

ANTO FOUR

WINTER



Day and night for two days the dark gray sky poured endless snow like gentle lead down on Little America. It had been a raw cold fall. Bone freezing. And by the time this first winter snow fell it seemed to warm and tuck in everyone and everything like a blanket. Heavy snow or no, the stores and post office on Little America's Main Street opened at nine A.M., as usual. And as usual, promptly at nine A.M., Jack Wiggle, the exhibitionist, strolled down Main Street, a large winning smile on his open face. And, as usual, his erect penis poked out of his pants through his scarf and overcoat. This morning it had an exotic clump of snow on it. As usual, Jack Wrench, the psychiatric nurse who was specially detailed to watch Jack Wiggle, and who always waited for Wiggle in front of the drug store, started to explain to the exhibitionist, as he did every

morning, and afternoon, and evening, that exhibiting one's genitalia is not the appropriate thing for a grownup person to do in public. "If you want to do it alone," Jack Wrench said pleasantly, snow flakes melting on his handsome black face, "or alone with a friend in private, that's fine. But we all try hard not to do these things in public as it tends to arouse passions in people that can't be gratified immediately on the street. It frustrates them." Wiggle said, "I'm getting tired of doing it alone!" swinging his eyes around Main Street, oblivious to the swirling snow, hungry to see who was looking at him. As usual, Wiggle and Wrench argued pleasantly about it all the way into the Coffee Shop. "Why can't you understand, Wiggle?" Margaret Miller said as she poured them coffee, looked out of the Coffee shop window at the snow, and dreamed for a moment of her return home to her husband and children. "You can't stay here forever and people don't do things like this on the outside." Wrench said, "It's really infantile, at least take the snow off it. Why don't you find a more sophisticated way to exhibit yourself, like painting or drawing, or playing basketball or singing or dancing, or playing a musical instrument?" Jack Wiggle said. "I'm paying three thousand dollars a month to stay here, man, and I like it, I got tired of doing it all alone. I want to get out into reality, man! I need to get the feel of the people! And don't try to get me uptight; Dr. Cutchercockoff said that if it makes me feel good, I should do my thing!" Wally Warpette, the advertising man, strolled over to them, put his hand on Wiggle's back and said: "I like your penis, fella. But it gives me a lot of anxiety. I'm trying very hard to give up infantile aggression." Wally Warpette was wearing a red sweater, red pants, and bright white sneakers. Suddenly, he flashed a big smile and said: "You know, you make a hell of a good cup of coffee, Margaret." And now Margaret Miller said gratefully. "Why thank a lot, Wally," It was amazing to her that she could pour coffee, let alone make it. Only three months ago, she had been taken in an ambulance to a hospital by the police, who found her kicking a fire hydrant on Fifth Avenue in New York City. Her toes

were bleeding. For a few weeks in the hospital she did not even have the self control to comb her hair. "We really shouldn't pay this much attention to Wiggle," Margaret Miller said. "He just does it to get attention." Jack Wiggle said. "You kicked that fire hydrant until your foot was bloody to get attention, Margaret." I'm the Hot Rock Bach! I do my thing for the glory of God and my own amusement." Prior to entering Little America, Jack Wiggle had been a very successful Los Angeles disc jockey, his show: WAKE UP WITH WIGGLE. One morning he announced over the radio to millions that he was going out of the darkness into the light, man, out into the streets, man, to get the feel of the people, man, and if anyone wanted to see his penis he would be on Boule Wilsh at high noon, man, letting it all hang out. "I said take the snow off it. But dunking it in your coffee is going too far," Wrench said to Wiggle. "Please stop this infantile behavior." Wiggle screamed at Wrench. "Man! You get me uptight! You're like that shrink Granada. Everytime he sees me in the hall when I'm doing my thing, letting it all hang out, air surfing, he takes out a long sharp pencil and practically puts it right on it. And when I ask him what the hell he's doing, he says he's looking for the bird in the nest at the end of it. And then he says I should stop lying and maybe it will turn back into a nose. And then he says I remind him of a painting of a growing tip of a branch up to the sky called: A Breath of Spring. Then he asks me if I want him to lick it. Man! It shrinks, man! He's some kind of pervert. Man!" Wally Warpette said. "No, he's not. He's a good guy." And then to Jack Wiggle: "You're giving everybody a lot of anxiety, Jacky. My anxiety level goes way up when you're around. Stop! Turn around! See what's going down! Flush! You're not with it, Fella. You're too late. I'd like to wring your neck. Get a hold of yourself. Get a grip on yourself. You could be a standout member of society if you straightened out!"

¹ Rather than the obvious indelicate portrayal of the full importunate emergence of the unfortunate Wiggle's imperiously rash member as the divine Michelangelo with his magnificent Moses just before exposing the tablets we have with all humble respect chosen to portray our poor Wiggle's member in eruptus at its most profound dynamic psychological depth of ideational inception.

Heavier.
Deep snow
blew around
houses, split
and colonials
where the more
were sent to live
for return to the
snow in front of the
blew against the picture
up against the glass storm
trees and shrubs laced with

Thicker.
drifted and
all the ranch
levels, cottages
on Normal Lane
normal patients
to prepare them
outside. There was
garage doors, snow
windows, snow piled
doors; Normal Lane, its fine
intricate snow icing, looked very much

there was
dirty and a
my sister
you get to see

like any suburban street in the snow, a little better than most, in fact, except that this morning Mike and Mary Grandanall had put their two girls out on the curb in a garbage can to punish them for saying that Jesus was a liar. The Grandanall daughters stood as solemn soldiers in snowsuits in a garbage can

Heavy snow. **I AM GARBAGE** with a sign: The weeping cherry tree at the begin

ning of the Great Lawn hung its bare branches like swollen veins on old hands down into the drifts. The Great Lawn seemed to spread out endlessly. White. The dormant rose bushes on the Great Lawn, wearing rings of shivering sparrow, poked up through the snow like blind fingers looking for light. In the distance, Bill Bizerkovich could be seen raking leaves of snow across the Great Lawn, and behind his esoteric labor, Brighton D. Death House, where the newer, the more disturbed patients and some of the staff lived, looked like a toy palace forgotten in the snow. Death House was named after the founder of Little America, Brighton D. Death. It had no connotations of a morbid nature to most of the residents of Little America, who had learned from inner turbulence that life-crushing morbidity was all in their own minds and in reality found Death House, its warm beds, bracing morning showers, friendly heart-to-heart chats, amusing card games and the camaraderie of those who have hit bottom and are slowly rising up to never having to lie about their human condition for the rest of their life, very cozy and pleasant. The snow fell and blew between Death House and the Mental Barn into the Pine Grove. This large stand of pines sucked in the swirling snow and held it like ancient white maned and bearded insomniac lions who have forgotten what lying down is yet hug big white blankets yearning for sleep.

Meanwhile back at the Mental Barn office of Max Granada, Sinfan and Max had been up all night reasoning with a threatened suicide. They were smoking and looking out at the snow. Their feet were up on Max Granada's desk. "The snow is beautiful," Sinfan said, looking out the office window at the ancient pines in the Pine Grove. "Ancient pine talks withdraws con- forms. Deep dark mysterious bird manifests as if truth." Max Granada said. "Everyone does," The telephone rang. Max Granada turned and picked up the telephone. "Yeah, this is Granada. What! They put the kids in garbage cans! Get those kids over to Rose. Tell her to stay with them until their grandparents come for them. That's right, Brilliance, call their grandparents. Tell them to pick them up. No! their parents can't stay here anymore! This is it for those bastards. Send them to Rockland State. That's too good for them! Send them to Creedmore! No! South Boston! Max put

THANK YOU TOVARICH STALIN FOR

FREE AIR AND WATER

down the telephone. He turned to Sinfan. "I knew it was too quiet around here. Every time there's a beautiful snow one of us Wacko Ninnys has to make tracks in it. Ho Ho Ho Hu Hu Hu Hee Hee Hee." Sinfan said. "Yes," Max asked. "What are you working on now, Midge?" Sinfan said. "I'm trying to learn how to put myself to sleep at night," Max Granada said in a long sigh. "Yeah that's ant, very important but you know what's the matter with you, Midge? You don't breathe. I didn't use he either. In fact, when I was sixteen, I didn't want to live, even. What the hell, my whole family was centration camp just for being one quarter Jewish. They had to put me in an iron lung. I refused to die. But one day a huge nurse came up to me, clanged the iron lung with a bed pan, slapped my face, and yelled, 'You've got to live you little Jew shit! Start breathing!' She took me out of the iron lung, threw me down on the floor, and started kicking me in the ribs. I breathe." Sinfan asked. "Where was this? Where were you living then?" Max said. "It was in Moscow. They had to put me in the hospital there right after I got off the train from Lithuania." Sinfan asked. "When were you in Lithuania?" Max said. "From 1936 to 1941, My family was living in Lithuania. The Gestapo picked up my brother and I ran into Gestapo headquarters and told them, begged them, to let my brother go. I really loved my brother, Midge. A Gestapo officer pulled me aside and said to me, 'Get out of here or we'll kill you too.' My family threw me on a train to Moscow and after awhile that was worse than Lithuania. Women in summer dresses were building fortifications in the snow twenty-four hours a day. It was an amazing thing. I'll never forget it. How could women in summer dresses work in the freezing snow and stay alive when all around them for a hundred miles soldiers in trenchcoats were freezing to death? I saw a lot of things like that. It puzzled me. You know what the great Pinel said about Mental Illness when he let all the whacko ninnys out of the Bastille: *The only thing that can cure mental illness is air and liberty*: I knew I was nuts. I began to think about it. Then one day I met a man and he told me about the Bee's Light Station down in Upper Velterein." Sinfan asked. "What Bees?" Max said, "You know the secret guys

who learn how to use their humanity to create a sweet substance. I went down there until the goddam war was over and had a good time, but it was tough, and just when I was told to go out into the world and help

people, I got a
America from
had a junk yard

permission to
an uncle who
on Staten Island.

imp ort
to b reat
wiped out in a con o
breathe. I wanted t
face, and yelled. Yo
on the floor, and started kicking me
said. "It was in Moscow. They had to

I
got
an o
ld lou
sy freighter from Bom
bay to San Francisco.

sinking in the water, **that lousy b started to sink. It stopped. It creak It started** If you wanted to study depression, that was the place to be. Everybody on that boat, even the crew had been through something like I'd been through and worse. So there we were, refugees from hell sinking two weeks away from the land of milk and honey. Ho Ho Ho Hu Hu Hu Hee Hee Hee. I was really depressed, Midge. I wandered around the boat for days not knowing what to do. There was nothing to do and everyone was sunk lower than the boat. Everyone just wandered around day and night like prisoners at exercise time. One day I happened to wander into the galley and in the middle of a mountain of food, was the fattest man I have ever seen in my life. The huge Chinese cook Cho Kohn Pu'ke was eating everything in sight, the captain's steaks and all. I hadn't eaten for days and I didn't see how anyone could eat. But he kept munching away on everything. 'How can you eat at a time like this?' I asked him. A gigantic smile full of gold teeth shined behind the steak he was cramming into his mouth. 'While you alive EAT!' He giggled. So I ate. Two days later the boat began to move and somehow it got to San Francisco without sinking. Ho Ho Ho Hu Hu Hu Hee Hee Hee. You know what's wrong with you, Midge, you don't breathe enough. You're starving for air. Why don't you get a girlfriend?' Sinfan asked. 'Who wants a midget? No one. Anyway I've risen above all that. I've purified my mind.' Max said, 'Yeah, Midge, yeah, you've done it, all right. You and your mental desperado friend Daniels are well beyond. But you've got to come down off the mountain sometime. What goes up, must come down and there's one thing you don't know.' Max Granada, with as much slow sullen energy as if he were pulling a sword out of a stone, pulled a telegram out of the mountain of patient reports on his desk, and said, 'The mountain sure comes to Max,' glanced out at the heavy snow and said, 'I never even saw snow like this in Russia. Jesus it's heavy. The trees and bushes look like they've got wedding cake icing all over them,' Max looked quickly at Sinfan, 'or absolutely clean sour cream. Here, Midge, a telegram came for you.' Sinfan said, 'Thank you,' Max said. 'I love you, you bitter little devil. No one's too small to have a big happy life. Someday, some beautiful piece of ass is going to steam your coogle real good.' Sinfan said smiling sadly. 'You are my friend, Max,' Max said. 'Well, even though I'm impotent I think I'll go over to see Rosie and try to get something warm and dirty. Ho Ho Ho Hu Hu Hu Hee Hee Hee. We have to keep trying to live! Our life expects it of us. Someday I'll get it up.' Sinfan sighed deeply, put the telegram in his suit pocket carefully, as if it were a precious jewel, and walked out of Max Granada's office down the hall of the Mental Barn to his own. As Sinfan walked slowly down the long hall, he saw the Grandanall daughters escorted by a nurse and still in their snowsuits marching like solemn soldiers each with a middle finger pointing upward. One held a small sign: She's not dirty. She's my sister, Assholes. Sinfan realized wordlessly: They look sad. Like orphans. Like nobody loves them. Like their own has been taken away from them or crushed. Like soldiers' mad. Hitlers have sent into an incomprehensibly hostile Russia of a life to be bitterly frozen to death. Suddenly one of the toddlers winked at him, gave him the finger and smiled. Never give up hope, Sinfan realized as he walked on down the long hall. After a few doctors and patients passed him, Jack Wiggle and Jack Wrench approached. 'Hello, short stuff. How's tricks?' Jack Wiggle asked Sinfan, winked, zipped, and unzipped his fly as Wrench, as usual, continued to reason Wiggle into rational modesty as they passed. As he came his office door, Sinfan nodded hello to Wally Warpette who was walking arm in arm with a blonde actress. 'Getting any?' Wally Warpette said with a cracked Madison Avenue smile. I don't need any, Sinfan realized wordlessly as he reached up. But just before he turned his office doorknob, he hung on it for a moment of suspension. It was a strange moment, an empty moment, yet in it somehow he sensed something subtle, something on the tip of his mind's tongue that he could not quite sense or say. He pushed open the door and walked into his office and across to his window, Sinfan stood with his chin resting on the windowsill and gazed out through the falling snow realizing wordlessly: This moment is like one small star in a wine dark field in the back of my mind, I seem to sense it in the lower right side of the back of my mind. Yes. One small star in the back of my mind seems to be trying to tell me something. To call up to me. Suddenly he saw before him outside in the silent circle of his vision before the

snow window light a speck of dust and realized it was because it was in a beam of light which was invisible to him until he saw the speck of dust. It is like a speck of dust in a beam of light, you cannot see the light without the speck, you cannot see the speck without the light, Sinfan realized wordlessly as he took the telegram out of his pocket carefully, opened it, and part of his eyes to the window on the light beam, part of his eyes on the speck of dust in the beam of light, read it:

THE SUN OF
 HUMAN IS THE LIGHT
 OF THE MIND AND BODY GLOW
 ITS LIGHT COMES FROM A SPARK WITHIN
 A BLACK HOLE GLOW THE SPARK IS WITHIN A
HELP I'M A PRISONER IN A SMALL METAPHYSICAL NUT EMBER
 CRYSTAL LIKE A SHINING STAR GLOW IT IS LIT
 BY AN INVISIBLE WIRE RUNNING SOUTH
 TO NORTH GLOW ITS ELECTRICITY
 ITSELF SHINES SUBTLY WITHOUT
 EVER BURNING GLOW FIND IT
 GLOW FOLLOW IT GLOW
 LIVE FROM IT ☆ GLOW
 LIGHT UP ON LIGHT
 GLOW

the sun was falling
the scene was falling
the choir's Sunday rest
the choir on the window sill
the sun like a small globe
smaller than a speck of dust
he said "I shall look at you
and look at you through
a sign hanging on the wall
was recently given to him
by the younger of the
little grandchildren
Hilda, it said

1 I thank you, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, for your love of fearless dynamic contrast. (See next page)

it is HUMANITY.

it is INSIDE EVERYONE
EVEN STUPID ASSHOLES
AND CROOL DWARFS
WAITING TO BE YOUZED.

Captain Good walked into Sinfan's office. Captain Good's once form-fitting white tights were subtly loose, a bit baggy. The large silver G glued onto his chest was a bit tarnished. He removed his white satin cape a bit slower than usual and instead of winging it on the couch in his usual manner, he seemed to drop it as if it were made of lead. His Pinko Creamo plastic electric milk pistol shaped like a lugar on a long missing child milk carton fell out of his belt and dropped onto the floor like a dead bird. He did not pick it up. "Thith couch ith filthy." Captain Good lisped in his deep commanding masculine voice. He lay down on his cape on the couch, crossed his legs, inspected his white boots for a high shine and cleanliness by reaching down one white-gloved fingertip, touching it to his white boot elegantly and then bringing his hand back up and inspecting for dirt on the white-gloved fingertip. Captain Good saluted Sinfan sharply. "I thertainly passth inthpe^c tion!" What may I help you with today, you who thit in darkneth? Pleath return thsalute, Mithter!" Sinfan asked him, "Who are you today, Alan?" as he hopped up onto his desk chair and waved his hand in a loose salute. Captain Good reported, "Captain Good ith my name, and cle aning th filth ith my game!" Sinfan asked. "Tell me ab out it, Alan?" Captain Good asked in a deep pious, t one. "How could a mitherable little thifty yellow freakithoid

*underthand a powerful forcth
for good? You raped old ladies
and men in Thanghai. You raths
burned up little babieth alive in
Nanthing," Sinfan said. "It is hard
for me, Alan, but please try to
listen [use-by:08.06.45](#) and to open this end*

help me. We yellow races really are in need of your goodness. We have been living in darkness for so many years, you know." Captain Good yelled, losing his lisp, his deep voice thundering. "Yeth, that'th IT! And I brought you LIGHT!" Sinfan said. "You certainly did do that, Alan, among other things." Captain Good leaped up off the couch and began to pace in front of it as he said in quickbursts, moving his hands like dueling airplanes: "Yeth that'th what I wath doing! Shit hot! Bringing light! Big light! Zoom! To darkneth!" Captain Good's lisp suddenly disappeared. He screamed as if to get above the roar of an engine or the blast of a bomb. "Yes! Yes! That's it! Shit hot! Let's get out of here!" Sinfan said. "Alan, you must somehow begin to realize, that you are a good person. There's no need for you to prove you're good. In fact you are Narcisco Hotspurm, an average delusion of grandeur ex University of Chicago student. Yes, Captain Alan Sadd received orders one morning to drop an atomic bomb. It did kill many many people. But that doesn't mean that you're bad or dirty. All this means is that you did something else you think was wrong. But it's all over. It was

years, so many years ago. Yes. Maybe 17 years ago. Why do you still torture yourself with this? Why do you punish yourself? Please don't crush your humanity, Alan. Now, as I've told you many times, when you are manic, flying too high, and sense yourself spending too much energy, breathe slower and you'll calm down. When you feel depressed, when you are too low, breathe fast er and you'll pick up a bit. Now stabilize your Self, Alan or you'll crash." Captain Good stopped pacing. He looked at Sinfan like a cartoon character suddenly realizing that he has walked off a cliff into air and cannot fly. He began to cry uncontrollably over and over again in spastic bursts like an engine refusing to turn over. He cried, "I'mmm bad. I'mmm dirty. I'mmm bad. I'mmm dirty."

Suddenly, he stopped. He said nothing and picked up his cape as if it were a broken wing. He began to walk slowly out of Sinfan's office. "Come back, Alan. Sit down." Sinfan called. "I am your friend." Captain Good said nothing. His shoulders slightly bent, his knees slightly buckled, he slowly left the office like a wounded bird that had lost its ability to lift. Sinfan wrote in his patient report: Slightly less elation followed by deeper depression. Patient loves flying. Does not wish to give up excessive ups and downs. May not crash. Seems to see his Self as nuclear device. Might implode. Now Sinfan walked over towards the couch and picked up Captain Good's white plastic Pinko Creamo electric milk pistol. What kind of a poor miser able person would go out loo king for the sun at high noon on a clear day with a flashlight, Sinfan realized. Poor fellow! Compared to the sun, an Atomic Bomb is a mere flashlight. Poor broken sparrow. I must try harder to help him. I hope that my feelings about the bomb he believes he dropped, having murdered my father are not subtly preventing me from helping him. If I were a real person and not a dwarfed freak and had the love of a beautiful woman, if there were some beauty i♥n my outer life, I might be more compassionate and I might be more able to help him. I must try harder. Sinfan sighed. He put on his wool greatcoat, his silk scarf and his boots. He sensed a small shiver. A warm shiver. Sinfan realized as he closed his office door and walked down the hall to the portico of the Mental Barn. Sinfan realized: This is, a different kind of shiver.

Like an iced rice paper
soaking up spilled black
ink the gray sky darkened.
The snow seemed to fall
heavier. Sinfan walked ac
ross the Great Lawn
through the deep snow
sprinkled with shivering
sparrows toward the weep
ing cherry tree at the be
ginning of Normal Lane.
Sinfan passed close to Bill
Bizerkowish who was rak
ing his imaginary leaves
of snow across the Great
Lawn into piles quite
evenly spaced and sized.
Bill was wearing a plaid
shirt, golf cap, kha kis,
and golf shoes. His pipe
was upside down. He stop
ped raking and leaned on
his rake and said pleas
antly enough, "Morning,
little doctor." Sinfan said,
"Good morning, Bill. Will
this snow ever end?" Bill
Bizerkowish said "Warm
front's moving in," pleas
antly enough and resumed
his even and diligent rak
ing of imaginary leaves.
Sinfan said, "You missed
your appointment with
me, Bill." Bill Bizerkowish
said, "Well, let me see,
yes sir, sorry about that.
Important work to do," as
he attempted to rake a few
darting sparrows toward
his nearest pile of snow.
Sinfan asked, "You like to
rake, or don't you?" Bill
Bizerkowish slowly said,
"Nothing better," as he
bore down on the dart
ing sparrows. "But the leaves
are getting trickier, got
to get moving a long now,
Warm front is moving in."
Rake. Rake. Diligently. Dilig ently.
Allow no speck of dust on mirror, Sinfan
realized. *Why rake dust off mirror if direction*
mirror located at attracts no dust? Sinfan sighed
and walked across the Great Lawn through the
shivering sparrows toward the weeping cherry tree.
From the field of snow falling and spread, Sinfan
focused his vision in toward the weeping cherry
tree before him. It was many years
older than Sinfan, who was
twenty-nine at this time, and
was much like an ancient
weeping cherry tree in his
garden when he was a child.
Sinfan walked in toward the
high branches that hung
down like petrified fingers
into the snow and looked at

a branch with in focused vision as if it were a painting of one low hanging branch against one high snow sky. He focused his vision in more until all he saw was one bud. Bud swollen. Pink. Waiting. Fat. Ready to live. Sinfan realized. Sinfan shivered. A warm shiver, he realized. He tramped in under the long hanging branches to the trunk of the weeping cherry tree and looked up at the snow falling down and the thousand buds waiting to burst up. I must have done this as a child, Sinfan realized as the snow fell on his upturned face and mixed with his tears. I, Sinfan said in his head. Am alive, Sinfan sensed in his entire being. I, Sinfan said in his head. Wish to live, Sinfan sensed in his entire being. Sinfan shivered. No beautiful woman will ever love me. I am a thirty-eight inch freak. I must accept this, Sinfan realized as he slow tramped the snow out from under the weeping cherry tree down Normal Lane. "No beautiful woman will ever love me. I am a freak. I must accept this," Sinfan screamed over *and over* again, out loud almost marching down Normal Lane. Sinfan *shivered*. It was a very warm shiver. I cannot be ordinary on the *outside, Sinfan* realized, and I am extraordinary on the inside. But I must *try to join the* Human Race. I must try to be as ordinary on the outside as *I possibly* can. I must try to do all the outside things other people do as *much* like them as possible. Even though I'm a little freak, I must try to be as ordinary as possible. Sinfan screamed up at the dark sky snow and beyond: "LET ME BE AN ORDINARY HUMAN BEING OR LET ME DIE LIKE A DOG IN A GUTTER!" A silent voice in him said "Try harder. You're getting there. All happiness is earned," like a subtle flame licking his mind's back flesh. I must quiet my mind, Sinfan realized wordlessly. Or I will lose all I have worked for. Sinfan came upon Bill Bizerkovich's house and on the lawn saw Bill's old pile of leaves from the Fall now covered with snow. And in the pile, the faint depression of where Captain Good had lain in the leaf pile that first day in Little America. It is as if he never rose up out of those leaves, as if he's still lying there, but cold vaporized from his own implosion, Sinfan realized. He turned and walked back toward Death House.

That evening after dinner, Sinfan sensed himself as different as he adjusted his tie and blazer then hitched up his white pants and strolled under the high arches and smooth white vaults of the elegant lounge of Death House called The White Bread Room due to its shallow depth: its seemingly unending supply of soft puffy comfortable white cotton covered seats: its coarse dull fear of brilliance even when lit up: its blithe spatial resemblance to a slice of white bread. Under the high vaults on sofas and easy chairs, at card tables and off in Death Grotto watching TV, people of all ages and mental condition were sitting, standing, talking, staring, smiling and crying. They did not look any different but he saw them differently. Of course, as all Americans, their main pursuit was not happiness but complaining and whining endlessly about the cost of everything from their cars to their houses to their super abundant food. Never realizing in the Strausbaughian sense that most humans who've ever lived on earth have never known what these things are much less been able to own them. He did not see them as big. He saw them as alive. Somewhere in myself I am not looking up. I am looking out, Sinfan realized I see people as I see trees and snow. All that life is outside of me, Sinfan realized as he continued his stroll. And I am inside of me. He passed Dr. Moorose, the compulsive dentist, who was deeply involved in a huge endless jigsaw puzzle. If Dr. Moorose accidentally touched a puzzle piece, he believed he had to clean it seven times with a tissue, turn it upside down 3 times, and whistle "Sleepers Awake," or, he believed, the piece would never fit. Sinfan stopped and observed Dr. Moorose. I do not see him as bigger or sick or worse than I am, now, Sinfan realized. I see him, now, as alive and stuck in one of many pieces in his field of mind pieces. Dr. Moorose is Dr. Moorose and I am I. Whatever he is doing it is not in me. He is producing an amazingly complicated spectacle of pieces and movement from one of his billions of mind pieces, out there. With no mind, spontaneously, in a deep resonating loud voice, Sinfan said to Dr. Moorose: "You're not working hard enough, Moorose. Get a bigger puzzle. Stop being so dirty. Clean your mind. You're not stuck enough on the part of your mind that you love so much." Dr. Moorose said "At least you understand me, Dr. Tasmaguri," with a bit of fear in his nose and eyes, gazing down on his hundreds of unconnected pieces. "You're the only one who understands me. I'm stuck." And this was the precise moment in Sinfan's life when he began to say exactly what he saw. I am speaking in a loud booming voice. The voice of a giant, Sinfan realized wordlessly as he strolled on under the high palms past Wally Warpette, the advertising man and his clique. This grouping of near middle-aged people, called The Drugstore Sufis by Max Granada, was attempting to go back in emotional time and overcome the bitter experiences of their adolescence with a new, more humane experience and as Wally Warpette's clique did every night, they were endlessly name-dropping and ridiculing all that they saw and that they were, for the entertainment of the blonde actress who sat in their midst. Before he passed by them, Sinfan vaguely heard: "Here comes the midget," another and indistinguishable remark, and then a smattering of chuckles. Wally Warpette said to Sinfan with a big smile, "That's a sharp summer blazer, Doc!" Sinfan turned, looked at Warpette, and said in a voice that seemed to him as thunder, "I'm suddenly feeling a little smaller tonight. Why is it, Wally, that every time my back is turned to you, I sense a little knife sharpening?" As Sinfan passed on, he sensed the silence of Wally Warpette and his clique. He had never heard them silent before. "Continue to chatter, please," Sinfan called back over his subtle hunchback, "and the bananas you crave so much may appear in your tree." Sinfan passed a group of old women who were knitting and chewing their gums. Sinfan asked "How are you tonight, Lily?" to one of the old women who was a queen of depression. I don't mind if I go tomorrow," she said with the powerful reverse drive of depressive inaction. Sinfan said, "Me too. Let's both go up to the roof and jump off." Lily laughed. Sinfan approached the habitual TV viewers who sat facing a large television in Death Grotto. His imitation stone grotto was originally a chapel for prayer until TV viewing was found to be a far superior concentrator of attention away from mental problems than prayer. There were mostly young people but a few older people were scattered in their midst. They were watching a Japanese monster movie. Sinfan liked the name Death Grotto for the marble statued and complicatedly niched imitation stone TV viewing area; at this time he believed that in the moment of one's death one's whole conscious life, everything one has consciously seen or heard or tasted, touched or smelled or sensed, passed before one like an internal eternal TV show that would seem to last 30 or 40 thousand years. They are dying before their death in the wrong way, Sinfan realized. Why look at that when you can look at me? I have died before my death. Sinfan was going to ask the viewers, but checked his impulse, realizing that it was a morbid thing to say and at best would be a jealous maneuver to take their attention off the TV and onto him. It would not be a friendly and entertaining use of exhibitionism, Sinfan realized. They wouldn't understand it. I would frighten them. Suddenly, from out of a dark corner of the marble statued and cement stoned Death Grotto, just as Godzilla, the Japanese monster, was destroying the Bank of Tokyo, like a statue that had come to life, Jack Wiggle leaped in front of the television, exposed his penis and said, "Here it is! Live entertainment! The real thing! In the back of your mind, what you're hoping to find!" As Jack Wrench appeared to get control of Jack Wiggle, Sinfan said in a loud growl, "Why look at that, when you can look at me, a real Japanese monster!" Everyone laughed. Sinfan swiped his hand in a simian way and loped off for a few steps until he resumed his stroll. I am talking to the world now as the silent word in the burning nerve tree in my chest somehow talked to me, Sinfan realized as he opened his silver cigarette case and lit a cigarette.

1 See John Strausbaugh, New York Press, Vol. 13 No. 3, 9/19/2000: Weep The People: "It's official. American's are the whinniest people on earth...confirmed...by New York Times this Sunday..." (9/17/2000)

Through a deep delicious exhalation of smoke, Sinfan saw Max Granada, Bill Bizerkowitz, Captain Good, and a new patient, Lowney Tonké playing cards at a table. Max Granada waved at Sinfan to come over. He was wearing a black velvet smoking jacket and a green silk ascot. His wavy white mane shined. Max slapped Lowney Tonké on the shoulder of her/his/its fringed cat hide shirt, and said to her/him/it, "Now we'll get some hot action. He's small but he's sharp!" Lowney Tonké snarled at Max, "Get your goddam hands off the shoulder, farm boy! Fuck you in the teeth with a blow torch, you greenballed grandmother raping goddam cock sucking son of a bitch,"

She/He/It was a unique woman/man/it. She/He/It was the talented empowered daughter of the great cross dresser country and western star Honké Tonké. Like her father she/he/it had been a frustrated house wife in Indiana and might have remained that but she/he/it had sold her up scale ranch house and had gone to Denver mark where she/he/it had a failed flayed off Madrid Plaza de Toros bull, Isabello's penis and scrotum transplant onto her/his/its crotch. Max said to Sinfan, "We're trying to get a nice game of bridge going, but we seem to have a permanent dummy." Max nodded toward Captain Good who sat in his chair mouth open, slumped down, unmoving. Max said, "Catatonic trance, He's gone back to womb land." Sinfan said "Good evening, Alan," to Captain Good in a loud commanding voice. Captain Good said nothing and stared before himself as if he couldn't see no one, hear no one. Max said, "He sees you and hears you. He's withdrawing from reality. He's just pretending he doesn't see or hear you." Sinfan realized wordlessly, Have I stolen Captain Good's light? Max Granada said, "Don't worry Midge. Leave him alone, poor bastard, it's what he needs now. Hand washes hand. You'll see," grunting and puffing like an old ox as he dragged Captain Good in his chair to a corner of the table.

Lowney Tonké snarled at Sinfan. "Hey you! You get a chair and sit right down, little mister." She/He/It turned to Max Granada and said in a very hoarse South Indiana twang, "My, my, ain't he the ant toe!" Max Granada said, "Yeah, he's small but he's sharp and even you'd be surprised: He's got an enormous cock like a sledge hammer," She/he/it bellowed, rearing up, her long hair braids swinging, her tight lion suede pants bulging. "Yeah! O.K.! Let's see! Take it out and put it on the table, Tiny! Let's see who's got the King Kong Ding Dong round these here parts!" Max said, "You can do that later, Lowney. Dr. Tasmaguri will be your psychoanalyst," and leered at Sinfan. "Well, O.K.," she/he/it said. "If you say he's O.K., it's O.K. with me. As my Daddy, Honké Tonké used to sing, good things come in little packages, but never get caught in a frozen sheep." Max Granada said to Sinfan "Sit down, Midge. Don't mind her/him/it, she/he/it's O.K.," pointing to the vacated place at the card table. "Let's play Hearts. Ho Ho Ho Hu Hu Hu Hee Hee Hee." A few hours later, at ten P.M. precisely, the milk and cookie sideboard was rolled into the White Bread Room. Everyone had milk and cookies and went to bed.

Later
 that evening,
 at midnight
 after he had masturbated his enormous penis
 carefully, utilizing the Zen Saliwa
 Squeeze in building up as much tension
 in every muscle of his body, as carefully as one
 would build a house of cards, working to delay gratification as long
 as he possibly could following West's law, The Longer It Takes The Better It Is,
 using a vision of Twistingina Perdue, the 18 year old daughter of Hubris and Tempo, whom
 Sinfan believed was the most beautiful and most spiritual woman he had ever met, to delay
 orgasm as long as possible to be sure of releasing as much unnecessary energy as possible from
 his organism, as he attempted to put himself to sleep, Sinfan looked out from his bed through the
 window at the falling snow in the dark night. Must rest, Sinfan realized. Been through enormous
 stress last few months. Must sleep. Sinfan remembered Tempo Perdue telling him that being a
 to put one's self to sleep at night was the difference between a child and an adult, and was one of
 the most important things a person could master. And then in his mind, Sinfan saw Tempo Perdue.
 Sinfan had said to Tempo: "I'm having trouble sleeping." Tempo Perdue had said: "The whole world
 can explode; I get my sleep. You have to get your sleep." And then in his mind, Sinfan saw the whole
 world explode into a billion pieces. Sinfan sensed his skin on the sheets and blankets of his bed, looked
 through the dark room out the window, and saw the snow falling in the moonlight. Then, in his mind,
 he saw Tempo Perdue in the distance in the summer vegetable garden on a hill on Ouspensky's estate
 in New Jersey. Tempo was strolling through the rows of vegetables after people had finished their
 careful and diligent work on themselves and the garden and had left the fields. Sinfan walked down
 the garden hill toward Tempo. Tempo seemed to be looking for something with invisible antennae
 out about him sensing invisible things. Sinfan now heard Tempo whistling "Sleepers Awake."
in me that wishes to live. Like David Daniels
 Whistling is breathing, Sinfan realized now, in bed, one eye on a billion pieces of falling
 snow out his window. Whistling in the light. Tempo asked:
doing to understand ourselves, to evolve ourselves, I feel like a baby?"
 "What are you doing, Sinfan?" as he whirled a bit and waved
 Tempo said: "If you want to know the truth, turn everything upside down. Turn
 his fingers subtly toward Sinfan in the immaculate
yourself upside down. Everyone has a wish to live in them. Something in you, like
 cultivated garden. Sinfan said: "I am asking you
a pearl star in the deep pool of the heart of your mind is calling up to you to live. Try
 what you are doing now." Tempo said:
to go in and down and sense it," Who am I? Sinfan asked himself silently. Tempo Perdue,
 said: "I'm picking up the pieces of the
 day's work. Did you hear
 Sinfan asked, *Who am I? down into the deep pool of the heart of his mind as he sensed the*
your savor today?"
sheets and blankets of his bed on his warm skin and looked through his dark room out his
 window at a billion pieces of snow falling in the moonlight. I am alive, Sinfan realized from
 out suddenly:
one tiny mind star with one small glow down in the deep pool of the heart of his mind.
Tears running down his cheeks, Sinfan fell into sleep. Sinfan did not dream, as the
mechanism for dreaming in him had been turned upside down and was awake
in the daytime now and connected to reality. ☆ At night, while he slept,¹
when he could sleep, as he was relearning how to sleep,
nothing in him was awake but his life support
system. And a small glow.

¹ See Lorenz Hart, O.GOD! WHY DON'T YOU MAKE ME A STAR?, subsequently renamed, BLUE MOON.

Although
it was only a
hundred miles
from Little America,
it had not yet snowed
this winter. Rolling up
New Jersey wooded hills
and across lovely smooth
fields, the estate spread out
snowless around a large
stone mansion called
The Big House like
frost moss round
a cold rock. The

trees were shaking and bare. The ground was
spike white frost. It was very cold but it did
not seem to be winter yet to Twistina Perdue, who
had driven down the night before to visit her mother
and father, Tempo and Hubris Perdue, on her Christmas
vacation from Wellesley College in Massachusetts. Twistina
sat up in bed in her room in the Big House and looked at her
clock. It was six-thirty A.M. Twistina dressed quickly, threw on
her camel-hair car coat and rushed downstairs to the kitchen. Grace
Iron, an opera singer who had taken personal vows of silence to acquire
the energy to attain spiritual truth and who released energy unnecessary
to that sublime purpose by running in the woods howling like an animal, was
making breakfast for the few people who oversaw the farm in the winter in a
very intense and competent way with forceful happiness. Instead of helping
Grace Iron make breakfast, which Twistina thought was the right thing to do,
Twistina ran impulsively down to the basement where she knew that I was doing
chores and would be stoking the furnaces. The Big House was a very large turn-
of-the-century mansion and had two large coal-burning furnaces in the basement.
I always liked doing chores at The Big House. It was very pleasant to get up early,
go down to the basement and shovel coal, only a few shovelfuls at most, on the
opposite side of the fire box from where it had been banked the night before. It
was very warm. When one shook down the dead coals, the remaining coals in
the fire box gleamed a beautiful tangerine. It was a very pleasant color in the depth
of winter. And perhaps, being in the warm depth of a cold stone mansion filled with
quasi morbid spiritualists helped add to its pleasure. As I remember it, I was wearing
someone else's workboots, another person's jacket, another person's gloves, and an old hat,
all of which I had found in the men's dressing room. The men's dressing room was a large
room next to the furnace. It was once a large canning room and still contained zinc counters and
many unused mason jars. Now it was full of all kinds of hanging clothes where the very clean,
very successful, and very spiritual men who came to the farm to work on Sundays changed into
work clothes. Over a period of years so many work clothes had been left in the men's dressing
room by so many ex-spiritual men that I could easily outfit myself to suit any weather. For a
young person in search of inner truth it was a wonderful place to live and a few of us were
allowed to live there. Although, I believe that Sinfan and I were among the few people who
were really in search of inner truth and were willing to ruin themselves to find it. Even Tempo
Perdue admitted to me once that most of the men and women who attended the farm were,
as he put it, "Girl and boy scouts who were just trying to be good-er than ordinary people. With
them it's not: In a ruin you'll find a treasure; it's: In a crib you'll find a mother." As I remember
that Sunday morning, I had put my last shovelful of coal into the furnace with a great deal of
satisfaction: Unlike many seekers of Truth, I am a believer in allowing satisfaction and pleasure
in the simple things in Life rather than gaining satisfaction from feeling guilty and attacking
one's self while at the mercy of satisfaction and pleasure: When Twistina ran up to me in the

furnace area in h
heard from Sinfa

er fancy college-girl clothes of that era. Twistina asked:
n?" I said: "Yeah. He likes his job a lot. He's having a goo

"David, have you
d time. I may go

see um next month," and for some reason remembered her
mother the divine Hubris telling me with chortles of delight
covered over with heavy feigned sorrow that a Harvard child
poet had leaped off the roof of Eliot House screaming Twistina
in ecstasy to his death on Memorial Drive. "How could that poor
boy ever hope to seduce Twistina, Dear?" Hubris had asked me.
"She has been raised from birth to serve spiritual truth." Twistina
said: "I'm really happy to hear that. Can I do chores with you?" I
asked her: "In dose clothes? Yer gunna shovel shit from under cows?"
Twistina said: "In these old things?" Laying on heavily what passes
for charm in wasp witch clutches and feels like tiny ice cubes poured
down inside the front of your pants. "I'm careful. I learned how to keep
my clothes clean a long time ago. I have a wonderful mother." As we drove
down the hill to the barn on the dirt road through all the vegetable gardens,
Twistina suddenly turned her head toward me and Miss Porterred: "David,
have you ever made love to a woman?" I Minsked: "A few. Have you ever
made love to a man, Twisty?" Twisty Mount Holyoked: "No. I am a virgin. I am
saving all of my beautiful things for the one I love." I Crakoffed: "Good, but yuh
know, Twisty, some people practisiz a lot on whoever kin stomuck dem and hopes
dey'll meet zomeone who truly lovz dem someday and becauze of deir practice be
prepared to zervice dem beautifully. Yuh know, Twisty, yur father sayz, 'preparation
iz everyting.'" Twisty Benningtoned: "Is it wonderful?" I Riga-ed: "What?" Twisty
Smithed: "Making love." I Budapested: "Yes." She
Wellesleyed: "Have you ever had a very short girl
friend?" I Vienna-ed: "Yes." Twisty Radcliffed:
"Was it hard to make love because they were
much shorter than you?" I Newarked: "Nah,
I don't think zo, Twisty. If yuh like someone
a lot everytings eazy. Yuh know dey say
love lovez duh lazy." I glanced at Twistina
and saw her sink back in the seat of the
pickup truck with a look on her face that
I had never seen there before. Her face
usually looked to me like the face of a
hard porcelain saint in a very dark
church in one of the seedier French
forests. But now I saw a cat-that-
swallowed-the-cream look on her
face. All that morning before break
fast as we went to the henhouse
and picked up the eggs, dumped
off the kitchen garbage for the
pigs, milked the cows, shoveled
out their shit onto the manure pile,
led the cows out to pasture, fed
the horses, cleaned out their stalls,
led the horses out to pasture, fed
the sheep, Twistina had that cat-
that-swallowed-the-cream look
on her face. And, I might add,
there was not one speck of
dirt on her clothes. Twisty
Perdue had a fairly pretty
face, and her body was
what women call slim
and men call scrawny.

And although she
went to Wellesley

she had big Radcliffe
Field Hockey knees.

She had her mother's
giant eyes, the biggest

dark blue eyes I have

ever seen. But they were, at this time,
cold eyes like profound sapphires without stars.

We
n t
t o b
k f a s
T h e
H o u s e.
m o t h e r.
P e r d u e,
c o u r s e,
a w o m
h e t h e a t e r,
H e r f a t h e r, T
w a s s i t t i n g i n
o n e s i d e o f t h e t a
r o o m, a l l t h e w o m e n
o f h i m, a l l t h e m e n s i t
o f h i m, "t o k e e p t h e p e
t e l l i n g o n e o f t h e f o u r o r
t o l d a t b r e a k f a s t. S o m e o f
a t t h e O u s p e n s k y's e s t a t e f o r y
h a d b e e n t e l l i n g t h o s e s a m e f o u r
a n d o v e r a g a i n f o r y e a r s. T e m p o w o u
l d d o t h i n g s l i k e t e l l s t o r i e s a t b r e a k
f a s t t h a t w e r e e x p e c t e d o f a n o r d i n a r y
p e r s o n i n a n o r d i n a r y s i t u a t i o n, b u t
s e e m e d o u t r a g e o u s a m o n g a g r o u p o f s p i r i
t u a l i s t s w h o h a d t a k e n v o w s o f s i l e n c e t o
k e e p t h e i r a t t e n t i o n o n t h e i r o w n l i v e s, i n
v e r y o b v i o u s r e p e t i t i v e w a y s l i k e t h i s. S o
m u c h s o, t h a t a f t e r y o u k n e w h i m a w h i l e, w
h e n e v e r h e w h i s t l e d, o r d r e w a b r e a t h a n d
h e l d i t, o r w h a t e v e r h e d i d, y o u w o n d e r e d w
h y h e w a s d o i n g i t. A n d y o u l e a r n e d m u c h. ¹
T h e p e o p l e w h o a t t e n d e d t h e f a r m b e l i e v e d t h a t m a n k i n d w a s a s l e e p. T h a t o u r l i f e c o u l d
d e v e l o p t o b e a s m u c h b e t t e r t h a n o u r p r e s e
n t l i f e t h a n w a k i n g i s b e t t e r t h a n s l e e p i n g.
T h e a i m o f t h e p e o p l e a t t h e f a r m w a s t o
w a k e u p i n t h i s s e n s e b y t r y i n g t o r e a l i z e
t h e y w e r e a s l e e p t o t h e i r o w n l i v e s. T h i s
m o r n i n g, T e m p o P e r d u e, l o o k i n g a r o u n d
a t t h e s i l e n t p e o p l e a t t h e b r e a k f a s t t a b l e, w a v i n g h i s f i n g e r s s u b t l y, w a s t e l l i n g
t h e s t o r y a b o u t h o w M r. J o n e s h a d c o m e
e u p t o h i m a n d t o l d h i m "I f e e l s o r r y
f o r M i s s S m i t h. S h e's r e a l l y a s l e e p. I
a s t n i g h t w h e n I g o t u p t o g o t o t h e
b a t h r o o m. I s a w h e r w a l k i n g i n h e r
s l e e p i n t h e h a l l. A n d t h e n, a f t e r
t h a t, M i s s S m i t h h a d w a l k e d u p t o
T e m p o a n d s a i d: "I f e e l s o r r y f o r
M r. J o n e s. H e's r e a l l y a s l e e p. L a s t
n i g h t w h e n I g o t u p t o g o t o
t h e b a t h r o o m I s a w h i m w a l k i n g i n h i s s l e e p i n t h e h a l l."

Twisty Perdue sighed
And then a few more
And after this, everyone
seemed even more silent
for what seemed like a long
(time. Everyone was paying
a great deal of attention to
their Self, doing esoteric non
breathing, sensing them
selves deeply, and eating
very slowly: Conscious
Eating. Complete
silence. Twisty
Perdue said:
"A midget is
flying over
head." A few
people sighed as
if she had in reality said,
"An angel is flying over head."
Only one person was crude enough
to laugh and I am in hope that by this
time you may easily realize it could be
only and none other than your friend, I, David
Daniels, from the beginning of time until

now and until the end of time a common person, as common as goat feet on dirt and grass.

¹ For a pleasant description of similar practices see: ZEN TRAINING, METHODS AND PHILOSOPHY, Katsuki Sekida, c. page 70. Weatherhill, 1975.

Later, a^bit after
 breakfast, as I was standing
 next to Tempo Perdue at the blackboard
 and studying his breathing out in the back hall of
 The Big House, where Sunday visitors to the farm came to
 see what jobs Tempo had assigned them, Twisty ran up to Tempo, put
 her hand on his jacket shoulder, squeezed her eyelids tight over her cold blue
 eyes, smiled with that cat-that-swallowed-the-cream smile and said, "I like you, father."
 Tempo said, "That may be, but why don't you do some work?" Twistina bolted away, her
 face very red, that creamy smile on it, and ran upstairs. Tempo said to me, "She endures, She
 does not live yet." And then, after a sharp nose inhalation, looking in my eyes he added very
 slowly, "Time is for the beginner. Breath is for the finisher. You're on the beam. Breath is every
 thing. Breathe in without breathing out. The way a baby snuffles before crying. When you're near
 tears you're near the truth. You'll see things the way a baby does. With your new born mind." In passing,
 I suppose that I should add that whenever Tempo breathed that way and looked me in the eye, I always
 had a strange feeling that he was giving me something—or taking something away from me. It was all so
 fast and subtle it was hard to say what was going on. Later, when I realized what was going on, I didn't want
 to believe it. Many times we learn terrible things that we hadn't expected to learn, that we didn't ever want to
 learn, that we wish we hadn't learned and then, later, find great and even decent human use for them. I might
 also add that most of the people who attended the farm, Sinfan included, were very religious in the narrow "gooddy
 gooddy" sense. I've never really gone in for that sort of thing. I've always been content to leave heaven to the angels
 and the sparrows. All I've ever wanted to be is a person. As I've come to understand myself and picked up a little
 magic, it's been by the way of seeking humanity. Needless to say, it shocked me when Tempo, who was very religious
 and a considerable magician, suddenly turned to me in the hall and said: "The only real magic is in understanding
 yourself, David. It's better to taste something subtle in yourself simply, than to take a great greedy leap to grab the little
 toe of God. The subtle things in people are the most powerful and important and what you need to taste in yourself is
 very little. So little it makes a needle in a haystack look like the sun in the sky. What you are looking for is very little
 and the clever way to find it is burn your haystack and look for something ☆ shining in the ashes." Then he showed me
 a few locations in myself and how to use them to build a special organ of perception in my Self. I said, "I don't know
 why you're teaching me this sort of hocus pocus. You know I'm 100% strictly seeking humanity inside, outside and in
 between." Tempo looked at me a long time then said to me, "That may be. But you will breathe the marrow of the sun."

Later, Twisty cornered me
to tell me what she had done
that morning after she had run up the
stairs. She said: "I started to write a poem.
A beautiful poem about a beautiful person, when
suddenly I found myself squeezing my legs together,
dreaming of flying to the sun with him, and then looked
down: my hand, my hand like a flower opening the petals of
my vagina like golden wings." I asked: "Would you like me to
tell Sinfan that you're in heat?" Twisty's lips curled with
cream: "No! Really David, you are so terribly peasant!
Mother is right, you leap in on all fours where angels fear
to tread. No! I'll get some practice first. Preparation is
everything." I said: "Not with me! Don't come near
me." Twisty asked as I moved away: "Why?" I
said, "Sinfan is my friend." And I realized,
and you're a weird cock-teaser. And I
want to live here for awhile and I
don't want your mother running
after me with scissors. Twisty
snapped: "Well, so I'll have
to go get some Harvard
boys to practice with,
won't I?" her lips
curling with
cream, her
cold blue
eyes
shining
in
gold
-

A
 th
 pre
 poin
 inexo
 of the a
 of love, f
 ask you a
 peculiar tha
 enormous en
 loss to be for
 of severe mental pain? 2: Is not mental pain from a buried child locked in our own mind's dark closet scratching
 the door screaming, writhing for our attention and kindness? 3: How many people expend enormous energy to
 turn on themselves, attack themselves or others, call themselves or others bad, loser, weak, or sick just then
 when by doing nothing but listen to a small cry they would be able to become their own Self's compassion a t e
 friend? 4: When a child slowly writhes in pain to
 plea and pretend to be strong? 5: Is this
 iture of energy in a pretense of strength?
 Did he not some how understand
 these questions and the power of
 weakness in the face of Truth
 and go straight to a constant
 relation of mental illness
 ness and its concocted
 mitant fierce
 innership pain to
 seek human
 ani ty in
 si de?

triumphant gain whenever they expended
 to understand themselves, and a dismal
 the relatively little energy expenditure
 n mind's dark closet scratching
 ask for help, does a parent ignore this
 strength? An extra enormous expenditure
 6: Wasn't this my friend Sinjah's genius:

Meanwhile, friend, back
at that beautiful constellation of
mental illness, Little America, where people
of necessity try to understand themselves and pursue
inner truth and do not make a great fuss over it by putting on
spiritual airs; where in fact many ordinary people have to be honest
to stay alive and feel genuine saintly remorse and humility for having of
adversity to undertake the pursuit of self-knowledge, this most wonderful of
all human pursuits, the only real hope for humanity, the snow played on. For many
days of every week snow was to fall on Little America and on those days when snow
didn't fall, snow blew through the air thick as if it were falling and piled into high drifts.
And then one day in April it stopped. It all stopped. The blowing. The flying. The falling.
The swirling. All of it stopped. The sky was blue. The sky is light blue like mother's transparent
egg shell-porcelain bowl with fine invisible decoration of dragons pursuing the flaming pearl, Sinfan
realized, as he walked past the deep green pine grove toward the Mental Barn. On both sides of
the walk, shoveled snow was piled up higher than his head. He could not see into the deep grove,
but he could see the bright pine tops riding the sky over the piled snow. Pines have lost their snow
manes and beards, Sinfan realized. Young again. Vegetable Lions. Running to life. Coming toward
him on the walk, Sinfan saw Captain Good being led by an aide through snow banks like frozen angel
wings. Captain Good had lost much weight and was very thin. His white tights sagged like embryonic
bird feathers. The silver G on his chest was stained from food droppings. He had stopped feeding him
self and sometimes Sinfan would watch sadly the nurses try to help him eat like a baby. "Good mornin g,
Alan," Sinfan said. Captain Good seemed hardly able to see Sinfan, much less talk to him and seemed to
mumble something or other and cling tighter to the arm of the aide who was walking him. Sinfan turned
and watched them as they passed. Almost half carried, half dragged by the aide, Captain Good did a
strange twist slowly, like a floating ghost, turning backwards and looking at something with tears in
his eyes. Sinfan hopped as high above the piled snow banks as he could to try to see what Captain
Good was sadly twisting to see. It was the sun. A few minutes later, on his desk in his office in
the Mental Barn, Sinfan found a letter addressed to him and marked Very Personal. He
gasped. His eyes peeled. He reeled. He keeled. He kneeled. He steeled. The letter revealed:

... from the desk of **Hubris Perdue**

April 1, 1962

Sinfan Dear,

My daughter Twistina has been acting strangely of late. In fact, Dear, our pure spiritual Twistina has become the Whore of Wellesley. The poor tragic child is sleeping with every stray Ivy League dog that approaches her maiden fruit.

I feel that this is insane behavior, Dear, and owing to the impotence of the college health services, and considering all that Tempo and I have done for you, Dear, I feel that placing Twistina in your care, Dear, is justified and will be a rewarding effort of repayment on your part, Dear, to repay us in kindness even though in a larger sense repayment is impossible.

Tempo hopes that you're picking up the pieces of your poor little life, Dear, and wisely leaves Twistina in my hands, and I place her in yours.

No one knows better than I that you have had it hard, Dear, your struggle is so difficult. How brave you are to undergo the conscious suffering of working in that dreadful place with those poor hopeless and helpless people far from the spiritual source.

Although Max Granada is not what I would call a Churchgoer, Tempo admires him and I feel he will help in our tragic arrangements and services.

Well, we never *know*, do we, Dear? We wished for Twistina to play Joan of Arc, but she has been cast in Ophelia. The poor child is insane.

By the way, Dear, I found the enclosed poem by Twistina and know I need not add to as pure and spiritual a person as yourself, Dear, that no daughter of mine will ever know a midget in the Biblical sense. Men are pigs! but hear a mother's cries, see a mother's ripped breast.

Sincerely In God
Hubris

SIN
PAN IS
M☆Y
WARM
LITTLE
SHEPARD
AND I WANT
TO LIE DOWN
IN WET GRASS AND
LET HIM LEAD ME INTO
STILL WATERS AND RESTORE
MY SOUL. I WILL ROLL THROUGH
THE VALLEY OF THE LIGHT OF LIFE.
I WILL FEAR NO EVIL FOR HE WILL BE IN
ME. HIS PENIS AND SPINE WILL COMFORT ME IN
THE PRESENCE OF MY BEING. HE WILL SPREAD ME
LIKE A TABLE PLEINE DE WARM LOVELY CURE. HE
WILL ANNOINT MY VAGINA WITH HOT OIL. MY HEART
RUNS OVER AND OVER AND OVER LIKE A RED
HOT JAGUAR ENGINE. AND SURELY
THAT GOOD AND MERCIFUL CUTE
LITTLE MIDGET SHALL FOLLOW
ME ALL THE DAYS OF MY
LIFE WHEN HE ENTERS
MY FLOWER STREWN
CARBUR E TOR
FOREVER AND
EVER AND
EVER AND
EVER

After reading the enclosed poem by Twistina, Sinfan thought :
*How tragic. The pure lovely child is overcome with self-will
and self-love. How hard it must be for her mother, as he walked
to his office window, his heart full of gratitude to be able to
help friends. His chin resting on the windowsill, Sinfan gazed
out through his window and watched the snow in that magic
moment just before it melts. Sinfan sighed. Then Sinfan
walked to Max Granada's office. They were deep friends now.
There was no need to knock. Max Granada sat on a filing
cabinet by his window. His white mane gleamed. His face
shined in the bright sunlight that streamed in on him. He was
not moving. He isn't breathing. Sinfan realized. With a huge
inhalation of air a look of intense joy suffused Max Granada's
face. He sighed deeply, opened his eyes, and looked at Sinfan
happily. Max said: "Hi, Midge. I'm not impotent, any more. I
got it up. I knew I could. There's a telegram on the corner of
my desk for you, Midge." Sinfan asked: "What did you get
up?" Max said, "My sexual energy. Up my spine. Been trying
to do that for years." Sinfan asked: "Why?" Max said: "So
that I can perceive things inside me and outside me with the
finest energy in me. The organs of perception are a fine engine.
What's the sense of running on crude oil, when you can run on
high octane? I'm goddamn tired of being deluded by a half shiny little
cut off diced brain cube of snake eyes death." Sinfan snapped:
"Read this letter that came to me. I need advice." He gave Hubris'
letter and Twistina's poem to Max. As Max read the letter and
the poem, Sinfan took the telegram off the desk and read it :*

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN BREATH GLOW FOR THE SUN OF HUMAN IS IN THEM GLOW
 BLESSED ARE THEY THAT UNDERSTAND THEIR OWN MISERY GROW FOR THIS IS
 COMFORT GROW BLESSED ARE THEY THAT SEE THEIR OWN SMALLNESS GROW
 FOR THEY SHALL SEE LIFE GROW BLE SSED ARE THEY THAT HUNGER AND THIRST
 TO BE EMPTY GROW FOR THEY SHAL L BE FILLED GROW BLESSED ARE THE
HELP I'M A PRISONER IN A DELUXE METAPH YSICAL DEATH TRAP MIDGET JESUS
 KIND GROW FOR THEY SHALL HAV E KINDNESS IN THEM GROW BLESSED
 ARE THE PURE IN HEART GROW FOR T HEY SHALL SEE TRUTH GROW BLESSED
 ARE THEY THAT MAKE PEACE IN THEMSEL VES GROW FOR THEY SHALL SEE NO THING
 GROW BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO NO T MAKE A BELIEF THEY ARE A LITTLE JESUS
 GROW FOR THE SUN OF HUMAN IS HIDDEN WITHIN YOU GROW IT IS INSIDE YOU WAITING
 TO BE USED GROW FIND YOUR SELF GROW BE YOUR SELF GROW LIVE FROM YOUR SELF

G R O W

sinfan finish ed readin
 the telegram and waited for Max
 to finish reading Hubris Perdue's letter. He
 noticed that at many points in the letter Max winced
 painfully. Max Granada said finally: "So, Hubris wants to
 send Twisty here," handing Hubris Perdue's letter back to him.
 "So what? So what's the big deal? What are you so charged up about?
 If it's O.K. with you, Midge, it's O.K. with me." Sinfan said: "I consider it
 a great honor, to be of high service to friends. There are higher considerations
 than the fact that you detest Hubris. Her poor daughter is filled with Self-man
 ipulation, Self-pleasure, Self-will, and S elf-love. She must regain her submiss
 ion to the will of God." Max said: "Well, Midge, you must admit that Hubris
 is a power mad rat and you must admit that there isn't anything crazy about
 an 18 year old girl wanting to get filled up." Max smiled: "And you don't call
 fucking submitting to the will of God?" Sinfan snapped: "Twistina isn't
 an ordinary girl! She is the most spiri tual woman I've ever known! She
 is a treasure! Why must you bury her in the darkness of ordinary think
 ing and feeling!" Max chortled: "Well, Midge, into this darkness I
 can cast but one small ray of light. I b t does seem like the swift nifty
 has the hots for you, Midge. You n b ut. That might be just what you
 need you nut. The straw that licke b d the camel's back. What a little
 nut you are! Going to rot into dirt b t or crack your shell and sprout?
 Ho Ho Ho Hu Hu Hu Hee Hee He b e." Sinfan thundered: "I must
 save Twistina from her misfort b une! In your heart you know
 I'm right!" as he put the telegr b am GROW into his jacket
 pocket like an unbearably he b avy weight, stalked to the
 door, reached up and flung it b open. "I would never take
 advantage of her illness! I b r would never do a thing
 like that! It's beneath a p e rson of my stature!"
 Max giggled: "Now a t hat's what I call

h i n g !

Outside fierce wind picked up flying sliding arrows into the warm sunlight. And later that morning in his office, Sinfan was struggling to communicate with Captain Good. Captain Good lay on the couch like a wrinkled fetus curled in its mother's womb. But this is a womb with a view, Sinfan realized. He saw one of Captain Good's eyes open to the sunlight pouring in through the giant window Sinfan had opened to cool his office. "Stop this nonsense," Sinfan said to Captain Good's eye on the sunlight, pouring all the attention he had at it. "Alan Sadd, you are in fact thirty nine years old. You are not a baby. You are in a foolish rage of refusal to be grown up. Now you have always known

Suddenly, Captain Good's wrinkled, pathetically food-stained white this to be true. Please stop this infantile behavior. Alan Sadd, grow up!"

tights moved imperceptibly. Then, as if his eye on the sunlight pouring in the open office window were pulling him up, almost to Sinfan's disbelief, **Captain Good was sitting up. Now, Captain Good leaped up off the couch. He** began to rip at, rip off his white tights like a gold bird hatching from a now useless speckled white egg: **Underneath the white tights he wore a gold lamé jumpsuit.** Sinfan asked: "And who are you now, Alan?" **Captain Good said: "Narciso**

Hotspur is my fucking name and fucking life is my fucking game," in a very deep seductive feminine voice, writhing his gold-lamé

like a male belly dancer filled up with many gallons of olive oil: "Always shoot for the moon, Lad. Even if you don't get that high, Lad, you might one day fall into a penthouse, Lad." Sinfan said: "Stop this nonsense, Alan," Sadd/Good/Hotspur said: "Easy, Lad, easy does it, Lad," with the big white smile of a movie actress on a big wide screen. In long graceful strides Good glided to the open window. His gold-lamé jump suit blazing in the bright sun light, he leaped out the window into the wind swinging on a tree branch screaming, "Let's go! Where the action is, Lad! O sun burn high! Burn up the sky!

Blast off! Come fly with me, Lad! To Jerusalem! To

Mecca! To Benares! To Lahsa! ^{Sinfan} To Machu Picchu! To

Salt Lake City! Where ^{walked to his} the good, the true, and the really

beautiful traditional ^{open window and} wholesome cleaner than clean dirt

free pure religious ^{sensed the telegram GROW} basic family group fun sex is had!"

^{in his jacket pocket over his heart as}

^{if it were a precious diamond of a thousand}

^{green facets, each reflecting a jewel of light. Can it}

^{be true that a beautiful woman could love an Atomic}

^{Bomb fallout-radiated post-pubescent pituitary midget like me,} Sinfan wondered: America is so beautiful. America is a miracle. Sinfan

^{rested his chin on the windowsill and watched Sadd/Good/Hotspur drop from}

^{the tree and run, almost fly like a shining gold bird across the melting snow. It must}

^{be spring, Sinfan realized, his dark eyes pouring endless tears like gentle lead}

^{down on his little cheeks. Sinfan shivered. It was a very warm shiver}

^{as on a slender branch reaching his open window, he saw a speck}

^{of sunlight glistening on a drop of water. It was on a wet fat}

^{bud bursting into green. A small glow rose up Sinfan's}

^{spine and like an ecstatic jeweled necklace of}

^{glistening wet tears, settled around his}

^{neck and shoulders in a ring,}

^{like shivering green}

^{diamonds}

^{dripp}

^{ing}

^{sp}

^r

ⁱ

ⁿ

^g

[.]