

1972

Sometimes it
may look as if

during a war people die like flies and pretend they like sex and during a peace people die like rocks and pretend they dislike sex. In February 1972 there was a war. And by this red circused by time in our buildings in Little Italy war's mother Self-hatred had reached and front ended its lousy trench mouths: Greed and Envy. A gigantic pack of weird, burned out, up tight, turned on, hand s on, nuts and bolts, for ever bubble blowing, hula hooped, slicky, sit right down, pass right out, stop turn around, look within, flush, sexual promiscuity pretended, groin frozen, multi-delusioned, machine brain, counter culture circus freaks, figured heart and soul with the most extravagant collection of exotic Self-hatred swamp breath jealousy and greed motivated tricks ever assembled on earth have never been drifted into our buildings less you have been Self-hatred. You may have walked on frozen lakes at 10 below zero, your breath ice, your legs aching lead, but you have never been bitter cold unless you have been Self-hatred.

My kinky eccentric throw backs to the early pre-Neanderthalic's red eye hate of their Selves and your Self, politely or impolitely, just plain down-home or exotic, in the old brick and cement caves of lower Manhattan. What made living a joy that February was the warmth of steam heat. Almost all the old buildings in Manhattan were heated for 20 degrees and above. Whenever the freeze went below 20 degrees the buildings would become cold and bitter as only little old New York caves could. Knowing cold must come, one summer I broke through a brick wall to an old flu in my room and built a fireplace to ensure warmth. It can become bitter when it is cold and the people you live with are steaming with joy brake Self-hatred. I love a warm room. When it was below 20 degrees and huge billows of black smoke poured out of the chimney on our roof, it was time to shut down the boiler and freeze for a few days until the fire chamber was welded. I would call a welder and for two hundred dollars he'd weld the pin-hole leaks in the old rust pitted steelwall of the horseshoe shaped steel fire chamber which was letting water leak in and smoke out the oil fire. Despite the bitter cold, I always enjoyed watching the welders fix the old boiler. The boiler was a pile of fire brick covered with a crude schmeer of fire cement covering the heart of heat, a steel box with a profuse shot of oil flaming in it. This horse shoe shape steel fire chamber was surrounded with small steel pipes in which water dripped to become steam which rose up the old black iron pipes to heat the buildings' radiators. One time a welder had mercy on me and told me that welding was unnecessary. He told me to put toothpicks in the pin hole leaks in the pitted steel walls of the fire chamber. I could not believe that tooth picks could do what welding did. He said the water in the outer boiler kept the toothpicks wet. The fire inside could not burn them out. Water trying to leak in and smoke the fire out, swelled the toothpicks tight. It worked. A cold iron dread lightened into an elegant light solution.

I was en
 two month vacation
 totally
 in my being unnecessary to my
 putting all the
 experience together, and allowing my
 into and under the f
 of consciousness my teacher had guided me
 before this. I saw how to do this. I did it. I was higher than a sun.
 My entire being was a beautiful shining star. I understood my Self.
 I was happy. I found in my being everything I ever dreamed could be
 in my being and more. I was my deepest Self. And what was different
 was I understood it. I was able to clear as crystal see, and direct as laser,
 speak to other Selves as I am doing now. I realized how to support others
 toward being their Self. More fabulous dreams than I had read of in books
 as a young boy, things I had been told were impossible by countless gut
 less old maid teachers who lived in dread of losing their mean employ
 ment or secret society worm tunnel rank, had become everyday life for
 me. Yet the people who had drifted in to live in our buildings were
 becoming so steel braked against joy in steaming, screaming
 Self-hatred, that one freezing night they called the police
 ostensibly because through my window they saw me
 reading poetry and splitting logs with a hatchet
 to keep my fireplace warm and felt I needed
 help. Their fury at human warmth, imagination, free time, change, and new
 life, the irrevocable ex-urban
 and ex-suburban petty
 bourgeois fears
 of freedom
 seemed to
 have demanded
 a mad,
 total put
 down of
 creativity
 and terrific
 unstoppable
 human thirst
 for the high
 joy of reading
 the human
 soul's mind
 summer
 warm singing
 reflection in
 night Knowing with deep
 cold. peace and certainty beyond
 that I would spend
 the rest of
 my life in
 the support
 of so many
 of my certainty
 over the sun
 of a doubt
 the shadow

human lives' chances to easily acquire what I had worked very hard for: As mind high as genie smoke miles above its tiny bottle: As blood thick as the Nile of black oil Smoke that rose out our clay pipe chimney up from our water sprayed furnace: I was mildly amused when two large hard-boiled policemen came to my door on a very cold February night and insisted on taking me to a Hospital to see a Psychiatrist.

The fine word streaming cock of
 spontaneity stre amed night dark as
 soon as the two large policemen and I
 entered the big marble hospital lobby:
 I saw some of the Self-hatred freaks who
 lived in our buildings pacing furtively:
 Shaking in terror: Eyes bulging: Hopping
 up and down: Howling like a boiling
 Neanderthal circus of wolves: Sloths:
 Hyenas: Vultures: Red eyes: Hot:
 Sweating: Foaming purple
 mouths: Flashing incisors:
 some of them were yelling things in
 the new world order of: "We burned all
 your Jew poems! We burned your novels!
 We burned your lousy Chinese translations.
 We burned every evil word you ever wrote! We
 burned your blue silk suit!" and "My wife may be
 sucking off every dick in the Village but she likes me
 better than she likes you!" and "You always told me it
 was good that I used to fuck my mother: That's what everyone wants to do: My father's psychiatrist said
 it's not good: It's very bad to fuck your mother!" and "David is the Devil! He'll trick the
 police into thinking he's normal! He'll trick the psychiatrist into thinking he's
 normal! Don't listen to him! Shut up, David! Shut up! Shut up!"
 As I was on vacation for two months to carry out my personal
 objectives, and hadn't spoken to any of these people for two months, I found this scream especially pathetic. I suppose this poor
 homely woman missed talking to me and flew into a rage over it in a twisted demand for attention. I realized: "You can lead a
 small mind to the water of intelligence. You can help
 a small mind suck up the water of intelligence. But a small mind sucks through the dead straw of security. A big mind sucks through the anxious
 straw of freedom." The policemen seemed a bit frightened of the Self-hatred freaks'; Me Neanderthal: You Cro-Magnon: crude animatronic
 convulsions and gruntings as we strolled through
 their seething impotent pack to see the Psychiatrist. As we first talked to the Psychiatrist in his office, there was the usual dull, cold, and infinitely
 boring New York Professional Moment pregnant with expansive vacuum. Then we had a little chat about Andrew Marvell's, The Garden,
 which I had just been reading. The psychiatrist said that,
 the line A green thought in a green shade, was his favorite
 line in all poetry. Then he pronounced that it is very common for people of body temperature
 IQ to very energetically and violently endlessly forward their fuzzy perception that some
 one who is much more intelligent than they are is crazy. Then all four of us suddenly
 broke into irrepressible laughter as if falling on our knees and
 smashing grapes on our lips. One of the policemen almost fell
 through the office carpet, his red face roaring that people who
 think that keeping warm and reading brilliant poetry try to
 counter bitter cold is insane are themselves lunatics, peaches,
 are sick apples, and dangerous melons. He had read, The Garden
 in a Brooklyn High School. He chuckled: "There are to
 many of them, Mr. Daniels. Would
 you like a restraining order against them? They
 are definitely out of their trees. What are
 they? Religious nuts?" I said: "No
 just men tally challenged. They
 have no idea that
 they're
 probably
 stupid
 now
 they
 realized
 how dumb and
 mean they truly are
 and would like someone other
 than their genetic donors to blame it
 on." They advised me to immediately sever
 all connection with the regressed exotic ragged
 raging rascal Neanderthalic unevolved cold
 hearted, red eyed, very heated, heavily
 instincted, pinhole brain leaking
 freak steam hate boilers.

it certainly ☆ looked like
 my sweet sub stance creating
 brain would have to grow feet and take
 a walk in the sun. Until this moment, living
 in Manhattan had been for me my sole unquestioned
 religious belief. I first saw my children's heads here when they
 were just little pink planets moving out of their mother's sun red vagina.
 My hope was born here. My Self was born here. From the day of my birth Little
 old New York was Jewish Parnassus! Jewish Elysium! Truly Jewish Paradise. The only
 place on earth where people looked at you funny if you weren't Jewish. How many wonderful
 memories I had of talking to a waiter at The Russian Tea Room who was a Russian "Count" who
 "knew" Tolstoy: Of the waiter in Lindy's who planted two pounds of silverware in a napkin on my tiny
 lap and called out: "Police! This child is stealing! He is a born thief! He will steal the sun and the moon and ☆
 the stars and all the light in the world!" As I sneered: "OK. Go ahead! Awest me. See my fadder ovuh deah is
 a lawbyer. He'll get me off." Of that day first seeing Veronese's Mars Pulling Off Venus's vagina scarf in the
 Frick and my father asking me: "What do you think he's doing, David?" Of first seeing Titians and Bellinis
 and Klees and fake Rembrandts and Matisses. Of seeing Al Jolson buy a War Bond football for 10,000
 dollars as Sammy Baugh decimated the Giants at the Polo Grounds and on the walk out through center field
 having to hold on to adult shoulders, my feet 3 feet off the ground to avoid being trampled to death in a sea
 of diamond in the rough humanity. Of arguing at my father: "You go see Life With Father. I'll see Mae West ☆
 in Catherine Was Great." Of where I first saw The Alchemist and The Merchant Of Venice and Man And Super
 man and The Insect Comedy. Of walking down Broadway one evening and seeing The Meistersinger Von Num
 burg was playing that night and walking into the Old Met box office and getting a front row center seat for \$8. Of
 hearing Alexander Schneider play all of Hayden's unaccompanied violin sonatas at the New School. Of countless
 hours wandering through the near people empty Metropolitan Museum and The Museum Of Modern Art drinking
 beauty. Of where I was poor. Of where I was rich. Where I was completely alone. Where I was completely surrounded
 by people. Where I read Freud's, Instincts And Their Vicissitudes, on the subway one hour every morning for three
 months until I could read it without losing the thread of its meanings. Where I felt the worst I ever felt. Where I felt the
 best: Farewell to Byzantium on the taxi: Farewell to Babylon on the back seat: Farewell to the Athens of goof: Fare
 well to champagne on the rainbow roof: The stars splashed on rain shine streets: The sweat crashed on heat wave
 sheets: Farewell to the skyscraper god call of Eeeveryman: You're a whore: Ee eeverywoma n: You're more:
 The King Kong on the toilet money makers hard boil it: The snared yokels slave for it: The gods have had it:
 Farewell to the tsmis of Money: The pupic of Art: The coogle of the World: As the sun rose in the east:
 Anon I rose and twitched my parka blue: To morrow fresh brick side walks and benign wa sp smirks new:
 With only the few thousand dollar s in hund red dollar bills that I always carri ed in my l eather belt's
 hid den zipper compartments a nd the cl othes on my back, I left that night for Cambr idge, Ma^{ss}
 ☆ and its delight ☆ fully imp ☆ otent anti ☆ Semitism:
 Suddenly: Sp ☆ ring explo ☆ ded its mil ☆ lion affec
 tions: I had a fin ☆ e time strolli ☆ ng tree lined wet ☆
 orbng sun glow. ☆



I had not had a vacation from arduous inner work for 17 years. I rented a lovely
 yard for \$18 a week. After a few months of supreme personal rest in easy
 Les Enfants Du Paradis at the Orson Welles to Roast Duck A L'Orange at
 Hebrew melody,¹ one of the sweetest and most mentally and physically be
 a 2 line, \$2 newspaper ad in The Phoenix that read: Workshop: Ideas O
 acid gulping, pot smoking, brain burning, groin strumming, high flyer no
 a very large group of people of all ages and one brilliant black dog wh
 whenever I said: "Tara! Pay attention." It was indeed a very large grou
 in my 20 by 20 foot room trying to tell me I was God. "Hey! I'm just
 God: Live both inside and outside at the same time: Look around at
 into your head: Come outside: It's beautiful: Don't interfere with a
 from your Self: Sense your Self: Find your Self: Live from your S
 and into the outside at the same breath:" I told them over and ove
 it on the inside and on the outside at the same time. That spring I
 on the phone and/or face to face. I told them each for the sake
 what they didn't know and needed to know in order to beco
 me their Self. Some were to attend meetings.
 My friend Kevin McCarthy hitch-hiked from New Paltz, NY to Cambridge and back every week to
 attend our meetings. A very few little pilgrims called me with the question: "What is the source of this
 work to be your Self? The very clean person whose ass I kiss told me nobody knows the source." I
 would tell them: "Don't know it. Sense it. It is inside you waiting to be used." The little pilgrims
 from kingdom never comes as if stepped-on grapes would invariably give a little whine: "It
 couldn't be inside an unclean little dumb bunny like me. I've been warned by a really clean
 big dumb bunny to watch out for rotten evil filthy Jews I like you." As I hung up I invariably
 asked: "When are you going to get your mother's cock out of your ass?" And thus I began
 to establish my sublime reputation as the scourge of *i* name hopeless ninny Fake Goody★

★Goody★Goody★Goody★Goody

Snots and thus: I love to get sunny with moneey: I really love to go swimmin
 with wimmin: I love smokin and jokin: I love drinkin: I love fornication: But
 I am here to tell you with pride: I have been virtua fly inane ninny hopeless Fake
 Goody Goody Snot free since 1972. When I was *little* I read that the only thing
 a person has is what could survive a shipwreck. *When* I told my Grandfather
 this he said: "Dove, the only thing a human being really has is what would
 survive sneaking out of Romania naked. *So always* wear a belt with
 dollars in it or a bag of diamonds *round your neck*." I had a belt
 with money. I had diamonds *around my neck*. I *had perfume* in
 my heart. I had stars in my *crown*. *My vision was one big V*
 clear circle of light. *The light was as my Self. I sent the following*
telegram to my friend Sinjan:

☆ *Know what you
 I cannot
 I imagine:
 It is that* ☆

ing
 but
 my
 in
 tu
 it
 io
 n
 grew wings and
 f l h t h w
 e l r e h o
 u r e l r o
 d.



parlor room in an old wood mansion across Mass Ave from Har
 ☆ Pleasure from the Blaschka's Glass Flowers in the Peabody to
 Ferdinand's and loving warmth of every kind with a lovely
 beautiful young Jewish woman who ever lived, I placed
 f The Human Self And Its Source. Hundreds of young
 mind adventurers called me. I soon had accumulated
 o sat up and looked slowly at each person present
 p of people sitting at my feet squeezed together
 a person, just like you! That's better than being
 everyone else: Don't let your eyeballs roll back
 nyone else on the outside: On the inside speak
 elf: Be your Self: Live both within the inside
 r and over again and showed them how to do
 must have talked to over two thousand people
 of telling them with nothing in return exactly



1 See Lord Byron and Issac Nathan: HEBREW MELODIES: She Walks In Beauty, 1815-19

THE HIGH FLYER WINDBAG JEW BOY FROM NURK' HAZ LANDED L I V E
HIZ SWEET SUBSTANCE CREATING BRAIN HAZ GROWN FEET AND HAZ TAKE U D
WALK IN THE SUN LIVE THE BIG BEAK OF THE COCK OF H I Z
May hot thick life gauge your mage inside and outside and in between yo ur eastern sage ca g e:
SPONTANEITY IZ SCREAMING OUT ZREAMERZ OF Z I L K
WORDS OF ALL COLORZ LIVE THE BAT OF H I Z
INTUITION HAZ GROWN WINGZ AND IZ F L Y
ING THROUGH THE WORLD L I V E
I am on work release in a Jewish poet: And dew eye know it:
YOUR FRIE N D L I V E

And since those dear
 old days of arduous intensity
 and iron action: I have realized the
 fire box incircled gravity singularity of
 the pellucid eye of the deep pool of the mind's
 inner vision for similar, sometimes unseen light
 solutions to any sort of pathetically dumb burnin^og
 difficulty: *Elegant light solutions are always pleas^aant*
 ly amusing *and always exist: Even when seem^pingly*
 blinded by *the heavy roar of iron stupid S elf- hatred*
 screaming *envy's hot freak steam: An d its sting:*
Self-hatred's hate dark fire's red eye stress pit
ted steel heart smoke: Billowing no t irrepar
ably frozen ice hate's leaks and,breaks:
 *unbinds their bitter brⁱakes:
 Life's hot craps unm^gakes:
 Life's gold stake tak^hes:
 Life's sugar ante ra k^ves:

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And so ends the fourth part of the life of David Daniels.