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~~Second section~~

This is the ~~second~~ section ~~Physically it comes after one (1) blank page~~) →

→ which has been written after the third section (which appears after this section) and is also referred to and speculated on in the third section, as you will read after you have read this. This section was referred to in the third section as being a criticism of the third section. I still think it will be a criticism. I did not write about it in the third section, but now I think it will be rather short in length (not like the third section, which attempted to measure its distance in terms of the "160 page, lined stenographers pad" and proceeded accordingly), but more open, less committed to a specific length.

What would be the effect if I did write a (second) section of criticism of this book at all? Just wrote a first and third section, with one (1) blank page between them and wrote that I destroyed the second section (like the fourth section which I actually did destroy).

Please change ~~this~~ paragraph — on page — to read "2. The fifth paragraph, which reads in part "the second section consists of a criticism of the third section - it is probably in its final state..." is not quite true. At the time of writing this the second second has just begun to be written, and I have every intention of finishing it as soon as I ~~am~~ finished."

This is not the first sentence of the criticism section of this book: "This book is the perfect example of what a person can do if they set their mind on it."

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I no longer think that the paragraph — a page — is relevant.

This section could be considered a preface also. Though I think one of the characteristics of a preface is that it is short. If is as long as the book it is prefacing it could well become something else; an introduction perhaps or even a first chapter or section. In this book, this section ~~forms~~ comes between the a first and third section, which makes this a middle section. It was written after the third and before the first. So it could be said that it is a preface for the third and ~~at~~ simultaneously ~~a~~ a postface for the first. It should be read after you have read the first section (which as of this writing has only just begun, though in a certain sense the general contents of the first section has been made sufficiently clear, to me, + determined in the third section, which you will be reading later). The specific contents of the first section will not be a sufficient reason for me to change anything in this section after I ~~have~~ said I completed this section.

I have no plans writing this section, except for the first ~~5~~ paragraphs in this section, which comment on or change or answer or refer ~~to~~ to specific paragraph already written in the third section which follows. (After this one (1) blank page.)

~~The word "book" is different now for my original use of it in the~~

In this section I know more about this book than you do. There is no way I can avoid having this happen. ~~This~~ ~~case~~ The fact that I know more about this book now than you do, will be rectified at only one point - the end of the third section. Then we will

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both know exactly the same amount about this book. You will have to take my word for this fact. After you have come to the final page the the book, you can then re-read this section and see it in the same terms as I wrote it - best not before. I can't help this.

These pages are also not numbered, and I will not be able to tell you as much about this section as I would ~~like~~ have been able to if I had written this before the third section.

In the third section I said most of what I wanted to say. I do not now want to repeat myself (I did that then). I am somewhat less anxious about writing this section than I was about the third section, where the organization seemed a little more tight, ~~and~~ critical and introverted. I don't really know, but that's how I remember it.

~~Certain parts of the (third) section seems really contrived and childish.~~

My hope for this section is to be open, less critical and tend to extroversion. Somewhat more objective.

I do realize I have a vested interest ~~in this section~~ in the third section, as I write about it in this section. But there is in fact very little I need to protect and justify other than to do what I said I would do then in this (second) section. But I may be getting ahead of myself in writing that.

I repeat "In this section I know more about this book than you do."

As of ~~the~~ now, the first section consists of the first paragraph and the letter to the FIRST publisher to whom this manuscript was sent.

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2nd Section

Page 36, 3rd paragraph
36, 6 "
37, 2 "
37, 4
42 1
54 - 2, 3, 4

memoirs
memoirs

4
88
92
98
99
6 90
141

40
66
70

38
77

799
-70

729

70

Factor
88
+6

94

799
84

705

18,71
4 75
3
22

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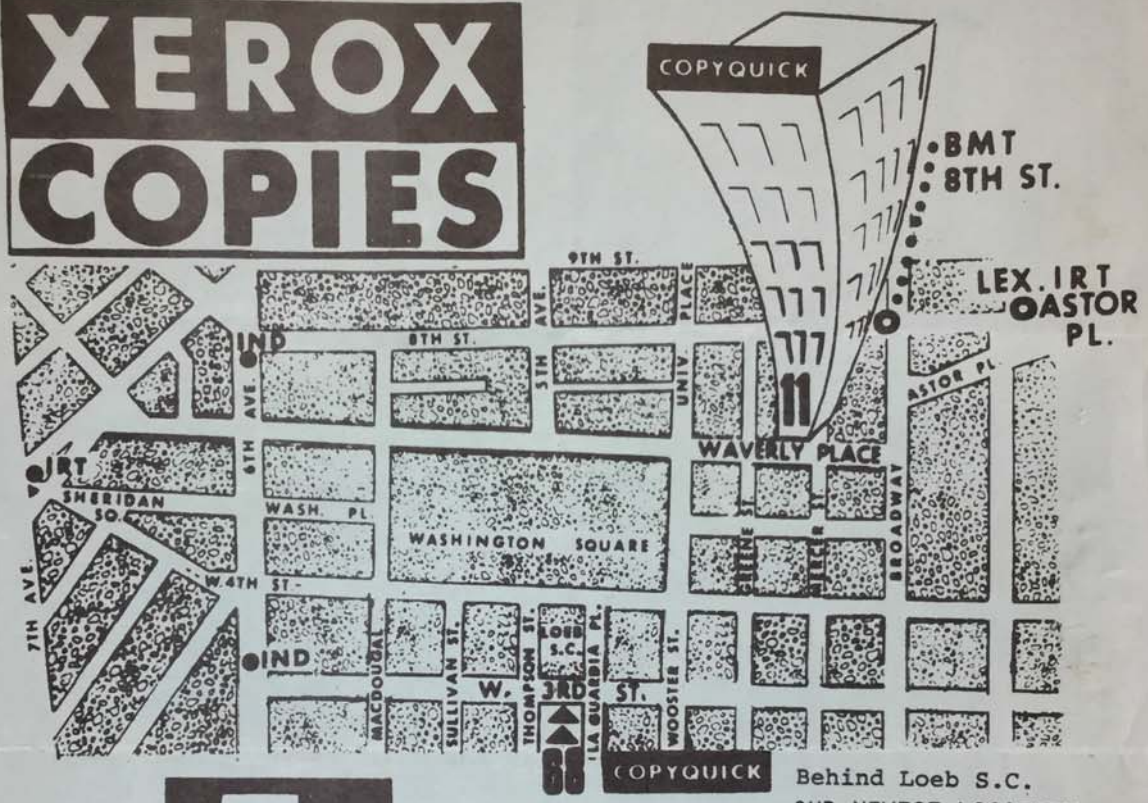

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14 Sept 70

to do →

~~to do~~ make notes about all conversation with publishers (stone pad in coat)

Make # ~~of~~ copies of manuscript + buy 2 covers.

Bx - 582-8110, Wash, DC - 228 1630

People + publishing: John Lobr. 418 E. 88 St - 289-3533

(Art people - others) Dale McConathy - MU9-5900 x 436 / 534-6065

Fred Tutin - 777 6398

Legal people:

1) Ordover's partner - HA5-7520

2) Ray's + Joe Tadet (Agent) - Max Becher

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Abingdon Press -
Atheneum Publ 18
Cambridge Universi
Chelsea House P
Coward - McCann
E.P. Dutton - 2
The Dial Press -
Fowar Straus +
Groseet + Dunl
Grossman - 286
Grove Press In
HarCourt, Brac
Harper + Row Publ. - 49 E 33.
Herder + Herder - 232 Madison.
Hill + Wang Inc 72 5th Ave.
Holt Rinehard + Winston Inc. 383 Madison.
Houghton Mifflin C - 53 W. 43
Doubleday & Co. -
Alfred A. Knopf - 201 E. 50 St.
J.B. Lippencott Co. 521 5th Ave
Little Brown + Co - 60 E. 42
McGraw-Hill Inc - 330 W 42
David McKay Co Inc - 750 3rd Ave

- read
the true story of
the author's
attempt to write
this book.

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Abingdon Press - 55 E. 55
Atheneum Publishers - 122 E 42
Cambridge University Press - 32 E 57
Chelsea House Publ. 70 W 40.
Coward - McCann Inc - 200 Madison
E.P. Dutton - 201 P.A.S.
The Dial Press - 750 3rd Ave
Farrar Straus + Giroux - 19 Union Sq.
Grosset + Dunlap - 51 Madison.
Grossman - Publ. 44 W. 56 St.
Grove Press Inc 85 Bleecker
HarCourt, Brace Jovanovich Inc - 757 3rd.
Harper + Row Publ. - 49 E 33.
Herder + Herder - 232 Madison.
Hill + Wang Inc 72 5th Ave.
Holt Rinehart + Winston Inc. 383 Madison.
Houghton Mifflin C - 53 W. 43
Doubleday & Co. -
Alfred A. Knopf - 201 E. 50 St.
J.B. Lippincott Co. 521 5th Ave
Little Brown + Co - 60 E. 42
McGraw-Hill Inc - 330 W 42
David McKay Co Inc - 750 3rd Ave

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W.

Noonday Press - 19 Union Sq.
W.W. Norton & Co. Inc. 55 5th Ave
Outerbridge + Dienstfrey Inc - 200 W 72
Pantheon Books - 201 E. 50
Prentice-Hall - Rt. 9W, Englewood Cliffs, NJ.
G.P. Putnam's + Sons - 200 Madison Ave
Random House 201 E. 50
Charles Scribner's Sons. 597 5th Ave
Simon + Shuster - 630 5 Ave
Stein + Day 7 E 48.
Trident Press - 630 5 Ave
Vanguard Press - 120 W. 31
Viking Press Inc - 625 Madison Ave
Winter House Ltd 1123 Bway.
the MacMillan Company -
Lyle Stuart Inc - 239 P.A.S., NY 10003
Dell Publishing -
Dodd, Mead

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Seth Siegelaub
138 Prince St.
N.Y. 10012
Tel: 925 2113

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Mr/Mrs._____ _____
_____ _____ _____ Co.
_____ St.
_____

Dear Mr./Mrs. _____,

I am the author of the enclosed manuscript (of which this letter is a part). It is being presented to you for consideration for publication.

In its present state it is incomplete, but I think it is possible to outline the general intentions of the book in such an way as to make clear what its final form and sequence will be.

It is divided into three sections (each one xpm separated by one (1) blank page).

The first section, beginning with the words "Copyright Seth Siegelaub 1970" deals with the mechanical and procedural aspects of publishing the book; legal information, letters and correspondence with the publisher-to-be, financial and cohtractual arrangements; in general, the documented experience of bring this manuscript - now in your hands - from a private state to a public state. Neddless to say (I just did), although it is impossible

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to project the final lenght of this section, I have taken the liberty of slipping in 50 blank pages to approximate the weight and size of this manuscript; so you can get the "feel" of these now-missing-pages.

The second section consists of a criticism of the third section — it is probably in its final state. I might be added to, by me, up until the physical typesetting of the book; if I decide something is missing.

The third section is in its final state. I essentially was the reason for me writing the book to begin with. Obviously, it was written first.

(A fourth section was written even before the third section, but it was felt to be a little too specific, and was later destroyed).

You might have noticed that the first sentence of the book (there is no "title page") mentions a "Seth Siegelaub" as the holder of the copyright on the book - this is not fiction. But I do wish to make it clear that he did not actually write the book; I did.

For reasons of my own (which are discussed in the book) I wish to remain anonymous to everyone (except Seth Siegelaub) in my endeavor, so as not to cloud the issue of my writing this book.

I have given Seth Siegelaub complete control (with power Of attorney) in dealing with all aspects of this book; including copyright credit, signing, contracts receiving monies and anything else.

As you will find out when (and if) you meet him, Seth Siegelaub is not by profession a literary agent. He is, quite simply, a very close friend who will insure me my privacy and also look after my interests if, as and when the book is published.

This manuscript is being sent to publishers for consideration, one publisher at a time, beginning with you; so that only one copy is available for publishers to read. The reason for this, I think is clear; to build up the contents of the first section in a logical sequence.

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If you have any interest in this book, or you wish to return the manuscript, please communicate, by letter, at your earliest convenience to Seth Siegelaub, at Room 901, 113 West 42 Street, New York 10036.

He will take it from here.

Thank you,

The Author, (date)'' ',

On Wednesday, September 17th. Seth called his old Air Force buddy, John Lahr, who since has achieved a certain degree of promenance in the literary and theatre worlds. They spoke for about 3 minutes about nothing in particular, ~~except that~~ (no mention was made of this book), except that ~~they~~ they agreed to get together for drinks at Mr. Lahr's house at 5:00 on monday, the 21st of September.

Later in the day, Seth met ~~and spoke~~ with his friend Manny Greer, at his Art Gallery in New York, and spoke, among other things, about the book. Seth referred to the book as being interesting on many different levels, but particularly because it was dealing with the important problems concerning the nature of agency, and that he (Seth) was very excited to be participating in compiling the first section for me. He also spoke of its other unique qualities and often referred to it as "a book about trying to write a book". Mr. Greer seemed somewhat piqued by the ambigeous idea of the book (He was not shown the actual manuscript).

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Seth then asked him "if he knew any one in the publishing business" who could direct him to the (best) publisher who would be interested in printing this general type of book. Seth said it would probably have to be read by a rather "hip" editor who could understand what was being dealt with in the book.

Mr. Greer thought about it awhile and then replied, after they had spoken generally for about one half hour, that he had a friend in the business, and that his name was Jerry Capp. He said he would speak to him about it, and possibly set up a meeting between Seth and Mr. Capp. It was left hanging in the air.

(As of this moment, about 10 people are aware of the general nature of the book, though only Seth Siegelaub and I have actually read the manuscript.)

On the 21st of September at 5:00, Seth went to the apartment of John Lahr for drinks. At the outset of their conversation they were most general; discussing their previous life in the Air Force, Mr. Lahr's new book (a collection of essays on the theatre), and his summer in Europe. After about one half hour had passed, Seth brought up the specific subject of this book, saying that he "was the agent for a book by an anonymous author" and wanted to talk to Mr. Lahr about who could be interested in publishing it. Seth, in a moment of vague humility about the book, mentioned it as being an " embarassing attempt to write about a book about a book for the first time" and then took the manuscript from among his packages and handed it to Mr. Lahr. He read the first 3 pages very quickly, and skimmed thruough the balance of the book. Seth continued to talk about his specific interest in the book (as it related to his previous work in the art world) and why he felt the book to be of importance (some of the reasons he cited can be read later on in the book).

Mr. Lahr, in response to perusing the book, and while listening to Seth talk about the book; referred the Johnathan Swift's "Tale of a Tub" and Lawrence Stern's "Tristram Shandy" as possible literary precedences for this book. Seth, never having read these books, just quietly nodded agreement. Mr. Lahr also spoke of his impression(of Seth's telling about the book) as being a type of "Literary Puzzle" (Seth did not quite understand what he meant by this, but he let it pass).

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Interspersed, during the conversation, Mr Lahr would mention a specific person in the publishing world,(usually off-handishly), who he thought could possibly "read" and understand the issues in the book. The name he spoke of most frequently was Christopher Cerf at Random House (in New York), who apparently has been involved with the publication of a number of vanguard-type novels. Mr. Lahr also spoke of the publishers of "Interview" magazine (A Mr. Hohn Wilcox) and also Rolling Stone Publications, which he said had just started up a book publishing venture along with the magazine. Seth brought up the name of Richard Grossman, as a possibility, but Mr. Lahr felt that somehow it would not be his (Grossman's) cup of tea. At no time during the conversation about potential publishers did Mr. Lahr say to Seth "feel free to use my name" or, for that matter, anything else impliying this.

Mr. Lahr also was directed, by Seth, to the section of the book dealing with "the reasons why this book may not ever be published"" and Mr. Lahr read it. Mr. Lahr then spoke of the economic situation in the publishing industry generally and that a book such as this would (probably) require more time and money to be realized because it is so variable and tends to get larger (and more expensive) as it is being produced.

When I asked Seth about Mr. Lahr's impression of the book, Seth said "that he felt that he was slightly more than interested, but a good deal less than raving excited about the book." But this observation, by Seth, must be conditioned on your awareness that Mr. Lahr had not, in fact, actually read the book. Infer what you wish about it; Seth also told me that Mr. Lahr didn't at any time ask to hold on to the manuscript, to read it in the future, either.

They continued to talk generally about their respective work and ideas, with Mr. Lahr discussing his new book, plans and thoughts about (theater) criticism, and Seth discussing his coming "Halifax Conference" and also the reasons why he is leaving the art world.

The latter part of the meeting (which lasted about 1 1/4 hours) was about the general nature of criticism, and (somehow centering around whether it was or was not parasitic), and upon leaving, Seth said that he would call them (Mr. Lahr and his wife) when he returned from Halifax (in mid-October) and make arrangements to have them in for a drink.

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1-6

On Tuedday, the 22nd of September, Seth called Mr. Christopher Cerf at Random House in New York. He reached his secretary who said he was in a meeting. The secretary asked Seth what he wanted and he replied that he wanted to talk to Mr. Cerf about "a book about a book". After he said that she was silent (and businesslike) and then replied that Mr. Cerf is leaving Random House, and further, he is not reading any new manuscripts. She didn't say where he was going. She asked a question which implied whether it was Mr. Cerf or "someone in at Random House" who Seth wanted to reach. Seth waited silently on the telephone and the secretary got off the phone and returned suddenly and queried "What is your telephone number?". Seth gave her the number.

During the morning of 28 September, Seth left the (83 pages of) the typewritten manuscript at a copying store, and requested them to make just one copy of each page. They said it would be ready at about 2:30 PM.

Later in the day, Seth stopped by to see Mr. Greer. Seth was greeted by Mr. Greer enthusiatically, and was told by Mr. Greer that he had spoken to his friend, Jerry Capp and that Mr. Capp had made tentative arrangements for Seth to see 3 (different) editors. Mr. Greer, apparently, seemed rather pleased to be able to relay this information to Seth. Seth explained that he was going to Nova Scotia in two days and that it would not be possible for him to see any of the editors until he returned to New York in mid-October. Seth did not ask the names of the 3 editors suggested by Mr. Capp; Nor did Mr. Greer volunteer their names. It was left until Seth's return in mid-October.

At about 4:00 PM, Seth stopped by the copying store and picked up the original and duplicate copy of the manuscript.

Now there are two complete copies of this manuscript. For the remaining pages in the manuscript, I will have each page typed up with one carbon copy. I will have Seth use just the duplicate copy for the (interested) publishers.

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On Monday, the 28th of September, Seth spoke to Mr. Ted Castle, a writer friend, about the book he had written, Seth also spoke about my book and offered to assist Mr. Castle in finding a publisher. Seth said he would do this by giving Mr. Castle the names of any interesting editors he came accross while trying to find a publisher for this book.

On Thursday, October 8th, I spoke to Seth in New York, after he returned from Halifax. Apparently nothing had been done about the book since he left New York. He said he would begin work on the book tommorrow.

9 October. Seth called Manuel Greer. He was busy and his secretary said that he would call Seth back.

On Sunday, the 11th of October, Seth telephoned an old acquaintance of his, Fred Tutin, to ask him about possible publishers for this book. Mr. Tutin spoke mostly about his book; which is presently being published in a limited edition. Seth said that Mr. Tutin spoke for quite a while about the depressing, conservative and success-oriented nature of the publishing industry, particularly as it related to his book. Seth said that Mr. Tutin during the course of the conversation, never mentioned the name of his book. Seth continually asked Mr. Tutin about the experiences he encountered while looking for a publisher for his book. Mr. Tutin apparently had a literary agent handling his book, but felt that he wasn't doing the job Mr. Tutin felt he should. Mr. Tutin saw a number of publishers, many of whom were recommended by Susan Sontag (who, Mr. Tutin said had liked the book). He seemed very depressed at the general condition of the publishing business.

In talking, Mr. Tutin mentioned the name of a Mr. Al Charlotte at Dutton and someone whose name he didn't remember at McCall's, who he thought may be interested in seeing this book.

Seth described his relationship to this book, a general idea of the book and also my anonymity in writing the book. At one point, Mr. Tutin asked Seth whether he was the author of this book, and Seth said that he wasn't.

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Seth also mentioned that he had just seen an advertisement in today's Sunday N.Y. Times literary section for a book written by a friend of his, Frederick Barthelme, called "Rangoon." The ad was placed by the Winter House LtD, a publishing house. (Seth said that he would find out more about them, when I asked who they were).

It was mentioned, in passing by Mr. Tutin that the designer of his book was Suzanna Torres. Seth mntioned this to me only because he knows Miss Torres and was planing to see her for dinner later in the day.

Seth and Mr. Tutin concluded their conversation, agreeing to get together within the next 2 weeks.

During the morning of October 13th, Seth called Mr. Greer. His secretary said he was busy, and would call Seth back. Later in the morning Mr Greer returned Seth's call. He spoke of a Mr. Eliot Kapp, the brother of the aforementioned Mr. Jerry Kapp, and suggested that Seth stop by to see him later in the afternoon and he would then call Mr. Kapp and Seth could talk to him at that time.

Seth apparently didn't have time to stop by, but he planned to call him the first thing the next day.

October 14, 1970. Seth called Mr. Manuel Greer, as he said to me he would the previous day. Unfortunately, Mr. Greer was busy and Seth spoke to his secretary. Seth suggested that she ask Mr. Greer to call Mr. Eliot Kapp and afterwards call Seth back, and Seth would then call Mr. Kapp directly from his house.

Afterwards, Seth called Mr. Christopher Cerf. All the telephone lines were busy and Seth told the operator that he would call back later.

Seth then called Mr. Al Charlotte at E.P. Dutton. Seth said to Mr. Charlotte that he was given his name by Fred Tuten, as being an editor that could be receptive to this type of book. Mr. Charlotte said to Seth that he never heard of Mr. Tuten. Seth explained that he representing an anonymous author

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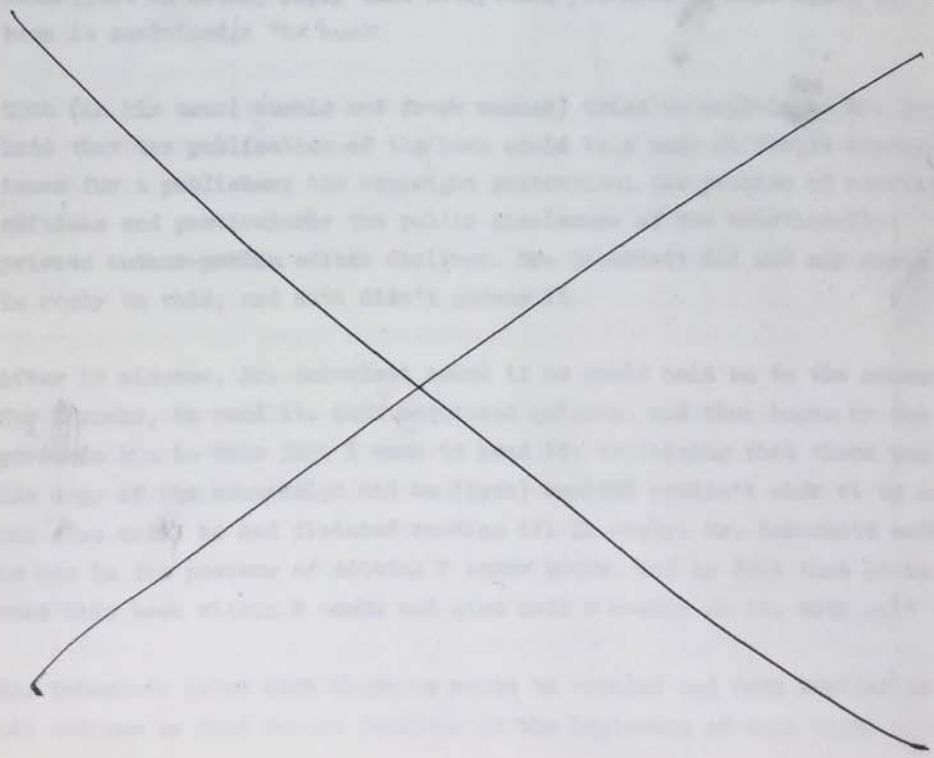
who has written a book about writing a book. Mr. Charlotte asked whether it was a novel. Seth replied (or so he said) that perhaps it was more of a documentary. Seth told me that he (Mr. Charlotte) seemed either interested or polite; it was hard to tell which. Seth and Mr. Charlotte agreed to meet at Mr. Charlotte's office at 3 PM on Friday, October 16th.

After the conversation with Mr. Charlotte, Seth called Dutton back, and asked the switchboard operator the correct spelling of his name. She enunciate the following letters very clearly: H-A-L/S-C-H-A-R-L-O-T-T.

Mr. Greer returned Seth's call at 4:30. He said to Seth that he would call Mr. Kapp tommorrow morning and have Seth speak to him afterwards.

October 15, 1970. Seth called Mr. Cerf once again. Seth could not reach him. He was told by the receptionist that he was no longer with Random House and that he was now with the Children's Television Workshop at 1865 Broadway in New York. I suggested to Seth that he should not persue Mr. Cerf any further.



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On 16 October 1970, Seth arrived at E.P. Dutton at 3:00 P.M. for his appointment with Mr. Hal Scharlatt. (He had the manuscript with him). He asked the receptionist for Mr. Scharlatt and then waited. Mr. Scharlatt came into the reception room within a minute or two, rather hurriedly, they introduced themselves, as Mr. Scharlatt was looking for the manuscript. After a minute or so in the reception room, Mr. Scharlatt saw an envelope and asked whether it contained the manuscript. Seth said it did, and as they walked back to Mr. Scharlatt's office, Mr. Scharlatt, opened the envelope, removed the manuscript, and began to read it. When they arrived in Mr. Scharlatt's office, Seth sat in a chair opposite Mr. Scharlatt's desk. At the beginning he didn't say anything as he was reading. After about 5 minutes, he asked, where the book was. Also, he mentioned his name was misspelled. During all this time he was reading.

He then said that he never said that he didn't know Mr. Tuten. Seth and he talked about this and apparently they each had different pronunciations for Mr. Tuten's name, which was the reason for the misunderstanding. Often, Mr. Scharlatt would ask Seth general questions about the book, and Seth would, just as often, reply that everything you need to know about the book is contained in the book.

Seth (in his usual humble and frank manner) tried to explain to Mr. Scharlatt that the publication of the book could be a very difficult experience for a publisher; the copyright protection, the problem of reprinted editions and particularly the public disclosure of the tradtionally private author-publisher dealings. Mr. Scharlatt did not say anything in reply to this, and Seth didn't persue it.

After 10 minutes, Mr. Scharlatt asked if he could hold on to the manuscript for 2 weeks, to read it. Seth acquiesed quietly, and then began to try to persuade him to take just 1 week to read it; explaining that there was only one copy of the manuscript and he (Seth) couldn't show it to anyone else until he had finished reading it. In reply, Mr. Scharlatt said he was in the process of editing 2 other books, and he felt that he could read this book within 2 weeks and give Seth a answer on it. Seth said O.K.

Mr. Scharlatt asked Seth where he could be reached and Seth replied that his address on 42nd Street (written in the beginning of this book) is no

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longer working, but he would call Mr. Scharlatt in 2 weeks (which figures to be October 30th).

All during the conversation Mr. Scharlatt was continually reading and skimming though the manuscript.

Two minutes before Seth left his office, he asked Mr. Scharlatt whether he knew the name of the editor at McCalls that Mr. Fred Tuten had mentioned to Seth. He did, and said his name was Byron Dobell. Seth thanked him for the information and promptly wrote it down.

Throughout the 15 minute conversation, Mr. Scharlatt was quite pleasant, smiling occasionally, but maintained a very clear, businesslike distance. Seth, being Seth, apparently didn't push him to do otherwise.

As Seth was leaving, he asked Mr. Scharlatt for his card. He found one in his desk and gave it to Seth. He didn't read it, putting it directly into his pocket. They exchanged thank yous. When Seth left, the manuscript was with Mr. Scharlatt.

When Seth got out into the street, he found the business card given to him by Mr. Scharlatt. It read, in part, Hal Scharlatt, Editor-in-Chief, E.P. Dutton & Co. Inc. Seth said to me he was somewhat impressed by the "editor-in-chief" part.

Later, when I spoke to Seth, he seemed very please with his meeting. I, in turn, was pleased with Seth's enthusiasm, though I still have mixed feelings about the book's possible publication at this point.

19 October 1970. Seth called his friend, Mr. Jerry Ordover (a well known lawyer in the art world - even I had heard of him) to ask him if he knew the name of a lawyer who works with book contracts. Seth explained, rather briefly, that he was representing an author who has written a book, and at some point would need some legal advise in dealing with a publisher. Seth also mentioned that someone at E.P. Dutton was presently reading the book, and whether or not they were interested in publishing it, the book would, at some time be published. Apparently, to Seth's surprise, Mr. Ordover said

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that he has done book contracts. Seth said that was great, so you can handle this book. Mr. Ordover said lets talk about it, and they agreed to get together at his office, for lunch on Monday, the 26th of October at 11 A.M.

During the morning of October 20th, Mr. Greer returned Seth's call. He said he was trying to reach Seth for the past week, and he asked Seth to call Mr. Elliot Kapp as soon as possible. Seth said he would call tommorrow.

Around mid-day, Seth ran into Mr. Fred Tuten on 53rd Street, who was waiting for his publisher.

Seth mentioned to him that he had seen Mr. Scharlatt at Dutton, and found him quite agreeable and left the manuscript for him to read. Seth, further explained to Mr. Tuten the misunderstanding regarding the different ways Mr. Scharlatt and Seth each pronounced his name. Also that Mr. Scharlatt had given him the name of the editor at McCalls which Mr. Tuten had referred to (his name was Brian Dobell).

Seth went on to explain to Mr. Tuten his simplistic view regarding the problem of finding a publisher for a first book by a new author. Seth's theory, very briefly, holds that for every author with a new book there exists a publisher who is dying to publish it. Finding the right publisher is only a question of time and most important; percentages. The more people who read the manuscript of a new author, the greater the odds of finding the right publisher. (I might add, at this point, that in the specific case of this book; the longer it takes, the bigger the book gets). So, according to Seth, it is only a question of time before this book is published. It is not a question of "yes" or "no"; but "when."

Despite Seth's eternal optimism, Mr. Tuten still kept to his vision of the futility of a writer in a world full of publishers.

SEth thanked Mr. Tuten for giving him Mr. Scharlatt's name and Seth said he would tell Mr. Tuten what happened in 10 days, when Mr. Scharlatt had read the manuscript.

They spoke for a total of one half hour, until his publisher (a Mr. Richard

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Kusak) arrived, at which time Seth went on his way.

Seth later spent a few hours with an artist friend of his, a Mr. Frederick Barthelme, who has just had a book published called "Rangoon." Seth didn't ask him about his experience with the publishing of his book or for that matter, any specific question to assist Seth in finding a publisher for this book.

October 21, 1970. Seth called Mr. Elliot Kapp. He wasn't in, and Seth left his name with the answering service.

October 22, 1970. Seth and his friend had dinner with Frederick Barthelme and his wife. The subject of books came up. Seth, in passing spoke about some aspects of this book; the anonymity, my attempts to surprise the reader and the participatory nature of his (Seth's) involvement in trying to get the book published. Seth also mentioned that Mr. Scharlatt was presently reading reading it and that whether or not he wanted to publish it , it would simply be another part of the book.

Mr. Barthelme said, to Seth's surprise, that his book "Rangoon" was the first book published by Winter House and he was presently having a difference of opinion with his ~~xx~~ editor over the wording of a forthcoming advertisement they were planning for his book. Mr. Barthelme also mentioned that another book of his ~~xx~~ will be published by Doubleday shortly.

While the specific discussion about book took up a very small part of the total conversation (approximately 3%), at one point the question was raised of what was the usual advance for a first novel by a new author. This subject was tossed around generally and ~~xxxxxx~~ they (vaguely) agreed that the figure of $2,000.00 to $3,000.00 seemed to be reasonable. Mr. Barthelme also went on to explain the royalty percentage arrangements for a new book by a new author, as follows:

8% (of retail price) from all copies sold up to 5,000 copies
10% (of retail price) from all copies sold from 5,000 to 10,000 copies
12% (of retail price) from all copies sold from 10,000 to 15,000 copies
14% (of retail price) from all copies sold over 15,000 copies

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(When I spoke to Seth a few days after his conversation with Mr. Barthelme, he did not seem very sure about much of the information in the predeeding 3 paragraphs, particularly the exact royalty figures - The Author).

During the morning of October 26th, Seth called E.P. Dutton and spoke to Mr. Scharlatt's secretary. He gave the secretary his new address and telephone number, and asked that she give Mr. Scharlatt the information and to tell him that it was not necessary to call him (Seth) back, because Seth would speak to him on Friday, as they previously agreed.

At 11:30 A.M., Seth arrived at his appointment with Mr. Gerald Ordover. They spent about four hours talking, with only about ½ hour specifically on the subject of Mr. Ordover's legal experience in representing author's dealing with (and against) publishers. Seth introduced the subject (of this book) by telling a brief history of the book; the fact that it was written anonymously, it is about a book about trying to write a book and that the first part of the book deals with the book going from a private state through to a public state. Also, Seth said that the manuscript was presently being read at E.P. Dutton.

Mr. Ordover spoke of the form his relationship (as lawyer) to the book could possibly take; citing the fact that he could be involved in the preliminary discussions with Seth, before the book has been accepted for publication (like this meeting), or be involved behind the scenes, advising Seth as he deals with (a) publisher(s), doing contract agreements, or acting, in person, with Seth and the publisher, as the contracts are being drawn. Mr. Ordover was not specific about the role he would play as Seth's lawyer, quite obviously (as described to me by Seth) because Seth didn't have any more specific information about what he wanted Mr. Ordover to do. When Seth asked Mr. Ordover what his fee would be, He said his minimum fee would be about $250.00, though this could not be final until he knew more about the specific situation.

Seth asked Mr. Ordover what was his experience regarding the advance given the author of a new book. Mr. Ordover said it depended on the type of book, and Seth responded that this book could be considered to be a pro-

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fessional avant-garde-type book, with a potentially not too large audience. Seth, in considering this specific book, said that because I am only involved in writing just this one book, I would have to get a greater advance than usual because I have eliminated the possibility of asking more from for my next book. Mr. Ordover said that one author he represented received a $5,000.00 advance, which he explained was high for a first book and it was given because the book (which was about the art world) had a gossip relevance, pictures and a lot going for it. Apparently, according to Mr. Ordover, the publisher of that book just barely broke even. He also mentioned the figure $1,000.00 for another author.

Seth said that he would probably ask for a $3,000.00 advance for this book and try to remain firm. Seth further explained, that because the reaction of the publisher would be made public (as part of this book) he may just feel that this book could also reflect his magnanity towards new authors.

Mr. Ordover explained, very much in passing, some of the legal aspects of publishing, which when I spoke to Seth about it later, he couldn't remember clearly enough for me to write about it. Mr. Ordover also said that the art book publisher, Harry Abrams, just gives a flat fee to his authors, with no royalty agreements. He also mentioned the possiblity, to Seth, that if no one in the United States wanted to publish it, it could be submitted to a foriegn publisher.

Seth asked Mr. Ordover directly, if he knew any people who should (or would want to) read this book. He said that he knew a very good agent. Seth said that he didn't want an agent at all, because then the agent would have all the specific contact with the publishing world, and that by the time the agent told Seth about who he had sent it to, there would be a very small first section, and that the book's first section would be all about the agent's experience with the book and not about his (Seth's).

Seth and Mr. Ordover agreed that no matter what happened to the book, Seth would let him read the manuscript. Seth also mentioned there was only one copy of the manuscript available for people to read.

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Later, Mr. Ordover mentioned the name of David Siegel at Knopf, who, he said maybe interested in reading the book.

They then went to lunch, but didn't discuss the book any more.

28 October 1970. Seth called Mr. Brian Dobell. He was not in. Seth left his name and telephone number with his secretary and said he wanted to speak to Mr. Dobell about a manuscript he (Seth) wanted him (Mr. Dobell) to read and also that his name was given to him by Hal Scharlatt. The secretary asked how it was spelt and Seth spelt it.

29 October. 3:30 P.M. Seth called E.P. Dutton and asked for Mr. Scharlatt. He was busy and Seth spoke to his secretary, who after Seth introduced himself and explained that Mr. Scharlatt was reading a manuscript submitted by him, told him (Seth) that she had just sent Seth a letter in which she inquired whether Seth wanted to pick up the manuscript (at Dutton) or have it sent by mail. Seth said that he would pick up the manuscript tommorrow morning.

About one hour later Seth again called Mr. Brian Dobell at McCalls. He was not in and Seth spoke to the secretary. He said that he wanted to speak to Mr. Dobell about a manuscript, and that his name was mentioned by Mr. Scharlatt. The secretary suggested to Seth that perhaps it would be better if Seth sent the manuscript to Mr. Dobell first and then spoke to him afterwards; explaining that it was easier to talk about a book after you had read it. Seth left his name and telephone number and said he would prefer to speak to Mr. Dobell before he read it, and said he would call again tommorrow morning.

October 30. Mr. Dobell returned Seth's telephone call, but Seth was not in.

Later in the day, Seth stopped by E.P. Dutton to pick up the manuscript. He introduced himself to the receptionist and within 30 seconds a girl came out and gave him the manuscript.

(As of this moment, 3 people have read the manuscript - The Author)

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On the morning of October 31st the following letter arrived at Seth's house:

October 29, 1970

Dear Mr. Siegelaub,

I'm sorry to report that we have no interest in publishing your friend's book about his book. Aside from the basic idea, I found little to capture my interest.

I'd like to wish you the best of luck with the manuscript. Would you like us to return the manuscript to you by mail or hold it for safeKeeping until you have a chance to pick it up?

Sincerely,
Hal Scharlatt (signed)

November 2nd. Seth called Mr. Dobell back. Seth said to him that he would like to stop by to talk to him about a manuscript he wanted Mr. Dobell to read. ~~Smth~~ They agreed to meet tommorrow at 4:00 P.M. in Mr. Dobell's office.

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This is the second section, which has been written after the third section (which appears after this section) and is also referred to and speculated on in the third section, as you will read after you have read this. This section was referred to in the third section as being a criticism of the third section. I still think it will be a criticism. I did not write about it in the third section, but now I think it will be rather short in length (not like the third section, which attempted to measure its distance in terms of the "160 page, lined stenographers pad" and proceeded accordingly); but more open, less committed to a specific length.

What would be the affect if I didn't write a (second) section of criticism of this book at all? Just wrote a first and third section with one (1) blank page between them, and wrote that I destroyed the the second section (like the fourth section which I actually did destroy).

Please change paragraph __ on page __ to read; "2. The fifth paragraph, which reads, in part "The second section consists of a criticism of the third section - it is probably in its final state...". is not quite true. At the time of writing this, the second section has just begun to be written, and I have every intention of finishing it as soon as I have finished.

This is not the first sentence of the criticism section of this book: "This book is the perfect example of what a person can do if they set their mind on it."

I no longer think that paragraph __ on page __ is relevant.

This section could be considered a preface, also. Though I think one of the characteristics of a preface is that it is short. If it is as long as the book it is prefacing, it could well become something else; an introduction perhaps or even a first chapter or section. In this book, this section comes between a first and third section; which makes this a middle section also. It was written after the third and before the first. So it could be said that it is a preface for the third and simultaneously, a postface for the first. It should be read after you have read the first sect-

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ion (which as of this writing has only just begun, though in a certain sense, the general contents of the first section has been made sufficiently clear (and determineable), to me, in the third section - which you will be reading later). The specific contents of the first section will not be a sufficient reason for me to change anything in this section after I have said I completed this section.

I have no plans in writing this section, except for the first 5 paragraphs in this section, which comment on or change or answer or refer to specific paragraphs already written in the third section which ~~follows~~ comes after the following one (1) blank page.

In this section I know more about this book then you do. There is no way I can avoid having this happen. The fact that I know more about this book now & then you do, will be rectified at only one point -- at the end of the third section. Then we will both know exactly the same amount about this book. You will have to take my word for this fact. After you have come to the final page in the book, you can then re-read this section and see it in the same terms as I wrote it - but not before. I can't help this.

These pages are also not numbered, and I will not be able to tell you as much about this section as I would have been able to if I had written this before the third section.

In the third section I said most of what I wanted to say. I do not now want to repeat myself (I had done that then). I am somewhat less anxious about writing this section then I was about the third section, where the organization seemed a little more tight, critical and introverted. I don't really know, but that's how I remember it.

My hope for this section is to be more open, less critical and tending to extroversion. Somewhat more objective.

I do realize I have a vested interest in the third section as I write about it in this section. But, there is, in fact, very little I need to protect or justify other than to do what I said I would do (then) in this now (second) section. But I may be getting ahead of

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myself in writing that.

I repeat, "In this section I know more about this book then you do."

As of now, the first section consists of the first paragraph and the letter to the first publisher to whom this manuscript will be sent.

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I will only do this once. I can probably can do it only once. Once, when I had finished my work, someone asked me to remember and write about my work. This is about me writing about my work, not about my work. The book is not now about doing anything but remembering and recording things about it. Not orally (as we all do always), but with a typesetting machine paper, ink and a cover. A clearly defined mass of information, with a passage from left to right, down, across, over, until it is completed. Hardly a miracle, though a much more limited focus than I could have ever thought of in my life.

As one thinks about a book, its history, its expectations, its needs are very particular. It is to my way of thinking more a subject than a an object. I would never object to it. To strike some vital relation between a book as subject and a recording of my memoirs as subject is what I would want this book to be.

Not that it could be anything else.

But remembering and recording has to be in very specific relation to the book. In a certain way I would say "I must compare my life to a book." No one (except me) will ever know anything about me and how I think of the marriage of this collection of memoirs and book except as part of this specific book.

I am in fact very different from this book; my edges, size, coloring, mass are discernably different. More than that, in a world of things animate, unanimate and unknown, I (and my memoirs) are thought to be less commonly acknowledged than the "book's" general condition. So there is an inequality: you know more about a book in general than you do about me in general or to put it another way; more specifically, you will never know less about the contents of this book than what you know about a "book."

For instance; a (this) book has an end. You know where it is; you can tell by the thickness you know how far you have come, and how far you have to go. An option is possible; you can stop, reread, you could even start from the end, and go backwards. In a sense, I must couple my options with your options, not by pre-thinking your options but by coinciding with them. Whenever I think of what I sometimes think of where.

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It is not by chance that you are (and will be) reading this. For me, I have chose to talk to you with language. No, no I didn't choose, the book chose. This format (of language in a book) is the shadow of the subject of the subject of my memoirs of my life. I had the possibility of conveying my memoirs in another means; orally, visually, cinematically - and they were all rejected. If nothing else this had to be only a book, nothing else. No other media could have been used to relate this story in this book of my specific memoirs recorded and stopped thru the use of language. Before this book is finished, my memoirs, my writing of my memiors, the experience related in the memoirs, the language of my writing, the typesetting of my writing, the succession on typeset pages and the physical mass of the book will be inseparable, indistinquishable, identical.

My life, my memoirs of the specific work I did, my memory of the memoirs, my remembering the memory, my recording the remembrances (not) mixed helplessly with language), my giving the writing to be typeset, the pages of type, the book.

This book has a life over and above my life.

Specifically what brought me to write about my life was a very basic need to place myself in relation to everything, including myself, to arrive at an essence; similarities or differences, specifics and generals, known and unknown.

This book (and by extension, me) will not be concerning itself with the differences, specifics or the unknown. For much of my life, particularly in the section of my life in this book, has been characterized by the accelerated breakdown in concepts of differences, specifics and the unknown. Maybe the following memoirs relate simply what happens when one removes the differences; maybe not. The subject matter of this book is this book.

To remember the past exactly the way you remember the previous page is one of my attempted goals as I reflect on the part of my life used as the subject matter for the memoirs of my life and work. You should know, for reasons known only to yourself, what I experienced and learnt when I was writing this book. It could help you by telling you what not to do or it could harm you by telling you what to do.

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The facts of my life are probably too specific to mean very much to anyone else. The one fact that can (and is)known is that at this point I began to let you be aware of it (one of the facts in my life). I should x write this book from this word this from book this write should I. By doing this, I would be decreasing the distance and time between any one word and its specific meaning then. But this would be unintelligeable for everyone, and as a metaphor not a good idea. My life was anything but unintelligeable. I lived a series of very related events and experiences and observations; I even learned to write that x "I lived a series of very related events and experiences and observations." This is a metaphor for how this book of my remembrances became to actually mean my remembrances of this book. At this specific point I can only tell you I have remembered 6 pages of my book and that I have an unknown quantity of empty pages that follow. The opposite is probably not true.

Never get the mis-impression that I think that a book is a life or visa versa. I do not think this is true. Closer to the truth is either that the writing of this book is comprable in some way to the living of my life, or it is not.

These memoirs are my first and last book.

In many ways, my approach to writing in general and the writing of the memoirs in this book in particular is identical with the way in which I had approached any other new situation before this one. That is, I would analyse and note the way I was different and the way I was the same. It is always very important to be aware of these distinctions and to formulate the generalites first. After the generalites it is possible to make specific differences easier. Easier than what?

There is a difference between specific differences and general differences, likewise between specific similarities and general similarities. They must be seen as a total of four things all the same. The past 30 words ~~lines~~ have been too gamey, so I ask of you (as if I had to) to forget them.

I am tempted to say these memoirs are not really as objective as they were meant to be when they were written.

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When I think of great books I think of two things: books I like and books which are conceded to be great, sometimes (usually) they are the same books; other times, not. Perhaps there are judgements that somehow make great books great, and other books not great. What are these judgements? What do you think of the last question? The last paragraph? All the previous pages? Me asking you these questions? If we assume that a book (and its language) are a facade of the person who is writing the book, then it is all the time a facade. All books are different books, with no two books being the same. Is the differences that concern us of is it the samenesses? There appears to be much less differences in books than we think. Maybe I think anyone can write well. All writers have the same materials, the same conventions, the same basic need to be intelligeable and the same reasons. They allow themselves the use of language.

I do not - I cannot - see more, hear more know more, smell more than I can tell you, for if this book could relate to you more that I know and can remember, them I am not writing this, but we are writing this. Maybe no one ever does anything.

Can I tell you anything you do not already know? If I can we both have failed, and everything you have remembered and forgot, knew and lost, thought of and unthought of is with us all everywhere, always. No one can bring anyone any insight they have not had before. Does this book of memoirs help you to remember anything you may have forgotten?

I do not understand why I find this book so hard to write. I have never attempted (although I may have desired) to write (about) anything before. Maybe I am not writing about anything, but rather I am writing anything. Obviously writing about this particular book is of great interest to me, with its specific time, size and place. I would like it to relate to itself only, with no references outside itself. A complete entity, without footnotes. Contained. Not connected to any other book, except by language (its only fault). A completely general book.

Writing takes practice to say what you mean, to find the right word at the right place, the right series of words at the right place, the right paragraph at the right place, the right series of paragraphs at the right place, The right chapters at the right place, the right book at the right place. A very complicated series of words, much too complex to deal with logically.

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I think it is better for me to start with the book and word towards the individual word. The whole is much clearer that way. I see the book as more than just a container for the words, sentences, paragraphs, chapters; I see it as a historical, specific condition with a currency and a place very different (and unresponsive) to what specific words are placed within its confines. This book is not about the words in the book, or the subject matter of my memoirs, or anything else.

This book is my judgement what all books are.

There is a vainity in wanting to do anything. A comparision with other writers and books I have felt of value; the egotism and the self-flattery implicit in my thinking that you would be interested enough in the specific details of my memoirs to have read this far; the possibility that I think that I am capable of writing something that you have never read before and simultaneously you have read (and known) many times before, in summation: a totally unmemorable memoir.

As you can probably sense, I am not well read in writings prior and contemporary to this one, and so I think my problem of writing this specific book is made easier. I have no specific knowledge or awareness of literary forms, and so I write like I think, with just the slightest attention to specific detail and relevance. But language shaped shapes the specific details and makes it relevant - no matter what I do. As long as I confine these memoirs to written language, you will always think you know what I mean (as I will always think I know what I mean).

The history of all books provide a specific background to reading this book. Comparisions, influences, happening instantly (for better or worse) color everything I write and I do not like that. Why I am writing what I am writing is why I am writing. Nothing more, nothing less. To suspend comparisions between this (attempt to write this) book is the only thing I ask of you. Do anything you like but do not compare this to anything else. I think I can ask this of you because in these memoirs I have done only what I have asked you to do. These memoirs only refer to these memoirs.

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While the specific aspects of the events in my life, which constitute the memoirs of my life , have been simplified and organized to stress the clear and lucid aspects of them, they (the events) were at the time when they were weren't memories yet, quite unclear and disconnected. So much so, that I probably couldn't have written about them when they happened, even if that was my intention then. Now, after the events themselves, it is possible to think about them, call them memoirs and record them as the subject matter of this book.

Traditionally all books have had titles. I have been thinking about a title for this specific book without yet making a decision, maybe I will find a title later on in the book. As of this moment, I am considering the word "book", no title at all, the date and time when I have finished the book, "Personal Memoirs". or the paper type. size , color, weight of the physical book. But I have not made a final decision, though I am tending towards having no title.

While I am writing this very line many thoughts are going though my mind about what kind of book I am writing. For whom? The subject matter is clear enough to me, but I still wonder if you haven't lost interest yet, or even worse, you may not have even gotten to this line. Maybe you are scanning this book (that's O.K.) and you have fallen on some random line, totally out of context. Maybe you will never read this because the book was too expensive, or was a bad size, or the type was to small, or you cannot read English, or anything. I have to think about this as I write, to prepare this book for these possibilities over which I (or my writing(or my memoirs(or the events in my memoirs)))will have no control. I have little enough choice over how or what I write to allow nothing to happen to them afterwards. I'll think of something.

This book will be authored anonymously. It is part of the book.

I have been told that there are ____ copies of this book in print.

My reason for writing this is the same as your reason for reading this. True or False?

I am writing this book as if I were reading anybook. Trying to recall my memoirs of reading any other book. (I can only read up to here in this book).

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and write about my experiences of reading any other book. What ~~xdoxwhen~~ do I do when I read any other book? I will try to list them (in sequence): First, I choose a specific book by either the title, subject or author of the book (either of which I have been aware of before) or the size of the book (I prefer small, paperback books, like this one, I hope) or by the general subject of the book or the unavailability of any other specific book. Second, I buy it, or borrow it, and then begin to read it. Third, If it is interesting, I will read it very quickly; if it is not, I just may not finish it at all. The word "interesting" is much too ambiguous to define properly, but suffice it to say that to be interesting is good, not bad.

After I have read a book, something very strange begins to happen. The specifics of the book (which were very clear and important to me when I w was reading it) becomes increasingly general as it stays in time and I go ahead (forward, along with) ~~xim~~ in time. To the point that all I cam remember is (sometimes) a title, author and general blur of what it was about.

My expereince in reading books generally has had a profound affect on me writing this book specifically. The affects were:
I choose to write a general book (so that it would be impossible to "forget" the specifics). For the layman, you might say. A book about nothing, without interest, without anything to remember. A book where all the faults of all other books I have ~~xex~~ ever read become virtues in this book. Simple plot, no?

This book does not have any page numbers. I can tell you with complete assurance you are on page ____. Note, even though there are no page numbers you can determine approximately where you are in the book by closing the book and looking at it from one of the 3 exposed edges (not the spine). (Maybe from time to time I will tell you outright, to make it easier for you, if you are interested.(P.S. You have no choice, what I say goes)).

It is necessary to distinquish the different aspects both of the word "book" and the thing "book". Usually when we say book we never mean the thing "book", but the word"book". Further, the word "book" really means the contents ("words") in the book. I am writing this specific book to bring these two definitions together. Not that the contents of a book was always separable from the book itself; I seem to remember that in the early days when books

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began, they were very close, if not identical. Maybe because of mechanical developments the 2 aspects of books ~~diffs~~ drifted apart, I am not quite sure. Though it probably is true that in recent times what the book concerned itself with was everything except itself. I am trying to revive an old tradition, or so it seems.

Langugage. Has (can) language ever be used to talk about language? Did I just do that? How? Why? Explain.

When I am having trouble writing this book and the series of words are not coming, I think about a book, a picture of a book comes into my mind, my head turns its pages, and all I see is many black undecipherable lines (making a rectangular black block) on a larger white page, again and again. I see nothing specific. Perhaps it is an archetype? In any case, a remarkable model for all the books I have ever seen - including this one (so far). For me writing this book, now, and only now, the remainder of this book is pure potential.

I have always been impressed by big books. Books with many words on a particular subject. More than impressed; scared. Now, as I am writing the memoirs of my life, I still fear the responsibility; no, the need, to do the necessary verbal justice to my memoirs. I have no known plan in writing this book, no outline to fill in, nothing to prove (except to finish), nothing to disprove. Maybe it is practice; not likely, it is my last book. Experience for something I do not yet know about? If that is true, you will never know.

Exactly _____ (inclusive) words have past since this book started. I do not now know how many words to go. Because of the last sentence, I would like to make clear the difference between the things I know about this book now, while I am writing it and what I will know when it is completed. I am drawing your attention to the sentence "I do not now know how many words to go," to bring out the fact I did not have to write it at all, but I could have

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waited until the book was completed and then added instead the sentence " _____ words to go" (which I in fact just should have done).

I am writing these memoirs with a ball point pen on a stenographers (lined) pad of 160 pages (printed both sides). At this moment I expect this book of the memoirs of my life to fill up the 160 pages. Or to put it another way, I will stop recounting my memoirs when the pad is filled up.

After I am finished writing these memoirs they will be typed on standard 8" x 11½" paper, doubled spaced.

Then they will be submitted to a publisher for consideration to be published. I will do that myself as a agent of the writer of these memoirs (remember that the author is anonymous) so as to make the environment in which they will be read as general as possible, in keeping with the memoirs themselves. I know now, that if this book of my memoirs achieves a currency in the world, protecting the anonymity of the writer is not going to be an easy matter. But this is getting ahead of my memoirs and I will not speculate any further.

I mean, Then they will be submitted to a publisher for consideration to be published. I will have an agent do do this (remember I am anonymous) so as to make the environment in which they will be read as general as possible, in keeping with the memoirs themsleves. I know now, that if this book of my memoirs achieves a currency in the world, protecting my anonymity is not going to be an easy matter for my agent. But this is getting ahead of my memoirs and I will not speculate any further.

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After my need to complete these memoirs, my greatest problem is talking to people about it. I do not want to do that. I feel that if people know who I am specifically, particularly that I am the author of these memoirs, their subsequent reading of the book will be compromised. They will confuse me with the author, and read into my memoirs things that I never intended, based on what they think of me personally. I have a strong urge to have these memoirs read as (if) they were written by someone no one ever knew. To make a separation between the me that people know (and there are many of these poeple) and the anonymous author is very clearly a intregral part of my writing (and your reading) these memoirs. Now, I am aware that very few people ever know (or meet) the author of any book and that his person is separate from his writing. But I also know that people (myself included) while they never know the authors of the books they have read, they think they know the author (of the books they have read) and oftentimes read into the book things that are revelant to the author personally, but not the writings of the author.

There is a very clear distinction.

Whatever specific reasons I have for recounting my memoirs is simply my reasons for writing them, and should not enter into your condiserations as you read them.

There is a difference between the public and private me, and I want to free you reading of this book from any exterior information. This is impossible; to evaluate, judge, relate these memoirs in the terms of your own experiences is the only thing you can do. I can just prevent you from getting specfic information, and the one

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specific piece of information I do not want you to have is who I am (who I am as distinct from what I tell you about what I am).

To be honest, I have told one person that I am responsible for these memoirs (in a moment of weakness). If I should do this again I will mention it to you. It is very difficult writing these memoirs without talking about it to friends. At times I am tempted to change the aspect of the book that requires this anonymity, so I can talk about it freely without violating my intentions as the author.

These 2 parts of me manifest themselves in a strange situation. When I meet someone who does not know me, I have 2 choices; either I can talk about what I am doing in writing this book or I can tell them my name. But not the both of them. So my friends and acquaintances who know my name can not know I am writing these memoirs, and the people I do not know (and they do not know me) can be told about the book, but not about me. When these two classes of people meet in one person, I consider the intentions of this book compromised. This has happened once.

It has taken me 10 hours of concentrated effort to write this far. I would like to finish the book with the next 48 hours. I will keep you advised of developements.

When I cannot think of anything to write, I speculate on what the last sentence of the book will be like. Perhaps it should read: "These memoirs have been set in 11 point Baskerville type, on White Weave paper, with a perfect binding and was published by _____ in 1971." Or maybe the sentences "return to the exact middle of this book (da capo)". Or "please forget what you have just read". Or simply "Thank you." This decision is not clear,

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maybe if it was clear, the book will be completed. Maybe I will not have the choice of where or how to end. This too is not clear.

I am captive of this stenographers pad. It is the guage and measure of the quantity of words necessary for me to (sussessfully?) complete my memoirs. The choices are too numerous to codify. I could have chosen an incident of many clear details, with everything connected causally and part of a clear whole. Instead, I have chosen an indivisible unit of experience; calculated to be more microcosm than macrocosm. I do not know what the difference is. I probably think that anything is as compllex and infinite as anything else. Though the continuity between things are clearer to me when there are many different discernable ~~xinggs~~ things. Many things seems too much alike. What is at fault is my point of view. The events of my life, ~~xhe~~ my memory of the events of my life, my language of the writing of the memory of the events of my life, my chapters in the book of the language of the writing of the memoirs of the events in my life, my paragraphs of the chapters in the book of the language of the writing of the memory of the events in my life, my sentences in the paragraphs of the chapter in the book of the language of the writing of the memory of the events in my life, my words in the sentences in the paragraphs of of the chapters in the book of the language of the writing of the memory of the events in my life, each letter in each word in each sentences in each paragraph in each chpater in the book of the language of the writing of the memory of the events in my life are all one thing.

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Indivisible, inseparable. I can not ~~spr~~ separate my life from any single letter, word, sentence, or chapter. They appear interchangeable, there are no parts to this book, no levels of meaning, no no differences between "I" and "the", nothing to be derived from (or to), no known sequence, no causes, no rational.

No ~~thing~~ thing, except I chose to write that preceding paragraph, and by chosing to write that I may have lied; by writing one thing and doing another.

(Please change that to read "...and by chosing to write that I may not have lied; by writing one thing and doing another.")

History has been. The history of history has been too. The history of history has been to relate things to one another. When I focus on the history of this specific book I am reminded of its relateness to its parts. I am constructing its parts, almost instinctively, to serve as the limits for the whole (the book). The parts (the indivisible parts) do not add up to anything, but do very specifically omit other parts, which either by plan or chance, are absent from my memoirs.

I could have wrote about any one of a number of things that I did not ~~write~~ write about. Things that may be be thought more known, clear, sure; but I didn't. I choose to omit any references to things I think I do know, to allow myself to write to you about what I do not know. I find it very hard to write about things I don"t know in a manner that I also do not know. It may be easier to write about things I don'T know in a manner I do know. I do not know.

Does that make sense? Should it? Why do I want to know?

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I hope my memoirs will equal a book 1" thick by 5" wide by 7" high. With a soft cover, no table of contents, numberless pages, with margins 3/4" from the edge of the page; about 6½ ounces of my life.

A dark grey cover with just the word "anonymous" in captial letters: ANONYMOUS, on the spine, with the name and ~~of~~ imprimatur of the publisher ~~xxxx~~ along side at the bottom. Something in keeping with the contents. Nothing flashy. Not to pique your interest, just there, between other books generally.

This book has become my focus. My activity in the world has been changed by its apperance and requirements. It is a fine day, and usually I would want to spent it with friends in the sunshine. I cannot. It was as if the entire world except me writing these words, was a distraction. I am not a dedicated person. This will pass, this solitary accomplishment. Even now I can see the time when I have completed writing my memoirs of 160 stenographers pages long and return to a world of other pleasures and requirements.

I am anxious to finish. I will put a limit of time on my completing these memoirs; that is, these memoirs will be completed, not after 160 pages of the stenogrpphers pad have been filled, but within the next 48 hours, beginning now.

(If I change my mind, I will get word to you as quickly as possible.)

When I think about my life, there is nothing to hold on to, to grasp, to stop and say "this is its center". No thing that I have ever done, or even reflected on later, has had an essential quality. Where does one thing end and the other begin? Is this a fair question? Is this a question? Maybe it is an answer. Things in

~~themselves.~~

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themselves may just be questions. The relation between things maybe our answer. Even this is questionable.

I wonder.

Life takes on a load, an accumulated load, where many different people in life, have to take all things for granted; to assure themselves (now a group) that the part has some relation to the whole. This maybe a convention, to give value to something where in fact it does not exist. Or a limitation that comes from thinking that something is solved, completed xx or anything. Nothing supports this idea.

All things and everything is whole, complete. Maybe not larger or smaller, better or worse than anything else. Things should be intrinsic, not extrinsic. This word, sentence, paragraph, chapter is not me. You are not me. They are not us.

To live in the third person is not what this book is about.

This book of memoirs is in the present tense.

All things are in the present.

Over and over agin. I repeat myself. The same words at diferent places. Different words at different times. The same places at the same time. All permutations and combinations.

Not much has happened to me since the previous line. 24 hours. 4 miles. Some incidents with 2 specific people. Saw many other general people, nothing definite. I know now that I must revise my writing plan for this book. I have to change my schedule, I cannot complete this book within the next 24 hours. I will make my xxdxxx

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schddule more open ended, with no specific schedule in time, just to fill the 160 pages of the stenographers pad, whenever I can.

While I am here, I have a specific job to do. Not at all related to this book of memoirs, quite separate, the type of work (unlike this book) where all the parts are connected and relate to one another, a job of clear sequence from inception, through the process of organization on to completion. A clear whole. I am not anxious about that job; I have done similar work before, I could do similar work again in the future. A work where I can ~~learn from~~ apply experience to. A work where I can learn from. More important, a job whose product can be judged by others, as a part of a larger context. Within its subject matter is a defineable focus, a point of view, an aspect known to the community of people it was made for. I feel no such clear focus in writing about it.

I am anxious in writing these memoirs. I am concerned about the context, the subject, the reason why it may be read by you. I think of my purpose in writing them, but I can find no similar purpose for you to read (about) them. I think sometimes that these memoirs are just for me, no one else. Other times I think my experience of my writing my memoirs of this book of my memoirs (a first and last for me) may in some way, be as confused as your experience in reading them.

I do not always see things in the world as being confused. But when I write about The memoirs of my experiences with the things of the world, these very same things become confused. Perhaps I cannot maintain, for this book at least, a fixed point of view. perhaps my understanding of the technique of writing is faulty. But whatever fault you think exists in these memoirs, they represent choices to me. And my view of my memoirs can never be faulty.

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If something can be faulty, and if this book of memoirs is one of them, then the class of things "faulty" is at fault. Maybe the only effect of this book will be to change the judgemant of what is the nature of a ~~gmm~~ faulty or non-faulty book.

It can be said about books generally, that any specific book to the degree that it did not ~~look~~ appear like any other book (at that specific time) increased the definition of what the word "book" meant. Each ~~book~~ additional book expanded the definition of the word "book." Some books did this more than others.

Often I think my writing my memoirs is a pretentious act. All writers of books had to write their first book; I would further say it was their most difficult for them to write. But they knew it was the first of many. I could be seen by them (and the world) as a source of potential for future books they would write.

This book of memoirs is not unlike a magnet. It attracts the relevant things; it repels the non-relevant things. It colors everything, while I am thinking about why to write about what. Most things are distant, not germane; these things I have omitted.

I would want my memoirs to reach you intact, the same way they left me and were noted. Without attempting to forecast anything, I will alomost surely include everything that happens to these memoirs after they have been written (and published). All changes, editors notes, etc., will become part of this book. This book is an orgasm. This book is an organism of change, from my living the events, to my memory of the events, to my writing about the memory, to my writing about the memory of my memoirs, thru to the necessary machinery

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of corrections of known errors, improvements and remarks by an editor, typesetting by the printer, the necessary legal infomation at the front of the book, the choice of paper, size, cover stock and color. I want this book to be (this) growth and change. And you to be as close to this growth and change as possible. There is only one way to write a book about writing a book.

I carry the stenographers pad in my jacket pocket. It has a soft cover in dark blue and a hard rear cover in cardboard. It is rather flappy. When I throw it in the air it falls awkwardly. It has a spiral metal ring binding along the top. I tell you this so you know ~~xmuxkmox~~ what I was up against. I tell you this so you know what this book looked and felt like to me when I was trying to fill its originally empty pages. You maybe able to compare the difference with the book you ~~kx~~ now have in your hands; which is its public state. The road between the private state of this book and the public state of this book is this book. My memory of that road. ~~xmdxnoxxixx(mayxx)xxbe)xixxyo~~

My handwriting is not too clear (I have thought of a facsimile edition) and I am not looking forward to rereading this. I expect to do the typing myself; so I know I will have to. I am wondering what will happen to everything I have written so far when I reread it. Will I change anything? How will I tell you?

You are now on page ___. I am now on page 42 of my stenographers pad. I am now on page 18 of the typewritten manuscript.

My life, this book are too diffuse to write about. Diffuse, no point of view, no clear and present aspect. I an constantly pulling other things into it. No order that I am aware of. The one thing that is clear is that I wish to finish the book when 160 pages of the stenographers pad are filled. That is a private goal. Admittedly a very difficult goal, though concieveable.

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After this private goal is reached, then it will be put into the machinery that will take it through to its public state. You will be kept advised of developments as and when they occur.

I has taken me 11 seconds to write this. There are 53 seconds between this sentence and the one preceding it.

I could finish right here.

I could leave half the physical mass of the book you are holding empty, like this example of 6 empty pages:

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But it seems contrived.

I must rest.

At night I keep a pen and the stenographers pad, with its now 117 empty pages of total potential, waiting near the bed. Near the clock. Within reach.

31½ hours of my life time have elapsed since the end of the last paragraph. The events during this time will not be part of my written memoirs in this book. They do not seem to be relevant. For better of worse, those events kept me from writing this:

Even now, with the day's events before me, I do not expect to be thinking about writing these memoirs until later in the day. I think a continuity becomes difficult when I do not force myself to write at a prolonged session. I have little enough control of the overall continuity of this book to permit myself to write this in spasmodic, infrequent sittings; although it is probably true that if I wrote my memoirs over a period of 30 years it (this book) would still be the only possible registration of my writing about my memoirs. With one exception; that over 30 years as opposed to 2 weeks, I stand a very good chance of stopping this recording (before I think I have finished) either because of boredom or any other unforeseen event.

For instance, would you believe me if I wrote that the next series of words will be written 20 years from this word? Would it make any difference?

I would make a difference if I knew, and you didn't. This book could be our book, and if it is our book you should know as much about it as I do. Everything. I will tell you everything I know about it, when I know about it. That is the least I can do. It is the most I can do.

In fact, the previous paragpaph was written just 4 minutes after the question that preceeded it.

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An anonymous writer, writing his only book in time, to a measure of 160 pages (in a stenographers pad).

A specifically anonymous writer, writing his only specific book in a specific time, to a specific measure of 160 pages (in a stenographers pad).

A generally anonymous writer, writing his only general book in a general time, to a general measure of 160 pages (in a stenographers pad).

A person, remembering, recording, any time, any distance.

The person, the remembrances, the recording, the time, the distance.

A person is the remembrances, the recording, the time, the distance.

The person is not a remembrance, a recording, a time a distance.

I have just reread a earlier section of this book. About 30 pages ago in distance, about 23 hours ago in time. It took me 5 minutes to reread. I am struck by how easily I was able to connect that previous part of this book with this part of the book. Doing that seems like a trick. Just a little too easy.

I could stop writing my memoirs right now, and spend the rest of this book (which, by distance is about 1/3 completed) writing about my observation and memoirs on rereading everything up to this point. I would change one word; just comment on it.

Likewise, I could do this forever; constantly reviewing, commenting, noting everything I had done before. At first, I would write my memoirs about what occurred 4 years ago (~~this~~ like this book), then after that was done, I would write my memoirs of the memoirs of the memoirs, then later; memoirs of the memoirs of the memoirs: in each case carrying my memory of a specific past nearer and nearer to the specific present. Eradicating this gap (between the past and the present) is to place myself somewhere, now.

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When I write of the future, I use "could" I use it in do so for 2 ways. One, the indefinite "could" and two, the "could" that means I am aware of a specific choice, and I will write about it to make you aware of my awareness. I will write and explain it; but will not in fact do it. For instance; when I write "I could stop writing my memoirs right now and spend the rest of the book....", I am writing about a choice I think I have, not exercising the choice.

This is a problem. For when I make you aware of a choice, I feel I should do it. But on the other hand, if I exercised all the choices I am aware of, without telling you I am aware of them, then they cease to be choices.

For me, this book of memoirs is rooted in choices. and my writing should reflect what choices I feel I have. In fact, I probably can never remember the basic choices. Maybe I can know and write about only the superficial ones. In any case this is my choice.

For example; I already wrote that I chose a stenographers pad of 160 lined (both sides) pages as the measure for these memoirs. I chose this particular pad because I liked it; a good size, color, weight and lines per page (21). I think people like or dislike ("good and bad?") things for hidden unknown reasons, then set out to explain why. I doubt the opposite. After much experience in doing this, the general becomes the specific. I am always doing things and then trying to explain why. Working backwards.

Something just crossed my mind about what I want this book to be. Even after it is finished and published. I think it is important enough to let you know about it. It is: All book reviewers reading this book should know that all written reviews of this book will be incorporated into the subsequent printings of this book; beginning from the first word in the published book, and working towards the front of the reprinted (new) book. So that when someone opens the reprinted edition, they will first read what other poeple (the "critics") have written about the book; even before they have read the book itself. It amuses me to think that if this book ever becomes "popular", doing this repeatedly could result in a large book of ~~10,000~~ many pages (though it would take many years) and at some

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point the actual book (which I am responsible for) would be lost or destroyed or ceased to be relevant; and the world would be left with comments about something without having the something that prompted the comments to begin with.

I wanted to write this book. I thought about subject matter, contents, the book without contents. I had a very unclear image of what this book would be about. A general sense, nothing particular. I thought that this book should be about the unclear image of what this would be about. A book that would reflect the memory of what I wanted this book to be.

I wanted this book to be read as itself, about itself, for itself. As I began to write my memoirs, it began to be clear that this book would concern itself with itself; its first page, second page, third page... until the last page. Maybe all book have done this. I hadn't.

A resume of all the known aspects I know about this book:

Da Capo.

(Balance of page is blank)

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3-30

You have just left page 51 of the Stenographers pad. You have also just left page 29 of the typed manuscript. You have also just left page __ of the published book.

(Balance of this page is also blank)

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Too ~~much~~ many words. I would want to spend more time on the technical aspects of the book and less time on the speculative dime-store philosophy. More facts and less fiction. Less time and space on why and more on how. I will list all the pre-conditions I maintained in writing this book:

No proper nouns
Nothing personal
No editing
No program of specific intent
Nothing timely
No memorable ideas
No known lies

You are now exactly 799 words distant from the word "Likewise"(on the typewritten page 27), and 729 words distant from the word"gap" (also on typewritten page 27), and 705 ~~sentences~~ words from the word "future" (on typewritten page 28), and 47 words from the word "lies" (above).

Futther, now you are 5 words from the word "(above)". Now you are 4 words away. Now you are 10 words distant. Now 14 words away. Now 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. Hello, anyone there? 27. Now 29. And to conclude this exercise 35 words away from the word "(above)", used in this paragraph. (Now 47). 48. 49. 50. 51. 52....

You are now fifty six words away from the word "(above)". Now sixty five. Sixty seven. Sixty nine, Seventy one. 73. 74. 75. 76. And 78. Or now you are 83 words away. 86....

The previous 3 paragpaphs contain facts.

The following paragraphs(at this moment the amount is unknown to me) contain no facts:

It is warm. The reason for my writing that it is warm is because it is not really hot or cold. Sometimes it feels cold and sometimes it feels hot. But it varies from time to time.

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3-32

I didn't want to write these memoirs. I am, even now, still fighting with myself to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. Not that anyone forced me to do it, but general circumstances in my life made it necessary to confront the challange of the written word. As noted in my memoirs, my previous work was not directly concerned with written language; mostly oral language. I worked without direct recourse to the printed word. Everything was O.K. Slowly the effect of the printed word began to dawn on me. It began to be clear that the effect of anything on the world had to be cleared though the written language. Everything we know about we knew about through language. Everything, Nothing escaped. No thing.

This puzzled me.

Irrespective of what we knew about anything, at some point, it had to be modified and filtered through language. I began to think of language like a funnel or a filtration system, where all thoughts, feelings, ideas had to be passed though so as to be made intelligeable and communicated.

In a world of such word importance, the situation of the written word began to interest me. Not as a way in which to compare aspects of the world into a clear and convincing unity; but as a way to use words as an entity and experience unique to words alone.

Not to write words about.

To write words.

Not to convince and clarify.

It seems (seemed) possible to have words, sentences, paragraphs, chapters and a book a subject. To organize these elements in relation to themselves, in a location, exclusive of exterior intelligeability. To have words do exactly what they mean. This means to use words which either mean nothing or something only in relation to

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the immediate context; in this book, in other words, sentences, paragraphs, chapters. For example:

This sentence has five words.

The words "five words" has nine letters.

The typewritten page on which this sentence is written has 193½ words on it. The printed page in this book has ___ words on it.

The type size is ___ point.

Backwards is sentence this.

"This" is a word of four letters.

All the pages in this book are ___ lines deep and __ picas wide.

The "T" in "The" at the beginning of this sentence is ___" from the edge of the page.

This sentence separates the sentence "The "T" in "The" at the beginning of this sentence is __" from the edge of the page." from the sentence that follows this sentence below.

This is the sentence below the sentence written above.

All the letters added together in this sentence equals fifty five.

This sentence is three lines from the bottom of the page.

This sentence is two lines from the bottom of the page.

This sentence is on the last line of this page and it also con-

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tinues on this new page.

This sentence is indented.

This is the seventeenth sentence in a series of examples being written to examplify the use of words which relate immediately to their context.

I think I have a basic distrust in the convention of language. No faith in the ability of words to be used for anything, except themselves. No belief in words as tools. A unshakeable feeling that my experiences, as related in my memoirs, are so anonymous, so personal, so unrelateable that the only way to communicate this lack of faith in communicability is to write to you about and around my lack of faith in my writing my memoirs.

Perhaps through the uselessness of this book.

Perhaps by concerning this book with its own problems.

Perhaps by my naive technical inability to communicate to you.

Perhaps by my anonymity.

~~Perhaps by not assuming public responsibility for these memoirs.~~

Truth. A very very personal thing. How to tell what is at the center. The core on which layers are layed upon. Endless building (fabricating?) on original matter, now forgotten. Passages sequential in time, though not in place. Modifications, revisions, changes, improvements, alterations constantly constructed on antique experience.

The beginning. Where. What to take for granted. To determine what are the conventions. What are the conventions? A life? A book? Chaos? Could everyone ever agree on anything?

A world of yes and no. A language is the shadow of a world of yes and no. This is beginning to hurt.

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Things of comprehensible accomplishment. Traffic in experience common to others. The facility to make clear a view of the world. An ability to choose just the relevant things from everything else we are a part of. The things that present each of our own situations in the world to our own advantage. The lack of commonality in my situation in the world and this book escapes me. The things I have choosen and the incoherent way I organize them, leaves me the moment I have written them. Why is it that me versus a stenographers pad is so morbidly engrossing? Because I never wanted to choose things over other things? Because of a lack of faith of the superiority of one thing over another thing? Because I sense that all things maybe the same things? This refutes my doing anything.

Why do anything? This is probably a center. I began to write these memoirs because I had something to say with my life experiences that I wanted to convey to the world. Not just to those immediately near me, but particularly those people who I would never meet. Writing these memoirs, for me, is a way to affect the world generally, while at the same time avoiding it specifically. To take something over here and to replace it over there; a juxtaposition.

While writing my memoirs, with all its specific egocentric detail, the more I recorded, the more general and incommunicable it became. One day, while writing and rereading it, it vanished. Its relevance was for me alone. As were the life experiences written in it.

An autobiography of someone who was no one in particular (not even as a sociological case study) has never interested the world. As part of the world, it didn't even interest me.

(In writing this book, it may interest you to know, that I often mistakenly handwrote the word "I" for the word "It", though in rereading I usually caught i and changed it.)

Why to do anything. Usually it is never a question. Why is when we begin. I may be that in a world of choices one choice is better. Sometimes, better is pleasureable. Othertimes, better is not immediately pleasureable. Sometimes pleasure is easier. Other times harder. Hard pleasure I think has rewards in the more distant future. I like

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to think this book xxx tends to be a hard pleasure.

Easy pleasure is doing things we know we know. I have had much of this in my life up until writing this recollection of my life. Now with this book I seek to do thru (with?) this book something I have never done before: to (do) write something in which I have no faith in. And then deny responsibility for it. Just for the hell of it.

You are now on page ___ of the published book, with 99 pages left in the stenographers pad.

After I have finished this book, I will write a criticism of it, which will come before it in the final published book. I cannot at this time see how I will deal with it; I mean whether I will use the word "I" or the word "author" in referring to the book, or more specifically what distance I will maintain in criticizing it.

As I am writing, and trying to lay it xxx all out for you (and me), I hold on to my vision of a specifically physically completed book of a general size in which this word (and all the other words) will be contained. That vision is my specific goal. The more I xxx write the closer I get, until my image of this book and the material of this book become one. Then I am finished.

This vision of a finished book is primary. What the book is about (contains) is secondary. The goal is to finish, everything else is merely detail.

I think I have the first sentence of the criticism section of this book: "This book is the perfect example of what a person can do if they set their mind on it." A little ambiguous, though for the moment, it sounds very good.

I have written a letter to a publisher asking them to publish this book, which has already been put at the front of the book (after the copyright notice and related information) which sets forth the general outline of how this book will be organized. There are three inaccuracies in that letter which I would like to now clarify:

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1. The third paragraph, which reads "It is divided into 3 sections each one separated by one (1) blank page." should be changed to read: "The book, up until its physical publication, is divided into 3 sections each one spparated by one (1) blank page." This is to keep open the possibility written about earlier in this (third) section that "... all written reviews of this book will be incorporated into the subsequent printings of this book, beginning from the first word in the published book and working towards of the front of the reprinted (new) book."

2. The fifth paragraph, which reads in part "The second section consists of a criticism of the third section - it is probably in its final state..." is not quite true. At the time of writing this the second section has not yet been written at all, though I have every intention of writing it as soon as this (third) section is completed.

3. The sixth paragraph. which reads in part "The third section is in its final state..." is obviously not true at the time. You can obviously see that I am not yet finished writing this section.

Something just crossed my mind. What would be the effect if I didn't write a (second) section of criticism of this book at all? Just wrote a first and third section, with one (1) blank page between them, and wrote that I destroyed the second section (like the fourth section which I actually did destroy).

Or what would be the effect of just compiling the correspondence to the publishers about a book that doesn't even exist any more?

Or what if I wrote a book to communicate to you that there isn't any book at all?

With each word I decrease the potential of what this book will be. At every pause in thought (very different from a grammatical pause) I want to consolidate what you and I know has happened to this book so far and also, what we think could finally happen. I think I am 2 people. The "I" which thinks it is writing this book, and the you who is reading this book. I oscillate between who I am.

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A letter from a reader:

Dear Author,
This book you are writing (not yet finished) to my way of thinking poses a severe crisis in identity. I would suggest that you concentrate, for the remainder of the book, on less introverted material, with greater emphasis on human situations and developments which would be more recognizible and understandable to me and my friends.

You are not the first, nor the last person in the world to have problems, this I can assure you.

A Reader

After writing such a silly letter to myself, I really feel silly.

The balance of this book will continue in 30 minutes:

30 minutes later, past the colon, after the 1 blank line, below the above sentence, flush left and right. in english the book continues.

All that and much more can be used to describe the method and devices that I am using to contruct this book. Those (above) came to mind quickly. Can you find others?

Two ways in which you can organize and analyze what I have already written follow: the first word in the previous 30 paragraphs are (in sequence from the first through the thirtieth):

Begginning A Things Why While An (In Why Easy You After As This I I 1. 2. 3. Something Or Or With A Dear You After The 30 All Two

Or the last word in the previous 30 paragraphs (in sequence from the thirtieth backwards to the first):

Two thirtieth): others? continues. minutes: myself. Reader me. view. all. anymore? destroy). writing section. completed. book." clarify: good. detail. finished. it. pad. it. pleasure. it) juxtaposition. anything. hurt. anything?

I have been pleased throughout the process of writing this book, to

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note how everything in the book works together with everything else; no dangling ends. A retrospective unity. Everything is part of everything else. I wouldn't have wanted anything else. I couldn't have hoped for anything more.

I seem to expect suprises on coming pages things even I do not know are there. A test of condition. A way to assess the situation under conditions of stress. No known chance to think. Choices of unknown possibility. Choices made in the heat of language.

THIS BOOK WAS FINISHED 1,000 WORDS AGO. MAKE THAT 1007 WORDS AGO. MAKE THAT 1012. 1013....

THIS BOOK WILD BE FINSIHED WHEN YOU SAY SO.

The previous 2 pages were not blank. Can you make a guess about the next 2 pages?

(Balance of this page to be blank)

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Correct. They are not blank.

All books are autobiographies. Whitten traces of how a person thinks. The differences between all books is what. Why all books are autobiographies is not clear. I just thought I'd write it. Thats clear.

This book will be quite difficult to publish. Many aspects of the book concern itself with sequence and position of words in reference to a page, and some thoughts relate immediately in the physical passage from one page to the next. Certain sentences mean what they mean because they may begin on one page and end on another, ask or ask a question that is answered on the next page or set certain conditions on what is to come on the next page. So, to have a sentences like "This part of this sentences is on page 102 and this part of the sentences is on page 103." is a lie if it appears on one page (like it does here). It will be necessary to juggle the sequence of paragraphs and sentences so this type of sentence (call it a "physical sentence") appears on the two sussessive pages it says it does and the last word on the page 102 is "and" (or "102") and the first word on page 103 is "this" (or "and"). The practical problems in typesetting these types of sentences are enormous. This book may have to be entirely reorganized in order to publish it properly.

In fact, there are many other aspects of this book that make final physical printing of this book very difficult. Over and above the specific situation referred to in the preceding paragraph there is the question of word counts, additional information specifically germane to the physical book (typeface, type size, publishers name, book weight etc.) and obviously the substance of the entire first section.

This book in a public state maybe impossible to do. Though if you are reading this that sentence is not true.

This sentence is going to be __ picas wide, 2 lines deep, 38 seconds long and immeasureably thin by the time it is completed.

The above sentence is (just one) perfect microcosm of this book. Perhaps it is its brevity and matter-of-fact-ness makes it a good

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example for study. The first thing that comes to mind about it, is that I must have known about it generally before it was completed. That is, writing "...is going to be..." implies a very clear xdxxm awareness of what it was going to be. Further, the sentence describes itself physically, and that after the phrase "...___ picas wide...", the other 2 dimensions and time follow along quite naturally. They are characteristics of everything in the world, and so naturally adapt themselves to use in this sentence. Also, being at first handwritten, it actually took 3 lines to write, but I wrote "...2 lines deep..." to xkkx prepare for the fact it will probably take up 2 typewritten line. You should also know (I forgot how this sentence was going to be completed, having been distracted in mid-sentence - The author)

There are many distractions, xxx many things foriegn to my memoirs. X Many things I never did or intended to appear as if I had did. I never avoided distractions or oportunities, but in all honesty I must write that some options and choices were more evident than others. If I wasn't aware of them they came as distractions (unusable), and if I was aware of them they became choices, which I took note of and resolved.

This book has been built in units of paragraphs, in sequence. The type of paragraphs can be divided into seven classes. Some of the paragraphs concern themself with my pre-writing this book; cheap personal philosophy, xxxxxxx generally. Some concern themself with my vision of this book; with my changing attitudes and concerns for it. Some concern themself with the use of words self-descriptive and vaguely formalistic in their contruction. Some refer to a xx self-criticism and analysis of what has already been written. Some concern themself with my possible future plans and ideas for the book. Some refer very specifically to my life and memoirs. One has been a letter from a reader. This paragraph is the type which X refers "...to a self-criticism and analysis of what has already been written."

This type of paragraph is one which was not written about in the previous paragraph (I forgot about it). It is a speculative paragraph, which speculates on what decisions I will make in the future when I

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confront certain anticipated problems. An example of this type of paragraph occurred 38 paragraphs prior to this one, part of which reads "After I have finished this book, I will write a criticism of it, which will come before it in the final published public book..." I choose this (now) quoted example out of expediency, that is, it was rather close by this paragraph (38 paragraphs away, to be precise) and I didn't have to count a great distance to get a specific paragraph. I could have choosen a paragraph 150 paragraphs prior to this one, though this would have required great time and effort; but I could not have, in any case, at this time, chosen one 150 paragraphs after this paragraph. Not incidently, I looked for a paragraph of the type written about above, earlier in this book but I could not find any; if I had, I would have counted (located) from the beginning of the book, and the sentence above now reading, in part "...occurred 38 paragraphs prior to this one...", would read "... occurred ___ paragraphs after the first paragraph in this book..."

Another hinderance to (possible) publication. Legal in nature. I recall that the law says that in order to receive maximum copyright protection the copyright notice (which must take the form "Copyright Name Date" or "© Name Date") has to be written on either the title page or the overleaf. What happens, as in this book, there is no title page? Can the first page be considered the title page? Or is it, nore accurately, the "first printed page"? I expect problems. Would a publisher publish any book in which the author's copyright claim is not fully protected? It could be very risky business.

It is safe to say that each time when I continue to write this book (I usually handwrite about 10 pages at a time in the stenographers pad) I generally begin with a very general paragraph, very ambiguous (sort of philosophic) and as I am writing I begin to think out of the more general ideas into more specific, fact-like paragraphs.

So as you are reading, you may pick up a certain rhythm regarding the nature of each paragraph in relation to one another. I think that the progression written about earlier in the paragraph before this one holds true (for me) as I reread, from time to time, various sections of the book.

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You should also know that I very rarely reread the writings of my immediately previous writing session.

I will note at the end of this writing session how many pages (the distance) I have written in this session - the author.

I have told someone about my image xm (intentions?) of this book. They have assured me of my privacy. They know both me and my book. You do not know wither me or they. That is as it should be; they or me also do not know you. All we will have in common specifically (as it pertains to this book) is this book. It may not mean much to you, but it is all that this book can do.

This is a book of action. Not just for me as I write, but just for you as you read. A classic who-done-it. Let us reason together. Would something be gained by you if you know more about me? Would anything be gained by me, if I knew more about you? Do specifics ever concern anyone but the specifier? I have reason to believe, for reasons known only to myself (maybe), that there is nothing to be gained from ~~any~~ the rational progression of anything. But do not get me wrong, the opposite is not irrational. The opposite is what is. The difference between rational and irrational is the difference between past and present. I am writing this book to be (with you) in the nearest present possible. The previous sentences should have read,in part "...in the nearest possible present." The word "nearest" meaning closeby, near in time; the word "possible" meaning concieveable, knowable, thinkable; and the word "present" meaning now, not future, not past, not anything known or done or remembered, everything remaining after this word, sentence paragraph, chapter, book life, awareness is finished.

I am now seven lines from the exact physical middle of my lined, 160 page, lined stenographers pad.

Now three lines.

I am very please to announce to you that I just turned from the 80th pages to the 81st page of the(handwritten)stenographers pad. A rather encouraging sign.

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Now I am (and will be) writing on ~~ex~~ the overside of the first 80 pages in the stenographers pad, in the opposite direction; so that this page of writing (the 81st) is on the overside of the 80th pages, the 82nd page will be on the overside of the 79th page, the 83rd on the 78th, the 84th on the 77th, onwards to the point in space where page 160 will be on the overside of page 1. Is is expected that at this point my image of this book, and the material in this book will be the same. I will have finished.

This 160 page, lined stenographers pad, I just noticed is noticeably thicker than it was when I first began; quite probably because of the ink used in my pen, which made visible physical impressions on each page as I wrote each page. Ink really has a pronounced physical mass. This book weights more with each word.

You now have arrived at page 82 of the stenographers pad. And page 44 of the typewritten manuscript. And page __ of the published book. All are equal and occur at the same time.

You may have noticed that I can, in the context of this book, locate pages in terms of paragraphs and to locate paragraphs in terms of ~~sz~~ sentences and locate sentences in terms of words and finally located words in terms of letters; but there is no way I know to locate additional relevant aspects of this book without all pretentions of communications breaking down. This bothers me.

It bothers me, because I think there is a center that I haven't reached. I continue to feel I am just circumscribing a perimeter. I miss a basic explanation, which I would like to know about, to make writing this solitary recollection of a general memoir easier.

I only need the insight, plan, faith to just complete this book. Afterwords (that's a joke) it won't concern this book. This I promise (this is serious).

I am thinking of a dedication for this book, which would read "To my parents, ~~xhaxbexixxx~~ without whom I would not have been possible" or "To _____" (which would be filled in the name of my loved one) or

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"To unforfillment, without which this book would not have been possible" Enough written. I will not have a dedication. I have enough quasi-knowable choices to make without adding a knowable one. Though I think it moderately important enough to write about it. Obviously, I just did.

I just thought that I should write a letter from a reader, although I don't think it is going to be very sympathetic:

Dear Author,
I hope you are pleased with yourself. Having read only up until this word, I find you treading water dangerously in the sea of generality. Why don't you get to the point, and say, once and for all what you mean? No pussyfooting around. I suspect, in you, a kindred spirit to mine, and because of this I find your book twice as stupid as it probably is. No one, to whom I feel a kindred spirit towards is capable of writing a stupid book - I take this as a personal affront.

Also, I suspect that you may be a liar,

A Reader

Wow. If I had known about the specifics of that letter, I most definitely would have repressed it. That was a terrible thing for me to do.

This book will continue in 5 minutes just after this colon; ":"

On this forward side of the immediately preceeding colon, I will continue to write that I just added the phrase "(that was a joke)" after the word "Afterwords" and also added the phrase "(this is serious)" after the word "promise" in the paragraph which is to be refound 7 paragraphs earlier than this one.

It is probably clearer now why I can not edite this book.

I am getting distracted. I do not want to bring into this book the specific nature of the distraction, but I do want to advise you (as I had written earlier) now "... at the end of this writing session how many pages (the distance) I had written in this session..." I have

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12 (handwritten) pages by the end of this writing session.

The search for meaning is on, and I will stop at nothing to catch the elusive varmit.

The previous paragraph (which is also a sentence) a slick, clever line written in a moment of poetic, metaphysic insight with the lingo extracted from cowboy conversations overhead a long time ago. Coupled with an unusual juxtaposition of the words "meaning" and "elusive varmit"; impling, in a bff handish way, that I am seeking an ultimate meaning and wish to have you share the brilliance of my insight, in such a way as to make it appear less important then I probably think it is; was written as a isolated note; approximately 2 hours after the previous paragraph and other than being after it, does not really have anything to do with it; except insofar as you may want to intrepret the relationship. It took 27 seconds to write. I had thought about it long afterwards, deciding whether or not to keep it in the book, feeling somehow it was just on the borderline of what is in keeping with my intentions, but eventually decided (as I am writing this) that because it was the reason for me writing this paragraph, it had some value in this book and I finally decided to keep it in the book.

Skimming over what has already been written, it appears that my paragraphs (units, I think) are longer and more intelligeable at this point in the book then they were at the beginning. Do you think this is true, or is it just me? Thats my impression. If it is true, it may be because I am more experienced now in writing this book then I was at the beginning. And my general vision of this book is beginning to approach its specific realization. We all know more about this book now then we ever did before.

My sentences seem very awkward. I will nevertheless not change them (too much work) for the sake of clarity. My spelling of words is incredibly bad; this added to my general sloppy handwriting and careless typing is going to make it necessary to correct (or have them corrected) by the time this is in a published state and you are reading it. I will not keep you advised of typographic and spelling changes as this book proceeds to its public state - this (like the change of sentence structure referred to earlier in this paragraph) is too much word(k).

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3-67

I am now typing up the following handwritten pages:

Today is sunny, beautiful and clear. Please tell yourself everything about the previous sentence that you think is important. Remember what you told your self (do not, I repeat, do not write it down). Now tell someone else. Now, write it down. Put it away for one year (note on your calander to look at it one year from now). Read it. Think about it. Write about what you think about what you had written earlier. Ask the other person you told "... about the previous sentence that you think is important". Does he remember you telling him? Would you feel bad if he didn't? Was the process described earlier in this paragraph itself important enough for you to do? Important enough for you to read? For me, it was important enough for me to write. I, myself, would never actually do it. Just though you would want to know this about me.

I have a great temptation in this sentence to begin to write about (and allude to) a previous sentence or paragraph that was in fact never written before; to specifically make reference to part of this book that you could never find because I never put it there. But I do not want to make a game of this book if I can avoid it. And "... I can avoid it." And will "... avoid it." "Avoid it." "It" in this paragraph means "... a great temptation in this sentence to begin to write about (and allude to) a previous sentance or paragraph that was in fact never written before..."

You are not now on page 3. of either the stenographers pad, typewritten manuscript or the published book.

Do you remember what was written on page 3? What is the difference between page 3 in the stenographers pad, page 3 in the typewritten manuscript and page 3 in the published book? I can tell you that one page in the stenographers pad contains approximately the same volume of words as ½ page of the typewritten manuscript and that I expect about 1/3 of a page in the published book. But this last will not be known with any certainty until the book is completed.

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A review of the reasons to date why a publisher would not want to publish this book:

No title

The full public disclosure of the private author-publisher agreements and correspondence.

No known author

Technical production problems pertaining to the location of certain sentences and words on the pagd.

The fact that this book was written by a one-time author (No Future).

No movie or serialization rights possible.

Production problems in the event of reprints, as regards the incorporation of all written material about the book.

The lack of potential for a large reading audience (Too Recondite).

Difficulty in promoting any specific subject matter in the book.

Indeterminancy of the final length of the book.

The fact that certain material would have to wait until the last possible moment before printing.

No dirty words.

The above list is also part of the list of reasons why I wrote the book to begin with.

The following was written on a separate (yellow) sheet of paper, and then included in the book, exactly as written:

This paragraph will be written again 6 paragraphs after me writing about it right now. I will contain the exact same words that are in this paragraph. I will come as a surprise to you when you read it again.

First paragraph.

Second paragraph.

Third paragraph.

Fourth paragraph.

~~Fifth paragraph.~~

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Surprise. Here it is. I know you have been waiting patiently and unaware that it was coming. As I wrote, here it is:

This paragraph will be written again 6 paragraphs after me writing about it right now. It will contain the exact same words that are in this paragraph. It will come as a surprise to you when you read it again.

(End of entry on "separate (yellow) sheet of paper").

I will not repeat the process described in the above paragraph .

Earlier in this book I wrote about what I wanted this book to look like, it read, in part "A dark grey cover with just the word "anonymous" in capital letters: ANONYMOUS, on the spine, with the name and imprimatur of the publisher along side at the bottom..." After much thinking between then and now, I now want it to change it to read "A dark (50%) grey cover with just the name and imprimatur of the publisher printed on the spine, nothing else...."

As I am working on this book, many different ideas come to mind. My criteria for what will be written in this book is whether of not it answers the question "Is whatever I am thinking relevant to my (changing) image of this book." If it is relevant (like this paragraph) I have to tell you. If not, I would not be truthful if I did.

A truth. The truth. The Truth as I know it, when I know it, if I can know it. I think I can know it. It appears to be related immediately to its time, its moment, its situation. It certainly doesn't apply to always. Forever seems to require too much planning and pre-thinking, too much of a feeling that any one moment before forever is just a means towards the ends (forever). I seem to want less of a total plan.

I would like to be able to see over this book, like a landscape from an airplane; not from beginning to end at once.

Surprise. Rmember 6 paragraphs ago? At that time I spoke of a surprise that was going to occur 6 paragraphs later. Remember that the next paragraph said I was not going to "Repeat the process described in

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the above paragraph"? Well, much to my surprise I decided to repeat it. Is this surprising you? Read: This paragraph will be written again 6 paragraphs after me writing about it right now. It will contain the exact same words that are in this paragraph. It will come as a surprise to you when you read it again.

But that was the absolute last time I will do it. I had to do it then to see if I could surprise you (I will never know if I did). It was sort of a trick. It won't happen again; not simply because it was dishonest (and I will admit that), but I do not want to make it into a cliche.

This is page ___ in the published book. I think it is important to know where we are, so I told you.

I and you equals we. "Equals" is a copulative verb. The subjects are "I" and "you". "We" is the sum of the parts "I" and "you". The sentence can be transposed to read "We without I equals you" or "We without you equals I". In both sentences I have rearranged the original sentence by transposing the word "we" of the other side of the word "equals" and then substracting either the subjects "I" or "you" from it. In any case, the original sentence presupposed, for the purpose of clarity, that "I" and "you" and "we" are all different. What would happen if they were not? Everything may well be the same, after all.

All things have within them the essence of a paradox. It is not the intention (purpose) of this book to labor that point. We can be sure that some linguist, somewhere is at this very moment examining and probing our language to determine whether our language has an opposite possibility. I would like to smell their report if it can be completed.

The possiblity crossed my mind that, what if the person (referred to on page __ in the published book) to whom I confided both the specific authorship and the general book to, decides to use it? Is it part of this book? Should I feel kindly disposed to them or betrayed? At this moment it seems important and unclear. If, as I have

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been writing, I do not wish to have myself identified as the author of this book, it would follow that I do not want public credit for myself also; only for the book. And if the person I confidad my position to, seeks to use it in another context, it should not affect me; only the book. I should not feel betrayed (a very harsh word) by their use of me. But if this book reaches the public after this person xx has used (in some ambigeous way) the intentions of my writing this book. then when this book appears publically, the affect of this book maybe diminished. It is doubtful that some one could ever write my specific memoirs, no matter how general they may be. Though certain broad intentions can be expressed generally and used generally in another slightly different context. My position as the party responsible for everything in this book and also how you become aware of "everything in this book" tends to become violated if the intentions of this book become known generally before the book becomes known specifically. Perhaps I should not have confided ~~thxtxfxxxxxxxxxtxtxxgxxxhx~~ the nature of this book to anyone else - this may be impossible. But what I should have done was to just confide that I was writing a book, not this specific book with all its specific intentions. But this is the risk of anonymously authoring a specific book of general intentions. All things done may have to be known and claimed. "Known" by others. "Claimed" and be responsible for.

Probably the basic issue is whether it is true that this book is my attempt to "... write something in which I have no faith in. And then deny responsibility for it. Just for the hell of it." If that is ~~xxx~~ true then this book and its completion ~~xhxx~~ should not concern itself extrinsically with anything specifically outside of itself (even if it is because of it) and I, as its author, should find its place in the world not competitive with anything else. If it is false, and I am worried that this book may not get to its intended public state without being violated (pre-empted) I have failed in my challenge. The world was stronger, I was weaker. I have entered, with my entry as a one-time book writer, into the public competition for credit and acknowledgement. ~~(with my entry; to be accredited by the community)~~ A world of good, better, best (which this book proports to be against) not just of differences, ~~but of better than~~, I should not feel bad if I am used or not used. I should have

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written into this book the ability to let whatever happens (or doesn't happen) occur. I want to feel the same if it is not ever published or used by others or destroyed or misused - I do not want to be affected by the problems induced by me writing this book. This book should have its expereince in the world separate from my experience in the world.

I may think I can cover any eventuality (good or bad) by writing it in this book. I may have made up issues in the book, just to see if I could be true to them. Too often, I may pre-suppose too much.

Time is the essence of this book. This book is trying to deal with essentials as if they were to be found. To be found at a level of writing experience common to everything. To everything all things are part of. Part of this sentence is in the previous sentence. Sentence is a singular noun. A singular noun means one. One is the convention from which is built more or less. Less than or more than one is a measure. A measure . This paragraph is the type referred to earlier as "...the use of words self-descriptive and vauguely formalistic in their construction.", and is being concluded to allow me to proceed with the next paragraph.

One of the reasons (now that I am beginning to see the end) I think I am writing this book is to see whether I have the stregth to do what I write; by maintaining my relation to this specific book and the specific world and the general world in a manner in accord with my intentions (my intentions, even as they change). I like to think the challenge of this book to be my own ability to live up to my intentions and demands written in this book. Not after this book, in my life. Just in relation to this solitary recollection of a most general memoir, which may now be treading carefully on the borderline between now and future. Not book future; life future. Many times before in this book I have speculated on book future. This paragraph may be the first time I started to speculate about life future. It probably doesn't even concern you.

I will now type up the previously handwritten pages in the stenographers pad onto the 8½ x 11 inch white, unlined paper.

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I have just finished typing up the previously typed pages. (This sentence was not contained in the handwritten stenographers pad).

I am a amatuer. I think you should know this, if you don't already. Contained in this book is the lack of experience in writing this book. As I recall from having written before, I have to work with my knowledge of this, dealing with it as a virtue and know a point of view. I must work with it, to bring into these memoirs a point of view which writes of beginnings. Not the accumulation of lessons previously learnt and then applied. But an environment (perhaps) of naivete ~~where~~ where what is "learnt and then applied" can be confused with "applied and then learnt". A memoirs of any and each moment. The same at all times, differing only at different times. The present confronted without memory. No way to recall things forward.

After. I do not ever plan (want) to write another book or anything once more. I present this now as an essential truth in writing this. Essential to not carry forward any program from the past. To write this book as a writer of books is to perpetrate a lie. To have this book stand as any other book by any other writer is not an intention of this book. To have this book stand as a specific book by a specific writer, and to specify what are the ~~spuxfamics~~ specific conditions and environment in which it is to be read (and judged) is ~~anxixtxdxmxx~~ intention of this book. I try to maintain this intention. I have become both the writer and reader. One thing. To make what goes into this book and what comes out of it the same thing. To have this book the registration of no action, of complete passivity towards, of no change against, what I think my memoirs to be and what I read my memoirs to have been.

I am curious about the nature of what it is to do something for the first time. To know whether it is possible to do something for the first time. And then only for the first time. By giving an example of doing something for ths first time; like this book. This is my first time in writing this book, and I know (if you are reading this) it is your first time reading it. I think they are the same. Also, I think the beginning of anything is possible, and by extension, the most important part of continuing.

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This book does not have any pictures. They are not in keeping with my image of this book. I have consciously avoided any words that conjure up a visual experience. I do not want words to be used for anything else.

I began, about 45 days ago, to write the second section (which would be before this (now named) third section, simultaneously along with this section. But I found it impossible to do it at the same time as this section and I stopped writing the second section. Though I didn't in fact destroy it, only put it aside. Probably if I do finally decide to write a second section I will not use that specific material. I will probably start it over again. When I do begin it again, it will begin with the words:

"This is the second section, which has been written after the third section (which appears after this section) and is also referred to and speculated on in the third section, as you will read after you have read this. This section was referred to in the third section as being a criticism of the third section. I still think it will be a criticism. I did not ~~think of~~ write about it in the third section, but now I think it will be rather short in length (not like the third section, which attempted to measure its distance in terms of the "160 page, lined stenographers pad" and proceeded accordingly), but more open, less committed to a specific length."

I will not write any further speculation on the specific language of the second section at this time in this third section. I will double-cross that bridge when I come to it.

The last sentence in the previous paragraph was a conscious paraphrase of a ~~sentence~~ sentence I had read somewhere else (not in this book). I do not claim to have thought of it myself, though I did remember it myself.

Most of this book I think I thought of and remembered myself. I do not suspect remembering any other sources from which I may have borrowed (remember, I am not well read). If I did, and you think you know about it, could you please write to me (the "author") care of the publisher (the address can be found in the first sentence of

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of the first section of this book) with the specific details. They will be forwarded to me. They will not, however, be published in future reprints of this book (unlike the public criticism of this book) because they are too personal and they do not effect anyone else's reading of the book. Though if you would be interested in sending it anyhow, I would be interested in reading it. Perhaps we could develop a correspondence out of it. Who knows?

I hope you are not put off by my writing that "They will not, however, be published in future reprints of this book... because they are too personal..." I simply feel that personal things should not be confused with public things, and that the change that occurs when a personal thing travels to be a public thing can be more injurious to the intent of the personal thing than to the public thing. I neither feel that all things should be private or public; but that great care and control should be maintained in going from one condition to another. Only one specific person can do this. If I allowed everything that was written to me, in response to my asking you to "...please write to me..." about "...any other sources from which I may have borrowed..." and "... I do not suspect remembering...", I would not be exercising (in my opinion) the "...great care and control..." that I wrote about earlier in this paragraph.

Sometimes I amaze myself at the way I can justify anything I want to. This gets back to an earlier part of the book, when at that time I wrote "I think people like or dislike ~~(goddam)~~ ("good and bad?") things for hidden unknown reasons, then set out to explain why." I still think that sentence is true. It is as if, once a person decides to do anything (begin), what they do after that, is less important, and increasingly so, until they again reach a point that they recognize as a beginning.

A beginning is a time when things are not clear, a time when past and future cannot be recognized as a continuum, a time of things thought to be unknown.

(Faith?)

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3-56

Often I reread parts of this book I had written earlier. Sometimes to just look back on the good old days, sometimes; to find a word or sentence or paragraph to help me in finishing this book. Usually the successive writing of words does not come directly from what I had written earlier, but rather from more isolated ideas not yet in the book; which come to me when I am away from writing, doing something else. This something else can be anything else (except writing) and while I do not bring it into the book directly; the mechanics of this has played a very important part in me writing this book. This may be a view of an amatuer. My idea of a professional is one who pushes harder and more frequently against apathy. Doing nothing bothers me less, and occasionally when I do bring apathy into the open it looks empty (like typewritten pages 24 - 25 or 30 (partially blank)) which is how I think it should read.

I would like to number sequentially each paragraph or each sentence or each word for easy reference but I won't. If you are interested in this book you should have to work at it as hard as I did.

I could also (in the future) use the general idea of writing a book about writing a book in other situations; like a movie about a movie, or a dance about a dance, but I (also) won't. This book is my way of doing something about doing (the same) something.

46 pages in the stenographers pad to go. I figured this out by counting each page back from the end of the book; not as also would have been possible, from the beginning of the second half (80 pages) counting each page forward and then subtracting that amount (34 pages) from 80 pages. Whether I count in handwritten pages or typewritten pages or published pages it is true that I almost have completed 75% of this book.

Almost 75% of my autobiography completed, if only by the synthetic measure of this stenographers pad. Still, if I had lived though these pages, up until now, before now; now would refer to something else then it does now. Any point in this book will be noted (in this sentence) to be a fulcrum for what is before and after, and (I lost my train of thought, if I can finish the sentence later, I will tell you as quickly as possible).

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This book of memoirs probably should not be read as seriously as I think I intented. Perhaps you should just see it, smell it, touch it; know it physically as you would all things perceived. Like an object is obviously is. This book should have a use in your life, apart from what is written in it. As something to put under a leg of a table to make it balance, as a weapon to throw at someone if you are attacked, as toilet paper if you are out of it, as a thing to hollow out and smuggle jewels in, as a thing to impress others with, as a thing to spend your money on, as a thing to have your children play with (a group of 50 copies of this book, each one glued shut, would make a wonderful building block set).

If this is published (and you will know it if is) and is not sussessful from the publishers point of view; you may have been able to purchase this very book at a cheaper price then mentioned in the first passage of the first section, at a store that deals in "publishers closeouts." If this book is published and is sussessful from the publishers point of view, you may have been able to purchase the book also at a cheaper price then mentioned in the first paragraph of the first section when it becomes a paperback book (Though, if that occurs, the price of the book will be changed in the front of the book and it will probably be longer, due to the inclusion of the critical material written about this book at the front of the reprinted (paperback) book.) After publication, I expect this book also may have been found in most public libraries.

Do you know why you have read this far?

In rereading this book, some words have been used more frequently than other words. Perhaps the use of some words more that other words sets the overall tone for my memoirs, and maybe the prefrential sequence in which I write them below is a further indication of what I feel about this book. The most frequently used words are:

If
I
Perhaps
Maybe
Know
Book

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Write
The ~~Thing~~
Thing
It
Think
Or
Not
All
Is
A
Now ~~General~~
General
Specific
Life
Are
Could
You
World

I am less interested in what happens to this book once it is put into the world then I am in what happens to me in the world because I have put this book in the world also. This book remains basically static (though I have allowed it to grow from what it is now). I remain changing. I am curious whether I can change in the way I wrote I would in the book. Can this book really be more important than me? Should it be a model?

This book may be an archetype for non-action. An introverted suggestion that nothing is meaning (Doing is a means?). Means comes from meaning (only semantics?).

Dear Author,
I will find your book on the table at a friend's house. I will be attracted to it because it will be unopened. The spine will not be broken, and the 3 exposed edges of the book will form 3 gentle concave curves on the sides of the book and the dustjacket will be (hopefully) void of any writing. I will have just concluded a conversation with my friend about some of the problems of the world, and they will conclude (for the moment) with the remark ~~that will many say~~ "I have not yet opened that book." I will think for a moment and then ask

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"Why?" They will say "I don't know, I really have to begin a book without knowing anything about it; Why don't you read it first and after you are finished you can tell me something about it and then I will know how I found out about it." I will follow their suggestion.

This is how I dream of me knowing your book.

A Reader

I rapsodize over what is done and what will be done. Never over doing. I, a fulcrum of sorts (see 10 paragraphs earlier, last sentence)

Another location count: Page __. One more (handwritten) page to go to have written 75% of this book.

Is it possible not to have a point of view? I think nature and life have no point of view. No, I don't, on thinking about it longer. I'm confused.

I will do something which I will not write about and afterwards return to continue writing about this book. I do not know now when I will continue, though I will note when I begin to continue, how much time as past between now and later:

45 minutes.

Each one of the following words was written 30 seconds after the previous word:

One Two Three Stop

My purpose in doing that was not very clear. It may have been a test

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to see if I acutally did wait 30 seconds before writing the next word. I did. I want you to know (and believe) I did. What is the difference? How can you know?

90 seconds elapped between "One" and "Stop".

2825 seconds elapsed between the word "later" (written 5 paragraphs earlier) and the word "Stop". (now I will compute the elapsed time: 45 minutes times 60 seconds per minute equals 2700 seconds, plus (approximately) 35 seconds in the next paragraph ~~from~~ following, plus 90 seconds for the paragraph following equals a grand total of 2825 (elapsed) seconds. Now I will insert this number at the beginning of this paragraph). Now this paragraph is completed.

Now this sentence (and paragraph) begins. It has begun ~~by~~ with "Now this sentence (and paragraph) begins". It continues with "It has begun with "Now this sentence (and paragraph) begins". It continues with "It has begun with "Now this sentence (and paragraph) begins"..."""

I cannot seem to begin a sentence without knowing how it will be completed. This is a perfect example. Was a perfect example.

I am presently involved with a project (not this book) which is somewhat like the one referred to earlier on page __. It has also some of the same things in common with this book. I will write about ~~it~~ it for a few moments and then maybe you can tell whether it is much like this book.

Agency.

Death.

Some additional words I forgot to include in the earlier paragraph in which I listed the "most frequently used words":
Remember
Memory
Choice
Memoirs

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This is the few moments of writing about the other project which I am presently involved in. Not this book. The other project involves a situation wherein a number of people have been asked to do something together. What they will do together is not something they would normally do together. The pre-thinking and preparation for this situation will be justified only when these people get togehter. A record will be made of what does happens when they get together, and made known. Many variables exist in this situation, though I think it can be said of it; that (despite its uniqueness) it has many parallels and its specific place in the world can be said to be definitely useful and important. Maybe this is because it is unique. Maybe it is because of the specific people involved. Maybe it is because it is not ambiguous enough. I seem to view it myself without much anxiety for its eventual specific outcome. In a sense, I could say, that its place and use in the world will be clear. An experience of information that will be relatively clear to the people who would interested in it to begin with. In a sense I can see the end of my relation to it. I also can feel I know what will happen to it afterwards, after I have left it.

Do you think that my "other project" is like this book (Not, I repeat, Not like my writing about my "other project")? How specifically does it differ? Why do you think I wrote about it?

I had written "Death" for the first time (in the book) 4 paragraphs before now. I don't really have anything to say about it specifically now either; I just wanted to write it. I thought earlier that a ~~book~~ memoir should at least acknowledge it and be aware of its existence as a word.

Agency. I have been writing continuously about this book in relation to me, and particularly whether I could "... live up to my intentions and demands written in this book." I will now write about the person who will be representing my interests after this book (since referred to as the "third section") is completed. Though not primarily responsible for these memoirs they will have much work to do to take the completed book thru to its intended (implied) public state; particularly all the many aspects that I suspect will be dealt with (on a person to person basis) in organizing the first section. I know

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that much of the information to be contained in the first section will be oral. I expect them to record as much as they can remember to record and then give it to me to organize. I do not expect them to make any of my choices. Though I will leave in their hands other choices; particularly business-type decisions. I suspect that any one who has read these ~~book~~ memoirs will know what I consider my choices to be, and will respect them. This goes for my agent or any one else.

The relationship between myself and my agent is very delicate. Many things (which I have included in the book) remain subject to specific intrepretation in a specific situation outside of this book (though I have been trying to foresee these situations).

Essentially I must put my faith in my agent (in this book) the same way I try to put my faith in people in my relations in the real world. It is not to be taken lightly, anymore than my ~~dxeixixmx~~ choice of a specific agent.

Likewise, all persons coming in contact with my agent should ~~keep~~ respect their position in relation to mine, and deal with them as if they were dealing with me. This means, to a certain extent, when my agent says "I" it usually means the "author"; although ~~I~~ knowing the agent I have chosen, I suspect they will preface any instructions about the book with "The author..."

I have already chosen an agent to deal with this book, between me and the world. Please change all former references to my ~~I~~ agent from "they" or "them" or "their" to "he" or "him" or "his." For further specific about him see page ___ in the first section and page__ in this (now third section of the) book.

Sometimes I am surprised at what I write. I would like to find some way in which I could write to you about it, without analizing it or using the phrase "I am surprised." Maybe the fact I think "I am surprised" at what I write." can itself never surprise me. I think I have surprised you on a few occasions. Only you would have known when. I would like to think that when I meant to surprise you and when you

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you were surprised were both because of the same reason. I will never know.

This book is closer to completion then ever before.

There are many things I will never know. I know that. I remember writing this at another time. I am redundant.

To repeat: "I am redundant."

There are many things I know and then forget. I am forgetful.

To repeat: " ."

How clever can I get? You tell me.

I, as you may remember, am not well read. I would like, for the remainder of this book to ~~discuss~~ discuss words in a scientific syntatic grammatic way; but I do not know enough about it to do it properly. I do not want to find out about grammar and stuff while I am writing this book. As a matter of fact, I do not want to find out anything ~~&~~ while writing this book; except why I am writing this book. After this book, well that's a different story.

This book could be a hoax. If we could define the word "hoax."

This book could be anything. If we could determine what "anything" was.

There seems to be some relation between my life and the memory of my life and the writing of my memory and the reading of my writing. I suspect that they are all the same thing. Though each one has its specific context. The context are all different. How we know is what we know.

This book is coming to you courtesy of everybody else but me.

What an incredibly humble idea.

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Try this one on for size: Everyone is right.

I think you look very well in it. It may need some taking in, but I think it fits.

Do it. Quickly.

"I will only do this once, I can probably do it only once. Once, when I had finished my work, someone asked me to remember and ~~xirix~~ write about my work. This is about me writing about my work, not about my work..."

That, of course, was the first 42 words of this book. It now appears twice in the book. I know no more about it now then I did when I wrote it. I used it again to put it into another place and time, to reread it in its new context for different meanings. In rewriting it, it became a lie; it reads very speicifcally that "I will do this only once" The new context has now made that sentence a lie.

Habits are conventions. Conventions are things we very rarely question. For me, my convention, in this book is "Why?" I may be able to think of answers, but I cannot think of a more essential question. I think "Why" is a center. I build on it and from it and towards it. It tends to be everywhere.

"Strip away the phony tinsel and you get to the real tinsel" is a paraphrased quote from someone else (the same someone else, not me, I quoted from before). (Will someone who is aware of the source of the (2) quotes please draw their attention to this book - the author).

I have 20 minutes to write (and/or think) before I have to do something that will not be in this book.

Because of this book, and the time it is taking to be written, I have been spending very little time with other people. In a certain way, I think of them as a distraction, not as a general distraction, but as a specific distraction. I remember that conversations usually went over surfaces, about things, never into things. Maybe not. Perhaps

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I feel the image of this book is so firmly grounded in me and the specifics involved in this book that I want to complete the book without involving any other specific people. I suspect a certain release from the memory of my writing about this book will come after it is completed. I expect (want?) then to re-enter a world of other specific people.

Either I write like I talk or I talk like I write or this sentence should not be included in this book. It is. It was. It will be.

The aforementioned 20 minutes are up.

I wonder. What would happen if this book, in it present handwritten state was lost before I typed it up? What would I do? I could just continue from the pages that have already been typed up and completed it against another measure (other than the 160 pages in the lined stenographers pad). I could just continue it abruptly and tell you the story of how it was lost. I could abandon the entire book in a fit of dispondency. I could not even tell you that something had happened and continue as usual. All these possibilities came to mind. It is too depressing a subject to even give an objective answer to. Perhaps if it actually happened, I would choose the best reply. If it happens, only time will tell.

A certain kind of excitement is beginning to become known to me as I draw closer to the specified 160th page of the stenographers pad. I just can't put a word on it. Put I feel it. And it feels good.

85% of this book is done.

15% to go. I will advise you, as I write, of the progress we make as we draw to the end. In units of 1% (Every 1 2/3 pages in my stenographers pad equals 1%).

A certain amount of specific planning begins to become necessary as the book's potential decreases and my need to include certain now general thoughts into the book increases. But I still do not plan to edite anything.

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The stenographers pad can be thought of as a graph on which my language can be compared to (I remember now that I had said "I have consciously avoided any words that conjure up a visual experience", but unfortunately I remembered this too late - the author).

I began to ask someone about the eventual publication of this book. What they heard my say was "Who do you..." I didn't finish the sentence. It was to have conclude with "... consider to be the best publisher for this book?"

I won't write the names of my personal friends or where I came from. Nor will I discuss any specifics about where I am or anything else not within the scope and intention of my memoirs. I will remember and record things only pertaining to this book.

~~I could not have been writing~~
14%.

I could not have been writing this book without distractions. Although I have not written about the things that have not been contained in this book, I only too well understand that I could not have written this book without being distracted. Even though they are not here they are one of my reasons for writing this book. Many times I have secretly looked forward to coming distractions as a thing to resist and work against. When they came, I concentrated on not writing and often returned to writing with a clearer idea of what I wanted to do. Distractions are important perhaps because they are the total class of experience except writing this book. As I am writing this I am expecting a distraction in about 1 hour from now.

There is an idea in mathematics which holds that one never can do anything. It says that before you can reach anything you must first go $\frac{1}{2}$ the distance to anything, and before you go $\frac{1}{2}$ that distance you must first go $\frac{1}{2}$ of that, and on backwards in an infinite regression. If I had thought of this earlier in this book I would have never started it. Or maybe I would have worked with it as the measure of distance instead of the 160 page, lined stenographers pad. It is too late to change the conscious structure of this book. I like to think even now, that after almost 87% of this book, this still can in some way

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approximate the condition of an "infinite regression", with its implication that "...one can never do anything."

13%.

The inability to do anything or the ability to do nothing. Almost. For in an "infinite regression" one never actually reaches nothing.

Things have within them the inability to complete themselves. I wonder.

I wonder, would it have been possible to write anything else. This book is my resolution of all known decisions. It will be completed when either you or I say it is. I have tried to write that it is not yet finished and continued to write about its potential for finishing.

I went my prediction (intention) of filling this 160 page, lined stenographers pad with my memoirs to come true. To at least my one obsessive knowable end.

What is less important then why.

I have marked this book, from page 156 (in the steno pad) every 1 2/3 pages, along side the left hand margin, with the percentage of book remaining. As I pass each of these (decreasing) numbers it compels me towards zero. The lower the number the more excited I become. Can you imagine me at 6%? 3%? 0%? (I can't).

12%.

This part of the book is being written much slower than the earlier part. I've become very concerned about leaving something out. I do not know what I may be leaving out, I am just concerned about the finality that if I do leave something out from now on until the end, I can never include it again in the book.

This book must also stop on a "dime", so to write, exactly at the end.

I just reread a few pages before now, where I wrote "I am expecting

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a distraction in about one hour from now." I neglected to tell you that the distraction occurred after the paragraph ending "(I can't)." I am writing this now so you will know that I continued writing from the paragraph beginning "This part of this book is being..."

I feel I am going for broke. I want to write that I will be finishing ~~it~~ in 2 hours. I'm going to try; I wrote it.

Many times I have thought about the conclusion of this book; specific words and sentences in a specific sequence. I even speculated by previously writing "This decision is not clear, maybe if it was clear, the book will be completed." I am not now tempted to speculate on the end of the book; I will just keep it in the back of my mind knowing it is imminent.

~~11%. [illegible]~~

As I have been writing and reading this book, certain parts of the book appear better than others. I have been very tempted to change certain sentences and paragraphs to bring them up to my (ever changing) idea of this book. I know that this could well be a eternally continual process, and as I would change any part of the book to improve (?) it, then the other parts would have to subsequently be changed to measure up to my previous changes. This has been my reason for not editing; whatever was, should be.

Feeling no clear set of values that make one sentence better than another, it is without reason to change it to an equally senseless sentence. Here, I think I am using the word "sentence" as a synonym for "anything."

Knowing I am finishing maybe as difficult as knowing I was beginning.

This book has not been lost.

This book is my only final book.

10%. ____ lines to go.

____.

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As I am concluding , my concern for the world becomes greater.

So much has happened as I was writing this book, some good and some bad; though I ~~would~~ could change a word of it, but won't. Do you remember the time when I wrote "I am writing these memoirs with a ball point pen on a stenographers lined pad of 160 pages (printed both sides)." Or when I, in a moment of pure confusion wrote "... I do not expect to be thinking about writing these memoirs until later in the day." Or my expression of egotism when I wrote "This book is my judgement what all books are." Or my humility in writing "This book is coming to you courtesty of everybody else but me." Or perhaps you were struck by the humor of me writing "The search for meaning is on, and I will stop at nothing to catch the elusive varmit." Boy, those were the good, old days. Now almost over. Past, though now just recalled.

After the next few lines we will be coming to 91% of the completed book.

9%.

And then there is the need to privacy. An experinnce unique, somewhat selfish perhaps in its nature. To prevent others in. To make others go around. To make known what is claimed, to separate from others; things common and also unique. A most prepossessing pleasure. A place of internal considerations. No known way of making it known.

Without the paragraph written above, either some other paragraph would have been written or it would have remained empty.

I will now leave a empty space in which you may include any paragraph (in this book) you would like to;

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Why did you choose that one? I would have choosen something else, I think.

Lets do something together. What would you like to do?

8%.

This is the 4th and last time I have used this device:

Dear Author,
I think your book will mean all things to all men. It tends to be ~~either~~ either the type of book you love or hate, with little middle ground. At first I was put off by the wishy-washy style, but after I had read further on, I came to realize that the style was perfectly responsive to the ideas. It is impossible to judge a book by its cover.

I can't explain my feeling as I read it; you just had to be there to understand it.

Also, I did not answer any of the questions you asked, did you?

When I read a book, I look for an interesting plot, good character development and exciting climax. While your book falls short on all 3 counts, I still think you have potential.

A Reader

Boredom just crossed my mind. I ask myself "Am I writing this book to save myself from boredom?" or as an example of boredom? Is boredom something to be avoided? Can boredom be interesting? Can there be different kinds of boredom?

7%.

Maybe boredom is to be avoided and boring isn't. That is a definite possibility.

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The 2 hours are up; Not Finished.

Before I am finished with this book I would like to make some things clear, regarding the letter in the first section and also what my agent will have to do once this handwritten book is put into manuscript state (semi-public). Some things I must not forget to do:

1. Make the necessary last minute changes in the letter in the front section.
2. Think about writing the second section.
3. Write the balance of this book using the ideas I have been thinking about.
4. End the book.
5. Instruct the agent how to select the specific people to send the manuscript to in the publishing houses.
6. Explain to the agent, what information will be important in compiling the first section (particularly whether I should have tape recordings made of all oral conversations between the agent and the publishers.).
7. Decide my method of organization for the first section.

6%.

To amplify:

1. The letter to the publisher at the beginning of the first section should be amended as follows:
Change the fourth paragraph to read, in part "... deals with the mechanical and procedural aspects of publishing the book, legal information, letters, correspondence and relevant oral communication with the publisher-to-be..." Also, remove the entire phrase beginning with "... I have taken the liberty of slipping in 50 blank pages..."

2. I think the second section should include any thoughts I have had about it in this(third) section along with any new thoughts I come up with as I am writing it.

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3. I am writing the balance of this book by resolving all known, nagging questions, as I remember them.

4. I will get back to answering this later. You will know when.

Now.

5%.

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73

4/0.

3/0.

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74

2/.

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76

1%.

0%.

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Mr/Mrs._____ _____
_____ _____ _____ Co.
_____ St.
_____

Dear Mr./Mrs. _____,

I am the author of the enclosed manuscript (of which this letter is a part). It is being presented to you for consideration for publication.

In its present state it is incomplete, but I think it is possible to outline the general intentions of the book in such a way as to make clear what its final form and sequence will be.

It is divided into three sections (each one is separated by one (1) blank page).

The first section, beginning with the words "Copyright Seth Siegelaub 1970" deals with the mechanical and precedural aspects of publishing the book; legal information, letters and correspondence with the publisher-to-be, financial and contractual arrangements; in general, the documented experience of bring this manuscript - now in your hands - from a private state to a public state. Needless to say (I just did), although it is impossible

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to project the final lenght of this section, I have taken the liberty of slipping in 50 blank pages to approximate the weight and size of this manuscript; so you can get the "feel" of these now-missing-pages.

The second section consists of a criticism of the third section – it is probably in its final state. I might be added to, by me, up until the physical typesetting of the book; if I decide something is missing.

The third section is in its final state. I essentially was the reason for me writing the book to begin with. Obviously, it was written first.

(A fourth section was written even before the third section, but it was felt to be a little too specific, and was later destroyed).

You might have noticed that the first sentence of the book (there is no "title page") mentions a "Seth Siegelaub" as the holder of the copyright on the book – this is not fiction. But I do wish to make it clear that he did not actually write the book; I did.

For reasons of my own (which are discussed in the book) I wish to remain anonymous to everyone (except Seth Siegelaub) in my endeavor, so as not to cloud the issue of my writing this book.

I have given Seth Siegelaub complete control (with power Of attorney) in dealing with all aspects of this book; including copyright credit, signing, contracts receiving monies and anything else.

As you will find out when (and if) you meet him, Seth Siegelaub is not by profession a literary agent. He is, quite simply, a very close friend who will insure me my privacy and also look after my interests if, as and when the book is published.

This manuscript is being sent to publishers for consideration, one publisher at a time, beginning with you; so that only one copy is available for publishers to read. The reason for this, I think is clear; to build up the contents of the first section in a logical sequence.

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If you have any interest in this book, or you wish to return the manuscript, please communicate, by letter, at your earliest convenience to Seth Siegelaub, at Room 901, 113 West 42 Street, New York 10036.

He will take it from here.

Thank you,

The Author, (date) ' ' ,

On Wednesday, September 17th, Seth called his old Air Force buddy, John Lahr, who since has achieved a certain degree of promenance in the literary and theatre worlds. They spoke for about 3 minutes about nothing in particular, ~~except that~~ (no mention was made of this book), except that ~~they~~ they agreed to get together for drinks at Mr. Lahr's house at 5:00 on monday, the 21st of September.

Later in the day, Seth met ~~and spoke~~ with his friend Manny Greer, at his Art Gallery in New York, and spoke, among other things, about the book. Seth referred to the book as being interesting on many different levels, but particularly because it was dealing with the important problems concerning the nature of agency, and that he (Seth) was very excited to be participating in compiling the first section for me. He also spoke of its other unique qualities and often referred to it as "a book about trying to write a book". Mr. Greer seemed somewhat piqued by the ambigeous idea of the book (He was not shown the actual manuscript).

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Seth then asked him "if he knew any one in the publishing business" who could direct him to the (best) publisher who would be interested in printing this general type of book. Seth said it would probably have to be read by a rather "hip" editor who could understand what was being dealt with in the book.

Mr. Greer thought about it awhile and then replied, after they had spoken about it generally for about one half hour, that he had a friend in the business, and that his name was Jerry Capp. He said he would speak to him about it, and possibly set up a meeting between Seth and Mr. Capp. It was left hanging in the air.

(As of this moment, about 10 people are aware of the general nature of the book, though only Seth Siegelaub and I have actually read the manuscript.)

On the 21st of September at 5:00, Seth went to the apartment of John Lahr for drinks. At the outset of their conversation they were most general; discussing their previous life in the Air Force, Mr. Lahr's new book (a collection of essays on the theatre), and his summer in Europe. After about one half hour had passed, Seth brought up the specific subject of this book, saying that he "was the agent for a book by an anonymous author" and wanted to talk to Mr. Lahr about who could be interested in publishing it. Seth, in a moment of vague humility about the book, mentioned it as being an " embarassing attempt to write about a book about a book for the first time" and then took the manuscript from among his packages and handed it to Mr. Lahr. He read the first 3 pages very quickly, and skimmed thruough the balance of the book. Seth continued to talk about his specific interest in the book (as it related to his previous work in the art world) and why he felt the book to be of importance (some of the reasons he cited can be read later on in the book).

Mr. Lahr, in response to perusing the book, and while listening to Seth talk about the book; referred the Johnathan Swift's "Tale of a Tub" and Lawrence Stern's "Tristram Shandy" as possible literary precedences for this book. Seth, never having read these books, just quietly nodded agreement. Mr. Lahr also spoke of his impression(of Seth's telling about the book) as being a type of "Literary Puzzle" (Seth did not quite understand what he meant by this, but he let it pass).

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1-5

Interspersed, during the conversation, Mr Lahr would mention a specific person in the publishing world,(usually off-handishly), who he thought could possibly "read" and understand the issues in the book. The name he spoke of most frequently was Christopher Cerf at Random House (in New York), who apparently has been involved with the publication of a number of vanguard-type novels. Mr. Lahr also spoke of the publishers of "Interview" magazine (A Mr. John Wilcox) and also Rolling Stone Publications, which he said had just started up a book publishing venture along with the magazine. Seth brought up the name of Richard Grossman, as a possibility, but Mr. Lahr felt that somehow it would not be his (Grossman's) cup of tea. At no time during the conversation about potential publishers did Mr. Lahr say to Seth "feel free to use my name" or, for that matter, anything else impliying this.

Mr. Lahr also was directed, by Seth, to the section of the book dealing with "the reasons why this book may not ever be published"" and Mr. Lahr read it. He then spoke of the economic situation in the publishing industry generally and that a book such as this would (probably) require more time and money to be realized because it is so variable and tends to get larger

When I asked Seth about Mr. Lahr's impression of the book, Seth said "that he felt that he was slightly more than interested, but a good deal less than raving excited about the book." But this observation, by Seth, must be conditioned on your awareness that Mr. Lahr had not, in fact, actually read the book. Infer what you wish about it; Seth also told me that Mr. Lahr didn't at any time ask to hold on to the manuscript, to read it in the future, either.

They continued to talk generally about their respective work and ideas, with Mr. Lahr discussing his new book, plans and thoughts about (theater) criticism, and Seth discussing his coming "Halifax Conference" and also the reasons why he is leaving the art world.

The latter part of the meeting (which lasted about 1 1/4 hours) was about the general nature of criticism, and (somehow centering around whether it was or was not parasitic), and upon leaving, Seth said that he would call them (Mr. Lahr and his wife) when he returned from Halifax (in mid-October) and make arrangements to have them in for a drink.

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When I asked Seth about Mr. Lahr's impression of the book, Seth felt/said that John Lahr/he was slightly more than interested but a good deal less than raving excited about the book." But this observation by Seth must be conditioned on your awareness that Mr. Lahr had not, in fact, read the book. Seth also told me that Mr Lahr. He didn't at any time ask to hold on to it, to read in the future, either.

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On Tuedday, the 22nd of Septemeer, Seth called Mr. Christopher Cerf at Random House in New York. He reached his secretary who said he was in a meeting. The secretary asked Seth what he wanted and he replied that he wanted to talk to Mr. Cerf about "a book about a book". Tfter he said that she was silent (and businesslike) and then replied that Mr. Cerf is leaving Random House, and furhher, he is not reading any new manuscripts. She didn't say where he was going. She asked a question which implied whether it was Mr. Cerf or "someone in at Random House" who Seth wanted to reach. Seth waited silently on the telephone and the secretary got off the phone and returned suddenly and queried "What is your telephone number?". Selh gave her the number.

During the morning of 28 September, Seth left the (83 pages of) the typewritten manuscript at a copying store, and requested them to make just one copy of each page. They said it would be ready at about 2:30 PM.

Later in the day, Seth stopped by to see Mr. Greer. Seth was greeted by Mr. Greer enthusiatically, and was told by Mr. Greer that he had spoken to his friend, Jerry Capp and that Mr. Capp had made tentative arrangements for Seth to see 3 (different) editors. Mr. Greer, apprently, seemed rather pleased to be able to relay this information to Seth. Seth explained that he was going to Nova Scotia in two days and that it would not be possible for him to see any of the editors until he returned to New York in mid-October. Seth did not ask the names of the 3 editors suggested by Mr. Capp. Nor did Mr. Greer volunteer their names. It was left until Seth's return in mid-October.

at about 4:00 PM, Seth pic stopped by the copying store and picked up the original and duplicate copy of the manuscript.

Now there are two complete copies of this manuscript. For the remaining pages in the manuscript, I will have each page typed up with one carbon copy. I will have Seth use just the duplicate copy for the (interested) publishers.

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On Monday, the 28th of September, Seth spoke to Mr. Ted Castle, a writer friend, about the book he had written, Seth also spoke about my book and offered to assist Mr. Castle in finding a publisher. Seth said he would do this by giving Mr. Castle the names of any interesting editors he came accross while trying to find a publisher for this book.

On Thursday, October 8th, I spoke to Seth in New York, after he returned from Halifax. Apparently nothing had been done about the book since he left New York. He said he would begin work on the book tommorrow.

9 October. Seth called Manuel Greer. He was busy and his secretary said that he would call Seth back.

On Sunday, the 11th of October, Seth telephoned an old acquaintance of his, Fred Tutin, to ask hime about possible publishers for this book. Mr. Tutin spoke mostly about his book; which is presently being published in a limited edition. Seth said that Mr. Tutin spoke for quite a while about the depressing, conservative and success-oriented nature of the publishing industry, particularly as it related to his book. Seth said that Mr. Tutin during the course of the conversation, never mentioned the name of his book. Seth continually asked Mr. Tutin about the experiences he encountered while looking for a publisher for his book. Mr. Tutin apparently had a literary agent handling his book, but felt that he wasn't doing the job Mr. Tutin felt he should. Mr. Tutin saw a number of publishers, many of whom were recommended by Susan Sontag (who, Mr. Tutin said had liked the book). He seemed very depressed at the general condition of the publishing business.

In talking, Mr. Tutin mentioned the name of a Mr. Al Charlotte at Dutton and someone whose neme he didn't remember at McCall's, who he thought may be interested in seeing this book.

Seth described his relationship to this book, a general idea of the book and also my anonymity in writing the book. At one point, Mr. Tutin asked Seth whether he was the author of this book, and Seth said that he wasn't.

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Seth also mentioned that he had just seen an advertisement in today's Sunday N.Y. Times literary section for a book written by a friend of his, Frederick Barthelme, called "Rangoon." The ad was placed by the Winter House LtD, a publishing house. (Seth said that he would find out more about them, when I asked who they were).

It was mentioned, in passing by Mr. Tutin that the designer of his book was Suzanna Torres. Seth mentioned this to me only because he knows Miss Torres and was planing to see her for dinner later in the day.

Seth and Mr. Tutin concluded their conversation, agreeing to get together within the next 2 weeks.

During the morning of October 13th, Seth called Mr. Greer. His secretary said he was busy, and would call Seth back. Later in the day morning Mr Greer returned Seth's call. He spoke of a Mr. Eliot Kapp, the brother of the aforementioned Mr. Jerry Kapp, and suggested that Seth stop by to see him later in the afternoon and he would then call Mr. Kapp and Seth could talk to him at that time.

Seth apparently didn't have time to stop by, but he planned to call him the first thing the next day.

October 14, 1970. Seth called Mr. Manuel Greer, as he said to me he would the previous day. Unfortunately, Mr. Greer was busy and Seth spoke to his secretary. Seth suggested that she ask Mr. Greer to call Mr. Eliot Kapp and afterwards call Seth back, and Seth would then call Mr. Kapp directly from his house.

Afterwards, Seth called Mr. Christopher Cerf. All the telephone lines were busy and Seth told the operator that he would call back later.

Seth then called Mr. Al Charlotte at E.P. Dutton. Seth said to Mr. Charlotte that he was given his name by Fred Tuten, as being an editor that could be receptive to this type of book. Mr. Charlotte said to Seth that he never heard of Mr. Tuten. Seth explained that he representing an anonymous author

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who has written a book about writing a book. Mr. Charlotte asked whether it was a novel. Seth replied (or so he said) that perhaps it was more of a documentary. Seth told me that he (Mr. Charlotte) seemed either interested of polite, it was hard to tell which. Seth and Mr. Charlotte agreed to meet at Mr. Charlotte's office at 3 PM on Friday, October 16th.

After the conversation with Mr. Charlotte, Seth called Dutton back, and asked the switchboard operator the correct spelling of his name. She enunciate the following letters very clearly: H-A-L S-C-H-A-R-L-O-T-T-E.

Mr. Greer returned Seth's call at 4:30. He said to Seth that he would call Mr. Kapp tommorrow morning and have Seth speak to him afterwards.

October 15, 1970. Seth called Mr. Cerf once again. Seth could not reach him. He was told by the receptionist that he was no longer with Random House and that he was now with the Children's Television Workshop at 1865 Broadway in New York. I suggested to Seth that he should not persue Mr. Cerf any further.

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On 16 October 1970, Seth arrived at E.P. Dutton at 3:00 P.M. for his appointment with Mr. Hal Scharlatt. (He had the manuscript with him). He asked the receptionist for Mr. Scharlatt and then wainted. Mr. Scharlatt came into the reception room within a minute or two, rather hurriedly, they introduced themselves as Mr. Scharlatt was looking for the manuscript. After a minute or so in the reception room, Mr. Scharlatt saw an envelope and asked whether it contained the manuscript. Seth said it did, and as they walked back to Mr. Scharlatt's office, Mr. Scharlatt, opened the envelope, removed the manuscript, and began to read it. When they arrived in Mr. Scharlatt's office, Seth sat in a chair opposite Mr. Scharlatt's desk. At the beginning he didn't say anything as he was reading. After about 5 minutes, he asked, where the book was. Also he mentioned his name was misspelled. During all this time he was reading.

He then said that he never said that he didn't know Mr. Tuten. Seth and he talked about this and apparently they each had different pronunciations for Mr. Tuten's name, which was the reason for the misunderstanding. Often, Mr. Scharlatt would ask Seth general questions about the book, and Seth would, just as often, reply that everything you need to know about the book is contained.

Seth (in his usual humble and frank manner) tried to explain to Mr. Scharlatt that the publication of the book could be a very difficult experience for a publisher; the copyright protection, the problem of reprinted editions and particularly the public disclosure of the tradtionally private author-editor dealings. Mr. Scharlatt did not say anything in reply to this, and Seth didn't persue it.

After 10 minutes, Mr. Scharlatt asked if he could hold on to the manuscript for 2 weeks, to read it. Seth acquiesed quietly, and then began to try to persuade him to take just 1 week to read it; explaining that there was only one copy of the manuscript and he (Seth) couldn't show it to anyone else until he had finished reading it. In reply, Mr. Scharlatt said he was in the process of editing 2 other books, and he felt that he could read this book within 2 weeks and give Seth a answer on it. Seth said O.K.

Mr. Scharlatt asked Seth where he could be reached and Seth replied that his address on 42nd Street (written in the beginning of this book) is no

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longer working, but he would call Mr. Scharlatt in 2 weeks (which figures to be October 30th).

All during the conversation Mr. Scharlatt was continually reading and skimmy though the manuscript.

Two minutes before Seth left his office, he asked Mr. Scharlatt whether he knew the name of the editor at McCalls that Mr. Fred Tuten had mentioned to Seth. He did, and said his name was Byron Dobell. Seth thanked him for the information and promptly wrote it down.

Throughout the 15 minute conversation, Mr. Scharlatt was quite pleasant, smiling occasionally, but maintained a very clear, businesslike distance. Seth, being Seth, apparently didn't push him to do otherwise.

As Seth was leaving, he asked Mr. Scharlatt for his card. He found one in his desk and gave it to Seth. He didn't read it, putting it directly into his pocket. They exchanged thank yous. When Seth left, the manuscript was with Mr. Scharlatt.

When Seth got out into the street, he found the business card given to him by Mr. Scharlatt. It read, in part, Hal Scharlatt, Editor-in-Chief, E.P. Dutton & Co. Inc. Seth said to me he was somewhat impressed by the "editor-in-chief" part.

Later, when I spoke to Seth, he seemed very please with his meeting. I, in turn, was pleased with Seth's enthusiasm, though I still have mixed feelings about the book's possible publication at this point.

19 October 1970. Seth called his friend, Mr. Jerry Ordover (a well known lawyer in the art world - even I had heard of him) to ask him if he knew the name of a lawyer who works with book contracts. Seth explained, rather briefly, that he was representing an author who has written a book, and at some point would need some legal advise in dealing with a publisher. Seth also mentioned that someone at E.P. Dutton was presently reading the book, and whether or not they were interested in publishing it, the book would, at some time be published. Apparently, to Seth's surprise, Mr. Ordover said

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that he has done book contracts. Seth said that was great, so you can handle this book. Mr. Ordover said lets talk about it, and they agreed to get together at his office, for lunch on Monday, the 26th of October at 11 A.M.

During the morning of October 20th, Mr. Greer returned Seth's call. He said he was trying to reach Seth for the past week, and he asked Seth to call Mr. Elliot Kapp as soon as possible. Seth said he would call tommorrow.

Around mid-day, Seth ran into Mr. Fred Tuten on 53rd Street, who was waiting for his publisher.

Seth mentioned to him that he had seen Mr. Scharlatt at Dutton, and found him quite agreeable and left the manuscript for him to read. Seth, further explained to Mr. Tuten the misunderstanding regarding the different ways Mr. Scharlatt and Seth each pronounced his name. Also that Mr. Scharlatt had given him the name of the editor at McCalls which Mr. Tuten had referred to (his name was Brian Dobell).

Seth went on to explain to Mr. Tuten his simplistic view regarding the problem of finding a publisher for a first book by a new author. Seth's theory, very briefly, holds that for every author with a new book there exists a publisher who is dying to publish it. Finding the right publisher is only a question of time and most important; percentages. The more people who read the manuscript of a new author, the greater the odds of finding the right publisher. (I might add, at this point, that in the specific case of this book; the longer it takes, the bigger the book gets). So, according to Seth, it is only a question of time before this book is published. It is not a question of "yes" or "no"; but "when."

Despite Seth's eternal optimism, Mr. Tuten still kept to his vision of the futility of a writer in a world full of publishers.

SEth thanked Mr. Tuten for giving him Mr. Scharlatt's name and Seth said he would tell Mr. Tuten what happened in 10 days, when Mr. Scharlatt had read the manuscript.

They spoke for a total of one half hour, until his publisher (a Mr. Richard

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Kusak) arrived, at which time Seth went on his way.

Seth later spent a few hours with an artist friend of his, a Mr. Frederick Barthelme, who has just had a book published called "Rangoon." Seth didn't ask him about his experience with the publishing of his book or for that matter, any specific question to assist Seth in finding a publisher for this book.

October 21, 1970. Seth called Mr. Elliot Kapp. He wasn't in, and Seth left his name with the answering service.

October 22, 1970. Seth and his friend had dinner with Frederick Barthelme and his wife. The subject of books came up. Seth, in passing spoke about some aspects of this book; the anonymity, my attempts to surprise the reader and the participatory nature of his (Seth's) involvement in trying to get the book published. Seth also mentioned that Mr. Scharlatt was presently reading reading it and that whether or not he wanted to publish it , it would simply be another part of the book.

Mr. Barthelme said, to Seth's surprise, that his book "Rangoon" was the first book published by Winter House and he was presently having a difference of opinion with his ~~xx~~ editor over the wording of a forthcoming advertisement they were planning for his book. Mr. Barthelme also mentioned that another book of his ~~xx~~ will be published by Doubleday shortly.

While the specific discussion about book took up a very small part of the total conversation (approximately 3%), at one point the question was raised of what was the usual advance for a first novel by a new author. This subject was tossed around generally and ~~xxxxxx~~ they (vaguely) agreed that the figure of $2,000.00 to $3,000.00 seemed to be reasonable. Mr. Barthelme also went on to explain the royalty percentage arrangements for a new book by a new author, as follows:

8% (of retail price) from all copies sold up to 5,000 copies
10% (of retail price) from all copies sold from 5,000 to 10,000 copies
12% (of retail price) from all copies sold from 10,000 to 15,000 copies
14% (of retail price) from all copies sold over 15,000 copies

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(When I spoke to Seth a few days after his conversation with Mr. Barthelme, he did not seem very sure about much of the information in the predeeding 3 paragraphs, particularly the exact royalty figures - The Author).

During the morning of October 26th, Seth called E.P. Dutton and spoke to Mr. Scharlatt's secretary. He gave the secretary his new address and telephone number, and asked that she give Mr. Scharlatt the information and to tell him that it was not necessary to call him (Seth) back, because Seth would speak to him on Friday, as they previously agreed.

At 11:30 A.M., Seth arrived at his appointment with Mr. Gerald Ordover. They spent about four hours talking, with only about ½ hour specifically on the subject of Mr. Ordover's legal experience in representing author's dealing with (and against) publishers. Seth introduced the subject of this (of this book) by telling a brief history of the book; the fact that it was written anonymously, it is about a book about trying to write a book and that the first part of the book deals with the book going from a private state through to a public state. Also, Seth said that the manuscript was presently being read at E.P. Dutton.

Mr. Ordover spoke of the form his relationship (as lawyer) to the book could possibly take; citing the fact that he could be involved in the preliminary discussions with Seth, before the book has been accepted for publication (like this meeting), or be involved behind the scene, advising Seth as he deals with (a) publisher(s), doing contract agreements, or acting, in person, with Seth and the publisher, as the contracts are being drawn. Mr. Ordover was not specific about the role he would play as Seth's lawyer, quite obviously (as described to me by Seth) because Seth didn't have any more specific information about what he wanted Mr. Ordover to do. When Seth asked Mr. Ordover what his fee would be, He said his minimum fee would be about $250.00, though this could not be final until he knew more about the specific situation.

Seth asked Mr. Ordover what was his experience regarding the advance given the author of a new book. Mr. Ordover said it depended on the type of book, and Seth responded that this book could be considered to be a pro-

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fessional avant-garde-type book, with a potentially not too large audience. Seth, in considering this specific book, said that because I am only involved in writing just this one book, I would have to get a greater advance than usual because I have eliminated the possibility of asking more from for my next book. Mr. Ordover said that one author he represented received a $5,000.00 advance, which he explained was high for a first book and it was given because the book (which was about the art world) had a gossip relevance, pictures and a lot going for it. Apparently, according to Mr. Ordoyer, the publisher of that book just barely broke even. He also mentioned the figure $1,000.00 for another author.

Seth said that he would probably ask for a $3,900.00 advance for this book and try to remain firm. Seth further explained, that because the reaction of the publisher would be made public (as part of this book) he may just feel that this book could also reflect his magnanity towards new authors.

Mr. Ordover explained, very much in passing, some of the legal aspects of publishing, which when I spoke to Seth about it later, he couldn 't remember clearly enough for me to write about it. Mr. Ordover also said that the art book publisher, Harry Abrams, just gives a flat fee to his authors, with no royalty agreements. He also mentioned the possiblity, to Seth, that if no one in the United States wanted to publish it, it could be submitted to a foriegn publisher.

Seth asked Mr. Ordover directly, if he knew any people who should (or would want to) read this book. He said that he knew a very good agent. Seth said that he didn't want an agent at all, because then the agent would have all the specific contact with the publishing world, and that by the time the agent told Seht about who he had sent it to, there would be a very small first section, and that the book's first section would be all about the agent's experience with the book and not about his (Seth's).

Seth and Mr. Ordover agreed that no matter what happened to the book, Seth would let him read the manuscript. Seth also mentioned there was only one copy of the manuscript available for people to read.

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Later, Mr. Ordover mentioned the name of David Siegel at Knopf, who, he said maybe interested in reading the book.

They then went to lunch, but didn't discuss the book any more.

28 October 1970. Seth called Mr. Brian Dobell. He was not in. Seth left his name and telephone number with his secretary and said he wanted to speak to Mr. Dobell about a manuscript he (Seth) wanted him (Mr. Dobell) to read and also that his name was given to him by Hal Scharlatt. The secretary asked how it was spelt and Seth spelt it.

29 October. 3:30 P.M. Seth called E.P. Dutton and asked for Mr. Scharlatt. He was busy and Seth spoke to his secretary, who after Seth introduced himself and explained that Mr. Scharlatt was reading a manuscript submitted by him, told him (Seth) that she had just sent Seth a letter in which she inquired whether Seth wanted to pick up the manuscript (at Dutton) or have it sent by mail. Seth said that he would pick up the manuscript tommorrow morning.

About one hour later Seth again called Mr. Brian Dobell at McCalls. He was not in and Seth spoke to the secretary. He said that he wanted to speak to Mr. Dobell about a manuscript, and that his name was mentioned by Mr. Scharlatt. The secretary suggested to Seth that perhaps it would be better if Seth sent the manuscript to Mr. Dobell first and then speak to him afterwards; explaining that it was easier to talk about a book after you had read it. Seth left his name and telephone number and he said he would prefer to speak to Mr. Dobell before he read it, and said he would call again tommorrow morning.

October 30. Mr. Dobell retunred Seth's telephone call, but Seth was not in.

Later in the day, Seth stopped by E.P. Dutton yo pick up the manuscript. He introduced himself to the receptionist and within 30 sedonds a girl came out and gave him the manuscript.

(As of this moment, 3 people have read the manuscript - The Author)

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This is the second section, which has been written after the third section (which appears after this section) and is also referred to and speculated on in the third section, as you will read after you have read this. This section was referred to in the third section as being a criticism of the third section. I still think it will be a criticism. I did not write about it in the third section, but now I think it will be rather short in length (not like the third section, which attempted to measure its distance in terms of the "160 page, lined stenographers pad" and proceeded accordingly); but more open, less committed to a specific length.

What would be the affect if I didn't write a (second) section of criticism of this book at all? Just wrote a first and third section with one (1) blank page between them, and wrote that I destroyed the the second section (like the fourth section which I actually did destroy).

Please change paragraph __ on page __ to read: "2. The fifth paragraph, which reads, in part "The second section consists of a criticism of the third section - it is probably in its final state..." is not quite true. At the time of writing this, the second section has just begun to be written, and I have every intention of finishing it as soon as I have finished.

This is not the first sentence of the criticism section of this book: "This book is the perfect example of what a person can do if they set their mind on it."

I no longer think that paragraph __ on page __ is relevant.

This section could be considered a preface, also. Though I think one of the characteristics of a preface is that it is short. If it is as long as the book it is prefacing, it could well become something else; an introduction perhaps or even a first chapter or section. In this book, this section comes between a first and third section; which makes this a middle section also. It was written after the third and before the first. So it could be said that it is a preface for the third and simultaneously, a postface for the first. It should be read after you have read the first sect-

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ion (which as of this writing has only just begun, though in a certain sense, the general contents of the first section has been made sufficiently clear (and determineable), to me, in the third section - which you will be reading later). The specific contents of the first section will not be a sufficient reason for me to change anything in this section after I have said I completed this section.

I have no plans in writing this section, except for the first 5 paragraphs in this section, which comment on or change or answer or refer to specific paragraphs already written in the third section which ~~follows~~ comes after the following one (1) blank page.

In this section I know more about this book then you do. There is no way I can avoid having this happen. The fact that I know more about this book now then you do, will be rectified at only one point -- at the end of the third section. Then we will both know exactly the same amount about this book. You will have to take my word for this fact. After you have come to the final page in the book, you can then re-read this section and see it in the same terms as I wrote it - but not before. I can't help this.

These pages are also not numbered, and I will not be able to tell you as much about this section as I would have been able to if I had written this before the third section.

In the third section I said most of what I wanted to say. I do not now want to repeat myself (I had done that then). I am somewhat less anxious about writing this section then I was about the third section, where the organization seemed a little more tight, critical and introverted. I don't really know, but that's how I remember it.

My hope for this section is to be more open, less critical and tending to extroversion. Somewhat more objective.

I do realize I have a vested interest in the third section as I write about it in this section. But, there is,in fact, very little I need to protect or justify other than to do what I said I would do (then) in this now (second) section. But I may be getting ahead of

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myself in writing that.

I repeat, "In this section I know more about this book then you do."

As of now, the first section consists of the first paragraph and the letter to the first publisher to whom this manuscript ~~was~~ will be sent.

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I will only do this once. I can probably can do it only once. Once, when I had finished my work, someone asked me to remember and write about my work. This is about me writing about my work, not about my work. The book is not now about doing anything but remembering and recording things about it. Not orally (as we all do always), but with a typesetting machine paper, ink and a cover. A clearly defined mass of information, with a passage from left to right, down, across, over, until it is completed. Hardly a miracle, though a much more limited focus than I could have ever thought of in my life.

As one thinks about a book, its history, its expectations, its needs are very particular. It is to my way of thinking more a subject than a an object. I would never object to it. To strike some vital relation between a book as subject and a recording of my memoirs as subject is what I would want this book to be.

Not that it could be anything else.

But remembering and recording has to be in very specific relation to the book. In a certain way I would say "I must compare my life to a book." No one (except me) will ever know anything about me and how I think of the marriage of this collection of memoirs and book except as part of this specific book.

I am in fact very different from this book; my edges, size, coloring, mass are discernably different. More than that, in a world of things animate, unanimate and unknown, I (and my memoirs) are thought to be less commonly acknowledged than the "book's" general condition. So there is an inequality: you know more about a book in general than you do about me in general or to put it another way; more specifically, you will never know less about the contents of this book than what you know about a "book."

For instance; a (this) book has an end. You know where it is; you can tell by the thickness. you know how far you have come, and how far you have to go. An option is possible; you can stop, reread, you could even start from the end, and go backwards. In a sense, I must couple my options with your options, not by pre-thinking your options but by coinciding with them. Whenever I think of what I sometimes think of where.

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It is not by chance that you are (and will be) reading this. For me, I have chose to talk to you with language. No, no I didn't choose, the book chose. This format (of language in a book) is the shadow of the subject of the subject of my memoirs of my life. I had the possibility of conveying my memoirs in another means; orally, visually, cinematically - and they were all rejected. If nothing else this had to be only a book, nothing else. No other media could have been used to relate this story in this book of my specific memoirs recorded and stopped thru the use of language. Before this book is finished, my memoirs, my writing of my memiors, the experience related in the memoirs, the language of my writing, the typesetting of my writing, the succession on typeset pages and the physical mass of the book will be inseparable, indistinquishable, identical.

My life, my memoirs of the specific work I did, my memory of the memoirs, my remembering the memory, my recording the remembrances (now) mixed helplessly with language), my giving the writing to be typeset, the pages of type, the book.

This book has a life over and above my life.

Specifically what brought me to write about my life was a very basic need to place myself in relation to everything, including myself, to arrive at an essence; similarities or differences, specifics and generals, known and unknown.

This book (and by extension, me) will not be concerning itself with the differences, specifics or the unknown. For much of my life, particularly in the section of my life in this book, has been characterized by the accelerated breakdown in concepts of differences, specifics and the unknown. Maybe the following memoirs relate simply what happens when one removes the differences; maybe not. The subject matter of this book is this book.

To remember the past exactly the way you remember the previous page is one of my attempted goals as I reflect on the part of my life used as the subject matter for the memoirs of my life and work. You should know, for reasons known only to yourself, what I experienced and learnt when I was writing this book. It could help you by telling you what not to do or it could harm you by telling you what to do.

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The facts of my life are probably too specific to mean very much to anyone else. The one fact that can (and is)known is that at this point I began to let you be aware of it (one of the facts in my life). I should write this book from this word this from book this write should I. By doing this, I would be decreasing the distance and time between any one word and its specific meaning then. But this would be unintelligeable for everyone, and as a metaphor not a good idea. My life was anything but unintelligeable. I lived a series of very related events and experiences and observations; I even learned to write that "I lived a series of very related events and experiences and observations." This is a metaphor for how this book of my remembrances became to actually mean my remembrances of this book. At this specific point I can only tell you I have remembered 6 pages of my book and that I have an unknown quantity of empty pages that follow. The opposite is probably not true.

Never get the mis-impression that I think that a book is a life or visa versa. I do not think this is true. Closer to the truth is either that the writing of this book is comparable in some way to the living of my life, or it is not.

These memoirs are my first and last book.

In many ways, my approach to writing in general and the writing of the memoirs in this book in particular is identical with the way in which I had approached any other new situation before this one. That is, I would analyse and note the way I was different and the way I was the same. It is always very important to be aware of these distinctions and to formulate the generalites first. After the generalites it is possible to make specific differences easier. Easier than what?

There is a difference between specific differences and general differences, likewise between specific similarities and general similarities. They must be seen as a total of four things all the same. The past 30 words ~~lines~~ have been too gamey, so I ask of you (as if I had to) to forget them.

I am tempted to say these memoirs are not really as objective as they were meant to be when they were written.

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When I think of great books I think of two things: books I like and books which are conceded to be great, sometimes (usually) they are the same books; other times, not. Perhaps there are judgements that somehow make great books great, and other books not great. What are these judgements? What do you think of the last question? The last paragraph? All the previous pages? Me asking you these questions? If we assume that a book (and its language) are a facade of the person who is writing the book, then it is all the time a facade. All books are different books, with no two books being the same. Is the differences that concern us of is it the samenesses? There appears to be much less differences in books than we think. Maybe I think anyone can write well. All writers have the same materials, the same conventions, the same basic need to be intelligeable and the same reasons. They allow themselves the use of language.

I do not - I cannot - see more, hear more know more, smell more than I can tell you, for if this book could relate to you more that I know and can remember, them I am not writing this, but we are writing this. Maybe no one ever does anything.

Can I tell you anything you do not already know? If I can we both have failed, and everything you have remembered and forgot, knew and lost, thought of and unthought of is with us all everywhere, always. No one can bring anyone any insight they have not had before. Does this book of memoirs help you to remember anything you may have forgotten?

I do not understand why I find this book so hard to write. I have never attempted (although I may have desired) to write (about) anything before. Maybe I am not writing about anything, but rather I am writing anything. Obviously writing about this particular book is of great interest to me, with its specific time, size and place. I would like it to relate to itself only, with no references outside itself. A complete entity, without footnotes. Contained. Not connected to any other book, except by language (its only fault). A completely general book.

Writing takes practice to say what you mean, to find the right word at the right place, the right series of words at the right place, the right paragraph at the right place, the right series of paragraphs at the right place, The right chapters at the right place, the right book at the right place. A very complicated series of words, much too complex to deal with logically.

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I think it is better for me to start with the book and word towards the individual word. The whole is much clearer that way. I see the book as more than just a container for the words, sentences, paragraphs, chapters; I see it as a historical, specific condition with a currency and a place very different (and unresponsive) to what specific words are placed within its confines. This book is not about the words in the book, or the subject matter of my memoirs, or anything else.

This book is my judgement what all books are.

There is a vainity in wanting to do anything. A comparision with other writers and books I have felt of value; the egotism and the self-flattery implicit in my thinking that you would be interested enough in the specific details of my memoirs to have read this far; the possibility that I think that I am capable of writing something that you have never read before and simultaneously you have read (and known) many times before, in summation: a totally unmemorable memoir.

As you can probably sense, I am not well read in writings prior and contemporary to this one, and so I think my problem of writing this specific book is made easier. I have no specific knowledge or awareness of literary forms, and so I write like I think, with just the slightest attention to specific detail and relevance. But language shaped shapes the specific details and makes it relevant - no matter what I do. As long as I confine these memoirs to written language, you will always think you know what I mean (as I will always think I know what I mean).

The history of all books provide a specific background to reading this book. Comparisions, influences, happening instantly (for better or worse) color everything I write and I do not like that. Why I am writing what I am writing is why I am writing. Nothing more, nothing less. To suspend comparisions between this (attempt to write this) book is the only thing I ask of you. Do anything you like but do not compare this to anything else. I think I can ask this of you because in these memoirs I have done only what I have asked you to do. These memoirs only refer to these memoirs.

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While the specific aspects of the events in my life, which constitute the memoirs of my life , have been simplified and organized to stress the clear and lucid aspects of them, they (the events) were at the time when they were weren't memories yet, quite unclear and disconnected. So much so, that I probably couldn't have written about them when they happened, even if that was my intention then. Now, after the events themselves, it is possible to think about them, call them memoirs and record them as the subject matter of this book.

Traditionally all books have had titles. I have been thinking about a title for this specific book without yet making a decision, maybe I will find a title later on in the book. As of this moment, I am considering the word "book", no title at all, the date and time when I have finished the book, "Personal Memoirs", or the paper type, size , color, weight of the physical book. But I have not made a final decision, though I am tending towards having no title.

While I am writing this very line many thoughts are going though my mind about what kind of book I am writing. For whom? The subject matter is clear enough to me, but I still wonder if you haven't lost interest yet, or even worse, you may not have even gotten to this line. Maybe you are scanning this book (that's O.K.) and you have fallen on some random line, totally out of context. Maybe you will never read this because the book was too expensive, or was a bad size, or the type was to small, or you cannot read English, or anything. I have to think about this as I write, to prepare this book for these possibilities over which I (or my writing(or my memoirs(or the events in my memoirs)))will have no control. I have little enough choice over how or what I write to allow nothing to happen to them afterwards. I'll think of something.

This book will be authored anonymously. It is part of the book.

I have been told that there are ____ copies of this book in print.

My reason for writing this is the same as your reason for reading this. True or False?

I am writing this book as if I were reading anybook. Trying to recall my memoirs of reading any other book (I can only read up to here in this book).

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and write about my experiences of reading any other book. What ~~I do when~~ do I do when I read any other book? I will try to list them (in sequence): First, I choose a specific book by either the title, subject or author of the book (either of which I have been aware of before) or the size of the book (I prefer small, paperback books, like this one, I hope) or by the general subject of the book or the unavailability of any other specific book. Second, I buy it, or borrow it, and then begin to read it. Third, If it is interesting, I will read it very quickly; if it is not, I just may not finish it at all. The word "interesting" is much too ambiguous to define properly, but suffice it to say that to be interesting is good, not bad.

After I have read a book, something very strange begins to happen. The specifics of the book (which were very clear and important to me when I was reading it) becomes increasingly general as it stays in time and I go ahead (forward, along with) in time. To the point that all I cam remember is (sometimes) a title, author and general blur of what it was about.

My expereince in reading books generally has had a profound affect on me writing this book specifically. The affects were:
I choose to write a general book (so that it would be impossible to "forget" the specifics). For the layman, you might say. A book about nothing, without interest, without anything to remember. A book where all the faults of all other books I have ever read become virtues in this book. Simple plot, no?

This book does not have any page numbers. I can tell you with complete assurance you are on page ____. Note, even though there are no page numbers you can determine approximately where you are in the book by closing the book and looking at it from one of the 3 exposed edges (not the spine). (Maybe from time to time I will tell you outright, to make it easier for you, if you are interested. (P.S. You have no choice, what I say goes).)

It is necessary to distinquish the different aspects both of the word "book" and the thing "book". Usually when we say book we never mean the thing "book", but the word"book". Further, the word "book" really means the contents ("words") in the book. I am writing this specific book to bring these two definitions together. Not that the contents of a book was always separable from the book itself; I seem to remember that in the early days when books

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began, they were very close, if not identical. Maybe because of mechanical developments the 2 aspects of books ~~diffs~~ drifted apart, I am not quite sure. Though it probably is true that in recent times what the book concerned itself with was everything except itself. I am trying to revive an old tradition, or so it seems.

Language. Has (can) language ever be used to talk about language? Did I just do that? How? Why? Explain.

When I am having trouble writing this book and the series of words are not coming, I think about a book, a picture of a book comes into my mind, my head turns its pages, and all I see is many black undecipherable lines (making a rectangular black block) on a larger white page, again and again. I see nothing specific. Perhaps it is an archetype? In any case, a remarkable model for all the books I have ever seen - including this one (so far). For me writing this book, now, and only now, the remainder of this book is pure potential.

I have always been impressed by big books. Books with many words on a particular subject. More than impressed; scared. Now, as I am writing the memoirs of my life, I still fear the responsibility; no, the need, to do the necessary verbal justice to my memoirs. I have no known plan in writing this book, no outline to fill in, nothing to prove (except to finish), nothing to disprove. Maybe it is practice; not likely, it is my last book. Experience for something I do not yet know about? If that is true, you will never know.

Exactly _____ (inclusive) words have past since this book started. I do not now know how many words to go. Because of the last sentence, I would like to make clear the difference between the things I know about ~~abxx~~ this book now, while I am writing it and what I will know when it is completed. I am drawing your attention to the sentence "I do not now know how many words to go," to bring out the fact I did not have to write it at all, but I could have

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waited until the book was completed and then added instead the sentence " _____ words to go" (which I in fact just ~~[illegible]~~ should have done).

I am writing these memoirs with a ball point pen on a stenographers (lined) pad of 160 pages (printed both sides). At this moment I expect this book of the memoirs of my life to fill up the 160 pages. Or to put it another way, I will stop recounting my memoirs when the pad is filled up.

After I am finished writing these memoirs they will be typed on standard 8" x 11½" paper, doubled spaced.

Then they will be submitted to a publisher for consideration to be published. I will do that myself as a agent of the writer of these memoirs (remember that the author is anonymous) so as to make the environment in which they will be read as general as possible, in keeping with the memoirs themselves. I know now, that if this book of my memoirs achieves a currency in the world, protecting the anonymity of the writer is not going to be an easy matter. But this is getting ahead of my memoirs and I will not speculate any further.

I mean, Then they will be submitted to a publisher for consideration to be published. I will have an agent do do this (remember I am anonymous) so as to make the enviromment in which they will be read as general as possible, in keeping with the memoirs themsleves. I know now, that if this book of my memoirs achieves a currency in the world, protecting my anonymity is not going to be an easy matter for my agent. But this is getting ahead of my memoirs and I will not speculate any further.

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After my need to complete these memoirs, my greatest problem is talking to people about it. I do not want to do that. I feel that if people know who I am specifically, particularly that I am the author of these memoirs, their subsequent reading of the book will be compromised. They will confuse me with the author, and read into my memoirs things that I never intended, based on what they think of me personally. I have a strong urge to have these memoirs read as (if) they were written by someone no one ever knew. To make a separation between the me that people know (and there are many of these poeple) and the anonymous author is very clearly a intregral part of my writing (and your reading) these memoirs. Now, I am aware that very few people ever know (or meet) the author of any book and that his person is separate from his writing. But I also know that people (myself included) while they never know the authors of the books they have read, they think they know the author (of the books they have read) and oftentimes read into the book things that are revelant to the author personally, but not the writings of the author.

There is a very clear distinction.

Whatever specific reasons I have for recounting my memoirs is simply my reasons for writing them, and should not enter into your condiserations as you read them.

There is a difference between the public and private me, and I want to free you reading of this book from any exterior information. This is impossible; to evaluate, judge, relate these memoirs in the terms of your own experiences is the only thing you can do. I can just prevent you from getting specfic information, and the one

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specific piece of information I do not want you to have is who I am (who I am as distinct from what I tell you about what I am).

To be honest, I have told one person that I am responsible for these memoirs (in a moment of weakness). If I should do this again I will mention it to you. It is very difficult writing these memoirs without talking about it to friends. At times I am tempted to change the aspect of the book that requires this anonymity, so I can talk about it freely without violating my intentions as the author.

These 2 parts of me manifest themselves in a strange situations. When I meet someone who does not know me, I have 2 choices; either I can talk about what I am doing in writing this book or I can tell them my name. But not the both of them. So my friends and acquaintances who know my name can not know I am writing these memoirs, and the people I do not know (and they do not know me) can be told about the book, but not about me. When these two classes of people meet in one person, I consider the intentions of this book compromised. This has happened once.

It has taken me 10 hours of concentrated effort to write this far. I would like to finish the book with the next 48 hours. I will keep you advised of developements.

When I cannot think of anything to write, I speculate on what the last sentence of the book will be like. Perhaps it should read: "These memoirs have been set in 11 point Baskerville type, on White Weave paper, with a perfect binding and was published by _____ in 1971." Or maybe the sentences "return to the exact middle of this book (da capo)". Or "please forget what you have just read". Or simply "Thank you." This decision is not clear,

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maybe if it was clear, the book will be completed. Maybe I will not have the choice of where or how to end. This too is not clear.

I am captive of this stenographers pad. It is the guage and measure of the quantity of words necessary for me to (sussessfully?) complete my memoirs. The choices are too numerous to codify. I could have chosen an incident of many clear details, with everything connected causally and part of a clear whole. Instead, I have chosen an indivisible unit of experience; calculated to be more microcosm than macrocosm. I do not know what the difference is. I probably think that anything is as compllex and infinite as anything else. Though the continuity between things are clearer to me when there are many different discernable ~~xingxx~~ things. Many things seems too much alike. What is at fault is my point of view. The events of my life, ~~the~~ my memory of the events of my life, my language of the writing of the memory of the events of my life, my chapters in the book of the language of the writing of the memoirs of the events in my life, my paragraphs of the chapters in the book of the language of the writing of the memory of the events in my life, my sentences in the paragraphs of the chapter in the book of the language of the writing of the memory of the events in my life, my words in the sentences in the paragraphs of of the chapters in the book of the language of the writing of the memory of the events in my life, each letter in each word in each sentences in each paragraph in each chpater in the book of the language of the writing of the memory of the events in my life are all one thing.

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Indivisible, inseparable. I can not ~~spr~~ separate my life from any single letter, word, sentence, or chapter. They appear interchangeable, there are no parts to this book, no levels of meaning, no no differences between "I" and "the", nothing to be derived from (or to), no known sequence, no causes, no rational.

No~~thi~~thing, except I chose to write that preceding paragraph, and by chosing to write that I may have lied; by writing one thing and doing another.

(Please change that to read "...and by chosing to write that I may not have lied; by writing one thing and doing another.")

History has been. The history of history has been too. The history of history has been to relate things to one another. When I focus on the history of this specific book I am reminded of its relateness to its parts. I am constructing its parts, almost instinctively, to serve as the limits for the whole (the book). The parts (the indivisible parts) do not add up to anything, but do very specifically omit other parts, which either by plan or chance, are absent from my memoirs.

I could have wrote about anyone of a number of things that I did not ~~wir~~ write about. Things that maybe be thought more known, clear, sure; but I didn't. I choose to omit any references to things I think I do know, to allow myself to write to you about what I do not know. I find it very hard to write about things I don"t know in a manner that I also do not know. It may be easier to write about things I don'T know in a manner I do know. I do not know.

Does that make sense? Should it? Why do I want to know?

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I hope my memoirs will equal a book 1" thick by 5" wide by 7" high. With a soft cover, no table of contents, numberless pages, with margins 3/4" from the edge of the page; about 6½ ounces of my life.

A dark grey cover with just the word "anonymous" in capital letters: ANONYMOUS, on the spine, with the name and imprimatur of the publisher along side at the bottom. Something in keeping with the contents. Nothing flashy. Not to pique your interest, just there, between other books generally.

This book has become my focus. My activity in the world has been changed by its apperance and requirements. It is a fine day, and usually I would want to spent it with friends in the sunshine. I cannot. It was as if the entire world, except me writing these words, was a distraction. I am not a dedicated person. This will pass, this solitary accomplishment. Even now I can see the time when I have completed writing my memoirs of 160 stenographers pages long and return to a world of other pleasures and requirements.

I am anxious to finish. I will put a limit of time on my completing these memoirs; that is, these memoirs will be completed, not after 160 pages of the stenographers pad have been filled, but within the next 48 hours, beginning now.

(If I change my mind, I will get word to you as quickly as possible.)

When I think about my life, there is nothing to hold on to, to grasp, to stop and say, "this is its center". No thing that I have ever done, or even reflected on later, has had an essential quality. Where does one thing end and the other begin? Is this a fair question? Is this a question? Maybe it is an answer. Things in ~~themselves~~

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themselves may just be questions. The relation between things maybe our answer. Even this is questionable.

I wonder.

Life takes on a load, an accumulated load, where many different people in life, have to take all things for granted; to assure themselves (now a group) that the part has some relation to the whole. This maybe a convention, to give value to something where in fact it does not exist. Or a limitation that comes from thinking that something is solved, completed or anything. Nothing supports this idea.

All things and everything is whole, complete. Maybe not larger or smaller, better or worse than anything else. Things should be intrinsic, not extrinsic. This word, sentence, paragraph, chapter is not me. You are not me. They are not us.

To live in the third person is not what this book is about.

This book of memoirs is in the present tense.

All things are in the present.

Over and over agin. I repeat myself. The same words at diferent places. Different words at different times. The same places at the same time. All permutations and combinations.

Not much has happened to me since the previous line. 24 hours. 4 miles. Some incidents with 2 specific people. Saw many other general people, nothing definite. I know now that I must revise my writing plan for this book. I have to change my schedule, I cannot complete this book within the next 24 hours. I will make my

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schedule more open ended, with no specific schedule in time, just to fill the 160 pages of the stenographers pad, whenever I can.

While I am here, I have a specific job to do. Not at all related to this book of memoirs, quite separate, the type of work (unlike this book) where all the parts are connected and relate to one another, a job of clear sequence from inception, through the process of organization on to completion. A clear white. I am not anxious about that job; I have done similar work before, I could do similar work again in the future. A work where I can ~~learnxfromx~~ apply experience to. A work where I can learn from. More important, a job whose product can be judged by others, as a part of a larger context. Within its subject matter is a defineable focus, a point of view, an aspect known to the community of people it was made for. I feel no such clear focus in writing about it.

I am anxious in writing these memoirs. I am concerned about the context, the subject, the reason why it may be read by you. I think of my purpose in writing them, but I can find no similar purpose for you to read (about) them. I think sometimes that these memoirs are just for me, no one else. Other times I think my experience of my writing my memoirs of this book of my memoirs (a first and last for me) may in some way, be as confused as your experience in reading them.

I do not always see things in the world as being confused. But when I write about The memoirs of my experiences with the things of the world, these very same things become confused. Perhaps I cannot maintain, for this book at least, a fixed point of view. perhaps my understanding of the technique of writing is faulty. But whatever fault you think exists in these memoirs, they represent choices to me. And my view of my memoirs can never be faulty.

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If something can be faulty, and if this book of memoirs is one of them, then the class of things "faulty" is at fault. Maybe the only effect of this book will be to change the judgement of what is the nature of a faulty or non-faulty book.

It can be said about books generally, that any specific book to the degree that it did not appear like any other book (at that specific time) increased the definition of what the word "book" meant. Each additional book expanded the definition of the word "book." Some books did this more than others.

Often I think my writing my memoirs is a pretentious act. All writers of books had to write their first book; I would further say it was their most difficult for them to write. But they knew it was the first of many. I could be seen by them (and the world) as a source of potential for future books they would write.

This book of memoirs is not unlike a magnet. It attracts the relevant things; it repels the non-relevant things. It colors everything, while I am thinking about why to write about what. Most things are distant, not germane; these things I have omitted.

I would want my memoirs to reach you intact, the same way they left me and were noted. Without attempting to forecast anything, I will alomost surely include everything that happens to these memoirs after they have been written (and published). All changes, editors notes, etc., will become part of this book. This book is an orgasm. This book is an organism of change, from my living the events, to my memory of the events, to my writing about the memory, to my writing about the memory of my memoirs, thru to the necessary machinery

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of corrections of known errors, improvements and remarks by an editor, typesetting by the printer, the necessary legal infomation at the front of the book, the choice of paper, size, cover stock and color. I want this book to be (this) growth and change. And you to be as close to this growth and change as possible. There is only one way to write a book about writing a book.

I carry the stenographers pad in my jacket pocket. It has a soft cover in dark blue and a hard rear cover in cardboard. It is rather flappy. When I throw it in the air it falls awkwardly. It has a spiral metal ring binding along the top. I tell you this so you know what I was up against. I tell you this so you know what this book looked and felt like to me when I was trying to fill its originally empty pages. You maybe able to compare the difference with the book you now have in your hands; which is its public state. The road between the private state of this book and the public state of this book is this book. My memory of that road.

My handwriting is not too clear (I have thought of a facsimile edition) and I am not looking forward to rereading this. I expect to do the typing myself; so I know I will have to. I am wondering what will happen to everything I have written so far when I reread it. Will I change anything? How will I tell you?

You are now on page ___. I am now on page 42 of my stenographers pad. I am now on page 18 of the typewritten manuscript.

My life, this book are too diffuse to write about. Diffuse, no point of view, no clear and present aspect. I an constantly pulling other things into it. No order that I am aware of. The one thing that is clear is that I wish to finish the book when 160 pages of the stenographers pad are filled. That is a private goal. Admittedly a very difficult goal, though concieveable.

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of corrections of known errors, improvements and remarks by an editor, typesetting by the printer, the necessary legal infomation at the front of the book, the choice of paper, size, cover stock and color. I want this book to be (this) growth and change. And you to be as close to this growth and change as possible. There is only one way to write a book about writing a book.

I carry the stenographers pad in my jacket pocket. It has a soft cover in dark blue and a hard read cover in cardboard. It is rather flappy. When I throw it in the air it falls awkwardly. It has a spiral metal ring binding along the top. I tell you this so you know what I was up against. I tell you this so you know what this book looked and felt like to me when I was trying to fill its originally empty pages. You maybe able to compare the difference with the book you now have in your hands; which is its public state. The road between the private state of this book and the public state of this book is this book. My memory of that road.

My handwriting is not too clear (I have thought of a facsimile edition) and I am not looking forward to rereading this. I expect to do the typing myself; so I know I will have to. I am wondering what will happen to everything I have written so far when I reread it. Will I change anything? How will I tell you?

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After this private goal is reached, then it will be put into the machinery that will take it through to its public state. You will be kept advised of developments as and when they occur.

I has taken me 11 seconds to write this. There are 53 seconds between this sentence and the one preceding it.

I could finish right here.

I could leave half the physical mass of the book you are holding empty, like this example of 6 empty pages:

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But it seems contrived.

I must rest.

At night I keep a pen and the stenographers pad, with its now 117 empty pages of total potential, waiting near the bed. Near the clock. Within reach.

31½ hours of my life time have elapsed since the end of the last paragraph. The events during this time will not be part of my written memoirs in this book. They do not seem to be relevant. For better of worse, those events kept me from writing this:

Even now, with the day's events before me, I do not expect to be thinking about writing these memoirs until later in the day. I think a continuity becomes difficult when I do not force myself to write at a prolonged session. I have little enough control of the overall continuity of this book to permit myself to write this in spasmodic, infrequent sittings; although it is probably true that if I wrote my memoirs over a period of 30 years it (this book) would still be the only possible registration of my writing about my memoirs. With one exception; that over 30 years as opposed to 2 weeks, I stand a very good chance of stopping this recording (before I think I have finished) either because of boredom or any other unforeseen event.

For instance, would you believe me if I wrote that the next series of words will be written 20 years from this word? Would it make any difference?

I would make a difference if I knew, and you didn't. This book could be our book, and if it is our book you should know as much about it as I do. Everything. I will tell you everything I know about it, when I know about it. That is the least I can do. It is the most I can do.

In fact, the previous paragraph was written just 4 minutes after the question that preceeded it.

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An anonymous writer, writing his only book in time, to a measure of 160 pages (in a stenographers pad).

A specifically anonymous writer, writing his only specific book in a specific time, to a specific measure of 160 pages (in a stenographers pad).

A generally anonymous writer, writing his only general book in a general time, to a general measure of 160 pages (in a stenographers pad).

A person, remembering, recording, any time, any distance.

The person, the remembrances, the recording, the time, the distance.

A person is the remembrances, the recording, the time, the distance.

The person is not a remembrance, a recording, a time a distance.

I have just reread a earlier section of this book. About 30 pages ago in distance, about 23 hours ago in time. It took me 5 minutes to reread. I am struck by how easily I was able to connect that previous part of this book with this part of the book. Doing that seems like a trick. Just a little too easy.

I could stop writing my memoirs right now, and spend the rest of this book (which, by distance is about 1/3 completed) writing about my observation and memoirs on rereading everything up to this point. I would change one word; just comment on it.

Likewise, I could do this forever; constantly reviewing, commenting, noting everything I had done before. At first, I would write my memoirs about what occurred 4 years ago (~~this~~ like this book), then after that was done, I would write my memoirs of the memoirs of the memoirs, then later; memoirs of the memoirs of the memoirs: in each case carrying my memory of a specific past nearer and nearer to the specific present. Eradicating this gap (between the past and the present) is to place myself somewhere, now.

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When I write of the future, I use "could". I use it in 2 ways. ~~do so for 2 reasons.~~ One, the indefinite "could" and two, the "could" that means I am aware of a specific choice, and I will write about it to make you aware of my awareness. I will write and explain it; but will not in fact do it. For instance; when I write "I could stop writing my memoirs right now and spend the rest of the book....", I am writing about a choice I think I have, not exercising the choice.

This is a problem. For when I make you aware of a choice, I feel I should do it. But on the other hand, if I exercised all the choices I am aware of, without telling you I am aware of them, then they cease to be choices.

For me, this book of memoirs is rooted in choices. and my writing should reflect what choices I feel I have. In fact, I probably can never remember the basic choices. Maybe I can know and write about only the superficial ones. In any case this is my choice.

For example; I already wrote that I chose a stenographers pad of 160 lined (both sides) pages as the measure for these memoirs. I chose this particular pad because I liked it; a good size, color, weight and lines per page (21). I think people like or dislike ("good and bad?") things for hidden unknown reasons, then set out to explain why. I doubt the opposite. After much experience in doing this, the general becomes the specific. I am always doing things and then trying to explain why. Working backwards.

Something just crossed my mind about what I want this book to be. Even after it is finished and published. I think it is important enough to let you know about it. It is: All book reviewers reading this book should know that all written reviews of this book will be incorporated into the subsequent printings of this book; beginning from the first word in the published book, and working towards the front of the reprinted (new) book. So that when someone opens the reprinted edition, they will first read what other poeple (the "critics") have written about the book; even before they have read the book itself. It amuses me to think that if this book ever becomes "popular", doing this repeatedly could result in a large book of ~~10,000~~ many pages (though it would take many years) and at some

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point the actual book (which I am responsible for) would be lost or destroyed or ceased to be relevant; and the world would be left with comments about something without having the something that prompted the comments to begin with.

I wanted to write this book. I thought about subject matter, contents, the book without contents. I had a very unclear image of what this book would be about. A general sense, nothing particular. I thought that this book should be about the unclear image of what this would be about. A book that would reflect the memory of what I wanted this book to be.

I wanted this book to be read as itself, about itself, for itself. As I began to write my memoirs, it began to be clear that this book would concern itself with itself; its first page, second page, third page... until the last page. Maybe all book have done this. I hadn't.

A resume of all the known aspects I know about this book:

Da Capo.

(Balance of page is blank)

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3-30

You have just left page 51 of the Stenographers pad. You have also just left page 29 of the typed manuscript. You have also just left page __ of the published book.

(Balance of this page is also blank)

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Too ~~much~~ many words. I would want to spend more time on the technical aspects of the book and less time on the speculative dime-store philosophy. More facts and less fiction. Less time and space on why and more on how. I will list all the pre-conditions I maintained in writing this book:

No proper nouns
Nothing personal
No editing
No program of specific intent
Nothing timely
No memorable ideas
No known lies

You are now exactly 799 words distant from the word "Likewise"(on the typewritten page 27), and 729 words distant from the word"gap" (also on typewritten page 27), and 705 ~~sentences~~ words from the word "future" (on typewritten page 28), and 42 words from the word "lies" (above).

Further, now you are 5 words from the word "(above)". Now you are 4 words away. Now you are 10 words distant. Now 14 words away. Now 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. Hello, anyone there? 27. Now 29. And to conclude this exercise 35 words away from the word "(above)", used in this paragraph. (Now 47). 48. 49. 50. 51. 52....

You are now fifty six words away from the word "(above)". Now sixty five. Sixty seven. Sixty nine, Seventy one. 73. 74. 75. 76. And 78. Or now you are 83 words away. 86....

The previous 3 paragpaphs contain facts.

The following paragraphs(at this moment the amount is unknown to me) contain no facts:

It is warm. The reason for my writing that it is warm is because it is not really hot or cold. Sometimes it feels cold and sometimes it feels hot. But it varies from time to ~~time~~ time.

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I didn't want to write these memoirs. I am, even now, still fighting with myself to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. Not that anyone forced me to do it, but general circumstances in my life made it necessary to confront the challange of the written word. As noted in my memoirs, my previous work was not directly concerned with written language; mostly oral language. I worked without direct recourse to the printed word. Everything was O.K. Slowly the effect of the printed word began to dawn on me. It began to be clear that the effect through of anything on the world had to be cleared though the written language. Everything we know about we knew about through language. Everything. Nothing escaped. No thing.

This puzzled me.

Irrespective of what we knew about anything, at some point, it had to be modified and filtered through language. I began to think of language like a funnel or a filtration system, where all thoughts, feelings, ideas had to be passed though so as to be made intelligeable and communicated.

In a world of such word importance, the situation of the written word began to interest me. Not as a way in which to compare aspects of the world into a clear and convincing unity; but as a way to use words as an entity and experience unique to words alone.

Not to write words about.

To write words.

Not to convince and clarify.

It seems (seemed) possible to have words, sentences, paragraphs, chapters and a book the subject. To organize these elements in relation to themselves, xx in a location, exclusive of exterior intelligeability. To have words do exactly what they mean. This means to use words which either mean nothing or something only in relation to

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~~xx~~ the immediate context; in this book, in other words; sentences, paragraphs, chapters. For example:

This sentence has five words.

The words "five words" has nine letters.

The typewritten page on which this sentence is written has 193½ words on it. The printed page in this book has __ words on it.

The type size is ___ point.

Backwards is sentende this.

"This" is a word of four letters.

All the pages in this book are ___ lines deep and __ picas wide.

The "T" in "The" at the beginning of this sentence is ___" from the edge of the page.

This sentence separates the sentence "The "T" in "The" at the beginning of this sentence is __" from the edge of the page." from the sentence that follows this sentence below.

This is the sentence below the sentence written above.

All the letters added together in this sentence equals fifty five.

This sentence is three lines from the bottom of the page.

This sentence is two lines from the bottom of the page.

This sentence is on the last line of this page and it also con-

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tinues on this next page.

This sentence is indented.

This is the seventeenth sentence in a series of examples being written to examplify the use of words which relate immediately to their context.

I think I have a basic distrust in the convention of language. No faith in the ability of words to be used for anything, except themselves. No belief in words as tools. A unshakeable feeling that my experiences, as related in my memoirs, are so anonymous, so personal, so unrelateable that the only way to communicate this lack of faith in communicability is to write to you about and around my lack of faith in my writing my memoirs.

Perhaps through the uselessness of this book.

Perhaps by concerning this book with its own problems.

Perhaps by my naive technical inability to communicate to you.

Perhaps by my anonymity.

~~Perhaps by not assuming public responsibility for these memoirs.~~

Truth. A very very personal thing. How to tell what is at the center. The core on which layers are layed upon. Endless building (fabricating?) on original matter, now forgotten. Passages sequential in time, though not in place. Modifications, revisions, changes improvements, alterations constantly constructed on antique experience.

The beginning. Where. What to take for granted. To determine what are the conventions. What are the conventions? A life? A book? Chaos? Could everyone ever agree on anything?

A world of yes and no. A language is the shadow of a world of yes and no. This is beginning to hurt.

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Things of comprehensible accomplishment. Traffic in experience common to others. The facility to ~~make~~ make clear a view of the world. An ability to choose just the relevant things from everything else we are a part of. The things that present each of our own situations in the world to our own advantage. The lack of commonality in my situation in the world and this book escapes me. The things I have choosen and the incoherent way I organize them, leaves me the moment I have written them. Why is it that me versus a stenographers pad is so morbidly engrossing? Because I never wanted to choose things over other things? Because of a lack of faith of the superiority of one thing over another thing? Because I sense that all things maybe the same things? This refutes my doing anything.

Why do anything? This is probably a center. I began to write these memoirs because I had something to say with my life experiences that I wanted to convey to the world. Not just to those immediately near me, but particularly those people who I would never meet. Writing these memoirs, for me, is a way to affect the world generally, while at the same time avoiding it specifically. To take something over here and to replace it over there; a juxtaposition.

While writing my memoirs, with all its specific egocentric detail, the more I recorded, the more general and incommunicable it became. One day, while writing and rereading it, it vanished. Its relevance was for me alone. As were the life experiences written in it.

An autobiography of someone who was no one in particular (not even as a sociological case study) has never interested the world. As part of the world, it didn't even interest me.

(In writing this book, it may interest you to know, that I often mistakenly handwrote the ~~word~~ word "I" for the word "It", though in rereading I usually caught i and changed it.)

Why to do anything. Usually it is never a question. Why is when we begin. I may be that in a world of choices one choice is better. Sometimes, better is pleasureable. Othertimes, better is not immediately pleasureable. Sometimes pleasure is easier. Other times harder. Hard pleasure I think has rewards in the more distant future. I like

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to think this book xxx tends to be a hard pleasure.

Easy pleasure is doing things we know we know. I have had much of this in my life up until writing this recollection of my life. Now with this book I seek to do thru (with?) this book something I have never done before: to (do) write something in which I have no faith in. And then deny responsibility for it. Just for the hell of it.

You are now on page ___ of the published book, with 99 pages left in the stenographers pad.

After I have finished this book, I will write a criticism of it, which will come before it in the final published book. I cannot at this time see how I will deal with it; I mean whether I will use the word "I" or the word "author" in referring to the book, or more specifically what distance I will maintain in criticizing it.

As I am writing, and trying to lay it xxx all out for you (and me), I hold on to my vision of a specifically physically completed book of a general size in which this word (and all the other words) will be contained. That vision is my specific goal. The more I xxx write the closer I get, until my image of this book and the material of this book become one. Then I am finished.

This vision of a finished book is primary. What the book is about (contains) is secondary. The goal is to finish, everything else is merely detail.

I think I have the first sentence of the criticism section of this book: "This book is the perfect example of what a person can do if they set their mind on it." A little ambiguous, though for the moment, it sounds very good.

I have written a letter to a publisher asking them to publish this book, which has already been put at the front of the book (after the copyright notice and related information) which sets forth the general outline of how this book will be organized. There are three inaccuracies in that letter which I would like to now clarify:

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1. The third paragraph, which reads "It is divided into 3 sections each one separated by one (1) blank page." should be changed to read: "The book, up until its physical publication, is divided into 3 sections each one separated by one (1) blank page." This is to keep open the possibility written about earlier in this (third) section that "... all written reviews of this book will be incorporated into the subsequent printings of this book, beginning from the first word in the published book and working towards of the front of the reprinted (new) book."

2. The fifth paragraph, which reads in part "The second section consists of a criticism of the third section - it is probably in its final state..." is not quite true. At the time of writing this the second section has not yet been written at all, though I have every intention of writing it as soon as this (third) section is completed.

3. The sixth paragraph, which reads in part "The third section is in its final state..." is obviously not true at the time. You can obviously see that I am not yet finished writing this section.

Something just crossed my mind. What would be the effect if I didn't write a (second) section of criticism of this book at all? Just wrote a first and third section, with one (1) blank page between them, and wrote that I destroyed the second section (like the fourth section which I actually did destroy).

Or what would be the effect of just compiling the correspondence to the publishers about a book that doesn't even exist any more?

Or what if I wrote a book to communicate to you that there isn't any book at all?

With each word I decrease the potential of what this book will be. At every pause in thought (very different from a grammatical pause) I want to consolidate what you and I know has happened to this book so far and also, what we think could finally happen. I think I am 2 people. The "I" which thinks it is writing this book, and the you who is reading this book. I oscillate between who I am.

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A letter from a reader:

Dear Author,
This book you are writing (not yet finished) to my way of thinking poses a severe crisis in identity. I would suggest that you concentrate, for the remainder of the book, on less introverted material, with greater emphasis on human situations and developments which would be more recognizible and understandable to me and my friends.

You are not the first, nor the last person in the world to have problems, this I can assure you.

A Reader

After writing such a silly letter to myself, I really feel silly.

The balance of this book will continue in 30 minutes:

30 minutes later, past the colon, after the 1 blank line, below the above sentence, flush left and right. in english the book continues.

All that and much more can be used to describe the method and devices that I am using to contruct this book. Those (above) came to mind quickly. Can you find others?

Two ways in which you can organize and analyze what I have already written follow: the first word in the previous 30 paragraphs are (in sequence from the first through the thirtieth):

Begginning A Things Why While An (In Why Easy You After As This I I 1. 2. 3. Something Or Or With A Dear You After The 30 All Two

OR the last word in the previous 30 paragraphs (in sequence from the thirtieth backwards to the first):

Two thirtieth): others? continues. minutes: myself. Reader me. view. all. more? destroy). section. completed. book." clarify: good. detail. finished. it. pad. it. pleasure. it) juxtaposition. anything. hurt. anything?

I have been pleased throughout the process of writing this book, to

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note how everything in the book works together with everything else; no dangling ends. A retrospective unity. Everything is part of everything else. I wouldn't have wanted anything else. I couldn't have hoped for anything more.

I seem to expect suprises on coming pages. things even I do not know are there. A test of condition. A way to assess the situation under conditions of stress. No known chance to think. Choices of unknown possibility. Choices made in the heat of language.

THIS BOOK WAS FINISHED 1,000 WORDS AGO. MAKE THAT XXX 1007 WORDS AGO. MAKE THAT 1012. 1013....

THIS BOOK WILD BE FINSIHED WHEN YOU SAY SO.

The previous 2 pages were not blank. Can you make a guess about the next 2 pages?

(Balance of this page to be blank)

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Correct. They are not blank.

All books are autobiographies. Written traces of how a person thinks. The differences between all books is what. Why all books are autobiographies is not clear. I just thought I'd write it. Thats clear.

This book will be quite difficult to publish. Many aspects of the book concern itself with sequence and position of words in reference to a page, and some thoughts relate immediately in the physical passage from one page to the next. Certain sentences mean what they mean because they may begin on one page and end on another, or ask a question that is answered on the next page or set certain conditions on what is to come on the next page. So, to have a sentences like "This part of this sentences is on page 102 and this part of the sentences is on page 103." is a lie if it appears on one page (like it does here). It will be necessary to juggle the sequence of paragraphs and sentences so this type of sentence (call it a "physical sentence") appears on the two sussessive pages it says it does and the last word on the page 102 is "and" (or "102") and the first word on page 103 is "this" (or "and"). The practical problems in typesetting these types of sentences are enormous. This book may have to be entirely reorganized in order to publish it properly.

In fact, there are many other aspects of this book that make final physical printing of this book very difficult. Over and above the specific situation referred to in the preceding paragraph, there is the question of word counts, additional information specifically germane to the physical book (typeface, type size, publishers name, book weight etc.) and obviously the substance of the entire first section.

This book in a public state maybe impossible to do. Though if you are reading this that sentence is not true.

This sentence is going to be __ picas wide, 2 lines deep, 38 seconds long and immeasureably thin by the time it is completed.

The above sentence is (just one) perfect microcosm of this book. Berhaps it is its brevity and matter-of-fact-ness makes it a good

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example for study. The first thing that comes to mind about it, is that I must have known about it generally before it was completed. That is, writing "...is going to be..." implies a very clear awareness of what it was going to be. Further, the sentence describes itself physically, and that after the phrase "..._____ picas wide...", the other 2 dimensions and time follow along quite naturally. They are characteristics of everything in the world, and so naturally adapt themselves to use in this sentence. Also, being at first handwritten, it actually took 3 lines to write, but I wrote "...2 lines deep..." to prepare for the fact it will probably take up 2 typewritten line. You should also know (I forgot how this sentence was going to be completed, having been distracted in mid-sentence - The author)

There are many distractions, many things foriegn to my memoirs. Many things I never did or intended to appear as if I had did. I never avoided distractions or oportunities, but in all honesty I must write that some options and choices were more evident than others. If I wasn't aware of them they came as distractions (unusable), and if I was aware of them they became choices, which I took note of and resolved.

This book has been built in units of paragraphs, in sequence. The type of paragraphs can be divided into seven classes. Some of the paragraphs concern themself with my pre-writing this book; cheap personal philosophy, generally. Some concern themself with my vision of this book; with my changing attitudes and concerns for it. Some concern themself with the use of words self-descriptive and vaguely formalistic in their contruction. Some refer to a self-criticism and analysis of what has already been written. Some concern themself with my possible future plans and ideas for the book. Some refer very specifically to my life and memoirs. One has been a letter from a reader. This paragraph is the type which refers "...to a self-criticism and analysis of what has already been written."

This type of paragraph is one which was not written about in the previous paragraph (I forgot about it). It is a speculative paragraph, which speculates on what decisions I will make in the future when I

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confront certain anticipated problems. An example of this type of paragraph occurred 38 paragraphs prior to this one, part of which reads "After I have finished this book, I will write a criticism of it, which will come before it in the final published public book..." I choose this (now) quoted example out of expediency, that is, it was rather close by this paragraph (38 paragraphs away, to be precise) and I didn't have to count a great distance to get a specific paragraph. I could have choosen a paragraph 150 paragraphs prior to this one, though this would have required great time and effort; but I could not have, in any case, at this time, chosen one 150 paragraphs after this paragraph. Not incidently, I looked for a paragraph of the type written about above, earlier in this book but I could not find any; if I had, I would have counted (located) from the beginning of the book, and the sentence above now reading, in part "...occurred 38 paragraphs prior to this one...", would read "... occurred ___ paragraphs after the first paragraph in this book..."

Another hinderance to (possible) publication. Legal in nature. I recall that the law says that in order to receive maximum copyright protection the copyright notice (which must take the form "Copyright Name Date" or "© Name Date") has to be written on either the title page or the overleaf. What happens, as in this book, there is no title page? Can the first page be considered the title page? Or is it, more accurately, the "first printed page"? I expect problems. Would a publisher publish any book in which the author's copyright claim is not fully protected? It could be very risky business.

It is safe to say that each time when I continue to write this book (I usually handwrite about 10 pages at a time in the stenographers pad) I generally begin with a very general paragraph, very ambiguous ~~and~~ (sort of philosophic) and as I am writing I begin to think out of the more general ideas into more specific, fact-like paragraphs.

So as you are reading, you may pick up a certain rhythm regarding the nature of each paragraph in relation to one another. I think that the progression written about earlier in the paragraph before this one holds true (for me) as I reread, from time to time, various sections of the book.

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You should also know that I very rarely reread the writings of my immediately previous writing session.

I will note at the end of this writing session how many pages (the distance) I have written in this session - the author.

I have told someone about my image xx (intentions?) of this book. They have assured me of my privacy. They know both me and my book. You do not know wither me or they. That is as it should be; they or me also do not know you. All we will have in common specifically (as it pertains to this book) is this book. It may not mean much to you, but it is all that this book can do.

This is a book of action. Not just for me as I write, but just for you as you read. A classic who-done-it. Let us reason together. Would something be gained by you if you know more about me? Would anything be gained by me, if I knew more about you? Do specifics ever concern anyone but the specifier? I have reason to believe, for reasons known only to myself (maybe), that there is nothing to be gained from ~~any~~ the rational progression of anything. But do not get me wrong, the opposite is not irrational. The opposite is what is. The difference between rational and irrational is the difference between past and present. I am writing this book to be (with you) in the nearest present possible. The previous sentences should have read,in part "...in the nearest possible present." The word "nearest" meaning closeby, near in time; the word "possible" meaning concieveable, knowable, thinkable; and the word "present" meaning now, not future, not past, not anything known or done or remembered, everything remaining after this word, sentence paragraph, chapter, book life, awareness is finished.

I am now seven lines from the exact physical middle of my lined, 160 page, lined stenographers pad.

Now three lines.

I am very please to announce to you that I just turned from the 80th pages to the 81st page of the(handwritten)stenographers pad. A rather encouraging sign.

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Now I am (and will be) writing on the overside of the first 80 pages in the stenographers pad, in the opposite direction; so that this page of writing (the 81st) is on the overside of the 80th pages, the 82nd page will be on the overside of the 79th page, the 83rd on the 78th, the 84th on the 77th, onwards to the point in space where pages 160 will be on the overside of page 1. Is is expected that at this point my image of this book, and the material in this book will be the same. I will have finished.

This 160 page, lined stenographers pad, I just noticed is noticeably thicker than it was when I first began; quite probably because of the ink used in my pen, which made visible physical impressions on each page as I wrote each page. Ink really has a pronounced physical mass. This book weights more with each word.

You now have arrived at page 82 of the stenographers pad. And page 44 of the typewritten manuscript. And page __ of the published book. All are equal and occur at the same time.

You may have noticed that I can, in the context of this book, locate pages in terms of paragraphs and to locate paragraphs in terms of sentences and locate sentences in terms of words and finally locate words in terms of letters; but there is no way I know to locate additional relevant aspects of this book without all pretentions of communications breaking down. This bothers me.

It bothers me, because I think there is a center that I haven't reached. I continue to feel I am just circumscribing a perimeter. I miss a basic explanation, which I would like to know about, to make writing this solitary recollection of a general memoir easier.

I only need the insight, plan, faith to just complete this book. Afterwords (that's a joke) it won't concern this book. This I promise (this is serious).

I am thinking of a dedication for this book, which would read "To my parents, without whom I would not have been possible" or "To _____" (which would be filled in the name of my loved one) or

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"To unforfillment, without which this book would not have been possible" Enough written. I will not have a dedication. I have enough quasi-knowable choices to make without adding a knowable one. Though I think it moderately important enough to write about it. Obviously, I just did.

I just thought that I should write a letter from a reader, although I don't think it is going to be very sympathetic:

Dear Author,
I hope you are pleased with yourself. Having read only up until this word, I find you treading water dangerously in the sea of generality. Why don't you get to the point, and say, once and for all what you mean? No pussyfooting around. I suspect, in you, a kindred spirit to mine, and because of this I find your book twice as stupid as it probably is. No one, to whom I feel a kindred spirit towards is capable of writing a stupid book - I take this as a personal affront.

Also, I suspect that you may be a liar,

A Reader

Wow. If I had known about the specifics of that letter, I most definitely would have repressed it. That was a terrible thing for me to do.

This book will continue in 5 minutes just after this colon; ":"

On this forward side of the immediately preceeding colon, I will continue to write that I just now added the phrase "(that was a joke)" after the word "Afterwords" and also added the phrase "(this is serious)" after the word "promise" in the paragraph which is to be refound 7 paragraphs earlier than this one.

It is probably clearer now why I can not edite this book.

I am getting distracted. I do not want to bring into this book the specific nature of the distraction, but I do want to advise you now (as I had written earlier) ~~now~~ "... at the end of this writing session how many pages (the distance) I had written in this session..." I have

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12 (handwritten) pages by the end of this writing session.

The search for meaning is on, and I will stop at nothing to catch the elusive varmit.

The previous paragraph (which is also a sentence) a slick, clever line written in a moment of poetic, metaphysic insight with the lingo extracted from cowboy conversations overhead a long time ago. Coupled with an unusual juxtaposition of the words "meaning" and "elusive varmit"; impling, in a off handish way, that I am seeking an ultimate meaning and wish to have you share the brilliance of my insight, in such a way as to make it appear less important then I probably think it is; was written as a isolated note; approximately 2 hours after the previous paragraph and other than being after it, does not really have anything to do with it; except insofar as you may want to intrepret the relationship. It took 27 seconds to write. I had thought about it long afterwards, deciding whether or not to keep it in the book, feeling somehow it was just on the borderline of what is in keeping with my intentions, but eventually decided (as I am writing this) that because it was the reason for me writing this paragraph, it had some value in this book and I finally decided to keep it in the book.

Skimming over what has already been written, it appears that my paragraphs (units, I think) are longer and more intelligeable at this point in the book then they were at the beginning. Do you think this is true, or is it just me? Thats my impression. If it is true, it may be because I am more experienced now in writing this book then I was at the beginning. And my general vision of this book is beginning to approach its specific realization. We all know more about this book now then we ever did before.

My sentences seem very awkward. I will nevertheless not change them (too much work) for the sake of clarity. My spelling of words is incredibly bad; this added to my general sloppy handwriting and careless typing is going to make it necessary to correct (or have them corrected) by the time this is in a published state and you are reading it. I will not keep you advised of typographic and spelling changes as this book proceeds to its public state - this (like the change of sentence structure referred to earlier in this paragraph) is too much word(k).

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3-47

I am now typing up the following handwritten pages:

Today is sumny, beautiful and clear. Please tell yourself everything about the previous sentence that you think is important. Remember what you told your self (do not, I repeat, do not write it down). Now tell someone else. Now, write it down. Put it away for one year (note on your calander to look at it one year from now). Read it. Think about it. Write about what you think about what you had written earlier. Ask the other person you told "... about the previous sentence that you think is important". Does he remember you telling him? Would you feel bad if he didn't? Was the process described earlier in this paragraph itself important enough for you to do? Important enough for you to read? For me, it was important enough for me to write. I, myself, would never actually do it. Just though you would want to know this about me.

I have a great temptation in this sentence to begin to write about (and allude to) a previous sentence or paragraph that was in fact never written before; to specifically make reference to part of this book that you could never find because I never put it there. But I do not want to make a game of this book if I can avoid it. And "... I can avoid it." And will "... avoid it." "Avoid it." "It" in this paragraph means "... a great temptation in this sentence to begin to write about (and allude to) a previous sentance or paragraph that was in fact never written before..."

You are not now on page 3. of either the stenographers pad, typewritten manuscript or the published book.

Do you remember what was written on page 3? What is the difference between page 3 in the stenographers pad, page 3 in the typewritten manuscript and page 3 in the published book? I can tell you that one page in the stenographers pad contains approximately the same volume of words as $\frac{1}{2}$ page of the typewritten manuscript and that I expect about 1/3 of a page in the published book. But this last will not be known with any certainty until the book is completed.

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A review of the reasons to date why a publisher would not want to publish this book:

No title

The full public disclosure of the private author-publisher agreements and correspondence.

No known author

Technical production problems pertaining to the location of certain sentences and words on the page.

The fact that this book was written by a one-time author (No Future).

No movie or serialization rights possible.

Production problems in the event of reprints, as regards the incorporation of all written material about the book.

The lack of potential for a large reading audience (Too Recondite).

Difficulty in promoting any specific subject matter in the book.

Indeterminancy of the final length of the book.

The fact that certain material would have to wait until the last possible moment before printing.

No dirty words.

The above list is also part of the list of reasons why I wrote the book to begin with.

The following was written on a separate (yellow) sheet of paper, and then included in the book, exactly as written: ~~below:~~

This paragraph will be written again 6 paragraphs after me writing ~~it~~ about it right now. I will contain the exact same words that are in this paragraph. I will come as a surprise to you when you read it again.

First paragraph.

Second paragraph.

Third paragraph.

Fourth paragraph.

~~Fifth paragraph.~~

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Surprise. Here it is. I know you have been waiting patiently and unaware that it was coming. As I wrote, here it is:

"This paragraph will be written again 6 paragraphs after me writing about it right now. It will contain the exact same words that are in this paragraph. It will come as a surprise to you when you read it again.

(End of entry on "separate (yellow) sheet of paper").

I will not repeat the process described in the above paragraph .

Earlier in this book I wrote about what I wanted this book to look like, it read, in part "A dark grey cover with just the word "anonymous" in capital letters: ANONYMOUS, on the spine, with the name and imprimatur of the publisher along side at the bottom..." After much thinking between then and now, I now want it to change it to read "A dark (50%) grey cover with just the name and imprimatur of the publisher printed on the spine, nothing else...."

As I am working on this book, many different ideas come to mind. My criteria for what will be written in this book is whether of not it answers the question "Is whatever I am thinking relevant to my (changing) image of this book." If it is relevant (like this paragraph) I have to tell you. If not, I would not be truthful if I did.

A truth. The truth. The Truth as I know it, when I know it, if I can know it. I think I can know it. It appears to be related immediately to its time, its moment, its situation. It certainly doesn't apply to always. Forever seems to require too much planning and pre-thinking, too much of a feeling that any one moment before forever is just a means towards the ends (forever). I seem to want less of a total plan.

I would like to be able to see over this book, like a landscape from an airplane; not from beginning to end at once.

Surprise. Rmember 6 paragraphs ago? At that time I spoke of a surprise that was going to occur 6 paragraphs later. Remember that the next paragraph said I was not going to "Repeat the process described in

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the above paragraph"? Well, much to my surprise I decided to repeat it. Is this surprising you? Read: This paragraph will be written again 6 paragraphs after me writing about it right now. It will contain the exact same words that are in this paragraph. It will come as a surprise to you when you read it again.

But that was the absolute last time I will do it. I had to do it then to see if I could surprise you (I will never know if I did). It was sort of a trick. It won't happen again; not simply because it was dishonest (and I will admit that), but I do not want to make it into a cliche.

This is page ___ in the published book. I think it is important to know where we are, so I told you.

I and you equals we. "Equals" is a copulative verb. The subjects are "I" and "you". "We" is the sum of the parts "I" and "you". The sentence can be transposed to read "We without I equals you" or "We without you equals I". In both sentendes I have rearranged the original sentence by transposing the word "we" of the other side of the word "equals" and then substracting either the subjects "I" or "you" from it. In any case, the original sentence presupposed, for the purpose of clarity, that "I" and "you" and "we" are all different. What would happen if they were not? Everything may well be the same, after all.

All things have within them the essence of a paradox. It is not the intention (purpose) of this book to labor that point. We can be sure that some linguist, somewhere is at this very moment examining and probing our language to determine whether our language has an opposite possibility. I would like to smell their report if it can be completed.

The possiblity crossed my mind that, what if the person (refferred to on page __ in the published book) to whom I confided both the specific authorship and the general book to, decides to use it? Is it part of this book? Should I feel kindly disposed to them or betrayed? At this moment it seems important and unclear. If, as I have

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been writing, I do not wish to have myself identified as the author of this book, it would follow that I do not want public credit for myself also; only for the book. And if the person I confidéd my position to, seeks to use it in another context, it should not affect me; only the book. I should not feel betrayed (a very harsh word) by their use of me. But if this book reaches the public after this person ~~xx~~ has used (in some ambigeous way) the intentions of my writing this book, then when this book appears publically, the affect of this book maybe diminished. It is doubtful that some one could ever write my specific memoirs, no matter how general they may be. Though certain broad intentions can be expressed generally and used generally in another slightly different context. My position as the party responsible for everything in this book and also how you become aware of "everything in this book" tends to become violated if the intentions of this book become known generally before the book becomes known specifically. Perhaps I should not have confided ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the nature of this book to anyone else - this may be impossible. But what I should have done was to just confide that I was writing a book, not this specific book with all its specific intentions. But this is the risk of anonymously authoring a specific book of general intentions. All things done may have to be known and claimed. "Known" by others. "Claimed" and be responsible for.

Probably the basic issue is whether it is true that this book is my attempt to "... write something in which I have no faith in. And then deny responsibility for it. Just for the hell of it." If that is ~~xxx~~ true then this book and its completion ~~xxxx~~ should not concern itself extrinsically with anything specifically outside of itself (even if it is because of it) and I, as its author, should find its place in the world not competitive with anything else. If it is false, and I am worried that this book may not get to its intended public state without being violated (pre-empted) I have failed in my challenge. The world was stronger, I was weaker. I have entered, with my entry as a one-time book writer, into the public competition for credit and acknowledgement, ~~with my entry; to be accredited by the community~~. A world of good, better, best (which this book proports to be against) not just of differences, ~~but of better than~~. I should not feel bad if I am used or not used. I should have

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written into this book the ability t~~oxixixwhatxxxxxxxap~~ after this book is completed, to let whatever happens (or doesn't happen) occur. I want to feel the same if it is not ever published or used by others or destroyed or misused - I do not want to be affected by the problems induced by me writing this book. This book should have its expereince in the world separate from my experience in the world.

I may think I can cover any eventuality (good or bad) by writing it in this book. I may have made up issues in the book, just to see if I could be true to them. Too often, I may pre-suppose too much.

Time is the essence of this book. This book is trying to deal with essentials as if they were to be found. To be found at a level of writing experience common to everything. To everything all things are part of. Part of this sentence is in the previous sentence. Sentence is a singular noun. A singular noun means one. One is the convention from which is built more or less. Less than or more than one is a measure. A measure . This paragraph is the type referred to earlier as "...the use of words self-descriptive and vauguely formalistic in their construction.", and is being concluded to allow me to proceed with the next paragraph.

One of the reasons (now that I am beginning to see the end) I think I am writing this book is to see whether I have the streght to do what I write; by maintaining my relation to this specific book and the specific world and the general world in a manner in accord with my intentions (my intentions, even as they change). I like to think the challenge of this book to be my own ability to live up to my intentions and demands written in this book. Not after this book, in my life. Just in relation to this solitary recollection of a most general memoir, which may now be treading carefully on the borderline between now and future. Not book future; life future. Many times before in this book I have speculated on book future. This paragraph may be the first time I started to speculate about life future. It probably doesn't even concern you.

I will now type up the previously handwritten pages in the stenographers pad onto the $8\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 inch white, unlined paper.

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I have just finished typing up the previously typed pages. (This sentence was not contained in the handwritten stenographers pad).

I am a amatuer. I think you should know this, if you don't already. Contained in this book is the lack of experience in writing this book. As I recall from having written before, I have to work with my knowledge of this, dealing with it as a virtue and known point of view. I must work with it, to bring into these memoirs a point of view which writes of beginnings. Not the accumulation of lessons previously learnt and then applied. But an environment (perhaps) of naivete ~~xhxx~~ where what is "learnt and then applied" can be confused with "applied and then learnt". A memoirs of any and each moment. The same at all times, differing only at different times. The present confronted without memory. No way to recall things forward.

After. I do not ever plan (want) to write another book or anything once more. I present this now as an essential truth in writing this. Essential to not carry forward any program from the past. To write this book as a writer of books is to perpetrate a lie. To have this book stand as any other book by any other writer is not an intention of this book. To have this book stand as a specific book by a specific writer, and to specify what are the ~~spxxfxxxx~~ specific conditions and environment in which it is to be read (and judged) is an ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ intention of this book. I try to maintain this intention. I have become both the writer and reader. One thing. To make what goes into this book and what comes out of it the same thing. To have this book the registration of no action, of complete passivity towards, of no change against, what I think my memoirs to be and what I read my memoirs to have been.

I am curious about the nature of what it is to do something for the first time. To know whether it is possible to do something for the first time. And then only for the first time. By giving an example of doing something for ths first time; like this book. This is my first time in writing this book, and I know (if you are reading this) it is your first time reading it. I think they are the same. Also, I think the beginning of anything is possible, and by extension, the most important part of continuing.

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This book does not have any pictures. They are not in keeping with my image of this book. I have consciously avoided any words that conjure up a visual experience. I do not want words to be used for anything else.

I began, about 45 days ago, to write the second section (which would be before this (now named) third section, simultaneously along with this section. But I found it impossible to do it at the same time as this section and I stopped writing the second section. Though I didn't in fact destroy it, only put it aside. Probably if I do finally decide to write a second section I will not use that specific material. I will probably start it over again. When I do begin it again, it will begin with the words:

"This is the second section, which has been written after the third section (which appears after this section) and is also referred to and speculated on in the third section, as you will read after you have read this. This section was referred to in the third section as being a criticism of the third section. I still think it will be a criticism. I did not ~~think of~~ write about it in the third section, but now I think it will be rather short in length (not like the third section, which attempted to measure its distance in terms of the "160 page, lined stenographers pad" and proceeded accordingly), but more open, less committed to a specific length."

I will not write any further speculation on the specific language of the second section at this time in this third section. I will double-cross that bridge when I come to it.

The last sentence in the previous paragraph was a conscious paraphrase of a ~~sentence~~ sentence I had read somewhere else (not in this book). I do not claim to have thought of it myself, though I did remember it myself.

Most of this book I think I thought of and remembered myself. I do not suspect remembering any other sources from which I may have ~~have~~ borrowed (remember, I am not well read). If I did, and you think you know about it, could you please write to me (the "author") care of the publisher (the address can be found in the first sentence of

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of the first section of this book) with the specific details. They will be forwarded to me. They will not, however, be published in future reprints of this book (unlike the public criticism of this book) because they are too personal and they do not effect anyone else's reading of the book. Though if you would be interested in sending it anyhow, I would be interested in reading it. Perhaps we could develop a correspondence out of it. Who knows?

I hope you are not put off by my writing that "They will not, however, be published in future reprints of this book... because they are too personal..." I simply feel that personal things should not be confused with public things, and that the change that occurs when a personal thing travels to be a public thing can be more injurious to the intent of the personal thing than to the public thing. I neither feel that all things should be private or public; but that great care and control should be maintained in going from one condition to another. Only one specific person can do this. If I allowed everything that was written to me, in response to my asking you to "...please write to me..." about "...any other sources from which I may have borrowed..." and "... I do not suspect remembering...", I would not be exercising (in my opinion) the "...great care and control..." that I wrote about earlier in this paragraph.

Sometimes I amaze myself at the way I can justify anything I want to. This gets back to an earlier part of the book, when at that time I wrote "I think people like or dislike ~~(sadder)~~ ("good and bad?") things for hidden unknown reasons, then set out to explain why." I still think that sentence is true. It is as if, once a person decides to do anything (begin), what they do after that, is less important, and increasingly so, until they again reach a point that they recognize as a beginning.

A beginning is a time when things are not clear, a time when past and future cannot be recognized as a continuum, a time of things thought to be unknown.

(Faith?)

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Often I reread parts of this book I had written earlier. Sometimes to just look back on the good old days, sothertimes; to find a word or sentence or paragraph to help me in finishing this book. Usually the successive writing of words does not come directly from what I had written earlier, but rather from more isolated ideas not yet in the book; which come to me when I am away from writing, doing something else. This something else can be anything else (except writing) and while I do not bring it into the book directly; the mechanics of this has played a very important part in me writing this book. This may be a view of an amatuer. My idea of a professional is one who pushes harder and more frequently against apathy. Doing nothing bothers me less, and occasionally when I do bring apathy into the open it looks empty (like typewritten pages 24 - 25 or 30 (partially blank)) which is how I think it should read.

I would like to number sequentially each paragraph or each sentence or each word for easy reference but I won't. If you are interested in this book you should have to work at it as hard as I did.

I could also (in the future) use the general idea of writing a book about writing a book in other situations; like a movie about a movie, or a dance about a dance, but I (also) won't. This book is my way of doing something about doing (the same) something.

46 pages in the stenographers pad to go. I figured this out by counting each page back from the end of the book; not as also would have been possible, from the beginning of the second half (80 pages) counting each page forward and then substracting that amount (34 pages) from 80 pages. Whether I count in handwritten pages or typewritten pages or published pages it is true that I almost have completed 75% of this book.

Almost 75% of my autobiography completed, if only by the synthetic measure of this stenographers pad. Still, if I had lived though these pages, up until now, before now; now would refer to something else then it does now. Any point in this book will be noted (in this sentence) to be a fulcrum for what is before and after, and, (I lost my train of thought, if I can finish the sentence later, I will tell you as quickly as possible).

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This book of memoirs probably should not be read as seriously as I think I intented. Perhaps you should just see it, smell it, touch it; know it physically as you would all things perceived. Like an object is obviously is. This book should have a use in your life, apart from what is written in it. As something to put under a leg of a table to make it balance, as a weapon to throw at someone if you are attacked, as toilet paper if you are out of it, as a thing to hollow out and smuggle jewels in, as a thing to impress others with, as a thing to spend your money on, as a thing to have your children play with (a group of 50 copies of this book, each one glued shut, would make a wonderful building block set).

If this is published (and you will know it if is) and is not sussessful from the publishers point of view; you may have been able to purchase this very book at a cheaper price then mentioned in the first passage of the first section, at a store that deals in "publishers closeouts." If this book is published and is sussessful from the publishers point of view, you may have been able to purchase the book also at a cheaper price then mentioned in the first paragraph of the first section when it becomes a paperback book (Though, if that occurs, the price of the book will be changed in the front of the book and it will probably be longer, due to the inclusion of the critical material written about this book at the front of the reprinted (paperback) book.) After publication, I expect this book also may have been found in most public libraries.

Do you know why you have read this far?

In rereading this book, some words have been used more frequently than other words. Perhaps the use of some words more that other words sets the overall tone for my memoirs, and maybe the prefrential sequence in which I write them below is a further indication of what I feel about this book. The most frequently used words are:

If
I
Perhaps
Maybe
Know
Book

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Write
The ~~Thing~~
Thing
It
Think
Or
Not
All
Is
A
Now ~~Xxxxxxi~~
General
Specific
Life
Are
Could
You
World

I am less interested in what happens to this book once it ~~is~~ is put into the world then I am in what happens to me in the world because I have put this book in the world also. This book remains basically static (though I have allowed it to grow from what it is now). I remain changing. I am curious whether I can change in the way I wrote I would in the book. Can this book really be more important than me? Should it be a model?

This book may be an archetype for non-action. An introverted suggestion that nothing is meaning (Doing is a means?). Means comes from meaning (only semantics?).

Dear Author,
I will find your book on the table at a friend's house. I will be attracted to it because it will be unopened. The spine will not be broken, and the 3 exposed edges of the book will form 3 gentle concave curves on the sides of the book and the dustjacket will be (hopefully) void of any writing. I will have just concluded a conversation with my friend about some of the problems of the world, and they will conclude (for the moment) with the remark ~~that will many say~~ "I have not yet opened that book." I will think for a moment and then ask

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"Why?" They will say "I don't know, I really hate to begin a book without knowing anything about it; Why don't you read it first and after you are finished you can tell me something about it and then I will know how I found out about it." I will follow their suggestion.

This is how I dream of me knowing your book.

A Reader

I rapsodize over what is done and what will be done. Never over doing. I, a fulcrum of sorts (see 10 paragraphs earlier, last sentence)

Another location count: Page __. One more (handwritten) page to go to have written 75% of this book.

Is it possible not to have a point of view? I think nature and life have no point of view. No, I don't, on thinking about it longer. I'm confused.

I will do something which I will not write about and afterwards return to continue writing about this book. I do not know now when I will continue, though I will note when I begin to continue, how much time as past between now and later:

45 minutes.

Each one of the following words was written 30 seconds after the previous word:

One Two Three Stop

My purpose in doing that was not very clear. It may have been a test

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to see if I acutally did wait 30 seconds before writing the next word. I did. I want you to know (and believe) I did. What is the difference? How can you know?

90 seconds elapped between "One" and "Stop".

2825 seconds elapsed between the word "later" (written 5 paragraphs earlier) and the word "Stop". (now I will compute the elapsed time: 45 minutes times 60 seconds per minute equals 2700 seconds, plus (approximately) 35 seconds in the next paragraph ~~fromm~~ following, plus 90 seconds for the paragraph following equals a grand total of 2825 (elapsed) seconds. Now I will insert this number at the beginning of this paragraph). Now this paragraph is completed.

Now this sentence (and paragraph) begins. It has begun ~~by~~ with "Now this sentence (and paragraph) begins". It continues with "It has begun with "Now this sentence (and paragraph) begins". It continues with "It has begun with "Now this sentence (and paragraph) begins..."""

I cannot seem to begin a sentence without knowing how it will be completed. This is a perfect example. Was a perfect example.

I am presently involved with a project (not this book) which is somewhat like the one referred to earlier on page __. It has also some of the same things in common with this book. I will write about it for a few moments and then maybe you can tell whether it is much like this book.

Agency.

Death.

Some additional words I forgot to include in the earlier paragraph in which I listed the "most frequently used words":
Remember
Memory
Choice
Memoirs

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This is the few moments of writing about the other project which I am presently involved in. Not this book. The other project involves a situation wherein a number of people have been asked to do something together. What they will do together is not something they would normally do together. The pre-thinking and preparation for this situation will be justified only when these people get togehter. A record will be made of what happens when they get together, and made known. Many variables exist in this situation, though I think it can be said of it; that (despite its uniqueness) it has many parallels and its specific place in the world can be said to be definitely useful and important. Maybe this is because it is unique. Maybe it is because of the specific people involved. Maybe it is because it is not ambiguous enough. I seem to view it myself without much anxiety for its eventual specific outcome. In a sense, I could say, that its place and use in the world will be clear. An experience of information that will be relatively clear to the people who would interested in it to begin with. In a sense I can see the end of my relation to it. I also can feel I know what will happen to it afterwards, after I have left it.

Do you think that my "other project" is like this book (Not, I repeat, Not like my writing about my "other project")? How specifically does it differ? Why do you think I wrote about it?

I had written "Death" for the first time (in the book) 4 paragraphs before now. I don't really have anything to say about it specifically now either; I just wanted to write it. I thought earlier that a ~~that~~ memoir should at least acknowledge it and be aware of its existence as a word.

Agency. I have been writing continuously about this book in relation to me, and particularly whether I could "... live up to my intentions and demands written in this book." I will now write about the person who will be representing my interests after this book (since referred to as the "third section") is completed. Though not primarily responsible for these memoirs they will have much work to do to take the completed book thru to its intended (implied) public state; particularly all the many aspects that I suspect will be dealt with (on a person to person basis) in organizing the first section. I know

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that much of the information to be contained in the first section will be oral. I expect them to record as much as they can remember to record and then give it to me to organize. I do not expect them to make any of my choices. Though I will leave in their hands other choices; particularly business-type decisions. I suspect that any one who has read these memoirs will know what I consider my choices to be, and will respect them. This goes for my agent or any one else.

The relationship between myself and my agent is very delicate. Many things (which I have included in the book) remain subject to specific intrepretation in a specific situation outside of this book (though I have been trying to foresee these situations).

Essentially I must put my faith in my agent (in this book) the same way I try to put my faith in people in my relations in the real world. It is not to be taken lightly, anymore than my choice of a specific agent.

Likewise, all persons coming in contact with my agent should respect their position in relation to mine, and deal with them as if they were dealing with me. This means, to a certain extent, when my agent says "I" it usually means the "author"; although knowing the agent I have chosen, I suspect they will preface any instructions about the book with "The author..."

I have already chosen an agent to deal with this book, between me and the world. Please change all former references to my agent from "they" or "them" or "their" to "he" or "him" or "his." For further specific about him see page ___ in the first section and page__ in this (now third section of the) book.

Sometimes I am surprised at what I write. I would like to find some way in which I could write to you about it, without analizing it or using the phrase "I am surprised." Maybe the fact I think "I am surprised at what I write." can itself never surprise me. I think I have surprised you on a few occasions. Only you would have known when. I would like to think that when I meant to surprise you and when you

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you were surprised were both because of the same reason. I will never know.

This book is closer to completion then ever before.

There are many things I will never know. I know that. I remember writing this at another time. I am redundant.

To repeat: "I am redundant."

There are many things I know and then forget. I am forgetful.

To repeat: " ."

How clever can I get? You tell me.

I, as you may remember, am not well read. I would like, for the remainder of this book to discuss words in a scientific syntatic grammatic way; but I do not know enough about it to do it properly. I do not want to find out about grammar and stuff while I am writing this book. As a matter of fact, I do not want to find out anything while writing this book; except why I am writing this book. After this book, well that's a different story.

This book could be a hoax. If we could define the word "hoax."

This book could be anything. If we could determine what "anything" was.

There seems to be some relation between my life and the memory of my life and the writing of my memory and the reading of my writing. I suspect that they are all the same thing. Though each one has its specific context. The context are all different. How we know is what we know.

This book is coming to you courtesy of everybody else but me.

What an incredibly humble idea.

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Try this one on for size: Everyone is right.

I think you look very well in it. It may need some taking in, but I think it fits.

Do it. Quickly.

"I will only do this once, I can probably do it only once. Once, when I had finished my work, someone asked me to remember and ~~xirix~~ write about my work. This is about me writing about my work, not about my work..."

That, of course, was the first 42 words of this book. It now appears twice in the book. I know no more about it now then I did when I wrote it. I used it again to put it into another place and time, to reread it in its new context for different meanings. In rewriting it, it became a lie; it reads very speicifcally that "I will do this only once" The new context has now made that sentence a lie.

Habits are conventions. Conventions are things we very rarely question. For me, my convention, in this book is "Why?" I may be able to think of answers, but I cannot think of a more essential question. I think "Why" is a center. I build on it and from it and towards it. It tends to be everywhere.

"Strip away the phony tinsel and you get to the real tinsel" is a paraphrased quote from someone else (the same someone else, not me, I quoted from before). (Will someone who is aware of the source of the (2) quotes please draw their attention to this book - the author).

I have 20 minutes to write (and/or think) before I have to do something that will not be in this book.

Because of this book, and the time it is taking to be written, I have been spending very little time with other people. In a certain way, I think of them as a distraction, not as a general distraction, but as a specific distraction. I remember that conversations usually went over surfaces, about things, never into things. Maybe not. Perhaps

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I feel the image of this book is so firmly grounded in me and the specifics involved in this book that I want to complete the book without involving any other specific people. I suspect a certain release from the memory of my writing about this book will come after it is completed. I expect (want?) then to re-enter a world of other specific people.

Either I write like I talk or I talk like I write or this sentence should not be included in this book. It is. It was. It will be.

The aforementioned 20 minutes are up.

I wonder. What would happen if this book, in it present handwritten state was lost before I typed it up? What would I do? I could just continue from the pages that have already been typed up and completed it against another measure (other than the 160 pages in the lined stenographers pad). I could just continue it abruptly and tell you the story of how it was lost. I could abandon the entire book in a fit of dispondency. I could not even tell you that something had happened and continue as usual. All these possibilities came to mind. It is too depressing a subject to even give an objective answer to. Perhaps if it actually happened, I would choose the best reply. If it happens, only time will tell.

A certain kind of excitement is beginning to become known to me as I draw closer to the specified 160th page of the stenographers pad. I just can't put a word on it. Put I feel it. And it feels good.

85% of this book is done.

15% to go. I will advise you, as I write, of the progress we make as we draw to the end. In units of 1% (Every 1 2/3 pages in my stenographers pad equals 1%).

A certain amount of specific planning begins to become necessary as the book's potential decreases and my need to include certain now general thoughts into the book increases. But I still do not plan to edite anything.

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The stenographers pad can be thought of as a graph on which my language can be compared to (I remember now that I had said "I have consciously avoided any words that conjure up a visual experience", but unfortunately I remembered this too late - the author).

I began to ask someone about the eventual publication of this book. What they heard my say was "Who do you..." I didn't finish the sentence. It was to have conclude with "... consider to be the best publisher for this book?"

I won't write the names of my personal friends or where I came from. Nor will I discuss any specifics about where I am or anything else not within the scope and intention of my memoirs. I will remember and record things only pertaining to this book.

~~I could not have been writing~~
14%.

I could not have been writing this book without distractions. Although I have not written about the things that have not been contained in this book, I only too well understand that I could not have written this book without being distracted. Even though they are not here they are one of my reasons for writing this book. Many times I have secretly looked forward to coming distractions as a thing to resist and work against. When they came, I concentrated on not writing and often returned to writing with a clearer idea of what I wanted to do. Distractions are important perhaps because they are the total class of experience except writing this book. As I am writing this I am expecting a distraction in about 1 hour from now.

There is an idea in mathematics which holds that one never can do anything. It says that before you can reach anything you must first go ½ the distance to anything, and before you go ½ that distance you must first go ½ of that, and on backwards in an infinite regression. If I had thought of this earlier in this book I would have never started it. Or maybe I would have worked with it as the measure of distance instead of the 160 pages, lined stenographers pad. It is too late to change the conscious structure of this book. I like to think even now, that after almost 87% of this book, this still can in some way

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approximate the condition of an "infinite regression", with its implication that "...one can never do anything."

13%.

The inability to do anything or the ability to do nothing. Almost. For in an "infinite regression" one never actually reaches nothing.

Things have within them the inability to complete themselves. I wonder.

I wonder, would it have been possible to write anything else. This book is my resolution of all known decisions. It will be completed when either you or I say it is. I have tried to write that it is not yet finished and continued to write about its potential for finishing.

I want my prediction (intention) of filling this 160 page, lined stenographers pad with my memoirs to come true. To at least my one obsessive knowable end.

What is less important then why.

I have marked this book, from page 156 (in the steno pad) every 1 2/3 pages, along side the left hand margin, with the percentage of book remaining. As I pass each of these (decreasing) numbers it compels me towards zero. The lower the number the more excited I become. Can you imagine me at [redacted] 6%? [redacted] 3%? 0%? (I can't).

12%.

~~The part~~ This part of the book is being written much slower than the earlier part. I've become very concerned about leaving something out. I do not know what I may be leaving out, I am just concerned about the finality that if I do leave something out from now on until the end, I can never include it again in the book.

This book must also stop on a "dime", so to write, exactly at the end.

I just reread a few pages before now, where I wrote "I am expecting

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a distraction in about one hour from now." I neglected to tell you that the distraction occurred ofter the paragraph ending "(I can't)."

I am writing this now so you will know that I continued writing from the paragraph beginning "This part of this book is being..."

I feel I am going for broke. I want to write that I will be finishing this in 2 hours. I'm going to try; I wrote it.

Many times I have thought about the conclusion of this book; specific words and sentences in a specific sequence. I even speculated by previously writing "This decision is not clear, maybe if it was clear, the book will be completed." I am not now tempted to speculate on the end of the book; I will just keep it in the back of my mind knowing it is imminent.

11%.

As I have been writing and reading this book, certain parts of the book appear better than others. I have been very tempted to change certain sentences and paragraphs to bring them up to my (ever changing) idea of this book. I know that this could well be a eternally continual process, and as I would change any part of the book to improve (?) it, then the other parts would have to subsequently be changed to measure up to my previous changes. This has been my reason for not editing; whatever was, should be.

Feeling no clear set of values that make one sentence better than another, it is without reason to change it to an equally senseless sentence. Here, I think I am using the word "sentence" as a synonym for "anything."

Knowing I am finishing maybe as difficult as knowing I was beginning.

This book has not been lost.

This book is my only final book.

10%. ____ lines to go.

____.

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11%. ~~I have been writing and [illegible]~~

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Why did you choose that one? I would have choosen something else, I think.

Lets do something together. What would you like to do?

8%.

This is the 4th and last time I have used this device:

Dear Author,
I think your book will mean all things to all men. It tends to be ~~either~~ the type of book you either love or hate, with little middle ground. At first I was put off by the wishy-washy style, but after I had read further on, I came to realize that the style was perfectly responsive to the ideas. It is impossible to judge a book by its cover.

I can't explain my feeling as I read it; you just had to be there to understand it.

Also, I did not answer any of the questions you asked, did you?

When I read a book, I look for an interesting plot, good character development and exciting climax. While your book falls short on all 3 counts, I still think you have potential.

A Reader

Boredom just crossed my mind. I ask myself "Am I writing this book to save myself from boredom?" or as an example of boredom? Is boredom something to be avoided? Can boredom be interesting? Can there be different kinds of boredom?

7%.

Maybe boredom is to be avoided and boring isn't. That is a definite possibility.

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The 2 hours are up; Not finished.

Before I am finished with this book I would like to make some things clear, regarding the letter in the first section and also what my agent will have to do once this handwritten book is put into manuscript state (semi-public). Some things I must not forget to do:

1. Make the necessary last minute changes in the letter in the front section.
2. Think about writing the second section.
3. Write the balance of this book using the ideas I have been thinking about.
4. End the book.
5. Instruct the agent how to select the specific people to send the manuscript to in the publishing houses.
6. Explain to the agent, what information will be important in compiling the first section (particularly whether I should have tape recordings made of all oral conversations between the agent and the publishers.).
7. Decide my method of organization for the first section.

6%.

To amplify:

1. The letter to the publisher at the beginning of the first section should be amended as follows:
Change the fourth paragraph to read, in part "... deals with the mechanical and procedural aspects of publishing the book, legal information, letters, correspondence and relevant oral communication with the publisher-to-be..." Also, remove the entire phrase beginning with "... I have taken the liberty of slipping in 50 blank pages..."

2. I think the second section should include any thoughts I have had about it in this(third) section along with any new thoughts I come up with as I am writing it.

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3. I am writing the balance of this book by resolving all known, nagging questions, as I remember them.

4. I will get back to answering this later. You will know when.

Now.

5%.

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4%.

3%.

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1%.

0%.

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74

2%.