

from THIS IS THINKING
by ALAN DAVIES

073002

This hard-won knowledge that moments of release from pain are divided among us, and that we will all achieve our portion, however mean and brief. The edge of things shone and grew bright.

- Iain Sinclair, Downriver

In the end every writer confesses.

- Sinclair, Downriver

080502

Bad dreams were the accepted currency.

- Sinclair, Downriver

080902

A light blariness today.

skin so shamelessly blemishless

081202

if I can secure more deference
for my own fears

the smell of the ocean
where is the ocean

081302

that hour of brittle sleep
that extra (extra) hour
of brittle sleep

how we come to have no one to be

Lately of an evening I've found myself wanting to dip my feet into the slowly
swirling waters (waters?) of the East Village (east village).

081702

Floss

081902

this obituarial heat

082402

What would it mean to escape into myself of this day that is a day of endless
days?

Great beauty staunches the flow of time.
Temporarily. Somewhere.

082502

As Tulku Urgyen Rinpoche said, "Samsara is mind turned outwardly; nirvana is
mind turned inwardly, recognizing its nature."

082602

I don't believe in the present or the past or the future. But I do believe in continuity. As something to be argued against.

083002

Brood

At any given instant in time there is no thing wrong.

091102

We may in retrospect
 look back and say
there wasn't enough insanity
 in the USA.

A time came
we squeamishly blundered
onto fate.

091202

In writing it's best if the words speak for themselves.

091302

Fifteen ± weeks ago I finished Book 2.
 Consider using this not e-book as book#?
 And then today the word - notwithstanding - as a hint of a possible (new)
beginning. And with it - wherewithal.

091402

Wherewithstanding
Nottwithal

091802

Merton book gift to P. Short walk. Happy.

092002

Time slows down when men prepare to make war. Each event becomes larger.
Each incident. (Looms.)

092202

no
one
who
could
recognize
the
one
at
whom
I
could
spend
an
evening

092302

We can't change everything but we can change anything one thing at a time.
And (and then) changing (any) one thing changes everything.

092402

how to know how to know what would have to down. by.

092502

Today I want to say (have thought three time of saying) to P - Have you ever
been loved?

092602

Tonight I commit myself to this book. And eat four eggs.

I only want my name to flow from you.

092802

Much of the day spent at the library working on two grant applications. Then
at home finally (and unexpectedly) two ideas come together - to use (new
(newly developed)) prose devices to make Book 3 and the idea (somewhat
older) to write something about my senses of the simple (sic) emotions.

The proper study of mankind is kindness.

lewd little bits of anger

the words are (are) frail

092902

come dream me sweetly of you

093002

Call to Michael from Brenda's. Such mutual sadness craving between us. His predicament and (as) mine (and (as) his). My brother.

100102

The damage daddy did

Still of two minds

At Bruce's reading. You'd think his work would be a lot funnier than it is.

Moral honesty is most absent in the work of someone who assumes they have it.

100102

Sloppy writing will be applauded in a sloppy age. All we can do about it is to write for the next one.

To say so. And to write for the next one.

Or that other alternative. To say so. And to write for this (this (and write for this)) one.

He gave her her wish.

100502

her leathered fleece

No matter what we shall see
retroactively
you will always mean more to me.

1006+0702

Graham Greene (from The Other Man interviews) -

- I don't know myself, and I don't want to.
- I'm the last person who can say what the truth is about me.
- Because I don't like myself.
- Solitude has never bothered me.
- I remember myself as an adolescent, not knowing who or what I was. I would look in the mirror and think, "What in heaven's name am I?"
- It's the hope of surviving that generates anguish, for anguish lies in the conflict between the hope of surviving and the fear of not surviving.
- I try to be a perfectionist when I write.
- I aim to be content with what I produce. It's an aim I never achieve, but I go over my work word by word, time and again, so as to be as little dissatisfied as possible. I write, not to be read, but for my own relief. My only readership is me.
- There's nothing worse than poetic prose.
- A writer has to conform to two conflicting requirements; he must be involved in his novel and detached from himself.

100702

A biography is always a mask put on an absent person.

100902

John Wieners memorial at the church. I mentioned brief conversation with John in which he said - I'm sick of signing my name to the words of dead men. - in response to my - Have you been writing? Then I read 'Beauty never as mine...' with its soft ending with those lines I have never forgotten though I had remembered them as - "caring more for you by far, / extant as a star"

101002

These changes I've been going through (since whenever) are nothing (no thing) more than paradigm shifts in (in of (of)) the mind.

101202

Chat

My whole head turned to tears.

For company I have only my own mind.

Last night we took a trip to Lake Something. You were driving. The road ended in a cul-de-sac. At the edge of the lake were two large resort centers.

Everything is meaning.

Empire Diner and Chelsea galleries with Michael. Very loose tooth. Drizzle to rain. Numb.

101302

Literature lines my road.

Sadness is a form of rust.

101402

Neither tenderness nor courage are things a court can rescind.

- Godard, In Praise of Love

101502

To write is to change the meanings of words.

Of the (the) words.

Of words.

10162

No. There are no contradictions in my poetics.

A contradiction is a mental construct. Contradictions do not exist outside of minds. For that reason it would be possible (it would be possible) for there to be a contradiction in (in someone's) poetic theory (one of the meanings of poetics) but not in poetic practice (ie the poems (and the other meaning of poetics)). Once the poem exists the poem is just the poem. It actually has no relationship to the theoretical poetics that might otherwise be thought of as being behind it (in some way behind it (influencing it (causing it to happen))). Theory is theory. Poem is poem. To think that the theory in any way produces the poem is the basis of all of the stupid confusions that people bring to the reading of a poem.

This does not mean that a writer's ideas would not change over time.

Hopefully they would! (I could cite examples to the contrary (I deliberately restrain myself)). But there is no contradiction in change.

Contradiction is a lot like paradox. We don't see something and call it (and call it) a paradox of a contradiction. And I'm using the word see broadly here (we notice). We notice something and it is then (actually (whether we know it or not)) to our own mental response that we give the name of contradiction or of paradox. It's only because of a mental confusion that we think of the paradoxical or the contradictory as outside of our thinking.

101902

The mind is a mind expanding device.

Perhaps this explains (helps explain) art. How it functions.

The first story is a story of desire. The first narrative would be one of desire.

Amber sadness.

102102

Ray Johnson How to Draw a Bunny documentary.

People must be loved. That is the really crucifying experience in the short time we have as human beings - than intimacy which breaks through our defensive isolation and shows the capacity - if need be no more than that - just an awareness of the potential - of someone else's suffering.

- Athol Fugard, Notebooks

102402

Flowers, a noise in the night, night shadows on the cool stones of our stoep, the wind in the trees - all we can ever hope for, our "most" is to wound eternity, to draw blood by making moments mortal.

- Fugard

It's hard, of course, but once you've stomached hopelessness, Life really begins.

- Fugard

Move from Brooklyn 1324 Elm St with assistance from Miles & Eugene to stay uptown with Andrea C and having stored boxes in Eugene's downstairs flat.

102802

Oh life has a little less doleful a moment today.

Walking Andrea C's dog in Riverside Park and seeing the Hudson and the NJ shore & buildings and the (particular) sky I realize what it meant day-after-day for Rackstraw Downes to need a specific weather in order to work on a (land- / city-scape) painstakingly begun (and worked on) previously.

little tweaks & distortions

Life. It seems like a word that could be defined. But it cannot.

It seems (in fact) to be word that must (that must) be defined. But it cannot (but it cannot be defined). Literature is that failure. Literature is that failure (if we call that (for this moment) a failure). A quote failure end quote. Literature.

103002

I miss P.

110102

I shouldn't worry so much.

Could things be other than the way they are?

110702

It seems P may have been at art colony all this time. Left early for. Per J at P St.

111102

They weren't even married yet and already they were getting engaged.

111202

And underneath it all still this timorous fragility.
It all.

111302

P back at P St. 3 days now. Something settling.

Yesterday Michael's wonderful Drawing Ctr reading.

111402

With Brenda make Simon's broadside.

Perfection is a literary conceit. A language conceit. A mental conceit.

All of us who allow the sense of the past a certain play in our lives come sooner or later to adopt a special period, to fall in love with a few decades of history,

which we cannot read about without a kind of quickening, an interior voice affirming "This was the time."

- Cyril Connolly, *The Condemned Playground*

111602

Not My Best Work

111702

To make a notebook (a form) is in order to let go of it at the end.
Any form.

111902

It is not worth it if things aren't better than the way they were.

112202

Poverty is a luxury we cannot afford.

Funeral for (of) P St's Harvey. Tears. I'm feeling grief.

112302

Life has no moral, and the moral of art is that life is worthwhile without one.

- CC

The more one sees of life the more one is aware how hopeless it is without art to give it meaning.

- CC

112702

Writing is sometimes like taking samples.

Writing is sometimes like taking samples of the mind.

113002

Sometimes zen isn't zen.

120602

The only thing that groans against death is pleasure.

Galleries with Michael.

Only angry others has its druthers.

I can't afford time.

Truth is easier to sustain.

120902

Memory is the closest most of us will ever come to death.

where the mind's eyes are

121102

Dinner with Kevin.

The Pound Era is quite possibly a greater book than the Cantos.

I sometimes feel a need to fill a void.

A man should have a good pair of boots and an imagination.

(At the end of January a notebook was lost containing notes and scraps some of which would have been here. A few I remembered.)

—

Kindling

Entering

Nirvana

—

No one comes

to sit tonight.

We all sit

together.

—

Form and emptiness -

one arrow, or two?

I'm looking for a longer line.