Éthique

my Contem

Il de part

On novelty, Intensive Reiz and pleasure-pain
Subject and Form

I part of the autobiographical
writing on art

The idea began to fix my order
into my notions of aesthetics, a certain
amount of autobiography a confession
will not be a sin. In question, others
this should be elinied.

What strikes me first is that, at an
curtain since the age of fourteen or
fourteen, is as a result of fire
seeing Rome, gallery, 

word "Beauty"

or "Beauutiful" have played a large

part in my thinking, a countenally
increasing one as in proportion
as my reading, my teachers

Ch. Blakelerse, Brother, St. Fances wall

The archtitectural literature he learnt

gradually accostomed me to a

vague notion. That I knew, or was

words something about it.

I understand that Word because it

is sure that doubt it accomajed.
I was always "liked." When I was young, I liked books and listened to music. I liked, for instance, to sit alone. What books, and later on, at Harvard, I liked to like. There was a very categorical imperative about it, and now I look back into my memory, I see that the same rule applied to what I thought was an exception. This exception is old enough. Until about 16, I distinctly remember (I remember rather distinctly, with the woman who taught me drawing) that I preferred Guido, it even came home of this school. To say Titian, I remember de Reut, Sagri to myself, and others. More Titian, to think Raphael, etc. More Troubles, there had more
More technical merit, and
were a loss. Guido had
true, experience. All
This lasted I think until
I read Burckhardt’s Cicerone,
Napier. Elena, once more
been shocked by my views, I
think almost he learns;
The Burckhardt with a view to
conversion. Cam Blake’s
brain was old, and read
pre-read, had not coereed
me; and I understand why:
his (luxurious) habit (like an
writer) of describing and
interpreting on art pictures
but the restraint of pictures
(central description of the Orpheus
(not merely apply equally
to any one else’s Orpheus)
had made me think that
the principal merit of a
picture was its expression
Pari. Now the Latin Miche
Mr. Bickerley (whichever was a phenomenon originally of ability, almost or by suggestion.)

The mason who did it was definite. The sculptor was, merely that. Boccio & Nera (I mean Murarque particular) explained that it was right thatNature allowed in her economy and that we rebelled against the urge against the fact. Its criticism of Nature as uninteresting unnatural.

But (like Hawthorne in Travels) I don’t think I made any distinction between an antique & memorial. Of my story or the Morzine. Certain her between an antique & a Canova. But had been told to dedicate Bernini & worse time. Space.
a work of his school, I'm afraid my attention fled with a ride, a ridiculous ride nearly always away, a library, for I always included Stupor for what I could say or write, and why to write except in the words, the eyes, and silence, the memory and an author of whom I was reading.

To sum it up, I think there was very little genuine literature, because there was no genuine losing.

I talked about France, for the antique for suicide, as a memory, down for Racine, but I did not read Racine.

I knew he was two scraps, but never read the other, nor the thing he has after my admiration had ceased.

What a hideous thing more or all, this was he embraced
This question of instant admiration is very curious one, and I
with other people would inquire
scrupulously into this experience on the subject. With regard to
myself, I am aware that even
now that admiration (or desire)
of finer or drier and certain
persons has a decided influence
upon my preference. I am
even consciously of distant
pleasure or pain (or comfort or
discomfort) -- what discomfort
of a sort of disruption, the
comfort of the pain, slow song
at the moment; and there is often an enduring result. The
only category in which, nowadays,
the admiration or horror of others
does not affect me, is literature.
I know what I like, what I dislike, what leaves me indifferent (especially of course, where) I can sufficiently back my decision. I may in reason. When I find no reason, I have a weighty reason of instinct. People can draw my attention. What? Did we sufficiently advise, but my advisors? Still, your reasons. My, Normans. There is another their category. Perhaps the most important in my whole life, and though which, certain. Most influence, I know when._opportunity, irresolute. Aesthetic impressions, preferences mean.
But before examining this category, let me fix in my mind about imitative admiration. 

Nature, as I remarked, to be a nature born of mimicry. I am not attracted to people because their admired or love them, but I return to them; 

their nature which one of my friends manifests—another one wishes, for another, gay 

entertainment. My own, indeed, a 

word "distraught"—"derelict." 

For fine eye it goes to 

blot up his own feeling when 

wavering. I do not think however 

having caused aesthetic pernicious 

attraction, a word for instance 

affirms. Conversely: I admire. 

recent it as a reproach, moral 

admiration may sometimes be 

basically misunderstood by others. 

attention. Otherwise, or fault
New interpretation, but after all "moral admiration" is for what one thinks it, and criticism actually alters that, as a black eye or a bruised lip alters but slightly an aesthetic impression. Well!

I certainly think that in early life I had a good deal of admiration emotion which was perfectly genuine, but absolutely second hand. In the case for instance of I can remember even having it in connexion with photographs which I was aware were historic, and even wondering how it was that I liked an ugly thing or that a banal object could somehow look so ugly. This query must have been
frequent in my youth, to 
remind me very distinctly.
The answer I should now 
give was that an admiration 
was evoked by a symbol, 
as a love's fervour may be 
by a pocket-handkerchief 
spiring person. in a 
broken viole bone, and when
some
forever patiently enduring
incapable of apprehending
a picture at once (because
they have reverence) persons
incapable of Maturingly
incapable of Divinity, or
Maturingly union, tell me
the deep aesthetic emotion
when aroused in them, and
will, believing them
the emotion has been felt, being an emotion
experienced in other cases

19
transported to this one. I believe
that men can enjoy the
fact of fine colouring in nature
when they are told it is
there, without seeing it. This
was certainly the case with
the Blind Poet
Philip Marston. We liked
him he was, but we were
not looking. After all we
enjoy "Beauty," "Beautiful" exquisitely. And do
we not feel warm when we
are told "so to be is heroic."
or "most charming maiden" without knowing how? After
all or we do not feel admiration
for hero, heroine? And so on.
Merely because the write
orders us to "do so?" there
would be a case of "abstract
emotion" with a vengeance!
Meanwhile, while I was getting more and more into the habit of giving ascetic admiration second hand, had I ever had it first hand?

Undoubtedly I had. In a less pure state in music, I mean because in music I was considerably raised by the Indian's ear. But music most certainly grated me at an early age. I am not speaking of admiration for composition. I could not possibly follow (say, Palestrina), or for anyone whose, in many cases, is based on another someone else. I am meaning the genuine grating leg certain melodic harmonies.
Can make a distinction. I think
my language is more for
the only major circuits
was largely because I had
used about, for some kind
I feel that it is being or not
being beautiful depends
very much on shades of
performance that per it is
is Either 0 or X. But
now when resorting
enquiry for instance. Nor Plan
Metta immaterial. At C
enjoyed the March at Nice; recently
I enjoyed the sound of when
piece I learned poems little,
sensor hearing my mother
play 4 hand while I walked
in the garden below. My acquisition
came with Haydn dates from
that time act. 12. Of course
there also is a case of anger
for I had always heard him in the
orchestra of the Supreme
Museum, as the presence of
Franz X. was very enthusiastic.


I remember being struck with
M. Wagner saying: during
the Cerimodita of Nici, that


true as Nici, Mozart was
true. No doubt he joined
Mozart at before his Antonio
in an apartment a week later
affected my presence. But


I think that in my


2 symphonic symphonies,
that even then the organic
presence I have for Mozart
had begun; even to apartment
reading his letters etc. Also


later, when I was 15 I knew
a lady in the apartment near
us in Rome that I did not know


What I did not know (name,
other wise think)
I have no very real pleasure
Of course my mother's pleasure in it helped; but I am not sure whether by this time it was not already I who directed my mother's musical preference. This certainly never directed her interpretation, either. That must have been remarkable for my mother to demonstrate piano to please me, I read all up to Haydn and Mozart [Mozart's] Nonet. It was, a historical, critical, romantic reason which determined my curiosity but certainly the pleasure of knowing Beethoven's symphonies was absolutely genuine, fanatic, far greater than any classical or literary pleasure I had had. I think that my musical pleasure at 15 or 16 was just what it is now, in juvenile finitude,
Nor have my preferences altered. However mean they may have 
been: I liked Verdi; I thought him a real composer, and there the 
matter ended. Here therefore we have a source of real aesthetic 
emotion. For my musical emotion was never dramatic or dramatic, 
quite contrary to my reverence for the music; indeed it was 
quite contrary to the music, I note then. My preferences were formed 
about things either without 
words or apart from the words 
(in piano music). When and 
where Aesthetic emotion 
comes, massive, intense, 
I shall never have in my life 
any music even half from other 
people. Save one.

Here I return to the other 
genuine aesthetic experience field, 
the one in which I really 
think my preferences were not
Only very strong, but very passionate.
I am making off the vague thing called landscape. Undoubtedly
my mother drew my attention to it. But, I don’t think we agreed. I mean I think the
my mother’s drawings were more of one of the least observed
objects, horribly literary in
substance. She would
point out things for which
there were literary expressions:
thus, the ... (I forget how now)
Of the laws of them: she
insisted on the dull colors,
forms, things, etc. But I don’t
remember her drawing my
attention to any coloring
of the artistic sort, and I have
positively never seen her
remark the shape of a woman.
or a tree or a house. My father
probably saw these beings
vividly, judging by his sketches,
but he never mentioned them:
he drew my attention to the
sharply lemon twigs as a
recognition of mine. Perhaps
bitter. My brother did nothing.
My teacher, now left school
I think nothing. Unnecessary
agreement came when I was 12.
at Rome; after when I possess
a list Vocabulary of Roman
"landscape." My mother explained
on the "darkness" of the sea,
the "shivering" of the sky,
but I don't feel my sure
Nature then apart. White
9 brave. He learning from my
"landscape," feeling is that
her different from him of my
Mother. I did not like the
On the margins of Plutarch's Table, it can be seen that the Roman Plutarch was influenced by his Greek counterpart. The Roman Plutarch's works, such as "De Rebus Bellarum," were often referenced in the margins of his table. It is clear that the Roman Plutarch was deeply influenced by his Greek counterpart, and his works were often used as a reference in the margins of his table.
faring for Italy, with a surely
worn out brandishing, was
largely a landscape - My
faring. I must have had,
early, or familiar,
hasn't always been, the scene
pathetic enough to certain
viewers, especially, my unseen,
often, very great always,
has always been tinged with
liking or repugnance. His
this element of repugnance of
dissatisfaction, ruin, showing
repugnance, + permeates un-
til this aesthetic side open-
wide, very spreading, revealed.

Thus, I must now return
to one or two incidents which
deserve shed some light
on my aesthetic development.

But some Souque comes, her
learning to draw, which I attempted
for two years, act. 15 / 16 with
advise to copy patterns of details,
etc., seems to me to have had no
effect whatever on my habitual
design. I was made every draw
every now, and little watercolor,
I go to do it mechanically
without the painter's touch;
relying on the method, not the result.
although I have drawn ever since.
Dean newchur, the copying only.
true her always them exceedingly
difficult, nor have I attempted
since then. My memory images
are evidently composed, meth.

Visual: I never could draw
from memory with any propriety.
That I had pointed out legs my
brother or father, for instance
are quite as a loss, now.
Vinealis the abbreviation of a chair's leg, or a torso, though I never clean Vinealis relation in open rooms, like it. One cannot transfer into the flat.

I had the habit, until they got with them till 1:4 or 15, of drawing my interior design and the picture was good. The rhythm was often very good. But there was no patience sense, all the forms stood in a line like a relief, unchangeable profile, I left one inch to take up another on the same paper. I quite understand how early for ever, can know me arrangement they have. After Rome there was a great deal of classic remains in the face. I could only draw it.
figure and — or perhaps I was interested in dressed people. I am sure I was taught the rudiments of such drawings, as I did in my father's brother's. Then I used to watch when younger, to copy people in company for money amounts, i.e. 1 lb at our club, the shadows, particularly in fact all except the absolute anatomical form & whose was needed for picture.

With this is connected my first fact: I remember, at least when learning to draw, begin to perceive a difference, a specific difference between things in picture & things in reality.

My father often said all pictures were unnatural, the pit not coffee, I think he
Of plans; of purposes, of pictures, &c.

Then there is the difference in pictures &c. &c.

We're not the same, are we? But my recovery differs from yours. I'll continue as before.
I, too, often wonder, i.e., didn't even aware vaguely of his thing, he never asked himself or anyone else for an explanation. Perhaps because the reading of Blake, Lessing & Spinoza began to make me take into
in musique definition of Le Beau, had better during
with respect for & against compression, &c.) etc., coming
Very early about 16 or 17) When conclusion was arrived at
a rubric (this decision
Mysterious) King Beauty of
Form, which was to make impression
me wise see at this (Flash one)
helping) here. The analogy of
music, when expressive power
(oddly enough) I understand,
secondary, emotional, character.

Dear Roger, offering me

more now than forming;

I also turn upon the artist

whose lack of expression I

overlooked. I. For years

I confused beauty of

form with anatomical

beauty. I was much puzzled.

At one about 20 I knew

I recognized the difference in

painting (clearly understood

in Portrait art). But it is

only I know in the last 10

years (archaeology of the Prehistoric

not perpetuating the concepts)

that I have understood the

difference in sculpture. Thus

my perception of "beauty" as an

idea, the creation, a set of opere

are the creation, a set of opere

whatever in the work of art began

with music, went on top only

Transformation to sculpture.
The incident I wanted to collect... to here is this vague feeling of modifigence between pictures and reality. I remember that it... struck me that people's faces... were not built like... those pictures was more to... human faces received something vague to all of over the place. This incident shown... visual observation... programme, for... man connected it with any... of my the si... I only recently remembered in... my memory.

Another man earlier incident... of another... The first... in Rome (Acts 12) I had my... challenge being under... of thehetto or the... person... liked the person better...
saw him more “beautiful”

wherein way they known

in familiar light, illustration.

Chromos copy puzzled

me by being more “beautiful”

(Perhaps, easier to decipher,

perhaps more like human being,

human being, awaiting the

association quality). But does
decide decided on the slope

because he was God of Poetry

Music! Remark here

the choice was not between the

stature but the photographe.

that often another was black,

shoddy in his figure twisted,

whereas the Persians was the

necklace ultra of the memory

image: tore ped, head profile

he was white & clear. Even

now the breakdown in the mother

life, the stain in his chest worries
me, this are up.

31
At 14, had a sense of wanting to live my own life - real pleasure - in a way that was new to me. I came of a family of artistic people, but I felt that my preferences for rather sharp features was due to my being born with it. Remark has currently a beautiful woman is one who has a sharp profile. Few of us have learned of the benefits.

About people, I fancy, had Montecano's aesthetic sense. No woman because I felt attracted by "handsome" people for I did not often ask because I always felt repulsed as a barrier. If course in later life I think I was always very certain.
Of my judgments, oddly enough, I can remember not the face of some of my nurses and teachers, but not their appearance, though I thought them good-looking in the reverse. I had never felt personal beauty as I do now. My tastes have changed. The sort of music I like is the sort of music or landscape, theoretically and practically the same; I do not think it stranger to be if a man's preference be due to his indi-

ual and self organization, not to resistance or "imitation." I think they were about 14 or 15 when they began to be
fluctuating day by day.

Of good books, I thin partial
character, the taken was
sometimes very hard some
times hideous, for instance.

And I know, some in
the case of people I have known
very little, made an average:
even to Mr. Hitchman, kid
prince V. I have been
from breakfast to I have been
lately aware that there were
day after day which differed
me to days of view which
riveted. The greatest life

Of romantic, poetic, affairs
of preference was hideous
from the fact "to to is not ugly
today - or in the life - or
the position - with a regret
in this position is with a regret

would be. In fact a habit? I

women. Is rather than I vary as vary as separate
daily prefer as varies and separate
day memory for my imagined
picture, we account for my imagined
Proceeding in this aesthetic autobiography
I find I can have less to relate
as I go on: preferred study
of works of art and aesthetic
questions, and the growing
habit of literary description.

My recollections misleading,
my impressions of what
really happened in myself.
Let alone that all this prefigures
a highly conscious activity actually
withdrawing my attention from
aesthetic facts. I will begin
with the second. As the
description of a picture, known
in a manner, of a station, is
description of what the visitor
object represents, not of the
object itself, there the more
I wrote above picture, the
more I was becoming concerned
with the description part.
Struggling with the instructor's search for the romantic, the poetical, always every writer has. I believe my early notes both contain solely what I would call description of what pictures represent, other tiny hard pictures. This query was negatively strengthened by a silly fear of being technically incompetent, from my ignorance of drawing, perspective, anatomy; all non-literary criticism being of this kind, I imagined that the "intimo" "form - value" was due to largely due to such matters, in which I felt incompetent. I was afraid of saying not perceiving that something was ours of drawing, etc. Of course, my association with the text...
Who was thoroughly up in all technicalities.

Consider also the literature

is the art formed not upon aesthetic seeing, but upon the
act of spotting, recognizing, locking back and associating, disassociating, disregarding the
non-essential, which is to

contrary to aesthetic vision.

I think the whole, probably everyone else's.

will be found to transform the
picture into reality. Even so
late as my paper on Tuscan beauty
he is obvious. This will
explain why, despite my
theories about beauty being
from quality, my Preference
in pictures were so large.
Subject Preference. At least in the utmost sense. Let me explain. I call it a subject preference (This, of course, only partially to do in reality).

When you like to discuss because say Shakespearean preference young men who would be beautiful in real life, on Beethoven's Virgins would be sickly and feeble if they were real women. This certain that the recognition of the handsome effects in art, Sigouil's La Passion, made me indifferent to the extreme dullness of the composition, that made me pass over a quality which now distressed me in him, his emphasis too loquacious, so different from R. Angulo.
Similarly for years by years the sense of "preliminary" "pictorial" "motivations" and "spectacular" in Botticelli's work entirely prevents my perceiving Botticelli's like qualities. I think the process was this: Looking at the Signorelli I vividly noted the handsome figures (even more so in Sodoma's Aenea, a very mediocre picture): this awakens, by the essential literary, scientific, a vague notion of antiques; what it certainly awakens was an admiration emotion connected with antiques. I was quite as much as Anne I had. This is again a
Case of that "abnormal" aesthetic emotion of which I have spoken before. First coming with the Bötzi. I shoted that a sort of convention "morbidium" (he appears to have been an ascetic, and his later tragic movements suggest he may have been a hypochondriac) in the models and a deal of affectation in their disarray, like the stars in wistfully-rapid conjunction now gentle; this, perhaps, even without looking. This image worked all my free emotion of aversion for "morbidium" and "affectation", a specific aversion. I mean the sense of it. Presently...

Nowadays I do not see half as much "healthy spirit" in Simmel as "morbid affectation".
in Botkieli; indeed, relooking
better, & quite apart from

each name's abstract form
quality, I remarks her
Signoril's persona as no
meaningly like "South," no
Botkieli's persona to say
"Moldia" or "aether." Notice
that her later impression was
driven a "transparen" one
that her name name Botkieli
instead, I found the same
(Schott of Lephi)
figure not in rising leg being
but comment with her leg
name & by the style of this
upholding, i.e., a vagina with
a braddy closed, ichabod robbie
at a some hedge.

41
This sort of what I call subject
matter must, of course, be distinguished
though the distinction is not a sharp
or generic one, from the subject
interest of people who care for a
picture because it represents a martyr,
or abattle or the disciples of Jesus;
the distinction being not in the fact
(though it is, I think, a
mere fact) that you probably can
see [of
the real picture when the subject
interest is of the ruthless sort, as
in the quality of the affirmative or
transported emotion, in the case of
the bad nursery, battle or Emma
picture, the main emotion is
mature, warlike or religious,
as it would be beyond reality;
in the ruthless case the absolute
aesthetic emotion escaped,
distilled on this occasion. -
keeper is awakened: I was never
interested in portrait of Sebastian, and I admired the picture much because of the three dimensions. "Here is a very beautiful youth! Here is a very beautiful face! He is like an angel!"

And also, certainly, from the conviction that the gesture in singing, I perceived that the actual looking large and to the fore, "this person is singing something very pathetic." Certainly there was a halo of music around that of Sebastian, and he has the singer expression in more than many singing angels of Bellini's era. Who are many now remembered for a person who has been the tiler of the head, figures strain of eye, chain of body, and large. Give perhaps a fine mimetic of certainties an intellectual, image of singing.
Certainly in my feeling for Sebastian was Magna cum "This is the creation flower-like youth who are young" all opera is a counterpart to an aesthetic feeling, at least very much more so than what I have before. La di Forza's Maestra of Me Boccaccio: "This is the way in which maniacs people killed children in the Middle Ages."

The same question of literary virtues comes in with respect to the landscape of old people's pains. I liked the landscape in that of Sebastian's that is of those rather odious, both "antiquated" as in the land and place, and "refutingly" by acid, stinging bow from a notion then it was Sienese, and I liked 'Sienese' largely because I liked Siena. Still more..."
so with the landscape of Forlì and Tiffi (This feels like a “Walden”
incongruous with his titles in poetry)
I noticed the descriptive
elusive, I merely off with that.
I don’t think I have particularly
looked on the Forlì background,
and what I mention is rather
that they are ugly I suppose
defeat the rest; but in my thoughts
I metamorphosed all manner of
real wildwood, cornflowers etc.
A prospect of this I think I often
(expiration) described pictures
not merely as such, but as
partly real, in narration,
but in this case of landscape the
“aesthetic” emotion was strongly
strong, because my sense pleasure
in landscape was largely an
esthetic one, the lie of the land.

A5
colour, the course complications with the "plenum of feeling" problem, "landscape". Then the transformed emotion was the authentic art.

Of course there is thought to be an almost inarticulate normal act interaction between suggestion and perception in all aesthetic matters, even geometric pattern; the interaction of "abstract" or "transformed" emotion with actual form plenum or "plenum is part of the five senses of life" and we must beware of thinking in his inquiry and any other. That the "normal" or "divine" is that which happens to be rarely distinguished classically a reasoned affair. But psychology...
Our inquiries are forever cutting into the living tissue, therefore missing the life. The reality is what we are and everyone of our opinions almost have defined - and it is a free deal besides!

I maintain this alone is all Dejviri.

What I described, what I said (Therefor. Therefore.) I liked or not,

think I can find to the surface a few indications of real phenomena I investigate.

In extreme difficulty of locating an [recognition]
certain worker art when th [of the subject was]

"Nothing." was once, a sort of aversion for headdled, black

Philanderer, S. W. Conover, the constant annoyance as the lego 2

Connected (The place of Town)
Of St Sebastian; the great place in Andrea's Madonna del Sacro + amity. Other works in W. There's nothing to describe. The reputation for the "wide" style of late Raphael + (as he was) a physical aversion arising my recognition that the bodies represented were beautiful; the very grand + to the contrast attractive,agreeing Piero-giaco despite the wider body + "Medit. face" displeasing me even more than Botticelli's, an attractiveness most explicable now by the spatial qualities of his landscapes + the severe cathedral-poor arrangement of his group, probably also a question of "pace". The veneration, spirituality, harmony always impress me, no
I doubt if explained them by a name of mistake: me.
I supposed his grace, often quiet now exist.
Similarly among antiquities
was, perhaps as it already
faintly attracted by the
Braccio Nuovo. Doryphorus I
Adam, or native of a certain
ruin of them, why did I always
find the other "replica of
great original" the
Braccio Nuovo.

Ahina, the Phidian Amazon,
I came? I easily felt this
I preferred the ruins of 4 columns
I have agreed myself black to
the face to the contrary effect to
early lived walking round them
This was surely "aesthetic"-

49
This writing above are long dead
baffler of divers my attention
away from the visible other,
while giving me access to
persuasive familiarity.

But even here there was some
liking for facts of composition
arrangement, for forming
which remained in my
memory. (The rather succeess
of "line" I am here overlooked
for I knew none, but remember
I had never learned to draw
writing).

The criticism
by artists i.e. masters I suggest
usually drew my attention to
quality of rendering of skin, surface,
the light, I mixed me in my criticism.
I do not know that I took no "plumes" only
infusion in all these matters. In a
written interior of theme, only
Dear [Name],

I hope this letter finds you well. I am writing to express my sincere appreciation for all the things you've done for me. Your kindness and support have meant the world to me.

I want to make it clear that I appreciate your help with the project. You went above and beyond to ensure its success, and I am grateful for your dedication.

Please know that your generosity and thoughtfulness are deeply appreciated. Your commitment to excellence is truly inspiring.

Thank you once again for your hard work and continued support. I look forward to working with you in the future.

Yours sincerely,
[Your Name]
This latter phenomenon I think must have begun to feel very early, because, although I can give but few incidents in proving the illusion of it occurs familiarly to me, I can recollect things I cannot place the recollection in time, nor the disappointments with things I though I should like to know, which have grown not merely indifferent but really irritating, used to bugger. I think I explained it by the notion that "pleasure counted" and yet this, I think, never satisfied me because I was aware that to many certain things—such as pictures, music, landscape etc., did not play. I explain the fact simply by the work of art having
Mean me expression on "superficial seeing, i.e. on spotting, recognizing it, and largely through the senses of association, transported feelings and their familiarity, diminishing the action of then association, led to the perception aesthetic perception of the necessity or the urgic. It seems to me, from my experience, that the cause is so on familiarity, reflecting. The subject, recognizing the value of these causes, or reviewing the associations, that the moment therefore comes when the intrinsic form quality is left alone to please, differ or make disappoint. Thru which this view seems correct: Depiction of the seeing, recognizing, associating process, would be sheer waste.
and its habit would argue
mania; indeed the tendency to
abolish recognition once it has
been accomplished, is proved
by the annoyance we experience
(at least) to every time we
see the gesture of a statue or
picture catches me in surprise,
the annoyance so often expressed
with representations of movement,
actions. People do not remark
that many masterpieces are
formed upon mere moments
action, the Apollo, the Dawn,
also half of the figures of the
Sixtin ceiling, and yet can we
anno agno, because the
aesthetic, architectural quality
replaces our sense of the realistic
form. But if Mr. Aurelius were
really rising, if Mr. Angell's
'Emma' had been any thing
save an epilogue
of admiration in literary form,
We should have abut them. The same feeling. "There's that damned horse with its forelegs always raised" is equivalent to the disagreeable sense which I get from the winking, lowering, rushing, clipping figure of Pompon, which can become almost an annoyance as the result of the same remark by a poet.

In fact I am of inclined to believe this while the fact of writing about art tends more and more to make me more conscious of the work I then get absorbed in my description, in fact withdraws my attention absolutely from them to the memory images which as a writer, I was basing, and while my often conscious,
I mean the one which deals with words and logical sequences, was fired with irrelevant matter, a sort of inner consciousness. I do not mean subconscious

the consciousness of the eye (or what we call the eye, what gives visual memory images) was in reality doing its work of selection, being pleased or bored with works of art, stringing up if not eliciting

images, at all events something reminiscence. I think that examination of my writer would show it: the literary phenomenal habit of desiring for something expressive in words, not and connected wit
Some connectable with everything that can be so expressed and I do the personal habit of liking beautiful forms, colour, of reviving images of spirit, avoiding images of the contrary sort, in fact selecting between beautiful ugly things, and letting reviving also the aesthetic emotion as such.

The word "beautiful" has always had the power of making me look round, has always arrested my attention and prepared an emotion of reception (by the way Ribot and Paulhan ought to study this kind of emotion, this attitude we strike before the king or monarch or his inspiration comes in). The word
new, funny, extraordinary, 
scarcely at all; the word 
describes more, but rather 
painful, I write, fear.

And in saying this, I have 
incidentally begun this piece 

Of "Intensive Reize - "Pain," 

more novelty as such.

I return the scene t begin 
with novelty. Grossly speaking, 

I am I suppose what craft 
psychologists like Kravan 
would call a misonerist, 

although I am, I think, often 
to new ruin, mountain more 
burning, and ringingly 
left pleasant with practical importance. 

One of the keen pleasures of my 

life is the make experiments of
Improvement in small things;
I had a great deal on such
small alterations, I have a
vivid sense of expectation
satisfaction connected with
him - on my "impulsion,"
"lacks of self-restraint" is my

to look at any new arrangements
I have made a second and jury
another, re-read the book,
but meaning from lack of him.
When young, especially as a child,
I had a sense of positiv
pains & sense in returning
not only to people, but places
thing. I was working with. It
work directly pains, I
pains with a sense of inner
bleaking. Consc. it have been
the essence of original emotion?
Perhaps, first culminated in
the almost horror of the demonstr.
such questions of my friends relations after absence. Now outside there's a just a feeling like that of this remaining, a not quite pleasure feeling of "once again" on seeing places I've with whom I am very familiar, a stranger, a little repulsion. And in the can't great friends make us feel inwardly withdrawing myself to seek an isolation. That they sometimes notice and hurt. "You are a bit glad to see us again" I am in general, but I am with the return into particular. Not the repulsion to taking, or reuniting, a new habit. I have this now of the most depressing, both with people and plans. I am misomistic also in
The sense of dreary policy (flaccid also) almost maniacally. In a speech, my voice very little like a common song away, is now bad; the anticipations, no, I knew from experience that I was not mind, which sometimes from my pleasure, in the case of plans put a pathetic painlessness into my love of them. His nonappearance so far, than I suffer very nearly from making up my mind to go away from a plane; this tears away, little by little. I have it only with a few hopes, simply because the presence of most persons, as tranquillized from their recent personal in my mind, leave me indifferent. All this is, I think, sufficient to show...
that I have little reading for novelty as such. I might 
consider that, when I like 
anything, place, person, things 
I could nap it up like 
work, for a cut-down time; 
so of my most personal 
gripe's connected with 
removal (I shan't of houses, 
rooms) but, now, how I 
regret I seem to arrange 
all my faculties (I seem to feel 
a physical rearrangement) 
and then, as a tree always 
itself round stones. The 
thought of parties is the real 
uprooting; for when the natural 
act comes, the thing has been 
done. It is a lower look. What 
falls out after much precision. 
Hammering. I underline when 
I like. For where I am indifferent
no one ever had such an appalling power of forgetful-ness. Servants, also some arrangements of the furniture, of the town, unless I liked them, are utterly and instantly forgotten. But if I liked them the respect is infinite. I have always repaid certain little things I owed to them, more than I forgot most dead persons, because people being dead, unless it disrupts a habit of constant daily use, prevent my taking just the same pleasure I took during their life: a funny pleasure in my conversation of them, in the thoughts of them, often only musing in their presence (that is why my letters are so far more affectionate than I am).
Having thus wearisomely disposed of any suspicion that possible pleasure in novelty or aught might sprung to the manner in which novelty affects our aesthetic feelings.

The question of abstracting pleasure is by my experience a question of removal of attention; it consists not in pleasure and the pleasure (or pain) within; I can voluntarily (altho very often) put an end to aesthetic or "moral" pain; but I do so by withdrawing the attention elsewhere. You will say that if the pleasure lasted, the attention would last; this. Of course I know that pleasure attracts, enables me to continue. But I think that attraction cannot continue always doing the same thing; indeed it probably does of the same thing, for in every apparent repetition some minute
New factor probably concerns: flappiness probably taken plain when the new factor is diminished to zero. When Minkowski think this, at least in aesthetic matters, the well-known revival is interest when upon small alteration: a piece of music which has just to pass, becomes new when someone even plays it, when anyone all of a sudden, when one plays it on a different piano or even when one plays it, or talks of it with different people. It becomes new, because something new has really been added. This, somehow new need not in the least be something to speak directly. This very often, most often, a factor, i.e., a new relation with us, which we had not the energy to establish before. Nothing is more astonishing than the way in which I discover
new qualitie. New devices in works of vinder art, it seems end up; similarly in literature, only my memory here is so bad that I am really in presence of passages I had forgotten. Practically Masterpieces are almost inexhaustible; they continue to fascinate me, far beyond my powers of understanding. It matters not with music, but with music because it scarcely harms it from others, I mechanically repeat my own performances, have them repeated from without; from things. I have never got tired of hearing Mozart concerts; how could I, when I cannot remember the harmony, they are therefore superseded among performers? I am sick of my own performance of certain songs, fulgi in animno, not sick of
Most other peoples, because that reduces them in the flesh.

(Imagination a valuable thing or something? How?) And then,

when I have repeatedly proceeded refers to in my preachings
about the inconstellations of masterpieces, the exhaustion
often attention, shows that
my misanthropes may paradox come not from apathy, as from
a sort of intuitive or slyly
in activity, I grow with
the fact that I am rarely (save
whenever) bored unless except
the preeminence of others in their
books, I find myself improving
company. I cannot conceive
people wanting much change i,
know most people cannot
conceive my not wanting it.
Change! Why all life is change,
a true drama of microscopically
emotions of wonder, disappointment, companionship and rivalry
pleased rape expectation. I am
very conscious of my pleasure.
Their popularity why I have to
make them. Everyone is full of various
good people. Novelty therefore act in way
mainly as a stimulant or
renovator of the attention.
There are however several
additional activities function
of novelists, in my case.
I am aware of a similar
pleasure in taking possession
or being taken possession of, by
a new friend of music, new
locality 4 or new person (such
as an architect, student, worker),
the pleasure of creation
almost into the comprehension of
thrown a power of vivid, a
pleasure also, distract, an
acquisition: I feel strange caprice
trick (meaning exactly with a
new thought which I feel: this
is not about a specially aesthetic
feeling, it is the pleasure in successive
effort I acquired advantage.

They have it about a word
in a foreign language, even before
I can unit.

But, as regards landscape, plans
people, I have noticed in
Myself another important phenomenon
connected with novelty. It is
a double pleasure, and due to the
fact that in both cases I am
Myself making up a great
dueling plan or person. Say
a new locality: I bend it into
read it, construct it, with
reform, naturally, by other.
localities. There is probably always a degree of pleasure of company, unpleasantness of recalling, albeit a lot of the pleasantness was due to the liked familiar. Moreover,

The exact selection among many details, some of which I accept into my quick sketch, some of which I reject (of Paulhan) is, in any case at least, decided over by vivid preferences; I usually notice only what I like (in broad humour, or if the total impression is calm or leading away e.g. London, or if some detail appears at once or returning experiences as at Hiroace, &c. I expand on the left of a wall inside of the ride), the selection is often of expulsions.
Thus it comes about that the
surrounding place no one either
at first represents only those
elements which I like; those
for which remaining outside
anything, alas! begin force of
things, reincorporate Lom,
somehow (as Panemun remarks
abruptly) so not only
destroying those pleasures of theirs,
but making a rival disadvantage
one of the escored item.

Deliberately guard against this
danger, but I have days
with nearly all my friends, very
with them. Moreover, in the
process of discovery of place,
people, I am aware of filling
up the gaps, establishing the
connecting links, according to
my wishes, I write some often
nice thing I have stored up:

Imagine the careen streets
past actions of a given style
and fort, and I warn it
alike with associative emotion
from similar things. I did
not notice the new house on
Friday the first time; I
imagined more. Where, sooner
there was at Rome; I perceived
finally, more truly, to make
myself certain, felt towards
that, more a good deal as to
the terms of Milo, took for granted
she has the same neck, the hands,
etc. this: the reason of
much of the pleasure of travel,
of human, amour de voyages,
also; the reason. Why “reality”
is often difficult, but “closing”
involved where “disappointed
expectation” is really as failure.
This issue reason often
superiority of art over reality,
that represents a previous selection,
there is about a minimum of
divulgence a maximum of newness.
I now come to the allied question of "mental" disease. Let me first define a few of such among them as abstract or are supposed to abstract, by their very peculiarity. I have very little experience of their, in the physical or aesthetic categories, and not very much in the moral. I assume cannot decide even engaging bodily pain. Sensations of pricking, and tickling, even excruciating occur in the skin, are not disagreeable upon a certain point; less and more than being marked. The waggish of a sour tooth or the rubbing of a painful spot is worse men always. The relief of an instantaneous tension, another pain is therefore produced for the sake of that relief. The cold of a cold bath is either not disagreeable, or the immediate pleasant being desired that
Repulsive panic is non-existent in me. The same as regards the shock of a touch. I am extremely curious to be told the shock will cease the one by diet of repulsion. The bodily panic resolution (braeccial acquisi) is losing to bicycle and in walking or riding on high plain is a thing I have been able to face but I swear it has never been an element of pleasure, but extremely the reverse.

I suppose I am a physical coward, although not often for that comes to head.

I shrink disgracefully under the decision on whist's touch, as when my patience kneel is touched. But I can man up my mind to my pain as a states of having my broken hand set.
The steady effort is not
degrading when moderate,
but compensates incomes and
for what is certain pain:
i.e. he breathes long,
breathe in, go up hills, walk
against the wind or in extreme
cold air; but I am conscious
that all these have a
massive vitallying effect. In
the derangement occurs
crystallization. I am
rather averse to trigon
movement; I have never had
the nerve to coast, but fully
in pleasure, unimp I fear.
My horizon widens; he better
of me, or unimp my breathing
form furnace. I am more
attracted by active bodies, pleasure
manifestive ones; the breezy
shudder of a cold boot is more
attractive than the comfort of a
warm one. When I will well
I like moving about as such, within the limits (or even without) of tense, weak muscles. When we have a good deal of tender vitality, walk quickly and as a sense for new, upright spirits, carry myself very erect, have a light step and enjoy such carrying activity. I mention all this because I think it may cast some light on my to not requiring pain stimulations. In the antecoccygeal region I do not misunderstand what a pain phraser is: perhaps the nearest approach I can make is the pain like for sounds which have a little pancy in them: the vi'ri, hunt'ey l.
Of them, I have read, I can read about them up to a certain point. I don't wish to understand a certain section because the sight of blood makes me feel physically faint, even after a short time. I think I don't relish killing. I think I am guarded, shielded against them by an instinct of self-preservation. Apart from the feeling of sickness, I feel not the familiar bring to me a bullfighter, but the sight of a pig or any other animal cleanly and without effort. The only sensation as approaching is pain which I am aware of...
liking is the "creep" of a creature. I cannot explain this in myself. But when I was young, I used to be taken to that creep in the dark room etc. I consider it did not exist at all. I think later in adult life my fear creep is simply with this idea. Pain, newness by a
major source of safety. I like books of adventure.
I more than ever find older, but what I realize is not (David, remembering his hairbread emotion, but the great heaping of energy, much as in the question. Of giving up like a true lord and I do not like the
smell of wine. I know
In measure Brink implies cards; this, by the way is new to one case in which the sensation of pain is akin in manner pleasant. I don’t recognize that has the word been used with pleasure like me, a very new notion. Things would have been required. And yet I take the notion of feeling.

I can understand the abstruse
Optics pain in moral things.
Mental action myself is
synonymous and accompanied
by pleasure. But the pleasure
is either of self observation
self sympathy or self admiration
or of enlightened, inherent conscious activity, or
both of which came to me accustomed together to feel as much earlier to pain.

In fact, I can understand pain as a stimulus, but I can get stimulation. It was when I was

pumped I had slaughtered for the distinct pleasure of destruction. But the pain

warming stages I don't take such thing hard at least to

me, and I sawORD by

the darkness human relations

human relations are the only

One which seem to plan

around of Intensive Reiss.

That's why they are very

tall that the mural grain

of the dramatic's welcome.

But I dislike more than a mere

pinch. I am ashamed to say this, but

pain is so much more

mine monster, he was so
like on it far more easily,
and I could not be stilled
(consider the horror) against
it, her pain is usually
very, very small.

The abstract. I should have
bursting if I realized that I
had buried in most cases word 2
ears some make me realize
it, probably because it is a
kind of pain. I have never
experienced I do not like
the disappointment or keeping in
insomnia even our animals.
Of course, in such matter. This
issue, I need love in this
more, an actual illegitimate
beaver in power. Remark
that I habitually refer from a
lack of responsiveness to others.
Makui people don't seem to
understand what I say. I have
no feel of their thoughts.
The pleasure or attraction of the forbidden is a thing that one may have experienced, even as a child, in reading books or stories which had been warned the teacher had forbidden. All kinds made one feel incomplete, but rarer, in the sound fear of them. I can understand the terror in "Flower in the Wind" and the fear in its deterioration of feeling. The artistic use of the 
Renaissance formal was as a vehicle for artistic fate. I think the Decadent

is not only an age of abnormal reversion to nature absurdly despising, but one difficult in believing in a human form of art. Though intuitively 

I am conscious

that is often the reverse. Any morbidness in myself to 

Dr. Murchison natural or

The man, though I am not.
Morbide, although liable to
frequent depression, almost
Melancholia. Even when very
young (at 14 already) I was a
classicist. I used to argue
furiously against romanticism
and morbidness. I can scarcely
tell how I got the idea to
theorically. I continued
for e.g. much of Schlegel as
"Morbide"—without clearly knowing
why or wherefore. Perhaps my
mother uses the words? I cannot
tell. Perhaps it is Schiller's? ...

Flash with his fretfulness
in words, in words. I found
me already this way of
thinking. Think it began with
Music; my preference for
Mozart, Schub. as usual.
All these written in "Are
l Sanity" and elsewhere more...
it unnecessary to enlarge on
this point. All I will add
is that theoretically speaking
have always been afraid
not merely of "death" but of
"Rapture." I may have
owed emotion from literary
curiosity, hence from the
former. Lascars are a long
way primer. I know, but
I never went through
emotion. Have never cared
much for the stage; I the very
pathetic scenes have always
made me feel horribly uncomfortable
"Ophelia's death." Having
seen when very young
not to dread almost physical
the pathetic parts of Dickens
etc. when read out loud.
Such things as these make
me feel ashamed. It is curious.
I have quite recently come to realise emotion on the step and have this horror of doing so, which it so abominably, perhaps I have a habit of non-realisation almost a defence. I don’t know. How people can like to be made long or full chiefly interesting now. The ‘pathetic’ quality to me is quite different. It’s a poignancy, a sense of regret. Temporising, a marvellous return to many ways awed feeling, e.g. in the Bacchana episode. I can’t understand enjoying lightning, the pathrene enjogy lightning, the pathrene experience to worm time, more avoidable (I never read that episode) than the St. Vrain anxious. The “Pathos” of
a Purging crucifixion and the attraction: I cannot conceive anyone having it. But I am also attracted by people in great sorrow; they restrain it by suffering, horribly refused by those who have no way. There is love in restrained grief: seen to feel the extremities, numbers.

The deep beauty of the human soul. The Lachryman screen - some how afternoon itself is my mind with the "not their extremities". I fear the show of human tears!

All my aesthetic preferences are bound up with ideas of monotony, selection of words, balance and recurrence.
Tanh apparently conquers, not all Dionysiac, allegoric apophenia; and Dionysiac art is almost a dead bore to me. I have no more fear of losing sobriety, more fear of cerebration, connected with it. "Beauty is true, always inspiring. I the fear of harmonizing, of vitality, of tone, in me like the fear of pain or dishonor. I have little self-command; I have often been subject to almost hysterical depressions, moods. Perhaps again this aim for restraint, for decorum is the result of such hysterical tendencies? And yet, when in normal states, I am naturally restrained.
this I am usually led by
purest of the sublime. I think
they are feelings of the
I can quite
as the sublime and from the
the sublime and the tend to
but it is a secondary feeling.
I don't know whether
was an emotion of the sublime
When I saw the side of a
Mountain, suddenly revealed
over the mist, I felt the depth
of the precipice in comparison
the height of the mountain. It
making my heart beat, yet in
the rest minute I loved it. It seemed
to feel the greatness in some way
in myself. This cathedral
does not give to seem of length.
The visitor seen mountains,
clear blue skies, clear blue skies,
like, to climb my mind, a
The Sierras (as long Stanton)
have the wonder quality, the beckoning of romance, the possibility of every heart being touched, else.

By the way very imaginative, fancy, romantic. This must be sublimed, this transformation, because the quality, the quality of the negro something, because this abstract artistic quality, which now most. There is in The fantastic sombrero of the delirium of her colors or sound, rich in harmonious (shanty, vili) which stimulates, beg

In considering the subject of picture, I am instantly attracted by any scraps of romance, or what I can term into romance. Now, Valin, numerous considerable scene of human, the small furnishesses are very common to me, I take them.
Knew all the Henderson in
Mustik, were I enumerated
and Connected there through
with, in trendy life, I
could not like people unless
without some of their elements.
But that to be corrected by
aesthetic sense or its equivalent
in the moral order: I need
feel admiration, love, tenderness,
respect, or else the "harmo-

cise" requires a merely repeti-
tive
or mere to. This appeals the
same as with the pathetic
element, and here again the
plague in admiration and love
of the aesthetic, as the practical vis
in the particular admiration tied
with admiration and my
your cordia.

I take great pleasure in making
respect, in feeling it. I should
like to make altars and burn
incense, although I have no
at all like to feel small or trivial. I have a great preference in the idea of conversation. The sanctuary seems - permitted, but no pleasure in the case, the cell of the mystic. I could almost understand a great

whom a god: a more sanctifying

thing at last, an extraction of the root, signifies a series of life, + work, +

I found that the temple of Esculapius, part of a marina,

the house of Plato. Plato, also a great deal of Plato himself,

decides to express my own

very long education: an

organic tenet.

One of the most potent to my imagination is "a good clairvoyant" - a

apornia, spirit, cold, seeming, -

logos, a brand new discovery of

charms + delicate manifestations of the

definements within. I do not

like the idea of the lush, the
imperious, the lascivious, the
gorgeous; the very
words are odious to me.

I dislike adjectives suggestive
of sweat, soft, satiny gloss,
or those suggestive of touching,
particularly touching, yielding
or satiny touches. I like
in winter things the evidence
of resistance, even a little toughness
to the touch, of resilience to the
power of breaking clean. I do
not like words or suggestions
of real flesh, particularly of soft
moist or warm. The sense of
warmth in a living breast is
somehow like the warmth of
the circulation, rather a sense of
vitality than of temperature.

Like the words "delicate (more than dainty),
tire, keen, reserved, radiant, resplendent,
unobstructed."
Whole "form", i.e. visual proportion, to dominate all my aesthetic cognate teachings, but you mean "form" in literary sense.

Think that an inside expert may refer more on the word which people keep, independent of conscious appreciation of sound.

I think I have said pretty well as I even a good deal too much.

I am to add the the Viscom, the Blake colour, the icky Reminiscence line of Beardsley of the drawings of masefield, an almost bodily narrowing, the facial peculiarity, the lake moss's malformation of the crock.
I find one or two additional points.

I have little or no pleasure in anticipation. The future, save as containing danger, difficulties to guard against, does not in the least take up my attention. Yet, up to the age of about 25 or 24, the reverse was the case. The pleasure, indeed, the excitement, of expectation very much surpassed my foregoing realization. Moreover, in my earlier youth, which as regards friendship, journeys, human experience, indeed, nothing except books, was rather cramped and confined, I indulged in a great deal of daydreaming. The latter indulgence of this kind I can find is concerned with re-arrangement (rather, rather, rather, rather) of rooms and furniture.
has purely ceased in the last seven or eight years, and a
remarkable inertness of the
imagination for participal
imagination. Feelings come on
never speculatively, as to
what I would do if, although
I often, as far as exactly the
limitations of my possibilities,
During my youth, there was a
very marked pleasure in
memory. During my long
nervous illness, for some
time after, I may say three
years, I had little or no pleasure
save in the memory. Indeed
I put myself in the way of
collecting pleasing memories,
images of all kinds with the
conscious intention of engrossing
them later. That goes almost
to prove that I had no pleasure
in the present. But I do, although
during this period (from the
age of thirty (or thirty-eight) I very rarely had vivid pleasure at the time of seeing or hearing beautiful things, (as Ogilvy in Rome vividly saw) nor was an extraordinary exaltation, but not on these walks, while nearly always unfailing, I was able to carry off truly vivid mental images. In what I saw, not felt (as Coleridge says) how because things were, the act of seeing was extraordinarily due, thus, while greatly had known one part of pleasure while either at Tampier or at Venice (at various times) the image, which cases were stored up with a perfection of aesthetic values of which I believe I am now incapable. But during
This period I was about, to be sick, chew the cud
of my aesthetic impression
with very deep, if not very
vivid, pleasure. The fact
is that I was permanently
in a state of severe organic
depression (dyspepsia), that
the act of eating usually
coincided with a moment
of the pleasure-emotion,
and the very effort (counsel)
of gathering the impression
of swallowing my consciousness
fruit, was almost painless.
Indeed, the moments of after
improvement were moments
of accidental "lifting" as
there was always something
a little nostalgic in my pleasure.
Evidently then, this is evident since
my recover, is on the contrary
the enjoyment of the present.
moment tends to be more intense or more myself than that of the past. Now I am aware of a certain difficulty in revising sufficiently the emotional tone of pleasure moment, so that, on the whole I do not give enough value (which I formerly gave too much) the past, i.e., I do not remember it as having been at all like this. I know (by a process of looking it over in my mind) this difference by the fact that formerly the habit was much more intense tone was passionate, black, and that the present therefore did not wipe out the past; whereas now the habit tone is pleasant so that the present always has a
Certain advantages are the past, a warmth which is it cannot compete (have) made it clear that forming
then warmth was due to the memory image being used in the happenings of moments of consciousness, to
that these moments were not such as accompanied the slight chain of actual experience.

I find nowadays, when in normally good health, that there is a pleasant measure of lying around when leisure
requires any pleasant expensive and makes like inactivity inefficient. There are inactivity inevitable inactivity.
(early winter) When the
state of organic wellbeing
amounted almost to
slight excitement, a pleasant
expectation of whatever
comes next: having a
feeling up, going on,
coming in, changing occupa-
tion, even in getting sleepy,
lying too long: to support
all this, represent my inner
organisation, and that
impression of different forms
is explicable by my
life, considering my childhood
having been always active,
difficult: bad health, monotonous
concentration, the
strain of pursuing work
within the claims and
restrictions of other folk's very peculiar
desk, and also a certain
amount of struggle for life.
and if "loneliness" arose from aloneness, insecurity, elbow room, irritation in a nature which refused an unusual amount of it. On the other hand, and as a contribution to RikS V Paulhan's article, I want to say that I am certain that my memory is exceptionally selective of agreeable impressions. Very few "parasite ones" remain at all, and the newer, scarcely remain with the parasitic colors. There are very few places here that have been "visible" come by association. The only places I do not care to face are those where the disagreeable memory is reinforced by a
inadmissible present impression.

Thus certain rooms London
almost as a what etc; the
remitting even insufficient
to be the. But then I
was bound today that an
aesthetically anti-particle was
ing surrounding impression.

"happiness" derived from this
was, and effectually premi-
my remembering the "happiness"

Thus the visual image of
certain plans with described
details make it difficult to realize how
happy it was. Thus

Then had I have had,
during recent years I could
conscious self-observation.

The experience was very
final bodily weakness i
mind, and moral suffering
has not at all shield my
pleasure in certain
localities and in his own recent case where extreme worry, sorrow, and ill-health had made his idea of a very beautiful plane odious to me, I believe that the feeling would at once give way to the expression of that beautiful plane under normal circumstances. Remember that while there may be too little joy to feel how beautiful it was. I notice that the remembrance of always feeling its wonderful attractions, at counting the days till I left it, has more power my feeling for Venice, or diminished my longing to go there. To sum up: I have, under circumstances, favoured me,
Me (i.e. When I suffer
neither from depression,
fatigue, bodily wear or a mode of life requiring
too much wear and tear).

I enjoy a pleasant
undercurrent in life, and,
Whatever my circumstances,
my memory is of the
happy past, regretting distasteful
images & emotions, or
weakening them to zero.

With this greater even in
bad health, I suffer little
little from bad dreams
or fatigues & hallucinations.

I am often surprised at
the lack of cheerful tone
in my friends. Their non-
recognition of the perversities
of living among the nation.

O Heaven, always awaiting...
Of pain transference, into the notion that "inhibition of stimulation" is requiring into the pithering, and it is more astonishing is that this reality sees itself in pain of disappearance of their impressions, their readiness to a "haut lieu" or belittle her. I seem to find in some an overweening capacity for momentary expression quite spite of the predominance of a memory whose regime includes painful impressions.

On a quite different plane, I am very sensitive to symmetry (excessive blue...
Right deviation. More from necessity for aesthetic pleasure and returning worried by the last epit. A crooked picture, chair, at wrong angle, etc. to leave me unrest. a drain for order, aversion towards like into moral order, round in a way connected with. My mother hand orderly arranged had a literary atmosphere. her father on. Mother hand was a slave to it, though. There was no support (3 times failure) to be unesthetic, because away without imagination of literary sense.