

1965

One day in 1965 I went to the phone and called a therapist. I blurred the dial faster than Ma Bell could rape a bakelite Mercury bound in latex phone lines. Sinfan had told me this therapist was just like me. I was very clever. I had enormous defenses. I told him I was looking for an intelligent therapist whom I could not trick into avoiding the darker truths within me protecting the residues of my childhood traumas that were very difficult for me to find and destroy. The therapist said he was far more clever than I. He said he charged ten dollars an hour. I made an appointment to see him. He did look something like me. It was something like Joseph Conrad's The Secret Sharer. We were both 31, 6 feet tall, weighed around 145 pounds, were given to wearing Italian silk suits, favored razor cuts to wasp flat our kinky Jewish hair, loved Lenin y Bruce, smoked with heraklesian intensity and were big mouths.

He did talk something like me. However there really was a vast distance between his Prep School love of veneer polish and scorn of all Culture save martinis, piano bars and english riding and my University of Chicago where the entirety of polished CIA bound dumb Jews had conventions in the nearest phone booth. For him, 13 year old boys exercised horses and afterwards patiently let their rich owners suck them off. For me, 13 year old boys hated all authority, read Crime And Punishment in one 18 hour sitting and then ran outside and threw themselves on the grass and kissed it screaming: "Thank God I'm alive!" Tennisanyone Earlybogey was the only competent psychologist I've ever met and the only one who didn't think somewhere deep down inside that they were cleaner and gooder than Jesus at Bethesda. Later he was known as High Sierra Middlebogey. And even later he came to be known as Fuckyou Latebogey. But at this time, he was Tennisanyone Earlybogey and he had the air of a fading juvenile Humphrey Bogart. He knew every thing I didn't know I knew everything he didn't know. I learned everything I didn't know.

know I knew everything he didn't know. I learned everything I didn't know.



Earlybogey Tennisanyone had a sense of hum to visit him he handed them his pad and pencil attention as he listened to them bitch and co time was up and insisted that they pay him a of humor about everything except employ a job was for him an act of great heroic Self-employed were scum. His Pyrrhic a practice for teaching in a small snotty p of Pyrrhic Career Ambitions, Pubius orthodox Freudian, New York City Pu Gasolino held secret smoke filled therap every other word was, "Fuck your mothe anxious, jerk off, or, if you're not anxioi pleasure. If you can hold on to pleasure, y was a "Nigger." Sicilians were. Jews wer Germans were. Chinese were. Eskimos wer were. And Africans were. For Gasolino ever and the Mediterranean, north of Rome and sou

Out of the darkness into the light  
**or about almost e**  
**l, laid down on h**  
**mplain at each of**  
**hundred dollars. H**  
**ment. He took hav**  
**s, the most difficu**  
**mption was to giv**  
**rep school. This wa**  
**Nasio Gasolino, th**  
**blic School Englis**  
**y meetings in his**  
**r, Kill your father.**  
**s, jerk off. Work**  
**ou have nothing t**  
**e. Irish were. Eng**  
**e. Swiss were. Ind**  
**y one on earth exc**  
**th of Lake Maggi**  
**ure mentally ill**  
**people at Roqueta**  
**Island across from**  
**Caleta Beach next**

everything. When his parents cameE is couch and practiced free floatingG her. After one hour he told them theirO e loathed morbidity and had a senseE ing a job very seriously. Holding downG lt of human' struggles. People who wereO e up his large, amusing, libertine therapyE s all the influence of his mentor, the fatherG e Superego Hatchet, an Italian, neo-fascist,O h teacher. Even in the pedestrian 1950'sE Village apartment one night a week whereG Buy AT&T stocks for your future. If you'reO for pleasure. Fuck for pleasure. Live forE o learn." To Gasolino almost everyoneG lish were. French were. Russians were.O ians were. Serbians were. MongoliansE ept Italians from between the AdriaticG ore was a "Nigger." Gasolino wouldO

idiidi dididiidi  
 oge rep usoge repus

*to Acapulco ev ery summer by teaching them how to swim "going along w ith the fishes," instead of goin g along with t heir dread of their parents m orbid dog trai ning. Mental illness was not being able to go along with outer reality as completely as the refined dancer's feet go along with the tango. Gasolino's very own Pyrrhic ambition was to retire on his City of New York teacher's pension and AT&T dividends to central Africa in order to teach correct English to the inhabitants of the Congo River Basin. He did. One evening I was visiting Ten nisanyone Earlybogey's office in the Ansonia Hotel very near the former rooms of Willie Sutton the great bank robber. We were both dressed in the business suits, ties, and black shoes of the day and were smoking profusely. We sat across his small office from each other on overstuffed armchairs. We were listening to the opera singer next door who only sang when we started talking. As soon as we stopped our talking with our agreed hand signal, she stopped singing. When we began to talk, she began to sing. Tennisanyone Early bogey laughed as he imitated Moe Three Stooges' forked fingers eye stab gesture!!! ☞ Woo! Woo! Woo! Curly's Jealous! Paranoid hearing! She can hear through walls ☞!!! I said: "Yes! Just like Balzac!" and described how Balzac would sit in one sound proofed oak paneled room in a restaurant with Chopin, Delacroix, Hugo, Sand, etc., and hear through the walls the conversations of the Rothschi hlds and other bankers in the next rooms, th en go home and write down al l of both conve rsations verba tim. Earlybog ey laughed !!! ☞ Balzac was a super para noid with a co mpulsive obses sive memory of grandeur*

just like you, Pal, only he was a lot sparer than you in the use of excessive verbiage. !!!☞ Pal. ☞!!!



Why?" I asked. He said !!!☞ You come from the craziest, most  
 Psychotic family I've ever heard  
 of. You had a psychotic mother  
 and grand mother, a psychotic  
 father, a psychotic brother  
 -in-law, two psychotic  
 sisters, and one  
 Psychotic  
 brother  
 living  
 with  
 you.  
 One

more twisted than the next and each one twisted in a different way and they all  
 tried to twist you into mental chopped liver all the time. No wonder you're sharp.  
 It's amazing you're still alive!!! I said: "I always thought they were all just ordinary,  
 simple people." He said !!!☞ That's why you're crazy!!! Then he explained  
 great detail an outline of the history of family power struggle from Father Abraham  
 Joseph and his brothers to Oedipus to Elektra by way of Saturn eating his young  
 Richard the Third's extravagant family values and then explained why each member  
 family hated me and the methods they used to try to destroy me. I said: "I always  
 liked them all." He chuckled !!!☞ Sure like a half-dead duck likes a water spa  
 Pal. Don't worry, everyone else is almost as crazy as you are. You're just a  
 smarter than most people. All you have to do to be healthy is be a phony. Imitate anyone  
 else than anyone in your family and at that moment you're not imitating your family's  
 insanity!!! I asked: "Why not just burn off everything but what you really are? If  
 you're looking for a needle in a haystack, why not just burn the hay and look for some  
 thing shining in the ashes?" He laughed !!!☞ Nah! Your slavery to an energy consum  
 ing constantly maintained imitation of your parents is what keeps you from being what  
 you really are. Just be a phony, Pal. Go ahead, the minute you're pretending you're  
 someone else, you are your Self. Act like Jesus or Napoleon or W.C. Fields or Mae  
 West or Maurice Chevalier!!! I did. Like every one of his seemingly impossible,  
 uncanny superscriptions, it worked. My conditioning disappeared. It was as if he turned everything  
 upside down and there was Truth. And not the kind of truth you believe in because everyone else you  
 know does, but the kind of truth you realize works in and with your entire being. Until this time I had  
 never blamed anyone but myself for my difficulties. I even had believed that having acquired in the  
 far past the most poisonous wife on earth since Medea was my fault. I now began to realize that others  
 may have caused my difficulties. I began to see very clearly now how cruel people could be under  
 veneers of caring. I would sit in his office for hours every week and watch him work and see and hear  
 a variety of people express problems of inner and outer life and observe his uncanny solutions. Having  
 had the patience to bear the unbearable, I learned the unlearnable. I learned exactly what inside me  
 was gnawing at me and making me hate my Self previously. I learned how to destroy everything inside  
 me that was negative to my own human life. I conquered fear. I destroyed fate. Yes. Patience is the  
 key to joy. I owe so much to Tennis anyone Earlybogey. Yet in time I came to feel sorry for this  
 amazing person I admired so much and learned so much from. He helped everyone but his Self,  
 eventually grinding his Self into a dead powder in the cruel mold of his narrow beliefs. He was half  
 Jew, half Wasp. He despised his loose cannon Jewishness. His correct Wasp stung him to death.  
 Fortunately, I was a full Jew. I had been taught from birth, from sublime poetry to brutal  
 manipulation, to never forget where I come from. And if I ever caught my self pretending I wasn't a  
 Jew: I put my tongue in front of my lower teeth and talked in a Yiddish accent like my beloved  
 Grandfather talked. I had begun to live from my Self and was learning everything there was to know  
 about explaining people to their Self in a very deep way. This in time became an ability to dislodge  
 Selves into independence and in breath it opened a door as wide as the universe to my perception and  
 my future. I owe so much to Tennis anyone Earlybogey. For splendid hours a week Tennis anyone  
 Earlybogey clearly elucidated all one could learn. Sweetheart, Save the essentiality to realize  
 that to be h  
 eedles  
 burn  
 sweet  
 so of yo  
 your  
 heart.  
 ur Self could

1 See Kurasawa's obscure destroyed early film: THRONE OF SMOKE. 1945. Japan.