side by the house, on the other by  
 handsomely rough-sawed hexagonal tree trunks  
 used as columns. There was a pool with lotus. The school's registrar  
 was coming to lunch. Just  
 when she was to arrive, there was a knock at  
 the door. Xenia opened it.  
 Morris, stark naked, was standing in the hall.  
 Zosimos: "And everything will be moistened and  
 become desiccated again, and  
 everything puts forth blossoms and everything withers again in the bowl  
 of the altar . . . For nature applied to nature  
 transforms nature . . . all things hang together."  
 ra





RA RA naRARAvARARAvAAnaRARAvAVAnana The world is of  
the nature of magic. The magician is real but his  
magic is unreal. He left Ireland, finished the  
eight-foot wall around the house at Woodway Park, sold the house  
and returned to Ireland. Nouveau riche: Letting  
this wood rat in, you've devalued our estate  
by thousands. Wife, however, invited Graves to dinner.  
Tycoon's talk turned  
toward view: artists are loafers. Graves countered: Look! All  
you have and use (all of it!) was touched first by an  
artist. Qualities of life he regards most highly: that  
it flow, continuity; that there be concentration, no  
interruptions; privacy, all  
the way to secrecy; the mysteries of consciousness (he finds the ego  
tedious), life as karma and maya. Helped by  
a friend who stood watch, he borrowed the fowl  
from the zoo. When we opened  
the door, fowl flapped its way in.  
Xenia was terrified. Algeria,  
Tunisia, Kenya. I told him  
what Fuller had told me. "No reason for  
you to drink: you're already drunk." He  
laughed in agreement.

Is it Brahman's breathing that produces  
civilization's changes? Kaliyuga. Exhalation. Making  
matters worse. When will  
Brahman inhale?

This is His sport. You must have  
observed that all  
the trees in a garden are not of the same  
kind. His brother Wallace, far away, dreamt Morris  
needed help. Up at dawn, took boat, bus, hitchhiked. Arrived at  
dusk. Ten minutes before,  
great stone had slipped.  
Morris's leg was pinned underneath it. Morris  
couldn't move. It wasn't that way at all. The  
house has never been cold and damp. He  
exaggerates. He gets carried away. I  
wouldn't even dream of picking up an axe and smashing a stove to  
pieces. Nor would I throw myself on the  
floor. Each stayed in a lonely place until he  
learned an animal's song and dance.  
La Conner singing re-enacted the  
learning. It was a teaching.  
When others learned the song, the singer began to dance.  
On a shelf on one wall: pink satin slipper,  
blade of wheat, and perhaps some other objects I don't  
recall. On the opposite wall: a painting  
duplicating the arrangement. I touched both  
arrangements in order to know which one was not  
three-dimensional. jaKAKAliKAKAliPUjaKAKAliPUjaliKA  
KAliPUjaKAKAliKAPUKAliPUjaKAKAliPUjaKAKAliKA  
KAliKAKAliPUjaKAKAliPUjaliKAli Taipei,  
Hong Kong, Japan, Bali, Singapore,  
Ceylon, India again (two months), again Nepal (two  
weeks), ten days as guest  
of the King and Queen of  
Sikkim. After dinner one  
evening the King granted  
his request. He spoke about the *essential* yeti.



maBRAHBRAHmaBRAHBRAHmaSAKtiBRAHBRAHmaSAK Twice we have  
visited Fern Canyon. Earth above, earth below (K'un  
K'un): nature in contrast to spirit, earth in contrast to  
heaven, space as against time. Devotion. No  
combat: completion. The coexistence  
of the spiritual world and the world of the senses. We  
listened to the traffic of the birds. A  
highway. When the Baroness Mitsuko Araki was asked whom she  
wanted to meet, she said, "I only want to meet  
artists." He was so miserably treated he disembarked  
at Cherbourg, and spent five weeks in Paris. When he  
finally arrived at the castle in Chichester,  
nothing but obstacles were placed in his path. The  
dinner was the last straw.

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

We were in the flower market (Cuernavaca). We had gone up and down the aisles where the fruits and vegetables are. He was carrying several that he had bought and planned to paint. His eye was caught by a large clay pot with a plant in it.

"I'm the happiest person I know." (S. W.)

She does this  
makes yoU  
fEel

that as far as she's concerned What  
you'rE up to  
Is the most important thing  
in the worLd

and She  
withoUt  
gEtting

in the Way.  
shE spends  
her tIme  
cheerfuLly

Solving problems  
Until  
thEy all disappear.

a great Woman:  
shE  
brIghtens society  
by making performing artists usefuL members of it.

When Charles Aitel, representing a group of Norman O. Brown's former students, sent me a form letter in 1977 asking me to contribute to a cento in Brown's honor, I was delighted. The moment I had the chance I got to work with pleasure. This text includes references to other friends. The automobile accident happened to Teeny Duchamp. She has had to learn to walk all over again. It was with Edith Speziali that *Pluteus cervinus* was found in Scarsdale. Richard Martin Jarrell (Tom Jarrell, a two-time draft card burner) gave me, by example, the courage to learn to make bread, and Shizuko Yamamoto changed my diet.

## *Sixty-One Mesostics Re and Not Re Norman O. Brown*

there is no difference Between  
this paRking  
zOne and any other. the entire city  
is a toWaway  
zoNe.

which would you rather Be,  
an aRtist  
Or  
a Work of art?  
that came up at the discussioN.

discussiOn  
as a form of art.

let Others have theirs  
(we have ours): pun.

breakfast: the mOrning  
newspaper.

first oBjective:  
scaRsdale.  
mushrOoms  
groW  
oN

heathcOte  
near palmer.

find sOomething  
to think.

yOu  
were carried away.

we doN't  
knOw  
ouR  
dreaMs  
Asleep:  
awake we kNow them.

Behind  
the medical centeR  
On a pile of chips  
*pluteus cervinus* (dry) Was  
fouNd in quantity.

nO place to go  
is everywhere.

it was Never  
pOssible  
foR all of us  
to hunt Mushrooms together: even when you'n'i first met  
stephen wAs already  
liviNg away from home.

theN,  
thOUGH  
i didn't know wheRe was there  
i drove straight towards theM.  
it wAs as though  
we'd had aN appointment.

it has Become  
a pleasuRe  
tO go to japan  
by staying at home in neW york  
makiNg nuka pickles.

nO  
parking.

nO  
aspirin.



tiBetan  
baRley bread  
with rOasted  
sunfloWer seeds  
("the oNly

bread yOu need to know how to make, the greatest"):  
tassajara bread book.

what does it meaN when we say  
sOmeone's  
a complicated peRson?  
soMeone whose reply's  
unpredictAble  
horizoNtally and vertically?

what happened (autOmobile accident)?  
you tried to climb a tree.

tO  
walk. starting all over again.

Beth  
will dRive.  
i will gO on  
With  
our coNversation.

i Begin  
ciRca  
twenty-fOur hours ahead of time:  
that Way  
the hard crust is thiN and crunchy.

cOnversation  
is the staff of life.

it was Because  
of Repeated audible failures  
tO begin and a visible uncertainty of balance  
that you made me feel i Was  
iN a theater.

yOu held on to the lectern  
as though for dear life.

the oNly way  
tO  
conveRse with you  
is to be in the saMe room  
or in the sAMe car  
or oN the same path:

the telephOne  
doesn't work.

your stutteriNg's a basket.  
it allOws you  
to gatheR together  
More  
ideAs  
thaN

a sentence Ordinarily would be able  
to hold.

agaiN it happens:  
nO  
diffeRence between relevance  
and irrelevance: More'n'more  
All  
thiNgs go together.

the day was saved By  
dReaming:  
Once  
i Was awake  
there was Nothing

But  
poetRy.  
cOver it  
With a damp cloth  
aNd leave it in an oven with the pilot light on.

at the Beginning  
it sticks to eveRything and falls apart  
but as yOu  
Work with it  
it takes shape aNd

Becomes elastic. we've always meant  
to be healthy but the last time we thRee were  
in a health fOod store together  
We were tourists  
lookiNg

for sNacks.  
my shOpping list today:  
bRowN rice,  
sesaMe seeds,  
tsAmpa,  
peaNuts.

your seNse  
Of  
theateR  
caMe through even on the recording.  
but still i would rAther  
have actually beeN

iN the hall  
sO i could have seen you  
while you weRe speaking.  
Mix the flours with the oils,  
your pAlms together, right-left,  
as though you are marchiNg.

this is the first summer i've decided tO stay  
in the city.

there are never any problems about how to spend  
ouR time.  
each Of us  
has his Work  
which caN always

Be left unfinished in the case  
of chess oR  
mushrOoms or  
Whatever.  
there's Never so much time

But that  
i look foRward  
tO the next time  
We meet.  
whEN will that be?

yOu and beth live  
over three thousand miles away.

no one knows how to converse But you. is it because you do  
so much Reading?  
dO you talk to yourself  
While  
you're writiNg?

aNd  
nOw  
i do exeRcises. they began  
because of Muscle  
spAsms  
iN venezuela.

i cOuldn't walk: i was crawling  
on the floor.

a year later the pain Behind my left eye began.  
the doctoRs  
cOuldn't explain it.  
i Was  
takiNg pills  
  
One after another  
just in order to sleep.

the fuN we have talking  
is to nO avail.  
we neveR  
coMe  
to the end of A subject.  
somethiNg always remains

to Be said.  
you must make otheR  
peOple  
feel the same Way: that thought goes  
oN and on –

mOuntain,  
tranquility at the base of the mountain.

– that nOthing  
ever comes to an end.

you've Never  
tOld me.  
aRe you still their father  
and beth their Mother?  
or Are you just  
their frieNds?

to Become  
fRee:  
nOt  
to knoW  
whether we kNow or not.

visioN: family.  
nO  
fatheR,  
no Mother.  
just All of us.  
us childreN. together.

the wind is blOwing  
backwards.

we are in danger Of becoming  
undernietzscied.

i never met your mother, But  
i Remember  
yOu told me  
she Was  
a clairvoyaNt or a theosophist,

i doN't remember which. she grew up  
in ireland and yOu  
weRe born in vera cruz  
(i think that's what you told Me):  
your fAther was employed there  
as as aN engineer. (isn't that the way it was?)

where was he bOrn? tell me (you've told me, i'm sure, but please,  
please tell me over'n'over, please tell me again).

In 1939 I bought a copy of *Finnegans Wake* in a department store in Seattle, Washington. I had read the parts of *Work in Progress* as they appeared in *transition*. I used outloud to entertain friends with *The Ondt and the Gracehoper*. But even though I owned a copy, no matter where I lived, the *Wake* simply sat on a table or shelf unread. I was "too busy" writing music to read it.

In 1942 Janet Fairbanks asked me for a song. I browsed in the *Wake* looking for a lyrical passage. The one I chose begins page 556. I changed the paragraph so that it became two and read as follows:

"Night by silentsailing night, Isobel, wildwood's eyes and primarose hair, quietly, all the woods so wild, in mauves of moss and daphnedews, how all so still she lay, neath of

## ***Writing for the Second Time through Finnegans Wake***

the whitethorn, child of tree, like some losthappy leaf, like blowing flower stilled, as fain would she anon, for soon again 'twill be, win me, woo me, wed me, ah weary me! deeply, now even calm lay sleeping;

"Night, Isobel, sister Isobel, Saintette Isobelle, Madame Isa Veuve La Belle."

The title I chose was one of Joyce's descriptions of her, *The Wonderful Widow of Eighteen Springs*.

I remember looking in later years several times for other lyrical passages in the *Wake*. But I never settled on one as the text for another song.

In the middle 'sixties Marshall McLuhan suggested that I make a musical work based on the *Wake's* Ten Thunderclaps. He said that the Thunderclaps were, in fact, a history of technology. This led me to think of Jasper Johns' *Painted Bronze* (the cans of ale) and to imagine a concert for string orchestra and voices, with the addition towards the end of wind instruments. The orchestra would play notes traced from star maps (*Atlas Borealis*) but due to contact microphones and suitable circuitry the tones would sound like rain falling, at first, say, on water, then on earth, then wood, clay, metal, cement, etc., finally not falling, just being in the air, our present circumstance. The chorus meanwhile would sing the Thunderclaps, which would then be electronically transformed to fill up the sound envelopes of an actual thunderstorm. I had planned to do this with Lejaren Hiller at the University of Illinois 1968-9, but *HPSCHD* took two years rather than one to make and produce.

Due to N. O. Brown's remark that syntax is the arrangement of the army, and Thoreau's that when he heard a sentence he heard feet marching, I became devoted to nonsyntactical "demilitarized" language. I spent well over a year writing *Empty Words*, a transition from a language without sentences (having only phrases, words, syllables, and letters) to a "language" having only letters and silence (music). This led me to want to learn something about the ancient Chinese language and to read *Finnegans Wake*. But when in this spirit I picked up the book, Joyce seemed to me to have kept the old structures ("sintalks") in which he put the new words he had made.

It was when I was in this frame of mind that Elliott Anderson, editor of *TriQuarterly*, wrote asking me to write something (anything, text or music) for an issue of the magazine to be devoted to the *Wake* (In the wake of the *Wake*). I said I was too busy. I was. I was writing *Renga* and had not yet started *Apartment House 1776* the performance date of which had al-



ready been set. Anderson replied that his deadline could be changed. I refused again and again. He persisted.

Anderson was not the first person to bother me by asking me to do something when I was busy doing something else. We continually bother one another with birthdays, deadlines, celebrations, blurbs, fund raising, requests for information, interviews, letters of introduction, letters of recommendation. To turn irritation into pleasure I've made the practice, for more than ten years now, of writing mesostics (not acrostics: row down the middle, not down the edge). What makes a mesostic as far as I'm concerned is that the first letter of a word or name is on the first line and following it on the first line the second letter of the word or name is *not* to be found. (The second letter is on the second line.) When, for instance, we were in a bus in Northern Michigan on our way to hunt morels (Interlochen music students were asking me what a mesostic was), I wrote

"Music . . .

(the M without an O after it)

"Music  
cOnducted . . .

(the O without an R) (the word "performed" would not have worked)

"Music  
cOnducted  
in spRIng . . .

(the R without an E)

". . . by trEes: . . .

(the E without an L)

". . . dutch eLm disease."

To bring my correspondence with Elliott Anderson to a temporary halt, I opened *Finnegans Wake* at random (page 356). I began looking for a J without an A. And then for the next A without an M. Etcetera. I continued finding Joyce and James to the end of the chapter. I wrote twenty-three mesostics in all.

I then started near the end of the book (I couldn't wait) for I knew how seductive the last pages of *Finnegan* are.

my lips went livid for from the Joy  
of feAr  
like alMost now. how? how you said  
how you'd givE me  
the keyS of me heart.

Just a whisk brisk sly spry spink  
spank sprint Of a thing  
i pitY your oldself i was used to,  
a Cloud.  
in pEace

Having found these, I looked for those at the beginning and, finally, as Joyce had done, I

began at the end and continued with the beginning:

Just  
A  
May i  
bE wrong!  
for She'll be sweet for you as i was sweet when i came  
down out of me mother.

Jhem  
Or shen [brewed by arclight]  
and rorY end  
through all Christian  
minstrElsy.

The bracketed words are the ones I'd have omitted if it were just now I had written them. There were choices to be made, decisions as to which words were to be kept, which omitted. It was a discipline similar to that of counterpoint in music with a cantus firmus. My tendency was towards more omission rather than less.

Just a whisk brisk sly spink . . .

became

Just a whisk  
Of  
pitY  
a Cloud  
in pEace and silence.

And a further omission was suggested by Norman O. Brown, that of punctuation, a suggestion I quickly acted on. Subsequently, the omitted marks were kept, not in the mesostics but on the pages where they originally appeared, the marks disposed in the space and those other than periods given an orientation by means of *I Ching* chance operations. Where, in all this work, Joyce used italics, so have I. My marginal figures are source pages of the Viking Press edition of *Finnegan*.

Stuck in the *Wake*. I couldn't get out. I was full of curiosity about all of it. I read *A Skeleton Key*. . . Ihab Hassan gave me his book, *Paracriticisms*, and two others: Adaline Glasheen's *a second census of finnegans wake* and Clive Hart's *Structure and Motif*. . . I continued to read and write my way through all of *Finnegans Wake*.

*Finnegans Wake* has six hundred twenty-five pages. Once finished, my *Writing Through Finnegans Wake* had one hundred fifteen pages. My editor at Wesleyan University Press, J. R. de la Torre Bueno, finding it too long, suggested that I shorten it. Instead of doing that, I wrote a new series of mesostics, *Writing for the Second Time Through Finnegans Wake*, in which I did not permit the reappearance of a syllable for a given letter of the name. I distinguished between the two J's and the two E's. The syllable "just" could be used twice, once for the J of James and once for the J of Joyce, since it has neither A nor O after the J. But it

could not be used again. To keep from repeating syllables, I kept a card index of the ones I had already used. As I guessed, this restriction made a text considerably shorter, forty pages in all.

My work was only sometimes that of identifying, as Duchamp had, found objects. The text for *TriQuarterly* is 7 out of 23. Seven mesostics were straight quotations, e.g., this one from page 383:

he Just slumped to throne  
so sAiled the stout ship *nansy hans*.  
froM liff away.  
for nattEnlaender.  
aS who has come returns.

In such a case my work was merely to show, by giving it a five-line structure, the relation of Joyce's text to his name, a relationship that was surely in these instances not in his mind, though at many points, as Adaline Glasheen cheerfully lists, his name was in his mind, alone or in combination with another name, for example, "poorjoist" (page 113), and "joysis crisis" (page 395).

When I was composing my *Sonatas and Interludes*, which I did at the piano, friends used to want to know what familiar tunes, *God Save the King* for instance, would sound like due to the preparations between the strings. I found their curiosity offensive, and similarly from time to time in the course of this work I've had my doubts about the validity of finding in *Finnegans Wake* these mesostics on his name which James Joyce didn't put there. However I just went straight on, A after J, E after M, J after S, Y after O, E after C. I read each passage at least three times and once or twice upside down. (Hazel Dreis, who taught us English binding, used to tell us how she proofread the *Leaves of Grass*, an edition of which she bound for San Francisco's Grabhorn Press: upside down and backwards. When you don't know what you're doing, you do your work very well.) J's can thus be spotted by their dots and by their dipping below the line which i's don't do. Difficult letters to catch are the commonest ones, the vowels. And the consonants escape our notice in empty words, words the mind skips over. I am native to detailed attention, though I often make mistakes: I was born early in September. But I found myself from time to time bursting into laughter (this, not when the *Wake* was upside down). The play of sex and church and food and drink in an all time all space world turned family was not only regaling: it Joyced me (in places, that is, where Thoreau hadn't, couldn't, where, left to myself, I wouldn't've). I don't know whom to connect with Joyce ("We connect Satie with Thoreau"). Duchamp stands, I'd say, somewhere between. He is, like Joyce, alone. They *are* connected. For that and many other reasons. But that's something else to do.

I am grateful to Elliott Anderson for his persistence, and to the Trustees of the James Joyce Estate for permitting the publication of this work.

JOHN CAGE  
New York City, May 1977

# I

wroth with twone nathandJoe 3  
A  
Malt  
jhEm  
Shen  
pfijshute  
sOlid man  
that the humptYhillhead of himself  
is at the knoCk out  
in thE park  
Jiccup 4  
the fAther  
Most  
hEaven  
Skysign  
Judges  
Or  
deuteronomY  
watsCh  
futurE  
pentschanJeuchy  
chAp  
Mighty  
cEment  
and edificeS  
the Jebel and the 5  
crOpherb  
flYday  
and she allCasually  
ansars hElpers

6 Jollybrook  
 And  
 strupithuMp  
 and all thE uproor  
 aufroofS

7 to fjell  
 his baywinds' OboboEs  
 all the livvYlong  
 triCky  
 trochEes

whase on the Joint  
 whAse  
 foaMous  
 oldE  
 aS you

8 Jamey  
 Our  
 countrY  
 is a ffrinCh  
 soracEr this is

the grand mons inJun this is  
 the Alps hooping to sheltershock  
 the three lipoleuMs this is  
 thEir  
 legahornS

9 Jinnies  
 is a cOoin her  
 phillippY  
 dispatCh  
 to irrigatE the willingdone

the Jinnies  
 fontAnnoy  
 bode belchuM  
 bonnEt  
 to buSby

10 this is the hinndoo waxing ranJymad  
 fOr  
 the hinndoo seeboY  
 Cry  
 to the willingdonE

Jist 11  
 Appear  
 toonigh Militopucos and toomoun  
 wE  
 wiSh for a muddy  
 mujikal 13  
 chOcolat box  
 i saY  
 inCabus  
 usEd we  
 mammon lujius  
 grAnd  
 historioruM  
 wrotE near  
 blueSt  
 Jerrybuilding 15  
 tO the  
 Year year and laughtears  
 Confusium  
 hold thEm  
 this carl on the kopJe  
 pArth a lone  
 forshapen his pigMaid  
 hoagshEad  
 Shroonk his plodsfoot  
 'tis a Jute 16  
 swOp hats and excheck a few strong<sup>2</sup> verbs  
 Yapyazzard abast  
 mutt has has at hasatenCy  
 i tfumple from rath in mine mines  
 Jute  
 one eyegoneblAck  
 cross your qualM  
 havE  
 Sylvan  
 objects 19  
 Olives beets  
 oldwolldY  
 Cargon of  
 prohibitivE pomefructs ) )

20

doublends Jried  
mAy  
Mud  
sundEr  
who oped it cloSeth

21

and Jarl  
van hOother  
laYing  
Cold hAnds  
on himsElf

and his two little Jiminies cousins of  
cAstele  
be derMot  
comE to the keep of  
a roSy

Jiminy  
with sOfT  
Years' walk  
to tauCh him  
his tickLEs

27

you were the doubleJoyned  
jAnitor  
the Morning  
thEy were delivered and you'll be a grandfer  
when the ritehand Seizes what the lovearm knows

hetry Jane's a child  
she'll be cOMing  
theY're  
tourCh  
to rEkindle the flame

she'll do no Jugglywuggly  
with her wAr souvenir

Murial  
assurE  
a Sure there

Jubilee	31
scAtterguns	
faMily symbolising puritas	
pEr	
uSuals	
Japijap	
amOng	
( sibYlline	
mulaChy	32
kingablE khan	
practical Jokepiece	33
cecelticocommediAnt	
his house about hiM with	
invariable	
broadStretched	
Juke and kellekek families	
at One time	
annoYing	
C.	
Earwicker	
Jesses	34
ripe occAsion	
our kadeM	
villaplEach vollapluck	
fikup for fleSh nelly	
guinness thaw tool in Jew me dinner	35
Ouzel fin	
a nice how-do-You-do	
in poolblaCk	
timE	
Jurgensen's	
shrApnel	
coMmunionism	
usucapturE	
the Same	
tongue añd commutative Justice that there is	36
nOt one tittle of	
hYpertuitary	37
mannleiCh	
cavErn ethics	



39 blue ruin and creeping Jenny  
   eglAndine's choicest herbage  
 40   Man's  
   swEll  
   that aimSwell  
 41   \ many Jiffies  
   furbishing pOtlids doorbrasses scholars' applecheeks and  
   linkboY's metals  
   Cross  
   Ebblinn's chilled hamlet  
   subjects  
   of king sAint  
   salMon  
   alivE  
   with their priggish mouths all open  
   a house of call at cuJas place  
   Old sots' hole  
   bY  
   setting a matCh to  
   stEwards peut-être  
 42   Joined  
   hAdbeen variety  
   had stiMulants  
   in the shapE of gee  
   and geeS  
 43   Juiced after taking their  
   liquOr from  
   highwaY and brown byway  
   sCotia picta  
   and hE who denays it may his hairs be rubbed  
   his majesty  
   thAt onecrowned king  
   aMong  
   rapsods pipEd  
   decentSoort  
 45   Jail  
   chOrus  
   jail of mountjoY jail him and joy he was  
   siCk  
   sEven dry sundays a week

JoultIng  
the bAcktrap  
oMnibus  
caught his dEath  
of fuSiliers 47

mr J. f. jones 48  
colemAn of lucan taking four parts  
in *fenn Mac call and*  
*sErven*  
*feerieS*

Juxta- 51  
explanatiOn was put in loo of  
eYes  
lokil Calour and lucal odour  
to havE

to sillonise his Jouejous the ghost 56  
of resignAtion  
May gloat  
Effective  
beam of Sunshine

kitnabudJa  
tOwn  
or panbpanungopovengreskeY  
their Compass 57  
mElos yields the mode

pro tried with Jedburgh justice  
Acquitted con-  
testiMony 58  
with bENefit of clergy  
madthing haS done him

Judgements  
thOse as  
daYs  
Camps  
concurrEd

61

Jilke  
begAn to  
Moult  
instEnch of  
gladSome rags

62

poor Jink  
fFollowing  
roY's

63

suCh bash in patch's  
bEyond recognition

-64

came down with homp shtemp and Jumphet  
to the tiltyArd  
froM  
a'slEep  
ohny overclotheS

reJaneyjailey  
walters Off  
whYte  
a pinCh  
idEal

leave astrelea for the astrollajerries  
for the love of the sAunces  
puddywhackback to paMintul and roll away  
rEel  
and call all your Smokeblushes

65

by a large Jugfial  
sOmeplace  
on the sly where furphy he isn't by old grum  
Could  
canoodlE the two chivee chivoo all three

67

carcasses mattonchepps and meatJutes  
on behAlf of  
otto sands and eastMan  
wEnt and with  
unmitigated aStonissment hickicked at

68

her Jambs  
each Other  
the nautchY girly  
rapidly took to neCking  
sElling her spare favours

for the rejoicement of foinne loidies ind 71  
 contrAstations  
 with inkerMann and so, on and sononward  
 fIEc  
 celeStials one clean turv  
 his manJester's 73  
 vOice  
*had to fall theY*  
 slouCh  
 backwards *Et cur heli*

zijnzijn zijnzijn 75  
 hAsten selves  
 in a finglas Mill  
 prayEd  
 on anxiouS seat kunt ye neat gift  
 two Jars 82  
 and/several bOttles though  
 Ye  
 asked in the vermiCular  
 with a vEry oggly chew-chin-grin

Joking  
 chAnge  
 excelciSM  
 rathEr  
 amuSedly replied  
 J. j. and s. 83  
 befOre  
 first wind of gaY gay and whiskwigs  
 wiCk's  
 Ears pricked up

liberties of the pacific subject 85  
 circulAting  
 seMitary thruFahrts  
 opEn to buggy and bike  
 or quaker'S quacknostrum

86 the whole padderjagmartin tripiezite  
 cOpperas had fallen off him  
 quatz unaccountablY  
 like the Chrystalisations of alum  
 on Even while he was trying for to stick fire to-  
 christies and Jew's i  
 bAllybricken  
 aniMal's sty  
 strEet  
 Sta troia

88 some majar  
 bOre  
 erchenwYne  
 Crumwall  
 maximus Esme

89 tongue in a pounderin Jowl  
 mAthers of prenanciation  
*quare hircuM*  
 no ansWEr *unde gentium fe...*  
 Siar i am deed

90 Jah and  
 i shOuld  
 Yes your brother  
 struCk him  
 bank in multifarnham whEther he fell in with

punic Judgeship  
 penAl law  
 stucckoMuck  
 had bEen removed  
 at the requeSt of

91 the gentlemen in Jury's  
 whO had been  
 those Yarns yearning for that good one about  
 Coddling doom as  
 stEak

92 pegger's windup cumJstled  
 neAtly with  
 the syMphysis of  
 antipathiEs  
 diStinctly different

festives and highJinks arid nOw	94
a tradewinds daY and the o'moyly rossies Chaffing	95
him bluchfacE and playing him pranks and Jonnies hold hArq i'M glad a gull for his pawsdEen fiunn Sez he lankyshied gobugga ye sez	
Jackass	96
the rOse rogues lean to rhYme there was never a marCus at all among the mankiEs	
across the Juletide's geniAl corsslands of Mullinahob bEaring right upon tankardStown	97
the Jenny hOux and Yew evereaChbird glEam	98 "
Jest gregArious fieldMarshal princE myleS the slasher in his person	-99
spike of smoke's Jutstiff frOm porphYroid buttertower and then thirsty baCkwords morE strictly van dijke grAvitational pull chancedrifting through our system quick spEak dumb huSh	100

101

Jeer  
tOo and  
zhanYzhonies  
and murrmurr of all the maCkavicks  
shE who had given his eye for her bed and a tooth

104

Journey to  
Ark see  
the cooMbing of  
the parlourmaids of aEgypt  
placeat veStrae

105

he's my o'Jerusalem and i'm his  
pO  
my juckeY  
from viCtrolia  
nuancEe to

Jumbo  
to jAlice  
two ways of opening the Mouth i  
not stoppEd  
water where it Should flow and i know

106

the first book of Jealesies  
childsize herOes  
howke cotchme eYe  
abe to sare stood iCyk  
nEuter till brahm taulked him common sex

107

a Jolting  
preArranged  
Mountback against a partywall  
bElow  
uSe of quill or style

108

113

Jully glad  
when christmas cOmes

114

aYe to aye  
notiCing that  
linEs

Jew 116  
 fAr  
 in duMbil's fair  
 Ere  
 our coaSts  
 your maJesty  
 bOost from  
 allvoYous  
 volapuCky  
 gromwElled  
 three Jeers 117  
 for the grApe vine and brew  
 ,ruM  
 smElt  
 hiS end for him and he dined  
 dejectedly 121  
 in the diapered windOw margin  
 basque of baYleaves all aflutter  
 Curious  
 protoparEnt's *ipsissima verba*  
 Jims  
 sAhib  
 pipless as threadworMs  
 innocEnt  
 exhibitioniSm.  
 quatrain of rubyJets 122  
 withOut  
 loYal  
 lobster loCks  
 you'rE another he hasn't  
 fJorgn 124  
 wAs  
 he reMains  
 postscript sEe  
 Spoils  
 looJing 125  
 tOrba's nicelookers of  
 olderly's  
 noClass billiardhalls with an  
 had somE little laughings and some less of checks



126

Jhon  
rAted  
Mic  
hE  
miSunderstrook and aim for am ollo

134

his indian name is hapapoosiesobjibway and his number  
the plOugh took  
moves in vicious cycles Yet renews the same  
portobello equadoCta  
thErecocta percorello

136

geulant on a fJeld duiv  
ruz the hAlo off his varlet  
put a roof on the lodge for hyMn and a coq in his pot pro homo  
thEn  
pancirrenSor then hortifex magnus

138

màde man with Juts that jerk and  
cOme whome sweetwhome  
shampaYing down  
to Clouts  
and pottlEd porter

142

simon Jorn  
bArty  
Mor and tom  
and how war yorE  
maggieS answer they war loving they love

143

horsas nose and Jeff's  
gOt the signs of ham round his mouth  
violet's dYed  
what' sour lovemutCh  
but a brEf burning till shee that drawes dothe smoake

144

like Jolio  
i hAven't fell so turkish for ages  
end of the Moon  
fool bought cabbagE head  
i Shall answer to gracious heaven

145

the Jumps  
in her stOmewhere  
maY they fire her for a barren ewe so she says  
Cat you  
mEek my

hairmeJig	146
lAughing	
My	
risE out	
leaSt	
Jess katty	147
lOu	
opsY poll queeniee ruth	
in for the Church	
we've all come feast like the groupsuppers	
are you enjoying this	
breAk	148
i aM	
i swEar i am	
do you prefer itS in these dark nets if why may ask	
as none of yðu knows Javanese	152
minOr	
take Your head out of your	
faCts	
gripEs	
cheek by Jowel	153
with his frishermAn's blague	
for an aniMal	154
ruralE	
abaSe you baldyqueens gather behind me satraps	
kelkefoJe funcktas	160
kelkefOje	
crYing to	
reCoil	
with a grEat leisure	
that is where the Juke comes in	162
hAving	
chaMþaign	
flop as a plankriEg	
the twinfreer typeS are billed to make their reuppearance	
a king off duty and a Jaw	
gOod	
somun in the salm <i>but Yrum et mel</i>	163
<i>ut sCiat</i>	
<i>rEprobare malum et eligere bonum</i>	!

!

recommending the silkebjorg  
mAchine for the  
econoMical  
spacE to look  
mySelf a little more closely  
168 would meself and mac Jeffet  
fOur-in-hand foot him out  
aY were he my own breastbrother  
bum and dingo jaCk by churl  
though it brokE my heart to pray it

169 Jem is  
jAcob  
he was of respectable steMming  
an outlEX  
between the lineS of

170 Juicejelly legs  
mOlten mutton  
171 greekenhearted Yude  
attouCh  
what happEns when

172 Johns is  
next plAce  
feel his laMbs  
fEel  
how Sheap exex his liver

173 three Jeers  
his rOtten little  
bottom sawYer till nowan  
laCk  
sEmantics

175 *sachsen and Judder*  
*word mAde warre*  
*heMpal*  
*must tumpEl*  
*broken eggS will poursuive bitten apples*

	american Jump	176
	foX	
	are we fairlYs represented	
	in dreamColohour	
	battlE of waterloo	
	mothelup Joss	177
	trousers chAnging colour	
	in cheMs	
	rEvolted	
	Stellas	
	in Junk et sampam	178
	On his	
	straY whizzer	
	to avenge maC-	
	jobbEr went stonestepping with	
	dr. poindeJenk	179
	Authorised bowdler and censor	
	velluM	
	blundEred	
	an aiSling vision more gorgeous than the one before	
	the Jigjagged page	180
	his tOngue	
	in his belfrY	
it took him a month to steal a marCh		
	hardsEt to mumorise more than a word a week	
	Jymes wishes	181
	to heAr	
	druMcondriac	
	natE	
	really waS who	
	them bearded Jezabelles	192
	rOb	
	marYlebone	
while whistlewhirling your Crazy		
!	Elegies	
	all Jokes	193
go green in the gAzer		
	Mr	
	lEarn	
	to Say nay	

194                                   black mass of Jigs and jimjams haunted by  
   innOcence  
   Yield our spiritus to the wind  
 pole the spaniel paCk  
   and thEir quarry

198                                   ijypt  
   sAw i  
   lord saloMon  
   hEr  
   bullS they were ruhring surfed with sprec

200                                   in a period gōwn of changeable Jade  
   that wOuld robe the wood  
   off her nose vuggYbarney  
   hello duCky  
   plEase don't die

202                                   tapping a flank and tipping a Jutty  
   pAlling in and pietaring out  
   when Maids  
   wEre in arc  
   or when three Stood hosting

204                                   and me to do the greasy Jub  
   vetOnica's wipers  
   theY've moist  
   Crampton lawn  
   baptistE me father for she has sinned

205                                   or Jude's hotel  
   from nAnnywater  
 to the lootin quarter you found his ikoM  
   tipsidE down  
   comerboyS cammocking his guy  
   the peihos piped und ubanJees twanged  
   with Oddfellow's triple tiara

206                                   she swore on croststYx nyne wyndabouts she's be  
   quiCk and  
   maguE

herself tidal to Join  
 in the mAscarete o gig goggle  
 it's too screaMing  
 minnEha minnehi  
 you muSt you must really make my hear it gurgle  
 Jellybelly  
 incense anguille brOnze 207  
 describe her hustle along whY  
 Can't you spitz on  
 while it's hot  
 shins between them for isabel Jezebel and 210  
 llewelyn mmArriage  
 a nightMarching  
 harE  
 and gumbootS each for bully hayes and hurricane hartigan  
 a Jauntingcar  
 dOolin  
 coYle  
 a hairClip and clackdish  
 for pEnceless  
 Jill the spoon 211  
 for jAck the broth  
 for Maggi  
 frozEnmeat  
 woman from luSk to livienbad for  
 Jane in decline 214  
 sOaking and bleaching  
 the laundrYfman  
 Cuffs was  
 hEir to the town  
 tell me of John 216  
 or shAun  
 sheM and  
 stEm  
 Stone beside the rivering waters

## II

- 220 opal who having jilted glugg is  
 fAscinated by  
 Miss  
 corriE  
 griSchun scoula bring the babes
- 221 Jests  
 jOkes  
 interjection buckleY  
 musiC  
 providEntially arranged by l'archet and laccorde
- 222 dJowl  
 releAsed  
 shehind hiMs back  
 shE  
 Shuffering all the diseasinesses of the  
 melmelode Jawr  
 up tighty in the frOnt down again on the loose drim and drumming  
 Yoe  
 with searCh a fling  
 did diE near sea
- 224 he was an injine ruber  
 Aunts to give  
 whoM  
 inhEbited  
 hehry antletS on him
- 225 ploung Jamn  
 his spOkes  
 mitzYmitzy though i did ate  
 van diemen's Coral  
 pEarl

othersites of Jorden 228  
     heAve a hevvy  
     tinsaMmon  
 till farthEr 229  
     alterS  
     send Jarge  
     and daunt yOu logh  
 if his vineshankY's  
 inform to the old sniggering publiCking  
     prEss and its nation of sheepcopers  
     he would Jused sit it  
     All write down just as  
     in hyMns  
     ignorancE  
     Seeing how heartsilly sorey he was -- i  
 was liffe worth leaving neJ 230  
     thOledoth treetrene  
 pumme if Yell  
     while itCh ish 231  
     shomE  
     haveaJube  
     sillAyass joshua proesus  
 seed of suMm  
     aftEr at he had  
     breaStplates  
     Jerk  
     a ladle brOom jig  
 isle wail for Yews 232  
     Cap  
     twillEd a twine of flame  
     arrahbeeJee 234  
     hAppy  
 little girlycuMs  
     adolphtEd  
     Such  
     glycering Juwells lydialight fans and 236  
     le mOnade  
 sing a song of singlemonth and You'll too and  
     Chours  
     so comE on ye wealthy gentrymen



thej olly  
 missAl too  
 push the puMkik round  
 annEliuia  
 Since the days of roamaloose and rehmoose  
 238 like Juneses  
 nuts!Ost'  
 like the blue of the skY if i stoop for to spy's  
 between my whiteyoumightCallimbs how  
 makEs their triel eer's wax for  
 240 pure blood Jebusite  
 drugmAllt storehuse  
 sMily skibluh  
 Eye  
 alioS  
 242 so she not swop her eckcot hJem  
 hOwarden's castle englandwales  
 243 as hundreads elskereleks' Yahrds of annams  
 faCtory  
 frEsh and fiuning at the mouth  
 245 the width of the way for Jogjoy hulker's cieclest elbownunsense  
 his dithering dAthering waltzers of  
 jeMpson's  
 wEed  
 deckS  
 -246 de oud huis bij de kerkegaard  
 whOopee  
 saucY  
 Campus calls  
 girls arE merchand  
 Jerkoff  
 eAtsoup  
 yeM or yan  
 whilE  
 felixed iS who culpas docs and harm's worth healing  
 253 splitten up or recompounded an isaac Jacquemin  
 maurOmormo milesian how  
 254 three stout sweYnhearts  
 of the orgiasts meeresChal macmuhun  
 Extreñes giving quotidients to our' means

bier wijn Advokaat withouten pleaders Mas marrit pas poulit ras is huEd of each'S colour	256
<small>keuocrenunanduraskewdylooshooferimoyportertoooryzooyphalnaboriansporthaokansakroidverjkapakkapuk</small> upplOud Youd	257
hear us loud graCiously hEar us	258
Judges	263
gAy lutharius Morth with	264
thrEe Saturnine settings	
lead us seek o June thOu who fleest thYself attaCh with thinE efteased ensuer a question of	266
the law of the Jungerl eArly jeMmijohns will cudgEl browne and nolan'S divisional tables	268
of Jemenfichue will sit and knit halfwayhOist pYgmyhop a washable love by seCond prudE	269
Jeg suis thou Arr M. 50-50 <i>οὐκ ἔλαβον πόλιμ</i> cookcook Search me	

273 mangay mumbo Jumbjubes  
 mutts and jeffs muchas bracerOnettes

274 death raY stop him  
 entre Chats  
 dundErhead

275 big gleaming Jelly  
 for good vAunty years  
 in any large luMps  
 gEek  
 got the Strong of it

276 into Jinglish janglage  
 dOlphins  
 babeteasing us out of our hoYdenname  
 sate with beCchus zumbock ?  
 achEvre

279 ) Jr  
 my listAck  
 to piMp  
 my impEnding marriage  
 nature tellS everybody

280 *la Jambe de marche*  
 supPOsed adeal  
 shall plaY  
 her sideCurls  
 latEr

281 *aux Jours*  
*des bAtailles*  
 blottoM  
 warE  
 trifold tongueS you daredevil donnelly

282 hooJahs  
 kOojahs up  
 his fanden's catachYsm  
 Caiuscounting  
 in the scalE of pin puff pive piff piff puff pive

290 *par Jure*  
 you plAit nuncandtunc and  
 Mams  
 spottpricE  
 twaS he was

<p>in Juwelietry  kickychOses and madornaments  and mYrtle  at the reCtory  viciaragE road</p>	291
<p>! Jup  off cArpenger strate  with olaf as centruM  cyclonE allow  makefearSome's ocean you've actuary entducked one</p>	294
<p>kapitayn killyhook and the Jukes  <i>private prOperties</i>  a night of thoughtsendYures and a day  in effeCt  yulEs gone by</p>	295
<p>a gouvernement Job  moAnday tearsday  thuMpsday  fEar of the law  look at thiS twitches</p>	301
<p>low Jure  lOved to see  the macbeths jerseYs  knaCking spots of  Eagles sweet</p>	302
<p>last line from smith-Jones-orbison  yeArs  jirryaliMpaloop  hup u bn gd grl lifp yEar  fendS you all and moe</p>	
<p><i>twofold truth and the conjunctive appetites</i>  <i>Oppositional orexes</i>  roYally toobally</p>	305
<p>thou in shanty thou in sCanty shanty thou in slanty scanty shanty  bidE in your hush bide in your hush</p>	
<p>Julius  cAesar  cheMistry  disciplinE  at the South city markets belief in giants</p>	306

new yonks from Jake jack  
and little sOusoucie

patent number 1132 thorpetersen and synds Jomsborg selverbergen  
twintriodic singulvAlvulous

tyMpan

bauliaughaclEeagh

culpable of cunduncing naul and Santr̄y

or one wathour bilaws below till time Jings

hOst

indtil the teller oYne of an oustman in skull of skand

when he pullupped the turfeyCork by

grEats of gobble out of lougk neagk

rotary Jewr

plebs but plAbs

consistently blown to adaMs

so hElp me boyg

who keepS the book

nogeysokey first cabootle segund Jilling

that Oerasound

the snarstY weg for publin so was hiis

him how the hitCh did do this

my fand sulkErs

he apullaJibed

dAn so

Mansk

likE a dun darting dullemitter with

Stuck in ploitures

Jilt the spin

and jOlt

a buoY

lowCasts

atEn of amilikan

stuff interjoked boAth scaMptail irE wackering from the eyewinker maSttop and aye far he fared	320
with winkles whelks and cocklesent Jelks lit by night in the phOenix music contrescene he cupped his Years to Catch mE's to you	321
torstaj tAnssia lavantaj ja sunnuntaj christianisMus kirjallisuus kirjallisuus christianismus this pEllover finniSch	325
Jest	331
crOwn the ketYl and heC lovE alpy	332
and the Juinnesses is rApin his hind the Missus braggEd abouve that her agony Stays outsize her	333
it pickles up the punchey and the Jude yOu'll Yule to the day and it's hey tallaght hoe Cup it tEllyhows its story to	334
Jukersmen sure to pAltipsypote your fingathuMbs hEahear Solowly	337
ajaculate all lea light rassamble the glOwrings of bruYant Ching lEW mang	338

- 339                    come alleyou Jupes of wymmingtown  
                                grAze the calves of  
 heavenspawne consoMation  
                                rEnt outraged  
                                erminia'S
- 340                    *dJublian alps*  
                                *and the hOofd ribeiro*  
                                nYe  
                                *reguleCt*  
                                *wifE in the rut of*  
                                his mujiksy's  
                                zAravence
- 341                    *act which seeMs*  
                                *to sharpnEl*  
                                *innermalS menody*
- 342                    *gross Jumpiter whud was thud*  
                                *hOld hard*  
                                *major hermYn*  
                                *reproduCing*  
                                *form of famous sirEs on the scene of the formers triumphs*
- 343                    pojR  
                                schtschuptAr  
                                all the qwehrMin  
                                of thosE  
                                antiantS their grandoper that soun of a gunnong
- 344                    i confesses withould prideJealice  
                                when i lOoked  
                                *at Yarn's length*  
                                *by wile of stoCcan his hand and of*  
                                *gEtting umptyums gathermed off*
- 348                    a great mark for Jinking  
                                brocAde for  
                                a burM  
                                whEm  
                                it bameS fire
- 351                    blue streak Jisty and pithy  
                                as hOmar  
                                ( kaYenne was  
                                Choplain  
                                bluEd

his bigotes bristling as Jittinju triggity shittery pet	352
he shouts his thump and feeh fAuh foul finngures up	
the frustate fourstar russkakruscaM dom allaf	
of sin praktikE	353
failing to furrow theogonieS of the dommed	
loud lauds to his luckhump and beJetties	358
jOnahs and	
tombuYs disassembling and taking him apart	
the slammoCks	
with discrimination for his maypole and	
what we warn to hear Jeff is the woods of chirpsies cries	359
sock him up the oldcAnt rogue group a you have jest	
a haM	
bEamed	
liStening through	
grootvatter lodewijk	361
bOldmans	
You're	
the jangtherapper of all joColarinas	
and thEy were as were they	
rosing he Jumps	363
leAps rizing	
he's their Mark	
cErtainty owe	
he Sprit in his phiz	
e'en tho' Jambuwel's defecalties is	366
sippahsedly imprOctor	
marse makes a good daYle to be shattat	
jaCq jacob's	
griEf	
k.c. Jowls	368
they sure Are wise	
Mr g.b.	369
hilly gapE	
mr w.k. ferriS-fender fert fort woovil doon	
Jameseslane	373
begetting a wife which begame his niece by pOuring	
her Youngthings into skintighs	
it Crops out	
in your flEsh	374



375

you on her hosy Jigses  
thAt'll be  
fuMmuccumul  
with a granEen aveiled  
playing down the Slavey touch

376

Jik  
yOu're getting hoovier a twelve stone hoovier  
and the greY  
Club too with  
wEre for the massus for to feed

383

and they kemin in so hattaJocky only

384

quArtebuck askull for  
old Matt  
grEgory  
and then beSides old matt there was

386

Jules  
with the hOughers  
Yaman and all the

-387

priesthunters from the Curragh  
and confusionariEs and the authorities

and his crimson harness and his leathern Jib  
his cheApshein hairshirt  
that reMinds  
mE  
about the manauSteriums of the poor

then there was the official landing of lady Jales casemate in the year  
the fLOod 1132 s.o.s.

and then poor merkin cornYngwham  
the offiCial out of  
pEnsiion when

394

Jool  
the rAncers  
egotuM  
dEprofundity  
of multimathematical immaterialitieS

tootwoly tortific the mummurrubejubes 396

cOunting motherpeributts up one up four  
in lethargY's love at the end of it all 397

Caxons  
wEt air register

### III

Jistr to gwen his gwistel 406  
prAties sweet and irish too  
and Mbck  
gurglE  
to whiStle his way through for the'swallying

burud and dulse and typureely Jam all free of charge aman and

lOaves are  
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lynCh  
hE's deeply draiming houseanna

take this John's 408

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and shaunti again and twelve coolinder Moons i am

studiEd  
piScisvendolor you're gráce futs dronk

tackling bienie faith as well and Jucking 417

dOrsan  
in the mYre  
aCtually  
ánd prEsumptuably sanctifying chronic's despair

31 Jun. 13 421  
12 p.d. rAZed  
cuMm  
camE  
Stop

422 he can purge his contempt and dejeunerate  
           a skillytOn be thinking himself to death  
           if he waits till i buY him a mosselman's present  
           ho's nos halfCousin  
           of minE pigdish nor wants  
 423 went into the society of Jewses  
           with bro cAhlls and  
 424           teMp  
           whEn he foiled  
           the ikiSh  
  
 430 girlsfuss over him pellmale their *Jeune premier*  
           mussing his frizzy hAir  
           siMply savouring  
           wiId thymE  
           and parSley  
           Jaun asking kindly  
           are bernadetta's cOlumbillas  
 431           coY  
           a bittoCk  
           a sidEeye  
           from sampson's tyke to Jones's       i  
           sprAt  
           jaun after those few preliMbs  
           iknowEd  
           her waveS of splabashing and she showed him proof  
 435           always Jaeger  
           mOedl's with their  
           danuboYes  
           stiCk wicks  
           whEn you hear the prompter's voice  
 441 the race is to the rashest of the romping Jomping rushes of  
           hAul seton's  
           ad libidinuM  
           if you'veE  
           parentS and things to look after

divulge suddenly  
 jOuted out hardworking jaun  
 braYing aloud like brahaam's  
 kinantiCs  
 in that buEl of gruel he gobed at bedgo  
 what do you mean by Jno 447  
 jAs pagan  
 traM  
 wEaring the midlimb  
 veStee  
 Jushed astunshed 448  
 durn weel tOpcoated with  
 tristYs blinking 449  
 and jaCobus  
 intErcissous  
 as a philopotamus and creaking Jugs  
 grenoulls leAving tealeaves for the trout  
 westasleep aMuckst  
 to watch how carEfully  
 nocturnal gooSemother would lay her new golden sheegg -450  
 bemolly and Jiesis  
 i spOrt a  
 brYony o'bryony  
 what sensitive Coin  
 possEssed  
 neck and necklike derby and June to our snug 454  
 retribution's rewARd the scorchhouse shunt us  
 saffron buns or sovran bonhaMs 455  
 whichEver you'r avider  
 allover irelandS  
 and a penny in the plate for the James 456  
 O.k oh  
 Yon  
 Coat of  
 vairy furry bEst i'll try and pullll it awn mee  
 the Jooks  
 the kelly-cooks hAve  
 Milking  
 marshalsEa  
 i çirSt offenders but i know what i'll do

458

i will tie a knot in my stringamejip  
it will be wOrth  
simply and solely  
Comb and mirror  
owEs and artless awes

465

hatch yourself well enJombyourselves thurily  
would you wAit biss she buds till you  
Mails  
togEther  
like the corkS again brothers hungry and angry

469

Jerne  
abOard for kew  
solong lood erYnnana ware thee wail  
naw's nunC  
or nimmEr

470

eh Jourd'weh oh jourd'woe  
to-mAronite's  
oasis cedarious esaltershOMing  
IEafboughnoon  
oiSis

471

half a glance of irish frisky a Juan jaimesan  
*hastalwegO*  
sososopkY  
peoCchia  
pEucchia ho mi hoping ha me happinice  
borne of bJoerne  
*LA garde*  
*coos hogdaM*  
*farvEl*  
Speed

473

spatched fun Juhn  
that dandyfOrth from the night we are and feel and  
phaYnix  
Cock shall crow  
wEst shall shake the east awake walk

oh Jeyses fluid 480  
 sAys the poisoned well  
 did you dreaM you  
 ating your own tripE  
 acuShla that you tied yourself up  
 scents and gouspils the animal Jangs again  
 hOwl me wisecre's hat till  
 Yu hald 481  
 Chris  
 drEam  
 your spavrotides Jong of 482  
 mAho  
 and that o'Mulafchonry  
 no usE  
 donkeySchott  
 every other woman has a Jape in her 486  
 fellOw  
 o seY but swift and  
 bellax aCting  
 likE a bellax  
 when a crispin sokolist besoops Juts 491  
 or clApperclaws  
 Mum  
 a drary lanE  
 juSt hadded twinned little curls  
 i am writing in mepetition to kavanagh dJanaral when he 492  
 as badazmy emOtional volvular  
 with vallad of erill pearceY o 493  
 in my nil ensemble in his lazyChair  
 up my hEmifaces in all my mayarannies  
 alas for livings' pledJures 496  
 lordy dAw and lady don  
 boycotted and girlcutted in debt and dooM  
 on hill and havEn  
 even by-the Show-the-flag flotilla  
 watersheads and to change that subjunct  
 Once in a while  
 identifY yourself with the him in you  
 fluCtuous  
 nEck merchamtur

503 all effects in their joints  
     cAused ways  
         toMbs  
         dEep and heavy  
     and what Sigetþ woodin warneung thereof  
 511 the other men Jazzlike  
         brOllies and sesuos was gickling his missus  
         beYawnd  
         tweendeCks  
         dEeply painfully  
             Junk  
         the jungulAr  
 512 life out of the liffeý crestofer caraMbas such is zodisfaction you  
         kishEd he conquered  
         muSked bell of this masked ball  
 514 making mejical  
         shOw in sum some  
         claY  
         Cast  
     through the schappstEckers of hoy's house  
 524 mr coppinger hereckons himself disjunctively  
         with his windwArdd eye  
         a cunifarM school of  
         nazE from twelve and them  
     mayridinghim by the Silent hour butting charging bracing  
 531 me shims and here's me hams and this is me Juppettes gause be the meter  
         he never cOtched finer  
         by sYlph and salamander and  
         primapatrioCk of  
         trancEnania  
 532 Jousters of the king  
         eirenArch's custos  
     in pontofacts Massimust  
     throughout the world whErever  
         good allengliSches angleslachsen is spoken  
 533 ! from an early peepee period while still to hedJe-  
         skOol intended for broadchurch i  
         have the phoneY habit  
     saywhen holmstoCk  
         unstEaden

a bloweyed lanejoymt ! 534  
 fAlse roude axehand he is  
 thoM's  
 snakEeye  
 Strangler of  
 hanging tower steck a Javelin  
 thrOUGH his advowtried heart  
 chrY as urs now so yous then 535  
 first City's  
 lEasekuays  
 i cast my tenspan Joys on her 547  
 Arsched overtapped  
 what screech of shippings what low of daMpfbulls -548  
 from livland hoks zivios from lEttland  
 Skall vives with impress of asias and  
 knaggs of Jets  
 and silvered waterrOses  
 the peak of pim's and sYne's  
 a sChool  
 of shElls of moyles marine  
 and piebald shJelties 554  
 skewbAld  
 doMino  
 Jot 563  
 sobrAt  
 steelwhite and blackMail i ha'scint  
 for my swEet  
 an anemone'S letter with a gold of my bridest hair betied  
 kerryJevin  
 a segOnd position 564  
 of sYlvios beltings  
 are to be Caught  
 a scarlEt pimparnell



565                   gaiJ beutel  
                       of stAub to feel  
                       the tiMid  
                       vortigErn ah  
                           Stemming what boyazhness

568           me amble dooty to your grace's majers  
                   we but miss that hORse elder  
                       alfi bYrni  
                       eaCla  
                       trEacla youghta kaptor lomdom noo

571                   hedJes of  
                       mAiden  
                       ferM  
                       hEre in another place  
                   chapelofeaSes

578                   and her steptoJazyma's culunder buzztle  
                   selling sunlit sOPes to washtout winches and  
                       stepneY's

579                   eskipping the Clockback, crystal  
                       swEetheartedly

583                   lickering Jessup  
                       bAtter  
                   she druv behind her stuMps for a  
                   wink through his tunnileEfft  
                       bagSlops

590                   Jeebies ugh  
                       jawnOose puddigood  
                       Yond would be  
                   worked out to an inCh  
                       his corE

?

## IV

- by Joge 594  
if you've tippertAps in your head  
you're silenced at henge ceolleges exMooth ostbys for ost boys -595  
Each and one  
death baneS and the quick quoke
- he conjured himself  
thetheatrOn 596  
gygantogYres with freeflawforms  
as of young a palatin whiteloCk  
lackEd
- Just 597  
to rolywholyover svApnasvap of all the stranger things that  
toMb  
dykE and hollow  
untiretieS of livesliving
- the moskiosk dJinpalast  
the bathOuse and the bazaar  
has his staY  
and all-a-dreams perhapsing under fuCksloop at last  
all dozE why such me
- the ropper Jerks 611  
jAke  
vaMpas  
fElla  
iSlisH
- JerK 615  
wObblisH the man what  
gave me the keYs to dreamland sneakers in the grass  
tiCk off  
that caffEr's head

616                   by Jings  
                   with the greAtest  
                   hairy of chest haMps and  
                   affEctionate company  
                   real devoteS

620                   hugly Judsys what  
                   chOose is left to  
                   Years

621                   nor you your ruCksunck  
                   hikE

622                   round the lodge of fJorn  
                   gAlla  
                   taMming  
                   unclE  
                   tim'S caubeen

626                   as on the night of the apophanyes Jumpst  
                   shOotst throbbst into me mouth like  
                   us two onlY i was but teen  
                   a pining Child round  
                   sluppEry table  
                   i'm sure he squirted Juice in his eyes  
                   to mAke  
                   theM flash  
                   for flightEning me  
                   Still and all he was awful fond to me

627                   Just a whisk  
                   Of  
                   pitY  
                   a Cloud  
                   in pEace and silence

This text is a revision of an earlier one finished in 1974 which was given as a lecture at the YMHA in New York City and printed in *Numus West*, No. 5-74.

## ***The Future of Music***

For many years I've noticed that music—as an activity separated from the rest of life—doesn't enter my mind. Strictly musical questions are no longer serious questions.

It wasn't always that way. When I was setting out to devote my life to music, there still were battles to win within the field of music. People distinguished between musical sounds and noises. I followed Varèse and fought for noises. Other musicians also did. In the early thirties the only piece for percussion alone was Varèse's *Ionisation*. By 1942 there were over one hundred such works. Now they are countless. Almost anyone who listens to sound now listens easily no matter what overtone structures the sounds have. We no longer discriminate against noises.

We can also hear any pitch, whether or not it's part of a scale of one temperament or another, occidental or oriental. Sounds formerly considered out of tune are now called microtones. They are part and parcel of modern music.

Some people still object to loud sounds. They're afraid of hurting their ears. Once I had the opportunity to hear a very loud sound (the conclusion of a Zaj performance). I'd been in the audience the evening before. I knew when the sound was coming. I moved close to the loudspeaker from which it was to be heard and sat there for an hour, turning first one ear and then the other toward it. When it stopped, my ears were ringing. The ringing continued through the night, through the next day, and through the next night. Early the following day I made an appointment with an ear specialist. On my way to his office, the ringing seemed to have more or less subsided. The doctor made a thorough examination, said my ears were normal. The disturbance had been temporary. My attitude toward loud sounds has not changed. I shall listen to them whenever I get the chance, keeping perhaps a proper distance.

Our experience of time has changed. We notice brief events that formerly might have escaped our notice and we enjoy very long ones, ones having lengths that would have been considered, say fifteen years ago, intolerable.

Nor are we concerned about how a sound begins, continues, and dies away. During a panel discussion on piano music from the People's Republic of China, Chou Wen-

Chung said that Western musicians formerly insisted that a pitched sound should stay on pitch, not waver from the moment it begins until it ends. Chinese musicians, he said, feel some change in its course in its pitch enlivens a sound, makes it "musical." Nowadays, anyone listens to any sounds, no matter how flexible or inflexible they are with respect to any of their characteristics. We've become attentive to sounds we've never heard before. I was fascinated when Lejaren Hiller described his project to use computer means to make a "fantastic orchestra," to synthesize extraordinary sounds, sounds beginning as though plucked, continuing as from pipes, ending as though bowed.

We're also open-minded about silence. Silence isn't as generally upsetting as it used to be.

And melody. *Klangfarbenmelodie* has not taken the place of *bel canto*. It has extended our realization of what can happen. The same is true of aperiodic rhythm: it includes the possibility of periodic rhythm. Two or more lines composed of sounds can be heard whether they involve known or invented kinds of counterpoint or are just simultaneous (not intervallically controlled). Even if two melodies, one very loud, the other very soft, are played at the same time, we know if we listen carefully, or from another position in space, we'll hear them both.

We can be extremely careful about harmony, as Lou Harrison, La Monte Young, and Ben Johnston are, or we can be, as I often am, extremely careless about harmony. Or we can make do as our orchestras do with grey compromise about which sounds sounded together are harmonious.

Anything goes. However, not everything is attempted. Take the division of a whole into parts. In the 'thirties I was impressed by Schoenberg's insistence on musical structure, but disagreed with his view that tonality was its necessary means. I investigated time-lengths as a more comprehensive means. Using permutation, I made tables of the numbers one through twelve, giving their division into prime numbers. These number-series could be understood either in terms of tonality or time-length or rhythmic structures. The series 1-2-1, which appears in the table for the number 4, can be recognized as an A-B-A structure. It could be expressed tonally or rhythmically (or both). The number 7 has 64 different number-series. Only three of these are A-B-A, namely, 2-3-2, 3-1-3, and 1-5-1. Though some of the others have been exemplified musically, I think many have not. The possibilities increase for the higher numbers. There are 2,048 for the number 12. If we add the possibility of fractions, who knows what musical structures may be discovered? Interesting ones are being found by Elliott Carter and Conlon Nancarrow involving superimposed independent gradual transitions from one tempo to another; those by Nancarrow are particularly interesting. Dealing exclusively with player pianos, he produces extremes of speed that are astonishing and exhilarating.

Many composers no longer make musical structures. Instead they set processes going. A structure is like a piece of furniture, whereas a process is like the weather. In the case of a table, the beginning and end of the whole and each of its parts are known. In the case of weather, though we notice changes in it, we have no clear knowledge of its beginning or ending. At a given moment, we are when we are. The nowmoment.

Were a limit to be set to possible musical processes, a process outside that limit

would surely be discovered. Since processes can include objects (be analogous, that is, to environment), we see there is no limit. For some time now, I have preferred processes to objects for just this reason: processes do not exclude objects. It doesn't work the other way around. Within each object, of course, a lively molecular process is in operation. But if we are to hear it, we must isolate the object in a special chamber. To focus attention, one must ignore all the rest of creation. We have a history of doing precisely that. In changing our minds, therefore, we look for that attitude that is non-exclusive, that can include what we know together with what we do not yet imagine.

There is the question of feelings, whether like emotions they seem to come spontaneously from within, or, like likes and dislikes, they seem to be caused by sense perceptions. In either case, we know that life's more fully lived when we are open to whatever—that life is minimized when we protect ourselves from it. Naturally, we don't set out to kill ourselves. We will continue to “wrestle with the Daimonic” (as M. C. Richards puts it), and a variety of disciplines will continue to be used to open the mind to events beyond its control. But more and more a concern with personal feelings of individuals, even the enlightenment of individuals, will be seen in the larger context of society. We know how to suffer or control our emotions. If not, advice is available. There is a cure for tragedy. The path to self-knowledge has been mapped out by psychiatry, by oriental philosophy, mythology, occult thought, anthroposophy, and astrology. We know all we need to know about Oedipus, Prometheus, and Hamlet. What we are learning is how to be convivial. “Here Comes Everybody.” Though the doors will always remain open for the musical expression of personal feelings, what will more and more come through is the expression of the pleasures of conviviality (as in the music of Terry Riley, Steve Reich, and Philip Glass). And beyond that a nonintentional expressivity, a being together of sounds and people (where sounds are sounds and people are people). A walk, so to speak, in the woods of music, or in the world itself.

The difference between closed-mindedness and open-mindedness resembles the difference between the critical and creative faculties, or the difference between information about something (or knowledge even) and that something itself. Christian Wolff found the following, written by Charles Ives, and sent it on to me: “What music is and is to be may be somewhere in the belief of an unknown philosopher of half a century ago who said, ‘How can there be any bad music? All music is from heaven. If there is anything bad in it, I put it there—by my implications and limitations. Nature builds the mountains and meadows and man puts in the fences and labels.’” The fences have come down and the labels are being removed. An up-to-date aquarium has all the fish swimming together in one huge tank.

Musical open-mindedness has come about in this century in Europe both West and East, in the Americas, in Japan, Australia, and perhaps New Zealand. It doesn't exist, except perhaps exceptionally, in India, Indonesia, and Africa. (When in traveling around the world with the Dance Company in 1964 we came to India, Merce Cunningham said, “This is the land of the future.”) Musical open-mindedness exists in Russia but is not permitted exportation. It is politically excluded in China (though I've heard

tell that sometime in the 'sixties Italy's representatives in China managed to arrange a concert in Peking of the music of Sylvano Bussotti).

The reasons for this musical open-mindedness are several. First of all: the activities, the battles won, by many composers. In this country alone, open-mindedness is implied by the work particularly of Ives, Ruggles, Cowell, and Varèse. Cowell used to tell the story about Ruggles and the Florida class in harmony. The problem of modulating from one key to another "very distant" one was discussed. After an hour, the instructor asked Ruggles how he, Ruggles, would solve the problem. Ruggles said: I wouldn't make a problem out of it; I'd just go from one to the other without any transition.

A second reason for open-mindedness: changes in technology associated with music. Given the tape recorders, synthesizers, sound systems, and computers we have, we could not reasonably have been expected to keep our minds fixed on the music of earlier centuries, even though many of the schools, conservatories, and music critics still do. A third reason for open-mindedness: the interpenetration of cultures formerly separated. In the nineteenth century even Englishmen occupying India were few and far between who took Indian music seriously. Times have changed. At the present time, if a university takes music seriously, it does as Wesleyan University in Connecticut does: it brings together in one school as many different musical cultures of the world as it can afford (music of Africa, of India, of Indonesia, and Japan, together with European music, music of the American Indians, and new electronic music). A fourth reason for open-mindedness: there are more of us and we have many ways of getting together (the telephone, the media, travel by air). If one of us doesn't have an idea that will open the minds of the rest of us, another will. We begin to be keenly aware of the richness and uniqueness of each individual and the natural capacity in each person to open up new possibilities for another. In her recent book, *The Crossing Point*, M. C. Richards tells of her work with retarded children, how it is characterized not just by her helping them, but also by their helping her. Some years ago I was asked to speak to a group of doctors associated with a mental hospital in Connecticut. I had no clear idea in my mind what to say. But as I went down the corridors toward the room where I was to speak, I found myself among people "out of their minds." What had to be said to the doctors became clear: You're sitting on top of a gold mine! Share the wealth with the rest of us! The same is true of our prisons. When Buckminster Fuller did not know whether his wife Anne was to live or not (following an automobile accident), or, if she did live, whether she would be incapacitated or not, it was a letter from a former convict in a California penitentiary on the subject of life, love, and death that gave him consolation. There are untouched resources in children and teen-agers which we do not have because we send them to school; and among the military whom we lose by sending them around the world and beneath its surface to bomb-proof offensive installations; and among the senior citizens whom we have persuaded to leave us in favor of sunshine, fun, and games. We have systematically deprived ourselves of all these people, probably because we didn't want them to bother us while we were doing whatever we were doing. But if there is any experience more than another which conduces to open-mindedness, it is the experience of being bothered by another, of being interrupted by another. "We are study-

ing being interrupted." Say we do not practice any spiritual discipline. The telephone then does it for us. It opens us to the world "outside."

George Herbert Mead said that when one is very young he feels he belongs to one family, not to any other. As he grows older, he belongs to one neighborhood rather than another: later, to one nation rather than another. When he feels no limit to that to which he belongs, he has, Mead said, developed the religious spirit. The open-mindedness among composers (which has affected performers and listeners too) is comparable and kin to the religious spirit. The religious spirit must now become social so that all Mankind is seen as Family, Earth as Home. Music's ancient purpose—to sober and quiet the mind, thus making it susceptible to divine influences—is now to be practiced in relation to the Mind of which through technological extension we all are part, a Mind, these days, confused, disturbed, and split.

Music has already taken steps in this direction, toward social interaction, the non-political togetherness of people.

The Renaissance-honored distinctions between composers, performers, and listeners are no longer everywhere maintained. The blurring of these distinctions has come about for several reasons. First of all: the activities of many composers, particularly Feldman and Wolff, who have made their compositions indeterminate, so that performers, rather than merely doing what they are told to do, have the opportunity to use their own faculties, to make decisions in a field of possibilities, to cooperate, that is, in a particular musical undertaking. Those listening to indeterminate music have been encouraged in their listening, since they have been joined in such music by the composers and performers too.

Secondly, technology has brought about the blurring of the distinctions between composers, performers, and listeners. Just as anyone feels himself capable of taking a photograph by means of a camera, so now and increasingly so in the future anyone, using recording and/or electronic means, feels and will increasingly feel himself capable of making a piece of music, combining in his one person the formerly distinct activities of composer, performer, and listener. However, to combine in one person these several activities is, in effect, to remove from music its social nature. It is the social nature of music, the practice in it of using a number of people doing different things to make it, that distinguishes it from the visual arts, draws it toward theater, and makes it relevant to society, even society outside musical society. The popularity of recordings is unfortunate, not only for musical reasons, but for social reasons: it permits the listener to isolate himself from other people. What is needed is not that the several activities of different people come together in one person, but that the distinctions between the roles of different people be blurred, so that they themselves may come together.

A third cause for the blurring of the distinctions between composers, performers, and listeners: the interpenetration of cultures formerly separated. There is no longer an essential difference between some serious music and some popular music—or, you may say, a bridge exists between them: their common use of the same sound systems, the same microphones, amplifiers, and loudspeakers. In the cases of much popular and some oriental musics, the distinctions between composers and performers were never very



clear. Notation, as Busoni said it did, did not stand between musician and music. People simply came together and made music. Improvisation. It can take place, so to speak, strictly, as within the *raga* and *tala* limitations of Indian music, or it can take place freely, merely in a space of time, as sounds do environmentally, whether in the country or in the cities. Just as aperiodic rhythm can include periodic rhythm, just as process can include object, so free improvisations can include strict ones, can even include compositions. The Jam Session. The Musicircus.

In 1974 Richard K. Winslow suggested changing my instrumental parts for *Etcetera* so that they would read Bowed Instrument, Wind Instrument, Double Reed, Single Reed, rather than Violin, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, thus bringing to parts for pitched instruments something of the vagueness and freedom conventionally given to parts for percussion players. (If you don't have the percussion instrument called for, you substitute something else.) Oriental and occidental instruments together in ensemble. A duet between tuba and sitar! This is possible only when the actions to be made are not on the ground special to either, but on the ground common to both. Since *Etcetera*, I have written *Score with Parts: Twelve Haiku* and *Renga*, graphic notations in which the parts are differentiated only by numbers. A given part may be played on any instrument.

With our increase in population there has come about a great increase in musical activity. Formerly concerts of new music were few and far between. Now there is more going on than you can shake a stick at. So that it always surprises me when I run into the thought there's nothing further, nothing new, to do in music; though I remember feeling that way in the early 'thirties: I was full of admiration for what had been accomplished; I had not yet gotten to work. For the most part, music that's now being made in New York, the new music, that is, is music I want to hear, though too often I cannot for I'm busy elsewhere. Audiences are large, generally filling the spaces used. And more and more, as in the evenings in New York known as "Sounds out of Silent Spaces," evenings with a cooperative music-making group founded by Philip Corner, the audiences themselves participate.

We can say that this blurring of the distinctions between composers, performers, and listeners is evidence of an ongoing change in society, not only in the structure of society, but in the feelings that people have for one another. Fear, guilt, and greed associated with hierarchical societies are giving way to mutual confidence, a sense of common well-being, and a desire to share with another whatever one person happens to have or to do. However, these changed social feelings which characterize many evenings of new music do not characterize the society as a whole.

Revolution remains our proper concern. But instead of planning it, or stopping what we're doing in order to do it, it may be that we are at all times in it. I quote from M. C. Richards' book, *The Crossing Point*: "Instead of revolution being considered exclusively as an attack from outside upon an established form, it is being considered as a potential resource—an art of transformation voluntarily undertaken from within. Revolution arm in arm with evolution, creating a balance which is neither rigid nor explosive. Perhaps we will learn to relinquish voluntarily our patterns of power and subservience, and work together for organic change."

At the beginning of the *Essay on Civil Disobedience*, Thoreau has this quotation: "That government is best which governs not at all." He adds: "And when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have." Many musicians are ready. We now have many musical examples of the practicality of anarchy. Music with indeterminate parts, no fixed relation of them (no score). Music without notation. Our rehearsals are not conducted. We use that time to make our setups: to make sure that everything that is needed by any of the musicians is there, that everything is in good working order. Musicians can do without government. Like ripe fruit (I refer to the metaphor at the end of Thoreau's *Essay*), they have dropped away from the tree.

Less anarchic kinds of music give examples of less anarchic states of society. The masterpieces of Western music exemplify monarchies and dictatorships. Composer and conductor: king and prime minister. By making musical situations which are analogies to desirable social circumstances which we do not yet have, we make music suggestive and relevant to the serious questions which face Mankind.

Some politically concerned composers do not so much exemplify in their work the desired changes in society as they use their music as propaganda for such changes or as criticism of the society as it continues insufficiently changed. This necessitates the use of words. Sounds by themselves do not put messages across. And when they do not use words, politically concerned composers tend to revert to nineteenth-century musical practices. This is enforced in both Russia and China. And encouraged in England by Cornelius Cardew and the members of the Scratch Orchestra. They study the pronouncements on art by Mao Tse-tung and apply them as literally and legalistically as they can. They therefore have criticized the politically concerned music of Frederick Rjewski and Christian Wolff, simply because new ways to make music have been discovered by both of these composers. Rjewski's works (and some of Garrett List's, too) flow like the rapids of a river: they suggest irresistible change. Rjewski and List have found virtuosi who vocalize rapidly and over long periods of time uninterruptedly (not seeming to take any time off to breathe); Wolff's works invariably reveal to both performers and listeners energy resources they have of which they hadn't been aware and put those energies intelligently to work.

Implicit in the use of words (when messages are put across) are training, government, enforcement, and finally the military. Thoreau said that hearing a sentence he heard feet marching. Syntax, N. O. Brown told me, is the arrangement of the army. The pen has formerly been considered more powerful than the sword. American shame and spiritual frustration result at least in part from the fact that even though the country's best pens and best voices throughout our history have been raised in protest against our government's actions, and even though thorough plans have been clearly proposed for the improvement of environment and the well-being of all people—not just Americans, but all people—the American powers that be remain deaf and blind. We know from Buckminster Fuller and many others that the continued use of fossil fuels is against both environment and the lives of people in it. We should use above-earth energy sources exclusively: sun, wind, tides, and algae. The nations don't seem to know this. National and international triumphs, whether of the USA or other countries, still have to do

with the foolish exploitation of below-earth resources. Fuller did not smile when I asked him about atomic energy. Inevitable in it is the slow but steady raising of Earth's temperature to a heat in which life would be unendurable (see Robert L. Heilbroner: *An Inquiry into the Human Prospect*). Since words, when they communicate, have no effect, it dawns on us that we need a society in which communication is not practiced, in which words become nonsense as they do between lovers, in which words become what they originally were: trees and stars and the rest of primeval environment. The demilitarization of language: a serious musical concern.

When I was commissioned by the Boston Symphony Orchestra to write a work in celebration of the American Bicentennial, Seiji Ozawa said, "Make it easy!" Our institutions, not just the musical ones, are incapable of hard work. Time is counted to the second and limited. The goal of an individual within an institution has nothing to do with the work to be done or with the state of his mind. It has to do with the payment to be received. A necessary aspect of the immediate future, not just in the field of environmental recovery, is work, hard work, and no end to it. Much of my music since 1974 is extremely difficult to play (the *Etudes Australes* for the pianist Grete Sultan; the *Freeman Etudes* for the violinist Paul Zukofsky). The overcoming of difficulties. Doing the impossible. Grete Sultan was enthusiastic at the prospect of work. When I told the composer Garrett List what I was up to, there was liveliness in his eyes and a smile of recognition. He also was at work on something having the nature of work. And a recent long work by Christian Wolff is called *Exercises*.

Tom Howell at the University of Illinois inspired his students to explore the playing of two or more notes at a time on a single wind instrument. In the books you can play only one at a time: His teaching produced work. Multiphonics.

As a pianist, David Tudor laboriously developed the ability, not yet approached by others, to give each attack in a rapid succession of many its own dynamic character. He took the principle underlying *Klangfarbenmelodie* (a succession of different timbres) and applied it to the relation between himself and his instrument: differences of energy, of distance and speed of attack, an extension of the understanding of the mechanism of keys, hammers, strings. Nowadays, Tudor rarely plays the piano. His work is in the field of electronics, often in relation to video, and often in collaboration with others. He invents components and sound systems of great originality. He solders and constructs them. He keeps abreast of the developments throughout the world in the field of electronics. He makes new loudspeakers free of the constriction of high fidelity.

There is endless work to be done in the field of electronic music. And many people at work: David Behrman, Gordon Mumma, Robert Ashley, Alvin Lucier, Phill Niblock, to name five. And in the field of video and visual technology (composers also have eyes): Lowell Cross, Tony Martin, Nam June Paik, to name three. And in the field of computer music (shortly everyone, whether he's a musician or not, will have a computer in his pocket): Joel Chadabe, Giuseppe Englaert, Jean-Claude Risset, Lejaren Hiller, Max Mathews, John Chowning, Charles Dodge, Emmanuel Ghent, to name eight.

As I look back over my own work, I observe that more often than not I have had

other people in mind. I had Robert Fizdale and Arthur Gold in mind when I wrote the *Book of Music for Two Pianos*. The *Sonatas and Interludes* for prepared piano is a portrait of Maro Ajemian. Beginning with my *Music of Changes*, and continuing through *Variations VI*, my music always had David Tudor in mind. I notice now that many composers in their work have not a person but a place (environment) in mind. This is true of Pauline Oliveros' work, *In Memoriam Nikola Tesla*. The concern with place characterizes the work of Alison Knowles, whether she is working with Yoshimasa Wada or Annea Lockwood. Music becomes something to visit. Or a shrine, as in the *Eternal Music* of La Monte Young. An environment to go through (as in a work by Maryanne Amacher, or Max Neuhaus, or Liz Phillips). At Wesleyan University I met two young men studying with Alvin Lucier, Ron Goldman and Nicolas Collins. They gave an electronic concert in the tunnels below the new Arts Center in Middletown. By walking through the tunnels one passed through nodes and noticed (as one does in Oliveros' work) sympathetic vibrations arising in the building and its furniture. There's music to be made in geodesic domes, on unused subway platforms, in laundromats, in fields, forests, and in cities conceived as Robert Moran conceives them as immense concert halls.

Sympathetic vibrations. Suggestiveness and work. I have heard electronic components go into operation even though they were not plugged into the system. I said to someone who understood electronics and who was helping me, "Don't you think that's strange? It's not connected but it's working." His comment: "It's so close to the others, I would find it stranger if it didn't start working."

People and places. Musical theater. The Happening. The longest one we've ever had (Watergate) is still going on (at least in our minds). It is comparable to Greek or Noh drama. I attended a very short happening (not more than two minutes). It was performed in the window of a coffee shop in Soho by Ralston Farina, a young man who changed his name when he noticed two boxes of cereal. The audience with coats on stood in the street outside. His work was enigmatic and invigorating.

People and places: ritual. People and places: food. I remember attending a Potlatch near Anacortes, Washington. For days and nights people under the same roof sleeping, eating, cooking, dancing, singing. Changing the USA so that it becomes American Indian again. Margaret Mead. Bob Wilson. Jerome Rothenberg. David McAllester. Avery Jimerson of the Seneca Tribe.

Buckminster Fuller's *Synergetics* (876 pages) was published in 1975. It is no doubt inspiring a new music.

Merce Cunningham's dancing is also inspiring. Through the years Cunningham's faithfulness to the principle of work has never wavered. His dance technique itself is not fixed. It is a continuing series of discoveries of what a human body can do when it moves in and through space. Sometimes he appears as someone who has an insatiable appetite for dance; at other times he seems like dance's slave. James Rosenberg, a young Berkeley, California, poet whose work I admire, makes of himself, as I advised him, a slave to poetry. He is inspired, as I am, by Jackson MacLow's example of untiring devotion. I recall a performance by Charlemagne Palestine that was reminiscent of the body-art of Vito Acconci. Palestine shouted a vocal music at high amplitude while con-

tinuously running at high speed through the audience for a long time up to the point of physical exhaustion.

The first part of a new text by Norman O. Brown is on work. It was his reaction, I believe, to the somewhat complacent, though religious, spirit of the young in California communes. The willingness to settle for survival. Brown's concern is how to make a new civilization. Work is the first chapter. Ideas are in the air. In our polluted air there is the idea that we must get to work. Somehow, recently, in New York and in other cities too, the air seems less polluted than it was. Work has begun.

For a musical work to be implemented in China, it must be proposed not by an individual but by a team. The necessity for teamwork in music has been emphasized by Pierre Boulez in a Canadian interview with him about the research institute, IRCAM, now formed at the Centre Pompidou in Paris. The evenings with Philip Corner, Emily Derr, Andrew Franck, Dan Goode, William Hellerman, Tom Johnson, Alison Knowles, Dika Newlin, Carole Weber, Julie Winter, and the participating "audience" are teamwork. They are learning how to work together without one person's telling another what to do, and these evenings are open to strangers. How many people can work together happily, not just efficiently—happily and unselfishly? A serious question which the future of music will help to answer.

When I received the announcement of the evenings with Philip Corner and his friends, I noticed that no names were given, not even Philip Corner's. However, the announcement was not typeset; it was handwritten. And I recognized Philip Corner's handwriting. The omission of names. Anonymity. People going underground. In order, like Duchamp, to get the work done that is to be done.

People frequently ask me what my definition of music is. This is it. It is work. That is my conclusion.

However, just as I wrote it, the doorbell rang. It was the postman bringing me a present from William McNaughton, his editing of *Chinese Literature* (an anthology from the earliest times to the present day). The book includes many of McNaughton's own translations. On the endpaper of my copy is a dedication to me followed by fourteen Chinese characters, a reference to page 121, and McNaughton's signature. I turned to page 121 and read the following from his translation of *Chuang-tzu's Book*: "Everybody knows that useful is useful, but nobody knows that useless is useful, too." This is from Chapter 4 of *Chuang-tzu's Book*. A tree is described that gives a great deal of shade. It was very old and had never been cut down simply because its wood was considered to be of no use to anyone.

I want to tell the story of Thoreau and his setting fire to the woods. I think it is relevant to the practice of music in the present world situation, and it may suggest actions to be taken as we move into the future.

First of all, he didn't mean to set the fire. (He was broiling fish he had caught.) Once it was beyond his control, he ran over two miles unsuccessfully for help. Since there was nothing he could do alone he walked to Fair Haven Cliff, climbed to the highest rock, and sat down upon it to observe the progress of the flames. It was a glorious spectacle and he was the only one there to see it. From that height he heard bells in the village

sounding alarm. Until then he had felt guilty, but knowing that help was coming his attitude changed. He said to himself: "Who are these men who are said to be the owners of these woods, and how am I related to them? I have set fire to the forest, but I have done nothing wrong therein, and it is as if the lightning had done it. These flames are but consuming their natural food."

When the townsmen arrived to fight the fire, Thoreau joined them. It took several hours to subdue the flames. Over one hundred acres were burned. Thoreau noticed that the villagers were generally elated, thankful for the opportunity that had given them so much sport. The only unhappy ones were those whose property had been destroyed. However, one of the owners was obliged to ask Thoreau the shortest way home, even though the path went through the owner's own land.

Subsequently, Thoreau met a fellow who was poor, miserable, often drunk, worthless (a burden to society). However, more than any other, this fellow was skillful in the burning of brush. Observing his methods and adding his own insights, Thoreau set down a procedure for successfully fighting fires. He also listened to the music a fire makes, roaring and crackling: "You sometimes hear it on a small scale in the log on the hearth."

Having heard the music fire makes and having discussed his fire-fighting method with one of his friends, Thoreau went farther: suggesting that along with firemen there be a band of musicians playing instruments to revive the energies of weary firemen and to cheer up those who were not yet exhausted.

Finally he said that fire is not only disadvantage. "It is without doubt an advantage on the whole. It sweeps and ventilates the forest floor, and makes it clear and clean. It is nature's broom. . . . Thus, in the course of two or three years new huckleberry fields are created for birds and for men."

Emerson said that Thoreau could have been a great leader of men, but that he ended up simply as the captain of huckleberry-picking-parties for children. But Thoreau's writing determined the actions of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Gandhi, and the Danes in their light-hearted resistance to Hitler's invasion. India. Nonviolence.

The useless tree that gave so much shade. The usefulness of the useless is good news for artists. For art serves no material purpose. It has to do with changing minds and spirits. The minds and spirits of people are changing. Not only in New York, but everywhere. It is time to give a concert of modern music in Africa. The change is not disruptive. It is cheerful.

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### About the Author

His teacher, Arnold Schoenberg, said John Cage was “not a composer but an inventor of genius.” Composer, author, and philosopher, John Cage was born in Los Angeles in 1912 and by the age of 37 had been recognized by the American Academy of Arts and Letters for having extended the boundaries of music. He was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1978, and in 1982, the French government awarded Cage its highest honor for distinguished contribution to cultural life, Commandeur de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres. Cage composed hundreds of musical works in his career, including the well-known “4'33” and his pieces for prepared piano; many of his compositions depend on chance procedures for their structure and performance. Cage was also an author, and his book *Silence* was described by John Rockwell in the *New York Times* as “the most influential conduit of Oriental thought and religious ideas into the artistic vanguard—not just in music but in dance, art and poetry as well.” John Cage’s books, published by Wesleyan, are *Silence* (1961), *A Year from Monday* (1967), *M* (1973), *Empty Words* (1979), which Cage also regarded as a performance piece, and *X* (1983). John Cage died in 1992 at the age of 79.

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