

Ch11005001

Note for biog

All comedians are self-effacing

They wear a comedy mantle to hide either the poetry of their soul or their

To a comedian the mask of comedy is self-effacing

They wear the mantle of the grotesque to hide either the poetry of their soul, or their sensitivity

To hide many things: the poetry of their soul, their sensitiveness, their shyness, their vanity and ego.

Comedy is essentially a cover-up, a compromise, a yearning for many things, a sublimation

Ch11005002

James Joyce literature

Spangles!

2 The virtues of the middle class

3 of democracy

4 [Hitlerism??] is the festering decay of the West

Science is the [xxx] of culture and [xxx] and individualism

Open smoking in NY

Al Palzer

Bomber Wells

Gertrude Stein spilling coffee

Ch11005003

Most of my life has been an open book

Fulfillment. like reaching the end of the railroad track, where do we go from here? Of course I was thrilled and happy and moved by the [xxx] nevertheless under it all my mind was reassessing values

One pays a price for success. Not in the achieving of it, but in the occurring of it. For it is rife with unexpected moods; very soon a pall of melancholy came over me and I felt segregated and set apart, an object of curiosity, and I was not used to it. I felt lonely. Are we ever satisfied?

Ch00115504

The secrets I have do not directly concern myself but others. But my reaction to them, a reaction which I did not understand as a boy and which I now realise is quite understandable. Children have a

puritanical block about everyone but themselves. And as one contacts the world more, the block rolls to one side and we see clearer the norm of things and we understand

It is this understanding which brings me to decide what the public should know and not know. My desire in keeping these personal matters a secret is that in my understanding of them their exposition would add little to this document that would be edifying or entertaining

Ch00115505

I am taking the attitude that a biography is not an exposé but a statement of guarded facts. I will frankly admit that there are one or two secrets in my life from which I cannot divest myself. It would be like disrobing and standing nude in the city square. But they are secrets too personal to share even with my brother. Were I a writer of epic poems I would even hesitate. Besides an autobiography is not to [xxx] out oneself beyond redemption, it is to explain oneself to the public. My secrets are inexplicable to myself. Therefore I will not write about them not from a moral sense do I refrain. My mind is perfectly free from patterns of behaviour or of prejudice . Although I am a man of restraint I like to think I am capable of anything physical or spiritual, but mortal combat.

Ch00115506

I am forced into socialism by the petty bourgeois capitalist class system which metaphorically keeps slapping me in the face

I derive as much melancholy from lust as I do from pleasure.

OK

From lust I derive as much melancholy as I do pleasure

Lust is also full of melancholy

Church state land money? Every vested interest

Melancholy

Ch00115507

I had outgrown those friends or I had outgrown myself. I had no interest in wanting to see them or impress them. Now I realise that no one had ever been very close to me, or I to them. I began to question how much I was interested in H and to what extent of a thrill I would get in meeting her and the satisfaction of her seeing me in the background of success.

I thought back, friends? Whom do I consider as friends? When I left the Karno company they played a wild joke on me. On the last night at Kansas City I ~~bought drink for the company~~ a member of our troupe, Arthur Dando intimated that they had got up a collection to buy me a small remembrance before leaving them. Dando an embittered disappointed man verging on manic depressive instigated it.

Ch00115508

But my confidence is untouched. Call this arrogance or what you will, nevertheless I enjoy it. The eighteenth century was full of arrogant, all stratas of it from high to low, and that era was colourful and romantic. If only there was more of it today there would be less regimentation and less of the

other objectionable forces which compose the bases of modern society. But I am not complaining; the movements and growth of universal events take their good time, while humanity fusses and fumes in the sulphuric gases of it. Very soon all will be accustomed to it and breathe its air like ordinary ozone.

Perhaps my lessening interest is a sign of age or perhaps growth. I am inclined to believe it is growth, the concentration of interest into less channels and a growing knowledge that those lessening interests are not as attractive as I thought they were. I have often asked myself, and given it much thought, what it was I was after. Power to lead a nation, be a President or a Dictator? No. Even under the best auspices these powers begin to pall. They involve unpleasant tasks and associations and a morality in which I do not believe. It involves a category of principles and belief.

Ch00115509

Biography 1

Reading a review that stated sarcastically How much is it the function of a novelist or a poet or other would-be super wise [to] tell us what to do. In the political prospects before us

Who but the poet and the artistic are better equipped to tell us. Sociology has never been an exact science because it is too fluid and has too many ponderables to produce the authoritarian

Politics and sociology have been the fare of lawyers, politicians and heterogenous types who have kept it to themselves and have made it a closed corporation enshrouded in some mysterious dogma known only to the ward healers building contractors and lawyers

Sociology is at best a spurious science and instead of being in the hands of unimaginative men as the afore, who in most cases are, without an historic sense, should be left to the poet. For who but the artistes are better equipped to see through

Ch00115510

Biography 2

The mist of modern economics with all its variables and ponderables, its human equation? Have they not always been the harbinger of the future? Of course the artistic should always be consulted and whether the layman knows it or not, he has, through his creative work always blazed the trail for the future, has always influenced the scientist the [xxx] and the layman

Ch00115511

Notes Biography 3

The virtue of common sense is over estimated. Rare sense is by far more valuable since [it] is by no means common. The average sense is spurious and confused, and is at best dull to say the least. When writers reviewing Bernard Shaw's work refer to it as a document of common sense and to Shaw himself as a man of common sense, they literally mean that Shaw was a man of rare sense

It was Shaw's rare sense that enabled him to see the hidden moral discrepancies and other pitfalls in so called [xxxx]analyzing

Ch00115512

Kelly and his friends sat talking about a new friend, said Kelly: "He's a nice chap, comes from rather a good family." This coming from K, I smiled to myself

These cascades of piddling metaphors building up columns of ambiguity, to mystify the bewildered reader is the obsession of this overgrown, uninformed, half-baked undergraduate

Although I had pleased Sennett I had yet to please the public. My character was unusual and, as I thought, unlike anything American in feeling. It was [xxx] beyond anything I knew about although I felt the character I did not intellectualize it

Ch00115513

In looking back at that unhappy scene, I felt then, as I understand now, the agonizing torment of her life with my father. She loved him; and I am sure he loved her. There were times when they both seemed very happy in their different ways. She was by nature bovine and sullen with large melancholy eyes, and a full, [xxxx] mouth made to complement a passionate or sensuous nature. Father was a [xxxx] shy man with an inner impulsion that either exploded in violence or a gay ebullience wrapping a towel about his head and chasing his youngest son around the table. In these moods he was loquacious and enthusiastic and would tell stories about other 'acts' with whom he played at the theatre. I remember him one Sunday morning extolling an American singing quartet (a new importation into England at that time). He was explaining the charm of the comedy troupe who sang [xxx] making goo goo eyes at the audience and sang somebody love me etc. I saw the quartet a few years later but they were never as good as father's imitation. He rarely ate solid food. About eight o'clock

Ch00115514

Nothing can transcend personality.

A fig for an [xxx]

Time element

The relation of playwrights and actor

Action, the art of relaxing

Taxing the memory is a strain. Therefore release memory by tough logical study, and save memory for the [xxx] for pronunciation, and enunciation

The first law of professional is stage orientation and body movement – off on the wrong foot

Keep the head still when speaking

Economy of movement

There is little

To find truth presupposes some strange secret. To a realist truth is everywhere, both pleasant and unpleasant. By truth we often mean values.

Ch00115515

We have to stick together. We are the only two in the world. Father gone and mother is gone.

Sure we'll stick together

There's only us two left. That's why you must write me once in a while

I don't write because I can't spell

That doesn't matter, I'll know what you mean. Just write

Of course I will. Don't you think I don't know that we need each other

More than ever now. We've no one to turn to

But you make it sound so sad – and we're not sad

Of course not, we are just a little lonely, that's all

Ch00115516

That's why it's nice to know that you still have a little family

We are family aren't we

Sure. And one day you'll get married and have children

And then you'll be an uncle – just think of it!

And you'll be an artist too

She

That's when it'll be nice

