

1967

I was ex-hausted:
Late in a spring night in
1967, I was lying in my bed:
The telephone rang loudly: "Hello David,
this is Magnolia." I believed it was a no I'd
friend of mine's ex-wife of the same name. I hadn't
seen her in 10 years. To celebrate my awakening in 1967,
I had taken a twenty-five year aim to help anyone (*my Self first*,
of course) who asked me for help. All kinds of people called me up
a 11 day and all night for help of every kind. She asked: "Can I come
up and see you?" I said: "OK. Sure. 104 West 106th Street, Sixth Floor."
Green door." She said: "Twenty minutes, I'm at a ball at the Plaza."
I heard the buzzer. I walked out my Sixth floor walk up apartment's
door. A beautiful movie star of 37 with black curly hair carrying silver
high heels floated up the stairs in a brilliant white strapless evening
gown. She had black curly hair. It was my heart breaker Corinna, the
art student from 1952. Her lips were wet blood red. Her eyes were
big wet tiger fish. Her nose was movie star chopped. She looked
to me like a flashing eye angel of wing love and sky. I said: "You
look beautiful." I was floating in awe of her beauty. It was diffi-
cult for me to believe that it could be possible for me to ever
see a shining 3D Technicolor movie goddess on the shabby
stairwell of my \$45 a month, 6th floor 6 room railroad flat
walk up. She asked: "Please ter-
dripping honey above and below the stair railing. I asked:
"Aren't you married?" She smiled: "He sleeps on the
couch downstairs. He's given me a lovely house. He's
very good to me." I asked: "Don't you have kids?"
She said: "He comes up in the morning so the y
don't know." I asked: "How can he stand that?"
She said: "He really loves me." Her Holly
wood smile gripped. I asked: "Why did
you leave me?" She said: "You told me
to get out and have kids. So I did." I
asked: "How many?" She shivered:
"Two. They are very beautiful. I'm
afraid I'm never going to know
how to make love." I realized:
Two wings can't fly together
tied. We'll never touch wings.
The poor kid's warped to ice
in the bedroom, fire in the
living room. She cried:
I've always loved you.
Please teach me how
to perform in Love!
like an angel wing
quivering sting
of snapping
deliberately
rat cut
pre-er
over-gh
t f akey
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We slipped down on
my blood warm bed. Her once
elegant breasts and lovely nipples had
disappeared from nursing. Her lovely aquiline Jewish
nose had disappeared from surgery. Her smooth wet breasts were
cold and tranquil like wet reflection dotules of the united belly of a beach.
Groaner. Her glazed marble eyes were dead cold. We began scene 1: Karloff's *The*
Isle Of The Dead. She did not move. I poled. She did nothing. I docked. With her make
up kissed off she was a very beautiful parian marble statue of dead child. She was so beautiful
I was engulfed in awe, love and pity. I said: "I love you." She winced. There was hardly anything left
alive inside her. Her life must have disappeared at some interval during her struggles to be normal. I realized:
We may struggle to pretend to be normal and hate life or we may struggle to understand how we are crazy and love
life. Her Big Screen smile cried: "They go to bed with the make up and they wake up with me. Help me." I walked her
down to get a cab. She went home to her damned husband and kids. I tried to help her but a few days later as we forced Soutine's
The Strangle Of The Squid, she berated me for not shaving when she came to see me as it made it difficult in her struggle with herself
to give herself to me. She said I was rude and she could not put up with such a callow lover. I said nothing. "I'm glad I've read Henry
James," she whispered. "You don't understand how much it costs me to force myself to come up here to see you and it isn't because
I don't love my husband as an obligation and deeply love you as a burning bush. It is rather that my life is by a rather coarse yet
exquisite sense of quiet moral training in a not quite nourishing, perhaps pseudo religious service to what may be called, if one
wishes to, something close and peculiar in my mother and father and brother who may very well have over expectation of me
as a daughter and sister, a small shining over protested sexual, or vey, I mean non-sexual love symbol." I said nothing. I
hadn't seen her for 15 years and I never saw her again. I felt a deep remorse for not being able to help her by making
love to her death. The Self was willing but the flesh was weak. I realized: She may have been as dead as this year's
ago when you were so inexperienced and so busy pumping a way on top of her to get back inside your
mother that you didn't see that she was sexually frozen. Back then I was so wet behind the wings and so starved
for body love that I probably did not notice that she was body dead. High school football beating on young love's
great sweaty threshing floor can hide so many realities including projection of whatever warmth one has into a belief
that one's own warmth is coming from a frozen other. What I did not see then was that she was sitting shiva in stone
numb mourning for her failure as a goody-goody Boston Jewish Daughter. Wow! Were Boston Jews clean! They made
wasp bank tellers look like ragged push cart peddlers. I regret I didn't understand this then. I might have helped her to enjoy
love. What about her goddam husband? How can anyone be such a helpless freedom coward and hopeless mother sucker? They
say that it is better to be the one who is loved than the one who loves but I say it is better to be the one who loves their own Self.
One's Self cannot help but to love all and everything madly. By this time Life had destroyed my wishes for outer approval and Life
had taught me to love and become my Self. I was so busy talking to hundreds of interesting people and sleeping with so many lovely
women when I was in my thirties that I was content to be considered a gauche beau and merchant arrow by the cold water death
sharks of circling Self-hatred. And of course in sexual love a reputation of quick cash and quick affairs with many women is very
attractive. Men and woman lust to take over someone (especially someone with money) from someone who has been on them
or under them. I realize this tragic affair was to be the end of my youth. After this I was not a person:— Yet. But I was a man.
In the struggle for the rights of our humanity, those of us who seek to be persons, not zombie stooges, and who have a
times almost killed our Self to live from deepest inner truth of Self, who have said: Get out of my fucking way, to
fake morality based on Self-hatred, who realize with Euripides that *what happens every day is The Good*,
who must love all of life madly from their true Self, and who may indeed have to live in
cunning and exile quietly and alone for long periods of time on at least some deep levels
waiting perhaps for the relative safety of old age or after death to spill the magic legumes,
to more than the few interested human beings who show interest in the rights
of Self, have only three friends:— 1. Silence:— 2. A loud scorn of career,
authority, furniture, marriage license:— 3. Sensate instant
aneous insight plunge to sustain inner sun
lest we numb:— I sense.