

X

WRITINGS '79-'82

A white handwritten signature, likely "John Cage", written in a cursive style with large loops and flourishes.

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CONTENTS

FOREWORD	ix
Writing for the Fourth Time through Finnegans Wake	i
“There is not much difference between the two.” (Suzuki Daisetz)	51
Toyama 1982	51
James Joyce, Marcel Duchamp, Erik Satie: An Alphabet	53
Another Song	103
Writing through the Cantos	109
(untitled)	117
B. W. 1916–1979	119
Composition in Retrospect	123
for her first exhibition with love	153
Diary: How to Improve the World (You Will Only Make Matters Worse) Continued 1973–1982	155
Wishful Thinking	171
Muoyce (Writing for the Fifth Time through Finnegans Wake)	173

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FOREWORD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WRITING FOR THE FOURTH TIME THROUGH FINNEGANS WAKE

I

wroth with twone nathandJoe 3

A

Malt

jhEm

Shen

pftjschute

Of finnegan

that the humptYhillhead of humself

is at the knoCk out

in thE park

Jiccup 4

the fAther

My shining

thE

Soft

Judges

Or helviticus

sternely

watsCh

futurE of his

Jebel 5
And
heed it May half
havE
hiS back

and the derryJellybies 6
arOund
fancYmud
ereCtion
dimb hE

fford
his bAywinds'
hiM
hEr 7
innS

Jamey
Our 8
paddY
is a ffrinCh tip this is
bullEt that byng

mons inJun this is the
Alps hooping to
sheltershock the three lipoleuMs
with thEir
book of Strategy

Jinnies is a
willingdOne
phillippY 9
dispatCh
to irrigatE

Jinnies
to fontAnnoy
bode belchuM
bonnEt
to buSby

waxing ranJymad 10
fOr
hneY
Cry
willingdonE

Jig-
lAntherN
Month
and onE
and Such

Jist 11
dOes
till bYes will be
fliCk
flEckflinging its pixylighting

Job of 12
bAndy
Mounds
likE
So

mujikal 13
bOx
mirY
inCabus
usEd

mammon luJius
in his grAnd old
historioruM
wrotE
annalS f.

up Jerrybuilding 15
tO the
Year
aCross
us frEsh

Junipery
or Alebrill
Mahan it is 16
wE
kraalS

Jute
let us swOp hats
Yutah
hasatenCy
i trumplE

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

Just 17
hOw
bY a riverpool
Clompturf
rEx

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

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

27

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

no Jugglywuggly
with her wAr souvenir
Murial
assurE
a Sure there

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

31

Jubilee
drOgheda
sYmbolising puritas
doCtrina
businEss

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

Jointly kem
the quiet dArkenings of
Mr
aftEr
callouS

Jesuit's 38

clOth

Yet in
the faCts was
sEcondary

Jenny 39

eglAndine's choicest

housingrooM 40

abidE with

my horSe delayed nom num the

many Jiffies 41

pOtlids

theY

Curiously

thosE

Joined 42

Apply

toMorrow casual and a

variEty

juSt been

Juiced after 43

Over at

tarrY the

Clings

hEr

mountJoy 45
of All
Milk
opEnair
choruS

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

Juxta- 51
explanatiOn was put in
exrace eYes
lokil Calour
arE said

with Jedburgh 57
Acquitted

contestiMony with 58
clErgy
madthing haS done him

Judgements
thOse
malrecapturable daYs
in whiCh
widE

John 61
leAned
Moult
instEnch of
gladSome

heJirite 62
silentiOussuemeant under
deep Your
luCtuous
pEasant

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

Jumphet 64
frOm
plaYing
on the raglar roCk to dilyn
prisEd

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

a large Jugful 65
sOmeplace
sly where
he Could
mixErs

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

Joking
lAying if
coMpanion who stuck still to
invEntion
Strongbox

J. 83
befOre
gaY
whiskwigs wiCk's
Ears

Jennerously exhibited 84
to the pArts
it proved Most
fortunatE that
and Six

whole padderJagmartin 86
cOpperas
chrYstalisations of alum on even
to stiCk
firE to

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

gale and roaring o'crian Jr. 87
bOth
dalkeYs kings of mud and
Crimson
o'donnEr ay

Jowl the mAthers of hircuM answEr Siar i am	89
it Jah i shOuld Yes how suCh bEginall finally struck him now	90
punic Judgeship strove with penAl stucckoMuck fEw jurorS	91
and highAJinks nOw minster York do i mind i mind the rossies Chaffing him you do todo north mistEr	94
Jonnies hold hArd i'M glad sEz lankyShield gobugga ye	
Jackass harik harik the rOse is white in the rhYme and Contradrinking ninE	96

Juletide's 97
geniAl
Mullinahob
thEn
upon tankardStown the outlier

the Jenny infanted the
hOux
awaY 98
a dutCh bottom tank
undEr

asia maJor
flAtty
of his oMnibox
hE
almS of

Jams
tOwards
he and Yew
evereaChbird from golddawn 99
glory to glowworm glEam

Jest
rAce
fieldMarshal
princeE
with a moliamordhar manSion in the

Jutstiff 100
buttertOwer
the wasting wYvern
baCkwords
or morE strictly

iuld van dijke
certAin fixed residents
through our systeM
bE
Still o

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

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

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

what Jumbo
mAde to
Mouth
stoppEd
Should flow and

<i>jealesies</i> <i>childsize herOes</i> <i>and thin dYed</i> <i>iCyk</i> <i>sEx</i>	106
a Jolting series long lAne	107
Mountback against a usE of Style	108
Jungle yOu maY piCk a pEck	112
Justified thAt luMililts as shE folS	
Jully glad when christmas cOMes	113
aYe to notiCing linEs	114
Jew fAr in duMbil's yEar Sea merged	116

majesty
bOrn
uggamYg hapaxle
Country
stilEs

Jeers 117
for the grApe vine
ruM
his End for him
off Sooth

defectedly 121
diapered windOw
baYleaves
nondesCript
a palmtailEd

final always Jims
sAhib
exhibitionisM
of thosE
capriciouS

rubyJets 122
amOng
as daY the
loCks
you'rE

fJorgn 124
first instAnt
nor the huMphar
still kEpt
Small

and looJing
tOrba's
aY and would have as true as
muCh
onE's half

Jhon 126
rAted
Mic
thEm and
artful diSorder

Jaypees and 134
theban recensOrs
the maYds was midst the hawthorns 135
pimploCo
to stand for suE

on a fJeld duiv 136
ruz the hAlo
on the lodge for hyMn
dapifEr
magnuS

Juts 138
he's cOme
shampaYing
Clouts and
pottlEd

Jorn bArty and toM 8 and how war yorE anSwEr	142
Jeff's gOt the signs but Yurning lovemutCh a brEf burning till	143
Jumps so she sAys so Mush not takE it courSe i know	145
Jump yOur trYsting buCking hopE in	146
gilda hilda ita Jess kAtty lou reforMatory pravidancE waS	147
Javanese i will give all my Old hYbreds and harped on his Crown and out of his immobile	152

Juice of hAd Must to hic sor a stonE Singularly illud	153
kelkefoJe funcctas kelkefOje crYing to reCoil with a grEat	160
sotisfiction how his abject is nothing so much more thAn the dogMarks of origEn on Same time and with the	161
Jaw mOuthful <i>but Yrum</i> <i>ut sCiat</i> <i>malum Et</i>	162 163
Jeffet four-in-hAnd buM and dingo jack by broke to Say	168

Jem is Are sheM's gEtup it Skull an eight of a	169
tragic Jester sObbed himself Yellagreen funkleblue windigut applejaCk to hEar him twixt his	171
Johns is next plAce for luvvoMony hopEd or at among morticianS	172
Jansens chrest wOuld samtalaisY merChant bElfry	173
<i>and Judder on the mound</i> <i>heAth</i> <i>heMpal</i> <i>poursuivE</i> <i>frownS</i>	175
in Junk et sampam his bOnafide straY whizzer sang out to avenge maC jobbEr	178

<p>Jymes wishes to heAr druMcondriac rEally Shamiana</p>	<p>181 182</p>
<p>objects cast at gOblins Young Clippings from toothsomE</p>	<p>183</p>
<p>Jos giAs neys the stoMach fair chancE of tumult Son of</p>	<p>184</p>
<p>Jigsmith dOdginess whites and Yolks and Cinnamon and asthEr's mess and</p>	
<p>Joyntstone let him pAss with your cruMbs tEll me not a loanShark look</p>	<p>192 193</p>
<p>Jigs and innOcence we Yield our spiritus to the wind the pole the spaniel paCk thEir quarry</p>	<p>194</p>

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

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

206

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

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

207

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

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

210

Jones
loAf of
Morning for
valE
and outflaSh

Jill 211
brOth
tYne
viCtor
rakE and

Joys
sAint
Moor
sawyEr and
tropical Scott

Jane in decline and my 214
mOngrel
laundrYman
Collars and
hEir

II

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

Jibsheets and
supercargO
gugnir his geYswerks 221
his earsequaCk
milldiEuw and butt of

Jests
for the wAke lent
M.
finnEgan
hairwigS

and Jean 222
 sOuslevin bass
 claYblade
 of Clubs to part from
 fEar acts of

 dfowl
 releAsed
 shehind hiMs back
 unhErd of 223
 mary louiSan

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

 an inJine ruber 224
 At his thinker's
 freightfullness whoM
 his collinE born
 She

 ploung Jamn 225
 sO
 Yateman hat
 stuCk hits
 althrough his spokEs and if

 would Jused sit it 229
 rAte in blotch
 in hyMns
 ignorancE
 Sorey

worth leaving	nej	230
	zOkrahsing	
pumme if Yell		
while itCh ish		231
shomE		
	by Jove chronides seed	
summ After		
	Malthos	
	rollEd	
	Snivelled	
	Jerk	
	a redhOt turnspite	
	whY was that	
his spurt of Coal		232
dilutE		
	Juwells	236
	fAns	
	foMor's in his	
paaralonE		
dublin'S all adin		
	theJ	
	thOu	
	straYed	
of pa's teapuCs		
as lithE and		
	Juneses	238
duel mAKes their triel	eer's	
	coMbs	
	honEy	
	yourSelf	

her eckcot hJem	242
his flamen vestacOat	
Yahrds of annams	243
Call	
wrongEd by	
Jempson's weed decks	245
bong bAngbong	
how Matt your	
lukEd your	
mugS and troublebedded	
bij de	-246
whO	
fifteen Years	
Campus	
thEm	
Jerkoff	
eAtsoup	
yeM or	
worth hEaling	
muSt walk out and	
Jasper and	249
fOndance and	
curtseY one	
mettenChough	
thEy	
Jocubus nic for	251
stAnth	
Mun in his	
sonsEpun	
wiSe	

Jacquemin	253
accOuntibus	
sweYnhearts	254
meeresChal	
ipsE	
wijn	256
withouten pleAders	
Mas	
is huEd	
fumingS	
on our Jambses	258
nek nekulOn	
Yea let us	
loud graCiously	
havE	
Judges orb	263
gAy	
Mill	265
Elm	
Skole	
June	266
fOnd	
thYself	
attaCh	
with thinE	

Jeg suis thou Arr i Maid biggEr that'S	269
<i>Jillies and bOmbambum</i> maggY Castoff dEvils all	273
Jelly <i>shAkefork</i> luMps	274
or any otthEr baStille back bucked up with	275
Jinglish dOlphins dYeing to zumboCk yEt	276
Jr he inst my lifstAck piMp and naturE nourSe	279
<i>la Jambe de marche</i> piOus and pure plaYed	280
belletristiCks <i>aux tEmps</i>	281

<i>aux Jours des</i> trAnslout Mail so cowriE card i Sad	
hooJahs dOwn Yerthere unn enoCh Endso	282 283
Joke will hAve synchronisMs all quatrEn whoSe	290
<i>in par Jure il</i> Other Yves so inseuladed as Crampton's Eurn	 291
Jup cArpenger centruM and olaf's cyclonE aS	294
Jukes <i>private prOperties</i> the Yules sundaClouths hung up for tatE and comyng	295

Jeldy	297
this is whAt you'll	
Mygh and thy	
spit of dEad	
diScinct	
arm]aws at the	300
de vere fOster	
sprY him	301
miCk	
varsEs	
apolojigs	302
thAnks	
leMan	
jow low jurE	
plumpduffS	
a]ax	306
fire at the sOuth	
sYstem the uses	
and abuses of inseCts	
pEnny post	307
Jomsborg	310
tuned up by twintriodic singulvAlvulous	
tyMpan	
rEunion	
aSkold	

till time Jings	
hOst	
the keY of efas-taem o	311
a ketCh or hook	
alivE a suit	
Jewr of	312
plebs but plAbs by low	
Mint	313
liquid couragE	
Stowed	
apullaJibed the	317
pOwer	
Yon peak	
with its Coast so	
knEw	
Jelks let be buttercup	321
bAll	
you scuM	322
turnEd out	
alaS	
lavantaJ	325
ahOrace	
Ysnod	
sCat	
doEs	
Jodhpur	329
smAlls	
i. Magnus	
good lifEbark	
onSlought	

rapin his hind	and the bullingdOng staYs outsize her blanCking dronnings kissEd	Juinnesses	333
		Jude if you'll stAy where you're Mizzatint canins to ridE with caninS that lept	334
		aJaculate the glOwrings bruYant the bref sing Ching lEW mang	338
		Jupes grAze the consoMation rEnt S	339
		<i>the dJublian</i> <i>trulOck</i> <i>nYe</i> <i>to reguleCt</i> <i>stragglEs for</i>	340
		his mujiksy's fArst <i>which seeMs</i> <i>to sharpnEl</i> <i>Spool of the little brown</i>	341

<p><i>pamJab</i> <i>grOss</i> <i>hermYn</i> <i>with dramatiC</i> <i>rEproducing</i></p>	342
<p><i>poJr</i> <i>greAtes</i> <i>qwehrMin</i> <i>i grandthinkEd</i> <i>obraS after</i></p>	343
<p><i>nodJe</i> <i>in the pOestcher</i> <i>his chimbleY phot</i> <i>loveCurling to</i> <i>takEcups</i></p>	345
<p><i>Junking</i> <i>the pAlposes</i> <i>of woMth and</i> <i>lysE</i> <i>Screeneth hulp</i></p>	348
<p><i>what we warn to hear Jeff is</i> <i>sweecheeriOde and</i> <i>Yore</i> <i>swift sanCtuary</i> <i>gang oiboE</i></p>	359
<p><i>Joh</i> <i>beAuty</i> <i>Mask</i> <i>kullykEg</i> <i>viSiting dan leary</i></p>	366 367

	Jiff exby rOde the rhYmer that lapped at the hoose Court sEight of that yard	369
	Joynes trAynor to puMp firE into thoSe	370
Jameseslane	begetting a wife which begame his niece by pOuring her dizzY Crops out in your flEsh	373 374
	that Juke built wAit till they send you to woMhoods two twElfth gaSping	375
of a rhutian Jhanaral widOwer me prhYse Caulking any shapE		
and a good Jump powell	cleAn over the Massus for to barrEl Slick	376

Jitters	377
yOu'll	
Yores the strake of	
the Cloth	
to forE of	
so hattaJocky only	383
quArtebuck	384
interiMs	
for auld lang synE	
palms in their	
Jules	386
with the hOughers	
Yaman	
from the Curragh and	387
and the authoritiEs noord	
Jib	
hAirshirt	
reMinds	
villEm and	
blank printS	
of lady Jales casemate	
the fOurth	
raYburn	
the old Conk	-388
yE gink	

for a Jool to breAk egotuM dEprofundity of pancoSmic	394
mummurrlubeJubes mOtherpeributts up lethargY's love at the end of it all Community sEnior	396 397

III

and as i was Jogging dAwdling cluMp drEamt a Shaddo	404
without preJuce came alOng gaulusch gravY with seCond and thEn	405 406

Jistr to gwen his gwistel
prAties
Mock
gurglE
to whiStle

Jam
while the lOaves
quaY
nuCkling down to
nourriturEs

Joust tAntoo o Moy hEartily Swallowed the	416
Jiltses gracehOper in the mYre aCtually and preEsumptuably sanctifying	417
Jetty noon sick pAson opened by Miss nighumplEdan Shout at	420
contempt and deJeunerate a skillytOn be thinking i buY him halfCousin of minE pigdish nor wants to	422
<i>Jeune premier</i> fAirest done sMilingly broad by brEad and Slender	430

Jaun asking kindly
hillO missies after their
tYke 43I
benediCt
world and his liE

Jomping 44I
hAul
libidinuM in
you'vE
thingS to look

our Jakeline sisters 447
Out
like hYmn
their Coals
will soothE

Jno
egAn
for freedoM of 448
uproosE
of lorcanSby

crekking Jugs at 449
grenOulls
in the shY orient 450
poaCh
rEnt

Jiesis
in the lAtcher
suMttotal
wholE 45I
Strafe

	to Jeshuam i'm	452
	nOrawain	
	Yous to be	453
sweeping	reduCtions	
	wEaring out your	
	June to our snug	454
	rewArd	
	luMp it	455
but	givE it	
	flock'S at home	
	for the Jemes	456
	Oh	
	chutneY and	
	naboC and	
	fustfEd	
	Jooks	
	the Act	
him	i'll stuMp it out of	
	doorstEp	
	Saint	457
	Jungfraud's	460
	pOsts	
	waYs and her	
	twiCk	
	twinklE twings my twilight	
	Jill	462
	his fAil	
	sMall	
	placE	
	i Smelt the	

penals	Jilting <i>shervOrum</i> Yez how idos be like the Corks gain sibstEr	465
	Jousstly cAse Mind twinE twoS	468
	Jerne abOard erYnnana now's nunC or nimmEr	469
	Jourd'weh to-mAronite's Mirra sElfrighting pillarboSom of the	470 471
	fun Juhn that dandyfOrth phaYnix shall Crow at wEst	473

phopho	foorchtha	aggala	Jeeshee clAss of Making squarE yardS of him one half	475
			oh Jeyses fluid it's his lOst chance heY did own tripe aCushla that you tiEd	480
			Jong of mAho of the Mghtwg grwpp is your wEight hooShin	482
			ho look at my Jailbrand exquOvis and angliceY suCk at whosE was	484 485
			dJoytsch oy soy bleseyblAsey where to go is knowing reMain discoursE uS	
			of Jenkins' dullaphOne anglY mo moohootCh nipponnippErs	-486

Juts	491
luckchAnge	
deMaasch	
striKE	
drarakS	
dJanaral when he was sitting him	492
vOlvular with	
vikramaditYationists	493
<i>mendaCiis</i>	
yErds and	
Jorth would come	496
bumgAlowre	
seeMly	
hEavy	
in Sugar	
Jusse	502
icecOld	
plaYs	
one expeCts that kind of	
rimEy	
Joints	503
cAused	
siMply	
wEllknown	
winning'S	
Jazzlike	511
brOllies	
beYawnd	
tweendeCks	
shubladEy's	

Jokes boulderblow the mAsket off sMutt dykE Shine	517
the mujic peace <i>in vOina</i> if You've pootsCh and proprEy	518 519
Juppettes gAuse be hobMop shakE up Sake all	531
Jaunted rapt in necklOth and sashes while the Yanks were huCkling pEtitions full of	542 543
Jets wAterroses piM's and <i>pyrrhinE</i> <i>Sourire</i>	548

their Juremembers imputAtions of Mitigation in any casE waShleather	557
Jark vOlans at six Yeastwind and the hoppinghail outskirts of City groovE two	558
Jezebel in mAidenly Much dulcE onSk a lovely	562
Jem will knOw him lYlian and bredsCrums jErkoff and	563
Juices olAve tonoblooM bluE markS athwart	564
gaij vOrtigern muY malinChily fathEr	565

Joustle for	568
but mArk	
pouM	
pEal	
our boorgomaiSter thon	
maJers arise sir	
hOrse	
alfi bYrni gamman dealer	
eaCla	
trEacla youghta	
Juin	569
shAll	
Marlborough-	
protEctor	
Shall have open	
hedJes	571
sOld	
i praY	
horsehem Coughs	
a noisE	
conJunct	573
consummAte	
Mauritius with sulla	
translatE a	
goodS of cape	
Jumped	578
she's bOrrid his head under	
konYglik shire with his	
duCk-on-	579
wEnt up	

stands abJourned	585
is lArgely	
Misturbing your nighboor	
tirEd	
Strictly	
Jeebies ugh	590
yOnd	
christmastYde easteredman fourth	
sCalp halp	
drummEd all	

IV

by Joge	594
you've tippertAps in your	
exMooth ostbys	595
Each and	
dombS	
he conjured himself	
thetheatrOn	596
chYst	
repurChasing his	
sorEnsplrit and	
Jerks	611
the rApe	
huMp	612
Ebblybally	
Sukkot punc	
hugly Judsys what	620
mOre matcher's	
sluskY	
teaChing	
mE	

our Joornee 621
mAKE it
Mrknrk
your grEat
languo of flowS

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

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

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

TOYAMA 1982

deaTh is
At all times
liKe
lIfe
now that you are a Ghost
yoU are as you were
a Center among centers
world-Honored
world-honorIng

late yeSterday evening
tHe moon in los angeles
low in the east not fUll
do you see suZuki daisetZ
give him my lOve

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

in mathematics
by means of which
at
fifty
four and five

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

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

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

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

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

in hiS own
extrAordinary way
moving aT
wIll
from onE

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

mine iS
A
movemenT system he says
I
make

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

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

two Japanese tunes
One
melodY by satie
and three lyriCal
suitEs

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

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

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

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

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

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

V

thuMbing

by meAns of a noninflammable match

thRough an unabridged

diCtionary

duchamp noticEs three entries on facing pages

two with iLlustrations

reDheaded woodpecker

wood titmoUse

and woodCock

this gives Him

the ideA

to Make readymobiles in unlimited editions

and to Place the first one

in a teMple

just outside cAlcutta inhabited by the ghost

of sRi ramakrishna that has been

standing on one hand in eCstasy

for ovEr ninety-three years

duchamp picks up an inhaLator and breathes philadelphia

VI

buckMinster fuller
immediAtely
answeRs

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

balance between unlimiteD
hUman needs
and limited world resourCes is available
i am encouraged by tHe chinese people
by the fAct
that one fourth of Mankind or one fifth if that's what it is
is now relatively intelligent not just stuPidly political the way the rest

of the world is i aM
Also
encouRaged by the youth
wherever they are you Can
bE sure
the young at some time wiLL spontaneously employ themselves

to change the world
they mUst however do it
quiCkly
wHile
necessAry below-earth energy sources
still reMain in sufficient quantity
to give needed initial Push

to yet-to-be-invented world puMps
thAt
will ultimately opeRate by means of universe
eConomically
comprEhensively
and deLightfully

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

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

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

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

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

VIII

Just a wee push graffito graffiti
to the Joy of us

thrEe three

jimmy and erik and teeny duShee

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

IX

duchaMp
monDrian

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

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

X

satiE visits
conlon nancarrow
In mexico city
he is Knocked out

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

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

hiS decision
puts ideAs
in The
plano
mEchanisms

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

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

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

Such
good behAvior
on The part
of muscal
instrumEnts

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

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

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

XI

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

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

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

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

havE all been
tRue.

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

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

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

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

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

in different orbitS

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

Just then
A
luMinous glass
suddEnly
appearS poised in space

toward it 4-year-old mao directs a Jet

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XIII

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

this gives him the iDea of an indeterminate first name
having Unlimited repetitions of letters
n.n. oooooo000 for instanCe
pHilip
didn't sAy a word except hello
Marcel thanks him
Playfully

XV

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XVI

satiE
is giving a conceRt
of hls
recent worK

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

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

which iS
the stAge
iTself
the animals
and insEcts

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Just
befOre
theY disappear
beuys touChing
his forEhead with both feathers

thinks Jungle
this Acts
like Magic
thE
pheaSants reappear

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

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

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

XVIII

duchaMp

And satie

aRe alone i'm glad to be with you

we Can look

at thE sceneries or have a conversation

is there anything you Like to say?

i've just talkeD my head off

my laUgh

what is that? an inCandescent lamp?

i've never seen sucH

A big one! what's it doing here

backstage? it Magrittes me think

it's using uP

all thE

eneRgy

there Is

looK! i'm right!

the other lightS
Are
noT
workIng
any longEr!

XIX

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

but Seems
to be tAKing
a phoTograph
bill
Explains

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

of a ghoSt
of A
ghosT
proVIding
Everything

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

XX

sAtie says
i have soMe music
that is to be Played

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

XXI

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

Strikes
And
the seated
being
in the

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

ibsen
And isou
To joyce
It is isou
who makes

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

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

my bEd
is Round
Ic
K“

XXII

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXIII

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

leSson
in hArmony melody
rhyThm
counterpoInt
and orchEstration

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

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

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

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

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

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

i can't bElieve it!
pRout
gives him
a tasK:

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXIV

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

that has not yet been found spirit has adJusted us

tO
its eventual discoverY
Charcoal writing
whitE'r'black upon white'r'black

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

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

XXV

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

excited move to her as object
 hOg she is sow
 of his every
 filthy Craving
 no inch of hEr body no odour sight sound nor act of it

but's irresistible Joy
of An
orgasM
swEetheart
anSwEr me

XXVI

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

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

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

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

dear Jim:
Answered
Miss-
firE
that omitS the essential

J.: first number
Of
mY
new periodiCal
dEsigned

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

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

Joyce
wAnts
xMas
likE what gabriel
Said to

Jean
de gOurmont
anY
handsChrifT
is morE

dear Jim
Arrived
this a.M.
Every
poSsible

J.
dunnO no
lawYer
whiCh
rEcd. several

XXVII

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

 done in the Semi
 3rd of the width of the leAf
 and ouT of respect
 columns on the walls In front
 of thE count of urbino²²

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

XXVIII

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXIX

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

XXX

satiE
is having tRouble
with his shoelaces
they Keep coming untied

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

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

XXXI

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXXV

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

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

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

not Just
One
everYone
Colors
idEas etc. complexity impartiality

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES

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

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

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

ANOTHER SONG

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

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

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

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

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

Two ducks sailing, partly white
New Testament.

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

Pause of the slow-blooded creature
the rocks.

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

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

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

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

Winds, colder and colder, ground stiffening again.

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

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

Clintonia is abundant.

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

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

Anxious as ever, rushing with courage.

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

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

Weather-beaten appearance.

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

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

Saw a black snake.

Even steady sail, gliding motion
like a hawk.

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

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

On ice devouring him
it seems to be.

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

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

Loose withered grass, a clump of birches.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WRITING THROUGH THE CANTOS

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

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

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

specie wOrkers sUch losses wheNso it be to their should	210
usEd luZ wheRe messAge	229
is kePt stOne chUrch stoNe threaD	230
nonE waZ bRown one cAsE	231
couPlE One pUblished Never publisheD	232
oragE about tamuZ the Red flAme going	236
seed two sPan twO bUll begiN thy seaborD	237
fiELds by kolschitZky Received sAcks of	240
Pit hOld pUt vaN blameD	241
amERican civil war on Zeitgeist Ruin After d.	249
Preceded crOwd cried leagUe miNto yelleD	
Evviva Zwischen die volkeRn in eddying Air in	251
Printed sOrt fU dyNasty Dynasty	254–255
Eighth dynasty chaZims and usuRies the high fAns	257–258
simpLes gathered gOes the mUst No wooD burnt	
gatEs in an haZe of colouRs wATER boiled in the wells	259–269
Prince whOm wd/ fUllill l'argeNt circule that cash be lorD to	270
sEas of china horiZon and the 3Rd cABinet	286–287
keePin' 'Osses rUled by hochaNgs held up	
statE of bonZes empRess hAnged herself	291
sPark lights a milliOn strings calcUlated at sterliNg haD by	292
taozErs tho' bonZesses of iRon tAng	294
Princes in snOw trUe proviNce of greeD	295
contEnt with Zibbeline soldieRs mAy	
Paid 'em tchOngking mUmbo dishoNour wars boreDom of	296
rackEt ro69 ghingiZ tchinkis hearRing of heAring	300
'em Pass as cOin was stUff goverNor 3½rD	301
triEd oZin wodin tRees no tAxes	302–303
Prussia and mengkO yU tchiN D. 1225	
nEws lord lipan booZing king of fouR towns opened gAtes	316–317
to Pinyang destrOying kU chiNg ageD	
thronE and on ghaZel tanks didn't woRk fAithful	318
echo desPerate treasOns bhUd lamas Night Drawn	
Each by Zealously many dangeRs mAdE	328
to Pray and hOang eleUtes mohamedaNs caveD	329
gavE put magaZines theRe grAft	335
Pund at mOderate revenUe which Next approveD	
un fontEgo in boston gaZette wRote shooting stArTed	344

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

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

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

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

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B. W. 1916-1979

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But no difficulty
was involvEd
iN these interruptions nothing burned

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But
not fEel close
to your expressioN this disturbed me because

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

the Boundary
bEtween us
is a liNe

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

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

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

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

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

you helped it get Born
sitting beside it
at the piano

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

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

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

COMPOSITION IN RETROSPECT

My
mEmory
of whaT
Happened
is nOt
what happened

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

iMitations
invErsions
reTrograde forms
motives tHat are varied
Or
not varieD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to sober and quiet the minD
going in
is
in aCcord
returnIng
going out through sense Perceptions
with a smiLe
lo and behold the nag Immediately
becomes agaiN
aftEr emptiness

he sent us to the blackboard
and asked us to solve a problem In counterpoint
even though it waS
a Class
In harmony
to make as many counterPoints
as we couLd
after each to let hIm see it
that's correct Now
anothEr

after eight or nine solutions i saiD
not quite
Sure of myself there aren't any more
that's Correct
now I want you
to Put in words
the principLe
that underlies
all of the solutioNs
hE

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

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

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

thoreau saiD the same
thIng
over a hundred yearS ago
i want my writing to be as Clear
as water I can see through
so that what i exPerienced
is toLd
wIthout
my beiNg in any way
in thE way

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

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

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

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

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

crossleggedness
the result of which
is rapid transportation
each student
had wanted to become a modern artist
Put out of touch
with himself
discovery
sudden
opening

of doors
It
was
a class
given by Mark Tobey
in the same part
of the world
I walked with him from school
to Chinatown
he was always stopping pointing out things to see

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

my Composing
is actually unnecessary

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FOR HER FIRST EXHIBITION
WITH LOVE

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

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

(JJ*/JC+)

*FW628

+V/s/Grez
10/82

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

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

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

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

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

CCX. On the boat coming over, Tibetan

**monk learned to speak English very
fluently. What he did, he said, was
to take his mind and place it at the
point where in Mind the English
language is.** Sadie Stahl, born Sadie
O'Brian, left'er money to the Church.
When Philip died, bequeathed'er fifty
thousand. "Finer man there never was."
Sadie made certain investments. Fifty
became two hundred. Complained bank
was taking all'er money.

Mr. Cunningham said, "Sadie, walk
across the street. They'll give you all
you want." "Oh! They will?" said
Sadie with a twinkle in her eye.
What American industry decided about
Puerto Rico was that Puerto Rico
would be one of its consumers. Puerto
Rico shouldn't import anything from
any other country. The function of the
governments (American and Puerto Rican)
is to see to it that what industry wants
is what happens. CCXI. As a New York
senior citizen, I get public
transportation half price except during
rush hours. I can also go to movies
half price if I do so in the
afternoons. If I take the subway, I must
buy two trips at once in opposite
directions, round trip. With the bus
I am free to go wherever I wish.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dialog. New York's the largest Puerto
Rican city in the world. Revision of
The Golden Rule: do unto others as
they would be done by. **After Dad**

**died, I was filling out blanks to increase
Mother's Social Security. Mother
noticed what I was doing. "There's
something I've never told you." "I
know. Aunt Marge said you were
married before you married Dad."**

**"That's not all. I was married twice
before that." "What was your first
husband's name?" "Y'know? I've
tried'n'tried but I simply can't
remember."** Aunt Sadie. She was

very elderly. She had to be put in a
home. They put her in a Catholic one.
First thing Sister said was: Now

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

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

he wore an earring. He continued:

**"Politics is all of the actions of
all of the people." The sun shines
very dependably in Puerto Rico, but no
steps are taken to make use of solar
energy. Kudzu, introduced from Japan to
control soil erosion, has overgrown
American Southeast. Tubers and leaves
are edible. Leaves're full of
protein. Surrounded by kudzu,**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Puns again: Duchamp. Lucidity again:

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

drum; at an edge it may be plucked just
as the spine of a cactus may be
plucked. The traffic never stops, night
or day. Every now and then a siren.
Horns, screeching brakes. Extremely
interesting; always unpredictable. At
first thought I couldn't sleep through
it. Then found a way of transposing
the sounds into images so that they
entered into my dreams without waking me
up. A burglar alarm that lasted
several hours resembled a Brancusi.
CCXXVIII. The divorce of

state'n'industry. When assigning
seats for transoceanic or
transcontinental flights, airline
representatives will not ask whether we
smoke or not nor whether we wish to
sit by the window or on the aisle;
they will ask what games we play.

Jack Collins told me that his trip to
Iceland was long and tedious. The
trip back was short and pleasant: he was
playing chess. Things that might've been
done that haven't yet. Electronic
additions to plants and bushes turning
them into instruments for a children's
orchestra. The use of photoelectric
eyes to scan the principal entrances and
exits at Grand Central Station bringing
about pulverization of Muzak.

Transformation of chorus and orchestra into
a thunderstorm. **CCXXIX.** Flight from
Houston, Texas, to Charleston, South
Carolina, took more than twelve hours.
Changed planes in Atlanta. Landing in
Charleston, surprised to notice
mountains. Once in the airport,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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WISHFUL THINKING

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

now you'll probably Keep

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

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

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

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IV

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The Author

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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