

and reportage, but to show man ~~the~~
~~within his daily life~~ within his daily life which is, ultimately,
 all he has.

C

T

E

Good observation about
 how we bounce from object
 fear to ecstasy and everything
 in between - the human condition

10/70 - Philosophy of Conception

The emotions of tears, pain, boredom, love,
 bitterness in the ordinary everyday world tea ceremony
 are the same as the philosophical anger, jealousy,
 intense rivalry on the ship. To cry out the deepest
 human fear: I am lonely & scared of death -- &
 then to eat a rice meal cooking for happiness. Or after
 the highest human ecstasy of love & orgasm, to anger
 because a fly won't give you peace as the sea is
 small enough.

2nd Novel -

9/24/70:

I must as I write this novel, have circumvented Daled &
 disappeared. But where do I stand - Daled is going to
 commit suicide as an act of life. After he commits suicide I have
 to find what there is in his life that there hasn't yet been in
 my life which would keep me from following him.

From my past I create Daled. But ~~in that~~ in that
 creation I want to give Daled a life which I can seek as my
 future. Daled, created in the present, from the past, will become
 my future.

12/70 - Life was born in the completion of the 1st novel

An artist will be born in the completion of the second

1/71 - There is a tendency to rush once the goal is sighted -- &
 resulting entrapment by book. Slowly - the final inch of
 Selhenzetsyn.

1/71 - I sometimes feel I'll never know these 2 well enough. There are
 so many unexplored sides in too many. Just as I begin to know them,
 they shine of something of which I want more. They are aware
 & then I have to explore that aspect: making sure, however, not to make
 it further exploration.

1/14/71

You produce a great work of art, and your first
 reaction is pride & pleasure at your genius.
 Your second is an unbearable remorse at the
 truth and pathos of the work you've created.

2/5/71 - The writer stands back, and objectively observes &
 portrays helpless people. Caught ~~in~~ mystically in path
 of judgement. He creates it lucidly & accurately, and
 in artistic detachment. But he can never be
 other than those trapped. ~~no matter how godlike his dignity~~

4/15/71

Daled is the intellectual who with clarity, has seen the
 lifestyle (his lecture portrays it) but is unable to see how
 he isn't living it. For example he is trapped between with
 sheets warm: in the lecture he wants never to become
 complacent like "warm sheets on a cold Nile."
 He is aware of the necessity of concavity, yet his

It's interesting to think of Daled as
 created from your past - in a way I can
 see this, but I always thought of him
 as an independent character. I can
 see pieces of you in him, and pieces
 of us (kind of our worst fears) in his
 relationship with Selma, but I think you
 did a great job here of crafting two
 characters who were NOT us.

too hard for me to read

This is good, the creative process is partly
 self-congratulatory, but partly full of sorrow
 at the truths the creation reveals

can't read this one

You're beginning to think about Daled's
 strengths and limitations

This shows the emptiness of words without action, of intellectualizing without translation into living.

Crs

Phrasing in the lecture is often abstract: or the word fate, & his talk of freedom & its limitations. It sounds excellent. But he doesn't come close to believing or living it.

C

The lecture is abstract. The lives are concrete. However, as author, even when Daled isn't specific, I must always be in control of his non-specificity, juxtaposing it against the concreteness of their lives.

T

The ending:

interesting that at what I assume is an early point you're already speculating about how to craft the ending.

C

his part slipped from the rack and now that's why did he go outside: was it to clean the bird feeder or to pick a flower? had he finally realized how his life had become from philosophy. why did he walk past the bird feeder: was it drifting mind, a challenge? Selma told me I didn't need to like philosophy myself, to push the flowers.

hard to read

Does he slip or jump. Does it make a difference?

Does the reader ever have hope his just going to pick a flower or clean the bird feeder?

I have had 12 orgasms in 4 days. These last days, trying to pull the novel together are a PAINFUL EXPERIENCE, like when a huge mountain is climbed. The higher altitude makes it harder to breathe, there is increased tension because of the danger, each small action becomes more important & more difficult because there is further to fall. Also you want to go faster when in fact, from necessity, you have to go slow.

Daled: knowledge who will: dreams distractions.

Selma: reaction against knowledge who will.

as do we all!

Both want more.

for Daled his dreams are like his life. a passive, distracted cluttered. For him dream & reality are one. in his level of existence