

Build This Book

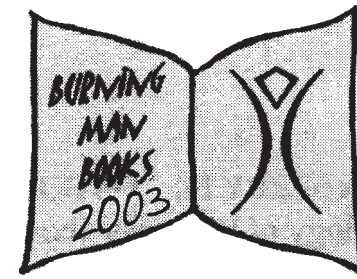
The Burning Man Blank Book

edited by
Raymond Soulard, Jr.
and
Barbara Brannon

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Number Thirty

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This book is dedicated to you . . .

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*The twelve passages used in this book are
selected from texts published in previous
Burning Man Books: Jelalludin Rumi,
Emily Dickinson, Rainer Maria Rilke,
Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne,
Jerry Garcia & Robert Hunter,
John Lilly, William Butler Yeats,
Langston Hughes, Pablo Neruda,
Pink Floyd, and Robert Frost.*

We invite you to add your own.

*Dance, when you're broken open.
Dance, if you've torn the bandage off.
Dance in the middle of the fighting.
Dance in your blood.
Dance, when you're perfectly free.*

— Jelalludin Rumi

Beauty crowds me till I die
Beauty mercy have on me
But if I expire today
Let it be in sight of thee –

— Emily Dickinson

. . . Ah, poems amount to so little when you
write them too early in your life. You ought
to wait and gather sense and sweetness for
a whole lifetime, and a long one if possible,
and then, at the very end, you might perhaps
be able to write ten good lines.

— Rainer Maria Rilke

All that you call the world is the shadow of that substance which you are, the perpetual creation of the powers of thought, of those that are dependent and of those that are independent of your will. Do not cumber yourself with fruitless pains to mend and remedy remote effects; let the soul be erect, and all things will go well. You think me the child of my circumstances: I make my circumstance.

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

When the artist rose high enough to achieve
the Beautiful, the symbol by which he made it
perceptible to mortal senses became of little
value in his eyes, while his spirit possessed
itself in the enjoyment of the Reality.

— Nathaniel Hawthorne

Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of
the world
But the heart has its beaches, its homeland
and thoughts of its own
Wake now discover that you are the song
that the morning brings
But the heart has its seasons, its evenings
and songs of its own

— Jerry Garcia & Robert Hunter

In the province of the mind, what one believes to be true either is true or becomes true within certain limits to be found experientially and experimentally. These limits are further beliefs to be transcended. In the province of mind, there are no limits.

— John Lilly

O chestnut tree, great rooted blossomer,
Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?
O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
How can we know the dancer from the dance?

— W. B. Yeats

My motto,
As I live and learn,
is:
Dig and Be Dug
In Return.

— Langston Hughes

I like for you to be still, and you seem far away.
It sounds as though you were lamenting, a butterfly
cooing like a dove.
And you hear me from far away, and my voice does not
reach you:
Let me come to be still in your silence.

— Pablo Neruda

And no one sings me lullabies
And no one makes me close my eyes
So I throw the windows wide
And call to you across the sky

— Pink Floyd

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.

— Robert Frost