

1951

The facial expression of Gerard Phillippe in the movie of Dostoyevsky's The Idiot was Phidias exqu  
isite fuhrbludge t. The facial expression of the priest in our Hu manities 2 class was Gaudi baroque gefaerl  
icht after he said *King Lear was an inferior work of art as it was pagan and bore no mention of God, and*  
we demoni c children had hooted and screamed at him merc illessly things like *King Lear is a work of Art*  
not one o f your decadent shit end of Greco-Roman culture blood ritual fake Jew dead hand of the church  
three way paranoid schizophrenic lie crappers. After our innocent little storm subsided, his face looked

like an over boiled can of condensed Rodin's Gates of Hell soup. I thought it was because he was  
ashamed he was so stupid. How could I at that  
time understand that he was trying with all his  
might not to leap up and murder us little pagans  
one by one? One of my earli est memories is of  
my father driving us to Philadelphia when I  
was three to climb on Rodin's The Gates Of Hell.

I remember awe as I looked up at it, my father  
holding me up to climb on it. I can still sense my  
fingers on the emb raced man a nd woman's necks  
of, The Kiss, and my father's eye star twinkling.

He said, "Do you want to ☆ climb all the way to  
the top of this, Eagle Eye?" In 1951, my inner  
panic rose again invisible like a sea of poured

bronze terror. I had the idea that everyone was  
like me but they didn't mind having a mind like  
a burning steel wool hurricane. My ability to do  
school work drowned in a blind L earian frenzy

of inner storm. In my usual crude Self-killer  
plus total refined idiot reaction to my panic,

I thought, "I should be able to do anything I  
decide to do. There's some thing wrong with me.  
I don't know what it is. I'll murder it. I'll run

over it. This is it. I'm seven teen and I've never  
done anything I've decided to do." To remedy  
all this teen green Turner storm and blood and  
wind and rain, I decided to paint a masterpiece. In  
a fever of mad hope, anxiety, terror, and dread,  
like hot Dimitri Karamazov hurtling through the

And well it has been said that on whom the gods truly wish to destroy they bestow an early promise: Unable  
then to burn fear ice to sun and mind night to star spice: I Self-hate panic stormed right into a steel trap mind vise:

snows to his father's house, I stormed to the  
lumber yard eight blocks from my dorm, had  
them cut five big panels of masonite and some  
square blocks of 4x4 and stormed back carrying  
the heavy load like a trudging beast of burden to  
the art studio in the basement of our dorm.  
Heart racing, I nailed together the panels and  
wood blocks into a pre-Sessina panel cloud and  
painted on the m in knifed cobalt ocean grass  
and prussian blue thunder sky and electric  
cadmium lemon lighting thick oil paint a 7

foot high, 5 foot wide, Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari  
WWI Camouflage German Expressionist flying  
Stonehenge slanted 5 angled panel fusion of a  
slashed off head of King Lear whirling in a  
vortex of planet and light storm. I entered my  
masterpiece in a competition a few months later. It  
won first prize. This was the last time for a long  
time that my Self-hate allowed me to do  
anything I decided to do. And I was now fully  
enabled to make a total idiot out of my Self. I  
had arrived. I was 17. I had a n excuse for being a  
wired weird idiot. Everyone said I was an Artist.  
Although I had read almost everything Joseph  
Conrad had written, I did not understand  
anything about going through life let alone  
severe mental storm being passively active on  
the outside and actively passive on the inside:  
struggling outside not to do what I want to do:  
struggling inside monumentally to want what I do:

<sup>1</sup> This has been my life long ambition. As one can plainly see I have not yet at age 66 succeeded completely in my aim yet a not unstrong dark promise does seem to remain to me for a total victory.