

1964

As I am a life long member of the Société des 'Pataphysique and a leading 'Pataphysical¹ poet, please allow me to make a 'Pataphysical assessment: Yes. My search for truth ended in certainty. The sun of Self rose inside, outside, and in between my entire being to the total realization that I and everyone else on earth is a nut. I realized a great joy in the discovery that on all levels of my being, from my coogle to my zatch, I was a full fledged, ripe, Jewish nut. My shell had cracked. It was piled up somewhere with the other rotting useless shells almost all unfortunately still protecting rotted, funged and dead nuts down at the dank piled dam of mind death. My noble nut had reached a relatively safe tangled green bank² on the shore of the river of life. A strange enigmatic little ☆ green reflection in a green shade washed up onto the shore of the ocean of my being and began to sprout into a something else. I gave up trying to be good forever. My certain realization of no thing, my certain realization of my delusions of grandeur, my certain realization of my total hatred of my family, mother and all, including the fake love, opened all of life to me. Everything became clear. I stopped hating. I enjoyed everything. Everyone I met would tell me they had never met a more wonderful specimen of homus boobus. Yes. To my total surprise in 1964 greatness came to me: I was madly in love with, living with, and spending lovely warm, wet, splendour in a lovely, beautiful woman of perfect taste. OK. She was paranoid. Yes. She was Bisexual. If you saw her at a dance, you'd think: Pretty dress: Not that sexy: If you saw her at a pool, you'd think: Slinky but not that slinky: If you saw her at a party: You'd think: Charming but not that charming: If you saw her at a job you'd think: Elegant clothes: Perfect grooming: Skinny: No thighs: She's not that hot: But in a bed: You'd be surprised.

¹ 'Pataphysics is to metaphysics as metaphysics is to physics in one direction or another. —Alfred Jarry

² Finkelstein Darwin, the 18th century London banker, was fond of comparing life on earth to a tangled bank in a tight financial panic unlike Charles Darwin who in the 19th century was fond of referring to life on earth as comparable to a tangled bank by a small stream.

She was the universe in my arms. She was a Hebrew like the night of Louise Brooks in Pandora's Box cannot imagine she was everything she did was to see her place her scarfs in a drawer. She was Hubris Perdue look like Annie Oakley without a researching in the real world of fashion's drugs, and women detonate into sexual genius. She had made Fragonard look like a German Expressionist Prussian winter's steel bleaks. Few people make others. The first thing she asked me was to show pleasure on that. She could do more with one of silk could do with an Xian muscle fuck. What that. Her breasts really were rose buds. Her thighs fluttering together explored mouth like a hundred were her eyes. Her lips are warm butterfly sips. feather, her arms delicate as breeze, in winter her smile curls sun. Her vagina does it all. It hums. It murmurs. It grabs. It caresses. It silver slides. Her jelly. Her back is moon rise. Her breasts songs. Her eye lashes caressed time. The mole on her cheek bone. We flew our Selves into each other in green. Our stone love drilled all cliff. Our grass love was glycerin suckers. We ate each other to be never never late. We spoke low as we hurried to be never late. We waited as long as we could before we had a quick impulse in deep mind pulse. Every night finer system of thought, sensation, movement in a night touch, all possible pleasure in the flesh, after an especially deep sweet love glove, I awoke

melody. She walked in pretty kooky wild beauty only prettier and trickier way beyond what you see elegant. I'd give a million dollars for a dime just Viennese and had enormous blue eyes. She made rifle. She had spent ten picturesque years resolutely wine, flesh and sweat to ascertain what made men sleep with stars. She had slept with gutters. She had smeared shit brown paint on bird dead freezing the effort to learn to do things that give pleasure to her how I touched my penis. She built empires of her huge soft strawberry nipples than an empress at ever you have heard of love and beauty, she was thighs really were rivers. Her tongue and finger tips led tongues. Her eyes were immense gray blue stars. Her mouth is the ocean's roll. Her legs slim as her skin steams like heat wave rain on a hot street. It walks. It talks. It wiggles its belly. It presses. Her hair is silk. Her knees are petal. Her toes are soft. Her ears hum bird breath. Her eyebrows flew. Her cheek was a night star. Her finger tips licked to the at gentle undulates. Our wave love braked all rock. It gave all wind. We were hot trinitrotoluene nitro full. We fasted to be never empty. We slowed to be ever early. We were ever delicate of what of love we did it. We would not do it until we had to do it from that it was different. It all seemed as spontaneous as a and feeling of another world, a world of cloud flesh and never a dishonorable pain to elude. One night I awoke from deep sleep to see her in her long white lace

Bonwit nightgown sipping vodka from a big frosted bottle and munching popcorn from a big bowl on her knees, sitting up in her long white lace gown on her delicate tie-dyed sky blue Kyoto down comforter cloud over our soft eight inch deep foam bed. I whispered: "What's wrong, Beautiful?" She chirped: "I'm so happy it makes me sick, Ugly." Her top lip curled like one half cat. "Go back to sleep. When I want you, you'll know it." I went back to sleep and dreamed I was making pee pee on the grass to annoy the butterflies of sand on a billion skin sensations jeweled with bright grass and glass and arpeggiated ass and sea rose and shining birds flew up and I opened my eyes and she was on me and I was in her. She was rising and falling on my wet slide in gentle glide. She was as light as light upon light. She smiled down at me. She whispered: "Come, Ugly. Come. Give it to me. I want it. Now." I shrieked: "You're so beautiful, Beautiful." She sighed: "O, Ugly. You're a panic." This lovely love went on and on for bright days and heat wave nights and snappy apple fall crystal light weeks and months. However, one fine **Puccini day as we walked up Broadway** after seeing the sublime Gerard Philipe in *The Idiot* at the **Thalia**, she screamed at me: "I saw you Ugly! I saw you playing with it in the movie, Ugly! I saw you, Ugly! I saw you, Ugly!" Of course I wasn't at all. I asked "What could be wrong with anyone playing with their own penis or vagina, Beautiful?" Being one of the greatest lovers of their own penis in the history of the world, even I would find it difficult to stroke with it while the Miller is threatening to murder the idiot of the astonishing helpless sad cries of "C'est impossible. C'est impossible!" She snapped: "You know! You know!" Then as abruptly as it had started it stopped. And again she returned to her slim flower of all elegant worlds form. From time to time after this she would scream abruptly and inexplicably at me. Our night love went on and on. But very slowly over a year her day attacks got crueler and some dishonorable pain crept into our day love. For me the genius, excellence, high productivity: the million little sublime profits from her deep human night love made resenting her unfortunate occasional day attacks difficult. When I hear people talking about things like: **The Beautiful Y And The Dammed KY Are This Side Of The Great Need For Increased Productivity: Tender Is The Economy: The Last Search For Excellence: The Starter House As Big As The Ritz: I yell: Why don't you go out and get fucked where the skies are pearl, the nights are star and the sun is made of arpeggiated? Go out and get fucked beautifully. Do you remember Beautiful when we did it new eye? Do I remember Beautiful when we did it? Do you remember when long after we broke up you called me late that night and asked me if I wanted to come over and you sounded surprised anxious on the phone when I said, yes Beautiful, I'll be there in five minutes and at your lovely silk apartment, we sat looking at each other across the room for over an hour until you smiled that smile and we went to bed and it was silk on a cloud and after we came I had an erection for hours and at some point you woke up and you smiled in half sleep and whispered, you should have waked me ugly? Right. Do I remember Beautiful when we did it? Do stars shine bright on shatter light?**