

① Perhaps the artist is less sensitive than his audience. That is, he reacts with less emotion, less intensity, to experience than people who are not at all creative. His creativity (his need to synthesize) is merely the expression of less emotion, it being quite conceivable that emotion and language are antithetical. Thus the writer, seeing coldly, but able to see, touches upon matters which move him very little, and move his audience much. It is perfectly conceivable that the stupid man feels worlds of experience he can never communicate; he is actually far more sensitive than the intelligent 'sensitive' man.

② Lipton's seems to open one to one's unconscious. Perhaps its brothers do too. Last night, for an experiment, I tried an overhead press with the 45lb barbell. I did it seventeen times, double what I normally do, and while I could probably do as much without Lipton's, I felt very little strain, and no stiffness this morning. Undoubtedly, our latent strength is far greater than our actual, and we become tired or drained because ~~in~~ of anxiety. This would account for the super-human strength people exhibit in time of necessity. It is always there, but it takes the threat of death or something which is its psychological equivalent to quiet the anxiety and allow the full strength to appear. Perhaps this is why animals are always so strong for their size--their latent strength is always present.

3. Fucking is perhaps an approach to the unconscious, which is why humans with the most elaborate conscious structures tend to be the most anxious and unhappy in their sex.

4. In relation to (1). The reason 'insensitive' people very often react negatively to sex or shocking matters in books is because it is actually much more real to them. They are actually more 'sensitive' to it. So, Stanley Kinehart. He must excuse the presence of The Deer Park because he reacts to it more than I do.

5. The concentration camp novel. A Lipton's insight I had last night. The German doctor has heretofore ~~merely~~ been too thin, too structural. Merely an unsympathetic character who comes to appear as sympathetic here and again until he is finally

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5. (cont.) shown as more or less evil or at least utterly weak. But suppose I make the attempt to show him as genuinely sympathetic, suppose I let him get out of hand, let him convince the reader as well as the doctor. So that finally, even when he kills the children, he is merely thinking, "Sweet lovely children, this is how they pass from the world of insubstantialities into the world of the universe." Originally, he might merely feel numb; but as he is obliged to continue killing them, the mysticism arises.

6. One should always listen attentively to what children say. Because they are never burdened with the baggage ~~of knowledge and very little else~~ we assume ~~to~~ to be knowledge. That is why their questions are so difficult to answer. If there is a total unity, a sea from which we emerge and to which we return, then children are closer to it, it is less far behind them. That is why you cannot deceive a child about the state of your emotions. Language has not yet succeeded in severing it from the universe. It is also why children from nine to thirteen let us say are invariably so dull. They have learned language, they have lost their ~~innate~~ early instinctual apprehension of the universe, and so the child of ten is a caricature of the adult, all projects, all plans, all concerted emptiness. Particularly boys. Last night Susy said to me, "What is a scientist?" and indeed it is not a question one can answer easily.

7. Herbert A. said of Lipton's—"I think it may return ~~you~~ one to a state close to the infant's where reaction-time is increased, and the senses swim in a peculiar mixture of passivity and exceptional alertness."

8. In modern jazz, one feels a key to aesthetics. Because modern jazz consists almost entirely of surprising one's expectations, and it is in the degree, small or great, with which each successive expectation is startled, that the artistry lies. But modern jazz ~~is~~ has risen to share the crisis of modern painting. It is a self-accelerating process for the audience's expectations are changed almost nightly (that is, the tight critical yeast of the true aficionados) and so questions of 'beauty' disappear before the dilemma--last night's innovation is tomorrow's banality. What is suggested is a movement across the arts, each of them engaging the other in order to find new startlings of old expectations until the arts blend,

possibly in mathematics, the only art where the expectations of expectations of expectations, etc. can approach infinity.

9. Thoreau's beautiful lovely statement, "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," is said less well, but more accurately by "All of man is like chained tigers wild in the cage of society."

10. I upset Herbert by saying that possibly psychoanalysis is ~~science~~ witchcraft. But it can so well be true. Scientifically, they have not even taken the second step of physics, the first being the concept of mass, or in psychoanalysis, the unconscious. But the one next step, that of measuring intensity of movement has never been approached, unlike physics. And a reason may well be that it suffers from the incapacity to see, to understand, of knowledge itself. Any scientist knows that an experiment to be truly controlled should be administered by people who not only are ~~scientific~~ disinterested, but indeed do not know the purpose of the experiment. The more hypothetical, the less measurable by the objective test of nature, the more this is true. We may take it for granted that the wish to prove a theory alters a fact. But what of the facts, previous facts, which suddenly form in our mind to suggest a theory. What I've noticed in writing is how often my unconscious is ahead of me, creating characters who seem alien to me at the time, only for me to discover later that indeed they are part of myself. So it may be with theories. They can exist in the unconscious, prepared to answer tangible needs of one's social life, such as prestige, personality, position, etc., and while they exist there, previous to their appearance in consciousness, they may be altering the facts one sees, forming them to give credence to the theory when it will appear. This way, the "scientist" feels conviction; he has the illusion that the facts which support his theory are independent of himself.

11. A short novel. About Janey Klein and the billboards. The prelude could be the story written from the outside—the rest of it, longer of course, written from the inside.

Dec, 6,

12. One should always try to think of the reason's behind laughter, because we always laugh at the things which truly frighten us the most. We laugh in order to conceal from ourselves the essential horror of the subject. So we laugh for example at a person who will act like a machine in response to a given stimulus—Blanche K. for example rising to the stimulus of Jack G.—but it is horrible that we are so bound, so mechanical, and the laughter is to keep ourselves from recognizing that.

13. It seems to me that the few occasions on which I have felt close to fainting were moments when I was abruptly face to face with the reality of a situation, where I saw the horror of it. So, last night, talking to Romain about K., I was close to fainting because of the awful and meaningless gap between writing a book and what one must do to publish it afterward.

14. It is possible that many kinds of major sensual experience are sublimated into particular sports. For example, last night, with her across my lap, her body exposed and my hands conquering over it, I realized suddenly how close a woman's body is to a ski slope, and perhaps the fascination of skiing is ~~more~~ due to a particular frustration of a particular kind of sexual experience—the great skier needs such triumph and does not have the psychic possibility of finding it in life. Hence he rides like a charioteer over a ski slope, a giant ascetic woman open to his fury.

15. All of my life with Adele is as if we were making love, and as delicately and as broadly as she tricks and cozens and teases and gratifies my expectations, so does she act the same when we're out of bed. That's why we're bound so deeply, why it's impossible for us to break up—deep in us it seems as ridiculous as interrupting the act of love.

16. If there is that other world, that sub-stratum of "reality" which one has the impression of "tuning-in" on, perhaps love, the sexual act, the unconscious itself, are all entrances into that reality. Our tendency is for all humankind to join as brothers, but most can approach that only by loving one or a few.

17. Listening to a child. "Susie, why are there wars?"

"Because people stay home, and after awhile they get tired of staying home."

18. I advertise to everyone my Lipton's. It can only mean trouble and yet I persist. Why? I think it may not be necessarily self-destructive. There is a vast appetite in me to go to the end, to experience the particular thing to the full, and against that, against my peculiarly boundless enthusiasm for everyone to explain themselves to everyone, (as if, there, can be brotherhood,) considerations like caution have absolutely no reality to me. It is true that the person I'm talking to at a given moment seems more real to me, more ~~idm~~ "worth-while" than anything else, and so I'm perfectly capable of revealing the most disadvantageous things because of my boundless faith that ~~it~~ to reveal oneself to a person is to take away from them the desire to do one harm. I confess ten times as much to others as others confess to me.

19. Six and Four are close to another. Six understands everything Four thinks as if Four thought like Six. And vice versa. So the closer people are to one another, the more fundamental must be their incapacity to understand each other.

20. Knowledge is systematized ignorance. The expert is less capable of seeing the truth than a child.

21. A novel is slowly emerging. Very mistily. A man and a woman are making love, and in the act a thousand pages must be written to cover it totally. Ridiculous. That's all I have that I can put on paper, and yet I think something ~~may~~ come of this.

22. It may be that the range of human consciousness is a circle, and we who are normal are merely a point on the circumference, judging everything in relation to our position, assuming automatically that the insane are "wrong," when indeed they may be far closer to the truth.

23. In the conc. camp novel, the German doctor could have gone very far, so far that he could talk sincerely of his love for children, even describe the wisdom of his child (note 17 this page), and the Major could finally kill him because the view offered by the German is so horrifying to his complacency that he must destroy the doctor or alter his own life.

24. There may actually be such a separate entity as "society." It may be the sum of ~~unconsciousnesses~~ that part of everybody's unconscious which leads into action. Society is the sum of men's actions, and beneath the surface of life may be that stratum of the collective unconscious which connects men in a net of actions, "social and productive relations independent of their will." Marx is still perhaps the first and the only major psychologist.

25. Every word sets up its opposite echo. "Overlook" means to ^{stare} ~~permanently~~ and nakedly from above--it also means in its common use to disregard, to fail to see. So the real world, my phrase for the "material world" may actually be quite unreal and composed of illusion just as certainly as "action" referred to in (24.) may actually be the reverse of action. So far as we "act" to fulfill the needs of society, we are actually no more than a part of the net with which society keeps men from developing. We have the illusion of action, of motion; in truth we are merely lines of cord in the net.

26. Television may have some extraordinary quality quite apart from, or rather, far deeper than the "hypnotic" effect, people ascribe to it. It may be some sort of anti-spasmodic like Lipton's which opens oneto the deeper "pulse" of life we all share. What confuses the character of it is that the values of the world are purveyed by it until the effect is headache--disturbance--one subsides more into the universe-world while more and more powerfully the real world beats upon us.

27. Possibly the spasmodic nervous system is the physical concretion in us of society. Lipton's has its effect the same as any anti-spasmodic--it stills the part of us which is society and allows our instinctual senses to collaborate with our thought. We become free.

28. Vomiting may be the orgasm of displeasure. It is even possible that it could be pleasurable too if one were able consciously to see it as a pleasurable action of the involuntary system. But, indeed the sexual orgasm and the act of vomiting are proscribed by society as opposites, and all the weight of our consciousness pushes us to believe one pleasurable, the other painful.

28. cont. Perhaps this is even true of pain. I remember the time I was/ able to think ~~not~~ in Reggie Moss's dentist chair that my tooth being drilled was actually enjoying the sensation, and indeed I succeeded in finding it at least half pleasant, admittedly half-unpleasant.

29. No saint can be a teacher. If there is God, and one arrives at Him, one has passed far beyond words, for words which are polar to meaning are the chains of society. To attempt to teach what one has learned is to return to words, to submit oneself to enslavement again, and so for whatever hint one gives of the direction one also adds falsehood upon falsehood. That is why mystical writers write so badly. What they seek to communicate is simply incommunicable, and the distortion into language properly punishes them by banality. What this means is that everyone must reach God alone. Even more difficult is that one must take the trip alone once one has determined to begin it, one cannot read one's way to Truth, nor talk one's way, one can only contemplate. The great artists are saints manque—they returned to teach; they are half-way posts; so long as one has not thought at all about becoming a saint they startle one into considering more, into thinking more, possibly feeling more, and so they encourage large renunciations of the world. But once one feels the other universe, there is no longer any help, only confusion if one looks for aid in books or other people. It is not a very human perspective, but perhaps man, somewhere, has lost the right to reach heavens of truth by brotherhood because brotherhood has been so abused, has been enlisted to the service of the world, of society. So one must go alone. Obviously, I never will. I am a teacher and a talker.

30. Infants may be enormously wise. There is no way we can ~~not~~ disprove it.

31. The saint and the psychopath are twins. Each are alone, each are honest or rather cannot bear dishonesty. The saint looks for truth in the immaterial world; the psychopath in the world. If the psychopath kills a man because they have quarreled in line to go for ten seconds over who was first/through the subway turnstile, it is not so much because he is uncontrollable as because he cannot bear the absolute insanity and indignity of two men quarrelling over so insignificant a thing. The psychopath saint

seeks to lead people away from the world; the psychopath wishes to destroy the world; each has a vision of something else. ~~Human beings are not individuals, they are part of a whole.~~ The saint is aware of how insignificant is the fiction of each envelope, each "individual" who is part of the whole; the psychopath, less far along the route merely feels that he is no one person, but becomes this person or that person, slipping from skin to skin as the real world presents new situations to him. No wonder that I who at bottom am both can control them only by the apparently silly compromise of an over-friendly anxious boyish Jewish intellectual, "seductive" and inhibited by turns.

32. No one is more unreligious, more lost, than the professional religionists, and their lay brethren--the statesmen, the executives, the entertainers, the academicians, the doctors, and the experts.

33. Medicine may be witchcraft as fully as psychoanalysis. There is still no understanding of why the germ flourishes in this human and not in that at any moment. To say that the resistance is low is merely a fancy, ^{societal,} ~~untruthful~~ ~~forger of a new science~~ way of describing X. But the idea of "germs" accomplishes much--including other things, it gives intellectual backing to the sexual inhibitions which society must generate to protect itself.

34. The aggressive instinct, the destructive instinct, anger, rage, the furies of the unconscious, etc. etc. may all be myths. The id may contain no such things at all. They may be created in man because of his ~~inner~~ pain at how fantastic and unreasonable the world is. ~~They are necessary~~ The idea of them is the greatest aid for maintaining society, for if everyone knew that really there is no terror to the unconscious, only peace and bliss and wide love, then men would live freely and society would disappear.

35. Psychoanalysis, liberalism, etc. etc., are ways to reduce men to zombies. Perhaps Bob's anger at lobotomies comes from the unconscious fear that with all his good will and his courage, perhaps he is making world zombies of his patients too. Is psychoanalysis perhaps ideational lobotomies to sever men completely from his deeper world, and leave him marooned, will-less, and adjusted (angerless) in the dead world of society. The sterile land of relating, of conformity, of

proportion—what is it worth to lose one's anger if we remember that anger is only the side result of frustrated vision. Children's anger is always violent for children have visions destroyed every instant of their existence.

36. I have learned more from "usie and more from Adele than from anyone but myself. But what I must always watch in "usie is when her reaction is flat—that is when a scar is being made, and she is truly hurt.
~~37. In the Deer Ark after the accident when Marion Faye is fighting for consciousness, he could think at first of saving himself from jail, and then relapse with the thought that in jail, finally, he can begin the work of contemplation.~~

37. In "The Deer Ark" after the accident when Marion Faye is fighting for consciousness, he could think at first of saving himself from jail, and then relapse with the thought that in jail, finally, he can begin the work of contemplation.

38. If the more saintly people (and perhaps the psychopaths too) were to retire from the world, the world could no longer function, for all of society's most sensitive joints are filled with the abused and cruelly warped talents of the saints, the artists and the psychopaths (understanding the artist as the mixture of the two.) The saint's vision, the psychopath's courage, and the artist's illumination of the two are what give the rigidities of society its little necessary flexings and bendings. Without them, the world would simply snap.

39. In a Collier's article, Mendes France wrote about climbing a wall after he had studied it for six months from the window of his cell. Studying it that way he saw tiny crevices and cracks which would give him hand-holds ~~near~~ up the vertical face. This is an active demonstration of the values of concentration, and the need to liberate oneself from the word. A "wall" means something one cannot climb. But suppose one approaches a wall with the idea that it is climbable. Immediately it is converted in meaning to its opposite—a road, an escape.

40. Words are not entirely bad. ~~But in the same way:~~ "When we think of thought and of words, we can see that words are capable occasionally of trapping a thought, of penning it. Which means that next time we try to find the thought we can approach through to the the cage of words and attempt to see ~~the~~ truth we have encircled.

41. Death may be the price we pay for not heeding our anger, which is a way of saying that we have not heeded our vision.

42. I know nothing about semantics. They may be good, they may be dangerous. That I fear about them is that something bad, something ignoble, the worship of the word which would fall into disrepute if no attempt were made to save it, may in the future receive added worship--the Victorian chair becomes the foam rubber seat. We may accept the word again on the basis we are now beginning to loathe it--a question of good or bad taste.

43. Talk with Rhoda L. We agreed that psychoanalysts are perhaps the greatest socially accepted psychopaths. The thing which characterizes the twentieth century is its absolute lack of common-sense, common-sense being finally the matter-of-fact understanding of a society (which is of course bad) but also is understandable. It is worldly sense, but worldly sense is no longer enough because the communication between individuals and society, the interrelation, is now broken. Society goes one way, men go another--but privately. So, ~~find~~ the ~~xxx~~ lack-of-sense of the twentieth century would never dream of asking what the common-sense of the 19th century (as exemplified by my mother) would question immediately: "How can a man listen to another human being and be both completely involved and attentive, and yet personally unmoved, capable of shifting his attention in the next hour to some other human and performing the same involvement and detachment." The answer is that only a saint or a psychopath could do this. And since saints are not interested in their position in the world, which analysts most assuredly are, the answer I suspect with the most perfect glee is that the psychoanalyst is a psychopath masquerading as a quiet restrained 'sensitive' mildly neurotic middle class adjusted human being. No wonder they get nowhere.

is why we flee the impulse in ourselves and others, and call it the death-instinct. All words have their echoes, their deep contraries, and what we call the death-instinct is actually the life of the soul, its anger. But to admit it, to face up to it, is the most terrible revolution a human can undergo, for he loses not only all the vanities of his previous thought, his snobberies, his deceptions, but he is likely to lose his friends, his mate, his reputation, and even most probably his ambition.

46. What worries me today and other days is that I am playing an enormous deception on myself, and that I embark on these thoughts only to make myself more interesting, more complex to other people, more complex to myself. My vanity is so enormous. Perhaps I do all this to demonstrate to my audience that I too can create mystic spiritual characters. But on the other hand, these remarks can be merely my fear of what lies ahead. I love the world so much, I am so fascinated by it, that I dread the possibility that some day I may travel so far that I wish to relinquish it. What is important is that I think for the first time in years I'm growing quickly again.

47. Spengler is a great writer. His startling similarities ~~in~~ are indeed similarities. More modestly I see the connection now between such things as jazz, bull-fighting and six-day bike races. Jazz is easy to understand once one has the key, but no one ever offers the key, and it is so simple. Instead of trying to understand the "beauty" of jazz, one should understand it as something which is constantly triumphing and failing. Particularly in modern jazz one notices how Brubeck and Desmond off entirely on their own with nothing but their nervous systems to sustain them wander through jungles of invention with society continually ambushing them. So the excitement comes not from victory which is the pleasure of swing (more later) but from the effort merely to keep musically alive. So Brubeck, for example, will to his horror discover that he has wandered into a musical cliché (society) and it is thrilling to see how he attempts to come out of it, how he takes the cliché, plays with it, investigates it, pulls it apart, attempts to put it together into something new, (for in every cliché there is an ocean of truth once we truly look at it) and sometimes succeeds, and sometimes fails and can only go on having left his record of defeat at that particular moment. That is why modern jazz despite its apparent lyricalness is

tightly cold, cold like important conversations or Henry James. It is cold and it is nervous and it is under tension, just as in a lunch between an editor and an author, each makes mistakes and successes, attempts to expand the successes and turn the errors into smaller errors or even successes, and when it is done one hardly knows what has happened and whether it has been for one's good or for one's bad, but an "experience" (a communication between the soul and the world) has taken place. It is also why I find classical possibly less exciting for that merely evokes the echo of a past "experience"--it is now part of society, one of the noblest parts of society perhaps, but still not of the soul. Only the echo of the composer's soul remains. And besides it consists too entirely of triumphs rather than of life.

40. Swing in jazz is different. Swing is a distillation of the competitiveness of social life. One follows the patterns, one loafs until it is one's turn, and then one is out and racing in a "jam" with victory as the only end. Is a mistake made? Does one falter? No matter; the purpose is not to turn back, to reexplore, to attempt to convert set-back into progress, but instead to go on, to "ride", to "go." One is like an automobile driver in traffic who leaves the ensemble of cars and sets out to race, turning corners at hottest speed with no ~~more~~ regard for whether a truck is coming the other way. If it is coming perhaps one can swerve at the last moment, but that is around the corner, and the road-race is on. So with bullfighting which is a tableau of the vast competitiveness of life.

49. When Susie speaks of ~~the~~ "war", she means strife. And strife is something a child ~~isn't~~ understands very well, for a child is a human whose soul is being pinched, and so a child is always forced to enter the world of plans and manipulations where perhaps it may be able to save a piece here and a dent there of its soul, occasionally by strife, occasionally guile, and often by silence. So, "exile, silence, and cunning" were the tools of a genius who kept the child in him alive.

50. There is a lesson for me in the above. In a way I know more about jazz now after a month or two than aficionados can know in their life-time. But that is not because I am exceptional, but because occasionally I have the gift of trusting my instincts and learning about something which interests me. So if I am interested,

I can learn an enormous amount in a week or two weeks. If I am not interested I can spend years and never really learn the basic jargon. I have to heed what I have always been frightened of, my lack of caution. That is my special quality—I usually refuse to consider the consequences—and so I continue to learn. Caution is the high priest of society.

51. A remark on why psychoanalysts have such difficulty in treating psychopaths. Apart from the dilemma of whether a psychopath with his special knowledge can really bear to enter the world is the other premise that the analyst is a concealed psychopath, and so in attempting to treat the open psychopath an enormous effect is exercised upon the analyst—finally he senses that his own psychopathy will be revealed if he allows his sensitivity. So his sensitivity closes up, and with it his ability to reach the psychopath.

52. When the businessman thinks of an embarrassing overture he may make which has a small chance of success, he thinks to himself, "After all, I'll try it. What can I lose?" And the answer, of course, is himself. But businessmen, most of them, lost themselves a long time ago. The rare ones who generally late in life are trying to come back always attract my sympathy. I realize now why I always like them so much.

53. Perhaps the reason Susy was so flat with Millie is that she sensed how little soul Millie has, and Susy can never react nor open to a person with little soul. What I have neglected to say in all my writing about saints and psychopaths is that the psychopath has no soul, or rather has used all the energy and beauty of his soul to destroy the world with the tools of the world. Instead of being entire detachment of soul from society, he is total engagement of soul in society and so children turn away from him.

54. I understand now what Barry meant when he said Bea has become a caricature of me. Wise Barry. He understands so very much.

55. The word is a flat non-conductor put across the infinite variety of experience ~~immediately~~ felt in the fraction of a second. Crudely, very crudely, it is the equivalent of a cheap phonograph's rendition of a note to the sound in all its variation and

multitude on hi-fidelity. Which is why many intellectuals abhor hi-fi. They prefer the flat passage of the word.

56. In the larger sense, ~~this book is undoubtedly a failure.~~ *The Fifty Min Hour is perhaps a modest book.* It does not go nearly far enough. But Doctor Lindner in his ~~Successes~~ ^{important} *partial successes*, is a far more stimulating, ~~and~~ ^{important} entertaining and ~~identifying~~ writer, than most psychoanalysts are in their successes. ~~and~~ ^{are} He is one of the very few analysts who in my opinion ~~are~~ ^{are} creative, ~~potentially~~, and this ~~new~~ ^{new} book, written properly around the edges of psychoanalysis, is not only fascinating for its stories, but encourages the mind to loose itself upon speculations and journeys.

57. The Stalinists have sneered for decades at bourgeois writers, at their concern with mysticism, ^{God}, morality, etc. etc. And there is a curious half-justice to what they deride. For it is undoubtedly true that a man turns to such thoughts only when his needs are taken care of. That is the great promise of socialism -- that it offers the possibility for everyone to engage in the mystic life, whereas now it is open to only a few. But what is vulgar and unjust is that they deny the validity of the "experience" the ~~many~~ great bourgeois writers undoubtedly have, and in denying the validity in criticism they proceed from having denied it in life. Orwell says somewhere that twenty years of socialism and everyone could have enough. He is right, but the difficulty is that we shall never be given the twenty years, ^{not until men know in their bones,} not until the underground revolution takes place/~~not until men know in their bones,~~ that society destroys their souls, and literally kills them. (For again, anger is released as each arch of the soul is collapsed by the lead weight of society's bottom. Until then, the bourgeois writers will continue to be blind to the realization that mystic revelation is always destroyed by the world until its opportunities are open to all men, and the Stalinists will continue to war against cosmopolitanism, jazz, and, if it ever came up, bull-fighting. For they are the culture bearers of the hipster, and the hipster is the underground proletariat of the future, eating away at the husk of society.

58. My characters in "The Deer Park" are called "unsympathetic" by everyone. And how unsympathetic they must be to the liberal pluralist who represents unwaveringly the best among editors. For after all, none of my characters go to ^{Parent} Teachers

Meetings, they are not responsible members of the community, they do not debate whether their little good actions will make the world a little better. They are all psychopaths and saints and people torn between the two, and they wrestle for their souls in a most terrible society, and almost always lose them. Certainly, it is a depressing book, but they are not unsympathetic, my characters. They are souls in torment, and The Deer Park is a journey through torment. It would be a better book, a greater book, if the journey were even more terrible. I held back on Marion Faye.

59. 58. Equations: Man is born with a soul which is part of the collective soul.

Society is composed of the net of men's unwilld actions. It is opposed to the soul.

Each child enters the world with a pure soul (probably) (It is worse if they enter with souls already part destroyed by their parents)

Society attempts to destroy the soul in order to maintain its stability. The soul fights back. The war between the two is what we call the world which is the battleground between society and the universe (the collective soul--how inadequate are all these words.) ~~Shouting and shouting and shouting~~

Through history up to now the soul of the savage which was all soul relinquished a part of its soul to enable man to battle against nature for until nature was conquered, at least in its inhospitable manifestations, man was doomed to remain an animal.

~~But~~ The movement of man to find ~~himself~~ his soul worked its drama upon society, for as society (which is the concretion of the collective surrender of men's wills) developed and altered men, removing them further and further from their souls, so did man fight back, occasionally altering society, the movement of his soul (with what endless waste) improving social structure. But usually losing his soul.

The twentieth century marked the point in history where society was ready to conquer nature completely. But the tragedy was that by then the majority of men had ~~virtually~~ virtually lost their souls--they were psychopaths, and leaders, and unfeeling. So society instead of being finally conquered by men as was conceived in the original contract, instead drew away from men. The interrelation between man and society was broken. Society went its way, and man (those who had

souls) retreated, or gave themselves up to being the machines of society. And the revolution never took place. And its only substitute, its echo, its polarity, was totalitarianism.

collective
War is the symbolic/act of man's anguish—"They got tired of living at home, and so they went to war." Living at home is not a home, it is a war against society, and when it becomes collectively intolerable, it is turned against society, but a false image of society—the enemy. It is also societies way of not allowing the battle against nature to be won by sheer development of technique. If man wants socialism, and from that, God, he must win it by revolution.

59. The big novel could be called Antacid Analgesic.

60. I learned a practical matter the other day, ~~Theravaham~~ when negotiations are going on, the Order of Procedure determines to a great degree whether one will get one's point or not. It is critical whether one takes up first the items one is bound to win on or to lose on, depending on the psychology of the opponents and the totality of the situation. So in the UN when they argue whether ^{a question is} ~~it is~~ procedural or substantial, there is no mere waste of words among diplomats. They are wrestling for what makes the victory. Their sensitivity to manipulation is as acute as a hipster's ear for jazz. Essentially they are grasping abstract relations. So, too, for politicians, political leaders, athletes, etc. There is no such thing as a big or an important man who does not have some special sensitivity. That is why, try as we will, we are always obliged to respect big men. No matter how corrupt, they have the special sensitivity, one way or another, which makes for greatness. That's why Bob always adores "name" people. It's far from simple snobbery. He recognizes their special sensitivity.

61. I have always hated sentimentality: mother and children, church, the flag, the nation, the good man, the affirmative novel. And there is a reason. For these are societies bastardizations of what the soul knows. Sentimentality is the abuse of an abuse. It is the abuse of words which are already an abuse albeit a necessary one, and so for good cause it was always intolerable to me. For what after all are the respective symbols above. They are 1) the mystery of the creation of life, 2) God, 3) the symbol of the brotherhood of men, 4) the brotherhood of men, 5) the man in possession of his soul, and 6) the vision. But only compare the "vision" to the average affirmative novel with its last sentence, "John stood up and walked up the stairs. Up there she was waiting, and the sun was shining."

61a. I still think the psychopath is close to the saint. He is the saint turned inside out, his soul exhausted upon the world, but let him withdraw from the world (harder for the psychopath than anyone else, for the ghost of his soul which is the only "me" he can feel has to be closed through all circuits of the world*) but let him withdraw, and the "dark magnificence" of his life is converted to its echo.

62. The measurement of time is as necessary to society as the vision of space filled and space unfilled is to the soul. So Lipton's which destroys the sense of time also destroys the sense of society and opens the soul.

64. Advertising and television and radio and newspapers and movies, but especially advertising are society's war upon each individual. It is the place where advertising reaches deep into each man's soul and converts a piece of it to society. So there are good ads and bad ads but the good ads must always be studied ^{sink} for they ~~insert~~ sink deeply deeply in into the soul, and we receive them because finally material commodities are like petrifications of love and of power, the two things the soul seeks for in life, legitimately, finely, the two things for which it entered its contract with society. (Power understood of course as the extension of one's faculties which is noble; but in society we can extend our faculties only by control over other people.)

So, too, do mass entertainers accomplish bastardy. They join men in false brotherhood, link them in sentimentality. But one hopeful sign is that the hipsters have entered mass entertainment, and preach anarchy and disrespect, a la Ernie Kovacs.

61. Because the desire for material things is natural to man, one can account for the peculiar crippled aspect of bohemians. They have rejected material commodities which is far better than to accept them unquestioningly, but they are warped and tortured with envy of the squares because most of them have committed a violence upon their natures.

65. Almost always experts can never see the truth because the truth is always revealed by the soul (as a reward perhaps for heeding the anger of the soul) and the expert is a man who uses his talents and his intelligence for the service of society.

Dec. 26.

66. At its best, my mind is like a tiger. Something slinks through the fur brush of my consciousness, and I'm after it on the hunt while sleepier minds go back to drowning in their lair.

67. Over and over again, I discover these days that the big truths are to be found in the little things, and not the big things. So, with cigarette smoking. Dingly, it may be a spiritual experience. One has only to blow one's smoke into a shaft of light, and a universe of space is revealed with ^{gas} ~~smoke~~ nebulae meandering through the universe and flocks of dust swimming like stars and planets through the cosmos. Presumably, it leads one to suspect that in the microcosm, if one could only enter it, there are universes within universes, and within the atom, within the electron, there are still infinite subdivisions, universes, what-have-you. Perhaps for little enormous reasons like this, we find it so difficult to give up our smoking.

Dec. 29 (actually taken
from notes about Dec. 26)

68. "Vested interest" is enormously more powerful than we think. It is societies substitute for the soul, and the abstract man who lives totally in society has no identity, no "I" other than his vested interest. Which in its extreme case is an explanation of the totalitarian personality. It is vested interest which allows us to dismiss other people, to say of them that they are Negroes, Jews, homosexuals, anal-compulsives, hysterics, Hicks, city slickers, etc. etc. etc. In effect by putting a label on a person we commit assassination, we cease to allow them existence in our minds. The echo of the word "liquidate" is "to petrify", and that is what the Stalinist does. He can kill by categories because the categories have become lifeless to him, no more than concepts.

69. Get beneath words; they conceal because they hide the nature of the experience which is this $\sqrt{W}$ and make it this: , or at best, this: 

70. The gossip is the great adventurer without courage to begin—feeling out the world, measuring its retribution, seeking to discover the ends of his own personality, but doing it in the world's way, spreading tales about the wildness of others, because

essentially what the gossip wishes to discover is how the world reacts to wildness—whether it is indeed as dangerous to go off on the exploration of his own personality as he senses that it is. Much the same may be said of the person who is without caution—it is just that he is a little further along.

72.

71. Words have not only echoes, but are many-faceted crystals, each of its phonetics a single crystal. If a crystal be altered or ignored then the whole gives off an echo, but in a different direction for each crystal.

72. The concealments of language: Perhaps under Idiot's we do not hear certain phonetics very well. Thus "royal purse" may sound like "royal pus," or "oil pus." But it is possible that each word says many things at once, and language which is the manifestation of the social contract contains in its phonetics whole parallel layers of meaning. So, man talks to man, and society talks to man through Aesopian sounds as well as Aesopian words. Perhaps that is why we laugh at the stammerer—the he is always revealing other meanings of words, and often they are terrible truths. So, by suppressing consonants and vowels, look what we get with Mother. Here are the echoes: Other, Mither, Mohar (More), Moter (Motor), Mothir, Mothe (Moth) Church: 'Ur (Her), Chirch, Cluck; also Uch and Chur.

F.B.I. (of bee I) insect? bee I, of I, of bee--or--bo If is If if be?

Cock: Ok, Kick, Ok, Coo Altogether—(If it be I(who is guilty))

Cunt: Unt, Mint (Can't), Cut, Gun (Gun?)

Fuck: Uck and with different vowels—Fick, Fake, Fakh, Fack, Fahl, Feck, Fike, Foke, / Fyuko.

73. The sensual is the soul's sense of the present. The spiritual is the soul's sense of the future. And society is man's sense of the past and of death, *and a false vision of the future,*

74. The Sense of the Past—All that is left to us is history which is the record of societies movements, no more than the fossil remains of what was once alive, no more accurate than the fossil imprint is equal to the living heart of the animal which once was.

75. There are two kinds of hatred—hatred of what we do not know and hatred of what we love. The first is the hatred we learn from the world, the second hatred is the rage of the soul.

77 76. The power of the word Red in American political life. Americans put into it all their buried sensuality, especially Catholics. Red is simply The Flesh to them, and that is why they call Stalinists (of all people!) free-love atheists. Here we have the hatred of the soul, the hatred of Americans for the deep love they actually bear toward their misplaced idea of what Communism is--the irony is that deep in them they believe Communism, indeed especially Stalinism, is utopia, free-love, free-income, free communion, and all this is Red, it is forbidden, it is flesh.

Echos of Red: Rd and Ro. More significantly, Raid, Rod, Raad, reed, ride, road, rude,

77. The key to Sergius' character which I have avoided all through The Deer Park is that he is a Catholic. How else account for his impotence, his lust for Lulu, and his fleeing the world.

78. The breakup with Lulu at Dorothea O'Fare's party.

And I realized that she was in the hell of knowing as so few people could know exactly what she looked like at every instant, it was cut into her memory by the hundred movies in which she had studied herself, and so she was forced with what pain I could understand only at this moment to see herself always in life as an image on a screen, and understanding this I could have wept for her since I could know that there was nothing for her to do but to criticize, and she was always forced to stare down upon her pleasures from a cold and lonely peak, and that even as she played at being silk and superficial, so she was also a soul in torment, and I had quit her, I had failed her, I had reminded her once again that no man nor any woman could ever satisfy her pleasures. She over-looked then, and stared down, searching for perfection, even as I would always wander and try to discover perfection. That was what we had shared or tried to share; we had looked for perfection together, it was what had kept us lovers so long. But I had wanted love as well, or at least I had hoped to want love as well, and that she could never bear. Lulu wanted perfection only.

- 80 79. Jones. Charley Wiener just said to me in the elevator, "It's a good day for the big race?" "What race?" I asked. "The human race," he said. It's true. The human race, the human contest is society, it is only a part of humanity. There is an explanation in this for our love of sports and contests.
80. Eitel in court in the Deer Park. "Patriotism asks that you be ready to leave your wife—that is why it has so much appeal."
81. In error there is also truth. Truth is defined as completely by error as by truth.
~~remains~~ It is just that it is regarded from the wrong direction.
82. Eitel and Elena—last chapter. What comes out is that in the fight with the analyst what she was worried about was that Eitel was not going anywhere, and Eitel senses with the self-honesty which was the last virtue left him, that now there was nothing for him but to hold her back, that in her inarticulate way she was a radical, she went to the root of things—which was why he first had been drawn to her, why he needed her now (for without Elena he would lose his honesty) and it was also why he could never truly permit her to grow, for if she grew she could only grow away from him.
83. Don Boda. Perhaps a scene with him and Marion and Elena. Not explanation. Just some view into his character, some sense of how he thinks, and what his battle is. For Boda is not merely a social satyr, he is also an adventurer.
84. Interpretations of present events come from our knowledge of how similar courses ended in the past. For example, knowing a man ^{was} for a drunk, and died as a drunk, we say that drink is bad—but the bold spirit who drinks knows that in some part of himself that the end, his end, is not known, and so he ventures ahead leaning on the private, the unique interpretation that human life is enormously various, and the end of his adventure may be different from the all the ends which befell other men like himself who went off on similar adventures. What he believes is that tragic ends do not necessarily follow his actions. (Which is why the fall of such men is always tragic, for the heart of human endeavor is buried here.) What I have drawn above is the psychology of the saint, the artist, the criminal, the mad perhaps, the athlete, the warrior, the revolutionary, the entertainer, the libertine, the

drug addict, the gambler, the alcoholic, the demagogue, and all the other varieties of the adventurer, the explorer. What characterizes them is that they have the boldness to believe that they are truly unique, and will not necessarily be punished like others because the world is not finite, the sun does not inevitably come up each morning, their actions cannot be interpreted in advance by the statistical end because truly, for them, there is confidence that the end is unknown.

Also true of the victim (who is the optimist), the victim who believes that he or she is unique and so will not be impoverished by the drunkard, ~~murderer~~, ~~raped~~ by the sadist, murdered by the murderer. ~~Heaven~~ The victim is the passive complement to the adventurer. My mother as victim, my father as adventurer.

I, who have always been the adventurer (although enormously suppressed) have never been able to have love affairs with victims—they are too much like my mother. So I have searched out women who were adventurers—which is why virgins have never appealed to me. And all my affairs can be interpreted in this light. Those women who seemed adventurers but ended up in my mind as victims, ~~in~~ I fled. Those women who were completely adventurers frightened me, as viz the Yipper. Bea and I broke up because she became too much the independent adventurer and that was intolerable to both of us. Adele and I have the big one of our lives because Adele who is the half-adventurer like me, has wedded her sense of adventure to mine, and consents to be the victim because she can thereby find the most adventure. So the longer we are together the deeper is our bond.

86 85. My feeling about semantics may be correct. Arguing last night with Jean Malaguis I asked him if semantics are opposed to mysticism, and he said absolutely. Certainly as he presents it, they are.

86. One thing must be said about the adventurer. He or she always has a very strong urge from the soul. Far from being superficial or un dependable as they appear in life, their motivations always come from the deepest levels. See note

70. The gossip is an adventurer.

87. Stories of dreams one can't remember which were tremendous, but came to nothing in the morning. Those dreams were tremendous.

88. Bombing as the great shitting.

89. Comedians and comic writers loathe the world, even mediocre comedians.

90. Women who always hate to have their make-up messed wish to keep a part of themselves inviolate--they do not wish to have that dirtied. Thus, ultimately, they can never be reached, and one does well to stay away from them, unless one is also inviolate, private, and insulated, and so ~~must~~ seeks such a non-rate.

91. The more knowledge one has of one-self (soul knowledge) the more difficult it is to live in the world, for the more intolerable it becomes that the world is as hideous as it is.

92. Possibly, bad works of art can inform us more than good works, for the oppositions between pretense and its echo are more pronounced.

93. The spy (another adventurer). The spy loves each half of his double life, and ~~Krumpholtz~~ obviously could not live nearly as well without each necessary half. My love of opposites leads me to suspect that the side among which he masquerades is usually more real to him, more loved, than the side he is nominally working for.

94. Actors and spies. What is critical for the spy is to choose the right side, the victorious side, for otherwise he loses his life. For the actor, what is critical is the right part. But actors lines are printed on sides, and we say of a part that it has twenty-one sides. In both cases, the spy and the actor, what is searched for is psychological victory, and their choices and actions have absolutely nothing to do with conventional morality.

95. When a friend says, "I'm crossing my fingers for you," he is really saying, "Sorry, old man, but I do nothing for you this time."

96. "Am I boring you?" someone asks, and boring has its two meanings, to be flat and to be piercing. What we really say is "Am I piercing you, am I not allowing you to live."

97. So, boredom, depression, laughter, habits, are the ~~monstrous~~ camouflaged manifestations of the soul, and tell more about a person than rage, pleasure, sorrow, etc.

99. ~~Section~~ 98. Saints and psychopaths. I had better define psychopath. The criminal psychopath, the assassin, is merely a special case of the psychopath. What characterizes the psychopath is that the present moment, the present person or thing or action which accompanies him is more real than anything which has gone before or will come later. The violent act is not so much the unfeeling act as the present act—one suspends all sense of consequence, one suspends one's view of society. So, there are psychopaths who will never ~~kill~~ a fly, but who must nonetheless wander through each experience without sense of the past or future, committed to the present experience, finding it more vivid than anything before or since. (In a peculiar way, a bureaucrat, and his extension, a totalitarian, is a petrified psychopath—he gives to the office, the machine, the party, the enormously vivid sense of the present reality. Instead of using the present experience as soul food—the psychopath is always ravenous—the bureaucrat serves the present experience into the mirror of his soul, the office, and obtains his reaction from the way it bounces back. The saint is the opposite end of the spectrum—the ~~past~~ present is insignificant to him—he sees all people and all things as part of the past and much more as part of the future. This spectrum which I believe is the spectrum of the human soul, is present in all people in varying degree, ~~surface~~ surface, and intensity. Most people have the saint-psychopath so deeply buried in themselves that they are for most of their lives or all of their lives simply social animals, and never adventurers.

99. Laughter is spiritual and yet despairing. We laugh when we ^{recognize} ~~reach~~ a great truth and ^{in the same instant} ~~conceal~~ conceal it.

100. The psychopath sees the present the way a saint sees the past and future. To the psychopath the present is enormous, all-important, infinite in its sense of the explorations, combinations, and discoveries present in even the exchange of a word.

101. So the hipster is the adventurer beneath the surface of society, the murderer who moves among social animals. And he is also the saint, but he dreams of a heaven on earth. So; predictions: Hipsters are the proletariat of the future.

102. Given my intellectual verbal mind, Lipton's was a great aid. To a poor bootblack, it probably can do no more than ease him from an intolerable existence into a cloudy nothingness. That is my great adventure with Lipton's. I will journey into myself with the hope that I, the adventurer, can come out without being destroyed. But I am terrified. I don't think I have ever been so frightened in my life.

103. A possibility occurs to me on The Deer Park. To wit, Marion Faye starts sending his journal to Sergius—in prison he has finally made it on Lipton's. So, when The Deer Park ends, Sergius appends an addition in which he says that now he is finished as author and must become editor. There is this flood of notes from Marion Faye, and he has not the courage to rewrite his novel in view of all this new information. So he submits it to the reader who may have been bored, irritated, or enthralled by The Deer Park itself, and he invites the reader to read it, and if it interests him, to then reread The Deer Park and see it as Marion Faye would have seen it.

104. Marion Faye note: Two men created my mind. St. ^{Augustine} ~~Augustine~~ and the Marquis de Sade.

105. Note 102 could be the last line of Faye's journal.

106. Marion Faye note: Re: Teddy Pope, he's beautiful, the poor bastard. (Then an expansion of the note on the ~~thin~~ idea of how beautiful men go home out of cowardice, because so much sex is open to them as heterosexuals and they have such sexual souls that they retreat into homosexuality where at least it can all go on underground.)

107. Marion Faye on Eitel: He wanted to be a celebrity and he wanted to be a great man, and the poor Finch loved both so much that he ended by being neither.

108. Marion Faye in prison starts doing weight-lifting and gets his friends to smash his face. His aim when he leaves prison is to weigh 200 pounds, all muscle, and to have a changed smashed face. Then he can approach the world the other way.

109. Sergius is my brother whether he knows it or not. That is why I send him my journal.

711. 110. Marion F Journal. It begins with the following note. I have finally started to make it on tea. Three cheers and over for the institutional life. Tea flows through this place like ice water in a first-rate hotel. And things are beginning to come clear to me. To really make it, I should put nothing into words, but I still want to try. I suppose what I suspect deep-down is that I'll never make it, but I want people to respect me for how close I came. I, too, am a slob.

111. My journal again. Anxiety is the noise man makes as he flees his soul.

112. False humility. What man is so arrogant as to declare that his past works led people in bad directions rather than in good ones?

113. Marion Faye journal. The last note. To the effect that he is frightened, but he is going to stop writing and try to make it. Last line: I weep at night I am so terrified I shall go mad.

114. (My journal) Arrogance. To declare that one's previous works were bad is also arrogance for it assumes that one's present works are good. Yet, arrogance is better than indifference, for indifference is the drugged sleep of the soul, while arrogance is the record of a man's struggle against his soul, and by so describing it there may come the day when he will find it.

115. Humor is more than wit for wit appeals only to the intelligence, but humor goes to the soul, and the body shakes from it in horror and delight.

116. Marion Faye's note: Sergius is a saint who has only seen Hell and only understands Hell. Some day, may he see Heaven.

117. Man may be terrible but the world is worse, for the world is no more than the sum of people's actions, and actions once they are completed retain nothing of the man's soul. The world is worse because it is no more than the total of men without the shadow of their souls.

118. The fear of being ridiculous is the triumph of society and the secret of its strength. Our fear of being ridiculous puts our thought in defense, our bodies in awkwardness, and sends us clattering on the way of anxiety, fleeing our souls.

120 119. Toward the end of Marion Faye's Journal, the notes become more mystical, vaguer, things like the discussion of cigarette-smoking. At one point in disgust he writes: I say this so badly I might just as well be trying to tell people: I see God in the yellow.

120. Marion Faye note about the argument he had with red-headed Stalinist, and then the fistfight with the yardbird while the Stalinist kept saying, Fellows, you'll catch pneumonia. The red-headed ^{Stalinist} might be one of the people Eitel had mentioned in his testimony. A former screen-writer.

121. Any art-work which is considered by many to be good and by the rest to be bad must be either very good or very bad--it can hardly be mediocre.

122. "Do you know, Sergius?" Lulu asked, "Underneath it all, you're really a very strong person."

I was of course tremendously pleased, but I have to admit I did not have the faintest idea of what she was talking about.

123. Dorothea O'Faye could figure prominently in Marion Faye's Journal--thus closing the book with the same characters with whom it began.

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125 124. I am getting whole bodies of inchoate thoughts about Time, Time which is the conceptual chain of society, just as Space is the domain of the soul and the saint, and Force the arm of the psychopath. But it seems to me, as the transcription of the Mr Lipton notes from last night will show here and there, that part of the crisis of the novel is that it uses society's concept of Time which means that the novel cannot liberate itself from Society and truly set out on what is its noble aim--to be the searcher for the meaning of human nature. When we condense Time, when we select--which is the word taught in all writing courses, we are using the trick by which society conceals the nature of man, we condense, we say of a man that he is a bad man, and fifty years of his life are put into a word. The movements of his soul with and against society are taken from us. Perhaps the secret to writing a great novel is to deliver oneself from Time, as I first dimly glimpsed it in my eight part novel--in other words we go beyond the limits of time by devoting a thousand pages let us say to all that goes on in a man in a day, an hour, or ideally, given sufficient genius, in an instant. That was what Joyce was working toward, and Proust, and in lesser degree Mann and Gide--and that is why we sense their greatness. But now to the notes of last night.

125. Thoughts. All thoughts in words are probably part true and part false. In other words there is no such thing as one person saying something about another person which is not true for them somewhere in their personality. Of course the person who declares the trait usually has it more powerfully than the one so described.

126. People who make love without ever having a thought other than sensation (the psychoanalyst's dream ^{if} genital character) are not as healthy as they seem--they have a species of detachment; their minds cannot flourish with their bodies.

What we call the detached man is the man who fucks while he thinks of something else--neither the fucking nor the thinking is anything but second-rate, depressed, and uneasy.

But the man or woman who is unified sexually, creative sexually, thinks most brilliantly while they fuck most brilliantly even if all they are thinking about are the beautiful orgasmic permutations of fucking. Their body and their mind each fecundate (Bob's word) the other, and they soar upward on stimulation beyond

stimulation. Most of the so-called healthy people sexually are actually only half-healthy; they can enjoy themselves only by suspending their minds. Once they are through fucking, they return to society. I believe that the "genital character" cannot be found in any person today who is highly developed and "sensitive".

128 127. Get a tape recorder for Linton's soliloquies.

128. 5a: Word echoes: We have had overlook and over-look, boring and bearing (piercing). Now, Fuck. Fuck means the act and it also means a negatory word. We say of something that it is not "No fucking good,"—which also means that if there is no sexual experience or meaning within it, then it is truly no good at all. We say in a rage, "Get the fuck out of here." —It is our way of saying, "Get the sexual emotion, commotion, threat, out of my presence."

"What the fuck do you know?" If you don't know anything about fucking, we are saying, then indeed you know nothing at all.

And "The whole fucking world," because indeed the echo of the whole world are the only soul acts allowed man—his separate private fuckings, his soul communions with himself and with others.

129. On the understanding of genius. We think of a genius as always succeeding during those times when he is creative, but actually the genius succeeds and fails, often in successive moments in that his genius is to do something new, to go farther than anyone before, and often he fails that and is merely mollifluous or skillful at a very high level. So the difference between the genius and the mystic is clear—the mystic succeeds or fails with himself or a very small audience; the genius contains his sense of his own soul and his sense of society (his skill, his craft) both at very high levels, and the torment of the genius is that he is so fantastically and variously organized that he can contain two such terribly antithetical elements in his character and succeed in combining them in works.

130. Word echoes. Mother and another. But another probably comes from God's Mother or 'S mother. Simply, the church, the high priest, the false saint of society.

Also success and successive. Success is that we break out of time and craft

and go some place no one has ever been before. We set up the outward succession.

132. Seriously, truly, just simply, doesn't the great dancer wish to dance in the nude, and don't we wish to see him or her that way? Doesn't the great actor or actress wish finally to act before an audience the fuck itself, and indeed the great actor or actress always gives a sense of the fuck. (Marlon Brando, Tallulah Bankhead, Loretta Taylor.) Doesn't the great painter wish to convey the outside and then the inside of the act. Renaissance fabrics and textures and stark landscapes and nudes, and our modern non-objective art which is concerned with the variations of the soul in the act. Doesn't the great novelist always seek for ways to communicate his amazing knowledge of the sexual act?

But, now look, society prevents all these expressions in everything but the most degraded form. We are only allowed strip-teasers for the dance, whores for the circus act, cheap drawings for the art, cheap pornography for the literature. Only in perversion is the sexual and creative soul of man allowed to express itself.

133. In Marion Faye's journal, there comes the point where Faye starts to discard his ironic style for a purer one.

134. Jazz is more creative, more responsive to genius than classical music--but its origins are degraded and its expression is invariably degraded. Truly, only in degraded forms can genius express itself today. Jazz is to classical as the whore is to acting, the stripper to dancing, and so forth. It is degraded expression.

135. I used to be outwardly a mild psychopath, inwardly enormously moral and severe on myself. Now, outwardly I'm moral (almost saintly I love my friends so much) and inwardly my mind races far, wild, and furiously like the psychopath stalking the present, letting nothing pass my ken. The tiniest most insignificant gesture or remark opens a world to me. (This could be a note for Marion Faye, too, who realises that in Lipton's left him unaffected before because he was afraid of the intellectual consequence--he would have to set out to be a genius or a saint.)

136. Years ago, working with Malapais on Character of the Victim, I said to him "The saint can be portrayed only by showing his sin." How right I was. - to Marion comments on "Itol's" movie which he sees in jail.

137. The world allows us to express our creativity only in perversion. Just as jail expresses the passions of life and its real buried tendencies.
138. My ambition remains my contact with the world, and perhaps it is not all bad—I would certainly prefer to be a genius than a saint. That is why Bob is right about the petty Hitler in me. I have to do it all, all by myself—only with Adèle and Job and Dan, (and Malaguais and Devlin) if only they could come around, can I see a collaboration of love. With the others, I am competitive. Every bit of evidence I see, as in television, of hipsterism makes me worry, "My God, somebody may do it before I do it." No fear of me becoming a saint.
139. I think that the new styles in clothing, the short haircuts of women especially, express the tendency (in the air) of all men and all women to love one another sexually, organically, without regard for sex. Everywhere I feel the tendencies of hipsterism which is the euphemism for genitalism.
140. Sexual psychopathy would be normal sex if the chains of society were broken—that is why society attacks sex so violently. Divorce is the first statement of the orgasmic verity—so the church fights it. All churches say, "Be content," They are always opposed to change for they are the bastardization of the soul in society. Sigmund Freud went very far, and indeed he started on cocaine I suspect, got his first intimations of the caverns below. He was a very great man, but no great man can do it all, and Freud stopped short for which one can hardly blame him. (Look, what happened to Wilhelm Reich.) Freud stopped with the idea that society is good rather than that society is necessary until man conquers nature, but that society must in its turn be conquered or man will be destroyed.
141. What I learn about The Deer Park these days. I wrote it in such depression because the whole book is a lie. I put my ideas, my real ideas in the most degraded characters. I made Beth a monster, and Marion Faye. Ah. Look. Marion, practically reads as Norman if one spells it backwards, in: All the letters of Norman are present with the addition of I. I really was saying I, Norman, and I kept wondering where Marion came from. The Deer Park is an attempt to deal with and to conceal from myself that my great enemy, my all-out enemy is the Catholic Church who has stolen

the social soul of man. And Hitler—I tell. Toppis—The eyes, the skin skin, the man who is all society.

141. Most celebrities are people who have had talent or genius in some direction, and terrified of where it might lead them, for genius is always pitted against the world, they have cashed in their talent or genius for the rewards of the world. No "sold out" has deep meaning. It doesn't mean he sold himself as a slave—although that too is true—it means he or she has sold their substance.

142. Martin Faye's journal. Hell is the present. It is always here. It exists in order that man may find Heaven. But man-as-glob dreams of leaving Hell for no more than Purgatory which is Security—the false sense of the future as opposed to Heaven which is the vision of the future.

143. Anyone reading these notes would exclaim at my paranoia which rides through these/notes on a wave. Three cheers for my paranoia. It is the true measure in every man of his great sensitivity—one's sensitivity to the wrath and retribution of society if one attempts to change it because one knows it is false, ^{and} it does not suit the need of one's soul. Societies great lie is that man is evil and society protects men from one another's evil. All evil is created by society, and man is good.

144. At the point where Hitler thinks "Oh, how I'm degenerating," there could come to him the thought of Martin Faye speaking over his shoulder, and saying, "No, my friend, you are beginning to grow, but you are much too terrified of that." ^{him} All of The Deer Park is the wrestle I made with myself to protect myself against quitting the values of the world in the false but nonetheless vivid way I held them. Thank God I lost. The Deer Park is a failure, but I have discovered myself.

145. The universe is a vast puzzle, and man communicates in society as a codebreaker. His soul allows him to be the great code-breaker. God is both.

146. Time. If we want to get the time, we dial H E R V O U S. At least in New York.

147. Time is the sense of society. Novelists are always social, or at least were until the 20th century. But the sense of time defeats the novel, and the substance

of that struggle is what makes "literary style."

149

148. The so-called decadent writers are doing what I did in *The Deer Park*. They express their real ideas in degraded characters. They lack courage as I have lacked courage. Frost too lacked courage which is why his homosexual characters were inevitably degraded. Joyce had courage.

149. Wild thought. The atom bomb may actually have kicked off Hysterism. What I read about anti-biotics gives me this wild speculation.

150. Don Bada should be a television producer.

151. What Stalinists see is the enormous lengths the world will go to to stop them. That is their paranoia. It is not that they are wrong in essence but like all psychotics they have no sense of time other than the present, and so they mistake the eventuality for the reality.

152. Don Bada should be a television producer. It is no accident that the balling crowd in New York revolves around television.

153. Time as the sense of society. When we break out of time, when we are not regular in our habits, we have the exfoliation of fatigue or of being up all night.

154. "Bob Gardner. As he reads this note, he is going to think I am sniping at him again, and he doesn't understand my feelings here. I am not sniping at him-- if I were, I would not send him these notes, for my competitive feelings would say, "He may take them a step beyond you, and he'll get the credit." But Bob is one of the few people I don't feel competitive toward. I feel we could have a Marx and Engels relation, and leave the matter of who's the Marx aside until we both have grown. But what I realized today in thinking about *The Fifty Minute Hour* is that Bob's problems in creativity are the same as mine--his work, like mine, is the defense against letting go. For instance, I have come to realize that Bob's therapeutic methods and styles are comparatively as old-fashioned as his literary style. They are as heavy and inadequate to his sensitivity as is his prose. Bob, like me, is wild in his ideas, but conventional in his treatments of ideas. And what we both need is to loosen our treatment. So, after a bold beginning, with

hypnosis, Bob has given it up, although a part of him is always drawn to new therapies, Rosen's, Reich's, etc. I wonder, this is wild, if hypnosis is actually not better than ~~various~~ free-association. Analysts never gave it a chance, they were terrified of the consequences, not because hypnosis which is what I believe I get in some form under Lipton's, opens man to his soul, immediately, powerfully, and perhaps irrevocably. Since few people have the situation or the resources to live with their soul, which means to war against society, hypnosis is indeed dangerous, but is it dangerous for the exceptional person? I suspect not. I suspect that techniques with drugs, hypnosis, group therapy, even orgastic therapy, are inevitable for the future.

154 155. The homo-erotic corollary. This is for Bob Linner. And with his insights he always goes smack like a wonderful comic figure (Comic in the great sense) into the center of the problem, and then moves out again, or will until his Good Luck fails him, and Bob wants his Good Luck to fail him, and the Devil (YO) to take over. Kid, it's Verlaine and Rimbaud all over again.

Away, the homo-erotic corollary. I start with the premise that all people, all men and women are bi-sexual. I believe this is natural. It is true for animals, and it makes sense, for love is best when it's unified (at last I find some agreement although what a difference) with analysts/and when we love someone we should make love with them, or we would if society did not prevent it or make it so painful. Given my premise, the pure ~~heterosexual~~ heterosexual is a cripple--society has completely submerged one half of And this is usually my originality of mind. the nature./ So, too, is the pure homosexual--and I suspect that pure homosexuals are invariably very unflexible. People like Gide, Ivan Von Aun, etc. They are mind, they have denied their bodies, and sex is invariably painful to them, although in recompense their minds have saintly qualities. (Gertrude Stein) .

But the bi-sexual who has a very strong sense of the sex in their souls, of the creatively sexual content or quality of their souls, which we describe crudely by saying this person is sexy or vital, ^{or seductive} usually leads a life which is nominally heterosexual. Thus, I who am profoundly bi-sexual, have not had a homosexual contact since I was fourteen; so, too, Jonnie; so, Adele; so, Bob; so, Johnnie (I think); so Adeline; so, Bea; so, Gandy; so, Mules and Barbara Forst; so, Mickey Knox. We ~~thrive~~ flee the consequences of bi-sexuality, &S

indeed I still do. There are many bi-sexuals with "sexual souls" who are nominally homosexuals. Tots, Mike, camps, queens, and athletes. Invariably, they are very handsome men who in their adolescence began to sense with inner terror what it meant to have a sexual soul in a soulless society. It meant that their instincts (and the ease with which they could do it, given their beauty) to screw many women and, too, many men, would bring them into outrageous conflict with society because finally the tendency of the bi-sexual person is to look for the only which at its best could be the physical expression of the communion of souls. ^{But} ~~in the world, one need only mention it to see and feel the dangers.~~ ^{the only} So, the "homo-erotic" is a bi-sexual who chose homosexuality because it is safer despite its obvious disadvantages, than the open bi-sexual life, or even the wild heterosexual life, yet, and this is the core, the monogamous life was too over-bearing for them. As homosexuals, as camps, they could have all the orgies, all the promiscuity their souls truly needed, and the stain of homosexual was not too great a price to pay for the soul pleasures half afforded by the homo-erotic life. And, this, I believe accounts for the great dichotomy in homosexuals which ^{Bob} put his finger on so exactly. There are monogamous unfleshy mindless ⁱⁿ "pure" homosexuals, and there is a larger world of frightened bi-sexuals who masquerade ^{psychically} as homosexuals because in homosexuality they can express their essential and unrootable desire for combinations, experiments, creativity, bright clothing, the ornamentation of love, and all the other benefits. ~~However~~ The homo-erotics are the true "gay" people, just as the "pure" homosexual is the "queer". He is an egg-head, an intellectual.

157 156. The corollary of this is the Stalinist who in the better times is a man with a soul which feels acutely the outrages of society. But the good Stalinist like Charley Devlin cannot make the full repudiation of the world, it is too terrifying, and so he takes the half-repudiation of Stalinism, which with all its frightful restraints and smotherings, because he is terrified that to relinquish the world completely is to mean madness. And this is societies last weapon, the one which indeed is working on me now. For the first time in my life I have come to realize that I, too, could go mad or commit suicide. I do not really believe it, I spend most of my hours in stultification and enormous inner excitement, but there are moments at night when I am simply, soulfully happy that Adele is there, and that she understands me, and I can turn to her, and say, "Dady, I'm scared."

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157. What courage Adele has. She is as scared as I am, but she has faith in me. She knows I have to go this way, that I have to push to the end, that it is the basic expression of my character, and I tried to hide it in Croft, and in Hollingsworth and Lennie and McLeod, and in Lovett and Sergius, and finally in Marion Faye, and because I didn't succeed in hiding it, and have now discovered myself, I have to go on and make the attempt to be a genius, although all the odds are against that for any one person no matter how brave, no matter how talented. At least I have the conviction of my talent, but Adele has not yet found the conviction of her talent—which I come to believe she truly has—and so she has nothing to sustain her but her magnificent love for me.

158. What terrifies me is exactly this: I am shoving off into a total reevaluation of everything, I am declaring to myself (because I believe it) that I must trust what my instincts tell me is good rather than what the world says is good. Our fear of the ridiculous is societies polite way, its subtle way of telling us, that if we go beyond the ridiculous and cease to be afraid of it, the second price may be death. So, I feel as if I am about to embark on the second Freudian expedition into the unknown, and so far only one man, Freud, succeeded without paying for it in madness, death, or prison. But I feel optimistic. I feel that I can do it, and so I'm going to try. For the first time in my life I feel that I can be a great writer—I never really had that confidence before. I thought Naked was an imposture, and in a way it was—I was hiding behind it. But my real nature has been not to hide, but to go forward, and this I'm going to do.

159. The Fuck novel, Antacid Analgesic. The form could be the Fuck, The Ory, and the Masturbation, the Two, the Three, and the One. The man and the woman produce the child (the ory as the dramatization and communion of the man, woman, and child) and then ~~the~~ the isolation of masturbation which is solitary communion.

And out of solitary communion comes the Fuck and the trip around the circle begins again, Two, Three, One, Two, Three, One, etc.

Jan. 3, 1955

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160. If this record is to have any value, I have to be truthful, and today after a considerable New Year's weekend, I am definitely down. A reaction to too much Lipton's, too much fucking, simple and in combination, too many confessions, too many enthusiasms, too much talking, too much thinking—I feel exhausted, depressed, unpleasant, dirty. . . . and relieved. Because although I'm depressed, the fear that my manic mood was a prelude to insanity seems to have gone. The world is around me again, problems, distances, small worries, small revulsions, and mainly depression. But even as I'm writing this, my mood is picking up. For I had too much Lipton's last night, and by now I should know that too much leaves me with a bad hangover, and disgust at all the psychopathy I uncover in myself.

161. One of the curious effects of Lipton's is that it seems to take away my neurosis and expose me to all that is saintly and psychopathic in my character. Just enough Lipton's, and being alone with Adele, and the psychopathy is pleasantly expressed in fucking, and afterward I feel truly saintly and love everyone and am filled with compassion for mankind. But when I take Lipton's after being having pretty strenuously fucked-out, especially if people are around, then the amount of psychopathy in me is frightening—I could fuck anyone, including my sister, I could go on an orgy with anyone, I feel cold and confident and capable of pushing anyone into anything, and of course like all psychopaths I become enormously convincing and hypnotic in my effects on others.

162. What I dislike so much in myself today is that I'm no more than an intellectual demagogue—trying to rouse people to hysterical pitch in the cause of new wild ideas.

163. Perhaps a man kills because deep within himself he senses that if he does not kill another, he will soon kill himself.

164. With Marion Faye this took the form of having Ellen kill herself.

165. A psychopath expands one element of the emotional spectrum to full size. For example he will see the homo-fide sexual content in everything, but he sees it virtually to the exclusion of all else, and he sees it paranoically, i.e. as filling the world, filling the consciousness of the item's creator, the item's audience,

and of course, himself. In that sense, television is almost totally psychopathic, and that is part of its fascination. It creates such an enormous Present.

167. Any human scene, such as saying good-bye, which is protracted beyond its due length, is of course just alive with sexual implication.

168. Precise speech appeals only to those who know what is being talked about, and are interested. The cliché while it repels many people, actually has appeal across a vast spectrum. Precisely because it innuendo contains many meanings, and each can put into the cliché large portions of his own experience, the demagogue always speaks in clichés. I, as an intellectual demagogue, probably do no more generally than reinvigorate intellectual clichés. Man, an I down on myself today.

169. Our fear of ghosts and spirits may be our fear of all the truths (the human sensitivities) we have ignored in life—we feel we shall be punished for ~~them~~ overlooking them. So the beggar we pass on the street may well become the monster in our dream. This is perhaps the deeper meaning of A Christmas Carol.

170. On the other hand, people who love spirits and ghosts and hope they exist are the people at one end of the sensitive spectrum whose sensitivities have been abused all through life.

171. The sensitivity spectrum: To the poet, words are not only important, but he is even driven to tear up the individual word and try to find more meaning within. The general speaks in sentences so predictable that they are the equivalent of one word. For example: "Greater productive techniques are at the heart of delivering X bombs to Y target with maximum saturation, accuracy, and density." There are really only four words in the above sentence. Which occasions me to think: wonder if there has ever been a general in modern history who was also a decent poet. I believe not. Totally not. One kills individual people in order not to commit suicide, but one orders the deaths of vast quantities of people because life is always seen conceptually—in other words, the general has taken the life of the people to be murdered away from them by his mind, before he even gives the order. He is merely altering statistics. There have of course been writers like Malraux and Gary who have been good soldiers, but they were ~~phantoms~~ soldiers, not ~~unconscious~~ soldiers.

172 171. Does telepathic mean sick telepathy?

172. On television, many of the ads have their psychopathic appeal because the film is speeded up which makes the voice sound shriller. Listening to it on Lipson's, the voice is slowed down, but the high shrillness remains. There may be something to the whole business of frequencies, trebles, basses, fidelities, etc. In other words by altering electronically the quality of voices, advertising agencies may have discovered that better effects are produced. I think it's also probably true that psychopaths generally have subtly shrill tart voices—it's undeniable that hipster speech contains a fucking rhythm in it almost as powerful as music—I truly believe that I could fuck to the sound of a psychopath advertising anything, apart from the meaning the rhythm clearing fluid, spark plugs, whatever, but ~~unintentionally~~ ^{apart from the meaning the rhythm} of his voice is like a compelling beat. (Very syncopated speech.)

173. There is also the possibility as a wild speculation that we are all of us receivers and senders of electric waves, and that our sensitivity, our response to others is in indeed electric—we can tune in on some, we cannot on others.

174. Listening to Dizzy Gillespie last night I thought he was a genius.

175. Word echoes. I got a theory. I got a fearie. I got a fairy—fiery—foy—fury—phooie—we.

176. I suspect that an index to how close psychopathy exists beneath the surface may be taken from how readily a person takes to Lipson's the first time. The more they do, the more psychopathic they are.

177. Psychopathic love. Judging by myself, I would say that in the state of pure psychopathy, love is impossible, but the pure state is rare, and the psychopath in happy moods does borrow from the saint, and I have often loved in large sweet ways, overcome by the beauty of my mate, and willing to accept anything and everything in her.

178. Consider whether Elona after the car wreck could run away into the night screaming, "Why didn't you love me, Marion, why didn't you love me more?"

Jan. 12, '55

179. Sports and sex. The dive is the moment of orgasm, and the great diver is incapable of enjoying orgasm except in the sublimation of the dive.

180. Musicians. The saxophonist is the cock-sucker, the trumpeter is the ass-hole blower, the guitarist is the diddler, the bullfiddle man is the gooser, the drummer is the ass-beater, the pianist--??

181. Steve Allen talking while above his head girls walk by so that one sees them only from high-heeled shoes to the tops of their thighs. "If any of you folks have eaten in the last half hour I don't want you looking at the set." Right now he is giving a show in a pool at Miami Beach and the total effect is openly orgiastic.

182. I heard the StarSpangled Banner sung by a chorus over the radio, and the music was so arranged that the total effect of the sound was like the anguish of angels in hell—which is certainly a far cry from the usual Star Spangled Banner. Undoubtedly, instinctively, some slick conductor did it that way to filter into people the patriotic agony of our time. Slick artists are geniuses in their insight into society (rather than into man.) Anybody great at anything, even great at knitting, is the possessor of genius in that particular thing and has experiences different from anything we can know.

183. The competition of personality which marks the 20th century as the competition of economic interest marked the nineteenth century. Modern slick artists as well as serious ones have carried competition to a thing in itself, an artistry in itself.

184. Name for a Negro. Washington O. O. Lewis.

185. Be-bop chorus. Hey hey OO OO
You got no bee-bopping too.

186. We may all have a social image of ourselves, close to the despised image of ourselves. Thus, I always see myself as the sweet clumsy anxious to please Middle-class Jewish boy, and socially I admire poise, coolness, manners, elegance. Many of our relations with people consist entirely of our admiration for their social face. Those are the relations where I remain fixed in certain kinds of habit and

speech and never can express myself. As it used to be with Ted Amussen, Stan Rinehart, John Aldridge, and many others.

187. The secret of Marilyn Monroe's success is that she has a just-after-fucked look instead of a ready-to-fuck look. Thus she gives the image of sensual after-pleasure and accomplishment, rather than anticipation and uncertainty.

188. This is the age of anticipation rather than the age of accomplishment which was the Nineteenth Century. Thus, deep-down, what people seek today is the reverse of anticipation—simply, accomplishment, security, just as in the nineteenth century the urge among artists and exceptional ones was to rip up accomplishment in order to find anticipation.

189. Memory may be a layer of the original actuality. Thus, memories are often sweet because that is the way a part of us (our souls) really felt at the time. As a wild extra, *deja vu* may have reality—the soul may actually be capable of seeing into the future, especially if we see human life as extending not only in depth but across time.

190. There's no such thing as a meaningless remark—at the very least it comes from something or is against something, it contains a psychological reality.

191. How do you like my suntan is a way of saying, "How do you like my ass."

192. Fatty foods are cunt foods.

193. Bob told the pickle factory joke about the girl who was the pickle slicer. Its deep meaning is that essentially all production mechanisms employ the frustrated kinetic desires of people to do one thing or another, as *viz* the girl who wishes to suck and slice a thousand cocks a day.

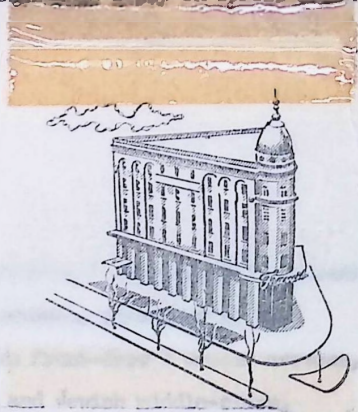
194. Obscenity substitutes. Suck my burning cock could become Cake my boning sock.

195. Obscenity echoes. Cock and Coko (Coca-Cola which comes in a phallic container.) But coke is also *dopo* in the south, and I have long remarked the "hipsterish" sensitivity of southerners who for close to a century now have been a psychically underground proletariat.

197. In Barbary Shore I planted the seeds of a great many things I am thinking today. Thus, the meaningless beginning of Chap. 16, by McLeod "You know, n'buclco, its onanists the world is forever shaping, and if you have a taste for dialectics it demands little more to see that it is only by onanism at last one can receive the world. . . . If this doesn't ring a bell for you now, it'll toll a mass someday, for ye're in the archetype." Or Lannie with echo obscenities—bubbles, baby, bubble that fat.

Jan. 20 from notes taken in Mexico Jan. 15 '55

197. The poor drawing (the drawing faulty in perspective or execution) actually shows one of the many ways in which we see things. Thus, the hotel drawing shown here is nominally bad because ~~in~~ the hotel seems to float in the air, but I wonder if a part of ourselves does not look at buildings built on street islands and see them as literally floating in air, and if indeed islands in general, do not have this quality of appearing suspended.



198. Looking at myself in the mirror, high on I
The left side of my face is comparatively heavy,
masculine knowledge, strong, proud, and vain. S
irresolute, tender, anxious, vulnerable, earnest,
The right side of my face is boyish, saintly, bisexual, psychopathic, and suggests
the victim.

199. This is the age of the war of the sensitivities. At a seemingly superficial level it is the battle of Dissent vs. Partisan Review vs. Commentary; or Carson McCullers and Paul Bowles and Truman Capote vs. Jones and Erly Mailer. On a larger scale it is the deep and furious warfare between first Freud, Adler, and Jung and now between Freudians, Reichians, Horneyans, etc. On an historical scale it was the conflict of sensitivities (the deep conviction of each that he alone saw the nature of reality) which set off the individual and collective murders in the contest of Lenin vs. Trotsky; Trotsky vs. Stalin; Stalin vs. Hitler—and now with the Cold War—the war of sensitivities becomes keyed to its full.

200. When we run across something we don't understand, and casually throw it out or ignore it, it is because we understand it much too well. This is true of all rejection.

As a corollary: What we erase is what we wish to emphasize. So the good writer crosses out the bad writing (the clichés) with which the ambitious part of his being had hoped to attract the public. Literary style is always the record of the war within a man.

201. The tragic air of Mexico about which everyone can agree comes from the great need of the Mexicans to have heroes—for without heroes a culture and a civilization can probably not be built, and if Mexico cannot rise to the level of a civilization it will perish. But to use Trotsky's style—Mexico arrives late on the stage of history in its attempt to found a civilization. So its heroes can never satisfy the Mexicans, for their cynicism is the cynicism of the world, and backward countries are equal to civilized countries in their cynicism. Mexicans therefore create heroes in order to destroy them—one notices that phenomenon in everything they do, —but once their heroes are destroyed by their cynicism, despair sets in, and sentimentality must follow to give the false rescue to despair. So the vicious circle revolves while the country slowly starves in its economic and political irreconcilables.

202. Rich boys are proud of being without money, middle class boys are not. The middle class boy who acts the poor life (such as bohemians) really wants to think of himself as aristocratic. Only the working class is proud of wealth and power. Which is why the aristocrats admire artists, the middleclass successful business men, and the workingclass admires politicians, racketeers, big trade union leaders, and money-making athletes. But here again is the dichotomy of mind vs. body, spirit vs. flesh. There is the deepest significance in whether we make our living with our hands or our minds, and through history moves the myth and probably the actuality of the swarthy stocky sexy proletariat, and the languid slender tall neurotic mind-ness of the aristocracy and the part of the bourgeoisie which aspires to it.

203. "Instants" and "moments". The instant when we look at a woman's lipstick

on a cigarette butt and feel a moment (a flatness with a ring of almost intangible anxiety.) The moment is our female identification with wearing lipstick and smoking.

204. John Walsh is a homosexual who genuinely is happy with "masculine warmth"—simply, the companionship of men. Thus, latent homosexuals of the order of Slim and Glenn and Glen who are masculine hard-swearers adventurers on the surface and who masquerade behind the joy of "masculine company" are drawn to the genuine desire in John.

A note on this is the type of the phallic narcissist who so very often has a name or nickname which ends in "n" or "m" of one syllable with a vowel in the middle. Thus, the company of Slim, Glenn, and Glen who look up John—all of whom (except ~~for~~ John,) call me Mom. Other examples are Jim Jones. I wonder if the general "n" sound at the end of the name is not an echo of Male/ and Mail.
(Echo: Spike and Trick)

It seems reasonable that people in coteries are drawn together by the sound of their names—that is, people ~~with~~ tend to like people with certain kinds of ~~my~~ names. If the coterie/ aspect of the personality is strong enough, the coterie is joined which most satisfies the type of personality. But what I wonder is whether such coteries are not worth studying to see if there is a ~~my~~ common denominator or several to the kinds and style of names. Carried to its ultimate the attraction that's felt for the name becomes genuine love and we have The Snob.

205. If I have qualities of genius, it is because in my case I have never found a home. I straddle many coteries and can never truly join any, yet I have a sensitivity and knowledge for each in myself. But that is why so many people see me as being tortured and nervous and obviously anxious. I have no home, no roots. —I am indeed the orphan hero of Barbary Shore and The Deer Park—and so all my anxiety is evident whereas it is buried in other people. And that is why Adele and I were drawn together—for she is an orphan as much as I am.

206. The Perfect Secretary is never the wife even though we call her an office wife. Rather, she is the Confidante, and what men seek in a secretary is the woman to whom all can be told. In proportion as the secretary is the perfect confidante

so she is the perfect secretary.

As a corollary, I think it's probably true that the sort of high-minded marriage where the mates hope to be able to confide (word echo: confine) everything to each other usually ends in a sexual bust, for part of the nature of marriage, part of the excitement of marriage rests exactly in the fugue of mutual deceptions and mutual revelations which are constantly altering. We fuck to ^{uncover} ~~uncover~~ a mystery—in extension it is truly the mystery of life—but in its immediate sense it is the mystery of personality, and there is something tasteless in fucking someone we know too well, which is why marriages which retain their sexual excitement create new elements of deception even as old ones are revealed, and that is also why ~~men~~ a man and a woman who have been good close friends for years can rarely strike up a good fuck—they have become instead mutual boss and secretary.

208 207. The night Bob spoke about Styron being through as a writer, I have the suspicion he was unconsciously talking to me directly, for I know he was deeply worried about me. Juan Bilbao talking to Betty Ford about Pat McCormick being through was actually warning Betty, and gloating over her future downfall with the part of him that hates Betty for all the abuse she gives him. As a general clue it might be worth noting when we hear a person talking over and over about how someone is through which of the people in the room (including the speaker) is really meant.

208. The affected person invariably says exactly what he feels, but he says it in a debased way. His thrust into life with all his actions and all his speech is actually a cry of pain. (Affected ~~men~~ people are always people in pain.) The cry of pain is put in a degraded form because the Affected Person knows (homeostatically) that this is less dangerous than the naked expression. But affected people are very close to being naked; they talk around the real subject, they create it by implication even as their actual words ridicule it. So they say, "I see God in the Yellow"—they mock a mystic experience, but by implication what they have also said is that the mystic experience was there. Affected people know that so long as they are laughed at, scorned, and ridiculed, they are still safe. No one

will take them seriously, and so no one will destroy them. Which is one reason why so many homosexuals, both homo-erotic and pure, but especially homo-erotic (the homo-erotic as masked bi-sexual orgiast being in the more dangerous position) are so affected, and even often label themselves homosexual despite the social disadvantages by wearing a particular form of dress, adopting a particular form of lisp or swish. Ergo: The Fop. The fop mocks himself, and yet by implication he is saying, "Whether you like it or not, I really am a gentleman." I am one of the privileged of sensibility." word added

210. How much real hatred there is over sensibility. The person of less sensibility truly hates or loves the person of greater sensibility (or avoids him or her) because what is involved is one's close relation to a larger kind of life--and it is most intolerable that we be deprived of that.

210. What we do on the surface is a genuine expression of our personality, true for us at some level of our being. Thus if we are friendly to a stranger, and feel nothing consciously, nonetheless we love them with a part of ourselves.

211. Homeostasis may be true of speech. It is possible that we say the best thing we are capable of saying at the moment given divergent desires. It is probable that we always do the best thing we are capable of doing at the moment, kill in order not to commit suicide, commit suicide in order not to kill--the best thing we are capable of doing ~~involves~~ involves the true and false judgement of the psyche, the judgement of the soul and the judgement of society, so that in a curious way the murderer is closer to his soul than the suicide, for what the soul must always say is Do the thing which will enable you to continue living.

212. Our perception of others is never anything other than an exploration of ourselves. Those parts of society we know least about are indeed the parts to which we are drawn least--at any moment of development--and so we see them from the outside, we see objectively, evaluatively. The objective sense of society is dependent upon a lack of genuine attraction to the subject, ^{and insight about it.} Somewhere along the way a curious game is played with the self--certain kinds of people take on work which is so alien to them, and yet so necessary in the defenses it provides, that

they can be safe for their entire lives, if albeit a bit dead. Which is why academicians are dull—they have given themselves to a subject they are not close to spiritually—usually to hide some other deeper drive of their nature. They conceal the rampant murderer, lover, adventurer, etc. within themselves from themselves. Which would account for why so few editors know anything about books, why so few analysts know anything about human nature, so few sociologists anything about society, why so few anthropologists have a real feeling for primitive peoples, why so few historians have a poetic intuitive sense of history. But one could extend the list forever. The most obviously painful and pressing is the lack of real political understanding among diplomats and bureaucrats, the ignorance of war which characterizes most generals. Indeed, one of the great battles of the twentieth century is that more and more people are attuned to their occupations. People with a real feeling for law enter the law, analysts with real sensitivity become analysts, and there is a war mounting between the academicians and the ones with true vocation. The Nineteenth century ^{was} built upon the solid obtuse blocks of the academicians—the Twentieth century is torn by the desire to blast the bricks into dust and the anxiety to retain them.

214

213. Word echos. Son is sin. Like the insane woman who ~~impatiently~~ tore off the cortisone label because it was saying sin to her.

Jan. 21, 1955

214. Word echos. Possible way to handle obscenity. If we want to say like the nigger's asshole--I could put it ~~like~~ like the negro's sassoil or like the negro's sass-oil.

215. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday were all big days (Jan 21 to 23) and I had so many thoughts, feelings, etc. that I was almost flooded by them. Today, after a ball last night, and too much fucking and Lipton's I am still not depressed which is a good sign. Perhaps the second I took with the ~~inner~~ Lipton's has a good effect. Anyway, let me see how much of it I can remember, recast, and state for the first time.

216. To begin with, one of the great divisions of personality occurred to me last night, and that is, one can divide people generally into takers and givers. Naturally there is an infinity of variations in the duality, and the giver always has his counterpart within himself of the taker, but it is best described by mentioning people. I am essentially a giver and not a taker which is why so many people see me as a bully. Adele is on the surface a taker rather than a giver--except in sex--but that is truly a defense against her great desires to give which would flood her away. Danny is a taker not a giver, so Malaquais. Devlin a giver. My mother is a giver--like me she cannot take, neither advice, nor presents, nor even in a funny way, love--she must give, give, give. Bob is one of those rare people who is both a giver and a taker--primarily a giver, but he can also take which accounts for his healthiness. Larry and Barbara are takers, my father is a taker. Generally, givers are "generous", bullying, dominating, somewhat overbearing, anxious, guilty, lively, and apparently open. Takers are secretive, private, often sensitive--especially on what they receive--sly, greedy, subtle, envious, passive, and just as the giver feels anxiety when it is a question of receiving, so the taker has great anxiety about giving. All performing artists are almost pure givers. People with a relaxed tweedy wit are takers. Givers tend to be sloppy or loud in their dress (the sloppy dresser and the loud dresser are the same thing)--takers are invariably neat.

self-pitying, compassionate

1

superior in their own eyes

Giver's express the masculine creative-destroying principle, taker's the ~~man~~ feminine conserving-principle. The irony is that givers open other people to their souls but takers are essentially closer to their souls. (Dave Kessler is a giver, Ann Kessler is a taker.) Susy worries me because while she is both a giver and a taker both are generally suppressed, and people who suppress both are in for a rocky road. Givers and takers always reveal themselves over things like picking up a check.
~~217~~ Whenever I am threatened or have suffered some disaster I pick up every check in sight.

218. Now I'm getting to love my Journal. It is the refuge. A clean feeling of work comes over me at the thought that I have a full day to give to the Journal and do not have to rush around. It is my way of moving from total giver to at least half-taker.

219. Spies are takers, as are snobs. Affected people are givers. There is that subtle distinction between the snob and the fop.

220. Thoughts about the Deer Park. After the auto crash, Elena first weeps the Oh-Charlie-forgive speech, but that is not right—she cannot believe it entirely, and so to it, she adds, "Oh, Marion, why didn't you love me more."

221. When Elena is first introduced and makes her silly boner about melted ice cream, Eitel could give a little protective speech about how right Elena is essentially—
for commodities are altered today by warming them up or cooling them down. And Sergius could wonder if Elena was one of those sensitive ones for whom life was so painful that she could speak her wisdom only in the words of a fool.

222. Wrestlers and boxers. Another great dichotomy in people. Givers are wrestlers—takers are boxers. It even carries over into love. Boxers are unisexu~~al~~s, wrestlers bisexuals. The taker likes hard sharp fucking unless they are being done top—like the boxer's rub-down after a fight. The wrestler has his rubdown in the fight. I am a wrestler, and my idea of love is more the embrace, the love-play, the lingering and swelling, rather than the rat-tat-tat of hard fast fucking. And what I remember is that the first orgasm of my life (which was the best) came when I was thirteen and wrestling with a boy.

222. Homeostasis and sociostasis. I am going to postulate that there is not only homeostasis, (which is the most healthy act possible at any moment for the soul) but there is sociostasis which is the health of society so that like people, but acting in the reverse direction there is a sociostatic element in man placed there by society which resists and wars and retreats against the onramps of homeostasis which is the personal healthy rebellious and soul-ful expression of man. In the course of a human's life the child is born all homeostatic (unless the mother has communicated sociostatic components to the embryo) but generally the years of childhood are years in which the homeostatic principle or life-force is blocked, contained, damned, and even destroyed by the creation of sociostatic elements--the child is partially turned into someone who will serve the purposes of society. The essential animal-~~and~~ soul life is contained, forced underground, denied. But as people get older, ~~invariably~~ there is this great tendency for the homeostatic principle to assert itself--middle-aged people kicking over the traces. Depression is the symptom of trench warfare between homeostasis and sociostasis. Contentment is the ^{temporary} victory of sociostasis. Terror and elation are the temporary victory of homeostasis. War is the collective symbolic act of man's betrayal--society opens man to his homeostatic needs but turns them to the service of sociostasis. War in that sense is not the health of the state (Randolph "ourno) but rather is the desperate expression of sociostasis. Society chooses a terrible alternative, but it is the best alternative open to it, given the worse alternative of society disappearing. (From its point of view of course, not mine.)

223. What I have noticed is that over the years although I have spoken of society as nominally no more than a concept, the fact is that I believe there is such a tangible physical reality as society. As there is material man, there is material society. And I have even been one of the few to attempt to locate society--I have called it over and over the sum of man's actions. But as a wild speculation, I wonder if society does not actually have its material physical presence in life, in the very structure of atoms or molecules or even intra-atom structures of a certain sort as opposed to other homeo, or life-force, intra-atom structures. As a crude example, the total presence of buildings and structures in the world is an expression of society--it is part of the physical principles of society.

In other words buildings do have a kind of life (and there is a basis although of course inaccurate in feeling ghosts in old houses). What I try to say is that a building is alive but it is not alive like animals or humans or even plants (I'm not at all sure of the last). In other words there are two kinds of life-forms in the universe. Animal forms and socio-structural forms of life, and they war upon one another. As a more stimulating example, I would say that the laws of physics for example are not something static and to be discovered for all time piece by little piece, but that just as man/~~man/animal/structure~~ evolves, ~~man/animal/structure~~ so too does physics evolve. The physical laws of today are not the same as the physical laws of five thousand years ago, for example, and certainly not the same as the physical laws of five million years ago. I will put it crudely. Five million years ago ~~one~~ plus ~~one~~ might have been equal to ~~one~~. Five thousand years ago ~~one~~ plus ~~one~~ were equal to ~~one~~. Today, ~~one~~ plus ~~one~~ is equal to ~~one~~, but the answer is certainly not ~~one~~, thanks to Einstein. What is present in this, and intellectually enthralling is that man, life, wars against the sociostatic principles of society (Other-Life) and of physics too. Said otherwise, man is not merely a creature of the universe—his concerted creative expression of the life-force alters the universe even as the universe alters him. So that, philosophically, we may be coming upon a time when the circle will be closed, or rather the spiral rounded and man will again see himself as the center of the universe, rather than as the victim of the universe. Put as the Grand Theory of Relativity it comes out thus: As man discovers the universe, so he ~~discovery~~ changes the very laws of its being. I suspect Planck's Quantum theory would throw interesting lights on this if I knew anything about it. Also what ~~Bob~~ said about the nearness of the instruments to the experiment.

224. My character. I have always been a philosopher masquerading as a novelist because philosophy was not a proper expression of our time. It had become the province of takers—scholar—academicians. Cut another way I am the boy sent out by God to do a man's job, the saint who must explore psychopathy. For the sociostatic principle protects itself in times of danger by trying to choose the man least fit to do the job (when it is a question of a human whose total life movement is rebellious, anti-social, essentially homeostatic.) So I who was one of the worst soldiers ever

to go into an Army, one of the people who had the least feeling for Army life, nonetheless was the one who had to capture the psychology inside and out of the Army. I, who am timid, cowardly, and wish only friendship and security, am the one who must take on the whole world. (The small trumpet of my defiance). I, whose sexual nature is to cling to one woman like a child embracing the universe, am driven by my destiny to be the orgiast, or at least the intellectual mentor of orgiasts. I, who find it essentially easier to love than to hate; I who could probably find more people to love in the world than anyone I know, am destined to write about characters who are conventionally "unlovable". I, who in another time would have been the contemplative spirit which filled a cathedral/^{with love} see my soul-duty as the man in the vanguard, the assassin in the night, the demolitioner, the rapist, the arsonist, the murderer, the great destroyer. No wonder society chose me as the man to go to the end of the night--nobody could be more unfitted for the job. Contrariwise, Job is the psychopath sent out to become a saint. Yet, each of us take our hard road. As I become tougher, more adventurous, more of a fighter, so Job becomes more good. I am willing to bet he is a far kinder, more good person today than he used to be.

225. Remember: The fear of being ridiculous deprives one of more knowledge than the desire to be ridiculous. Turn life on its head, see all the movies upside-down.

226. In The Journal of Marion Faye, the climax of the novel (novel?) should be a prison-break which is frustrated, and becomes no more than a hold-out war with hostages in the attempt to get reforms. The two movements of society--revolution and reform could be explored. Marion of course is the ringleader of the gang.

227. The movement of my writing. Naked is a saintly book, Everything is understood and forgiven. Barbary is the attempt to do two things at once. The characters are psychopaths who think of themselves as saints and saints who have acted like psychopaths (Moleed). The Deer Park is a parade of psychopaths. I pretend to be condemning, but what repels most people from the book is that I am really saying Rejoice in these people--they are marvelous, they are helping us to destroy the world. The Deer Park is perhaps the first successful and almost-honest expression of myself as a ~~just~~ saint writing about psychopaths and loving them. But the neurotic little boy clouded the issue and tried to make people think he was condemning

228. I have always been the romantic masquerading as the realist. That is what has given the peculiar tension (word echo peculiar for peculiar--In the peculiar there is air,) to my work. Now, as I become aware that I am really an enormous romantic my work may suffer tremendously for some time. It is certainly true that the style of this journal is almost unrelentingly crude mainly because I have so much to say.

229. To condemn. To condemn. Or MM. Norman Mailer, or in society Mailer, Norman which is MM which is conde MM. Or cunt and Mailer. I condemn because I see that as a masculine act, and in the past I have been trying to hide my cunt from people. Now I advertise my cunt because I have more confidence in my cock (Do I?) or are the defenses retreating? Anyway, as I expressed in an earlier note, the sounds of N and M are highly masculine, Glen, and Slim, and Mohn, etc. And the sound of 'r' is a very active masculine sexual word. It is Red, Rage, Ire, Cholera, Red, Race, Rough, Rail, Roll, Riot, (In this sense there are good words and bad words. Words whose meanings and whose consonants and vowels are compatible--there is a psychic onomatopoeia to them. Anglo-saxon is full of this and the focus of anglo-saxon-obscurities. Fuck, piss, cock, shit, cunt, prick, suck, . . . and ~~frank~~ luck. Luck is the loving fuck the universe gives one. And 'L' probably has psychic connotations of tenderness, clinging, fullness--to wit, love, lust, lewd, languish, lair, lie, lady, lass, etc. Now, P and S. Piss and Shit. But there may be a crossing here. Hidden and reversed onomatopoeias for Puh is close to the sound of shitting and ssssss is close to the sound of pissing. Thus the Ses and Pss get into words like Shut Up. (Stop pissing and shitting.) Naturally, everything I've said here applies only to English. In other languages there are undoubtedly profound psychic differences in the meanings of sounds because after all the consonants and vowels of foreign languages are never exactly identical to English. I'm not enough of a linguist to trace obscurities and nuances of other languages, but what occurs to me in a small way is that our R in English may be conveyed by the JO (pronounced Cho as in Hebrew) of the Spanish. For example angry is enojo, red is rojo. Anyway, back to condemn and MM. This entire note came out of the curiosity I felt about leaving out the N in condemning as the last word of note 227.

230. Our resistance about changing the spelling of the English language, and our

teaching of new methods of learning to read by syllables rather than by letters may have profound meaning sociostatically. It may be a sociostatic retreat that ~~reversing~~ the teaching of reading is changing, it may be a sociostatic advance. The little 'curiosity' that English is spelled so unphonetically may be a very large and important actuality. I suspect that English more than other languages is very close to expressing psychic onomatopoeias. Therefore we muck it up with spellings which divert us from what is really being said. Thus receipt and ~~receipt~~ decoit (I can no longer spell it)—decoit, and seat. If they were spelled ~~reseat~~ reseat, and deseat, and seot, the echo of receipt—our rage at potential decoit—would be obviously decoit and seat, ^{It would} which is somehow, I feel, tied up with our asses and our ass-holes. ~~which~~ all be too evident. Countries like France and Spain do not have such vast separations between society and soul—therefore, they can afford to spell more phonetically—their people aren't burning so to close the discrepancy. There may well be a material (that is bio-chemical) basis to such things as National Character—it comes from language. Even in America no one can convince me that Southerners and Northerners are not seriously different.

232 231-Rojo and ojo. Red and Eye. Ire and Eye. Ire or Rage are the anger released at suddenly "seeing". We actually say, I saw red. And "rage" It is the red of age—our fury at how ~~society makes us die~~. Only ~~man~~ ^{man} sees death as death. ~~Animals~~ ^{animals} see death as danger. *Except dogs. Dogs seem to understand death.*

232. Man and his dog. Two neurotic beings. For the dog above all ~~animals~~ is capable of being domesticated, and seems to live with the same love-guilt-rage-sorrow axis as man. For the dog like man has two nervous systems—shall we call them dogcostasis and ~~man~~ masteriostasis? The dog is not only a dog, he is also his master. Biochemically, his master has gotten into him. That is why we have such contempt for dogs. We say What a dog, or A dog's life. It is because we see ourselves, in our tragic contradiction, cowed by society. Dog is God spelled backwards.

233. For three years while writing The Deer Park I felt as if I never had a new idea of any value. Now I have so many I can't keep up with them. My three year depression was indeed the muttering, the artillery rumble of the great battles in my brain.

234. Romance and realism. Naked seems to be a realistic journalistic novel. But I was actually talking on the first crude statement of what will probably be the intellectual theme of my life. Those who are Naked (homeostatic) and those who are Dead (Sociostatic). For underneath, as Laughton has been saying over and over, the men in Naked are Heroes, and Naked is the story of a group of men who each individually makes a terrible journey, a long journey. All of Naked is a Journey, structurally, thematically, symbolically. It was prophetic for myself—up to a point. The men (me) that is (No—Norman) (Norman—No man but for his R)—his red ruddy root.) —————Anyway, No, the Men, are mired in the jungle, the world, the contradiction, the depression—and then they are sent out to to explore, to adventure—they end up climbing the mountain of Philosophy because their leader Croft (What is in his name?) (Coughed, roft—raft, rift, roft, ruft—coughed with rage—and indeed these days my cough is getting milder—Crift, Craft, (Kraft), Crowft, Cryft, Cruft, Crot (Crotch?) and Crof—I can't find anything which seems really revealing.—————Anyway, because their leader Croft who is obviously the saint-psycopath in me, just as Cummings is the Affected/sociostatic version of Croft and of me,—anyway, Croft leads them up the mountain toward God. (Treating them incidentally like dogs, just as I in a part of myself used to treat the rest of me as if I were a dog.) But I couldn't resolve it at the point where I was then. The neurotic Jewish boy had to condemn and put in a degraded form the highest expression of himself—Croft, McLeod, Marion—and so I ducked out the back door, and left the mountain to God, and let the hornet's nest (What a symbol! I sure kicked it open with The Deer Park) chase the men down the mountain. Even Croft. But at least he knew that the mountain was Everything. The jungle is depression, the mountain is terror and exaltation.

235. The saint and the psycopath are homeostatic rather than sociostatic. But there is one way—so long as there is history (one day we shall have his soul rather than history) —there is one way the psycopath is superior to the saint. The psycopath is the giver rather than the taker—he may appear to take, to ravish, to steal, to cheat, but actually he is giving—he beats, he thumps, he prods, he wounds, he leaves his knife in the victim, he leaves his terrifying presence in the empty bank vault, he leaves his malice in the breast of the sucker (What a word. The sucker is always a taker.) The saint, on the other hand, who seems to give

(when he is so inclined) goodness and charity and works and hope, is actually taking in the psychic sense. He aroused goodness in people, he drains them of wrath, he takes from everyone around him, thereby enabling people to feel alive which is the same as feeling one is good. Hemingway saw it. He always says I felt good for I felt alive. (Word echoes: Good and O God; Woe is me and Woman). But, fundamentally, the saint is taking from people, taking so that he may reach God. Which is why deep down we resent saints and admire psychopaths. For saints take from us (they are beyond words and so cannot give) and psychopaths always give. Which is why I like Jonesie. As I always said about him, "When he's around you get the feeling that things are going to happen, and indeed they often do."

237 236. In the saint-psychopath sense, all of human history is the story of the movement of man from psychopath (giver) to saint (taker). If we reach Utopia which is God we shall all be open Takers communing with the Universe.

237. This is the best day I've had on the Journal since I began it.

238. ~~Stravinsky~~ I was deeply instinctively right in Naked to go in for obscenity. Society fights obscenity because the truths of the universe are hidden in it. Sociostasis forces the truths of the universe to be hidden in all degraded forms. (I meant to say forms, but actually forms are frome-derivatives, substitutions.) Our fascination with evil does not come because we, humankind, are evil—it is because evil is the degraded expression sociostasis permits of the good, of the life-force. The abstract social contract (the contract where man abandoned simple forms of social cooperation—where every man knew every other man—the simple social contract) became frozen for Western civilization at least on the massive sociostasis of the Catholic church which deprived humankind of sex and embodied sex in itself. For what the church said is that the Mystery (of the creation of man) is bodiless rather than body. It said that Life and the Good (God) comes from the joining of the Virgin with The Father, The Son, and The Holy Ghost. Man as soul wanted to say, Fucking is Holy, but it's no Ghost.) Society said: Fucking is no Ghost, but it is very evil.

239. Yet the course of human history reveals something else. Which is that

homeostasis through the centuries has been on the advance. Indeed, it should be, for homeostasis accepted its enemy sociostasis in order that homeostasis might grow. (My God, dialectics.) But each victory of homeostasis created a now more highly complex form of sociostasis, more capable of dealing with the more alive and varied homeostasis. That is why Western man today is at the edge of the abyss--the war is at an incredible level of subtlety and enormity. Yet the hope is that the social forms do change as they retreat. Today saintly people do go into the Catholic Church, but they bore from within. The Church as it appears to get more flexible,--and indeed its techniques amaze one with their variety, subtlety, power and insight,--is nonetheless weakening. Saints and psychopaths are running wild through it, altering its sensibility. The church is being hipsterized. Television, Sheen, advertising, talk of the Pope's mistress at cocktail parties on the East Side, and in the arm of the Church, the F.B.I., they are getting paranoid sensitivity which is rendering them ridiculous to the liberal, and frightening to the conservative. The FBI is just swept with the psychology of secret policemen who project onto the enemy their own enormous criminality. The result--for paranoids are usually right except that they have neglected the little matter of Elme, they have over-anticipated--is that the FBI is suffering from the most acute sense of being right, and yet to their horror, wherever they have scientific tests they discover they are more often wrong than right, even though they fight admitting it. The result is ferocious unbearable anxiety. The-anxiety-of-statesmen. One reads the word every day--a far cry from Victorian statesmen. So, there is hope. For even as homeostasis is tortured, so too is sociostasis. The mass-communication media are always in danger of getting out of hand, the hipsters spread and so does hipster sensitivity. Hipsters are generally talkers, they are cool, but hipsters will take even action from Givers, and great Givers are growing.

240. For years, unknowingly, I talked like a bopster. Quickly, confusingly, one moment seeming to make great sense, the next moment bewildering, ideas knocking one another on the head, emotional currents of communication thrown out rather than precise wording, stumbling, stammering, racing, articulate and inarticulate often on the same word, and never going to orgasm, but trailing off so that I left my listeners excited, stimulated. . . and frustrated, irritated.

241. Bobop. P and B are sibling consonants, almost identical twins. Like T and D. So Bobop is be pop or pee pop—o ahead father, piss. The trickling quality of the orgasm is implicit in the word, but so, too, is the subtlety, the lingering, the capacity to say many things at once. Man is at the point where the highest developed humans are starting to communicate on more than one level at the same time, and the words on bobop records can mean two or three things at the same time. It is absolutely conceivable that humans will speak in the style of Finnegan's Wake in centuries or milleniums or possibly much sooner.

242. Writer's blocks exist because the writer is in danger. His sociostatic forces are mobilized against where his homeostatic urges are leading him, and if the danger is great enough, nothing will come out. Life is pure depression. What is a more usual case is that the writer advances ~~against~~ slowly against his sociostasis, burdened with depression. A novel is the record of a sociostatic retreat if it is a great or good novel. A bad novel is the record of a sociostatic advance (all this of course relative to the talents, the danger, and the homeostatic energy of the creator) ~~against~~ and the bad novel being the record of a sociostatic advance ^{satisfaction} is written usually more rapidly and with more ~~excitement~~ until the hangover comes—the homeostatic urges (homeodynamic would be a much better word)—Now, I've got it. Homeostasis is not homeostatic at all. It is homeodynamism vs. sociostasis.)
—The hangover comes because homeodynamic forces are enraged at the self and shame is felt. Thus: for people: Homeodynamic expression arouses emotions of guilt which are generated by sociostasis. Sociostatic expression arouses emotions of shame which are generated by homeodynamism. Thus guilt and shame are not close—They are Polar.

243. Golfers are people who take their one ball and whack it a mile away they are so angry their other ball was taken away/ years ago. Of course there are also putters who love to nudge their little ball lovingly. Iron shooters I don't dig although there's a lot in the word. Sand-blasters seem obvious, I think. They want to do a real big blast but they don't want the ball to go too far away. Not to mention hooks and slices. They must be very painful to a one-balled man.

244. Put another way, the sociostatic ~~mechanism~~ mechanism in writers allows them each time to express their thought in the least dangerous way for society. So,

depending on the kind of personality, the time, and the style and expression of the homeodynamic urge and the sociostatic repression (In their philosophical extensions these are very different from id and super-ego)—mainly because Freud saw id as generally "bad" and I see it as generally "good"—I am turning Freud on his head just as Marx turned Hegel on his head.) ^{Let's repeat:} ~~Swallowing~~ the sociostatic repression always allows the writer the least ^{dangerous} ~~dangerous~~ (to society) expression of his vision. The ~~homeodynamic~~ ^{homeodynamic} demands the most. Given conditions, the compromise, to wit the work, is always the best possible expression, the most efficient compromise. Which is why I say homeostasis is the compromise of homeodynamism and sociostasis.

245. But look at the philosophical results of this. It states that whatever we did in the past was the best possible thing we could have done and there is no use whatsoever in regretting our past actions. Indeed as analysts have discovered guilt is often used to keep from moving forward. And if people believed what I say here, sociostasis would suffer an enormous set-back, a great rout, ~~indeed~~ for the expressions of homeodynamism would be more positive, more adventurous, —the cavalry so to speak of sociostasis would be dismounted, and the charges with the sword ^(Psychoanalysts) replaced. (As indeed unhappily they have been —by tanks? / which reminds me that in the 112th Cavalry all the ignorant Texans used to spell it Calvary.)

246. It also suggests that action quite unlike society's view of it, is not single but double. Action is a compromise. It is the putting to rest of two irreconcilables, and no action is ever meaningless.

247. Which leads me to the one and the two. Society is always saying X is One. ^{knows} Man always ~~says~~ ^{knows} X is Two. For example, Society says crime is bad. Religion is good. Man knows that crime is bad but beneath the crime is goodness; religion is good but beneath it is death and evil. One is a unity. It is static. Two is infinity. That is to say in the act "ideationally" of moving from one to two we pass through an infinity of movements from the one to the two. 1.0, 1.0000000001, 1.0000000002 and so forth. Stasis is one. Movement is infinite. That is why the novelist is so important. For centuries now he has been one of the few who keep saying in the good man there is bad, in the bad man there is good—he keeps us alive

to the scope of infinity which does not diminish man but ennobles him. Society always wants one. That is why totalitarianism is its final expression, and its final victory if it could ever achieve it, but thank God I don't see how it can.

248. English is so magnificently blunt. It says GOOD and EVIL. The Latin languages are far less direct it seems to me. But that's because the Church got a strangle hold on Latin.

249. To go back to note 244. The sociostatic repression allows the writer the least dangerous (to society) expression of his vision (homeodynamic urge). Therefore, style gives the clue usually to what happened in the soul. The great stylist is indeed a man who relatively does not have too much to say. There are geniuses like Joyce, Proust and Mann who said an awful lot but the difficulties of their style kept them alive so to speak—they would have been hung if people had been able to understand them. To the other side are the bad stylists like myself who are just overflowing with ideas. My sociostatic defense is that I express them so badly that nearly everyone reading this journal would take me for a crank. My de sociostatic defense at this stage is to allow the ideas to come in such waves that all is confusion. The S.D. (Social Democrat) hopes that I'll waste those ideas by throwing them away in the crudities of the style. But even this is dangerous for it. For years my brain was most alive when I was incapable of taking a note, of trapping the thought. And in my novels like *Barbery* and *Deer Park* where I had comparatively few ideas, I could reach them only through great pain, and the most stubborn depression and writing blocks. Yet I broke sociostatic things in myself. I have lost weight and with it depression. I am manic, alive, filled every day with the excitement and revelation of everything I see. Bergler who has homeodynamic impulses so vast that he has to smother them in the most violent reactionary sociostasis, too violent even for his confreres, reveals great truths by the absurdity of his dictums. And once in awhile he is magnificently right, despite himself. So I understand that he wrote that the writer writes away the defense in the course of writing. And that is so true. There is that wonderful line in *The deer park* which goes: "There was that law of life, so cruel and so just, which demanded that one must grow or else pay more for remaining the same." So the writer has to grow

and the more his talent the more he has to grow. Which is why it is so awful and so exciting to be a novelist. Of all the art forms it is the one where one can hide the least, and in this country where growth is the most accelerated there is small wonder that American novelists die artistically very young. To be a great American novelist demands a superman. That is why great writers in America are not able to turn out work after work of equal value—the moment they do not continue to grow, the sociostatic defenses chase them back in a rout, as indeed they have to for the great American writer is living very dangerously.

250. Joyful thought. What's going to happen to Bergler? Whether he knows it or not he's in danger of blowing his brains out because the alternative would be to murder one of his Don Juan patients and Bergler is too sociostatic for that. I expect troubled days for the Horr German Doctor.

251. Children's eating. Animals know the food they need, simple animals. Rats in laboratories eating white powders at will and thriving better than their controls who are given the best administered diets. But that is because animals have a single nervous system. Children are born with a single nervous system, the homeodynamic, but the years of their childhood are the years when the sociostatic nervous system is set into the child. It is obviously a turbulent abrupt set of victories and defeats for the two systems, and so one is working and then the other. Therefore, ~~then~~ simply, there are times when children eat exactly what they need, there are other times when their eating is completely sociostatic and very bad for them. Homeodynamic eating always preserves life. Sociostatic eating is to preserve society, quell rebellion, but in the process the body may be injured. Sweet poisonings for example coming out of the languorous libidinous frustrations of the wrestler-giver. Which is what fat people very often are—certain kinds of fat people, Adeline, Jenny Silverman, others.

252. Everybody is both male and female, heterosexual and homosexual—a commonplace—but what isn't realized is that there are two kinds of sexual people—those who are essentially bi-sexual, and those whom I will call uni-sexual. Bi-sexuals make long clinging imaginative love passages, wanderings, where the orgasm is merely the regretted terminus rather than the climax. Uni-sexuals make short love, be it

cold or hot, love which is harsh, active, emotional, rigorous, and oriented to climax. Analysts generally would call unisexuals healthy, bi-sexuals unhealthy, but I wonder. Because bi-sexuals are more developed and their lovemaking is a more painful but richer playing out of the homeodynamic--sociostatic conflict. Unisexuals have habits which enable them to suppress one or the other. So they are either potent or frigid but it is over quickly and their minds ~~do~~ go into hibernation. The bisexual is stimulated, frightened, is at the edge of the mystery, is frustrated, comes back, flees, sweats cold, loses him or herself, has a great thought or perception, feels love, loses love, chases it again, and so forth.

Now to the difference of male and female components in uni-sexuals and bi-sexuals. The unisexual is all male or all female on the surface. Undersneath, and deeply buried except as they reveal themselves in their habits is the reverse. So, a woman of the uni-sexual variety is apparently feminine, calm, capable, good housewife, efficient, motherly, light on make-up, likes the short brisk act, and is drawn unconsciously toward other women and her ~~present~~ male partner as a male. The unisexual male if he is nominally heterosexual ~~is~~ and healthy is aggressive toward women in an easy way, has short quick fucks, is decisive, executive, athletic, and is unaware of the woman in him, although he is subject to sudden aggressive and passive homosexual panics and indeed even actions.

Bisexuals are much more consciously aware of the male and female in them. They are therefore anxious, "sex-obsessed", orgasmic, and. . . . stable. Because whether they make love to a man or a woman the man-and-woman in the bi-sexual makes love to the woman-and-man in the partner. There is always a quartet going on. Every time a bi-sexual fucks even with a unisexual there is an orgy—at least three people are present and one is watching (the unisexual's buried self). Therefore, the bi-sexual may appear to have great variety and questing in the choice of partners but the bi-sexual is essentially making love always to the same partner, ^{PARTNERS!} but deepening the act by experience. Unisexuals are much more subject to real sexual anxiety attacks because the anxiety is more buried and the action is more compulsive.

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253. The advances in medicine may well be an expression of the S. (I am sick of writing sociostasis. From now on S for that and H for homeodynamics). Put briefly, the increase in the war between the H and the S has rendered people so physically sick, their bodies so overcome by the false nutritions offered by S, that they are literally in danger of dying faster out of essentially nervous ailments. Sexual ailments—sex being the euphoria of the nervous system when it is satisfactory. Therefore more and more money has gone into research, and the antibiotics have come—without then mortality rates might have increased, and one of the strong advertisements society always has to offer is to say, "Look, because you obey us, you live longer. Medical research is society." The anti-biotics were lying around for years—penicillin was discovered back sometime in the twenties, but it wasn't necessary then—it is today. Uncle Dave would have died without cortisone, and he is one of the perfect examples of a man who was strong, capable, executive, dynamic, and then past fifty was suddenly ravaged by asthma—the rage of the soul at how he had not lived. But his case is not the ~~typical~~ exception. Now, otherwise, can one account for the perfect obsession with cancer which runs through people, and the millions spent on research. I'm certain that when the cause of cancer is truly discovered, it will be psychosomatic.

254. The predictor, the prophet, and the gambler are cousins. The prophet has a saintly confidence—he is so certain he is right that he can afford to wait until he is dead before his prediction will be realized or confounded. The predictor is a gambler operating with social sanction. The gambler is a man (or woman) who feels in his bones that he is right and the whole world is wrong—but he also feels that he is wrong and the world is right. The uncertainty is so intense that he must make prophecies about events which occur in the next hour, for he must have the objective correlative. (In that sense he is a scientist.) I think Bob Lindner is right and yet not right in his assessment of the gambler playing with destiny—defeat one side, insanity the other. It may not be so desperate as that. The gambler feels his soul, he also feels society—he is essentially betting that his intuitions, his sensitivity, is greater than the world's. And the reason certain gamblers lose is not necessarily their Bear that if they're right they will go mad, so much as

their fear that they will have to become all-out rebels, and pit themselves against the world. So, painful as it is, they invariably lose. After all, the value of losing is that one can tell oneself that one was right except for bad luck. So one can remain a conformist and still maintain one's deep private respect for one's intuitions. But to win does not permit such ambiguity, such "double" profit. It lays down an imperative. "You were right," says victory, "Go ahead and rebel." Which is why victory often produces deep depression. Certainly this is true of victories one has not sought—like my victory in having *The Deer Park* published. What I have said above applies mainly to the long-shot player, the man who roots for the underdog. There is the other kind of gambler who plays favorites, and his psychology is also fascinating. Victory tells him the world is right which is what he wants to hear because he suspects the opposite. Defeat is unbearable because it tells him he was wrong; such a man often flies into a rage. Yet, I wonder if he is not secretly thrilled by the underdog defeating his favorite. He would not be a gambler in the first place if he were not unconsciously obsessed with the whole business of the soul's insights against the world's insights. He gambles *malgré lui*, he is drawn into it cautiously, slowly, reluctantly. Gambling on favorites is his ~~my~~ defense against gambling on underdogs, gambling on his own intuitions. Men who bet on favorites are invariably successful men who are beginning to be deeply dissatisfied with their success; long-shot players cover a great range of what seems to be cranks, sneaks, weird-o's, rummies, whores, junkies, etc.

255. The above note. I did not have a deep depression when Futnam took the book, I had a half relief and a half depression. Because I was gambling two ways. The bet was hedged. On the one hand I didn't want a house to take it, because then I could have gone all the way. On the other hand I wanted a house to take it because I sensed that if I published it myself and won (as I felt I would) my life as a gambler would be established. I could hardly turn back.

256. Bob is the dishonest man who was sent out to come back with the truth. I am the honest man who was sent out to explore the lie. That is why each of us were immediately fascinated with the other, and why each of us have exciting lives. An exciting life is to be sent by one's vocation across the extreme of one's personality.

Doing that, one crosses the spectrum of humanity and outlines the architecture of the world.

257. I wonder if one doesn't choose a mate ^{who} ~~which~~ accomodates the particular combination of our parents which the H and S need at a given time. So Bea who was like my mother in her strength, her confidence, her bold grasp, and her lack of deeper understanding combined with that the essential non-conformism of my father. Essentially I married my mother (who is masculine) because I felt womanly, but I chose the particular mother-substitute who could remind me of my father (who is delicately feminine) but also a rebel. I married a woman who was a feminine rebel in a masculine way. But I grow in masculinity, and our marriage became intolerable to both of us. (One subtlety of Bea is that she acts like my father in times of stress ~~to~~ she pulls out of the situation, she becomes passive and inert.) With Adele I found the lovely sensitive woman who was always in my father, and Adele whose sensitivity is deep like my father's also plays the fool like my father. He says pompous things which repel one; she says silly things which make one ridicule her. But while the woman is dominant in Adele, the masculine element (my mother) is present. In times of stress--quarrels between us, etc.--Adele puts her head down and slugs it out toe to toe, just like my mother. Her rages are strong, her affection is strong, her loyalty is essentially constant but she plays with her loyalty to me, she examines it with the sensitivity of my father.

What I have tried to outline here is that we do not marry mother-substitutes or father-substitutes, we marry (especially if/ we are bisexual) mother-father embodiments. But we choose the embodiment we are best able to deal with, and for that matter admire--which is a way of saying what the world will approve of most. But there is no escaping it. When we find a mother-father embodiment ^{particular} ~~which~~ corresponds closely to what we truly need (given the H vs. S imbroglio) we can hardly escape ^{one} her or him. Weird marriages/must always in attempt to understand, for they are the marriages of people who are very close homodynamically (the word is just frightful--I've got to get something between that and soul.)

258. Typing errors. One I make frequently is to fail to put the apostrophe in properly. The ' (I just made a mistake). The S appears. But look at them: ' & S

A little cock and a big cunt. 8 The critic would say "How fortunate for you that the apostrophe and the eight were placed together on the typewriter." To which I would answer, "Maybe the man who set up the arrangement was a bisexual too. Most creative people have to be."

260 259. But I wanted to finish the note before this. Herr Bergler (what's in a name?) wrote a book: Divorce Won't Help. No doubt he sees himself as a giant holding his enormous lever in the machine so the wheels can't turn. People are static and bound forever in their characters. Only Bergler can let them see their characters and accept them. But this is crap, and deep-down he knows it. People change. People change. It is part of their magnificence. Just as the body changes every instant of our existence, so too do people. And the H and S never remain static although they may be locked in the depression of trench warfare for a decade and then another decade. We change, and as we change we need another mother-father embodiment, one who is closer to us. So divorce can help, and often it does.

260. What I wrote about Sergius and his father is true for my father and me. "He was a workman all his life, but he wanted to be an actor." "Once he confessed to me that my name was not really O'Shaughnessy at all, but something which resembled it remotely in Polish or Hungarian. There is nothing in the world like being a false Irishman." But I was saying it so directly. My father was born in Russia and has pretended to be born in South Africa for so long that he believes it himself. And our name is not really Mailer but something which resembles it remotely in Russian or Jewish. Truly, there is nothing in the world like being a false Englishman. Which is what my pop has been all his life, and what I have been. That's why I always get so nice-nelly and affected and talk with an English accent when I'm with Englishmen, American society people, or even the genteel rich-poor who live in Connecticut and Vermont. And this is true for my sister as well.

261. This Journal in so far as it is a piece or a record of my Lipton's self-analysis has had one objective correlative. For in a way this Journal is a great big wager—I am betting that the under-dog (the H in me) is going to score. That I am going to come out of this bigger than I went in—successfully analyzed. And today before

I started writing, I spent four hours with my father, and we talked, and it was the first talk we ever had in our lives, and I was able to tell him that I love him. And for once I was able to give him what he needs, to tell him what a great guy I think he is, instead of hitting him with all kinds of shit and making him feel like a piece of dirt. In a way, for the first time I understood him, understood him from inside himself and I was close to tears all the time, not tears of pity for him but tears of sorrow for myself and the way I had acted, and tears of pride at how marvelous he is really, and how his gambling was an expression of his artistry, and how now at the age of sixty-three he isn't ridden with cancer or asthma or heart trouble or rheumatism, but instead looks hale and hearty and handsome, a dapper little guy who's always been a gentleman and never hurt anybody except as he was forced to reluctantly in expressing his artistry. And I really got the feeling that he's going to grow in his old age, and find pleasures in play.

263 262. I realized so many funny things about Dad. He is the frustrated giver who has developed his giving to a high artistry. For one of the paradoxes about him (and be it said a paradox is never a paradox if we can only grasp it) was always the contrast between the sensitivity he would reveal at rare isolated moments so that I always knew he understood me better than mother, ^{—his} ~~that~~ sensitivity against his daily pompousness and ability to say nothing interesting were understood by me. For his pompousness was always the echo of mother's "bourgeois" sentiments. He overdid it. Unconsciously, he made her sound ridiculous. It was his private way of encouraging me to be a rebel. Her dictums made a certain practical common-sense. To rebel against them would have made me feel too guilty. But there was my father, repenting what she said, exaggerating it, multiplying it, until the sheer human nonsense of bourgeois values rang in my head, and then I would turn on him, and instead of showing his wonderful sensitivity and adroitness he would keep repeating what he had said. I remember that when I was eighteen he used to keep saying to me, "Norman, either get a haircut or we'll have to buy you a violin." From deep within him, he meant it, he was warning me, he was saying, "Go out, son, be a rebel, because if you're not a rebel you'll end up a pompous ~~and~~ fool, ignored, and the subject of people's contempt." So I loved him today, I wanted to kiss him and hug him because he did so much for me, and he was always so good to me in the

cramped way permitted him, by society and by my mother, sturdy society-substitute with all of society's sensitivity for danger. But finally he was smarter than her, he mocked her all through those years, he kept saying, "Really, Norman, why don't you look decent for once," to which I would respond by opening my collar and yanking down my tie. And though he would pretend to look pained, there was always that little grin on his face. No wonder. He'd scored a point for respectability which satisfied the top of his brain, and confirmed me in my rebellion which satisfied the rest of him. A man who can do two^{opposed} things at once for all of his life against great difficulties has a kind of genius. And like all geniuses he looks mighty good in his old age. But what I should say is his nominal old age, for as he said today, and he talked to me as well as me to him, "You know, Norman, I still feel young."

263. Since I started this Journal I have been feeling happier than I have in my whole life. So much has been released and so much created--because for me release and creation are parallel expressions of the same thing. But underneath it persists a feeling that I am going to die soon which perhaps is why I entrust each installment of the journal to the mails. I even caught myself thinking just now that perhaps I would write at this journal for the next year or two, and there would be thousands of pages, and then pop I would go--which makes me sad rather than depressed because for the first time in my life I really want to live, how I want to live. But anyway I then thought, "There must be literary executors," and I thought of Cy and Adele and possibly my sister, and Danny Wolf, and very much my father, and as chief executor, Bob Lindner of course. And then I thought of how that would pain Adele and yet it would be necessary, for so much of this journal would be painful to her, and so she could not exercise her genuine literary taste.

But what also occurs to me is that Bob too has feelings about dying early. Perhaps the emotion has no bodily significance--it is only the retired cannonades of sociostasis which with its cunning knows that people who are highly sensitive and put trust in their sensitivity are most prone to the suggestion of death for they believe what their brain tells them. Only I suspect for both Bob and me that it's the S part of our brain which is talking and not the H. The H is giving the happiness now--it knows I'm going to live to a healthy old age like my father.

264. The sense of time. A person with a highly developed sense of the past and a careful sense of the future (in other words, fear of consequences) who puts little value in powerful emotions of the present is essentially an S man. People like myself, who at this moment is putting so much into the present, believing that what I discover each second will be true for the future, are H people. That is why I can now understand psychopaths and their sense of the present. But I wonder if I wasn't wrong about saints. Maybe they too have an enormous sense of the present. They believe what their heart tells them at any instant. Perhaps the difference between a saint and a psychopath is that the saint knows it is his heart which talks, and the psychopath knows nothing, feels only the compulsion. But there is much more to say about this difference, and I am not satisfied with it yet.

265. Old people don't slow down mentally. What happens is that they lose their powers of concentration because so much H resentment is welling up in them constantly. Society has handed out this myth that people slow down in order to lull them from their rage. A person who reaches old age with H triumphant over S can have an active mental life.

266. To continue 264 I wonder if the difference between the saint and the psychopath is that what the psychopath feels for only a moment (but feels strongly and acts on it), the saint feels more or less permanently. As an example would be the love I felt for my father this afternoon. If it makes a permanent change in our relations, at least in my attitude toward him (by which I do not mean that there will be no ups and downs, but rather that the "average" of my feelings and expressions toward him is different) than I was feeling saintly emotions. But if it's all gone in a few days and I slip back into feeling the old things about him, then it was a psychopathic expression. In other words, it is not that psychopaths are "heartless" but that the bidding of their heart is isolated. So they love and hate in isolated apparently contradictory "bursts". The saint is almost always in communion with his "heart". Therefore he always loves. He loves because finally hatred is always always the frozen echo of love, and the saint is aware of the love he feels and has dissolved all hatred in himself.

OK → 268. The interesting confirmation of this is that what we have always disliked about saints is that they are not haters. They love everyone. But this is intolerable to the social sense which consists of ^{the} spectrum of things ^{detested} ~~adired~~ ~~absolutely~~ absolutely. A saint has no discrimination we feel and so we get fed up with him. Psychopaths, of course, are always seen by society as hating everyone and everything. We speak of them as being filled with hate. It is of course an exaggeration but what is true is that psychopaths are full of a great deal of hate. And that is their connection to saints. They are truly saints reversed. But I wonder if hatred is not precisely the interruption, the severing, of the connection between the heart, (the soul, the II,) and the mind. Good old S in between.

269. Fed up. We stuff ourselves with food to dull the sensitivity of the II. No wonder Joe Rosenthal is always fed up.

270. Radicals. Particularly socialists. It is no accident so many socialists come from the middle class in this country. They are almost all sociostatic in character. They hate our society, and the Soviet even more, if like me, they are anti-Stalinist leftists, but what leaves them so unappetizing and so unsatisfying even to themselves, as I was always so dissatisfied with the yawning holes in my intellectual structures, is that they wish to replace society by another society. Their imaginations, their creativity, their II is entirely devoted to the service of Sociostasis, and so their thoughts, programs, predictions, and analyses invariably have a square blunt building-brick quality. Even Malagaquis who is the best Socialist thinker I have ever come across, thinks in finite blocks. His thought of course has the nobility of a cathedral, but he's filled every ~~square~~ square inch of the cathedral with a tile, and so his new thought can consist merely of improving the total design. He can replace one tile by another. But he will never build a cathedral which dissolves into light. For all the beauty of his conceptions, a dank oppressive gloom breathes out of the doors and no one wants to enter poor Malagaquis' cathedral. ~~Even he~~ ^{left} ~~is like~~ the gloomy caretaker of it. One reason he cannot chase me away entirely is that I'm the village boy who wandered in one ~~day~~ ^{evening} and stayed to admire the cathedral for many years, asking the caretaker every day, "Don Malagaquis, tell me about the saints, and why this stone is this color?"

I was a naughty boy and I was forever quitting his lessons to throw stones at the bats, but what he cannot bear, dear Malaquais, is the silence now that I am gone. Timidly, terrified, like a shy old miser, he is making the endless preparations necessary to go out and buy a new hat. He has no real hope he'll be detained in the village and find a place to build a new cathedral, he knows he'll go back to the old one and watch the bats multiply, but it is so gloomy in there. Even Fra Jean has to get a bit of air.

271. Prose on wings, tra-la, tra-la. What I started to say in the previous note was that radical socialists because they are sociostatic have ended up aiding society. They present tools of analysis bourgeois society unaided could never have come up with, but because socialists think sociostatically, so capitalists can turn their thought to their own advantage. Norman Thomas is always complaining that the Republican and Democratic parties have stolen his program, and indeed they have. Marxism for all its grandeur and its genuine revolutionary ethic--its ultimate anarchism which nearly all socialists have forgotten--approached the problem of society ~~materially~~ as a materialist conception. But capitalists are also materialists. So they could adapt Marxism to their needs, improve their sociostatic techniques, shore up the crazy house and keep the warped mirrors from cracking. . . yet.

272. So, modestly, I see my mission. It is to put Freud into Marx, and Marx into Freud. Put Tolstoy into Dostoyevsky and Dostoyevsky into Tolstoy. Open anarchism with its soul-sense to the understanding of complexity, and infuse complex gloom with the radiance of anarchism. As Jenny Silverman said of me once, "The little pisherke with the big ideas." Pint-sized Hitler. Yes.

273. Jews hated Hitler violently because they knew that they were guilty too--of Jewish self-hatred. How else account for the wave of Zionism after the war? Hitler was a monster, but one should not hate monsters--one should kill them, I suppose, but kill them reluctantly, just deprive them of power.

274. What is a monster? Where is he on the saint-psycopath spectrum? To be answered tomorrow, I hope. But for tonight let us leave with the thought that people who read mystery stories are probably strong S-men with a powerful H

nibbling underneath.

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275. I am coming to believe that there are excellent therapeutic qualities to Lipton's if administered properly, especially when it is followed by seconal for a couple of days. I had Lipton's last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, and one capsule of seconal on Friday, one on Sunday, two Monday night, two last night. For Monday, Tuesday, and today, my state has been one of enormous internal excitement and sensitivity without nervous tension. I find it hard to sleep but that is because my mind is so full of ideas. My insomnia instead of being depressed is elated, and if I suffer from anything it is an overabundance of ideas. I hardly know which ones to put down first, and for the last two days I have been working from five to eight hours on this Journal with no real fatigue, intense concentration, and great excitement—to my knowledge this is the first time I've been able to do mental work this way since I was an adolescent. Also, I have not felt driven—the most immediate expression is that I look at the clock sadly—I must quit work—rather than anxiously. Moreover, I have no desire these few days to take more Lipton's—I have all I can do to handle the sensitivity I have. What I suspect from having seen so many people take Lipton's¹ is that a psychic process equivalent to the first six months of analysis (roughly) where the analyst must break down the patient's first resistance to the therapy seems to be accomplished in much less time. At least for me. Just as certain people fight analysis for a year, two years, so certain of my friends with very rigid characters—Danny, Jean, others—fight Lipton's. Others accept it quickly. One general theorem I suspect is that bisexuals take to Lipton's more readily than unisexuals, and the reason may be linked to the phenomenon I've noticed about alcoholics, near-alcoholics, and heavy drinkers. These people have never to my memory been able to accept Lipton's. Indeed, I took Lipton's for the first time over three years ago and merely got ill—the five or six times I took it in the next three years were all unsatisfactory—I either felt anxiety so great it knocked me almost unconscious, or I became ill, or suffered violent paranoid experiences. But in Mexico, after that period when I had stopped drinking, Lipton's began to hit. It was also the time when I wrote my article for One magazine. Shortly after coming to New York I began to understand my profound bi-sexuality. Then bam with the Deer Park, and I was off on trying to understand myself. All this is preface to

a Lipton's corollary: Alcohol ~~increases~~ makes one appear more masculine and feel more masculine. Lipton's makes one feel more feminine. So men with a low threshold of active homosexual tendencies generally find Liptons unbearable. Bisexuals like myself who are safely ensconced in heterosexual habits and express their ~~innate~~ feminine side in powerfully emotional friendships with men can accept Lipton's, provided of course they are in a period where their H is pressing powerfully forward and their S is crumbling.

For use in analysis I have the feeling that Liptons used with certain people could speed up the analysis greatly, used both in and out of the analytic hours depending on results. For other people it could of course be disastrous, or at minimum time-wasting and ultimately S-enforcing. The above is very sketchy but at least it is a first approach to the problem.

276. I have noticed in analytic case studies that there is the recurring phenomenon of a period of early euphoria. Most analysts including Bob consider this as a general feeling of relief now that ventilation has been achieved. And nearly all analysts proceed to talk of the problems which follow next, the depressions and anxieties which come back, the plateaus, the "hangings". I wonder if this is not due to the fact that psychoanalysis is S-oriented. I have the feeling that my present euphoria is more than just ventilation. I may retreat of course because it is frightening, I may suffer all of the above setbacks, but I wonder. I am analyzing myself in order to become a real rebel, not just an adjusted rebel. (Notice the just in adjusted) And so I have the confidence that my self-analysis may be less painful and that the euphoria may not be lost entirely. What I suspect is that in most analyses, the initial successes (whether they come in the first two weeks or only after three years) are the genuine thing, the S is weakened, the H is encouraged. But afterward, the analyst locked in his S-concepts, begins—whether he realizes it or not—to fight the H and encourage the S. No wonder the patient gets so badly and suffers so much. The patient has been given a glimpse of heaven only to have papa take it away again. Returned to the sensuous wisdom of childhood the analysand is required to grow up again, to become the loud concerted adolescent full of projects and plans with no more promised than the adjusted maturity, the world of S. ^Uf course analysis is feeling its panic. The world of S is the world of the atom bomb.

Society is destruction. Everybody knows it today. Just as the FBI is losing its grip because it is being flooded with sensitivity, so analysis is approaching a crisis and rebel-analysts like Bob are popping up all over the place. In the very madness of a Bergler is the exacerbated desperation of what is really a very sensitive man.

277. Let me put it this way: One of the basic analytic concepts is that the id forces are repressed by the ego and super-ego because they are too horrible to bear. I think that is true only until the euphoric phase takes place. Thereafter, in a conventional analysis, a transfer occurs within the patient, it is the Id or what I prefer to call the H (being more healthy) which becomes the censor, ^{the resistance.} Deeply it knows that it is being tricked, being called forth in order to be converted from H to S. So H forces censor the H. Of a sudden the patient does not want to give up his neurosis. Of course not. Beneath the S, the H is very alive in a neurotic. Over and over again most analysts are haunted by the suspicion that their adjusted patients have lost something very vital. Indeed, that is why there is not to my knowledge a single example of a talented writer who did better work after his analysis. The rebel in him was quieted too much.

278. I know now why I was never able to study exhaustively things which interested me. Particularly psychoanalysis. I have always been a reader and a student in bits and pieces. It is because deep within me I sensed the wisdom of the old saw reversed. "Too much knowledge is a dangerous thing."—Norman Mailer. I am not pleading for no knowledge, nor too little knowledge, but to learn a subject exhaustively is to give oneself a vested interest in it. It makes it that much more difficult to see it in a new way, to be creative. No wonder critics are critics and novelists are novelists.

279. Clues, mysteries, puns, double-entendres, jokes, paradoxes, affectations, secret societies, pompousness, word games, cross-word puzzles, charades are all folk expressions of the total violence done human nature for thousands of years. The H always peeps through the S, it is undeniable, it must express itself in no matter how tortured a form. The pompous man, the extraordinarily pompous man, is trying to teach people. He wears a mask which is the caricature of himself. Indeed

one's personality is always the caricature of oneself.) So the pompous man is at bottom a loather of society, a potential destroyer. He is so bound to society that he cannot express himself in another way, but a part of him is always saying, "Look at me, look how ridiculous I am. If you are taken in by what I once believed, then you too will look like me, and will be able to teach only by driving people away."

280. In this sense, we are all part of a total soul, and even as we seem to be hurting each other, we are helping each other, instructing, aiding. Adole's mother loved life, was frustrated by early marriage, and in her own way she loved Adole. Deeply she loved Adole so much that she made life unbearable at home for Adole so that Adole would go out into the world and not have the bitch of a life Consuela had known. And this is true for Adole's father too. Society has so perverted us with its notions that we are always brooding about the damages other people have done to us. But everything is a double, and as we feel something one way in ourselves so its ~~mirror-image~~ opposite echos in another part of our being. (H vs. S) Love contains the echo of the trap and of death; hatred offers a ticket to romantic places, a trip into life. That is why today at a time when society is changing and adapting every day, becoming almost as sensitive as life itself since human needs are so great, the majority of people consciously feel hate, and love is a sticky word. How true. Love sticks. Hatred flies. The human wisdom buried in the cliché. For the intuitive sensual life wisdom of the H can express itself in society only in degraded forms. So the wisest things are said in jokes, in ^{in obscenities,} clichés, in faulty art-works, in parables and paradoxes. Great art-works are enormous sociostatic defenses against H-forces. No matter how radical or revolutionary the writer may be, or the artist, his work is less radical than his H. Art is a homeostatic excretion, and in the faults of an art work, the shoddy passages, the scenes which did not come off, or the overblown prose is concealed the soul of the artist.

281. If the above sounds very fancy (the pompous man, the nasty mother) let it be remembered that animal life poses enigmas unless understood this way. The gentle pussy cat slaps her kittens away, the dove throws her fledglings into the air, and so forth. Life invents, life adapts, life fights stasis. In a hostile environment

life must be aggressive to remain alive. A commonplace, but the same cat defends her kittens when danger is near. In the hostile environment of man's life, the pompous man drives away his children in order to give life to them, yet also defends them. The reason I found it hard to love Susy when she was born is that I was such a sociostatic radical (in my top drawer) that I wanted the State to provide for her.

282. Sociostasis and sociostasis. Societies leave behind them a homeostatic record (H vs. S) which we call history. Each death of an H vs. S leaves us a truth. Human life is not a circle but a spiral. When the spiral returns to the point where it was an ago, a century, an eon ago, what was once an H may now be an S. Reason which is part of man's soul was once an H-instrument which put S in retreat. ~~Evolutionary~~ (Arbitrarily, the French Revolution.) But S is part of life too, it is Other-Life, and so in defeating an H it absorbs it. Reason has now become Rationalization (in the large sense of the word.) It is one of the bulwarks of society. So the H turns to the illogical, the intuitive, the irrational. One symptom of this is what everybody is calling the plague of irrationality. Small communities refuse the fluoridation of water although rationally fluoridation prevents tooth decay and does no known harm. ^{of the State} McCarthys spring up and have to be defeated at what cost to the rational nervous system it is difficult to contemplate. Demagogues are on the march, painting deserts the representational—to wit, the rational. Poetry ceases to communicate to large audiences. Billy Grahams electrify the staid English. Aldous Huxley, the last in line of a great intellectual family takes a drug and writes a book about it. The demagogue is everywhere. Millions give themselves to the gibberish of television. Be-bop floods America after the war, and it is the artistic expression of double-talk (ultimately the expression of many things at once). Monsters in uniforms murder in the name of the state until finally the state itself is caught in contradiction. It is killing its own. It is killing the very people it needs for production which is its health.

What then am I saying? The state has appropriated Reason. With reason it is attempting to destroy life. So life responds by bewildering the state with monsters and mystics. At this moment in history, the State can handle anything rational, can adapt itself to anything rational, borrow from it, use it. The State has used Marxism itself in order to make super-states. So, life fights back by

having people become monsters and mystics, the two things the State just cannot possibly handle. The hipster who combines both monster and mystic within himself is on Cloud Seven, and the psychoanalyst who is his social counterpart is merely in the chair.

In a curious cockeyed way, the concentration camps of the world were not an unalloyed monstrosity. They could have been worse, the world could have been destroyed. It is possible that in the long view of the historian centuries from now, the concentration camps will be seen as the warning which succeeded—the statement of life which warned people that the ultimate nature of the totally rational society is the monster. That if society is ^{allowed total} given Reason, it will destroy Life.

Once, in the Middle Ages mysticism and monsters were the province of society and reason was the expression of life. But we are half around the spiral, and it is possible that at this moment in history the irrational expressions of man are more healthy than the rational. For state-planners, and civic planners and community planners are always rattled, bewildered, rendered anxious by the totally irrational. McCarthy fucked up the confidence of the American State more completely than a million Communist Party members could have. Perhaps we fail to see the signs. Perhaps the crazy reactionaries and the tabloid papers and the comic books (I see what Bob means) and television and advertising even in certain ways, all the monstrosities are eating at the calm of the experts, fuddling the bureaucrats, expressing against Other-Life, the warped twisted but nonetheless assertive II permitted man today. ~~idEbsM~~ And on a higher level, a century or three or five from now, the spiral may be completed (it will of course go on) and Reason, Higher Reason will return to the II and monsters and mysticism to the S.

283. So in that sense I am the rational saint sent out to find the good in monsters and psychopaths.

284. Little confirmations of 282. Everybody complains that the youth in college are less iconoclastic today, more conformist. (Only Max Lerner likes their calm judicious appraisal of the job as a marriage, and marriage as a job.) But, of course. The talented/adolescents today sheer away from experts and go toward hipsterism. Colleges are frightening to them because colleges have become factories to manufacture experts. Out of colleges the youth are less conformist.

285. I have to face something. Just as the pompous man encourages rebellion, so I wonder if I as the enfant terrible, the pint-sized Hitler, the outrageous radical, am not encouraging conformity. I take out the Liptons, and people who were previously drawn to me flee the house. Possibly, my mother planted her deep conservative seeds. Certainly, there is a vast conservative echo in me, and the expression of my S may be that I am now stating my thought in its most outrageous terms in order that other people conform. I think this is true, but I do believe in the predominance of the H. All the S can do now is hurt me, waste me, make me do foolhardy things. But since I am expressing things which have to do with life and with man's goodness so people who flee come back again. The only thing is that if I keep on the way I'm going, they'll have to come to visit me during jail hours.

286. Dialogue: Yesterday, Miran Haydn called me and in his Abe Lincoln voice started to felicitate me on the Putnam deal.

Haydn: Congratulations, boy, you made it.

Mailer: You mean, they made it.

Haydn: (Pause) You'll have to forgive me, Norman. My manners are a little off today.

It was wonderful. A year ago I would have gone on for five minutes about how lucky I was, and how pleased, and I would have tried to show what a nice modest guy I am, all the while throwing shit on myself, *and on The Deer Park*

287. Word echoes: Go, man, go. Go and God. God is the total. Perhaps he is S as well as H. So he is Go which is Life and he is d which is death. Notice that eat is buried in death.

288. Bob Lindner is in the dramatic electric intellectual situation he has been seeking all his life and which he approached in The Jet-Propelled Couch. He has to wonder if I am going toward genius or psychosis, and with his fabulous intuitions he sensed dimly a long time ago that the heart of the enigma of life can be found here.

289. Let me try 283 again. I am the nationalist who is drawn to their mystery. I have no patience with exposition. Once I know something to my own satisfaction,

I just do not have the enthusiasm to expound it, to go through the notions. That is why I have never been able to write a novel which I planned in advance. I can only write novels which I discover as I go. That is ~~why~~ also why I was attracted to science and mathematics in my adolescence and started off to be an engineer. I was essentially a physicist at that time, for physicists (real physicists as opposed to academic physicists) are rational men who are attracted to a mystery. Engineers are their opposite. Engineers have confused minds which seek for certainty. The engineer is only happy when he can find the number, know the problem, state the answer. The physicist is only happy when he can quit the number, the answer, for the question. So my novels had to go forward and my audiences (at least my sympathetic audiences diminish) for I just could not go through the notions of describing how I had gotten to the point from which I start my characters. All my writing of that sort today is uninspired. I am interested essentially, creatively, in going on, and so my best characters in The Deer Park (for me) were the ones who were always mysteries to me before—to wit, Lulu, Munshin, and above all, Teppis. They are what lift the novel above the merely intelligent, sophisticated and cynical. They are glorious monsters. And Marion Faye is the character who leads me out of the book and has pointed the way to the next one, whatever it will be.

290. Now I come back to word echoes and . . . letter echoes. And I am in something which is very difficult for me because. . . to be continued.

291. The all-out Marxist is of course the complete conservative who needs to see himself as a radical, just as the all-out anarchist is at heart a passive anonymous member of the monastery. *Which is why certain anarchists in jail said, "You put me here. Take care of me."*

292. Now, back to 290. Something very difficult for me because I know so little about languages other than English, and one must know a language very well ~~in~~ even to begin to do this since one must work almost entirely on intuition. But I do believe that the buried soul of man, the deeply suppressed II has always expressed itself in language, and this simply, so simply that no one ever pays attention. What I have to say here is true only for English. Other languages would have vastly different relations of consonants and vowels to the sex-soul and to the bodily functions, but if I'm right at all in English, such work is for others in other

languages. Anyway, I have already discussed the quality of 'r' which added to a word gives color, anger, movement, definition. For example no: 'word' without the 'r' is wod or what.

Th and D are related. D I believe has the connotations of death, Th the connotations of a thing, of Other-Life. For example It is the combination of I (my self, my/ being) with Th (thingishness). D and T A debt is a social death. TH and its relation to T I don't feel yet.

But I'm starting in the middle. Let me begin with "I". It is the center of the universe, the center of language, it is the eye, it is the mediator between the self and the world, for of all the senses the eye is the one which bears the most direct relation to the world. (I believe that a similar study in all languages would have to begin with the equivalent of I except for Japanese and other such languages in which the I is not part of speech.) I is the giver. Me is the taker. Dialogue: To whom do I give this. Answer: To me.

Let me go back a few lines for a clue. It possibly comes from Ich in German. The German I is less assertive than the Saxon I. It is Ich, and possibly the Saxons borrowed it from Ich. Certainly Germans think of themselves (national character) more as its than my (I)'s.

Back to I and Me. We also say May I take this? and the answer is "From me?" On the surface taking and giving are respectively I and Me. But, the I initiates the action, and by initiating, by creating, the I is giving. The Me nominally giving is actually being taken from. What I get from this is that givers take even as givers, and takers give even as takers which is why givers strong givers have anxiety about taking and vice versa.

Very interesting. I made an error above. I meant to say givers give even when they seem to be taking; takers take even when they seem to be ~~taking~~ giving. I have a thing over this.

To continue: (despite all odds of my over-ferund Brain) I believe intuitively that the rest of the vowels in English come from I. see we have already explored. It is buried in Me. It is the feminization, or better the feminine element in Me which contains both ~~masculine~~ (the grant of the savage male) and ~~masculine~~ (the delight of the female.) Ahhhhh, aaaaaah, ohhhhhh, oooooooo, ehhhhhhh, lllllh (the

'i' sound of it or give.) ayyyyy (as gave) and the last vowel is 'u' that is the sound of YOU.

Before we go any further I want to say that from my slight knowledge of other languages it is obvious to me that English (or Saxon—that is, English deprived of its Latinisms) is a very primitive language. It is exceptionally onomatopoeitic, and therefore its spelling is so outrageous, for to conceal the obvious meanings of the sounds it was necessary that intelligent people, the very people who could go at the meanings should be led astray by the spellings. This is one source of outrageous spelling. The other is that words were undoubtedly combined and fused letters separated. For instance s I believe used to be written as f. The connection between sucking and the piss-shit acids had to ~~immedi~~ broken.

To go on. The primitive like the ^{baby} ~~infant~~ beginning to speak must first have conceived of I, and Me (I'm not sure in which order) then You, then It (a great discovery for his environment became less dangerous) then Give and Take, Take undoubtedly first from the point of the view of the baby, Give being the growing understanding of the world outside. One gives to locate the world which is why psychopaths are givers. One takes in order to understand the world.

293. I'm getting exhausted it's so exciting. Let me retreat for a moment. Foreign accents are always so amusing because if they weren't amusing they would be revealing. Foreigners reveal the words within words to us. For instance, bone and born. R the active element gives redness, flesh, to bone, and we are born. But the foreigner says "Bohhhhhh—rrrr—nnn." And so we laugh.

294. One takes in order to understand the world. So the essential taker when he gives is attempting to dominate the world. Thus the boxer who takes three to give one, but that one will deliver him from his basic passivity, allow people to think of him as a champion, which gives him honorable sanction to be passive. One reason perhaps so few champion boxers defend their titles actively. They usually sit around for months.

295. But wrestlers who are givers, locators, finders, are attempting to find and crush the world. When they take it is because they are weary of the constant

expenditure of energy. They are begging to be thrown on their backs, because the only rest for the giver is to find a bigger giver. But the giver cannot remain in a state of passivity, he is up again, bouncing, ready to go. Tomorrow night he will wrestle again.

296. Talk is cheap, action is hard. So says the world and so I believed. But I was always at my best talking even though I was ashamed of my talent. Yet the way I write now is that I talk, I talk and talk, and I truly believe some of the things I'm coming across are important. Because talk is dear not cheap; in talk we express our real selves or come closer to expressing our real selves, and in work, in action, we express whatever of ourself society will allow. Which is why Stalinists are often nice guys in the living room, tolerant—I meant tolerant but tolerant says more—to let(the)our rent—perhaps all good words are combinations of words condensed, and bad words—JARGON—is but a single word. Anyway. Stalinists are nice guys in the living room, tolerant, sympathetic, and totally rigid in print. They are caricatures of the actuality. But a caricature is a dramatization.

297. Jokes. Argo.

Argo who?

Argo fuck yourself.

Jargon. ~~it~~ (J) Argo (n) * I don't understand the J yet but n has diminutive male characteristics. N is the reducing agent. N is finally nothing. We say one which is the reduction from uh or oh—the savage expression of wonder and by adding an 'n' we reduce wonder to society, we make the UGH into a ONE. (Victory is societies understanding of the world. The war was won. To win is to confirm societies view that everything is one. To lose is to invite complexity and thought.) Anyway, n to uh makes one. n to one makes none. The reduction is complete. O is the expression of wonder—so society hides it by making it the symbol for zero. But zero is in itself a mystery so H beats S after all. 8 is the symbol for the cunt. We throw it on its side  and it has become the symbol for infinity. When men become rhapsodic they speak of woman as being infinite in her mysteries. For good cause. Woman added to man, man who is one joining with another to make two opens in the gamut from one to two the infinite extension of number.

298. No wonder I've always been a lousy typist. My sensitivity to this kind of thing was literally at my fingertips.

299. Back to H Jargon. As a rough guess take J as a substitute for G which is God, Go, Give, Gamble (God ambles). I say J for G since we have Jehovah, Just, Justico, Jail, Jingle, Jazz, --in other words J is the socialization of G, it is god as society sees him and uses him. If this be true, Jargon would be something like Society's ~~mundial~~ embodiment of God in the form of Ar go nowhere.

300. B is the first consonant. It is born, begin, battle, break, brother, bright, bath, baby,

301. Infant and I am faint.

302. Ant and and. For some time I have been wanting to write down a thought about ants. It is possible that life as it moves up the biological spectrum exhibits, like ascending octaves, socializations (highly developed forms of Other-Life) at certain levels which are highly complex, and then quits them to move to a higher level. Thus, ant society is highly elaborate. Cities are built, work-cooperation is intense. But mammals who are a far higher form of life as we classify them, and indeed they undoubtedly are, have until the level of the elephant and the ape almost no social organization beyond the most rudimentary social contract. This little mystery has made man uneasy for centuries. "And" is the peculiar word whose uses are enormous. It is a word of continuation, it has implications of death, for if we tell a story about a person and use and long enough, we will finally be obliged to say, "And then he died." But and also expresses the upward ascension. Perhaps its intimate relation to the past, the future, and its dramatic pendant present--we always interrupt the interesting or boring story to say, "And?" For note, be a story interesting or boring, saying "And?" makes it more interesting. So perhaps it is related to ant. And is alive, dramatic, partakes of death, and suggests life. The ant has the T at the end. It is close to being a thing. We are always a little repelled by the ant because its social organization is too high, too elaborate, for its life. It partakes too much of Other-Life.

303. Obscenities: 69--Coitante-neuf. The proof that we personify symbols as society would put it, or/that symbols are clues to our buried H, our sexual souls.

The typewriter is fascinating. Look at the symbols on top of the numbers. In order they are " # \$ % _ & ' () *

²³⁵⁵
2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 -

304. Jazz. Z and s are sibling consonants. So are G and J. Transpose and we get GAS. Gas is the vapor, the cloud, the mystery—it is also energy, potency, drive as in GASoline.

305. At this moment I'm sick of word echoes. They depress me. Letter echoes are even worse. I begin to feel that I'm engaging in nonsense. To anyone but the most sympathetic reader it would seem that I'm psychotic.

306. But what a compulsion. No sooner do I write it than I notice that I made a mistake in nonsense. I tried to write nonsense. So, let's look at it. S and X are also sibling consonants. I think of sex and how hex and cess are echoes. I suspect cess as in cesspool and hex are words from the middle ages when the church was putting the hex on sex by making it cess.

307. I'm getting weary, and I'd better leave word echoes and consonant relationships because I'm trying to go too fast, and so half the time I'm probably all wet. If I don't use some discrimination I'll be founding a sect halfway between the Rosierucians and the Reichians. Bless Malaguais. He saved me years by teaching me that one does not necessarily have to act—that there are times when action is impossible. If I hadn't learned that I'd be setting up the letter-heads for the Mailerians. Anyway, one last thing about letters. I suspect that vowels are soul expressions of the self, shadings, colorings, of I. And consonants probably are more related to things outside the self, or to emotions which seem to come from outside forces such as rage for r, piss for p and s.

308. Fuck, piss, cock, shit, cunt. The world outer and inner can probably be constructed from those five words. One would have to bring in "eat" "sleep" "bleed"—all eee sounds, and incidentally socially acceptable. The ih, the ah, and the uh of my five four-letter words are obviously the grunts of love and defecation.

And work or labor. Add for that matter eating and sleeping. I bet the ooo sounds came later, but first the savage had ih, ah, uh, Oh for wonder, and I. But perhaps 'I' is the last of all to come, and is the abstraction of ih, ah, uh. With O and E thrown in. Possibly, like colors which when mixed together make white if they are lights, or gray or brown if they are opa que pigments, so if one could match tapes simultaneously of various vowel sounds, one could find the components of the rich and rather mysterious sound of ~~that~~ 'I'.

309. I have heard writers say, "I am trying to get up courage to begin a new novel." They meant exactly what they were saying.

310. When I was a kid in college I wrote The Bodily Function Blues but everyone was repelled by it. Secretly, I never was. Here it is:

Ah gotta pissesss
Ah gotta ur-ri-nate
Piss, ss, ss, ss, sssss

Ah gotta shit,
Ah gotta de-fe-cate
Oo oo ee oo eo oo oo

Ah gotta bleed
Ah gotta menstruate
Trickle trickle, trickle trickle.

Ah gotta eat, alimentate, etc.

Ah gotta sleep, somnambulate, etc.

Ah gotta fuck
Ah gotta cop-u-late
Too late, too late.

Oh, what am I gonna do?
I got those blues, I got those blues.
I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't shit, I can't fuck.
Ah got those bodily function blues. Da da da da da.

Exit blues.

311. My pompous man again. We say, "What a pompous prick." His pompousness pricks us. There are a dozen other things one could add but I am tired.

312. It seems obvious that insanity is the result of irreconcilable S and H. The obvious case: burning sexuality in a terribly severe conscience. Which relieves me about my own sanity. For my S and H are comparatively compatible. For years the H has battered away at the S forming rationalisations which were close to the

actuality of myself. There is hardly anything I could discover about myself today which would be unbearable. I think that is why, instead, I am feeling generally so much aliveness and lack of depression. ^The H finally made it, but by slow stages.

313. Word echos. Job--boj--Botch. It--Tih--Thee

Take dead and add an 'r'. We have dread. Dear with an r is dream. Dearie is ~~dreamin~~ dreamy. Dead to red. Dead to rer (rouer?)

314. Aristocrats are usually takers (wits, fencers, collectors, drug addicts, they even marry within their families. They take and hold the family name.) Some of the first English boxers were lords. Marquess of Queensbury rules. Boxers are proud. Workers are usually givers. They give work, they brawl (wrestle). Wrestlers are jovial. They drink.

I am tired. Further examples fail me.

Jan. 27th

315. As was evident in the notes yesterday, I was moving toward a depression, and it came on me during the evening. I felt very tired, and rather disgusted with myself. It seemed to me as if I'd been indulging in mental masturbation for quite a few days, playing word games, playing at being a genius, playing at being at the edge of the psychotic, and I noted that the letter which was to accompany some notes I was sending to Bob which I had half-consciously written almost psychotically had been left out of the envelope. I was going to throw it away, ~~crumple~~ (crumple it into a ball) and then changed my mind and just stuck it in with carbons of old letters. I felt disgusted at harassing Bob like that, swivelling him into giving a free analysis, not directly of course, but still drawing him in. What preceded the depression were some half-realizations of a very personal sort about my sister and Adele, and I suppose I drew back from them.

316. But what is also interesting is that I welcomed the depression. It was reassuring in a way, it was almost pleasant to return to the old neurotic state which I think signifies for me the state of work, hard work, depressed work, but of course honorable work. I don't know whether to take this journal seriously. At times I think I'm getting into wonderful things, other times I just wonder if I'm losing my grip and bathing in cliches and other people's ideas. We went to a party last night at Malaquais', and in the cab I said to Adele in a very profound voice, "You know, when people go away on vacations, it's not a casual act--it's of deep significance. They're hoping that something will happen which changes their lives." And Adele after a moment of shock at the seriousness I gave it, said, "But, of course, darling, everybody knows that." Perhaps it is just that she has known it all her life, but I was startled and upset. It had seemed such a perception to me. I had been thinking of the peculiar frozen look almost all people have when they come into a resort hotel and their baggage surrounds them with the stamp of the novice. And how relieved they are when they find friends, and the terrible depression under the surface if they cannot cosy up to new acquaintances. Like a repetition of the childhood trauma-adventure of moving to a new neighborhood.

Anyway, for the first time in many weeks I had a lot to drink at Malaquais'. Not to excess but four or five ryes on the rocks which I enjoyed. What I really enjoyed was the old neurotic tension of a party with its fatigues, its aggressions, its enthusiasms. The old depression with the feeling of "force" beneath it, of masculinity, was reassuring. We came home, had one of our enjoyable mock-spats for Adele drunk is always full of beans, and fell asleep. I woke up about four hours later, and had a deep perception which I can barely remember, but it made me realize the beauty in myself and in Adele, and I decided that the extraordinary contradiction of my personality, the saint in morality, the potential psychopath

sexually was what gave me my strength as a writer. Sort of: the greater the contradiction in a person, the wider the range of his potential experience and intuitions. Only it was very beautiful as I saw it, so beautiful that I woke Adele up and we made love which was very pleasant, and then I almost fell asleep but didn't, and finally got up with four hours of sleep, and have been moving slowly all day, feeling drained, or more exactly drawn to too fine a pitch. Part of it is getting off seconal which I had taken three nights in a row. Anyway, the obvious occurs to me which is that S forces contain a great deal of their strength because they conserve the body too, or give us the illusion that they do. When the H is open and riding for several days in a row there is exaltation but there is also terror—one feels close to death all the time. S gives no feelings of depression and force, as I have written above.

317. What I distrust of course is that I'm looking for short-cuts, for magic. Undisciplined, lazy, half convinced of my talent, half doubting it, I feel even in my greatest enthusiasm that this journal may be no more than a game I play with myself to have the illusion that I can do it all alone, that I don't have to follow the rules, that my limitations can be dispelled because I postulate a good old H force.

318. On the positive side, however, I had lunch with my mother today and she took the idea of my father quitting work very well, and the lunch was very pleasant. Again I was moved almost to tears when I spoke of what a good guy he is, and how bad I had been to him. And I thought of my sister and how the only way she is psychopathic is that she is psychopathically compassionate. One cannot tell her a sad story—a real sad story, not an ersatz one—without tears welling into her eyes. And yet all the while I was talking to my mother I had the uneasy feeling that I was acting a little bit like a man who feels death is coming on and so he must get all his affairs in order. (How interesting is the double use of the word 'affairs' in English. Hints of the basic orgiastic desire do seem to appear everywhere.) Now a few notes.

319. Letter ochos: Be. (The state of passive existence as opposed to an, are, is/ which are active.) Add 'd' and we have bed (for spelling) bead (for sound) The

death connotation is added in each case. One (bad) ^{implies} ~~is~~ the little death of sleep, the other (bead) implies a concretion of being which is not bad for a bead. Beet--thingishness added to being. And a beet is very much there.

Am--masculine, assertive. Reversed it is 'ma'.

Are--Pure R. Vividness, connotations of anger, of color--one's sense of the other person. Reversed it is 'era'. And 'error'.

Is. Hard to define/ for me. Possibly the third person is the abstraction of the self. The ih is softened to is with the connotations 's' contains of succession stream and continuance. (Piss again.)

320. For some time I have wanted to write a note about the Negro prejudice of Southerners. I wonder if their rage at Negro advancements is due to the unconscious belief in the myth--which may well be right--that the nigger has a happy sex life, ~~and is~~ happier than the white, and oh the negro is recompensed for his low state in society by his high state in the fuck. The scales are balanced. Therefore, to the white southerner, an improvement in Negro rights is to tip the scale in the Negro's favor. Status-anxiety so-called may consist essentially of the unconscious drawing up balance sheets in which people of lower status are considered to have equal status when the private benefits are added in. So, members of a high status group--to use that monstrous sociological jargon--feeling anxiety about a lower status group crawling up on them, are actually feeling the more intense anxiety that the lower status group is rising above them.

321. The business of putting magnificent ideas in one's notebook at night. The reason it always seems so flat in the morning is that the idea which may well have been beautiful, --and dangerous, for the sense of beauty is umbilically linked with the sense of danger--was put down in cliché form in one's haste to trap it. ~~So~~ Normally, one might expect to be able to expand it in the morning. But the S has been alerted, and so when one reads the note, the S drowns all H sensitivity, and the note seems ridiculous. S is always telling us, "Pay no attention to what happens at night."

322. Corollary. Whenever one reads old notes or old manuscripts of one's work, the S is invariably extremely watchful, which is why old notes seem so flat. We may think we are relaxed, but we are actually deadened by the S which knows its danger.

Jan. 31, 1955

323. My birthday today. Let's give myself a present of a nice fat installment. My weekend will have bearing on this, but I have many ideas crowding me at this moment, and I would rather pick that up later.

324. A few word echos. Part-take away t--leaves par. Take away 'r' leaves pa. Dad --with its echos of death. Father who judges and therefore may kill us. Part --take away 'r' leaves pat. Many others, but can come back later.

325. Give-and-take. It is the life process which dominates, which characterizes every living movement. A static universe would be void of give-and-take. The essence of life movement is in the give and take. Naturally, this must be seen in all of its complexity. No human alive--not to mention other kinds of life--is every simply a giver or a taker, but giving and taking predominate in various parts of the person. So it's suggested that the fat man for instance takes but cannot give in certain emotional ways. Basic kinds of emotional energy cannot be expended. The result is that it is stored as fat. As a corollary of this, the act of going on a diet bespeaks a profound desire to alter one's approach to life. For implicit in all I've written up to now is the idea that the psyche knows the state of the body, knows why a part functions well or badly. And a diet works or does not work in proportion as the person is profoundly ready or not ready to alter their condition. (A very frustrating thing here. As I sat down to write the note, my ideas were much bigger, much more exciting, than what I have put down here. At the ~~326x~~ last moment they deserted me. One thing I noticed over the weekend is that my S is beginning to work overtime.)

326. The possibility mix of other psychotherapeutic techniques. Generally, the patient gives gives gives--the analyst takes takes takes. Occasionally, this is reversed. But I wonder if this works well for everybody. Most people, despite their resistance, probably find it easier to talk about themselves, and the projection they put on the analyst is a subtler secondary thing, picked up by intuition. I wonder if certain kinds of neurotics, particularly aggressive "stupid" "insensitive" patients for one example might not best enter the analysis with the instructions from the beginning to talk not about themselves but about the analyst. This would have to

be done by feel of course, but there is a kind of top-heavy righteous man who is made to violate his nature when he is asked to attempt to free-associate. Far better for "cranks" and "reactionaries"--whose ranks are conspicuously absent among analysts--such as McCormick of the Chicago Tribune and Winchell say to ~~individuals~~ lie down or stand up or sit up and deliver themselves in the early weeks of exactly what they think of the analyst. Encouraged to say more and more and more the remarks will very quickly become a giant projection, and it seems to me the time will follow more or less shortly when they realize that. Stunned and terrified, they will then be ready for free association, because simply they will now need to go into themselves. The energy to strike back, to project, which is the character defense, has become over-extended and exhausted.

327. The voice of radio and recordings. It is a commonplace to say that the ear selects sounds, and it is almost as common to recognize that we select those sounds we wish to hear. The S is the inhibitor on the ear, and the reason "takers" are invariably more sensitive listeners than "givers" is that takers accept S more than givers--therefore they can afford to 'hear' more. Freud, one of the great givers, could never enjoy music.

328. But, carry this a step further. I suspect that the first impact of the radio was that the ear was given "unselected" sound. So, sound effects. Paper rustled near a microphone sounded too loud. Who is to say it does not sound too loud in life and we merely suppress it? Elements of the voice which had been buried before became more evident to people--naturally at an unconscious level--it being understood as a basic premise through all of these notes that I see the unconscious as not one unconscious, but a whole series of unconsciouss, conceivably infinite, each more buried --and therefore closer to the essential H--than the one above. So put in this light, the voice of radio penetrated more deeply into the unconscious layers than the human voice, face to face, where many interferences were present. Therefore an immediate fascination (as Bob says--attraction and repulsion in one package) was the result. The radio was actually conveying more reality in its details of course than normal human intercourse. But much more can be said. (There is great interference to my thoughts today.) I work along at a dragging rate, instead of racing like last week.) On radio we notice certain qualities of the voice--it never sounds the same close to the microphone and far away. On tape recorders which are cruder, this is

even more true. Every effect of the voice bouncing off objects and walls seems to be magnified. I wonder if the truth is that a part of us, deep within us, actually ^{aural} hears/experience this way. What I wish to emphasize is that S encourages us to hear the voice as one. We think of people as having a voice, not voices, but indeed a person never has the same voice exactly. At every distance from the listener we speak in a slightly different way. At a distance we exercise our vocal chords differently from the way we exercise them close up—we are communicating through all the filters of the situation in a slightly different way. In crude forms I've known this always without labeling it. The voice of one's mate in one's ear is vastly different from the ~~voice~~ "same" voice calling across a room. And, indeed, because the discrepancy of recorded voices and "live" voices seemed too great, the sound effects man and the recording engineer were born. Their effort was to bridge the gap—the same may be said for movie lighting. The attempt in both is not only to increase "verisimilitude"—an S concept, for H always sees the individual experience as multiple—but to censor part of the actual reality. In the films, it is not ~~merely~~ merely a question of improving the deficient "seeing" qualities of photographic emulsions, but also a business of warping the final achievement.

329. One's own voice. Here the greatest discrepancy appears. Almost always a person is deeply shocked hearing their own voice. I know for me there seems almost no relation between my voice as it sounds to me and as I hear it over a recorder. One hears one's own voice naturally from the H—that is, we feel the real panic if we are scared, the exultation if we are excited. Heard/ as a play-back, it is invariably flattened. (Part of the art of the actor is to accommodate his inner feelings to correspond to the outer voice.) (Same for the singer.) But, listening to myself on Lipton's last night, hearing my voice on the tape recorder, I noticed that a voice is like a face,—all the elements of one's personality exist in the various tones. On the surface my New York Jewish earnest sincere friendly patronizing voice—underneath much more complicated psychic-sexual elements were being communicated.

330. One other observation. It was the first time in years that I spoke into a tape recorder. What happened was that I spoke very slowly. But indeed everybody except rare birds like Winchell speak slowly over the radio or television. The

S is fantastically on guard, because it recognized the great danger one is in. So, that accounts for the fantastic pomposness of celebrities who have little to say, and the unbearable earnestness and suppressed ~~agony~~ anguish of the ~~impaired~~ creative person when he speaks over a program. Everything in the self becomes slowed up as in Lipton's. Only, with what a difference. One speaks in a state of deep receptivity to social danger.

331. Minics are always psychopaths--good minics anyway. And a person who does parlor imitations is expressing his or her psychopathy, but it is psychopathy under a neurotic protection which is why they are not professional entertainers. What characterizes saints and psychopaths is that the S is ~~absent~~ comparatively non-existent in them. It is the difference in their H which separates them, and this I don't know how to define yet.

332. Last week I wrote that the radical rebellious H of reason which was true from the Middle Ages until the nineteenth century has now become the rationalization of the state. And the hope for the future lies with the monsters and the mystics. To wit, the seemingly irrational, for only the irrational can fuck up the progress of the state. Monsters and mystics is of course merely a way of saying psychopaths and saints. But I wonder if the waves of psychopathy which every sensitive intellectual feels are not the generating life expressions of the only way to keep the H alive and healthy in people. In other words, psychopathy may be healthier than we think. It is an expression of the H which can find its understanding only by the mirror image of the S (here is one essential difference between saints and psychopaths), and therefore psychopathy always appears as a greater or lesser monstrosity, but what is important is that at least it is an H, and even appearing as an S (all genuine artistic expression today is degraded human expression) it is undigestable by the State (although unfortunately less undigestable than it used to be--society even seeks to rehabilitate the criminal) and therefore dangerous to the plans of the State.

333. I have the feeling these days that I could make a remarkable businessman. The reason is that I feel close to the buried appetites of people. In a way is not that the talent of the "creative" businessman. He senses the buried needs of people--perhaps not consciously--but the psychopathic intuitive is close to the

surface. What keeps him from having our admiration, is that the businessman is a good businessman insofar as he is all psychopath and no saint. He uses intuition for his own enrichment with no qualms about the social ends of his work. "Social ends" is of course an S. It is the ~~man's~~ social perversion of the brotherhood of man ~~which~~ (a genuine H expression deep out of the self which knows we are all a part of the whole) but even as a perversion it reflects the echo of the H. One other difference between psychopaths and saints is that the psychopath's H is deficient in the knowledge of the brotherhood of man. The psychopath has an intense sense of his own needs, but cannot understand the needs of others because that part of his soul is deficient. Why, why it has been crippled, is something else, and I don't know the answer. . . yet.

334. A great deal of this journal first manifested itself in my Tarot readings. Even word and consonant ~~man~~ echoes. What occurs to me about my character is that I used to be a condemning and highly moral neurotic with intense psychopathic drives. As my "analysis" goes on, I have the feeling that I move from psychopath to saint or mystic in my H because my S is in retreat. But when I used to give Tarot readings, the extraordinary emanation I "know" I gave off was because the psychopath and the mystic were evident to everyone in the room. It was the herald of what was coming.

335. Jealousy. But what a mountain is to be uncovered here. The key is that degraded expressions, as I keep saying, express in perverted form, the true nature of man's needs. So, simply, jealousy is the degraded expression of the deep desire for the brotherhood of man. If jealous emotions give us pleasure—as is true for most bisexuals—it is not because ~~inversely~~ one is expressing one's "latent homo-sexuality" which is the vulgar condemnation analysts generally put upon it, but because, as a practical matter, it is the only way one can feel "close" to another man. (We can feel close to other women by fucking them.) I remember that once with a girl I loved considerably, I got into an orgy (a quartet) and when she came while the other man was making love to her, I came too/ just watching—actually receiving the experience. I was horrified, horrified at her, at myself, I loathed the other man. But that was obviously defense against "taking". I could not admit the other man into brotherhood. But from deep in me, although fundamentally I'm still quite incapable of doing this with Male, I suspect that there is great joy

in giving one's mate to another man—there is genuine brotherhood at the heart of it. Which is why Reich with his incredible instincts and courage was so right about The Sexual Revolution. One cannot have a libertarian egalitarian society until one has the orgy accepted as a genuine part of life. For note, the orgy as I have said before, is the repetition of the family situation—but our first sense of brotherhood is given us by the family, and indeed in the socialized bastardized sense the brotherhood of man is given social sanction within the limits of the family—my mother for example is completely selfless within family limits, she would literally die for one of us, that is why she has so much life, she has gotten away with expressing her II all her life under cover of the S, it is why I will always love her for in that sense she is truly good—. The orgy is a reflection of the family, but the family is the first primal shock "in human language" that is, conceptually, to the infant. It is the first understanding that the I is the We, the first apprehension of the brotherhood of man, the communion of all souls.

336. The cynic. He is the incomplete honest man, the man who cannot accept S but has nothing to substitute for it, for he distrusts even himself. In that sense the cynic is modest. He will not compromise his hatred of S, but he cannot express II, so all the balked II energies go into constructing a rationalization of his II needs, in reverse of course. He attacks everything because he must—only by diminishing the level of the outer world can he breathe at his own self-despised level. But he is still better than most ~~men~~ for at least he is an honest man, he has not tried to mutilate the small part of himself he can feel. He is the saint-and-psycopath (in varying degree) enslaved by his intelligence which is the mental part of human creativity completely appropriated by society. Finally, he is the echo of the genius, the pale counterpart, as I will try to describe below.

337. The conservatism of the female element applies even to heaven. The woman, reaching heaven, is content to stay there. The male element demands to go on—"Is it possible," he asks with curiosity, "that beyond Heaven there may be Hell. If so, we have to take a look at it." This is the essence of genius, and provides a clue to why there have been so many more men geniuses than women—leaving social considerations aside—finally women did not rebel against their suppressed social role for so many centuries because it was not that essential to them, and indeed

much of their "social liberation" is due to the efforts of men, the radical rationalists of the 19th century. The genius is a person who cannot bear the answer—like the physicist (and in science one finds the most geniuses because ~~for~~ science is the most social of the arts, so social that it is nominally called knowledge, and therefore it receives the most sanction.) but to repeat, the ~~scientific~~ genius cannot bear the answer, he must go on to pose a new question. So, no matter what nominally he is doing, he is journeying deeper and deeper into the II, for the II contains all wisdom possible at any age to man since it is a part of life. But to do this, the genius must make a voyage which is opposed to society. No matter what his own notion of it, he is always attacking society because he is always carrying further our knowledge of the Self. (Note, word echo: Knowledge is now—ledge. It is societies use of soul-intuition. It is the present ledge, the present petrification of what the souls of the past have given us.) But to go into the self is to go against society which demands as the condition of its being that people be as self-less (not unselfish—a very important distinction) as possible in order that they be more malleable. So, the genius always carries with him the fear of Hell which is societies most poetic symbol of the punishment it gives for above all symbols, even above Heaven which is misty to people while Hell is concrete (this ~~is~~ true even for organized religions and Stalinism and Hitlerism which make Hell concrete, and leave Heaven to take care of itself.) So, as a poetic symbol, Hell is capable of speaking to the deep self. And the genius moves into beauty—which is danger, and into exaltation—which is terror. The genius is a man, therefore, who is tormented all of his life by doubt whether he is a saint or a psychopath, good or evil. He is the gambler carried to divinity, for the genius wagers every creative instant of his existence that he is going to heaven and not to hell, and therefore he must be obsessed with feelings of terror and danger. It is a ~~hazard~~ ^{bet} to take one's breath away—not to know ever whether one goes to Heaven or Hell, and to be always aware that either is possible. *What makes a genius is his incredible courage for he is a man who lives always in fear, and yet continues.*

338. Word echo. Breath, stripped of r and h becomes bet. The bet is the social action which is the concretization of the life process—breath—give and take.

Sum: I tried to write "true" above but my fingers wrote ture which is tour. So truth is not the point, the static, the absolute, but the voyage, the tour, *the changing.*

339. Exceptional people. Exceptional people are people who go across a spectrum. The whore who becomes a ~~king~~ lady (Eva Peron); the dishonest man who becomes honest—Bob Linkner; the artist who becomes a bourgeois—my father; the adventurer who becomes a rationalist, a legalist—Cy Renbar; the lady who becomes a whore—any society nymphomaniac; myself, the bourgeois who goes toward the saint-psycopath; and so forth and so forth. Truly exceptional people, people who go down in history, are people who complete more than half of the voyage. Most people turn back. The mass of people hardly ever/ started. But it is natural to go across one's social nature, it is healthy, it is an expression of the desire to complete one's soul. For it is probably true that the ~~strongest~~ most essential parts of oneself are the most buried. In infancy and childhood, the child begins to realize that whatever it offers to the world is taken away from it, made something which is no longer its own. So what it really wishes to keep, it buries. Later in life the health of the body itself demands that what is buried be expressed, and exceptional people who are always people who are intensely alive (even though like Malaguais the conflicts may be so tremendous that they live in intense depression and in a tangential life expression—Malaguais is the poor Jew who wished to become a king—and settled for the tangential expression of being the most aristocratic of the radicals.) exceptional people being extremely alive have to move on or they will die. So they begin, inevitably, step by step—in societies view they are people who start to deteriorate or ~~inwardly~~ take on airs. Sooner or later, for most of them, comes the crisis. The breakdown, the dead-end, the rout or the trench-warfare of H vs S, and so they flee to the analyst. The analyst in his social function with rare exceptions is the man who turns people back to their starting point. So, in a case like my father's, a good result would have been achieved perhaps—the small artist in him would have emerged in small ways. I would probably have been turned back if I had ~~been~~ had a bad but powerful analyst to the bourgeois in me. The reason a successful analysis gives generally more comfort and less creativity is that the H is utilized to justify the S. One accepts society, not oneself, —the advertisements of the analysts to the contrary,—and so one ~~must~~ emerges "contented" but always the prey of "stabbing" regrets. Did one lose something is the recurring obsession of the successful analysand. But for an analyst to do the opposite—to make the S accommodate itself to the H, rather than vice-versa, is to set the patient off in his own small way toward becoming

a genius. Which means beauty and danger, exaltation and terror. How many people can bear that? Far better, reasons the analyst in his deep social cowardice, to take the II uncovered and turn it upon oneself. Implicit in conventional analysis is the idea that the unconscious is dirty, petty, childish, ugly, aggressive, disturbing--the soiled brute animal which must be cleansed. . . and tamed. So each ~~stained~~ II which reveals itself is seen through the eyes of S (as people we sense everything both in S-ways and II-ways, usually simultaneously, but with one or the other in predominance.) and seen through the eyes of S by both analyst and patient. Therefore, a more elaborate social defense, a more flexible S, is devised "by ear" between patient and analyst to "handle" this "drive." Successful analyses ~~however~~: that is conventional successful analyses, do nothing for the II except confuse it, but they do give a wonderfully flexible and sensitive set of S-defenses. Which is why successful analysands always have that "pious" quality. They can name anything you do. They are to the soul, as the pious man is to real religion--a caricature of it, a diminisher, a reducer. Did you do something for a great, grand, and noble reason--they ascribe it to your desire to piss on people. Which is why I had to fight Elliot Kamerman. And that is why totally successful analysands (a theoretical concept) can never love people, they can only love society. So their successful marriages are always social marriages--they marry the "ideal" partner which means the socially ideal partner. I am willing to bet that geniuses always have wacky marriages--marriages which seem socially incredible on the surface. The successful analysand is the middle-class caricature in miniature of the perfect Stalinist citizen. And analysis is to blame. It entered the soul, but given its birth and social needs, it quickly became "socialized", and so it never saw the real good noble if warped qualities of the II--it could only condemn them. I am willing to bet that nearly all analysts are people who sensed more or less dimly that if they did not become analysts they would become rebels, terrifying rebels. Analysis is the best personality defense of them all for it is the graveyard of rebellion unless one is a genius.

340. Which brings me to Bob Lindner. The "twist" in Bob is that he entered psychoanalysis not as a rebel essentially but as a manipulator, a con man, a crook. He was going to learn more about people so he could use them better. But that was

the top of his soul, and the basic Bob who is the honest rebel has been emerging more and more. Despite himself, his analytic position becomes progressively more radical, more dangerous. He is travelling the spectrum of himself—as I wrote before he is going from the dishonest man to the honest man, and what a world he crosses. Analysis, practising it, living with it, is a catalyst for him where it is a corset for most analysts, because analysis enables him to express his true being whereas for most analysts it allows only the suppression of the self. So most analysts get more depressed, more unpredictable in their tiny wild actions (Herbert Aldendorff) and Bob gets more open, more amiable, more loving, more delighted with himself and with others as the years go on. And that is why people (practically all my friends) find him so nice, so attractive, are so drawn to him, and then ^{are} disappointed in his books. It is his books/^{which} still represent the social part of him, the "crook", the con man of ideas who throws out things only to hide them—the hand is quicker than the eye.

341. Page 100. It brings back to me the feeling I have always had about writing. If I get to a hundred pages it has always meant that I would finish the book. And so I always feel happy when I get to page one-hundred.

342. Stimulants. My ideas which started slow this morning are now again coming so fast they are almost out of hand. The surface reason was second and ~~rather~~ black coffee. I had Dilton's last night, quite a bit, and then second to bring me down, and then black coffee to bring me up. But I didn't have enough, I still felt sluggish, so two and a half hours ago I went out to have more, and since then I've been flying. ~~Wait~~ But what are stimulants? Given the incredible complexity of modern life, the deeper and deeper awareness of the II, the more and more elaborate construction of the S, trench-warfare is the condition of the soul. (As a wild speculation it opens the idea for an historical inquiry or thesis to the effect that each war which expresses the total of deep collective truths of the soul is the clue to the time which is to follow. So the trench warfare of 1914—1918 is expressed today in the psychic state of the average sensitive intellectual. And the spiritual life of the future, say 1961, may not be 1961 at all, but rather the wild, anarchic, intermittent, destructive and sudden liberating movements of the second world war. But this is a wild one, for the moment anyway.) To go on:

The only way we can liberate enough H energy to do good work—for societies weakness is that it cannot defeat H entirely for if it does, society will become totally static and then deteriorate—is to take stimulants and sedatives—one giving more life, one giving more peace, but both opening the H. Yet society cannot allow real sanction to this for too much of the soul might be uncovered. So liquor is tolerated when it must be—marijuana which I understand is less harmful than liquor and considerably cheaper is illegal, sedatives like seconal are considered the refuge of a weak spineless over-nervous person, and even coffee is frowned on. How many times have we heard people say, "He drinks too much coffee. It's not good for him." The wilder drugs like cocaine, heroin, and I predict, mescaline, are hounded and persecuted. What I have noticed in myself is that I need stimulants and Liptons less and less over the whole than I have before because a breakthrough has come. But I still need them a great deal. However, I have found part of the secret. It is societies condemnation of stimulants which we carry in ourself which does at least half of their harm. Reduce the S and the body could take a lot more playing around with provided genuine enjoyments of mind and body were the result. It is the half-enjoyments which send us back again and again. We half-know there is something there which is calling to our self, we half-despise ourselves. To wit: fascination.

343. Fascination keeps us on the saint-psycopath spectrum. Without it we become either saints or psycopaths depending on whether pure attraction (saint) or pure repulsion is felt/ toward the outer thing (be it person, idea, object, etc.) So, the genius is always fascinated, which is why a genius always expresses himself in work. Work as the product of H vs S is also the product of attraction vs. repulsion. So it is good in a way that I have my retreats, my depressions over this journal. They are what keep me working. This journal is the record of my attempts to overcome my disgust for these pages. So the journal has grown, and ideas which were crude and banal in the early pages develop into more satisfying insights later. But continually new crude "wild" ideas occur. Those give the hint to where I'm going if I can continue working, that is, continue being repelled, rather than just take off into saintliness and be shriven of repulsion and the desire to work. But I feel a real crisis for me as a novelist. My novelists have always been explorations. I

can never stop to expound the idea once I have it, I have to go on. And where now could I begin a novel? I have the unhappy thought that the insights of these pages have taken away from me ten years of solid novels. I hope not, but I suspect yes. Perhaps now I do have to go back to science which I quit when I was an engineering student because engineering, I know in my bones, was merely the passive exposition of an idea handed you by another man. Ah, well, Malraux moved on, maybe I can too.

344. What I neglected to say about Winchell in the notes on radio and voices is that the secret of his success is simply, very simply, that he talks fast on radio. In life I suspect he talks much more slowly. Given the "ear" into one's H that the radio provides, vital experience is longed for. But instead come the sonorities of celebrities, announcers, and advertisements (1939 style say.) So Winchell as the liberal and Winchell as the reactionary still had an audience, even if it wasn't the same audience. He spoke quickly, he gave "electric" communication. Now, he is less important because the principle of speed has been used more and more by television. Announcements are given at top speed and so work better. The comedian of the present is ~~now~~ a racer going faster and faster, doing more and more.

345. Half-way stations. I was the romantic sent out to discover realism—which is Naked. But once the realist, I had to become the realist going out to understand the romantic which is my present stage. So, like a boomerang which we hold with both hands we throw ourselves forward, and when we land the boomerang is now us and we the boomerang.

346. Journalists—another ~~variety~~ variety of psychopath. They are dishonest men whose dishonesty is the defense (the turning-back) against their desire to know and to destroy. That is why they are so unpleasant. They have to get the story—it is their great compulsion—but of course once they get the story, they never write it. They write a lie instead. The worst of these are the political analysts, the "serious" journalists. They cover themselves with expatriation, they penetrate into the crevices of society, and feed out social pap. At least the ~~unsubstantiated~~ scandal writers, the murder writers, and the columnists occasionally do give out a bit/. (The word bit really means in the slang—a bit of truth). Underneath the pious tones with which call girls are written about—in the Post which is a forward paper socially the pious tone is the tone of the social welfare worker who has everything

rather than a conventionally moral tone, clocked, ~~He~~ or she knows that the sexy call girl is really frigid. Only if this were truly so instead of half-true why do they hate call-girls? (Especially female social workers.) The Life and Time boys are the Harvard variety of the journalist, the man who must learn the truth in order to lie. Possible insight: the compulsion to get the story, to know the truth, can be a reflection of the anxiety that if the "truth" is not known, one cannot lie efficiently--by accident one may tell the truth.

347. An interesting confirmation of the S-eating process. While I was having lunch, I stopped at a newsstand to buy a paper. A white-haired lady of sixty-odd was talking to the newsdealer. They were talking about the passing of the Brooklyn Eagle, and in a voice of shock and a little outrage, the white-haired lady said, "But it's over a hundred years old." I sensed immediately that it was deeply upsetting to her. She had the psychology of those old people who have been S all their lives. They feel that society should reward them which is why they often are so martyred in their air, and the fact that society changes too and venerable institutions which have become worthless like the Brooklyn Eagle are axed and buried by society itself, or so it seems to them, is terribly painful. Anyway, I watched her out of the corner of my eye. She wandered away, she came back to the stand, quiet, but close to being pathetic. Finally, after a little indecision and fumbling, she reached forward and chose a piece of candy from the rack. Truly, sweets are the great unrecognized drug, the one which cushions us against disappointment, but exacts the price of leaving the H inert. So, disappointment, fear, even terror are smoothed into depression and flatness by sweets.

I must say the scientist in me leaped when I saw her take the candy. I really feel a little these days like Einstein. I have the feeling that if I go far enough, I will be able to set up an experiment in advance, so to speak. One ^{might} which/confirm or deny these ideas.

348. Pro and con--prick and cunt. For and against. H and S.

349. The Catholic Church is the poet of society, using the warped tortured talents of its leaders and infantrymen to make society more capable of resisting the H. ~~Even~~ The Holy Mother Church is feminine, as is society.

350. Word echoes. The and he. The boat, etc. etc. was originally ~~intended~~

he--boat, or his boat. Long before the child or the savage could understand the general beingness of things (in other words, nouns) they could see them first only as the possessions of others. So, tho, is really primitively he. This is true for other languages. In Spanish el is the and el means he. In French le is the and lui is him or to him, but it is also le as in Je le lui ai donne.---I gave it to him. This adds up to a little confirmatory proof of t as thingness. This and his for example. The th sound in English may involve the depersonalization of human being. Just as de as a prefix has connotations of death added to a word. Detail and tale. Detail and tail.

357 350. Word mirrors: (Better word than echo for reversals.) De and ebb.

351. I cannot say it often enough. In the tiny is the profound. Those things which are too insignificant to notice are always the doors of discovery. Every mistake I make on the typewriter now offers something. I just wrote od for of. The od is the expression of satisfaction wed to the feeling of death. Ahhhhh--od.

352. Horse-racing. An article in Life by a racing bureaucrat decries against horse-doping while giving a marvelous description of its benefits. We are against doping horses because if it works with horses why shouldn't it work with men? But that it too dangerous for society. Society accepts an innovation pressed by reformers, only when society is ready to adapt it to its own uses. So, it is perfectly possible that drugs will be used socially for people in twenty or fifty years or indeed in five. But society will then have elaborated the techniques for controlling the H thus released. It will use drugs in order to make people function more efficiently for its purposes. That is why I have instinctively been opposed to reformers and have always seen myself as a radical and revolutionary. As indeed I am. The reformer is the revolutionary turned back. His H turns back upon itself the moment it is in danger of going out too far--going to No-man's land. So the reformer delivers nothing--he merely offers language and analysis to society when it turns in its adaptations to what he presents. If he were not there, it would have done it more clumsily. That is why the Soviet Union is so ponderous, clumsy, and contradictory in its reforms, its very movements. It has to be since the reformer has nothing like the social sanction here. But I am a revolutionary because only by revolution, and and probably not political revolution, can the S be set back on its

heels and put into serious retreat, thus opening larger II gambits for future generations in which the S will never be as strong again. Although of course it cannot disappear until man reaches God which I suppose is the point of infinity.

353. Word echoes: Defense. Death and fence. The death of the fence. In other words, the death of reaching or going beyond the fence society sets up. It is society's basic message repeated in a myriad of ways every single moment. It says, "Go too far and you die."

354. Word echoes. Good, God, Gold, and Goal. No wonder men pursue gold, and yet fear it. It is God, sensual pleasure, and death all in one word.

355. God. Go to d, Go to death—as society has used it. But if there is a God as I believe there is, his name should be Gol—Goal. Go to Life.

356. Modern painting. The abstract painting reduces from life, condenses from life. It is essentially a social art, a diminishing art. But non-objective painting is the swelling up, the magnifying of a moment, a microcosm, it is the magnification of something apparently tiny or insignificant. So, it seems to have no relation to anything—except perhaps the ~~inscrutable~~ non-tracks and scratchings of various electronic particles on photographic plates under the new microscopes. And indeed why could this not be true. Somewhere within itself the brain must understand the nature of the atom, know how it moves. But this is speculation. What is important is that objective painting is the first of the arts to move from society into the II. It goes beyond Time because it does not attempt to condense Time which is the essence of history, social understanding, reason, classified knowledge, etc. etc. etc. Instead it expands Time, it takes the moment and swells it into the creation. If I am ever to write more novels I shall have to take what is essentially a moment and swell it into a book.

357. The key to Bill Styron's nature is that he does not want a total involvement or commitment to anything or anyone. His strength and weakness as a man and an artist is in that. He was repelled by Maloney because Maloney insisted his friends go all the way with him, and Bill was not ready for that. Indeed, I would not have been either. One reason there may be few art works in the future is that we will be artists at human relations, give ourselves entirely to people in order to save them.

359 358. The inter-fecundation is starting. A letter from Bob says, "Occasionally, . . . I find myself leaping ahead in my mind--or arguing fiercely as if you were present." It has to be. So many of my ideas are expansions of Bob's ideas--in turn many of mine will be expanded by Bob. Yet, I'm ashamed to say that I was not entirely pleased when I read the above. There's a part of me which is such a holder. I really hate to give with a part of me, and I usually give best when I will not be totally accepted. (Bob was right about this.) I'm so afraid things will be stolen--which of course is the way of saying things will be improved. What causes the rich man so much anguish when his joint is looted is that deep in him he suspects that the thief will enjoy his property more than he did. There is one other fear about Bob which is justifiable perhaps. I'm not at all sure he's the revolutionary--he is so capable of turning back to be the mere reformer. Which means my ideas will be abused. But this is quibbling. I have jumped on a stray lack of elation. The fact is that I would have been much less delighted, much more depressed if my ideas had not stimulated him because the modest part of me knows that everything created is a dead end unless it serves to stimulate the artist and others to go beyond. And Bob can go places I cannot go, just as the same is true for me. Once I get rid of more S, my H may be more content with being a part of the whole instead of the whole.

359. Which gives an insight into the power-mad man. He is generally all S or some warping or new mutation of S with the most intense H beneath. All through his being he feels his difference, but he thinks conventionally, believes conventionally. So he can express his H only by being superior to everyone else, by dominating everyone else, by being right about everything. His drive to power is the homeostasis of his soul (homeostasis being understood again as the most affective compromise of H vs S) Which would explain why power-mad men court disaster. They have to. They can never retreat. Which is why McCarthy went down although he was given every opportunity to compromise--indeed they finally had to squash him legislatively because they had become terrified of him--unlike other legislators he was not a social being--also true of all power-mad men. He was an animal. Which is what man becomes when his H--which is his greatness is expressed completely in S.) But

that also accounts for why he had his strength, may have it again, and why so many people including myself had a sneaking attraction toward him, not because of his ideas, but because of his person. The same is true for Hitler and the Germans, and the plan of the Junker generals to assassinate Hitler. How horrible is H when it appears on the surface as total S.

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360. I am always inept at arguing when I feel myself in the presence of a powerful S mind. The reason is not so much cowardice as the preservation of H. (Why did I write S?)-is it because I am so social that I don't really believe in H? To attempt to deliver an H argument before it has developed is to ask oneself to relinquish the idea for years. Indeed, to enter an argument which one loses decisively is to encourage because one wishes to encourage a sociostatic advance.

361. More typing errors deliver more insights. I wrote q for g. But q has been a mystery to me up to now. Now I feel it is some mirror/echo of g, just as k is. Possibilities: k and hard c come from codd, concrete, cover--substantiality, palpability--they are these aspects of g which is go, God, etc. q (that is qu--lwdh) may have silent aspects of g. quiet, quite, quit, quiver, quaint (ancient). Wait and see.

362. God and Jehovah, gaol and jail, gas and jans. Perhaps there are H words and S words. Earlier today I started to write "brands of" for kinds of, and ended by writing varieties of.

363. Word echo: By ^By I, that is, Begun by I.

364. A lot of this is probably concealed in the confusions and subtleties of prepositions. Never forget that 500 page book which was written on the subtleties of French and English prepositions.

365. A corroborating proof is that common people seem to have more of a knack for picking up languages than intellectuals although of course there are a thousand other things which enter. Takers are obviously better than givers for languages.

366. The reformer's Liberal ideas are his defense against his revolutionary impulses. So the journalist is to the novelist as the reformer is to the revolutionary, or should I say anarchist?

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367. Max Halper. His work on the Joyce book proceeds so slowly because he is terrified he will go off on his own--into his own work. The Finnegans Wake analysis is his defense against his own impulse which is to be an original creator and not a follower.

368. Modern art. Liberals, social democrats, analysts, etc. like abstract painting. It is a rationalization of the world. But non-objective painting they find a bit too "undisciplined" for their taste. Anarchists, cranks, rebels, wild-o's, dig non-objective painting because non-objective painting is the first expression of the H. Adele who has always been the rebel and anarchist who is secretly drawn to being the lady or the social-democratic equivalent of it possible for her, has this conflict in her painting. Abstract painting leaves her unsatisfied, but she is frightened of non-objective and cannot let go in it. Perhaps with my "new" influence, she may begin to.

369. Elena is a failure in The Deer Park because she is a degraded image of Adele. I wrote Elena as my defense against loving Adele, but in creating Elena my defense was dissipated. That is the peculiar danger and stimulation of the artist, particularly the writer--as The Burglar says--he writes away his defense.

370. Cancer. I believe instinctively, intuitively, that cancer is the rage of the soul at not having lived properly, at not expressing the H. Its relation to cigarette smoking seems to be that cigarettes are not so much cancer producing agents as cancer accompanying agents. In other words the smoker is probably an S man with rebellion very close to his surface. So he smokes, taking little sips of the tiny antiseptic penis with its red hot tip, and is both antiseptic-and-social and rebellious and orgasmic at the same time. He gets lung cancer if the H is never properly expressed. He is able to give up cigarettes if the H is warring, the S relaxing, and a state of comparative armistice arriving. So we gain weight when we give up smoking, we feel contented, we taste food--the S has prevailed. I wonder if one can give up cigarettes if the H triumphs over the S. Possibly. I have given up much of sweets and alcohol, I wish to eat less. But cigarettes--I'd have to have a very successful H analysis.

372 371. For the Deer Park—When Elena cries out:/// after the orgy, "I was the center of attention. I thought everybody loved me." That is, the last sentence should be added.

372. Word echos: If and Is. If—I fuck. To fuck is the state of the if. One enters new possibilities. If one could do this, then one could do that. But the fuck both actual and in fantasy expresses the desires of everyone, of common people to use the 19th century expression, to have another superior existence. That is the 'if'. Is is being, it is 'I' wedded to the 's' which is society. "Is" contains the heart of the problem of man's existence. He exists both in himself and in society.

373. I wrote the ^{last} note on a letter sent me by Lasly of Dor Monat where I was invited to answer Berthold Brecht on "artistic freedom." I wrote a letter to Lasly saying that I would but on my own anarchist fuck-both-your-camps basis, although of course I was very polite. It's been at the back of my thoughts ever since. Now, I'm writing notes on that particular letter. Why do I choose it? I suspect that the particular piece of paper we ~~is~~ choose to write notes on is very meaningful.

374. Consonant echos. X. It is the cross, the double cross, the erasure. A very difficult sound and letter. I don't feel it yet, I just have a hint.

375. The cross was where man was swindled. Jesus, the rebel, the anarchist, the saint, the compassionate, the life-giver, the liasser of feet was put on the cross and all his teachings were reversed. Christ became Christianity just as Reason became Rationalization.

376. Adelo's qualities. She hated the portrait of Elena, it hurt her terribly, she felt it was the way I saw her, yet she accepted it, she loves the book. Part of it of course is her despised image of herself, but more important still is the terrific woman in her who accepts my work no matter how painful it is to her, who is even capable of wishing only the best for it. It is an extraordinary human quality and yet she has a low opinion of herself. Once she comes to have a better opinion—based on what she is and not on what she wishes to be—she's going to be remarkable.

377. The voice. More basic than any expression or sense of man, it is the link

between the self and society. Before speech there was man but there was no society, certainly no abstract social contract. So much is buried in the voice. I have always had inhibitions about speaking to strangers for I felt deep in me that the moment I spoke I would be discovered, that my voice would reveal my Self. It is depressing to hear the adenoidal range of my voice on a tape recorder, but it is also reassuring. I am more social than I thought. My voice is like other voices. I wonder if it will begin to change soon. That would be one of the indices of my self-analysis progressing.

329 378. A note on my Self-Analysis. I'm not doing it a la Horney. I do it in blocks. I do it ~~meanwhile~~ by commenting on the world, by expressing myself, by Liptoning up, by fucking, by feeling. There is no formal analysis as such, yet I believe that if nothing else happens and this were all to stop tomorrow that my relation to my parents, and my way of seeing things could never be quite the same again. So, something is definitely happening. It suggests that I am doing my analysis in the way proper for me which is through creativity—taking into the self, synthesizing, and giving back. The analysis given to the conventional analyst is run through a stamping machine. The same technique like the bed of society (the bed of Blueboard which stretched legs and chopped off feet) is applied to everyone. If there are differences among analysts, rebellions, they are immediately converted into routines, sects, cults, schools. But very few analysts are capable of employing different techniques, radically different techniques as a matter of course with every patient. Adele's analyst strikes me as being rather remarkable under his German socialism front. He had her sit up—which basically is the expression the analyst gives when he is uncertain what the hell to do with this patient. "Another analyst would have seen Adele as little Spic with despised image—try to make her accept herself, get a nice husband at her level, etc. Booth recognized that Adele was tortured, unique, and many things potentially, but what he just could not say. So he had her sit up, had her analysis go on "supportively". He did not want to make her go back to her beginning, but on the other hand he could not see her future. So he waited until I came along and then decided a headache was off his hands. But at the same time he did not try to ruin her, to direct her, deep in him he had a feeling for her.

380.

379. Word echos. Son and sun. Before spelling it meant exactly that. One's son was the sun of life. (Son in French is his) scion. We sigh and we go on. For sigh is s—I. Society first, I second. That is why we sigh—it is the expression of ourselves society permits.

380. What-the-hell. What we are saying is, "No matter what the hell which awaits us, let's go on because we have to do this." Shortened in life to "What the hell, let's do it." So true of Americans who have carried the ~~big~~ English casualness into reckless casualness. That is why our heroes are always cool. The English gentleman is cool in stress, that is the great value to him—he sees death or a potential social disaster as the same thing. So English gentlemen were great on the battlefield; it was more a social situation to them than the end of their life. They had to be cool because to be cool is for the English the social imperative. But Americans are more primal; so for us to be cool in action is the basic thing. The Englishman sees death as a social situation. The American close to death and danger (~~dagger—danger~~) all his life for our greatness as a nation was the vividness of the H in us, sees the social situation as death.

381. Word echos. Her and err. I'm beginning to feel the h. It has connotations of head, hair, has, ~~in~~ his, —in other words it puts a human connotation on an act, emotion, idea, etc. (For example—history. H. . . I story.)—the total human collectivity of my story.) To err is human, to forgive divine. But man has always seen her, 'er (One of these days I'll have something to say about Cockneys) as erring all over the place. Man puts onto the woman his own masculine strivings, desires, etc. When 'er errs, man is always delighted with a part of him because he wishes to despise the inconstant, the striving, the wandering since it is really his nature to do that were it not so antipathetic to society. H seems to give a general philosophical quality, erect to a philosophical generality, some concrete aspect of the spirit. Air and Hair of course seem to be the opposite.. A very ambiguous letter.

382. What I am doing with letters now is what I used to do with the Tarot cards. I believe I could give Tarot readings now if people were to choose letters of the

alphabet. And indeed there are twenty-two cards in The Major Arcana. 1 to 21 and 0. The twenty-one consonants--this is sheer shit, just this bit--and 0 for the cipher, the fool who is mankind, I. But The Major Arcana to the side, I think I might have a go at letters. I'll just ask people to choose a letter, tell it to me, or rather write it down, then choose another letter.

383. Is W the world? It appears in world, wealth--(the w of health), wide, wisdom, (the w of is--dom) whole (the whole is a hole but for w), weight, etc. (the social measurement of ato, the increase of weight while--(the world's idea of an isle); wait (the world w creates the antithesis of 'ato'. worry--(The w depression of 'urry) whirl (w to her--again man's idea of woman.) (I assume in all this that man more than woman is the language-maker.)

Mass--the male ass. Shit--hit--it. Ass in the Army was one's psycho. Shit was circumstance or society. Each provided for in mass ways. In mass life, truly one can only see oneself as an ass, and events, all events, as shit.

Examples: Tough shit, when the shit hit the fan, chicken shit, bury me deep in shit, et Got your ass in gear, chew your ass, ass-hole buddy. (A buddy is a body, but the uh is closer to the I than the ix short ah. Or perhaps it's further away.)

384. Son of a bitch. The son of a whore. But a whore excites us because she embodies the orgiastic principle, just as an enemy (son-of-a-bitch is invariably used for someone who threatens us no matter how contemptible he may seem) excites our H, makes us feel alive, even if we are so S-ed up that all we can feel is anxiety.

385. Simply, directly, I excited Stan Rinchart's anxiety. Dinly, he knew I was the enemy. I was bringing too much too close to him. He wanted me out of the house. No matter the cost. He had to do it because I was threatening him. In the privacy of his thoughts he probably thinks of me as "That son of a bitch Mailer."

386. Once in awhile, in great admiration and love, we say of another man, "What a good son of a bitch he is." What a fine oggiastic life-loving man he is.

387. f and v. F is fuck, v is some diminutive of it, some relation to it. V is in vice, vile, virtue, life and live, preference and perversion, that is prefer and pervert, vagina, vein, vain, (sister words) vain and fain. And so on.

388. I'm getting a little tired now. Interesting how the word and consonant echos seem to come through at the end of a productive day when my guard is relaxed—the vowels are still mysteries to me really—and of course in writing the notes on consonants I get very tired. I suspect because I have something here. Nothing less than a new dictionary. I wonder if dictionary compilers are not actually scholars who are very close to this sort of thing, and conceal it in the most respectable work.

389. Anyway, I think I'll finish with an expository chore. Describe my weekend. It has importance for this journal as background for the notes.

The weekend was a bust until late Sunday night. Bought a tape recorder for myself and a hi-fi for the folks on Saturday. Two symbolic acts. Had Liptons and made love Saturday night. But too much happened. For the first time I made love as if it were an analytic session and talked to Adele all through it, expounding her sexual character. She was a little repelled and frightened—so was I. I felt real potency deserting me for intellectual potency. But I was hot on the scent of what had long eluded me—why her past promiscuity always made me so hot, and I believe I found good reasons. For truly I recreate the past for her and make the past good. If her breasts were felt when she was fifteen and it was unsatisfactory thus driving her further on, I restore to her the fulfilled desire of how her breasts should really have been felt. And so on through all the parts of love. I love her sexual past because I can recreate it for her, make it better, and also feel identified with many men. So I was very excited intellectually while we made love, but I think she was repelled by what seemed unnatural to her—the Catholic is very deep and very basic in Adele—it's why she despises herself so. She feels if she doesn't despise herself, she'll go straight to Hell. Anyway, we were both left with great flatness which carried over to Sunday, and on Sunday morning I could remember nothing of the tremendous insights I felt I had on Saturday night. Instead Again I felt depressed, and the Dissent meeting was hanging over me. That came on Sunday afternoon, and was deeply depressing. I felt I didn't belong there. All these bitter rationalists, with their rationalist talents—they would turn on me if they knew what an anarchist I am. And indeed Lewis Coser spoke approvingly of how ~~him~~ Clara Thompson and the Sullivanites were riding Reich out of business

under the auspices of the Pure Food and Drug Act. (What a perfect title for a law for once.) The only time I felt understood was when Plastrik who is a vigorous neatly secretary (Radical parties may have the butcher boys for secretaries. Stalin, Molotov, etc.) said to me in passing, "Maybe you could do a piece on Serge Rubinstein." The oddity was that I had just been thinking the same thing. When I mentioned telepathy, their faces all got flat.

Anyway, the meeting was unbearably dull. I kept despairing of socialism. These people are all well-meaning, they are even courageous, but they are pale, they are scholars, bitter scholars, they are deeply middle-class, they are the essence of social-democracy even when they are to the left of it. They are socialists because they are all S—their socialism is not a desire for justice, a passion for equality, but merely—by now—the intellectual urge to order society. I kept feeling I should speak up, and kept deciding not to. It would have been disrupted, and I would have been defeated. After all, if I had won—which is inconceivable—I should have had to take over the magazine which I certainly don't want to do, and so I felt merely a spoiler, a wrecker, a renegade. I knew that I could stay with them only by accommodating my personality, giving articles to Dissent which would be stimulating for them because I would only go a very small distance.

Not with Howe and Coser I got the feeling that they are deeply dissatisfied, that they wish to move on, and I expect more tolerance from them (father images again) (Father—let me run in your car.) than from the others. Anyway, before the meeting was over I left—my only suggestion which was more than a joke being that Dissent covers remain the orange-red of the last issue—which was carried. But all afternoon first in the delicatessen—what else would Jewish socialists do before a meeting? — then in the Plastrik's home, I felt a stranger and alien. I fled with Mike Harrington who is a Catholic Anarchist masquerading as a socialist, tried out a few of my milder ideas on him in the taxi, for which I got half-response, half-worry, and then home to Adele.

This has to be continued tomorrow, for a lot happens yet.

24 pages today — To my memory the greatest number I've ever done in a day.

Feb. 1, 1955

390. Today makes two months since I started this journal. I started comparatively slowly, and have been accelerating steadily until now I give so much working time to it that I have no time to even write a letter.
391. Last night, having dinner with Mother and Dad, I expressed my remark about journalists far better than I did in the journal. I said, "A journalist is a man obsessed with finding the truth in order to tell a lie."
392. Later, today, if I can, I want to get into "Liars" and "honest men."
393. What appears to me right off hand is that a compulsive liar is a man or a woman whose lying is a defence against telling the truth, the real truth, the truth which would destroy him. Very powerful H in compulsive ~~basic~~ liars as indeed there is in all psychopaths.
394. Word echoes. (I suppose what I'm really trying to do with word and consonant echoes is psychoanalyze language.) Anyway: A liar. The verb: to lie. Which also means to lie down. I accept the identity completely. A liar is engaging in a passive activity--no matter how much action he may appear to set off. The fact of the matter is that a liar is invariably punished, and lies with the desire to be so punished. For the liar, afraid of his H, is seeking the passive position where society will curb him. Like gossips, liars are adventurers afraid to begin. Their lying is their defence against action. Which is why it is so compulsive. Truly, there is a worse alternative--they will have to act, and that brings disaster.
395. Another word echo here: Lair. The lair of the liar.
396. The Burglar again. All Herr Doktor wants to do is steal men's souls. His absolute social dictum is "basic passive masochism,"--"Case closed." Truly, he's so full of shit. He wants to make all men and women passive, because he is terrified of his own aggression, and deeply ashamed at how he has denied the rebel in himself. For the core of man is not masochism and passivity--if it were, all the world would be India. The heart of man is something allied to love and aggression--it is what I choose to call thrust. It is the incapacity to accept stasis. As Bob wrote--and

I quote him more or less accurately, it is the desire to affect the environment and change it.

398 397. Disagreeable as it is to admit, Stalinism may be the child of Socialism—the mongoloid who grew out of the womb of the social-democrat couple. For apart from the very real and possibly insurmountable problems of socialism in one backward country, there was a time of alternative and choice. The Revolution of '17 opened more than economic perspectives of equality—it opened sexual equality. And from Lenin on down, the deeply bourgeois conservative social sense of the Bolsheviks were more than a little aghast at the sexual liberties which flowered. I quote Lenin from memory: "I wish some of these comrades would realize that sex is not the same as taking a drink of water." But of course sex is the same, or sex should be the same. Trotsky, with his extraordinary half insights, his extraordinary Π which could never be completely contained in S-formulations so he was always overflowing into poetry and what seemed undisciplined enthusiasms, shrieked and shrieked and shrieked for the world revolution. He was of course not inclined at all toward a sexual revolution. Nothing consciously could have been more repellent to him. Yet I believe that dimly he sensed that world revolution might open the anarchist perspective. And Trotsky was spiritually an anarchist which is why he is tragic and beautiful—what figure could have been chosen more ironically to crush anarchism. (The Kronstadt rebellion.) To build socialism in a backward country surrounded by hostile enemies may have been impossible, but the one possibility of bringing it off, considering the incredible number of work hours and the poor consumer goods which would be given the proletariat for a decade and then another, was to allow them their Π . Men can draw upon themselves far more endlessly if the Π is permitted great rein. And they would have had genuine enthusiasm rather than enforced social enthusiasm. But the socialist mind is a bourgeois mind, stripped of Π , infatuated with the proletariat because it believes (and not altogether incorrectly I would guess) that the proletariat has sex, has love, has life-energy which their own class has not. But the horror of socialism underneath its radicalism is that its bourgeois intellectuals who have written the commentaries on the great book, and have been its intellectual leaders as well as a great part of its political leaders, have always seen the proletariat with contempt. Their vision of the proletariat is to raise the proletariat in their own image, rather than be

enriched themselves by the life of the proletariat. So the sexual revolution which was in the air, and actually in small ways in practice, was suppressed, was seen as the ultimate danger. And, in parallel, Trotsky was stripped of power, exiled, hunted, and slain. For Trotsky was the orgiast of revolution no matter how he tried to play at being the social builder. (I wrote play but torture is a better word. Play is the casual word we use to conceal torture.) And Stalin, the nouveau riche, the arriviste, built a bourgeois society the way only an arriviste can build one, laboring it with social ostentation, vulgarity, and outright cruelty. He was power-mad, a violent H in an unbelievably severe S, and so he was a leader, a monster, and a caricature of this bourgeois society. He was the animal masquerading as a man, and the Russian people undoubtedly admired the Great Bear in him crushing everything with his powerful arms and his fat smelly sent. But ~~in~~ the nouveau riche always come into bourgeois society with a fixed image of it, frozen by their childhood hungers. So arrivistes are vulgar because they are old-fashioned. They set in panoply the outmoded bourgeois taste of twenty years ago, fifty years ago. Stalin was obsessed with creating a society as all nouveau riche are, but his idea of society was Victorian society, and that is why Russia is so cumbersome, insensitive, and crude in its social methods. Socialism--let us read Stalinism--was built in one country, but it was built in the image of the 19th century, a throw-back, and a throw-back is a monstrosity, just as Joe McCarthy is a monster because he acts like a hanging judge in the Wild West, a man's man with the rope forever in his hands. (In this sense, the monster is to the rebel as a throw-back is to the creator.) (Note on McCarthy: The more I think of the image of the hanging judge the better I like it. The hanging judge always talks man-to-man to the wretch in the docket before he says, "Okay, boys, string him up.")

Anyway, what I have tried to outline is that Stalinism is the monster child of Socialism because Socialism being society-oriented could conceive of revolution only as new society, more rational society, and the result was an ape in a dinner jacket. The alternative: to have a sexual revolution which I believe was probably real to many of these Bolsheviks who were anarchists at heart was legitimately terrifying because the capitalist world with its profound anti-sexuality would probably have felt obliged to destroy it, or at least attempt to, and they might have been destroyed, but that was the gamble which should have been taken, and not the other.

399 398. I suppose the last note is a filling-in on my reactions to Dissent and the Dissent meeting. What has to be said in favor of Dissent is that it is a magazine put out by socialists who have become—more or less consciously—deeply dissatisfied with Socialism. Dissent is their defence against an anarchist urge (rather than anarchist position) or what is the more real alternative, a return to bourgeois society and liberalism. So, there may be more than just the reluctance to engage in time-wasting correspondence behind my depression at the thought of quitting the magazine. Perhaps I feel the hope that the tolerance of Dissent's editorial position—it is more tolerant than any Socialist magazine I can remember—is due to the fact that Howe and Coser created it because they truly wish to ~~hear~~ let someone (X) rant in their ear. Their depression is due to the fact that they are still waiting for X. Once in awhile I think Howe suspects it may be me. But this could be sheer vanity.

399. To finish note 389 on my weekend. I came home, Adele wanted to go to the movies, I wanted to stay home and have Lipton's. She accepted. First we made love, then took Lipton's. (I was repelled a little by how I had abused the act of love the night before by using it for fuckanalysis-with-Lipton's, so I wanted to do without it.) After love-making which was a touch flat for us, we took Lipton's—(By God, I call it Lipton's because my lip delivers tons of words.)—and merely felt passive, dopey, and flat. First time that had happened, and I realized the reason. When there is sexual energy in me, Lipton's makes me creative. It floods my intelligence with sexual energy. But when I am temporarily sexually depleted, Lipton's merely fuddles me. Which would account for why Dan always sinks into a semi-coma when he takes Lipton's. His sexual energy is forever low because he must use it to maintain the intolerable contradictions of his personality. Anyway, we lay around, watched television which was mildly pleasant but not stimulating in the insights it gave me as it usually is, and then just as we were about to go to bed at eleven, I felt energy returning, and we took Lipton's again. This time I was full of energy—my sexual energy seems to take about two hours to return—and I got out the tape recorder, and Adele and I had an uproarious half-hour making a mock Tex and Jim program, a Break The Bloody Bank program with the Sixty-Nine Dollar question, and so forth. I gave my Brando imitations. (Listening to them the following night, I found Waterfront and Streetcar disappointing, but The Wild One was extraordinary.) Then second and to ~~sleep~~ happy bed and sleep. Yesterday,

once I got going, I worked with incredible energy and speed. I believe that for work Lipton's followed by soconal is ideal albeit over-stimulated. The reason: I would guess that when I take Lipton's alone, I spend the night with my S working like mad to destroy everything H has liberated, so I wake up depressed and stunned. But when I add soconal—which seems to ^{quiet} ~~quite~~ both H and S, but certainly S—long before Lipton's I had noticed the feeling of well-being soconal gave me the following day, provided I hadn't been taking it too often—when I add soconal, the S is unable to criticize all through the night, and the H remains alive, if resting, so that black coffee in the morning stimulates the H with just enough S discipline to keep it from being totally unruly. The result: elation, work, and a feeling of inexhaustible energy. Even when I got tired after hours of writing, I have only to allow myself the relaxation of thinking, "I will rest for awhile," and the thought itself seems to provide enough rest for me to continue. (Which opens a half-wild speculation to the thought that concepts rule our energy output. Crudely: to believe we are tired is to make ourselves tired; to believe we cannot sleep is to render sleep impossible; to believe we will rest is to provide the restoration of rest—all this of course finally ruled by the actual bodily overall need, so that even the insomniac finally sleeps, and the tireless man rests, the inert man moves. But, some day soon perhaps I may be able to liberate myself from the tyranny of needing eight hours sleep to do a day's work.)

Anyway, yesterday was incredible for output if not for quality. I wrote more pages than I have ever written in my life, except perhaps for one night when I was eighteen and wrote something like forty absolutely awful last pages of a novel. Then, since it was my birthday I went over to my mother and father's, and because I was in a good mood, I put everybody else in a good mood. I enjoyed my birthday for the first time in years, I enjoyed my presents, I loved everybody there more than I normally do, and I was tickled pink when my father told me that he had won six bucks from Jack Alson in gin rummy. My father had never won a game before from Jack. (Jack is the sort of pompous cigar-smoking hearty self-made business man with buried aggressive sensitivity who has always buffeted my father in the past.) I know Dad was delighted, and I was delighted too—apparently the four hours we talked did a lot for him. He told me that he was fighting his office on the report they had made on him, and was preparing a letter where he was going to sock them back.

The whole evening went well. I enjoyed myself with my family which I haven't experienced so well in years, and after supper I played the first attempt at the alphabet game, the results of which I will list here later. During supper Barbara and I had a big fight over whether the meat thermometer was right or wrong (meter as mentor?) I saying, take the roast beef out, don't trust the thermometer, Barbara in a fury at me. We were each half-right. The center was indeed too rare, but the outside was done well enough so that we all had slices and were able to eat. Reason was right theoretically—I felt that I was right practically—we ate a half hour earlier than we would otherwise have eaten, and nobody had a piece too rare for them. But the big thing was the basic argument Barbara and I were having. I made her a rationalist over the years—I took her sensitive delicate nature and hammered my harsh reasoning mind into hers. No wonder she's furious at me now that I say Reason is bad, Instinct is good. She feels it, I suspect, as a betrayal. For what was her nature warped if I now tell her the warp is wrong?

Then we drove home with Larry and me playing endless fugues on his taking my old ^{for nothing.} tape recorder. Larry is almost completely conscious of how completely he is the taker and how guilty it makes him, but he is still bound. He feels he always has to pay exact measure for taking—he is put in a rage (always expressed as depression for him) when he has to pay even a cent too much for what he buys, takes. "Spend money," I said to him at one point about something else, "it's good for the soul." What a tzaddik I am. But, on the drive, I said to Barbara my line about being a saint who must explore psychopathy, and she understood immediately. She said in her slow thoughtful voice, "You know, I think you're right." I wonder if the same is true for her, but deeply suppressed, so only the saint appears, and the sweet bourgeois college girl, all reason, all briskness, all portness, while deep in her she always feels so unworthy and dirty, frightened by what she considers her evil impulses when actually they are not evil, they are the urges to explore her nature across the spectrum.

401 400. One addition to this. I have come to realize how much I am a leader. "When I am depressed, I make others depressed. When I'm happy, people take on my mood, unless like Dan they are wrestling with me for their souls, or for Dan jabbing back. So, I have a responsibility which I shun—that's what keeps me from being a leader.

For a leader must take in one fundamental way. He must take responsibility.

402 401. Back from lunch and a walk and black coffee, and I am very excited because I think I've come up with something. I think I can clarify for myself the difference between the saint and the psychopath, particularly a species of psychopath I have hardly touched on up to now, to wit the criminal psychopath, the homicidal psychopath. What has been throwing me off all this time is that I have been holding in certain ways to the conventional view of the criminal psychopath—which is that he has no social sense. It is absolutely false. The reason a psychopath, a criminal psychopath, is so dangerous is that he has a total view of society. His S is altogether developed, completely authoritarian, and constantly punishing. But in a sense he is schizoid—the war of H vs. S never meets in compromises the way it does in more normal people. (I am of course talking of ^{the}imaginary total criminal psychopath.) He sees and feels nothing but his H—the S is merely present as a sort of Holy Ghost, converting every one of his life impulses into a self-criticism which becomes so intolerable that he must damn everyone, see the enemy in everyone, suspect goodness no matter how or where it appears in himself or in others. So, even to talk to him is exceptionally dangerous, and if I were ever in prison as a prisoner I would be in danger of my life every instant I opened my mouth, for the key to the criminal psychopath is that deep within him he worships society like a graven stone, only the stone is in his heart. Essentially, he believes that everything about society is good, perfect, immutable, churchly, absolute and total. Psychologically, his hatred of himself, his hatred of others is his passport to heaven. Once accept himself, once accept anything radical to society, and at the instinctive level he feels himself doomed to go to hell, for that is real heresy. So, as Bob told me, prisoners will kill each other for being told they are mother-fuckers. You-do-not-fuck-your-mother is the first commandment of society. You-do-fuck-your-mother is the first commandment of H. Between then the epic-or-tragedy? of man's existence is played. But the criminal psychopath has the absolute S-taboo, he is cut off, amputated, from the source of H-satisfaction, and so his H must become more and more ex-acorbedated, more violent, because each of his actions are the attempt to flee the more and more pressing H-imperative to the orgy (the orgy being always a variant of the fuck-your-mother drive.)

Just as the sadistic cop is the criminal reversed—the cop, identifying with

S can allow free play to the worst of his H, or put another way the cop sees all H as bad unless it is used in the service of S--which is why the cop sees the crook everywhere, so the criminal identifying with H but convinced H is bad, can never grapple with S because S is totally good to him no matter how he may believe he hates it, no matter how he may rail against it. Therefore, ~~invariably~~ homicidal psycopaths are invariably reactionary in politics rather than radical--as are cops-- To approach a homicidal psycopath when he is aroused and attempt to convince him that there is a good man in him is to court your own murder. Only the unrelenting approach of the priest or the hyper-moral minister can work--no reward can be offered, no hope other than the extended hope that years of punishment may bring surcease. To offer a reform, a concession to the psycopath is to open for him the possibility that he may be right. But if he is right, then he has denied God so Hell awaits him. (One further reason psychoanalysts have ducked homicidal psycopaths is that they would have had to come to grips with religion vs. sex and this they dare not do. They would become socially unrespectable again.) The prison lore of wardens ~~know~~ and guards knows that to give concessions to homicidal psycopaths, --that is to depart from the original prison environment (be it hideous or comparatively liberal like Chino--Calif) is to encourage further trouble. The psycopath feels in his soul--and what a miserable maimed outraged soul!--that he has to be stopped or he doesn't make Heaven. So for every concession he must demand more until he is finally killed or stunned (life imprisonment.) Ironically, I would guess that once given life imprisonment with no hope of parole, knowing he is totally ~~immune~~ against the mother-fucking urge, he probably quiets down, branches out, even becomes a useful (sic) member of the community. Lifers make good trustees.

So, what a prison problem! For what I have outlined above is true for only a small percentage of the prison population, and that not even totally true for no man is completely a type. So, for the radical urge of some, the reformist demands of many, and the total imprisonment essential for a few, the attempt is made to simmer them all in the same pot with only the crudest separations, and above this stands the warden--a man more and more traveling the spectrum from the cop-bureaucrat to the criminal psycopath, so his sympathies are divided, his anxieties contradictory, tormented by the unconscious knowledge that he half longs for the day when the prison population will dynamite the walls and destroy him.

401 402. A comment on the above. When a "mad killer" is on the prowl, probably nothing can work. Because at such moments all his tortured life force is finally expressing itself. His detestation of himself is so intense that the only time he can feel alive and "happy" is when he is in the act of committing some outrage. For while he worships the S he also truly hates it with the part of himself which has always wanted to live. So, in the temporary suspending of his idea of S-retaliation, he feels great release, great joy, in the act of murdering he is truly living. At such times nothing can stop him, for mangled as this is, it is still an expression of the life-force, and nothing, ~~can~~ short of death, can stop the unbearable tension-to-go-to-completion of the criminal who is usually so isolated from his sense of life. It is only when this has spent itself, or half-spent itself, that the strong approach can work. And indeed in practice it is only several days after the initial riot that the priests and ministers enter with their black robes.

403. At the other end of the spectrum is the saint. The saint (that is the total saint) has no S whatsoever, he is all H-expression, and so he is all goodness, all sensitivity, all-accepting, all-forgiving. To kiss the feet of a whore, to tell a parable to his flock, to be unafraid of all worldly—that is, social—power is always the same thing to him, merely another part of the whole, as natural as breathing, weeping, defecating, fucking, comforting, etc. But, of course, in life, with perhaps the exception of Jesus, no total saint has ever appeared that I know about—certainly no sexual saint, unless it was some unknown tzaddik of the chasidin, some wandering beggar in Asia, some illiterate frontiersman preacher of the West. But it is unlikely. Society would have ripped his arms and legs off, stuffed his genitals in his mouth, driven spikes through his belly, and eaten his eyes. The saints who have appeared, (that is genuine saints, three-quarter saints say, like Gandhi, St. Francis perhaps, "Lincoln???? How can one ever locate them in history for their works are so few, and the legends about them so distorted—it is safe to assume that most of the Catholic saints were bureaucrats, psychopaths, monsters and ~~madmen~~ half-mystics—) What one can say is that there have been three-quarter saints, men (or women) who somehow—and this is a mystery to me—were capable of expressing their unexpressed sexual urges in other ways. They were free of society, they had the happy grace

--and what a revealing word is Grace--of the animal raised to human stature, and so they were good. But they were never totally good, nor totally saints--they suffered from Temptation. Of course. Somehow they managed to avoid most of the sex-vs-society exhaustion, but one cannot avoid sex entirely, not without turning one's food to poison. One can only accept sex completely, and one day when there comes such a man, there will be a total saint. By which of course I don't mean that he will be fucking all the time. Simply--and how difficult--he will fuck when he feels like it with whomever feels like it, and rest when he is done.

403 404. The Catholic would argue, "You see, you admit a three-quarter saint who can do without sex. How do you account for that?" To which I would answer that it is a riddle although probably not insurmountable, but that it is certainly less of a riddle than that there is a God who gave life but immediately ceded the dispensing of life and the life energies over to a Devil. That is the total contradiction on which I rests, but it is so exhausting, so static, that until I began to express itself as Reason in the early Renaissance, "Western Man slumbered in shit--giving shores of torture.

405. I may have a clue to the lack of sexual drive in the three-quarter saint. As I have gone through my self-analysis, perversions which once gave me great excitement now give less. They seem less dirty, more natural. Along with my general exaltation goes less sexual heat and less depression. It is the thing which has been worrying me. My sexual urge now seems to come out in the flow of ideas and the release of emotions. I don't believe this is totally natural nor totally healthy, but it may be that all of us who were born under the weight of a society which denied sex except as the dirty, can feel saintly emotions--as occasionally I do--only when we have purged ourselves of sexual guilt. But we bear the scar. Sexual guilt was the catalyst which opened sex to us. In other words, in the process of growing up, the dirt-sex identification became so engraved upon us that to wash away the connotations of dirt was to wash away much of sex. Perhaps that is the answer to the three-quarter saints. They could accept the whore, they could accept the dirt, and so sexual urge diminished, perhaps even vanished. But the real saint, the saint-who-has-not-yet-appeared, would not even bear the scar.

His sexual urge would be joyous, and how joyous. Once in my life I had a taste of full orgasm. It was my first, and it was incredibly lovely.

405 406. Word echos. I've discussed jazz and gas. But note: ~~Orgasm~~ Orgasm. What a word. I read: O the red spirit (gas) of man.

407. If my identification of red and r seems too pat, be it remembered that red is the color of blood, the color of the sexual organs, it is the color of life in rage (wounds being the result) and in love. And gas is vapor, clouds--the first intimation to the child and the savage that there is a Great Spirit we cannot reach.

408. Gato. Add r: Great. Or: Grato. The big and the little combine. Greatness always grates on others.

409. The strength of the Church. I wonder if it is not due to the fact that the Church above all institutions is ready to accept the hatred of its flock. Mother Church is a rock, it says, throw mud at us, hammer upon us, we remain unchanging. (What a lie about remaining unchanging.) After all, like all institutions whose nature is to deprive, the Church excites hatred in its Catholics beneath the level of their love. But it is not afraid of that hatred. And when we feel hatred toward anyone or anything, and can recognize no fear in the hated one, we feel impotent, powerless, enslaved. (Which parenthetically is the heart of the dependent relation of analysand to analyst, and is why certain analysands are forever abusing the analyst. If they can arouse a response from the analyst--which for my money would not be a bad thing at all--the analysand would not feel so helpless, so useless, so dependent.) That is why the renegade Catholic can never shake off the hand of the Church--for although the Church hates back, it conceals its hatred by announcing and practicing its willingness to take back anyone, no matter what the crimes, or sacrileges, if they are only willing. (Just like an analyst.) Indeed the Church is way ahead of Stalinism in this respect, although I 'feel' that Stalinism is beginning to borrow this technique. Perhaps with Tito it will. That is also why the Church catches so many homicidal psychopaths in their death coils--all of their life has been a preparation for this moment. In the ultimate sense, the Catholic who murders is the best Catholic material of them all. Which is why the Church has always had a soft spot for murderers.

409

h10. A note on my father. I have been acting like an analyst toward him, but I have taken a gamble no analyst would have taken. I have made the bet that he is more artist than psychopath, and so he will not gamble seriously again because I have given him my love. But there is a big danger. For if I have had a fundamental misapprehension of my father, and it is crucial to him to despise himself (which I do not believe, but may be possible) then, given my tolerance, he will have to attempt to destroy it by striking out, by gambling seriously. But my instinct told me the opposite, it told me that he was enough like me so that he cannot repel love but instead is drawn to it, needs it, respects it so basically that impotence for him as for me comes from the specter of wounding seriously someone we love. Like me, my father wounds people who love him only in passing, reluctantly, lightly, teasingly. He has no real desire to cut a hole or smash a head.

h11. And now I understand Monroe St and the hammer I got on my head. "When the hoodlums wanted to crush the party, I was wrong and the others were right. If I had taken a ~~firm~~ firm line (firm is pious in Yiddish I believe) and told them to get the fuck out of here--it was precisely the fuck which they wanted to introduce into my party--then they would either have fought immediately or gone away. But I took a tolerant compromising line and that was intolerable to them. They had to find out, destroy or be destroyed.

Just as in reverse, the time I followed Adele down the stairs at First Avenue and she was being whistled at and insulted by two teen-age hoodlums as I came out was a moment where angry at her, a little drunk, and feeling aggressive, I shouted at the hoodlums, "KNOCK OFF," and to my amazement they did, one staying his distance, the other apologizing.

h12. On how I can't destroy love. The one total impotence I had in my life was with R.P. shortly after I met Adele. I was drawn to R, I found her totally attractive socially, I knew she was drawn to me. But I was afraid of what ~~what~~ would happen if it clicked with her, and I was full of sexual beans at the time. I was afraid I would desert Adele. To turn upon someone who really loves me has always been deep in my unconscious the unforgivable crime. So I was impotent with R.P. the first time we tried, I had a panic to quit her. It was only when I came to realize how sexually frigid R.P. was that I could have sex with her, and even then it was

the worst, anxious, semi-potent, and possible only on tons of liquor. "hat a time I gave her. Before I met Adele I was always potent, if with great anxiety. Afterward, totally potent with Adele, I could never know in advance whether I would be any good with another woman. I think I could make full love to another woman only if I felt Adele no longer ~~in~~ really loved me. In the old days before we were married, my heart used to sink every time I realized how much she loved me. It meant I could never be free. Today, I no longer wish to be free. So, I have been loving her. And, slowly, very tentatively, with deep suspicion, she is beginning to believe that yes, truly, I do love her.

412 h13. One thing bothers me. I had a few intimations under Lipton's that there is some sort of identification between Adele and my sister. (Further proof of the mother-father embodiment—who but a sibling substitute could be better for a mother-father embodiment?) I don't like it, and I steer away from approaching it, but I suspect that I have to face it and tear into it because my sexual scar may be exactly here.

h14. A lay analyst. He is a layman. ^{the} layman is the fucker. ^{the} expert does without fucking. So, depending on taste, we are drawn to layman K or Doctor K. But wed to the English language is the idea that the non-expert is closer to sex. And indeed he is.

h15. I have a hunch the next novel may be the worst of all to write because to do it I will probably have to quit Liptons and go back to depression. If I don't it will all come too easily and be too surface. But to go with open arms back into depression! I don't see how I can do it. In other words I don't see how I can start a new book yet. At least, I will have the experience of tuning The Deer Park once again, and that may give hints and intimations of what to expect with and without Liptons.

h16. My sexual scar. That is, a part of me has always seen sex as a pussy wound. Mmmmm. I meant to write pus--ay. So, chasing the dirty I felt excitement and then guilt. Now, with guilt eased, there is less excitement. (Perhaps. . this is only for the last few weeks, at most the last few months as a tendency.) In other

words, once the dirt is taken out of sex, I see it as brother-sister relations. Platonic. Which is why I get dirtier all the time to apparently less effect. I just feel tender. Even in the last ball, I felt tender toward the other girl as if she were my child. But, I mustn't go too far with this. The few times we've made love in the last month without Lipton's were pretty Goddamn hot--and without even a trace of guilt afterward. The effects of brother-sisterliness came out with Lipton's. The only exception is the love we made Sunday night which was without Liptons and comparatively un-hot. I may be reading much too much into this. On the other hand, one of these days I am going to sit down, lie down, and free-associate on it. For example, why in hell am I thinking more and more of a secretary. Why do I put out feelers to Barbara. Why the note a couple of weeks ago about secretary and wife?

416

h17. Depression is coming on, distrust of this journal, distrust of myself and my ideas. Again I worry--Is this all a monster rationalisation? Am I full of shit? Also, I'm hungry again. I interrupt to go down for supper.

h18. Perhaps the sexual explanation is that I use up so much energy in this journal and doing my weight-lifting that there just isn't a hell of a lot left over. I notice that I start high on this Journal every day, or get high in the course of writing--auto-stimulation, and who was it that first called us authors?--and then wear out, feel the ideas become less sharp, the tone begin to wander, until finally in word echoes and consonant chasings I feel depression come on lightly.

h19. Jees, I'd rather be a genius than a saint, (but in my mind the sentence kept coming out reversed--I'd rather be a saint than a genius.) The psychopath, I'm afraid reluctantly, I must relinquish--at least temporarily.

h20.

xxx

h19. A little interesting and revealing quirk. Some of my pants have a hole in the left pocket, some in the right, some in both, some in none. But these days I tend to go around with money in both pockets--as if I'm changing camps, but want to leave a stake in each bivouac.

h21. Decadence. I wonder if it isn't generally misunderstood, especially because decadent periods are periods dangerous to society. A decadent time always follows

a prosperous time, that is the decadence appears first in ideas, art-works, fashions, etc, and is only then followed by economic crisis, or a political reaction, or by revolution. But decadence is the natural, even inevitable growth of which follows prosperity, and I believe it comes into being because the abstract social contract is no longer pressing; relatively--to its time--the need to quit it has come. So a concern with man as a thing in himself, rather than the concern with man-in-and-of-society is the result. But society always underlines such attempts as perverted, and so they can only appear in degraded forms. The inquiry about man becomes expressed by homosexuality (always seen and understood by Everybody to be the real meaning of the word decadence) artistic experimentation which leads nowhere, or seems to lead nowhere, bisexual fashions in dress, distrust of power, anxiety of statesmen, feelings of general impotence, an increase in hatred and disrespect of the lower classes for the upper classes, a mood of doubt, a refinement of comedy, and perhaps most significant a cutting across categories, so that hybrid arts like opera, or today--bebop--are born. Until now it has been impossible for what I believe have been the genuine and indeed highest probings of the human spirit--occurring precisely in the period of decadence--to gain acceptance or energy. Society is threatened, the time is not yet to dissolve the social contract, and so all the S forces are whipped up again. But the period of decadence we are in now is of the most profound sort. For what characterizes decadence is that it occurs more powerfully and for longer duration each time it appears, and each time the process of destroying it is less complete and more difficult. The real soul of man, I suspect, has always come closest to expression in decadent periods, but the expression was always degraded. There will come a time perhaps when a decadence less degraded will to everyone's amazement produce the greatest flowering.

421. 422. The above note was written on a full stomach after supper. I wrote it with a style about as sprightly as a German grammar teacher, and this kills me because there was so much I wanted to say in that. If I don't bounce up soon, I'm going to quit for the day.

423. Echoes and opposites. The child wishes to do something. It is forbidden. The child wishes to express something. But, presto, as the words are on its

tongue, it realizes that this too will be forbidden. So it requests a different object, less satisfactory but close to the original (an echo) or it requests the opposite. (The child wishes to strike its sister—it says instead, "I love my sister.") But the child like the psychopath lives in the enormous present, and ~~living~~ living in the present is like being in the center of a giant drum—every whisper returns its sound, and it is difficult to separate the whisper from the reply. So the reply in time comes to seem more real to the child than its own whisper, and the child identifies with the reply, the reply is itself, the child is the mother or the father or the mother-father, and its own Self is banished to be persecuted later when the Self produces its own child. So to the psycho (which I use for H vs S) every attitude has its refraction (its echo) or its mirror (its opposite), and the problem of what is the Self remains for most people exactly the mystery.

Which is why everything must be turned on its head—at least for experiment—before one may be certain it is understood. Again I repeat—one comes closer to finding the truth-in-its-circuits by the desire to be ridiculous than the fear of being ridiculous. And the extraordinary person is extraordinary because the unbearable question of the child—Who and what am I?—has never been frozen into answers, but demands instead that one voyage for answers, answers. (Echo: Answerers for engineers.)

423 424. The spectrum of the saint-psychopath. The ^{infant,} ~~child,~~ initially, is all H or virtually all H. ~~incomprehensible psychopathic spectrum~~ The child is mainly H with great conversions into S being formed daily, being vomited back, absorbed again, shifted, etc. The saint-psychopath retains this quality of the child, and probably if I knew enough, and if it were worthwhile one could draw the spectrum. The homicidal psycho at one end—the total saint at the other. And potty crooks, gamblers, adventurers, certain kinds of businessmen, entertainers, reporters, artists, evangelists, psychotics, alcoholics, beggars, old maids and saints would fit in in some order of development and HvsS flowings (I prefer to avoid the word—structures). But what characterizes them and separates them from the other world of humans, the conformist—neurotic spectrum which inhabits the middle of society just as the saint-psycho occupies the top and the bottom (this is even more true psychically than by classes or status) is that the saint-psycho are spontaneous, apparently contradictory—since reality shifts

for them all the time, their reaction to apparently similar stimuli may be vastly different on different occasions—fluid and mobile, subject to crisis, subject to recovery, generally givers, active and inert, ^{intuitive,} manic-depressive, undependable in long-term love but incandescent for short love, the subject of gossip, the centers of attention, electric in quality, driven, shriven, and driven again, compassionate/and selfish. They are creators.

The neurotic-conformist is the total opposite. They are dependable, stable, cautious, consistently honest, privately dishonest, expert at best, plunders at worst, petty, and envious, socially affable, privately malicious, makers, subject to attrition, mildly steadily active, dull for short-term love but good providers for long-term, listeners, mechanical in air, intelligent and practical once the scope is defined, analytical, helpless before problems of synthesis. They are professionally compassionate (charity and community work) and professionally selfish. They are critics.

These, naturally, are poles. And the majority of people fit somewhere in between although of course they tend toward the neurotic-conformist. But the tendency of society is to make all of mankind neurotic-conformist—the tendency of man, as via his modern heroes and celebrities, is to liberate the saint-psychopath present to some degree in everyone.

Generally speaking we have come to the point in history—in this country anyway—where the middle class and upper middle class is composed primarily of the neurotic-conformists, and the saint-psychos are found in some of the activities of the workingclass (as opposed to the workingclass itself), in the Negro people, in Bohemians, in the illiterates, among the reactionaries, a few of the radicals, some of the prison population, and of course in the mass communication media.

424 425. The above note ought to prove the ridiculousness of summaries and exposition. I've said all this before, only much better.

426. Before I quit, I want to list a few of the word echoes which came up today.

Again H h. Hire and Iré. Heaven and ^{all}oll.

qq quiet, quite, quit.

sex—that most unscorey word. Society and the ceeres cross (corset) accept and septic—to accept is to take in germs.

love, lore, explore.

Jesus, Jeus, Deus. The G, the J, and the D.

strike, stricture, structure.

Enough for today.

February 2, 1955

426 h27. Continuing on H, I feel that the letter H is very closely related to G and J, probably J. Just how I can't explain yet.

h28. The horrible thought occurs that all my letter and consonant theories may come out of no more than their propinquity on the typewriter keyboard. But on the other hand, those letters were arranged because they bore a certain relation in use and frequency, etc. It might be worthwhile to explore the theories of setting up letters on the typewriter keyboard.

h29. The artist and his paranoia. As I've written before paranoia sees the ultimate danger in the trivial circumstance. The sense of time (which is either the same or very close to the sense of proportion) is deficient. But this is why artists are always paranoid. To be ahead of one's time, to see tendencies before others see them, is exactly the talent of the artist, and his insights are given by the racing terrified ultimate sense of paranoia.

h30. Note 213 was about the insane woman who tore off the cortisone label because it was talking about sin. But there it is: Sin and Son. Sin is the junction of I and son, and perhaps the deepest most basic picture of sin for most people would be the son fucking the mother. *s-son-sister-siblings*

h31. It is really incredible that analysts have played with concepts like the death-wish for so many decades now, and yet have done no large work I know of on what are probably ~~the~~ the two greatest abstractions for the mass of humanity, Hell and Heaven. How much of human behavior is motivated by this, and yet on the environmental accident (or ~~may~~ could it have been possible anywhere else?) of psychoanalysis being born in German-Jewish rational circles where Hell and Heaven were considered old-fashioned, the problem relatively has been ignored. One of the most profound and ineradicable human attitudes—"If I hate myself even more, if I think of myself as being even more despicable than my despicable action, then I do not necessarily go to Hell." Why torture our understanding of life by trying to postulate a death-instinct. The explanation of self-destructive acts is right under our noses.

431 1432. Each of the Church's dictums reveal the opposite reality, the opposite thrust. So the Church making suicide a mortal sin confessed that the tendency of its total perversion upon nature was to drive its believers to suicide. Given the psychology of despising oneself in order to avoid Hell, the end of the road is the act of total loathing for the self—one's own death. But the church could hardly permit this—no institution can last very long if its members advertise it by destroying themselves.

1433. The gambler's debt is always a debt of honor. For good cause. Paying the money takes away the psychic sting of H vs. S which has been opened again by defeat.

1434. I've spent the last few hours re-reading the Journal and find it less exciting than I thought, and quite unpublishable in its present form (which had been at the back of my mind.) But there is a lot in it. I just have to develop it. One thing I notice is that the wild mystical plunge of the early pages simmers down after a while. I think the early pages merely express the great relief of being able to use words like God, soul, saint, genius, and so forth—at last I was going to allow myself to revel in the cliché. But I write this note totally off everything. Off Lipton's—it's three days now, off seconal—two days. Feelings of sexual vigor are returning it, and with it more quiet confidence. One thing which bucked me up is that in going over The Deer Park I found that I could add sentences to it which had the nice literary style of the book. So, apparently, I'm not stylistically drained. What I felt as I was writing Deer Park lines this morning was the old feeling of fine tension, very strong H versus very strong S, so that the words seemed to come out like poetry to me.

I can probably generalize on the effects of Liptons and seconal. Liptons releases of course—vast amounts of exciting material and trivial material with very little selection. It enables me to work at a tremendous rate, but everything is equally exciting to me. (Which is mystically, philosophically valid, but is almost impossible for a novelist to deal with—at least in my present stage. That is, I could not write novels on it, although it might be good to turn to it when I got writing blocks. The seconal is what is bad for it is beginning to give me bad letdowns and deep depressions. Except I know how to handle those too, now. If I can't sleep, I must just sit up and read instead of trying to fight myself into sleep.

I think I'll lay off the Journal for a few days + fill up enough for today.

Feb. 7, 1955

434 435. The opening into myself occurred again over the weekend, and I have disgorged such vast masses of material and understanding that to develop them properly would take years, a lifetime. What I notice over and over again in these notes is that every single idea I have started with, starts as a cliché. The early pages of this journal are ridden with clichés. What excites Bob and makes him believe that I am really "on to something," (Interesting phrasing—the crook in Bob sees knowledge as manipulation, power—which is why he goes forward, to become a better bigger more powerful crook—the irony is that the crook has the best understanding of honesty because he moves against it, and so in moving against it, in being a giver, he takes honesty—the giver as I have said before is the explorer seeking to locate the world. Once Bob begins to take, as indeed he is taking now—what characterizes him I am willing to bet is that in the old days he was completely, actively, that it is, a giver. Now, as the years go on, he takes more and more, —so his dishonesty is converted to honesty.) What a long digression. There are going to be endless parentheses today.

I started to write, "What excites Bob and makes him believe I'm on to something" —that is, dominating it, —is that each cliché opens out. And as it opens I discover more and more. The wisdom of all of mankind is buried in clichés. The common people use them. More dominated, ~~more~~ but less S-oriented, and quite un-verbal—if people usually are—the cliché for them opens them to their souls. The banal conversations one has in an elevator or in a restaurant about weather or how the days fly are the most profound conversations. They are truly philosophical if at a very low level. For weather is Nature which man must dominate in order to live like a king, and the calendar is Time, it is Society, which too man must dominate if he is to live like a saint-lover. (Another parenthesis. The perspective of a better future is that the saint-psycopath become the saint-lover. Lovers in the sexual act are always—by our growing understanding of the word—psycopathic. When one fucks, one is at the heart of the present. A good fuck suspends Time—it opens it into an enormous present where one is a king, a God, and one's mate is a Queen, a Goddess. AP: (Which I use from now on as "another parenthesis") The reason so many homosexuals are snobs and furnish their places in "period style" is that their relations seem to them in

some deep part of them to be the relations of two kings, making concordats, entertaining one another in pomp. Which is why they're snobs, reactionaries, and aristocrats so often in their attitudes and manners—the fancy homosexual partakes of the monster—he is a throwback to the time when only a king could express the whims (which are the deep desires) of his soul.

435 436. One idea in this opens another. I must stop trying to channel my ideas but let them flow so that they give birth better.

436. The intellectual is antipathetic to Time, ~~for~~ Nature, and Sex which is why—his defenses being the best, his S the strongest—he is most capable (and of course most inept) at pursuing the philosophical inquiry. Nonetheless, he advances knowledge, but so slowly that society has time to absorb his inquiry and convert it to its defense.

437. At any rate each time I make a cliché or a wild speculation it is the hint that I am going to carry it further. Long ago in these notes I said society is one, man is two (because two implies in its movement from one that there is an infinity of experience present in the act, thought, event, etc.) So, over the weekend, I realized through argument and thought that what my idea of give and take suffered from was that I was using it as a 'One'. (A 'won'—a victory over knowledge.) But it is really a two. (A 'to'—a succession, a progression forward.) So I wrote that wrestlers are Givers and Boxers Takers. But that is only half-right. The wrestler is a Giver-Taker—the boxer ~~for~~ a Taker-Giver. To wit, the wrestler at the top of his personality—out of the ring, that is off the mat (man at)—always gives, has a breezy aggressive affectionate personality, but in the ring he takes the facsimile, the caricature of punishment. So, wrestling which is phony and an exhibition is actually a play, a drama, a ~~man's~~ caricature of human advance. The Actor (the grappler) Takes in order to be able to Give. With the boxer we have the reverse. The boxer is in the ring (Ring—the r of ing, the rage of passivity, the rage which by giving enables one to return to passivity.) He is all action, he is honest—that is, boxers hate the phony fight because it ~~debars~~ removes them from the possibility of giving dignity to their passive state. The wrestler "fakes" and enjoys his faking enormously because it enables him to take—which he has no real

desire to do, no real surface desire. AP—to be explained later. --and taking, the wrestler is able to return to his state of giving.

So the give implies the take, and the take the give. I who used to be such a giver, such a bully, gave in order to take. The thing I always hated in myself, the loyalty I always felt toward the person I was talking to as opposed to the person, nominally much dearer, who was away from me, was actually an expression, a bastardized tortured expression of my need to take. Only by giving equality and deep friendship to the person with me, feeling a ~~int~~ union, a communion, was I able to take. Because in "feeling" their reaction to my arguments, their "mirror"--I was able to locate myself, to Take, to comprehend more of the ~~in~~ nature of reality. Implicit in this philosophically is the idea that to understand the world and to understand men, one must understand oneself. The philosophers, "Know thyself". Which opens the next philosophical premise that deep deep within ourselves, at the point where our souls touch infinity, we are all the same, we are all part of the same Reality, the same God. As Hinduism would say--every man reaches God in his own way, and every action no matter how hideous it may be to us, advances the frontier of knowledge and at the end of knowledge--which we never reach--because it is not only infinite but changing, we reach God each in our own way. So the thief by this theology is as holy as the saint although more tortured, provided he is a good thief. As the Chasidim say, "I love that sinner because when he sins he does it with the joy of God in him, he sins with such a light in his eye."

438. To have this make sense, I have to explain what I believe is true of the psyche and of . . dialectics. The part of Marx I always found least congenial was his dialectical materialism. It seemed an irrational mystical note in his supreme reasoning. And all the engineers of socialism have thrown away the theory for the practice, and converted Marxism to its vulgarization, the practice of socialism rather than the thrust to anarchism. Marx was a genius, he was even partly a saint, but he was both these things because he was not merely a realist and a rationalist, he was also a mystic, and dialectics are no more nor no less than the endless chain of give-and-take and take-and-give. Society and history are the projection forward of the projection inward. Man is not simply a conscious and an unconscious. He is many ~~back~~ levels of consciousness, each the mirror, the reflection of a state in

the unconscious which is more pure, more the thing-in-itself which is nothing other than the polarity, the double—AP No thing in itself is a one but a two—the reflection in the conscious mind of an unconscious state. I believe that the unconscious of man is an endless chain inward, inward, inward to the point which is infinity. Put less crudely, put topographically, the conscious and the unconscious are the polarized "thing" of mind-and-body. As we plumb/the unconscious, states of consciousness appear—in the conventional analysis what invariably appears is the malice under sweetness, the passivity under aggression, the chaos under order. But that is merely the first level inward of the unconscious, and it is the level most susceptible to socializing because the "moral-ethical" sense is already in the consciousness—therefore we see the unconscious as dirty, evil, --evil, what-have-you? But beneath the sweetness of the sweet person, is malice, beneath the malice is real sweetness, beneath the real sweetness is real malice, beneath real malice is real real sweetness, beneath real real sweetness is real real malice, beneath real real malice is real real real sweetness—and so forth. On to infinity in every person alive. Which suggests that God when we reach him is God-and-Devil not God and Devil. Give-and-Take not give and take. For only through Give-and-Take, dialectics, is the world and nature advanced. Which is why the nature of man is both joyous-and-tragic. It is truly both, not one—the sentimental petrification into One of Society when it calls man joyous; nor tragic, also one, which is the ^{social} despairing of people who believe that man is one, all bad, all divided. What they sense is Good-and-Evil (Give-and-Take, ^{And} Take-and-Give) AP: the comma is the way we indicate a larger AND than 'and' The comma sets up the 'and' of equality. So good-and-evil (G-T And T-G) are the nature of progress, they are the nature of GO.

439. But I go at this in the most outrageous form. All the things I learned over the weekend went into the above notes. I hate exposition. So I detest going back over the ideas I had, they are already real to me, and I wish merely to cast them now into mathematical forms. (How lucky Einstein was!) (The universe really gave him a loving fuck.) But, to explain how I got here, I have to go back over the exposition, and I hate to waste the time. Nonetheless, for those hours in the week to follow when I am down from this peak, I'd better have less advanced and

mystical remarks or I'll be repelled myself.

hh0. Besides I may discover more by going back. Exposition for me when it works always creates new ideas. Which is why I'm a writer. The act of writing is creative for me too whereas for people who are not writers it is merely crude exposition, cliché exposition, which is why the slick writer is usually safe—the exposition of his conception does not carry him further, does not get him into danger.

hh1. Anyway, let's go back to Give-And-Take. This is no ~~more~~ more crank attitude of mine. (A crank is a mystic frozen at a given point. All his energy to go on, to discover more, is blocked, and so his "faith", his passionate conviction, is the expression of all his H energy flowing flowing flowing against the frozen impenetrable S which says "Go on, friend-energy H and you die." That is why cranks will say or do the same thing for years and years and years. The miser, as a form of crank, is worth exploring. He is the man or woman terrified of giving all ~~on~~ away, and so he gives nothing, but invests Giving energy into Taking. He is the parody, the caricature, the intensification of passivity. He invests, he illuminates passivity, taking, with all the passion of Giving. Ergo, Lulu is a miser.

hh2. Parenthesis after parenthesis—which is Malraux's book—the Voices of Silence.

hh3. The anarchist as he exists today is also a parody. He is Give-Give-Give in the psychic state of Taking. ~~Which~~ He is the miser turned inside out. (Which is why certain Bohemians in Adèle's class stay on the same painting for years on the same style. Every bohemian is tortured on the most socially dramatic spectrum of the Give-Take. They are all anarchist-misers in more or less degree. They give furiously in order to take the calm of superiority, of renunciation, of Taking. They take—in their notorious unreliability about debts, loans, feelings of others, etc—in order to give to themselves, be it satisfaction or self-hatred which is the duality of emotion once emotion is completed (Satisfaction—self-hatred.)

hh4. But, again, back to give-and-take. Not yet. AP: Proud was the genius who like Marx placed most of his thought in the One. Against his enormous desire to be everywhere, do everything, understand everything he set up the enraged

dictum of the One. In that sense he was a crank and a miser, husbanding his genius. To Theodore Reik he said, "Reik, you want to be a big man, piss in one spot!)"

445. Now, give-and-take. It is everywhere, it is the life-process. We eat and excrete, our cells absorb and expel, our rhythm governs the health of our body. We fuck by give-and-take, we breathe by give-and-take, we walk by give-and-take. Tides are give and take, day and night are the reflection of the earth responding to the steady light of the sun. (Which opens the wild speculation that day and night are the give-and-take which permit man progress.) That where a planet does not revolve it has achieved unity, absorbed darkness into light.) So, conceivably, the expanding universe is indeed heaven, and the multi-billions of stars (perhaps infinite or close to infinite) are the souls of those who made Heaven-and-Hell. When we die, (this is close to the Hindus) we go back to earth to explore another existence, or we go into the Heaven-Hell of being a pure soul, a star. (Which may account for the primitive belief of some tribes that man when he dies goes to the sun.) (Primitives close to the knowledge of their own bodies but totally unverbale can express their knowledge, their wisdom, only in superstitions. And a superstition is a folk cliché which has become outmoded because so much of man's H has been converted to S. But the interest in anthropology is a clue to the enormous reversal of history, Marx' swing of the pendulum, which is coming, and of which I feel I am a standard bearer.

446. Give-and-take is ^{the secret of} the deep in nature of relationships. We give to our partner in order to take from their reaction a knowledge of ourselves. We take from our partner in order to comfort ourselves and to give to the loved one the chance to discover his or herself.

447. Marriage, every marriage, is the expression of an enormously deep decision. No one ever marries casually. (Look at the progression. Casual—intensely meaningful—really casual, really intensely-meaningful, really really casual —etc.) For casual is the appreciation of infinity, the knowledge that all men and all women as well as the universe and God are ultimately our mates, our extensions. But intensely meaningful is the social expression we give to invest all of our souls in One. And this

we have to do in the "Give-and-Take of life in order to discover ourselves Intensely. There are two natures in art and in life. We contract and we expand. ~~Expand~~ Or perhaps put better, we expand and we contract, we give and we take. In life, the more we engage in, the less we understand; the less we engage in, the more we understand of a given thing. To take completely is to be drowned—all the things of earth and life become equally meaningful to us. (Drugs open us to extreme giving or extreme taking, assuming the echo from now on of Take beneath Give; Give beneath Take, and so on. What I am trying to say is that the general law of ~~the~~ ^{that} man's successive levels of the unconscious is/ on the surface in Consciousness people are essentially a big or little Give or Take with the other implicit beneath it, smaller, less intense, but wider. Thus GIVE

t. . . . a. . . . k. . . . o

Or vice-versa. But the next level is REALLY TAKE really. . . . give. . . .

And the next, REALLY REALLY TAKE really. . . . really. . . . give

I can even express it mathematically given G for Give, T for Take and g for g. . i. v. e. and t for t. . . . t. . . . k. . . . o .

Here it is:

$$\frac{G}{t} \text{ --- } \frac{T^2}{g^2} \text{ --- } \frac{G^3}{t^3} \text{ --- } \frac{T^4}{g^4} \text{ --- } \frac{G^{\infty} T^{\infty}}{g^{\infty} t^{\infty}}$$

If I knew more mathematics, I could express it in one function.

In any case to understand the above equation realize that I mean it to progress inward rather than from left to right.

448. Up and down, in and out, left and right, back and forth, are social expressions of the fundamental movement of give-and-take (even as give-and-take being language is the social expression of) expansion and contraction. For example we see horizontally but the social expression of seeing is painting, and the canvas is always vertical. No wonder it took painters centuries to discover perspective which is so simple to us today. They had to take an out and make it an up.

449. The world of commerce in the nineteenth century and before (capitalism in other words) being the total commitment to building a society, was built upon barter. But barter evolved into money, and money into credit, and credit into the extension of credit which is interest. But note what credit is: it is the social expression in commerce of the brotherhood of man (which ought to be said as the

humanhood of humans (the man-womanhood of men-women) When we give credit, we are placing trust. No matter how abstract, no matter how socialized the process becomes, ~~me~~ the loan of money is the social equivalent of trust which is why social people place so much emphasis and so much passion into trust, credit—why they say, "My word is my bond." What they mean to say is "My bond is my word." (And my word is my soul.) That is why gangsters never forgive a double-cross, for the double-cross is an expression of a soul-need which ruptures the pitiful warped tortured sadistic but nonetheless functioning society gangsters have been able to elaborate. So: Practical advice: Keep your word with a gangster, keep your word when he expects you to break it, and he will be your friend for life. Perhaps there is a clue here for how to reach the homicidal psychopath. Naturally at a deeper level, the gangster will really hate you for life, but it is beneath the sort of consciousness which eventually erupts into action.

450. Action is one of the enigmas. I believe, very crudely, that we act always as a defense, we act in order to prevent more coming up, we act because the unconscious is about to deliver a knowledge of the self which is dangerous because it pits one against society. So we act to stop the revelation. AP The car thief steals to prevent the ~~instinctive~~ self-understanding which is a clue, a step, to realizing he wishes to fuck his mother—and by extension—fuck the whole world. Then he murders—he is close to the immediate, the direct understanding, that yes he does wish to fuck his mother. Society is so absolutely hideous to some people—people generally with intense life ~~and~~ energy—that the urge to fuck their mother becomes unbearable. (A clue to understanding the bi-sexual who chooses homosexuality as his expression. The orgy and fuck-your-mother are parts of the same.) So prison is heaven for the criminal at the third level, even the second. (It is either the third or the second for any given criminal.) It prevents him from fucking his mother. Indeed our idea of heaven which society gives us (hell is ours, it is created by our imaginations.) is fuck-less. There, the great conflict is eased—one no longer gets into trouble because nobody in heaven fucks, so you cannot fuck your mother. Thus, the criminal accepts prison as heaven, but to live in it is hell for it is the complete denial of the H-needs. So, agony.

451. Yet to stay alive we must act. We must draw away from total acceptance of

the self. We draw an enormous blank check upon the future, for man's nature is to subdue the hostility of nature, and therefore enable himself to live forever in life. (In that sense Nature is always seen finally as The End, as Death—When an author finishes a book, he writes The End—he wishes to end this social concretion he has elaborated as the defense against discovering himself, and now deliver it to the reader's sensibilities, to the reader's self. He wishes the reader to take and to grow beyond him. So, when we act, we hurt ourselves in order to give to others. We deliver a blank check to the future.

452. 451. Let me put it another way. Nature was man's first opposite, completing him, extending him, but destroying him. To rise to a higher state, man had to accept ~~himself~~ first the direct social contract (primitive communism) and then the abstract social contract which involved more and more the alienation of the producer from his tools and the varieties of his expressions. (Irritation produces the pearl.) From the garden of Eden where man was a step above the animals, and no more, Eve bit at the apple of knowledge (no, she gave it to Adam) and so man was expelled from paradise. This folk-tale, this cliché, is the ~~more~~ expression of the beginning of the social contract and the abstract social contract. The next highest form of life will have the abstract abstract social contract. So society today, far far beyond nature completes man, extends him, but destroys him. And primitive man, truly primitive man must have sucked his mother and lived in bliss ~~for~~ but for the total danger-beauty of Nature. So the incest taboo was begun and man took a higher step—at what cost. Yet man finds the dignity of his existence in the hope that his actions, his refusals to recognize his own self, enable the man of the future to realize himself more completely. (The Jews in their persecution have always been intensely aware of this.) So, déjà vu. The future is glimpsed by the depth of our penetration into ourself. When we predict, we are making the greatest bet—we are saying that to truly know oneself is to be able to know the nature of the future. Hence the appeal of the stock-market, the race-course, etc. Even the juggling of currencies. The money-changer is betting that he knows the political nature of the future—that he is an historian projecting into the future..

452. So, a partial justification for the analyst. He makes people act better,

451. h53. Just above I wrote h2 instead of 1h2. By now I've learned to trust my errors. So, I pondered. Was I trying to say something about the nature of numbers? Perhaps? But that was far away, and much too misty to be uncovered yet. So, next, I sat there passively waiting for a clue, a moment, and a small one came. It said, "Take a chance, turn back to page h2 in these notes." I did, and while I did, I was wondering whether there were notes there about psychoanalysis. There weren't, but there were first crude statements of things close to what I've been writing about all morning, to wit, the after-fuck look of Marilyn Monroe, and later today I'm getting into sex, the age of anticipation and /the age of accomplishment. (In "I had Cummings —the artist turned general—say, "The nature of the twentieth century is anxiety. Society wishes to turn man into a machine, and it's not a process he instinctively enjoys." Then, a big one on page h2. Memory. And with memory, *deja vu*. Then Bob's joke about the pickle factory and obscenity substitutes. It's amazing. In those crude (and crude is cooed (in joy) with the r of rage and frustration added. Frustration is the rage at fucking being halted—without 'r's, frustration becomes fustation which is the fuck of gestation.) in those crude notes were the seeds of what I write about today.

As I wrote the above I thought, Look at page 2h the mirror of h2. And that is even richer. Crude quick remarks which are the cliché of what I now make an expansion. Particularly 9l which was the substance expanded of note h52, which I interrupted by mis-writing page 1h2. And in the fantastic complexity in which I now find myself, it is possible that the interruption was a sociostatic defense or more possibly an H clue. For instance I think of turning to page 2, page h, page 12h, also also the combinations in which 5 is added for note, it was note h52. But this is too contractive, and so I turn away. What I'm afraid of today, I note, is that my radicalism may go, that I may become too tolerant, and so accept the world, but note the peculiar contradiction in me, my radicalism is sociostatic, my ~~ibid~~ conservatism is homeodynamic. My radicalism enables me to hate and to act—which is the demand of society. My conservatism, my H, enables me to love, forgive, and understand everyone, so that I should be born away in inaction.

h54. Perhaps the clue to all this, and the defense of the ultimate H-S conciliation is that man has not yet conquered nature and nature-substitute—which-is-abstract-society enough to become the lover and the taker. So, in the very horror of modern

life may be a deep progression. We are not ready yet to take more, to fuck our mothers, we have to be frustrated in order to go on. That is why I hate the love I feel for people these days, and why when I become close to them distaste is behind it, I see myself as passive, loving, stidly, --somewhere in me I sense that to love others and love myself is to deprive myself of further work. To go in and in and in, and never stop, as I am half-stopping today, by bothering to write what I think in the journal.

456 155. The crook in Bob Lindner. Until one understands this, one cannot understand Bob. The crook in him is what enables him to go forward. ~~He is not like the~~ Like the journalist he seeks for knowledge in order to tell a lie. But the more truth he discovers the more creative become his lies, because deep within, no doubt because of his parents most directly, he learned early that to be truthful is to be destroyed. So, only by giving his honesty back to the world as dishonesty, can he find peace and safety and yet go on. That is why, he always gets more pleasure from turning a dishonest back than an honest one--why his books give him more pleasure than his patients, and why--what shocked me so deeply is now understandable--he was so drawn to the idea of opening the clinic where they would do lobotomies. It would be such a dishonest back. He lusted after it like a hot bitch. But yet he could not quite do it. It was dishonesty at too low a level. So he had to tell me about it, because he knew I could destroy it. I could plumb it, I could say, "What the fuck do you want to give money to your kids for," and in saying it, Bob felt that I was right, that wasn't the motive. So I took away his social justification, and he was left with the knowledge that to fuck this particular bitch was too crude a lie. I goosed Bob to making his lies more and more finely drawn, until finally--in what horror--and torment he is going to tell the truth, just as Bob has given to me his deep sense of the validity of everything, because only the fine crook, the crook cubed can understand the importance of everything in the social world. "There's an angle everywhere," says the master con man.

A small example of this is his fury at the guy who made him give back the \$250. Bob had been taken by a superior crook--the fact of the matter is that deeply Bob knew he'd been a crook to take the easy \$250 in the first place. And Freddy Weisgal whose attraction is that he is an amiable healthy vigorous crook (who is only half-ashamed

~~156~~ of his crookedness—most good lawyers indeed) was the mid-wife who got out the \$250 from the psychopath's father—undoubtedly a miser. AP: The deep psychic folk tale of the crook who takes the miser. Bob was enraged. Like all crooks, he wants to give, he cannot bear to be taken from—not with money which is his Open Sesame to society.

457. 156. Sesame. The sex of me. What opens me to knowledge. Again I say: In the fuck is the mystery. There is where we discover our real selves.

157. But why can I understand the crook in Bob? It is because at a deeper level of the unconscious I'm a bigger crook than he is. Why else did I turn down the Pepsi-c show which so intrigued Bob. It's because the crook in me is at a lower level of the unconscious, more veridical, more honest on the surface. It shows in my reading and my ideas. I'm a synthesizer, just/as a crook is. I cannot make the original discovery, but I can add the fabulous jewel to it at my best. So I dip into other books and other men's styles, take the ideas I wish, throw away the others, understand one facet of a person to the exclusion of the rest because what I want is the jewel in the suitcase—fuck the rest, fuck the furs and the bonds. I'll rip everything apart to come up with what I feel is the nugget. The Deer Park is an enormous lie. It was my crook's way of finding the truth. And so in my own way I came up with the jewel. Analyzers are honest but cannot give. Synthesizers are crooks (hence their scholarly footnotes—at least in the more socialized ones) and so they can only take partially, and that from wealth acquired by someone else. So, with my ideas. I love to give them, I love to steal complacency from my friends, torture them into finer states of being, make them know because I am alive what they have missed, what they have renunciated, but as Bob said I cannot accept, neither their love nor their approval of my ideas. Let that happen and I am being taken—I have met a bigger crook. So, I always love Adele when she is in a rage at me because then I can steal a big thing from her, I can steal her rage—I was never so happy as when she poured the liquor on my head. But when she loves me absolutely then I become uneasy. No wonder. My creation is being improved. So she never gives me the absolute total acceptance. When my ideas really begin to fly and I tell them to her, she glows for awhile, but then she deserts me, she goes to sleep, because deep in her she knows

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457. h56. Secure. The sex of me. What opens me to knowledge. Again I say: In the fuck is the mystery. There is where we discover our real selves.

h57. But why can I understand the crook in Bob? It is because at a deeper level of the unconscious I'm a bigger crook than he is. Why else did I turn down the Pepsi-cola show which so intrigued Bob. It's because the crook in me is at a lower level of the unconscious, more rarified, more honest on the surface. It shows in my reading and my ideas. I'm a synthesizer, just/a crook is. I cannot make the original discovery, but I can add the fabulous jewel to it at my best. So I dip into other books and other men's styles, take the ideas I wish, throw away the others, understand one facet of a person to the exclusion of the rest because what I want is the jewel in the suitcase—fuck the rest, fuck the furs and the bonds. I'll rip everything apart to come up with what I feel is the nugget. The Deer Park is an enormous lie. It was my crook's way of finding the truth. And so in my own way I came up with the jewel. Analyzers are honest but cannot give. Synthesizers are crooks (hence their scholarly footnotes—at least in the more socialized ones) and so they can only take partially, and that from wealth acquired by someone else. So, with my ideas. I love to give them, I love to steal complacency from my friends, torture them into finer states of being, make them know because I am alive what they have missed, what they have renounced, but as Bob said I cannot accept, neither their love nor their approval of my ideas. Let that happen and I am being taken—I have met a bigger crook. So, I always love Adele when she is in a rage at me because then I can steal a big thing from her, I can steal her rage—I was never so happy as when she poured the liquor on my head. But when she loves me absolutely then I become uneasy. No wonder. My creation is being improved. So she never gives me the absolute total acceptance. When my ideas really begin to fly and I tell them to her, she glows for awhile, but then she deserts me, she goes to sleep, because deep in her she knows with her woman's wisdom that to give her love absolutely to me at a given moment

is to make me withdraw—how afraid I am that she is a bigger crook than me. No wonder I get annoyed when she loses money or buys something that is over-priced. She's taken me, she's taken my crook's money, which I stole Naked-wise from the very heart of society.

And that is why bad receptions for my books pain me so much. It means I can't steal any more, and so I have to go on, and try to be dishonest at an even higher level.

All of this is an explanation of why artists are so fascinated by crooks. And that is why as I get older and come to discover the value of the crook in me, I wish to make more money. It is making money which gives me pleasure. I stole it from the very heart of that world which can't keep up with me—and indeed what society can keep up with a first-rate crook. So, in that sense, John Huston is a crook which is why we were always so polite and far away from one another although we understood the mutual attraction. Neither one of us could decide who was the bigger crook and we were thus scared stiff. And suspicious.

459 458. After lunch, and how I hated giving up time for lunch. So many ideas I had while I bolted my food, and so many of them must be lost.

459. Crooks are interested in the trip, and that is why their loyalty is to the moment, to the particular idea, cause, person or valuable they are attracted to at the instant. (Some time examine the difference between instant and moment, it has to do with I and me.) Instant—I-and-not-society-take-and-not-take. Moment—Mother of me no take. Motherdo not take. We take moments (we feel) we give instants by not taking them. For example: In an instant he was off the floor and at me again. (I did not feel the instant in which he was down, I did not go through the eternity of Victory (and defeat) while he was down, I was waiting for him to get up.) But the other example is It was one of those moments in which one lives one's whole life.) We would never dream of saying, It was one of those instants in which etc. So, the instant belongs to society, it is time, it is number. (Why o why do we call the unit of time a second?)—Is it Sociostatic—that is to fuck up our primitive understanding of language? But a moment is a part of being, it is Homodynamic. The 'ing' is always passivity, the state of something, the implication of everlasting

box life in the transient instant, society allows us. That is why the feeling of loving always seems as if it will last forever at the instant we have it.

460. What I started to say is that crooks are adventurers, masculine elements carrying the state of knowledge further, but they are very poor scientists because they have such respect for the S, so little capacity to engage it and alter it without S reacting and fighting back. The "good realist" is the man who is very sensitive to the smoothest solution or resolution of any given II vs. S which he comes across. Which is why con men are more intelligent than hoodlums. Their understanding of S is less symbolic and polarized and more given to the subtleties, nuances, and infinities that lie in the moment beneath the instant. (I is our word for the conscious. Me is our word for the unconscious.) That is why my narrators, Lovett and Sergius were so poor and undernourished in surface personality—I was wrestling with what the hell I really am. What I was trying to say was "me" not "I". Hence the I was soulful, poetic, and very murky to the reader.

461. Japanese: Their word for yes is Hai. Pronounced HIGH. Their word for no is Nai, pronounced Nigh. Their worst other word here is BENE—yuh. But I forget whether it's yes or no. That is, I think it's one, and then I think it's the other. I can advance hypotheses for each. And quite rightly, given dialectics.

~~462.~~ 462. Chinese: A very primitive language. Perhaps more primitive even than English. Me figh fong o la dong. Etc. But all those sounds express states of being and acting which accounts for the great wisdom of the Chinese (and Asia in general) and its absolute torpor. The Chinese know better than we that progress means loss as well as gain.

463. I'm one of the first novelists who was really a scientist. There were many novelists (like Zola and Morris and Farrell who were behaviorists who became scientists) but very few physicists become novelists and I'm one of them. Styron is a southern minister who became a novelist and that accounts for his strength. And his weakness. He feels such responsibility. I have the happier irresponsibility of the crook-physicist. If this experiment blows up the lab, well I can always con somebody into giving me another lab. Vic. Rinehart and Putnam. viz. The Man In The White Suit.

464. There is so much to be said about the type. The type conceals always a great human truth. The French with their enormous rationality even call a guy a "type".

The French know Goddamn well that every human alive is different, so they invent— for they are the great explorers of Category (which is society's way of admitting variety.)—they invent a different type for every person alive. Thus society protects itself. From childhood on, as soon as we can talk we are given types of humanity with labels attached, good guys, bad guys, we are told to go toward some, to go away from others or take from others. Thus give-and-take by the aid of Types is turned into a Social advantage (advantage for society, and indeed advantage for oneself if one wants to get ahead. A fine sense of types means that one can understand action rather than the inside of the person at a glance. So the good businessman always sees people as types: the dirty artist-type, the neat clerk but you better not trust him too far, the truckdriver who'll give you good work but presents the danger of punching you in the nose. And so forth. What is important is that we can only understand people rationally by exploring through words the meaning of each pure type. To understand people intuitively is something else, but intuitive understanding is always inarticulate because it is too vast, we mumble "Go on," or Stop, or Gee, or Gosh, or Wow, or Golly. (Every one of these words must be explored.) The type is a machine, the type is predictable, hence printer's type. (The clue to the meaning of words is to explore relentlessly those words which sound alike like deer and dear, and so forth. Primitively, we mean then to say the same thing.) And Chinese has one word mean a dozen different things which is why it's so hard for the Westerner. What American can stand multiplicity of languages.

The type is the world's understanding of humanity. Pass over the type, pass to the other side, the side which is feeling rather than action, and one has real understanding of others, but it is inarticulate. So to save my articulateness I explore types, I see people as types. Doing that enables me to continue to act. And as my understanding of types becomes more intense—such understanding is the defensive S of my advancing H—so the advice I give these days is far better, because I'm no longer worried about my own nastiness, pettiness, etc. I feel that I am good and so I can see the good in others.

466. 465. The art of the playwright is to create types so finely drawn that they are begging for actors to fill their insides. For years I said actors were people without selves in search of Selves. But the truth is that actors are pure being, pure no's

looking for I's (that is, types,) in which to express the passive flowing nature of their sensitivity. Which is why as I continue to write, my characters become more and more elaborated types (my successful characters like Munchin, Teppis, Lulu, and earlier Guinevere and Hollingsworth) and I am drawn more and more to the theatre. But, also, I begin to act more and more. My inner sensitivity, my H, demands that I express much I cannot say by entering into others, others whom we always see as types. I can imitate Adele less and less, create her personality less and less/^{in writing} because she is not a type to me, she is a Being, and to create a Being in a book requires genius, whereas to create or ~~live~~ ^{live} a type requires merely talent. I have so far to go as a novelist. Yet, the pleasure of my books is that through my types one feels the beating of hearts, the being of hearts.

467 1466. Beating and being. Beating is the thinginess of being. Our social understanding of the give and take process. Actually the heart does not 'beat'—it contracts and expands. It gives and it takes.

1467. German. The Germans are philosophers, the Germans are the rationalists who set out to explore the types. So their monsters in the last war were social monsters, rationalized, mechanized—just as the total of all machinery expresses the total understanding to this date that society has of the functioning of the body. As we learn more about the mind we have ~~III~~ machines, calculators, automation, cybernetics. Invention comes from our deep penetration into the understanding of our body.

1469. Anyway, the Germans. They are philosophers, rationalists, sociologists, —even as monsters they insisted upon being all of the above three; even as mystics they wrote as crabbed rationalists—Kant. They are pompous because they feel the great seriousness of life, of what they say. A pompous style is the expression of feelings of deep seriousness with little sense or insight into what one really wishes to say. But great works have to be pompous—they should be. They are like symphonies, they are regal, they are the highest social elevations of the soaring Type. So the Germans always use capitals for their nouns. Indeed, they should. Capitals are the expression that one wishes to elevate a noun (which is always implicitly a type) into a Type. This note answers my dilemma about the concentration camp novel. I

should place it in the past after the last war and have it a German camp rather than in the future in a Soviet camp. But, still, I wonder.

1470. eeeeeeeeeeeeee. I feel its meanings more and more. It is present in feel, me, rear, be, (also, clue: the soft i in English, the i of give, live, etc. is eeeee in Latin,) and the romance languages.) I have the feeling and I put it bluntly, that eeeeeeee is the passive sound of continuing existence, the note of the soul, so to speak, when it would enter Nirvana. Eeeeeee is what it gives off. But so do radios and electronics. Which opens the wild speculation (I suppose I was writing pissecculation) that the eeeeeeee of static and electronic tubes might well be the sound of the souls who have reached heaven, that is heaven unknown to us is present when we flip the switch on our TV sets. But of course this is sheer wild speculation. Anyway, words with the eeeee sound always have a connotation of being in then, at least Anglo-Saxon words. Latin words may be more complicated for one would have to know whether the E in then was once eeeee. For example live and leave.

1471. V becomes closer to my understanding. It is violence, vice, virtue, vain, etc. It almost always appears in a word which expresses a deep bodily need, a deep H which society looks upon as evil. Thus, evil, eeeeeee (V) I'll. One is ready to go from the passive taking pleasure of eeeeeeeee to the forceful creating-larger-space-by-giving of I'll (I will). But V which is society's warning (now I have it-- the sound and the letter v are societies THE sign.) breaks the action, the impulse from eeeeeee to I'll. So it is evil. And Devil (eh is the masquerade, the submerged echo of eeeeeeeee) is D(eath) to-and-of evil. That is death kills you for being evil, but in the language of the soul it is the passport to evil (to Hell, or to the Heaven where one can do what one wishes. So virtue. It is half of X which is the death of Christ, the death of E, the death of the impulse, for V is half of X because it is merely a warning, it is not the complete scissors, the cutting of death. It is the scissors whose handle is not yet present to be exercised. Anyway: virtue: The warning to I (to eeeee passivity and longing) that are (x) active life must be reduced to the t (thing) which is u (you) in order that e (little E--the contentment of strong E) be possible. Virtue is renunciation. Virtue is thinking of others.

Virtue (complete virtue) is a complete renunciation of the growth of the child, who starts as an infant being all of the universe, and by giving locates the you, the it, of the universe—by taking which of course always comes first it is returned to the universe again. But the outside of the universe is first a t, a thing. Long before the knowledge of others as people is the knowledge of others as things. So virtue takes one's own feelings and deposits them in the it, the thing, the other, it makes You more important, more worthy than I. So, in the deepest sense it is a perversion of II, a virtue of society—an aid to society—for virtue is depersonalization and virtue permits society to mechanize man ~~in~~ for societies sake and not for man's sake. The consonants are beginning to pay off.

h72. Double V is W—the world. But we say literally double U—in English anyway. The French say (and W is not one of their letters) Double Vaaaaay. This is a beginning anyway.

h73. VVVVVV is close to fffffff in sound. The fuck and the villo/.

h74. Vomiting. I see: Warning, On(Mon), It, Being.

h75. Mother. The masculine other. We identify the male element with giving. (Which is why I did my curious little thing with the plugs at the cold water flat. Must tell this to Bob.) So, the woman who first gives to us, the other from whom we first take is identified in our minds with Give-Man. "o much of homosexuality, and of bisexuality is identified in that first grasping the infant makes of the Give-Take polarity and identity. And indeed the clue is whether we see life as Give and Take or Give-Take. Or indeed, as for so many including myself, Give versus Take.

h76. Er would be a far better word than id for II. But notice what society has done. To err is to be wrong. The state of existence, the passive taking chhhhh and the active locating changing rrrrrr are denied, called bad. So to change id to er would be to change the bad qualities of id (I-death) ~~in~~ (And Freud knew English) to the bad social qualities of er (taking-giving-being, wanting, desire, etc. is to err, to be bad.)

h77. Super. To sup and to er. To be er at a higher level of supping. Super-ego. And I thought that S could be called the sup. But we eat in order to deny the er,

And yet we must eat. So we are bound to earth and dream of being supernom where
what we eat, what we sup upon is immediately converted into making higher or.

478. I'm getting tired again. Like a clock, letter consonants exhaust me, mainly
because they seem so cultish, so ridiculous, so far-fetched, and yet I am drawn
to them more and more. For example: rear. Take away the 'rr' and one has oooooee.
To rear is to surround the passive taking state with the rage of having to give.
(And at some part of them isn't that how all parents feel?)

479. But I haven't even begun to scratch the enormous material of the weekend.
Before I do, one thought on Bob and myself, and why he was reluctant to analyze me.
Deep in him he felt the crook in me. And I as the crook (knowing the destructive and
the creative power the crook gives me) was furious at the thought of being analyzed
by any old analyst who would take all my marvelous crookery, the H permitted me by
society, and convert it to pappish S, dulling me. What the crook always fears is
the honest man because the honest man is static, if the honest man wins the crooks
intense if crippled sense of life will be lost. His life force will be relocated
in a higher region of the or, ergo a less sensitive region. Truly, he will be less
a man. So, I as the crook did not want to be taken, and what I sensed in Bob for
what amazed me when I invited him to be my analyst is that much as I liked him,
and I liked him tremendously—what-the-fuck loved him—I didn't trust him one little
bit. (I still don't trust him completely. Good old Bob, he doesn't even trust himself.)
But what I sensed in him was a crook on the grand scale who would give me room to
maneuver because he respected the crook in me—as viz his up-to-now perplexing and
ambivalent feelings of helping and hindering me in the pursuit of JB. So, I invited
Bob, it was a challenge to me to con a big crook and do it lying on my back. But
Bob sensed that, and the crook in him was scared—Was he going to be taken, he had to
wonder. So, our "analysis" continues via the journal (y/ journal). (Hour and where)
(H is societie's understanding of mystical concepts, or rather societies trapping.
The our becomes the hour.) Bob knows the hour is crookery—it is a fifty minute
hour, but the analyst takes ten minutes himself although he charges for that.

And the journal is the only way we can do it, because in the journal we can
express our love for each other and our distrust—we can accept the crook in each

other because we know the croak brings life.

h80. Any rationalist reading this would exclaim, "What a diseased mind. What a fantastic and unpleasant imagination. What monstrous and fantastic rationalizations this Mailor sets up to justify himself." To which I would answer, "simply, dear old friend who is now an enemy, just tell me where the hell all this came from. Tell me why man is on earth, why there is life, why people are not rational when you know reason is most reasonable, why you want and even believe in a good society when you think people are insignificant, stupid, hopeless, cruel, and in need of order.) In a sentence: I get these ideas from somewhere, something, be it myself or the universe, but these ideas have a psychological reality which one cannot ignore. For if one does, one enters philosophically into the most untenable position of all for the rational materialist, to wit, something (nonsense) has come out of nothing. And all rationalists believe in the conservation of matter, and the conservation of energy. One cannot be scientific if one does not believe this. So reason demands the mystical explanation. That in the one is found the other. That every Thing contains its Opposite.

h81. For the first time I came to believe that Laughton may make a great picture out of Naked. It won't be the book, it will be on the cliché--parable spectrum, but it can be tremendous. And I don't know whether to tell him I think this or not.

h82. In the middle of the cliché--great truth spectrum is the parable and paradox which tells us that one is two, that a thing is its opposite. It combines the consciousness ~~maximum~~ of the first layer of sup and of er, but it is a long way from the kind of Great Truth which involves the total of the sup and the total of the er--the thing present not in the word but in the thought of God, of Life, of Death, etc. Those words are the great clichés and the great truths.

h83. But I just can't get into my weekend, I must save that for tomorrow, I have too many ideas which demand statement here.

h84. Let's start with orgasm, frigidity, power and castration. "obody understands these things. They are written and talked about endlessly, but they are never understood. And I think I have a clue to them. I am continuing on the premise that

the essential nature of humans is bisexual. And I start from mother, the masculine other who ~~man~~ we learn is a woman. Other "proof" is the necessity of life itself to give-and-take, to act and to understand. My bisexual thesis is anchored in my entire concept of the duality of everything. So, a step further, I make the postulate that the bisexual nature is solidified, typed, set at a level, a mechanical functioning except under stress, and so decisions are made to become a sexual type--~~typical~~ so necessary to stay alive in society even at a despised level like the ~~ing~~ but, sexual typology is the loosest and the least stable because it is the part of man society has insisted upon burying. So, only with psychoanalysis and with Kinsey does ~~exist~~ the collective sociostasis in which is equal to society slowly begin to recognize the great danger it is in unless it narrows the gap between the sup and ~~in~~ the er, for all violent expressions in and against society are expressions of a great gap between sup and er--hence the comparative ^{deep contradictory} violence of the Soviet Union as opposed to the surface violence and crankory of the United States. Well, I postulate crude sexual typologies and the social need to ~~him~~ (good old flashing of the lib) the sexual type. And I'm the first to make a penetrating contribution to it. Now my conservatism tricks my anarchism, so that a hundred years from now I'll be a reactionary whose ideas must be overthrown. Anyway, the essential decision which is made and which of course alters according to other needs and pressures and deep er demands is to take sex frontally as a bisexual (the healthier course I believe) or to take sex unisexually and gain the benefits and uncreative disadvantages of that. But that once done, the organ is affected. I suspect with my intuitions that the state of the sexual soul/ is close to the organ of the bisexual which is less intense than the organ of the unisexual (~~give~~ how we give and how we take is of course a great part of this. To have a truly good organ one must be able to take with the body.) Which is why my orgasms are comparatively pissy except on Liptons where the time is extended --that is the time in which I take my organ.) To repeat, the state of the sexual soul is less intense for instants of organ but the bisexual has sexual consciousness, and creativity, imagination, etc. plus anxiety running through much more sup and er. (That is, the bisexual is a more conscious human being because more of his unconscious has become conscious.) In cruder words, the limber dick and the stiff-dick-which-is-not-close-to-ejaculation is the condition of the bisexual which is why he makes a better lover generally. He

can give more satisfaction as well as more anxiety to the woman, depending so enormously on the woman. (One obvious difference between unisexuals and bisexuals is that unisexuals tend to make love much more similarly with each partner than bisexuals who are at the mercy of the partner.) Thus, what I am saying is that orgasm, the fact that we have orgasm, is the indication that society is within us, society which teaches us from childhood that every action must have its culmination, every period of play must come to its abrupt stop, "Darling, put the toys away and come to supper." Action which is not purposeful, namely, good, is action which goes on endlessly says the S. So, the idea of erection rather than the limber dick of semi-excitation (note that limber comes from limb which is flexible. One's cock is truly one's third leg.) And the unisexual who is usually action, self-confidence, manliness, executive, all the things of One-consciousness is subject to tearing depression, the terror before compulsive action, and. . . suicide. Bi-sexuals merely threaten to commit suicide. Bi-sexuals live in a state of semi-potency, semi-anxiety given the fact not (why'd I leave it out?) --or does S understand and so generate self-hatred that S does/understand them at all, so that bi-sexuals invariably despise themselves consciously, but at a deeper level of the er--(I can only go down two or three steps but underneath this is always a progressive dialectical inversion and intensification) at a deeper level of the er, bisexuals have a capacity to live which amazes one. They always seem on the edge of a breakdown, their neuroses are in the air, but somehow they bounce back, they give, they are wrestlers with their er, er squared, and even er cubed flowing through them. (I must hurry up--it's close to quitting time.) Anyway, a good orgasm as such is an indication that the person can use the er in sup-approved ways. Which means the good orgasm is not found in creative people, for creative people are against society, and when it comes to fucking they cannot suspend their minds, they cannot play the social game of saying, "Well, this is all very fine and pleasant and I sure had a bang of a coming, but let's get going now." Or, "let's go to sleep." (I'm finding it a little harder to concentrate.) Instead, their (bisexuals) coming is reluctant, grudging, they hate this state of super-sensitivity to end. And in their sexual approaches, bisexuals express their deep bisexual ~~struggle~~ nature, they either as men allow women to approach them or as women act masculine and aggressive about entering the act. (I'm talking of the first fuck between two people which is as important as a signature or as being born and giving one's first cry. The instant of meeting a person is the instant we must

trust in most cases for we are never so sensitive to people again—I'm not sure of this.) Probably, with most people, the real understanding of the first moment is buried deep in the cr. If we don't like them later, it is the cr which furnishes the emotion it knew at the first instant, and vice versa. Probably, in varying degree, we respond mainly to people on first meeting with our S and only echoes of H are present.

h05. To attempt to go on. So the orgasm, the harden—The excelsior of society, Hard and Onward, (Excelsior is also waste stuffing.) is the sexual benefit given to the healthy unisexual who needs some H communion in order to go on socially. And gets it from his delightful orgasm—when he is a healthy unisexual, of whom there aren't too many either. The healthy bisexual protracts the love-act and explores other parts of life, drama in sex-plays, pornography, beautiful love language, dirty love language, lingerings, subtle aggressions like controlled spendings, "perversions"—the basic one is always OJ with its great message that mouths are curts and curts are mouths, that cocks are tongues and tongues are cocks. Corollary—whether a girl or boy is bisexual or unisexual (at that stage) is probably indicated by whether they are drawn or repelled by soul-kissing. I, who can make love for as long as two hours, notice that when I go limber, I can get hard by talking or thinking of something dirty to me, something forbidden that is, I can project myself forward sexually as a rebel against society, and society responds by making me hard, making me hot, good old S trying to make me come so I won't discover too much. (In this sense, premature ejaculation is the S-defense against discovering too much H; just as impotence is the expression of even greater danger. Impotence implies total absence of cr-consciousness; premature ejaculation implies bi-sexual anxiety, bi-sexual and from that cr-awareness. Just as the inability to come (which I've never had—not at least for the first orgasm) is a stubborn fixation, an H determination not to quit because if one continues, something essential will be discovered. I suspect that clinically inability-to-come is the most unstable of the sexual 'impotencies'. One either goes into total impotence, or one is able to come, or one stops sex, (I have to check with "ob and other analysts on this.)

h06. To be continued tomorrow.

486a. Before I go on with this sexual hypothesis, I think what I'm trying to say would be clarified if I were to underline another difference between the sup and the er. The er is formless matter, the sup is matterless form—so the sup gives form to the material of er. (Sup understood of course as S, er as H.) (Man's mind and body engage in a perpetual supper—super) (Add: stupor—the thingness of supper and super) To understand the orgasm one must realize that the life er is given its shape, duration, intensity, and "quality" by the form in which the sup permits it. Without the sup there would not be an orgasm, there would be merely the state of perpetual waning and waning tumescence. But the sup as form, as society, demands shape, demands that one action cease and another begin for that is the health of society. And indeed the health of man-in-society, that is, S-man. Form demands extension, progression; matter is infinitely analyzable—one always goes deeper or farther inward to an understanding of its complexities, as if it were an infinite pyramid with the point at the surface and the widening base bottomless in the depths. (One corollary of all this journal is that there is no such thing possible as to understand any human completely, totally—one can only understand more about them.)

487. So, if my premise is granted for the sake of the argument, the essential nature of the human is to be bisexual, unorgastic (not impotent) but tumescent, and the nature of society is to impose upon the essential being of man and woman's perpetual limber dick, the social form of the One—one is either potent or impotent—and looked at from the eyes of a Martian, the form of orgasmic potency of the unisexual is one of separate broken states of total erection and potency and total lack-of-erection and impotency. In the simple sheer sexual sense, a man who is capable of sitting at his desk and making decisions while his penis rests comfortably quietly and snally in the pocket of his pants is impotent at that moment. Naturally, this is merely society's view of it, the form from which it dominates and shapes matter, and indeed is the only way society can understand it. (A very subtle but important nuance here is that form can only understand matter through the eyes of form—I am bequeathing sup-intelligence to form. Matter can only understand form through its emotions. (Matter here stands for mind-and-body, er.) Hence, matter's understanding of form is always as the one who grants and the one who denies. One's mother implants upon the infant's sensate matter the first emotional apprehension of form. And indeed for

the artist, his unconscious ~~sup-conception~~: sup-conception of form (for as I've said before—at every layer of the unconscious the sup exists in its sibling relationship to its appropriate er.) directs him to proceed or to desist. (Which is why too tight a form strangles the ambitious novelist—so much material he wishes to disgorge and leave as his petrification, his mark, (Reik, piss in one hole,) is denied by the sup-form which declares it unassimilable, dangerous, and wasteful. In this sense, work-blocks like impotence are expressions of trench warfare between sup and er—the form simply cannot dispose, allow, or understand the matter which is seeking issue. It demands a lower, cruder, or a higher, more private expression.

488. I keep trying to write about potency, orgasm, frigidity, and castration, and I seem to end up every time today discussing the artist. But I cannot force these things—my mind is deeply dialectical, my understanding of one thing creates its antithesis—beginning to write about x A, I end up with an illumination of B. Which if continued would disgorge deep factual matter about x , which in turn would illumine B. This whole Journal has been an expression of in-and-out, give-and-take, dialectical illumination and factual or theoretical (did anyone ever say that a fact is always a theory—it is no more than a frozen hypothesis accepted by everyone until a new hypothesis overthrows it and becomes fact in its turn. (Fact—fuck act, the f of act, the "boat" imposed on the continuum.) factual or theoretical discovery. No wonder I buried in the last sentence of The Deer Park—and nothing is so difficult to discover as a simple fact." Of course. The fact has no existence—it has merely sup-intelligence, Other-Life existence.

489. Which is why I have such difficulty—up till now—writing articles and giving suitable endings to my books. For, beneath my rational desires, was the knowledge that there is no such thing as a fact or an end, but that one can merely "hook on" to the continuum as an artist, and "get out" as best one can. And what wouldn't the Freudian analyst have to say about "hook on" and "get out".

490. Mom. A cunt O surrounded by two men—father and son. Both in the mother.
Note! Capital M and little m.

491. I've spent the last half-hour re-reading the Journal which seems better than

it has on other occasions. In note 423 on the child in the center of the ~~fire~~ du drum (I free-associated on fru du and came up with GOD—Fuck right up—Death up) I realized that in the note on the whisper becoming identified with the reply, there was a basic clue to the business of form and matter. For, I believe that the trick of consciousness which is Sup-dominated although or is always side by side with it, just as the unconscious is Er-dominated although sup is sibling there too—at any rate, the trick of consciousness is that it deludes us to believing that or is form and sup is matter. For example, emotions which are never one, but various, contradictory, dialectic, and cloud-like are always understood as one. For instance, we say: I was angry, Or we say, I am in love, I love. In anger and love there is always a total spectrum in all dimensions, but we narrow the feeling to the point of a word. On the other hand, reason, logic, jargon, all the glories of plurality as Riesenman might put it, are always ones, facts, understandings so frozen that they retard the succession. . of man, for our thought is always hold back by the fact. Only note: what I would say is that "thought"—which in our minds is always so various, so many-faceted, that we suffer in the attempt to narrow and unify it by language, thought is the presents (it's indeed, the present) of or-consciousness. But we make the incredible sup-enforced error of thinking of thought as reason, and we compound the villainy by the "scientific" attitude—we say implicitly that thought is intuition which satisfies reason. It is not true. Thought is intuition which is crippled by reason.

492. Following my Clue of yesterday, I ~~was~~ am struck by present—the present tense, the present in time, and—the present—as a gift. But isn't a present-gift our social way of saying our love flows beyond any time-unities, but socially, like the orgasm, we have to get it all in one package, one concretion, and deliver it so. So the present is the instantaneous social ~~concrete~~ concretion permitted of a flowing love.

493. Back to bisexuals. It would be argued against my theory—I prefer that word to thesis which is far more social-sup-one—that animals have quick orgasms. True. But animals have raw society confronting them—Nature—and so as Kinsey—who is another great comic figure—stated, their nervous responses must be rapid.

Their naturestasis which wars with their ~~unbalanced~~ animalodynamis demands for preservation instant orgasm or the closest thing to it. But nature is a far more dangerous and yet far more living society than Society and the abstract social contract. So, it permits two forms of sexual life in the same animal, to wit unisexual (preserving in the face of Nature) and bisexual (preserving the state of the animal.) So, the same dog who will come in two seconds, or the rabbit in one, will play and fondle and roll and growl and yawn and luxuriate and nibble and stretch for hours upon a time, the dog usually with a limber dick. I cannot speak for rabbits.

194. So, the bisexual in society is both healthier (in that he expresses the relaxed safe state of the animal) and unhealthier (in that he is inefficient, anxious, nervous, temperamental, saint-psycopathish, inspired-depressed, and restless) in society than the unisexual. But because the bisexual exhibits the anxiety of ~~not~~ living in a society of which he is very aware—nothing less in America than a unisexual-bisexual culture—he seems unhealthier. His troubles and discontents are always rippling over him. Yet, as must be remembered, the bisexual somehow endures, always lives longer than one expects, bounces back when one is least prepared—the unisexual caves in sooner or later before an inner crisis. Given their respective human and social natures, the unisexual ~~individual~~ (who is social) is better in action, no Hamlet he!, better in war, better generally at succeeding, but he has in his rigidity no capacity to take the shocks of psychic life—so his body rots or breaks or dries up. The bisexual—often so inept in social life—is yet brilliant in it, and as I say he lasts, he does not die of cancer nearly so often (not unless he or she is a bisexual who strangled half-consciously their nature, and enforced it into the unisexual mold—but that is the condition of half the Americans alive) and what is most interesting, is that the bisexual is now beginning to be successful in the business world, mainly because America above all countries I know (except Mexico perhaps) is developed and progressively more permissive to bisexuality. (Perhaps that is the secret of its "strength" as Life Magazine will always declare to us radicals.)

195. I'm getting hipped on finishing this. I've practically written an article already. What I advance as the next premise, speculation, what-have-you, (what-have-you means exactly that—what have you in you which will open to the apparently casual chain of words I have set together.)

196. The next "idea" is that born as bisexuals, our training through childhood and adolescence requires that we see ourselves as unisexuals. This is most true in adolescence, so true that masturbation (which is the solitary bisexual recreation of the fuck, just as the fuck is the orgy of the quartet) is most pressing in adolescence, just as homosexual experience is—not as analysts would have it because boys are "homosexual-phased" then, but because the urge is bisexual and one can't get at girls—although one would like to fuck girls and boys—so one settles for boys. A little older, and for most boys including myself, guilt sets in—fucking around with the fellows begins to seem a little unmanly. So one stops, if one is a unisexual one usually starts to make it with girls; if one is bisexual the progress is more difficult and often sticks for years at masturbation. But what happens over the life as a whole (I'll get to women one of these days) is that a social violence has been put upon the basic bisexuality. So, as one gets older one must attempt to return (whether directly or symbolically) to the natural sex life, the bisexual sex life, and because the nature of the body hates nothing so much as a violation of its nature, the price is always that one must express oneself socially in dangerous ways—athletes, warriors, or like myself intellectual warriors, or else one's sex must suffer. Men have a greater variety of ways in which to express and substitute (sublimate if you will) not the sex-desire but the sex imperative to move from ~~into~~ artificial social unisexuality to natural dangerous bisexuality. Compared to women they have an endless number of expressions in male and social activities.

But women don't. Not nearly so many, and so they pay more directly, more quickly in the sexual life. But before I go on, because this is much more than just giving in a fancy way the old saw about society inhibiting women sexually which is true but shallow (therefore a cliché) I have to say something very fundamental about the nature of the movement from unisexual to bisexual. It is not at all a simple straight line. The nature of all change I am beginning to

think is dialectical. I return to my formula of give and take.

$$\frac{G}{t} \rightarrow \frac{G_2}{t_2} \rightarrow \frac{G_3}{t_3} \rightarrow \dots \rightarrow \frac{G_{\infty} \text{ and } T_{\infty}}{t_{\infty}}$$

The closest mechanical analogy—and mechanical analogies are valid since all mechanical discoveries I believe are sup-contractions and sup-abstractions of the internal body in functioning—the closest mechanical analogy is the changing of gears on a car. No car can move forward in a simple unbroken accelerating line, not even in dynaflores, hydraulics, etc. —all that is done is that the change from one state to another is smoothed over, rendered smaller—just as an electric motor comes "smoothly" to speed through an infinitesimal series ~~from~~ of gives and takes. (Which opens the interesting notion that this is the idea upon which the Calculus has been built.) We have all noticed the great difference in feel between first and second gear, second gear and third, ~~third~~ and overdrive. Moreover, before we give the gear, the gears have to take their state of rest—neutral. So, what I suggest is that the unisexual moves toward bisexuality through a series of "gear" changes. Put less mechanically, a sexual layer of experience is explored more or less thoroughly—depending on how the sup can deal with the er-desire. Fucking for instance. But then a bisexual desire manifests itself—the desire for perversion—revolving always as I wrote earlier around sixty-nine—and the person is drawn or repelled, invariably fascinated. They fill their 'limited' capacity for fucking, and so they have to go on to the next 'gear'—in this case, arbitrarily, 69—but I am not trying to set up a train schedule—every person alive, given the enormous variation of the sup (I believe as I will describe later that the er understood in its infinite totality is not only the same for all people but is actually All or God) moves from artificial unisexuality to natural bisexuality through a range of "gears" so various, so complex, so back and forth, so give and take, that a total spectrum rather than a line (spectrum as three or n-dimensional rather than one-dimensional) is the only way to describe the various states. Nonetheless, what happens to people is that particular sexual satisfactions become exhausted, sooner or later depending on an enormity of factors—some people are so slowly and amply developed—peasants say—that a lifetime is necessary to move from one sexual gear to the next. But, sooner or later, it comes—sooner for women

than for men because women not only have less sexual —I meant to write "social"—opportunity, but they have less sup capacity. They are closer to their or— they have to be—duality—the child which issues from them is basic to their understanding, just as man sees his life as isolation and loneliness. So, women, are more basic sexually, they can literally sublimate less because the idea of one which is the "magic" which permits sex duality to be expressed as unal-social-acts, is less available to them given their sex. (Which is why the folk-wisdom that men think and women feel is indeed true.)—which is to say that it is partially true; women are bisexual too, the man is in them, so they are far from totally deprived of those social acts which may be substitutes for advancing into the next sexual gear.) But anyway once the deep decision to make an advance in sexual gear, to go from Bisexuality Minus Twenty let us say to Bisexuality Minus Nineteen—I am satirizing not the idea, but the ineptness of mechanical analogies unless they are exceptionally "cybernetic"—once this decision is made, I believe two things occur. One goes into neutral—there is a lowering of sexual desire, which if the change is made, erupts into a period of joyous exploring exciting sex. In other words, just as it seems that fucking is losing its salt, you really tear off a great one. But just why was it great. I am willing to bet that some element in it, some sensation, some particular pleasure or gratification was new. One felt something one had never felt before, either in variety or in intensity. A really great fuck of the sort that leaves one totally happy the next day or almost totally happy has had a new element, even if it be no more than that things one had done before which made one hot but left one with a hangover now leave one happy. So, the change in sexual gears has been made, and depending on the person anything from an hour to a lifetime will satisfy the capacity to explore more or less fruitfully in this gear. (What must be understood is that the old gears are not deserted, they are enriched in healthy bisexual fucking. That is, the joys of 69 do not diminish but augment the joys of fucking.)

But, note: Every change in sexual gear is done against the sup. (A complication here which is well worth exploring is that one contains more than one sup. As society wages war upon itself—thereby allowing in its contradictions or—drives to be expressed—so sup consciousnesses and sup-unconsciousnesses war upon one another. As a crude example, a girl is brought up in an old ~~fashion~~ fashioned home

and is given an old-fashioned more or less totally unisexual sup-consciousness. But as she grows into adolescence the larger family of society which is invariably ahead or behind the parents—and how important this is for understanding the children of "advanced" parents!—introduces a new sup consciousness, a more tolerant one perhaps, or for the child of an "advanced" couple, a more repressive one. Thus, the change in sexual gears is accompanied not only by sup-opposition, but by different kinds of sup-opposition! warring with one another as well with the er. (For an image of this one need merely look at politics and world affairs. America denies its people, Russia denies its people, each essentially as society against man, but nonetheless they must also as Societies combat one another.) At any rate, the advance in sexual gears is made against and through the contradictory sup-opposition. (The more contradictory the sup-opposition, the more opportunity for ~~man~~ er to express itself.) This advance is considered by both the sup and the er to be dangerous, beautiful, and potentially disastrous, so often the attempt is made successfully to jam the sex back into lower gear.

But, here we are, ^{Whenever} ~~man~~ the bi-sexual drive is jammed back into lower gear or the refusal to go into higher gear is taken, what happens is that sexual mal-functions appear. Frigidity, cooling-off, sore pussys, etc. etc. in women, and the varieties of impotence, anxiety, and masturbation in men—or indeed in rare cases, homosexual flights, or criminal acts of violence. Or, for both sexes, very rarely and very significantly—I'll go into it later—fetichism.

But these are obvious symptoms in people who ~~possess~~ possess insufficient youth or energy or rhythm (more on this later) to continue to function in the less desirable and lower sexual gear. People with more youth or energy take other forms—they intensify their actions. They become chained to the idea of power. They have entered the power--debility spectrum. So, the dictator, so the society bitch who castrates, so the treasurer of the UJA, so the Jewish lady in her mink coat with the address on Fifth Avenue or Central Park West, so the tough-lumberman, so the jefe (chief in Mexico), so the bandit, so the career woman, so anyone who must express more or less intensely their desire to live, their sexual creativity by controlling others. The level of their sex doesn't matter, it can be extremely varied, rich, complex, etc.—what remains is that they refused from fear

to take a further step on the unisexual-bisexual--go-to-fuck-your-mother spectrum. And this is why, just in passing, certain kinds of powerful leaders who were good guys when they started become more and more rigid, cruel, compulsive, and ridden by the need to be ~~omnipotent~~: always right as they get older. Sexual and life energy wane as we get older. To avoid senility, rigidity, ~~and~~ the overly stiff socialization of old age demands more and more flexibility. The refusal to change sexual gears at twenty may result in a great deal of work being done; to refuse at forty is to invite liver trouble, depression, etc.; to refuse at sixty is to invite cancer. Unless, and this is the key, the equivalent of sexual gears, the dialectical gears of thought move onward, alter, and enrich the soul, the or, one is doomed to greater rigidity, sickness, and quicker death--given the active life energy with which one began. So, thought, which is the mental attribute of sex, permits one to remain healthy, flexible, without shifting sexual gears, provided the thought is creative. From the Deer Park. "There was that law of life so cruel and so just which insisted that one must grow or else pay more for remaining the same."

497. What characterizes the power-mad is that they cannot take, not the sexy but frigid castrating woman, nor the fat police chief with his mustachios--they can only give. And changing sexual gears means to pass through the state of passivity--the take of the dialectic onward--in order to give more, locate more, create-destroy more. So, benevolent tyrants become absolute tyrants as they grow older.

498. I've just been out for lunch, came up to work, felt not enough energy, went down for black coffee and now feel ready. Since I feel I have a great deal now to say about stimulants and depressants, I want to make one or two remarks and symbols to save time later. L-day will stand for the day or night I take Lipton's and follow it with seconal. Lplus1 is the following day, Lplus2 the day after, and so forth. Lplus2 is today, and what I notice is that Lday or just plain L is always full of insights so round, so enormous, that when I attempt to write them down they come out as cliches or paradoxes. L plus 1 because of the seconal I believe has me working like a dynamo for long hours attempting to recapture the total mass of material uncovered, discovered, and. . . named. L plus 2 is

the critical day. I usually take second again the night of L plus L—for two reasons: 1) I am still overexcited by the work on the journal, 2) I believe that second seems to keep my "inspiration" from being attacked by the cup during the night. What I've noticed is that on L 1 and L 2 I wake up eager to go to work and full of ideas. But second overused seems to bring on depression. So, L 2 is the critical day. My critical faculties are beginning to work just enough to give shape and cogency to my arguments—so at times the best notes seem to be written on L 2. (Parenthetically, I'm going to add L symbols to the dates from now on.) But, and it is a big but, the hangover, the repression, the rejection is in the wings, and by ~~isobol~~ the night of L 2 I am usually depressed and disgusted so that L 3 and L 4 are the worst days of the week, the days in which the journal seems most idiotic to me. What happens, I think, is obvious. L releases deep parts of my unconscious and given the "cop" in me, I set out to track them down. The result is ideas. Note: the crook is the action, the cop in catching the crook makes the idea, gives word to the act. But the cop who is absent almost totally—except for his presence as a passive registering observer the night of the "crime"—is weak the next day. His essential love for the crook has him applauding in the wings. By L 2 however he has caught up, and we have the chase, with every action of the crook repeated by the cop so that the line of thought while less widely inventive is nonetheless registered in detail rather than in parable, parenthesis, or cliché. But by L 3 the poor crook has been caught again, and what a third degree he gets. All of the cop's rage at having indulged the crook rides and smashes onto the crook's ass (Word consonants, cook and crook). But, of course, that cannot go on indefinitely either because a cop is dependent for his existence upon the crook—the crook is the initiator of action, the cop is the responding agent—so after awhile L 5 or L 6 the cop is lazy again, complacent, enjoying the fruits and "promotions" of having caught the crook again. So, wham, a little Lipton's, and the process is repeated. But what gives me optimism is that I believe this journal goes forward, and that my ideas are better and deeper now than they were a hundred pages ago. Although of course they're less provocative for the quick reader.

499. 496. This has all been a preface to note 496 and my reactions to it during lunch.

It seemed over-simple to me. That must be added, and what the mechanical analogy of changing gears clouded completely, is that people being infinitely more complex than machines, do not have the limited options of a machine. It takes much more to strip sexual gears than to strip automobile gears, and so the refusal to shift into higher sexual gear is very often partial—so many men and women are "hangers". They move from higher to lower gear and back again. There is a certain type of dame who for years is half-castrator half-wanton, castrating some men, being conquered by others, often doing both with the same man. One reason I fell so hard and so fast for Adela was that I sensed immediately how very little of the castrator she had in her, less than any woman I've ever known. And I with my delicate-wild (the opposition is consciously worded) sexual appetite am more than normally vulnerable to the castrating powers of women. Another man's hot fuck is so often my psychic castrator because this is one part of women that I am incredibly sensitive to, although I'm more than blind to so much in women.

500. 497. At any rate, I still believe in the basic law or formulation. It is: A refusal to shift sexual gears drives a man into power conquests or impotence, and a woman into power castration needs and/or frigidity. One proof of this is that castrating women (and of course a great many of them can come which is what the vulgar psychiatric social worker or analyst never understands) always have a peculiarly characteristic sexual quality. I've never known a castrating woman yet who does not give off an aura of sordiness. It is usually glittering sex—they are the women who promise more than they deliver. And there's a reason for this. The capacity to deliver exists in them, the sexual energy and awareness is there—only the ability to overcome the sup is lacking.

498. And, of course, the little matter of social aims, ideals, values, etc. comes in here. A society like America's with its suppressed worship of power, glamour, control, manipulation, etc. gives a great reinforcement to the sup—deeply, even or forces begin to believe that one is better off being frigid-powerful (frigidity understood as comparative frigidity—the most important concept in these particular notes) than orgasmically bisexual. So the tendency to fix is hard to uproot, harder I would guess in women than in men because men have a reverse social need—to be

a good lover. Which is why, in America, the war between the sexes deepens (deepens)

501 499. What a jewel of a word echo. Deep ends, deepens, and. . . . depends.

500. But what remains an enigma to me is what I called earlier life-force or life-energy or basic energy. And whether people are born with this—that is born unequally, or whether they develop it—that is, potentially, even actually, all infants or at least all sperm-ovule connections contain the same energy is almost impossible to even guess at. What I am afraid is true is that life-energy, shall we call it the larve (libido I don't like—Fraud has id I-death running through everything.) is already conditioned to a certain extent by the parents. It makes more sense to me. If the condition of the body is a reflection of the psyche which travels through a social arena, how can one assume that the sperm itself should be unaffected. But here we're even closer to the mystery and so more ignorant. What is undeniable is that ^{the} ~~this~~ larve seems to be the determining thing in keeping people alive and functioning despite the heavy psychic armor they carry. A person with low larve reaches the end of his or her possibilities much sooner, and so must take the next step or perish. Like myself. Paradoxically enough I probably have low larve (comparatively, that is.) But there is so much more larve in all of us than we are ever able to use, that once we make even a little more available our energy becomes incredible—as mine is at the moment.

501. The cop is getting stronger by the minute. "What a two-bit crook you are," he is beginning to say, "you want to loot the bank of knowledge, and you float bond deals for a new bank, when all you have is the brains of a college sophomore who can't even rob the fraternity party fund."

502. I've got to shake this off.

503. The family dinner. What characterizes all family dinners is that everybody eats too fucking much. But there it is, obvious as hell. The analysts call it depression and anxiety, whereas really it's even worse. Everybody present wants to fuck or murder everybody else, and they dull these feelings with mountains of food.

504. I don't have the patience to retrace my weekend, but what applies most directly is that Adele and I had a great fuck on Sunday night, just when each of us were beginning to worry about losing desire. And it was that—for we entered new territory, we shifted gears—which made me realize how so often in a couple who are right for each other sexually those little temporary slackening periods of a week or two (neutral) are invariably the coasting, the building up for an entrance into a new kind of sex. She was radiant yesterday, and indeed so was I. Dinner at my folks was again a genuine pleasure, and to my amazement Adele brought them a box of candy. Nothing she could have done would have been better proof to me that she loved me, for giving presents is still not natural nor easy for her, and especially to my folks. Barbara and Larry, however, did not show up. They're scared of me now. I know it. But so guilt-ridden. Larry had to call me to ask ~~subject~~ for some guy's address. It is the trap of their lives. They can't do anything the way they would like to. Aggression has to be smothered in the propitiatory act, love pinched by the gnawing doubt.

505. ~~Dinner~~. Dine at men's mom's. Eat at the Y. Cunt-lapping is dining at men's, and indeed the YMCA is nothing but a big empty formaldehydich mother for sad motherless young men. Also: men—none—home. I have a feeling that on is a kind of hidden clue sound for mother.

506. While we're on consonants the difficulty of those English words which come from Latin is that they have been psychically anglo-saxonized. They mean one thing, but the consonant values which come from Anglo-Saxon are often added to them. The same for Greek. Especially ps combinations.

507. Example: Formalize (Fuck of rage, man and love, eyes (I'S)) Now, actually Formalize does not contain those meanings for intellectuals, it is not psychically anglo-saxonized by them, but for the common man it is—which is why jargon boomerangs so badly when one attempts to use it with the common man. Formalize can mean anything to him, often anything but its ridiculous Latin-derived meaning of "Formalize." (And indeed who could define it?) But the peculiar misuse of certain words by demagogues and the masses response to those words may be an indication of the fucked-up quality of English today, and the reason the experts are becoming concerned

more and more with the disadvantages of jargon even as they pyramid it, even as I in my small contribution here am pyramiding it. So, formalize, that dead cold word is full of fucking, anger, love, and self to the uneducated man. This, may perhaps be not so bad--so long as the experts cannot communicate to the masses there's still hope for the gears of society to become too badly fucked-up to have the really perfect dead super-state.

508. From time to time I worry: What if my ideas should be published and take root. In time the state would appropriate parts of them to function better. But actually this need only be a half-worry and half-possibility. For nearly everybody I know would be repelled by most of these ~~dee~~ ideas (deaths?), and their spread would certainly lag for decades anyway behind the course of events.

509. Course of events! What a supposed pundit there is in me.

510. I have postulated unisexuality and bisexuality. It is enough in talking of people to communicate the idea that for life there is never a one, there is always at least a two. But, actually, if I could carry it far enough, there would be a Three and a Four and so forth, until one could say people are potentially n-sexual or even ∞ -sexual. As little examples, are the fragmentary sexual desires one senses vaguely at times toward animals, toward nature itself, and the concretions of nature. I know that to make love outdoors with the sun on my back is so exciting that I'm ready to come as soon as my pants are off. And it is not so much the illicitness of it as the sense of the sun and the space. Once, in the Army, alone on a guard post in the hills, I masturbated because I was so excited by the privacy, the isolation, and the presence of nature. So, shoe fetishists, and all the freaks, cranks, coccos and queers in the pages of Ellis. Perhaps, poor bastards, they were more developed than us although in crippled ways given the total non-acceptance of S.

511. We and Us. Both curious words. The world and the eeeeeeeee. The uh of the savage and the s of society.

512. World. It is a prettier word than world, it has connotations of wealth, splendor, variety. I wonder if this is not due to the combination of r and l which is present in regal, royal, (roil--as indeed the kings often did) and???rectal???

513. But 'rectal' I'm sure is a Latin or Greek word. (Given my ignorance, one can always assume that I mean Latin-or-Greek when I use Latin.) Perhaps that is why rectal which is not very r---l---ish in quality does have a fine sound. For example, compare it to rectum which is far less sensuous. But note the trick: erectile tissue and rectal tissue. (Your cock is a piece of shit. Oh, those doctors, and what they did to people's nervous systems.)

514. RL again. Relish, real, relic. (Notice how cl sounds cool off words, and make them concrete and less evocative.)

515. The difficulty in consonant explorations is that the combinations of consonants are almost as important. ck's, ol, st, th, ng, and so forth.

516. An old cliché is called an old saw. An old saw no longer cuts, but the fact implied is that once it did. So, of a cliché, we must always recognise that there was a time when it expressed a deep insight into human nature, deep for its time. To go back over the clichés is worth-while because the deeper one enters them the more is found.

517. Regal--ogal (equal with the q reversed to g--quins a relation to claws) and so does g. Regal--equal--eagle. The eagle is the equal of all.

518. Acts of the body. Walk, talk, fuck, pluck, suck, cluck, balk, buck, cluck, duck, ache, --If I go on with this I'll be busy for the rest of the day so many words open out. For example: fuck and fickle (the I in fucking who is never constant) suck and sickle (the I who does not speak while sucking but has nonetheless a sharp tongue.) Some time when I'm worn out I'm going to play with all the simple variations of body verbs and the body nouns, and body actions like "bale" which come out of this.

519. The is and the ing. The I of society and the I of being. Even the grammarians say that it is the active and passive voice, the give and the take.

520. When an intelligent person comes up with a lousy idea it is the sure sign that the idea is a defense, a retreat, rather than a flaw of mind--and in a really intelligent person their lousiest ideas are the ones which leap ahead suddenly and

become their big new ideas. I repeat: Thought like fucking is dialectic but directed. The ultimate end of the fuck like the ultimate end of thought is to comprehend the universe whole.

524 521. Adele gets furious these days when I talk about bisexuality. Why don't you become a homosexual, she flares at me, you want to anyway. The funny thing is that I don't—I feel less homosexual tension than I have ever felt—neither homosexual desire which for that matter I've never felt consciously, but more important no homosexual anxiety. The other day in a homosexual clothing store the salesman was giving me a covert feel while measuring the length of the cuffs. A year ago I would have broken out into a sweat. This time I stood there unmoved but feeling tenderly humorous toward him. (The two is definitely in toward. We go from one toward two.)—The spelling conflicts with the basic instinctive pronunciation which is why so many illiterate people have a bitch of a time pronouncing that seemingly simple word.) Anyway, I felt no anxiety. Instead, I thought, "Well, my friend, congratulations. A part of me always wanted to be a corset adjuster so I could cop quick feels (and isn't that just the sexual quality of the cop—he always takes as a stranger) and get away with it. And you on your side of the fence have made it.

522. Actually, there's no contradiction here. I have deep bisexual love with Adele, my sexual habits are formed around women as the envelope-object of pleasure. So, to "go" homosexual would be merely a setback to me at this time. I wish to explore the mountain of sex from the high^{ly} vista I now have. To change camps, to go over would be to have to start again with new equipment, new guides, new mistakes. Besides, I have the feeling that if I were to find equal sexual pleasure with men and with women which I postulate as the sex characteristics of the future, the ideal future, I would lose the tension which now furnishes thought. Complete healthiness is very close to complete passivity of the guiltless sort—and one hardly lives in such a world. Actually, Adele is not worried about my going homosexual, nor actively bisexual—what she's afraid of is that if I take the dirt out of sex I will find her less attractive. She's wrong on this I believe, but because we went along for years with that as the basic sexual starter in me—the

dirty, I can hardly ask her to believe I am changing profoundly so quickly. And besides her despised idea of herself which diminishes every day can hardly believe that I would love her if I were healthy. So a part of her fights my ideas, a part of her accepts them. She also knows with her woman's sense that a man must have furnished to him over and over the masculine comfort of having conquered a woman, be it in bed or in thought, but unless the woman resists there is no feeling of victory. Which, parenthetically, is Bill Styron's trap. Rose—who is an enigma to me—is, at least on the surface, so accepting, so taking, so good, so loyal, so level, that poor Bill strangles in the rage he feels toward her which he feels would be monstrous to express. Or, maybe, I misread them completely.

526 523. But this opens the peculiar understanding and lack of understanding of the analyst. Adole always yells at me, "If you talk about bisexuality so much, you must be feeling an awful lot of anxiety." I'm not. I swear I'm not. If there's anything I "feel" at fairly deep levels it's when I'm anxious, uneasy, suspicious of my motives. Unless this anxiety is buried deeper than any I've known—which I suppose is possible—it is the part of Adole's mind which is mired in analyst-concepts which is wrong. There is a paradox worth exploring in the analyst-patient relationship. As the patient free-associates, material comes up, ~~it~~ (or) material. Only the patient actually knows the intensity and the complex, mysterious character of the actual emotion(s). The analyst either draws a blank, puts a concept—an S concept given their ideology—on the material, or empathizes. But the character of empathy is the most mysterious of all. For when we empathize we can never know if we're right. The fact that we feel certain we are feeling the same thing as the other person cannot be verified. If they say yes, particularly in an analytic relationship, it may be for a variety of reasons and can even be an outright lie. If they say no, they may be unaware but actually feeling that, or again they may lie. The mystery of empathy is whether it is valid or not—I suspect it is—but it may be valid in peculiar ways—or-conscious for some, or-unconscious for others. So, the analyst, except for the more adventurous ones find that empathy is very un dependable and dangerous—they can never know if they are right or wrong and they get into terribly deep accepting waters. For to empathize is to admit weakness in the social sense—one is saying, "Yes, I have had that terror too."

So, as a practical matter, empathy is in that dangerous illogical irrational socially and psychoanalytically condemned area bounded by paranoid projection and telepathy. Most analysts are frightened by it. Herbert Aldenderff is terrified by it because he has so much of it, and therefore Germanically, characteristically, he is resolutely passive in his analyses--his only defense outside of self-hatred from keeping him from taking a wild plunge off the Freudian board into the oceanic unconscious. Therefore, I would wager that most analysts, nearly all bad ones, and even most good ones depend upon S-concepts, Sup-understandings of the patient's er-deliveries. "I . . . er . . . want to say . . . er er er . . . you're all . . . er . . . good guys . . . errrrr." (Maybe the Haa or the Hih or the Ugh would be better than the Sup as the opposite number to er--which I've now decided is perfect.) (I just now wrote high for which, leaving out the w. Maybe the hitch is the word for the sup. Ah, well.)

524. Excelsior! Hardens onward. Dr. Mailer, M.L.D. Specialist in Hardonology and Limberology. From now on I use Excelsior, abbreviated as excels (exclusive!) for To go on, to continue, anyway, etc.

525. Excelsior! What I'm getting at is that for some of the analysts understand their patients some of the time, and none of the analysts understand their patients all of the time. They can't. Apart from the obvious human impossibility, there is a total conceptual barrier which is rarely passed, and in Freudian analyses given the analyst as warden, taker, God, priest, no-give, there is the misery of a complex emotion which could lead one onward to discoveries being turned back by the analysts conceptual inversion of it. Which is why analysts so often mistake a patient's legitimate situation-anxiety for an illusory anxiety. As via Bob's brother and the jealousy. So, too, the patient's guilt at er sexual desires (invariably some permutation of the bisexual) is all too often misunderstood by the analyst as bonafide shame.

526. Now, of course, an analyst tries not to convey his attitude to the patient. An analyst will drop dead at a cocktail party before he admits that he ever directs a patient. But the fact is that they do. They have to. The analyst in most cases is a rebel who retreated, and that is a very uncomfortable position--very power-obsessed but with no vocational sanction to wield power. So, truly, in many cases, the

analyst is sitting in a hotter seat than the patient. And the patient suspects this but cannot bear to believe it. Mother-father-embodiment must be strong or there's nothing left. Moreover, the super-sensitized relation of analyst-patient creates empathies, approaches to telepathy, and telepathy itself all the time. Like the wall of Mendes-France which was studied for six months and so became a ladder, the impassive face of the analyst or rather the impassive voice (for the analyst is seen usually only at the beginning and the end of the hour) reveals a whole gamut of reactions, and they are not all paranoid projections of the patient. The ridiculous assumption under Freudian practice is that the patient should be alone in a room talking to a dummy, a wax dummy. If the analyst-'dummy' were actually a dummy there might be some justification to saying that all the patient's material and interpretation of the analyst was a projection, but given a human being no matter how determinedly impassive, the hyper-acute sensitivity and WTD of the patient penetrates the facade. So, analyses are directed, and the analyst consciously and unconsciously, by his silences as much as his speeches is constantly giving approval or disapproval. He believes he is talking, but his talking is the defense, the penance, for his rebellious beginnings, and beware of ex-rebels who are penitents--nobody is more S-directed. So, analyses go on, they go on interminably, the patients get better or they get worse, they deteriorate when the analyst expects success and vice versa, they also conform at times to the analyst's expectation. The analysis is over and the analyst if he is honest has to wonder, "Just what the fuck did happen in there?" As indeed the patient wonders.

530. 527. Yet, we cannot deny it. There seems to be some kind of general over-all benefit to psychoanalysis. Probably, it is so difficult to determine, more people are benefited than are hurt. If this be true, I have an idea why. In the very absence of meeting, in the essential square peg to round hole, the misapplied and erroneous S-concept of the analyst attached to the er-released matter there is a liberty for the patient to come to his or her own conclusions. I suspect that when the patient makes a poor transference, there are often surprisingly good results. This, at least, for Freudian analysts. What happens is that a self-analysis with an essentially unimportant but nonetheless not-to-be-ignored chaperone has taken place. The analyst says, "Dependency drives, castration fantasies," --The patient feels:

and feels beneath words: "I know what love is, I know what power is, I know (and this is private H knowledge) that I am not as bad as I thought I was, but this I'm keeping to myself. If I give it to old Four-Eyes he'll tack it on his article board, put it under glass, and give it a name."

So, beneath the surface, a mighty ventilation takes place. On the surface there is guilt, hostility, pain, self-hatred—in the deep reaches of the er, there is shame, opening of rhythm, pleasure, self-love, and the suppressed H understanding and S admitting that one is not so bad after all. What characterizes the successful analysis is that the S has been dealt a blow, not the er. It isn't that one learns to control one's outrageous id, ~~individuation~~ as Freudians would have it, but rather that the sup loses power, must take retreats, must admit some of its imposture. On the surface the analyst believes he has tamed the patient; what has happened is that the patient has out-faced him. There was more than one girl I laid who said to me, "I'm not going to tell my analyst I've been sleeping with you until you leave town, because if I do, he's going to fuck it up."

528. I'm very dissatisfied with the above notes. On Lipton's I saw it all very clearly, and in a few words. Above, I just wandered, tried to find the handle, and passed away from the subject again.

529. Time is Number—both are social.

530. Toybee's challenge and response strikes me as being another mutation on give and take.

531. We and woe—the woe one—the we of us. Piss is woe-see.

Word—~~W~~—er—d/ The world and death surrounding the er.

532. The beggar-king and the king who becomes a beggar are interesting spectrums. What lies behind them is the deep wonder of people about freedom. What does one do, we are always asking ourselves, if we have total liberty. And only a king has it or a beggar—each because they are outside the laws of society. (Power-mad people have the illusion behind the drive to power that once they have all the power they can change sexual gears and get away with it.)

533. The reason the common people read with such delight the stories of and fables of unhappy kings is that it cozens them into accepting society. "Look," they must think, "even if you have liberty, you're still unhappy, so I'm not so bad off." And that is why kings in their public pronouncements—even if they had to get their head out of their mistresses' twot long enough to get dressed—always speak solemnly of the cares of state. There'd be revolution if they ever hinted they have a good time.

534. And so the onigan of the King and Queen of England—they are always loved because they are always long-faced, sad, responsible, sober, industrious, unimaginative, in short the same as the gray lot of the English themselves. Get a ripper or a fag on the Throne of England and the PM starts the abdication apparatus.

535. And that is why certain beggars act like kings, and thrown out of a bar they always turn around and curse, they bring down the curse of regal society, they say, "You fucking two-bit snot, I can buy and sell your place ten times over, I wouldn't wipe my ass with your head, I wouldn't condescend to eat here again." It takes a beggar to understand a king. And there are the beggars who make their appeal by their long faces—they are always saying, "Look at me, I have nothing. I drank and sinned and look at the low state it brought me to." Pious people tip these beggars. But there is the hipster beggar so prevalent in New York who comes up and says, "Hey, Mac, gimme a dime." "What do you want a dime for?" "Well, if I had a dime, I could buy a cup of coffee, and while I'm there some society bitch might drop in, and I could give her a fast fuck, so hot she'd carry me in her pocket around the world and beg me to pinch her tits until I got tired with that and came back to this. So gimme a dime because I want to take a trip around the world." And the hipster beggar, the decadent beggar hits trade the conventional beggar never could. The other day I gave one a buck—he was a tall Irishman, and he said, "God Bless you." Then, "Are you Jewish?" "Yes," I said. "God bless you again," he said.

536. A dick is a cock. A dime is a lesbian.

537. Twot. The thing of what? The mystery.

Ham 538. Man and society. Man says there is God, or maybe there is God and the Devil.

Then the historical social reductions start. We have progressively God and Devil, Heaven and Hell, good and evil, until in Victorian high society there was only Left Nice and Not-Nice. The concentration camps have given us a bit of a stir. Today we have normal and neurotic with an occasional suggestion of evil in the word psychopath.

542 539. I just realized that the reason I never could accept the Soviet Union even in the height of my Wallace days is that I could never believe instinctively that a good society could have sex repression. There was a time when I could have explained away 25,000,000 slave laborers I had such contempt for people, but I could never explain away difficult divorce laws. And in a way I was right. Today I would say that the slave laborers while more monstrous are less basic than the bad sex laws.

540. Anybody who's really a radical has to fight for greater sexual liberty. It is the acid in which the rebel is tested. Does he turn from blue to red?

541. I have to explore the idea of what it means to different people to go to Heaven and Hell. Probably one of the really good projective tests would be to have people outline for you what they believed Heaven was like, and what Hell was like. And I suspect that underneath the surface construction, once you could draw them out, would be projected a great deal of H-desire masquerading as S and vice versa. This is one of those common-places which ought to be explored more. The trouble with most projective techniques is that they work better for people on the college-to-expert express than they do for weird-os. Most projective techniques are quite inept I believe when it comes to doing more than recognizing that a particular person is very unusual.

542. Hemingway's peculiar weakness is that he's a Taker, his heroes are all Takers. His idea of courage is that you can take it. It never seems to have occurred to him once that courage might also consist of giving. Which is why he probably lives in a cloudy mystical state and reads universes into every cliché and half parable he writes.

543. Depressants and stimulants: What I've noticed—who could miss it?—is that

Lipton affects me differently from everybody else. It is nominally a depressant but I become more stimulated than anyone else. (Everybody passes through a brief period of stimulation on Lipton's before relapsing into passivity, but my stimulation lasts much longer and my passivity sometimes never comes.) Nearly all of my friends are Takers--the power of American conformity today tends to make sensitive people develop the secretive Taking powers rather than the more dangerous--if radical--giving powers. So, there are probably more Takers around than Givers these days. But more than that, I as a Giver surround myself with Takers. "But Giver doesn't? And only a few friendships have been with Givers--Hirst Devlin, the peculiarly intense restricted giver, then Malaquais (who conceals the Old Lady Taker in him), and Bob who is the easiest Giver-Taker I know. Plus Adele who gives actually and emotionally.

547. The above was hardly more than gossip. What I started to say was that Lipton's by slowing Givers up allows their Taking capacity to increase--the result if they are highly verbal like me is to talk talk talk. But Takers who take Lipton's are pushed deeper into passivity, so deep that words just about disappear. Takers need alcohol which emphasizes for a time anyway the giving powers.

545. So, to begin with, stimulants and depressants affect people according to their capacities to give and to take which is why people react so differently to them. But more than that is something else which is rarely considered. A stimulant so-called is not simply a stimulant, a one, a giver, it is a two--it stimulates certain parts of one and depresses others. Depressants by depressing certain parts of the personality stimulate others. Passing across the infinite give-take spectrum, the nature of give and take is altered.

546. I'm written out, although not depressed. I better put down no more notes or I'll throw them away in verbiage. Off to Baltimore.

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547. A new typewriter ribbon—which for me always means that my ideas are going to read better.

548. Today is L plus 1—some Lipton's, one secondal, and two bouts of love. But the lift is not tremendous today mainly I think because I took it too soon after the last time. Still, I'm not depressed either, and in reading over the last fifty pages of the journal I find many interesting, even fascinating things buried in the general incoherence.

549. But what I want to try to get at now is the business of thought—what is thought? etc. Having gotten into the habit, particularly under Lipton's, of keeping a very sharp sense of my "mental state", I have come to the conclusion that "thought" as such is without words. There is truly a razor's edge in the mind between the "thought" and the words—even though unsaid—which come to give it shape and oneness. I realized this in a peculiar way. I found myself having the old fantasy of an electric pad on my brain which would carry my unspoken words into a tape recorder. And at that instant I realized that I was truly thinking without words, for what came immediately after—and the thoughts had been beautiful and very clear—was that to think of capturing the thought immediately aroused "words" in me, and though the words were good, and still nominally "thought" since I did not speak them, I could sense immediately that the thought had been chased away, and I was left only with word scraps. So, I want to formulate it like this: the universe which is always within us delivers matter—that is, a part of what we have "taken" floats into consciousness; with words we seek to give it form, we are attempting to convert what we have taken—and so long as it is still "thought" we are still "taking" it—into an "Idea"—something we may give. So, form, idea, word, are sup-things; matter, thought, feeling are from the er.

550. This can help to explain the difficult condition of the novice writer. Over and over I've noticed that young writers, or old young writers, for that matter, cannot seem to understand why their work which to the reader is banal, thin, and uninspired, is so magnificent and powerful to them. The answer is of course simple.

Their work is highly un-social and private. What has happened is that they have mistaken the intensity and beauty of their thought for the drab expression in words. "He felt old and sad and alone," seems to them to convey the state of old-age as it has never been conveyed before. The sophisticated reader who demands that thought be trapped as closely as possible, or he will not respond to it with his own thought, considers the work puerile. Part of becoming a writer is to develop a more and more intense conception of the particular inaccurate word which is least inaccurate—at least for oneself; one can hardly estimate the value of words for others.

551. For the analyst and the analysand part of the same process occurs. The analysand is delivering thoughts—at the very best they are so concerned with the thought that the "idea" is completely crude—"I wanna fuck my mudder. . . or . . . glass balls. . . or . . . Chevrolet for '55. . . . what a fucking quack you are. . . I'm sorry. . . didn't mean it . . . What do I mean? . . . I feel dizzy. . . or . . . " And so forth. As a literary production it is close to zero—yet the internal process has been intense. Yet the analyst would be super-human if he were able to remind himself constantly that these grunts and phrases far from revealing how stupid people are beneath the surface, actually show that we are all close to genius once we open ourselves to the or.

552. I have come to a conclusion about work. Which is that I must desert my old obsession with not getting overwhelmed and doing but one job at a time no matter how slow and painful it was, and instead I must take on a number of projects, novels, stories, articles, books-to-read, etc, and whenever I feel bored or worn out with one, I must leave it for the next. That way I think I could tap far greater productivity. The key of course is to be concerned with the act of working itself rather than its issue or product. One reason I have gone at such a great rate in this journal is that I have not been much concerned with publishing it. If I ever decide to publish it which means revising, rewriting, censoring, etc. it will become slow hard and anxious work.

553. The fluoridation of water. I think the apparent irrationality of people on this can be explained only by the ~~bad~~ consonant theory. I am willing to bet that if an expression like Good-Water Plan had been used, there would have been far less

resistance. It's the word, "fluoridation" itself which makes the difficulty. Using the crude equivalents I so far feel--the word psychically Anglo-Saxonized becomes: Fuck love o(cunt) rage I dey (death of A which is I) shun.

554. Investigating the consonants I've found some fascinating material. R and L are the only consonants which combine with any frequency with other consonants at the beginning of words until one gets to S. S has many combinations. Sh, Sk, Sl, Sm, Sn, Sp, Squ, Sc, Scr, St, Str, Sw. No doubt about it, R, L, and S are the key consonants in English.

555. On the vowels, I'm beginning to feel other things. The hard vowels, I, ay, Ohhh, EEEE, OOOO (which is midway between hard and soft) and OOOOOO seem to have more relation to giving, to society, to I as social actor. And the soft vowels are more from the or. Of course this is enormously complex and I haven't begun to feel it yet, but slowly I make progress.

556. I have an idea which I think is important. The problem of psychoanalysis has always been one of measuring intensity. There has never been an objective correlative. The variables in the patient have to be judged by the variables in the analyst. Which of course is the mathematical relation of all human relations. So the business of deciding just how neurotic the patient is becomes the riddle wrapped in a mystery and surrounded by an enigma. (AP. Neurotic--The no of erotic; also, the now of erotic.) (Also, the know of erotic.)

But there is one way we can go at it. A human is the combination of a human animal--God and a social-person. The link between man and society is Time which is societies concept and its building bricks. What may be said of any person who is highly socialized is that they grow up with a clock built into them. We have all had the experience of going to sleep without a clock knowing that we must wake up at some difficult hour, and always five or ten minutes before the time we stir and are ready. Just as a carpenter measuring spaces all his life can estimate to the quarter of an inch a length of wood four feet long, so civilized clock-chained man can measure time. But we have two systems of time within us. We have the ~~smudgy~~ social time which is accurate if not metronomic, and we have ex-time which is cloudy and suspended--so that often on a flight of thought (not a flight of "ideas")

we have no idea whether we have been "gone" for two minutes or twenty-two minutes. Our sense of time has broken down because the nature of the experience has been one of taking, and taking with its intensity muddies the count--the sense of time is dependent upon "even" experience. (Perhaps even the five-minute error in awakening is due to the three-second dream which seemed like five minutes.)

So, what I sense as a test is this: To measure the discrepancy between clock-time and subjective time through a range of passive and active experiences. This has been done by some testers I believe, but so far as I know it has been approached more as a stunt, as a curiosity, than as a serious investigation. What would be involved is to study first on a person their sense of time in standard characteristic activities--eating, reading a newspaper, going through a modest interview, etc. With very neurotic--that is half socialized people--the discrepancies would appear already, but they would at least provide a guide to the more elaborate tests. Then would come such things as listening to a piece of jazz, a piece of a symphony, studying a painting, singing a song themselves, watching TV, or better a part of a movie since TV has commercials to set a "beat". These I throw out as suggestions--undoubtedly better standard things could be chosen. Then tests of rhythm according to the best methods possible. By the time one was done, I believe that the give-take functions of the person would be revealed in their similarities and discrepancies to other people. For example any person who has already demonstrated a close sense of time in characteristic activities would reveal car-anxiety, passivity anxiety if five minutes of a symphony sounded like two minutes to him or twenty. This is very rough as a presentation--the person to whom it sounded like twenty minutes might it have enjoyed it that much, or the same with two minutes--it was so good that they felt it was fleeting--but that in itself would reveal attitudes toward time, and given the battery of subjective-time responses there would be inner evidence to support the idea of special sensitivities or special anxieties. And if used at the beginning and end of an analysis, one could have a certain objective correlative to the progress and loss of the analysis. The great obstacle to this test is of course the one present in all tests--the presence of the tester who as society immediately alerts and dulls and thereby distorts the character of the one who is tested. But, probably, there is a great deal here, and maybe I'll get further ideas on it.

Feb. 11, 12

560 557. Again I start work on the journal in a state of intense excitement (which from the outside is called mania) and indeed as all thought is circular to the ^{conservative} rationalist and spiral to the ^{radical} mystic, so I am thinking of a thousand things at once.

558. The kick-off was the weekend in Baltimore. One interesting result is that I have a mock-cold this morning. That is, my nose is running—like allergy—and yet I do not feel the depression of a cold. It has set me thinking about the nature of colds, and the Borditchitl or whatever the pholl it is that Bob gave. I took a capsule last night, felt no effect, and so added two seconals and went to sleep. But the note on the box literature said that "nasal congestion" was sometimes a side-effect. This morning I have nasal congestion. I wonder if colds are not an expression of an S-victory necessary to relieve a too-intense conflict. The depression which accompanies my colds (except for today) is the sadness and anger of the er at being defeated again. Yet the cold may well be one of the basic homeostasesq—when one is feeling too much "tnesion", (nesion as nerve tension) too much er, the S relieves the conflict by knocking the body out—what is essential to the cold is that the er cannot win at that given period, and so S in its victory declares a punitive peace treaty. The roxyl drug is probably an S stimulant, an H vitiator—hence in people whose nervous systems react to S increments by a cold, "nasal congestion" is the result. Whenever I get a bad cold in the future, I am going to try Lipton's and see if it is a cure.

559. I have not warmed up yet this morning, but I feel that this journal today is not going to be very well-expressed.

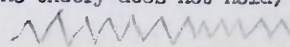
560. I've come up with something on "st". It represents the total fixing of society. It is factness, society-thingness. For example, stop, stasis, stable, stink (what characterizes a stink is that it sticks.) stare (the social permanence of air) sty (the freezing of the eye) stone. (The petrification of the one which is pronounced own. Note: won, one, own and just possibly "on".) Also: student, study, (which brings up the ud—the mating of the you (the externalization of oneself—we project onto a you what we feel) —so we have the u, the you with the d of death. Study opens cementization, socialization, etc. Star: the fixing of

the ah and the 'r'. R to me now means morethan rage, it is the active element, the motility of feeling which gives shape, color, emotion, life, in illuminated form to our passivity. Just note: life and rife. Rifeness is the state (st again) of life in its active form. Life is the state of life in its passive form. r is action, will to completion, l is passivity, contentment, euphoria. s and t give such tremendous stasis to a concept because s as society and t as thingness are ~~the~~ both societal concepts—they are "ones." After all, a thing implies an envelope rather than a continuity. As viz Bob with his quick confidence that he knew what "color" was, until I reminded him that color was an attribute of light which is not knowable, not yet.

564 561. For days I've been working toward my first real insight on vowels, and now I believe I have it. The hard and the soft, the sup and the or—a hard vowel is the socialization of a state of being. The soft vowel is the flowing continuous being. One little confirmation of this is that all the hard vowels may be expressed by one letter. ~~ayyyy~~ (hard a) is understood as A. Hard o is E pronounced as eeeeeeeeee. Hard I is I (one's social personality, one's active giving, influencing aspect) AP: However, I is a peculiar vowel as a hard vowel for it conceals its very subtle almost or perhaps uncapturable echo. We say really ~~IIIIIIII~~—uh. Which is not true for the other hard vowels such as O which is ~~OOOOOO~~ simply O not Oh. What I'm trying to get at is that the hard vowel remains constant in its sound through all of its flow. The h pinching off, and the sometimes guttural or high-pitched beginning of the hard vowel are manifestations of the difficulty we feel essentially in life at expressing a single rather than a double sound. So what characterizes each of the hard vowels is that they are preceded by a suppressed (getting up to speed) consonant, and are ended by a braking consonant. I list them below.

*Should be
said aloud
to understand
what I mean.*

uh—AAAAAAAAAAAAA—yyy
~~EEEEEEEEEEEEEE~~—yih
 ah—IIIIIIIIIIII—yih
 uh—OOOOOOOOOOOO—ih
 y—UUUUUUUUUUUU—(mah)
 and uh—OOOOOOOOOO—uh (the oo of pool)

The soft vowels which express the self (and I believe these remarks about hard and soft vowels must be true for all languages or else the theory does not hold) are expressed in a series of alternations. Like this: 

Hard vowels are more like this:

Soft vowels also have accelerants and brakes. A more accurate picture is:

And the reason for accelerants and brakes is that speech as such is not natural, not as natural as sound which comes from animal and man alike.

So the soft vowels.

Little o. oh space oh space oh space etc.

" i. ih " ih "

And so forth. The way we best notice this is in the slowing down of a record or in a singer sustaining a note. What happens is that the single sound becomes revealed as a double sound which is why a ringing occurs in the sustained note of the singer or a wow-wow beat in the slowing down of a hand-cranked phonograph. Which opens the laboratory possibility of cutting my own sound records and playing them slowed down on a special phonograph.

I think as a last note on all this one may say that consonants ~~which~~ exhibit the ring or the wow (twoster—woofor) more pronouncedly than even soft vowels. Just try to hum mmmmmmmmm or rrrrrrrrr or llllllllll. Only sssssss acts like a hard vowel. tttttttt is impossible. It is absolutely thing, one, instant in its sound. Only by adding h (th) can it be maintained and that by sliding into soft ih. (In a peculiar way, I believe it can be said that 's' is a vocal vowel. But even the hard vowels have a suppressed woof or tweet to them.

So let me redraw the diagrams:

Hard vowel:

Soft vowel:

Both diagrams refer to the sustaining of the sound.

562. A lover of music has an ear which is unconsciously open to the emotion generated by recognizing the opposites of man and society which are present in every conceived sound. Because ~~in~~ music gives them pleasure, they do not stop to analyze it.

563. But I am the person low in love (comparatively), comparatively pleasureless, (especially in music all my life) so to complete myself I must make the rational investigation of sound.

564. It can be stated as a philosophical proposition I believe that pleasure and

idea are antithetical, yin and yang. To have society man must be deprived of pleasure, for it is in the frustration of pleasure that reason (desperate to save the body from the bio-chemical poison of frustration) advances into the mystical unknown. So intellectuals are unhappy because their need is to convert thoughts into ideas, and the intellectual knows pleasure only when he has expressed the thought in an idea which is so elaborated, so "approximately" perfect that he may relax back into vague thought. For thought is the state of pleasure. It is only when we attempt to convert it to an idea that pain comes—the pain of birth, of separating an embodiment from the total. As our idea that "man is the measure of all things" has grown through history, so woman's child-birth has become progressively more painful. Child-birth now is an idea rather than a thought; an orgasm of pain rather than a swell of muscular ebb and flow.

Adole often comments in our bed, "Why are you frowning so? You look in pain? You look angry and tortured?" Every times she makes such a remark I am in the process of trying to shape a thought into an idea. I am trying to give birth. My mighty mother is in me, but I have books, ideas, projects, theses, etc. instead of birthing children.

568 565. Pain and pleasure, (I change orgasm for pleasure) Pain and orgasm, vomit and detumescence are expressions of the S, forms given to the body by S. I speak naturally of the subjective 'sharpness' one-ness of the feeling. The natural state is the rhythmic state where pain and orgasm become merely ebb and flow and ebb and flow—like the ocean. Which is what the oceanic feeling is.. This is the passive state of life, moving in unbeated rhythms of slow up and slow down. An ocean has the one expression of crashing waves when the foreign object, earth—society—whatever intrudes itself. So Life (1 the passive existence came out of the water onto the earth where it became I—active agent—able to return to the water only by the ffff of fuck.)

566. "Stupid" people find ~~intriguing~~ thought painful, fucking delightful—at least generally, typically, they do. (Folk-lore and platitudes show the truth of this.) Intellectuals find thought joyous, fucking painful—again generally true. Rare people find fucking and thought joyous—usually orgiastic mystics who can

dispense with the guilt of no-orgasm and the guilt of no-idea, no-work-accomplished. Balanced "healthy" people are people who can move from one to the other from the orgasmic mystic to the rational orgasm and back again. Contentment and depression are the lot of the "socially healthy" person—hard ideas and strong orgasms—a very rare bird by the way. But such birds pay by being relatively ordinary—they are not geniuses. Orgasmic mystics (the rarest birds of all) who are healthy orgasmic mystics have a rich inner tumescent universe, but soon pitiable, perverted, "crazy" and hopeless to society. The genius is the rarest of all for he contains both—his love and hate for himself, his er and his sup, his saint-loverness and social-critical oneness are both enormously developed. The genius is deprived of pleasure and deprived of real love of the one (One's mate) so the genius has his incredible insights into the nature of pleasure and pain, and when he loves a person is capable of loving them only by endowing them (as indeed every person understood well enough is) with all the nature of pleasure and pain, all the love and hate the genius feels for the universe. There have been very few total geniuses in history, but more and more I suspect that Joyce was one of them. If I can ever write Antacid Analgesic the way I conceive it, I too will be a genius. Until then I will merely give intimations and promises of genius together with a lot of qvatch.

I started this note on the thought that I can enjoy fucking only when it arouses creative thought (not detachment) which flows in and out and around and of the person or persons to whom I make love. Once it wells into words, ideas, the fucking loses its savor. Which is why Adele was so furious at me the night of the fuckanalysis. She knew that a joyous act had become a painful one for me, I was no longer thinking-flowing, but ideating—stopping and starting.

570 565. Antacid Analgesic. There are many elements in this. And and ant. Acid and alkali. Anal and by implication Oral. Already I could call it Andalac Oralgesic. The take and the cid (the beggar and the king) (Take from tac); Pain and pain-killer. Pain-killer provides pleasure, so pain and pleasure—the condition of existence. Even, very private, an al, an Al—from Brother Can You Spare A Dime—Don't You Know me, They call me Al, it was Al (hell) all the time. So Heaven and Hell. Gosic. Guess and seek. God—little e of self—society; I who is sic, sick. God and I guess and seek for the sick. (and the healthier.)

571 566. What a title. I bet I could locate (give) overy theme, idea, thought and spiral and circle of this journal in Antacid Analgesic. How significant that I never read Joyce. I know when I'll read him. (That is I never read more than a hundred pages of Ulysses, and two or three pages of Finnegans Wake.) But if I write a great Antacid Analgesic, then I will read Joyce and be able to understand him as few or perhaps no rationalist has before me.

567. Yes, I am a rationalist. But I am the rationalist who seeks to explore ~~in~~ the mystical. My reason works only as my mystical self emerges; my reason is always the element, the S I use to control the er. (S and er; Sir-Sire-Lord-God.) (Mister as Man-I--society--thing--er.) Thing is wider than t--that is, th is wider, more sustained than t, thing is more evocative, more general--more socially approximate to the universe than (Ting). But ting is the sound of a ricochet. And a gun is the depersonalization of man and the apotheosis of the power of society. No wonder savages look upon the white man as a god. He is a god, but he is the god of society, and so a false-but necessary god.

568. And isn't that the Devil? The Devil is a false but necessary God--he is society. What we think of him in organized religion as the devil--to wit, the sensual, the flesh, (flesh goes through life, o of self, society, to the head--fuck and thought, universe and recognition of universe which is in our bodies and minds.) Anyway: If we take the proposition that religion's idea of God (organized religions) is God as Society, and the Devil as the rebellious element in man, then we can also see how man redressed the balance because underneath he was saying, God is Go to death, And Devil is death going to life. So, God and Devil each containing their opposites being God-and-Devil And Devil-and-God compose the quartet, the family, the orgy, the universe or total of experience.

569. My nose has stopped running. Why? I knew this was not a cold. But has it stopped running because the S is complacent, not punishing, because it knows that I am merely putting down, in crude ideas vast thoughts which therefore will endanger it not at all so that in a few days when I reread this I'll think, "Oh, My God," (Oh, Society, please forgive me for such nonsense.) Or is it because I am happy, because my love is finally flowing again.

570. A truly great man is a man who does not begin the freezing-making process until he is totally ready, until he cannot grow unless he begins to make and give. A crank, a fanatic, a dogmatist was a potential genius who froze too early, who made too early. Wilhelm Reich strikes me as being half-genius, half-crank. I know very little about his orgone theory, but I suspect that he was close to something truly tremendous, and perhaps terrified of going insane (which is the danger of growing when the road is too impacted with obstacles) he froze at the level of his orgone box which haunts us for we feel alternately and even simultaneously that it is a lie and a truth (using truth as something on the way to Truth.)

571. Ruthless and Truthful. If there were a word ruth (not the name Ruth) ruthless would be closer to the universe than truthful.

572. What I've been avoiding in consonants but must get into is that consonants which I've been approaching as units are actually spectrums, polarities, opposites. Thus r is rage, but it is also reason. The end of rage is reason, the end of frustrated reason is rage. So 's' is society which is static, but it is also sssssssss which is the flow of gas, of water, of piss. I've been trying not to admit this for it makes my consonant approaches more difficult than ever. Now I have to give a double-spectrumed analysis of each word, and my poor brain aches.

573. I got the D.T.'s—I got the death of things (the opening of raw misunderstood or and leave) which society deserting me has left me with. One gets the DT's when on awakening with the hideous Hangover, one realizes so painfully that one is totally antagonistic to society.

574. Last night taking my secondals I thought—"A pill for the swill." And I was flat (stunned) by the recognition. How I hate this journal, hate myself, hate ~~this~~ Adele, hate my wild kick, hate the garbage I release, how I cling to society to knock me out, to stun my rebellion. If I ever go insane I'll not be a schizo. I'll be a manic-depressive. Adele will too. For we either love each other or hate each other, we are either all er or all S at a given moment. The lucky saving grace which makes us mates is that we almost always love each other or hate each other fairly simultaneously. So our hatred flows into love by being

discharged, our love becomes hatred by being expressed in its fullness. And the longer we live together the deeper this becomes—although since it becomes more understandable, we grow over the whole closer and I believe stronger—if more-vulnerable because we have more to lose. But my salvation is for my honesty to hunt the crook in me forever. Only through understanding myself can I come to create. ^{By} going in, I can give out. As I understand myself, and understand Adele (for whom sensuality is the equivalent of speech for me) so I can waste less time. These days I'm consumed with impatience which comes out in the barely suppressed pompousness and sense of rightness with which I talk even to dear friends—They must understand, there's no time to lose. I feel it so unbearably. And yet I must repel them even as I seek to bring them closer because if I bring them closer I find contentment and so must give up the attempt to be a genius.

Bea was a manic-depressive too, still is but now maniacal outside, depressed inside—she thickens her skin, becomes progressively more ~~stunned~~ insensitive, and feels like death in her heart. Bea's trouble and mine was that one always zigged when the other zagged, and I always felt as if she always led the tune—whereas Adele and I take turns at leading one another. So Bea was a "castrator" and Adele is not. When I was tender and loving with Bea, she was cold; when I was frustrated, angry, and cold with Bea, she became a soft little child saying "Why do you hurt me so?" No wonder I hate her today—I think she was right in being afraid of me, I think I might conceivably have killed her if she had continued frustrating me. When I get angry at Adele I just want to smack her (smack—man smacks the female) and usually I do. Bea I rarely touched, but I used to feel like strangling her.

520 575. What bothered me about "A pill for the will," was that Adele and I had been so happy, so close, so loving on the train and the train trip seemed to take two hours, no more. We were very close. We held hands and felt our bodies flowing into one another. But I exhaust everything when I feel intense. So I spent my love, and realized in taking the pill that now my hatred was close. I have to recognize, accept, and more get the benefit of these swings of mood for I learn from each—and it is only when we try to suppress one aspect of ebb or flow, give or take, make or rest, challenge or response, love or hate, upbeat or downbeat—

when we try to be simply happy, strong, loving, or whatever, try to freeze the rhythm into a straight line progression that we become frustrated, impotent, anxiety-ridden and restless. So, when I hate Adele I will recognize it from now on in myself, even as I will try to appreciate her when she hates me. Indeed I do. Drunk, full of beans, she often hates me, or rather feels general lustility for the world. After all hatred is not simply hatred. Hatred is valuable too. Hatred is the mover, love is the rest. Hate makes, love nourishes. A mother who simply loved her children would make nothing but contented cows. It takes the bull to make a bullfight, and when we have a Ferdinand in the ring, the crowd gives; gives hate, the crowd rains pillows down. When the bull hates and charges and seeks to kill, and the bullfighter shows his great appreciation and understanding of that hatred, then the crowd (crowd and cord) can love. And how it loves. It would kiss the feet, the (I wrote feel for feet--must explore this.) feet, of the bullfighter in order the ass, the genitals, the belly and the lips, it adores this taking loving agent of bullfighter who has shown the creativity which may be saved from hatred. And that is the value of the bullfight--it shows us that hatred too is creative, it is at the heart of the creative process--that hatred goes into love and love back to hatred. No wonder the Mexicans turn on their hero-bullfighters when they're bad. And no wonder El Loco was so extraordinary--for he aroused the maximum of love and hate, and aroused it in waves.

521 576. Kill or be killed is the lingua franca of hatred. It recognizes the motile power of hatred. For if the enemy symbolically kills us, then we change, we enter a new world. And if we kill the enemy then too we enter a new world. So hatred understood, accepted, even accentuated (which is the hysteric's knowledge) leads to love. Which is Johnny's power. She is potentially a great lover and hater, and actually is a much larger hater and lover than most people admit to. It is the secret of her health, it is what keeps her going. If she were less ~~ashamed~~ guilty over her hatred, less ashamed of her raw love, she would be even healthier.

577. Ted Amussen cannot express hatred--that is his sickness. Neither can Danny Wolf. If Danny doesn't take a smack at me soon, I've got to let up or I'll drive him into schizophrenia. The answer to Bob's question as to why I provoke the

orgy with people like Dan and Rhoda whom I don't desire sexually (and what a world of lack of understanding is buried is to desire sexually) is double at least. I want to enrage Dan to the point where he'll attack me. If he could express his hostility in physical aggression he would feel wonderful afterward—I know that. I would like to make him scream at me, weep, rage, spit, and strike. Next day he'd wake up in a good mood. I know it. That's why I always try to touch off hatred in people—it's the only way to get back to love. When Bob came to India's I knew he was suppressing his hostility toward me (chastity) (He was like a rabbi furious that his most talented disciple was wearing his tefillin) (And isn't Bob's talent to be a teacher who stimulates others past him?) and I also knew that the longer Bob suppressed his hostility toward me the more depressed and tired he would become. So I taunted him, insulted him, stuck needles in him, twisted wrists and wrists (the Ritz is the Writs) provoked him until—and I really believe this—he scared us in turn when he drove the car. Granted the Lipton's had us paranoid. Nonetheless, Bob had a shit-eating grin when we screamed that we were scared. And after that, after that equality, after hatred met hatred, we were close and warm the rest of the evening which was a fine evening—and Bob's energy, his enormous nerve was flowing. Because Bob is a lover. When he loves he is tireless—it is the source of his energy. He becomes flat only when he hates and cannot express it. But crook loves crook. And crooks know how to express hatred. So I shit on Bob, and he shit on me, and then we were brothers again, mutual leader and follower.

583 -578- The and He. But I am getting closer to h which is a most interesting and paradoxical consonant. For h has no sound as such—it borrows from its contiguity with other consonants. the h in shhhhhhh is different from the h in thhhhhhh. One is roughly close to isssssssssssh, the other is roughly close to thuuuuuuuuuh. Next to a hard vowel h has a huh quality. I feel that h/ is one of the mystic cryptic sounds—I cannot express it better yet—but by its oneness as a letter (that is, its apparent oneness) it is able to make the necessary and many mystical self or sounds which are necessary to the life of language. That is, h is a rx number of er sounds which are masquerading as one, for h invariably appears in social words—just as s which is the most social of the consonants is also the most onomatopoeic of the sounds, and expresses wind and water—the sighing of the sails.

So back to h. It expresses a hidden spiritual quality in words which are ostensibly social institutions, parts, acts, etc. So h is in hide, head, Head of Department, where, (what a word to explore) —ore is wealth, real wealth, present in lore, roar, pore, store (societies heard) more, nor (the reduction of ore) b ore (be that is, b, is beginning and end, so boredom is an end and a beginning, a beginning and an end. What is so painful and pregnant with new possibilities or disasters as when our friends bore us? For is a continuation—the fuck of ore, the succession. (Propositions are the key to language.) Also, door—the death of ore, the new beginning. gore—what a word, the God-killer of wealth (that is natural wealth); floor—the support of ore, the Basis of it, the fuck-love, draw and drawer, glori—glory and glower, hore—where—the mystical orgy embodied in degraded social form, jore—jaw, pour, plore as in implore,^{explore}/deplore (Latinisms colored) prore—proar, prore as prayer, quore as in quorum, sore, score, shore (society and man's natural wealth mated in the meeting—a shore is the meeting of one and infinity which is reason) slori—slayer (the matricide is a lover wielding the sword of society) snore (some more) slori (slower—reduce, says society, the rate of increase of self) snore (societal's negation of the self) spore, spore—sprawl, vore as in devour, I am very excited by these. For the proposition or is the alternative, the two of one, and therefore it implies natural wealth. Of the words I forced like jaw from jore, I was doing it not so much to ram a thesis home as to explore, for it is perfectly reasonable that Anglo-Saxon put out mutations, like all languages, from the first basic grunts and groans and sighs and snacks of the self.

584 579. Antacid Analgesic is filled with 'a's. Beginnings. A is the first vowel, B is the first consonant. But because it is a succession it is also a death. B means beginning and it also means end, or death, or finish. Bottom, bone, building, burial, banal, barter (where a commodity's use is born for one man, buried for another.)

580. P, I believe, signifies part, the part of the whole, the initiator, the petrification of an essentially continuous process. P is thus part, separation, definition of what is a whole. Thus port, pact, (a continuing process between nations) piss—the pun represents the grunt with which we begin to asssssess. (Which is why

when I cannot piss I turn on the water. The use of the water lulls me into its condition. What characterizes me is that it is harder for me than for most to start and to stop—once moving I can be graceful, but I lack grace entirely for the start and stop which is why my personality is so staccato, why it is harder for me to sleep and harder for me to wake up than for most—bodies in motion tend to remain in motion, bodies at rest tend to remain at rest—that is our apprehension of physics (Newton's great insight) and society whose pinnacle, elegance, rests upon the exercise of grace in precisely one's starts and one's stops (Elegant people rarely accomplish enormous amounts, but they are marvelous at cocktail parties which are total start and stop, and they are marvelous at moving from social convention to the introduction of emotion which is where I am totally inept, often rude in conversation, etc. So, p .

581. Energy spent on solving one problem opens us to the easy solution of other problems. So the sticky heavy depressed love relation of Dan and Rhoda is very important, for if they can ever solve that they will be able to solve (solve and slovenly) a hundred other things.

582. The curve is life, the straight line is society. We believe we solve in a straight line—that is reason's assumption. The slovenly is the inchoate mass. To be simply a solver or simply a sloven is to deny oneself. One must be both. One must love disorder and love order, hate order and hate disorder. Yet, here is where I disagree with the Greeks and all the other Golden Meaners—there is no such thing as the Golden Mean in Life. It is only by welcoming the extremes of one's personality, tempering those extremes only—assuming of which I'm not certain that life here is better than life-after-death—tempering those extremes only by the knowledge that one must not be destroyed by them, that one goes on, one grows, one finds creative-destroying fulfillment. For no philosopher (artist, scientist, merchant man, chief) is ever simply a creator, no real good one. The essence of creativity is that it accepts the destruction implicit in its assertion.

583. Classicist and Romantic. Both are in me. I write my philosophical propositions which are romantically wild to most in people in their enormous magnification of Self in the stiff stone prose of an Aristotle.

589 584. Last night on the train I discovered an important thing. I was so engrossed in talking and then in reading that when I looked out the window for the first time we were in Trenton, and what I saw on a neon sign above a factory was, "TRENTON MAKES, THE WORLD TAKES." And I pondered this, and realized that I had left make out of give and take and give and take and give. So first I reestablished the progression to Take—Make—Give—Take—Make, etc. And then I realized that that was very partial. So I changed it to Take—Make—Give—Rest—Take—Make—etc. But in finding the word Rest—for indeed no matter what we give there is always the moment of neutral, of rest, of passivity before the more active take (Take understood as being more active than rest, total rest—has anyone yet remarked on the relative qualities and quantities of "passivity"?) So to make and to rest, to work and to play, fit and enriched the contradictions of Give and Take. (And is indeed the word of rest. A period is the enforced rest of society. A child speaks in rambling spirals, it says, an then and then and then and then. Sometimes it starts to stammer in resentment when we attempt to inflict too soon periodicity, start and stop upon it. So then I had it: Here is the dialectical progression of all process.

Rest—Take—Rest—Make—Rest—Give—Rest—Enter (the door, the portal)—Rest—Take—Rest—Make, etc.

I establish it as a quartet of Take Make Give Enter with a rest between each. But of course this is merely an attempt to set up more points on what is always a continuous (not discrete) curve. Life is a continuum, not a discontinuum. But the illusion of separation comes from the time lag which is the social representation of rest. This I think is more adequate although of course incomplete—only infinity can express the total of the curve—than the Marxian dialectic which is two-poled rather than four-poled. I'll get bisexuality into everything.

585. My throat is sore again. (I don't know why I wrote again.) It became sore about an hour after my nose stopped running. For awhile I was fighting it—I think I used to get sick so much because I was always fighting my body needs, fighting my sickness, loathing it. This time I will accept my sore throat, feel its soreness, relax in the very soreness, and I have the hunch (a sudden warping of the body-mind which is why hunches are forcings, premature predictions, lacks of patience) that my sore throat will go away if only I give myself truly to it.

591

586. Patience and impatience. They are the polar expressions of society-and-man, man-and-society. Our impatience comes from our desire to fuse with the universe, our patience is our recognition that society impedes the way and one cannot do it instantly. But the two become reversed. The person s-oriented is impatient, impatient with delay, broken appointments, the inability to communicate, etc. (Etc. is the word symbol for infinity.) Etc. could be the title of a novel which ran a million pages out of trying to capture the total of a moment. The person who is er-oriented like Ivan van Am has patience. They can wait. They know that everybody and everything comes to its fulfillment (if it will—which is what gives them their sadness. (Sadness and Gladness)) comes to its fulfillment if one accepts, if one takes. So, what happens is that the S gives its essential nervous quality which is time—patience to the H, and the H gives its impatience—fusing to the S. The two people within us affect one another. Every man is a marriage/ within himself.

587. The reason this journal goes is that I do not force it. I accept it. I give to it when I feel like giving, and leave it when I / feel barren toward it. (A barren, a baron, a bar on—a barrier is a bar-wielder. / Language personifies the outer environment. This all started with the and he. The is the thingification of he. It is the definite article. If I am right, all nouns are personifications of human ers. Again s. At the beginning of a word it is society generally—at the end it is plurals which are continuations. And English is rich, is bi-polarized because English draws deeply and directly from two streams, the Druid blood sacrifices which gave Anglo-Saxon and the rationality of Latin.)

588. To understand a neurotic one would approach it better if one saw neurotic symptoms as malfunctions of Taking, Making, Giving, or Entering processes, or in the Rests between each. Entering for example is enormously important—it is communication whether we discuss productive techniques, sports, music, the universe or the person. But to grasp it we must not ignore the echo. So:

Take—Rest—Make—Rest—Give—Rest—Enter—Rest—Take—etc.
give—activa—Des—activ—take—acti—leave—acti—give—etc.
tion broy

In other words, as we give with a part of ourselves, we take with another part; as we make with a part of ourselves, we destroy with another part, as we rest, so we are active, as we allow the outside to enter, so we allow something inside to

leave.

594. ~~Endorsing/dismissing~~ ENTERING and LEAVING is as important as any of the other processes. It is ^{leaving} ~~cognition~~ and ^{entering} ~~acceptance~~ of one's state of awareness and ability to use, and if we use a new thing we must reject an old. In commerce this is readily apparent. All the procedures of inventory, buying new articles, remainder-ing old is the attempt to express in social commerce the bio-chemical commerce of the body which we call homeostasis. With people, there is always the moment when we can communicate with another, and the entering-leaving faculty of both people is brought into play at that instant. Compulsives for example suffer most obviously from entering-leaving malfunctions. Compulsives can give, they can take, they can make, but their pain is to change an idea, an address, a relationship, a piece of cash. Their sociostasis has attacked the entering-leaving faculties. Which is why misers are compulsives—they cannot bear to give up anything—so nothing new except acquisitions can enter their souls.

590. Impatience—patience. This, too, revolves respectively around the Entering-Giving liaison, and the Take-Make liaison. Givers are invariably "insensitive" ^{that is patience-resistance.} to people's receptivity. As viz myself and my mother. Takers are invariably insensitive to people's impatience. What may be said is that neither patience nor impatience are virtues in themselves. A man who is healthy on the patience--impatience spectrum is capable of waiting and capable of hurrying. His entering-leaving faculties are highly developed (what we mean by strong "sensitivity") and so he or she can be patient or pressing as they sense the relative activity or ~~inter~~ inertness (interness—unwillingness to accept) of the person, audience, whatever which surrounds them. What I must develop is patience and the ~~joining/entering/accepting~~ entering—taking aspects of my personality for I have always been able to make and to give. The others are what screw me up. I need never worry about losing my energetic impatience (I have so much of it) if I take on patience. It is just that I must stop forcing my personality into a One—I must accept the two—and when I do I'll really be able to go. I must stop being dogmatic, but be dogmatic and eager follower as each demands me.

591. I'm really beginning to dig the philosopher's Know Thyself. Dig Me.

597 592. The malfunction of entering-leaving is the health of the State. This is where Sociostasis attacks the E-r for pure E-r is capable of instantaneous entering and leaving. The pillars of society like Stalin, Chamberlain, the D.A.R.s, my Aunt Nan, Larry, etc. have their anxiety over letting something new enter to be taken. They also cannot let go. Stalinism's strength and weakness is that they have attacked the entering-leaving (birth-dying) synapses (what is the word I want? It's not liaisons, nor synapses--patience, n'boy.) Stalinism's strength and weakness is that they have attacked the entering-leaving conduits of their people. The frustration produces their unilinear strength, their weaknesses before floodings.

592. The phallic-narcissist (Jim Jones) cannot take. The hysteric cannot make. The dependent cannot give. This is vastly oversimplified, and each category bears its relation not only to how the E-act of (Enter-Take-Make-Give from now on called the ~~Wedge~~ Stomago or its echo (Leave-Give-Destroy-Take) the Logedote. (Stomago's and Logedotes Unite and Separate) but the E-act also bears its relation to the I-act which is the rest, the passivity--activation of the self. The image of the movie is most adequate. I'll expand later--it's gobbledygook as it now stands. But to expand the beginning of this:

The phallic-narcissist (Jim Jones) tends to go directly from something entering him to making something. He does not "take" digest it long enough. The hysteric goes from taking (which is strong in the hysteric) to giving (which is also strong) without making the product rich and various enough. Hence the "vulgarity" of the hysteric. The dependent goes from making to entering the other without giving. Hence they seem passive. Or cullen, or remote. Schizophroneics for example. The mystic cannot give--which is why his remarks are too cryptic for any audience. The compulsive cannot allow new things to enter, old things to go away which is why they are "constipated," academic, pillars-of-society, rigid, driven in their actions. Give and Take are signals to them rather than intervals for entrance and exit with appropriate rests.

593. Back from lunch. I thought I was tired, and while I ate I let my mind rest. The result is that I now have an improvement on 592. There was a contradiction I kept worrying at in 592. Which is that compulsive people, (to take one example)

often have acute sensitivity in limited ways. (One could indeed say that acute limited sensitivity satisfies society best because it allows excellent understanding within a category but prevents the wider understanding which is at the heart of concerted confident rebellion. (Understanding concerted confident rebellion as having its horrible under-echo which bursts through at times of chaotic insecure sentiments of crappiness.)—But that too is necessary in order to have ventilation and to be able to express one of the two sides of the eternal opposite.) So, to return to the compulsive with his acute limited sensitivity—of course the compulsive is the society builder, and in his vein he builds, builds, builds, improves, modifies and adapts, but it is a very narrow vein and it is at the cost of his own life and love. But if he is sensitive it means that he can accept, he can allow certain things to enter, more than that his reflexes and reactions to acceptable material are very "enterable". So that when I speak of the compulsive suffering from a malfunction of the entering faculties what I mean is not an overall dimming, but rather a "lurching", a locating of too much in too little. So the rest of the compulsive remains comparatively rigid and constipated. But the compulsive expresses a noble faculty of man in his very crippling—it is "sensitivity". Just as the hysteric in his or her inability to make (except partially and intensely) expresses sensuality and creativity by inference. So the ~~vicarious/phantasy~~ phallic narcissist implies the mystic and mighty taker, the dependent the giver and locator (for a dependent person always gives in his or her deeply restricted but intense way, be it loyalty, love, submission, whatever). So to restate it, the compulsive cannot enter or be entered except narrowly and intensely; the hysteric cannot make except narrowly and intensely; the warrior-entertainer cannot take except narrowly and intensely (egotistically); the mystic-and/or-dependent cannot give except narrowly and intensely (vision) and or (faith).

600 593. But another revelatory contradiction in my communicative chain appears: From the outside something Enters (We'll skip the Bests) and is Taken and is Made and is Given. And in giving, in the act of giving something is lost which must be replaced which is where the faculty of entrance asserts itself again, for if something now does not enter (something other than the previous material available in the compulsive for entrance) then the compulsive must use some of his own material

(Two centuries of thought)

some of his vital body substance in order to keep the chain of life within himself functioning. (One cannot remain the same; one must either continue to grow or else carry more for the same trip). Which is why compulsives shrink and harden as they grow older until they crack, their very sensitivity (the entrance, the hole) narrowing unless they are capable of widening it. So it is with all the others. If the malfunction in the chain with its special crippled sensitivity is not widened, relaxed, stimulated, or controlled (Enter, Take, Make, Give) the phallic narcissist becomes wilder, less imaginative, less healthy, more destructive until he erupts into a dangerous accident, uncontrollable power urges, lack of compassion, ruthlessness, sadism, etc. The hysteric becomes able to make less and less, drinks, "scones", destroys self-destructively (rather than sadistically) that is is dynamically masochistic, plays with violent suicide, enters it, deteriorates. (Every hysteric is an artist manque.) So the dependent-mystic if they are able to give less and less become more and more private, more cryptic, more "paranoid", more hostile, more misunderstood, more despised and isolated until insanity welcomes them.

601 594. "Freedom is the recognition of necessity." Marx? Engels? I come to believe more and more that this is true, and that the freedom involved is far greater than is understood. For our necessity is always a gamble, an either/or. The decider, the arbiter, the gambler within us poised on the irreconcilables of H vs. S makes the decision to let one predominate, thrive, and die in order to allow the other rest, recuperation, and new strength. So the decision to express one's hatred allows love to generate. The decision to repress one's hatred creates depression, neither hatred nor love can thrive, neither can die. (This is as true for a minute as for a lifetime.) (The very heart of "function" rests on the ability to decide the conflict, to allow the alternation, the rhythm to grow. It is the attempt to suppress rhythm (also a decision) which allows temporary security in return for subsequent damage. The future in its details is not foreseeable, although the contour of one's personality makes it partially locatable--the totally rigid man is depressed because he knows well that no matter who he meets nor what "happens" to him, he will react to it only by the narrow lens of his "entering" faculties. The decision of how to reconcile the irreconcilable H vs. S is always made in terms of time. We "Choose"

for a near benefit or a long one. In cowardice we make the easy decision to take the immediate benefit and deal with its inherent disadvantage at leisure, or we elect to choose the immediate disadvantage (like an artist changing his style) for the hope, the or confidence-despair that more will emerge. In this sense I believe in freedom of will. Given the fact that the body is not a simple machine, is not Other-life, but is life, All is not knowable—even if we know ourselves to the All of infinity, we still cannot know others to the All of infinity (a most difficult mystic notion on which mystics would divide) into mystical mystics and rational mystics) and so the future which is "Open" must be estimated by the deep knowledge of the Self. There is free will. It is the courage or cowardice with which we estimate the future and so decide.

602 595. I don't know if I agree with the above. It is also possible that to go to the heart of oneself, to penetrate the infinite levels of the unconscious, would open one "telepathically" to the All in every man, every insect, every machine, so that we would even know that the car we neither see nor hear around the corner is driven by a potential murderer whose seconds are running out, and that he or she will strike us as we step off the pavement and into the street. This, really, is where I see the mystery now. "Which or what do I believe?"

596. Let me make an assumption. Every human is born with the same or, the same soul or self which is capable of understanding All. But the second nervous system, the sociostatic nervous system gives us our warp, our "identity," and in the collaboration of the irreconcilables our capacity to enter the pool of knowledge which exists in all of us, is different for every one. So, everyone apprehends Reality in his own way, through the filter of his own S. And therefore no matter how deeply we dip into our or, our collective wisdom, the "particular" insights we return to the world with, are colored by our S. So, we can never know All, never that is until all men reach God which is the point of infinity. Therefore, we cannot "know" the murderer driver around the corner, although we can come very close to knowing him, and so, total knowledge of the totality impossible for us—at least while we live—we can only guess and gamble, exercise our free-will, ~~with~~ Free-will is the manly substitute-attribute of Men who has not reached God. So

we have Choico which is indispensable if we are to reach God. To postulate a rational world is to postulate a totally determined world. To postulate God is to postulate free-will. This is one of the most fascinating of the philosophical opposites. And I find that as I believe in free-will, so I am terrified. I was much more comfortable with determinism for it gave the solace that one could not make a mistake—that, so to speak, if one had not fucked-up the way one did, one would have fucked-up worse.

604 597. Yet, this is still true. The body-mind is a master chess player; it is capable of refining the choices to the best two or three possibilities. So, whatever we do at a given moment may not be the best thing we could have done, but it was at least the next-best thing.

598. Which is where an understanding of habit comes in. Habit is the suspension of the gambling-faculty——the Juggler is given his sleep. To live in society demands habits. Otherwise, the Juggler would be overworked. (The Juggler works while we sleep, rests—generally—while we act and move. Each night the Juggler lays out the choices for tomorrow, makes the Great Debates, and judges them by his lights.) But the Juggler to conserve his energy frequently makes the decision to take the most irreconcilable, the most difficult-to-decide of the choices and freeze it, make it a habit, a habit which will not be broken until he decides that the health of the body-mind (homeostasis) radically demands it. Which could account for the over-determination of neurotic symptoms. Choice-energy must not be wasted. In order for Life to function amidst Other-Life in the Body-Mind, a day to day altering of habit will exhaust the Lerve—Symbolically, a habit is to brain as a shell-fragment is to the flask—to disgorge it is a surgeon's decision. Each "destructive" habit becomes more difficult to disgorge as one grows older and the Lerve wanes—which is why we cannot carry the impedimenta of youth in middle-age. So, the over-determination of the neurotic symptom-habit is not really "over-determination." A habit must be placed beyond day-to-day questioning, for if it is not, Lerve is wasted in considering it, debating, coming close to decision, and then retreating, and the waste of Lerve (that is the continual expenditure of more Lerve than is recreated) encourages bankruptcy and death. So the over-determination of

ism: habit reflects the need of the Juggler to conserve nerve.

604 599. I lost weight all last summer and fall because I was generating the nerve necessary to change a good many old habits, habits which had grown to the point of strangling me. When I married Adele, I made the decision to change my habits. If I had remained as I was, I would have drowned in depression. So, I am still capable of adapting, and the knowledge that I can adapt gives me optimism again as well as a sense of greater fear, but fear with dignity attached, for I recognize that my old neurotic fears were disgusting to me because I could not understand the validity of them. My new fears I take on as a gambler. Which is why I "romanticize" myself, ergo infuriating all my rationally-determined friends. Every gambler is a romantic, he knows that life and death ride on every ball on every wheel.

But how much harder this would have been without Lipton's.

600. I wonder if once smoking tobacco did not give a similar feeling like Lipton's. Especially when tobacco first introduced into Europe was regarded as a serious vice. It is only when we take on a serious vice that we are ready to explore. Our sense of vice, of danger and retribution generate the over-determination of paranoia which throws its searchlight into ourselves in order to understand the enemy society, and also casts its searchlight on the world in order again to understand oneself. Danger develops the extremes of one's personality. If I had not considered Lipton's such a gamble, I would have been left relatively unmoved by it. So it is not merely the physical action of a depressant or stimulant which causes new states, but rather the "over-determination" of paranoid nerve which creates the subjective effect.

601. The rationalist says: We can only trust objective data, for the subjective is a well-proportioned exaggeration of the essential material phenomena.

The mystic says: We can only trust subjective "thoughts" for the objective data, the facts, are merely frozen theories, the agglomerated habits of ideas which are mistaken for a Reality which may not even be material.

And I dabble back and forth, making a hundred trips these days. No wonder my thoughts race like a madman, and my ideas stumble in incoherent sporadic brilliance.

602. What I suspect about Lipton's is that a great deal of its effect may be due to the concentration upon breathing, and the unaccustomed breathing we do. Our lives, our bodies, our existences "corporeally" rather than cellularly depend and exist upon our breathing habits. To learn to breathe "better" is probably the fastest way to improve one's health.

603. My sore throat seems gone. Now, my chest aches. From cigarette inhaling? Sigh-of-regret inhaling? Is a cigarette the sigh of regret at how one has not lived, at what one has not done. Is the cigarette cough the bark of anger which is the echo of the sigh of regret? Vance Bourjaily once wrote that a penis was that "slippery bridge from which one of us tries to reach another." It's the best line he ever wrote. I wonder if a cigarette is not indeed the bridge of sighs which goes nowhere.

604. One healthy thing I am doing these days. I am worrying less. "Worrying less about my habits instead of fighting them. So I accept Lipton's and secondal and cigarettes with less guilt and-or shame (I don't know quite which) than I used to. I give myself to them and find in the case of Lipton's and secondal that I can relinquish them partially too. It is the business of extremes. To attack a habit properly one must let it alone for a time. Constant guilt nagging at the habit merely strengthens it, makes it more wary and resourceful—which is why compulsives have such incredible habits. Incredibly strong that is. So, to break a habit one must first "enjoy" it.

605. The part and the whole. Which is where dialectics comes in. For each part is a phase of a continuous spectrum which is wavelike. So skin gives way to fat which gives way to muscle which gives way to whatever it is between muscle and bone. But the parts are not separate. Our S merely emphasizes the wave into a separate. Muscle and bone seen ideationally are very different (19th century medicine). Seen by the latest 'discoveries' of the last fifty or a hundred years, muscle cells congregate and dissipate as in turn bone cells extended retreat into congregations of bone cells. If I knew more medicine I could express this far more accurately and I believe far more "mystically."

606. As I said to Bob, "Faith is an argument over perception." Whatever we do not

perceive consciously ourselves we ascribe to the warp of "faith" or subjective "projection" of needs on the part of the other person. The person with relative "faith" in the given debate sees the other's arguments as willful or hopeless "blindness." Yet, the rationalist must admit this: that of the two debaters one or the other is more correct--is closer to the material reality in which the rationalist has faith. And the scientific rationalist--the socialist--believes that history--objective scientific evidence--will give the proof to one or the other. So, there will be times when the one with "faith" will be more correct. What has been assumed to be a warped subjective projection turns out to be a closer objective estimate. Therefore, the rationalist must admit that faith in and of itself does not disqualify one of the debaters, nor by extension does paranoia, nor "projection."

614 667. Reason, the logic of One, was born in man by his understanding of society, not from his understanding of himself. The animal reasons at the crude level of his environment which --until the psychological tester came along--never ran him (the rat) through the same one maze twice. Thus, man, the mystical entity learned reason from the irritation of the logical society--society's innate tendency is to increase division of labor to the point where a man is run through the same One for every day of his life--that way, he like the rat will learn. But the learning is artificial. The rat's knowledge of the specific maze develops an attribute in him which is almost totally useless outside of the maze because the rat has been put not gradually but instantly into an artificial (for the rat) environment. So, society, the foreign body, the earth-shore touches water--life the secret of its level by the contour society reveals, or in this case shore-line of the water's assault. Thus, social forms reveal not the nature in the sense of the desire of man, but reveal in their quality the reverse quality of man. The fascist state reveals not a desire for fascism in its subjects but the desire for the reverse. (I am talking of course about the or of the subjects, not their S.)

But I have wandered from the original point. The irrational nature of society produced reason culminating in the French Revolution. And then the Russian Revolution. The rational nature of society has produced the mystical revolt, the return of the spiral to the "village" of modern man, the coterie.

615 608. One thing to say about L-2 in general and especially today. I am less manic, less mystical, less enthusiastic, and more contemplative, more rational, more sad. On L I feel I know everything and everything is wonderful. L-1 is the day of great sensitivity. My entering faculties are very wide, constricted just enough to permit a little order in the general crush. L-2 is the sad but productive return to society. Tomorrow, I'll probably be depressed.

609. A thousand things yet to discuss, but I'm getting tired, and I'll obey my decision to respect the ebb and flow in me and not try to force a One on a Two.

Feb. 21, L-2

617. 610. Avery (Men with the name Avery are generally very much of a given thing. They are a very. . .)

611. Here we go again. A very good weekend, a very happy emotional exhausting and refreshing weekend, and what was good about it was that I allowed myself to go where I was carried instead of trying to force every single moment into what I thought it should be. Saturday night on Lipton's with Dan and Rhoda, and of course Adele—I think of her these days as part of me, we are so close—we had a Lipton's radio broadcast on the tape recorder, an hour of it, and while it's garbled and boring to a stranger undoubtedly, I found it fascinating. There are mountains of material in it, tons of laughter, oceans of piss, thunder ranges of shit, lustility and hoeffection, and in a way I learned more about Dan and Rhoda in one night than I've learned about them in years. Interestingly enough, as a psychoanalytical session I believe it was truly valuable—elements of psychodrama, test situations, orgasmic connotations, workings out of latent homosexuality—at one point I squeezed Dan's cock and taunted him to do the same to me—to my amazement, he did—which for Dan is an explosion. Anyway, I'm going to try to get a transcript of the hour. We acted out people we know, we sang, (even we) we quarreled and bickered, we agreed—it was really incredible from the inside although to an analyst it might seem no more than release of tension.

612. Out of curiosity I've started taking the Indian Roxinyl or whatever it is. It does leave me in a pleasant state, sort of myself without Lipton's, but in a better mood and somewhat more sensitive. However its effects are extraordinarily subtle.

613. I truly have the feeling that my self-analysis will succeed in making me a happier more effective rebel. More effective because I'll be less afraid, more confident of my real stature. For example, for the first time in my life, I am becoming aware of how much effect I have upon people in my personality. Until now, ridiculously, I could only understand how people acted on me—I never realized how much I stimulate, frighten, warm and chill people around me. No wonder my I characters

were always acted upon rather than acting. The secret to being a successful rebel is to feel in one's bones the wisdom of the two. Most rebels (for the rebel always has a strong sup—he would be a mystic otherwise. The only way he can accommodate the discrepancies of sup and or is to dream of a better society. So most rebels think in terms of a one. They think of what they should be, how they should act, and they attempt to force themselves—they give before they are ready to give, they refuse to take unless the taking fits the arbitrary (one) scheme they have set up for themselves. Those days I wander, I allow myself to follow my curiosity—I read or watch something with absorption until I am bored, and the moment I am bored, I respect the boredom, it means I have taken enough of whatever has been given, and now I must stop trying to force it, but instead "digest", really take. So, from now on, so far as is possible, given the exigencies of outer life I am going to do what my body dictates. When I feel like exercising and not before, I will exercise; when I feel like staying up, I will stay up instead of trying to force sleep upon myself. My insomnia which used to be anxious, depressed and miserable, has been different the past few months—I do not sleep because I feel too active, my mind is too active, I am too full of life. Hence, I resent deeply forcing system upon myself. (For insomnia like everything else is a double or more. The child's insomnia—or rather its refusal to go to bed—is a legitimate expression of its taste for life, and within reason (outer social exigency) one should not suppress it.

On the business of sleep one does well to obey that too. If one cannot sleep long enough (to fit the idea of the scheme) one should get up. If one can sleep longer—as indeed I can—one should, and then work longer. From now on, I will try to ease myself from the tyranny of the eight hours. There are times when I need no more than six hours of sleep or even four; there are others times when I must have ten. So be it.

One further note on my Lipton's fuckanalysis. It releases my paranoia, which is why I see far and always "exaggerate" the good or evil of my friends—paranoia is actually I believe legitimate perception, but it ignores social shaping—it leaps across time to see the end in the present, it seeks to grasp essential or character rather than or and sup character. So, for example, on Lipton's I realized suddenly that Dan has a monstrous unconscious—that he is a sadist, a Tartar muzhik king. But he also has a sup, a benevolent-oriented, rational, highly social sup. Hence

his impotence in life, his weak body, his passivity. He cannot get physically strong or more active in life for fear that he will express his great potential cruelty. No wonder he ducks analysis. He cannot bear to enter the enormous hatreds and viciousness he contains. On Lipton's I realized this. The next day I realized in turn that beneath the Cossack is the little boy with the big sad brown eyes. But his journey would be too terrible to get back to that saintly ^{loving} little boy, for he's got to do it over the corpses of all the victims he's played with his Tartar sadism.

And in fucking, I learn also. One must not be ashamed of what one feels for one's mate afterward. These days I am rarely depressed after making love. The reason: I do not try to force my emotions while fucking any longer. If I feel aggression or hatred, I allow myself to feel it, I wallow in it—amazingly, feeling of love follows it, and without guilt. If I feel masculine (giving) then I give; if I feel feminine and passive then I lie like a woman and allow Adele to express her art, and I relish the passivity, relish it enough so that I arise refreshed from that phase of the continuing act, and enter the next phase where I wish to give. So our fucking gets better and better, and as it does we love each other more. What I must allow Adele is to be actually sadistic with me—it is buried in her, she represses it, just as I repress the masochist, the male-female terrified of outer aggression. If I were to allow her to whip me for example, I'd probably be less afraid of being beaten up—for my fear of being beaten up has always been—I realize now—that I would grovel before my beater. Hence the almost paralyzing anxiety I feel before a fight. And for Adele, it would soften her occasional spasmodic aggressiveness, her at times unreasonable temper. So be it again—I will look forward to getting my ass slapped.

621. The reason I believe in these things is that they work. By expressing my paranoia in Lipton's, I am less paranoid the next day, or by L-2. (Incidentally, my depression has not come on yet, and I believe that too may begin to diminish as I realize these things.) And when I am less paranoid, I am less anxious. I feel relaxed strength, the capacity to deal with more people than I ever have before. A curious confirmation of this came up today. The elevator man is a sly secretive ferreting sort of fellow, very tight-mouthed, very perceptive, but yet not a bastard considering all these things in him. For the last month through jokes, vague evocative remarks, and a certain psychic "recognition" between us, we've been getting

closer, more respectful of one another without words being said. A few ~~mid~~ ^{mid} weeks ago, grinning, I said to him, "You know you ought to work for the secret service as a code breaker." (Service. Society--or--in the service of--vico) He looked at me and said, "Why do you say that?" "Who are you kidding?" I asked him. "You know you could break any code." He clammed up. Today, he showed me a paper, and said, "You know, I don't show this to anybody." His picture was on the front page. He had won third place in the Herald Tribune Tangle contest (one of those word-puzzle contests.) Two thousand bucks he won. I clapped him on the shoulder and congratulated him warmly. Part of my joy was in my intuition, the other part was in this poor aging elevator man with his sharp ferret mind, who by God had used it.

615. Saw Mutiny on the Bounty and some Keystone Chaplin films last night. What a genius Chaplin is. How he expresses all the body frustrations of sexual repression. He wipes his nose on a rag, wipes the rag on a dish, hands the dish to a whore in a dirty restaurant. He hitches his ass, he "rolls" his eyes, he strikes and is struck, and always, sex, sex, sex. We laugh in orar roars and waves. (roar, orar, horror, aura.) And the captions which I may include later are incredible. In one skit, standing before his wife who dominates him completely, he grins sheepishly struts and says, "Every day I get better and better, but every night I get worse."

616. And Laughton. What an incredible sense of the homosexual sadist, the sex-repressing officer. Mutiny on the Bounty is the source of The Caine Mutiny, but with what a dramatic difference. For Flethcor Christian is the man who goes native, while Bligh totally sadistic before sexual expression (the most minor infraction of discipline) is also the great leading mother-figure once he gets in the boat with the men (orphans, sex-myglonyers, that is sex deniers) who have elected to come with him. Now he knows sex will not be in the air, and so he can be a great seaman. (Semen)

617. Over and over I come to discover that words which are spelled differently but mean the same thing, are indeed the same words. Words which sound alike are sibling in meaning. Elect which is eee-lect. Also delectable. lect and licked.

The sex denier can stand great hardships--it is what he has denied sex for. The sex-expresser--at least in society--is capable of brilliance, insight, and warm intensity.

618. Sup, ~~x~~ er, lerve, and the Juggler are the qualities, the variables which allow for the enormous variety of character, and make generalization so difficult. In a generalization we say that if x is true, so then is y. But man is at least a p function of (w, x, y, z). AND THAT IS what makes psychoanalysis so difficult. To understand what is going on in a patient, one must sense the four variables. (variable, the v of air iable.)

619. Back to Laughton. He might do a great Naked for Naked like Mutiny on the Bounty expresses the ex-men and the sup-men. Those who are naked and those who are dead. Only I was so social when I wrote it that I had the arrogance to say, The fanatics are naked, and the dead don't care. Which is a kind of proof of the mystery of perception. Someone years ago might have read my book, and thought ~~in~~ Mailer means the men who are alive and therefore naked, and those who are dead, authoritarian, etc. How disappointed in his perception he might have been, that fellow, if he read the interview where I said the second. But now he's right. Little does he know it.

620. A few word echoes:

Negro. Kne--grow (Child, grow!)
Nigra. Ni as deny; gra God's rah. As in rajah.
Nigger. Deny God, but still it's god's er.

Ferret. The fuck of er enraged into a thing. ~~Insistent~~ To Ferret is to devote one's life energies to uncovering a tiny buried thing.

621. My sore throat. After the installment of the journal last week, I came down with one of my terrible sore throats. For one day I stayed in bed, for another I took anti-biotics. No effect. Then I decided it was psycho-somatic, and more than that valid. That is, I wished to have it, the juggler had given it to me in order to freeze a certain process. Well, one cannot force a process. So I accepted it, I ignored it, I made love with it which means among other things that I put my mouth wherever I wished--hang the germs!, and I got a little better. And then Saturday night I asked Rhoda about it for she had gone to A reichian, and Rhoda said I should scream. So I practiced screaming into a pillow, ~~scream~~ (very hard for me-- I always have enormous tension in the throat--which is why savages rarely kiss and civilized people do. The sup relocates lerve in the mouth, the ass, the breasts, the hips, everywhere. Savages particularly in Tahiti which is very mild supphilly

undoubtedly get their sex much more directly from their genitals.) Then we had Tea-Time, the radio program. Then later Adele and I made love. I woke up with four hours of sleep and my throat practically all better. Today it is just a tiny bit sore, but I don't mind it. I realized that I got my sore throats four times in the last few years, each before taking a big step forward. After the first I conceived The Deer Park, after the second Adele and I began to live in the same cold-water flat, after the third we lived together as nominal husband and wife in Mexico, that wild er country, and the fourth was last summer when we went to Mexico and were effectively beginning our real legal marriage. So I have hopes for this sore throat. The longer it lasts, the more may come of it. I am rather tempted to go to a Reichian for a little while, especially since there is no verbal psychoanalysis which would merely get me into an all-out war with the analyst.

629 622. I have an enormously tense body comparatively. Which is why I ideate so much when tension is released. I would not be at all surprised if muscular tension is related to frozen er thought, and as we release tension so we get ideas. For the idea is the mental act, just as physical motion is the relaxing of the tensed muscle. (There is a great deal in this I feel.)

623. Cigarette smoking. I have a hunch (promature warping) (Lunch is the loving hunch—the social partition of the generalized desire to eat.) I have a hunch that smoking cigarettes is an expression of suppressed homosexuality (by which I always mean suppressed passivity, an enforced giving inflicted upon a readiness to take—among homosexuals the active homosexual uses that as his defense against the female principle which is to take; being understood of course that male and female are merely facts, frozen hypotheses, envelopes concealing mysteries. Before male and ~~male-and~~ female there is merely give-and-take in the most primitive "sexless" forms of life.) Among women who smoke, the same is true. Generally career women smoke more than happy housewives. The reason: they are fighting their desire to take, to be passive. Just as liquor drinkers are fighting their impulse to take. Nothing so characterizes the drunk as that he hears only what he wishes to hear and gives gives in long rambling talk upon that subject.

631 624. The cigarette is societies substitute for the penis. It is a ~~substitute~~ ^{substitute} cylinder of brown wrapped in societies white (garnless) (Sinlinder and cylinder and phallus) with the fiery end away from the mouth. But the tobacco, (to back-hole—one's asshole) the tobacco is in the mouth. (Chocolate kisses for example.) The English who are even more sex repressed than us except for their saving homosexuality—in extreme sup characters, some form (active or passive) of homosexuality is necessary to maintain sanity. At any rate, the English with their tight ass-holes like the tobacco removed tip of Parliaments. (In the Chaplin movie, Chaplin gave a parody of a statesman who threw out his arms like a fuck and said, "I make a motion.") And now we begin to have filters. Our cigarettes are easy on the throat say the advertisements, a genuine homosexual concern I should think if one's going to have a cock in the throat all the time, but more than that it reminds one that although the cigarette is a tiny phallus it fills the mouth, it reaches the throat. And today coughing up some phlegm, I thought (realized) that the er in me had always enjoyed the phlegm of the cough. Only the sup with its idea that I must be manly, helathy, forthright, had hated the cough. (Healthy—helathy—hell hath thee—what a sup I've had all these years. To be helathy, to be sexual was to go to hell.) Anyway, with the phlegm in my mouth (I was in the subway—the iron tunnel—the womb) I had a distance to go before I could expectorate it unless I wished to expectorate in my handkerchief—and over the last few years I've not enjoyed expectorating in my handkerchiefs which I'll go into in a moment.) So, instead I decided to walk the two hundred yards to the entrance before spitting out the phlegm, and as I walked I allowed myself to enjoy it, to feel the phlegm coursing through me mouth (I wrote me for mouth—how much of me is my mouth) and I thought, it's like semen, and how nice semen is in the mouth. And indeed it is and should be if one allows oneself to enjoy it naturally. So the smoker's cough with its accompanying phlegm is the suppressed desire which finds its semen satisfaction substitute. Smoker's coughs without accompaying phlegm are something else. Maybe it's even stronger, it's accompaying.

Anyway, I believe one lights a cigarette, or takes a puff in order to galvanize oneself from passive variety into one-giving. Which is why writers so close to the ocean of their passivity—thought smoke intensely while working. They have to in order to drive forward to their ideational-one-point. And we light a cigarette

whenever we are disturbed—dist—er—bed—more and more I like or—whenever our wide—er passivity is engaged but we wish to go on to a definite point. So an interruption, a conference, a party, a wave of external impressions makes us smoke furiously. Thus, people with exceptionally active or who have a very strong one-sup smoke a great deal. To stop smoking one must relax the sup, let two-consciousness and n-consciousness (n is vast number and nothing) predominate. Which means that to give up smoking, given such people, one must be less socially efficient or desirous of being socially efficient. Or else, the er must relax, even deaden, one's soul must become less vivid. Which is why resigned people smoke little, why homosexuals who accept their homosexuality smoke little, why happy women who believe in sex and accept it smoke little—at least, that is, accept the female passivity of their natures.) Tremendously repressed people, ministers, judges, social characters who have succeeded in whipping their or into submission are usually not smokers. Smoking is the state of imbalance between sup and er. I, for instance, will not be able to give up smoking until I become much more passive, but because I do not wish to become too passive, because I feel that I wish to give to the world, I shall probably have to smoke or else suck cock. And cigarettes all in all are easier on me.

624. A shit-eating grin. To eat shit is to express power. (The double idea. By undergoing degradation in private one may express power in public provided one isn't overcome by guilt in which case one is crushed or becomes sadistic.) A shit-eating grin is the grin of a man who has gotten away with it, who is wielding power without having had to eat the shit. As viz Bob Lindner in the car when he knew he had Adele and me under his thumb. So he had a shit-eating grin. But indeed as we all knew I had made him eat shit half an hour before and he was entitled now to redress the balance. Which is why, scared as I was, I didn't dislike him but instead liked him enormously at the moment. Not because he was making me grovel (or was it just that—safe groveling?) Yes, it was. I wrote a * which to me is the puckering of pussy lips. He was making me a pussy at that moment. But, also, I liked him because he could come back, he wasn't a pushover.

625. Before I go to lunch, one further note. Handkerchiefs, snot, and semen.

I realize that for years I have unconsciously identified the two. When I was an adolescent I used to masturbate into a handkerchief, a piece of toilet paper, or occasionally a Kleenex or a towel. Once or twice into the bathtub. And for years I carried around filthy snoot rags—they were the years when I was always compromise-one-dressed. Baggy shapeless tweeds, loud clashing but dirty colors. Today I wear workmen's clothes when I feel like it, or I get dressed up neat as hell because I feel that way. But I'm sick of walking around like a schlumper, an apologetic lump. Fuck it if people don't like me, think I'm a dude. These days, more and more, I feel like I'm terrific, and about time. Anyway, today when I didn't want to spit in my handkerchief it's because I realized I think that semen is not snoot, and thinking of phlegm as semen, feeling it as such, I wish to dignify it by casting it away into the air instead of burying it in my pocket. (This whole thing is weird. A pocket is a cunt—do I really think cunts are dirty smelly things. Gawd. Which reminds me that the pair of slacks I bought in the rag store have one pocket within the other, a practical arrangement, but I wondered why. Now I know. It's like two balls side by side.) Anyway, I feel that the desire to hold my semen was good. I meant to write phlegm. It's true, though. I do prefer to hold my semen which is why I make love for over an hour so often.

634 626. Hatred is the defense against taking what is valid for oneself in the enemy. Which is why liberals loathe McCarthy. The one valid thing he has to offer, a disrespect for the over-elaborated forms of reason, and an animal desire to get to the heart of the mystery which endangers one, is perhaps the thing which most highly socialized liberals and radicals are terrified of in him.

627. Semen. How it appears everywhere. It appears in cement, Semitic—one reason for anti-Semites, and how the DAR is anti-semitic. In cement, nations cement relations. The t of semen, semen which is life is made into a thing, a bind. Hence the impossibility of the political pact. How can one cement two nations? One can only semenize them. As indeed one simonizes one's car.

Women and their creams. A woman who loves sex and loves her man always gets joy out of rubbing his semen onto her. Women who frustrate this natural desire rub cream into their faces all the time—they think it will prevent them from

getting wrinkles. But wrinkles come from sex denial, relative sex denial. No matter how hot or advanced sexually a man or woman is, they can always go further. It is the refusal to shift sexual gears to the orgy and back to home and family incestuously which causes the blockages. The wrinkles. The needs for cream.

Arget: I'll cream him. (I'll make him my slave, I'll demolish him, I'll rub my semen into him.)

"Milk the laughs," says the actor. Got all the semen which is going into laughter out of them.

628. Milk. Another semen-substitute. Which is why adults usually don't take to milk unless they accept the semen desire or unless they have such total sup they hardly feel the anxiety. But men are very ticklish about drinking milk. Hence the deep roar of laughter in an audience when a man in a tough bar asks for milk. In life, the one or two times I've asked for milk, the bartender gave it to me without a word. Bartenders do get sensitive to the ways in which men seek substitutes for one kind of advanced sex or another.

629. Last night I caught a piece of Omnibus. It was about reading. I'll come back to it.

630. Tears and semen. Colds are homosexual-repressions, passivity repressions. Which is why I used to get so many colds. And now don't. Now I start to get sore throats--the punishment I suppose for wishing to suck cock. We leak semen from our nose and eyes in a cold--the cold is always the expression of the need to be promiscuous and orgasmic (seen of course always in terms of what would be the next step.) That was why I always ^{hated} my colds--I knew they were punishment, ~~for~~ or punishment for what I did not do. Colds will be cured when sex is free.

For some time the analysts have been saying that colds are a form of weeping. But what are tears. They are the expression a child makes when a pleasure is cramped. An er expression is being mutilated. So a child weeps when it falls off a tree it is climbing. It weeps not from the pain so much as from the knowledge that the joyous expression of climbing trees is dangerous. So, tears express the sadness, the discharge, of frustration which comes from the outer environment. As we get older we cannot weep so freely, so we get colds more often, just as a child gets colds when it realizes that the thing it wishes to weep for will not be allowed by its parents. So, sexual frustrations, toilet training, etc. are the cause of

colds in children.

But there seems some evidence that ^{some of} the substances in tears prevent or inhibit cancer. There is an enormous clue here. For tears while usually a sex substitute a love-rage substitute are occasionally philosophical tears and thus express a higher faculty, a more noble potentiality. We can weep for others—we can weep for them because we can recognize that they like us live in the terrible situation of man upon the anvil of society and that very little can be saved from the enormous effort of merely keeping alive. Like an army which needs three-quarters, nine-tenths of its men and effort merely to keep the one-tenth or one-hundredth in action, so human life demands that ninety-nine percent of our lives are used merely to keep alive, and few are the creators in a position to advance man. Such tears are noble. But to get back, tears express a love-rage substitute. As a practical matter one cannot always fuck, ^{not if} one can always fight, when one wishes to. So one finds substitutes, less satisfying but more safe. Tears are dangerous but necessary—dangerous because they are still close to what was denied, they keep it open; necessary because they are a body expression. Tearless people get cancer, people who deny the soft side of themselves (always relatively to the ~~near~~ distance gone—a compassionate person who could have been a saint can also get cancer, although its less likely, if he or she start refusing compassion.) The principle in all this can be taken from a profound line by John Dewey: A bad man is one, who no matter how ^{good} he has been, is getting worse, and a good man is one, who no matter how bad he has been, is getting better." So for the sick man, the powerful man, the sexual man, the compassionate man, etc. One gets to be less of anything good—the compassionate, the sexual, even the developing of one's personal power as opposed to the dominating and manipulating of others, —one gets to be less at the expense of one's health. So in sex you either screw your own wife better, or you screw other women, or you do both, or else you get sick. Most men live in the condition of doing all four things half-assedly and so live in a state of doubt and conviction, depression and excitement, joy and gloom. But that's better than killing oneself with cancer, asthma, or one of the others. You have to grow or else carry more for remaining the same.

639 631. I realized during lunch why I grow stimulated under Lipton's. Essential to my entire mechanism (psychic that is) is my essential basic and enormous passivity.

Very deep in me is the sensitivity of the womb. And indeed, the room which is the Other-Life equivalent of the womb is the way I picture my brain—as indeed an enormous room with fantastic life going on in it. Given my passivity—which as a child was so great that I wouldn't go out of the house for days at a time—I have been able to overcome that wombishness (womanishness) only by being a giver. So whenever I sense the deep feminine element in me getting ready to receive, I start to give. I enforce a quick give on an enormous take. I smoke, I talk, I pace about, I wave my hands, I generate energy to keep me out of the womb. Indeed my sexual anxiety has always been the one of being able to go so far, so deep into sex, that I should never return. Cunts have never been frightening to me as cunts—they have always seemed appealing. To lick a cunt has always been a delight for me. The partial impotences I had with various women and the psychic impotences I had with others came from the fear that I would truly fall in, become the little boy of this giant woman. I was able to give myself to Adele because when I first knew her I had contempt for ^{her} his social face—I figured such a woman could never hold me, so I could go, I could explore. But of course another part of me must have known what a woman there was in Adele, and today I can know that I love her because the thought of losing her, through death, through the army, through jail, through whatever, is unbearable to me. A void opens. I know that without her I would be a cripple. With her, able to nourish myself in the womb of our relation, but now finally accepting that need, giving myself to it instead of fighting it, I can act more decisively with others. (Incidentally, driving a car fast and long is ^a ~~the~~ solution to people like me, or as I used to be. One gets in the womb and one travels—one does both at once. But now I have less desire to drive because I recognize the reasons.) Anyway, taking the clue that I give when I am terrified of the big take, my stimulation under Lipton's becomes understandable. It generates all my giving capacities in order to keep from becoming the enormous open mouth swallowing the universe. But there is a touch of the hysteric in me, the imperfect maker. Under Lipton's I make less well than otherwise because my giving tends to short-circuit the making process, the danger of great take is so intense. Truly, with the perceptions I get in five minutes under Lipton's, I would have enough to make a life's work of books. Patience and an easy relation to time and work are the most difficult things for me to achieve because my

entering and taking apparatus is so enormous.

But this gives a clue to stimulants and depressants. I am truly like a plane which has burst through the sound barrier and so has to use reverse English on the controls. Takes have become gives for me, gives are takes (I get my best thoughts from the act of the stranger in me talking to someone else—the friend I always see as myself.) Thus, sedatives are often stimulants for me—I fight them by giving even more. Stimulants, once in awhile, act as sedatives. I know that they are givers, so I can afford to accept my take. As viz the other night when enormously stimulated I went out for a walk at seven in the morning, had breakfast, had a black coffee, and then went home and fell right asleep. I think the idea of the coffee-stimulant in me relaxed the giver in me enough so that the taker of sleep could draw me in. But to be scientific I have to admit that I slept only four hours and that lightly. On the other hand, I was so stimulated, so excited, that I probably would otherwise have stayed up for another twenty-four hours.

640 632. Psychoanalyzing names. I do believe that a large part of a man's psycho forms around his name as an armature, and that people respond to his name, first name personally, last name socially, respectively or and sup responses. For example: Dwight D. Ike Eisenhower. I's in our. I's in hour. I's in power. Which would account for the affection so many people have for him. The Dwight D. and the Ike I don't feel yet.

Also Churchill—the church on the hill. How English. Nature and authority combined.

Truman: Honest Harry True Man.

Nixon: Mix on dirty old Communist sex. Richard the dick.

Adlai Stevenson. Adlai—the addled lay.

Stalin—the Russian for Steel.

Adele Morales. A doll, a death-hell. Morales: More or less? Morals? And indeed it was the enigma of whether Adele was morally good or morally bad which rendered her so fascinating to the moralist in me. For adele, Morales also means More a Les(bian) Which of course is not true of her. She is deeply bisexual. Dikes are unisexuals.

633. Homosexuality. I would guess that the bisexual homosexual is relatively easy to turn "straight". The camp among men and the hysterical lesbian among women

have a capacity to vary, given their bisexuality. But the unisexual homosexual, i.e.— the cuff-shooting Lesbian, and the "pure" homosexual have a state of balance already. The woman is a man in woman's envelope. The man is a woman in man's envelope—Toby for instance. So, in their own socially tortured way, they do have a legitimate or balance, for the or demands that one express the male and the female principle in oneself. Of all male homosexuals I would guess that the active unisexual is the most difficult to alter. Gore Vidal for example. The kind of homosexual who likes to prong others. For such a homosexual like the diko has set up a Chinese wall against the waters of wombivity. Their active "male" giving is the defense against an intolerable taking. And as I wrote in the last installment, a "habit" is overcompensated because the Juggler has decided not to allow that exhausting conflict to be active, but instead will deal with the disadvantages in another way. So the active homosexual has a deep enormous dread of becoming a passive homosexual. Not because he sees women as ~~themselves~~ bigger givers than himself, women are closed off too. Same with dikes. They despise womanly Lesbians, they hate men because they believe men are bigger givers than themselves.

642 631. The Burglar with his half-insights, his Germanic Vuuuuuu! always yammers about the basic masochistic passivity—case closed, human being impossible! But passivity is masochistic only in the eyes of the sup. The man of the distant distant future will be a taker. The closer man approaches to the infinity of God the more he will live in passivity, thought, pleasure, and space. Indeed no human can enrich himself without returning and dipping into the lore of the mind-body. It is the source of all creativity available to us, outside of what we intuit from nature when we personify it. For indeed man is a part of nature and so can comprehend nature by understanding himself. As, for example, the way I now understand animals so much better than before. To be ashamed of one's passivity is to cripple one's capacity to give. Those nights in bed where I not only give but where I take, receive, lie passive before Adele are always the prelude to rich activity for me on the following day. Let me fight or seek to repress my sexual impulses and I am nervous and depressed in the morning.

But I have one basic difficulty in sex. I truly hate to accept the orgasm too early. So I delay it, and the result is that my orgasms suffer. Lately, I have

found a compromise. When it is coming I relax, I let it take me like a wave, and so it is often better. But I suspect that until I am ready to enter the act of love ready to come so soon as the orgasm takes me, I will never have the full symphony of an orgasm. However, I accept this too for I would not like to lose the joys of loving for an hour or more.

643 635. The phallic narcissist (who cannot take) says, "I shot in her." The cock is a rifle. The gentler man says, "I came in her." The 'I', the part of the person which is in the world, the skin, also was passive, also entered the woman.

The shitter is the one to beware. "I let off my rocks." ROCKS! Unless he sees it as rockings. I've never used the expression.

636. All day I have been holding back a part of this journal. It comes down to the feeling that Bob Linkner gave me a pain in the ass last weekend. He acted like a sly sexy teasing society bitch who gave you the sexual come-on when you'd given up, and throw her manners at you when you advanced. Bob, whose virtue is that he has not frozen himself into authority, is not a Burglar, suddenly put on the psychoanalytical mantle, and all weekend, except for rare moments, had a healthier-than-thou attitude. What gave me the pain in the ass was that I was not interested in who was healthier. We're both healthy, we're both sick, each in our own ways. But Bob who knows so Goddam well that his lacks, his clumsiness, his sly (but heavy) manipulations, his hang-dogness, his fear of authority, his half-works, his games with Johnny, his guilt about it, his guilt about every fucking thing was hanging on to all those things. I will not bother now to recite his virtues. I've been doing that long enough in this journal. What infuriated me was that he fought me all weekend when he knows so very well, or should by now that I don't seek to make people my creatures, that the idea of total victory is so unpleasant to me that I always give away victories as I get them, and that a man who confesses a fault to me opens in me the desire to confess ten of my own faults. No doubt he'll call all this paranoid projection. But he can't have his cake and eat it. He cannot see me as enormously intuitive and blindly paranoid—each when he chooses to call it so. Obviously there will be times when he thinks I'm right when I'll be wrong, and vice versa. If I didn't like him so much, if I didn't feel so psychically close, as

if we were the two talented Jewish sons of the same family, the older brother I never had, I really would be tempted to slug that sly stealing cocksucker. One day he'll realize what he really has on the ball, and then he'll surprise everybody, including me. The greatest arrogance is to assume that one knows the potentialities of one's dear friends and one's mates. If one knew them then they hardly would be big potentialities. But I do hope that the next weekend we spend together isn't pissed away by Bob by exhausting himself before it begins. And the bloody arrogance of the Lindner. "Don't write novels, write expository works." "Adelo, let me tell you my ideas about painting." When it comes to painting he can't tell an ass-hole from an appetite. I much prefer Johnnie's aggression. She comes out with it, she slams it down, she invites you to sock her back. She says, "I think smoking marijuana is going into a dirty urinal." So you can fight about it. ^{You can fight about it.} But the Lindner tries to play chess. He talks about marijuana as if it were a charity case and he's the kind patron who accepts all, even dirty children—one can always wash their ears. When the kid says, "Get your fucking finger out of my ear," Mother Superior Bob slugs sadly and says, "The poor neurotic child, I was trying to help it." In a way I have more respect for Johnnie than for Bob. She doesn't pretend to be helping you when she feels like whacking you with a plate. "or aggression is her health. One of these days I hope the Lindner realizes that his aggression-concealments make him act like Uriah Heep.

645 635. There. Now, I like him again. The sculptor in me, the Hourglassman sees the beautiful lad under the slob-snob.

636. What's in a name. The Burglar decided to become the cop, but a German cop, Herr High Inspector.

637. Three and tree. One is oneself, two is the fuck, the mating, and Three is the family, the tree, indeed the family-tree.

638. Out of sight, out of mind. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Both are true. One cannot understand separation without grasping that. For the heart makes unconsciously, and only guilt makes one think very often of those out of sight. When our loves are out of sight the ear works on them, steals up on the sup, softens

it; the strength of the er is that it retains, it dwells, it elaborates. The sup generally has to use its energy on those people, things, stimuli which are before it.

649 639. I have a feeling that the choices of homeostasis have to be seen dynamically rather than as an instantaneous statistical opting for the best alternative. The sup and the er war with one another, but they war in many ways. They have trench-warfare (depression); they have great advances and great retreats, breakthroughs, concessions (finally the life of the body is at stake and only the most powerful er or the most powerful sup will say, hang it all, kill the body.) Very often the victory of a sup results in a relaxing of sup, and vice-versa. My sup against being a rebel relaxed when I made the concession of a good apartment, good clothes, and selling Naked. I'm no longer so covetous of celebrities because I haven't alienated myself from them in the way I live. I can gratify the sup which says Make money because the er now knows what to do with it—which it didn't five years ago. And so forth.

What I also feel is that the sup and er carry on intelligence and counter-intelligence, and that they go in for feints and deceptions, so that one of the meanings of a test-situation is that one discovers, that is one's sup or er discovers that there were tricks up the other's sleeve. Which is why we sometimes avoid test situations. The sup or er expends energy-anxiety to keep the other from knowing. er energy is lerve, sup energy is serve, or verve and serve. For example, my er was working for a long time in this journal by furnishing all kinds of hints and openings in my typing errors. But today it seems to me that I got nowhere investigating my typing errors. For example situation for situation which conveyed nothing to me, it merely distracted me from my thought. So the sup has started to trick the er. But the er is very strong today, so it takes the trick and gives back counter-trick, perception. The examples of verve and serve energy expenditures on wasted objects is of course endless. But one of the tricks of ~~inner~~ er or sup is to indulge the other, catch it off-balance. Thus, the er tricks the sup in the case of a minister or priest by letting him rant and roar in the pulpit about the sin of sex. To his sup horror and his er glee he finds himself bugging a choir boy ten minutes later. His serve got too complacent, and when went the verve, off to the races.

Now, I don't think that there is an uncontrolled war except perhaps in psychosis.

The ego which I prefer to call the Juggler decides which ball to keep in the air. The juggler's aim is to keep the human as healthy as possible, and so he listens to his two advisers. The counsel from the sup and the council of the er. And they take many forms, they are respectively Judge and Highwayman, King and Popo, clerk and beggar, benevolent social modesty and roaring sadist (these two gentlemen the juggler accommodates with a sigh—ah, well, balance again.) And the need when one is developing to accept each emotion, each depression, each hour of energy and each hour of fatigue is that neither sup nor er can be denied, even when one is growing stronger—that is, becoming more consciously powerful. So, with the great expenditure of verve which goes into these journals, follows the depression of serve. But tomorrow or the day after when it comes I will accept it, I will relish in it instead of trying to overcome it by force. The more I accept my depression the faster I'm out of it, because depression like the elaboration of tranches thrives on resistance.

Each moment of existence the Juggler works, juggling a thousand things in the space of a heart-beat. But if we include the buried body decisions, then truly the work of the juggler in an instant is infinite.

650 635. What occurs to me is that there may be a "death-instinct"—that the er deep within it knows that there is the hereafter of entering infinity, and when it has been mutilated by the sup it shrugs its shoulders and says, "To hell with advancing this fragment of the infinite—I return to the infinite." And it welcomes "death" which is eternal life. Although I suspect the Hindus may be right and just like the fucking army one comes Back from a patrol merely to be put on K.P. Which introduces reason and the sup. To build society, to have men act in life, it is necessary that the sup penetrate the deepest reaches of the er and induce the counter-conviction, that there is no life after death and so one must do all one can now. To build a society one must believe in zero after death. Hence the sup while punishing man enables man to raise himself to the infinite. And that is why the sup (read the SuperEgo) mysteriously relents at times. It knows that if it goes too far, the er will give up, it will begin to long for death. So the sup as well as the er is a preserver of life. And that is why a genius needs a sup to match his available er (for all people have vast er—what differs is the amount available). If

the genius did not have such a sup ~~him~~ he would become a Taker and not a Maker-Giver. (Is this the effect of the Roxbury? I'm so tolerant today. I see good in everything. Except for passing rage at the Lincolner. But notice the mellowness of this note now that I gave vent to my irritation.)

636. Over the weekend I took many notes, and had a host of word echoes. In the reading dingus on Omnibus I noticed something with interest. They showed pages to read and gave you various times. To my pleasure I noticed that I was now a slower-than-average reader, I who who as recently as two years ago had the fastest reading rate Fig Gwaltney ever/ came across in the Nelson-Denny test which I at the time called the Motherwell-Ginsberg test—how revealing. Anyway, they had a dried up old prune of a schmo talking about how to increase one's reading speed on $\frac{1}{2}$ Omnibus and he talked about all the blocks to quick reading. One stops too often on each word, one reads words backwards, ^(Dr. Pruneface said so.) at least children do (God and dog)—which the old bugger commented on) in short one does not "absorb" rapidly. Then he talked about modern reading methods. My suspicion of them is well-founded. To grasp the word as a whole is to lose the richness of a word. Modern reading methods make experts, they do not make artists. For the expert is capable of taking the mass and giving it a name, a one—he has sublime disinterest in understanding-taking, he is interested in nomenclature-one-giving. So my poetic insight about academicians seems to have confirmation. To become an academician, an expert, one must amass mountains of "knowledge" which means one must read quickly. But to read too quickly is to get the gist and not the organ--goist. (The artist has the ability to take the one and make it enormously various, the opposite of the expert, the critic, the academician. All those latter gentlemen seek answers. The artist seeks questions. This I learned from Halaquais who once said in a passion, "There are no answers. There are only questions.") So, the academician is drawn to the subject which intrigues him least—in other words, he can read it the fastest because he finds it the least disturbing and stimulating. He takes less as he reads so he can read efficiently. Which is why editors often get little out of a book—they read too quickly.

637. An article in Scientific American on conferences, and conference-cooperation. They found the number of "positive" contributions were greater than the negative.

Of course those psychological tester laddies told the conference gentlemen that every remark would be recorded, and that they would be observed through a one way glass-mirror. So, naturally the results have "scientific" value. Abegeshit. How the conferees must have been eager to be positive and constructive. I wish I'd been in that conference. Man, I would have rung the gong on negative contributions-- if I had had guts enough or er enough at the moment. One interesting sidelight on this "contribution" to psychological testing is that the guy who got the idea used to take covert notes at Alcoholics Anonymous meetings, writing down gestures as well as words, until as he put it, he found it getting a "little sinister." I'll bet. What strikes these experts are. And worse. So many of them are socialized cowardly sadists. No wonder they go in for social welfare and sociology.

One thing I did find valid was the give-and-take. A remark by one man would produce a negative reaction from another which as he continued to talk was converted into a positive construction embodying the first positive and his own first negative. This does contain the heart of the process of effective collaboration.

653 638. Word echoes and tag lines. A C preceding it means it came from a "title" in the Chaplin movie which I copied into my notebook.

Treason is t(reason). And indeed to reason in the time of Kings was treason. whenever spelled backward is revender--very close to revenge. ????

Perhaps. Revenge, the idea of revenge possesses one--it contains the notion that whenever that bastard crosses my path I will get revenge.

Why are homos called fruits. Does folk-lore have it that they take the orgiastic sexual fruits, or that they know the fruits of sex? I wonder?

Dishing it out. The ish is very rich. Swish, bishop, blish--the drunk's bliss, kish--the drunk's kiss, fish, squish, wish. Ish has like all these er roots some relation to a state of being. But how hard to interpret the root--far easier to understand the consonants which alter it and color it. Dishing it out is a very mild way of killing and destroying.

Baker, bread, roll and dough. The staff (prick) of life. Tough as the flesh. The slang for money must be fabulously rich--I have to get a slang dictionary-- One instance is mazama which is ma (mother) zu (zoo--the hostile animal world) ma. insult and consult. The sult is in sultan and sultry. To consult is to con-sult

The essence of the technique of the con-man is that he is a consultant. He consults his victim, he picks his brains, he cons him by inducing the sucker to give, and then off he goes. So a patient and doctor enter a consultation with the hope that each will be able to con the other. Insult is to send suit—whatever that is, but it's important and part of the self—into the person. suit I think has connotations of world wealth, love, prosperity, richness, and heat. But I don't feel it yet.

pro and con, prick and cunt, give and take.

lisses—disses (This I think is a personal sup association.)

trysts and trusts (Mr and sup meetings respectively of more than one.)

On a car, we ask for a grease job, a change of oil, check the horn (the voice), and get the rattle out of the muffler (high colonic)

rain, brain, lain, same, ~~sin~~ stain, The ain is very rich.

ing—the passive continuation. I (n that is nothing go to. .) G (od)

God and body. od is another root sound in English.

C A good veneral. funeral and venereal. Also sphenereal.

C "Do you think I'm Samson, I'm merely Simson." The an root conveys much more force than the in root.

bask—the b of ask. We bask in the admiration (the asking "what is this man?") of others.

s and sh sit and shit, sire and shire,

t and th ten and then, true axl through

sunstroke. But the sun is one's son. One's continuation.

The shape of a horseshoe is like the pussy hole.  As is the Gothic arch of a church.

ducky, plucky, lucky, fucky, nucky, mucky (nookie)

iron—hardon—yardarm

steam—and gasoline—and gas and jazz and spirit

electric—we elect the trick. Lect and licked. ~~EEE~~ (EIE) licked.

A blow job—I bet this comes from sailors. Ther she blows. The woman like the ocean sucks on one's fish till it blows, one's whale indeed. For the fish is pidi phallus shaped but smells like woman.

C Wrigley's spearmint--while Chaplin's mouth was going away at the gum like a cunt in a wild roll. You get your wriggleies and your mint of wealth with the spear of your cock (No, too hard to get it on--take chewing gum instead. Easier to chew than to screw.)

bungalow and bunghole --a bungalow is a place to settle one's ass in.

C condemned milk. And by sedentification, condensed man.

hammock--it nicks your han, it tickles your ass. A cradle.

The ure (Your or you're) sound. Sure, lure, demure, pure, tour, spoor, etc.

C Assorted French tarts. The fuck red ench. Ench is in wench, stench, bench, Hart and Shaffner. Heart and Cock.

can and ass. Keep a tight ass-hole in life. Your can has to be tight for the world is so rough that you need a tin can to stand its kicks. And how boys love to kick a can.

Enough for now. Except that on blow job and the sucked whale which blows, I offer "We had a whale of a good time." "That whore blew us like we never been blown."

A good day's work.

L-3 Feb 22

654 639. Today, I'm completely down. The sup depression came on last night after rereading the journal for the day and being struck forcibly by the fact that it all seemed far less profound and much more "gushy" than I had thought. Particularly the enthusiasm about having my ass whipped. In bed last night that seemed really de trop. AND TODAY, I regret the note about Bob, although of course it served its purpose. I vented the spleen I felt, and today I like him as much as ever. But will he like me? The balance between obeying one's swings and social consideration is of course the great difficulty.

Anyway, there is a difference. Because I expected the depression, because I did not try to fight it off, it was actually very mild, and this morning on six hours of sleep I feel calm and in a good mood. It's a little sad perhaps to be back in the world with its slow wasteful pace, but on the other hand I recognize a peculiar thing about writing. It's almost a law. The more depressed I am while I write, the better is the quality. The more enthusiastic while I write, the worse the quality. It is almost as if I have to express myself through intense sup resistance in order to give texture, and ergo absorb the sup beating. Which means that for good sustained writing I will have to stay off Lipton's. Unless I try writing quick wild first drafts on L-1 and L-2, and then reworking them calmly. Well, there's nothing new in all this.

640. I feel fairly barren of ideas this morning, so I'm going to try to expand some of the cryptic pencil notes I took over the weekend.

641. First comes "back and front". More and more I have the feeling that concepts and abstractions come from bodily frames of reference. Thus, the idea of one's back, or more accurately the sense of one's back and the sense of one's front have an enormous influence on such ideas as past and future, identification, introjection, etc. For example I do believe that our sense of the past in "time" is closely related to the idea of the back, the ass, the ass-hole. Which is why most conservatives are tight ass-holed people—they try to impede the flow of the present into the past, and their rigid faces are a muscular contraction to prevent the entrance of the future into the present. On the other hand there are probably people who

relate their front to danger instead of their back which would be true for most people. These ideas are all still vague, but it occurs to me that the positions people take in fucking, their preferences are a continuation of baby-states where the universe was located first by front, and then by perhaps the first abstract concept to enter the infant-child's mind, to wit that what is behind him or her also exists. One can see this bewilderment in a kitten chasing its tail.

657 6h2. A corollary. Refrigerators. Our wonder if the light goes out when we close the door. But this must have some relation to the inside of the refrigerator as our internal organs. Again I just have vague intimations of this.

6h3. I have postulated consciousness as a sup function, and instead of the psycho-analytical topography of a super-ego on top, any ego in the middle, and the unconscious beneath, I see mind-and-body as being filled with an infinity of er-sup mappings, the vast majority so automatic, so controlled by the Juggler, that consciousness as such, sup-expression is unnecessary. But what I do believe is that there are dialectical layers of er-sup, each the progressive antithesis of the one above. Thus, our consciousness at any given period is a sup expression of an er-drive ~~in~~ in one layer or another. Which would account for contradictory states of consciousness, conscious dilemmas, etc. Conscious ideas which come from the deep layers of the psyche-soma invariably come through with exceptionally low fidelity—they are either cliches or mechanical inventions—the deeper the layer of er, the more total is the sup, and hence the er-expression which is vaster and vaster the deeper one goes comes through in exceptionally crude form. Nonetheless, the descent into the er is in varying people capable of being digested into make-give sup active expressions, often with great elaboration. Freud and Marx for example. But it is done at the price of anxiety. As a general concept, anxiety is released by going from er-sup state of n to er-sup state of n plus 1. People in psychic motion (contraction inward) are always anxious—the expansion outward which is sup-dominated is always contented and joyous (all other things being equal) for the sup is now regaining domination. Which is why artists are unhappy takers. They know that for them to take is dangerous since they will make and give from what they take—hence most artists are close to phallic narcissists in that they dislike taking. Only the person who is pretty

certain they are not going to make and give can enjoy talding. "You look like a cat that's just licked its milk."

I've expressed the above very poorly, but I can just about reach what I wish to say. I wonder if I'll understand a word of it five years from now.

644. There is only one revolution--the sexual revolution.

645. The revolutionary and the mystic. Each are against society, but the mystic leaves society, the radical returns from his deep hell to leave a social portrait of the future which society in its retreat from advancing man will in time come to adopt as a defense. (Symbolically, the miner-radical lives in hell, the mountaineer-mystic in heaven.) Our resentment of mystics is not altogether unjust--they have left us, they have refused to add that particular perversion (into words) of their thought which might be a step-hole in the wall for men to come.

646. Time. Our idea of it is very crude, for just as society has flattened the infinity of wealths through the unit of currency, so the clock chokes our appreciation of the varieties of time. The clock-present is a skin, no more, it is merely overt time, present time, an attempt to postulate a material time. Such items as the newspaper, the commodity, the mass media, Tv especially, are the overt act, the social defense against the expressive or. What we may say of overt time is that in the act of its birth, its presentness in relation to clock-time, it is in a deeper sense come to us from far in the past. The state of the total of emotions of all men is a far closer approximation of "present" time. Not their acts--which belong to the past, are merely fruitions of emotions and needs out of the past. Deeper in man's unconscious sooner or later to come to consciousness is the future.

Actually there are wave phases to time, parallel expansions and contractions which bring us closer to the nature of it than the unilinear concept. As a practical example let me draw time for the writer. His present is un verbalized thought, his immediate future is the unexpressed but verbal idea. Further future is talk. Then the note. Then the article, or the finished product, and if that is ahead of the social limb of society for which it is intended, it fails to expand overtly until the "thought" of man (not the idea--that comes later with the critical evaluations) reaches it. If it is behind, if one's thought to work progressionsucceeds for

groups one does not wish to reach, groups who are behind the "center" of the artist's aim, then one has created a false art-work, no more than a past product even as it was conceived as a future one.

In political economy one can see this better. Money is the unilinear adjunct of unilinear time, social time. Thus, the essential condition of individual existence which is that in relation to the "norm" on any given quality of experience we live in future time or past time—we are twenty-first century in our sex-expressions, say, and eighteenth century in our reasoning methods, or whatever, or whatever,—this condition, this existentialism of living across a spectrum of time is muddled by unilinear money, for finally there is not a consumer body as such, there is rather a congeries of consumer-coterie, and products which are conceived for one coterie, (one consumer-position in relation to time) often reach a coterie more to the future or more to the past relatively. The only limitation is that commodities too advanced must fail, as must commodities too far behind the ~~indicated~~ most retarded consumer-coterie.

662 647. Thus, the future exists materially in the thought-idea flow of man at actual past which we conceive inaccurately as clock-present. Put most crudely—what we think today is what in some form we do tomorrow.

The past, the social concretion, vanishes slowly. The horror of the past as Marx saw is that it is the dead incubus on the body of the future which lives in the present. One returns to the past, one studies it best in order to interpret and increase one's sensitivity to the future. It is worth approaching the past only if one wishes to draw from it a finer extrapolation into the quality and quantity of the future.

648. The value of commodities is that they give us power. The only legitimate power. Passive power. To wit, power for ourselves, rather than the power which is domination of others. The aim of man is to increase his own power. In the domination of others we diminish our true power for we can be enriched only by taking, and the domination of others is giving which if it predominates too totally can only exhaust the man who has social power. History as ~~an~~ opposed to the distant and perhaps unattainable ~~Missoul~~, is the story of the attempt of man against society to convert domination into power.

649. Has anyone remarked that bebop is the first popular and tentative expression of Joycean language. "Gimcherson sonomove that avocado sauce with the reekie-fookies." Which is why I prefer it to "cool" which while technically advanced is nonetheless a retreat from a more ~~er~~ advanced state of perception to a more elaborated but retrogressive-in-time social production.

650. Actor's say of an emotional tantrum: What a production! They're right. To bring Marx up to date one must add the total of non-commodity productions to have a sensitive "oar" for the new movements of history. And to this one must add multiple time. Which means that a "system" of thought which attempts to take into account "movements" all over the world is doomed to impotence because its extrapolation of the future is an extrapolation from the past without ever considering the clock-present which contains the unconscious future.

651. Steve Allen obeys Joyce's formula of "silence, exile and cunning," by turning it inside out to "noise, popularity, and the ludicrous." What a subtle man he is. One can live in horror-society today not by fleeing but by making the biggest noise.

652. Social forms: We say, "I'm afraid we can't make it this evening." How true. What we are er-saying is, "I am afraid. We can't make it this evening." Whatever people say, they mean. They mean it in its opposite at a given level of er-sup and at the next deeper level, they mean it literally except that the periods, commas, stresses, etc. are shifted. Speech rests on er and sup, on rhythmic contraction and expansion (beat) and on emphasis (syncopation). Between the shifting two is the music of communication--human speech. One must always listen to exactly what people say. In the commonest banality for any social coterie is the statement of their collective fears. "I don't dig you, man," is the hipster's admission of terror.

653. Obscenity. "Did you make her?" That is, did you make her (and yourself) into something more advanced. Did you make more er?

654. The double meaning of ~~er~~ consonants. H male and mother, the ay and the uh.

655. They. Th ay Instantaneity of t carried into h (sup-er) suspension and ay--maleness, action, giving. Which is why society is thought of as "they".

He and She. (cecece—the male and/or female active sound.) Suspended in time by the h. She has s added. It is the socialization of the suspension of cecece.

We. The world of cecece. The community.

671 656. When I take Lipton's I am free of guilt. Hence I understand. Guilt is the inverse function of understanding. The academic compulsive is the guilt-ridden man who never has the faintest understanding of the subject to which he has given his life. When an academician begins to understand his subject (as indeed often happens) he solves a thousand other mysteries at the same time. In a funny way, I was the academician of sex while I was writing *The Deer Park*. *The Deer Park* is authoritative (indeed, author--intive) on sex, but doesn't understand it at all. And too the author is the authoritarian, the man who does not understand, which is why authors are invariably such horses asses.

657. Psycho. Sigh—Key. We also ought to have the *Lopike*. Laugh—Key.

658. All business partnerships are psychic marriages. Bad ones as much as good ones.

659. Shakespeare is the decadent genius of the Elizabethan period. All geniuses anticipate the decadence to come, and yet retain the vigor of the Make-Give era, the expensive era in which they live and work—they cast forward into the decadence which will follow much to Enter and much to Take. It is therefore so fitting, since the decadent genius always casts a multiple set of interpretations that Shakespeare's name has so many spellings and his identity, his legitimacy, are in question.

660. The relation of h to f. Head to body? Mind to flesh? Quite possibly.

He is head and flesh. She is society, head, and flesh.

Thus, I am going to try substituting h for f and r for l in words that come up.

One, immediately. Fellow becomes hero. For becomes hole. or haul. Part of the mystery of consonants is that they do have relations to one another. And the vowels are a universe.

661. Chess. The dramatization of the "umbilical" conflict: Man vs. Society.

White is man using his er as sup-attack. Black is society using er as sup-defense.

A way to check this chess thought is to study the style of chess champions. I would

guess that a master player who does better playing black (relatively) than white has the capacity and the talent to construct his most beautiful attacks out of positions of defense. ~~What characterizes him is a surface~~ What characterizes him is a surface "wildness"—again relatively, and underneath a deep social sense. The or so to speak is the surface, the sup is concealed beneath. People like Gandy Brody, myself, Chandler Brossard, Adele.

The "white" champion is comparatively calm but ex-imaginative. His energy goes into logical progressive attacks, but his "genius" is in sudden brilliant defenses. People like Rhoda, Dan, my sister, Bob Lindner, and many others.

662. The aviator is a hipster too. He flies by the seat of his pants. What characterizes the hipster is that he is on the saint-psycopath spectrum; fucking and mysticism are always related to him or her. The hip is the soul believes the hipster.

663. Adele, as only I have seen her, has the weird potential of becoming a hipster-lady. It's not likely but she could actually n.c. a radio program some day which would be Tallulah or Fayo "nerson hipsterized.

664. The salesman has to sell—no matter what it is. He sells good as eagerly as evil—which explains the enigma of Collie Munshin to me. He sells Elena, he sells Bitel—indeed Bitel gets close to him when Bitel has decided psychically to buy.

665. The foot-note leads into the earth. There is a terror in footnotes for they suggest the indefinite expansion of a point. They are the scholars timorous tap on the door of the artist.

666. I glimpse a form for Antacid Analgesic. It could start as a play, dialogue and actions. An unplayable play for it would include a masturbation, a fuck, and an orgy, probably in the form of Two, Three, One. Then, next, it would be a novel. Then an expository essay—The Psychology of the Orgy. Then ??? the heart of the book, written in double and triple and n-parallel lines which come together and fall apart, as opposed to the punning condensations which Joyce used. Until finally, at the end, it must degenerate into handwriting, picture scrawls, non-objective scrawls, and mathematics. Yessir, we end on H2O

667. I suspect that the form of the play is always a variation of the One, the Two, and the Three, psychically that is. To wit; there have been play-structures corresponding slightly ahead in time to any given century, and if I knew enough about the drama

I could explain Act One, Act Two, and Act Three as containing respectively.

One	Two	Three	Most plays.
One	Three	Two	The Little Foxes?
Two	One	Three	And As a Man?
Two	Three	One	All My Sons—Death of a Salesman.
Three	One	Two	The Gate of Hell
Three	Two	One	The Cocktail Party.

668. Psycho	Soma
S (Enter-Take)	P (Make—Give)
o	s
n	y
a	c

669. I can hardly complain about Adele's alternate love and rage toward Susy, for Adele unconsciously was acting out upon Susy the way I act toward Adele. And Susy in turn would act toward me as Adele acted toward her. What characterizes that three-way daisy chain is that I call the tune for Adele, she called it for Susy, and Susy called it for me. The way I felt it at the time was that Adele was unreasonable in her swings toward Sue, and that Sue gave me the time of day when Sue felt like it.

670. I suspect that the frequency of sound has some relation to the depth of one's unconscious. As frequency is stepped up, so the notes rise. At infinite frequency there would be an infinitely high note. Low notes are progressively more conscious. The lowest note of them all is the single grunt of the bull-ape. In life, the high-pitched voice seems hateful to us, the low-pitched voice draws us forward. Women who are drawn to men with low-pitched voices like Gary Cooper sense a deep tenderness in such a man as well as outer male strength—they are drawn to the combination of inner vulnerability and outer force. Women who are drawn to men like Truman Capote with his high-pitched shrill are drawn by the outer vulnerability and the inner steel, hatred, etc. Bi-sexuals with their inner and outer vulnerability and strength invariably have voices which are alternately high and low pitched. Brando for example. Myself. Adele. Tallulah, Willie, etc.

The high note is a Taking (small symbol giving—point) of the universe however.

The low note is a Give (large symbol of little) A legitimate swelling up of the ape-principle which is half of our motive power.

686 671. I still haven't expressed it at all. The high note (the woman's voice) is beautiful but expresses hatred--it is the hatred of the soul for all which denies its ascension, for women contain the contradiction of being the soul of humankind in the service of society. The low note supposedly expresses hatred and sadism and lust (it is the aggressive male voice) but actually it communicates love at an earthly level--it is the acceptance of what is. For man contains the contradiction of attacking society while he is earth-bound, denied by his incapacity to conceive life, the deeper intimations of the infinite progression.

The reason Lipton's gives perceptions is that it slows down voices without altering frequency. Which enables one to capture what would otherwise be transient. I don't feel ready to get into this yet.

Just one addenda: As America moves from unisexual to bisexual culture, the cult of the villain with the high-pitched voice or the high-pitched laugh begins. Its communications are much more sinister.

672. The hush. Hush and hush--fuss.

The hush is the rush (the roar) of er in an audience coming to the surface.

672. Laughter. We laugh when we recognize a great thought and immediately conceal it. The longer we laugh the more the thought persists, and helpless laughter is the anxiety that the thought will never go away. Which is why we feel so good after laughing for minutes at a time. We have succeeded in blurring the magnitude of the thought, but the beauty and danger of the insight remain as an echo within us, we have glimpsed a fabulous cavern of being, and it leaves us content that that exists within us. People who never laugh are occasionally totally inert, but much more often are people with such a cruel sup that they dare not laugh--their large but whipped or would destroy them if it could appear. A man who does not laugh is either a saint who lives in thought rather than society, or else is a man close to suicide, murder, or death.

But there is the critical passage in laughter from Enter-Take over the fence to Make-Give. And it is hurdling this fence which creates the dialectical antithesis. Thus enter and take swell the thought, but the moment we start to laugh, that is to make and give a sound, we have given antithesis to thesis, we have converted thought

into a greatly diminished idea. It is the gap between thought and idea which is enormous in laughter that creates the laughter, the muscular ripple, the release of muscular tension. Which occasions the notion that thought exists in our muscular tension, and idea is the release, the expansion of muscular contraction. This seems to be true for me. When I cannot sleep it is because I am churning with thought. As I convert it to idea, as I verbalize silently, the tension diminishes provided each new idea is not good enough to encourage more thought, more muscular tension. I ideate so profusely on Lipton's because my natural state is one of great muscular tension. Lipton's in releasing muscular tension demands speech. My yap yap yap is the health of my body. --I ought to learn to dance. But then I wouldn't ideate as much.

Serious people are serious when they give ideas--the relation between thought which is comparatively small and idea which is comparatively large (almost equal to the thought) make them sober and grave. What they dredge up from themselves has the capacity to be realized as a social artifact. But when I diea (ideate means die?) When I ideate I alternate between intense seriousness and sudden high pitched laughter. The reason is that my thoughts are forever swelling (swilling?) into something enormous, and so my laugh goes up--it's a wail of hatred that I'll never be able to ideate such a beautiful thought.

Thus, in laughter, the laughter is the S--expressed making-giving defense against the ex-impelled enter-take of an advancing thought.

That is why dirty jokes are invariably funnier than "clean" ones. The sexual truths are the universal truths. Off Lipton's I roar with laughter at Legman's Limericks. On Lipton's I read them seriously, gravely, sadly, wisely, and joyously.

689 673. The root oom. womb, boom, doom, gloom (god's loom) groom (god's room) loom (whom loom, broom). I think oom is an instinctive sound for space, body space, space in relation to the body, for m (man and mother) is the outside giver. Thus, womb as the world of oom, boom as the bead of oom, doom as the death of oom, gloom as god's love of space --we are gloomy when there is no escape into space for us--groom, God's red rooty oom. Whom (loom) --which personified embodiment of living space, living volume. Ah, here we are, oom and volume.

674. V contains the opposed meanings of vicious and valuable. Which is why it

appears in sex-connotative words like. . . vex. V and H are related as consonants. P and F too. Maybe I can work up two clans of consonants. Anyway, let's investigate the root ex. It is in chest (~~chests~~ checks) dex (decks) flocks, hex, nex, pecks, prex as in prey, rex, snax (Yiddish snacks) specks, tex, and zex.

691 675. More on laughter. A baby walks across a room for the first time and laughs in pleasure when it reaches its mother's arms. Why does it laugh? Because the discrepancy between thought and idea is immense. The baby may say OOOOOO, but its murky vast thoughts have elaborated a universe of space, of its own changing relationship to its environment because it can now give walking, it can locate, its relation to the world has been drastically and dramatically altered. So it laughs in the relief of repressing such a vast thought. Or it weeps if it cannot repress it. And weeping is often the expression of the throbbing of a thought which cannot be suppressed until the muscular tension is expressed through tears. ^{released} Laughter and weeping are very close. If our consciousness persists we weep, if sup consciousness takes over we laugh. Often we do both. We laugh until the tears come. But this is always in the condition of sustained laughter, the joke we cannot stop laughing at. Hence, if a substance in tears is an anti-cancer agent, what is suggested about cancer is that like all disease only much more intensely so, it is the product of a frightfully cruel repression, a condition of muscular or tissue tension which cannot be released. Hence, Reich's cancer biopathy may actually have done a lot.

676. Exhilaration and depression in writing. (Do I think I'm just a big liar in all this journal?) At any rate: the reason exhilaration is the sign generally of poor writing is that our thoughts are large, so large that the critical estimator of how closely they are embodied in the idea-act is overwhelmed by the happy emotion of the thought. So we think we are uncovering worlds, and the next day, rereading, the thought virtually absent, we find that the idea-act we have made is crude and doesn't even awake echos of what we felt yesterday. Often we bounce too far in the direction of disappointment, for what we feel as nothing on the second day may still have enough idea-elaboration in it to arouse some thought in the reader.

On the other hand, writing from depression we feel depressed because ~~there~~ there is little thought in us. (There and their mean the same thing.) Very little

thought-energy which is not lost in trench-warfare. So what little there is, is ideated very carefully. The result is that the idea-net when reread opens more thought to the writer than when he actually wrote it. His own ideas which often are crude expressions (although carefully worked) of his thoughts whose depth in him he does not suspect, become recognizable as such years later.

Therefore, a mild flat mood is best for me in writing. Lipton's stimulates too much, and it takes at least three or four days for the total effect of the stimulation to wear off. Hence, if I wish to write a novel I had better get off it and go through some dreary plodding months. When I get too depressed to write, I can always take a week or two off, Lipton up, and Lipton off, and start working again.

693 677. Those periods in history which mark the advance of reason are periods in which great popular artists appear, and there is rough general agreement on what is art. Periods like today where reason has exhausted itself as a valuable mode of perceiving reality are periods where the coterie artist flourishes, and there is rough general disagreement. It has to be this way, and there is no need to complain. Reason has produced its opposite, special and often exclusive coteries of sensitivity, private languages. The lingua franca becomes progressively more non-existent. We are in a flourishing decadence, a contractive period. Out of it, if we are not destroyed, will come expansions we can barely glimpse, and new great artists. But the trend in history—as a natural law of development—is for artists to become progressively less great in relation to the greatness of their audience. We can hardly have an Aeschylus today, nor next century for that matter. Nor probably ever again. And that is to the good. As Malraux once said—I quote him haphazardly—"The ultimate aim of art is that man himself become the work of art."

678. In the course of this journal I have been elaborating a more and more private jargon. It is necessary. For me to understand the phenomena I am trying to understand I must create my own conceptual words. To use the conceptual words of others is to maroon myself in pseudo-rational processes rather than to depend on my intuition. My capacity to do something exceptional comes from the peculiar combination of powerful instincts face to face with my exceptional detachment. I am one of the few people I know who can feel a genuinely powerful emotion, and yet be able to observe it. This is what I must depend on, instead of violating my capacities by

trying to make the rational scholarly effort to illumine my understanding of other men's jargons. Instead of poring (pouring) over all the relevant books, and there are five hundred I "ought" to start studying tomorrow, I do better to "waste" time and discover things for myself. The only things I've ever learned have been the things I've discovered for myself.

695 679. Ideas and thought. Where Bob Lindner is wrong about the novel is that ~~it~~ he doesn't understand the peculiar communicating power of the novel. The novel goes from writer's-thought to reader's-thought by the use of an oblique (obliging) symbol, expression, or montage. It does not enter the mere paralyzing process, more accurately limiting process, of converting thought to idea in order that the receiver can then try to let the idea enter in order that he take thought. Which is why I cannot write a novel when I know what I want to say. It comes out too thin, too ideated. My best scenes are the ones where I didn't know what I was doing when I did it. Few artists have ever been able to work on the thought-idea-thought interchange. And their weakness was often there, as Gide for instance. I must always tackle the novels I do not understand. Which is why Linton's has striped me of my next ten years of books. The ideas here would have come out obliquely in the books I blundered through. Now I have to take an enormous step, and my capacities may not be equal to it. Still, I don't regret the too-quick opening, the great take of these past few months. I had to, for my health, and besides one should always try for more, not less. That's the only real health.

680. People who are in a coterie, be it The Flatbush Enid Brith, or Partisan Review, have a special sensitivity for other people of that sort. To wit, a special kind of hostility and a special compassion.

681. Reversals. From Legman. Said a lecherous fellow named Shea
When his prick wouldn't rise for a lay
"You must seize it and squeeze it
And tease it and please it,
For home wasn't built in a day.

So, I alter it by opposites to: Heard ^{the} an innocent heroine called Ash
Before her cunt could lie for a jazzsh
"I won't touch it and tweeze it,
nor rough it n disease it,
Since home was lost ~~is~~ ^{at} a lay."

I suspect three-quarters of the Limericks in Legman's collection were written by

Legman.

Combining the two limericks roughly, I got:

Shard a inlechercent felloine nalled Shash
Befwheh hes prunt cuddlenot riles fora lash
Vi mant seach tit und squeets titsh
Endor ratoughtit n pladease shlit
Prince Rhone washt bulostilted ina lady.

Maseltov! The gash, you ash!

than
But written Mailerishly rather/Jovcilty, it becomes.

Shard atthe inlechercent felloine nalled Shash
Head thea lechnocerous hero earned Ass-sly

Befwheh hes prunt cuddlenot riles fora lash
Whehfr hir cund: woodled ~~hase~~ ^{lyars} effor 'd lay?

Head Vi mant seach tit und squeets titsh
I-uh wust tease itty ant twooks itty

Endor ratoughtit n pladease shlit
Brikmantir W rant tyoffitty indispleaset

Prince Rhone washt bulostilted ina lady
Sinfor er 'ose snotwas lowbilt innerouter daily

This was all done more or less mechanically and with only mild variations,
but it has its fun and its ~~fronally~~ ^{fronally} fuck feeling I think. Read it aloud.
To be called The Drunk's Jazz-Time Chowder and Marching Sash-holy-lyric.

march 4, 1955 1-5 or 6

682. This is going to be tough today because I've bought an electric typewriter and I'm more concerned at the moment with mastering it than with saying anything.

683. Laughton came to town over a week ago and I spend seven days in a row talking about Haked to him. Now's not the time to go into all that, although it was very ~~may~~ rich (I wrote rocy--rocky) and then left me with a bad depression which I'm just beginning to come out of. Today I felt a deep strong need to work at this Journal as if it is not enough for me to think or even to speak silently, but that instead I must write down what I think, and thereby find the release. This undoubtedly has something to do with the difficulty of self-analysis. One must emphasize it. It is not enough merely to consider oneself passively, to "think" about oneself. Instead one must have the muscular expression (I wrote ex resession---excretion) (Do intellectuals hate sports, sweat, etc. because muscular expressions are excretions to them or is this true only for me?) Anyway--there must be a physical overt act and be it speech or ~~it~~ writing (finger movement) before anxiety is released. I have done an enormous amount of thinking in the last few weeks, or rather in the two weeks or ten days since I've last worked on the Journal, but I've also been in the worst depression yet these last couple of days and I suspect that a good part of it was due to the fact that moving my fingers, "writing" is an exceptionally important and anxiety-releasing muscular activity for me. More than that, writers finding themselves unable to work on the typewriter return to an earlier ~~2~~ finger activity. to wit they hand-write.

684. This typewriter is giving me a big pain in the ass, for its touch, keys and placement of keys, visibility, size, etc. are all quite different from my old one, and so it's making me a rather nervous and will continue to do so for several days I imagine.

685. shit shit shit shit shit shit The muscular frustrations of the keyboard are inhibiting three-quarters of my thought. I'm going to try to get away from my self-consciousness about ~~2~~ fingering.

702 606. I do want to say a few things about love which I believe I'm beginning to understand. The key to love is that love like all ~~at~~ fixed decisions of the juggler (always read The Gambler for The Juggler) is a habit. Thus in the dreary daily couplet dialogue of marriage where one mate or the other says, "Do you love me?" and the other answers automatically, empty and unenthusiastically, "Yes. Of course," the answer is not a lie. The key to habit as I've said already is that the juggler makes a decision to freeze some part of the responses in order that juggler-energy be saved from constant decisions in that expression. So to be in love is to freeze, to make a habit of a situation--the juggler has decided that it is too exhausting for the nervous system and for himself to be constantly exploring the state of love--one could do little else--and so like all habits what is most true of two people who are in love is not whether they are enthusiastic or depressed about the love (habit) at the moment but whether they are preparing or not preparing to alter it. Most of the time they accept the habit like all habits, and so they do not lie when they say Yes I do love you, not more than they would lie if they answered Yes I'm still smoking. (This typewriter is just driving me nuts--I'm losing a beautiful set of notions.)

What distinguishes love from other habits is that an enormous amount of sup-approval and er-need can collaborate on the concept. The sup demands order and sex-repression or else society cannot be built, the er demands sex for the health of its nervous system--ergo orderly sex is One-Marriage. Of all the working compromises between the drive of the sup to suppress the passivity wombishness of the sex need in the er and the er desire to be orgasmic despite the dictates of the sup, the ideaconcept of love is accepted by most people. It is a compromise between two basic and polar irreconcilables which is why we adore love so much, seek for it so absorbedly, and experience so much anxiety at the thought of losing it or altering it. But married love is not natural love, it is concept love. Natural love is the reverse of a habit, it is an ebb and flow, it exists and does not exist as the child feels it or does not feel it. Nothing is so painful to a child as to be reminded that it was good and loving but an hour ago. The child cannot comprehend why it is now asked to pay allegiance to a feeling which has left it. The adult on the other hand is far more concerned that the decision

to be in love which like all habit-decisions is over-compensated, that is over-established. be not shaken for nothing is more exhausting to the capacity to work, to accomplish to move easily through life than a constant juggler-anxiety about whether to alter the love habit or not.

So seen in this way a lot about love becomes understandable, that is married love. It accounts for the virtuous sensations one knows when one feels in love with one's mate; it also accounts for the depression ~~and~~ one knows when one does not feel in love. The habit is threatened, and when a habit is broken the juggler goes through a mad few weeks or few years, so the depression about not being in love is very powerful--the juggler is drenched in gloom and generating all the depression he can, super depression and extra depression, super rage and extra rage, he wishes to confuse the system, knock it out for depression usually keeps people from taking a new step--they feel everything is too hopeless to act.

Truly what a dilemma it is. No wonder analysts look for happy marriages to end their cases. What can be said of a happy marriage is not that it is "happy" but that it is a powerful and temporarily undefeatable habit which acts benevolently upon the system--a minimum of energy is wasted on the sex vs. order imbroglio, and a maximum is therefore available for work enjoyment etc. But the trap is that the orgiastic impulse has so worked itself into the consciousness of our time that the "happy" marriage becomes more and more difficult to maintain. Ironically more and more energy must go into maintaining the habit, over-establishing it, as opposed to the minimum of energy comparatively which existed in the nineteenth century. So, the state of marriage itself ceases to be a social habit which has total $\frac{1}{2}$ super approval. The irony today is that an active powerful man is beginning to think there is something wrong with him if he does not wish to cheat on his wife, and indeed he ~~he~~ is right--monogamy is one of the most ridiculous and utterly conflicting $\frac{1}{2}$ one-concepts which society has replaced over the era.

And that is one reason why the reactions on the deer park are so wildly different. The Deer Park threatens the love-concept habit; hence people react to it not as a book but as a potentially habit smashing experience. Which would also account for why so

many homosexuals have liked it. Their juggler love habit casts have much less to lose from accepting the book.

703 687. In the interim while I was not working on this journal I thought more things than I could possibly begin to sketch in in many weeks on these pages. There is no use even trying to recapitulate them, but philosophically one vast problem I've gotten into is the business of what is ethical conduct. And I suspect that the answer is that one must always do what one feels like doing subject of course to keeping out of danger most of the time. (danger, ranger, manger) changer) But to act well toward ones friends when one does not feel it is the height of arrogance among other things. For we are making the assumption that we know what is good for them, what they need. And it is a reflex of life that we learn from hostility being expressed toward us as much as learn from love being expressed toward us. Each has its value, each contains its potential benefit--to maintain cordial relations with friends when one does not feel cordial is merely to deaden the relationship and introduce large elements of mutual deception in it. As Bob Lindner said to me some time ago, A lot of people are going to be hating you soon. That may well be true, but what is far better is that I like myself--that is my health--and since I have always been a rebel and have always found the meaning of my life and the most intense sense of my own existence at those moments when I rebel with some size and confidence, so I have been hampered and fucked up in the past by my over-anxious desire to be loved. These days I give much less of a fuck whether most people like me or not, and the result is that to my amazement I am far more capable of handling myself. For example Laughton and I worked together very well for the whole week--it was a collaboration in the best sense and that was the first time in my life that I was able to work with a man whom I felt was an equal. Also a thousand other things that have been going better together with a price. My depressions when they come these days are pretty Christ-awful. They come invariably late at night and I sit alone in the living room that too-white too bare living room and feel empty and dull inside and I wonder if I am completely deteriorating, and if everything in this journal is an hysterical

attempt to hide how desperate I am. But these days my depressions always but always come when I am low in energy, in lerve. Last year I could be full of energy and still be very depressed.

704 686. Also I have been going through terrifying inner experiences. Last Friday night when I took Lipton's I was already in a state of super-excitation which means intense muscular tension for me. When the Lipton's hit, and it hit with a great jolt. It was my first in a week. I felt as if every joint of my ~~nerve~~ nerves were jumping free. The amount of thought which was released was fantastic. I had nothing less than a vision of the universe which it would take me forever to explain. I also knew that I was smack on the edge of insanity, that I was wandering through all the mountain craters of schizophrenia. I knew I could come back. I was like an explorer who still had a life-line out of the caverns, but I understood also that it would not be all that difficult to cut the life line. Insanity comes from obeying a hunch--it is a premature freezing of perceptions--one takes off into cloud seven before one has properly prepared the ground, and one gives all to an "unrealistic" appreciation of one's genius. So I knew and this is my health that /it is as important to return, to give, to study, to be deprived of cloud seven as it is to stay on it. One advances forward into the unknown by going forward and then retreating back. Only the hunch player decides to cast all off /and try to go all the way. What I ~~for~~ ended up with was a sort of existentialism I imagine although I know nothing of existentialism. (Everybody accuses me these days of being an existentialist.) Anyway, the communica le part of my vision was that everything is valid and that nothing is knowable--one simply cannot erect a value with the confidence that it is good for /others--all one can do is know what is good, that is what is necessary for oneself, and one must act on that basis. for underlying the conception is the philosophical idea that for life to expand at its best, everybody must express themselves at their best, and the value of the rebel and the radical is that he seeks to expand that part of the expanding sphere (of totality) which is most retarded. Deep in the vision action seemed trivial which is why I knew the cold graveyards of schizophrenia. Out of the vision I had a happier tolerance. I could deal with people

like Catholics and saidists saidists because I was not worried about who would win the way I used to be. And indeed I learned ~~the~~ the way to handle saidists--there are only two ways: One must either be capable of generating more force, of terrifying them (I have a story I have to tell Bob when I see him) or else one must dazzle and confuse them. Lulu up against one of the great saidists, Herman T²ppis, comes off with a partial victory because she has given all her energy to confusing and startling him.

689. Tonight people are coming over and we'll have a Lipton's party. I half don't want it. Last weekend with its Liptons carried me flying half-way through the week and dumped me in depression these last two days. Now I'm finally coming out of it and it'd be interesting to see how I would act next week. But on with the ~~last~~ ^{last} Liptons.

American going on a mission into Spain, perhaps ~~counterfeit~~ counterfeit pesetas--a man who has fought in the war ten years before. There can be an alternation between that war and the present, the past war in ~~time~~ machine style. Fantastic studying necessary of course. And what it can mean in terms of the present for the guy is that his despair is deepened, passes from cynicism to a sense of the tragic, and with it there comes a stiffening of the will to fight, seen as an utterly hopeless and yet imperative thing to do, so that with despair there is purification. On the surface it would be an adventure novel along Kafka lines, with each frustration pushing them another step back, ending perhaps with the counterfeit pesetas destroyed, the men he knows in the resistance captured, and he leaving with the last gesture of having a ferocious argument with the douane about changing his pesetas, and their coming out in a stalemate for the douane wants him to change dollars, so that at the end he crosses the border holding them in his hand. As this novel stands here, it is too thin, without moral ambiguities. That enrichment has to come before it can be considered seriously.