



My Worm:

I built a worm-like lively thing one day two years ago. I made it about a foot long and about 3" in diameter out of polyurethane. I had valves, actually fluidic-flip-flops on-off valves, and I attached them so each of the 5 segments swelled then contracted one after the other. I watched caterpillars and worms, and snakes to try to figure out how to do it. They were teaching me, and the more I tried to get my worm to put its stiff velvet pile feet down and push on the cloth so it would move, the more carefully I watched how creatures do it cause I had a problem—A way to figure out an alternative to wheels. Anyway I did get the peristalsic wormy motion and I did get it to move along. Then I figured a better way for my purposes, I would like someone else to build one—sometimes I imagine a lot of people getting into it.

Over that place you eat build a dome of velvet, get a beach umbrella . . . gently let it change the way it drapes with the frequency pattern or loudness of your voice; or build the chair that pays attention to your shifting about—a simple electric wiggle meter, a pressure switch, each time you wiggle you compute structurally like leaves reaching for sun, that can create more optimal forms of energy out of diffuse, less structured forms.

Build it to touch. The house you live in programs you . . . it is a command language . . . you are forced to make body decisions that do not optimize your energy . . . you are faced by soul murder where concrete and steel deny your body access to the energy flow of other plant and animal and living spaces.

When I began building biological like systems I learned of my need for the new space. But I like building a nest and toys so I thought it best to use my building and making and thinking and playing to learn again from other creatures.

Well, this is a taste of the space which has been our alternative to doing nothing while we climb out of the mechimax death trap.

Ecology Tool and Toy Network will happen if people can make a meadow of high variety participation, a forest of protective umbrellas under which seedlings can grow to know their effect.

I will enjoy communication by tape or any other exchange. But here I must leave off. If you have followed me into this space you may lead me through the enormous holes I see all around me filling them with energy/information—materials—time which as it resonates, converges, or dies, or provides the surprises which may evolve the means of survival.

We must leave the old space. There is no life there.

We are in very different territory.

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