

3/1/66

The basic system of all systems of the universe is not a sphere or cube, rather it is the triangle. This 3 cornered vortex is the basic structure of which the atom's components are made, and thus all relationships of objects as well as aesthetics are composed of triangles - forming tetrahedrons, octahedrons, etc...

... and so explains Bucky Fuller - in great and careful simple - example- building triangle upon triangle, etc.. even including the world of circles - explaining how circle forms are also basic triangular equivalents.

He wittingly disproves the use and importance of cubism, its weaknesses and the fallacies associated.

Fuller opened something within my thought - part of my heart- my total past. Upon reflection of experiences, hypothesis drawn, calculations disproved, and combinations of such involvement, independently and with others - a sense of triangular shape preceded, was part of, presently exists, or is aimed in future direction in view of present involvements. Reference is made to human relationship with people, animals, objects, places, situations, self, and desires. (Not necessarily in said order.)

I have in my years associated with the circle form. Yet my frame of mind reference has existed and responded in sharp contrasts - employing reverse direction. Seeking harmony, yet always in discord. Now at 25 yrs a blending of harmony and discord enhanced by toner, resonance and degrees of intensity seems to be developing - enhancing the various paths my many egos are treading.



At 3:00 today Alex called. Peggy is back east. Her mother is now dead and will be buried tomorrow. Alex and friends gathered the Santa Cruz mt daisies and sent them to her. Our thoughts here are with Peggy in Philadelphia.

For Peggy's sake I can only feel calm and happier for her mother was in prolonged agony and should not have suffered so. Sleep of forever now rests her? ~~It is good~~ It is good - and although she is now gone and Peggy beholds an emptiness - tis better her mother suffers no longer.

Peggy - who is the seed of my continuance - bore no kin children in her life. Yet, she has guided and nurtured more children than any one woman I know. I desire that in my life time I may come to the means of caring for Peggy if she is ever in need in older life. What can one say of such a person. I know not the words befitting her.

My pen mark ends with thought of you, Vince. I love you.

Patricia

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