

## 19760104

Those who fabricate their own universe within the framework of civilization (mechanical civilization) and attempt to increase their greed, lust for power, or whatever within it, try to prove the assumption of "death" by projecting themselves into the material, realm, or successor that they symbolize. Art also has a similar function. In other words, it depends on the blind obedience to the unprovable "fabrication" that "beauty is eternal," not to mention Baudelaire.

There may be some truth in religion. Whether Christ or Buddha, they seem to be people who were able to pass through the borderline of death. They may have come back from the dead by some "accident". There is some "truth" in the so-called "religion" itself (before its social institutionalization by churches, temples, etc.) that began there.

Life" in the context of death as an "environment" probably (in my current opinion) does not ultimately allow for ease in terms of both mind and body.

Civilization began when the idea of ease was introduced into one aspect of the fact of human "life" or "living. It was not until **after** civilization was opened that "ease" itself came to play such an important role in human life. In ancient times, for example, it developed in a one-sided way, coupled with the relaxation of the human spirit. It served to create a kind of hotbed for human cultivation on earth by isolating earth

The advice of a Pawnee Indian Shaman to a candidate about to fast for a vision:  
"Be sure to be pure in heart. Talk to the Stone and let all your wishes be known. Say that you are poor, and keep nothing back ."

## 19760103

In the midst of the "new world," religion became ecclesiastical, art became museum-like, and the sense of existence itself became an all-consuming desire. The sense of survival itself became an omnipotent desire, a kind of human paralysis that continued until death, seduced by the sense of unknowable horror that lay behind it. Thus, having been isolated from death as a drop in the bucket, humans seek to redeem something by returning to war and other acts of killing. But now the very image of death itself binds such atrocities more firmly than anything else. So, more and more, death begins to appear and disappear in a frightening manner. Death tries to find the highest ideal of man in "ease," where the fact of "death" is "eternal. This is why those who advocate "peace" are so popular.

From the dead, a human being (that person who appears to be sublime) said.  
After a week in the hospital (after being resuscitated), I looked at my "hands" and for some reason I couldn't help but start laughing. I couldn't help but laugh," he said.  
I will probably remember these words for the rest of my life.  
I have a lot to write about. But it's already 6 a.m.

**November 3, 1976**

It is my sister's birthday. Mr. Carter was elected. Congratulations! I am getting drunk. I drank whiskey alone. I was worried that I might become an alcoholic, but I assured myself that such a thorough physical destruction is impossible for a SLAW METABOLISM person like me. I will never become an alcoholic. Heh, heh, heh. When I was in women's college, I was surrounded  
**by**

**19760102**

A rakugo storyteller lived in my dorm. He was a very old man, but very energetic. Once he even helped me open the door when I lost my key.

Every day around 2:00 p.m., this old man would start practicing rakugo by himself. I used to listen to his rakugo stories through the fusuma. A character named Hachisan appeared frequently. I didn't think it was funny at all. Rather, I sensed something very real, something like the smell of life.

I used to wear a red scarf that my mother sewed for me. It was for painting. It had a black border around the neck that formed a big ribbon in front. The girls' art school classroom had a high ceiling, about the size of two regular classrooms, with a window on one side and a darkroom curtain (red and black) on the other. The smell of turpentine was a regular occurrence. Because of my shortsightedness, I usually lined up my easel at the very front of the model. My paintings were a bit numba (I forget the letters). and I thought it was sentimental, but it was perfect for a quick finish. After all, I was too lazy to go to school.

I had a teacher called Mr. Hori. There was a girl with a brown clasped head. She was one year older than us and had moved from Doshisha in Kyoto. The size of her head attracted my sympathy. However, the moat

**19760101**

Ms. Kay was a charming girl (?). She was an attractive girl (?). She also had an air of mystery about her, as she talked to us about sex in a mature way. Later on, she became involved in a loving relationship with a foreigner named somehow, and this enhanced the mysteriousness of the relationship. This was a very effective strategy in the Peach Garden dormitory.

Anyway, Mr. Carter has hailed a victory. In my opinion, he is a lunatic. He is simply magnifying his small existence with an outrageous sense of mission. I think all politicians are the same way. Sometimes I think about Hamid. He will be killed or otherwise corrupted. The devotion to that irrepressible "civilization" that these people have is deplorable.

Tonight, I had a simple conversation with God. There is still a monster lurking inside me. It is not good. I have had a little too much to drink and my condition has deteriorated, but I want to sleep, but I don't have a private bedroom.

Aha! When will we be able to implement our independence and self-respect? Please help us. That is why I take vitamins pills. Health comes first.

But if you think that I think Ford is a great man, you are mistaken. This self is a non-self, and

**this non-self is the minor of the self in the nest of man.**

**1976100**

November 1976

Last week I saw two Blue Jays on the roof, pecking away in the fallen oak leaves. 7:00 am. Temperature 40 degrees Fahrenheit. I've spent the last few days knitting. I've been craving a room of my own. It could have been this basement.

The radio is playing some sort of chant.

Almost completely disconnected from any interaction with the "outside world". I must write a letter home.

Danny's parents went to a party for charity and came home around 2 am. They said it was a way to make money for the party. I guess the "casino" that just passed in New Jersey is having an effect.

Some extreme measures will have to be taken. It is foolish to be too concerned about the "environment."

**Wake up at 9:00 a.m. Strict adherence.**

**February 1977**

I still cannot get various things related to "death" out of my mind. It is just like when a core is destroyed and the outer nucleus surrounding it loses the basis for governing its existence, but helplessly (I was thinking of a way to describe the outer nucleus - but I can't find anything suitable) it scatters and spreads out into the sky where it has lost its strong gravitational pull.

I am constantly thinking on the floor, trying to give some kind of reality to my daily life. I keep thinking and thinking, but I can't even make a beginning.

**1976099**

Never have I felt so helpless. It is as if the "power" somehow dried up and vanished into dust. Emily Dickeson circa 1882 (when she was forty-two years old) has the safe, loose, independent autonomy of a "stone". Against the backdrop of the inconvenience and fragility of dependent life forms that cannot maintain existence without some form of intake from the environment, the unyielding self-sufficient reality of non-life forms discharged from the environment emerges white from deep exhalation.

The very fact that I am here is so painful that it feels as if it is tearing at my guts.

I am thankful for this headache noise, rather than the terrible headaches I suffer from almost every day.

The basement is strangely cold. A clear coldness permeates still from the soles of my feet to my back. I feel as if I am going to be iced. I hate painting. I can't find any meaning in it at all. The more I paint, the less I see the meaning of what I am painting. Something is there, and it controls me.

**Finish reading "In the Beginning" by Mr. Potok.** I feel like I have walked through a lifetime, not just read a novel. In fact, perhaps the constant for me now is that I would like to walk through

any life (or lives) other than my own, entering into it (just as the protagonist entered into the rectangular screen), creating the illusion that another person's life is my own. By returning here, **the "I" is forgotten from within me.**

**1976098**

**February 1977**

The accumulated dust of repression erodes the human being's interior, and at some point it becomes so powerful that the human being becomes nothing more than a dull reflection of the surrounding reality. From that point on, the human being becomes nothing more than a dull reflection of the surrounding reality, cut off from the future that gives meaning to reality itself, if not the past.

The meaning of existence is dehumanized as well as the substance, and because of this emptiness, one's existence is seriously threatened. The need for rules or restrictions imposed by others becomes necessary. Creation becomes a heavy burden, almost halfway difficult. In this dangerous situation, every moment becomes a kind of skin contraction or head that borders the self and the other. Because the internal pressure to support the skin is so weak, this is a reaction that is solely at the behest of the external situation.

In other words, the inner "self" is little more than a barometer that is constantly in an irrational up-and-down motion, almost reflexively (in self-defense) responding to the outer pressure. Of course, existence itself becomes hopelessly meaningless. The "self," which is limited to the other from beginning to end, is already the "other" to the self. However, in terms of the intensity of its power of existence

or being, the fragile and imaginary "other," which has completely faded away, is in fact the "self. What makes it possible to set the future as an extension of reality is, in essence, the active nature of the accident. Only this active nature can free the accident from situational reality. It is **9:15 am. Sleet is falling. Outside the window, the snow is white. The sky is dark.**

**1976097**

**February 1977**

A Matter of. A book on Freud by Jack Spector. Miscellaneous thoughts on coffins. In these books, for example, there are descriptions of coffins as objects that directly or indirectly signify or symbolize death. The description of the coffin is only for the coffin in the West. For example, the decorative, curvilinear overall structure, the lid (especially its openable/closeable structure), the interior decoration, etc., I read it. It is quite far from the symbolic realization of "death. In other words, there is no physical object inside me that responds to it.

Or perhaps being in a situation where one is separated from these symbolic objects is itself the cause of one's sense of alienation.

**February 1977, sunny, 8:20 a.m.**

Went to the doctor yesterday. He said it might be menopausal symptoms stemming from uterine surgery (removal). They took a small amount of blood for a blood test and gave me a prescription for two medicines (one to control water in the body and the other for sleeping pills).

The fact that I went to the doctor seems to have created a cathartic situation in my body, and today the swelling has gone down considerably, and I am feeling better. I feel as if all the

contaminants that have been sticking around have been swept away. However, I was told not to consume any sodium. This is because it decreases the water content in the body. Use Sodium Chloride instead of regular salt. Because of his history of cancer, he is not allowed to prescribe hormones. Etc etera. Not with that

## 1976096

I have always known that I have a tendency to follow the orders of an authority figure (in this case, a doctor) quite faithfully. I need a situation in which the Absolute within a certain range of limits makes my actions meaningful in a certain way. Or it may be altruistic, but I am almost certain that it has efficacy. I am thinking about Judaism.

It is a clear and rational structure that depends on the direction of a certain other person who is not oneself - to fit into it without question. It may be an escape from the self. After all, my "self" is sticky under the blazing sun. It is like coal tar that cannot be recovered. It is ten minutes before nine o'clock. The sky is already overcast.

In short, the psychological structure of studying or majoring in the arts is based on a very pragmatic view. In other words, by "mastering" them, one hopes to take advantage of the art-related shame already provided by the established society. The most striking attribute that makes art different from play is that it possesses an undeniable status within the social structure, equipped with powerful economic forces. It is unrealistic to ignore this situation when considering the "motivation" for artistic activity. This is also related to the rating of artistic products and their commodification, which is captured by social (secular) dynamics that are not **directly related to the attributes of art itself.**

## 1976095

Before paying attention to other religions, such as Judaism, one should examine Buddhism or Shintoism. For example, there may or may not be a special religion that requires you to be Japanese. A kind of nature god. The local nature of religion needs to be considered. The presence or absence of religion among ordinary people.

February 1977

From his writings on Freud:

-”The most satisfactory condition of the organism, in Freud's view, seem to have been a steady state, an equilibrium of those awesome forces within and without, on which the fragile ego rides or is ridden” - Jack J. Spector

## **The mechanism of homeostasis....Schopenhauer' momentary suspension of the will”**

March 1977

It is a beautiful day. It is a glorious March day. A bird or two or three have already arrived and are singing in a tall southern pine tree. A few of them are scouting (?) before the flock arrives.

They come ahead of the flock to scout out the area before the flock arrives. My body feels good today. It is 1:20 pm.

## **1976094**

March 1977

All action, both formal and informal, especially in ethics, philosophy, art, etc., is "play" insofar as it does not result in the performance of everyday practical tasks. Heidegger's thoughts on the subject.

Rain. Three o'clock in the afternoon. It is dark. Not cold.

## **March 1977**

Today is the first day of "spring. I wake up at 1:00 p.m. The sky is dark. The sky is dark. An hour later, while reading "Gothic Sculpture" (Hans Weingart) by the window, it starts to snow. It was snowing. It touched the ground and disappeared, but soon the ground became white.

Impressions. There is no aesthetic or figurative cause for the transition from classical concepts to their corruption (e.g., Gothic Clarécisme to Gothic Mystérieresisme). There is only the bourgeois guts that have gained all the strength they can muster. This "guts" is the cause of allthe corruption of nobility.

Just look at the current situation. It is a good example. (Somewhere in the process, technical excellence is lost. (Particularly, somewhere in the process, technical excellence is lost, because of the materialistic spirit.)

*"There is no one to help me from now on This is the writing job, the loneliest work in the world" – John Steinbeck*

April 1977

Danny's parents returned from Puerto Rico last night. Rain, moon.

## **1976093**

Later at 10:30, I finish writing a letter to David. Feeling uncomfortable. Forehead, especially around the eyes, is still swollen. Tomorrow I must write a letter home.

April 1977

Yesterday (Sunday) Easter. David Tomoko. Charlie Carroll visit. Talked about taxes, etc.

Terribly bored. Fatigue. I feel THINLY DISGUISED HOSTILITY from all the constituents surrounding me (including Danny). So I think of a plot for a detective novel.

**Plot.** A ne'er-do-well son seduces a foreign woman with self-destructive tendencies (suicidal maniac) for his parents who are having financial difficulties or to gain "rights" as a "son," plans to kill her under certain circumstances (e.g., by emphasizing the fact that she is very slow on the motor skills to allow a negligent death, etc.), and then the woman is aware of this but feigns ignorance.

The son weakens the woman's own defense instincts by inducing her to use alcohol, marijuana, and other drugs. The woman feigns insanity in order to escape from the family (e.g., by talking to a psychiatrist. Meanwhile, there are episodes of the kind such as the "bizarre" case of the son's own cooperation in a **criminal enterprise he obtained while he was in prison. The woman's admitted to a mental hospital, taking advantage of her foreigner's ignorance.**

## 1976092

From my perspective, Danny is a psychopath. And his mother is a kind of premature dementia that has completely grown obsolete (socially), using her son as a pawn for money.

April 1977

The night before last, for the first time in four years, I attended a meeting of Allied Artists. I was keenly aware of the tragic state of affairs in which one must walk a tightrope, one way or another. A country where the dropouts from the social organizations that are so tightly bound by materialism and geopolitics, relying dangerously on dexterity and a state of exile (neuropathic) that they are one of the causes of their own dropout, are still longing and panting to get back to the organizations that have kicked them out, with a sense of regret.

After the meeting, we go to a tavern (Fifth or Sixth Avenue, Fifty-fourth Street). Only the sleazeball was open (10:00 PM). Anchan, who was working in front of the bar, talked too much and got into a strange state. In other words, I attracted the attention of the whole restaurant. I left the restaurant in a bad mood.

The return trip from Rockville Center Station was on foot. It was about a mile. Accompanied by Danny. That day, the daytime temperature (in Central Park) rose to 90 degrees. Yesterday and today the temperature drops. Cool. Spent the afternoon cleaning windows. Blue Jay Robins and others are beginning to nest among the giant pine trees from the South American part of the house. They feed on dead grass, other stringy material, and clay, and soar

through the trees.

The Mocking Bird and the Black Bird, as they are commonly called, are also said to nest in these trees, but it is difficult to tell them apart. Natural History.

### 1976091

I receive a journal from the It has an interesting article by an anthropologist who was at the base where cannibalism was practiced among the Aztecs. Today, the March issue of the same journal arrives. An article on South Korean folk customs. **I have been doing very little drawing lately. Being in the basement has been strangely depressing.** I think it is because I want to be in the sun.

A kind of guilt that permeates the residents of this house, which drives them to work for practically nothing (to prevent them from being infected with this guilt), so they spend a total of four hours polishing the glass of the windows, which are on the verge of half-collapsing. He who doesn't work, mustn't eat. That's the expression of the sentiment. The situation takes on a kind of self-deprecating tinge because it is a beautiful spring afternoon, full of sunshine. It seems that housework also takes on a ritualistic sentiment.

Young buds of trees are sprinkling yellow in the air. I have trouble remembering Chinese characters by degrees. A burly young girl in a blue cloak is strolling with a huge shepherd. I **don't know what kind of bird I hear, but it chirps like a cat.**

I can hear the "sound" of the big cat from the house across the street named Mittens walking across the driveway. It's like a large, square bell, commensurate with its body, is hanging from its neck. It is not very pleasant to be a sacrifice of ritualistic authority

### 1976090

After transporting the documents, I plan to stop by the history office and return the documents. I plan to get a Xerox copy at the office. Strange day. Immediately after the phone call to Fumi, he calls Tomoko to tell her that he has received the documents. She told me to keep the document without translating it because there is a problem with the payment of the fee. Another strange story.

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### April 1977

For those without an independent dominion, the act of creation is impossible. Last night, I took the Lobsta0 painting to the Jewish Center. The night view of Manhattan from the Triboro Bridge is spectacular. Dark glass. We left early due to Danny's anthropophobia. We stopped at Fumi's, ate strawberries and drank kouji tea, and stayed until around 11:00 pm.

At 3:00 p.m. today, I received a call from History. He said that the copying was completed. He will mail it tomorrow by registered mail. Sunny and warm. Warm. Delicate yellow buds have appeared on a huge oak tree. At first glance, they look like tangles of yellow-green yarn. What appears to be a flower of the Hou tree is about to disperse. Danny says it is dogwood, but I don't think so. I must get a good Japanese-English dictionary somehow.

April 1977



Depression as if sinking into deep water. Left half of the body feels strangely tired. Cloudy sky.  
**Stomach not feeling well. There was a large bodhisattva**

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### **1976088**

When I turned the plane around, it slowly and naturally turned its back to me and looked as if it were looking out through the trees toward the other side of the road. He told me that this road led to the place where the blacks were gathered. On the other side of the cliff-like terrain, about five or six meters high, I saw a basketball basket and heard people playing with it.

From there, we went back to where we started, crossed a creek, and walked out onto a grassy field. There, a group of young whites were playing softball. I used a total of two films. On the way home,

Danny walked through the busy highway and saw the carcass of a small brown animal that had been hit by a car. Danny said it was a tanuki (raccoon), but it had horns sticking out of it.

Cloudy today. In the afternoon, there was a sudden shower for a few minutes. My eyes were swollen, the skin there was red and sore, and I was miserable both inside and out with discomfort and depression.

I can't help but be haunted by the delusion that Danny's mother has been sneaking poisons into my body. Finally, I decided to call History and ask Peter to find a suitable doctor. Lately, I smoke Marihuana at night, day after day. Otherwise, it would be difficult for him to go to sleep. His mind and body are in such a state that it is unbearable. He is extremely lacking in self-confidence. I fear it is a vicious cycle of illness and psychology. It's somewhat comforting to be diagnosed with menopausal symptoms, but I have to overcome a great deal of guilt to be able to sit idly by and let this happen. **What's more, it is clear that his parents will not willingly consent to my presence, even if Danny tries to convince them.** Literally, with the body of a **sickly, disease-bearing field mouse, barely breathing, and barely scraping by.**

### **1976085**

It is a state of being. Even if we are forever in a state of "no way out," it is better if we are able to be self-conscious in that state. Evil should exist in its own way.

### **May 1977**

I'm listening to Strauss' "Don Quixote" (I forgot the date). (I forgot the date.) It may be a kind of conditioned reflex. It may be a kind of conditioned reflex. This strange sense of quietness and stability probably comes from the memory of sitting somewhere and listening to this music when I was a student. I remember a strange feeling of peace of mind and body. Dresden Symphony Orchestra.

Ah, Dresden, Dresden. I fear that the monster of worldliness must devour even the greatness of the spirit born in geographical form. Who is vulgarity? What is it

that the majority of human beings must be vulgar? This is what I mean. The strange phenomenon is that this "majority" can perceive the greatness of spirit. But then it must be destroyed.

### **May 12, 1977 (?)**

Clear skies. Green. Robin was looking in the window. On an afternoon like this. Sitting by the window, I felt infinitely happy to be "here on earth". A short time. A short time, free from frustration.

English

### **1976084**

#### **Friday, May 13, 1977**

Clear skies. Wind. Woke up at 12:30pm. Washed my hair. Called the doctor's office. Afterwards, he has a short phone conversation with Fumi. She seems to be in good spirits. He seems to be suffering from allergic symptoms. He asks about the climate and medical (physical) reasons. He forgets to ask about his passport.

#### **May 18, 1977**

Woke up at 11:00 am. Body temperature 98 degrees 4 minutes (Hua). Once higher than normal. Cloudy sky. It is hot and humid. However, it is cool inside the house. The basement is especially cold. In the afternoon, we go out to get prescriptions for medicine and other items. Donny's mother is busy cleaning again today.

Yesterday, I went to see Dr. Pace, a gynecologist in the building in front of the Metro Museum of Art, for a checkup. (This was based on the recommendation of History and Peter.) He said that my physical condition is good. Menopausal syndrome is nothing to be endured. He prescribed a sedative (Valium) and a dermal ointment. No other psychiatric issues to consider. He is a gentle man. Special treatment thanks to Peter. On the way home, we stopped by the history of

Flushing and Peter's apartment. I take a basket of plants with my intentions. We discuss Danny and his relationship with his parents, especially his mother. Peter brings his Oedipus complex.

From my point of view, Danny's mother is some kind of psycho. The extreme preoccupation with her son, fostered by his abnormal isolation, and the antipathy that results from it. From beneath the clumsy, altruistic surface

### **1976083**

A glassy, icy, poisonous gas of hatred that evaporates. It freezes the air in this white house. A glassy, thorny, unpleasant figure. It castrates every living thing that inhabits this indoor space. A backstage map of the family structure - an aberration. The rigidity of death in one soul strangely erodes the "sanity" of the other members.

### **After May 20, 1977 (date = forgotten) Tuesday**

Went to the Washington Heights Art Show last week (Saturday and Sunday) near Cloister. **Carried "junk" including lobster** to the show.

Sunny skies. Sunshine. Green. Iris, small buttons, and blue-purple flowers were in bloom. The majority of passersby and tourists were middleaged or older, probably orthodox Jews.

A black man who has been from the island of Haiti for eleven years, a man wearing a strange hat who is devoted to commercial photography, and a female elementary school teacher who is doing it as a hobby.

I have a brief conversation with a female elementary school teacher who draws pencil drawings as a hobby. All in all, the main focus is on one word: "business."

I myself think it would be better for the situation if I turned in that direction. Fear of waiting (from others). Fear of stepping over a certain line.

In other words, the state of being afraid to leave the comfort of being a fool. The question of whether or not I have the strength to deal with the state of "transcendence" within myself. Physical strength, mental strength, and the ability to cope with isolation. And then there is this sphinx-like appearance of "talent."

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## 1976082

That's what it is: It's a matter of being able to say to yourself, "I have that gift."

This morning (around 11:00 a.m.), I was sitting by my bedroom window, puffing on a cigarette and thinking. In other words, this sense of anxiety that lives inside me may be derived from a fundamental uneasiness about "self-existence," as the book (Anatomy of Mental Illness: An Analysis, by Arthur Janov) suggests.

To fabricate the "status quo," or to put the "status quo" under scrutiny from a brain medicine point of view, may be in the direction of latency or subsidence, which is the opposite of the direction provided by the semantic illusions of fabrication and leap.

This is different from the mere rational introspection that takes place in the so-called forebrain. It means cultivating a natural pathway between the conscious and subconscious.

A small bird was singing in the sunlight leaking through the trees.

The word "truth" or "truthfulness" suddenly climbs to the top of my mind. The word "truth" or "truthfulness" suddenly came to my mind, or perhaps "talent" is the ability to grasp this "truth". For example, if we think of the Komadori as a lovely being, it may mean the ability to realize and express that "love. When "love" is captured on an unrealistic surface, it degenerates into sentimentality. If it is captured on an unrealistic surface, it becomes sentimental, and if aesthetic artistry filled with commercial spirit is added to it, it becomes an ornament.

So far, so good. However, as long as unrealistic reality constitutes the social structure, isn't it perhaps too much like Don Quixote to use "truth" as a shield to wage a commercial battle? As long as this is the case, it will be difficult to stop the "division" against oneself. In the end, in order to adapt to society.

## 1976081

I wonder if the self-differentiation that Schubert requires for the "true" (in the

context of commercial warfare) and the self-unification that leads to the "true" can coexist within this very subtle mechanism of the self. To survive as an artist, you need to be able to procure quite a bit.

Interesting. According to this book, an increase in stimuli that attract a sense of anxiety and crisis caused a qualitative increase in the forebrain area of rodents (Penfield's medical country experiment).

In other words, the main function of the forebrain is to make the organism aware of a pseudo-equilibrium state by subverting threatening (for the being) stimuli to the conscious mind.

In the case of humans, this takes the form of conscious rationalization. The "truth" that is transferred to the conscious mind can be expressed in the form of symbols and illusions. For example, the extreme rationalization or idealization seen in Jewish people. Symbolization as seen in the black man.

The expression of the organic unity within the organism takes a theistic form. And that "motherhood" has always been a major artistic concern. Perfect motherhood is the organic unity of the organism, not the outside. Beauty is not an external thing, but a word chosen to express it singularly. Therefore, "beauty" and "truth" often come together within the sphere of art. When the commercial spirit is added to it, a split occurs, and "beauty" becomes "taste" and "truth" becomes "justice" defined by the established society. To be a true artist, one must have a formidable inner strength. -I mean!

**1976080**

**May 26 (?) Saturday**

Sunny. Humid. At the history house. Woke up at 11 a.m. to a phone call from Danny. Listened to music until 3:30. Beethoven's Third Symphony; Eroica. (I listened to Frank's symphony last night and left Eroica on the player with the intention of contrasting it with Frank's symphony which I left on the player, perhaps appealing to THAMALUS or HYPO THALAMUS. Frank's strange acoustics are, as far as I'm concerned, just a dropout of the "times". There is no greatness of soul.)

Next, Mozart's "Forty-second Symphony," Schubert's "Unfinished," and Mendelsohn's "Italian Symphony. Chopin's "Sylphide" (I didn't know the waltz was one of them.) Sibelius, "Philarmodia" and "Towne that Day Bird". Strauss (Riyadh) and (Johann Jr.) (both not very impressive), Wagner (Tristan and Isolde), etc.

Body temperature (3:00 p.m.): 98 degrees Fahrenheit, 60 degrees Celsius. Pulse at 60. Mild headache. Last night, I took two Valium, two Germaine, and some liqueur. Still couldn't fall asleep until about six o'clock before dawn. I remember the sound of birds chirping stirred up my frustration. I felt as if some strange nightmarish thing was latent in my mind, as if it was arbitrarily manipulating my existence as an undead object with no meaning and no love, with its silence and immobility from the dark medium.

Five hours of foolish, stupid, vague time. I felt sick. What does isolation or isolation from the human group do to an "artist"? No one. Nothing. In the end, Schubert's "unification".

**1976079**

I wonder if the crowd, friends, and rivals were in his mind when he was writing "The Completion. Perhaps, in Frank's case, they did. (But I think the majority of people were comparable.)

Creative activity is done in a state of darkness, cut off from the four realms, sight, body and mind. This is because it has the effect of putting the individual in a completely defenseless state, equivalent to sleep.

So the happy artist is the one who can keep himself safely isolated from others by virtue of his precocious talent, or by virtue of his good fortune, or by virtue of the protection he gets from the powers that be, or by virtue of the rare family he can fortify with his self-sacrificing tendencies.

I'm getting hot. I don't know if it's the temperature of the outside world or the heating phenomenon inside my body. It could be both. No appetite. However, I feel very satisfied. Satisfaction? The incomparable relief that comes from feeling that this temporarily given space is literally and completely mine.

This wonderful state of being myself and being able to be myself. I am so grateful to history and Peter.

At almost twelve o'clock last night, I called Craig in Oregon. He was not home. I didn't have any reason to talk to him, but I thought it would be better than writing him a letter. Later, I called Vinny Jane and talked to her for about an hour. We talked for about an hour, mostly about the letter he had written (that Peter had told me about) about Indea (and Indera). About Dale Carnegie. Dale Carnegie, and the (apparently small) group he's organizing around a core of political issues. And by the way, Rashid Hussein.

**1976078**

(My home phone was disconnected.)

I asked them to retrieve a portfolio and some pictures I had left at their place. He told me that he was studying in Colombia. I forgot to tell him about Hamid's brother, who was probably working for Columbia.

Since Andrew Young is going to Nigeria, I thought of Abdel Hamid and Beleksi. I thought about writing a letter to him. But as long as I stay at Danny's house, and as long as I don't go back to my nocturnal life, it's impossible for me to return to myself. It is impossible to return to "me" as long as I stay in Danny's house and don't go back to my night life, because their tuned membranes have turned into a spider web of white vision, spreading their hypersensitivity to every corner of the house.

Sensory tone? White guy. Sensory ice film? It's already 4:30 pm. My own time is nearing its end. I have to wipe my face, take a shower, clean the house, go out to buy raw fish and bok choy when it's somewhat cooler, make dumplings, and wait for Danny, who's supposed to be here around eight.

I have to wait for Danny, who will be here around eight o'clock. [I'm going to paint some junk pictures \(only within six hours at a time\) and get serious about how to make money.](#) I don't like the idea of being broken into by thieves, but I would love to live in this kind of apartment all by myself.

Yes! Please God, let me win the lottery! I think I've had my fair share of hardships as an artist. Now I want to get on with the real work of creation. I've come to realize that rather than overcoming anxiety, it has less to do with that and more to do with protecting myself from the forces that induce anxiety!



## **1976077**

That's right, the silver jubilee. Opera and ballet. Aside from the former, the latter, a ballet by a choreographer labeled "the best in the world," was, to my eyes, dismal. In other words, the misery of the sun-dried, barren horizon. I guess it was because I saw it in black and white.

Therefore, the dance, which relied almost entirely on lighting effects and costumes, lost its most meaningful aspect, and became nothing more than a figure drawn in space by the human body using its limited functions to the best of its ability. What a degeneration of the spirit!

The arrogance of trying to be satisfied with a mere juggling of designs, and the obscenity of the mind that thinks that doing so is an expression of novelty. If you think it's old-fashioned to look for the "classics" or the art forms (not forms) derived from them in the direction of the "quest for the absolute," you should at least have some respect for the origins of butoh, which had something to do with the pulse of life.

If you still think it's outdated, you might as well stop doing ballet altogether. So, I became uncomfortable and even sleepy. Last night, when I was at my sister's house, I called Craig. We talked for about thirty minutes. He tells me to come to Oregon. He told me to come to Oregon so he could paint. But, but.... I want to leave "Craig" as he is for me. At the very least, I would like to have at least one Beatrice for me on this earth.

Male artists (the great ones!) ) have taken the eternal woman as their cue, at least half-consciously raising her up on the altar, so that they do not have to be obsessed with the pursuit of "truth" or "beauty". Even nature was a woman to them. For me, at present, trying to face the direction in which this "truth" might be found is a definite mistake.

## **1976076**

That's the point. That's why we need the existence of "Craig". That is, I need the image of a purely human being (even if it's only an image). To know more about Craig himself would be to lose him from the earth. Or maybe it's better that way. But .....

It is a difficult situation to balance two things: pure art or essentially human expression, and the state of painting that is sprouting from a business spirit. It would be easier to settle for one or the other, but at present it is impossible to do so.

If all I do is self-expression, my survival may be in jeopardy, and if all I do is business, my survival itself will be meaningless. I might as well become a Marxist and flee to some communist country. Or maybe I'll volunteer to be an actress or something completely unrelated to the category of art and make some money....

Anyway, I can't help it if I don't escape from this hate-filled icicle bush. I also need to get out of Danny.

Because what lies at the root of his outlook on life is not outside, but the same kind of homogenous fortress fabricated and faked by TV and commercials. The only difference is that there is warm water there instead of ice cubes.

Danny, this time it's really goodbye. Self-injection into the gemeinschaft! Fifteen minutes before 2:00 am. Cool. Silence. I'm going to take a sedative (Valium) with my milk and go to sleep. However, if I don't start thinking of something convenient, this situation of going to sleep may become quite troublesome. Something convenient? Something interesting? Like what I'm going to do tomorrow! Truly genuine and authentic.

## **1976075**

Beatrice is the one I'm glad is here. Last night, Peter had asked me, as a hypothetical, dreamy wish, what would satisfy me the most. The word that immediately came to my mind was "Michigan". So I replied, "Michigan. I replied, "To live in Michigan, on the shores of the majestic Lake Superior, in the midst of giant birch trees, watching the Northern Lights cover the night sky, and then to live in a high-ceilinged house surrounded by my paintings. This is what supreme happiness is all about. Truly! And if, by any chance, I could meet one or two friends who share my sense of well-being, I would truly be happy for the rest of my life.

I'm really getting tired of this pathological syndrome of self-destruction.

Two o'clock in the morning. I'm going to take this little yellow pill, read a bit of Yevtushenko's poetry, and when

I feel sleepy, I'm going to go upstairs, crawl in beside Danny, try not to think about my boyfriend as much as possible, and fall asleep with my self-existence intact.

My God, please protect me from being corrupted by Danny's tremendous fictional world. Please help me to remain myself, my true self. Protect me from being infected by the chronic diseases in this family. In other words, happiness is the state of being myself, which is, after all, in the harshness and beauty of the northern Michigan wind. But this is not sentimental nostalgia, by any means. Please, God, understand this. Because that's the point. Please know what my personal beauty is. It can even be an ugly aspect.

**1976074**

June 1, 1977

Jimmel. Verdasono. Raw Raw. Intuitive grasp of what is raw.

What a bunch of bastards! Glowing plant leaves in the heat of Tokyo (probably in the late 1950s). The days when I roamed the alleys where the soil floated white. The sandals on my friend's small feet.

Then, a short story written by a rookie writer who was only a youth, in which cherry blossoms were falling and the beauty of adolescence was woven and ripe. And the crystallization of a kind of elaborated infant beauty that became the raw material for the poetic ritual of a funeral.

But inside of me, that "life" swelled and swelled again like a strange bump that had abnormally appeared on the trunk of a tree, and even added a very oppressive weight to it, swelling up to the point where I suspected that it was making a period in my life of youth very dull and heavy. I felt that it would have been better if I had turned into a petal of that light cherry blossom and just fallen away.

For me, my youth was like a robin walking on the surface of the white soil due to the pressure of a soul that had too much "life" inside of it, and a canopy for flight

seemed too rare. And then there were the glittering glass windows attached to the canopy! Argumentation and debate for adolescents was very much like the glimmer of that glass. That's why I voluntarily joined a nocturnal tribe and went around musty-smelling, damp, dark coffee shops and bars, and barely managed to desensitize myself to the baggage of "life" by spouting off to my friends who listened to me without understanding. What I really wanted to do was to

### **1976073**

be a pale apparition, however. That's why Daphne's transformation into a green (thin) tree took such a toll on my mind, and eventually on my graduation project, to the disgust and indignation of not only my professors, but also my posh parents and guardians.

In other words, I grasped "life" intuitively, if not exactly from the very beginning, and as a result, I came into serious conflict with worldly tastes. I have been away from such a period for almost twenty years now. As Tennessee Williams says in his play, time has taken me far away from it.

I was free of the burdens of life, and came to a light, truly light, lightly provocative and frivolous evening dress, wine, music, and a light shiver of being a foreigner.

So when the blizzard, the crystals, the birches, and the fierce view of nature appeared in the form of a place called Michigan, I could only see myself suddenly and unexpectedly as a wingless albatross in the air. Flying was, of course, out of the question. Falling was too horrible to be considered a foregone conclusion, and in short, I was out of there. I made a blind march toward some other point.

And after that, I was caught between the roses and wept bitterly. It wasn't a cherry blossom, but I wanted to believe it was a rose, but that was a bit of a stretch. I wondered if my "life," which had crushed the trees and continued to swell, had been erased at that point twenty years ago. I don't know. It becomes more and more difficult to understand when I am in this white, artificial glassy area. I don't understand, I don't understand.

June 2, 1977

Two o'clock in the morning. Cool, quiet. I'm going to try to get up at least before eleven tomorrow morning. I'll be up at least before eleven tomorrow morning, as I can't do much if I don't finish my work before the "dinner" ritual, which starts at about six p.m. and continues (usually) until about eight.

After Danny (who started working in photography this Tuesday) gets home, it's impossible to do any real work or just "stuff" after dinner. I spent more than two hours after dinner playing chess, and then I spent the rest of the day sorting through the photos Danny brought me until about 1:00 am. James Baldwin showed up at the Tom Schneider show. I couldn't understand what he was saying because of the sound of cutting up the pictures, but Baldwin seemed to be talking about something like a writer. Before that, someone who looked like the manager or husband of Jacqueline Susanne came on stage, and he was constantly talking about money-making imperatives (for the public, of course!). It seems that he was trying his best to justify the reason for the writer's existence. He said that we should take a lesson from those who have succeeded (i.e., sold well). What a load of crap. I guess the boyfriend never thought about whether being satisfied with the status quo would enrich his life so much! Maybe there must be some people in this world who live only for the satisfaction of their vanity. I bought a lottery ticket and won two dollars. I took a bottle of Valium. I'm going to think of something interesting to say until I fall asleep in my bed. I wonder what an interesting story would be.

June, 1977

I get a picture of a black cat that looks a lot like Bozo. It might really be Bozo.

**1976071**

Woke up at eleven in the morning. [Spent the afternoon revising a junk painting.](#) It was a cloudy day. It was a cold day. Watched "Giselle" on TV at Lincoln Center. Natalia Makarov. Starring Mischa Baryshnikov. Full marks to both of them. I was completely mesmerized. Baryshnikov told the moderator, Dick Cavett, that his bass was in technical perfection. A man who seems to be a good person.

It's a few steps qualitatively different compared to the Royal Drey in London. A near-perfect blend of emotional expression with technical perfection. It's not Fujimura, but "True is new.

In other words, what is good is always new. In other words, a good work always

has something new and appealing to our sensibilities. It has nothing to do with form or choice of material. The decadence begins as soon as the rose flower tries to be newer by its eccentricity.

I took two Valium with milk. Since I couldn't get to sleep last night, I took two dalmains around 4 a.m. I'm a little worried about my head, hoping it won't go crazy.

June 2, 1977

Two o'clock in the morning. Cool, quiet. I'm going to try to get up at least before eleven tomorrow morning. I'll be up at least before eleven tomorrow morning, as I can't do much if I don't finish my work before the "dinner" ritual, which starts at about six p.m. and continues (usually) until about eight. After Danny (who started working in photography this Tuesday) gets home, it's impossible to do any real work or just "stuff" after dinner. I spent more than two hours after dinner playing chess, and then I spent the rest of the day sorting through the photos Danny brought me until about 1:00 am. James Baldwin showed up at the Tom Schneider show. I couldn't understand what he was saying because of the sound of cutting up the pictures, but Baldwin seemed to be talking about something like a writer. Before that, someone who looked like the manager or husband of Jaqueline Susanne came on stage, and he was constantly talking about money-making imperatives (for the public, of course!). It seems that he was trying his best to justify the reason for the writer's existence. He said that we should take a lesson from those who have succeeded (i.e., sold well). What a load of crap. I guess the boyfriend never thought about whether being satisfied with the status quo would enrich his life so much! Maybe there must be some people in this world who live only for the satisfaction of their vanity. I bought a lottery ticket and won two dollars. I took a bottle of Valium. I'm going to think of something interesting to say until I fall asleep in my bed. I wonder what an interesting story would be.

**June 3, 1977 (?)**

Sunny. Wind a little chilly. Woke up at 11 a.m. Green leaves are splashing white light outside my window. Can't read because Danny's mother is still walking around the house noisily holding the vacuum cleaner. There are crimson roses and a poppy flower in the garden. I don't know what they're called, but they're glistening in the sunlight. It was 1:30 in the afternoon. I'm going to move to the basement to work on a junk painting. Grasping the "truth" of "existence" itself, unrelated to "interest, fear, etc." - Mr. Dunham's heroic

**1976070**

If you look at it from the point of view of a statement, the [junk painting production that I myself am sneaking around doing at the moment is, quite simply, a situation that is too despicable and pointless to be the object of an indefensible thought that, as a living being, desecrates this living existence, whether human or not.](#) It's no use blaming the mechanism of human society itself, which says that unless you own a certain amount of money, you can't survive. There is no way out of this situation except by pretending to be crazy

like King Liya (or Hamlet). It's cold, it's cold, it's cold, this narrow, narrow tunnel!

**June 9, 1977**

*“Je ne cherche pas; je trouve” Picasso [“I do not seek, I find.”]*

*“It can take a lifetime to recognize limits, but it is a waste of muscle if through conscious suffering one learns nothing but compassion.*

*That, dictionary says, means suffering with another: fellow feeling, sympathy, pity inclining one to succumb or spare.”*

“Inflated images of beloved pre-digested, tenderized popular types, not as they are in history but as they are industriously blown up to be by an avid, avaricious, permanent Present Feed on the reverse of Compassion, which is Self-Pity.

To most, glancing through the pages of Time & Life magazine, compassion mean “I’m sorry for me.” Dr. William Sheldon in his classic “Varieties of Delinquent Youth”, analyzed the problem - as does our dictionary - as neglect of duty (whose duty? Judged by what or whom? But come on I’m so lonely

**1976069**

*“As the failure to fulfill certain expectations which, governed by long attentive analysis, might lead to a belief in some inherent, specific, unexpected potential. Delinquency in art today is general; the history of 20th century painting, prose and to a large degree, poetry, a century from now will be less concerned with several isolated, memorable works, but rather with the exploitation and distribution of numerous momentarily negotiable personalities by casuistic mechanisms.” W. Eugene Smith*

*“Indeed the camera, quantitatively speaking, has been able to leave us more memorable images which stick in the increasingly unretentive eye than the dreary succession of periods of a dozen modern painters who’s lively disguises are regularly, efficiently, tidily and fatally celebrated by celebrated by accelerating series of retrospective shows at all those museums of modern art. Or any personal favorite you nominate means more, even in terms of plastic*



*visual values, than the preponderance of painters, inflated past all limits in their vastly more pretentious and eager delinquency “ W. Eugene Smith.*

**June 9 1977, Today I received a letter of refusal from the Huntington Art League. The reason is that they are running out of space for the exhibition.** Perhaps it is true that the space is not for an outdoor exhibition but for an exhibition within the aesthetic mind. To a bourgeois hobbyist of good taste, my work would probably be like an eccentric with a savage streak.

1976068

It would not be surprising if it looked like a tomato. There is a Japanese word "barbaric courage. However (but not really), my picture does not show that savagery. It's just barbarism. In other words, it is just a kind of "bad taste" gas that may oxidize and erode the image of bourgeois people or their world view. Don't be offended if you are locked out of their fancy box garden. Lincoln (Lincoln), Kerstein (Kerstein?). I read the writings on Coggin Smith by Lincoln (Lincoln) and Kirstein (Kirstein?). There are so many things I agree with. I'll have to

Xerox the whole thing or buy the book myself. Instead of taking Valium, which was recommended by my doctor, I read Kerstein, thinking that [it would be senseless to be emotionally upset and mentally despair because I was rejected from the Huntington Art Show, which is, in my opinion, a very petty open-air exhibition](#). I read Kirstein instead of taking Valium as my doctor had recommended. The connecting cells in my brain cortex probably worked in a way that was clear to me (and to my mind) at this time.

Instead of a negative reaction, the will to produce (the screen) took precedence. It is better to be excluded from the fallen (delinquent) group structure in order to secure or confirm one's human existence.

However, it is inconvenient to find a place to live where people understand and tolerate this. It would be great if we could choose the middle path and stay comfortably within the system all the time, but unfortunately, we can't, because we were not born that way. In other words, it's not just savagery that I need, but perhaps savagery is what I need.

Cloudy and rainy. Dark. Five minutes before four in the afternoon. I got a letter from David, asking me to illustrate a children's book. It's hard to say.

**1976067**

June 10, 1977

It became cloudy and rainy around three in the afternoon, and it was dark. It was cold.

Danny's grandmother gives him a small black leaf box with a gold picture and border that her sister bought from Italy. Inside were four aspirin pills (repayment for the ones I had given her about a week ago).

Pity is just the flip side of self-burial, Mr. Kerstein said. Danny's grandmother told us that a friend of hers had passed away in her sleep last night. and that she, too, would rather die like that than live like this. I found a small poem by Woodbine Willie once.

In the garden of (the name of) life  
Even in the midst of winter, roses bloom.  
The memory is God's gift to us.

-I typed something like "Ancestral Teachings".

I was thinking of making a card or something with a typed version of something like that. It's not convenient to keep in mind the situation (especially the relationship between Danny's mother and grandfather (humanities)). It's hard to describe the state of mind.

Quite frankly, I need a Bozo simplification. Yesterday, I completed a pen sketch of Bozo. Put it in a handmade paper frame and put it on my desk in the basement. Melancholy. Went out to see Fellini's "Casanova" last night near nine o'clock. Returned around 12:30. I remembered that when I visited Rome about ten years ago, I came back with the impression of a ripe tomato. Many impressions. To be written later.

### **1976066**

My mood is so irritated that I can't bring myself to sit down and write. The sound Danny's mother was making in the kitchen stung the air like a thorn. The intelligence fingerprint seems to be an indicator prime number for overcoming difficulties.

**June 11, 1977.** It's 3:15 a.m.

I hear the sound of wind. Pushkin. Poetic reality. Et cetera, et cetera...  
When I'm alone, the melancholy dissipates. I've been thinking about writing poetry for the past few days.

No confidence. I think I may have died around the age of thirty-eight. The fact that I have left no works on this earth. The beauty of being "young" before the age of forty is that you can be free from the fear of negligence. In the current situation (my own), each day is evaluated against a scale of negligence.

In other words, idleness is negligence, and idleness is also negligence, and in the end, we end up in a state of limbo. I had no choice but to take a glass of

Valium with a little wine around 3 a.m. and wait for sleep to come.

What a trivial life. It would be better to become a complete old woman and remember the June roses that bloom in the garden in December. Or better yet, pretend to be that rose. Nevertheless, something must be done...

**I went down to the dungeon (about twelve o'clock) and painted the frame of Bozo's pen drawing silver.** The fact that I was writing about my own activities in this way, as if I were a nurse checking on a patient, was a kind of comfort.

Perhaps it's because I want to assume that I am a unique genius. "Japanese in Harold's cloak"!

I feel terribly, irresistibly empty. Empty, empty, empty state of mind. And the sound of the wind.

### **1976065**

It's not just that I've lost my youth, but that I didn't even pay attention to the effects of it (with or without pleasure). Now that it's gone, I'm sitting here, slowly regretting the fact that the wings for the flight of my soul have lost their power.

I'm worried about the world, worried about others, worried about my own weariness, and just like Deku's stick, I'm dependent on strange chemicals to add more to the past.

Who is my painting? Who the hell am I? Is it a rather pedantic display cabinet of fancy dead things packed in an empty cave like in Fellini's films, or is it just a stupid monologue from Fellini minus his genius innovation? But that's okay.

**My paintings are, in other words, monologues. If there is no market for monologues, so be it.** I made up my mind. I don't care if people look at it with strange eyes or not, I can't care anymore. It no longer mattered how I, this being, related to the world, this time. For me, this monologue of mine is all that matters, and the rest of the phenomena, at least for the moment, do not require much attention.

It is true that a kind of aversion to self-commercialization is strengthened by the current situation of not being able to be commercialized, but depending on how you look at it, you can regard it as a gift from heaven and be thankful for it.

Just as the Chinese continued to sleep with the tigers, it is also fashionable to

interpret things in a timely manner. Four o'clock in the morning. The sound of the wind. I like the idea of being alone, sipping wine.

If Craig had been sitting in front of me, we could have had a very interesting conversation. If I had been born a man and had a friend like Craig to talk to, I would have enjoyed it. But, after all, he is a painter.

1976064

It is sad to say, but also quite true, that the only "place" in life for a poet, even a poet-maker, is to live alone. As long as this is the case, the "promise" cannot be fulfilled. I want you to understand.

Ten minutes past four. If I go to bed now, I expect to wake up around twelve o'clock tomorrow. Tomorrow is Saturday. A day of negligence. A day's worth of negligence adds up to a myriad of negligence, and the hands of my life shudder again, and I'm so depressed that I puff on a marijuana and swear at Danny, who I feel sorry for but can't keep up with.

The bewildered people finally gave up, looked sleepy and watched TV, while I looked at my boyfriend's ridiculous profile, sighed, suggested we play chess to pass the time, and went back to bed, disgusted by the growing amount of negligence, went back to sleep, woke up again, and the same day came again. Meanwhile, the year is gone again, and I am even older, even more negligent, even more... Alas!

And yet, life is still worth living. What an ironic challenge I have been given. Elan Vital... I miss Bozo. Bozo is the symbol. Around 2:00 a.m., Mittens (the neighborhood cat) came over. I thought it was the least I could do for Bozo, so I fed him and let him out.

This cold white house keeps rejecting even the life of a cat. It is no different from the home of ex-spirits, some of which have been bleached with disinfectant. To judge them as human beings with life is completely, too, too groundless.

What in the world is the basic reason for the continued existence of these people? Perhaps it is a kind of (rough) value evaluation by their associates, that is, the Toriai family. Shadowgraph. "My, what beautiful furniture! How well you cook! Et cetera. Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera..." and then finally vanishing from the earth without a trace. This is also human life.

**1976062**

I enter the water. A genius who is in a way unrelated to the world commits suicide. We must know that the flower of quickness is also there inevitably to fall away. What about my case?

In the past, I was an early bloomer, and now I am a late bloomer. Is it a delayed sadness or an early regression? In any case, it is coagulating before flowering. If it gets worse, it may turn out to be a bizarre flower that rots without passing the

flowering stage.

Six o'clock in the afternoon. It looks like it's going to rain, but it's not. I look out the window, hoping to take a picture of the glossy leaves of the Japanese harrier growing near the window glass, and the clever patterns they form. But that's not the point. For mere visual pleasure alone, looking at the treasures is truly tens of times more interesting than looking at the photographs.

June 14, 1977 (?) Monday, June 14.

*"What Tolstoy wanted was inner safety rather the kind of question in which everything – morality included – became unsafe and problematic". Janko Lavrin*

Sunny. Cool. Almost chilly. Spent about two hours reading a book ("From Pushkin to Mayakovsky" by Janko Levlin) sitting by the window. A child is sitting and playing on the street under the shade of a tree. Rain degree. Rain and degrees.

Again, the "lesson" that the artistic process ends when the thought process is exhausted. In short, an artist is a person who thinks while doing art. If I were to ask myself if I think while I paint - I doubt it. Art is a means of thinking. As long as you are human.

June 10, 1972

June 11, 1977

I didn't win the lottery. Too bad! Woke up at 11 am. However, I woke up between 1:00 p.m. and 2:00 p.m. It has become a habit to sit by the window and smoke while looking down at the window.

Around two o'clock, I thought about it in the bathroom. In other words, this kind of cleanliness, convenience, and body beautification that can be guaranteed with cosmetics, medicines, and so on. These things are necessary for my current existence.

I don't think I can go down to the cliffs of poverty. It's not Steppenwolf, but it's very similar to a plant in a flowerpot basking in the sunshine in the midst of petty-bourgeois protection. It is a physical being that is already too fragile to be a lone wolf. It is the same as a soul. It is nothing more than a domesticated puppy.

There was no point in complaining about it. I spent the whole afternoon reading a book with technical explanations about photography. It's dark. I could see the

wings of the majestic Blue Jay between the trees.

I think that Pushkin's Apollonian equilibrium can be traced to the early flowering of his nature, which can be seen in Mozart, Raphael, and others. It is fortunate that he did not live as long as Fellini did. Medical progress or exploitation produces or fabricates monsters of worldly heroes.

If we assume that the life of a horse is ten or twenty years, then the fact that the great horse Secretariat ended his reign of fame after the first four years of his life must be the most divine act that mankind has ever accomplished. Japan's great actors, when their "time" is up



1976061

It is not possible to stop the state of thinking. The phenomenon that art itself is castrated as soon as the action of thought becomes a means of artistic expression. The phenomenon of the castration of art itself occurs when artistic action becomes a means of thoughtful expression.

If this is the case, then, in essence, an artist is a person who can think only through artistic action. An artist is a person who can be completely immersed in the act of art, or rather, a person who cannot exist without being immersed in it.

An act that is not obligated to pass through the censors of so-called authority (politics, etc.), but whose reason for existence is officially recognized - that is, art. The most comprehensive (non-decomposing) human activity - that is, art.

If this is the case, then the direction I have chosen for myself (in drawing) is correct. I should have confidence in it. However, out of the concern that such an organic synthesis itself may not be able to become a commodity value in the current market, it is only an expression of the weakness of my intrinsic base that I have been sending out a wave of condemnation to window-dressing, etc., or worse, being frightened by the existence of such a part.

It is only an expression of the weakness of the intrinsic base. I can understand why Gogol's self-destructive annihilation took place as soon as he began to divide himself. However, what I wonder the most is where he found a way to earn money (to survive) while he was toiling for eleven years on the sequel of "Dead Souls".

In other words, the first step is to be recognized by the public. The world? This world? This huge business network that doesn't even have a door to knock on from the beginning? This splendid and complete division has created a frightening organizational network, and it is the only way to make the world understand you.

1976060

The social structure of the "soul"? Some kind of social structure fabricated by a shrewd young (?) man. I can't get rid of the neatly decorated screen of some kind of statement (perhaps rebellious) fabricated by a shrewd young (?) man.

Such a series of events threatens my existence. Something colder than a cold chill rolls around inside of me, the feeling that if I don't become like them, I may not be able to enter the mechanism, and I may have to spend the rest of my life in the midst of anxiety, resentment, fear of starvation, and a terrible sense of loneliness.

To be like that - to be a pawn in an existing mechanism (at best) or to be a decorator for the systematic mending of this mechanism. In short, it means becoming a kind of court jester. It would be a blessing if we could "imitate" them without damaging the core of our being.

There is nothing to be said for resenting the fact that we are living in this age. Even if I put on the cloak of art and make a letter of accusation, I cannot admonish the existence of "me. In the end, it all boils down to a straightforward affirmation of life and humanity. And then there is the question of what is a human being or a living thing. This is what remains. Perhaps this is the question that will remain for a long time.

In the "age" when I had some assurance of financial security, a certain place where I could recognize my "self-realm" without any doubt, no shortage of appropriate people to talk to, not much dissatisfaction with myself in terms of my relationship with others, and in general, recognition from both time and the room, was it possible for me to be a human being?

The question is whether I was a good human being or not. In truth, it is correct to say that the idea of "human being" did not even come to my mind. In fact, not even the idea of "human being" came to my mind.

1976059

In all honesty, I don't think I've ever really thought of the word "survival" as anything more than a hypothetical entity, a necessity invented by moralists.

If survival itself, or the necessary conditions for survival, are satisfied in some way (any way!) Only when the necessary conditions for survival itself, or for its preservation, are satisfied in some way (any way!), only when we assume its collapse (e.g., bankruptcy, death, etc.) without realizing it, do we notice this "soul" passing through the air like the faint smell of smoke from a house at the foot of a mountain.

The rest is boredom. . "In front of all the sight, the mouth, this huge 'boredom'.  
(Only the aspect (of the name) increases... It continues to increase day by day, and finally, day after day, it is swallowed up by its endless siege.

At that time, the thing I feared most and most intensely was this "boredom. Even if Gogol's "boredom" arose from his detachment from the object of his accusation, his statement could be applied to any kind of boredom. Every action (meaningful, meaningless, or whatever) was just a dance on Mount Vesuvius to try to make this boredom cover the huge expanse and finally leave it.

For those who cannot affirm life itself, primordially and fundamentally, boredom, the shadow cast by life in its negative dimension, stands at their feet.

But then again, what a squishy, shapeless object of a blue wolf's corrupted spirit came out of that spout! The phrase "cover the smell" is more appropriate than Vesuvius. An odor that rotted away even the lid. A daring dance that struggles to continue on. The life force or "soul".

1876058

What freshness of life! It was like a ferye. I have no desire to return to that state. I don't even want to go back to that state, but I've run out of patience with this state where I'm floating in the air without even a foothold, threatened by the fear of falling. It's a life of flying.

It was 6:15 pm. Out front, children are kicking a ball in the street. I should be doing something to imitate them, but....

It's a shame that thought does not take the form of visual action. I can't stand to be looked down upon from the altar of the puritanical work ethic, and it makes me feel all the more guilty.

Wednesday, June 14, 1977.

Woke up around 11 a.m. Woke up around 1:30 p.m. Finished "breakfast" around 2:30 p.m., and read Janko Levlin's book on the Russian language, "The Story of Railmontov. A Hero of Our Time" - I had long forgotten about it.

I finally understood why Lermontov's name had been ringing in my ears so nostalgically, like the echo of the sea. It was more than twenty years ago. It was that book that I had been reading so hard through the Iwanami Bunko books when I was lodging in a tenement near a girls' school!

I seem to have forgotten the contents of the book, but only the situation around me at the time when I was reading it comes to mind with stunning clarity. I wore a crimson overcoat (for painting) that my mother had sewn for me, with a black string collar around my neck that formed a knot as a ribbon.

I cut my hair, smoked a lot, was extremely concerned about growing fat, and had great confidence in my own robust hands and legs. The tenement had a wooden door, and he often lost the key and had to pry it open from the rear to get in.

1976057

In the room, there is a setobiki can with a faucet for storing water, which I bought cheaply from a secondhand shop (in Sugunami) and which looks like an awkwardly enlarged samovar (I remember it because I used to sketch it), and behind it, there is a small window for lighting from which I can't see anything.

I used to sit on the dirty four and a half tatami mats and sketch it. I remember one cold day in March, my younger sister (Ikubuki) moved to Tokyo to take an entrance exam and lived with me in that room for a while. She came in wearing

a dark green overcoat that was my hand-me-down.

I used to take croquis of my sister's face one after another. She liked Andreyev's short stories, not Lermontov's. One day, I remember my sister laughing like a blue jellyfish when I told her how funny it was that I had found an expression in one of his short stories like "I have a lock on my face...".

I used to be aware of the sky over the murky and heavy streets of Nakano, as if I was seeing through some black clouds from behind my glasses.

But then, but then... There was that "animal" lurking inside me, waiting for me to breathe and move. I used to secretly let out a laugh by myself, glancingly aware of its presence. At that time, melancholy was just a symbol of a certain aesthetic situation that had nothing to do with me.

It was a state of rebellion against everything related to survival itself, a state of internal aggression that had no way out. I thought that the aesthetically sublimated state was "melancholy".

I had compared myself to a wholesome, red-robed version of myself, and had no doubt in my mind that my true existence was in a position of complete irresponsibility, as I had often abused the word by raising it to my lips. The "animal" in me, on one fine day.

1976056

I had believed that she would suddenly start dancing and burst into laughter at the "depressed" spirit. What youthful arrogance there was in that!

It was a Wednesday in June of 1977.

Nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, I come downstairs. Clear sky. I spend the rest of the day reading about Chutchev until Danny comes home at 5:30 pm.

I find a place for "Bozo. I feel unsettled. Body temperature 98.4 degrees, much higher than usual. A slight tickling feeling in my left leg that won't go away. Maybe it's the feeling of a great man who's been "chained"!

1:15 a.m. Silence. I took a bottle of Valium (about two hours ago) to suppress a strange feeling of agitation. I feel terribly unsure. I can't help feeling like I'm going to fail at everything I do. My mood, my head, my sense of dynamism.

General sluggishness. I have a feeling that I'm going to fail at everything. It would be better to call it dull and light. Boiling water and drinking chicken broth. I have to mail a doctor's check to History.

I have to write a reply to David, too. But I don't even have the courage to go down to the dungeon. After I close the door, I'm afraid that someone, probably Danny's mother, will lock it from the outside. I'm not at all sure. I feel very attached to this round glass table, and I only feel safe when I sit here. I even feel confident. Another day has been added to my negligence.

**Thursday, June, 1977.**

Woke up at 10 a.m. . Woke up at 10:30 a.m. Came downstairs a little after 11:00 a.m. Cloudy. Cold. I can hear the birds chirping all the time.

**1976055**

1:05 p.m. Body temperature slightly high. No energy. When I look at myself in the mirror, I somehow feel that I'm going to die not too long from now.

Last night, I typed up a copy of Rilke's essay and enclosed it with a doctor's check for Shi and Peeta. Later, I wondered if this was a strange or unnatural way of doing things, but I couldn't be bothered to open it and write something again, so I left it as it was and had Danny's mother post it this morning.

Yesterday afternoon, Danny's mother's friends, Carol and Mabel, came over and spent a couple of hours chatting on the screened-in porch. At that time, a girl named Hallie (nine or ten years old?), whom Mabel had brought in, came over to where I was sitting, and we talked for about thirty minutes.

She seemed to have a very nervous temperament. Her parents (Mabel's son's divorced wife and her husband) had started to live separately, and she was supposed to stay on Long Island until things settled down. I don't know if she is hypersensitive by nature or if it's because of this environment, but I felt strangely uncomfortable as the girl's hypersensitivity was spreading to us.

The girl seemed to sense this and stood at the entrance of the room, gradually backing away a little bit at a time, but still trying valiantly to keep her appearance of normalcy. She had a classically beautiful face.

I remembered that when I was in Germany, a girl of about seven years old who lived upstairs, named Charon, used to come over every morning and keep chatting with me. She has probably grown up and become either a very beautiful woman or a plain, fat woman by now. There must be some kind of physical deformity.

1976054

**“And if he (Chekov), too, remain helpless and bewildered in the face of it all, he did so primarily because his artistic conscience would not allow him to accept, or even to preach, remedies in which he could not believe if he wanted to remain entirely honest with regard to himself and to his age.”  
Janko Levrin (sp?)**

**Exhausted, overstrained, broken, with my head heavy and my soul indolent, without faith, without love, without an object in life. I linger like a shadow among men and don't know what I am, what I am living for, what I want.....**

**My brains do not obey me, nor my hands nor my feet. The property is going to ruin, the forest is falling under the axe. My land looks at me like a deserted child.**

**I expect nothing. I regret nothing. My soul shudders with the fear of the morrow.... What is the matter with me?  
To what depth am I making myself sink? What has brought this weakness to me?” Chekov from *Ivanov* (sp?)**



**1976053**

**June 19, 1977**

...Happy Happy Father's Day! (Relying on the card Dannie bought me for Father's Day)"

Happy Happy Father's Day to your father, whom we both admire and pray to for success, day after day, year after year." What an empty sound. The "lord" of this white house is probably saying every word, maybe even every syllable, "Hmm, with such sweet words, he wants to fool me, consume my precious money, and invade my precious territory. I wonder if he's trying to intrude on my precious territory."

I sat like a hollow Buddha on the head of the white table where the Father's Day dishes that my wife had cooked all afternoon, steaming in the steam of the kitchen, were placed, and exaggerated the awkward smile that I had forced myself to make.

I am praying that this Father's Day, which may or may not exist, will somehow pass without incident.

Whatever happened to have reincarnated in me had obviously not travelled long, for from \_\_\_ to \_\_\_ there only exists a tiny strip of a sea. Perhaps the soul was in haste or weary or (perhaps) the wind of March too cold... Whatever is the reason, I now find my "root".

**June 20, 1977**

Tomorrow is the summer solstice. Today is sunny. Four o'clock in the afternoon. Occasional shadows of dark clouds. Awoke at 1:00 p.m. Woke up at 2 pm. 3:00 p.m. Sex. 4:00 p.m. Finished eating. Both birds left. No sound. Rolling headache. Green.

English...

I'm not sure.

Youth itself seems to be a uniformly beautiful thing, as long as it's not a physical manifestation of health. Perhaps it is an expression of the physical health we feel. What has not been corroded is beautiful.

I finished reading Leskov's Place. I'm going to read "Steel Free" and "Cathedral". I am especially interested in Cathedral because of its relation to "Bozo".

## 1976052

This tireless escapist tendency in visual art proper may actually be an escape or an attempt to escape from the creeping of recognized technological inventions from or by modern allmighty know-how industry --- seems rather an everyday observation but there dear.

....If one must be a member of it, then one must take its position utterly squarely right in it.

Just in the same manner as Chekhov once sat squarely in the midst of that twilight of the generation of the effetes.

If one must not want to be the one, then get out, get out(!) and take a take a brand new, brand free course and to the ones oneself.

The idea came to my mind as I sat at the "window" puffing on a cigarette. [When I came downstairs, I found that I had received an invitation from the Washington Heights Art Show to participate in an activity to decorate paintings \(including mine\) that were on display at some bank.](#) So, I became more and more convinced of this.

Out! And never to look back. OUT and OUT!

[This cold dislike of all things "gallery," that permeates my heart to the very bottom, is probably not just for simple anti-movement purposes. It is a determined judgment that I am not here on this earth to decorate the household goods of the philistines.](#)

That being said, I have no intention of taxing myself with clumsily clothed "insanity," or a pompous nihilism that is nothing more than the abuse of great and expensive materials.

It's just the equivalent of biting into a realist masterpiece.

1976051

With a divine dose, I shall now rush in a new direction. My eyes and hands should have a foothold equal to my words. Or that I will grant my words the same amount of equal opportunity that I have given my eyes and hands. Eight minutes before 5:00 pm.

*My 'Art' looks at me like a deserted child.*

Because after this time, I have completely abandoned this ART.

*The reactionary resurrection of realism.*

8:20 PM. A thunderstorm started about five minutes or ten minutes ago. Around seven o'clock, the sky turned dark and the air began to get damp. No birdsong at all. Just the sound of heavy rain and distant thunder. I'm reading a book about Gorky

Maxim Gorky died in 1936. A major discovery at ten minutes past ten in the afternoon. This is the first time in recent years that I have been so astonished. Even if it's just a wishful "discovery" arising from a frustrating situation, it's more honest to take it in stride. Wishful thinking? No, it isn't. Bizarre historical madness? No. It is not. It is, in my opinion, a truly joyous and happy coincidence or coincidence itself.

June 21, 1977 3:04 a.m.

I puffed on my Marijuana. A few minutes ago. In the basement. I'm eating cranberry pie. Wine, tobacco, \*English part\*, that is, the grass is under the smoke. And the smoke is on the grass. If this is not logically and practically correct, it can be grass and smoke. But then there is a qualitative change in the whole composition. That is, grass smoke is the smoke that drifts from burning grass. This is because it specifies a content that is different from the original content of the language component.) There is a tabletop, iced tea, etc. And of course, books.

1976050

At the exit of the kitchen, I thought (the hands on the chair look like legs, and the curtain looks like openwork glass...) I blew (blew? Fresh blowing?) When I blow on the marijuana, the pathways of the (supra-structural, neo-cordial setaaronian) connective nervous system in the brain (exocortical) are brought into relief. In other words, the method of thinking becomes more important than the "object" of thinking. It's almost like a decadent, decadent feeling. Is this the cessation of life? Syntheses? Jin? If it is, then the cessation of life is produced by the sechu (?). If this is the case, then cessation is the temporary or permanent stillness produced by sechu (?). Stillness is the form of the manifestation of the incarnation of the dead (suspended?) state of the vital activity of the living body. It is a form of manifestation of the dead (suspended?) state of the vital activity of the living body. This means that the effect of marijuana on the brain is its vital (nyesoto not nicht non et cetera) life! In other words, the effect of marijuana on the brain is the same as the effect on the vital life (niben with nisei means dwelling, niben with rishinben means soul, and niben with rishinben means sex). The interesting thing about Kanji characters. The fun of kanji.) The purposeful thought process is reversed. Static thinking? Death? Decadence! Current time, AM, 3:17:30 AM. It's better to have a mylophone. It took me about two minutes and thirty seconds to write that the act of writing itself has become a body of thought, and that I am being made to write. It took me about two minutes and thirty seconds to write this. This is a conceptual generalization. Biased? Omnipresent? Universal. Biased. 遍 It also "resembles" the character ton. Similar face? The word "nigao" means "to resemble". Resemble? Nise? Factitiousus. Nicelle? This is a kind of fraud. It is a kind of fraud. It's a kind of artifice, a trajectory of chasing after the butterfly of life and never getting that lifeless butterfly. Artemis. And by the way (Souley!) And Apollo, and Pan, and Orpheum, and Peponnesus, and Prometheus, and his brother Khajiya, and also Elusiv, and his daughters, and the men of Lesbos.

1976049

I'm not sure if it's my age or the book. I'm not sure if it's my age or the book. I'm not sure if it's my age or the book. What is this not, Noh? Noh? No? He was telling me at the time (metaphorically), "NO! He was telling me at that moment (metaphorically), "NO! I went to the kitchen and had another drink. That plum wine. My brain's action. That is, I can't stop at no, that is, the last place. It means that the speed of thinking precedes the state of stopping. Unobtainable? Back from the kitchen. Twenty minutes before four o'clock. When I was a child. When I was a child, my head was always ahead of my body! My head, my head, this big lump, will you please stop, just for a moment? Until all of me comes together and catches up with you.... Atama, atama, my atama! And that's

exactly how I felt the whole time. My? Mine? Of someone outside? Of a soul? Whose soul? I don't know what it is, but it's something far away, something with terrible power... So, eternal life? Kanki. Jade. Pearl. Ring. Return? No! Mine? So ego, ego, ego, ego. The being at the "top" of the ego. Ego! That which resides above it. In other words, the big ego. (Laughter.) The celestial ego. Celestial Igo?

How dare you dare! Ho-ho-ho, ho-ho-ho. Ho-ho-ho. The birds have gone, the summer rains. Is that the sound of the wind in the still night? I've been thinking about it for a while. There are things to think about, things to do! facing the night. The heart of the poet, shining at the bottom, is lost in the shadow of the shining wine. The god of poetry is truly a woman! Rise up! In the sun, in the arrows, in the light! Stand up! Lift up your head, without hesitation, to the heavens, and say proudly, "If I am also a god! The wings of Zeus are released.

**1976048**

If you are one of those who stand around. If you are one of those who stand in a circle. If you cast a black shadow, you are also a shadow.

You are only a shadow. The sand man is gone. Roll it up and take it away. It has disappeared in the face of time. (4:00, 7 minutes. There's an aviation noise overhead.) Why are you so concerned about the time? I don't know, but I'm afraid of being found out. What is it? Because when time has fulfilled its duration (given), the next phase awaits. I don't want to put myself in the middle of that next phase.

Pretexts? No, not really. The truth! But it's only 4:10! It's early. Come on! Pull yourself together... Mother's voice? What did I do? What did I do? What is it? But, firmly, that I must. Did I have a disease or something? Sick in the head? Bad head? But it was proven according to the general evidence that I had a good head. That is, what made me think so. A sense of inferiority? It's as if a cut-out "me" left a wrecked legacy in that old territory. Thank goodness for legacy.

I have "my" things to do, that's all. Fifteen minutes past four. It is still early in the morning. Where did the birds go? Thinking is fun. Well, it's time for me to go to bed. So, God of poetry, another sunrise, sunrise? Morning? Tomorrow! Dawn? Dawn? Not-morning! The dawn is leaving. Different phases. Round and round. Impatience. Normal (?)

A state of thinking. I was AH! or CHEKHOVIAN! I was so GORKY!!! the original Kronos-eating monster! Me, this me?

No, Satyricon, more like Medusa. Medea? MEDIA or MEDIUM? Miko? Cat. Connection. Connection. Renchu? Foolishness. Anger? Alienation? Alienation? Alienation. Ecrienation. Reed. (Harvard.) Marx. From Nihilist. Marx. Onegin. Don Juan. Cavalry.

In other words, Intelligentsia. A line.

And there's Gorky. Maxim Gorky. "Bottom"! Maxim Gorky with a Chekhovian paint job. Snobbishness. Vulnerability. A cough.

I hear birds chirping, 4:30 A.M. The sound of flight. Good night. "I'm not sad. Dictators love the morning, victims love the night. Ha ha. There's also nocturnal wolves. Think about it, boy!

**1976047**

**June 21, 1977, the summer solstice.**

*"In each literature there are authors the symptomatic significance of whose works is often greater than their artistic value. Typical not so much of their epoch as a whole, but rather of some of its conspicuous single facets; they are usually overrated during their lifetime and underestimated when they are dead."*  
Janko Lavrin (about Andrejev).

"In short, I don't want to be a human being."

This danger is also in me. The red-headed POX that rises in the midst of the syndrome of the disease of the times, an entity that will fall into the "abyss" of oblivion, consciously or unconsciously, as soon as the disease passes, never to be seen again unless the same disease returns.

However, a mind that does not see the present situation as a "disease" is also not healthy. The decisive point is where to place the measure. It is quite simple to say that the measure is the self itself.

The question is, then, who is the self? If the self can only be seen as a kind of fungus rejected from the cosmic structure of the "whole" itself, then the standard of value is reversed.

In the same way that an alienated being regards the total cosmic structure as the embodiment of a healthy body and dedicates a lonely poem of longing to it, an individual in the same state declares the whole to be a disease or is forced to do so, and then lifts its own existence to a certain moon-worldly altar and painfully or melancholically pronounces its guilt "down below."

And then, the current situation of being rejected.

## 1976046

The individual is aware of the situation, but still can only stay inside or on the surface of the whole (especially with the difference between success and failure), and becomes a disease germ when it insists on the soundness of the whole, or else a foreigner, a menace, or, for lack of a better word, an obstacle to the whole structure.

But the question still remains: what is the measure of "health"? In some cases, the structure itself is a single entity consisting of a top, a middle, and a bottom, and in other cases, a kind of structure can be a flatness without such a direct symmetry.

And there are also one-, two- and three-..dimensional structures that are completely devoid of value judgments. A dimensional structure is one in which all the dimensions of the whole are given equal value, but each dimension has a different effect on each other. It is also a structure in which the whole structure cannot be formed without any of the dimensions.

This last type of structure is often considered "healthy" by the average mind. Although the term "organic structure" or the form of the term is attractive, it is not certain that all organisms that can actually exist have a quantitatively equal distribution in terms of their importance from a value perspective.

For example, there is a doubt whether the appendix, hair, nails, etc., can occupy the same amount of value in the organism as the heart, brain, stomach, lungs, etc., which are all vital organs. (It is possible, of course, that a person with no nails or hair on his head would not have a healthy appearance.



## 1976045

Insofar as the thing itself does not free itself from the system of values and fixed ideas, it infiltrates into the so-called structure.

One interesting assumption here is the contrast between hunting and farming, in which the "bodhisattva of painting" is attributed to a hunting source, and the more carefree state of existence is thought of as an agricultural spirit, a kind of state of being connected to the earth.

(This is probably what Nakayama began to think.) The situation of dialectical progress cannot be set up here. A change of seasons, or the fall of a natural disaster, is the best we can do. 5:25 PM. Danny is home. I'll write a note later. Bye bye.

Ten o'clock in the morning. I was awakened by the sound of the vacuum cleaner. I sleep until 2:00 p.m. Spent the rest of the day in the bathroom until after 3:30 p.m. Body temperature near 84 degrees.

I remember hearing birds chirping near dawn. I think a little about Marie Frank, a young female sculptor. These people are very good at swimming with the current. It's a matter of adaptability. They must be smart. Maybe!

In my case? The current has become a huge tsunami, towering high in front of me. It takes a lot of courage to "pass" through it, and a lot of money to escape from it. In my case - the world already existed as this tsunami from the very beginning. The tsunami of "outside the window. The tsunami of "school". The tsunami of Tokyo. And now, this tsunami called New York.

I could escape from Tokyo. I'm thinking more about passing through it than escaping from New York. There is no doubt in my mind that it will be a huge crash.

The "DAS IST WAS?" loophole. To create a loophole in the belly of the tsunami. To ride the ocean on the other side of it.

## 1976044

Getting it out. This is an apologia for tonight's Midsummer Night's Dream, dedicated to the head. Ever since the "discovery" of Gorky, I've had a slight tendency toward intoxication, even under normal circumstances.

Danny said he was going out to see the Probation Officer or something like that. He was dressed in white from top to bottom. He's proud of his tan, which he

forced himself to get on the concrete in the yard.

**He begins to write "His name is Bozo," in the section for B, or "Bozo," and then says, "I am a cat. It's not that I'm a cat, but I don't have a name yet. It could be said that the first person who compares a cat to a human is a genius, but those who chase after its ass are snobs.**

So is it mere evasion to plan to write in English? As a matter of fact, a journalist was right when he said to Mrs. Johnson that it would be very difficult to follow Jacqueline Kennedy as First Lady.. In the state of being behind, there is a castrating force at work, a blissful state of "ignorance is bliss.

**June 22, 1977, the day after the summer solstice.**

I woke up at eleven in the morning. Early in the morning, I hear the sound of birds.

Anti-period" people can be roughly categorized into two types. One is the "victim" of the times, and the other is the emerging "new spirit," or the spirit that leads to the new times.

**Bozo is the latter, while Big Cat is the former.** The characteristics of the "victims" - decadent decadence, melancholy soul, laziness and lethargy, hypertrophy. The "new spirit" - more of a Don Quixote-like rogue. Esprit Zanimaux, then Romantic Tendency.

A benevolent adventure in anticipation of self-destruction. In short, Hamlet and Don Quixote.

In other words, the romantic tide is the whitecaps that the still unnamed ocean of the new age or the next age brings against the shore of the present age - like the whitecaps on the shore. Self-destruction is its inevitable precondition. Of course, the waves themselves have no way of knowing this, but...

**1976043**

**June 23, 1977 2:05 a.m.**

Silence. Text-taking history repeats itself. When a thesis is instigated, an anti-thesis arises, and when the thesis itself is solidified into a thesis, it becomes an anti-thesis to it.

I drank a little plum wine, so I was a little inebriated. However, I should be careful not to become an alcoholic. Tonight, or rather last night, his parents were out of town, so Danny puffed on a Marijuana all night and lay around like a pig in bad shape, watching TV.

It was hard to describe the weariness. It was just like looking at a wall of paintings. My body temperature stayed within the normal range, i.e. 97 degrees.

Worked in the basement until 9 p.m. This is for David and Tomoko's wedding. I admire the creative process itself, and I'm sure I'm suited for it. However, when it comes to the question of whether or not I truly feel a kind of obsession or unexplained passion for "painting," I can't say "Yes! I can't say that I do. The evidence of this is that when I look at other people's paintings, I get bored to the point of feeling uncomfortable with anything other than Michelangelo. It would be more interesting to read a trivial novel.

Do birds sleep at night? I'm reading Andreyev's book. The field of possible development is quite obscene for those who do not possess a certainty (even if it is a Chekhovian anti-certainty certainty) in the middle of their soul. They can only continue to ruminate, no small amount of self-complacent ruminations, on a sensitively fertile phenomenon.

The fact that Andreyev wrote while drinking may also have some influence. It is easy to be inclined to strangeness, but it is not easy to encompass it and grasp the whole aspect of life. This is because when the senses tend toward the bizarre, the human being itself is often already cut off from the fundamental life force.

It's very languid.

That's it for tonight.

**1976042**

**June 23, 1977 (?) 3:27 PM.**

Andreyev's writings on Judas.

The crimson roses blooming in the corner of the garage in the backyard fell away today. Sunny and comfortable. My body temperature is just above 97 degrees.

At 4:00 p.m., I finished reading Andreyev's book. There are many things that make me think. Or maybe the "little genius" in me is just a "little genius" with the handicap of feeling repulsed by the need to conform to the current. A kind of contemptuous view of the state of being in step with the current itself. I don't know where it comes from, or where it comes from that I can't see the current itself as anything but a snobbery, but whatever it is, it's sitting there inside me. As long as that's the case, it's a big deal to join in with it.

For example, to be honest, **I feel an inexplicable disgust and horror towards any form of expression that is called "modern"**, and I can't help but feel an oddly cold discomfort. Especially when it comes to paintings, this feeling of disgust becomes even more pronounced, and it coagulates inside me in the form of hatred, or even hostility.

However, I can't believe that **what I create (paintings)** is based on a solid anti-theme, no matter how I think about it. It's just a distraction from modern art.

I do not disagree with the truth that I have been pushing realism to anyone who is selfish. However, when I look at the current state of modern art, where it is becoming increasingly clear that it is leaning towards sketchy, decorative, or eclectic realism, I also feel an uncontrollable, rather instinctive negative reaction. It is something different from a sense of hostility; it is something like the reflection of myself in a mirror.

**1976041**

This is an uncomfortable feeling of hopelessness, as if this present age is being distorted by the mirror itself, but there is nothing we can do about it.

In other words, it is as if I am confronted by a patron who has invaded my territory and is demanding my right to reside there, and although I cannot say no or no, deep down I am developing a sense of disgust that is difficult to bear. There is a Gorkian certainty and an Andreyevian lack of certainty. And then there is the Chekhovian certainty of "yes!" in the face of "no". .

There is not a single Chekhovian element in me, just Gorky or Andreyev. If I keep wandering around like this, I may end up settling for Andreyev, who is not very good (in the current trend). It is better to be a lifelong non-achieving goalie than an Andreyev who achieves perfection in the modern age.

The factor is the total affirmation of the life force itself. What is it that makes people these days so afraid of the destruction of "masks"? In other words, they may be consciously aware that "masks" themselves are groundless as objects in their own right, and they may quietly wish to avoid being informed of this as long as they can. The petit-bourgeoisie strikes again.

The existence of judges - interesting. I'm thinking of the Washington Heights Art Show (a silly amateur show. Gentlemen!) I'm thinking of the inane judge who hung around at the Washington Heights Art Show. He is a compact, small, middle-aged man with shiny cheeks and silver-rimmed glasses. He is infinitely proud of the fact that he owns a Dr. Degree, and he seems to have put his entire existence on the word DR. He is a person who knows in a corner of his mind that if he doesn't, everything around him (including himself) will dissipate.

He says to me, "Destructive and negative themes are not my cup of tea."

## 1976040

I used to say this with an excitable grin on my face. In other words, such "I" is the accumulation of "I", or the masses, who are persistently hanging on to their small wish to keep the explanation and satisfaction of existence by continuing their puppet dance in the commodity market. They probably know somewhere in their hearts that their "root" is, in the end, in television.

This is where pseudonymous realism is being hikakaraized and recognized as high art. The potboilers are willing to throw anything and everything into the pot, and of course they know that it is quite possible. He also knows the route that Blok takes to technology. And from within the social stratum of the critic, all the adjectives necessary to "articulate" such things are manufactured and spewed out.

This is where the painters make their money and the cultural figures find their reason for existence and stability. The wealthy collect the samples of the times, no matter what, in order to leave their footprints on the pages of history by turning into demon collectors.

And while all these tribesmen repeat their hysterical dances, the dark, clamoring souls beneath their feet - can the soul still hang on? Is it possible to be oriented towards the new spirit without becoming a "victim"? Who is this "new spirit"?

It is possible that it is an underground nocturne that will only be clamored for by the madness of the next generation. History has been adding this "new spirit" to the list of martyrs one after the other, and they keep dancing in a frenzy, singing exaggerated hymns!

There is no reason to look down on Andreyev because he was only a "modern disease" of his time, even if this present time is completely different from his time.

**1976039**

If they were all in agreement, he would also be a hero of our time.

Those who can continue to be heroes regardless of the changes of the times must find a state in their life where they can look at their own soul head on. For it is only at this point that man encounters the general human reality. It is not a question of achieving or failing to achieve in the world of the time.

**June 24, 1977 4:13 a.m..** About ten minutes after the draft.

[The capitalized words were written vertically, like her Japanese writing  
AN UNSENTIMENTAL CAPACITY FOR INTROSPECTION... A FINE  
OBSERVATION TWO. THE LAST IS MY OWN. THE FIRST BELONGS TO THE  
OTHER HOLE.  
SOMEBODY EXHIBITION TENDENCY IN ART  
WHAT DEFERENCE EXPRESSION "AND" EXHIBITION? EXPERR? EX  
AND EX, EXPEE?  
RATHER OMINOUS FEELING FREUDIAN ASSOCIATION.  
LET THE AD WRITING CRYPTOGRAPH? PHOTOGRAPH?  
DOESTIEVSKY IS NOT ABOUT THE POSSESSED. DA VINCI ...WRITING  
LEFT HANDED

"I don't know what you're talking about. Cynical". The big cat does not say to Bozo, but Bozo says to the big cat, "Yes, you are pretending to die, aren't you? Yes, you're going to die, aren't you?"

The big cat is a person who has passed through a situation where he or she has to become a cynic, not so much empirically as vicariously. Cynical? Yes, you can imagine whatever you want. Even for a ragdoll like you.

**1976038**

There will come a time when you will understand that." But Bozo will never know, because before that time comes, Bozo's feline process has already changed direction. A past without sentimentality?

No, its unsentimental qualities. The qualities of the insider. In other words, the inner spirit is prone to sentimentality. Be careful when writing bozo. What is this?

The truth is, I'm prone to sentimentality, and I'm not going to do any reflection on the fact that I am. Sentimentality is also a human function! Unsentimentality is just the shade of it, the little man who crowds. Good night. 4:25 a.m.

**Friday, June 24, 1977, 3:30 p.m.**

I am fully awake at one o'clock in the afternoon. I seem to be using the word "awake" a lot lately. It's as if I've awakened from some kind of euphoric state.

When I came back to my room after washing my face, I saw two brown birds with small white spots on their shoulders, looking like pigeons, but about half as small as pigeons, on the paving stones on the roof outside my window.

There were some twigs that had fallen from the oak tree, some dead leaves, or rather young leaves that had withered up, and some brownish (yellowish) ones (seeds?) that had hung from the branches about a month ago. The background was a pebble bed of mixed gray and white, which was almost cleverly blended with the background. If you don't keep a close eye on it, you might not be able to see it.

However, one of the two birds (the one facing the window) seemed to have noticed my presence as I sat by the window at that time, and stood up on both legs in a tense stance as if it was about to take off.



**1976037**

I whistle to let them know that I have no hostility towards them, but only a sincere welcome to these unfamiliar newcomers.

Low at first, a kind of musical scale (high, bottom, only one kind) is repeated slowly and patiently. Eventually, the bird gradually eases its tension and collapses its legs first, its feathers light and fluffy.

As I did this, I felt an inexplicable surge of joy inside me, so I continued to play the melody that came naturally to me. The bird completely let go of its guard and began to relax on the stone floor.

Meanwhile, the other bird, the one that was sitting with its back to the window, turned around (quietly), took a step or two closer to me, and began to stare at me. I was utterly filled with a feeling of sheer, supreme joy, and I continued to play melody after melody, low and light, as delicately as I could with as much effort as I could muster.

Eventually, the bird hung its head and seemed to be slowly slumbering. The bird on the other side of me, with its beak hanging down in the sunlight, which cast strange shadows on its chest, looked as if it was about to go into a nap. From time to time, it tilts its little head and peers at you with its round, puppy-dog eyes.

Oh, my God... St. Francis must have been a happy man! I was filled with deep emotion. If only I could stay like this for longer, immersed in such a rare sense of happiness...

With all the effort I could muster, I quietly, quietly let go of the window so as not to disturb the napping of the birds outside the window, opened the bedroom door, and came out into the prison set up by these wretched fiends called humans. Was it a pigeon? A wild pigeon? What a joy of life! I can hear the birds

**1976036**

Grackles and the others have left, but some other bird is still lingering in the trees here.

In a way, it is a good thing that in a sense the human "youth" has left me, because it has also taken with it the typhoon that has the ego as its central eye, which comes with youth. What this typhoon contains along with the humidity is a kind of cruelty? Or was it indifference or contempt for the so-called life that did not have a core similar to one's own.

I remember when I was a child, a very young child, looking at a picture of St. Francis talking to a little bird and thinking what a silly old boy I was. I thought it was unfeasibly sweet. I thought my father, who was trying so hard to explain it to me, was a funny man.

Perhaps the unnaturalness of the painting itself, with its peculiar medieval clarity of the circle, also helped. The whole thing felt unnatural, false, and ridiculous. The moon in the dark blue sky was the only thing that really struck me.

Not only because of my own youth, but also because those medieval painters who could only capture this soft and indescribably happy feeling as a clear form with a strange attention to detail may have been, in the end, only church-appointed, modern craftsmen who had nothing to do with sensitivity.

Expressions that do not possess "truth" become soulless dead things in this sense, and this bliss of life is coagulated into a surface of dull cruelty. The "relationship" between the little bird and the saint is obliterated, and only the exterior situation, without any illustrative meaning, is fixed there. I wonder how much better Chardin's piece of bread can express the truth. In other words, where there is no "love," there is no meaning of expression.

**1976035**

This means that when the actual state of "love" pretends to be "love," it becomes sentimentality, and when it prefers to exclude itself from "love," it can only result in anti-life, even if it is honest. The worst situation is to "use" love itself for some other purpose (mostly to meet worldly demands).

It is in the moment of true enjoyment of life as life itself, and in the moment of true (non-individual) communion with it, that "love" and its true nature are revealed. This is not a mere self-projection or a self-satisfied interpretation. It never is. It is a state of pure equilibrium that arises at the moment when one's own life is connected to another life.

It's five minutes before five in the afternoon. Sickness is "separation," "separation" is "falsehood," "falsehood" is "vomiting," and "vomiting" is love. Vomiting is love, that is, the exhaustion of life. **That my painting is nothing more than that! Or that it never was!**

**June 25 (?)** Five minutes before 3 a.m. on June 25 (?).

About ten minutes ago, I had a Marijuana. In the basement. The Basement. Andreyev? Raymontov? Brock? But at The Basement, I thought about it.

For example, if you meet a Russian at a party of the Russians, etc., and you look into his eyes (vas ist das!) ), you would not be able to see even a shadow of Chekhov or Pushkin, let alone Gorky. We are in the last third of the twentieth century, a process of history. Where on earth are we going to find them, the Russians of the last century?

History repeats itself, but the "past" is never its identical twin, never a complete reduction of the past. There is no Pushkin among those who have adapted well to the modern time and are surfing the current. Look at the so-called trendy kids of our time!

## 1976034

Look at these poor, poor, cowardly souls! Corporatism, Capitalism, and Communicative Faust (Fool's Festival?) The structure of this world of vulgarity and money (!) is the same as in TSAR Russia. The structure of the world has become much more inhuman or anti-human than it was in TSAR Russia. The Pushkin of tomorrow's century is lying in a dark cellar in today's century, trying to heal the deep wounds of yesterday's century. Destiny. Nemesis. NEMESIS? Causality? Tomoko seems to believe in it. In other words, those who have done wrong in their previous lives are in a predicament, a kvagma year, in this life because of their sins. What is the necessity of this notion or assumption of sin for religious groups? Because sin has the effect of forcing the other person into a state of submission according to a corresponding quantitative ratio (of sin). If we place God in the position of the so-called "perfect" or "absolute" who is beyond sin, then anything that is not God must at the same time remain in the category of the sinless (versus the passive state of not having passed through the state of sin) and the sinners. This is the dynamic relationship of power as force, power, and authority. In other words, I pick out a few weaknesses (such as my current predicament) that are blatantly obvious from a mundane point of view from all of their situations, and convert them into sins. Then, a series of power relations will arise. That is to say, those who are scouts or have money or expensive apartments committed relatively few sins in their previous lives, while those who did not were sinners. So, those who have no sins have won the upper hand over those who have sins. Interesting. What is it about losers that makes them uncomfortable to acknowledge the winners as they are? If I had been born with the courage and talent of my time, and had achieved great success today, would I have dealt with this world with a different view than I have today?

### 1976033

But I don't think that's possible. But I don't think that's possible, because the "I" who was born that way is not already this me. As far as painting is concerned, I don't have the slightest desire to "learn" anything from this world. Dust? Dust. Not even a speck. I understand that this world is trying to make me "learn. But to "learn" means to cut off the ego and let it follow the pattern, not the other way around. When he was vice president, Johnson had a hotel in London bring in a larger bed for him because it was too short for his height. So I had him bring me a larger bed, one that was big enough for his whole body to fit in. Ever since then, I have been in the habit of thinking of Mr. Johnson as Alexander the Great.

To be honest, of all the presidents of the United States, Mr. Johnson is the one who appeals to my personal interests the most. Alexander the Great was a hero of my childhood. I do not deny that there was a time when "power" was slowly rising inside me. From late elementary school through middle school and high school, I was constantly gaining the highest degree of power, quite literally. There was a very strong romantic self-absorption, a Machiavellian darkness, and a Bismarckian entanglement. As a teenage politician, I was very good at what I did. At least until "sex" began to wreak its havoc. I began to be aware of a strange and very clever interrelationship, a relationship placed in opposition by "sex," where I could be dominated by something that had "no reason at all. And, no matter how my head or body struggles (or scratches?) and that no matter how my head or body struggled (or scratched?), I could be put in the position of the ruler by something I could not control. It was the fact (or phenomenon?) that no matter how the body struggles (scratches?), it can be placed in a position of domination by something that cannot be controlled. I grabbed the girls because, among other reasons, I wanted to be free from this dominant position (at least at school). But there was also the money power, which had been

## 1976032

There are kinds of power that I did not take into account, and there is also the power of social background, and there is the power of gaining at the birthplace. I was beaten in that regard. The only things I could rely on were my brain and my skills. What a small area of power there was to be granted to them!

The "Watusi" were nothing but little ladies. We were just little ladies with nice clothes, haircuts, and some pretty gestures.... We could pretend to be Sipseey women, or female painters, or Georges Sand, or even "Juliette Greco," depending on the case.

You should dress up in whatever you want and walk around the Shinjuku area with some pretense.

Oh, how boring. So I went to the library and read a book, then went to a coffee shop, Ramburu Ramburu? There (oh, "Ramburu.") Coffee and philosophical discussions.

I remember that Tamako told me four years later, near the graduation ceremony, that everyone said I was a great person. I hadn't missed the fact that you had a beautiful daughter, Tamako. I even looked at her sideways and thought, "She's beautiful," on that spring day when the sleepiness of the nurturing principle was glowing on my desk.

I thought it would be nice to have at least a boyfriend. Especially in that "intelligence cycle". There was a man named Morio-san, wasn't there? Yes, there was. But for years, I secretly thought he was a big jerk and laughed at him. Love and passion are really beyond the waves of Minato.

The other side of the wave. Beyond that which only I can sense. A knight in white armor from afar. It could be Tristan, it could be the Rider of Roses. Or Isolde, or Beatrice. Sappho, siren, whatever, as long as it is distant and noble.

Human beings are just "too human. If Nietzsche hadn't been such an ugly man (the outrage over the discovery of the photograph!) he would have been fine. Heterophobia? No, no, no. It could have been Baiju, or Warmong, or anyone else, even a man crying in the sand in the northeast. My first love.

## 1976031

The man was a poet. I used to use the letter N in my notebooks to write down these frustrating thoughts and feelings. Then the letter O replaced it, and since then the first O has been replaced by the second O, and the notebooks and pieces of paper have filled up.

There is nothing burdensome about the incessantly platonic, faintly romantic love of those days. This tasteless and heavy burden of reality is not a burden at all.

But those days are gone, and the horseman from the north has indeed appeared and brought me to America. Good-bye. Song name: This song is about a girl who was taken away by Americans after the WW2.

I really did wear red shoes. I was really wearing red shoes. I wasn't speaking figuratively. I was really wearing old, cheap, shiny plastic shoes with no heels. They were not winged shoes, and they were not ballerinas' shoes. I threw them away before I crossed the ocean.

It's like suicide," Tamako said.. I said, "If you're going to do that, you might as well stay at the mouth of the sea, where you can write a letter and have it delivered.

I never wrote a letter to her since then. I had nothing to write, no desire to write, and no reason to write. Because the world that Tamako-san symbolized had become something else. You're absolutely right! No letter can come from another world.

I still think that Tamako should know that. In the twentieth year, I will return again. But I will never see Tamako and Hiroko again. I will return to see the sea of Shiraoi, to look up at the starry sky, and to smell the grass.

The little guy is dead. But only the earth will remain. Maybe it will be under someone's green.... Maybe under someone's greenery... Or maybe under concrete.... The city of Nara is far away.

The old-fashioned pirate! An old-fashioned constellation! That's probably all that's left. The birds sing, the night fades, the loneliness remains, the dawn. Vampires are afraid of the dawn. I gaze into my heart, I feel lonely, I think. The lingering scent of the departed. Its lingering scent, its damp gauze.

**1976030**

Feelings.... It is natural to be sentimental. It is also natural to be feminine. Sorrow. In other words, those who turn their backs on sentimentality are not qualified to be touched by the hand of God. You should aspire to be a politician and work hard to change society! That's what I would do. 5 a.m. Some drinking. Valium. Thanks to that, I passed out in the toilet last night.

Watched documentary #6, the thirteenth program that came over on the spaceship route from Doiro, and was furious as hell. You idiots! Ever since they found out that industrial hardware can be abused, they want to insult human sensibilities with software!

They have no room for apology, no matter how blinded by money and glory they may be, that they have wasted their entire lives waving their madness around. If they really believed in such things, they would be just like the pimples that popped up on the face of the world.

At least I could consider myself lucky. My "conversation" with the little bird is much closer to happiness.

Five minutes before 5 a.m. Good night, little birds!  
Saturday evening,

**June 25, 1977: lightning. 7:03 p.m.**

Woke up at 1:00 p.m. to 2:00 p.m. Two of yesterday's birds (morning doves, I suppose) are perched on the branches of the oak tree by the window, perched on the leafy branches where the dark, rainy window and the wind blowing from the sea are rustling uneasily.

I whistle yesterday. I wonder where those birds are now in the midst of this wind and thunder. I peeked out the window, but could not find them among the black leaves.

Downstairs, Danny's mother was having a party this evening, so this is what I came upstairs to see. The sound of Danny's father's hustle record is like the sound of a barbarian's drum.

Then the sound of rain. The birds are silent, and there's thunder in the distance. I see my face reflected in the bells. The sound of rain again. I think I look pretty smart.



And the sound of rain again. I pick up three slices of salami and eat them. Rain.  
Rhythms and rhymes. The words of the man who said, "There is an Africa in  
every man. Another person who is not Jung. Rain and drums.

**1976028**

What? It is not unlike some wonderful beings who can flexibly dissolve in the sunlight. In the distance, I hear the rather familiar cries of mountain doves. It was a strangely lonely sound, "ho, ho, ho. This brave and gentle bird is playing a minor key tune like Chopin.

**Monday, June, 1977, 2:25 a.m.**

Cryptic, after smoking in the basement. Catacombs. Atzvina. Attupina. The Rain Carnation. TV David Suskind Show. Reincarnation was the topical topic. He told me to think about my childhood. In other words, strange memories of childhood and *deja vu*.

In my case, it was "a strange ceiling, a dark, translucent cloud or foggy darkness above my head. and something close to that nasty vomiting feeling that always accompanied me. That's why I call this vomiting feeling "meaningless or unproductive conversation. I also feel this vomiting feeling when I face some kind of boredom, vulgarity, etc. - accompanying phenomenon? Anyway, a series of causal relationships. My *deja vu* is more like a sensory and aesthetic feeling, to which vomiting belongs.

It's often not visual. -This is the field of psychoanalysis. Mysterious memories? Birds. Black birds. Big black bird. Raven? A great raven? It can't be an incarnation of Pau, can it?

An unsettling presence that must feel self-satisfied by assuming it is a reincarnation of some past person who is considered great from a historical perspective.

-A modern disease? Is that why I tried to convince myself that I was an incarnation of Gorki? If that is the case, then I am much closer to Andreyev than to Gorki, who is a rare (but true) being independent of the chronopathic metaphors. Self-consistency is exactly what this is! The Japanese language is not bad.either

**June, 1977. Sunday.**

Woke up at one in the afternoon. Near two o'clock, a mountain pigeon flies over the power line in front of my window. (As I whistled the same melody, it gradually curled up like the day before yesterday, and after a while it landed on the stone floor on the roof. Then, from below the window, another smaller bird, probably a female, waddled out, swinging her body from side to side, and approached the bird that had just landed, and together they pecked at each

other between the stones and stuck their bills between their feathers, as if they were picking up some kind of parasite.

Eventually, just as they had done yesterday, when the thunderstorm had started, they put their heads together and tucked their necks into their chests, half slumbering, half listening to the reverberations of the earlier tension with their inner ears, moving their necks and round eyes from time to time.

Later, when I went upstairs to look in the window after eating downstairs, I found that both birds were soaring above the wires, fluttering their wings and turning their heads in circles. When I played the same melody just once, they suddenly stretched out their heads toward me, looking as if they were going to peek inside. I was tempted to stay by the window longer, but the thought that Danny might be listening to my whistling kept me from settling down, so I left it at that and came down. He and most of the other people in the room were going crazy, but it was no different.

It's 4:30 p.m., and the sky begins to darken in the distance. It might be another thunderstorm. The majestic figures of those little mountain pigeons as soon as they swooped down from the air with a sense of urgency - perhaps they are more robust in the thunderstorm wind.

**1976027**

I don't feel comfortable affirming this, but I see and feel something out of the ordinary with Michelangelo. Deja Vu came as soon as I saw his profile. A feeling of vomiting. -Dissection. Deja Vu. Every time I heard about Michelangelo, the bottom of my brain tingled like a scar. And a kind of frustration that made me want to vomit.

**I was ten. I was ten years old.** On the bridge over the creek in front of my house, I opened a book and saw Michelangelo's profile on the slippery white paper. Raphael. The object of my envy. With love. In a way, an amvivorous longing. Da Vinci was the same. I avoided looking at the mouths of Michelangelo and Rembrandt.

Delacroix was good for a while. Greco avoided it. Jellicoe worship and cowering. Picasso is a stranger. Goya so so *com si, com sa*. I avoided the shiny silks, silver, and gold for rich people with hostility. That's why I admired but had nothing to do with Watteau, who painted that clown. Except for the Degas dancers. Because they were part of the oppressed people. Am I a Marxist? Marxist? No, no, Michelangelo.

The feeling of vomiting as a synthesis of rage and despair. This feeling - is Michelangelo. Savonarola? God. March 6th? Ten days? The sixteenth? Thirty-six, about six o'clock? Three and six? It's like fortune telling.

Three o'clock in the morning. I'm in a state of shock. The bottom of the barrel. The finish line. I'm not sure if this is self-renunciation. If I were an incarnation of Michelangelo, I would accept a strange fate in this world as well!

That's right. I will accept it. I will accept it, and I will give it to the world and to Gluichas! Gratia - I will not avoid it anymore. I will endure this cruelty. If this is the case, then those who are in the predicament, those who are in this black world, full of fear, depend on tolerating and accepting what is there.

**1976025**

Andromeda? Charlton Heston's face looms large in my mind. In short, the public didn't see you as the freakish monster that you are.

It was as if you were firing a cannon for the first time in your life. It was a form of attack on our part, but the enormity of the reverberation almost frightened us to the point of vomiting. Some kind of angry, terrifying monster that seems to be challenging the will of the gods!

I don't want to challenge God. I am terribly frightened. But it is necessary to do so in order for my existence to exist. What a fate. There must have been time somewhere to escape, or maybe not. This is the situation that I have been avoiding for decades.

**When I was ten years old.** A red tulip flower pushed me into a state of complete paralysis. That aching excitement in my chest. I stole one of the red petals from among the flowers on the teacher's desk. (I actually felt the guilt that came from the awareness that I had stolen it, but also the conviction in myself that far outweighed it.

In other words, it was won by being challenged. A confident affirmation of my own existence. That time was the decisive factor for **the "change" in my childhood at the age of ten.** I took that beauty as my own! The very thing that dazzled my eyes, the very thing itself, became my property! I have conquered beauty! I could conquer beauty like Raphael. and the beauty of those rambunctious humans.

I had challenged the whole world, and finally won. That long stretch of road between the rows of desks - that long, terrible stretch between the teacher's desk and mine. I walked there quietly and alone.

There in front of me was that tulip flower, the embodiment of beauty that I could see for the first time in my mind's eye. There it was. Inside, I could see the black speckled stamens and pistils. The bottom was yellow, and that red, luscious,

## 1976024

delicate trepidation of the petals. That incomparable red beauty. A beautiful boy in a red cloak? Intense and poignant, an ambivalence that literally tears at the heart. A mixture of beauty and hate. I'm walking that road again! Again and again!

But then again, it's a woman. A transsexual who became a homosexual? Transvestite? This is the Conundrum. A labyrinth. Is this what I'm actually looking for in a man, this raffaello?

No wonder my relationships with men are not going well. Either I'm severely impoverished (until I have a brain front of total dominance) or I end up in a fight. Maybe that's why I've never had any interest in men over middle age. A middle-aged man's Raphael is out of the question.

Dr. Betty? Patronizing Lawrence Medici? Then what's the deal with Pope Leo? Oh, this rage against the snobbish spirit! Leo was a notorious rabble-rouser to begin with. Didn't he come from the Borgia family? An upstart, snobbish Borgia, steeped in the power and cunning of a new breed of money-grubbing, hobby-addled fools! Bourgeois? I hate the Bourgeois spirit.

Medici, I mean, **medicine**. I mean, **Doctor Viticks**. The doctors have betrayed me so much, but still, I respect them, and it feels better to respect them than not to respect them. I owe the doctor a favor. A chicken? Maybe! One chicken, this lifetime!

Mendori. In Japanese, there is a summary word for chicken. Just like the word human. It is neither a male nor a female. It is the sum of the two. Bird? Human? Hugh Man? Human-Woman? Yeah, that's why this Michelangelo tried to be born as a Japanese!

In other words, I am neither a man nor a woman. Monster? Plato. Androgynous, in a constant state of internal transformation. Strange object. Andromeda? You're in trouble, you.....

## 1976023

In short, I was a reenactment of this horrible soul who, in a fit of rage and with the financial support of snobbishness and with it the control of secular power, repeatedly expressed himself and revealed the truth through a crazy year!

Don't dwell on it, just accept it and move on. Don't be afraid! Not even death can stop this progress, for avoidance merely stalls it and prolongs it further. If a

t the end of my life there was still no purpose, then the next life will inherit it (the next me). The next "I" will develop and unfold to the best of its ability the truth of all that has been granted to the present me.

Self-absorption? A mere complication in the middle of the night that makes no sense when I wake up today? Illusion? Change is better. If that's the case -. But then. I even have an obligation. I have a responsibility to fulfill what has been granted to me. Within the limits of **my present existence. Come on!**

**June, 1977, Monday, 8:15 PM.**

## **1976022B**

“There are two kinds of times; one historical according to the calendar and the other musical without date or number.

In the consciousness of civilized man, the first kind alone is immutably present, but it is only when we realize how near we are to Nature, only when we abandon ourselves to the wave of Music rising from the chorus of universe, that we live in the second, For life in days, months and years no balance of our powers is necessary. And the absence of necessity for effort soon reduces the majority of civilized people to the state of mere dwellers upon the Earth

But balance becomes indispensable as soon as we live near the musical reality of the world – near to Nature, to the elemental.

For this we need above all to be well-ordered both in body and spirit, since it is only with the complete body and the complete spirit acting together that the music of the universe can be heard.

Loss of balance between the bodily and the spiritual inevitably makes us lose that music. Makes us lose the ability to escape from the time of the calendar, that is, from historical days and years, into the other time that cannot be calculated.

Epochs in which this balance is not destroyed may be called epoch of Culture in contrast those when an integral perception of the world is beyond the bearers of an outlived culture, owing to the influx of melodies up to that time unfamiliar and unknown which overcrowded the hearing.

The influx may be slow if measured by the calendar, for new historical forces come into the consciousness of humanity gradually. Yet that which takes place slowly, according to the laws of one kind of time, can be completed suddenly according to the laws of the other.

The movement of the one directly between is enough to turn into a hurricane of the drawn-out melody of the orchestra.

*“The mistake of the inheritors of humanistic culture; the fatal contradiction into which they fell, originated in this exhaustion. The spirit of Integrity, the spirit of music, abandoned them.*

*They failed to see that the world was already rising at a signal from a movement which was entirely new. While continuing to believe that the masses were acquiring freedom within the individualistic movement of civilization, they naturally could not see that those very masses were bearers of a difference, of a new spirit.”*

**Alexander Blok from his essay 1919**

**1976022**

*Alexander Blok: “The mistake of those who found themselves heirs to humanist culture, the fatal contradiction in which they became involved, is the result of the weariness of the spirit. The spirit of integral wholeness, the spirit of music had deserted them, and they blindly believed in historic time; they did not feel that something had arisen under the banner of a new movement whose unusual symptoms show it to be different; they continued to believe that the masses would let themselves be carried away by the individualising movement of civilisation, forgetting that these masses were the bearers of a different spirit.”*  
*From Blok's 1919 Essay*

That is to say, Hitlerian existence was necessary for the survival of this drowning Western civilization at one point in its development. The regime continues to measure its diastrophism by "discovering" Hitler in history as the emergent culmination of all BLOK-like romantic dynamism or visions of insight.

It is not the outside world that needs Hitler, but the regime (existing capitalism) itself, which also needs the existence of Jews for its justification. However, for the system, "Jew" is nothing more than a pet consciousness. It has only a symbolic meaning. That's what I mean.



**1976021**

**Tuesday, June, 1977. It was 15 minutes before 3:00 a.m.**

Coming up from the basement after smoking. Conditioned Learning? Repetition of experience..

Maximum energy concentration on the object of thought, SINGLMINDEDNESS.

**Choice is possible, but chance or attribution prevails. For example, an action that originated from an original motive to achieve a certain goal, such as smoking a cigarette in relation to a fire, may sidetrack from the "goal" that encompasses that original motive and flow into a tributary, for example, a pebble on a riverbed, which has only peripheral significance (for its own execution).**

This means that there are many cases (comparatively speaking) in which the existence of something as peripherally significant as a pebble on the riverbed (for one's own execution) is (relatively speaking) neglected as the main purpose of the whole action.

**Three o'clock in the morning.** Confusion between master and servant. The Japanese language is interesting, with its mixtures, and confusions. It means that the "means" itself is window dressing for the end.

Technology itself becomes the object of all actions. Lifeless decadence. The luscious, but also poisonous (unpleasant) taste of overripe tomatoes, and the horrifying taste of deku.

In the meantime, the "life" that was in you is slipping away from under your legs, noiselessly. All the while, you are drawing diagrams of sex, of all things, somewhere in the back of your mind. Blackmail!

The fact that human beings can be reduced to sexual beings, and that this is also a very easy entertainment laziness and negligence. We have been given it in the first place. This instinct is very easy to obtain. So it's very similar to guilt.

Puritan Spirit. Maximum expansion of the work ethic. "If you don't work, you don't eat." Communism? Communism is a fundamental class consciousness. In Jung's sense, it's the collective consciousness of the lower classes. It's in there..

## 1976020

A kind of subconscious that belongs to one model. Puritanism=lower class=beautification of work ethic=workers first=communism. In other words, the Puritan spirit (which is also the creator of the bourgeois guts) is the one thing communists have in common → the dared collective subconscious class system.

Collective → subconscious ← "mythical"  
↑ equals ⇌  
Puritanism - poverty oppression - communism  
equal to  
lower class

It's a strange picture.

The bottom line is that which side of the social disease a being in the present chooses depends on the nature of the collective, mythical, subconscious mind of that person. This is what I mean. The perpetuation of class warfare. Dialectical progress. Marxian thinking.

The passage from Hegel to Hitler. And the passage from the same Hegel to Marx. The will to strive. (What?) The will to wait for the emergence of "effort". The question of God's vicarious democracy arises. Citizen? Citizen in the Greek sense of the word. The word democrat or demos itself refers to the citizens of the city, whose foundation was supported by slavery

. Workers (including all those who are forced to use monotonous labor that is nothing but an insult to the human spirit!) ) were definitely not counted among those citizens. And those who are listening to them! And those of you who are listening to it! Listen carefully.

Listen carefully, for your ancestors were the Atlas-like beings, without eyes or ears, to support the demos above your heads! You were not "human" or even "individual" when they called you "human" or "individual"! Think about it. Think about it, at least a little bit, before you turn it into a flea.

**1976019**

The only reason why I am not a communist can be summed up in the fact that I still have this elective consciousness in me. Were Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev, Brezhnev, etc. completely and utterly free of the electorate? The question of whether or not they were. The question of whether human beings can be so crystallized.

The danger inherent in "reform" is that it dehumanizes human existence too simply. The predisposing attributes of human beings cannot be erased by means of removal or killing. The human being must undergo an internal organic transformation or development. Therein lies the mission of art.

Mission? A pawn? What I have to take into account is that a frontal attack generally works to turn the other side into the enemy. **In other words, it is not a fight, but an awakening of the opponent.** Shi, San, Rooster, Sake. The star and rooster are for awakening,

To awaken means to come out of a state of euphoria, and to be able to see the stars above the sky. The beauty of the state of euphoria is that one enjoys the irrational rationalization that arises from experiencing the phenomenon of maintaining the fiction in reality, while being aware that the state is contrary to the reality.

And there is also a kind of negative pleasure that arises from the sense that it is not permanent. A ticklish provocation to death. The pleasure of "adventure," which takes on meaning only when it assumes danger. These are the components of euphoria. The modern disease refers to this euphoria. To awaken from it. And to reacquire "life".

**1976018**

These are the "missions" that are given or attached to those who perform art.

The artist himself must first be awakened.

Self-obsession. To scratch the bell against oneself. TOC. TOC

Young people in the battlefield should not be ignored. Even if the battlefield itself has no meaning for the normal course of historical development, or even if it should be punished.

In this sense, it is completely impossible for me to harbor cold-blooded malice toward those who fought in Vietnam, for example. For they are the very same people we should have awakened. Love? If so, it is linked to religion.

As long as I am an artist, I can never be a communist. I can't dismiss the philistine, or even the bourgeois, as not being "human. I have no right to do so. This is because I have no history of loving them. I sided with the "attack," which was nothing more than an expression of inhuman rationalization, focused only on keeping them blind.

In other words, I did not actively do anything. There was nothing in me that could claim to have grasped the "truth"! No, I did not! An absolute position of affirmation. "Anger!" The point at which you can say, "Anger!

Or - it is possible to say that art is this "process" of self-searching itself? At least it is for me, the present me.

To make money from it does not fit my fundamental foundation in any way. How can I make money from it? Please tell me, Michelangelo! Or do you want me to carry this guilt with me until the end of my life? This heavy "paradox"? Iron irony? Conflict. Oh, yes! Conflict of conflicts? Strange, but true symbolism.

**4:40 AM. Good night. The birds are beginning to mourn. (Without sentimentality...) That there is (also, not) a day called tomorrow.**



**1976015**

**June 28. 1977 Five o'clock in the afternoon**

What is the date? Tuesday, the twenty-eighth.

TOCSIN and TOXIN, an unspoken contract. The sky darkens slightly. The wind begins to rustle, the air cool and damp, and the green color brightens.

One of the wildfowl, a male I guess, walks over to the window, but shows no sign of responding to my whistling. He walked confidently with his chest outstretched in a male fashion. For the first time, I noticed the geometrical orderliness of the black spots on its straight chest, which was folded up tightly on its back. When it spreads its wings, a bluish white exposes its forehead like a virgin ground underneath.

**June 29, 1977. Wednesday It is 1:28 a.m.**

The thunderstorm came again. I heard the faint footsteps of distant thunder, and the sound of rain on the ground. The thunderous sound of the rain ripping through the night. The sound of thunder.

What is the anger of the rain that arises at night, and the sound of distant thunder? Symbolism.

Poetry? For example

***The blue of the sea, like the petals of a flower  
The soul that breaks at the edge of its color  
the faint whiteness of it***

***More than a flash of distant lightning  
Of the ceaseless, thin light  
the painful tingling that strikes the shore?***

***The time has come, the dark night is hanging.  
its black garment is heavy,  
will the green waves of flowers fade away?***

**1976014**

Or something like that. A poem is a kind of prophecy. Poetry has a kind of prophetic analogy.

Poetry -> Sectional experience -> Collective existential consciousness -> Symbolic "meaning" -> Poetry.

Russian poetry. The poetry of Hokkaido, in other words. The particularity symbolized by "white". That is, the white of the snowstorm. The sense of hopeless white. The sense of fear implied by "white" and the aggressive, aggressive excitement that coexists with it. Romantic euphoria.

The euphoria of losing oneself in white. Russia. Snow. Great Plains. The whiteness of death. The vastness of the whiteness of death. The vastness of white. The state of losing one's self in it. -Love.

***Unity with nature. Complete submission to nature. Unconditional surrender. Those who perceive a situation in which there is love. That is, the inhabitants of the North Country. It is impossible to say that there is no contradiction in this presumption (tate to hoko).***

Those who perceive that nature is both a menace and an embrace of human self-discipline.

DASUNTO TRAVEL! Voice from TV. Yesterday at 10:30 p.m., Bargain Basement (?) at number 13. There was a Pilgrims' process of one Dutchman who was released from the camp. Piloo, or L.S.D., which is why it's not "Heavenly Road Pilgrimage".

It is an internal route. Orphic descent into the interior. It was the regulator of reason that said, "Don't look back. But it was the primitive instinctive intuition of the inner hippocampus that forced us to go there, to the underworld.

The Bastard of the Crane. Sea horse. The Dragon's Bastard? Dragon. Nazi dragon's leg. A Nazi with dragon's legs. It was the fallen spirit of one Westerner. A Jew? A Jew. Despair consumed his entire being. What a misery. The man looked at his own reflection in the mirror and said, "WHAT A MUG- What a MUG-. DESPAIR!".

**1976013**

And I covered with my head in my hands. He could never again see a being, a thing worthy of human love, without despair. This heartbreaking cry of "May these babies never again experience this self-inflicted misery! This tragic cry against the huge fortress of organization, knowing its powerlessness. This cry of love. Who exactly is the organization? They are also human beings. Aren't they the same people? Who are "they"?"

The hostility that certain people have towards certain people, almost fanatically. Hatred. Brutality, cruelty. In other words, a frenzy of "reason. Scientific romanticism. This "inhuman" brutality is attached to them. No matter how great the weight of "reason," it must not kill even a single human being or creature for it. There is no such thing as a human being who is not thoroughly human. If the bliss of all people depends on the suffering of this one person, then all people should rather accept the state of misery.

History, a truly human history, should not demand victims. This is not to say that the rise and process of the Nazi regime is not similar, or even identical, to that of a revolution. Even if "good" change raises the banner of revolution, and "bad" reform is linked to Nazism and fascism, the content of the substance and the brutality or inhumanity it demands are the same.

What is a human being? Before we kill, we should stop and think about the fact that there is a record, a process, a life, that the person we are trying to kill once enjoyed this sunlight, this small feeling of happiness.

You should consider the fact that the person you are talking to also has a record, a process, a life, of having enjoyed this sunlight, this small feeling of happiness, of having had the memory of a childhood day of deep pleasure in the sunlight, and of having the supreme gratitude for being a living being. And yet, you can't bring yourself to murder them! Insects.



It is even worse when the symbol is an abstract object. It becomes a "castle" of organization. This is why human beings have tried to free themselves from their frailty by building these massive walls on top of their own frailty. However, the only thing that remained truly stubborn was not the self, but the deadly substance of rock, which is alien to the self. This fortress should have been built inside the self, not by rocks, but by mental power.

Two minutes before 3 a.m. It stopped raining.

**Silence. The sound of night. Rape blossoms. The memory of a sixteen-year-old. Sitting on the windowsill of that house in Shiraoui.**

**1976012**

I am sure that all the people, unless they have their dynasties on the top of Arcadia, know the joy of having life. No matter how vast your dissatisfaction becomes, do not trample on all other life because of the fragmented demands of life.

It was 2:37 a.m. It takes a lot of abstraction to try to let go of fate as reincarnation. What can we say about the Jews in the camps, that they are a reappearance of the soul? The one who gave Christ his Spirit?

"Oh, Christ! The man shouted lowly. How can I say that there is not in that voice a sadness that cannot help but involve all human beings? Or is it that being human means being a monster? What made them do it? The human said, "The system," or the belief that it was the way to salvation. The murderer standing in front of him was not a person like him, but a mere abstraction of the organization. So what about the people within the killers?

The victim is also a kind of abstraction, a mere phenomenon belonging to the abstraction of the Jewish people. Perhaps he only believed that they were symbolic beings. Symbols are merely the mortal sublimation of the real. Symbols are produced by human frailty, which is unable to receive the substance of life as a whole.

It is even worse when the symbol is an abstract object. It becomes a "castle" of organization. This is why human beings have tried to free themselves from their frailty by building these massive walls on top of their own frailty.

However, the only thing that remained truly stubborn was not the self, but the deadly substance of rock, which is alien to the self. This fortress should have

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Two minutes before 3 a.m. It stopped raining.

Silence. The sound of night. Rape blossoms. The memory of a sixteen-year-old.  
Sitting on the windowsill of that house in Shiraoi.

**1976011**

The foolishly sketched faces fall into the darkness. With a small white rape blossom (I thought) in front of me and a notebook in front of me, I was concentrating on my poetry.

I heard the sound of waves in the distance. There were fields of cosmos flowers. But my poem ended with a comment on the lights of a house that had just started to come on.

The lights of the houses that start to come on in the evening always resonate with something in my heart. It's not sentimentality, but the urge to affirm that life, life is "good! In other words, the urge to affirm that life and living are "good! The light is the proof that human life is there. It is a testimony to the existence of life.

The light that began to shine in the darkness meant that life had begun to speak out its testimony. In other words, hope. Hope - the hope of those who witness that life is beginning to come to light. An albatross. Tenshin Koumei. Stupid bird. Idiot? One who approves of irrational existence.

**It's 3:13 in the morning.** The TV is constantly saying something. I hear a heavy sound in the distance. It's not thunder. It's an airplane. It's like a train.

Don't repress your tender heart. Don't be afraid of sentimentality. Too much pride in reason is akin to an adolescent obsession with sex. In other words, there is a tendency to overestimate what is yet to be developed. Those with truly developed forebrains are not so preoccupied with their brains, gentlemen!

Don't mock the kind heart. **TOGETHERNESS-MOONWISE**-is the last word on TV. A comedy called something. Interesting. It is only by entering the mortal state that human beings can truly sing of the point of coexistence.

**June 30, 1977 (?)**

4:15 p.m. As long as all the people do not have their dynasties on the top of Arcadia, the accumulation of wealth and the building of fortified castles on the mountain where they are will not be possible.

**1976010**

It is a wonder to compose. The idea that "Bozo" has this idea. The relationship between Yesenin and Bozo. A collection of hymns. Woke up at one in the afternoon. Last night, my mind was clear until dawn, so I took a bottle of sleeping pills (prescribed by Dr. Polokoff) and went to sleep.

Clear and sunny. It's a little hot inside. Outside, the trees have been playing their dull marching songs, MUZHIK and MUSIC. Maybe. The music played by the wind on the Russian steppes must have been magnificent.

Relation to Anarchism. Progressive music, fugue. In other words, an all-positive existence that does not progress dialectically. Danny, the work ethic of a blubbering moron! **Blue Ghost**. The failure of the ordinary Arcadian spirit.

**June 31, 1977.**

Woke up at three in the afternoon. Clear skies. No wild birds in sight. Muggy and hot.

A couple of days ago, I received what looked like an advertisement from some school (in Connecticut) for a drawing aptitude test. I don't know where they got my name and address, but it seems strange that this kind of cheap, bogus school would test my drawing ability after all this time.

It clearly shows that the school has bypassed the basic training process and is only trying to make a superficial appearance. The foolishly sketched face

**197609**

There is an interesting novel listed and next to it a feminine art school that says, "You can paint like this! Next to it is an advertisement for a feminine art school (ridiculous!). It's just a matter of time. To be handled in a modern hurry.

In other words, what the institutions with the name of education on their heads are trying to do to humanity is to fix one or two merchantable skills that a person possesses at a certain level through the general weakening of the human being, and to make those fixed skills into the illusion of a house or a car or a wife or a lover or fame in TV or movies.

The idea is to create an abstract human being out of the general human being by propagating the idea that these fixed skills can be the means to acquire the illusion of a house, a car, a wife, a lover, fame, etc. on TV or in the movies. This is a dehumanizing denial of "humanity" itself.

The guilt that is attached to the state of not earning money is another kind of guilt. All of this is a necessary component of a mechanism or organization for its survival. "Virtue" is nothing but a mental brainwashing fabricated by the existing system to maintain the existing system. This is because, after all, it is absurd to attempt to completely ignore the human aspect of the spirit.

**July 1, 1977.** A little after 2:40 p.m. Flower Time We Grow Millions of You? People grown in hotbeds. Flower Time. I'm much better when I'm painting. Because at that point, I'm free of all that stuff! Meditation. Meditation. Pluto in the eyes? The object of contemplation for the eyes that look into the underworld. In other words, some kind of "instinct" that has its roots in some bare, mythical point where death is grasped (empirically). It is a kind of "instinct" that has its roots in some bare mythical point that grasps (empirically) "death", like the differential embodiment of a false image taken by infrared photography, the afterimage of which was cut off in the past. This collective primitive lower life

## 197607

I wish I could write. I read David's "White Athletic Shoes". The more I read, the more I realize how much a person, behind the mask of originality (which even I am not aware of), returns to the matrix of self-experience that actually existed in the past. Creation" begins at the point where the experience itself cannot be expressed as

itself. And in some corner of my consciousness, I believe that someone (maybe even many people) will recognize it, and will be convinced of the truth...  
Mirabeau Bridge. And the feel of the cold stone on a gray day. Farewell, romance. Rilke's bridge. The eternally frozen desire that someone else might be thinking the same thoughts and feeling the same emotions as I am in the murmuring silence of this buzzing night. It's 3:15 in the morning. Why do I keep worrying about the time? Has the existence of an "artist" that can be so exaggerated been erased from my mind? It must not be so. It is not, is it not a stone? If that were the case, then this anguish, this rejection, this regret, would have no meaning. What or who is it? Who would chase me like this to the ends of the earth? Isn't it a mission? When I took the teacher's exam, I was sitting at the interview table, and this thing came to me as if it was waiting for me. "What do you think your mission is as an educator?" I wondered for a moment if the definition of the abstract word "mission" was what this man wanted to hear. I thought for a moment. I was at a loss for words. From behind the middle-aged or elderly people sitting in front of me, too many harsh rays of light were slanting down from the desk, throwing cold reflections towards my white suit (sewn by my mother), and making me feel as if I were a child.

My mother sewed me a white suit.

This is the "instinct" of the leader.. This "instinct" is the compass that calls the shots. In order to be "creative," there can be a state in which lying cannot be measured by value standards such as "evil" or "despicable. It is necessary to realize that it can be forgiven. Otherwise, there is a danger of becoming "symbolic" or completely dadaic.

The question is whether to imply or avoid. Those who have the "courage" to find creative pleasure in the very act of lying. In other words, those who have the ability to disconnect themselves from convention. Those who can internalize reality in an innocent way by knowing "lie" as "lie".

A person who can distinguish between "lie" and "truth," which refers to the material, empirical, selected under the name of "reality," and yet can tell a lie

fanatically on that basis. -This is the substructure of what it means to be creative.

So, I will now begin to tell a big lie. Rather than repeating the same thing more than once, I was convinced from childhood to adolescence that if the content of the incident had not been changed, no amount of superficial disguise with the superficial symbolism of "words" could damage what was truly essential. The false expression or reaction to existence that arose when I became aware that my own phenomenal existence itself was a fiction. It is necessary to pass through that as well.

So let's go through it. Why don't we laugh at ourselves again? While pretending to be a crook, you become a real crook. The mummy catcher has become a mummy. Self suggestion. Rachmaenov. Concerto (peer) No. 3. There's a key in there somewhere,

H.G. Wells. One interesting novel.

197606

There it was. "Mission?" I think I said. -I think I said, "A mission? So I said something. I can't remember exactly.

I could not remember exactly what it was, but it was just a list of names that sounded right, and it was laced with the pervertible content of lies. Anyway, I left there with the impression that the interview was not good.

As expected, I passed the exam, but the "interview" was a B. If I got a C, I would have failed. The written exam was always an A, as it was everywhere. I used to walk around with a lot of anxiety, wondering what would happen if my brain had some sort of malfunction. I thought, "I can't even see myself in a situation where I have to rely only on interviews.

This is where I started to take an unnecessarily defensive stance against impressions in this "interview" situation or condition. Overcompensation. A mummy catcher does not become a mummy. Be careful. "Beware of fire. The fire burns on the back of the lying raccoon. The fire burns. What is a burning fire? What is the fire that burns? It is the evil karma and the agony caused or imposed by it. Crime and punishment. Or the theory of cause and effect.

The troubling discovery that artists are the ones who are supposed to bear the anguish of the world for its inhabitants. That's why they never stop singing the praises of their sacrifices to the altar of sacrifice, struck with madness and emotion.

I have a terrible feeling that this is the case. But I accept that I will not have the opportunity to roll the dice anew. David's shoe, if that shoe is me. Even if it rots and rots, it will never stop roaming the earth. If it cannot even walk anymore, it will stubbornly continue its existence at that point. Channel to New York. The White Walls of Dover. The Romanticist's Eye.



197605

The white walls of Dover reflected in the Cliff? Cliffs. Asatol France. I remembered the Palestinian "poet" saying in the cab that they were blackmailed gods. (Vinny said they appear all the time.) I thought this guy was a bit of a pedantic. I thought he was a bit of a pedantic pretender, and he was singing the praises of Anatole France. I thought it was somewhat ridiculous, but I hadn't heard him say such a thing in a long time (twenty years?). I thought it was a bit ridiculous, but it was refreshing to see someone say something like that for the first time in a long time (twenty years?). I had never heard such a name spontaneously come out of the mouths of Ray or anyone else since then. Anatole France, a name that hadn't even crossed my mind since high school. It was a name that I had never paid much attention to, though I had looked upon it fondly as a romanticism. I was more interested in the Baudelaires. I browsed through "Flowers of Evil" at a bookstore and liked it immediately. I also liked the translator. I was in high school. Those days were good. Lermontov and Misse, or D'Aulmon and Anhuien Terrivre. Poetic justice. Apollinaire's *Mystificação*. Written in the upper left corner of the cover of a cross-colored notebook. *Mystificação*. A very utilitarian interpretation of it. In other words, I interpreted grace as the word implies. I thought of a girl named Kimura-san. I think of a friend of mine named Kimura-san. She gave me a piece of paper with an oddly red forehead. It was not Kimura-san, but the girl who failed to commit suicide outside. It was the daughter of a teacher (PE), a grade above me, a strange girl with a strange face, dark shadows covering her whole body. It was a poem. I don't remember the content. I think I felt a strange sense of shame and threw the piece of paper away somewhere. My friend Kimura-san said the same thing at the window in the hallway, which annoyed me. Since then, I think my feelings toward her have changed. Out of stock of notebooks.

## 197602

Eita wondered if a name like "Melancholy" would be appropriate for a Japanese restaurant. Eita, of course, gave it some thought. But if you spell it YUSHU, it could be excellent.

-They'll never understand it anyway," he said.  
He said to his wife, Raiko.

-So you have an ulterior motive for wanting someone to understand you?  
She has a habit of thinking in a twisted way. She is forty years old and has a good face without a single wrinkle that could be described as a wrinkle.

-No, I don't. I just like the word "Yushu".

So Eita and Raiko opened a small restaurant in the middle of Manhattan with their savings and a few hundred thousand dollars that they scrambled to scrape together among their acquaintances. Three years have passed since then. Business was booming, to the point that Eita found it somewhat annoying. Kunii, who had helped him build the restaurant, tried his best to push his expansion theory.

-He's a gypsy jew.

-Nowadays, you are called an economic animal," said Raiko.

You're an economic animal," Raiko said.

-I guess I'm just a hibernating animal.

In fact, Eita slept well. As the owner of the restaurant "Melancholy", there is almost no need for him to go out into the "field". Of course, there are people who do that, but for Eita, it didn't matter. He was supposed to be a painter, after all.

-I can't eat. I have no choice.

After all, I've got two kids.

-Please think about your future. You!

Of course. Eita had high hopes for his eldest son, George. He was only ten years old or so, but he had a talent that made our brains race.

-This is going to be a big deal.

This is going to be big," he kept saying to Raiko.

-He's like you, that's why I think so.

Raiko felt more affection for her second son, John.

-He's going to be very handsome. After all, that's what's important here.

John looked exactly like Raiko. He's nothing like Eita.

-He probably communicated with some foreigner without my knowledge.

When I was drunk enough, I would sarcastically say that she was in fact a foreigner. He knew that she was, in fact, in love with some gaijin, but strangely enough, Eita did not feel any attachment to her. On the contrary, he was somewhat proud of it.

-It must be a kind of gaijin complex.

197604 [1977]

He was disappointed and thought.

-Maybe they're jealous of me having a beautiful young lady.

In Eita's store, there are two or three people who deserve the name of beauty.

*“ Every great artist is a man who has freed himself from his family, his nation, his race.*

*Every man who has shown the world the way to beauty , to true culture has been a rebel,, a universal, - without patriotism, without home , who has found his people everywhere” Chaim Potok in”My name is Asher Lev. (page 195)*

## 197601

Agony of the frightened person.  
The blueness of the water.  
Sentimentality of the day.  
A holy place where the moon can be mocked.

The melancholy of the holy place.  
The wise man yawns loudly there to distract the time.  
From the time of distraction, babies of dementia are born.

He holds a purse full of fat and gold.  
From there, a poisonous, black city is born.

In the midst of the city.  
Oh, there's another meaningless quiet one tonight.  
He comes as usual.  
He's going to impose his terrible duties on me.

I can't even see the shame in wandering the streets in a badly dressed state of depravity.





