

It was really beautiful

in the summer of 1955 in the town of Orosco in the state of Mexico in the south west of a valley in the middle of corn fields in the lovely town of Cuatla, Mexico

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in the big known as honey and even grapefruit would serve piles of every ripe luscious green yellow carmine ne pink orange fruit metal trays Unimaginably sweet watermelon and tangerine juices flowed as thick as honey in Old Mexico As an ex University of Chicago student, my idea of acting class was to ask questions like, "What kind of inner life would be appropriate for someone who was dead on the stage such as Hamlet at the end of Hamlet." After a few days of acting classes, I fell into making wild love with a red hot actress 12 hours a day Before breakfast every morning, I would go up to the flat tile roof on top of the small hotel and either watch the sunrise or do Michael Chekov's partial version of the Naqshband Dervish longevity bodily sensing exercises Flying: Floating: Radiating Self No matter how hard I tried to be a serious actor, I always fell in to the sunrise Also on the roof would be various actors doing diverse exercises Many did animal exercises in an attempt to assume the inner life of animals At times the roof was covered with very large tiger, bird, insect, bunny and dog people roaring, chirping, rasping, and barking People seemed to be flying off the roof as they quacked gurgled or moaned Sometimes the sun seemed to be singing butterflies One of the actors was an extremely dedicated spiritual, extremely mely clean, extremely square Canadian plains Blackfoot/Sicilian pacifist actor, who always looked exactly like a square handsome coal dark bull He explained to me that every morning he would start at the top of his head and work his way down his body, exercising every muscle in his body including scalp, ears, nose, eyeballs, tongue, abdomen, throat, penis, testicles, sphincter, liver, knees, ankles, every bodily part, every morning Like every actor meeting, our meetings were an Imaginary Prison Of Browns Creased Lenin Intense Mental Work Discipline Heros Full Of Real Daffy ducks Indeed we would see one of the actors who indeed had a strange duck walk and a very large permanent smile and galumph down the street to our hotel every morning at sunrise from the best local whorehouse A one actor meeting, when confronted by a stern actress for his lack of devotion to the ensemble, he made his confession He was playing softball in the army in Germany He was at bat He swung his bat out easily and half way through his swing, he collapsed from the waist down as if in slow motion Then he was medically discharged, as they said in those days, as a half cripple "How could playing something as American as softball ruin a person's life?" he wondered After he got out of the Army hospital, he went back to his home in Long Island and worked in his father's gas station He could barely pump gas on crutches and braces One humid day, a slim blonde woman filling a Cadillac convertible with gigantic breasts drove in After he pumped her gas, he hobbled over to the church next to his father's gas station and struggled down the aisle and then, before the altar as the sun streamed down from the high windows and mixed with his tears, he threw away his crutches He fell down He ripped off his leg braces He crawled up onto the altar He screamed, "God! Let me fuck or let me die like a dog!" After he stopped crying, he got up and sort of ducky walked away "Use it in your scene work," Narciso Hotspur nodded profoundly

At another meeting

a visiting writer with another permanent giant smile who was an ex-marine-corps pilot told us his story: He was eating an ice cream bar at an air base in a sunrise in the Pacific in 1944: Watching a friend's plane explode in the sunrise: And his friend fall to his death into the sunrise: "How could a person just eat an ice cream bar while he watched his best friend die?" he smiled the old South: "I lost my love of life for years:" Narciso Hotspur nodded profoundly: "Use it in your novel:" I asked the smiling writer how he got his love of life back: For he smiled wide the old South: He showed me a book: *In Search Of The Miraculous*: By P.D.Ouspensky: I read it: It was the first book I ever read that said a person should devote their life to understanding their Self: It was superficially about delusions of grandeur such as saving the universe, which I had always believed should be left to the rich Jewish Communists who owned besh pukah apartment houses on Central Park West: It was essentially about being clever enough to get away with understanding your Self: Then living from your Self: And living on solar energy: From my panic: I knew I did not understand my Self: I knew from the cases of the great Sigmund Freud that when one understands what is the cause of a panic it lessens into <sup>I am alive</sup> sun ice: I also knew that <sup>I wish to live</sup> one does not have to be the great Socrates to know that therapists: By nature: And by art: And by the sacred laws for the preservation of income: Are against the loss of panic: This book: *In Search Of The Miraculous*: Gave me the courage to seek knowledge of my Self even as far as China: I had always realized somewhere deep in my Self that sexual and solar energy were related: And that sexual energy was the oldest: Wisest: And finest substance human beings possessed: I knew the sameness of spike light in a Turner sun dumb rain storm and a Dostoyevsky wired idiot brain storm: I was aware of some subtleties of relatively

finer energy: But I had never heard of this before: Except from my dumb mother: Whose entire advice to me when I went out into the world was: Wherever you sleep and do whatever you do: Make sure you can see the sunrise when you wake up in the morning: This extremely square: Extremely clean: Extremely serious: Canadian plains: Black Foot: Sicilian: Pacifist: spiritualist: Who looked like a huge: Square: Handsome: Coastal dark bull: Who had on many occasions thrown very dark Extremely dangerous: Extremely large life protective temper tantrums at anyone who swatted a fly or stepped on an ant: Then stood up before us all with a seriousness of purpose that could sink that great monument to: Stupid: Religious: Ripped out living heart: Murder: The Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacan: He announced to all: That he was departing the noble art of acting and the noble principle and privilege of Ensemble Art Theater for the most noble art of all: The Ancient and Sacred Art Of Bullfighting: I did not laugh: I aimed to depart dumb down art to learn how to be: To realize my Self: This sunrise was the grain of sand to create the pearl of my Self To find my Self: To be my Self: In fact: Indeed: Inside: Outside: And in between: To live within: To do: Sudden from Self: Became this cunning light pilferers golden pelf: 50 years later: I laugh: I laugh: I laugh: I laugh:<sup>1</sup> For from this quick golden light pilfer I've earned For over 40 years: Three very rich livings and a half: <sup>1</sup> See the finest film ever made, Henri d'Abbadie D'Arrast's LAUGHTER, USA, 1930