

1951

The facial expression of Gerard Phillippe in the movie of Dostoyevsky's The Idiot was Phidias exqu  
isite fuhrbludge t. The facial expression of the priest in our Hu manities 2 class was Gaudi baroque gefaerl  
icht after he said *King Lear was an inferior work of art as it was pagan and bore no mention of God, and*  
we demoni c children had hooted and screamed at him merc illessly things like King Lear is a work of Art  
not one o f your decadent shit end of Greco-Roman culture blood ritual fake Jew dead hand of the church  
three way paranoid schizophrenic lie crappers. After our innocent little storm subsided, his face looked

like an over boiled can of condensed Rodin's Gates  
of Hell soup. I thought it was because he was  
ashamed he was so stupid. How could I at that  
time understand that he was trying with all his  
might not to leap up and murder us little pagans  
one by one? One of my earl iest memories is of  
my father driving us to Philadelphia when I  
was three to climb on Rodin's The Gates Of Hell.

I remember awe as I looked u p at it, my father  
holding me up to climb on it. I can still sense my  
*fingers on the emb raced man a nd woman's necks  
of, The Kiss, and my father's eye star twinkling.*

*He said, "Do you want to ☆ climb all the way to  
the top of this, Eagle Eye?" In 1951, my inner  
panic rose ag ain invisible like a sea of poured*

bronze terror. I had the ide a that ev eryone was  
like me but they didn't mind having a mind like  
a burning steel wool hurri cane. My ability to do  
school work drowned in a blind L earian frenzy

*of inner storm. In my usual cru de Self-killer  
plus total refined idiot reaction to my panic,  
I thought, "I sho uld be able to do anything I  
decide to do. There' s some thing wrong with me.  
I don't know what it is. I'll murder it. I 'll run*

*over it. This is it. I'm seven te en and I've never  
done an ythin g I've decid ed to do." To remedy  
all thi s teen gr een Turne r storm and blood and  
win d and rain, I decid ed to paint a m asterpiece. In  
a fever of mad hope, anxiety, terror, and dread,  
like hot Dimitri Karamazov hurtling through the*

**And well it has been said that on whom the gods truly wish to destroy they bestow an early promise: Unable  
then to burn fear ice to sun and mind night to star spice: I Self-hate panic stormed right into a steel trap mind vise:**

I This has been my life long ambition. As one can plainly see I have not yet at age 66 succeeded completely in my aim yet a not unstrong dark promise does seem to remain to me for a total victory.

snows to his father's house, I stormed to the  
lumber yard eight *blocks from* my dorm, had  
them cut five b *ig panels of mason* ite and some  
square blocks *of 4x4 and stormed b* ack carrying  
the heavy loa *d like a trudging beast o* f burden to  
the art stu *dio in the basement of* our dorm.  
Heart racin *g, I nailed together the* panels and  
wood blocks *into a pre-Sessina pa* nel cloud and  
painted on the *m in knif ed coba* lt ocean grass  
and prussian b *lue thu nder s* ky and electric  
cadmium lemon light ning thick oil paint a 7

*foot high, 5 foot wide, Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari  
WWI Camouflag e German Expressionist flying  
Stonehenge slan ted 5 angled panel fusion of a  
slashed off head of King Lear whirling in a  
vortex of planet a nd light storm. I entered my  
masterpiece in a com petition a few months later. It  
won first prize. This was the last time for a long  
time that my Self-ha tred allowed me to do  
anything I decided to do. And I was now fully  
enabled to make a total idjo t<sup>l</sup> out of my Self. I  
had arrived. I was 17. I had a n excuse for being a  
wired weird idiot. Everyone said I was an Artist.  
Although I ha d read almo st everythi ng Joseph  
Conrad had w ritten, I d id not u nderstand  
anything about going through life let alone  
severe mental stor m be ing pa ssively active on  
the outside and activ ely passive on the inside:  
struggling outside n ot to do what I want to do:  
struggling inside mo numentally to want what I do:*