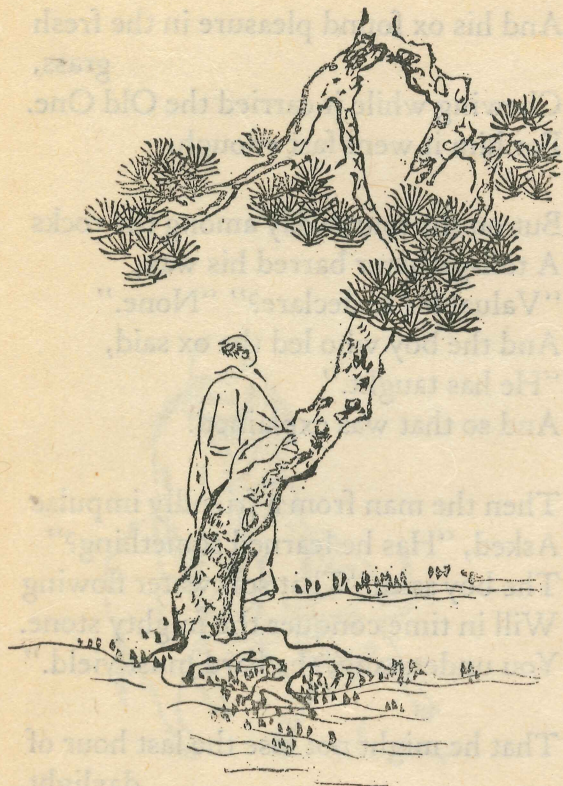


ON 'TAO TE CHING'

Then, when he was seventy and frail,
The Teacher longed to rest,
For once more in his land mercy
 was forgotten
And malice again held power.
And he tied on his shoes.

And he gathered together what he
needed.
Little. But it was this and that.
The pipe he always smoked in the
evening,
And the little book he always read.
White bread to the eye's measure.

Once more he enjoyed the valley,
and then forgot it,
As he took the path into the mountain.



This text is translated from the German of Bertolt Brecht's "Zu Taoteking" and published with the permission of the Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt a/Main.

The print of the sage Lao Tzu on his ox is from a drawing after a painting of the Sung Dynasty; the other prints are from the *Mustard Seed Garden Manual of Painting* (Bollingen Foundation ed., 1956) and from a collection of Chinese prints (Peking, 1952).

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