

Story

Two convicts in jail are fighting over a punk. The one who loses is deprived of sex and so builds up a terrific tension which drives him to kill the other who is too relaxed from indulgence and so not keyed to defend himself.

Story

The big affair for Marion in the book is with a colored girl.

Story

Advertising man in Marion novel who cooks up  
names for products-- has a theory of alliteration  
(illiteration)- assistants-

Danny Chafety

Bill Manville (Sty)

Story

There might be a chapter on an ocean liner. Steve Sergius takes the troupe on a first class passage to Europe and back--Radio-televised. The wild time gets wilder and wilder until the ship goes into a wreck--Andrea Doria style.

12

Story

A great lover, three-quarters fag like Porfirio Rubirosa who gets buggered before going out to screw for the first time a vastly important and wealthy new society lay for him. (He could go to see Marion.) Buggering is to give him thrust

1

Story

The John Kaspar character ought to be in the book--he could be friends with Trujillo and with Edna and her circle. Somewhere along the way, Edna doublecrosses Kaspar and his great love for Negroes changes into intense hatred.

So he goes down South on the white citizens council thing, and maybe Francis goes down to stir up the Negroes.

Story

~~A juvenile delinquent~~

A ~~ju~~ criminal, beaten up by cops, vows in the act that he'll kill them--but the beating has been so bad that he is afraid to. For months, after his few days in jail, he sweats out avoiding cops, all the while knowing he must come to grips with them, succeed in a revenge, or his manhood is forever gone.

# Story

The party.

The politician, the banker, the businessman, the socialite have invested money with Marion, the FBI man is there because of blackmail on the queer, and to investigate Marion, the crook is there because Marion has a purpose; the war hero, the bullfighter and the athlete are competing for the movie star. The dope addict is the husband of the red-headed whore, Elia, who is the mistress of the crook. The analyst, whose wife is a call girl, has analyzed some of the people there including Marion. The child is the daughter of the queer. The writer, the painter, the jazz musician are the friends of the TV entertainer. The executioner is the buddy of the war hero.

People

Trujillo could be like Chavo.

People

Eustace Mullen could be like Crockett--in fact maybe he ought to be.

People

Francine Duplessis Gray as a character in the novel.

People

Beda could run a Confidential-type magazine.

*Novel form*  
Rough line of the novel:

The vision in prison.

Marion Faye on Monroe St. --Edna, Jerry, Francis, Leila Mae, Junior. Meets them through Junior? How?

Edna maid to the analyst.

Party--hammer--analyst and Marion

Sergius with the loft below, teaching Marion how to box. "It's bop, man, you dig--it's got to be lucid. Marion's homosexual lurch for Sergius.

Getting the poodles (he has had them already perhaps at the beginning of the book--but the visit to the Robertsons.

Walking the dogs, the eye.

Analyst's wife with him already? Leaving him in panic at his determination to walk the dogs.

The analyst wounded by the wife's defection. A scene with Valerie, the high colonist? He finds it pleasureable--thinks of her background, the loveless search for power willing to take on the asses of people--but narrow, small-townish, too cautious.

The analyst with a round of women--dissatisfied with his freedom, longing for the mother mate.

Marion and the affair with the jj instructor.

Novel-Tom

Marion rewrites the Deer Park in N.Y. - criticizes Sergius who has become a TV figure, becomes his friend- has affair with him - decides to bring in girl, Marion's girl.

If there is a crack in a piece of wood and we turn off the light, how are we to assume that the crack is still there? And the answer is that one must assume an economy of reasonable function in the universe so that since there appears no conceivable reason for cracks to disappear in the dark, and since the organization and deception of energy circuits would be considerable and yet functionless, the reasonable assumption is that the crack remains in the dark. Nature so abhors purposeless function that it is far more likely an apparently irrational activity is deeply rational if we would explore it rather than the reverse. So, murder and suicide may be rational.

P.O. Myst

A being about to be killed reveals its life--as we step on a hornet, so there passes from the hornet to our electric heart exactly that sense of elation, frenetic excitement, the cold throbbing sting of the kill, and woe--the hornet knows it is to be no more, at least not as it was, and (go on from here) into the idea that the world is close to death and so religious feeling springs up everywhere as the reflection of our danger. It is as if whatever life is left in us must flare into being as the attempt to avoid the closeness of death.

P. O. God.

~~\*~~

Shall we go on by talking about God. I know it is not a subject for polite conversation--it is a little like introducing into a dinner party given by a proper old lady one's latest theories on the causes of homosexuality. Everybody will listen to you--what else can they do?--their unconscious ear catches the tune of circus music and they are in their year five again licking at a lollipop; but of course capturing the temporal ear of one's audience is not the same in polite society as being offered a second invitation. This is one house to which you will not be invited again. No matter. The truth of the difficulty is that talk about God is improper, for that adventurer who created the doubtful harmonies of the universe undeniably disturbs the more palpable harmonies of the dinner party.

A partial line of story for the novel. The Pet Ward character could be picked up by Marion at Trujillo's. She is at the time the pig-girl, walking around in her top, detective and cop comingsby, and others--she is the whore who is being used to frame a married couple who are procurers for society. (Trujillo incidentally can fool the girl into talking about what she's going to do to the Beda's when she gets on the stand.)--Marion could be brought in on this--he's the guy who Trujillo has asked to get her started on the subject.

Anyway, Marion fucks her, finds her too repulsive for him, passes her by temporarily, but the recording is gotten. Later at the trial a deal is made and the trial never comes to a head, but he notices how immaculate, how much like a lady she looks. So he hooks up with her again--she furious at him because of the way he betrayed her, he explaining to her that she ought to dig him more, because he's effective. Anyway, they begin to make it, they begin to make it very big--also on pot--and Marion half-hipped on being a painter, half-loathing the insignificance of it before his fear that soon it will all be valid because no matter what one did on a canvas, it was a creation, it was a state of being, it was a part of the universe. Anyway, he begins to train her to become a lady, he teaches her, and then he makes ready to approach Sergius O'Shaugnessy, and the girl makes it with Sergius which begins the second portion of the book because O'Shaugnessy has other possibilities and is torn, horribly torn.

The life of a whorehouse--as told to Sergius by a  
 friend of his father's who knew about his mother who  
 was the best fuck in the whorehouse. "Because feel  
 this now, lad, you've got to feel the human truth of  
 it, a whore has a terrible problem if she's to ~~any~~  
 stay alive, it's the problem of energy which every  
 blessed mother's son of us knows, but it's greater  
 for a whore, because God bless her, it's a hard  
 thing to give a man a good fuck unless you feel it,  
 and if you feel it you're going to give him even a  
 little more, until it's oops dearie I spilled the  
 milk again, and she comes with him. Well, a girl  
 can do that, she can come all night and with a different  
 spoke or prong or prod or fork or stick or prick or  
 even Sir Richard the limber dick, she can taste them  
 all, blow them all, scrounge them all with her fat  
 whore's little tongue, but the one thing she cannot do  
 is feel shame, that's the end for her. Because if you  
 feel ashamed of what you enjoy, you start losing your  
 energy since it starts going in two directions at once.  
 And so, lad, here is the nub of what hurts in a whorehouse.  
 The girls know they're all in a desperate pass, because  
 its exhaustion and dope on the one side, and success and  
 riches for one in twenty if they're smart enough, loose  
 enough, and unashamed enough to go it all the way. So  
 they war, like the girls everywhere else, and the boys  
 too, and like tigers each of the whores tries to put  
 shame back into the others, even as each of the others  
 tries to break loose. And your mother, well, lad, she  
 loved to fuck, God she loved to fuck, there was a holy  
 light in her eye when she let go, oh she was a mean  
 fuck, so fucking alive. But the girls, they got the  
 shame back in her, she was a good Catholic too, after  
 all, and ~~when~~ more than once when she was glowing after  
 a good one after a beautiful one from some poor slug of  
 a workman who'd been inspired to his ~~side~~ chance for  
 genius by the light in her eye, and the subtle fashion of  
 her encouragement, why God then they'd slip it to her,  
 they'd knock her down the way women can, they'd tell her  
 she looked tired or strained or sad or shitty or spitty,  
 they'd make her feel like she was carrying a common  
 enough load.

(Goes on to tell how she saddened, became a  
 lady-whore, and let his father come in her, and the  
 father swore it was his son because the coming had  
 been so grand.)

Marion

At the end, in Marion Faye's will, he asks that his body be rendered and broken down organically (liver, head, etc.) and be fed to talented people, animals, and certain of his friends. (That is, if his death is violent, and his body therefore not wasted down.)

Marion

The foot-fetichist--one of Marion's hole in the wall girl-friends

Such a beautiful thing for her to do - she learned so much about movement and its secrets - and her guilt could fly away.

He thinks this sadistically - he goes to her only because it is a kick - her Jewish aggressiveness amuses him.

The Girl (a Bez sort) has an aggressive intellectual defense of her persecution. Have got Ellis says "Whatever feels necessary"

My maternal grandmother lost her arm in a railroad accident. It was an accident almost without parallel, for she had fallen to the ground and the train ran over her arm. She died when I was four years old but she lived long enough for me never to forget the sight of the silk stocking rolled up the stump of her arm. Yet I cannot remember whether it was the left arm or the right. And the absence of this memory causes me confusion because if it was her left arm then she had been willing at that moment of almost certain violent death when the train was upon her to sacrifice all the values of the left, of instinct, unconscious richness, spirit, and hovlate, whereas if it were the right, why then, she had been ready to give of her conscience, her duty, her burden, her bondage, yes and her....

(indicate: 1. sacrificing her practical side, finally;  
2. that my character is deeply affected by the fact that I cannot remember whether it was her right arm or her left), and yet I cannot remember

### Some Thoughts on Dreams

A dream is not so much a wish-fulfillment as a waste of creativity. Where one has not had the courage or the quickness of reflex to fill a creative moment with creative energy, or when one has done it poorly, then the creative energy must be employed some other way, or it returns to increase a tension toward cancer. So the dream is created that night. Its first purpose is to void, to excrete the creative energy which was not used. Since the situation has the relaxation of sleep, the creation is free, extreme, and often of form and beauty. If one has the habit of examining the dream, the waste is less extreme, for in the structure of the dream is the key to why the creativity was wasted the day before, the key bent of course by self-rage, the tenor of self-expression, and incestuous sexual longings.

## Memory: -

When we try to remember something that we know we know (as for example the name of a friend) and yet we fail, then I wonder if we do not assign the problem to what might be called a "tracer" function of the brain. Since, some connection in the synapsis has become weak, energy signals are sent either routinely or intuitively to key relay points along the route (for I am postulating that a memory trace exists not only as a target, a constellation within some cell or group of cells but that indeed it has left a trail behind it, a figurative set of slashes in its path along the labyrinth of the brain. So the "tracer", the "scout" the quantum of energy which the brain releases searches for the slash, the trace, and finding it, a military detection ensues - new energies arrive, they "fan" the trace into flame, they perform a conception or deconception of time, and if the effort be made great enough, the trail of the most recalcitrant memory is restored.

## Notes on Development of Novel

1. Marion is contorting his face and neck, and vibrating parts of his body while looking in the mirror--his will to observe remains alive thru the pain- he waves Sergius away with his hand, then beckons him in and continues.

Sergius has been living off a rich dame in Cuernavaca  
(old, G.B.ish) and using it for money in whorehouses.

Marion

Marion might think (in thinking of coprophagists) that the reason people are drawn to eat shit is that the wastes of some people are enormously nourishing for others. In other words our character determines what we filter from our food, and what we reject. Often we reject excellent things for they are inimical to our character but nourishing to another. For instance, certain irons might supply murderous energies to one man and so are shitted out where for another they might supply resolve. Thus one would eat animal shit to get brain nourishments and intellectuals shit to get animal vitality.

Marion

Perhaps Marion has a plan to go to bed with Sergius because Sergius has slept with his mother.

Marion

Pge. 255 and 256, De Sade (120 Days)

Marion or the analyst quote it, and then think about it, and how the nobleman wants precisely the workingman's shit because that has the bypassed ingredients of most use to the nobleman- delicacy, subtle desire, fineness of mental function, etc., voluptuousness, indeed a most rococo turd, a gilded shit, all of no use to the stomach of a poor French workingman, and so out of his asshole it had come, and the knowledge that he was to savor such an ~~autocr~~ autocratic feast so overcame our fine young nobleman, (or should he be better a young snob, an arriviste on the way to arrive) that his prick came in joy at the delight of what was entering his stomach and how it would change him

Marion

Marion's notion of God must change throughout the work--the first vision is of the all-powerful God--that God is interested only in those who have power, and so one's hatred is insignificant. But each movement through the book must be centered about another conception of God, each thoroughgoing to Marion.

The underarm smell about the cunt of Protestant girls,  
especially if they are red-headed.

Fat people take on the physical form of a new born infant.

# LEUKEMIA



# A MESSAGE FROM DEAN MARTIN



Take a good look at this tired little boy. He is a victim of LEUKEMIA. He is receiving the best care that medical science can offer—but he is going to die. Because today there is no cure for LEUKEMIA. I know this little boy. He is one of many doomed children I see from time to time during my frequent visits to the City of Hope. Always some faces are gone—and one day soon this little boy also will be among the missing.



At the Dean Martin Blood Disease Center for Leukemia Research more than 50 teams of doctors are working 365 days a year to find a cure for LEUKEMIA. It may not be in time to save this youngster—but when a cure is found it will save the lives of tens of thousands of children, and adults, who every year are struck down by LEUKEMIA.

**GIVE  
NOW**

*Dean Martin*

Contributions to the 1957 Dean Martin Telethon made possible the establishment in January of the Blood Disease Center for Leukemia Research at the City of Hope. Additional hundreds of thousands of dollars are needed now to support the life-giving research being carried on there. Make your contribution NOW so that Dean can announce it on the 1958 Telethon. Make checks payable to the CITY OF HOPE. (Contributions are tax deductible.)

**TELETHON MAY 24-25 channel 5**

Compassion itself becomes attacked by every promotional aspect of an omnivorous pervasive society which utilizes every social mechanism that ties compassion to guilt. So, at last, to be free, one must be compassionless--it is only the cold furious young radical who can look at pictures like these and sneer, and yet he is right to sneer for people who know nothing of medicine (Dean Martin) engage in an appeal for money (for human energy) which is--if medically purposeful--about nine/tenths dispensed in payments to fund-raising organizations, expense accounts, etc.--and if medically meaningless (cancer may be incurable or its cure may come from radically different notions of disease a century from now) if medically meaningless, one's compassion and one's money have been appropriated to fulfill no more than a wasteful psychic societism--an insensitive and inefficient as well as morally confusing assuagement of guilt.

A justification for forbidding divorce--unhappy marriages sometimes produce very strong-willed and tenacious children who can hew to a difficult or unpopular course for many years since indeed they are accustomed to living with unhappiness - so the Catholic might argue that the misery of many marriages can give issue nonetheless to admirable fruit -- the final question in all Catholic -versus- Hip arguments is Tempo -- do we go fast (which means to trust the human instinct for the future) or do we go slow (which is to put our trust in the past, in institutions - in authority)

The religious impulse comes from the incestuous impulse, and legitimately. For to love our parents is to love our seed, our origin which by extension goes back to the origin of origins which is God himself.

Thus the religious revival is a reflection of the terror of the orgiastic impulse.

The orgiastic impulse takes the form often of homosexual desires in heterosexuals, and heterosexual desires (seen as betrayals) in homosexuals.

Times of economic depression reduce the orgiastic impulse--times of prosperity increase it. One reason for the economic crises of capitalism may well have been the increase in general anxiety among the ruling elite as the orgiastic impulse stepped up in tempo.

Energies are allocated by the navigator to the past, present, and future. In people of highly stratified character, most of the energies go to past and future, as memory and will-to-work, which is why they are relatively "colorless" in personality, "commuters" in habit (Professors, technicians, bureaucrats, office-workers, etc.) and graceless in body, or at least not rapid in their physical reflexes. The psychopath, deficient in memory and the will to achieve a specific goal, diverts the majority of his energy to the present--he is thus high on physical grace, quick in mind, and without culture (memory) or civilization (the will to elaborate complex productions.)

The artist is the most developed of personalities in relation to the structure of psychical economy.

Every family is a suppressed circle of libidinous impulses and desires to murder, and death within a family disturbs the subterranean anxiety to murder still others in the links of the loved, for indeed we cannot witness the death of a relative of the blood without knowing the guilt that partially we pushed them toward the end in all those nuance-filled times of direction which represent the infinitesimals between using Time and wasting it.

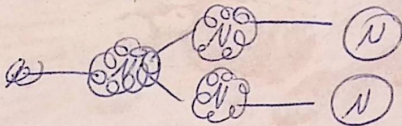
Of all the peoples, nations, races and/or bloods I know, the Jews impress me as the most schizophrenic. The men are introduced to an eventual divorce from the senses at the age of one week--the first searing wounding pain of life is felt at the end of the penis, a little bit of skin is gone, no more, but the infant's first apperception of wounds, of blood, of pain, of catastrophe from a world without oneself occurs at exactly the tip of the sex--never will that infant have a blithe penis ready to ride any passing wave of adventure--no, the outside world has whipped across the infantile senses with its first message--"the world exists to castrate you."

I have expressed this idea in conversation, and the reactions are almost always violent: Protestants and Catholics seem to be even more outraged than the Jews--it has often given me the impression that the Jews are admired for their rite of circumsion. "Anything which curbs the senses is a good," says the Protestants from their gray mediocrity, "ditto," say the Catholics from the darkness of the fear-ridden.

Heat is a stream of particles moving relatively at extreme velocity. Thus heat is direction as is cold for it lags extremely (and relatively) behind the movement of particles in the surrounding field. So heat is an acceleration of time, cold a contraction.

Think of time as movement. Extreme (that is, qualitative--from quantitative) increases of velocity jump time circuits.

For example --a neutron striking a uranium nucleus not only shatters it into two, but each new nucleus emits a neutron.



But suppose rather than a division of matter that one has a division of time - a simultaneity of time actions in

A good lover of an electric sort (explain to rdr.) can often make a loving deep well of a girl terribly unhappy and cold for in the lengths and the coils of their love-making which can slide along for an hour and ten while his prick never leaves her.

Dr. Joyce: "Oh, Freud was probably haunted by what happened to Semmelweis."

The M.G. dame (has an M.G.) is seduced on a cape spread on the floor--it is lewd, especially since Sergius has earlier told Marion he would leave the door open. Thus when Marion enters, he sees it as the direct invitation to a ball. Sergius later realizes it was the pot taken earlier in the day, and he also realizes how much wildness is buried in him.

cheese ties milk (breast) and shit (asshole)  
Her cunt has a smell midway between milk and shit.

"What else have you been doing," he asked me.

"I've been writing a novel."

"Is it done?"

"All finished."

"Am I in it?"

I hesitated.

Then he laughed. "You shouldn't have done that."

"You're sensitive of your reputation?"

"Sergius, man, nobody will print your book. Not when you have a pimp for the hero."

"Nobody is printing it." So far four publishing houses had turned it down.

The "d" puts a word in the past  
free(d)--he was freed  
The sound of freed is less free  
than the sound of free.  
The d has intervened.

The exploitation of time.  
Forced growth causes cancer.  
Reich, marijuana ?

A crude lover comes quickly because he does not have the sensitivity to find each part of his senses and live in them until the next is awakened.

Atrophy of a function or  
cancer of the whole

Marion

I had none of the manly victories  
at an early age, but one--  
I captured the love of my  
mother.

Cancer comes to those who do not listen well

Cigarette smoking forces time.

Funky means strong shitty flesh.

Authority is indispensable for the Scientific Method. Authority, like faith, depends upon the 'As If' - we act 'as if' it is true -- that is, that the authority -- because indeed we cannot test its truth unless we allow it to feed our lives - without authority we move through life incapable of solving anything because there is always one more unknown in the relationship we are studying than the number of equations we possess. Thus mathematics itself depends upon authority. We act as if the logical presupposition beneath every mathematical symbol is true for the pretext of the mathematical problem - and yet, of course, this may not be true at all - in which case there would be no mathematics, and indeed, in the world of higher mysteries there may be no higher mathematics.

One of the more fascinating gambits in the analyst's office is the struggle to see who can say 'shit' with more authority.

'The Castle' is symbolically a novel about a man trying to achieve a rich orgasm. But as he labors Slavically and Teutonicly \_\_\_ Holy Grail of power so his increasing age, his ineptitude, to be even miserably effective in a world of snarling louts and star-crossed bitches (which is the world of faces and bodies which confronted Kafka) reduces his useful strength, his character and his optimism, until in his voyage up he falls sooner to his feet and so finds himself agonizingly further from that orgiastic entry into the heaven of ever-expanding creative energy.

The new Kinsey Report must be a study of the orgasm --for whom it is good, for whom it is not, etc.

Note on the novel:

Perhaps the form of the novel should be to include the full text of the King James version of the Bible - and thirty lines, or thirty pages of commentary as well, where they are needed.

Your prick rises no higher than your guilt. ...unless  
your courage can achieve the victories your ambition re-  
quires.

The problem is that for all the effort to create an 'individual' child - it is still being brought up in our society - some attention must be granted this and so you, as a radical parent, find yourself instilling a perhaps sophisticated variant upon some mass media moral of the times - and this a necessity for the child's own future safety.

Improving consciousness without improving individual people is a sin - it is the sin of vanity - of men who try to become God without having a love equal to God's. That God's love is imperfect and can turn into cruelty, hatred or stupid waste, is the rock upon which a new church is going to be built - for when we understand that God's anguish is exactly like ours, except that it is infinitely greater, we will understand nothing at all. For the anguish of God is that, like us, he cannot be better than he is, nor nearly so good as he would like to be. God, like us, lacks love, but until one of his creations which are us is capable of engaging himself completely with life and so succeeds in capturing pleasure - that he loves life more than God - then more of us will be able to replace God with ourselves which is the narcissistic orgasm of consciousness we are forever chasing - Darwin, Marx, Freud, Spengler, Jung and Toynbee - for to attempt to increase consciousness without illumining it with love is to alienate man further from God and so incur doubly his wrath.

Maybe when one dies- maybe the best man alive at any given time becomes God for a while when he dies. Maybe the terror of becoming God is that one ceases to come back - one has gone beyond Nirvana which is reserved for the Saints in their rising and is headed straight out into that other universe of the most mysterious nothing which is without time.

The only theological reason which can make any common sense is that when God permitted the Devil to appear he engaged, like a spoiled young boy, in the terrible chance that the Devil might well win, after all. It is our vanity to assume that God, knowing he could suppress the devil whenever he chose, created, therefore, the devil, merely to test whether man, his creation, was worthy of his love. What is more interesting by far, is that God wishes to become more than he has been and so he has married his fate to ours against the devil and if the devil wins then we as well as God are lost. It is time for theology to be turned on its head and we must come to try to think that perhaps God is so low as the gism in our nuts - and the devil is so high as the next machine beyond machines which resides at present in the consciousness of some cold isolated hate-filled and icily psychotic young engineer.

God wishes to become more than he was - that's why he allowed Eve to drive Adam out of Paradise. The woman in God had to range out over the universe in order to find a better lover than Adam.

The ordinary (FDR) genius has extraordinarily developed connections, the great genius has a spirit, which brought him across the pole of his nature.

A safe-opener does it with his ears.

The universe is an imperfect creation and God is engaged in a destiny in which he may succeed or fail or half-succeed or dreary almost fail, and we are parts of his past, left behind in his movement, and yet we make the future for as we improve or impoverish the structure given us, so we provide energy, we give nourishment back (or forward into the future) we give red or white to the blood of God.

"Creations" of time occur as the result of significant decisions.

A productive circuit of energy is a new organization of past experience which is capable of reacting superiorly to new experience.

Cortes' conquest of Mexico may have been due to the vast homosexual wave which passed through the Indians at the presence of the White Man.

Perhaps the function of a pimple is to make one aware of that area of the flesh.

Cancer comes from the confirmed psychological state of repressing pain, pain mental and pain physical, pain nervous and pain emotional. A person who dies of cancer has probably rarely felt sorrow.

We laugh at a fat man because he has so denied his nature (and by nature I mean nothing else than desire since we express our nature when we express our desire); so, the fat man is ludicrous, his desires are unexpressed, and... huge -- huge as his belly

We laugh at a fat man because he has so denied his nature that he must gorge his mouth and glut his belly to satisfy the enormity, the aching vacuum, of what he has not done.

Every desire which is physical demands courage if we are to satisfy it -- for one may be sure -- all of society is on guard one way or another, one limb or organ or another to keep us, and most painfully, cruelly, unfairly from reaching that toward which we lust.

Pimps are mothers

Church

Church

A temple (Time-pull) gives a solitary, indeed a punctiliar view of existence-- it demands of people that they conceive of the multiplicities of their existence as ~~fx~~ existing for no more, no less, indeed for precisely the preordained emphases which will illumine and unify their multiplicities. But the wise Catholic would then argue that the existence illumines the point in a subtle new way, enriches it--still another angel dances on the head of a pin-- Because the multiple existence has come to the point of the temple, the multiple need not be contradicted nor denied, it need only be interpreted by the vision of the point.

Church

A justification for forbidding divorce - unhappy marriages sometimes produce very strong-willed and tenacious children who can hew to a difficult or unpopular course for many years since indeed they are accustomed to living with unhappiness - so the Catholic might argue that the misery of many marriages can give issue nonetheless to admirable fruit --- the final question in all Catholic versus Hip arguments is Tempo - do we go fast (which means to trust the human instinct for the future) or do we go slow (which is to put our trust in the past, in institutions - in authority)

## The Church

So many "good" Catholics, particularly Catholic professionals (bankers, lawyers, cops, etc.) hate the Church unconsciously, because of its frightening mystical element, and therefore are good social Catholics exactly because of their guilt about fleeing from the mystery. This schism exists within the Church which has its professional and its mystical antagonists--each using / each other. 11

COLL work

The literary life is for the nourishment of minor writers. I do not sneer at this: being of a religious turn of mind, I believe there is a purpose to everything which lives, even if the purpose of half the universe be evil, // and so, minor writers lead their literary life and fulfill some purpose--anyone who wishes to take the trouble can find small corners where they are very effective. But still the truth must be told about them. They are miserable people. ~~quite~~ terrible when you get down to it. I know no examples of animal or human life ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> are equally cowardly and equally vicious if you measure the action against the pretension. etcetc

COL WORT

In collection : the story about man who lost his head.

Collected Work

The notes on the bullfight might come after the One piecee.

6  
Col Work (on being champion)

Gore Vidal knows nothing about life, Truman Capote is willing to say nothing about life, Tennessee Williams is legitimately terrified of the very real message he has, Kerouac while vital is an emotional liar, Gold is ~~over~~-ambitious but insignificant, James Jones has lost (I believe temporarily) the outrage and the passion of Eternity, Saul Bellow is too frightened of the empire to be ever more than profoundly cute, Styron (an extraordinary talent) has yet to prove his courage, Nelson Algren resists the bold step forward and so remains a heavyweight Saroyan, Ralph Ellison enjoys being a litterateur too much to shake the house, Paul Bowles cannot create characters--only situations (but what situations!)--it seems I have succeeded in leaving only myself. Yet there is not one of those writers who is not superior to me in charm and imagination.

Let's always  
describe a Christmas tree

Vance Bourjaily is I think  
over-tolerant

6  
Col Work.

I would say that if there is a single clue to my nature it is that I am rootless by environment, yet childlike in my hunger to find root, even as I feel contempt for all who have already found their home. My parents are Jewish, but my mother grew up in a small town in New Jersey which was populated heavily (in her childhood) by the Irish and the Germans and she has

### Collected Work

The average writer probably starts to write with the idea that he would justify his own existence. For his own feelings have been extraordinary and he would not let life pass without making others aware of what he has experienced. He starts to write because he is interested in presenting a unique view and thus indirectly adding to the total of human consciousness. But as he develops, he realizes that his experience is not so unique, so outraged, as he once thought, at least not yet--it is still within an average social scope. This is the critical fork for the writer--at this point in his career, if the writer has real talent, he can go on to search for experience, for the invariably painful, punishing or dangerous experience which fits the private outlaw in ~~the dungeons~~ of his character--or else, and this is what most writers do, which is why there are so few good ones, he can go on to write in the way that others expect of him.

DIALOGUE

# Dialogue

Dialogue.

"I wanted to grope her, but in a therapeutic way, you know, man, like with lust.

## Dialogue

A husband talking about screwing while his wife was in post partem hospital, and he never told her. "I wanted to, I wanted to be honest, but man that's all petty guilt. And to have satisfied those petty guilts would have created a catastrophe.

BOLLICH

Notes on the Bullfight:

Currents of energy flow not only between the bullfighter and the bull but between the bullfighter and the public. This is true of all public spectacles, but for the bullfight it is most true. Certain bullfighters give the public energy, or courage-- what Manolete gave them was therapy-- he voided their anxiety, he brought them close to death because he always fought as death itself, and so in voiding their deepest anxieties-- since indeed the fear of death is the deepest anxiety-- he gave them the gift of being able to change a little, to become what they wished to become (since their anxieties were appeased, and we can change only in those relaxed moments when our anxiety is at rest) and so he was adored most of all, because other bullfighters give us their personality, their courage, their arrogance, their love of the fight, their sexuality, but Manolete drained the terror of the public (merely listen to the Aiiiigh of their Ole when he fought) and so gave the public life to change themselves.

The kill is the orgasm of the <sup>fight.</sup> fuck. The man goes in over the horns, his life-giving roots are exposed to the explosive powers of the bull's head and the bull's horn. In a proper kill the man's balls and the bull's horns are couched in an embrace for an instant. But this is the proper kill which is almost never seen.

Descabellar is the antithesis of this-- instead of a fuck, an execution; in place of the orgasm the assassination.

### Notes on the Bullfight

The bullfighter gives life to the audience when he is good--that is why he is so hated when he is bad. He is depriving them of the bit of life they gambled their hard-earned money to buy at the bull-fight plaza.

### Notes on the Bullfight

What may be added to the note on maturity, is that one gives of one's energy because one has come to live with the depressing knowledge that the vast ambitions, the ambitions of adolescent enthusiasm are impossible ~~for one~~-- simply, cruelly, in the world of effective action, one is not nearly so large and so strong as one would like to be. So the grim decision is taken to produce other human beings who will be better than oneself, and so more capable of changing the world. But at best there is a powerful sadness to maturity; at worst the kind of depression where one would like to smash another man's head in if only one were strong enough.

### Notes on the Bullfight

Dominguin fights like a most expensive call-girl. He is elegant, silky, arrogant, and at times exquisite in the promise he gives of sensuality for himself and his passing mate. He fights with his thighs, he caresses the bull in the feminine undulating advance of his thighs-- a man watching him must, if he is honest, admit the depressing knowledge that the most loyal of wives might not be proof to the test of being along with Dominguin for an hour or two. I believe that is why he is so hated.

## Notes on the Bullfight

I have no patience with the apologists of bullfighting. One cannot pick up a book in English about the bullfight without hearing absurd defenses such as that the bull does not really suffer much, that few bulls are killed relative to the number of cattle slaughtered each year to satisfy our stomachs, and that fox-hunts are also hard on animals as I read in an English book on the subject.

It is precisely the cruelty of the bullfight which gives it meaning. To anyone who does not believe that life is cruel, the bullfight must inevitably be a horror. And indeed even to the American who believes life is cruel, the bullfight may often be too arbitrary in its statement. Even the gloomiest of Americans has a peculiar optimism--often he is gloomy because life is cruel and progress so slow.

But a Spaniard or a South American Indian sees life only as cruel, and only as doomed, and the death in twenty minutes of an animal as alive and brave as a good many bulls on their entrance into the arena, is the foundation of the symbolic, indeed even the religious drama he witnesses-- at least when the bullfight is good. Like the ancient Hebrews and every other people who see life as something which advances to its cruel implacable justice (or injustice) the life giving emotions are best aroused by sacrifice, by expiation. So one approaches the bullfight best by recognizing its cruelty and living with it-- this is what ~~life~~ life is we can feel as we watch it, and so be moved by the occasional beauty of the senses which can be extracted from so grim an attitude.

On the other hand, the sort of American who announces their detestation for the bullfight, generally with ~~the~~ the flip remark, "if I went to a bullfight, it would only be to see the bullfighter get hit by the bull," often revolt me, because the only bad taste which deserves the name is to accept glibly the death of men or women about whom one knows nothing. And that such Americans invariably declare next their love of animals, and their preference to animals over humans, compounds the lack of feeling. Anyone who really knows animals has sensed sooner or later that the animal ~~xxxx~~ who lives with man has as his most intense desire the urge to be equal to man. Like children nothing so depresses an animal so much as to be denied any promise of such future equality, to be treated as an animal. ~~Anyone~~ who doubts this is advised to buy a poodle. So one can hardly prefer animals to people in the deepest sense, because the noblest quality of animals is their urge to become more than they are, even as this is true for any man or woman who feels himself alive.

Of course, the bullfight is cruel. An animal is murdered--he can be brave or cowardly, beautiful or ugly, it does not matter--his flanks covered with blood, his last breaths entering his lungs with the burning pain of his last fatigue, he goes to his death. And if we love animals we can then love the bullfight, because there is truly so much of life here, ~~for~~ <sup>and</sup> man himself is murdered, except that the process takes on the average of seventy years and one generally dies in bed, but we all know at the heart of our being that the organs which went bad and the nerves which ~~deteriorated~~ deteriorated and the skin which dried into wrinkles and the loins which ached with the pain of an old thief were aged by the cruelty of others which we were not strong enough to repay, even as we in our turn searching for life have had over and over the agonizing dilemma of being cruel to ourselves or cruel to others, cruel to ourselves which is self-murder. or cruel to others. More than one malicious

More than one malicious remark at a cocktail party transferred the biochemical equivalent of poison from one person's liver to another.

Notes on the Bullfight

Athletes like artists are children, that is to say they are narcissists and whatever maturity they possess is at the expense of their athletic talent. Maturity of course being defined as the characteristic decision to give of one's energy to others without any real expectation that the loan will be repaid ~~xx~~ very soon.

## Marion

With the boxer or the juvenile delinquent, there could be this interesting business--to wit, the kid allows himself to be bugged by Marion, and this kicks off a violence of shame, ~~and~~ released control, and the need to displace the violence Marion has thrust into him. So as the signs appear, Marion wearily, wisely, with a cool terror, is ready.

Marcin

A section where Faye as the free healer takes a hopeless homosexual like Toby S., who cannot even enter a man's hole, and by working on him, getting him to the point where he can bugger by being buggered, he moves him on to going in a woman while being buggered (Pat Ward?) and then finally withdraws, and Toby remains flying.

## Marion - prison

The guard who smuggles the pot into prison believes he is smuggling in only cigarettes--he is a churchgoer although he wears a pistol on his hip. Marion has a relation with a man who was to be electrocuted, and had been in the death-house--in the background for the prison panel is the executioner, the hangman.

Marion in prison

a visit from his mother--she has had an affair with Sergius- she doesn't tell him, but he knows this after she mentions running into Sergius in New York.

--he also learns that he is descended from the Marquis de Sade

--the homosexuality, the dirty books--gotten from prison librarian--and the pot in prison.

--sending the card to Sergius.

Sergius

Sergius is the open narcissist, materialistic rather than mystical. As the book opens he has been on a TV show--has had a Kinescope done of him--it cost \$500, but he studies it by the hour

The Pat Ward character could end up being married to the analyst, or could it start that way, that is with her married to him and switching over to Marion for awhile.

Sergius

A guy going into a bathroom in bar to work off the tongue tensions in him as a cocksucker. That is, he locks himself in a stall, takes out a pocket mirror, and exercises his tongue in lewd gestures.

The Shaun Sergius show.

Eating snacks on it--balancing his nerves against his speed.

Playing instruments.

Interviewing a model named Holcomb:

I made sure to pronounce her name as Whole-Come, and indeed she had that soft round aura of the overall which suggested that her orgasms ~~would~~ might well be a roll into ripple out of roll and she rather warm and welcome in her whole come. Her first name was Nancy and there was something assy and faggy about her too. The man in her was a fag, and so I found her boring, the way women who are too feminine were always boring to me.

Sergius

TV star - like a Steve Allen, loves to take chances,  
talk pleasantly to the audience while goosing the  
ass of a beautiful babe. With angelic puss like  
Erin O'Brien.

Story

Sergius could get to his TV post by his column in  
a Village paper.

Novel Form

Marion goes from man to ~~man~~ woman as he learns sex and the unlocking of himself from each of them. The movement is, of course, progressive- he seeks to solve each new block.

## Novel Form

The overall pattern of the novel could be Marion Fage emerging from homosexuality as S.O.S. descends into it.

## Novel Form

The vision which dominates the book, and unfolds by degrees, is mentioned at the very beginning as happening to Marion in prison. Only much later, do the details emerge-- he was being buggered.

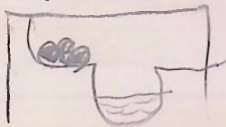
Novel-fair

Marion Faye believes he's a genius--the novel is the novel  
of a man struggling to become a genius.

Analyst

### Germany

German toilet bowls are built to hold the stool until one flushes--i.e. the stool does not drop into water, but rather into the porcelain.



Analysis

Analyst

The Pat Ward character could end up being married to the analyst, or could it start that way, that is with her married to him and switching over to Marion for awhile.

Analyst

The analyst could work on word associations.

Analyst

He represents the link to normal people. His parents are middle-class Jews.

Analyst

The more primitive one's life, obligatorily the more dramatic and overt are the "returns" to infantile behavior.

Analyst

The rate of an analysis depends on the trust the patient has in the analyst.

*Analysis*

One of the ways to solve a neurosis is by defeating oneself- wanting less and there fore getting more of the small, both good and bad.

*Analyst*

The analyst will represent the link to normal people--his parents are middle-class Jews.

Analyst

There is no human resentment greater than being deprived of varied experience. So with the best of intentions an analyst - no matter how correct - must communicate to the patient a certain distaste for the patient's most varied activities. What characterizes most of the analysts I've known is that they lead and have led relatively circumscribed lives. Indeed the essential element of voyeurism present in the good (because curious) analysts nature suggests a general timidity toward life. The common sense of the 19th century understood instinctively that a timid man would spy at a vicarious remove on the lives of others - that natural propensity is blighted by us under the ugly, pathological and (by inference) doomed emphases of such a .....voyeurism.

# Analyst

Obviously there is a relaxation to defeat which enables us to grasp new ideas we could not otherwise comprehend. For when victory is near, we are more likely to fail - so much of ourselves is given over to the awesome calculations of what comes-next ? For victory is so so unfamiliar, and hence so frightening to nearly all of us that we are put in vertigo by it - to come close to victory is to come close to death - at the very least we are overcome by adventures and not all of them are of our choosing - victory therefore makes a whore of us and there are so few of us who have the courage to be happy as the whore - our assholes are too tight.

Analyst

Looking under the bed may be a symbolic expression of the way the child or adult feels violence within themselves - they fear a beast under the bed, even as ~~they~~ there is murder within them, under the surface, beneath the repression ( the mothers) - and indeed the censor is undoubtedly a mother.

Analyst

The analyst has an ex-wife in Mexico or Cuba, or perhaps living on Ibiza, and his daughter visits back and forth-- the daughter is one of the ~~great~~ emotions in his life, and there can be quite a bit on that.

Analyst

Scene between the analyst and his father, a drunken scene where they talk about the past, and how the analyst's first wife was a whore.

The analyst could have achieved a considerable amount of fame at an early age by writing a book called The Saint and the Psychopath.

Analyst

Analysts will usually put the blame on the patient in their theoretical formulations. For example they will say, "Certain homosexuals can not be analyzed into heterosexuals," when all that has been demonstrated is that the analyst did not have the personality, the being to alter that particular homosexual into a man. Indeed perhaps the analyst was not man enough to create a new image of a man for the patient.

Analyst

The stubbornness of a neurosis may well be due to the fact that the neurotic has not only his symptoms, his syndrome, his complex, but that he has accompanying it, a most intense if partial vision, and this is his strength, his "specialness" as well as his weakness.

Analyst

Insanity may be seen as the premature and practically impossible explosion of the "vision". Its roots are in deep impatience and intolerable frustration.

Analyst

For the analyst: At some point he might brood about the money relation in psychoanalysis, and how this worked for middleclass patients, but for any libertarian society of the future, the free healer, ready to make love, would be the necessity.

Analyst

I wonder if it is not true that the deeper we sleep, the more readily we are able to dream about the most buried unconscious material. The reason, of course, being that one can then bring into "the consciousness of the dream" material which would be violently antagonistic to the waking man. So, one of the functions of sleep is to drain the impulses of the unconscious, and when we cannot sleep deeply, one's condition becomes increasingly worse, not only because of fatigue, but because the fertilization of unconscious to conscious is blocked.

Analyst.

cold analyst

A cold analyst leaves a deep depression in the patient's soul.

*Analyst*

Ego is the habits with which one protects oneself.  
People without ego have no protective habits and  
therefore can change fast.

A girl rubbing her ~~knee~~ cunt against her lover's knee  
--this is what she used to do as a child with her  
father.

Analyst

The intellectual evil of psychoanalysis is that  
it has deprived us of the idea of the good in man.

Analyst

Freud has a sense of structure, of quality. Jung  
of quantity.

*Analyst*

Turn Freud on his head - change libido to money,  
oedipus complex with love of proletariat or power,  
etc, etc, and find the anatomy of social psychology.  
Transpose sex to production.

Analyst

Analysis makes people older -- that is why so many  
analysands end in resignation.

Analyst

I have read thousands of ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ pages of case histories in psychoanalysis- I have still to find a line or a word which even suggests that the beauty or ugliness of a person's face might have a little to do with their character, their neuroses, and their lives.

*Analyst*

I choose to be brave because it is the only way that  
I as a tender middle-class child can find the life  
experience which will fulfill the novelist in me.

*medical genius*

Analyst

In life there are many sources of energy - to wit - the quick rebuilding of the body. But sex is first. After comes money, power, prestige, children, etc.

Analyst

One can hardly write a detailed psychology without a knowledge of the calculus, and the relationship of functions.

Analyst

The problem of anal-erotic characters whose pleasure in anal sensations was unusually great in infancy and then show orderliness, stinginess, obstinacy is why ? Is it the total social condemnation of shit? Does this result in a diminution of er-energy because much experience must be suppressed. "damned - up" and another waste of energy is in the static mental energies necessary to maintain the dam.

Analyst

Freud's American constipation- he knew America was too complex a phenomenon for himself to comprehend.

Analyst

Any man who masturbates tends to make himself  
masochistic, female, feminine homosexual.

ARTIST

artist

The aim of any artist of interesting ambition is to explore precisely the opposite of his origins, to cross the spectrum of his personality from the known experience of his own life to the more mysterious and therefore more exciting experience of people very different from himself.

A

Whatever is the dominant, the "historic" i.e. ~~that~~  
the faith which is the maker of history in a culture  
or civilization is of course the faith which supports  
and corrupts the artist. So, as the Church was mother  
to the Renaissance artist, so are Hollywood and the  
mass media the corrupters and supporters of the  
American artist, even as the Soviet bureaucrat is the  
arbiter of the Soviet artist.

BOXING

Boxing

## Boxing

Some fighters are instinctively talented actors, some are poor. ~~In trouble, the instinctive boxer considers the expression of~~ When a boxer is in trouble, it is dangerous to gauge his condition by the expression on his face, unless one has a sense of him.

Boxing

Boxing

A headguard protects the brains, but dulls the speed of the orgasm reflex.

Boxing

Boxing

There must be a prizefighter in the novel--perhaps on the style of Ray Robinson.

Boxing

Boxing: The dumb spot in a fighter's rhythm is the dead or dangerous spot--hitting him in this part of his reflex may galvanize his stupidities or blunt him further--But to hit at the beginning of the dead spot is usually good.

## Boxing

Boxing: When the bell ends a round, the fighter who gets his ass around first is getting a charge from the other.

Boring

Boxing:

A young fighter usually reveals his feelings for the other fighter at the last bell, at that moment he loves him, hates him, is contemptuous, sad, frustrated, what-have-you.

Boxing

### Boxing

A second can take little edges away from his fighter by losing little seconds--not having the seat down exactly in time (the fighter loses those valuable little sagging half-seconds after the round when he was set to relax.) Or by giving too much ammonia, being off the beat on his advice, botching the cuts a tiny bit, etc.

Boxing

Boxing: When a fighter turns his back in the ring, the other man cannot hit him--but this is contrary to gang fighting where most of them started. So the guy who doesn't do it, resents it because he knows that the fighter is getting a charge by exposing his ass.