Baby Borders, from left to right: clear yellow, clear buff, variegated buff and green. Photo by Harry V. Lacey.

European countries also, it is very popular as a show bird.
WHICH ARE DEEPER IN COLOR AND CLOSER TO RED?

FROSTED — The frosted Red Factors are nearly always better in type than the non-frosted birds. The best are of fairly good Border type. This is due largely to their feather structure; the feathers are more compact and more thickly distributed over the birds. They also usually less "leggy" than the non-frosts, because they show less thistle when in good position on the perch.

However, the non-frosted Red Factor canaries have shown some amazing improvements in type during the last few years, and their frosted birds, together with easily broken and fragile feathering, are less brittle than they once were. The mating of two non-frosted birds is always bettor to mate a frost to a non-frost, on their younglings. It is always better to mate a frost to a non-frost, to follow out the good old rule of only mating a yellow to a buff as it appears to be a distinct pink in color.

Some are more heavily frosted than others. Viewed in good light, preferably toward evening on a sunny day, many of the birds appear to have a light veil over the reddish ground tones of the birds. Females, show white tints on their heads, giving the overall appearance of a light veil over the reddish ground tones of the birds.

Jen Hofer

August 2009
3:15 a.m.
Dear Reader,

I've been having some trouble lately. Lately like for a couple of years. I've been talking to people about this trouble a lot recently, so if you're one of those people and you're reading this and hoping not to hear the same old kvetching from me, feel free to skip this introduction and dive into the book—or better yet, go outside and take a bike ride to an unfamiliar neighborhood.

My trouble. I think of it as the "I hate poetry" trouble. Except it's not really "I hate poetry." It's something else. Because if poetry were to cease to exist—I mean, especially the poetry of any of the numerous poets or prose writers whose writing thrills and inspires and challenges and energizes and politicizes me—I'd feel bereft. But lately I'm not sure if I'd feel bereft if my own poetry ceased to exist. Perhaps this means my vision of what matters most—and what mattering looks like—is shifting, and I'm flailing to catch up. Perhaps this means that my poetry is becoming
something other than it has been. And perhaps this is a good thing. Perhaps.

Much of my trouble is tangled up in ideas about public practice and usefully subversive interventions into institutionalized and legislated spaces (which would be pretty much all spaces, far as I can tell). Ideas about wanting to contribute something concrete and legible and real (does this word mean anything to you? I sure hope so!) toward constructing a more livable, joyous, just and humane world, for more people. Ideas about unlearning systems of privilege and permission, dismantling structures organized around inequity and competition and perceived or enforced scarcity. I know that artistic and poetic practice can decisively and radically reconfigure our perception and our ways of understanding what we perceive. I believe that the work of cultural production is part of the work of transformation or transmutation or re-navigation—of change, in a word—and I believe it is part of the work of building alliances and activating communities. Insofar as art-making invites us to understand how much we do not understand, how much more there is to encounter in the world than what we can access in our immediate surroundings, art instigates a space of listening that is antithetical to the posturing, disrespect and brutality that continually re-enact and reinforce the status quo. And yet I continue to feel largely doubtful as to whether my own practice is enough. Or rather, I know that it is not enough, but I have not yet discovered or invented what else I can do that might be.

I've been participating in the experiment known as the 3:15 experiment consistently since 1993 with the exception of one year when I strayed. The experiment began with six women who'd spent time at the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics (also known to some as the Gertrude Stein School of Embodied Poetics) at Naropa University in Boulder, Colorado in July 1993, at the instigation of Rama Ades Mayer, and Lee Ann Brown and Daniela Dinsmore and Kathleen Largeo and Myshel Prasad and myself agreed to explore hypnopompic and hypnagogic writing by waking ourselves at 3:15 a.m. every night in August.
The experiment has expanded and contracted and expanded again over the years, and is now open to anyone willing to yank themselves out of sleep (or whatever they may be doing) at 3:15 a.m. for an entire month. Further information and many years' worth of semi-conscious writings can be found at www.315experiment.com. Please participate; you are welcome!

I don't usually have a "project" for the 315 experiment other than to get through the month without collapsing from exhaustion. This past August, however, since I was waking up in the night with "I hate poetry" thoughts much of the time anyway, I decided to give my wee-hours-mind full permission to explore any and all doubts about my practice. I have no idea if the resulting lines are in any way recognizable as doubt-dispelling charms, but nonetheless, here they are, in your hand. The poems are unedited except for a couple of instances where I revised illegible words toward legibility; the idea is to bypass the waking critical mind and write from somewhere else.

These texts were written in a notebook purchased in Tokyo with a photograph of a large-nosed bunny on the cover, with the words "La Dolce Vita—Natural Living" across the top, and along the bottom:

Quality time nurtures grace and beauty.
I depart with my full bag of time.
Experiencing deliciousness made me a slave to taste.
We provide a first-class taste brought directly from the earth.

Fondly,

[Signature]

Cypress Park
Los Angeles
March 25 2010
beyond the glass, a gap
or target where we might
have said no.
further off, a network
of piles or feathers
we'd scale if only
there were a ground to stand on.

a greeting is in order.
but the incomplete silence
sends no emissaries,
no tentacles seeking a foothold.

the incomplete silence
looms, its network of impassable
passages humming,
cricketing, replenishing
while the soldiers ready
the grid for another descent.

august 1
3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah
here's where the conversation starts. is it quiet enough for real listening? there's a lovely breeze, even if it is made by electricity.

monuments to possibility aren't easy. as if ease were the measure. as if measuring were the question. so now what?

august 2 3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah

as if it might reverberate. as if stones.

the reason i write is to polish stones rather than throwing them. to begin again.

that part doesn't work. difficulties of scale and substance. waning in the hum of fan and cricket.

dissonance or distance, either way.

august 3 3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah
(dance party)
and how most effectively to massacre flies.

ultrared asks: what is the sound of the war on poverty? i remain silent but pass the question on to 15 or 30 friends.

etcétera says: this person killed, this person tortured, this person participated when he should have abstained. do i abstain when i should participate?

i'm trying to unspool

to make more socially-engaged practice by going to the unofficial dump (one of many) that fills a former barrack and overflows?

being adventurous and falling in love are good—wondrous even—but they are not working for social justice.

august 4 3:46 a.m.
southbase wendover utah
(3:46 due to conversation with ea & rr about art-making, solidarity work, obfuscation of torture practices in prisons,
in the middle of the middle, or is that permanent?
more space, or more spaciousness?
through what means to become more human, less animal?
in a desert landscape, apologies hardly make a dent.
neither does trying harder.

which is not the point.
the point is to engage honestly.
no time is "spare time," so where does that leave us?
august 5 3:15 a.m.
southbase wendover utah
as if wind, but instead crickets.
the building creaks.
exploding of unfulfilled
metal rusting along the way.
to bunkers ripped from their
foundations. the sights
staggered, receding perspective,
heat lightning in the distance
or nearing
to explode upon us.

why we write, and whether
there is any reverberation
to it at all.
any purpose.
a latch that works, a
hinge that works, a
bicycle that works.

drifting from the.
original premise, toward
the curvature of the earth,
visible from a promontory
on the western edge of town.

frozen.
into a routinized mechanism.
outside the self, selves.
selfedges
settles on the tongue
easily, as if by accident.

august 7 3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah

august 6 3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah
sweeping or keeping,
there is no quieter way
to do this. no milder
winds: choices severe
to classless
beyond nothing to
say. there's really
nothing

and classifying as
the world record coldest
hot day of the year: yah!

august 8  3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah

patiently or impatiently,
either way. the stuff
of the world's minds
is unfathomable.
from tone
(drone)
to gesture
fathomable.
a space just is, giving
nothing back to
cause
which is what?

what am i here to contribute
and how do these spaces

further or undermine this
question?

the dust from the mines
begins to settle; there
are bridges. yet who said
illuminated supposition.

august 9  3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah
light bulbs and batteries, as if to say—we get your system. so continue on.

august 10  3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah

a sense of invasion but it's me doing the invading and being breached.

waiting to understand things better—it's not happening. not to feel needed or useful in the world.

anyone can cook.

legitimation comes from where?—it's not clear.
as r. said, if i'd dropped a bomb that obliterated 200,000 people nearly all at once, there'd be streets named after me too.

august 11  3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah
meteor shower in an otherwise mostly unknown sky. there are many things i do not know. toxicities hide, when they don't lurk. human toxicities too, toward the self if not toward selfhood, as a bird's or cricket's or bat's existences in a dramatically reduced ecosystem would be easier, or at least seems so. i'm seeing too much or not seeing enough, coherence and chemical weapons testing along an interstate it's all too easy to take for granted. we have the anticipation and we have the detonation and beyond that, the aftermath, anticipatory, which is now.

august 12  3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah

we could go farther, if we were only only doing facts.

august 13  3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah
the wind making sounds of wind against animate and inanimate objects. words learned as a kid and stored for future use, getting ready to begin again, or getting tired.

it's summer and that makes things summery, or the wind is not unlike the snake who greeted us last night, curling around itself, ready to strike but waiting to see what's what.

to see if to see.

august 14 4:41 a.m. desert research station center for land use interpretation barstow california (woke with the alarm still set for 3:15 but didn't go off)

the sound of inflation, or deflation as the case may be.

as luck world wonder's replete.

mistakes were made lushly, in overlapping bands of pattern. discrepancies:

perhaps some are to be enlarged.

august 15 3:15 a.m.
2905 elm street
los angeles california
the refreshed state line painted on
the asphalt does not shimmer.
our former or future selves,
asleep in various cities and
time zones. some sleeps catch
us unawares.

signs of a wind we did
not experience first-hand,
or there is no timelessness,
except in forgetting and remembering.

we ate vietnamese sandwiches
in los angeles, and then we were
in utah sneezing sleepily.
the mayor owns a large pile of
gravel, which he sells by volume
or weight. i have bought stones
in the past, but endeavor not to.

august 17 3:15 a.m.
getting water at the clui residence unit
just arrived in wendover utah
made of
cardboard or
made of snow, I think
forward to a brittle
future.

august 18 3:15 a.m.
southbase
wendover utah

august 19
southbase
wendover utah

(too tired—completely skipped.
pen open to write for probably
an hour—a phrase (now forgotten)
in my head—nothing)
(august 20 seems to have disappeared):

not to get what you want—if you can know what you want—presents snares in the fabric.
a snake in the road in barstow.
people are weird.
the world is weird.

august 21  3:15 a.m.
pleasant creek campground
dixie national forest, southern utah
makes no sense or makes all the sense in the world, whether or not to say something, whether or not to go. Having made a mistake, the trick now is to gracefully learn to. whether or not we meet the world with open arms is a reverberating uncertainty in a nutshell as the crow flies.

august 22 3:15 a.m. hotel monte vista flagstaff arizona
to set up a system, and then gently to follow it.
to wish for more, and receive more.
to dunk. to dive. to sway.
the watery sound of the water and a winded silhouette.

august 23 3:15 a.m. campsite at mile 19.1 river left colorado river arizona
it's difficult to be wowed in such company. what is my spiritual world?

it's a question of balance. intensity.
of giving in.
of of not giving in.
self-regulating systems or why i can't learn to love the bomb.

we're spinning, or the stars are. this is not a question, though there are many questions.
things of all sorts come in clumps, clusters, constellations or piles. silhouetted against any available light.
it might be easier to be someone else, but that doesn't seem to be an option.

august 24 3:15 a.m.
buckfarm canyon campsie colorado river arizona

august 25 3:15 a.m.
kwagunt campsite colorado river arizona
a life is entirely re-populated, then all the parameters are changed, there is nowhere to go here on anywhere? to plan for and stack beauty every day. is it simply a question of getting things out of the way? if thinking is wishful then what is worrying, and in what river do wishes run?

August 26, 3:15 a.m.
Tabernacle campsite
Colorado River, Arizona

the boundary of the sky or skies is the canyon wall. in every instance we need something to provide an outer limit, or whether or not we need it, it's there. fine particles and minute grit everywhere, the view expands or contracts according to position. here velocity is a given, but only occasionally. i was dreaming about my dad's limitations i was on the raft already and he couldn't catch it. i don't like that a bit. the sound of controlled release is indistinguishable, as is the sound of rock formation—indistinguishable from free flow. aside from questions of power and money, why not choose the latter?

August 27, 3:15 a.m.
Zoroaster campsite
Colorado River, Arizona
to see, to experience, to
cirp, to skim or skid, not
to know, to hold, not to
hold.

to spin or suspend, silhouette
or sediment, not to understand
or to be beyond understanding,
to converse or converge,
to range or rift, shift or
shadow, to wonder, to be
in wonder, to be in, to be.

we are standing still,
inside the movements of
time, which are both
geologic and rocket
propelled, nano-technology
and skyscrapers?
or we are hurtling
forward (or just
hurtling), sometimes
with and sometimes
against other flows?
there is such specificity
to every thing, living and
built, to each skill, each
propensity, each propulsion,
concentric circles of
every size and scale.
where else is there to go but
through, and how,
and how,
and how to maneuver the
monumental formations and
minute micro-details of
the metropolis of simultaneous collided experience, and how not to worry about getting it right, but rather just to say yes as much as possible?

august 29 3:15 a.m.
above fossil on enfilade fault colorado river arizona

the sky is almost sandy with so many stars.
it is good that so much in the world is so much larger than we are.
it is good to be reminded on the other shore one faces the other way.
inversions are not opposites.
a precipitate ring around the wide and buttery moon.
i've been worrying all year about the bedrock of my existence. i undid myself and stopped there.
as for conventions, they should be foisted off except in instances when one wants to follow them in which case foist them on.
no ballast nor sail, no anchor.
false tides in place of
seasons. the sky
gapes magnificently and
the river freeways at
our toes. depths;
beyond depths, folds
textured into the
superstructure.

light echoes off canyon
walls or slides.
irregularly, reflexively,
behind vertically contoured
edges that are neither:
vertical nor contoured.
some shapes are more
viscous than others, some
states. in each of us,
there are different hollows,
sockets where an idea
or a hand might fit.

if simply living a good
life in a good way is
not enough, then what?
you can't become someone.
else, just your same
self in different contexts.
all night the rock
was hard, and in this
narrow gorge called. last chance the heat ricocheted back and forth energetically with no visible ripple. no visible minefield. no easy path of return.

august 31 3:15 a.m. last chance campsite colorado river arizona

september threatens to be an overly thinky month. how far can a canyon extend into the urban sprawl of everyday occurrence? happenstance and design combine to form geologic and non-geologic ramifications. we have been here before, or no one has been here before. rocks, flocks, cacti school and cluster naturally and we conglomerate them by giving them names and shapes, mythologies and plans for the future, structural crutches no one needed in the first place which have now become bedrock—that is, available to be eroded.

september 1 3:15 a.m. ledges campsite colorado river arizona
trouble was written at 3:15 a.m. in August 2009 and typed on the olivetti lettera 22 on April 1, 2010. The covers are made of recycled thrifted, and foraged materials gathered in various small towns and cities across the U.S. during the summer of 2009. The books were hand-sewn at 2905 Elm Street and elsewhere along the way. trouble was made for Year Four of the dusie collective and for the Spring 2010 literary citizenship class at CalArts. Gratitude to Steve Badgett, the Center for Land Use Interpretation, Matt Coolidge, Jerry Lee Cox, Susana Gardner, Marcia & Ricardo Hofer, Rob Ray, and Simparoh. This book is a gift.

n°46 of 209.
interally in a song contest. A good one will sing either in daylight or under a proper trained roller will sing almost immediately and taking the judge's vote. A properly trained roller will sing within five minutes after its cage is opened. Repeating minutes in a singing contest. Personally, I have no use for a roller which doesn't sing within about the tone of a cage containing a roller which won't sing within about one cannot blame the roller judge for placing a "No Song" note on immediately they are placed in the light.

Your birds abating: (1) better some training: (2) training to sing facilities for bathing in light cages once weekly. This will result in allowing them fifteen-minute light periods daily plus an hour or two with American Singers in darkness.

So, by all means train young rollers or American Singers in singing freely.

Training follows suit: try to excel the others in singing freely. Nothing to distract them. They hear each other practicing and each other makes them concentrate on their own practice since there is adult song of pleasing, softly sung, roller canary.

American Singer