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In 1971 the ex-Marine Pilot Smiling Jack Sunrisa: Who had flown through Pacific sunsets of glorious thin red line like a sleeping ant in a little metal box: Who had been sitting casually beside the airstrip on Mune Gune: A small paradise island in the South Pacific eating an ice cream bar while watching his best friend crash to his death: Who had shown me the book *In Search Of The Miraculous* in Mexico in 1955: Called me up out of the blue. He said he wanted to talk to me. We lunched on a mountain of boiled rice at the Golden Mean restaurant in the Village. Like many people who had known me when I was younger he looked at me with an amused incredulous smile as if to say either no one is supposed to be like you or what a strange and peculiar asshole you are. What happened to you? You're not the same. How dare you change. Don't you strive to pretend to be like everyone else? He related he had just found a real teacher. I did not have the heart to tell him that I knew his teacher, Feuerleis Latechs, and considered him to be a weird old jerk who played fake Grieg on a depressed giant Bosendorff piano to reach his students on a really deep body temperature IQ churché level. Latechs knew very little that was not in books, and what he did know he kept as secret as possible so as to appear to his delusion of grandeur candidate students to be better than them. I would ask Latechs questions I knew the answers to about breathing in order to study the teasing retentive lack of generousness of his method of answering. Over half of my ability to be kind has come from answering questions the opposite of Latechs pitiful stinginess. I said: "You know Jack I know a lot about these things. Maybe I could fill you in on some things that I've learned from someone who was a friend of Grogrieff's." Smiling Jack Sunrisa said with a Marine sneer: "Who are you to teach me these things?" I said: "I'm truly sorry that everything I've struggled like a dog couldn't struggle to learn for fifteen years isn't good enough for a Captain Of The Clouds like you." He looked astonished. He believed that a person can never learn anything: They can only search for the unattainable. Like many people he would rather believe in big sunshine Zeros on earth and in the clouds than learn mind wrenching real inner life evoking facts. Years later as I read a book he wrote I realized sadly he never learned anything beyond a few very crude and quite common physical and emotional upheavals my mother had tricked me into when I was 4. I realized sadly what every reader of the magnificent Richard Lovelace and 1940's Batman Comics knows: Stone wings do not a flyer make: Nor silver bars a sage: High flyers alone that soar above: Injoy such liberty. I was so amazed that this person I had once looked up to so highly was so low in his inner ambition. I said nothing: I realized: You ask me who I am to teach such things my poor Captain Of The Clouds? I'll tell you who I am. I am an evil, sick, low, presumptuous, poor, orphan, homeless, dirty, greasy Jewish La Rochefoucauld and I should maxim to you thus: There is a certain 17th century metaphysical sadness inherent in being able to see on a daily basis one's Self helping more than several heart wracked, wide open bright people of sad visage when confronted by one of the darkling people of bright smile who are still locked in a sunset box. Alack! Mai oui! May we all learn to the depth of our humanity

For if it exists in  
a small metal box and it  
walks like a small metal box  
and talks like a small metal box  
it must be a small metal box and  
to live it must get out of its box.

to wear the protective glove of empathy then when we must hit the road, Jack:

That afternoon The Man On

The Corner walked into our garden with

his 19 year old nephew. The Man On The Corner

saw one of my friends the inestimable Samuel Rutenberg,

the king of flying Metahebraic Neoplatonic Parasufic Supra'pata

physique Studies, kissing some flowers. The Man On The Corner yelled

at him: "Hey. Sam! What are you doing." Sam said: "I'm giving the flowers

the kiss of death, Joe." The Man On The Corner laughed and then yelled at me

in a fury: "This is my nephew. He's getting married in one month. He needs nine

teen thousand dollars for his wedding. Get my nephew a job or we'll come in here

with baseball bats and smash up the whole place." I said: "I wish you would smash

the whole place up. It will give people something to do. This place is finished and

there's nothing for people to do here anymore. I'm afraid they may turn to a life of

crime." The Man On The Corner winked at his nephew and said: "What I tell

you?" They left. The next day on one of our frequent passeggiatas

which were always interrupted by The Man On The Corner turn

ing his face away backwards and yelling: "It's another one

of those goddam FBI photographers!" The FBI photo

grapher was a very pale slim oriental in a plain white

shirt and hornrimmed glasses. I smiled: I waved, "Hi".

I smiled and said: "Hi!" The slim trim FBI

photographer blushed. After a moment

I asked The Man On The Corner what his threatening visit of the day before was all about. He said: "O I'm just

teaching my nephew. You got a mind like a steel trap. You remind me of California Morris." I said: "Who was

California Morris?" The Man On The Corner said: "California Morris was a smart little mystery Jew. No one

could figure out how the smart little Jew could sit day after day on the benches at 72nd and Broadway and eat at the

Russian Tea Room, live at the Ansonia Hotel, always have a front table at The Copa, and always be decked out

in new suits with vest, overcoats with Persian lamb collars, gray kid skin gloves, white spat, an ivory cigarette

holder, and really good hamburgers. No one knew how old he was. No one ever saw him working. All anyone

knew was he was a craps shooter. The only one in history who made money. I was running a craps game in a

garage off 53rd street. Like everyone else he always seemed to lose. I tried to watch him really close. One night

when there were piles of hundred dollar bills on the cement floor. I almost missed seeing California Morris pick

up one of the hundreds and all in one lightning move fold it and slide it into his vest pocket almost too fast to

see. I went up to him later and said: "California Morris: you know the old Moustache Petes like Com Eye Taciti

used to say: Life is sometimes a narrow corner difficult to turn around in: You are in that corner: I saw you

take like a pigeon foot of fingers one of the hundreds off the floor: You know you're not supposed to do that."

California Morris started to snuffle. The smart old tiny Jew cried: "I'm old: I got to earn a living or I'll starve

to death: In your heart you know I'm right: Life is too hard: How else can anyone make a living shooting craps?"

By this moment of breath in the time of my life if there was a thing I did not believe possible it was that the goddess Athena of the rose dawn arms and The Man On The Corner walked into our garden was a blazing vision of Manhattan success goddess. I she was the marquee Loan Shark in New York, a mathematical genius she had such a huge mental capacity for numbers she rented out space in her mind to people in need of unwritten records. She was also the Mother of the Mickey Mouse Shylock, a nine year old boy who terrorized shop owners in Little Italy and Chinatown forcing them at gun point to borrow small amounts of money from him at extravagant interest. One day he came into our garden and shot his revolver until it pinged a pipe and walked out. I asked The Man On The Corner what to do. He said: "He's driving his mother and father crazy. The kid's got a lot of big people angry. The word is out. The kid knows it. They may have to send him to military school to avoid his being thrown through a glass store window. You know after that comes being found in a car trunk. The next time the kid comes into your garden just look him in the eye and say: 'Smarten up.'" The next time the kid came into our garden I said: "Smarten up." The kid turned and ran out. I never saw him again. The prodigious child's mother was certainly one of the loveliest woman I've ever seen. She was truly beautiful. She had long copper sea wave hair. She had a gorgeous star body. Her skin was rose dawn dark. Her slender fingers were bejeweled. Her wrists were gold banded. Her gold slippers were elegant. The Man On The Corner took great pains to show her how we had fixed up the buildings. Her flashing violet eyes. Yet a few early evenings later, beautiful, very well dressed woman of thirty. She seen her once before on the street and I was then told with a huge line of loans out, all kept in her mind, and her mind to people in need of unwritten records. She was ever get anything like a gold apple from

I realized I did. Yes. The goddess Athena had descended to bring me wisdom in her beautiful loan shark form. I realized for certain the time was coming to move on. I enjoyed creating property. I found maintaining property to be as dull as last week's bowel movement. And I had discovered to my sorrow how few people need to be their Self. I was carrying in the available section of my mind the life, motivations, and training events of hundreds of people. There was not much room for anything else. The rest of my mind was a big empty circle. My talking to hundreds of people about their conditioning forced my conditioning up into obviousness to me. I battered away night after night over and over at so many Self burying conditionings in others that my own conditionings smashed and withered. For to attack others' dog training is to attack one's own dog training. Like billions of other humans tripping midway on life's journey, I yearned for a new life: A simple life: A sincere life led from my Self. I was fortunate to be conscious of this highest yet most hidden human aspiration. I knew the price for me would be to have the very high experiences my teacher had led me into again and this time from my Self on my own. It would make me a real Self directed person. And it would move my Self into a beautiful new life. I had the knowledge. I had the attention. I had the strength. I had the guts. People who are in love with the burdens of property may call this undertaking a foolish big risk. However, I realized in all certainty that the cement floor of the floating crap game of the garage of life was at moments of breath piled high with hundred dollar bills plucked off the two wings of human understanding: Treasured knowledge and precious experience at certain moments of breath lying there untethered for the taking: And I was certain that at the chance precise moment of breath: Not unlike the inestimable feather toe finger of California Morris's pigeon feather lifting: Not unlike the flowery kiss of death of the inestimable Samuel Rutenberg's dragon fire heart feather bleating: Not unlike the rising of the moon of the winter being of Narisco Hotspur to sun stable gold lamé weather flinging: Not unlike the growth of Simfan Tasmaguri whether shining, whether greening: Not unlike the nimble feather brain of Bill Bizerkowing king of high skying dipsy doodle devil may care feather raking: Not even unlike the iron draft horses straight pulling Tempo Perdue's barn at the perfect tether winding: I would be quick enough to breathe the pre requisite courageous double rhyme feather raking: To rise with the sun of mind and its nether we ather breaking light fantastic buried treasure unbraking: As Supra'patametaphysical as Marvellious Ovid ius' Metamorphoses Gold apple's in breather awaken