

1999 JOURNAL:

Ah, the good new year. What do we see in the good new year? We see the necessity for the honest, spirited work we have always desired to do. We see the grandest of structures.

Have we not learned? We have learned and been sorrowful and know we are pinned along the ridges of the moon shadow.

We know the world enacts its deeds without our consent and laughs when we try to interpret them.

We know that the questions of academics do not interest us. We are only concerned for what we can enact, silent at times, as the mind becomes itself in stillness, in a kind of private rapture that surely must have been experienced 2000 years ago.

The turning year and all its meanings. The appearance of the discipline needed to bring off other large projects.

Our reticence, is it not evidence of something shameful, something that is not confident the world will carry our mere words on its back but, rather, chase us from the light to the dark with aplomb?

What people never noticed in me were fierce loyalties- some have gone by the wayside and I worked the ease over to the sea with glints of memory reflected back to me.

Only those who could lead further down into my literary imagination- they were the only ones I had loyalty to. I could count those on a little more than one hand.

Ah, but a world does exist- it is this way and no other. It is fat with machines and laughs at the sacred. It kicks the very life out of the spirit in a few short blocks in the ravenous city.

The literary imagination has the wherewithal to produce the transparencies through which we see a thing or two.

Are we not advanced along this far?

It is easy to be an animal. You have to find the ability to contradict the ease of the animal.

Our knowledge is not destroyed only transformed. Knowledge is never a waste of time, it is always the intention of time to produce knowledge.

We exist among our fellows who are cynical, skeptical, and cruel. We laugh. "We have been where you have been, can you say the same?"

The intentionality of mind leads to excellent surprises.

A person committed to excellent deeds needs to brace himself for silence.

Why should silence be hypnotized by the system of exchange and rewards and punishment- it should break the hypnotics and live in the play at hand.

The whole art is an enrichment- enrich with trust and meaning, enrich with wonderful play, enrich with characters that are new yet familiar.

That is the civilizing prospect- the one that this culture is in dire need of.

The symbolic wishes we have had- all gone, all disintegrated and disintegrating by the hour.

I have done what I can do. I have wrung each drop out of the precious hoard. I have gathered up the significant squares of latitude through which we see the traffic and flame of the daily grind.

The writer eventually discovers that the world is greater than he, yet the writer must believe he can report on the world. Let us see the men and women who lived with us this day!

We hear and see the malevolent cries of madmen and eternal killers. We want the sky. We want the last planet formed by the old cosmos.

We want to see what the camera can't show us. We surrender to the soft complex's; old conflicts resolve and dance happily under the purest moon.

The objects that pass through us, their urgency and staying power. The ineffable sense that we have, at all times, made a monstrous mistake.

The mind of perspective and the uncanny feeling it is only through the grace of God.

Something grand about the passing of large emotional complex's that remind us that life is mystery and love. That life offers up something of extraordinary worth and benefit.

Did they take away the basket of goodies? Did they remove the basic instrumentality for pure power and effortless pleasure?

When young we release the violent intercessions that create wonderful geometry. But, eventually, we are at the strange edge where many others, too, hang by their fingertips.

For the literary type the erotic aspect is quite natural. Anything with a strong force to it is employed by the poetic imagination. It is not romance although that is part of it. It is the way in which the writer handles profound emotion. Isn't power another one of those emotions?

The will to power and the erotic without a doubt.

Meaning and truth, without question.

Happiness and well-being present another pair of powerful components.

I would say these are eternal aspects of a nature.

Observing the way things are today, not yesterday, not tomorrow.

Observing, not necessarily coming to any conclusion.

While I don't give up on the internet I keep a very skeptical eye on it. Very few of what can be "gotten" on the web is not available elsewhere. The bottom-feeders have gotten there first. The technicians. That would be my take on it: bottom-feeders and technicians. There really isn't enough talent for all the infinite space that exists. Talent has to take that into account. My hope was that people would go through glorious learning curves on it and evolve. I don't think it will happen en masse. En masse the internet will deliver what the people want, right now. They want lousy jokes, gambling, a variety of goods, and enough headlines to form safe opinions, porn, and pictures of themselves.

That's why it's probably a good idea to pull back a bit and get exact about goals of what you are doing, primarily in the income and literary area.

I think there are a few terrific reading sites.

People like to have fun and they like information.

You have to look at the writing career regardless of the internet.

I regret, in a way, not being able to crank out material day after day and compile it in large novels. That, I suppose, is the measure of productivity.

Doesn't anyone ask why a simple poem from a Rilke, for instance, is worth a thousand of these tomes? As an artist the writer asks these things and doesn't explain it away with reference to the market.

But, there are novels worth the effort to create and read, no doubt about it.

Any novelist who tries to predict or establish the “nature of the time” so that his writing is accepted is a fool. You learn through the very best, nothing less.

The writer in his time simply absorbs, learns, thinks and expresses. His morality is very simple: of that which I have absorbed this has been good, this has been not so good, and that has been harmful. Yes, we have much more to absorb and world’s escape us whatever world we are in but the deed must be done in the spirit of completeness and wholeness.

Whatever makes the creative life effective.

This year I chalk up as a good on but nowhere complete- nowhere near a fulfillment.

I improved on the web. Things are a bit more together. I feel a marvelous transformation going on.

In America you learn and forgive and forget and move on. Its religion is money and the promised heaven on earth as when one has enough to enjoy the better things in life.

But, it’s many other things as well. I have always concentrated on the character of people and ignored the rest. I don’t know how I survived that but it seems as though I have.

The need for change in the middle of complexity so that what needs to occur, occurs and a kind of predictable wretchedness does not take place.

The purpose of the larger projects must be known.

The play of consciousness has been outline and spirit.

The whole of what is known and experienced is like the city on the horizon of memory always moving in toward the center of our heart.

What emerges is what is enacted.

The focus should shift now to the actual condition of the actual space that is in front of you. There is a world in front of you. You live in this time and no other. It will pass as you will pass.

You must grasp the primary things you are doing. You must eliminate as much of the unnecessary as possible.

The soul of lamentations. On the other side of it is great laughter.

Between the kiss on the high moon and the abyss is the poet’s heart.

Ah, but where are the stories to be told?

We reflect, it is a natural condition of the poets mind. We reflect on the stages of development that are of interest only to ourselves. What are we going to say to others? What are we going to announce to the looming faces of those we hardly know?

We admit defeats along many fronts. The world wins and yet we flail away as the most unsuspecting, improbable idiot.

Our life and our being are lost through the structures we make. After is what we have no knowledge of.

The state of happiness is achievable I suppose. It is very difficult in some of the environments I've been in. Those environments all come with their particular cause for conflict. And it is conflict that creates unhappiness.

The magnitude of conflict.

I have been exhausted the last couple of days- computer- the computer is a succubus.

What are the intentions of the literary work? Why are you allowing the market to define the nature of the work?

That work is the experience of consciousness and it doesn't matter if one, two or a million people enjoy it.

My own passivity in relation to money etc. is something I have to confront and resolve.

I hope it's a decent '99. It's hard to say. I am immersed in projects that took me by surprise. I am still dedicated to the web and all of that. 'Taint an easy role I will say that much.

Since Thanksgiving I have rededicated myself a bit. I am tightening the belt this year. It's going to be a Spartan year.

The stubbornness of the mass emotion is frightening sometimes.

I can only know the immensity through my eyes, ears and brain and most of the brains I have to discount.

I believe in a few who have gone before.

America unleashes the creative spirit. That's what the politicians say and I believe them.

That is why an American writer will take on an immeasurable amount of stuff since he has the belief he can solve anything with his native genius.

This is a land that belongs not to aristocratic elites but to the people who are free to pursue their goals.

The pure and ideal American attempts to exist even where the dream has grown rancid in the people around them so they are mere ghosts out of history than standing face to face with the future.

Throw away the crutches there is nothing to fear.

Enact with the full dimension in you, through you.

These are some of the signals of America at this time, in this place.

Every American, even the poor, have discretionary income or resource.

Have I assessed things correctly? I ask myself this on more than one occasion.

Yes, I wanted insight but I wanted the flow of narrative as well. I wanted to stand in relation to the time as I knew and express through it.

What are the times? What are the ways to the future? What are the horizons? What are the dreaded valleys we leave behind?

What have we learned?

Can we return to the prime material?

Circumstances have forced me to be the most positive of men.

Still, it is a cruel existence sealed in by coldness and silence.

Only the narrative that bursts from the fingertips.

Only the narrative that is a heart.

Only the narrative that shapes the city before me.

Christ lives after 2000 years because Christ is real. Christ and a few others are utterly eternal and will be to the end of time. One could never surpass or transcend Christ. We could only merge into the greater Christ.

Would the people of their time be amazed? Perhaps. Of course, the voice of the future rarely reaches the ordinary citizen who remain still and complicated with the transient world.

It doesn't shock me that Christ has outlived the aqueducts and stadiums of the Empire.

Even though the scrofula and doubters are eternal as well their eternity is a kind of Hell and not at all liberating.

The transitory has great influence and power without a doubt but, without question, it passes. It continually destroyed and rebuilt by the ant-like creature who cannot see out and beyond the ant state.

Anything that tries to change the human condition and not the single human heart is up to no good and, will, in the end, fail.

And when changing the single human heart it always turns out to be our own.
