

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. 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!" Tennis anyone 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 Tennis anyone 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.

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

☞ **!!! COME ONE !!!!! COME ALL !!!!! FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY !!!!! A MODEST YET!!!** ☞

☞ **!!! POTENTLY PLEASURE OVERSTUFFED SAMPLING OF THE TRULY REMARKABLE !!!** ☞

☞ **!!! TENNISANYONE EARLYBOGEY'S !!!!! WEALTH OF UNCOMMON !!!!! REFRESHINGLY !!!** ☞

☞ **!!! PRACTICAL !!!!! KNOWLEDGE !!!!! SOMBER SECRETS OF THE HUMAN MIND !!!** ☞

☞ **!!! FAR TOO INTELLIGENT FOR THE FUNGUS CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE !!!** ☞

☞ **!!!HERETOFORE TOTALLY UNREVEALED TO THE GREAT UNWASHED!!!** ☞

☞ **FREE !!!** ☞ **NOW REVEALED AT LAST** ☞ **!!! FREE** ☞

!!! ☞ **OK Sweetheart, if any critical voice, feeling, or sensation in your mind says or does anything, sense its source in your being and yell at it in your being, "Fuck you, Mom," or "Fuck you, Dad," until it shuts up** ☞!!!

!!! ☞ **Whenever you feel hurt, unloved, and lonely, Sweetheart, sense into the source of that hurt in your being and say, "I love [your own name] very much" into it until your hurt glows into happiness** ☞!!!

!!! ☞ **Whenever you have a physical illness or ache or pain, Sweetheart, sense into the source of it in your being and while breathing in very s l o w l y say into it very s l o w l y: "Hhheeeeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!" If you breathe out while doing this it will kill you, Pal** ☞!!!

!!! ☞ **Whenever you are sensing anxiety in your chest, Sweetheart, lie down and breathe from your belly 7 1/2 seconds in and 7 1/2 seconds out, four breaths a minute like a content baby. Your belly should rise up high on inhalation and fall down low while exhaling. When you are calmer, add looking at light on an object as you sense into your genitals until your sensations of anxiety disappear** ☞!!!

!!! ☞ **Whenever you sense pressure or cramps or any tension in your stomach or intestines, Sweetheart, sense into the source of this pain and say in it, "I want my Mommy," until they relax** ☞!!!

!!! ☞ **Asthma is a fear of calling for your mother, Sweetheart. Whenever you are short of breath scream in your mind, "I want my Mommy." A mother is a mother but you can really depend on smoking cigarettes with relaxed inhalation for independent oral pleasure plus an increase of attention and adrenaline** ☞!!!

!!! ☞ **Whenever you feel the nausea of embarrassment or stage fright when facing others, Sweetheart, sense into your genitals and imagine you are exposing them in grandiose wiggles on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera before a rather large audience of Italian Nuns until you feel calm** ☞!!!

!!! ☞ **OK Sweetheart, whenever you feel depressed, scream in your mind, "I'm going to kill you Mom," or, "I'm going to kill you Dad," or both, until you feel lighter** ☞!!!

!!! ☞ **OK Sweetheart, if you can't sleep at night imagine killing every member of your family especially your siblings until you fall asleep** ☞!!!

!!! ☞ **OK Sweetheart, if you are expressing moronic, mean, and asshole thoughts inside your mind or outside while in the vicinity of children, say "I am (your father's name)" Or "I am (your mother's name)" or both until you are your Self in the present, Pal. And remember to breathe in and out four times a minute from the belly like a baby to get sympatico with angels with dirty mental faces, Pal** ☞!!!

!!! ☞ **OK Sweetheart, if you get knocked out of reality and get sent up the river to your good old delusional misery of childhood big house, get back into the present, the bad new here and now, by looking at an object outside of you in outer reality like a tree, Pal, and say, for instance, in the case of a tree as chosen outside object, "That tree is my father's tree on (the name of your childhood street) street," until you're back in the present, Pal** ☞!!!

!!! ☞ **OK Sweetheart, if you are a straight male and are near a female and feel frightened sense into your fear and say in it, "I am dad. I want to fuck mom." If you are a straight female and near a male and feel frightened sense into your fear and say in it, "I am mom. I want to fuck dad." If you are a straight male and near a male and feel frightened sense into your fear and say in it, "I am mom. I want to fuck dad." If you are a straight female and near a female and feel frightened sense into your fear and say in it, "I am dad. I want to fuck mom." If you are a homosexual male and near a male and feel frightened sense into your fear and say in it, "I am dad. I want to fuck me." If you are a lesbian female and near a female and feel frightened sense into your fear and say in it, "I am mom. I want to fuck me." If you are a lesbian male and near a female and feel frightened sense into your fear and say in it, "I am mom. I want to fuck mom." If you are a homosexual female and near a male and feel frightened sense into your fear and say in it, "I am dad. I want to fuck dad," Sweetheart. **OK. Just never take the cross over female juvenile lead in a schlock production of the great sawmill scene with bad timing and you're sure to come out OK, Pal,** ☞!!!**

!!! ☞ **Avoid all morbidity, Sweetheart. Avoid all bitching and complaining. Get a sense of humor, Pal. Laugh heartily at any feeling, sensing, or expression of pain within you. Jesus should have left town. Get into Butler's way of all flesh, Sweetheart: Seek all possible pleasure. Avoid all dishonorable pain. Take any feeling, sensation, or expression of joy very seriously, Sweetheart. Everyone has to have their own life. OK. Here's you looking at you, kid** ☞!!!

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 anxio 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
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mbition was to giv
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Nasio Gasolino, th
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s, jerk off. Work
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th of Lake Maggi
cure 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

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o get up us o get up

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 ex
cessive verbiage.
!!!☞ Pal. ☞!!!

There was a peal of Spring thunder in the night rolling down the marble halls of the Hotel Ansonia and then a heavy
knock on the door. Earlybogy moaned:!!! Next Week East Lynn!!! as he stood up slowly to open the door. He was
always tired. Sometimes he showed it, sometimes he didn't. Aside from his therapy practice, he was attending graduate school,
writing show biz contracts freelance, and teaching dancing at a Fred Astaire Dance Studio. A very beautiful dark Jewish woman
walked in. Her hair was black as ebony. Her skin was white as snow. She had only four fingers on each hand and she perpetually held
one hand out as if a bird wished to land on it. She looked as if she were lost in a dark forest. Her eyes bulged. She stared at the floor.
Her eyes shifted from one location to another as if she were looking for shining animal eyes in night dark bushes with a flashlight.
Earlybogy said !!! There's one! There's another!!! Stomp. Stomp. Stomp.!!! Sit down, Snow White !!! H e s t o m p
ed another cockroach imagineaire on the rug. The young woman sat down. Earlybogy said !!! Snow White se e s c o c k
roaches everywhere, David. There's one !!! Stomp. Stomp. Laugh !!! There's another one! Only happens
after she talks to her father. He 's a night watchm an !!! He pu t on a Cugat rhumba and started
stomping the cockroaches imagineaire to the music. He sai d !!! O. K. Snow White!

Start moving your mood profound, Her feet moved Earlybogy said chair rapping wrote his ry harder. Snow The cl man's and aspect coat hed to a ege "Tha I fee lked Earlybogy Go along with let's see how if you can to the music bad at all !!! !!! N ot bad at	feet to the music his interest zero. with only a faint !!! Psychotic! his pencil on counter-tra Move your White! Get ock struck feet be with the changed cloaked rabbi pretty, girl nks, I bet tow ordered life !!! psychotic prove you're until I could inhal ing his all fo r one of	!!! with Man The clock relation to !!! as he the pad on nsference feet to the into real 10:30. gan to music. from Talm of the laugh who Earl ter," ards !!! Stay She left. Early you are. Move in reality !!! I do it. Ear lybo cigarette smoke the sick est men	hattan struc the m sat in whic s !!! mu ity The mov Her e dark ud dr nigh ing c now ybog as sh the d in reality, bogy said, your feet to moved my feet gey said !!! Not with enor mous pl who ever lived. You	pirot ennui k 10. usic. his h he T s ic, !!!! wo e to ntire over enc t in oll said: ey! e wa oor. Snow White! !!! O.K. David, the music. See with difficulty bad, Pal. Not easure an d smiled are really crazy, Pal !!!
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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.