

1949

By 1949, the Self I was born as was hiding within me like a star rendered invisible under a light sucking gravity shield. My family's relentless dog training had carved a snarling sharp niche in me in the service of severe 24 hour a day Self-hatred attacks causing my buried Self constant panic. I was a very dark non light emitting cube of human. I somehow deduced this, as if somehow in a haze, I was somehow beginning to realize that my family had trained an enemy inside me that was not going to go away. Whenever I encountered a fairly pleasant person enormous pain would well up in me in a contrast recognition of my family's snarling dog training. The only thing my Self-hatred permitted me to do was to enjoy things not included in the curriculum of the Maplewood/South Orange School District. Since every magnificent piece of literature, art, science, music, philosophy, and drama was not in the curriculum of the Maplewood/South Orange School District, I absorbed thousands of fabulous outpourings of the human Self. ☆ As for so many other buried treasures, this nourished my buried star until it might be able to awake and sing. I was now 15 years old. I was in the 10th grade of High School. I could hardly ever take a book home to do homework. a paralyzing invisible panic tore me when I tried to study. Somehow I had a 69 average. Somehow I made out an application. Somehow I took a 3 hour IBM card multiple choice plus 500 word essay entrance exam. In some quantum flux of fate I was accepted to the College of the University of Chicago. The first week I was a student in the College of the University of Chicago, I was comprehensively tested with two striking sidewise impressions:

ONE. James T. Farrell, the speaker hired to ceremoniously welcome new students in the fake university cathedral, is one of your favorite writers. The gist of his speech to the assembled entering students is that as a poor Irish boy living on the South Side of Chicago somehow his dream had been to somehow go to college but somehow after a short time in the College of the University of Chicago somehow he quit as it was a total sham and a total waste of time for an artist. Which is truer?

A. *"He's weirder than I am,"* I thought.



B. *"He's angrier than I am,"* I felt.



C. *"He's more frightened than I am,"* I realized at the same time.



D. *"And he's lived in it for years,"* I under quivered at the same time.








E. *"If Self-hatred sticks an umbrella up your ass that's fuhrblundget,¹"* I depth being
ruminated all at once with all of the above deep in my buried Self.



¹ Deeply "lost."

TWO. T.S. Eliot, another of your favorite writers, is being given an honorary degree. He has somehow agreed to meet with any poetry interested new students. You and a few other sharp little ask no quarter, give no quarter tough New York baby book Jews somewise show up. You corner him in the fake cathedral. He is a tall man with an agon face like a Byzantine missionary who cannot quite believe in selling eternal pain to Balkan pleasure pagans. He has a smile of mild bewilderment on his eagle beaked agon face as if someway he is liver-ripped Prometheus relieved by relatively delicate baby eagle brain sidewise beak bites as he looks down somehow half beaming an astonished half smile over all you Jewish book eaglets while you cut sidewise questions at him like, "Consider do you an act of bankrupt intelligence it is to grovel toward a God you attempt to gestalt steal from the Jews when as a depressive you feel, o immense ex Wasp father hymn-ed nove Vaticanoid paranoid pain mother paen-ed, para annoyed poet killer of honest Greek reality, sucker of Byzantine schizophrenial delusion, jealous?" Which is truer?

- A. *"He's weirder than I am,"* I thought. 
- B. *"He's sadder than I am,"* I felt. 
- C. *"He's more hurt than I am,"* I realized at the same time. 
- D. *"And he's lived in it for years,"* I under shivered at the same time. 
- E. *"...but If Self-hatred opens the umbrella that's gefaerlicht,²"* I depth being
 ruminated all at once with all of the above deep in my buried Self 

2 Infinitely "dangerous."

THREE. For the first three months

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your Self-

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crash bashing into

your buried Self to some

how do enough reading and

somehow struggle into going to class

enough to some how get an A in Humanities,

someway get a B in Social Sciences, and some

wise get a C in Mathematics. A D in English

is your reward for turning in descriptive

essays on things you had seen hitchhiking across America and back home

for two summers. In one paper you describe what you know is the most beautiful

view you had ever seen: After riding with an Indian guide to the top of Flat Top mountain

in the Rockies on an old trail horse in a drizzle, when you reached the top you rested on the big

slanting meadow floating 14,000 feet up. Jack the Indian made coffee with some pine needles in

it in an old grapefruit juice can in a little fire. The sun came out. You saw 6 little valleys a rainbow in

each. 7,000 feet down. Scrawled across the top of your returned paper is: "D. You never were anywhere

like this. You never saw anything like this. Don't lie. Don't try to be a little man. Try to be a

big boy. This guy must know your mother and your brother-in-law, you deduce. Someway, you

had had a minor triumph against your Self-hatred's attacks on your life. Somewise, you fear

your inner struggle is exhausted. Your panic rises. Somehow, in your panic you hear your

Self screaming up to you to live. You begin to paint and to write poems. Your Self-

hatred doesn't like your paintings because they have no words. Your Self-hatred

doesn't like your poems because they have no pictures. Your Self-hatred

is biting Sharp: Clever: Ferocious: Your joy stops: A

dead rose freezes: The invisible knife that

cuts in the gut: Ices. Your dread rises.

: A dead rose froze.

The invisible knife

that cuts in the

gut iced. My

dread rose.

And far below is Bear
and other little lakes
and a brisk chipmunk
on a rock on a trail
addicted to butter
finger candy
bars far
below