

1.ALL NOTEBOOKS 4-29-09
KYOTO NOTEBOOKS MAY 1964- JULY1971
BOX 1 FOLDER 7 to BOX 3 FOLDER 7
SLAC==SCENES OF LIFE AT THE CAPITOL
ISBH==IMAGINARY SPEECHES FOR A BRAZEN HEAD

1

Box 1 F 7 SF Kyoto 1964- May 1969
Small brown lined paper spiral bound PENCIL HARD TO READ.

4 V 64

Yesterday & today I burned about four reams of paper –journals, short stories, uncompleted novels—junk that I’ve been carting about with me for 24 years.

28:V: 67

Finished final draft typescript of ISBHead.

1:8

9 II 66

In the coffee house where I write this, a big bouquet of red, pink and white cabbage roses blooms beside a liver-colored bust of Beethovena copy of death mask [also liver colored] hangs under the loudspeaker which—just now—is trying to reproduce Ravel: monsoon blows & sprays outdoors.

The Beethoven effigies warn me

CAVEAT EMPTOR

Between the cabbage roses & Beethoven’s bust is the plastic reproduction of a wooden signpost which supports a tiny centigrade thermometer & a cute squirrel with a wide bushy tale. Suspended from the messageless signboard, a pink plastic rose . . . doubtlessly one of the kind impregnated with a violent-smelling “deodorant”

This collection stands atop a tiny glass showcase full of pastry, bread, spade-shaped display jars of mortified coffee beans, and the plastic model of a cello & bow supported in a black plastic stand. There’s a pink bow-tied to the neck of the cello, a slanting reference to a poem by Ezra Pound?

CAVEAT EMPTOR

I remember—naturally—Olson’s marvelous poem, To RAINIER, THERE AMONG EUROPE’S THINGS . . . & quite naturally the phonograph is doing Saint-Saens DANSE MACABRE

{CAVEAT}

the dust of it, the hidden wretchedness, guilty & silly . . .

In this town it's all out in the open, the poverty, brutality & wickedness—the beauty –I repeat—is what I bring to it, & here “IT” is only wood & paper, stones & water, shrubs & trees—most of the statuary is undistinguished except as it helps remind me of who I am, what I'm really doing here &c.

And they continually sprinkle water on everything to keep the dust down & spend lots of hours wiping all the wood, sweeping & mopping

These palaces & temples & shrines even survive the daily pressure of several thousand eyes and feet marching through the gardens, the porches, the floors every man woman & child . . . no less than [it seems] 18 billion a year . . . comes to Kyoto walks through these buildings & gardens

How come the garden paths aren't worn down into trenches? How come the migration of 11 trillion footsteps [as it was the day I visited those thousand Buddhas at Sanju Sangendo—footsteps & eyes & giggles which made the wooden weather godlings tremble, their fragile 13th Century haloes shiver & quake--& on one porch of that same building they had archery contests, shooting at many arrows as they could from East to West, 24 hours—a garment of wooden roof-bracketing lives in a glass case, the bow & arrows beside it, which frayed & chewed the wood until it had to be replaced. An archery contest 700 years! Nobody is quite sure why—except it was hard to do and lots of fun.

As Tibetans paint or carve

OM MANI PADME HUM

On rocks which they pile into cairns or “prayer walls”

CAVEAT DEMONII

A BRILLIANT RIFF I HAD TO TYPE IT OUT IT'S SO FUNNY & RIGHT ABOUT WHY HE LOVED KYOTO.

FROM HERE ON HE DISCOURSES ON THE MUSIC & INDIAN MUSIC & NOH DRAMA MUSIC BRILLIANTLY ANALYSING IT & ITS EFFECTS.

. . . this music is absolutely otherworldly—as is the whole effect of a No performance. It just calmly comes on & says “Here's this no universe, which has always been here, & since it isn't going anywhere, it will always be where it is . . . temporarily here now . . .

THE REST OF THE NOTEBOOK IS FILLED WITH EXCITED DISCOVERIES BY WHALEN (W/SNYDER & HIS VISITING CHINESE TEACHER AT SOME POINT) AND FURNISH AMPLE REASONS WHY PW WAS THRILLED BY JAPAN. HE KEEPS COMING BACK TO VIOLENCE & EARTHQUAKES & WAR AS BEING PRESENT IN THE TEMPLES SHRINES ETC.

“The roof, ...is reminiscent of Melanesian buildings.

However much the shrine may remind one of the Pacific Traditions, it is always constructed with such precision & finish as to remove any notion of a “primitive” feeling. These are very old in style & tradition, but are kept up so well that they are like pieces of abstract sculpture.

Being empty, they are truly frightening. (The dark closet we feared when we were children. The spooky attic. The room which Bluebeard forbade his wife to open. Pandora’s box.) There really is an *okami-sama* in each one—there couldn’t be possibly anything else. I’m reminded, of course, of the Ark of Covenant & that curtain room in Solomon’s first temple, which the priest entered once a year, and where he fearfully pronounced the Divine Name—secretly, “under his breath”.

THIS REMINDS ME OF SOME OF THE ITALIAN CHURCH SITES IN WALES WITH FORBIDDING & MASSIVELY POWERFUL STONE CIRCLES OUTSIDE IN THE FIELD. OR THAT DARK HORRIBLE ITALIAN CHURCH WHERE I WALKED OVER THE GRAVE OF A PRIMITIVE PRIEST & FELT THE DEATH & DESTRUCTION UNDER MY FOOT—A TRULY FRIGHTENING MOMENT. THE VIOLENCE IN SOME OLD ITALIAN CHURCHES IS OVERWHELMING THE DARK ENERGIES BOILING UP.

BOX 1 FOLDER 8

VI:66

QUESTIONS

1. Is the Japanese culture entirely synthetic?

I seem to feel that there’s a deep & dark “native” culture that keeps fleeing, or disguising itself—puts on many layers of different colored kimonos—

THE LIST GOES ON ABOUT MUSIC ETC. PUZZLING OUT CULTURAL ISSUES. HE WORRIES ABOUT JAPANESE NEEDS FOR POWER & SOCIAL CLASS, esp. WAR MILITARY POWERS

{Contrariwise, there’s so much class feeling—in the sense of SNOBISME—so much sense of hierarchy, & so much emotion involved with it, that they may all prefer capitalism & war, just as Americans do} it’s hard to guess.

This is the prime example of why Whalen stayed as long as he could. He was really excited & inspired & motivated. I wish I could type all these several pages.

BOX 1:9

ACCOUNTS OF LSD ETC.TRIPS.

The notebook has diagram of LSD formula INSIDE COVER.

4:40 A.M. 30 June 1967

3 minutes ago I was loaded out of my gourd. Beads & vajras help.

Higher & higher.

Birds fly through me. I am

Surrounded by angelic and demonic

Presences –as usual--

. . .

6:50 Zen World: one ear says

to the other ear {across a great

distance}

“hello?”

“are you still there?

8:55

conscious production of “demons” “hallucinations” &c. &c by shutting ears & eyes & pressing on nostrils alternately –but throughout whole past few minutes I’ve been invoking prajnaparamita mantra upon all of it.

Beads == snake, insect & fish

Worlds –also many universes—

I was born in a number of different worlds in order to enlighten them . . . even as I retrace my own phylogeny &c &c join with the Dakini

NOTEBOOK ENDS ON HIS WORRY ABOUT THE KITAMURA FAMILY OUSIDE DOING YARD WORK PRUNING HAS HE FRIGHTENED THEM?

“I FEAR MY SEANCING FRIGHTENS THEM.”

TORN OUT SHEETS CONTINUE FROM SMALLER NOTEBOOK(S).

AS FAR AS I KNOW NOT RECOPIED INTO BOUND NOTEBOOKS OR MS.

Took a trolley & bus safely to G.S.S. his house but he wasn’t in—also wondered if had I the right number of heads, arms & legs showing?

HE GOES TO TEMPLES & SHRINES WITH HILARIOUS & WONDERFUL ACCOUNTS OF WHAT HE’S SEEING & EXPERIENCING.

At Koto-In giant mushrooms in a mossy dell—I know what they’re dreaming!

2:55 I've been sitting in the teahouse listening to jet airplanes & doves—flowers in tokonoma & a scroll that says

[kana characters]

contented, "happy as if I had good sense"

3 JUNE 1967

20 MG PSILLOCYBIN

WONDERFUL ACCOUNT OF WHIMWHAMS.

MY FAVORITE IS:

5 Shamenising with shakujo & doughnut bell & dorje: rhythms, dances, no words

5A NEWS! While dancing with sad slow garden rocks, I could hear Aeschylus. I got his book from the shelf & found AGAMEMNON chorus line 351-352 & dug the rhythm—wanted to read translation later

sideways margin note: also dug, suddenly, the really right tempo & phrasing for some Brahmsian passage--& dug his IDEA, what music he heard!

{LATTIMORE, p 45

Chorus "my Lady, no grave man could speak with better grace. I have listened to the proofs of your tale, and I believe." . . . }

And then this note also has something to do with his subsequent Kyoto works:

3 & 4: VI: 67

song is in separate syllables.—a recall of hearing tape of Allen & M—singing mantras—but also reminiscent of Indians [American aboriginals] singing—certainly the heavy trochaic beat I was receiving is the same feeling W.C. Williams "heard" or was listening to when he put down iambics as the supposed "natural English rhythm"

I think the rhythmic principles in my own poems is the same beat, the same consciousness of a great many fast elements as that SONG—I've been afraid my poems weren't really poems, weren't really the divisions of time & measure – real metric invention which I thought they were, which I intended them to convey—but I see they are all right in that respect after all—

BOX 1:10

Dewey Canoe Trip Bonkers poem opens notebook. Sans name as title.

9:IX: 67

...

11:IX:67 NUMBERED PAGES IN NOTEBOOK PERHAPS FOR RETRIEVAL FOR SLAC? OR SIGN HE TRANSFERRED MATERIALS FROM LOOSE-LEAF PAGES? LATER HE STATES WHERE / WHEN HE DOES THIS TRANSFER.

STORY ABOUT PAUL DESMOND BEGGING TO COME HOME TO SF WITH BRUBECK TOLD BY LEW WELCH. SOUNDS LIKE A JAZZ MYTH RE HIPNESS OF CALIFORNIA VS. NY HORROR.

Then: p. 9

On & on. The Modern Jazz Quartet. Cannonball Adderly. Eric Dolphy. Sonny Murray. Maybe these last pick up on Stravinsky's Harvard lectures of 20 years ago: the biggest kicks in music is RHYTHMIC INVENTION: the tune is the easy part, etc.

Which, I hope, is what my poetry is, if anybody had ears to hear, feet to tap. * Chaucer, Skelton, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Pope, Shelley, Blake, Hopkins, Yeats. * Robinson Jeffers, (p.10) Thos. S. Eliot up until Ash Wednesday. Cummings, Crane, Williams & embracing the gap between Hopkins & Williams is Mlle. Gertrude Stein. Does E. Pound have a look-in?

NOTE TO SELF:

Cancel the foregoing, from which, "I hope" until 'look-in"

Charles Lloyd {tenor sax} quartet at Monterey FOREST FLOWER—L.C. A SEXY VOICE; MORE FUN & C. THAN MUCH ELSE TONIGHT.

10:X:67

"Where there is Nothing there is God," Mr. Yeats retails this Irish folk expression.

II:X:67 That's all of that gloomy history. Let us
now begin with the real truth about reality
something very different, quite unexpected
"suddenly: ignorance."

*

Why did MR GEEZIL hate J.

WELLING WIMPY: ["He is

Flies in my soup!"]

Speech, by ALICE THE GOON:

THE SEA HAG was POPEYE'S nemesis

[TERRY & THE PIRATES contended against
THE DRAGON LADY . . . SHERLOCK HOLMES
With DR.MORIARTY]

Hart Crane vs. Marianne Moore & Harriet Monroe;

A titanic struggle!

WHALEN'S STRANGE JUMPCUT FROM "REAL" TO MEMORIES OF POPEYE COMICS IS INSPIRED. MOCKING USE OF CARTOON CHARACTERS AND CONVENTIONS TO PARODY POETRY HISSY FITS BETWEEN EDITORS & POETS ECHOES MCCLURE'S COMMENTS ABOUT THE INFLUENCES OF THOSE 1930S -190S- 1950S CARTOONS IN HIS PW POETRY.

MCCLURE "POETRY OF THE 6" THE BEAT GENERATION GALLERIES AND BEYOND, JOHN NATSOULAS PRESS, 1996, DAVIS, CALIFORNIA. MCCLURE WRITES:

Those poems that he [PW] was reading and that I was hearing for the first time, seemed to owe as much to Krazy Kat and Smokey Stover as they did to the Patriarchs of Zen and Williams Carlos Williams. p.69

12:10: 67

WHALEN THEN GOES INTO A DESCRIPTION OF DOJOJI, A NO PLAY, AS IF THIS WERE A CARTOON STRIP WITH MUSICAL NOTATIONS "PLOK" ETC FOR SOUNDS & DRUMS & STICKS

P.20-21 SEGUES INTO "PASSENGERS...TO REFRAIN" FROM SLAC. WHERE RADCIAL PAMPHLETS ARE FORBIDDEN ON TRAINS. THEN:

This thing of me and you and nasturtiums—a sudden

Brilliant, color slide projection

almost life size

There you bent above a great mass of blossoms

round-leaf elegant jungle

accidentally mixed with sculptured Karli

authentic story record of

imaginary history:

stones and light irrationally equal balance. . . .

The awkward sensations of throttling, dying

weeping and trembling and sweating and

failure and loss

lack all connection with reality, yet I say

these and not my illness, age or nerves

are killing me,

a hopelessness, sentimentality I despise

It pretends to permanence, a rigid

systems, take a cold bath it

will go away

At Karli the rigid stones burst into flesh

rounds the rocks all dancing

into sand

“It still moves!”

* * *

There is this thing about how those figures were us and will be again while you or I momentarily appear and vanish in a flash of light, as another slide showed you and John Chappell still alive at the beach, and then that picture vanished, replaced by Saigon pagoda, then suddenly to return a second time, as a bright as ever, you and John and another woman sitting on his other knee I presume it was his wife, who as far as I know is now living as we are and all mixed up with blues sky *sanchi* tope

Walking in the smokey sunrise I imagine myself hugging the projectionist, weeping & sobbing, “Yes, yes, I understand! I understand! Together and apart, flesh & stone, light & dark—life & death all of it a mistake of the developing lab all simultaneous on the tokonoma wall.” Trying to tell him I understand, then going immediately away. [The sentimentality becomes more obvious] All abstractly he had only the accidental pictorial interest in mind, no thought of you or John or me—possible a pleasant recollection of Karli . . . I don’t want to embarrass him a magic illusion fire wheel & dream.

[THIS ENDS HERE P. 26 TOP OF PAGE.]

THIS SEEMS SO EMOTIONAL, PERHAPS JOANNE K IS IN THIS, VIA A PHOTOGRAPH OR MEMORY I’M NOT SURE IT COULD BE A GRIEVING MATE. GRIEF, MOURNING, CHANGED ROLES & GENDERS: CHAPPELL DIED IN MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT RE SNYDER’S POEM

14: X: 67.

COMMENT: THE NOTION OF SLIDE SHOWS, SLIDES OVERLAID ON A NARRATIVE, SEEMS TO BE A RETURNING IMAGE FOR PW. HE USES IT IN “KOZANJI” BUT MANY OTHER PLACES TOO. ONE WONDERS IF HE SAW MANY SLIDE SHOWS IN HIS TEMPLE & CULTURAL EXPLORATIONS OR IS THIS HIS EXTRAPOLATION FROM U.S. MEDIA PRACTICES ETC

22:X: 67

p. 32

THEY ARE GOLD

Buddhas 7 bodhisattvas are painted
gold because they represent an
idea corresponding with
our feelings & notions about value

On one side of the coin a meditating Buddha
There is a design of leaves on the reverse

If you set up impossible rules, people will
follow them. "Heal the sick, raise the dead,
cast out demons . . . "

They are gold and they are able to remember
continuously, "what world is it I'm appearing in?"
[You & I forget this fact
we say "dying" & "living.]"

**THIS JOURNAL/NOTEBOOK IS WHITE HOT WITH CONTINUOUS POETRY &/OR INSPIRED WRITING. IT'S AN AMAZING PERFORMANCE.
KYOTO GIVES HIM SO MUCH MATERIAL & IMPETUS.**

4/21/09

**A DREAM OF HIS MOTHER AND FATHER FOLLOWS. THE ABILITY TO DREAM & DAYDREAM & FANTASIZE SEEMS VERY FLUID IN THIS
NOTEBOOK. AGAIN IT APPEARS THAT "GOODY" WAS INVOLVED. I THINK MOSTY BHANG OR HASHISH.**

15:x: 67

A beautiful high all frittered away with
Too many little errands to do
What do I care; I'll just take a little more
A little later

*

Ha ha hee

*

How are you feeling now. Remember how

You felt before you started.

Dumb fat son-of-a-bitch.

Ha ha hee

THE WAR SECTION OF SLAC IS IN HERE, "VIET NAMES GUY FROM VERMONT . . .GOT IT RIGHT IN THE NECK." THE CONFLATION OF OPPONENTS IN THE WAR A VIVID WAY TO DEFLATE WAR'S DIVISIONS OF HUMANITY INTO US & THEM.

DISCUSSION OF BLAKE, GOD, JEWS, P.32

NOTION OF "SPEED OF DHARMA" P. 33.

One's business is not to be a Buddha. The

Thing to do is bodhisattva.

p. 34:

18:X:67 [TRANSCRIBED from loose-leaf (PW's note)]

Pine tree child soaks in teapot

Chrysanthemum perfume autumn soup'

And a boiling snail

That I may live forever

P. 34

SO THIS CONFIRMS THAT MATERIALS FROM LOOSE LEAF FOLDERS ARE INPUTTED IN NOTEBOOK, AND THERE IS A FIRST DRAFT STATE FOR MANY WORKS. ONLY A FEW LOOSE LEAF SURVIVE IN THIS ARCHIVE, NOTABLY THE LSD FOLDER. I DID NOT LOOK AT THE SCRAP FOLDERS IN POETRY BOX. AGAIN, THE ABOVE POEM IS WRITTEN OUT IN NICER CALLIGRAPHY THAN THE WORKS DIRECTLY WRITTEN INTO THE NOTEBOOKS

"SHE BUILDS A FIRE ... TAXI ZOOMS PAST" POEM FOLLOWS. THEN SLAC STORY OF LADY ROCKLADY GIFT ON STREETCAR"THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE CULTURE/LANGUAGE BAR"

36:X: 67

ORPHEUM A POEM ABOUT TRADEMARKS & GRANDMA'S TEACHINGS. SENTIMENTAL & MINOR. BUT WHALEN HAS STRONG EMOTIONAL CONNECTIONS TO THE FEMALE SIDE OF HIS FAMILY, ESP. HIS MOTHER.

Pp. 36-38

LOTS OF SMALL ENTRIES

"MUDRA IS CHILDHOOD" & SEXUAL REVERIES "WORKER WITH HIS GUMBOOTS ON" RIFF HERE & ALL IN OTHER POEMS OR POEMS THEMSELVES.

P.40

13:XI: 67

“FROGCHILD HAS A NEW BROTHER” ETC.**SLAC.**

P. 42

18 XI: 67**NOTES AT SEA, SAILING BACK TO USA.**

... This entire affair of suddenly traveling to Japan, living there & then leaving—still seems “impossible” or improbable or something. It was something which I had planned to do, or for which I had hoped & schemed & passionately demanded,—it simply turned out all unexpected, strange and magical. I can’t really believe it. Why not.

**NOTE: QUOTE THIS IN KOZANJI ESSAY FOR MOTIVATION RE KYOTO
PP. 43-4 PROSE TRAVEL ENTRIES. YOKOHAMA BOAT TRAVEL.**

23 :XI: 67**Thanksgiving seasickness detailed.****25:xi:67****SEASICK.**

I’ve been reading Sir. Thos. Browne, Edwd Gibbon, Lady Murasaki, and the NIHONGI translation. Last night I re-read the preface to THE AMBASSADORS & for the first time I was able to guess what H.J. was driving at. There remained a small percentage of steam & fog & veils, but I felt that I really knew what he meant. “J [ames] prefaces are the hardest reading—except for EUPHUES—which maybe more complicated—of anything in English.

. . . I mean those days when even small western towns possessed an “Opera House” –the oral tradition was with us: there were also sermons & political speeches. Being able to “recite a piece” of poetry was considered a polite accomplishment, acceptable as good drawing-room entertainment, even during my own childhood. Now when the young no longer read, I could read Homer or Shakespeare or Marlowe—or James—to them & they would HEAR these writers. And they would hear my stories about other writers & other gooks . . . N.B. that G.S. appears to believe there are secrets of poetic lore &c. which must not be publicly enunciated—recall his preventing my explanation to Julie about the plant Saturn, the color red, the history of that god, &c &c.

USE OF SAME MATERIALS FOR COMPETENCE TEST FOR STUDENTS, TALKING ABOUT GRAD STUDENTS AT BERKELEY, WHERE I'M TYPING THIS, CULTURAL TALENTS RECITING SHAKESPEARE IN POLITE COMPANY ETC. HE SEEMS TO BE IMAGINING A LIFE AS A TEACHER IN USA.

A DISSECTION OF CLASS DISTINCTIONS AND CLASS WARFARE IN NOVELS TOLSTOY, JAMES AND THE DRAMA OF JAPANESE CULTURE. ALSO SIMILARITIES BETWEEN CULTURES IN REGARD TO SOCIAL CLASS.

[from HJ *The Ambassadors*] ... --an impression now is how European or Russian the general atmosphere they emanated—something like the society scenes in Tolstoy--quite as if the [the Japanese Audience] were just now in the same state of “westernization” or “modernization” as the Russians were experiencing a hundred years ago. *Social stratifications there are so clearly marked. Dress, speech, & style of life are heavily differentiated between the kinds of middle class, lower class & upper class people. [The members of religious orders must, I suppose, be taken as vaguely upper middle class?] And they are all watching each other & watching themselves. It doesn't matter what one does or how well one does it: the important thing is, how does one look while doing it--& of course—with what social class is this activity associated, in the public mind?

Here it comes again...

AND HE GOES TO THE POEM ABOUT LEROI JONES

“blood running down the side of his face.”

INTERESTING SEGUE FROM CLASS CONSIDERATIONS TO THIS THE EFFECTS OF CLASS STRIVING, FAME, REWARDS AND PENALTIES .

NOTE: “Here it comes again...”

THIS EXPRESSION IS USED FREQUENTLY TO NOTE RETURNING FANTASIES, HOPES, & BELIEFS SORT OF VISUAL MANTRAS THROUGHOUT NOTEBOOKS BUT ALSO POEMS. THE ONE I ALWAYS REMEMBER IS HIS DAYDREAM OF A LITTLE CABIN OUT IN THE WOODS—FOR ME THE QUINTESSENTIAL NORTHWEST FANTASY OF MY BROTHERS & PALS TO GET AWAY FROM SOCIETY, LIGHT OUT FOR THE TERRITORIES. PW, HOWEVER, GETS A SENSE OF HELPLESSNESS BECAUSE HE CAN'T STOP THESE CYCLIC HOPES. HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN THEM ANY LONGER, BUT HE WANTS TOO, DESPERATELY AT TIMES.

27 XI 67 at sea, he writes more

Alexandrines:

“Let's do & say we didn't!”

“Let's don't--& say we did!”

HE SEEMS TO ENJOY FINDING ALEXANDRINES, & HE PUTS THEM IN THROUGHOUT HIS JOURNALS. OFTEN HE QUOTES THESE LINES AS A MANTRA. HE ALSO LIKES DISCOVERING ALEXANDRINES HIDDEN IN COMMON NATIVE SPEECH. HERE HE'S COMING BACK TO SF AND I GUESS THAT'S WHY HE'S THINKING OF BERKELEY GRAD STUDENTS ETC. AND PERHAPS SECRET SEX LIAISONS FOR THE FUTURE. “RAISED BEYOND OUR STATION” THE FANTASY OF BEING A PROFESSOR & HONORED PLACE IN SOCIETY, ETC. EVEN AS HE NOTES THE PROFESSORS HE KNOWS LIVE LIVES OF QUIET OR NOISY DESPERATION.

P. 54 HE MAKES LAND,

1: XII: 67 he's in Bolinas.

REACTIONS TO USA AFTER JAPAN ARE MANY TOO MANY TO QUOTE. GENERALLY HE IS A STRANGER NOW, AND TRYING TO ADJUST.

2:XII:67

. . . The sun wasn't quite up—a great roaring pink and salmon commotion in the east . . . This is real luxury, true *richesse*, that we can afford unproductive soil & the color of dawn radiating right out of the empty ground.

THIS IS AN EXAMPLE. THEN HE GETS HIS SOCIAL X-RAY VISION GLASSES ON AND FINDS EXAMPLES OF INSIDE KNOWLEDGE IN HIS LIFE AND THE STRANGE HABITS OF THE WELL-OFF.

17:XII: 67

After having known Mrs. X for some years, I met her at a party where I occasion, properly I believed at the time—to introduce her to Mr. Y. We talked together for a time, then separated in order to 'circulate about, 'talking with other people. Later I talked with Mrs. X again. She told me there had been no point in my introducing her to Mr. Y—after all she told me, "Charley is the father of Cynara." Several years are now gone by since that encounter. Yesterday chez John Armstrong, Mr. X dropped in to talk & have lunch. John Armstrong complimented Mr. X on Cynara's great beauty. John also rather pointedly inquired, "Are you Cynara's father?"—asked twice in a row. Mr. X said, "Yes I am." He said it straightforwardly and calmly. He displayed no emotion but friendliness and ease. * * *

HE HAS A LONG PIECE 59-61 ON BURNING INCENSE, SORT OF A LIST PROSE PIECE HAIBUN TYPE CELEBRATION. HE MISSES THE RITUALS OF KYOTO I WOULD GUESS.

25:XII: 67

Vanity, greed, & egoism have led me into this malebolge of somebody else's fits of insanity & family life. I didn't get far enough away, 6000 miles isn't far enough, they can get you by mail or by telephone. [Christmas doesn't reach however. How beautiful the holidays were in Kyoto: sunshine, beauty, solitude. No hysteria.] Although the Japanese dote on Children & spoil them, children never quite "take over" as they do in American Family. Adults feel free to indulge their own desires & necessities without blaming or entrapping the kids in it all—

13:II: 68 WHALEN DISSECTS THE DUERDEN CLAN. ONCE AGAIN I AM HAPPY PW WAS NOT A CLOSE FRIEND OF MY FAMILY. HE MUST HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT. HE DID TAKE AN INTEREST IN PERSEPHONE, WHO HE MET ONCE, I BELIEVE. HOWEVER IN BOLINAS HE COMES UP SMACK AGAINST THE HERD MENTALITY OF POETS.

12:III: 68

a number of my friends have lately accused me of publishing a great a quantity of poetry . . . I ‘produce’ a great deal &c. &c. How to explain that it isn’t so much a product of ambition, but of dissatisfaction & despair—I still haven’t written what I should have written, all the things that I ought to write . . .

Practice refusing to transmit injuries, bad news, unhappiness, illness, &c.—receive & quietly digest, dispose of it: BREAK THE CHAIN or transmute it—as, for example, the Lady Ukifune in GENJI [at the very end of the book.] I’m happy I burnt incense, 7 recited sutras at Murasaki’s tomb--& offered a chrysanthemum, too. This is what is meant by VALUE, CONNECTION, RECOGNITION, JOY, MEANING, LIFE, UNDERSTANDING &C &C.

THESE TWO ENTRIES MARK BOUNDARIES FOR PW’S KYOTO YEARS AND WHAT HE WAS LEARNING “SAMARICALLY” FOR ME. HE WAS VERY SENSITIVE TO FOLKS’ OPINIONS OF HIS WRITING ETC. & WAS FEARFUL OF THEIR CENSURE.

IT IS ALSO A COMMENT ON THE BOLINAS HIGH SCHOOL OF POETS’ SCENE WHICH THRIVES ON GOSSIP & ALL THE ATTENDANT ATTITUDES. HE HAD NO WHERE ELSE TO LIVE FREE, OF COURSE.

14: IV: 68

INGESTS “STP” WHATEVER THAT CHEMICAL WAS AT THAT TIME. NEVER CLEAR WHAT ANIMAL TRANK OR MUTANT PSYCHEDELIC/SPEED FORMULA “STP” MIGHT HAVE BEEN. IT WAS A NAME USED FOR CRAPPY DOPE IN MY OPINION. PW SUFFERS DEPRESSION ETC. AT END OF “STP”. I’M SURPRISED THAT IS ALL.

P. 76 16:IV: 68

& walking, looking at blossoming rhododendrons—I thought how much I used to love them, to be turned on by them: I depended upon them, consumed them--&now they are only flowers: I’ve been turned on by Kyoto & depend on that feeling & have that necessity until, I guess, the next great beauty gets in my imagination.

START OR END NOTHING IS FOREVER WITH THIS QUOTE. IT IS PERFECT & REALLY GETS PW’S OWN ESTIMATION WHAT IS SO OBVIOUS, THAT HE GOT A NEW LEASE ON LIFE FROM KYOTO & A GLORIOUS REBIRTH AS AN ACCOMPLISHED WRITER, DESPITE HIS OWN VAST AND POWERFUL DOUBTS.

I’M GOING TO HAVE TO CUT BACK ON TYPING OR REALLY GET SOME EXCELLENT CAFFEINE SOON. I DIDN’T GET THE MORNING HOURS IN AT BANCROFT, AND THAT RETARDS MY PROGRESS.

18-IV 68

p. 77-88

NOTES ON *FIVE FOREIGNERS IN JAPAN*. GOWEN U OF WASHINGTON. THIS STORY OBSESSES PW AND HE IMAGINES WRITING A NOVEL BASED ON THESE HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

4 :VI :68

P.W. COMMENTS ON READING & EVENTS OVER THE PAST.

New Gibbon edition, Faulkner memoir, *Platform Sutra* Yampolsky’s, NIHONGI, *Letters of Wallace. Stevens*, rereading *Am Scene* HJ, Gibbon’s *History in its Entirety, Vol. 1 Sources of J. Tradition*, Browne *Religio medici*,

Murti's *Central Phil. Of Buddhism*, Snellgrove's *Hevajra Tantra*, Luk's *Suran Game Sutra*, & HD Thoreau's *Maine Woods*.

5 VI 68

p. 93 Fred Neil Folksinger. PW listening to him. Enjoying the melodies. And an acidic analysis of the SF arts festival & "the city never tires of trying to convince the rest of the world that life here is of a better quality etc. and then lists the vicious & depraved underbelly of corruption & floods of desperately poor & "the illegal activities of whore mongers, politicians, drug peddlers, etc."

ALL OF WHICH WAS TRUE OF SF, AS I LIVED THERE, TOO, AND FLED TO ENGLAND. KYOTO HAD MANY VALUES FOR PW & DOMESTIC TRANQUILITY WAS ONE. THIS PERIOD WAS A BRUTAL TIME FOR ME, LIVING IN FEAR MOST OF MY DAYS, CARRYING ONLY 60 CENTS OR SO TO GET BACK AND FORTH FROM A RIOTING SCHOOL (SF STATE) & BUY CHRONICLE. HAIGHT A JUNGLE. LANI ACCOSTED & FRIGHTENED ON STREET WITH PERSEPHONE IN BACKPACK CARRIER VERY VULNERABLE, ETC.

13:V: 68

O Soda Cracker: broken or no

You cannot escape my ravening teeth!

14:V: 68

Looking out of my eyes into the blackness

Inside the back of my eyes.

A DISQUISITION ON PAIN PP 99-100 DIFFERENT TYPES PEOPLE AND PW HAS SUFFERED. I EXPECT THE CHANGE OF CLIMATE AFFECTED HIS RHEUMY PROBLEMS. ESP. WET COASTAL FOGS OF BOLINAS, ETC.

P.100

I: VI: 68

"Fifteen apparitions have I seen;

the worst a coat upon a coat-hanger"

W.B. YEATS

PP 100-102 A LIST OF PROJECTS PW WANTS FUNDING FOR. TOO MUCH TO TYPE, BUT THIS IS GREAT FOR PW TO WRITE THEM ALL OUT. HE MOURNS PP103 THE PASSING OF HIS KYOTO SPRINT OF WRITING. ALL GONE NOW. THERE'S SUCH A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HIS KYOTO WRITING AND THIS BOLINAS OR SF MATERIALS. HE COMES DOWN WITH VARIOUS POWERFUL NEUROSES & MALFUNCTIONS. HE HAS TO ESCAPE THE CULTURE RATHER THAN GO FORTH & ENGAGE CULTURE AS HE DID IN KYOTO.

4 VI 68

Sad to think how I started this book in Kyoto, to be writing in it now while undergoing paranoid fits, hysterical blocks. Maniacal fits of endless, aimless READING other people's books . . . all instead of writing my own . . . [see pp 84-89]

p. 109

21 VII; 68

. . . I was so excited by the possibility of getting some kind of job in Japan which would make it possible to go back to Kyoto . . . to secretly make it my home, returning here for no more than short visits.

THE ENTRY IS QUITE LONG REVOLVING AROUND FOOD ETC CHANGE OF PLANS & VENUES. IT ENDS ON NO PAGE, THE NUMBERS STOP AT THE PAGES 108 BUT 116 IS THE UNWRITTEN NUMBER:

Tuesday. But I am really free of it all the very next moment, knowing I have a great deal of work yet to do, more places to see, more to learn, more people to love & learn from & to teach & laugh with, make love with, dance, music, paint, song, magic, koan solving, destroying and building coughing and crying, losing and saving, Love for all. Tuesday 23 July 1968.

Box 1:11 1968 sep 2—1969 Oct 15

Folder 11

A LONG CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED ANALYSIS OF DON CARPENTER AND HIS WORK AND RELATIONSHIPS. THIS IS REMARKABLE, A TASK ASSIGNED FOR THE PURPOSE OF PUZZLING OUT WHAT TO DO NEXT, RE THEIR NETTLESOME RELATIONSHIP. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO TYPE FOR ME ON THIS IBOOK & ITS FAULTY KEYS.

IT IS ALSO IN A LONG THIN NOTEBOOK ON VERY THIN PAPER. SOME ODD COMMERCIAL PAPER IT APPEARS JAPANESE THAT HE NEVER USED IN JAPAN. IT'S TOO DELICATE BY HALF. BUT AT THIS TIME HE REVIEWS "LOST FRIENDS."

HE LISTS DON ALLEN, DIANNE DP, OVER *BRAIN CANDY*, "GARY BECAUSE I LEFT JAPAN INSTEAD OF STAYING AS HE SEEMS TO HAVE PLANNED FOR ME TO DO." I WONDER IF DAVID S. HAS PURSUED THIS REMARK WITH GARY. DID HE PLAN ON PW'S STAYING THERE? WAS HIS LEAVING A SHOCK OR DISAPPOINTMENT? WHAT DID THEY DO TO STOP HIM FROM GOING? DID HE RESIGN OR LOSE HIS TEACHING JOB? LATER HE BEGS THE JOB BACK AND THEN ALL THE YWCA TEACHING JOBS ARE CANCELLED.

HE COMPLAINS ABOUT "PARANOID LISTS" & THE DEMANDS HE SENSES FOR HIM TO SELL HIS ARCHIVE & BOOKS TO FINANCE HIS NEXT JAPANESE STAY OR PAY BACK HIS FRIENDS OR BOTH ETC.

I WISH THIS WERE IN ANOTHER NOTEBOOK. IMPOSSIBLE TO READ, THE PAPER IS SO THIN, THE OTHER PAGE BLACK INK SHOW THROUGH. HELL ON MY EYES. EXASPERATED WITH PW'S CHOICE. I THINK THIS IS ON MICROFILM & THAT MAY BE WORSE.

29:IX: 68

What do I know what do I know

Those round leaves flat on my window

1.ALL NOTEBOOKS 4-29-09

What do I know what do I know

Square heads think nothing changes

nothing grows

What do I know what do I know

Swollen hands and sweaty clothes wrinkled head's

Imaginary woes

Bluejay scolds the busy grackle

[SMUDGE]

What do I know what do I know

Piece of salty paper makes words grow

drives the pen

turns off the radio

What do I know what do I know

Drum and sweat on a cold morning

Changes the world

What do I know what do I know

You and me are so far apart

Maybe we meet on the other side

Turn so.

Turn so.

I'M NOT SURE THIS BELOW CONTINUES THE POEM AS THIS STARTS ON THE NEXT PAGE. DOESN'T SOUND LIKE IT. BUT THERE'S NO CHANGE OF DATE.

Under long brown weeds and grasses

Thick leaf blue flower

Think leaf pink flower

Foggy beach and sunny Berkeley

Red & yellow posie blossoms new white lilies

Practise dreaming while asleep. There are songs and picture dance.

Ponce De Leon all he got was Florida. I shall never die, old as I am.

MIGHT BE WORTH WHILE TO ANALYZE THE START OF THE DRAFT [IN BOOK ANTIGUA TYPEFACE]

FOR HIS MUSICAL QUALITIES & PROGRESSIVE METER CHANGES. I THINK HE WAS WRITING A LYRIC TO A MELODY IN HIS HEAD, THE KIND THAT DYLAN PIONEERED, LONGER THAN 3 MINUTES. OR A JOANIE MITCHELL TYPE RIFF.

3:XI: 68

A NOTE ABOUT HIS DESIGNS TO GET JOB BACK IN KYOTO. HIS DECAY OF THE HIGH LOVELY WRITING IN THE PREVIOUS JOURNAL IS EVIDENT.

“ . . . if I get there, to find patience & strength of nerves in order to teach & to live with Japanese people--& at least, patience & perseverance to work with language.

12:I:68

THE WEIRD GIBBON QUOTE ABOUT THE PET BEARS OF VALENTIN, PLACED NEAR HIS BEDCHAMBER, WHO TORE UP HIS ENEMIES & WERE NAMED “INNOCENCE” & “MICA AUREA.” VERY DISTURBING QUOTE. THE KICKER IS THAT THE BEARS AFTER HAVING EATEN ENOUGH MEN, WERE RELEASED TO THE WOODS, ARE WARD FOR SERVICES, EXCEPT FOR THOSE UNSUSPECTING POOR SOULS PRESENTLY LIVING IN THE WOODS.

PW cites Vol. I, p 753 for this quote. I don't know the edition but he names it elsewhere?

14:IV; 69 back in Kyoto by air. No seasick.

Very likely this is a fit of psychic imperialism. I'm attaching tags, carving initials, pissing on phone poles in order to outline my territory—but some of the phone poles are Greek Columns, Mayan pyramids, Shan burial steles, Cascade or Sierra peaks . . .

NB I left San Francisco via JAL . . . on 29:III: 69. This passage is typed in the prose preface to SLAC that he did not use for the edition. Wisely. It was not useful as a preface & I assume either he or Don Allen cut it.

HE WRITES THE NANSEN POEM RE GS POEM FIRST THING AS A KIND OF CELEBRATION OF HIS RETURN TO KYOTO. A TERRIFIC START, ONE OF PW'S MOST MEMORABLE POEMS, IN MY OPINION.

SO HE GOES BACK INTO FULL GEAR WRITING MARVELOUSLY. MUCH GOES INTO SLAC BUT A LOT DOES NOT. THIS IS CONSISTENTLY SUPERB WRITING.

18:IV: 69

Do I want to be in an organization. If I were in an organization must I have the running of it. I'd like to have a letter of introduction or the kind of paper Gary had from Daitokuji Roshi which helped in visiting Buddha organizations etc.

21:IV: 69

But I've already been in too many organizations -- . . . Eventually, as I told GSS not long ago, I think a whole new idea or invention must happen in America—something like Buddhism has been in the past, but on a whole new scale, in an entirely different key. I think that the psychology & cosmology of the Mahayana writings form a great jumping-off place.

THIS IS STILL HAPPENING IN AMERICA. BUT PW IS THINKING AHEAD AND ANTICIPATING A LIFE INSIDE SOME ZEN CENTERED ORGANIZATION, SO PERHAPS HE'S BEEN DISCUSSING IT WITH OTHERS. OR HAS BEEN APPROACHED BY GS, BAKER OR OTHERS.

24:IV: 69

Twice now I've had long, complicated joyful/sorrowful dreams of Joanne, quite as if we had some sort of subliminal or metaphysical relationship, apart from any other reality. And what happened to her in Shichiku? I thought I'd been able to "see" that in ARTIFICIAL SPEECHES [the novel ISBH?] two years ago. [as I write this, the excitement of the prospect of writing daily at the novel I can feel in the back of my neck & shoulder & drool reflex makes my hand rather shaky] What really happened? She haunts that place as a Lady Rokujo haunted Yugao & Murasaki. She perhaps grew conscious of the possibility of taking herself seriously—of calmly & steadily writing & studying & CHANGING, growing into a larger, less complicated person???

PW GOES TO ANALYSIS OF JAPANESE BUDDHISM VIA R BAKER CONVERSATION IT APPEARS. MOSTLY ABOUT DIFFERENT SCHOOLS. THIS SUBJECT IS BEYOND ME. BUT SEEMS LIKE HIGH TEST THINKING BY PW ON THE PROBLEMS OF THAT TRI-PART STREAM OF BUDDHIST PRACTICES. I KNOW ENOUGH TO SENSE THESE ARE CRUCIAL PROBLEMS OF THAT TIME.

I DON'T DARE TRY TO TYPE IT TOO MANY STRANGE WORDS THIS COMPUTER IS REALLY HAMPERING ME. I MUST GET A BLOW-CAN FOR REMOVING SMUTZ UNDER KEYS SPACER BAR. JUST ASKED LIBRARIAN AND SHE'S CHECKING SUPPLIES. GOT AEROSOL CAN. CLEANED KEYS. BETTER BUT SPACER IS STILL FAULTY OR MY HANDS TOO WEAK. LEFT HAND CARPAL SYMPTOMS.

22:IV: 69

Love is like a wreath of diamonds
 Night weeping willow
 Distant *geta* clonking

PW IN HIS MOST BURLESQUE MODE**26:IV: 69**

STOPPING ON "the only piece of America"

PW GOING ON TOUR OF HIS AMERICAN ROOTS, RE FAMILY PLOT IN CEMETARY, SALEM, OREGON.

I have no claim on any of this [IMAGES OF AMERICA AND KYOTO] but I've got a world of good out of it.
So What.

My head heaves about like that raven in Gilbert Lake, the wings rowing it through water with enormous effort,
getting farther from shore. Will it drown. We didn't stay to watch
—CLT, R.WALKER, MAX TROODS & ME.

WHAT AN AMAZING IMAGE TO END HIS MEDITATION ON AMERICA & JAPAN. HE GOES ON TO CONSIDER THE REVOLUTIONARY
STUDENTS, PLANS FOR DESTRUCTION, AGREES "THIS SOCIETY IS A LOSE" HE PUTS THIS IN HIS PROSE PREFACE TO SLAC, TOO, BUT
REVISED? CHECK.

Here in Kyoto everything is used until it is useless. In America we throw everything away—half-eaten meals, . .
. cars . . .

[From a loose-left notebook 26:IV: 69 PW's note]

Later Waiting for R & V Baker, I find myself looking at the SW corner of the big room—that spot which
Gary had fitted up with a work table & foot warmer for me—this is what I was looking at: that *fusuma* & corner
of shoji—the first few weeks I was in Kyoto, in 1966. There was some sort of failure. And there was the earlier
“failure” of Joanne & Gary's marriage & divorce. All that was clearly {from the outside, looking in} a very
minor kind of failure, an extremely common sort among Americans of every class. Yet, on the same level, it
was important or significant or harmful to all of us.

Joanne believes {I guess} in personality, in individualism &c. She would not give up what she imagined
were her own independence, her own individuality.

I suppose that she was supported in these opinions by Mert & Brian, Bill McNeil and others of our
friends who were then living in Kyoto—people representing progressive, liberal Western philosophical & social
notions, not to mention some other idea of Zen than Rinzai-shu Daitokuji-ha.

All this works into the story of St. Francis Xavier. Suppose it went:

“Ideas are real. People care about ideas; identify themselves with certain ideas, “invest lots of libido” (&
other energies) in ideas. People tend to respond violently –or at least visibly or audibly when one of their ideas
is attacked.

But this is only saying that human feelings about ideas are even more powerful than ideas—I suppose
there is feeling / notion pair which exists reciprocally as one of the ultimate realities?

At the same time reality is simply another idea the mind which manipulates ideas is only a collection of ideas, information This “mind” is taught to believe that it is an individual and that its name is “I”.

I read in one of Edward Conze’s books, that Theoretically, only certain unconditional *dharmas* are “real”; the rest of them are subject to conditions and circumstances outside themselves,—they arise & decay, & their energy is limited

PW CALLS THIS “FEEBLE” BUT HOPES IT’S THE START OF SOMETHING OR THE END. IT IS FEEBLE. BUT I SUPPOSE THIS TYPE OF WRITING BECOMES NECESSARY FOR WHAT HE ARRIVES AT LATER IN HIS DHARMA TALKS. HE IS PRACTICING THINKING THIS WAY.

HE DOESN’T SEEM TO REALIZE THAT A YOUNG WOMAN FROM A POWERFUL MOTHER HAS A GREAT DISTANCE TO GO JUST TO CLEAR HERSELF FROM THAT INFLUENCE AND THE HABITS OF HER CLASS STATUS. AND THE ZEN DESTRUCTION OF INTELLECT RE RINZAI PRACTICE SURELY WAS NOT WITHIN J’S PURVIEW AT THIS TIME AT ALL. CLEARLY A DANGER, IN FACT. THAT/HER INTELLECTUAL TOOL WAS STILL BEING FORGED, AND NEEDED BADLY IF SHE WAS GOING TO BLOSSOM AS A WRITER.

PW GOES ON TO CONSIDER WESTER CULTURE AGAIN & ITS LACK OF AUTHENTICITY UNLIKE CHINA, NARA, HEIAN ETC CIVS. HE ENDS THAT TRAIN WITH

The American Indians were civilized people. Would I be able to entertain such notions if I hadn’t been born & educated in 20th Century West Coast USA small town?

PW GOES ON TO REMARK PETER HOWARD “CONFESSES TO OWING HIM \$2700” & HE LUSTS AFTER AN ELECTRIC ORGAN ETC. ETC. REASONS FOR RETURNING TO KYOTO. I LOVE THE SUSPICIOUS TERM “CONFESSES” AND I ASSUME THAT IS PW’S PARANOIA.

I came back to Kyoto because we I need things to keep up my enthusiasm, to keep up my curiosity, to remind me that there’s a vast deal I must learn, viz the Japanese & Chinese languages, the real scoop about Shugendo, Tendai & Shingon, about Shinto, about Kyoto & music & No—in America most of this information can be obtained from books, but here it can be seen & touched & smelled &c.

This is quoted in the SLAC prose preface, too.

SKIP A LOT OF MUSING. NEWS. A FEW POEMS.

BOX 1:12

15:X: 69

I was in California from 30:XI: 67 until 29:III: 69 almost exactly 16 months.

1:12 1969 MAY 1-16

BROUGHT ICE TODAY & MY WRIST IS RESPONDING WELL TO IT, PLUS BREWED HOT SHOT GREEN TEA, COLD, WHICH IS STRONG STRONG STRONG. GREEN AMBER LIGHTNING IN A BOTTLE.

THIS JOURNAL IS MUCH MORE RELAXED, A BETTER PRODUCT, LINES WIDE & ETC. THAT LAST ONE A NIGHTMARE. VERY HARD TO READ, FRAGILE, ETC.

LARGE AMOUNTS OF KYOTO & JAPANESE LORE & LANGUAGE PW IS SAILING ALONG VERY HAPPY. BUT HE'S NOT WRITING & WORRYING ABOUT IT, SPENDING TOO MUCH MONEY & WORRYING ABOUT IT, ETC.

BY 7:V: 69 HE IS MEANDERING INTO AN IMPROBABLE NOVEL THAT WILL NEVER GET WRITTEN. THEN HE GETS "SANDBLAST" OLD NOVEL DIRBS & DRABS VIA US POST OF RETURNED BELONGINGS & THINKS HE'LL DO THAT NOVEL. BUT HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE NOVEL IS VERY THEORETICAL A FATAL SIGN. HE DOESN'T BUILD CHARACTER FILES, JUST IDEAS. HE LATER RECOGNIZES ITS FLAWS.

1:12

FOLDER 12

SEEMS A LOSS FOR ME. INTERESTING DAILY DETAILS OF KYOTO LIFE & RELAXED WITH THE VARIOUS LORE & EXPERTISE THAT CONFIRMS WHAT HE GETS FROM KYOTO BUT NO NEW MATERIAL. HE SEEMS TO THINK THAT HE CAN WRITE A HISTORICAL NOVEL FROM ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, ENSHITSU & THE TRANSLATOR MATERIALS HE READ IN THE USA. WITH HIS OWN ROUTINES AND WRITES HE HAD HOPED THAT A NOVEL WOULD APPEAR VIA:

"sloppily leaking out all over the biographical 'facts' of the two historical / fictional personages."

4:V:1969

Because I suppose that I can accomplish nothing unless I have a place in which to sit down with paper & pen and ask myself questions about imaginary people in imaginary situations in "real" time & space. I still envy Somerset Maugham, Georges Simenon, Marcelle Sagan, Anthony Burgess--their ability to write a book in six weeks—a book for adult readers, for readers with a reading habit of ancient standing.

A while ago I promised myself that I'd compose my next book on the typewriter. I haven't opened my portable since I arrived in Kyoto—for all I know, it's a bundle of mangled machine parts.

9:V:69

THE BAKER'S "RICH BICH" FRIEND IS PORTRAYED. THE BONNY JONNY SWIFT IMITATION SUPREME. HE LOVES TO READ THAT STYLE OF WRITING, AS I DO, BUT HE CAN IMITATE IT WONDERFULLY. WHEN I WAS AT DENIS KELLY'S HOUSE EARLY IN MY STAY, JOHN EVELYN'S JOURNAL WAS IN MY ROOM (ALONG WITH A LOT OF BOOKS ON LONDON BY ENGLISH WRITERS, PEPYPS, ETC. PW ALSO RETURNS TO SANDBLAST AFTER THAT & WORRIES ABOUT "manufacturing more" AND ADMITS THAT

"perhaps if I went slowly enough & figured out what each of the characters felt & believed & was doing & THOUGHT that he was doing, & how these actions affected other characters, I could make a book."

TO WHICH I WOULD SAY "YEAH, DUH!" PW'S JUST BORROWED SOME MONEY & SO DOESN'T HAVE REAL PRESSURE TO PRODUCE, SO HE WON'T. INSTEAD HE PRODUCES HISTORICAL PASTICHES, AMUSING ENOUGH, IMITATIONS OF HIS FAVORITE WRITERS. THE DETAILS ARE COMPELLING & INSTRUCTIVE & PW FEELS CONTENT BY THE END OF THE NOTEBOOK. TO WIT:

16:V:69

. . .there's lots of time, here in Kyoto--& a tradition of discipline, training, & study. The vibes which were set up by generations of bodhisattvas, teachers, artists, monks etc. not to forget the poets & novelists & diarists . . .

these benign influences & good examples around me make me feel at once grateful & ambitious. I feel free to work hard, at my own pace, in my own manner.

1: 12 Croquois notebook 17 v 69—30-v 69 [2005 NOTES]

HAIKU

The most aristocratic-looking Kyoto lady
 Wearing the most elegant-looking kimono
 Hawks a great big fat oyster
 And spits

Kyoto 17:V: 69

26 V 69 [PASTED IN FROM KA PREVIOUS NOTES 2005]

“At 9:30 is the interview which Irmgard has very kindly arranged with Daishu-In San {formerly know as “Kosan” who was head monk in the Daitokuji Sodo under Oda Roshi & friend to Gary & Joanne. R.D. Baker & Irmgard both like him too,} I mustn’t hope for anything or despair of anything if I’m really “beyond crying, beyond laughing.”

{“But Lee Roy, you cain’t jest set thar & do no-thin” “Ayeh.”}

1:13

FOLDER 13

21:VI: 69

PW DESCRIBES SANDBLAST AND ARRIVES AT THE CONCLUSION IT’S NOT A NOVEL, JUST SOMETHING THAT “CAN BE WRITTEN IN ONE PARAGRAPH.”

I’M BEGINNING TO DISLIKE SANDBLAST AS IT KEEPS TURNING UP AS A WORRY BEAD OR SOMETHING THAT OBSESSES PW. HE HAS A PRECISE IMAGE TO START IT, VERY COMPLEX, BUT THERE IS NO CENTRAL TRANSFORMATION OR A NEED FOR ONE.

HE GOES ON WITH MULLING OVER L. WOOLF & V. WOOLF (PERHAPS IMAGINING HE COULD PLAY BOTH ROLES) HOW THEY WROTE, HOW MANN WROTE, ETC. HE’S COASTING IN FULL GEAR, IT SEEMS, LUXORIOUSLY CONSIDERING HOW THE GREATS WROTE NOVELS.

30:V: 69

PW HAS “RESISTANCE” TO WRITING ABOUT HIS [TRAINING?-MISSING A WORD]

HE THEN WRITES OF MEETING DAISHU-IN SAN AT RYOANJI FOR THE FIRST TIME & ALL THESE DOG DAYS VANISH:

“In his presence I felt the strangest combinations of feelings: great impatience, great fear, annoyance, shame—all these combined with a sense of great excitement and exhilaration . . . The temple & the celebrated lake were beautiful, but being with Daishu-in San, the beauty & interest & history &c all disappear: the man is more important than the place... {& I repeat the place is famous, the Ryoanji rock garden is known everywhere, the park & the lake are masterpieces of landscape gardening & the result of centuries of love & care & attention.} I

felt, as we were walking along outside the temple grounds that I'd been in a lion's den & escaped alive

But only that: escaped into, slid back into a smaller softer, looser vaguer life, a low-quality paradise. I had seen Manjusri & his lion, all surrounded by those wisdom-flames & raging impotent demons; absolute stillness, absolute self-control in the midst of tremendous chaos, turbulence & catastrophe. I am conscious that none of what I write here makes much sense: that one should be able to see that truth is binary & simultaneous—the exact meaning of the Vajradhara image in coitus with his saleti--& exists simultaneously with error, delusion & destruction. There. Failure & nonsense: borrowing images, borrowing words, trying to glue it all together into a clear account of an experience.

THIS WAS SO EXCITING FOR ME TO READ. THIS IS WHAT I FELT OVER AND OVER WITH KOBUN IN DOKUSAN. HE WOULD GET AS PRIMAL & POWERFUL AS A NATURAL EVENT A THUNDERSTORM OR A SOFT SPRING RAIN. HE HAD THIS COMPLETE EVAPORATION OF EGO OR ANY HUMAN QUALITY. IT WAS LIKE SITTING IN FRONT OF A ROCK OR AN EMPTY CAVE. NOTHING HAPPENED EXCEPT VERY OLD VERY COMPLETE CHAOS. NO SELF-PRESERVATION, JUST LIFE JUST DEATH SAME MOMENT. REALLY NOT DESCRIBABLE.

OBVIOUSLY A GRANDMOTHER ZEN OUTSIDE GRANDFATHER ZEN INSIDE MONK, LIKE KOBUN. VERY SOFT & FORGIVING OUTSIDE OF DOKUSAN. BUT GET IN THERE WITH HIM & NO COVER.

LANI THE FIRST TIME SHE SAW KOBUN SAID HE WAS FLYING. SHE COULDN'T GET OVER IT. SHE SAID HE WAS FLOATING AND FLYING AND NO ONE ELSE SEEMED TO KNOW IT. SHE WAS VERY VERY HAPPY THAT HE WAS MY TEACHER.

MY HEART IS STILL RACING FROM THIS REALLY GOT ME HIGH. AND DAISHU-IN SAN BECAME A VERY GOOD FRIEND TO WHALEN FROM THE DETAILS IN OTHER JOURNALS. I SHOULD TRACK THEM DOWN. I READ THEM WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING THIS AS I WASN'T READING CHRONOLOGICALLY.

THIS IS WORTH READING THE LAST THREE JOURNALS. PW WRITES MUCH MORE FREELY WITHOUT MARGINS IN HIS NOTEBOOKS. THE LINED 12 WAS WITHOUT POETRY MOSTLY. HE DIDN'T SEEM AS FREE WITH HIS THOUGHTS & IMAGES INBETWEEN LINES.

I FEEL VERY LIGHT FROM THIS DAISHU-IN SAN HIGH & ALL MY ACHES & PAINS GONE. THIS HAS BEEN A STRUGGLE WITH WRIST AND HAND THIS MORNING. BUT ONCE I GET THE BOX 3 AND THE TRANSCRIPT I'LL GO CELEBRATE WITH LUNCH & WISH I'D BROUGHT WHITE WINE SPLIT OF MONDAVI AGAIN, LIKE YESTERDAY, WHEN I HAD A PICNIC ON THE LAWN.

Box 2 Japan 1969 June July--1970 June July-

BOX 2: 1 1969 JUNE JULY x2

FULL OF HAPPY CULTURAL PERCEPTIONS OF JAPAN AND CURIOSITY. WHALEN IS SO HAPPY HERE AND HIS LOCAL KNOWLEDGE IS INCREDIBLE EVEN AT THIS EARLY STAGE.

11:VI: 69

[rice] must be worked by hand from beginning to end. It must be treated ceremoniously. *Inari-O-Kami-samma* is a great power in the world. His Fox Messenger the color of rice that's ready for harvest.

***Inari-O-Kami-samma* SHOWS UP OVER AND OVER IN THESE NOTEBOOKS.**

More cooking & pounding makes *o-mochi* the holy rice cakes which are soft & delicate as living flesh. Sake brewing also involves much ritual and ceremony.

MEALS EATEN SO FAR RECALLED WITH GREAT TENDERNESS & GLEE.

The Chinese believe there's one specific pine tree mushroom which, if one can find one and eat it, will make the eater immortal. The taste of Japanese pine mushroom seems to elevate my spirits.

I contemplate the pleasure of taking trips to Daigeji, Nara, Mampuknji, Hasedera, Muroji, & other elegant spots—but I seldom seem to go anywhere except Osaka or downtown Kyoto.

TUESDAY 17: VI: 69

HIS ADMONITION I QUOTE ELSEWHERE IN "NOTHING IS FOREVER" ESSAY

"LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO DISCOVER AUTONOMY—the governance (& use) of the self-authentic choice and action. Authority in the sense of acting straightforwardly, immediately, spontaneously the experience of actual poetic discovery & invention in other terms: integrated physical and emotional act.

BOX

For the 9th trillionth time: Not Buddhism, but being a bodhisattva—Not art but being an artist--

THIS QUOTE COMES IN THE EARLY PART AND IS SO OPTIMISTIC ABOUT WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO IN JAPAN.

THURSDAY 19:VI: 69

One has no nose & a small head crewcut, the other marvelously Roman broken hump bridge beak and heavy jowls: which is more dangerous? Shiny repeated ellipsoids of silky embroidery is a machine flower: I hope not a Necchi but handmade just this one.

"R. Baker and Virginia rejoined me later and we wandered about the [Toji] fair, leaching after junk & plunder & pretties."

27:VI: 69

PW INVOKES THE POWER OF THE SIGHTS TO AROUSE PAST MEMORIES

A few minutes ago, while I was riding in a taxi, I recalled again some place in Oregon mountains. The "memory" or recall appeared first a few days ago as I walked down the hills to the public bath; I smelled weeds and brambles and it was their smell which brought up the picture of that clearing behind the cabin on Alder Creek: hot sun, weed smell & solitude—but knowledge that the earth is alive & moving: small animal and insect sounds in the drying bracken: more earth than buildings or people and it is alive, I say, I know—and think

what it was in the days when my grandparents were young—I've been reading the Greek Anthology--& thinking etc.

AND THIS CONTINUES AS IT DOES IN SLAC
& WHAT HE LEARNS IS

I want to repeat for the 900th time, "Ignorance, hankering & attachment"—but even that idea; the basic notion of Buddhism seems really to fit what's happening. What is it?

The feeling/ smell/memory of the clearing recurred with the same strength & "necessity" as the picture of the man standing in the hallway connecting the suite of offices, at the beginning of SANDBLAST. It is as complete--& as independent & in some measure as significant—as a picture, an experience, a piece of reality . . .

..

28:VI: 69

I just realized that I'm probably not looking for a master—I'm waiting for a disciple. {A disciple is one who won't go away until you understand that it will be the best thing for him to do.}

30:VI: 69

It is an odd feeling to be walking along the street thinking I have been a silly, frivolous thing for more than forty years. I know nothing whatever about serious thought, considered action, true interest in or concern with any other human being. There is nothing beyond the scope of my own pleasures and toothaches.

Only a little of this is true. But it worries me to think that there are people who think of me in this way. & worrying about such a notion is in itself an elegant example of my foolishness & of my willingness to allow other people to lay their bum trips & orders & terrors upon me.

What would happen if I allowed my ego [or my "real self" or whatever it's called] to have its freedom . . . I think now in elegant literary terms. Let Caliban loose as well as Ariel. [re-read Browning's "Caliban on Setebos"] . . . would it choose to be free, if it had a choice. Could I remain interested in such a project.

5: VII: Kyoto

reading the copy of EARTH HOUSEHOLD which Gary sent to me, I finally remember [after hours of trying] the name of that beautiful girl, Martine Algier, the mother of Krishna (whose father is Michael somebody, with whom Martine lived for quite a while & probably still does. Michael Bowen, a painter & revolutionist.

7:VII: 69

WHALEN WONDERS WHY IT'S EMBARRASSING TO READ POETS JEFFERS WCW "WHEREIN ALL OF THEM SOUND LIKE BANKERS."
I INPUTTED THIS QUOTE SOMEWHERE IN MY OTHER BANCROFT NOTES.

. . . Part of the trouble is caused by my forgetting that they were of an earlier generation—they were for all interests and purposes, Victorians, as were my own parents, who were their contemporaries.

Then how come the letters & other prose statements of Ezra Pound so much livelier & goofier? & how come I find his poetry much less exciting than I used to?--& even *The GUIDE TO KULCHUR* seems abstract, foolish & beside the point [Rexroth's *DRAGON & UNICORN* remains relevant, exact & a poem]

I really got hit by Rexroth, Burroughs, Ginsberg & Kerouac, Corso, McClure--& in many other ways by Snyder. Sometimes his writing and Lew's—surprises me: I used to imagine that I knew them quite well, & then find, later, in a piece of writing, that they are larger & funnier & better men than I thought.

GOES ON TO CONSIDER SITWELL, STEVENS, D. THOMAS BRIEFLY.

& how do my letters sound and now I come round at last to the question that I must have been fussing over all this time—how does **YOU DIDN'T EVEN TRY** sound? & of course different people hear different things—but I suspect that those who complained the loudest about that book heard what I hear in the Stevens *LETTERS*, the Williams *Autobiography* &c &c.

Box 2:2 1969 July 19-Aug 15th

19:VII: 69

WHALEN RUES FAILURES, THEN

. . . beyond the requirements already recognized & which I haven't yet been able to meet, viz. competence in Chinese, Japanese, Mongolian, Tibetan & Sanskrit; ten years of meditation under the direction of a recognized master; & an idea about what to do with all that if I had acquired & done those things. . . .

I keep seeing myself living & wandering among the mountains, pottering aimlessly among rocks & trees & creeks, a harmless old gink in peculiar clothes, a piece of the landscape like a snail, a deer, a fly—a creature totally itself where it is, although it has no home—seagull in mid-ocean.

This is also something I feel about Ko-san, Daishu-In San when I think about him. He happens, temporarily, to be living at Daishu-in but there's no connection between him & the place except the same name. He is like a turtle, an armadillo, a dragonfly—he has an outside of small jointed plaques of some impenetrable material which grows out from the inside, but which is alive and shiny. Eyes & hands are unprotected, but are unlikely to be hurt . . .

20:VII: 69

Kiyomizu is magical because it is large, it is on a mountain, & water squirts out all around. The crowds of visitors (at any given moment during the day there must be two or three thousand people in and around the temples & grounds) also flow & splash past & are gone. Quite a lot of people take photographs, so the camera

occupies some of their time & attention, they stay a little longer than those are lead through by a lecturing guide. It is forbidden to enter any of the buildings, but their porches are wide & there are convenient stairs and ledges where one can sit. In spite of everything, the place is quiet. I can remember writing this before, about Kiyomizu or was it the Hiei temples? Anyway this is a fact true of several places—Higashi & Nishi Hongwanji, Heian Jingu, the two Kama shrines—there are nearly always hordes around those places, but the places do their magic, whatever it is, no matter who is or isn't there.

One cannot drive a car very near to Kiyomizu. The nearest trolley etc.

[DESCRIBES CAR-FREE SOLITUDE ET AL]

20:VII: 69

WHALEN WAS READING DICKINSON HE QUOTES HER POEM # 959 448-49

“DELINQUENT PALACES”

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING KIYOMIZU AND ADMIRING IT.

26:VII: 69

HE LISTS WHAT HIS KYOTO LIFE IS LIKE:

MY SUMMARY BELOW IS REDUCED; HIS FULL SUMMARY IS MORE DETAILED.

- 1) meditation/sutra chanting
- 2) music “practicing a great mess of Bach organ & keyboard music usually an hour daily
3. teaching
- 4 reading
5. Writing,
6. Looking touring visiting sages, ceremonies rituals festivals theater & pilgrimages
7. Visits
8. Shopping.

CONSIDERS PASSAGES FROM UPANISHADS, ESSENCE OF FOOD ETC.

Looking at a few pages of these Upanishads I am once more astounded & elated by the beauty & wisdom & clarity of these texts. I first read them about 25 years ago. I have reread & reconsidered them, from time to time, ever since, & always find news, admonitions & understandings – flashes of knowledge & enlightenment. Re-reading them helps dispel some of the complications & confusions I develop for myself while reading Mahayana texts.

The chief lesson of all the ancestors concerns the proper manner in which to do nothing safely, sanely & in a manner that grooves the entire universe visible & invisible.

_____Tweedle dee_____

nud eldeewT

HE HAS A DISTURBING DREAM ABOUT LLOYD REYNOLDS SICK ABOUT DIE. PW WORRIES.

I had been speaking of him to Irmgard a few days before dreaming about him.

POTATO DISCUSSION & COOKING TECHNIQUES FOLLOWS.

5:VII: 69

PW WRITES AT LENGTH ON "LIBERTY DOESN'T MEAN LICENSE." PW ABHORS SUCH A NOTION. THEN HE WRITES THIS DELIGHTFUL CONCOCTION. LETTERING INEXACT CAN'T FIND TYPEFACES FOR WHAT HE WRITES WITH PEN.

11:VII: 69

No words beyond this
date & sweatmark of my
perfectly clean ancient fist

—

O P E R A
P O E M

Red Velvet

Gold fringe

Fake beard

Long blonde wig paste jewels

Bald head symphony band

Lots of money and electricity

Glorious voices flattening Verdi

Italian screech translation

“I’ll fix his wagon”

NATIVE FOLK SPEECH

“. . . & never cracked a smile. . . .”

“ . . . never opened his head about it”

What comes out depends on the kind of demand I make on myself. Do I decide to talk or to listen.

Irmgard says she tries to write out why she gets angry or upset or frightened. “Why did I think I was hurt?” Who is hurt?” And after several hours ends up with pages of rather clear testimony & instruction. I told her I’d done it a lot & had obtained pounds of lady magazine novel writing dribble & slobber.

Irmgard allowed that this was precisely so--& that the “rational “ consciousness hates to be reminded of the effeminate imbecile he’s being required to “front” for. I wonder whether the effeminate imbecile is another facet of that magical Jungian ‘anima” figure I’ve seen in my dreams—once as a beautiful blonde woman, somehow confused with Dorothy Saremal, & other times confused with Joanne or my mother and grandmother & once with an anonymous blind lady bus passenger whose face radiated a light which was at once physical & transcendental, the sight I had of her in my dream made me weep tears of ecstasy & enlightenment & breakthrough. Dark mature lady of another dream, partly confounded with Nadene, & with old photographs of my mother, my aunt & my grandmother, --who was a nurse & somehow big & not conventionally pretty whom I loved & everybody I knew that I did & they were laughing at me, but my love & understanding of this dark lady were more real & more important to me than the world’s opinion.

That last personage:” The World’s Opinion” is one I have trouble identifying. To a great extent he/she has the visage of parents & older relatives & teachers & friends I respect when they are disapproving with me, reproving or scolding me—they say I am selfish, self-deceiving, a liar, a stealer, a cheater, an anti-social

monster &c. & that I mustn't play with my dee-dee or with anybody else's. There's that. "Don't put your elbows on the table." "Keep your mind above your belt." "If you don't make doo-doo everyday you'll get sick & die." "Failure to report income from any & all sources may result in Federal prosecution for income tax evasion & fraud under sections 357.11, 401 and 3711.3 of the Federal Income Tax Act of 1957" "Disciplinary action will be taken against those who fail to comply," the U.S. Army used to say.

Theoretically I have all these people & institutions packed tightly into my brain cells & I believe everything; they say and I'm afraid my every action is known & judged by them. Fear, i.e. that general phobia I mentioned to Irmgard yesterday. To continue with the theory—I have empowered this interior censor with the means to punish so that when I act or think contrary to his wishes, I feel bad, "guilty" sick, *hostile* & behave eccentrically.

The censor has to be red-educated. [I suppose electroshock is a means of trying to speed that re-learning? Or that was one of the things that EST might have been supposed to have done {What lovely grammar!}]

Later for all this. I want breakfast—or anyhow my appetite / eating habit / karma / history demand action.

IN reply to these several habits demands, problems & the monstrous drives & pressures of life in the modern dehumanized technological capitalist guilt freakout civilization, I have applied for a fellowship grant, eaten a bowl of noodles, ridden in a taxicab, visited two post-offices, made a phone call, drunk a cup of coffee, ingested a small lump of BHANG, & am now drinking Pepsi-Cola thanks to Chairman Mao & Miss Joan Crawford.

THEN MOVES ON TO TALK ABOUT THE SWEDE LUND IN OREGON WHOM HE MET WHILE WORKING FOR THE COURT & THE JUDGE FRIEND AS BALIFF ETC I ASSUME.

There was an elderly retired bootlegger in Newport 1955 who used to say, "I feel so good, I think I cut my suspenders & go straight up." He had been quite successful bootlegger & had drunk a great quantify of booze all his life & bought many a cop & a few legislators [not all my himself ; he had a few crooked friends who put up part of the money]. He was disillusioned by life in the united States & bored with life of sweet reason & suicide in his native Sweden; consequently he complained a great deal of the time and had occasional attacks of angina pectoris. . . .I wonder whether he did any time for bootlegging—but no, the story is that he was a winner in that profession. It was his later career as a small businessman landlord & real estate finagler which brought him to my friend the lawyer. . . .

CONTINUES TO CONSIDER WELL-MOTIVATED FRIENDS WHO HAVE INTERESTING LIVES JAMES KOLLAR ETC.

A GOOD CHUNK OF THE SCENES SLAC “SCENES OF LIFE AT THE CAPITOL” STARTS HERE. THE REMARKS MIGHT APPEAR BY 2ND PAGE RE THE PLATO REMARKS.

“suddenly . . . ignorance!” and later “Southern South Dakota/responsible who’s responsible”

RIFFS FROM SLAC VERY COLORFUL MAGIC MARKER PAGES 8-9 COUNTING FROM THE FRONT IS A GOOD ART PIECE (OR FOR JOHN NATSOULOUS ALL THESE PAGES) STARTING WITH

“You shouldn’t have put yourself into such a position in the first place.” **And ending with** “My position/ today is just fine. There’s / also considerable space & time for / improvement.

FOR KOCH THE PAGES IN 2:2 ABOVE?

I DON’T THINK THIS GOT IN SLAC AFTER “ROOTY-TOO-TUTE” PW QUOTES MY FAVORITE NURSERY RHYME FOR THE SAME REASONS I QUOTE IT. IT’S A SALACIOUS PORTRAIT WITH GREAT PROSODY.

ROOTY-

TOOT,

Rooty-toot

We’re the boys

From the Institute

I wondered, a couple of days ago, what school or other organization was being lampooned in this impudent snatch of grade-school melody recollected from obscene and earliest childhood. “Rooty-toot” is what any horn, trumpet or bugle is supposed to “say”. It is also the sound of a fart.

Years later I found the trumpeting demons in Dante’s INFERNO, and again, years after that, became aware of the false rhyme between “toot” and “-tute”—aware that this is a perfect example of false rhyming—sometimes we sang

“Rooty-too-tute” as a variant, our ears being aware of a phenomenon for which we didn’t yet know the name.

Goosey goosy gander

Whither do you wander

Upstairs, downstairs

And in my lady's chamber

TRA LA LA

This is the earliest example of slant rhyme or assonance or whatever it is that happens with “grander/wander”, and “chamber”. The independent line “upstairs downstairs is marvelously invisibly suspended between “wander” and “chamber”.

The scotch song of “Coming through the rye” was a great mystery. The use of the abstract & impersonal word “body” makes it sound like an astronomical collision might be the subject of the first line. But the word also had a secret, shameful meaning for me—“body” meant the unclad person, specifically me with no clothes on. “Me with no clothes on was very nearly a synonym for ‘masturbation’.

But “need a body cry?” (“if a body kiss a body”). I strongly associated such body meetings with weeping pain and anguish, since my parents invariably punished and scolded and threatened me in their efforts to prevent the formation of bad habits in their infant child.

The picture of a great white goose prowling through an empty, silent house continues to intrigue me. It waddles along slowly, pausing frequently. It makes a continuous coarse and wheezy whistling sound as it goes.

Naked boys and girls wander about in a green field. They meet and kiss and cry. Some of them are lying down together in green reedy caves, caressing, fondling, fucking, sucking. The sun is hot. There is a gentle breeze. Willow branches dangles and sway above the silent river.

All this is part of a very serious & profound statement about poetry.

TRALALA

TWEELY DIDDLE DEE

Rooty-toot

Wallace Stevens, Robinson

Jeffers Ezra Pound –all capitalist

Hooligans

19:IX: 69

G O N G

ELEVATION

OF THE

WIENIE

It took him forever for him to
do it, but it was worth wai-
ting for. He is absolutely
the kindest man I've ever known.
Do you know what he said? Can
you imagine, he said,

“there are times when
one does not call in the

press.”

Can you beat that?

“P O N G – P O N G third

flooor. Ladies Lawnjerry.

Going up. Watch your step,

Please.” I imagine the Marx

Brothers rollerskating through Dai-
maru department store.

22:IX: 69

The trouble isn't the cops

It's our queerness for them—

Beauty, strength & power

Of youth

Angelic avengers and protectors

Marred only by our weakness for them

Stumbling angels not quite started

To fall

At least not until they're 35 or

40 develop that former

athlete's belly, saggy jowls.

Baggy eyes

Fear of the human race

They are a problem being

Our own self-righteousness writ large

And the other half of our secret

Sadie-Mazie game

When they hit us we squeak and drool

The above inputted elsewhere

BOX 2:5 KOZANJI POEM

THE NOTEBOOK STARTS WITH THE P GAUGIN SHOW & LOOPS AROUND WESTERN & ASIAN EVENTS ETC. THE OPENING PAGES 1-10 NUMBERED ALL WENT IN SLAC. THE NUMBERING AND MORE "EDITED" QUALITY OF THE ENTRIES SUGGESTS THESE ARE TAKEN FROM SOME OTHER NOTEBOOK OR LOOSE SHEETS. THIS HAPPENS ELSEWHERE IN NOTEBOOKS BUT IS NEVER MENTIONED, SO I CANNOT BE SURE.

SOME NUMBERED PAGES 11-19 ALSO WENT IN SLAC BUT NOT ALL DID MAKE IT INTO THE FINAL BOOK.

THERE'S A SENSE HE'S WRITING FOR THAT IMAGINARY AUDIENCE OF BOOK READERS, TAKING ON LARGER SUBJECTS OF AMERICAN AND JAPANESE CULTURE. HOWEVER, I AM NOT SURE WHETHER HIS SENSE OF WRITING A LONG POEM IS IN PLACE AND WORKING. I NEED TO CHECK THE DATES FOR THE COM. ON POETRY GRANT WHERE HE GOT MONEY TO WRITE THAT SPECIFIC PROJECT.

9:10:69

p.1

P. Gauguin in Kyoto

And then goes to Fred asked me to marry him . . .

THAT OVERHEARD NATIVE SPEECH BIT FROM SLAC.

P. 8

The lights changes, passing/ through bent by the glass into/COLOR, and we are/all colors of the rainbow, /however much we love or hate it/we are beautiful red and black/and yellow and brown and white/ perhaps a few Finns or Swedes are/green if they get cold enough,/ how can we not be beautiful/miraculously beautiful, not only/the exposed face and hands, but/the breasts & nipples and rainbow/labiae, tongue, toes, COLOR/ which betrays our true nature/which is love and wisdom,com-/passion and enlightenment.

[drawing of a 3 dimension pentagram]

NOTE FROM PW ON P. 9 SAYS 2ND SECTION SLAC TYPED TO THIS POINT

p. 12 date 11:X: 69

There must have been /surprises for God which turned /up after the general creation:/ marvelous anomalies like geysers, /diamonds, armadillos and/ alligator pears happened along as/ delightful consequences

12:X: 69

but those are the conditions which/prevail –the human mind finds these phenomena/interesting, & wishes that some very clever/Universal Power had created, had experienced/ the fun of creating them—the pomegranate,/for example—what a notion. It is our/own heads which see these designs, make/ a previous pattern or idea necessary—in/ actuality things proceed from an endless/chain of causes—more interesting is the question/ of how to see & how to treat them properly.

[BIG ORANGE SANS SERIF LETTERS UP FROM THE GUTTER: CANCEL.

NOTE FROM PW ON P. 9 SAYS 2ND SECTION SLAC TYPED TO THIS POINT

28 VII: 70? FOR ASHLAND AND I'M NOT SURE WHAT PUBLISHER OR MAG "ASHLAND" REFERS TO. THE QUARTO EDITION OF SLAC CAME OUT WHEN? THEN A LONG RAP ABOUT KILLING & DEATH PENALTY:

In America we are assured that individual life is infinitely valuable & must be protected, and murder must be instantly punished by death, etc.

ENDS WITH

It is generally understood that killing people and animals brings bad luck. War between nations isn't thought of as a normal state of affairs, not a symptom of healthy government. "Live and let live" is daily acted out, seldom said.

I DON'T REMEMBER THIS IN SLAC BUT IT MAY BE IN AN EARLIER DRAFT.

OTHER SECTIONS OCCUR.

AFTER TAX DODGE RAP RE AM REVOLUTION IN SLAC A NOTE:

"Addition to be inserted at this point."

ORANGE MARKER SELECTS WHAT IS USED FOR ADDITION AND WHAT NOT. TOP P. 19

THEN PAGE NUMBERING STOPS at 19, MAKING ME THINK AGAIN THAT THESE TEXTS MAY BE IMPORTED FROM ANOTHER PAGE OR PAD. THIS COULD ALSO EXPLAIN KOZANJI'S POSSIBLE INSERTION FROM ANOTHER SOURCE OF NOTES & DRAFTS NOW PRESUMABLY LOST OR IN SOME OTHER WHALEN ARCHIVE.

16:X: 69

1. ALL NOTEBOOKS 4-29-09

Praying mantis moored to top of flower stalk

Grooms itself like a cat, preens its

two tail feathers

STANZAS FOLLOW THAT WERE USED IN SLAC.

This run ends with this portion of SLAC ON INSECTS. “Hammerhead shark face on mantis”.

25:X: 69

THEN PW GOES ON ABOUT A GUM MACHINE FANTASY, STRANGE RAP. MANY PAGES DESCRIBING THIS GUM MACHINE.

[PASTED IN FROM PREVIOUS VISIT 2005]

Box 2: 5 9 X 69-25-XI 69

“you sure did and I want to tell
you it came near to scaring the
living wadding out of me”

“I’ve been haunted for several days by the idea of a Perfect Gum Machine—As usual, there’s a glass globe full of goodies, a coin slot, an iron pedestal to support the whole works. When you put your money in it will deliver a pretty ball of gum 2) deliver the final chorus of Handel’s Judas Amaccabeaus (but not gum), 3 return your coin 4) keep your coin & start blinking a bright electric sign that says GO FUCK YOURSELF while making a menacing claxon noise for one minute. If you try to tilt, shake, or pound on the machine it gives you a frightful electric shock. ‘the machine is programmed to operate at random, but it might respond with an single one of its routines a number of times in succession.”

KA NOTES : [and he goes on to describe what if this appeared in your town etc.]

“The machine is regularly serviced by two very large men in uniform. They each wear large pistols, billyclubs handcuffs in belt &c. They arrive in an armored car driven by a third man. You see a couple of riot guns in the cab. The machine reads A \$5000 reward is offered for information leading to the arrest & conviction of any person attempting to damage, mutilate, tamper with or remove this machine Glad Sunshine & Happy Bubbling Gum Corp. East Bend Indiana USA.”

THEN MUSINGS ON GOVERNMENT WHAT IS “CONSENT” DELAGATION OF POWERS LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO KING LEAR, ETC. NO MORE PHONEY GOVERNMENTS SO

One kid put it as clear as may be “I want America to be a magic electrical Tibet

I’m not afraid of you,
your (SIC) nothing but an incubus.

“6:XI: 69,

9:55 A.M. swallowed a big yellow capsule of mescaline—gift of Roy Kiyooka somewhere in Canada.

OPENS UP THIS ENTRY ON NOVEMBER 6TH BEFORE KOZANJI POEM.

THEN THESE COMMENTS ARE WRITTEN IN FOLLOWING PAGES ABOUT HIS DEPARTMENT DURING MESCALINE TRIP.

ADMONITIONS {to my usual self}

Try to remember that weeping & sorrow & woe are only transitional, no more real or significant than laughter, letch, anger. That isn't necessary to cry any more, neither for myself or for anyone else, because {in some weirdly improbable way} everything is allright. (sic) Don't get foolish with the kerosene stove, it is hot & flammable. Remember not to stare at the sun. It is very cold here in the house. Put clothes on. {happy being what I am, I now have some beautiful new ceremonial robes to wear}

10:12 A.M. sneezing & back-of-neck "Bardo" pains, not severe. Sinuses draining mind dissociating. Look at Buddha images & quite trying to write for a while. {the time-signal was mistakenly recorded, I see—10:07 would have been right.}

Possibly I'm growing better—for only a few seconds I had a very small paranoia take from hearing the landlord's family talking & thrashing about in the distance. I got up to get something or other, & {locked front door} on the way to front door, saw the 13 Buddha scroll & knew THEY are really the neighbors: the neighbors are really THEM {all 13}. Add, that just before eating this capsule, I put on the blue magic beads which Cass & Jim made for my use on occasions of this kind. {Getting writer's cramp, writing this down—a little like "blocking & cramping experienced with LSD.} Texture of this paper is quite interesting universe.

TYPICALLY ZOOM-IN OF PSYCHEDELIC TRIP HERE WITH WHALEN IS SIDETRACKED BY TEXTURE OF PAPER, WHICH IS VERY NICE EVEN NOW. THESE JAPANESE NOTEBOOKS ARE HIS BEST QUALITY NOTEBOOKS.

44 Showa 4:40 P.P. Thursday 6:XI

I greet you from the very top of this page

[PAGE BLANK TO BOTTOM]

a single limb of stovewood smoulders
under the bathtub

MALEAGROS

still high,
but able to cooke,
eat, write, make bath,

S W E A T

They ring the temple bell again

K L O N G

I hope all sentient beings
attain to complete enlightenment
which is exactly what I am
or not &
all my greasy little fingers

Coffee-break time down at etc.

THE PAGE CONTINUES WITH CHAUNCY DEPEW FANTASY & WORD SALAD ENDING IN THESE WORDS.

Freeny-monger?

Fundle.

8:XI: 67

[INCORRECT DATE? 1969. CHECK AGAIN BUT PAST TENSE IN NOTE INDICATES TIME PASSED WHILE WHALEN WAS OUT OF HOUSE AND THEN HOME FOR NIGHT.

Q: DID PW GO OUT INTO KYOTO DRESSED IN HIS CEREMONIAL ROBE? THE IMAGE IS DELICIOUS, IF SO. HE WAS HIGH AFTER ALL. HE NOW SWITCHES INTO PAST TENSE, OBVIOUSLY REPORTING ON HIS ADVENTURE.]

By 11:30 I was getting fairly cuckoo—brain movies & trips until about 1:30.12PM {out on margin: conscious then [2 p.m.] of being happily high—but a LEVEL high, not the incredible expanding high of LSD} decided I could go out – walked up hill to the tomb of Murakaji Tenno, then down to little sub-temple of Ninnaji, & then through Ninnaji grounds. Paranoia, slight difficulty handling chopsticks to eat O DEN at Ninnaji—I was hungry & thought of going to a restaurant. Actually seeing people & trying to talk & eat made it clear to me that I was still too cuckoo to be out very far from home. Bought some groceries & took them home. Made bath & supper,

wrote a little--& realized I had been higher several hours before. Early to bed, tired, but insomniac: mild anxiety, paranoia, &c which might have been controlled by a dose of barbiturate or other trunk, but I decided against same for fear of bring down hangover the next day. Consequently, **yesterday** (*MY KA'S EMPHASIS*) was relatively cool, except for annoyance about having to struggle through herds & hordes of tourists & excursioning school children in order to visit Kozanji, Samyoji and Jingoji—Jingoji's quite elaborate & old looking, all but the main temple. Kozanji grounds & location of building are superb, but completely smeared over by immense crowds of people. I'll have to revisit it in a month or so when nobody is there.

The valley & river are delightful. About 11 a.m. on the 6th, Cid Corman came to call me to the phone, Ed Holcomb wanted to talk to me & make an appointment. This interruption coming just as I was about ½ way beginning to go up my tree, made me nervous for 15 or 20 minutes. I saw Holcomb last night, wanted me to work on a book of his photographs, write a "poetic" copy to go with pictures. Weatherhill in Tokyo is interested in publishing such a book. I told him I was too busy. I still think that even if he isn't CIA, FBI, Interpol or the Insect Trust, he's a crashing bore & lots of bad news & I shall avoid him.

"YESTERDAY" THEN REFERS TO THE 6th OR 7th AND THE HANGOVER OR MORE PROPERLY MESCALINE GLIDE KOZANJI VISITING DAY IS DEFINITELY THE 7th, THIS ENTRY BEING WRITTEN ON THE 8th AS REFLECTION ON THE PAST EXPERIENCES OF TWO DAYS OF MESCALINE HIGH AND GLIDE DOWN.

THE ACCOUNT THEN GOES TO PLEASURES, VISITORS, IRRITATIONS, AND VEXATIONS OF AMERICANS ETC. I AM NOT SURE IF THIS REFERS BACK TO 6TH OR 7TH.

PW CONTINUES IN PRESENT

I fidget about I feel like walking, but I can't think where to walk--& don't want to see anybody, & imagine that I ought to be trying old stuff or writing something "new" --& also feel like going to bed & sleeping. The sun is warm but the house is drafty—however it's quiet & unpopulated. And of course I think of food & pleasure. What—Oh, macaroni & cheese for lunch, & exactly how to make it without an oven,

AND THEN THE TEXT BREAKS OFF FOOD FANTASIES WITH

9:XI: 69

but had oyster stew instead—stayed home except for two or three more visits to the grocery stores. Another day frittered off into cleaning, cookery & bath & music & reading.

Today seems to be September again. The sun is hot, hazy blue sky, the natives busy walking & driving around the neighborhood, landlady endlessly laundering, the children running wild. I've spent 4 hours fiddling: ½ hour of zazen, a few minutes chanting, cooking breakfast & eating it & reading the while, clean kitchen, clean teeth, clean the rest of the house, wonder about shopping for lunch. Awoke at quarter past 3 a.m. hearing strange wooden clack sounds. Later I find fallen plaster near tokonoma, smell pool of urine and a long black

hair in one corner of the floor in the benjo, feelings of “hauntings”, persecution, doom, premonitions of bad news, quite sensitive to sounds of all kinds—I am nervous & the Esterbrook pen just now ran out of ink.

“I AM CURIOUSE

LAVENDER {GO FUCK YOURSELF]

So much for Swede Movies

Reference is to “I Am Curious, Yellow” a Swedish erotic film of the time very controversial for some reason I don’t remember. I’m all for Scandinavian eroticism myself, having benefited from it immeasurably in my happy life.

[STAYS HOME FRITTERS DAY AWAY WAKES AT QUARTER PAST 3 A.M.]

SO JUDGING BY THE DATES THE MESCALINE TRIP SET OFF A THREE-DAY WINDOW OR “LEVEL” HIGH, FROM NOVEMBER 6TH TO 8TH AND HIS EXPERIENCE AT KOZANJI WAS MEDIATED OR MODIFIED BY THE AFTER-EFFECTS OF THE INITIAL MESCALINE TRIP ON 6TH. HOWEVER, THE WRITING OF THE KOZANJI POEM ITSELF TOOK PLACE AFTER HIS TRIP ON THE 9TH OF NOVEMBER AND THE POEM IN THE NOTEBOOK IS DATED 15TH OF NOVEMBER.

THIS DOMEST REPORT CONTINUES AS ABOVE THEN ENDS WITH THIS NOTATION RE MESCALINE REPORTS BY MICHAUX.

Happened to find a reprint {in EVERGREEN ANTHOLOGY} Chapter 2 from Henri Michaux’s MISERABLE MIRACLE, a booking which he tells all about taking mescaline trips for several months in a row. It seems to have made him nervous & ashamed—at least it did in Chapter 2.

Judging from my own experiences, mescaline is a different trip from peyote. He keeps talking about how the “peyotl” is doing him wrong, etc. To me, mescaline seems like a weak LSD trip: entertaining, but not so profoundly illuminating as LSD—not so violent as peyote. The violent physical & psychomotor effects of eating fresh green peyotl buds—the taste, smell, the real consumption & communion, ... goes deeper, does more, lasts longer. NB, that the mescaline “re-entry” period – “coming down” – is an insomnia / anxiety trip that does closely resemble real peyote effect. Recommend...tranks for relief of same—librium, thorazine, etc.

Practically a nervous breakdown, getting the dirty dishes carried to the kitchen, washed & put away—muttering NO MORE! TOO MUCH HOUSE; TOO MUCH COOKING.

TOO

FAT

By God, I’ll eat in restaurants from now on, etc. etc. by god, I’ll go out & take a walk [not only the dishes were going wrong, but clothes as well—in a fit of impatience, removed trousers until after I’d finished in kitchen.]

Walk walk walk. Etc. etc. etc.

Freezing ass cold but the house is still admirably warm from the sunshine. Botheration, changing clothes, putting on shoes, going out, coming back, take off shoes, change clothes, sit down again—and the time it all takes. time which ought to be Otherwise Employed . . . [rage! fuss! fume!] . . . since it is this cold at 8:30 pm, the earth & air will be frozen solid by mid\night?

MERRY CHRISTMAS 1962!

MORE DETAILS OF HOUSE COME INTO THE ENTRY. SOME NERVOUS WORRY TRYING “TO STOP EVERYTHING.”

For the last 20 minutes, getting ready for bed, brainlessly raging at myself to STOP everything—or start everything, commence flying over the roofs of Padua or wherever it is, that painting of “Simon Mages just before St. Paul & Peter expelled his demons and Simon Magus crashes to the ground & breaks a leg & dies—probably Antioch or Syracuse or Jerusalem—or that fabulous pot head who stepped out the window because he was able to fly—window 75 storeys above the street: better try to sit down on the floor right here in Fukoji-cho & stop everything.

THEN DETAILS ON THE 12TH INSERTED BOTTOM OF PAGE NOTING HOW SEVERANCE PAY MS WAS DONE, SO THE MS WORK & POSSIBLE FINAL COMPIATION ON THAT PROJECT WENT BEFORE “KOZANJI” WAS WRITTEN ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES ON THE ENTRY FOR THE 15TH OF THE MONTH. THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE ENTRY READS:

12: XI: 69

completed ms. of SEVERANCE PAY—poems
1967-1969 & sent to Don Allen for 4 Seasons
press [commenced typing & organizing on 10:XI:]

SO THEN 14 PAGES & NINE DAYS AFTER TAKING MESCALINE HE WRITES THE POEM KOZANJI. OBVIOUSLY THE FRITTERING NERVOUS WHIMWHAMS & SCATTERATIONS WERE PREP FOR THE WRITING OF THAT POEM.

NEXT PAGE STARTS KOZANJI AT TOP OF THE PAGE WHICH MAY INDICATE THATWHALEN STARTED TO WRITE THE POEM ON A FRESH PAGE OR THAT HE ALREADY HAD A DRAFT AND WAS INPUTTING THE POEM OR A CORRECTED VERSION OF THE POEM. THE POEM IS DATED 15:XI: 69 SO THIS NOTE ON PUBLISHING HISTORY OF SEVERANCE PAY WAS INSERTED EARLIER IN A BLANK SPACE, AS AN AIDE TO MEMORY AND THE DAYS BETWEEN 10-12 IX WERE PRESUMABLY ASSEMBLING THAT BOOK TEXT OR FINALIZING PAST DECISIONS ON ITS CONTENTS.

THIS PLACEMENT OF KOZANJI MS. BEFORE AN EXTENDED PASSAGE OF LINES AND STANZAS EVENTUALLY USED IN SLAC ALSO MIGHT HELP EXPLAIN WHY PW NEVER PUT KOZANJI IN SLAC OR ANY OTHER COLLECTION OF POEMS AFTER SEVERANCE PAY EDITION.

I WOULD GUESS THAT HE PROBABLY SIMPLY ASSUMED HE'D MINED EVERYTHING OUT OF THIS NOTEBOOK AND OTHERS BEFORE AND AFTER FOR SEVERANCE PAY OR SLAC.

OR PERHAPS HE DISCOUNTED THE POEM AS AN OUTGROWTH OF MESCALINE TRIP. HOWEVER, THERE ARE A LOT MORE LOOSER & LESS INTENSE PARTS OF HIS JOURNAL BEFORE AND AFTER THIS KOZANJI POEM THAT MADE IT INTO THE LONG POEM SLAC. AND OTHER MORE MUNDANE PASSAGES ABOUT HIS PSYCHEDELIC USES AND TRIPS (SEE FOLDER 9 IN BOX ONE “LSD NOTEBOOK” 1967 JUNE.

SO I DON'T HAVE A SUPPORTABLE REASON WHY KOZANJI WAS NOT PUBLISHED IN HIS FUTURE BOOKS.

THE INSERTION OF "ARE" IN THE THIRD LINE B/N PEOPLE AND BILLOWS, THE CROSSING OUT OF A WORD ON THE BARE FEET LINE BOTTOM OF SECOND STANZA AND REWRITING "KOZAN" AND THE SIDEWAYS MARGIN INSERTION OF THE TWO LINES IN THE LAST STANZA ON THE TOP OF THE SECOND PAGE

~~The light comes through the clouds~~

~~Color intensifies~~

FOR THE OTHER TWO LINES THAT WERE INSERTED

Clouds moving over them change their colors

Walking under them changes color

MAY INDICATE THAT HE WROTE THIS POEM FROM ANOTHER PAGE OR DRAFT, PERHAPS ON A SECOND PIECE OF PAPER. THE POEMS SEEMS BETTER WRITTEN TO ME, RE CALLIGRAPHICALLY, THAN THE SURROUNDING PARTS. AND MORE COMPOSED IN SOUND, MUCH LIKE PP. 1-19 IN THE START OF THIS NOTEBOOK.

THE CHANGED LINES IN MARGIN ARE A CLARIFICATION AND A MORE PRECISE IMAGE PATTERN OF THE SENSATIONS PW IS DESCRIBING.

ALTHOUGH THE LEFT HAND MARGINAL NOTED TWO LINES COULD BE SECOND THOUGHTS, THEY ARE TOO COMPOSED FOR THE POEM TO BE SPUR OF THE MOMENT ADDITIONS AND THEY FIT THE METRIC HE'S GOT GOING OF OSCILLATING LINES. I FEEL CONFIDENT THESE CHANGES IN THE MARGIN SUBSTITUTED FOR THE TWO CROSSED OUT LINES OCCURRED TO WHALEN DURING A TRANSCRIPTION OF ANOTHER EARLIER MS. HE SAW A BETTER WAY TO PRESENT THIS VISUAL EXPERIENCE.

AFTER KOZANJI IS WRITTEN THEN AN ACCOUNT OF THE REST OF THE TEMPLE SIGHTSEEING THAT DAY. HE SEEMS TO HAVE BRAVED A BOAT TRIP WHILE STILL MORE THAN A LITTLE LIFTED BY THE AFTER-EFFECTS OF TRIP. I THINK HE DID THIS RATHER THAN RETRACE HIS STEPS MORE IN THE SPIRIT OF A MESCALINE GLIDE STATE: LET'S HAVE MORE SENSATIONS WHY NOT? WHEN THE DESCRIPTION MAKES THE BOAT TRIP AND BOATS SOUND DANGEROUS.

Walking down the Kiyotaki River from Jingoji I missed the trail, found myself at the confluence of the Kiyotaki & the Hozu—no way out except toy boat or backtrack—chose toy boat for 45 minute dream voyage ranging maple canyon rocks of dragon rocks of dream—

SO WHALEN WAS STILL IN THE AFTERGLOW OF HIS MESCALINE HIGH &/OR THE STRESS RELEASE FROM THE TEMPLE SO HE PERHAPS BRAVED THE STREAM IN A "TOY BOAT", WHICH MAY SEEM A TOY TO HIS MORE MINOR 2ND DAY STONED PERCEPTIONS OF HIS BULK AND THE BOAT. RE LESS PARANOIA OR FEAR.

16:XI:69

RANT AGAINST WORDSWORTH REREAD:

"PRELUDE, To which I can/only reply/"you poor fish!"

THEN DOES THE GOD PUSH THE SPARROW ROUTINE.

Wake up nightmare [rejection] ostracism story—memories of army life etc. & headache. Aspirin help temporarily, but now the ache & sadness return. Gloomy gold morning; so 10: a.m. I ingest giant lump of bhang in strawberry jam, & hot coffee. Things will look better an hour from now, ok? Shut up.

THE NOTEBOOK CONTINUES WITH JOTTINGS AND REACTIONS AND A WRY TRANSCRIPTION OF A GUIDE VOICE TELLING SOMEONE ABOUT A DANCE BUT USING THE STRANGE TRANSLATION LANGUAGE OF TOUR GUIDES THAT AMUSES WHALEN. I HAPPEN TO LOVE THIS HABIT OF WHALEN'S AND HIS DELIGHT IN STRANGE TRANSLATIONS FROM CHINESE & JAPANESE. I USED TO COLLECT THEM MYSELF FROM INCENSE BOXES ETC. IT'S IN HIS MODE OF DAINY BURLESQUE.

22:XI: 69

Here comes the maidens dancing

That song they are singing

Which you will hear

Is called

THE SONG OF THE PANICLED MILLET

24:XI: 69

In America we've been fighting 100 years etc. . .

MORE RANDOM & VARIOUS ROUTINES, NEWS FROM MASA RE GEN'S BIRTH. MISCELLANY.

THIS TEXT WINDS DOWN TO THE FANTASY OF POE WATCHING THE PLATO CAVE WALLS CRUSHING US AND OTHER PARTS OF PARODY & CULTURAL COMMENTS FOUND IN SLAC.

NOTEBOOK ENDS ON HAPPY NOTE.

Box 2: 6

STARTS WITH FIRE CREATURE FANTASY OF SOME FIERY GOD OR OTHER STRANGE DREAM OR VISION.

27:XI: 69

carved fire, sculptured

flame world net wall.

momentary bird head faces eyes beaks

all swirl crimson ray beam yellow streaks

He isn't in the fire

he's made of it, that light,

Cool zap energy sword

Cool hat of lotus flower

Big square feet on solid rock

THEN AFTER SOME WORD SALADS & FUN, PW WRITES THE BIT ABOUT

“50 years of fighting the Bolshevicki/to maintain 500% profit on every/waffle iron”

routine and then this entry follows that.

9:XII: 69

At Cid's suggestion I'm reading Ferdi/nand Lundberg's THE RICH AND THE SUPER-/ RICH. What I wrote above should read/"2500% profit."

Slow awakening this morning, envisioning a set of fictional characters and how they see, one fine day,

WHALEN VERY CONTENT & SAILING ALONG ON HIS WRITING BUT KVETCHING ENOUGH.

16:XII: 69

Paranoid phantasm: present use of LSD, hash etc by most of the leading intellectuals of the U.S.A. a further step towards general stupefaction & control by central government?

PONDERS EDUCATION AGAIN, THEN THE MOB APPEAL & LACK OF GREEK ETC. GOES TO "19:XII: 69" THE BAD NEWS INCUBUS SERVICE" ROUTINE FROM SLAC? AND THEN MORE SECTIONS OF SLAC.

12:I: 70

the pill helps nerves, but the lunch
must have been composed of coarse
gravel and broken glass with a
sauce of wet concrete. Never the-
less, it feels better to be sick now
that the house has been cleaned and
the Great Kerosene Crisis resolved.

OM SRI GANESA

AFTER THIS HE DEFENDS SHAKESPEARE FROM CID CORMAN'S NOTION THAT W.S. COULD NOT HAVE WRITTEN HIS PLAYS THAT SOMEONE ELSE WAS BUSY OR HIS ACTORS OR HE HAD ACTORS WHO HELPED HIM AND NO ONE COULD WRITE THIS MUCH WITH QUILL AND INK.

Cid says the business of Shakespeare never blotting a line must be nonsense. He must have been revising while the actors were rehearsing—&c.

THIS IS OF COURSE HYPERBOLE ON BOTH FRONTS, WILLY THE SHAKE'S FRIENDS AND CID CORMAN. DRAMA HAS MORE CONSTANT NEED FOR REVISION THAN EVEN FILMSCRIPTS.

WHALEN TAKES THE BAIT & DISAGREES AND SAYS OH YES ONLY ONE REALLY SMART GUY COULD DO ALL THIS AND DID.

I SUPPOSE CID WAS LIMITED BY HIS INABILITY TO FIND HIS WAY PAST FOUR SYLLABLES BEFORE HE'S IN A NEW LINE IN HIS USUAL POETRY STYLE. IT IS THE KIND OF REMARK MINOR POETS LIKE CID MAKE, IF HE HAD ANY THEATER EXPERIENCE HE WOULD KNOW EVERY PLAY UNDERGOES CONSTANT REVISION THROUGHOUT A RUN. CID SEEMED ALWAYS IRASCIBLE & PIQUED OVER SOME OTHER WRITER'S ABUNDANT TALENTS AND SKILLS.

BOX 2:7

12:III: 70

To gradual recovery from in-
operable cancer, granulation of
the hind-brain & irreversible melanism
of the bobo—all of which leaves me
feeling resigned, cynical, feeble & 15 to
20 years older {Happy 94th Birthday
Go Fuck Yourself.}

BOX 2: 7

20 II 70

ANALYSIS OF WRITER FRIENDS: THIS IS VERY PRECISE WRITING IN ITS FERVOR. WHALEN'S OWN PRIVATE NEEDS TO KEEP HIS LIFE SOMEWHAT HIDDEN OR PROPER IS AT ODDS WITH HIS NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHY CERTAIN WRITER FRIENDS HAVE SUCCEEDED AND HE HAS NOT. ALSO THERE'S A STRONGER SENSE OF FRIENDS AS CHARACTERS. FOR USE IN FICTION. HE'S WRITING A NOVEL OVER THIS TIME, OR REWRITING ISBHEAD. I BELIEVE THIS SUCCESS, AS IT WAS A SUCCESS FOR WHALEN TO WRITE A NOVEL AS CLEAR AS ISBHEAD COMPARED TO THE SLOPPY YOU DIDN'T EVEN TRY. HE SAYS THAT HE FIGURED OUT HOW TO WRITE A NOVEL AROUND THIS TIME. HOWEVER THE HARD WORK OF REVISION SEEMS DESPAIR, TOO, FROM COMMENTS SCATTERED AROUND IN HIS INTERVIEWS. HE DIDN'T HAVE THE SKILLS ONCE HE GOT THE JUMPCUT METHOD OF HIS SECOND NOVEL IMAGINARY SPEECHES BRAZEN HEAD.

NOTE TO SELF 4.16.09 INPUT MORE OF THIS ANALYSIS ESP. OF FELLOW POETS. I JUST PUT IN GS FIRST AS THIS QUOTE INTRIGUED ME.

Gary Sherman Snyder wants to excel but instead, only succeeds, like Tom Parkinson.

HERE'S THE WHOLE RANT & DISSECTION OF TALENTS.

Psychosomatic symptoms—

I can read music, I am aware of my own mistakes in playing or singing, & the mistakes other people make, I am fairly conscious of meter and rhythm —still I seem unable to develop any skill in playing any instrument.

I feel a correlation between this experience and several other kinds of knowledge/skill/ experience trips—I have spent lots of time trying to draw and paint—lots of time trying to practise meditation or “zazen”

I am not saying any of this as clearly or as beautifully as it might be said.

20 III 70

Anguish & influenzas, which succeed to a week of tonsillitis. Something wants to be written down right now. Viz: --that there's be no severance pay in trying to write a novel about the relationships between the writers of the '20's, although I keep thinking of them as if they were fictional characters ...reading F. Scott Fitzgerald's letters [until the book accidentally fell down the hole in the Benjo kept annoying me—I kept feeling that I could clearly “see” & understand FSF's character, & that he must have been a detestable person. And the people he lived with [physically & intellectually] were variously mad, nasty, feeble-minded &c. And so there must be a story a presentation of people as they “really” are: a picture of mutual fatuity & futility...

I must write the opposite of ill-nature, sickness, insanity, down, satire &c. Self-criticism, attacks of any kind must GO, for a season. Don't try to teach anything or “prove” anything, but show what I see and know & believe in, relating to people & the world [“the world”, i.e. physical nature] Let the characters be the ones interested improving, teaching, criticizing, bitching, & laughing—let them be the ones grabbing & demanding & weeping.

And now, the “flashes” recur, mental snapshots of my friends—or rather, of the characters which I have assigned to them--& the confusions of character with other persons, & with opinion and prejudice: Lewy as F. Scott Fitzgerald—drunk, weeping, hating himself for wishing his mother would die & leave him the money which she is now aimlessly squandering, the money which is Rightfully H I S & C & C.

Robert Creeley, who can be funny & self-effacing who writes so well, who deals & manipulates & arranges & finagles, --how? By letter, by talk—to get into somebody else's beautiful wife & to get a Guggenheim Fellowship or a professor's job for the husband of the beautiful lady [or at least see to it that all the husband's poems, novels, essays, plays, &c are published—wants real friendship & love

Michael T. McClure who also writes angelically, also deals & manipulates, but SAYS he is--& openly has tantrums when frustrated--& who doesn't much deceive himself about motive &c. —but a sucker for FASHION

THOMAS Parkinson who has got everything except the admiration which he wants for his poetry. He won scholarships & fellowships to get into expensive high school, then into University, then Guggenheim & other fellowships to write books on Yeats & to mingle with expensive literary society at home & abroad—gets continual promotions & powers in the University—big house, marvelous wife & children, “gracious living”, entertains old friends who are poor &c—NOBODY pays any attention to his marvelously polished FLAT poetry.

“Gary Sherman Snyder wants to excel but instead, only succeeds, like Tom Parkinson.”

MCCLURE nearly does [**excel—PW writes below with arrow for insertion here**]

Creeley excels. Creeley hasn't written those plays which Mike did, nor did he create DARK BROWN.

By God, McClure is one upon Creeley, actually --& it was hard for me to see that Mike has got beyond THE GOLD DIGGERS

[MCCLURE nearly does . . .] **with note to REVISE opinion of MM arrow going up as above this (as I have done)**

Wieners excels or has, once—

21:III: 70

After reading THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD & re-reading Hemingway's account of him in A MOVEABLE FEAST, I was thinking about what a slob & feeb & flop F.S.F had been all his life—then I open the OSHIRI & here's this blank & aimless notebook poking up in my face. FSF died when he was about my age, having written considerably more than I ever have--& Ernest Miller Hemingway says—in print—that GATSBY & some other pieces of FITZGERALD writing—“2 very good books” &c &c would he have said this about anything I've done, if he had lived to read my stuff. I doubt it. So I must press on.

In the distance Robert Creeley suddenly yanks his mouth askew with two fingers, removes them & grins at me.

OSHIRI MAY MEAN NOTEBOOK IN JAPANESE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE HE PW MIGHT BE OPENING. HE USES IT IN OTHER ENTRIES THIS WAY.

22:III: 70

“Those caves of ice”

somehow or other,

S.T. Coleridge was a better poet

Than any of my contemporaries

Except Yeats—

--so much for PMLA—

MUCH LEFT OUT HERE

Maybe I'll change my mind.

WC Williams also wrote THE KNIFE
OF THE TIMES, BEER & COLDCUTS,
LIFE ALONG THE PASSIAC RIVER

Michel McClure has written plays

“...but they forgot to give your Mammy
a talcum-powder “shammy”
So don't you sigh
Don't you cry
Cause you're your mammy's
Little Coal-black rose!”

Perhaps my parents learned such wonderful songs from vaudeville and the dance hall they sang them all their lives, your favorite hits direct from Tin Pan Alley!

PW SEEMS TO JUMPCUT OUT OF THEORY INTO THE REALITY CHECK OF WHAT POETRY DOES IN DAILY LIFE: DISTRACTS & AMUSES US & WE CROON DITTIES LIKE THE ABOVE TO OURSELVES. I THINK OF THAT ZEN TWO CHARACTER PAINTING BY JIUN TRANSLATED AS “HUMMING A SONG/SUTRA” WITH THE IDEA OF A FEW STRAY NOTES OR MELODY FRAGMENT AS BEING OUR ENTIRE ACCOMPLISHMENT IN LIFE.

25:III: 70

plum trees bloom at Kitano Jinja

Maybe I revisit tomorrow when nobody

else is there

26:III:70

I must have a Secret Book—

As for example, during this morning's zazen, the body became vertical rainbow light or narrow beam of rainbow in what has been called "the Susumna-nadi" like pictures of laser beams. These are impersonal—"NOT ME"—although "I" know them. They exist independently of me, they are "not self". A sense of pleasure and excitement.

31:III: 70

WHALEN IS PONDERING THE NEED FOR DOING THINGS AT ALL. THEN LOOKING FORWARD TO HIS BUDDHIST TRAINING, WHICH IS ON HIS MIND, THE NEED FOR DOING THIS AND ASSUMING THIS ROLE, BUT STILL WANTS IT HIS WAY. WHICH AIN'T GOING TO HAPPEN, OF COURSE, NOT IF HE ENTERS IN ZEN TRAINING. BUT HE FEARS GIVING UP HIS WILL ETC. BY TAKING ZEN TRAINING.

"I think I have to do it my own way." & then I must remind myself that as long as "I" & "my" are part of the idea, or if I accept that formulation which includes "I" & "may" to the exclusion of other forms of being velvet stars brittle stars//sun stars I'll be mistaken. * Knowing what is right is one thing. Being right is another thing. Thinking or saying 'I am right' is a third. Gilbert & Sullivan: I am right & you are right/& he is right as right can be.

...*if you must do it your way, OK—but don't stop, try doing it gently, with complete wisdom & compassion & enlightenment, including everything* This is a pep talk?* What is this demand for approval—secret leeching after acceptance by Walter, Daishu In-San, Yamada Mumon Roshi, Irmgard, Dick Baker, Kobori San, Suzuki Roshi, Gary et alia? It embarrasses me when people tell me they love my poetry, that I am great writer &c &c—how can it be other than embarrassing to have someone say, "your understanding of the Buddha Dharma is really marvelous, & c &c"

WHALEN HERE IS SHYING AWAY FROM THE COMMITMENT THAT HE'LL EVENTUALLY MAKE WITH BAKER. HE ALSO IN OTHER PLACES DETAILS HIS CRITICISM OF BAKER AND BAKER'S ACTIONS IN KYOTO, INCLUDING APOLOGIZING TO BAKER AND VIRGINIA FOR RAGING AT THEM ABOUT TASSAJARA WHEN THEY BRING IT UP. DISPLAYING FEAR OVER HIS SUBMISSION TO THAT DISCIPLINE. ONCE HE GETS A FEELING FOR ZAZEN'S FAR REACHING EFFECTS HE RELENTS MORE, AND THOSE NOTES ARE IN BOX 3, OR BOX 2 9. I'LL CHECK TODAY, FRIDAY 17TH WHEN I GO BACK TO BANCROFT.

BOX 2: 8**5 IV 70**

“Above the entrance to the chancel of Daikakuji zenden, 2 swallow’s nests, with little flat boards carefully set underneath them to catch the drippings & the feathers, exactly as if this were the porch of an ordinary house. Each nest sets at the base of one of the architectural members above the doorway.

[Drawing]

Kids picnic in the cold, all around Osawa pond. The only authentic ruins are these garden ponds which had no military value & were fireproof.

[LATER, AT HOME IN UTANO]

PW THINKS ON THE KOREAN WAR, THE INVISIBILITY OF IT IN JAPAN, NO ONE CARES, ALSO THE VIETNAM WAR A LOST CAUSE, ETC.

Maybe it’s harder than anybody will ever admit, to get rid of the idea of liberty, the idea that you can kill me but you can’t fuck me around. The disgusting Wash Jones in Faulkner’s ABSALOM, ABSALOM! {P.278}

“...the chortle, the old imbecile stability of the articulated mud which, Mr. Compson said, outlasts the victories and the defeats both:’ Well, Kernal they kilt us but they ain’t whupped us yet, air they?....”

Japanese--& American--& maybe all sentient beings have a certain faith in the feeling that if you keep yelling, something is bound to happen, something will change: this is a faith in magic incantation: MANTRA

Scratch a white American
& you’ll find a cop.

11 IV 70

American is owned by rich people who are more and less intelligent than the ravening middle & low-class fanatics who manage and work the country fro the benefit of the owners. Rich people can afford to travel abroad, and to spend time living in other countries; they aren’t obliged to live and associate with their middle or lower class countrymen.

America was built by poor people who had not much education or “culture”. They tried very hard to make their children into white anglo-saxon protestant Americans with middle-class manners and boundless ambition. Why not.

ALL THIS THINKING ABOUT SOCIAL CLASS END UP IN *SCENES*, AS HE TRIES TO SET HIMSELF IN THE PRESENT TIME OF NOT HAVING TO DEAL WITH THESE ISSUES IN JAPAN. OF COURSE IN SLAC HE DOES. HE BRINGS THEM WITH HIM. AND AMERICANS HE KNOWS REINFORCE THOSE STANDARDS. FAST TALKING BUDDHA IS ONE.

VERY AMUSING ACCOUNT OF A PLAY & THE ANTIC HUMOR OF JAPANESE TROUPES & THEIR GROTESQUE COSTUMES AMONG SALARY MEN & FAMILIES ALL ENJOYING THE PARK FOOD PLAYING ELECTRIC GUITARS, ETC. CARELESS PUBLIC PLAY AND AMUSEMENTS AMID CULTURAL DISPLAYS. REMINDS ONE OF THE CHINESE OPERA CHAOS.

HE DRAWS TANUKI BADGER GOD WITH BIG BELLY & SMALL UPSTANDING PRICK & LARGE BALLS,

“not an unfair portrait of the present writer”

An interpellation:

One of my friends

always marries rich women

who expect him to find &

keep busy with an 8-hour job

outside the house

[no caps at start of line]

WHALEN THROUGHOUT THIS NOTEBOOK WRITES SEVERAL FICTIONAL SCENES OF MEDIEVAL JAPANESE LIFE WITH HIS SWEET SELF ACTING AS A WARRIOR, ETC. HE ALSO SHOWS A REMARKABLE KNOWLEDGE IN THESE EXERCISES, A LIVELY IMAGINATION OF HOW HE MIGHT FIT IN AND THEN GOES INTO HISTORY 18 IV 70 AND SAYS OF THE TOKUGAWA:

rule by bully tyrant gangsters.

PW DRAWS & COMMENTS ON VARIOUS TEMPLES & DESIGNS, COLOR SCHEMES, ADMIRES TEMPLES, ETC. THE DISTINCTIONS B/N AMERICAN LIFE & JAPANESE LIFE AT THE ROOT OF HIS ACTIVITY HERE. AMERICAN TOURISTS COME OFF BADLY IN HIS VIEW.

22: IV: 70

All of us fry and freeze in Hell

Sing in the Heavenly choir

Thirsty starving ghosts and men

Animal demons all spin around

Snake pit chicken bin pig sty belly

Skull dong;

.....

A single flower in the spaces
between each spike

THIS IS FOLLOWED BY A MANDALA OF MICKEY MOUSE ETC CARTOON CHARACTERS WITH JAPANESE DETAILS OF MOCHI HAMMER LOTUS FLOWERS ETC. PW HAS A LONG RANT ON COLD WAR & THEN MEDIATION SCHEDULE, HIS ERRATIC SITTING, THEN HITTING HIS HEAD ON THE LINTEL OVER AND OVER AND NEVER REMEMBERING TO DUCK.

...when will I learn, [I who am so INTELLIGENT} to duck”) are irrelevant. An intelligent man never hits his head accidentally?

26:IV: 70

Look ~~down~~ into the abyss &/enjoy the view. All we see is light/ all we don't see is darkness. {we know lots of other things//Lots of other senses//various kinds of new green weeds grow up through the white gravel.}

THEN HE DESCRIBES THE INANE ENTERTAINMENT OF CHILDREN IN LOCAL IN
“EACH AND EVERY Sunday in neighborhood coffee shop.”

SO THE MUNDANE LIFE IN JAPAN OF FAMILY OUTINGS & PROUD PARENTS CONTINUES IN A BOURGEOIS MANNER, ONLY JAPANESE BOURGEOIS MANNERS, AS WHALEN WRITES SEVERAL TIMES.

BOX 2:9
1970 May-June

WHALEN CONSIDERS THE DOCTRINE OF THE MEAN
“The hawk flies up to heaven/the fishes leap in the deep”

J. Legge trans.

19:V: 70

I'm not asking the right question, or not attending to the message being presented by whatever obscure organ of sense beyond eye ear & nose.... rationally the problem has no solution—it can be analyzed logically, & various theories can be constructed which, in themselves, are elegant and coherent.... But which don't really “work” when set into motion in “the Real World” . . .

All this immediately causes me to suspect the validity of the whole business—I'm being swindled or I'm deceiving myself in some way.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF PW'S DOUBT & HIS ABILITY TO CUT BACK TO THE BASICS TO START OVER.

28:V: 70

kite wheels above
bridge of changing moon.
That's the end of that.

No coffee

real port, & "Spanish" foods are offered on the menu of BODEGON Arashiyama. Very fine plastic light in the patio Moorish fountain lion head says no water very fine Moroccan copper lanterns punched full of nail & chisel holes. Everything tops off with Mozart electric hifi gramophone air conditioner.

In the capitol is hardly any graffiti, the inhabitants all are married that's the start of the poem. And even those who don't keep a mistress have a girl friend, in addition to a wife & 4 or 5 children, a job & a gambling habit. Everybody is crazy about Beethoven and electric gramophone Walter von Karajan meets Dracula Bowery Boys and Mr. Leonard Bernstein

THE CHURCH OF THE ULTIMATE BUBU

"LIGHT UP AND BE SOMEBODY"

I just now understood that my head is so packed with contradictory orders & "categorical imperatives" & messages from various power systems that my eyes don't focus, I don't slobber & pant when I see the photo of a nude girl, & I have fits of anxiety, temper tantrums, depressions, manias, obsessions etc which are killing me.

Did this head-packing job happen by accident or design . . . part of it is 'cultural'; part of it is "free compulsory public education" . . . & maybe 9/10ths of it my natural dullness & gullibility.

THE DESCRIPTION GOES ON GIVING PW'S REALITY CHECK ABOUT THE MAGICAL CITY OF KYOTO & EXOTIC JAPANESE CULTURE ETC.

THERE FOLLOWS A LONG ACCOUNT OF A ROAD CREW HAPPY LAUGHING LOUD ETC COMPLETELY AT ODDS WITH THE POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS OF JAPAN'S GRAVITY & DEPORTMENT.

DAISHU-IN SAN

In one way there's something dreadful about this culture: nothing is done that has not been done many times before or unless perhaps there was an elegant Chinese model....

BUT the mind is very large & much funnier. {The Roshi says, “Right on. Why is it so hard for you hippy westerns to do the ZAZEN? Why did you say that.”}

Daishu-In San is more important than the beauty & interest of his temple [Ryoanji] -- see him as completely secure like a fly on a stone, bird, frog, some autonomous being who don't need a roof, education, *kulchur* to be great & marvelous . . . ?}

But but but . . . Daishu-In San's training had to spring him out of that beautiful complete traditional Japanese origami / stonework / garden / culture / before he could appear as he does now—otherwise he'd be like all the other Japanese I see around me. Contrariwise, he was born & raised & remains completely Japanese.

KA AT BANCROFT: THIS IS JUST SO CLOSE TO KOBUN IN MY MIND. IN FACT KOBUN JUST SHOWED UP IN THE CHAIR NEXT TO ME. HE DOES THAT FROM TIME TO TIME. LANI'S SEEN HIM TOO.

Rexroth gets at the same thing in the Dragon & The Unicorn—when push comes to shove, all we really need is each other—7, at last, maybe, one gets round to

I HAVE FINISHED TAKING REFUGE IN THE DHARMA

{unless I have been misled by the Translator—who simply intended, ‘Now I've finished this mantram about the 3 Refuges’ ----I must ascertain which meaning—“completed” or ‘have finished forever this business of taking refuge; henceforth “I'm hustling myself.” “No glot—come Fliday.” }

2:IV:70

The pink vacuum cleaner died
now the soul wanders my garden
blue/ green/ black butterfly

7:VI:70

Fast Talking Buddha has returned from San Francisco & Boston. I made the usual mistake of expressing violent opinions about the Tassajara & Zen Center activities—affairs about which I know

LESS THAN NO-

THING

& he knows & his wife knows that I do not: I always allow myself to babble on. It can't possibly amuse either of them.

10:VI: 70 I went to them the next morning & apologized.

THERE FOLLOWS SOME CHINESE KANJI CHARACTERS M 6954 FOR TZU PURPLE OR NAME OF A STAR AND THEN M7062 NAME OF A FERN OSMUNDA REGLIS SO PW IS HAPPILY PURSUING HIS CONTINUING SELF-EDUCATION ON JAPANESE AND CHINESE, BOUNCING BACK FROM HIS EPISODE WITH THE BAKERS. I GUESS HE COULD DO THAT WHAT BERRIGAN CALLED THE WHALEN IMMACULATE TANTRUM, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT: RAGE, THEN TOTAL LACK OF GUILT. THEN HE WRITES THIS ACCOUNT OF A SIMILAR PATTERN:

13:VI:70

Walking across Reed Campus with Dick Jones, C.C.Bagg & others, about 1966 or so, we passed a new teacher, walking in the opposite direction. Dick & others said hello & the man said hello.

C.C.Bagg said

“Who’s that?”

in the strangest bitch / faggot manner imaginable. I began wondering then, & still wonder—what happened to the urbane rich far-traveling hip C.C. Bagg of 1950—here he was, just an ‘insider’ at a little college in a remote province acting like a little old lady seeing a stranger walking in the village street.

SMALL BITS GET INTO SLAC OR OTHER POEMS. NOTHING TOO WONDERFUL OR RELEVANT TO MY INTERESTS.

18:VI: 70

Mr. E.M. Forster died last week. I feel as if I’d lost a friend or relative, some part of my self. N.B. that he worked very hard at trying to construct & to live in a ‘moral universe.’

20:VI: 70

waiting, I realize, lying on the gurney, shaved & draped with boiled white sheet, for the bone extractor. All my bones,--fingers, head, legs, all repossessed by “The State of Salts & Minerals Reclamation Service the art has reached a new high level. We do the whole thing by operating through a small incision in the scalp which is later completely hidden by the patient’s hair. Unfortunately the facial features and customary human expression are rather dramatically altered.”

25:VI: 70

For several weeks a metal screwhook has been lying on the stone step outside the ROKA. I’d found it on the ground when I was gardening one day, & carefully left it there. After the Toji fair a few days ago I bought a small, beautifully painted 7 mounted painting of Sakyamuni Buddha. I hung it in the *butsuden* on a long string but it would only hang crooked. [I failed to buy the small clear glass *fuchin* which I’d noticed twice a month for the past year] Today I bought the *fuchin* at Kitano fair. The picture still hung cattywampus on its long string.

The back wall of the *butsuden* is plaster [or plasterboard?] and I didn't like to think how it would look if I tired to hammer a nail into it. Then I remembered the screwhook that still lay on the stone outside. With scarcely any effort I set it in place and now it supports the Buddha picture & the pair of exactly appropriate *fuchin* dangle below. There.

BOX 2:10**June-July 1970****3:VII: 70**

F.Sierkskma: TIBET'S TERRIFYING DEITIES. NOTA: plates 13, 17, 37—reproductions of “meditation drawings”—I wonder if he will connect these with Eskimo myth of supernatural being who is an empty *parka*. THIS IMAGE MAY RELATE TO KOZANJI'S GHOSTLY MOB IMAGES.

8:VII: 70

Fast Talking Buddha is an egomaniac. Isn't that all right/ Do I have a monopoly on egomania? One fine day I imagine that he'll publish a fantastically beautiful book--& I shall regret & be ashamed of my present notions and feelings about him.

BAKER COMES IN AGAIN, AFTER PW'S PREVIOUS PERCEPTIONS OF HIS LOUCHE BEHAVOIR WITH JAPANESE ETC. ON 14:VII: 70 HE MENTIONS ISBH GOING TO JOHN MARTIN ETC WITH COYOTE'S DEMISE.

11:VII: 70

Quarto version of Scenes arrives. “I'm tempted to abandon it when I think it may only be a dumb imitation of THE CANTOS or of PATTERSON.

PW THEN WRITES A SENRYU, A CLASSIC.

one minute I want a haircut

the next minute I want

A cup of tea

17:VII: 70

EP gave W.B.Y. a bellyache? **PW quotes:**

My digestion has got rather queer again—a result I think of sitting up late with Ezra & Sturge Moore & some light wine while the talk ran.” ...& later “he [viz. E.P.] has more sound principles than taste.

NO SOURCE GIVEN FOR YEATS' QUOTE.

Margot claims Bill has been on a / drunk for the past 3 months, & that Miss K, having left J. Boyce in order to live with Lewis Warsh has now left Lewis. All this is really Lower Middle Class behavior completely uninteresting to everyone except the participants.

[I doubt that their several psychiatrists can stay awake while hearing Allin self-defense—or final consciousness of his own aggressiveness, the doctors will begin talking, just as Burroughs predicted.]

18:VII: 70

Morning dream—a severed head, the face of a Japanese who was either born disfigured or wounded about the face & wounds healed over with messy scar tissue, nose a round small hole. Sometimes it lies on its right ear, sometimes upright on neck-stalk which is quite dry, with flexible skin, there's nothing dangling, perhaps the end of the neck stump is grown flat & thick like a foot-sole? It is able to hitch itself along under its own power. It reproaches me, it says 'you don't mean to tell me your father's dead.' I am afraid. I don't like to look at disfigured face. It is coming home with me, it insists that my father is there. I am repelled & frightened. At the same time, I'm concerned about the safety of the head. We are at the edge of a highway, somewhere in the country, not far from "home". I feel I ought to pick up the head & carry it there, to save time. On the other hand, I'm afraid of it—afraid it will feel insulted & I don't like the idea of handling it. What if it's gooey underneath. But a fast car or truck may hit it at any moment 'home' seems to be mixed up-it is this house where I now write. & somehow connected with Nick Versteeg's farmhouse, & with Marblemount Forest Service Guard Station.

FOLLOWING MELANCHOLY POEM IS TO SOMEONE UNNAMED. IT IS HARD TO DECIDE WHAT FRIEND THIS MIGHT BE. I DON'T KNOW WHO MALLMAN IS.

22:VII: 70

DOG DAYS. TEN YEARS.

When I try to remember your face

You disappear.

All my head can see is two paintings

And a red-ink drawing

The Mallman portrait best of all,

Your true colors

Except when I look at

Certain flowers.

Whatever else I've done with my life

Amounts to nothing

24:VII: 70

Greek Anthology Vol. V: p. 123

#20-- Palladas of Alexandria:

“Pass by this miserable life in silence, imitating by thy silence Time himself. Live likewise unnoticed; or if not, though shalt be so in death.”

WB YEATS: “Cast a cold eye on life on death Horsemen, pass by.”

25:VII: 70

McClure writes about working in new Peter Fonda movie. It made me regret not having seen Easy Rider.

DISCUSSION OF EASY RIDER MOVIE. PW SEES ITS INCOHERENCE & FAKE MESSAGE QUITE WELL.

27:VII: 70

So the moral of that story seems to be, that in America some people are free to be longhaired dope smugglers who ride motorcycles. Other people are free to shoot longhaired people who ride motorcycles.

THAT'S AN EXACT RENDERING OF THAT POPULAR “GREAT” FILM.

5:VIII: 70

It is time for the Great Moon Rabbit

To appear

--an Alexandrine

Yesterday I played tapes which Joanne & Bill Brown had created as a Christmas present to me. They are very hard to listen to—I could only endure hearing a few minutes at a time—Joanne babbling, Bill hollaring & explaining & singing & roaring, other people continuing in their usual way—Zoë, Ebbe, Boyce—I felt happy that I'd been here in Kyoto at Christmas time, & with luck. Will be here for same holiday this year.

WHICH IS MY FEELINGS ABOUT MOST OF THE NAROPA SUMMER WRITING TAPES & VIDEOS. *YOU HAD TO BE THERE, THEY SAY AND THEN WHEN YOU CAN BE, WHA? AND THESE EGO DISPLAYS SEEM LIKE A COLOSSAL WASTE OF TIME. SIMPLY A LACK OF ANY JUDGMENT BEYOND CREDULOUS RUBE ROUTINES FOR WHAT ARE USUALLY JUST SOME EXHIBITIONISM OR RANT.*

PW'S GENEROUS ACCOUNT OF P. LAMMANTIA'S THE BLOOD OF THE AIR. TYPICAL OF HIM.

Not many have Philip's belief in the necessity & power of poetry—he is a rare creature.

7:VIII: 70

Chaos is an ideal state or condition. None of us has ever experienced it. We are familiar with confusion, muddle and disarray, but true disorder is inaccessible to us.

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THIS QUOTE.

9: VIII: 70

I seem to be having more frequent attacks of alienation. Not only is it the public policy of the American Government ...but also the activities of my friends. I tell myself that I shall go back to USA secretly, not see any of them again: X behaving like a middleclass suburban housewife, Y like a successful broker, Z continuing his love affair with alcoholism—T has fled to Europe, maybe forever—he & Y are now my oldest friends, except for B & whoever else I once knew when I was in the Army.

What is all this rejection—simple fear of being rejected, like the textbook says.

PW GOES ON WITH DAYDREAMS OF EUROPE LIFE BUT NO. THE FEAR OF RETURNING ALWAYS THERE WHEN ONE STAYS AWAY FROM THE OLD SCENES. THESE FEARS MORPH INTO GOING TO THE ZEN CENTER FOR A LIFE, MUCH LATER.

THE NOTEBOOK ENDS WITH SOME DETAILS ON HIS CAREER THAT MADE IT INTO ONE OF HIS BIO ART COMMENTS RE HANGING OUT WITH FRIENDS WHO ARRANGED HIS PUBLICATIONS ETC. KR, GS, ETC. ALL WHO HELPED HIM.

Box 3 Japan 1970 Aug Oct F 7 1971 May-July

3:1:

12:VII:70 starts the notebook.

21:VIII:70

The neighborhood barber watches my hair walk by jealously

PW DEVOTES TIME TO A SATIRE THE CHURCH OF THE NATIONAL BUBU FOR SEVERAL PAGES. HE IS INVADED BY BUDDHIST VISITORS, AND THEN CID CORMAN, ETC. THIS MUST HAVE BEEN A CHANGE.

17:IX:70

Contract arrived from John Martin at Black Sparrow. Etc.

2/3:X:70

Worked at reading Ivan Morris's PILLOW BOOK, for an hour & now find it pleasanter to write here & nod out briefly.

10:X:70

Both Lewy & I--& to some degree, even Allen ...

I'VE INPUTTED THIS ELSEWHERE I THINK. DOSTOEVSKY IMPORTANCE TO AG, YEATS & JOYCE FOR LEW & PW. "GOSPEL OF GERTRUDE STEIN, WHICH CONNECTS LEWY, DUNCAN, BRAKHAGE, KOCH, O'HARA, COOLIDGE, SAROYAN ARM & ME."

24:X:70

I must also try to find & reassure & help the friends of Sandor Burstein, who are supposed to arrive tomorrow.

End of 3:2:

MOSTLY SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS THAT TORMENTED OR INCONVENIENCED PW. FRIENDS OF FRIENDS OR BUDDHIST FOLKS RECOMMENDED BY X ETC. STRANGE PLACID NOTEBOOK.

3:33 1970 NOV DEC

Ferlinghetti analysis

15:XI

reading over some old early 1961-1964 journals last night, I found recorded the first meeting with Jack Boyce, quite a year or so before he & Joanne were married . . . I thought J.B. crazy, scary drunk who wanted to fight everybody. He claimed that he was the greatest living painter in America.

I must have appeared very dull, dim, poetickal & dusty to the Y & Z's—clearly not of their class. They probably only met me because Sandor told them that they must—even as he had commanded me to meet them.

17:XI: 70

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, orphan. Wartime parachute liaison man with French underground. University degrees [Columbia?] & the Sorbonne. Successful bookstore owner, later successful publisher, influential poet, playwright & novelist. Skilful performer as reader of his own poems &c. Fairly good but unknown as painter. ... Wife is from genteel Southern family. Two children—first, adopted, 2nd home grown. 3 houses—Potrero Hill, Bixby Canyon & Bolinas. Dog, large Mongrel, "Homer." Boyish manner ["Gee, I don't know."] ordinary vocabulary—seldom sounds like college man. Likes to stay high on cannabis. Keeps small office

/bachelor apartment in building above his publishing company office. Active in all kinds of liberal causes, but never claims specific interest in communism; never uses communist /Marxists jargon. Physically strong & stays in good condition, but drinks sometimes too much. Always interested in women. Can't remember him smoking tobacco. Was there a pipe once? Fights all the time with wife. Leaves home when his mother-in-law comes to visit. Last year or the year before, he & wife unofficially separated—didn't know if this is permanent; I'd be surprised if they divorced--& it certain would be a complicated and expensive process if they do [didn't, resettling all that property 7 business interests & alimony & child support etc etc etc He usually quite friendly towards me, but he hates what I write. In a group he is quiet but not withdrawn—always friendly & will speak if he feels like it, laughs etc. But listens, watches very quietly—Gertrude Stein's genius who talks & listens at the same time—I doubt that he gambles. No kinks. Extremely bright

18:XI: 70

PW WORRIES OVER NOVELS AGAIN. GOES THRU THE CANDIDATES FOR GREAT NOVELS IN AMERICA. MULLS OVER ACHIEVEMENTS.

One wonders, sometimes, what real life in the center of "American culture" really feels like. . . I suspect that it's all sort of soft & painless & thoughtless & careless—but also suspect my own idea—these people, after all, like the folks at Heian court or like the people that Henry James wrote about—owners of gracious country estates. . . really suffer great pangs arising from disappointed love, thwarted ambition, possession of power & revenge & success too late to fully enjoy [their possessions etc]

That would be a job—to imagine a real American scene without overt caricature, satire or put down—simply rendered in a clear objective manner—representational vs. abstract picture. [PW's candidates] Dreiser's truthful & exact vision without the mouthful of pebbles, the Portland cement style. But perhaps the nature of the subject is such that it can only be portrayed in the medium of gravel & sand & concrete & lots of steel reinforcing rods—a density of language, NOT the telegraphic or journalistic style—in spite of my quarrel with his ideas, Faulkner's METHOD works, where Wolfe's did not . . . Gaddis marred by put-down feelings, caricature, but has some feeling of range & depth.

19:XI: 70

Donald Carpenter again. This present recurrence of the question of his character, & the characters of his friends, which begun a day or so ago, rereading older journals is a surprise--...& a reminder how draggy were 1960-1965-- . . . at the same I see how thick a volume On Bear's Head is, & here is YDET all printed & bound, & the completed, still unpublished ms of THE DIAMOND NEEDLE—which doesn't really need publishing—I

don't think it would survive a trip into galleys, much less through complete press run—it is too thin, too vapory—either too short or too long-- . . .

Looked at The Diamond Needle ms.—I better leave it alone. It's just the right size. The language in part DOES have that sand & gravel Dreiser feel, in certain pages, what a surprise.

Then I see lots of stuff in the notebooks which I decided, 5 years ago, not to use, but which today seems “part” of DIAMOND NOODLE; why were those parts excluded? But now I remember—I tried not to use invidious characterizations, & to carefully select “kinds” of takes in order avoid much repetition.

PW'S WEAKNESS FOR TYPECASTING HIS OWN PRODUCTIONS & IDEAL CASTING & IDEAL SOLUTIONS RUNS COUNTER TO ACTUAL NOVEL WRITING. NO ONE EVER GETS THAT TYPECAST CHARACTER PROBLEM SOLVED (AS BURROUGHS SAYS “CENTRAL CASTING”) BECAUSE THERE ARE ONLY SO MANY PLOTS AS VONNEGUT SAYS & SO MANY PEOPLE WHO MODEL THEMSELVES AFTER X OR Y TYPE. PW LACKS THE SENSE OF ABSTRACT SHAPE IN A REALISTIC CONTEXT OF A NARRATIVE. IT'S LIKE A SMEAR OF OIL PAINT FOR A BUTTON ON A TERRIBLY ALMOST PHOTOGRAPHIC REALISTIC PORTRAIT. ANY PORTRAIT'S ALL FICTION: THE SMEAR & THE EXQUISITELY DRAWN NOSE.

ISBH HE SOLVED THE PROBLEMS BY SOLVING SCENE LENGTH & MOSTLY STAYING WITHIN ONE SCENE & TIME IN EACH SEGMENT. HE HAD NO TRANSITION PROBLEMS, THEREFORE. THERE WERE NONE; NO NECESSARY TRANSITIONS EVEN WHEN SOMEONE MARRIED A GUY OR GAL FROM THE LAST EPISODE & OBVIOUSLY A WHOLE LOT HAD CHANGED.

WAS WHALEN UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND THAT JK LIKED ROUGH TRADE? “MASTERED AND ADORED.” WAS THE REQUIREMENT ACCORDING TO MRS. KYGER CONSOLING GS ABOUT HER DAUGHTER'S DECAMPING FROM THEIR MARRIAGE. THIS BOYCE THING OBVIOUSLY WENT OVER HIS HEAD OR HE COULDN'T IMAGINE IT.

3:4 1970 DEC 14-1971 MARCH 25

AFTER SOME MEANDERING PW GETSPHOTO BOOK OF BEATS, GETS JEALOUS ONLY ONE PW PHOTO.

THEN:

IT is extremely difficult for me to realize my own unimportance as a poet & novelist. I do zazen to remind myself that I have no real, no objective existence in the first place, much less “importance” in American Literature, fame, universal admiration &c. What I really want, I guess.

26:XII

NATURAL HISTORY

Babies we creep out of water sack
 Hid there by young men
 Old we slide into firebox
 Drift up the flue to heaven
 A narrow escape

I THINK I TRANSCRIBED THIS INCORRECTLY ELSEWHERE WITHOUT THE LAST LINE. OR IT WAS REPRINTED IN HIS JOURNALS WITHOUT THE LAST LINE.

17:I: 71

Daishu-In San made Zen seem easy. Walter makes it seem difficult. Baker is on some other trip. Unchiyama Roshi [if it was he] is somewhere between Daishu-in San & Walter. Yamada Mumon Roshi is rock-like. Morimoto roshi more in the “easy” direction. So What.

24:I:71

Completed revised total version 74 ½ pp SCENES OF LIFE AT THE CAPITAL. Shall I remove all quoted matter, make other cuts & re-shuffle the continuity? Tomorrow I will think about it now is 3 p.m. lunchtime.

25:I:71

Mailed final version of SLAC to Don Allen—but I may still cut a little, whether he buys it or not. Oh I want a prose book to write every day.

24:III

Uchiyama Roshi puts out radiations of great humility, harmlessness, detachment. He smiles all the time, displaying what must be a record case of dental anguish & ugliness. I hope that the teeth don’t hurt any more.

BOX 3:5 MORE REFLECTIONS ON FICTION/CLASS

25:III: 71

SCROLL PASTING PROBLEMS. TOKONOMA HANGING. COMES OUT ALL WRINKLEY WHEN ROLLED. WELCOME TO THE STRANGE WORLD OF PASTE.

26:III

Dream of sitting in expensive lobby of giant university building. Night, very quiet subtle lighting. . . .
Bob Creeley sits nearby. There are one or more very shadowy students watching & / or listening. One—who I later recognize as Bob Donovan—lies on a couch. . . . He keeps talking about a novel which I wrote a year or so ago [reckoning inside the dream] in which one of the characters was suggested by my recollections of Allen Ginsberg. He also talks about how I am not a very good cook, & about Allen’s real character. . . . I take him to mean that he’s knocking the book & needling me. I am embarrassed & miserable—especially so, I imagine now, because Creeley sits there taking it all in & tolerantly smiling. I protest at one point that yes Allen does or

did such & so—but that my book is a work of fiction. This remarks seems to disgust everyone—there’s a wave of hostile feeling towards me—confusion, shame, fear, anger, & ½ dozen other feelings waken me.

PW WRITES AN ENTRY ABOUT WHY CAN’T PEOPLE TAKE HIS WORK AS IT IS. SELF-ESTEEM PROBLEMS C’EST LE MEME CHOSE. I EXPECT THIS IS AN OUTGROWTH OF HIS BOLINAS DAYS PRECEDING THIS KYOTO STAY. HE FEELS THE PECKING ORDERS KEENLY THERE & IT DISTURBS HIM.

“I keep imaging that I should write about books which think are really useful as models for imitation, &/or illustrative of good lively English--I once promised to make such a book for Bill Brown-- & I pretend that this book would, in some way justify my own way of writing

Jack Shoemaker has proposed that I might write something his projected book about Gary. I wonder whether I may.

27:III

Yesterday Cid appeared. He & Shizumi have been in America since September. He said that the tour was a great success, financially, & that he had been able to see friends whom he had missed seeing ten years. He says that the economic depression is worse than reported. All prices continue to rise. The war continues. Tension between people builds higher. He predicts a summer of disturbance & commotion.

28:III:71

WHALEN WRITES A LONG STORY ABOUT HIS MOTHER’S FRIEND GRACE HARLEY WHO SOCIALLY DROPPED HIS MOTHER OR DISSED HER WOULDN’T ALLOW HIS DAD TO COME IN THE HOUSE ON A VISIT TO HARLEY. PW WAS WITNESS TO THIS & HE WANTED TO GO BACK TO SUCH SPLENDOR BUT WAS TOLD NEVER AGAIN. I SUSPECT THIS HAS TO DO WITH HIS LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER & HIS DESIRE TO PROTECT HER. HE PUZZLES OVER WHY THIS MEMORY IS SO STRONG.

[INPUTTED FROM 2005]

Box 3:5

25 III 71

“I keep imagining that I should write about the books which I think are really useful as a models for imitation &/or illustrative of good lively English—I once promised to make such a book for Bill Brown--& I pretend that this book would, in some way, justify my own way of writing—or I might make a flat outright APOLOGIA which would be both autobiography & justification—but I see that books of this kind would only tend towards confusion & would neither justify nor explain anything satisfactorily. Why can’t the things that I’ve already published sink or swim according to their several characteristics—while I write a whole raft of more beautiful & astounding brilliant ones? Rap rap rap rap rap rap Quvetch!”

KA NOTES: After writing a long memory of visiting Grace Harley’s house and how that quiet visit on hardwood floors became for child Philip synonymous with “never” as they never went back. It’s a beautiful passage of prose, very evocative.

“My mother had seen her older sister briefly married to an Englishman of the lesser nobility—saw it all work out unhappily. So she her self married my father, a man from her own neighborhood, & {perhaps she thought} of her own class & was prepared to accept a lower station in life?

All this seems oddly Victorian & Christian & creepy....”

KA NOTES : PW then notes how and why they were there.

“Grace Harley may have been some Christian Science practioner or a reader at the Church?”

KA NOTES : PW’s constant battle feud skirmishes annoyances with class warfare & his own fits of depression & anger over the folks who look down on him. Ferlinghetti, for example.

This class inferiority affects his own self-promotion as an author or lack of it. Why bother? He often says does or reacts. Sharing this issue with him, I emphasize.

30 III 71

KA NOTES : After PW’s meditation on finding the right spots “proper destinations”.

“Colors, faces, objects—the memory of colors, faces, objects—either can trip the mechanism which instantly transforms me into an Asura [often] or a Preta [most often]. Quite as often, it seems as if I were totally thoughtless: I only see & hear what it is before my eyes and ears. ...feel my weight, know I am awake instead of asleep or hallucinating.

I suppose that condition of which the Juichi Kannon is a representation is total compassion with no knowledge of a self, a being, a person. All right, try again. Start over

&”

KA NOTES : PW obviously has tapped into the sense I also have of passing through conditions ascribed to gods/goddesses etc. or Buddhamind: such as tics, flicks & chasms of MU, total compassion as he states. So the Buddhist psychology then recognizes we share in these states which we may pray to, worship, objectify or tag in some way so we may return to them at will or create ways that they may occur without our bidding, no intention beyond being alert, a certain opening up to whatever.

7 IV 71

KA NOTES : a poem, serial style. Later revised?

Cherry trees bloom.
Nothing more to do

Cherry flowers
Nothing can be done about them.

Cherry blossoms.
Look at *me*, kids.

They need all our energy
In order to look like cherry
Blossoms.

9-11 IV 71

. . . I stayed at Koyasan with the Baker family. Revisited some & saw many more temples. Richard wangled us a view of the elegant images & painted *fusama* in the Kongo-sammai-in --& persuaded the monk to let us see the inside of the pagoda [ca. 1222 a.d.]. When I was there last year--& when Richard visited the place with Lama Govinda, two years ago—they would show us nothing.”

KA NOTES : *Again a suspicion of prejudice, class discrimination, race discrimination, PW senses the “gai-jin” problem of Japan.*

13:IV: 71

What I remember about Koyasan

One: R. Baker persisting in his efforts to speak Japanese with a Japanese lady who replied as consistently in English. I felt that he was being unconsciously rude; I’ve seen him do the same thing a number of times before, & it always strikes me the same way: he is hurting the other person’s feelings—or is, at least, not attending properly to the real situation before him

Two: PW CARETAKER MEMORY OF TEMPLE SEALS.

THEY ARE FOUND IN THE NOTEBOOK FURTHER ON. THEY ARE VERY, VERY STRIKING.

THREE: RDB & V giving money to beggars along the Pilgrim’s way to Kobo Daishi’s tomb. One terribly crippled & disfigured man was [they were completely so persuaded] wounded by American soldiers in the late war, or [they supposed] even more likely, injured by the atom bombs. I simply sang REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR, at this point. The man may have been wounded by British, Chinese, Australians . . . RDB undoubtedly supposes I must be careless or unforgiving or heartless.

FOUR: CHERRY BLOSSOMS ALONG TRAIN TRACK

FIVE: BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE.

SIX: high school boys in a temple courtyard performing some sort of military/ religious ceremonial, involving a lot of singing accompanied by savage blows on a bass drum. In between songs, a white robed boy raised his arms & shouted chanted messages at the temple building. Then all the boys bowed to him & to each other, loudly grunting “USS!” The ones who didn’t grunt persuasively, or bow carefully, were beaten. It all resembled a film of a *Hitlerjugend* meeting.

7-16 TEMPLE ORNAMENTS ETC. DELETED.

[BELOW PASTED IN FROM 2005 TYPING]

13 UV 71

KA NOTES : PW recalls

What I remember about Koya-san

1. RD Baker persisting in his efforts to speak Japanese with a Japanese lady who replied as consistently in English. I felt that he was being unconsciously rude; I've seen him do the same thing a number of times before, & it always strikes me the same way: he is hurting the other person's feelings—or is, at least, not attending properly to the real situation before him.
2. Old man caretaker in the Kondo who carefully printed the temple seals on a page of my notebook. He was very pleased when I let him write the names of the buildings beside the seals in the usually Japanese manner.
3. RDB & V. giving money to beggars along the Pilgrim's way to Kobo Daishi's tomb. One terribly crippled & disfigured man was [they were completely so persuaded] wounded by American soldiers in the late war, or [they supposed] even more likely, injured by the atom bombs. I simply sang REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR, at this point. RDB undoubtedly supposes I must be careless or unforgiving or heartless.
4. The valley & each railway station along the Nankeen line all exploding cherry bloom
5. [deleted]
6. High school boys in a temple courtyard performing some sort of military/religious ceremonial, involving a lot of singing accompanied by savage blows on a bass drum. In between songs, a white robed boy raised his arms & shouted chanted messages at the temple building. Then all the boys bowed to him & to each other, loudly grunting "USS!" The ones who didn't grunt persuasively, or bow correctly, were beaten. It all resembled a film of a Hitlerjugend meeting.

KA NOTES : Deleted items 7-16.

PW notes he's signed on for a seminar via invite to US college. He writes out a series of categories to discuss with names of writers.

"8. The theory comes later.

A) first, there is you & your language & culture

B) next, you write what you must, & what you can do at the time

C) what was written. Does it work. Can it be made to work. Does it fit a genre?

D) the critic. Any use?

E) Aesthetical notions [names of writers]

9. On the OUTSIDE LOOKING IN he has been

e) destroyed by society Artaud, Genet, Gerhardt, JLK."

KA NOTES : this list is longer about how you may be inside etc. and he notes the money & class advantages of certain writers. It is interesting that JLK is in this category. It matches Charters opinion.

[ABOVE PASTED IN FROM 2005]

15:IV:71

PW GETS INVITE TO CONFERENCE. MAKES UP WORKSHOPS. TOO DULL BUT THIS SAMPLE.

d) what can be done about it

1) "culture" as property of leisure class

2) as property of churches, museums, universities

3) its liberation—the free university et al.

THESE WORKSHOPS SEEM VERY FUSTIAN TO ME, EVEN FOR 1971. I NEVER HAD A SENSE PW UNDERSTOOD ART WORKSHOPS IN THE VISUAL ARTS SENSE OF WORKSHOP, HOW THEY WORK & CAN BE THE MODEL FOR WRITING. WHEN I TALKED TO HIM ABOUT THIS SUBJECT WHEN HE ASKED, HE WAS SO DOWN ON NAROPA HE DISMISSED ALL OF IT. HE WAS CONVINCED ALL NAROPA STUDENTS WANTED TO BE ROCK STARS. AFTER HEARING HIS LECTURES I THINK HE WAS RIGHT. ON THE TAPES THERE WAS SO LITTLE AUDIENCE RESPONSE TO WHALEN EVEN THOUGH AT TIMES HE THREW THE CLASS OPEN TO COMMENTS, & MOST CAME FROM OTHER VISITING WRITERS SITTING IN ON THE WORKSHOP. THE NAROPA FAME GAME WAS PARAMOUNT AS USUAL.

[PASTED IN FROM 2005]

28 IV 71

‘Zazen continues, while waking & talking –
 The standing image of Amida—
 while sitting like seated Shaka—
 Even while un-manifested, like
 Mahavairocana [life &/or death beside the point]
 All this abstraction gets
 Broken through by such
 Personages as Ummon, Liu Chi, [Lin?]
 Hakuin &c – but also
 Made useful by them to get
 At certain kinds of people—

I told Fast Talking Buddha
 That one must develop any
 Number of handles whereby all
 Kinds & conditions of sentient
 Beings may grab hold....”

KA NOTES :: This harkens back to the previous notion of PW about conditions, certain spaces where we enter in via others or others enter via us or we enter via no one but the conditions as they arise.

Here may be what GS means when he writes (in Continuous Flame) that PW had little use or avenue for hierarchical religious notions—interpenetration instead of ladders or steps....

30 IV 71

What are you going to do now?
 Come on. You’ve got to
 Care about the ecosystem
 You’ve got to be in
 You must do what we ask
 which is best for us and many
 Generations yet unborn if
 You will only –Come on!
 All right-thinking
 Everybody else,

Yes, I said,
 Everybody else,
 Which is why
 This one's going on here
 And write poetry, O heavenly
 Day until I feel like
 Standing up and you can
 Kiss me tenderly

2 V 71**KA NOTES : PW on novel characters**

OLIVE BADMOUTH, a success
 CLARICE, "a nasty little thing"

These names evoke all the character of drama and the novel—each one decisively distinguished from the others, dressed in brilliantly colored clothing—but all made from the same kind of cloth—a thin felt—

I say 'no, no, I must present Real People in a Real World & have lots of Sociable realisms' --but my notions & theories & guilt feeling are drowned out by the voices & the gestures of the characters which I invent

“solemn fudge”

a procession of weirds and greepies.

Cadences :

“trundled from / the strangeness of the sea / a kind of / Heaven”

--WCW

“We have lingered in the chambers of the sea/ By seagirls wreathed with seaweed red & brown/ til human voices wake us/ & we drown”

TSE

(The last of course is a recasting of a bit of Tourneur prose into imitation of Tudor song)”

KA NOTES : THIS IS PRECEDED BY SOME NATIVE FOLK SPEECH & FOLLOWED BY SOME. IT SEEMS A MEDITATION ON THE NOVEL; THE VARIOUS CLUMSY WAYS WORK AT THE IDEA OF CREATING CHARACTERS. PW SEEMS SLIGHTLY COWED AT TIMES BY THOSE FRIENDS WHO REGARD NOVEL READING AS A DISEASE FOR THE TRUE ARTIST. POET AS MAGE, SAGE, ETC.

[ABOVE PASTED IN FROM 2005]

28:IV:71

“Zazen continues, while walking & talking—the standing image of Amida . . .

SEE ABOVE TRANSCRIPTION

All this abstraction gets broken through by such personages as Umon, Lin Chi, Hakuin, &c but also made useful by them to get at certain kinds of people—

I told Fast Talking Buddha that one must develop any number of hands whereby all kinds & conditions of sentient beings may grab hold . . .

PW WORRIES OVER HIS NOVELISTIC PROBLEMS HIS NAMES, CHARACTERS' NAMES, ETC. THEN HE DESPAIRS AND DISMISSES HIS EFFORTS WITH THIS COMMENT.

A procession of weirds and greepies

“We have lingered in the chambers of the sea/ by seagirls wreathed with seaweed red & brown/ til human voices wake us / & we drown.”

--TSE

(The last of course is a recasting of a bit of Tourneur's prose into imitation of Tudor song)

5:V: 71

... Wait for a new & better book to write, waiting for galley proofs of IMAGINARY SPEECHES. I'm not writing anything because I'm busy reading everything, . . .

Fast Talking Buddha wiggling out with too much zazen in sesshin at Daitokuji.

8:V: 71

At a store Fast Talking Buddha spends 40 minutes buying bamboo umbrella. He must have opened & inspected a dozen. The shopkeeper kept bringing others to show. Virginia chose the third or fourth one she looked at. FTB didn't believe that she needed or deserved one. He perhaps needed and wanted one for himself, although he seemed uncertain about it.

The shopkeeper seemed to have quite a lot of English, but FTB kept talking at her in his expensive (isn't it about \$150 per month?) Japanese. He bought about \$15 worth of umbrellas. All this talk of money in a narrative reminds me of Balzac. “He had just spent seventeen thousand francs for a pair of tighter boots. He was obliged to write to his father for fifty thousand francs in order to buy himself meals for the rest of the month.” I suppose this must have been the hero of that book which precedes SPLENDEURS & MISERESwas it Lucian de Rubempre or whoever. . . .

[NOTE PW HAD ALL THE CORRECT FRENCH ACCENTS I CAN'T INPUT]

PW DISCUSS MONEY IN NOVELS EUROPEAN RUSSIAN ETC. LIKES DUSTYOFSKI & TOLSTOY & BALZAC NOT SO MUCH.

Box 3:6 9 V 71

LEW'S DEATH & EXTRAORDINARY REACTIONS OF PW AS HE STRUGGLES WITH WHY, GRIEF, ETC. HE ESSENTIALLY DECIDES TO FICTIONALIZE THIS STORY ASSIGNING ROLES OR TRYING OUT ROLES FOR LEW'S FRIENDS. IT IS A PROTECTIVE DEVICE.

3/F7 TYPED OUT VERSION OF LEW'S DEATH. GET COPIED

F7 I HAVE THE TRANSCRIPTION NOW, I CAN CROSS REFERENCE IT WITH ORIGINAL AND INPUT NAMES IN BLANK SPACES. I ASSUME THIS WAS TYPED FOR HIM & FOR PUBLICATION. IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY. I'D LIKE TO GET THE EFFECT OF LEW'S DEATH ON PW DOWN.

3 F7 DONE. Most names inputted. 22nd April 09

BOX 3:8 End of Kyoto materials

PORTLAND 23:VII: 71

SALLY & her brother keep trying to persuade me that I am a bad writer—or no writer at all—because my things get finished & printed. Lew Ellingham & others of the Spicer cenacle tell me the same thing. Donald Carpenter, who has expended a great deal of time & money in order to get my work published, has told me that I'm a bad writer. I must be a real idiot, since I go on writing things which other people publish & read.

THIS RANT ALL GOES UNDER YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN, I BELIEVE. HE SUFFERS UNDER HIS PROJECTIONS OF WHAT PEOPLE THINK ABOUT HIM AND HIS WORK. HOW CORRECT ARE HIS PERCEPTIONS? THAT'S WHAT I CANNOT KNOW.

I think that some are aware that they must choose to really do something right now, or to give up completely, as Lewy did, or tried to do. i.e. Only Wonderful I still want to learn things & see things & make things, want to be alive, want to be counted as being in favor of growing & changing & learning –as opposed to being a consumer, a spectator, a mark.

8:VIII:71

GIBLETS:

The liver & the gizzard
& The pancreas dreaming

Also

1.ALL NOTEBOOKS 4-29-09

The doctor offered to “go over” me & find out what tests I should have. At that point it ought to have occurred to me to fall on the pavement & commence bleeding from every bodily orifice.”Hmmm. Very innaresting. Hunt’s Tomato Syndrome.”

Nothing wrong with me except for a broken heart which must be mended in the same way as a dead kitty-cat go to the pet store and get another.

Nothing is wrong with me except old age death & rebirth repeatedly.

12:VIII: 71

I should abandon this notebook because I keep losing it & people want to see what’s inside & Joanne keeps reading it. Alas there is no scandalous news; Bolinas continues as tedious as it has been—unless one considers that the use of illegal chemical substances should be cause for gossip,”*epatant*” &c. I wonder what it might be that would shock anybody now—jack Boyce enlisting in U.S. Marines? Mme Teixeira resigning from the post office? Creeley going to stay forever with the Lama Ashram at Inverness?

3:9:71

ALBUQUERQUE OCT. 18,1971—29, 1971

SF JULY 19, 1972

28:X: 71

Giant china pheasant burst
out from trees along creek,
voice like a klaxon. Feather
brocade meteor. All
the fuses are blown. Colder &
colder, although the sun
also shines {“for a limited time only!”}

24:XII:71

After looking through the IPBH galleys, I thought that perhaps the whole action of the book starts from the conversation between Dorothy & Clifford, wherein C asks D to pay attention to Roy, whatever.

Now I wonder about actions can we separate out any particular one & say “that’s where it starts”—because there was a possibility that D might not do anything to Encourage R, a possibility that R wouldn’t find

D interesting, that either one of them might have become totally involved with some other lovers &c would it be sensible to start a book with the single intentional act of a Character & follow the consequences of that act—Shakespeare does it often. ?

WELL WHALEN FINALLY COMES TO SOME NOTION OF HOW FICTION STARTS. SURPRISING HE DIDN'T TWIG TO THIS ANY EARLIER. OR PERHAPS HE NEVER WROTE IT DOWN. THERE'S GOT TO BE A TURNING POINT THAT CAN'T BE FOUND IN OPENING CHAPTERS SECTIONS ETC. BUT THIS IS THERE IN SOME MANNER SO THE READER CONTINUES TO READ TO FIND IT OR TO DISCOVER MORE, TOO.

30:XII:71

Lewy goes hiking along country road, enjoying the smell of alfalfa etc “Wherever this is, they grow alfalfa better than anyone else ever did anything.” He accepts the fact that he’s lost—wonders, momentarily, ‘alfalfa, what mean?’ For the sake of a story suppose he gradually remembers who he “was”—& finds that his style & interests have changed, & he prefer the change, & takes care not to be ‘found’ by his “other world” etc.

THE CHARACTER LIST THAT PW COMPILED FOR LEW’S DEATH WAS REALLY AN ATTEMPTED NOVEL OR OUTLINE FOR ONE AND NOW THAT COMES BACK WITH AN ALTERNATE STORY FOR L’S DISAPPERANCE AND DEATH. IT STRIKES ME THAT PW DIDN’T READ SIMENON (YES HE DID, ACTUALLY, BUT NOT TO DIAGNOSE FICTION TECHNIQUES APPARENTLY FROM THE COMMENTS GENERALLY ABOUT JEALOUSY & ENVY FOR THE FAME & FACILITY) WHO HAS SEVERAL NOVELS WITH THIS EXACT NOTION, NOT TO MENTION *THE MALTESE FALCON*’S FAMOUS ANECDOTE RE THE FALLING BEAM CHANGING THIS FOOL’S LIFE. *THE MAN WHO WATCHED TRAINS GO BY* BY GS, COMES TO MY MIND. KEES (?) *THE CRAZY* FLEES HIS MIDDLECLASS LIFE TO CONSORT WITH CRIMINALS & LOW LIFE.

THEN PW RECALLS A MOVIE BASED ON ARNOLD BENNETT’S STORY JUST ABOUT THIS STORY LINE. HIS NOVELISTS ARE ONES WHO WERE TAUGHT HIM. HE NEVER MENTIONS PYNCHON ETC. BARTH & GADDIS, THE DARLINGS OF THE GREENWICH VILLAGE SET. ELSEWHERE HE DISPARAGES BELLOW & EVEN NABOKOV AGAIN AND AGAIN. HE HAS NO TIME FOR READING THEM. WHEN I WROTE TO PW IN KYOTO ASKING HIM FOR ADVICE ON MODERN JAPANESE NOVELS, HE NEVER REPLIED. I DOUBT THAT HE READ THEM AS THEY DO NOT ENTER THESE NOTEBOOKS.

31:XII:71

Try to think up something else. Drama of Lewy being done in by magic, by Joanne, Gary, Magda, whoever—oh, the Longshoreman Clerk’s Union etc. That he may have persuaded Gray to kill & bury him & start the search in the hills—or killed himself & arrange for G. to bury him on the ranch where nobody would find out etc.

Longshoreman Clerk’s union/gangster/dope murder?

Magda/dope sale/mafia/plus personal disgust,panic to free herself etc. get him out of her house, her life, etc.

Joanne would have no motive whatever—except as part of “poet’s union” coven who decided in convention that Lew was a drag on the entire industry imperiling all etc

What conversations had Lew with Gary, at last?

OKAY NOW PW IS OPENLY STILL TRYING TO EASE HIS GRIEF INTO A CREATIVE FORM OF WORK. AND HE'S CASING THE JOINT, SO TO SPEAK, AND DOING CHARACTER FILES WHICH IS AN EASY WAY TO WRITE NOVELS WITHOUT WRITING THEM &/OR FAILING FIRST DRAFTS FOR LACK OF THIS BASIC KNOWLEDGE ABOUT ONE'S CHARACTERS.

4:I:72

PW WRITES ABOUT BILL BROWN'S STATUS OF CLASS CLOWN DRUNK RAISON D'ETRE FOR PARTY CHAT & GOSSIP LEGEND IN OWN MIND SORT OF PERCEPTION. AND THEN GOES INTO CAREFUL ANALYSIS OF THE DAMAGE SUCH A DRUNK DOES. I ASSUME HIS DAD TRAINED HIM FOR THAT. I INPUTTED THIS ELSEWHERE STRUCK BY THE NUMBER OF BAD BOYS ETC WHO DEGRADE ART GROUPS WRITERS ETC. AND REMINDED OF BOBBIE LOUISE HAWKINS REMARKING OF BOLINAS THAT

“these art colonies work for a year and everyone's excited with each other and their work” and then “they go sour and everyone has a grudge against someone else.”

9:I:74

PW REMARKS ON SCOWLY'S RESTAURANT THEN GOES TO NOVEL HOPES AGAIN, RE DAILY LIFE AND HIS NEEDS.

I want to be in some place where it's unlikely that I'll meet friend or otherwise be obliged to speak – I want to listen anonymously ‘invisibly’, to life in Kyoto. It was the ‘content’ of the talk, but the rhythms of speech, grammatical constructions & displacement,--my own verbal feelings & insights into operation.

HE REALLY WANTS TO WRITE MORE NOVELS BUT HE CAN'T. AND THIS IS WHAT HE NEEDS, HE IS RIGHT. GOTTA BE A GOOD SPY TO WRITE FICTION. BUT HE ALSO WANTS TO BE ABSORBED IN LIFE AROUND HIM FOR A PURPOSE AND HE HAD THAT IN KYOTO WHERE HE WAS PACKING HIS HEAD WITH REAMS OF VITAL KYOTO & JAPANESE LIFE AND LORE THAT FASCINATED HIM. HE WAS MUCH MORE ALIVE THERE, BASICALLY.

18:I:72

PW IMAGINES A STORY LINE

—all about American peckerwoods reacting to Halley's Comet when it came around last time....

THEN ABANDONS THAT IDEA AFTER SCOPING IT OUT. HE WANTS ANOTHER CONSUMING PROJECT LIKE SLAC OR ISBH AND BOLINAS IS NOT SUPPLYING THAT.

22:I:72

SPONDEES QUOTE RE SOURDOUGH & USE THIS FOR KOZANJI METRICS SECTION OR A GENERAL DISCUSSION OF PW'S PROSODY. PW BASICALLY “PACKS OR PULLS LINES” TO USE PAUL KAHN'S TERM FOR WHAT DYLAN DOES WITH HIS BLUES OR OLD BALLAD LINES AND HOW CHRISTOPHER RICKS SEES THIS PROCESS. HE'LL MAKE A 3-STRESS 3 SYLLABLE LINE DO THE WORK OF A 4-STRESS 8 SYLLABLE LINE. OR NINE SYLLABLE LINE CONTAIN ONLY 3 STRESSES BUT FITS INTO THE TIME SIGNATURE/MEASURE OF THE SONG.

MANY years ago Jo Miles complained that the word “a nude” was too literary, too “learned” in the line,

Outside the lookout I lay nude on the granite

I only today understand that I didn't want the long 'a' sounds of 'lay' and 'naked' all jammed together; I wanted 3 spondees.

(**I lay nude**)

not the disyllable of " **na ked**"

& now I count up & see that the line with "nude" in it is a 12-beat line . . . "naked" would have made it 13 beats.

I just now checked the lines preceding & succeeding that one, & find that they are properly constructed. They really are better poetry than I thought (or even intended) at the time I wrote that piece (SOURDOUGH MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT)

PW HAS CONVENTIONAL STRESS AND UNSTRESSED MARKS OVER SYLLABLES ABOVE.

PW GOES ON TO THINK ABOUT SEVERAL OTHER USES OF LANGUAGE: ASSERT AUTHORITY ETC. THEN HE QUOTES AN IRISH PHRASE THAT I'VE NEVER HEARD FROM ME FATHER OR ME FATHER'S FRIENDS.

"get a sweeny on it" [in order to budge something big & heavy]

SORT OF LIKE MY FATHER'S "GRAB A ROOT AND GROWL" TO MOVE SOMETHING HEAVY.

OR THE TECHNICAN AT THE KAISER HOSPITAL TALKING TO TWO BROTHERS OF A FAMILY WHILE THE OLDER THIRD BROTHER IS GETTING A CAST ON HIS BROKEN ARM.

"These are two of a set of Irish triplets. That's what we called kids from one family who are 8, 9, 10 years, at least in Detroit where I came from."

29:I:71

Correcting the proofs of ISBH. It just isn't a very good book—the writing doesn't do anything, the characters are too sketchily presented, there is no variety, no orchestral crescendos or fadings—all factitious, tinny, flub.

But I feel I might write something decent. Maybe I could avoid certain mistakes in writing & composition of scenes?

I tell myself, "Dope & booze are ultimately boring. This throws me back to sex, art, & nature – someplace I was at 40 years ago. I've read lots of books since then & known lots of people & 'traveled" etc. – what-what?

30/31: I: 72

An evening with Brautigan, who came over with Sherry [the cover girl for *Revenge*? She fits time frame] to dine with Donald. Brautigan's birthday, age 37. Very graciously repeating his admiration for Donald as an editor & me as a poet etc etc Later we went to visit the Creeleys, who were pleasant to sit with—in spite of my continued feeling that they consider me an inferior creature & low-grade poet. There is an air of patronizing, of gracious toleration.

Groundhog Day 1972

I got the Rilke flash very strongly tonight: “you must change your life.”

25:II:72

the way Lewy disappeared was something I had thought about doing myself—stepping off some trail in the mountains & sitting down among trees & brush to quietly starve to death—I wrote about this notion somewhere—did Lewy read it? Anyway, his acting out of my fantasy makes me feel responsible or accountable for his action or some metaphysical plane, anyway....

PW COPS TO THE SAME GUILT OTHER FRIENDS DID, BUT THIS DEATH ALSO MOTIVATED GS TO VOW TO HELP PW WITH HIS CAREER ETC. THAT HE DIDN'T WANT TO FEEL HE LET ANYONE DOWN AS HE OBVIOUSLY FELT ABOUT LEW. PW ELSEWHERE, WHEN HE MENTIONS IT, IS VERY AMBIVALENT ABOUT MOVING UP & LIVING ON GARY'S LAND, WHEN HE IS OFFERED THAT BY GARY.

THEN HE MOVES INTO THE ZEN CENTER “PREPARED TO BE DISILLUSIONED” AND HE LISTS BAKER'S PECULIAR ACTIONS. I MAY HAVE TYPED THESE ELSEWHERE.

In this organization [Zen Center] the Buddha keeps sidling up and patting my ass, groping my crotch etc. The air is thick with Zen & good will & patience & piety. I told Claude at lunch [in Chinatown] many of the inhabitants look simply cowed, too scared to move in any direction.

END OF NOTEBOOK 3:9