

MANHATTAN VALLEY



CHAPTERS OUT OF ORDER

Kevin Zucker

Manhattan Valley

In 1985 I was going to UMBC, studying music. I got a degree in Music and Visual Art and I also did sculptures and paintings.

The sculpture was a mobile that you could play. I was inspired by Alexander Calder and my work in Eurhythmics. I took my first Eurhythmics class in 1983. I asked my teacher, Bob Abramson, "Does that mean I will have to move around in front of the class?" and he said, "Yes."

I was so petrified that it took me 2 years to get up to New York's upper west side.

Manhattan school on Amsterdam and 114th I think it was. Looking out the window you could see the elevated subway lines because of the valley around 125th St.

That was the same neighborhood I had lived in for my seven years in New York. I lived, for the OSG days, at 10 W 95th Street, just off of Central Park. **Manhattan Valley** is a neighborhood on the [Upper West Side](#) of [Manhattan](#) in [New York City](#), bounded by West [110th Street](#) to the north, [Central Park West](#) to the east, West [96th Street](#) to the south, and [Broadway](#) to the west.^[1] It was

formerly known as the Bloomingdale District, a name still in occasional use.

That part of central park above 96th street is very deep and low, with a stream at the bottom. Willow trees lined the banks. I loved to sit on their branches overhanging the water. The sounds of the city above were

muffled in the distance. It was a different world. I would go there to get my nature fix. I wrote two unpublished books out of that experience. One is on Ancient Greek music and the other one carries the story through the middle ages up to the Renaissance. I was never satisfied with the books, because they do not exemplify their art. They are too dry and intellectual.

I see Dr. Bob at the chalkboard and the black window frames against the white walls (a favorite of NY Landlords for some reason) with the subway trains trundling back and forth in the distance. We were up on a hill "Morningside Heights." You may remember the Morningside game project. That was my friend Prados, who lived at 105th and then moved to 98th in the same building with the Sullivanians, which was a sort of cult that my teacher also belonged to. Bob lived at 92nd at Broadway. I had many lunches with him at the burger joint beneath his building. He was the only person I ever knew who owned a Citroen, which he bought in France and had shipped over here. The French have different ways, and that is why we love them!

Note: Street details are so important in NY The Sullivanians were on 98th Street and it was my friend Jay Nelson who lived on 106th.

Rick Lanou

My first conversation with Rick was at the Clifton Rd. house I shared with Michelle. We rented out the upstairs and lived downstairs, on the edge of Gwynns Falls park. It was the autumnal equinox: Friday, September 22, 1989, exactly 29 years ago. He was leaning against the dark green bookcase in the center of that apartment, telling me about a book by D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson called "On Growth and Form" (Cambridge U: 1917). I was very interested in the spiral form in nature, and had just read a book on the same subject by György Doczi, "The Power of Limits" (Shambhalla: 1981). I saw that the spiral was the preferred shape for the life force, while the two-dimensional grid that western man uses for everything was opposed to this.

Such an encounter would have been rare enough in the 80's, and probably impossible today (2018). Who reads books anymore? Immediately I felt that Rick was a kindred spirit. Who else could name another book on such an esoteric subject?

I saw Rick at his cousin's apartment on Union Avenue, where we gathered for 14 weeks in a row to watch the Fassbinder film "Berlin Alexanderplatz," based on the novel by [Alfred Döblin](#) (1929). Rick was a film fanatic and made experimental films himself.

Rick was born in South Burlington, Vermont, two miles from Lake Champlain, and had

lived with Anna in Washington DC, where he worked as a haberdasher, before they both moved to Baltimore. I became a constant guest; I practically lived with them! We had many fabulous conversations of real depth and meaning. Later on we both became pool sharks, competing for the championship of the world every Monday at Frazier's on the Avenue. Our conversations, if you can call them that, were down to this:

"How's Anna?"

"Anna's good. How's Sarah?"

"Sarah's good..."

Many Guinesses, many Camels, many French fries later, Rick usually remained the champion.

Because our path through the universe is a spiral path, this information and energy traveling down the equinoxes in the form of memory, starts to play.



The Blues Brothers Saved My Life

June 1980: Even though I had just moved away to Baltimore the previous winter, it seemed all our old haunts were unrecognizable or gone, replaced by new businesses or buildings. Unable to contact friends, Dave Collins and I wandered the upper West Side, moving from Central Park to bar to diner, looking for any familiar place or friendly face.

The Hunan Balcony (“Human Baloney”) was still there on 98th and Broadway, so we went in to take refuge. Somehow, mistakenly, I ordered a whole fish entire on a bed of lettuce. I tried eating of the belly, but I just couldn’t push my fork to within a few inches of its unblinking eyeball. After that miserable meal we stumbled outside, adrift, our day was nearly ruined; when, not knowing what else to do, we bought tickets for the new John Belushi -Dan Akroyd film, *The Blues Brothers*. I had actually met Belushi at the Bitter End, or anyway a village club that had wide adjoining tables, essentially picnic tables. The performance hadn’t begun, and the club was mostly empty and the house lights were still on. I was sitting at one long table, waiting for the food I ordered, when Belushi sat down across from me, immediately engaging me in

conversation. “Hey, what’s going on here?” I suppose he was considering my suitability as a partner in mayhem for the evening, but I wasn’t that guy and he soon departed. The impression I got was that his public persona wasn’t that different from his true self. But that probably isn’t the case, or he would have lived.

However, his film did save my life, or at least, it saved my day. It grabbed me by the balls and wrenched me back into the flow of life, out of that slumber of disappointment and dejection that we former residents of Manhattan had sunk into, to remind us that the real point of life was the joy of music.



Diary, 1980

A chart of parallel revolutions
in forms of government, music, and painting,
could show how each counter-revolution
re-imposes a more ancient form of order
to create the next "renaissance."

First List: Things we know

2nd List: Synthetic a-priori

3rd List: a posteriori (relying upon
experience)

4th List: (as songs)

Things I feel strongly to be true

5th List: Faith

6th List: Things I hope are true

7th List: Things I wish were true

8th List: Things I'm willing to entertain

9th List: Things I doubt but behave as
though they were true

10th List: True things I doubt

11th List: Highly unlikely things

12th List: False things I am willing to
entertain

13th List: False things that continue to exist

There is only one Self. That Self is
Light. The Self is ageless.

The body has four forms, times,
Eras, four ages,

But the Self, the one and only Self is ageless
Without age and without aging.

The Self is without coincidence,
being the only thing.

The Self is without attainment,
being perfect.

Robert Ashley, Perfect Lives

- According to Piaget, intellectual development proceeds by a universal and invariable sequence of mental stages.
- During the "sensorimotor" period, from birth to 18 months, the infant decides that the world is stable and divided into objects that retain their identity through space and time.
- During the "concrete operations" period, from 2 to 11 years old, the child organizes objects according to number, class and quantity, and comes to understand the principles of classification.
- During the "formal operations" period, from 12 until senility, the adolescent learns systematically to coordinate his or her own principles of classification.

Beginning, then, with reflex and stimuli, mind arrives at logic and mathematics by a "progressive coordination" of the organized intellectual system we are born with and the external world we live in.

Ordinary humans perceive reality as two dimensional, very much as though they are looking at a screen with a flat image of the world registering upon it. This follows from the failure of the Cartesian method of representing three dimensions, which merely tilts the plane down to the ground. Humans have created a world within the world which uses as its webbing an

imaginary two-dimensional plane to the front and one stretching toward the horizon. The Human-created world thus reflects a concept of three dimensions which is merely two-plus-one. Humankind makes things in conformance with the way things appear; these productions confirm its ideas. We cut through the trunk and are captivated by the grain. But grain is contrary to the nature of the tree. It is imposed by our action in cutting.

The American Indians, in contrast, built their houses without reference to a coordinate grid system. Their circular houses are closer to the three-dimensional ideal.

Anthropologists have identified dances of different "primitive" societies as either 2- or three-dimensional. The two-dimensional dances use up-and-down movements of the arms and legs, while the three-dimensional dance involves the total exploration of the volume of space surrounding the body. In two-dimensional dancing all the body parts move in parallel, but in the three-dimensional dance separate parts of the body move independently.

Reading List

George Russel

LYDIAN CHROMATICISM

1953: U. of Mass.

~OUTER THOUGHTS (Recording)

Jed Rasula

TABULA RASULA

Station Hill Press, Barrytown, NY

~WREADING COMPOSTING POETRY

Texas

George Rasula

FIRE & ICE: THE CHOSEN RESERVOIR

Vanguard Press

Eric Hammel

FROZEN CHOSEN

Schell

MONEY, LANGUAGE & THOUGHT

~THE ECONOMY OF LITERATURE

Frances Yates

THE ROSICRUCIAN ENLIGHTENMENT

~ALCHEMICAL STUDIES

~GIORDANO BRUNO

~OCCULT PHILOSOPHY

~THE ART OF MEMORY

Maitreya Magazine #3

ENGRAVINGS FOR MICHAEL MEYERS'S

BOOK (Shamballah)

Joseph Schillinger

THE MATHEMATICAL BASIS OF THE ARTS

(N70.S33)

~THE SCHILLINGER SYSTEM OF MUSICAL

COMPOSITION (MT40.S315)

~KALEIDOPHONE: NEW RESOURCES OF

MELODY & HARMONY

Nadine Gordimer

THE BURGHER'S DAUGHTER

James Driscoll (freeze lobbyist, NYS)

XENOPHOBIA IN AMERICA (not a book)

Jacques Barzun

THE USE AND ABUSE OF ART (Mellon

Lectures) (NX456.B38q)

Bertrand Russell

THE ANALYSIS OF MATTER

James Legge, tr.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF CHINA

Tung, Chung-shu (2nd century B.C.)

CH'UN CH'IU FAN LU

Walter Gornold, tr.

THE SHU-KING

Robert Klein

FORM AND MEANING

Einstein

IDEAS AND OPINIONS

Listening List

Max Reger

CLARINET QUINTET and OP. 114

Saint-Saens

OP. 45 (intro.)

Prokofiev

PIANO SONATA No. 8

Vaughan-Williams

SERENADE TO MUSIC

Cezar Franck

SYMPHONY D MINOR

Edvard Grieg

WEDDING DAY AT

Robert Schumann

NOVELETTE OP. 21, NO. 8

Charles Ives

WATCHMAN TELL US OF THE NIGHT

Hahn (?) (French)

LE BAL DU BEATRICE

Finzy, Gerald G.

ECOLOGUE FOR PIANO AND STRINGS

Walton

VIOLIN and VIOLA CONCERTI

Shostakovitch

SECOND PIANO CONCERTO

Courses

Music & Imagery I & II

Steven L. Schatz

Omega Institute for Holistic Studies

July 20-24 & 27-31

Music Theory and Practice

Allaudin Mathieu

Aug. 17-21

Bennington College campus

Tuition: \$160

Meals/Housing, Single/Double: \$130/\$115

Omega Institute

Box 571

Lebanon Springs, NY 12114

My Close Encounter (almost) with the Grateful Dead



I had a chance to see the Dead when I was 15. That summer the band was working out material for their second album. They were playing the King's Beach Bowl in Lake Tahoe. "Lake Tahoe is a huge freshwater lake (191 square miles) straddling the California/Nevada border, about 200 miles from San Francisco and 60 miles South of Reno. In August of 1967, the Grateful Dead played three shows in the Lake Tahoe area. On Saturday, August 19, the band played Lake Tahoe's main venue, The American Legion Hall in the town of South Lake Tahoe."

<http://lostlivedead.blogspot.com/2011/11/august-19-25-26-1967-grateful-dead-lake.html>

I was visiting family friends in Tahoe that weekend with my parents. The parents went out for the evening—no doubt, across the state line to Nevada to gamble—leaving us kids on our own. "There is a new band called the Grateful Dead playing at the roller-skating rink. Their music is psychedelic!"



This didn't sound too promising to me. I imagined rock and roll mayhem with bikers, maybe even a few Hell's Angels, roughing people up and looking for fights. I had never before attended a rock concert. I was way too young to go into a bar, I hated the taste of aluminum cans, didn't like smoking, too much of a nerd and too uncool to just join in to whatever was going on. I decided to hang back and enjoy the peace & quiet, the cool mountain air and the evening sun filtering through the trees.



The World Without the Grateful Dead

I have been reading “Jerry on Jerry: The Unpublished Jerry Garcia Interviews.” One life-changing event catapulted Jerry onto his life trajectory. Without that accident of fate, he might have lacked the purpose and direction that led him to become a hero of sorts. (All the quotes below are from the book, edited by Dennis McNally.)

Growing up, his family owned a bar at First and Harrison in San Francisco. It was a workingman’s bar in South Beach, across from the Sailors’ Union hall. Plenty of the men at the bar had been part of the great strike of 1934, and young Jerry was a part of it too. He said, “I could have been there. Lived

my whole life there and been perfectly happy,” playing in a little bar on Mission Street.

One life-altering accident shook Jerry out of that microcosm. Late in February 1961, he was in a terrible car accident—thrown through the windshield—“changing his life forever, giving it a new purposefulness as he

grappled with his very narrow escape from death.”

“I was fucking around there really. I was just a dumb kid. I had a few half-formed ideas, but my life—that (accident) was the slingshot—boom! That’s what got me going. That’s what gave life that urgency.”

Jerry’s band, the Warlocks, had a regular gig at the In Room in Burlingame. “We’d go to work at the bar, smoke pot, during the night play our sets and have the acid flashes. By that time the bar was almost completely empty of customers. We drove every customer out of the fuckin’ place.”

It was no college beer bar—it was a peninsula divorcées bar. “We were, by then, well-known in the clubs amongst the other bands—the pros—the guys who played in bars like we played in—the lifers. We were getting a reputation for being the first guys to know the new Rolling Stones tune... sort of

the Rolling Stones of the peninsula bar bands.”

What then, if there is no car accident—no slingshot to fame? Jerry and the Warlocks, perhaps, never become the Grateful Dead, never make a record, and never connect with an audience larger than their local bar crowd.

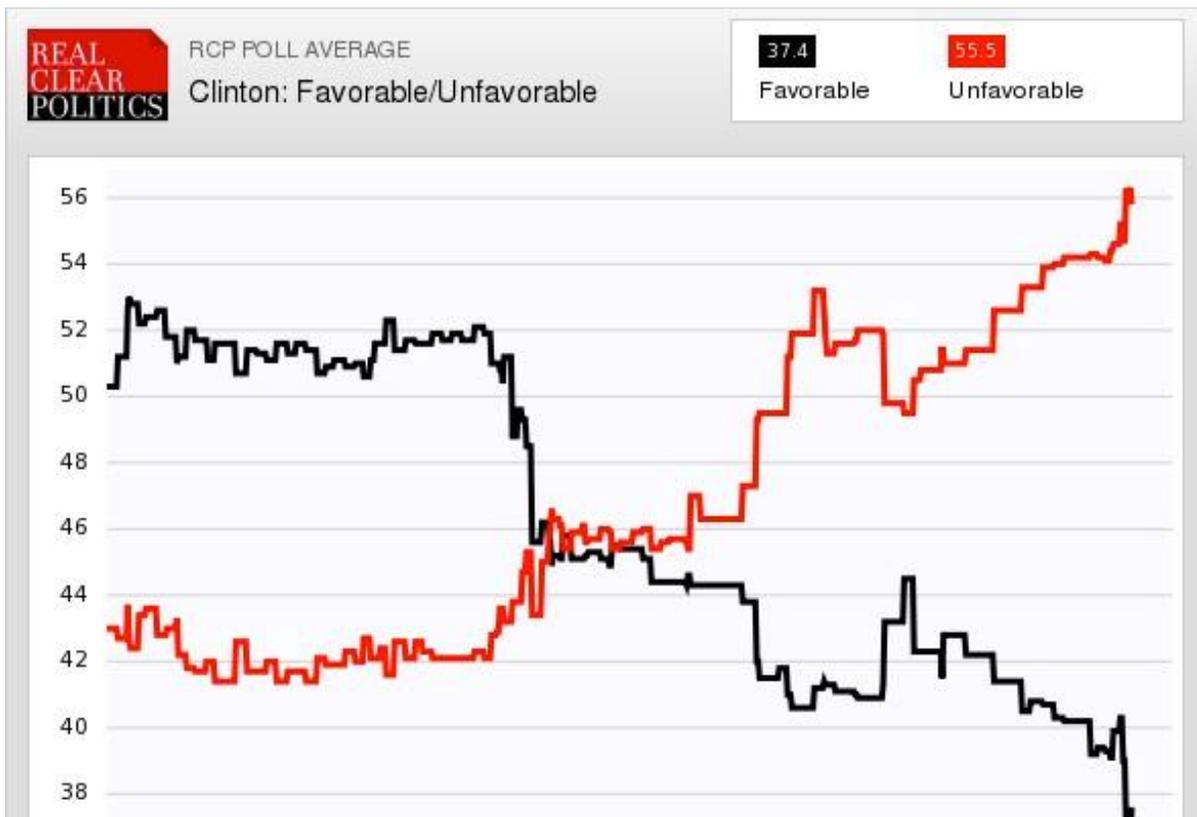
What would our world look like now, without any memory of the Grateful Dead or their music? Obviously, the Grateful Dead were more than their music. They became an icon for the counterculture. Their mere existence proved that you could break out of the stultifying world of suburban divorcées. Millions of freaks might have become conformists or lived a life of unfulfilled longings for a more authentic existence.

The power of their message was so great that the authorities tried to shut them down. They got busted, and for a year or so “every tour, our second set, the last half hour of our show, somebody would turn off the power and shut us down. ... Everybody associated us with danger. As soon as they started to see people freaking out, they thought, ‘Okay, that’s it. We’re not letting this go any further.’ Boom.”

“Anything that looked like it was out of control—freeform dancing—scared the cops. Cops were constantly getting onstage, constantly getting in our faces, and we were constantly having to shut down.”

And yet, for all he gave to the world, as he says, he might have been perfectly happy

without the pressures of fame. He might still be around South Beach, playing in a little bar on Mission Street.



Five Primary Charts

[KEVIN ZUCKER SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 2016](#) 3 MINUTES 22 Reads

These five graphs show that the Democratic primaries were manipulated to help Hillary Clinton.

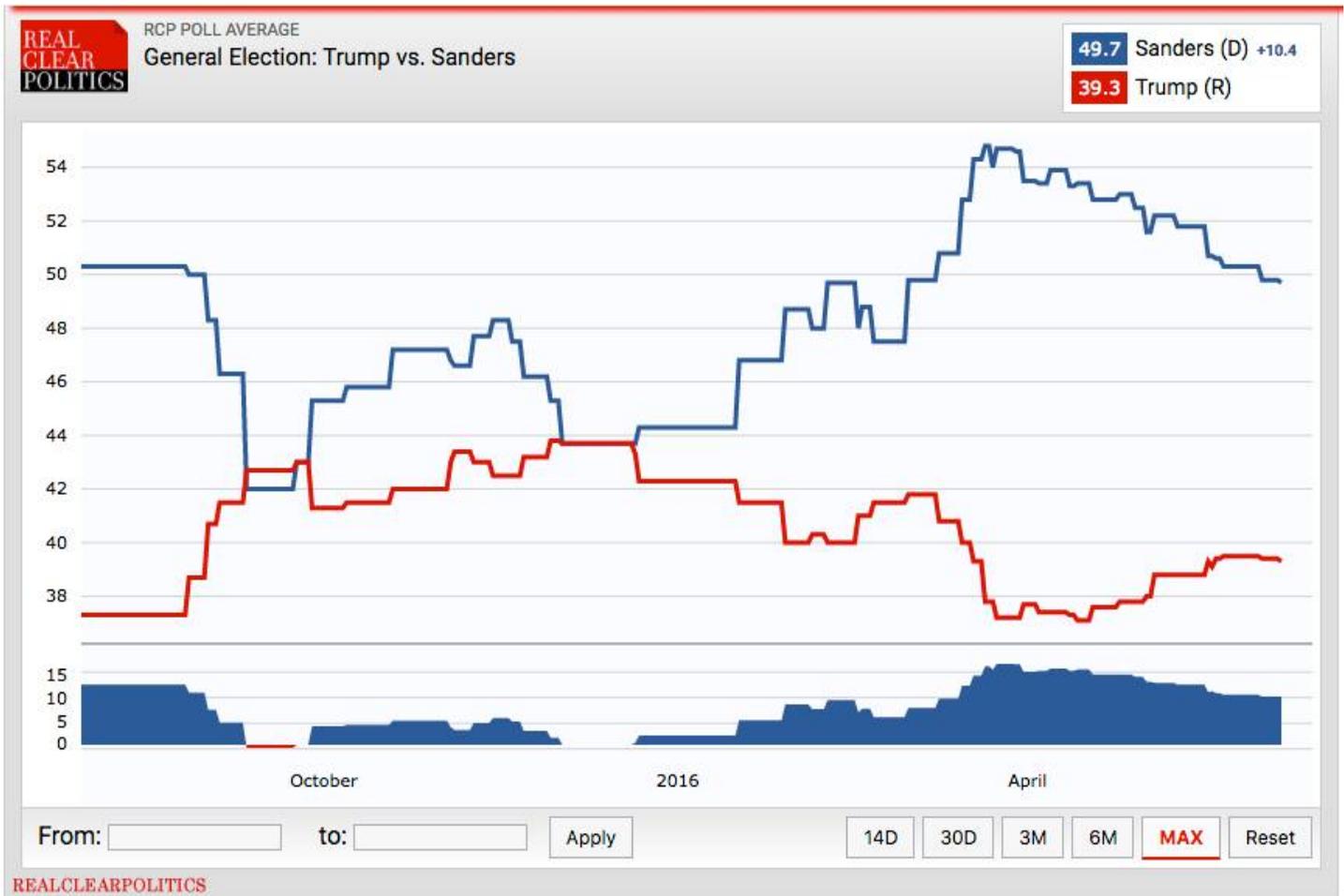
Chart No. 1. Poll: Hillary Clinton's Negative Rating. This poll reveals candidate Clinton's weakness. About a year ago the two lines crossed, and got stuck there in that upside down position. A person with more negatives than positives is running against the tide. An absolute majority of Americans have a negative opinion of her, and there is an 18-point spread between detractors and admirers. In the general election, she would need an opponent with even higher negative

ratings: miraculously, her would-be Republican opponent's unfavorable ratings are even greater, just under 60%.

Chart No. 2. Poll: Sanders vs Trump Clinton barely wins over Trump in a two-way race, polling around 50%. In a two-way race, Sanders beats Trump handily, 55% to 45%. If Clinton cannot defeat Trump, how is it that she scored so well against Bernie in pledged delegates?

No. 3 Results of 14 states that held Caucuses. Remember the difference between a caucus and a primary. A Caucus is conducted on a voice vote, and the count is conducted in public for everyone to see. It is very difficult to steal. Sanders won 13 of 14 caucuses with an average 65.4% vote share;

- Minnesota 61.6%
- Nebraska 57.1%
- Kansas 67.7%
- Maine 64.4%
- Idaho 78.0%
- Alaska 81.6%



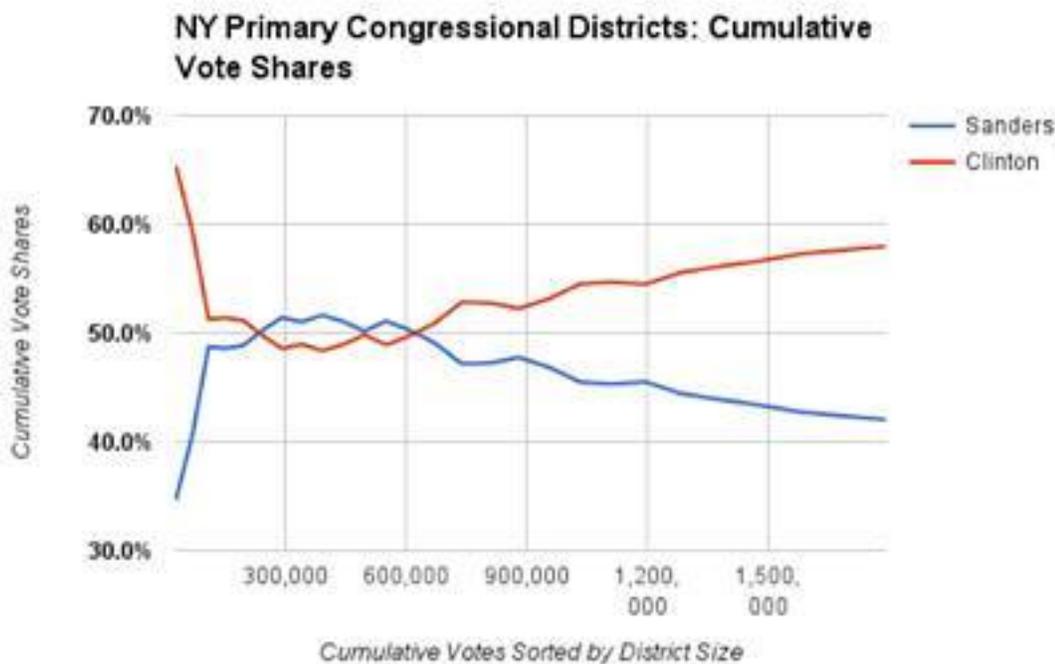
however, he won only 9 of 36 primaries with a 43.9% average share. The probability of the 21.5% drop in vote share occurring by chance is 2% (the probability of election fraud is therefore 97.73%).

14 Caucus States - Sanders % of vote

- Iowa 49.9%
- Colorado 59.4%
- Hawaii 69.9%
- Washington 72.9%
- Nevada 47.3%
- Utah 79.3%
- Wyoming 56.0%
- North Dakota 64.2%

- Average 65.4%
- Source: Richard Charnin
- **No. 4 Eleven State Primaries were Red-Flags.**
- In state after state, the number of polling places was drastically cut, voters registration was changed so that they could not vote, voters were struck from the rolls, forced to use "Provisional" ballots that were thrown in

flag for vote rigging. Only in Oklahoma did Sanders's final vote exceed his Exit Polling. Sanders recorded vote share was less than his exit poll share in 24 of the 26 primaries that had exit polls. The probability of this occurrence is 1 in 190,000 (or 0.000005%). The difference between his recorded share and exit poll share exceeded the margin of error in 11 primaries. The probability of this occurrence is 1 in 77 billion. Source: Richard Charnin.



- **No. 5 The NY Primary Smoking Gun.** Clinton's rising trend in Cumulative District Vote shares is an indicator of election fraud. New York is just one of the states

the trash, sample ballots were handed out without Sanders's name on them, etc., etc. But all that voter suppression is not enough. With negatives as high as Clinton's, vote flipping is also needed. Older voting machines over ten years old are easily hacked. In 11 Primary states, there was a shift of votes from Sanders to Clinton, comparing Exit Polling to official results - outside the standard margin of error - a red

with a similar trend line. The rise in Clinton shares in larger districts is typical of a stolen election. (Size of districts is arbitrary.) The shares should converge to nearly parallel lines.

Source: Richard Charnin

The CVS (follow link) shows that fraud cost Sanders vote share even in states he won.

The Next Big One

The water will surge upward into a huge hill, then promptly collapse. One side will rush west, toward Japan. The other side will rush east, in a seven-hundred-mile liquid wall that will reach the Northwest coast, on average, fifteen minutes after the earthquake begins. By the time the shaking has ceased and the tsunami has receded, the region will be unrecognizable. Kenneth Murphy, who directs FEMA's Region X, the division responsible for Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Alaska, says, "Our operating assumption is that everything west of Interstate 5 will be toast."

In the Pacific Northwest, the area of impact will cover* some hundred and forty thousand square miles, including Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Eugene, Salem (the capital city of Oregon), Olympia (the capital of Washington), and some seven million people. When the next full-margin rupture happens, that region will suffer the worst natural disaster in the history of North America. Roughly three thousand people died in San Francisco's 1906 earthquake. Almost two thousand died in Hurricane Katrina. Almost three hundred died in Hurricane Sandy. FEMA projects that nearly thirteen thousand people will die in the Cascadia earthquake and tsunami. Another twenty-seven

thousand will be injured, and the agency expects that it will need to provide shelter for a million displaced people, and food and water for another two and a half million. "This is one time that I'm hoping all the science is wrong, and it won't happen for another thousand years," Murphy says.

From *The New Yorker* April 20, 2016

Patapsco

The Patapsco River was originally named Bolus Flu, a name that referred to the red clay, "bole armoniack," that was exposed in the red cliffs where Federal Hill was later established. The Bolus Flu was renamed the "Patapsco," a derivative of several varying Indian names, such as the Patapscoe, Patapsico, Potapscoo, and Pattapscoo. The name Patapsco was derived from the Algonquian tribal group language. There are two different theories behind the definition of the word. The first suggests that the name means "backwater" or "tide covered with froth." The second suggests that the name was derived from words meaning "rocky point" referring to a group of limestone rocks, known as the White Rocks, that emerge from the water of the Patapsco River near Rock Creek and the Chesapeake Bay. The first known explorer of the Patapsco was Captain John Smith, who ventured up the river while on a voyage to explore the Chesapeake Bay in the spring of 1608. By this time, the river corridor region had already been abandoned by the Indian tribes who were in constant warfare with each other over the region and its abundant resources. Tribes such as the Piscataway and the Susquehannock are most often identified as the rival tribes of the Patapsco region. It was more than fifty years

before colonial settlers entered the valley, in numbers, cleared the woodlands and planted tobacco. Among the first settlers was Thomas Taylor in 1679. He was granted 1,800 acres of what is now the site of Catonsville Community College. Other early estates along the Patapsco included Doughoregan, the 10,000 acre plantation of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Another was Belmont, the old Dorsey estate dating from 1738.

Transportation-Related Events In the 1700's, Elk Ridge marked the furthest point to which ocean-going vessels could navigate up the Patapsco River. During this time, Elk Ridge Landing was a rival port of Annapolis. Later development throughout the river valley region led to deposition of sediment, making the river unnavigable. Rolling Road, that presently runs from Catonsville to Relay, served as a route for rolling hogsheads of tobacco behind teams of oxen from the plantations to Elk Ridge Landing for export. Gun Road, also part of the early road network, was constructed to transport troops and military supplies.

John Ellicott, serving as president of the Baltimore-Fredericktown Turnpike Company, constructed sixty-two miles of toll road from Baltimore to Boonesboro. Three other turnpikes were constructed as well, extending over the mountains to Cumberland. In 1818, these turnpikes were connected to the National Road, allowing

road transportation from Baltimore to St. Louis. The National Road has been credited with the transport of over half of early America's westward migration. These turnpikes made Maryland the first mid-Atlantic state to fund and maintain its roads through the turnpike system. Canal building, and particularly the success of the Erie Canal in New York, led to the decline of trade in Baltimore. In 1824, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company was founded to secure economic stability and trade between the Ohio Valley and the east coast. Preliminary construction plans indicated that the cost of construction would be prohibitive beyond Cumberland, and that the east coast terminus would most likely be located in Georgetown. It was feared that such a plan would further damage Baltimore's economy. Upon the disclosure of the preliminary plan, Phillip E. Thomas, director of the canal company, resigned and redirected his efforts toward the establishment of a railroad. Influenced by the success of the Stockton-Darlington line in England, Thomas believed that a railroad could save Baltimore's trade. With the support of several Baltimore businessmen such as George and Alexander Brown, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Samuel F.B. Morse, Peter Cooper, Thomas Ellicott, Benjamin H. Latrobe, John Hopkins, and William Patterson, Thomas received a charter for the first commercial railroad in America. On July 4, 1828, Charles Carroll, the

last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, laid the cornerstone of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad terminal in Baltimore. By May 24, 1830, the first section of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad (B&O Railroad) was opened, running approximately thirteen miles from Baltimore to Ellicott Mills. The first railcars were simply horse drawn wagons on iron covered wooden rails. Multiple teams of horses were necessary to efficiently complete a trip between Baltimore and Ellicott's Mills. The "relay" was the name given to the spot, halfway along the rail at which horse teams were switched. As a result, the community around this area became known as Relay. As an investor in the Canton Company, Peter Cooper had concerns about Baltimore's economic development and trade with the west. He introduced his experimental steam engine to the railroad in an attempt to add efficiency to rail transportation. On August 28, 1830, Cooper's locomotive, (years later given the name "Tom Thumb,") completed the 13-mile trek from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills in one hour and twelve minutes. Peter Cooper's locomotive initiated the era of the "Iron Horse" and the growth of the United States' vast railroad network. The Telegraph History was made along the Patapsco on May 24, 1844, when the first commercial telegraph service in the world opened along the B&O Railroad, with Samuel F.B. Morse tapping out the famous message,

“What hath God wrought?” Morse originally proposed his Magnetic Telegraph, a device capable of sending messages by means of electric impulse via wires that would follow the alignment of the railroad tracks, to the New Jersey Railroad. However, they refused to give Morse access, fearing that its success would reduce the need for people to travel in order to relay information. After Baltimore accepted Morse’s telegraph, the original design that required an underground cable was altered to accommodate engineering conflicts. As a result, a telegraph wire was run overhead on poles, and established a communication link between Baltimore and the nation’s Capital.

Early Greenway Industry

The three sons of Englishman Andrew Ellicott of Bucks County, Pennsylvania,— Joseph, Andrew, and John Ellicott — settled in the Patapsco River Valley after searching for sites suitable to grow wheat and construct a water powered mill. In 1772, they purchased approximately 700 acres and water rights for \$3 an acre. Their original property was purchased on the east bank of the river in an area then referred to as the “Hollow”; it later extended to both banks. The Ellicott family introduced several new agricultural innovations to the valley region. After realizing that tobacco was responsible for the decimation of soil fertility and, in turn, to the decline of farmers’ profits, the Ellicotts suggested that the substitution of wheat would yield higher profits and would

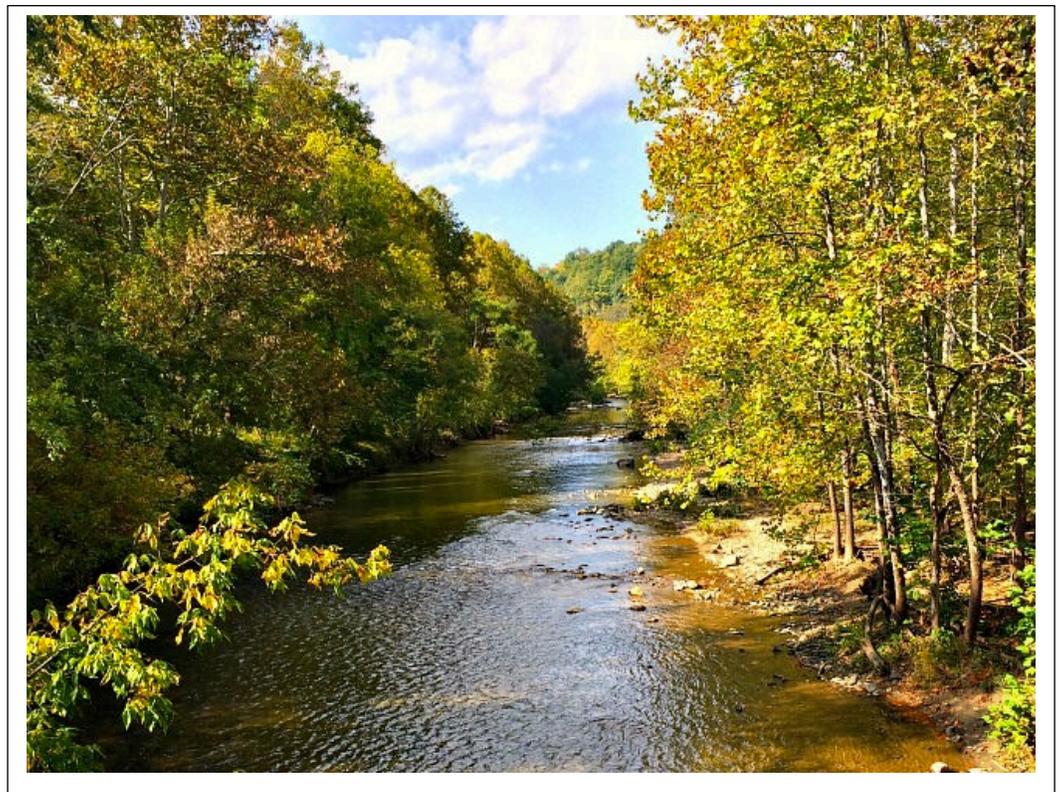
be beneficial to the productivity of the soil. The Ellicott brothers also introduced such agricultural firsts as the wagon wheel brake and the use of the lime as a soil fertilizer. They were also responsible for the construction of Maryland’s first grain elevator, which was equipped with machinery for the manufacturing of flour. By 1774, they were milling wheat and other grains. Consequently, the area became known as Ellicott’s Mills. After the Revolutionary War the Ellicotts started exporting their flour utilizing a waterfront lot purchased at the corner of Pratt and Light Streets in the present Inner Harbor of Baltimore. Via the port of Baltimore, Patapsco Flour became a commodity recognized throughout the world. Flour products are still manufactured on the Ellicotts’ property in Oella, at Wilkins-Rogers, Inc. The success of the Ellicotts’ mills brought other industry to the immediate area. In 1794, the Ellicotts selected a site down-river that was used by Thomas Mendenhall to establish a paper mill. Joseph Atkinson leased property from the Ellicotts in 1804, establishing an oil mill and a carding mill for wool. The Ellicotts expanded their own operations with the establishment of an ironworks for the rolling and slitting of iron bars. In 1808, a large parcel of land upriver from Ellicott’s Mills was sold to the Union Manufacturing Company of Maryland, a manufacturer of

cotton products. The Ellicotts' success also influenced the establishment of industry elsewhere in the river corridor, leading to the development of other mill communities such as Avalon, Orange Grove, and Ilchester. The area, now referred to as Avalon, was the first introduced to industry by Caleb Dorsey, an ironmaster. In 1761, Dorsey purchased a large tract of land, an area then referred to as Taylor's Forest, extending from Rolling Road toward the river. After purchasing the contiguous riverfront property, Dorsey built a forge and small furnace that produced crowbars. Prior to such production all hand tools were manufactured in England. After the death of Caleb Dorsey in 1771, the forge was operated by his sons, Edward and Samuel. In 1775, they leased the forge and two acres to William Whetcroft who had a contract to supply the Continental Army with arms. Whetcroft used the forge to manufacture cast-iron parts for muskets that were assembled at his plant in Annapolis. Whetcroft increased the height of the original dam alongside the forge and constructed a millrace leading to a slitting mill that he had built on the property. In 1783, the Baltimore County Sheriff closed Whetcroft's operations due to unpaid taxes. After a long legal battle, the forge and property were auctioned off by the High Court of Chancery in 1815. The new ownership of the mill fell into the hands of two Ellicotts, Benjamin and James, who

incorporated the business and established the Avalon Company in 1822. The Avalon Iron Works, utilizing the automated nail machine introduced at the Ellicott iron works, manufactured nails at a rate of 1,200 per minute. Operations ceased after a period of significant expansion when the factory and town were destroyed by the infamous flood of 1868. The devastation was so great that the town of Avalon was never rebuilt. Orange Grove, an area that is believed to have received its name from the Osage orange trees common to the area, was originally developed with the establishment of a flour mill. George Bayley and George Worthington purchased a parcel of land that encompassed both sides of the river and built a mill complex by the River Road in 1856. The mill structure, which was located north of the river, was unique in that River Road passed beneath it by means of an archway structure. The dam built to power the mill created a large lake that extended back to Ilchester. On the south bank of the river a small company village was developed, consisting of seven houses and a one-room school/church. The mill changed ownership in 1860 when it was purchased by C.A. Gambrill Manufacturing Company, the owner of Patapsco Flouring Mills in Ellicott City. Operations continued until May 1, 1905, when the Orange Grove Mill was destroyed by a massive fire and never rebuilt. Although the dam abutment still exists, most of the

remains of this complex were washed out by the flood waters of Hurricane Agnes in 1972. The area referred to as Ilchester was first introduced to industry in the early 1830's when George Ellicott replaced the small structure of Dismal Mill with the Ellicott Ilchester Flour Mills. In 1837, the Thistle Cotton Mill was constructed opposite the Ellicott's Mill, by brothers George and William Morris. Accompanying the mill was the development of a small company town up on the overlooking hill. After receiving severe damage from the flood of 1868, the Ellicott's Mill complex was rebuilt and operations were continued under the Thistle Mill Company. Over the years, operations at the complex involved the spinning of silk, cotton-duck works, and the manufacturing of tire fabric, before being transformed to its present operation as a paper recycling plant. Today, the plant operates under the ownership of Simkins Industries, Inc. In 1794, Peter Mendenhall built a paper mill on property brought from the Ellicotts, downstream from Ellicott Mills. Twenty years later Edward Gray, an Irish immigrant, purchased

the mill (which became known as Gray's Mills), and turned the operation into one of the largest producers of cotton-duck in the country. The mill was later purchased by the Patapsco Electric and Manufacturing Company which used the riverfront site as a power substation, providing electricity until the 1930's for local communities. Patapsco Electric and Manufacturing of Ellicott City brought fame to the Patapsco River corridor in 1906 when it constructed the world's first underwater hydroelectric plant. Named after the company's president, Victor Gustave Bloede, Bloede's Dam is also recognized as one of the earliest dams constructed of reinforced concrete. The dam generated electrical power within its interior until 1924 when it was closed due to the competition of larger, more powerful plants.



Migratory Bird Conservation (NMBCA) Act (S. 520).

Dear Mr. Zucker:

Thank you for contacting me about funding for migratory bird conservation. It's good to hear from you.

I share your concerns about protecting our nation's wildlife. As one who has experienced the beauty of the Chesapeake Bay my whole life, I know just how important it is to preserve and protect the world around us for future generations. Maryland is home to numerous neotropical migratory bird species, including the Great Blue Heron, the Osprey, and Maryland's state bird, the Baltimore Oriole. To make sure that these amazing birds continue to flock to Maryland and to thrive in the Chesapeake Bay region, it's important to support them along their migratory route.

That's why I have agreed to cosponsor Senator Benjamin L. Cardin's Neotropical Migratory Bird Conservation (NMBCA) Act (S. 520). This bill extends the successful NMBCA grant program which provides federal funding to local bird conservation groups in North, Central, and South America. The grants are used for conservation efforts,

education, research, and habitat protection for over three hundred and fifty bird species. The NMBCA program has leveraged more than \$140 million dollars to support over 450 projects in thirty-six countries.

According to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the results of these projects include 3.7 million acres of improved bird habitat, improved monitoring and cooperation among different countries, and increased protections for threatened bird species. S. 520 is currently pending before the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee. Your support for this bill will be helpful as the Senate continues to work on this important issue.

Thanks again for writing. Please let me know if I can be of assistance in the future.

Sincerely,

Barbara A. Mikulski

Ideas of Northern California

NEW AGE, AQUARIAN PRINCIPLES OF THE 1960'S

The corporate-controlled media was anxious to declare the end of the 60's. By 1976 that era was truly over, and nothing was ever heard about it again, except as the occasional butt of perfidious jokes. Look how far these concepts of the 60's have come, that were prescient at the time, that we desperately need to embrace, if we are to survive.

Natural
Love
Mind-Expanding
Anti-War
Pro-Environment
Freedom
Personal Responsibility
Personal Growth
Independent
Visionary
Musician, Artist, Poet
Free Love
Feminist
Mothering
Herbal, Raw food, Holistic, Vegetarian,
Organic, Macrobiotic
India, Guru, Yoga, Meditation, Mindfulness
Searcher
Free Speech
Coffee House
Jam Band
Tie-Dye
Green, Earth friendly
Whole Earth, One World, Global perspective
Anti-Corporate
Zero Population Growth
Socialistic
Communal
Inventive, Improvisational
Impulsive
Cosmic oriented
Not Time bound

Enlightenment
Not totally enthralled by Ego
Other-oriented
Higher Awareness
Reincarnation
Loosening of Sex roles
Loosening of neckties
Removal of strictures, mental prison
Beyond Good-Evil as mere labels
Experiential as opposed to Logical
Untamed
Political
Unconventional
Paradigm Shift
Acceptance as opposed to Denial
Philosophical
Spiritual as opposed to Religious
Minimalist

Look how these ideas were twisted in the mainstream press. Perhaps you bought into it.

Stinky, Filthy
Addled
Peacenik
Radical
Eco-Terrorist
Unorganized
Self-Absorbed
Non-contributor
Spaced-Out
Irresponsible, unserious
Cultish
Indiscriminate Sex
Snobbish
Charlatan
Lost Souls
Nattering Nabobs
Wasting Time

On October 1st, 1972, I arrived in New York and was met at the airport by my new boss and his girlfriend. Along about December I met this lady, two and a half years my senior, who was working at the same firm down a dark hall in a back office checking over computer printouts of subscribers. I used to go sit in her office, sometimes without saying very much.

After traveling to Germany in January of 1973, I returned to Sacramento for a semester at Sac State, where I took classes in conducting, German, and journalism. I soon tired of that and moved to San Diego, staying with my cousin and his wife in La Jolla. And there I spent long hours on the phone with Ina. In those days long distance phone calls were way too expensive for the amount of talking we were doing—a plane ticket was a lot cheaper, so I decided that it was ridiculous and just got on a plane sometime in the summer of 1973. But the situation was complicated—there was a boyfriend in that West End Apartment. Before long he moved out and I moved in.

She was long and lanky* an unconventional beauty. She had a cleft nose that I found tremendously attractive although I couldn't mention this as she was sensitive about it. There were lots of things like that. For someone that gorgeous she was extremely insecure about her appearance—I did not know then that this is the norm for pretty women. One had to walk on eggshells around her. I was inexperienced and didn't know much about the world, so I implicitly trusted anyone older than I, and this made me the perfect match for her.

I showed up at Ina's apartment house the first time literally in bare feet. I was used to wearing a T-Shirt, cut off jeans and no shoes from my life in California. My feet got so black I finally had to stop that. Gradually I adopted city ways.

We lived on West End Avenue in a "Pre-war Elevator" building with a doorman. There were two elevators, one served the left side and our elevator served Apts C-D. Our elevator man was Luis; the super and all the building employees were Dominican. The apartment was quite spacious, with high ceilings, a large foyer, a giant living room where my piano would go, the master bedroom with its walk-through closet lined in cedar and a bathroom beyond it. There was a second bedroom, a nice-sized dining room, kitchen, and a maid's room in the back with its own very small bathroom, all rent-stabilized and very affordable. These apartments today sell for around 2.5 million dollars. Dr. Fox, a medic who always wore a bow-tie, lived next to us with his wife and 10-year-old son.

Every Sunday I walked up to H&H Bagels at 81st Street to get piping hot bagels, crisp on the outside and soft on the inside, and carried them home with the *New York Times* (which weighed several pounds) still smelling inky. We would have our coffee and bagels with a schmear, trading sections. On weekdays we got the *Times* delivered and Ina always did the crossword puzzle. I was waiting for news of Richard Nixon's abdication before canceling the subscription, which finally came in August of 1974

I was studying piano and practicing 8 hours a day and more. Miles Davis lived in my neighborhood, but he was in his cocaine phase and wasn't interesting (his performances were routinely panned by critics in that period). We lived on the same block as the Ansonia Hotel (facing Broadway). At that time the grand old Beaux-Arts hotel was on the wane, poorly maintained and run down. I worked in the morning and practiced after my nap all afternoon and evening. My neighbor (two floors above) owned the New York

Bosendorfer showroom on 56th Street and since he could hear me practicing all the time he invited me to play whenever I wanted. His pianos were a dream—to play just one note was meltingly gorgeous.

The Mayor, Abe Beame, was facing the worst fiscal crisis in the city's history and just managed to ward-off bankruptcy. He slashed the city workforce, froze salaries, and cut the budget. Businesses were pulling out of the city.

At Lincoln Center, six blocks south, Philharmonic Hall was under renovation and would reopen as Avery Fisher Hall. I used to second-act their performances. In those days they didn't check tickets after intermission so I would come in when the hall was dark and everyone had returned to their seats. Their programming was arranged so that the blue hair music was in the first half and the modern stuff came later. Often you could get a free ticket if someone had extras. On Broadway Stephen Sondheim had one of his greatest successes with "A Little Night Music."



The Ansonia

Hotel, Bdwy at 74th, NYC

I was quite sick with a high fever and stayed home from work one day in December of 1978. Even though I had not heard from her in over six months, Ina intuitively knew to call me at home that very day and realized that I was delirious. She came over and took me to her doctor, Ronald Kessler, a teaching doc who happened to be familiar with the disease—Epstein Barr Virus—a newly defined one at that time.

He instructed Ina to take me home and watch my temperature, and to give me a cool sponge bath when the fever spiked up toward 105°. This she did devotedly. My only lucid moments when I came-to were during these sponge baths. I would look around me, realize what was happening, and sense of lack of control would make me start to cry. Then I would lose awareness again. I gradually recovered and when Ina went away to Milan for a month of modeling work I continued to stay at her place. That was when I met Refaela.

Refaela had just landed back in New York after breaking-up with her High School sweetheart. She was in a fragile condition indeed.

We met through a mutual friend where she was staying. I invited her to dinner and a concert on Bleeker Street. At dinner I knew she was attracted to me. She was wearing blue jeans that were very sexy, and her knees kept moving under the table. We got into simulated sex on the floor, with those same blue jeans grinding against me. It was wonderful. But her roommate, a devoted friend of Ina's, didn't approve, and Refaela wasn't ready for a new relationship.

When Ina returned she was enraged. I had never entertained the thought of anything like reconciliation with Ina, and we hadn't talked about it. But in her mind it was already a done deal. The high fevers had at

least cleared-away all my illusions about her. Ina was extremely intelligent and liked to play people off against each other the way a novelist might play with fictional characters. She would tell people what to do, how to behave. Refaela was all for breaking-off our affair before it got started, given these ambiguities. She met me at a playground in the west 80's to let me know how she felt about my cad-like behavior. She didn't believe me, yet she felt my strong love and was also attracted to me. In the end, she moved in with me—she had to, because roomie kicked her out.

Refaela got a job and after work she would take the bus along Central Park West back to our apartment on 95th. One day as the bus was pulling in to the bus stop, she spied a box of kittens and impulsively took the shiest of the babies huddling in the corner. All the way home she was worried that I wouldn't allow it. Walking into the closet-like foyer of our apartment she gently pulled that tiny kitten out of her knit hat. I just said, "Well, you know, we'll have to get her to the vet for her shots..." That kitten made her happy, and she made me happy. We bedded it down inside a shearling slipper. It became a member of our family, and we all took care of each other.

Refaela enrolled in a photography program at SUNY in a town of hippies and bikers 25 miles south of Woodstock and 80 miles north of New York. She came to visit me every-other weekend and that was the perfect rhythm for a relationship. I never saw her in curlers, and for those weekends all mundane concerns were banished. We loved listening to Elvis Costello, Patty Smith, and the Talking Heads.

I was having business difficulties and had to move away in December of 1979, to take a job in Baltimore. At that distance her visits became less frequent, only at holidays.

My Top Music for each year, just fast and roughly, by number of plays...

66 Beatles, Yes it Is. (Also later: *White Album*, *Abbey Road*.)

67 Frank Zappa

<http://youtu.be/qRtlRvztbwY?t=9m14s>

68 Beethoven, *Ninth Symphony*

69 Creedence Clearwater Revival, *Lodi*.

(Also: Doors, Kak

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8U5acjHJATo>,

Moby Grape <http://youtu.be/ioKodbNTljg>, Cream.)

70 J.S. Bach, *Toccat & Fugue in D*

Minor <http://youtu.be/DH6lYHWz2yY?list=PLuUTWVG1i0sV2MbGCwTQtwBOKoeNHWP02>

71 Johannes Brahms, Fourth

Symphony <http://youtu.be/ckuUq7im8H4?t=33m43s>

72 J.S. Bach, Well Tempered Clavier (I &

II) <http://youtu.be/9Em1leM682Y?t=1h36m59s>

73 Claudio Monteverdi *Vespro della Beata Vergine* [Das Alte Werk]

74 17c. Italian Virtuoso Violin Music [Das Alte Werk]

75 Richard Strauss, Also Sprach Zarathustra (Also:

Rosencavalier,

Metamorphosen) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7jwml0jevv0>

76 Neil Young, Tonight's the Night

77 Rolling Stones, Some Girls

78 Bernstein, Norton

Lectures <http://youtu.be/hwXO3I8ASSg>

79 Elvis Costello Little

Triggers <http://youtu.be/shF1R9tdylo>

80 Philip Glass Music with Changing Parts

81 Yoko Ono Season of Glass http://youtu.be/W_o-NA4u5kg

82 Meredith Monk

83 Talking Heads The Name of This Band ...

84 Carla Bley Social Studies

85 Kate Bush, Running Up That Hill

86 Sergei Prokofief, Piano Sonata No.

8 <http://youtu.be/2SoA9F2PBZY>

87 Thelonius Monk <http://youtu.be/xC68NtEmAcc>

88 Robert Ashley Perfect

Lives <http://youtu.be/ZQBpire6jhw>

89 Sergei Prokofief, Violin Sonata No.2. Op

63 <http://youtu.be/LxzlHpNgmEs?t=10m25s>

90 Dimitri Shostakovich, Symphony 7 (Also: 10)

91 Sergei Rachmaninoff, Preludes Op.

32 <http://youtu.be/h51zhv3T6Mk>

92 Alexander Scriabin Op. 32

93 Antonio Scarlatti,

Sonatas <http://youtu.be/JaHMdDjNnZ8>

94 Nick Drake, Five Leaves

Left <http://youtu.be/Y8MQcrR4OSc?list=PL59E8C29CB345A62>

95 Diana Krall http://youtu.be/S4hPii_RVHE

96 Varttina, Tammi <http://youtu.be/ZZN-b72qkZs>

97 Cheryl Crow <http://youtu.be/ui5iaGmMGWI>

98 Jonatha Brook, Plumb

99 Fiona Apple, Tidal

00 Susan Tedeschi, Just Won't

Burn <http://youtu.be/8NVqI934U-E>

01 Bob Dylan, Love and Theft

02 Sting, Sacred Love

03 Steve Winwood, About

Time <http://youtu.be/mWZY8iaK0CA>

04 Chucho Valdés, Bele Bele en la Habana

05 Mônica Salmaso, iaiá <http://youtu.be/ETAV0nYcpPA>

06 Eva Cassidy, Live at Blues Alley

07 Cesaria Evora, Miss Perfumado

08 Al Green, Love and Happiness

09 Wilco, I'm a Wheel <http://youtu.be/m94v1wRFQ5k>

10 Wailin Jennys, Live at Mauch Chunk

11 Stan Getz, Manha de

Carnaval <http://youtu.be/MaiZA7ZRSO8>

12 Global

Warming <http://globalwarmingband.bandcamp.com/track/people-take-care-of-each-other>

13 Television, Marquee

Moon http://youtu.be/WfO9lpbbW_4 (Also: Canned

Heat, Big Fat <http://youtu.be/YCqIQR6cUm8>)

14 Bill Evans, Moonbeams



Alexander Scriabin

Graham Hancock: Mother Ayahuasca

When I first encountered ayahuasca I had already been smoking cannabis for 16 years...and almost immediately ayahuasca started giving me messages that this was no longer serving me...that it was leading me to behave in negative, and unhelpful, ways towards others and of course I ignored those messages for years and years and went back to being stoned 16 hours a day...but that negative behaviour that ayahuasca was pointing out did actually get worse and worse. I don't want to put down cannabis, and I believe it is the sovereign right of every adult to choose to smoke cannabis if they wish to do so, but I think I was over-using it so I was abusing it and not using it responsibly and I became more and more paranoid, jealous, possessive, and suspicious. I was subject to irrational rages; I often made the life of my beloved partner, Santha, a misery...and when I went down from my regular encounter with ayahuasca in October 2011 I was given the most unbelievable kicking by mother



ayahuasca and I was put through an ordeal. It was kind of a life review and it's not an accident that ayahuasca is the vine of the dead. I was shown my death and I was shown that if I came to death (and what awaits us after death) without having corrected the mistakes that I was making in my life that it would be a very bad thing for me and actually mother ayahuasca literally took me

to hell and that hell was a little like this hell painted by Hieronymus Bosch...A truly terrible place and a little like the place that the ancient Egyptians called The Judgement Hall of Osiris where our souls are weighed in the scales in the presence of the Gods against the feather of Truth, of Justice, and of Cosmic Harmony. I was shown that the path I was walking, my abuse of cannabis and the behaviour associated with it, was going to

leave me to be found wanting in the judgement and that I might face annihilation in the world beyond death.

<https://www.facebook.com/Author.GrahamHancock/posts/10151598007352354>

When you find yourself in a hole, stop digging

A friend asked me how I would deal with ISIS, if I were the Secretary of State...

As the saying goes, when you find your self in a hole, the first thing to do is to stop digging. There are many on both sides who do not want peace. I think Bibi and McCain want to keep the pot boiling. They like having terrorists to fight. A terrorist needs an enemy.

Just for argument's sake let's assume that the Sec. of State has the power to do anything. I would try and rein-in all the rogue actors and freelancers that have entered into the policy void, such as "Academi" (*formerly known as Blackwater), Senators such as McCain, the CIA, Mossad, oil companies, and arms manufacturers. I would stop supporting one faction against another. I would ground all drones. I would work to get our troops out of Iraq and Afghanistan as quickly and safely possible.

Since ISIS is at least partially a creation of the U.S. there may be some levers left. I would try talking to them to see whether a deal could be made. After all, Reagan negotiated with the Ayatollah in '79.

The whole mess has been created by the U.S. since that time. U.S. policy throughout the world is to deal with the "one percenters" - in El Salvador, there were 37 families that owned everything - and ignore the rest of the population. Obviously that doesn't go over well. That is why the U.S. prefers to deal with dictatorial governments. In short, I would turn around U.S. foreign policy 180°

The U.S. and Israel adopted a policy of "no negotiation with terrorists" back in the '70s. That is actually a very weak position, as is any situation when you paint yourself in a

corner. The only way to end this vicious cycle is to negotiate. That is one thing. I was just reading this in Thích Nhất Hạnh, and if you don't know, this guy was in Vietnam during very dangerous times. If you want to hear some real answers, read his book "Creating True Peace," where he talks about his experience as a Buddhist monk in the middle of two warring factions. He says, "We tend to think that the violence we suffer comes only from others, from outside ourselves, but this is not correct. We inflict violence upon our own body and consciousness by our way of eating, drinking, or working." He says, "I open my heart and send forth my energy of love and understanding to everyone who has made me suffer, to those who have destroyed much of my life and the lives of those I love. I know now that these people have themselves undergone a lot of suffering and that their hearts are overloaded with pain, anger, and hatred. I know that anyone who suffers that much will make those around him or her suffer..."

I think ISIS was created by the U.S. for some purpose (search "General Paul Vallely") just like Israel created Hamas...

<http://www.jerusalemonline.com/news/middle-east/israeli-palestinian-relations/wikileaks-israel-actively-supported-hamas-6980>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8kKCCnOm1Y>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XnU6P2T5Yr4#t=72>

Read Street Score

I spent a 24-hour period just noting down any sounds outside my window at 10 West Read (1984).

READ STREET SCORE (with some Video)

10:00 am coffee grinder. The cats scatter.

2:00 pm Watch cars move up & down Light St. from direction of Camden Sta.

3:15 Horse drawn vegetable cart arrives with a neigh.

3:19

3:19½ Auto Alarm for 1 min.
offstage.

4:01 Pacing back & forth, listening to sound of steps.

4:04 A Car moving slowly into its space, belts squaking.
camera always turns in direction of new sounds.

4:22 Sounds of fans in the alley. Squeaky door.

~~4:38~~ ~~Columbia Bus~~
4:45 Columbia Bus
idles in the basement for 2 minutes.

5:21 Airplane

~~7:40~~ ~~Truck arrives to empty Dumpsters.~~

4:30 am Truck arrives to empty Dumpsters.

7:59 Jackhammers

These sounds will be recorded on Nagra and assembled.

My meetings with Leonard Bernstein

I am a strong believer in Reincarnation. If this upsets you, you may not wish to hear what I am about to tell. As a child I had vivid past-life memories and I thought my family weird for thinking THIS life is IT! My loved ones who died have always visited me in my dreams, starting with my Grandma and Grandad.

Dream #1

Bernstein brings a project over. It is my house, but there is a large hall off of the band room - a small concert hall. The "unknown room" represents sleeping potential - in this case, my underutilized musical talents get exercised, I get to work with Bernstein and it compensates for a life in which I didn't go on to a music career - while also stimulating musical energy - this dream has caused me to take out my book of Mozart piano sonatas.

He is working on Mozart's Don Giovanni. There is no food in the house, so I ask him if he'd like a steak. I head out to the store, taking the streetcar. What with transfers, this takes a long time. I never rode the Baltimore Streetcar although the subject fascinates me. There was a feeling of real appropriateness to riding the streetcar, which I attribute to the fact that Bernstein and I are sharing this dream and his memories of Don Giovanni go back to 1940. I can find no mention of Bernstein conducting the piece, but he did attend a performance in Chicago in November of 1940, so the streetcar line I was riding may have been the Chicago Clark Street streetcar.



Clark St., Chicago

I met Kate Feller on the streetcar. I say, "You'll never guess who is over at my house right now... Leonard Bernstein!"

Kate: "Who's that?"

me: "He was the conductor of the New York Philharmonic for many years, he conducted dozens of orchestras around the world. He wrote the music to West Side Story. People my age not only know and love that music, they can sing most of the show by heart."

The dream ends with me finally reaching the grocery store, wishing I had taken the car. As I reflected upon waking, I never got to have any musical experiences with Lenny. I was awake for over half an hour, then went back to sleep for

Dream #2

The dream continued. Lenny wanted to mark out all the passages where there was a counter-melody. We developed a color-coded system using all the colors of the rainbow. This was a reference to Scriabin's color-music synaesthesia. Again I awoke, reflected on the dream, and went back to sleep for

Dream #3

The color system was too complicated, so Lenny wanted me to just mark in pencil the passages, with a star at the top where the counter-melody comes in, and then just a horizontal pencil line over the counter-melody itself. I only marked the first one, but I noticed how perfectly-formed the five-pointed star was - because it was a dream it could be like that.

The reason for marking up the score like that was to see in time where these inner voices needed to be brought out. So that while he was conducting he could give the inner voice the extra attention, and probably would have given special bowing instructions, for example.

I have had several dreams of this same kind where Bernstein invites me to participate in some way in his rehearsals and performances that he was preparing in the

other world. The uncanny thing about all these dreams is there is no sense of time or mortality. These musical activities are really going on continuously because of the sheer joy of it. That's how things are in the other world.

This would be a good place to tell the story of how I met Bernstein. It was January 8, 1984, and I was living on Read St. with Rafaela in a 3rd floor walk-up directly across from the bell tower of the Emmanuel Episcopal Church.

I used to imitate the sound of that bell on the piano, with big open tone-clusters.

Bernstein was giving a performance of Mahler's Resurrection Symphony at the Washington Cathedral. Rafaela and I were broke. I think I had about \$8 in my pocket.

Our evening repast was an apple pancake baked in a frying pan. My \$8 was not enough for train fare down and back, but I felt that I simply had to attend because I was terribly afraid of Nuclear War.

So I put on a bowtie, my winter coat and a fedora and got on the train for Union Station, D.C. I had only enough money for a part-way ride in a taxi, so the driver took me as close as he could and I walked the remaining blocks. When I arrived at the cathedral there was a forbidding sign at the top of the massive staircase, "SOLD OUT." So I didn't even bother walking up to the top, but looked around the side of the great marble staircase to find an open gate that led to the musicians entrance into the cathedral basement.

So I walked right in. There was no one around except for one uniformed guard, who said, casually,

"Did you lock the gate behind you?"

"Yes, it is locked."

"Great. Thanks!"

I had to move like I knew where I was going, so without hesitation I turned down the long marble hallway leading past the musicians' changing rooms with their coats and instrument cases. As I looked down this

hallway, however, there didn't seem to be any exit - it appeared to be a dead end.

"Well," I thought, "I may as well stay on course," and sure enough, as I got to the end, I saw that the wall was curved and there was a door to enter the staircase on the side. I felt sure that my bowtie was my lucky talisman.

When I reached the top of the stairs I emerged into the ticket lobby. An usher came over to me and quietly handed me a program, so I just proceeded through the doors into the main hall. The music was swelling to its climactic 5th movement. You can hear it

here <http://youtu.be/a3xbYQ62bzo> (start at about the one-hour mark).

I only heard 10 or 20 minutes. Then, with tumultuous applause it was over.

I felt myself being pulled by an invisible hand down the aisle even before most people had left their seats. I walked right up to the roped-off area where the big contributors sat. (The concert benefiting Sane-Freeze "Musicians Against Nuclear Arms.")

Those folks had mostly left the roped-off area already, leaving behind many blue armbands and paper invitations to the reception, complete with a map showing how to walk across the Cathedral campus. I picked up one of those maps and proceeded out the back door and reached the crest of a hill where stood a Park Ranger. He said, "Right this way sir!"

I arrived in the boys dorm and took off my hat and coat. Off to the side the reception room was filled with concert-goers waiting in line for their glass of champagne.

I walked up to the front tables and started pouring champagne into glasses. "Thank You," said the two Hispanic bartenders. We soon had all the people served.

After a long time, when most of the people had already gone, Bernstein arrived and very dramatically waved his cape and

said, "I want to make a speech." It wasn't memorable.

So I hung around in the pack, hoping for a chance to talk about a project of mine, that I had written to him about four years before. I had actually had an appointment to meet with him while still living in New York, but he cancelled because of a sinus infection, and then never rescheduled.

Finally I got my chance: "I wrote to you about the Norton Lectures."

Bernstein: "Did I write back?"

me: "Yes."

Bernstein: " Oh, well, nice to talk with you." And off he went ...

I returned, somewhat disappointed, to the main hall. I wasn't surprised by this outcome since I had had a dream where I was singularly inarticulate in a meeting with Bernstein. I went to get my hat and coat, the hall was almost empty, just a few people moving around carrying things. I still had no idea how I was getting home.

"Are you ready for the drive back to Baltimore?" said one.

me: "Are you going to Baltimore?"

"Sure, do you want a ride?"

In that way I got a ride with the very organizers of the concert and the officers of the Sane Freeze movement. They were heading up Charles St., and dropped me right at the corner of Read.



Journal Entries, 1980

December 19, 2013 at 11:24 AM

1980

Reading List

George Russel

LYDIAN CHROMATICISM

1953:U. of Mass.

~OUTER THOUGHTS (Recording)

Jed Rasula

TABULA RASULA

Station Hill Press, Barrytown, NY

~WREADING COMPOSTING POETRY

Texas

George Rasula

FIRE& ICE: THE CHOSEN RESERVOIR

Vanguard Press

Eric Hammel

FROZEN CHOSEN

Schell

MONEY,LANGUAGE & THOUGHT

~THE ECONOMY OF LITERATURE

Frances Yates

THE ROSICRUCIAN ENLIGHTENMENT

~ALCHEMICAL STUDIES

~GIORDANO BRUNO

~OCCULT PHILOSOPHY

~THE ART OF MEMORY

Maitreya Magazine #3

ENGRAVINGS FOR MICHAEL MEYERS'S

BOOK (Shamballah)

Joseph Schillinger

THE MATHEMATICAL BASIS OF THE ARTS
(N70.S33)

~THE SCHILLINGER SYSTEM OF MUSICAL
COMPOSITION (MT40.S315)

~KALEIDOPHONE:NEW RESOURCES OF
MELODY & HARMONY

Nadine Gordimer

THE BURGHER'S DAUGHTER

James Driscoll (freeze lobbyist, NYS)

XENOPHOBIA IN AMERICA (not a book)

Jacques Barzun

THE USE AND ABUSE OF ART (Mellon
Lectures) (NX456.B38q)

Bertrand Russell

THE ANALYSIS OF MATTER

James Legge, tr.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF CHINA

Tung, Chung-shu (2nd century B.C.)

CH'UN CH'IU FAN LU

Walter Gornold, tr.

THE SHU-KING

Robert Klein

FORM AND MEANING

Einstein

IDEAS AND OPINIONS

Listening List

Max Reger

CLARINET QUINTET and OP. 114

Saint-Saens

OP. 45 Le Déluge (intro.)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DyN3jFQ3sWI&list=PL3nTJWoSfnLYIGg6DRT0wzdjB-Z9Ea4tz>

Prokofiev

PIANO SONATA No. 8

<http://youtu.be/51Yjj2LzfRY>

Vaughan-Williams

SERENADE TO MUSIC

Cezar Franck
SYMPHONY D MINOR

Edvard Grieg
WEDDING DAY AT
[Troidhauen, Op. 65, no. 6](#)

Robert Schumann
NOVELETTEN OP. 21, NO. 8

Charles Ives
WATCHMAN TELL US OF THE NIGHT

Reynaldo Hahn
LE BAL DE BEATRICE

Finzy, Gerald G.
ECLOGUE FOR PIANO AND STRINGS
[http://youtu.be/ 9M0UMZx43o](http://youtu.be/9M0UMZx43o)

Walton
VIOLIN and VIOLA CONCERTI

Shostakovitch
SECOND PIANO CONCERTO
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vk3sII8T-vY>

Courses

Music & Imagery I & II
Steven L. Schatz
Omega Institute for Holistic Studies
July20-24 & 27-31

Music Theory and Practice
Allaudin Mathieu
Aug.17-21
Bennington College campus

Tuition: \$160
Meals/Housing,Single/Double: \$130/\$115
Omega Institute
Box 571
Lebanon Springs, NY 12114



Dimitri

Shostakovich



Allaudin Mathieu



Sergei Prokofief

Atlantis

December 3, 2013 at 2:51 PM

For it is related in our records how once upon a time your State stayed the course of a mighty host, which, starting from a distant point in the Atlantic ocean, was insolently advancing to attack the whole of Europe, and Asia to boot. For the ocean there was at that time navigable; for in front of the mouth which you Greeks call, as you say, 'the pillars of Heracles,' there lay an island which was larger than Libya and Asia together; and it was possible for the travelers of that time to cross from it to the other islands, and from the islands to the whole of the continent over against them which encompasses that veritable ocean. For all that we have here, lying within the mouth of which we speak, is evidently a haven having a narrow entrance; but that yonder is a real ocean, and the land surrounding it may most rightly be called, in the fullest and truest sense, a continent. Now in this island of Atlantis there existed a confederation of kings, of great and marvelous power, which held sway over all the island, and over many other islands also and parts of the continent.

Plato, Timaeus 24e–25a, R. G. Bury translation (Loeb Classical Library).

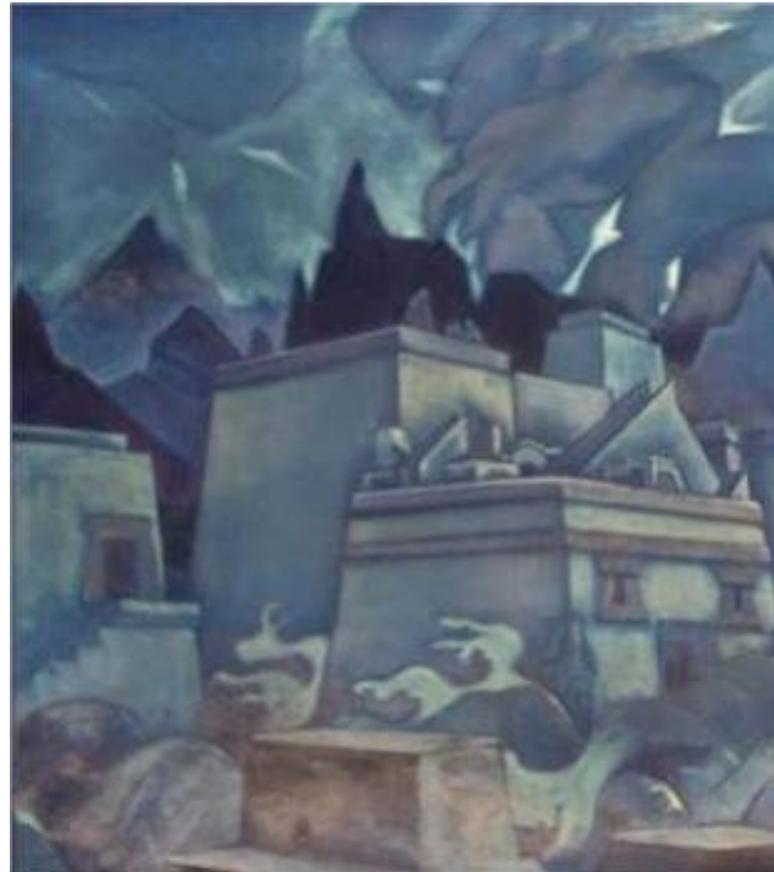
“But at a later time there occurred portentous earthquakes and floods, and one grievous day and night befell them, when the whole body of your warriors was swallowed up by the earth, and the island of Atlantis in like manner was swallowed up by the sea and vanished; wherefore also the ocean at that spot has now become impassable and unsearchable, being blocked up by the shoal mud which the island created as it settled down”.

Timaeus 25c–d, Bury translation

“The consequence is, that in comparison of what then was, there are remaining in small islets only the bones of the wasted body, as

they may be called, all the richer and softer parts of the soil having fallen away, and the mere skeleton of the country being left. But in former days, and in the primitive state of the country, what are now mountains were regarded as hills; and the plains are they are now termed, of Phelleus were full of rich earth, and there was abundance of wood in the mountains. Of this last the traces still remain, for there are some of the mountains which now only afford sustenance to bees, whereas not long ago there were still remaining roofs cut from the trees growing there, which were of a size sufficient to cover the largest houses; and there were many other high trees, bearing fruit, and abundance of food for cattle”.

**The Dialogues of Plato:
Republic/Timaeus, Critias - Plato,
Benjamin Jowett**



The Inner Game of Love

I teach my music students to trust the Inner Musician, who already knows how to play and improvise. In the same way, your higher self already knows how to love. The Inner Game of Love begins with openness to experiment and imagination, and withers under the aegis of “the right way” or always having to be in control. A child falls hundreds of times before learning to walk, and has to learn to babble before she can talk.

Life is a process, and those toddler spills are just as full of meaning as a symphony. In order to hit a home run you have to strike out several times. But the feeling that comes after a strike out is just as important as the elation of a home run. In the Inner Game of Love every essay of feeling is a gift as long as it is the heart and soul that is speaking.

- Whatever you think the world is withholding from you, you already have, but unless you allow it to flow out, you won't even know that you have it... Whatever you think the world is withholding from you, you are withholding from the world. You are withholding it because deep down you think you are small and that you have nothing to give.[\[1\]](#)

When you meet someone, silently bless them. Do this consistently and you will see results. Set the intention before you speak to send them love and happiness. The more love you give, the more love will surround you, and the happier and healthier you and everyone else will be.

Love is the energy of health, healing and growth, the power that causes the sap to rise in the trees and the blood to circulate in the body. Those who love have the strongest

immune systems. Love is the body's healing system.

You have already learned the Outer Game of Love, a game of control, seduction, dominance and power.

- When animus and anima meet, the animus draws his sword of power and the anima ejects her poison of illusion and seduction. — Carl Jung[\[2\]](#)

For every problem there are two solutions: one motivated by fear, and the other growing out of love; one involving punishing the other, injuring them, and the other involving kindness, giving them something. When we are connected to the sources of inspiration we become a fountain of inexhaustible gifts, so that when we have a difficult task we are first going to get connected to our sources of inspiration. Then solutions will come as fast as we can implement them.

You have a choice: either bring harm and punishment to others or give them the energy they need to grow. If you are self-centered there is no happiness, because all values are inverted. Joy becomes joy in the misfortune of another. Wonder becomes fear, and pain cannot be distinguished from pleasure. In the Outer Game if you dominate or punish the other, you “win,” and they lose. In the Inner Game you harm your heart when you harm another and the longer you hold onto resentment the more illness you suffer, because illness is the lack of love.

Although our first recourse is to try and use thinking to avoid pain, the Inner Game of Love is a matter of keeping the feeling center open and clear instead of shutting down. For

many years I was very self-centered—my ego inflated to the point of grandiosity. I felt at times as though I was the only “real” person—a Type-A Narcissist. I have had to work hard, but if I can begin to make the change to the Inner Game then so can you. Something saved me when I was tempted to shut down the feeling center in my heart, the connection to the higher self, and luckily I recoiled from that precipitous fall.

- *Bodhichitta* is a sanskrit word that means "noble or awakened heart." ... The soft spot of bodhichitta is inherent in you and me. It is equated, in part, with our ability to love. No matter how committed we are to unkindness, selfishness, or greed, the genuine heart of bodhichitta cannot be lost. It is here in all that lives, never marred and completely whole.
- ... Just as a jewel that has been buried in the earth for a million years is not discolored or harmed, in the same way this noble heart is not affected by all of the ways we try to protect ourselves from it. The jewel can be brought out into the light at any time, and it will glow as brilliantly as if nothing had ever happened.
- This tenderness for life, bodhichitta, awakens when we no longer shield ourselves from the vulnerability of our condition, from the basic fragility of existence. It awakens through kinship with the suffering of others. We train in the bodhichitta practices in order to become so open that we can take the pain of the world in, let it touch our hearts, and turn it into compassion. —Pema Chödrön
- "Love" is a beautiful word, and we have to restore its meaning. When we say “I love hamburgers,” we spoil the word. We have to make the effort to heal words by using them properly and carefully. True love includes a sense of responsibility and accepting the

other person as he or she is, with all strengths and weaknesses... bring your patience, understanding, and energy to help the person transform. This kind of love is safe.

- We use the phrase “love sickness” to describe the kind of love that makes us sick. It is a kind of attachment, or addiction. Like a drug, it makes us feel wonderful, but once we are addicted, we cannot have peace. We cannot study, work, or sleep. We think only about the other person. This kind of love is possessive, even totalitarian. We want to own the object of our love, and we don't want anyone to prevent us from possessing him or her totally. It creates a kind of prison for our beloved one. He or she is deprived of the right to be himself or herself. —Thich Nhat Hanh[3]

The Eskimo people have fifteen precisely-differentiated words for snow.[4] We have only one word for Love, which shows we've been going about things all wrong. We mostly act like we are talking about the same thing when we talk about Love, or as though there is some kind of template for what Love is. That is an example of how the poverty of language translates unnecessarily into a poverty of feeling. Love is an infinite universe.

Since each individual is unique, when you put two unique individuals together how can their relationship be normal? Only by doing an injustice to both of them. There are a million kinds of love. But we will have to borrow words from other languages to talk about them:

Eros
totally involved love at first sight

Ludus
playful love—love as a game

Storge
love from a deep and lasting friendship

Pragma
love with a shopping list

Mania
unbalanced love involving extreme
possessiveness

Agape
selfless love making no demand for love in
return

Paradiso
all of the above in perfect perennially
contradictory balance

—Anselm Hollo [\[5\]](#)

But that is just a start. Aristotle
included *Philia*, or friendship; loyalty to
friends, family, and community.

There is youthful Infatuation, Puppy Love,
Companionate Love (mature, loyal, steady,
and affectionate), Dependent Love,
Conditional Love, and Jealousy;

Gentle Love, Loving Kindness, Compassion,
Tenderness, Nurturing, Benevolent Love;
Ascetic Love, Courtly Love;

Sexual Love, Passionate Love, Consummate
Love, Hedonistic Love. Of course there is
Lust, but what about Virgin Love? There is
Profane Love and Pristine Love. There is
exquisitely globally-connected Love, Cosmic
Love, Impersonal, and Transpersonal Love.

Love can be expressed in Music, in Dance,
Yoga, and other arts; a husbandman's care
and concern for his family; Mother Love,
Wifely Love, Whorish Love, even bondage
and dominance. There is that Love that goes
against all reason, Unconventional Love,
Forbidden Love.

- Love can have three dimensions. One is that
of dependence ... The husband is dependent
on the wife, the wife is dependent on the
husband; they exploit each other, they
dominate each other ... The second possibility
is love between two independent persons ...
But that too brings misery, because there is
constant conflict. No adjustment is possible;
both are so independent ... They give
freedom to the other, but their freedom looks
more like indifference... They are afraid to go
deeper into each other because they are
more attached to their freedom than to love,
and they don't want to compromise.
- And the third possibility is of
interdependence. That happens very rarely,
but whenever it happens a part of paradise
falls on the earth. Two persons, neither
independent nor dependent but in a
tremendous synchronicity, as if breathing for
each other, one soul in two bodies—
whenever that happens, love has happened.
Call only this love. The other two are not
really love, they are just arrangements—
social, psychological, biological, but
arrangements. The third is something
spiritual.—Osho [\[6\]](#)

The hallmark of the Inner Game of Love is
that we are no longer entirely controlled by
our wants in the world of form and illusion.

-
-

- If you are able to enjoy simple things like listening to the sound of the rain or the wind; if you can see the beauty of clouds moving across the sky or be alone at times without feeling lonely or needing the mental stimulus of entertainment; if you find yourself treating a complete stranger with heartfelt kindness without wanting anything from him or her ... it means that a space has opened up, no matter how briefly, in the otherwise incessant stream of thinking that is the human mind. When this happens, there is a sense of well-being, of alive peace, even though it may be subtle... what the ancient sages of India called *ananda*—the bliss of Being.—Eckhart Tolle[7]
- It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money you have. I want to know if you can get up after the night of grief and despair, weary and bruised to the bone, and do what needs to be done to feed the children. —Oriah Mountain Dreamer[8]



It is a challenging problem (and that is good). In the modern mind, Eros has been reduced to one thing ('the erotic'), instead of a living presence as the God who unites hearts and minds as well as genitals. When you give someone a good hug for three long breaths, feeling the other person very real in your arms, can there be a uniting all the seven chakras? Then Eros is there. When there is sex without love, without oneness, Eros is not there. At times I swear I have felt the breath of this god fluttering near encouraging us to drop the ego and merge with another.

3 ·

[1] Eckhart Tolle, *A New Earth*, p. 191-190.

[2] *Aion*(1951). CW 9, Part II: P.338.30.

[3] *Touching Peace*, p. 85

[4] qanuk 'snowflake'; kaneq 'frost'; kanevvluk 'fine snow/rain particles; natquik 'drifting snow'; nevluk 'clinging debris'; aniu 'snow on the ground'; muruaneq 'soft deep snow'; qetrar 'for snow to crust'; nutaryuk 'fresh snow'; qanisqineq 'snow floating on water'; qengaruk 'snow bank'; utvak 'snow carved in block'; navcaq 'snow cornice'; pirta 'blizzard, snowstorm'; cellallir-, 'to snow heavily'; pirrelvag- 'to blizzard severely'.

[5] Anselm Hollo, "Something I Stole and Would Like You to See," from *Pick Up the House: New and Selected Poems*

[6] Osho, *Maturity—The Responsibility of Being Oneself*, pp.49-50

[7] *A New Earth*, p. 234

[8] By Oriah © Mountain Dreaming, *The Invitation* HarperONE, S.F., 1999

"The Invitation" Oriah Mountain Dreamer

It doesn't interest me
what you do for a living.
I want to know
what you ache for
and if you dare to dream
of meeting your heart's longing.
It doesn't interest me
how old you are.
I want to know
if you will risk
looking like a fool
for love
for your dream
for the adventure of being alive.
It doesn't interest me
what planets are
squaring your moon...
I want to know
if you have touched
the centre of your own sorrow
if you have been opened
by life's betrayals
or have become shrivelled and closed
from fear of further pain.
I want to know
if you can sit with pain
mine or your own
without moving to hide it
or fade it
or fix it.
I want to know
if you can be with joy
mine or your own
if you can dance with wildness
and let the ecstasy fill you
to the tips of your fingers and toes
without cautioning us
to be careful
to be realistic
to remember the limitations
of being human.
It doesn't interest me
if the story you are telling me
is true.
I want to know if you can

disappoint another
to be true to yourself.
If you can bear
the accusation of betrayal
and not betray your own soul.
If you can be faithless
and therefore trustworthy.
I want to know if you can see Beauty
even when it is not pretty
every day.
And if you can source your own life
from its presence.
I want to know
if you can live with failure
yours and mine
and still stand at the edge of the lake
and shout to the silver of the full moon,
"Yes."
It doesn't interest me
to know where you live
or how much money you have.
I want to know if you can get up
after the night of grief and despair
weary and bruised to the bone
and do what needs to be done
to feed the children.
It doesn't interest me
who you know
or how you came to be here.
I want to know if you will stand
in the centre of the fire
with me
and not shrink back.
It doesn't interest me
where or what or with whom
you have studied.
I want to know
what sustains you
from the inside
when all else falls away.
I want to know
if you can be alone
with yourself
and if you truly like
the company you keep
in the empty moments.

The Great Work: Our Way into the Future by Thomas Berry

There was only one further step to take in the mid-20th century: the move from many national economies to a comprehensive world economy, with neither control by, nor allegiance to, any government. The dream began to take shape at the 1944 Bretton Woods Conference, when a world economic organization was envisaged under leadership of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. Transnational organizations could now function, unhindered, over the entire planet. The less industrialized nations could now be brought into the orbit of the industrialized nations, ostensibly for the benefit of everyone, but effectively for the benefit of the existing financial powers. Later the transnational organizations would press on to establish a borderless world through a General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs, which would result in a World Trade Organization, whereby transnational corporations could exploit the Earth freely for economic gain, with responsibility to no people and no nation, and extensive power over the entire community of nations.

The corporation has become the basis of survival of the human community. When we survey the extent of corporations' control over our lives, our governments, the legal profession, the universities, the media; their legal rights to the use of property throughout the planet; their relative isolation from any political authority or cultural norms of action -- we begin to realize the dimensions of the challenge before us.

The truly tragic aspect of what is happening is that it does not violate anything in Western cultural commitments, but fulfills those commitments as they are understood in the closing decades of the 20th century. Any critique or quest for betterment must thus go

much deeper into the perception of how the universe functions, how the Earth and its biosystems function, and what is the role of the human. None of the more extensive cultures of the Earth are capable of supporting an effective response to what is before us: we need a trans-human referent.

This referent in former times has been the universe itself, as the primary manifestation of the divine or the sacred. Obviously the universe is the primary given in any course of human understanding. We awaken to a universe. We have no immediate access to anything prior to or beyond the universe. Every other mode of being in the phenomenal order is universe-referent. While this might have been understood by former peoples, it is especially evident in our time, since all our scientific endeavor provides us with no explanation of the universe except itself. In this sense the universe is the primary value, source, and destiny of whatever exists. And it exists not as a vastly extended sameness, but in highly differentiated forms of expression so intimately related that nothing is itself without everything else. Any being can benefit only if the larger context of its existence benefits.

These aspects of the universe constitute what I would refer to as the Covenant of the Universe. The planet Earth fulfills this Covenant with special brilliance through the diversity of its ninety-some elements and their expression in the Earth's five spheres -- the landsphere, the watersphere, the airsphere, the lifesphere, and the mindsphere -- each of which is further differentiated into innumerable forms of expression. The wonder, of course, is the bonding into a single functional community of existence. Especially in the realm of living beings, there is absolute interdependence. No living being nourishes itself. The Earth's

death-life sequence of dissolution and renewal has continued for billions of years.

The well-being of the soil and the plants must be the primary concern for humans. Every animal form, including the human community, depends ultimately on plants to transform the sun's energy and Earth's minerals into living substance for

nourishment. To disrupt this process is to break the Covenant of the Earth and to imperil life itself.

This is the indictment against the devastation inflicted on the Earth by the extractive economy; it also indicates the remedy that must be sought for survival of Earth's biosystems. Our primary concern must be to restore

the organic economy -- to establish our basic energy source as the sun, and to foster the entire range of life systems of the planet, all of which are needed. We need to foster a new sense of the bioregional context of human communities. A new sense of literacy is needed: literacy as the capacity to read the Great Book of the Universe, particularly the Book of Nature as it is presented to us in the local setting of our lives.

(c) 1997 Thomas Berry



Chapter 77

'Holiness is a lifestyle, not a denomination.'

Sign on a church, Baltimore

I was re-arranging some of the accordion folders that I have tucked here and there on shelves. I was just going through boxes of files, papers, and I found a box with music files from '93 with my schedule for the Eurhythmics workshops. And next to that box, hiding back behind it, was a Chinese box with a padded cover and little ivory clasps.

I opened it up and there was a note from Xénia, written on a heart-shaped piece of construction paper and tied with a ribbon to a braid of her hair. I took the braid out of the box. It had some dried flowers clinging to it. I held it up to my nose to see if it had a smell. I walked out to the porch and Abby the dog was there and I held it out to her. She sniffed it and then she walked away. And I said, "Where's Xénia?" And she got excited, and she ran back over to smell the braid again.

Robert Bly talks about the archetype of the King. Not the earthly ruler, but the King who lives on the mythological level. Real people can partake of King energy. Where King energy is, there is order—a cosmos, not chaos. And this is how it rearranges the molecules—in the words of Robert Bly—it rearranges the electrons of the people who are in the energy field of the King.

Xénia used to talk about having her DNA rearranged, or molecules rearranged, and just perhaps what rearranged her molecules was stepping into this force field.

I am oil and water—Quaker pacifist from my grandmother, warrior from my great-great-grandfather, who was in the Civil War. The result is a musician/warrior husbandman, caretaker—peaceful warrior. When these energies come into conflict I try to let the warrior energy lay down and surrender to the culture man.

Plato says a city-state will always need warriors, but they have to be absolutely subservient to civilian society. He prohibits the warrior class from taking part in politics. They are kept separate so they can

concentrate on their specialized duties and isolate their warrior energy from the rest of society.

What is missing from the warrior's worldview that makes him unable to take part in politics? The ability to "question authority" is trained out of you. A warrior has to hold an unquestioning frame of mind. On the other hand, it is the duty of civilian society to discuss and question policies. Terrible things happen when warriors get into politics. The warrior sees those questioning authority as traitors, as enemies, and his warrior response is to attack them.

I went to the cash machine at Cross Street in South Baltimore. There were a number of young African American men—about ten—waiting at the bus stop across the street. When I got out of the car, I heard somebody say, "Kick his ass." Nobody kicked my ass, and nobody said anything to me. I was not even *harassed*.

The violinist at J. Patrick's Pub was just wonderful. I felt like asking him where he learned to play like that. He was a young guy I hadn't noticed before. If he has been there before, something's changed. The way he played so closely with the banjo player and watched him so closely, was as though they played together for a lifetime. When the melody would go up, not only would his bow hand go up, the other hand would go up, his whole arm would move, both arms were really paralleling the shape of the melody. It was pure joy.

At J. Pat's I met Gene and his gal Davida. Davida's moving in. I talked to Gene, after Davida left, about making a ritual, to go to Davida's house and go up to the bathroom, get her toothbrush, carry it down the stairs, out the door, walk down Fort Avenue with it held high all the way to his house. Gene suggested making it into a pub crawl, stopping in all the bars along the way and invite everyone to join the move to the next bar.

Chapter 39 • The Power

In January of 1977 I quit my job so I could write more music. I didn't like to be an after-work composer; working that hard dried-up the sources of inspiration. Ideas come when they come, and a full-time job didn't allow the flexibility I needed. Pretty soon I started to produce a page or more of sketches every day. The rent on my studio apartment on West 95th Street was \$250 a month. (It would be \$2,000 today.) I was working in bookstores, one in Soho and one on upper Broadway, just a few shifts a week. I spent the days hanging out with my friend Jay, who lived on West 4th, a block from the Hell's Angels. One time we were approached by a pan-handler, and we were able to offer her thirty-seven cents between us, which she rejected, saying: "That ain't money, that's chump." We spent our afternoons playing chess and loitering about eating ice cream. Hand-packed Haagen-Dasz vanilla and chocolate, mixed. You couldn't get it at the grocery store.

One quiet summer evening as chestnut branches swayed in the wind, I walked past the Museum of Natural History, struck by the pleasant thought that the world was at peace. Vietnam was over, Jimmy Carter was president, and we had yet to hear of the Ayatollah or Afghanistan.

I felt that Mahler's unfinished Tenth Symphony held a lot of clues for me. If I checked out enough books and listened to enough music, I would surely find markers to show me the way. I saw this great work as a bridge to an unheard twentieth century music. It turned out this bridge hadn't yet been crossed, as all the musical elite still followed Arnold Schönberg's atonality. Leonard Bernstein gave me a lot of inspiration, when I saw his "Unanswered Question" Lectures on TV.

On another night that summer, lightning struck the Buchanan South substation on the Hudson River, tripping two circuit breakers in Westchester County. Con Edison could not generate enough power for the city, and the three feeder lines bringing outside power were overloaded. At 9:27, the Big Allis generator in Queens shut down, and with it, all of New York City went dark.

I was with Guinevere. It was a sweaty night in her apartment; her window looked onto the darkened sidewalk in the West 80's, and there was no breeze coming through it. Her bed was the lower of a bunkbed. Her father, former CIA officer, had come up to town to testify in the Koreagate investigation involving South Korean Intelligence Service bribes of Congress. Over a hundred Congressmen were implicated. Dad agreed to testify in return for immunity. Guinevere had gone to meet him that day in Central Park.

Jay returned from a trip to Pennsylvania, planning to take the subway home. From the George Washington Bridge he saw, or rather did not see, Manhattan lying shrouded in complete darkness. He walked five miles south in the dark, and decided to stop at my apartment, while I was still at Guinevere's. In the vestibule of my building a man pulled a gun on him. Dostoyevsky's "Crime and Punishment," which he had been reading, dropped out of his pack onto the floor. This evoked the mugger's scorn. "Is that your bible?"

In October, the Yankees played in the World Series against the Dodgers. They won it in six games:
1977 – New York Yankees (4) vs. Los Angeles Dodgers (2)

Game	Date	Winning Team	Losing Team
1	Oct. 11	New York (Lyle) *4	Los Angeles (Rhoden) 3
2	Oct. 12	Los Angeles (Hooton) 6	New York (Hunter) 1
3	Oct. 14	New York (Torrez) 5	LA (John) 3
4	Oct. 15	New York (Guidry) 4	LA (Rau) 2
5	Oct. 16	Los Angeles (Sutton) 10	New York (Gullett) 4
6	Oct. 18	New York (Torrez) 8	Los Angeles (Hooton) 4

I spent that week with Amy. We met at a party, introduced through Jay, and Amy invited me back to her place. I remember her piqued look when I asked if she had a boyfriend (just because this had happened to me recently). That is how we came to be watching the World Series from Amy's futon on the floor. She shared

a spacious apartment with another actress on Columbus Avenue. It would cost two million dollars now, but then the neighborhood was just starting to gentrify. Amy had red hair, smiled kindly and her skin was pale and translucent like marble. Her breasts were soft, like pears, with lively pink nipples. In some places her hair was blonde and baby-fine.



Reggie Jackson

hit home runs in Games 4 and 5. His career achievement came with three home-runs in Game 6, each one off the first pitch. The fans were chanting "Reg-GIE! Reg-GIE!" Howard Cosell was caught up in the moment... "How this man has responded to pressure! Oh, what a beam on his face. How can you blame him? He's answered the whole WORLD! After all the furor, after all the hassling, it comes down to this!"

Pete Rose was closing in on 3,000 career hits. Though his team had just been eliminated in the playoffs, he was in a TV commercial that came on between innings. Amy started calling me 'Pete.' That was her kindness encouraging me. We stayed awake all the nights and it was surreal when she had to get up and shower for work. It seemed like one could stop doing the daylight things, ignore the mundane world and be taken care of by the power of Love. On those mornings we had Café Bustelo, drip method, with paper-towels in the basket instead of filter paper (we didn't have any filters and were too poor to buy some). We didn't care. That was the best coffee I ever sipped.

We went to Long Island together, and on the train home, sunburned and sanded, we had a fight. The fight was about nothing. Amy said she thought I could never get mad, and that was all. This made me very mad, and I

resolved to stop seeing her then and there. Maybe I sensed she wanted to get serious, and some instinctive reaction set-in to take advantage of that moment to flee. Maybe she sensed my volatile anger lying just beneath the surface.

I heard she got married and had a baby the next year. One day she would be in a movie.

Chapter 40 • Floorboards

I went to visit an old woman writer, to interview her about her craft. Yet, was it all too intimate for her to share? Would there be anything that she could tell me? I worried that if I asked some mundane questions about craft, she'd realize I was an amateur.

She had numbers, like zip codes, printed on little strips of paper. I asked her about those. She didn't want to talk about them.

"Please, just tell me how you do it!"

She took out the old family bible and she pointed to a page in the back, all covered with handwriting.

"What I do is, I just read this."

She asked me to read it out loud for her. I had no idea what it was. I started reading names and addresses. It was her family tree. Two of her ancestors were smiths, one was at Nr. 42 Rogers Forge and the other at another forge further along York Road, back around the Revolutionary War, or a little before.

I continued reading the names, and I was surprised to see an Indian name. I asked her whether she had an Indian ancestor, and she explained how it happened.

"White people massacred that Indian family—14 of our relatives were killed—aunts, uncles and grandmothers—and the only ones who survived were a man, his wife, and their daughter. They, the survivors, had tried to bury the body parts they had been able to carry away. The daughter, the one in the bible, insisted: "Shouldn't we try to sort them out before we bury them?"

"But her father said, "No, we'll have to just bury them all together, because there isn't much time." Suddenly, I

was transported to that time and I was the Indian father speaking those words to my daughter. We were afraid the white people would come back.

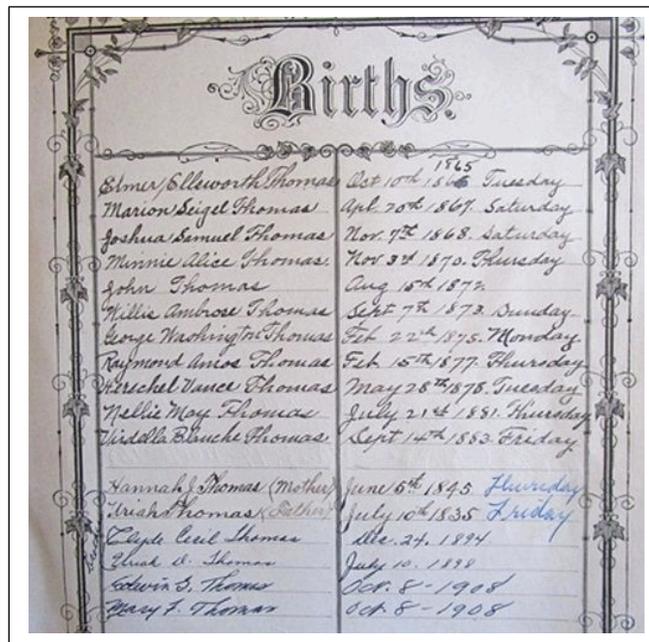
It was wintertime, and there were a few inches of snow on the ground, but we found a place. It was in the woods. My little girl spent time picking exactly the right spot. Then her mother and I started digging. My wife was digging with some kind of gardening tool, and I had my big knife and was digging with the knife. Because of this the grave was very square. My wife said, "I like how neat and square this grave is."

Just then we started to hit something hard that turned out to be floorboards. So we had to stop digging and this was where we were going to do the burial. But we couldn't find all the dirt we had dug out. Somehow it got blown away, so the graves were very shallow. Suddenly the woods disappeared and the boards turned into the floor of a carriage house—and we have just traveled forward in time, two hundred years.

A little boy rode up on a bicycle, and I signaled to him

to come over, and I told him about the gravesite under the floorboards. And with a wink he promised to keep our secret, and he pedaled away.

Then I was back in the room with old woman writer, and I knew she was my great great great granddaughter.



Chapter 70

After the war people in Bosnia were without food, without roofs over their heads. We were outraged that with all our wealth the U.S. wouldn't try to help. We decided to start something ourselves. My co-workers wanted to make it a huge project—always overreaching. I urged we start small, step by step. They would not listen. So I decided to proceed on my own, to bring shingles and tarpaper to Yugoslavia.



Sometime after I arrived in Yugoslavia I was driving on a road ... suddenly it turned to gravel, then disappeared—just grass with some muddy tracks. The other cars were turning around on the grass. I kept going and came to a house, a family. A young couple, with a girl and a boy. They took me in kindly, just a little suspicious. The husband a burly jock. I said to the son, 'You're going to be a gangster, just like your Dad.' He looked at me quizzically. I was saying good-bye, but I had a vision of what each one would become in the future. I said to the daughter, 'Continue in the Girl Scouts.'

My car was running. Some kid put some ingredients in my gas tank and the car exploded. That was a magical road and I could only return the same way I had come, and re-experience everything that had happened.

Some people arrived at the house, a couple. I recognized them, wasn't sure why, but I sensed danger.

The man went inside. I tried to stop the woman. She kind of danced around, tried to slip away. I saw her reach for a gun in her purse. I took the gun and pointed it at her head. I told the guy to come out and leave or, 'I'll blow her head off.'

He didn't believe me. I fired 3 times into the ground to shock him. Still he didn't believe me. He drew his own gun and mine was empty—'click.'

I tried to fight with him but he was laughing and saying how he'd enjoy killing me. After an incredible battle I realized he was the devil. Somehow I managed to defeat him. In order to get rid of him we had to disembowel him and cook the entrails. The process was going on in the bedroom. A neighbor woman arrived and entered the bedroom. I pushed her out and said, 'Please go away and never mention what you saw here.'

Suddenly a crowd of people appeared in the house, and a fierce dog tried to break down the door—he broke the lower panel out. I had nothing to block-up the opening, so I fought with him through the hole in the door.

Then the process was over. I asked everyone if they completed the job, but they wouldn't answer me. Betrayal. Now they were on his side.

Then the devil reappeared in the guise of an older gentleman. I tried to fight him but they were all against me. Then I saw the book: 'Necronomicon,' a six-sided book in two halves. I looked at the last page and read the formula, and started repeating, 'Necronomicon.' This had power to paralyze everybody, so I kept saying it.

Then the devil said, 'Wait!' All you people can now choose whether to stay with me or return to normal life again.' All of them fled on the spot. Only the devil remained. I tried to escort him away, but now he resisted me. He had tricked me and I had accepted what he had said—that wasn't part of the spell. The devil went into the garden and became a spirit. I tried to warn the people—but now they remembered nothing and were innocent. 'This garden is inhabited by spirits!' But I could see by the weird way the people were acting that there was some memory of evil remaining in them and it was destined to grow.

Evil can be defeated but not completely eradicated; it always returns.

Chapter 80

11/6/03

"All the weapons we thought we might have to use on the USSR we are now applying without stint and unopposed on Iraq, a nation one-sixteenth as populous. A speech our President delivered yesterday on the subject of why we had no choice but to attack Iraq won him the highest rating in television history... —K.V. January 17, 1991.

I was amused when one of our Generals remarked, of the current war, 'It didn't game like that' (not the exact quote).

I was not amused because it was funny, but because, I could have told them that ... wargames cannot predict the future. Who can predict the weather in Baltimore, or what the market is going to do, or when am I going to die, or who is going to lose the most in Iraq. On the way home from practice tonight I am feeling every bump in the road. I see more of the same ahead, more broken transmissions, more pavement, more spoiled air and water. But way further ahead, unless we do a controlled reduction of our level of technology, we will become the third world. Kurt Vonnegut marvels on the beauty of the silence in no-mans land on the eleventh minute of the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918. 'Armistice Day I will keep' he writes, 'Veterans Day I will chuck.' That date, by the way, appears 11:11, 11/11/18. If words can have power and magic, then perhaps numbers can too.

I received word today from a friend about a 'Harmonic Concordance' of planets. I think he has the day wrong. Next Tuesday, November 11, is Armistice Day. According to the calendar on my wall it is Veterans Day in the US and Remembrance Day in Canada.

What the heck are you supposed to remember? What a hell war is! How wasteful and really ... boys ought not to act like that. It's not polite.

Here's what I will be doing on Tuesday. I will be lighting a candle for peace.



Chapter 46

According to legend, God decided to appear to the people one day while they were working in the fields. He landed in the very middle of the field, walked from left to right along a ridge, and suddenly disappeared.

"Did you see that?"

Everyone gathered around.

"Yes!"

They all nodded. Everyone saw him.

"Did you see his robes, blazing like the Sun?"

"Yeah, we saw that. Did you get a load of that blue hat?"

"Blue? His hat was Red!"

"Infidels! You are speaking against our Lord."

"Jackals—it was the most brilliant Red I tell you."

Everyone began yelling, and the people who saw blue were expelled from the village. God felt sorry for the way his joke had turned out. When war was declared, He decided He must do something.

Just as the bands of blue and red warriors drew up in two long lines, about to strike each other, God stepped in between them. This time walking in the opposite direction, from right to left. Everyone laughed.

Why do we follow the stars we choose? What grand joke is being played on us?

Watching on an August night during the Perseid meteor showers with my cousins, lying on our backs on the Iowa grass, hands folded behind our heads, I found myself staring suddenly *out*, and no longer up, as the floor dropped from beneath my feet. If you stayed very still you would become conscious of the rotation of the whole sky.

The sky is turning, and tuning. Music is that movement. The ratios of the musical string and the invisible strings guiding the planets, asteroids, moons, and Saturnine rings.

What is that sound that resounds in the ear of God?

We bring a memory of this sound with us when we are born. It is up to musicians to make that audible on Earth.

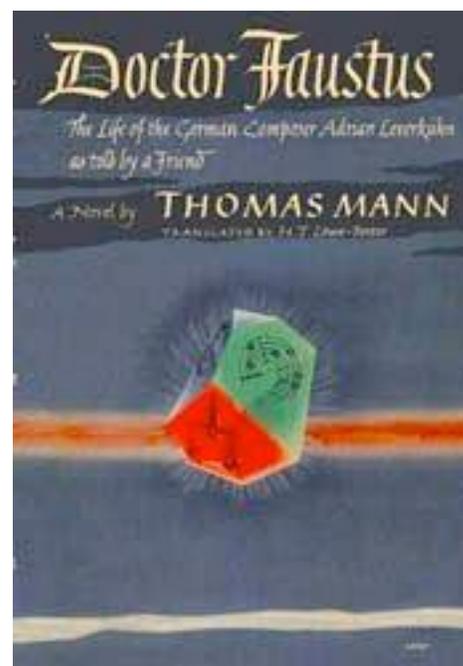
One day, my teacher Bob came to town to teach a workshop. I visited him in his motel room. We sat in the room's two high-backed purple Naugahyde chairs. The sun slowly set. He said, "Music is three-dimensional." I was seized by this thought, unsure what had happened to me.

Fresh from the library, I was sitting in Lionel's bar at a table with Mr. Farshid, showing him my notes on the Harmony of the spheres.

"These small figures in Bach's Preludes and Fugues are infinitely transmutable, just as though they were printed on a film, or on the face of a prism, so that they rotate as the whole prism rotates, compressing their time and then reversing direction."

"Book II starts out—this prelude in C—with the simplest figure in the world, do-re-mi. I've labeled it 'A.' Immediately, Bach reverses the direction and he intersperses a second A but down an octave. So we've seen it approach us, then turn away, and now the figure has doubled. Immediately after those comes one more running away at twice the speed, in 32nd notes. All the notes are being squished together in time because of the rotation of the prism back to zero. Bach needs no more than 24 of these basic terms to write all 24 Preludes and Fugues in this book, and probably Book I as well."

I reached into my book bag, and set the small hardback on the table.



Thomas Mann

Doctor Faustus

The Life of the German Composer Adrian Leverkühn as told by a Friend

Translated from the German by H.T. Lowe-Porter.

The dust-jacket is blue, and through it runs a glowing beam of sunlight, which is striking a prism. The prism contains a 5-stave score, bent into a circle, with notes printed on it. The whole prism seems to be radiating energy, sound, and light.

Mr. Farshid observed, "You say that Bach writes these motives on cellophane, then rotates the prism, which bends them with the light as it is deflected by the prism. I think I can hear many of these same motives in the lute suites. I haven't seen you lately. What have you been up to?"

"I just got back from the Midwest... For a job interview. The company sent a limo to pick me up at O'Hare, with a mini bar—and drove me 30 miles through the countryside. Crossing that ocean of flat cornfields, I noticed the red reflectors at the top of the railroad crossing arms, way out in the distance. Each time we went by they crossed behind one another. This gave me an idea: I could build a little rotating platform with dowels stuck in it, and then stick some black ping-pong balls on the ends of each of those dowels at different heights, to make a basic 'term' of melody that would change mechanically as you turned it. Here is the drawing. There are rotating dowels."

Mr. Farshid looked curious.

"Why don't you get some beads and let them down by thread from the rotating arm."

Mr. Farshid remarked, "Whenever we meet, even if it's been two months, we always begin right where we were, as if we had just been talking five minutes ago." We decided to adjourn to his place for tea, a very Persian custom.

On our way out across Charles Street, the chill wind whipped our coats. Down past the Buttery and briskly across Center Street, we continued our conversation.

We began walking up the hill toward the Washington Monument, past the crumbling brownstones.

We marched in step past the granite memorial to the Baltimore Philanthropist, past the statue of "Peace" guarding the strip of park between Mr. Farshid's apartment and Leakin Hall. We heard some faint sounds of musicians practicing piano inside, and a baritone singing solfege in the upstairs practice rooms.

"Our culture life in the west is a guided tour, like a cruise, but you cannot get off the boat. So, while all the other tourists are looking at the jagged rock formation or the whalespouts off the port bow, I alone have witnessed a small flock of gulls plucking a fish out of the wake."

Mr. Farshid unlocked the metal-grated yellow sash door to the building and we walked up the horseshoe staircase to the second floor.

We entered the apartment, and as the door swung shut I cast a glance behind it at the unframed student painting hanging at the end of the hall—a standing nude, painted in a modern realist style, and in no classical pose but holding her light blue terrycloth robe open and looking straight on. All his girlfriends found it offensive.

Mr. Farshid was from Iran, and his family now lived in London. Mr. Farshid was perfectly polite.

Tea was made, and we sat down at the table by the window. Mr. Farshid sliced us each a bit of date bread.

"To the ancient Greeks, it was natural to believe that the human body is a musical instrument based on proportional ratios. A person could be "high strung" just as the strings of a musical instrument could be set too tight and shrill. They used speak of tunings being *Syntonos*, "intense," *Aneimenos*, "relaxed," *Charlaros*, "slack," and *Tonos*, "in tune." These are still used as medical terms.

Farshid remarked, "We have the same word in Farsi."

"The Greeks gathered up information from places further east. They probably got from Persia the idea of "tuning" the planets, as if the Solar System was a musical instrument."

"I believe this is the 'harmony of the spheres' that Kepler was looking for. It was only discovered by an amateur astronomer, J.D. Titius, a hundred years after Kepler's death."

"Wasn't Kepler also an astrologer?"

"In those days there was no difference between astrology and astronomy. Titius discovered a formula that fit the spacing of the planetary orbits in relation to the sun, using the observation tables of Kepler and his mentor, Tycho Brahe. It's not a pretty doubling pattern, like in music, but each time the basic term is doubled, plus four."

"Would you be interested in a game of Chess?" The sun was setting early, and outside the yellow streetlights tinged the swirling purple, orange and gray clouds. The steam radiator clanked on.

"I have time, I suppose, for one game—" Mr. Farshid set-up the board.

Mr. Farshid was an excellent Chess player. The game of Persia, 4,000 years old. Very formidable for me, unless I can get him off-balance with an aggressive opening, taking chances, exploiting them with risky and unfamiliar moves a skilled player wouldn't even consider.

Another time a group of friends appeared looking for help moving a student's piano. I joined in, and ended up riding next to Bettina in the back seat. She had blondish-red hair, a big frame, strong shoulders popping out of a curvy white dress with blue floral piping, drinking a Pimm's and soda with her friend Veronica. I felt a comfortable energy from her.

"What do *you* do."

"I'm a musician ..."

"So, what does a musician do when he grows up?"

"I am studying how a motion can be a sound. A theory linking sound and movement, developed by a Swiss music educator in 1905, and the bridge between them is emotion."

"Le pont est l'amour."

"Emotion means inner motion. The Greeks said you should never move the body without the soul or the soul without the body."

"I wish I could write a little 80-page manual that every student of music, or theater, *or* poetry, or even history, would carry at all times in his *or* her freshman-year bookbag. Unfortunately, the texts need to exemplify, in rhythm and phrasing, the principles being described, to reinforce the meaning on another level. To do all this I have to compress my ideas, transform it into poetry."

"You want to write a book about poetry, but you are not a poet."

The Theory of beauty says that beauty is pointing toward something beyond itself, in the realm of the invisible. In a state of beauty we are struck by an intuition of our relationship to the infinite, and become aware of the presence of the creative power behind the world.

Unfortunately, we tend to misinterpret the pointing finger for the essence and end of the experience, like the dog whose owner is pointing at the moon; the dog sniffing dumbly at the pointing finger. There can be a failure to interpret the message in art, as we end up worshipping the artwork itself, as a dead-end esthetic, and remain content with unquestioned surface beauty.

"I do not understand boys."

"You had two brothers, you grew up with boys."

"Yes, but I do not understand them. For me life, and love, are simple. There is no need for theories. Beauty and love is all around; it is not contained in a theory. All your studies take you away from the body, away from life and from love."

Bettina was suffering with a serious illness. Her mother had taken the drug DES when she was in the womb, and now her doctor and her family, urged her to have a hysterectomy. She refused. They battled over it, her father tried to gain guardianship; but a stubborn instinct in her held out. In this fight she was entirely alone. The oncoming sickness made each moment shimmer. I called her the whirlwind; wherever she went, the leaves rustled and objects stirred. To spend time with her could be dangerous; exciting, but also draining.

Day after day I'd run into her. I didn't seek her out. Finally, I just gave in to the pull. I felt the hand of fate putting us together, but I didn't understand things in

the same primal way as my dear friend. I hesitated to plunge into life the way the fisherman, who understands the sea, plunged into the waves of the Tsunami—just going with it. I was like those land-lubbers who tried to resist the waves and were drowned.

We met for long walks. When it was misting lightly we kissed in the doorways. Her kisses were passionate, her mouth very ripe, tasty and moist like our skin and clothes, every nerve ending awake.

We walked by the stream, she in the lead, jumping across the rocks. I followed, measuring the angles, judging each step. Bettina encouraged me, cheering me on, placing me so strongly in the field of her mother energy.

Rene and I still lived on Linden Avenue, which still showed its old trolley tracks and cobblestones. The apartment above ours had been burned-out, and we had taken over that space for our studios after smothering the charred woodwork in coats of deck paint. Rene's camera was already set-up on a tripod. I just suspended my contraption in front of a large white sheet, gave it a spin, and she started snapping pictures. On the contact sheet I drew ledger lines, and transposed the whole thing out in ordinary musical notation. Then I called in Mr. Farshid to give it a listen.

"Well, it sounds like Hell, but it is certainly weird. Play it again."

I played.

"Aside from being full of discords, it is monotonous. Always the same wrong notes over and over and over."

I said, "I was at the National Museum, looking at Calder's mobiles and I think I want to use a mobile, with black ceramic kitchen cabinet knobs screwed to a loop at each end. Each arm will connect to the next by another hook, in a chain of about 6 or seven arms. A huge sheet of music paper will be posted behind the sculpture. This will allow the notes to change their pitch as well as their direction, their order and duration." When I played the notes off the new sculpture, Mr. Farshid was still unimpressed. "I think it can be interesting but there has to be more variation in pitch."

"I will work on it, but—I cannot see how to make the mobile any more flexible."

Mr. Farshid casually suggested, "Why don't you make curved ledger lines in back? That will force the notes to change."

Remembering what my good friend said, I sketched in the curving ledger lines, but I was searching for a pattern from nature to inspire me, finally using as my pattern Earth's Van Allen belts—similar to the cross-section of an onion—curving lines that narrow to a point and then expand again.



Chapter 19

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It is said the sign of your life's purpose is that you become so engrossed in the flow of what you are doing that you lose all sense of time. That was true for me during the thousands of hours I put in at the keyboard. What might have been three hours seemed like 15 minutes. But you can't practice the same piece over and over, you need lots of new scores to burn through, like a horse running wild across the prairie. I became quite undisciplined about working on my assignments.

Webster wanted me to work on Bach's "Italian Concerto," a solo work written in concerto form, with the harpsichord attempting to stand-in, in part, for an entire orchestra. The piece begins with a big bang—big thick chords written to get the most volume out of the harpsichord of Bach's time—a plucked instrument with no dynamic variation.

Shortly after Bach's death the piano was introduced in central Europe and quickly replaced the harpsichord. Originally designated the "Pianoforte" or "soft-loud," it was constructed with hammers that strike the string so that the energy of the musician is communicated through the amount of pressure applied to the key through levers to the string. So that first big bang of the Italian Concerto is just annoying on the piano. Yet it is marked "forte" in the score and that is how Webster wanted it. I am sure I tried to discuss my dislike of the work, but that only persuaded him that it was exactly this piece I needed to master. Fortunately he tolerated my bringing-in other works of Bach, such as the two books of the "Well-Tempered Clavier." These wonderful polyphonic Preludes and Fugues are written in all twelve major and minor keys, and each one is a miniature gem.

Webster showed me how to get a vibrato effect by pressing down on a key and then rotating the finger to cause the key to slip from side to side. More important, he taught me to understand the organization and structure of music's sequential phrases, and instructed me to play each successive phrase a different way; or if a note was repeated, to play each note differently; to avoid monotony. As the months went by, he gradually increased my daily practice schedule from eight hours,

to ten and then twelve hours. However, when he asked me to practice fourteen hours a day, it wasn't long before I began to question the whole endeavor. With eight hours of sleep, I would have to compress my entire life into only two hours of waking time. I knew that I needed to live, to experience, or I would never know what all this beautiful music was about. Music would be reduced to just a lot of notes signifying nothing. The fact was, there were 202 brilliant young pianists in New York at that time, and there weren't jobs for them. The world, I felt, didn't need another BYP.

Webster had marked me out as a specialist in Russian composers, the mystic Alexander Scriabin in particular. He thought I might make a career out of my affinity for this music. He felt it was unnecessary for me to bring in the music I loved to my lessons. Webster used to sit doing crossword puzzles while I sweated over the keyboard, occasionally stopping to show me his interpretation. I don't remember him playing much, his instruction was verbal. Nonetheless, I learned a tremendous amount in those two years.

One winter day, with an amazingly silent city stopped in its tracks outside by a deep layer of new-fallen snow, a magical event unfolded on the music stand in front of me—my first song! I never dreamed that I might one day write music myself. It was, of course, just a baby step in a new direction, but I decided to quit the piano business and take-up composition. Exactly then my affair with Eve imploded. She knew what to expect of the life of a composer in America—and she knew that it might take years. There wasn't going to be any glamour. So I moved to a little studio at 10 West 95th Street, found a composition teacher and started to work in earnest, trying to create at least a page of sketches each day. And I never needed to practice again.



Alexander Nikolayevich Scriabin, 1872-1915



In a scene from the movie "Amadeus," Wolfgang is composing, standing at a billiard table. He cues-up, hits a four-bank shot, and in the time it takes for the ball to return, he has inked his quill and scribbled-out a complete idea onto the score while he sings along. Mozart had a wonderful gift for effortlessly translating his ideas directly from his inner hearing onto the page. I didn't have this gift.

Taking my first steps in composition as an adult, I tried to use the piano as a crutch, checking my ideas on the keyboard before writing them down, to make sure I had the right notes. Unfortunately, the sound of the piano usually overwhelmed the inner sound, and if I played a wrong note, that erased the whole idea.

For a few months I lived in a peaceful seaside town on the central coast of California. The only sound there was the surf advancing and receding. In this quiet environment I began to hear in my inner ear whole symphonies, with lush, full orchestration. This was coming from deep in the unconscious, and was nothing willed. Unfortunately I still had not developed the calligraphic skill to notate this other-worldly

experience. The technical act of notation never flowed in real time.

In my dreams the picture of scores etched themselves in my visual memory, page by page. Even then, without the skill to transcribe what I could clearly see, this music remained unrealized. I was either too lazy or too distracted by everyday life to apply myself sufficiently to overcome this limitation.

Chapter 18

I had more reasons than romance to come east. Music seemed to be the proper career for me, and California did not offer either the schools, the institutions or the audiences. The world of classical music was centered in New York. But I was leaving behind a milieu that was very simpatico—Northern California in the Hippie days, the birth place of the counter culture—and in truth I have always carried that culture with me.

Perhaps if I had looked around more thoroughly I would have found a more nourishing field of endeavor there than the stodgy world of the music conservatory. I had read Carlos Castañeda and his writing had a profound effect on me, especially his maxim to “live each day as though it were your last.” But without any contacts in the burgeoning field of shamanism and alternative, back to the land ideas, I regarded the influence of Castañeda as a danger and could see no practical use for it.

I had certain abilities of a psychic nature. For example, I could deal out the cards of a deck face-down, and stop on the Queen of Spades, 9 times out of 10 or better. In my college archery class I made my buddy very upset by my ability to hit the bulls-eye consistently without fail. “Cut it out,” he urged. I actually had to quit that class because of my unerring aim, despite the fact that I had never wielded a bow before.

At that time I was just discovering the marvelous sound-world of J. S. Bach—the gateway being a recording of pipe organ music played by E. Power Biggs. The day I took the college entrance exam throughout the entire duration of the test period I had that organ music playing in my head, and the sound and flow of it helped me to sail through with flying colors, placing in the 93rd percentile overall. (That would have been the 95th but for mathematics, where I scored in the mid-80s.)

At the local junior college (we called American River “high-school with ashtrays,” and you really could smoke in the classroom), I met a fellow-musician who introduced me to the world of baroque music. His friends played and/or made baroque instruments (harpsichords, baroque flutes and oboes, never able to

get their reeds cut just right), exposed me to the music of Brahms, and Mahler became a huge influence.

My piano teacher was a married lady in her late twenties who lived in the neighborhood. I fell in love with her, though I never told her this until later years. There was no way I could imagine she might reciprocate my feelings, but I found out much later that she actually had a crush on me too, which we managed to express playing Mozart Piano Concertos together. She had a Siamese cat with an owlish meow typical for that breed, and her house was piled-high with excess furniture, books, scores and just a bare path to the two grand pianos. There was a peculiar smell to the place. Maybe it was her pheromones ... or it might have been the cat.

She urged me to get out of that cultural backwater and go to study music in New York. So when I found myself spending hours each day on the phone with Eve, it just seemed things all pointed in one direction. So I said goodbye to my parents, packed one suitcase and one briefcase, and got on a plane for New York. I was very sad to leave my folks, even though their constant fights were unbearable to me. My dad, who never expressed such feelings, managed to say “I love you” and shed a few tears. On the plane I also cried, even though I believed, as we were taught in those days, “men don’t cry.”

I was leaving my world behind, the cool rainy days of winter, the endless scorching hot summers, with afternoons in the pool and evenings sleeping under the stars, hanging-out with friends, working on cars, listening to music, smoking pot and generally acting wild and even a bit crazy. In fact, I was beginning to suffer from depression, and the only thing that could bring me out of it was the uplifting Brandenburg Concertos of Bach. But then, more frequently, even those sublime creations could not lift my spirits.

About a month after my departure, the moving van arrived and took away my Mason & Hamlin baby grand, the piano that still resides with me now in Baltimore. My mom told me that it was only when that piano was gone, that she realized I was really gone too. This was despite the fact that she had gotten tired of listening to me practice for hours each night. One time she tried to

get me to stop by switching off the lights, but to her surprise and dismay I just kept on playing without a hitch.

After my arrival in New York I sought out a teacher at Juilliard School, only 8 short blocks away. I had rented a small piano studio on the third floor at Carnegie Recital Hall to practice and prepare for my audition, as my piano had not arrived yet. I recall the window air conditioner and the industrial light green walls, but I was thrilled to be there.

At Juilliard I met Beveridge Webster, who was in his early sixties and was only four teachers removed from Beethoven himself. He had hung out in Paris with Maurice Ravel in the 20's and studied with Ferruccio Busoni and Artur Schnabel in Berlin. Eve insisted on accompanying me to the meeting and did her best to persuade Webster to take me on. She told him, "Kevin is extremely sensitive." This was her way of scripting the story line. He replied, "I know he is." Possibly I detected a slight attitude, as though he was seeing through her subtle manipulation.

I studied with Webster for two years, lessons courtesy of my paternal grandmother, who sent a check each week for \$65 (a lot of dough at that time—I suppose that would be nearly what a lawyer makes these days).



Beveridge

Webster,

ARTEMIS

Artemis of the wildland, mistress of Animals

Another goddess, quite different from Aphrodite in that she is sometimes considered asexual, is Artemis—in Rome known as Diana. Although Artemis is a virgin goddess, she also represents a sometimes overlooked dimension of sexuality. There are other stories as well of Artemis figures who are obviously sexually attractive and have to run away from their pursuers: Daphne, being chased by Apollo, who is filled with desire for her. Britomartis flees from the advances of King Minos, Atalanta runs a race hoping to achieve freedom from sexual entanglements. There must be something terribly alluring in these virgin goddesses to inspire such lust.

We might think of these virgin figures of myth as evoking our own modest, inexperienced, and innocent spirit, as well as the integrity of nature. The goal of some pursuers may be to spoil that innocence, while others may wish to claim it as a life companion, to learn from it and be affected by it. Many people seek out partners whose innocence is their most beguiling charm. Others choose to live as near as possible to nature, assuming that nature's purity will maintain their own. Some people even like to make their sexual relationship virginal in some fashion. They may appreciate personal privacy and restraint in lovemaking, or they enjoy the eroticism that comes from sexual abstinence.

Chastity has a place in a sexual relationship. But we literalize the soul's virginity when we polarize chastity and sex as two opposing ways of life, and not as two dimensions in a relationship. "I don't feel like it right now" may be a visitation from Artemis and may serve a sexual relationship in its own way. Reserve, withdrawal, and withholding are part of the dance of sex. If they are seen only as a failure of sex or as an aberration, then the sexual relationship, perceiving Artemis as a threat, could suffer.

Artemis, the tall goddess, could often be found in the mountains. She has a high and exalted air...

The lasting relationship for an Artemis woman is with an Apollo man. Apollo was her twin brother. Her domain was the wilderness. His was the city. He was the Sun god. She was the Moon goddess. He was the god of

domesticated animals. She was the goddess of wild animals. He was the god of laws. She lived in the wilderness, away from civilized laws.

This relationship starts as brother and sister. The Artemis woman may have another boyfriend (or girlfriend). Give her space to roam, and she'll be back at your door when she's "in town."

Apollo and Artemis work well together because they both tend towards being emotional 'escape artists'. Apollo lives in the intellect to the exclusion of emotion. Artemis is very threatened by emotional attachment, and so Apollo's lack of emotional involvement allows her room to breathe.

The story of Atalanta and Hippomenes shows how to marry an Artemis woman.

Atalanta was a beautiful princess. She enjoyed hunting and sports. Many men wanted to marry her. She promised to marry the first man to outrun her in a race. Losers were immediately killed. Atalanta won race after race. This is a metaphor that competing with an Artemis woman kills the relationship.

Unathletic Hippomenes (an Apollo man) truly loved her. He decided that death was better than life without her. He prayed to Aphrodite for help. Aphrodite gave him three golden apples.

When Atalanta took off ahead of Hippomenes, he threw the first golden apple into her path. She stopped to pick it up. She saw her face reflected, but distorted by the curving apple. She realized that she would not be young and beautiful forever. Someday her body would sag like the reflection in the apple.

Hippomenes passed her as she pondered this insight. Atalanta took off again, repassing him. He threw the second golden apple. When she stopped to pick it up, Aphrodite caused Atalanta to see in the shiny apple her dead lover, Meleager. She yearned when she remembered their physical and emotional closeness.

Hippomenes passed Atalanta again. She took off and repassed him again. He threw the last golden apple. When she stopped to pick it up, Demeter caused Atalanta to see her reflection, surrounded by loving children. Atalanta was transfixed by the realization that she wanted a family. Hippomenes ran across the finish line. They married that afternoon.

The path to this article:

Wikibooks, Relationships/Apollo-Artemis -
en.wikibooks.org/wiki/Relationships/Apollo-Artemis

Apollo was the Sun god, the lawgiver, and the god of art, music, and poetry. With the motto "Nothing in excess," this was art of good taste and moderation. Apollo became god of prophecy after killing the oracular serpent Python. This symbolized an archaic goddess of prophecy superseded by the rule of law.

The left hemisphere, in contrast, analyzes information and creates logic, associations, and abstractions. Language is produced in the left hemisphere. The left hemisphere develops later in utero than the right hemisphere, and is thought to have evolved later. The left hemisphere is poorly connected to the limbic and reptilian brains. Individuals who embody Apollo live the "life of the mind," unconnected to their emotions or bodies. New ideas usually arise from a person with all three brain systems integrated. Apollo men dislike new ideas. They prefer the classics, which can be appreciated solely with one's left hemisphere. Like the Sun, an Apollo man's life purpose is to illuminate the darkness, via clear thinking following abstract principles. These men shine. They're "bright."

Shadow

Apollo was Zeus's son. Apollo men function best as vice-presidents or the "right hand man" of a powerful leader. These men aren't leaders. Apollo men observe events without getting emotionally involved. Their lives can become detached or compartmentalized. They dislike spontaneity. They want to see a schedule before committing to attend an event. They like to read a book—or every book on a subject—before beginning a project. Under stress, Apollo becomes Demeter. When the going gets tough, an Apollo second-in-command takes care of the subordinates that the Zeus leader forgets about.

When safe, Apollo men become Artemis/Ares/Hephaestus. Their hobbies are goal-directed, e.g., collecting stamps. Apollo men are sports fans. They can work hard when they feel safe. Artemis's shadow includes contempt for vulnerability, and difficulties with intimacy. She was associated with goal-directed, merciless, destructive rage:

Outrage at wrongs done, loyalty to others, strength to express a point of view, and a propensity to take action can be very positive characteristics of Artemis and Artemis women. But the mercilessness of the punishment they mete out can be appalling. [e.g., 1970s feminists raged at men] with intense hostility that was often out of proportion to the particular provocation.
—Jean Shinoda Bolen, *Goddesses in Everywoman* (1984)

Artemis women see sex as an adventure. For them, sex is a recreational sport, not an expression of commitment (Hera) or an occasion for sensuality (Aphrodite). A lesbian Artemis woman will have many friends, a band of nymphs looking for adventure. To attract an Artemis woman, be civilized, radiantly sunny, and pray to Aphrodite for help.

Apollo-Artemis Marriage

An Apollo-Artemis marriage tempers goal-seeking (and adventure) with good sense. A couple that successfully uses this energy achieves their goals—and has stories to tell their grandchildren.

Apollo men approach marriage as they approach applying to law school. They rationally decide whether a woman will be a good match, rather than acting on passion or impulse.

For a relationship with an Artemis woman, a man shouldn't be Orion, the hunter and Ares archetype. Her competitive nature unintentionally caused his death. Challenge her, and she'll obsess until she wins—another man to beat. But if he moves closer emotionally, wants to marry her, or becomes dependent on her, the excitement of the "hunt" is over. Moreover, she may lose interest or feel contempt for him if he shows "weakness" by needing her. As a result, an Artemis woman may have a series of relationships that go well only as long as the man keeps some emotional distance and is not always available.

—Jean Shinoda Bolen, *Goddesses in Everywoman* (1984)

Chapter 10

When I was born my father was in a T-6 "Texan" training aircraft taking his final test to become an Air Force pilot. Oops! He broke the landing gear on touchdown, and became a navigator. (He was nervous because of my impending arrival.)



I was hundreds of miles away at the time and spent my first two weeks on Granddad's farm.

There are pictures of my grandfather holding me, at that time, standing in the cornfield. He is wearing the overalls he always wore. The corn is chest high, nearly ready, and he's holding one by the tassels. I grew out of that soil and my roots started in that soil. Even now, when I visit that countryside everything—the smell of the crops, the weeds, and the earth itself, tell me that I am at *home*.

I was pulled up by the roots almost immediately. My first trip was from Iowa to Fair Oaks, California. Dad's unit must have been rotated back to Mather Air Base. There was no baby crib for me so I slept in a dresser drawer. There is one picture from that time, I appear to be swaddled in an old-Norway style. At seven weeks, we moved to Hampton, Virginia, and at seven months Dad was shipped to Korea, so Mom and I lived in the little town of Gilman Iowa, at Mom's aunt's house.

Old home movies show Dad and his Air Force buddies hanging out in front of their wooden barracks, using their hands to explain the maneuvers of their latest aerial ballet and generally acting silly in front of the camera. I asked him if he was ever scared during the war. He said there was just one time, when the tail gunner took a round in the rear end. They turned around and aborted that mission. The gunner had a ticket home.

For me, the idea of "roots" is literal. We people are more like plants than is generally imagined. Our roots go down deep into the earth. For all my life, the feeling of connection to Iowa has remained strong. The farmhouse with the creaky old wire gate, the mud plate where the men scraped their shoes, the wash house to one side, the stairs inside the house leading up to the kitchen, even the wallpaper in the stairwell, the smell of the house, the couch where Granddad took his noon nap after dinner, the closed-in porch with the three big round cookie jars with the creaky lids that always alerted Grandma to my raids. Her oatmeal raisin cookies, the gumdrop ones that were sweeter but not as good, were on the right. Her glass-shelves in the window full of petunias. I felt sheltered there especially on the little added on porch in front, that seemed like the center of the house among loving and caring grandparents, uncles and aunts and cousins.

At the age of 14 months we moved again to Hampton and in January of 1955, when I was two and a half years old, we moved to Rancho Cordova California, a few miles from Fair Oaks. There is a picture of me "helping" my cousin zip up his coat, taken at Christmas of 1955 — both 2 and-a-half. I'm saying, "Sure, this is easy; you just pull up ..." But I didn't get it.



Christmas 1954, age 2 1/2

By the time I was three years old I had traveled 6,000 miles by car, train, and DC-3.

As time passed, my ability to keep up with my cousins grew less, and I often felt left out of things by my older cousins and my brother.

A boy on the farm is of inestimable value and he is gradually trained in the ways of farm machinery. I will always remember my Uncle riding on the tail hook of the tractor while I was driving my first real big tractor, and how proud I was, and how nourished I was by his silent confidence, no coaching, no speaking, just loaning me his father energy. He became seriously angry with me one day when bales of hay were coming into the hayloft by overhead pulley, and I darted under the stack of bales.

In March of 1956 we moved again to Hampton. In those days my memories of my past life were strong. I wanted to write my granddad a letter, and I asked my mom for some paper and a pencil. When she came by later, she saw I was crying.

"What's the matter, Kevin?"

"I can't write!"

I realized I would have to learn everything over again.

Kevin Zucker May 12.

Our school was named for Colonel John B. Cary. He founded The Hamton Military academy During the Civil War he was the commander of all the troops from the lower peninsula he worked for educateion. [*"c" crossed out in the original*]

Kevin Zucker June 9.

A week after school's out we will go to my grandfather's house. They made a little tractor meant for little people like me. I went in the field with it and helped my grandfather's.

Even though I was not able to help on the farm as much as my cousins, the experience taught me a lot. I was silently impressed with the huge dinners for forty farmers prepared by fifteen women. Nothing like that occurred in my suburban world. In comparison to the farm, suburbia was sterile and fake. In Hampton, there was a creek by our neighborhood that led into the mud flats, and that was where I loved to go every day. Of course, I was forbidden to go there. I can remember coming home with muddy shoes so many times at dusk, having never thought to look at them until I approached the house. I got frequent spankings for being a wild boy, as though nature could be driven out of my soul that way.

I was drawn to the piano. I asked for a piano for Christmas and I was humiliated when I got a toy piano from my grandmother. I realized that if I so much as touched the thing they would think this absolved them of any further responsibility, so I resolved never to touch the toy piano. My favorite entertainer was Jimmy Durante, because he played the piano, and he was funny. When I was a bit older and my parents weren't home I would surreptitiously listen to my father's classical music records and Broadway soundtracks. My father knew all the bands and the popular music when he was young.

My parents finally gave in and bought my first real piano when I was seven years old. I remember my brother trying to persuade me that I wouldn't have the patience for practicing every day. But I did—for half an hour a day, and went once a week to lessons. In the program from June of 1963—"Students of Aileen Bassett"—I played the *Pastorale* Sonata by Scarlatti. I still love to play Scarlatti.

My father supported my musical endeavors. He would stand with one foot on the piano bench and his elbow resting on his knee. Again, he didn't say much, but I didn't need words. He was loaning me his powerful father energy.

Maple Leaf



A chill north wind announces the delayed first frost. Bright sunlight breaking through the scudding clouds found my kitchen window. That kind of sunlight makes a good Flower Remedy.

A few weeks ago I began to notice a Chicory plant on my walks with Abby. This plant had found a root-hold at the verge of a storm drain. I'd say 'Hello' to the plant every day and touch the flowers in a friendly gesture as I passed. I came to think the Chicory plant looked forward to my daily visits.

Today as I walked around I noticed no other Chicory plant with any flowers; they were mostly all brown. This one had about a dozen. I decided to go and harvest the plant for a Flower Remedy while the sun still shone. I said a thanks, and snapped off the stalk at its base. While I was walking home with the plant in my hand, a piece of paper blew down the street. It looked interesting so I picked it up. At home I floated the flowers in a glass of water on the window ledge. They are there now.

The paper says-

Maple Leaf

Here is a heart-shaped leaf
Picked up by a gentle hand
On a very special hillside
At the edge of a special wood.
It may not mean very much,
This leaf with its trace of frost

But still the leaf reminds me
Of a twilit avenue,
A mind crowded with thoughts
Released on a gentle breath
That scattered from my shoulders
The rays of the setting sun.

...

Again, on a special evening
That touch alights on me
Having grown heavy with meaning.
This time I can't deny it,
Deny that intimacy.

Now, when the wind rises
I am prompted to turn my head
And listen to you, leaf,
As you quiver on your twig.

By: Shu Ting

Translated from Chinese by Carolyn Kizer