

1966

I rarely had the pleasure of meeting a changed person. It was sad to realize how few people change. I had been a very misery driven person until I was thirty. My dome was never pearl. If I hadn't changed, I would have died a very sad dog in a very dark gutter of Self-hatred. Very often the only pain that arises in the Changed is the sadness at their seeing the dismal and mean Self-hatred sleep of the Unchanged, the pathetic narrowness of the fear shrunk breath of their life. "I knew I was miserable. I struggled for happiness. How can people devote their life to pretending they are dead," I would ask my Self, "Why don't they ever struggle for happiness? Do people believe that pain is happiness? Why can't they realize the operation of their Self-hatred is in their highest ideals?" I began to realize how freely, how happily, and how excellently many people bite into misery, the preferred spread of the black sandwich. Once in a blue moon, I would meet old friends and offer to share whatever I had learned with them. They would usually turn up their noses and say something unpleasant in the service of the right to misery. I tried to share knowledge and experience freely that had been very difficult for me to acquire but most of the people I ran into wanted to know only what they already knew to retain bittersweet poison honey from their enfamiled pain. I began to realize the black sandwich is exactly what lies beyond the pleasure principle and people who devote their lives to Self-realization very rarely wish information toward pleasure and its happiness. Yes, most people are trained from childhood to have a more than philosophical desire to bite the black sandwich. It was my deepest fortune to have been taught to realize happiness comes from realizing in every moment of my life that I will die.



As Hubris Purdue, Tennis anyone Earlyboegey would often shudder at the mention of Narcisco Hotspur. He believed that Narcisco was a dangerous, manic depressive, paranoid, schizophrenic, morbid, power mad, sociopathic rat whose sole value to life was that he kept other, perhaps even more dangerous, manic depressive, paranoid, schizophrenic, morbid, power mad, sociopathic rats off the streets. Of course I was the person who quit a Jewish boy scout troop because they wouldn't let my Christian friend Jimmy Burnside in. Everyone in Maplewood crushed their kids to stick to their own kind. A friend is someone you decide is a friend. Even if they hate you. Of course friends don't have to be glued together. In the Summer of 1966, a few months before my thirty-third birthday, the last thing I had ever wished to be was one of those jerks who are called in phony esoteric circles, Master or Guru or Sensei or Teacher. "Let Socrates do it. Let Hui Neng do it. Let Rumi do it," was my motto. Beautiful and I had parted in the summer of 1964, yet I was having a very pleasant sexual, artistic, social, therapeutic, and work life. I was independent. I was very happy. I could hold on to pleasure. I was in Paradise. And in 1966 luck struck. Lucks' wind blew and I moved my life. After 33 years of pulling back the bow of my life: Learning: Watching: Waiting: I let the arrow of life fly: My creative sun rose: My financial health rose: My Self rose to speak with life on earth. I received a phone call from Narcisco Hotspur that changed my life. Narcisco said: "Kid, I need your help." I asked: "What's wrong?" Narcisco said: "I have to leave town and I want you to take over my loft. Come down to my loft Tuesday night and I'll explain." I went to Narcisco's gigantic loft on Bleeker Street in Greenwich Village that Tuesday night. It was so filthy, so ugly, and so inept and his students were so abused mentally and physically, were so terribly bewildered in the wrong way, and so separated from their Selves, that I do not have the heart to describe it. My immediate aim was to get whoever I could out of it. Narcisco said to them: "This is your new teacher, David." I said: "Anyone who wants to talk to me can come to my apartment next Tuesday night," and I left. Then, perhaps even more than today, I had a very strong presence to my Self that only the holders of their own Self can have. The damned to Self-hatred detest this presence, those with the possibility of Self-love seek it. The presence of one who has destroyed everything in them save their real Self and who is permanently connected to their Self, who does all they do from their Self is not a handicap, but it is very difficult for many people, especially godfodders, to comprehend. The presence of one who is their Self and does not hide behind calling it God is so clear that it blinds most people into a stupefaction as if they have chains around their heads and hearts. Most people have to believe that what has been done to them, the dents in their fenders, are their Self. I am very, very proud to be what I am: The tune of my engine: My Self. Five people from Narcisco's loft who could see the presence of my connection to Self, showed up at my small apartment the next Tuesday night. They were all around twenty-four years old, seemed to lack the morbid lack of good cheer so encouraged by fake Super Religiosos and seemed hopeful of their Selves. They asked me what I was. I said: "I am nothing." They asked me if I would teach them. I asked: "What?" They said: "To be happy." I said: "Sure." They asked: "How much should we pay you?" I asked them how much they were paying Narcisco. It was a hundred dollars per month. I shuddered. I said: "OK. Pay me half of that if you want to and pay your Self the other half. I couldn't care less. Money is shit" After this moment I never lacked more than enough money to do anything I wanted to do. And I never did a thing I didn't believe in from the depths of my Self. Well, I said to my Self, maybe a human being without any fake bullshit can help other human beings who want to be what they really are and maybe not.

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 father died. He  
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 was totally unafraid of him and I  
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 nd gave me a long b  
 oring lecture on how I di dn't  
 understand money, then screa m  
 ed that he would, throw me down the stairs,

*if I ever went to his loft again. He looked shock*  
*\*my moonlight ease in the face of his blood on the moon threats, so in awe of my lack of rising of the moon fear of his imitation of his parents'*  
*dead moon over Chicago aggressions towards him, that he began to cry like a small child sniffing in endlessly and fast, and cannot*  
*seem to breathe out as he is breathing out as slow as solar wind confronting the power of the new moon. I said: "When you're near tears you're*  
*near the truth." Narcisco sighed: "You're a great teacher, Kid," then demanded with the knowing grin and finger touch to the nose of*  
*the confidence man that I buy him a hot dog as his father used to do at White Sox games. "Flattery will get you anywhere. Come on, Kid, I'll*  
*buy you a hot dog," I said, patting him on his back as a spark of joy flew up my spine and settled around my shoulders like an ecstatic*  
*jeweled necklace of common sense as we strolled down little old McDougal Street. The next day he left town for San Francisco where he soon*  
*commandeered greater, more fabled riches than even Norman Corwin, yea even more magnificent even than those golden spoils*  
*given down unto Darryl F. Pizarro or Louie B. Cortez from the great shit cannon in the sky. I even heard he went into the guru business with*  
*Lord Pentup and the California nazi mystic Junker Von Yocktrapp who told me once that I didn't understand Hitler. Hitler*  
*really meant well. I told him to go fuck himself. He said: "Just like a Jew!" I said: "I am a Jew. Fuck you." Narcisco soon used, scorned, then*  
*dum peded the two morbid power mad idiots back into their humble snoroboro religious delusions of helping*  
*God grandeur. And verily I say unto you it was just in time wasn't it? For as the flower*  
*power relaxation of fake moral tyranny, fake bourgeois sitcom romance of the Sixties*  
*faded, Narcisco Hotspurm emerged as Number One: The King*

*Of California Being Enlargement. And*

*not quite like Li B' in the Yellow River: The immense being of Narcisco*

*Hotspurm eventually drowned trying to fuck the moon's reflection.*



★  
★I spoke with Tennyson Earlybogey about this opportunity★He said to my total surprise★“What does★  
that dangerous, manic depressive, paranoid, schizophrenic, morbid, power mad, sociopathic rat have to do with  
it?★When you try to help people for nothing they think you’re an asshole★When you charge them a little money,  
they think you’re a genius★Pal★So what?★Why not?★Yeah★It makes a lot of sense★You’re a born  
teacher★Pal”★I asked: “But you always said Narciso was a sick creep?”★He asked: “And you and I  
aren’t? ★You’re a born teacher★Sure you had to do everything yourself but that doesn’t mean you can’t keep a  
lot of dumb miserable creeps off the streets★Yeah★It makes sense★Yeah★And you know from a lifetime of  
bitter experience what a lousy teacher is★Maybe you can avoid being one★You’re clever enough★Pal”★As  
many therapists★he seemed to see people as excessive producers of mountain ranges of psychological garbage and  
the earnest life as one of a responsible★psychological★garbage collection and its subsequent benign  
disposal★He had a profound understanding of the motivations of the human unconscious and he saw that my  
most powerful unconscious motivation was to★as my father before me★give people things I had to struggle  
for★I didn’t see it then★Now I think it’s strange that I didn’t see it★For teaching people how to get away with  
being their Self★the prime of the pump of★happiness★is as easy★for me as drinking wine is for a  
Wino★ Suddenly★without ★warning★I was engaged in the Smart★Jew★Solar★Energy★Refining★We  
Always Make A Prophet Business★More and more people began to show up★I soon had attracted a large group  
of genuine Self-seekers and a few goody ★goody★Sneakers★Of The Truth★I placed a fountain full of lionhead  
goldfish in the middle of my little apartment’s Parlor room and had a few little birds flying around my cozy little  
June in January★Christmas in July gesture of a★Shiraz★courtyard in The Jewish Alps★as the upper west side of  
Manhattan was then known★I spent many a pleasant evening in that room★People would bring friends as if to a  
party★Many, many people would come and go★It was a goldmine of knowledge of the★human experience★I  
would as pleasantly and humorously as possible question people as to the facts of their conditioning★Some would  
keep coming back★I soon had a very large following★People who wanted to stop hating their Self began to  
surround me like flies on a garbage can★It was the first time since I painted my painting of King Lear and won  
first prize at a University of Chicago art competition that I was of any obvious value to others★The strange  
awkward Jewish boy★who spit on money and success★who ten years before did not want to do what other  
people did and stumbled into dreams of the work of Chinese and Persian poets who lived 500 years before★Now  
found his Self doing exactly what they did★And his Self was able to see the Self buried within others★And talk  
with that other Self spontaneously and encourage it to shake off its dust and awake and sing★It did not turn his  
head as by this moment of breath he had no head★I never promised my Self or any one else the sun and the stars  
★ But as sudden as the ★ bat wings★ of intuition★ whispered★ in the ★ exquisite ★ diamond sharp★  
★ wide open ★ no mind ★ no thing ★ breath ★ window of the ★ starry ★ dark ★ night★of★ sigh ★  
★quick ★spontaneity ★not★only ★ the ★ world ★ but ★ the ★ sun ★ and ★ stars ★were★mine★



B e  
 yo n  
 d' th e  
 sun and  
 the moon and  
 the stars: Flowers.  
 The beautiful flower is not  
 the blue rose Remembrance or the  
 blood rose Flesh Love. The very beautiful  
 flower is the human Self. The set of all nightin  
 gales cries endlessly for the yearning of the rose of Self that  
 never opens. My aim had to be to spend every hour I could  
 questioning people about the history of the dog training that drove  
 them into the Self-hatred that kept them separated from their Self. I was  
 convinced that if people knew the history of how their Self was buried, covered  
 over, and sold into Self-hatred, their Self would re-emerge as mine did in its birthright  
 of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I began to teach people how to tell their Self their  
 own story. I was astonished to find my Self living like my childhood hero the Persian poet Saadi  
 and I was soon having meetings five nights a week from six at night till two in the morning learning  
 all I could about people. Then I would get a ride down to the Village, take a long walk through the East  
 Village with my lovely Puerto Rican Flower Child Poet East Village Other Slum Goddess girl friend, make  
 love, sleep a few hours, get up in the morning and take the subway out to Brooklyn to work at the Hospital from  
 9 to 5. Ah wilderness. From early childhood, I believed being Self-employed in the service of human freedom is the  
 highest line of work a person can aspire to. I always believed this treasure was far beyond my fortune and abilities. I  
 was amazed at my good fortune. In a ruin I found a treasure. I worked very long hours. I believe at least a few people  
 profited from my labor. I certainly did. Unfortunately, the last thing most people are able to learn is how to get away  
 with being what they really are. I knew from my readings in human history that it is always open season on people  
 who are willing to take the trouble to, and can afford to, teach people how to get away with being what they really are,  
 which always necessitates getting in between people and their Self-hatred, the wine of religion, which is very dangerous,  
 much more dangerous than hunting unfed lions in a zoo cage with a knife and fork, but I thought that if I were clever,  
 I might get away with it, even though my tent was pitched in Anal Psychotic New York City, the tension capital of  
 The State Of Self-Hatred in The Land Of Super Ego Lovers. So I opened a Mind Garage: Greased Reason, Tuned  
 Selfs: Overhauled Postures, Souped up Breath: And all: To allow at least a few human Selfs to have a chance  
 to use the present to repair the past and prepare for the future. Imagine! Being able to earn a rich living  
 in every sense of the word from being able to spontaneously investigate wide varieties of the human  
 Self in all its glorious forms! So Life gave me a lovely new enriched life, DieWeld war mein  
 feld and all I could say was: O life! O Rose Of Shiraz! O Ink Of Beijing! O Granite  
 Of New York! O Mozart! O Bread Toasters! O Frying Pans! O Beautiful  
 Men! O Beautiful Woman! O Beautiful Peaces! O Shining Stars!  
 O Cucumbers When They Are Ripe! O Apples! O Praxilla! O  
 Grass! O Balzac! O William Saroyan! O Everything!  
 In the time of my life! In the breath of  
 my life! I have lived! Life help me  
 and all others who seek truth. And for  
 allowing me to be in the world but not  
 drowned in it, I say with all my heart,  
 with all my mind, with all my Self:  
 Thank you Life ☆ You are  
 the greatest  
 teacher  
 anytime  
 anybreath  
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 Life  
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<sup>1</sup> Gorgeous   <sup>2</sup> Little magician. Diminutive of Mandrake the Magician.<sup>a</sup>   <sup>3</sup> A bit of. A little of. A pinch of.   <sup>4</sup> Cleverness. Common sense. Smarts. Sagacity.

<sup>a</sup> Portmanteau Word: Nervy tiny wet behind the ears root shaped but magically potent star laden penis with tiny waxed 20s neopolitan moustache wearing top hat, red sash, and tails on human legs.