

1975

In 1975 I was in Paris with a very beautiful woman of smashed heart whom I was dragging around Yurp. We were about to eat dinner on the Avenue Benjamin Franklin in a little fake Greek temple that palaced a 4 or 5 star restaurant named Lasseur: At the next table six Oriental business men were sleeping over coffee. The ceiling painted of gods in the clouds was split open and rolled back to night stars periodically to let cigarette smoke up and out. On our table for two: The two sets of four glasses: the silver pheasant: the huge decorative plate: And the fourteen pieces of silverware shined. A cart and 3 waiters arrived at our table. I had ordered roast duck. After the three waiters' hernias of perfect taste had placed four tiny slices of duck on a plate before me: I was in horror: The duck had no skin! I realized: Why else would anyone eat duck except for the skin? Quietly to the heart smashed beautiful woman I said: "How do you say skin?" She snapped: "La peau." I asked the head waiter: "Resussitez la peau?" Which my mind grabbed from Christ's rest resussité from the end of Gounoud's Faust which I listened to endlessly on 78s when I was five. The beautiful woman snapped: "Ou est la peau?" The waiter looked at me in Javert remorse and said: "It's bad for you." I said: "I like it!" As translated by the beautiful woman he said: "Next time you order say, 'Sauvez la peau.'" After the waiters left our table the beautiful woman with a smashed heart turned to me and hissed: "You talk too loud. Quiet your voice!" Like many women born at the top she had been choked and mangled into quiet stone by a severe governess when a child. As I had been used to having conversations with members of my family down through three floors regularly when a child, and had survived the wild voice storm dorms at the University of Chicago not to mention the bleachers at Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds and as I had been earning a living for ten years spending as much brain as possible to encourage people to be their Self: It had never occurred to me that there was a: Too Loud. I started asking her in lower and air stingier and then in a more lower and more air stingier tone of voice: "Is this too loud?" She kept snapping: "Yes." Finally I choked my throat and whispered the way an unprincipled secret agent Communist rectal activity investigative reporter spy would have hissed between J. Edgar Hoover's bleeding ass and the hemorrhoid life saver pillow under it on his great oak Grimm fairy tale power chair in FBI Headquarters. She hissed: "Now that is a normal tone of voice. Stick to it. Your penis is quite pleasantly thick and Jewy but your voice is a total embarrassment." Then she snapped: "I say such horrible things. I don't know why you put up with me." I said: "You're very beautiful and very brave. It's a far far better thing to imitate people who smashed you at me than to smash your Self." She cried like quiet marble.

It was ninety six degrees in Rome. The beautiful lady and I entered the lobby of St. Peter's Basilica. Two goons in gray Essex County, NJ garbage man uniforms handed the beautiful lady a big black plastic garbage bag. "WHAT?" I yelled. They sneered: "To cover the Signorina." I said: "Why!" They said: "She is indecent." She was wearing an elegant summer dress that covered her from her chin to below her knees. I said: "WHERE?" They said: "The edge of her shoulders are naked." Her dress was cut off at the end of the shoulders. I said: "WHAT!" An over trained Mayflower Protestant she: The great great great great grand daughter of a Revolutionary War Hero: The beautiful lady snapped: "I'm not Jewish. I'll wear the garbage bag." I said: "You will not! You'll never wear a garbage bag. We'll come back tomorrow." The two goons sneered. We went off to see The Vatican Museum bypassing the shortcut to the Sistine Chapel sign: Down the miles of Roman heads on pedestals: I wondered where the bodies under the heads went: Then I realized: The delusion of grandeur morons built all those cheap clunky poor lure churches with destroyed art: Yes: The Vatican Museum is probably the greatest monument to the unreal on earth. Yes: The colors of the Sistine Chapel that were cleaned were exactly the colors of the Hearst

NOT HEFTY HE'S FATHER GLAD HE'S

Sunday Comics: Apple vomit green: Urine yellow: Mercurochrome red: Varicose vein blue: Diarrhea brown: "Je préfère Le Greque..."¹ At the end of the museum of fantasy miles was a yellow and blue instead of yellow and red McDonalds style McVaticans. It was refreshing: Wonderful. Glorious: An everlasting glory: Big and little human beings of all ages from all over the earth were gathered to eat real hamburgers and drink real milk. The next day we returned to St. Peter's Basilica. The beautiful lady wore a sweater over her shoulder edges. The goons at the gate sneered: I winked and gave the old fuck you head wiggle without the finger I had learned from the Italian kids in Clinton Elementary School in Maplewood NJ: Inside gazing lovingly up at a 99% naked: Except for a scarf over His guess what: (It didn't have a Foreskin): Michelangelo's dead Jesus on the lap of Mary: Was a Dwarf in a garbage bag. I asked him: "Why?" He said "Short pants." I said: "You're a human being. Don't take shit from anyone." Down at the front seats fingering large gold tribal rank dildos were twenty Africans in Mandrake the Magician's sidekick Lothar leopard skin leisure suits: One breast naked and both arms naked and both legs naked: (except for guess what): I had wondered about for years: The four giant shaky wiggly squiggly half turgid marble corkscrew penis Berninni columns supporting the dome under The Dome: The nifty softies were awe over a marble sarcophagus in a hole in the floor down in the basement not unlike Napoleon's sarcophagus's placement in Gay Paree: (only quite a bit more cut rate bargain basement): Of the poor little murdered Jewish man named Shemoan. (He also didn't have a foreskin): I realized: "No wonder the columns are so shaky: And then the terrible questions: Was Napoleon correct? Is religion very useful for the controlling of masses of too ignorant peoples? Are Popes dopes? Do they love mope for life nope dopes? Are their brains doodoo hope gropes? Is all institutionalized faith just another name

for
dumbo

ropes?

¹ See: Lois Jouvet as the Spanish Friar in Jaques Feyder's La Kermesse Heroique: 1935

GRAND HOTEL CLOWN	GRITTY	I	HOTEL
ON BLACK VELVET	PALACE	got	OPERABURN
KLEENACHT	covered	off	standing
marble floor			Sicilian
			IL HOTEL ROYAL

That night the of the Rome airport waiting room was with six inches of water: a bench we were on so a shepherd in a sheepskin could stand on the bench with his family: As he climbed on the bench he gave me the good old Clinton School head wiggle and sneer: After flying up from Rome we arrived at midnight at the Venice airport: No Taxis: A kind man offered to take us to where we could get a vaporetto to Venice: He drove us in his Mercedes limousine to a last scene in Rigoletto dock in dark marsh grass in the middle of no where: The man said: "If you get the next boat: You will be on the Grand Canal in an hour: Yes: Disembark at the Doge's palace and you'll be a short way to The Grand Hotel Clown On Black Velvet." I pondered a minute on how all the cities in Europe seemed to have the same gray people and be covered with the same gray smear I remembered of downtown Newark, NJ in the 1930s: Only grayer: And more surface dust: Then the little steamboat bus glided into night dark under a long stone arch:

in the 1930s: Only grayer: And more surface dust: Then the little steamboat bus glided into night dark under a long stone arch: Europe seemed to have the same gray people and be covered with the same gray smear I remembered of downtown Newark, NJ at the Doge's palace and you'll be a short way to The Grand Hotel Clown On Black Velvet." I pondered a minute on how all the cities in the middle of no where: The man said: "If you get the next boat: You will be on the Grand Canal in an hour: Yes: Disembark we could get a vaporetto to Venice: He drove us in his Mercedes limousine to a last scene in Rigoletto dock in dark marsh grass sneer: After flying up from Rome we arrived at midnight at the Venice airport: No Taxis: A kind man offered to take us to where could stand on the bench with his family: As he climbed on the bench he gave me the good old Clinton School head wiggle and

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Suddenly: The blazing light reflections of the blazing lights of the fantastic drop dead Deadlock degenerate wedding cake palaces along the Grand Canal: Each palace doubled down in the cracked plexiglass black water singing back up to its Self in shatter light: I realized: This is a great idea this wonderful man has: I gasped: There is a place different than Newark! It's just like Joseph Conrad waking up out of a deep sleep as the boat banged the dock at the end of Youth!

I did not have the panic I had out on the Gulf of Mexico the last time I had experienced an ecstatic boat night: I quieted my mind totally and sensed my genitals and sent sexual energy up my spine to mix with my vision to completely eat and digest this fire flying rain fabulous fake Arabian Nights impression: Light: Enchanted: Inside: I was paradise: Outside: I was protecting a beautiful woman who was constantly in a far far worse panic than I had ever in been: My arm around her gently: The beautiful lady snapped: "I saw this 15 years ago." She stood brave as a quiet Greek marble of Artemis:

Smashed free into slavery at Ephesus: Her thousand breasts crushed vicious: Sent bound on the waves to Venice: To get stuck by the latest dead dumbo clean freaks into the next big trendy dead cunt infantile fake glory crevice:

(If the gentler reader would like the above pungent words to move in a waterlike sensitivity and at the same precious art moment receive the approximate neo Austro-Hungarian odour of the summery Venetian night: She or he will please: As afforded by the artistic sensitive modulation afforded to all by usage of the inestimable Microsoft Word[©]: Please print out this very page and wiggle your paper while smelling your very armpit: The more artistically gifted may also attempt to

click fish) →