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In 1957 I
worked at

American Export Lines at the

base of Broadway. I was bored of the lead-penciled books which held constantly canceled, erased, reassigned, and ultimately inked

passenger reservations. The management, someone's son in law, Otto Torpido, a round man who smoked a lot of cigars, sent me to Public Relations. I now enjoyed taking orders for bon voyage champagne and guiding to

the freight department many sharp Mediterranean children sent here to export goods to their family businesses overseas. Some seemed as young as twelve years old. They must all have been younger than twenty. They always had a manila envelope with shipping orders under their arm and the freedom, friendliness, noble fear adrenaline and Self-esteem of the Self-employed. The Independence and the Constitution were the line's

42,000 ton transatlantic liners. Whenever they sailed from their midtown Manhattan pier for Europe, I would go down to the pier and man the information booth with the passenger lists. I enjoyed the freedom of being out, so prized by cooped up Lower Broadway security hound office slaves. There were many cabin location inquiries from confused people seeing off friends. I had to help many different kinds of people from all over the world in very brief periods of time which helped me later in life when I was to meet hundreds of stalled people who had run out of gas on the high ways of life. I had the opportunity to meet them usually for only a brief time, and obliged by the kindness of the fortunate, I tried to give them something to go on. There were also smaller Passenger/Freighter ships of the line: The Exchequer, The Exminster, The Exeter, The Exporter, The Exchanger, The Exile, The Cunning, The Exlax, and etc.—18 or so identical 29,000 ton cargo ships with passenger cabins. These Ex ships had some beauty. They were maintained perfectly. The decks were of scrubbed, bleached rope inlaid within tar. For the frequent sailings of these excellent ships, I would go to a hotel, assemble the passengers in the lobby for the bus, supervise the loading of the baggage into the truck, and bus with the passengers to Pier H in Hoboken. I had enjoyed the spatial difficulties of watching herds of smoothies pack into Columbia High School in Maplewood, New Jersey, the cramming of shrimp into the iced concrete hold of a shrimp boat in the Florida Keys, loading freight cars one summer in Chicago, and later telexed orders for thousands of tons of beef sides for the Queen Elizabeth's huge refrigerator lockers for Cunard Lines in Chicago. I was very interested in negative space from watching artists draw the spaces between tree branches in Central Park to stacking hay in the barn at P.D. Ouspensky's farm in Mendham, New Jersey. I was mystified by ship cargo placement problems. Before one sailing the Port Captain showed me the lading plans for the Ex that was to sail that day. A glory yacht was tied down like a Majestic Useless Penis on the port side of the fore deck. Three hundred and twenty two truck engines were stowed on the starboard side down in the bottom aft hold for balance. At the Ex sailings I met many different kinds of middle eastern people for the first time. It helped me understand where I came from. I was very thick Yiddish act British at that time and was wondering how many other surface and buried mental cargoes and ballasts I carried within me. I would get a ride home after the Ex sailings to my Ninety dollar a month, 6 room studio on 82nd Street and Second Avenue from a sharp young man who carried the passenger luggage in his old beat up truck. He owned his truck and had a pleasant independent life. I asked him many questions about his life. This, I believe, is when I realized for my Self that if I was not Self-employed I was a slave. I began to have a deeper wish to be my own boss, on the surface in the gathering of our mutual friend. And to the deep keel of my being, I wanted my real Self, that friend which I really am, to direct my life. The last came first.

One day after taking *some travel agents on a* *four of the Independence* *once, I was invited by*
two senior public relations men of the line to meet them in the Sun Suite, the \$5000 per sailing, glass-walled, best First Class Deluxe Super stateroom rather than go back downtown to Lower Broadway. When I walked into the Sun Suite, the two public relations men were stretched out on one of the Emperor Size beds. They were talking quietly and smoking profoundly. Bruno Fungooze, the Italian with razor cut hair, Clark Gable mustache, English tweed jacket, and 200 dollar cobra skin shoes, took a deep drag on his silver cigarette holder, and quietly said "Take a bed Daveess. Eet's far too early to go back to thee officee." I laid out on the other Emperor Size bed and smoked a Lucky. I enjoyed the rest. I was up late most nights struggling to learn to paint and working to repair my past and to prepare for my future. Bruno Fungooze continued talking. "Of course eet is a hardsheep my wife leeveeng een Cheecago with her familiee but eet has eets compensations. Last night I tell you. I picked up a lovely young girl with hair of seelk. Een Thee Veellage and went up to her small adorable room. Thee light was too scratching. I placed her iris flowered scarf over thee lamp next to the bed. She kneeled my clothes off. I kneeled her clothes off. I flew on her. She was a seelk cloud. I leefted my body for meeneemum rose petal pressure on her deelecate skeen. All thee while I tongue teeped her tongue, my hair caressed her hair, I gentled my elbow to her neepple, caressed her shoulder with my shoulder, feather danced her belly with my belly, stroked my penees lightly as slow as melting salamee in her vageena, butter touched my knee to her knee, butterflyed her eye lash with my eyelash, and creamed her ankle with my toe. Eesn't eet reemarkable? I gave her nine deefferent sensations at thee same time. As she reached her greatness, her een dee vee du al ee tee e e e e, her top notes blended together in a touch of Pucheennee white tail peacock throne sunrise een thee night. Aaaaaaaaadio Fiiiiiiir ennnnn za a a a a!!!" I loved Galileo's motions of bodies, Plato's slave dark cave, Freud's tree of wolves, Einstein's thought experiments, Euclid's triangle tangles, Homer's wine dark sea and rosy fingered dawn, Burton's tinkle of a camel bell and whisper of the desert wind, Marvell's green thought in a green shade, and Shakespeare's sweet are the uses of adversity which like the toad ugly and venomous wears yet a jewel in its head. But for some reason, I found Bruno Fungooze's Sun Suite discourse to be the most spiritually edifying and profoundly life evocative spiritual discourse I had ever heard. For me this was the gold eureka crown in the rising waters of life.

That night while I was painting the shape of the poet, Hafiz, and a portrait of a flower garden in side him, I was memorizing one of Hafiz' poems:

At dawn I walked into my garden to gather roses when suddenly I heard the cry of the nightingale. And then something from the beginning of The Dhammapada like, as an ill thatched roof lets in rain, so a well quieted mind lets in no noise, the divine Hubris called me on the phone

at 2 AM and asked me if I'd mind picking up last Thursday's Herald Tribune and a frog leg sandwich. I had found last week's Tribunes could be had at an all night newsstand on 72nd and Lexington but I never located where to get a Frog Leg's sandwich at noon in Manhattan much less in the middle of the night. When I arrived at her apartment, I apologized to Hubris for my being unable to find a frog leg sandwich. She answered, "Don't explain. Don't complain. Make it do or go

entire being that I would die like a dog in a gutter rather than not be what I really am. Hubris had worked in George M. Cohan shows as an ingénue in the Twenties. A ruthless and demanding director, George M. Cohan, the Yankee Doodle Emperor, was also Lord of the 18-hour rehearsal, Grand Inquisitor of employee obedience training, and King of the slim contract. Hubris understood the use of ruth less direct ion for accomplishing aims on many levels and was a master of ruthless direction on many levels, which she referred to as kindness. In her bedroom she showed me an old photo of

her with her husband Tempo Perdue, his arm around her, both looking out a window at a young world full of hope. There was also a signed glossy of George M. Cohan which said, "To Hubris, the craziest girl I ever met in my life, Sincerely, George M. Cohan" As Hubris watched me see the photo, she said, "I was on tour in Chicago playing a very insane adolescent girl. You know, Dear." She blushed like an adolescent— perfectly, of course,

and showed me the things to be packed in boxes. "Did you know, Dear," Hubris turned suddenly, "that when Mr. Grottieth trained me to be the official reader of his magnificent book *No Mind and No Thing*, with all those impossible words in it, like trogoidautoe gosuperegocraticnovacidtums, in front of hundreds of people, he would spit into my face when I mispronounced a word." I asked, "Did it hurt?" Hubris sighed slyly, "Did Parnell have Irish balls Dear? You have such a Gustav Klimt mind, Dear. Piled on over-paterned boxes on boxes. What's keeping them up? O! I forgot! Remember this new phone number for me: Plaza 5-8975?" Before I said yes, I had immediately started repeating the phone number in my head. And there I was at 3:00 AM on my knees in a mental Empress's bedroom wrapping packages, listening to her talk to someone in Holly

without. Wear it out. Use it up. Keep it up. Don't pout. Ignore pain. Remember your aim. I know it's late, Dear, and you have to go to work tomorrow, Dear, but could you wrap a few packages for me to take to

the country, Dear?" She asked. Of course I said yes. I was beginning to have a deep respect for Hubris for providing me with an opportunity to increase my necessity to stretch my ability to do that which I had told her I had decided to do—destroy everything inside me that I was not. And then— if I were still alive—to live from what I really am. I had decided with my

(And also my parents' idea of providing discipline was to give me 5 dollars. I was forbidden to wash dishes or to do any chores except take out garbage. I believe working is exotic fun.)

wood on the telephone in her living room of service to one's Self, one's teacher, one's friends, one's future, and to taking the aim to use one's present to repair one's past and prepare for one's future. I held a Bendel ivory straw boater with a big blue ribbon, as useless to me as a yacht lashed to a freighter deck, in my intention ally and carefully sensed hands as I repeated the phone number Plaza 5-8975 loud in my mind.

Screaming lightning, Hubris rushed into the room. "Did you hear what Snotford just said to me?" Hubris screamed. "No." I said. She screamed louder, "He said I was a dumb ugly bitch and am full of shit!" I said, "I'd never say that!" I listened to my mouth gush like a dumb little good y tw o-wings. I've certainly never been considered good by anyone. Perhaps useful or competent, but never good. I am a bad guy. Better to be bad in heaven than good in hell, is my motto. Hubris screamed, "Never say that! You're talking shit! It's coarse! Find something finer in your Self! You don't know how much fake good is inside you! It's poison! If you were a Churchgoer, you would know that. Be sincere! Be honest!" She kicked me on my head with her fringed English wingtip walking shoe. I was spending so much attention repeating the phone number in my head and trying not to mangle a scarf, I did not sense or feel the kick. Suddenly "By the way, Dear, what was that phone number?" Hubris said cool as a Nun's vestibule. I said, "Plaza 5-1063." Hubris said, "Good." Hubris smiled. "Well we know what's in one box. Patience is to bear the unbearable, Dear. Patience is the key to Joy. When you're done wrapping the packages tell me. There is an antediluvian mirror for you to polish." Hubris thundered out of her livingroom as only a Thirties character actress could thunder. It was very easy to hold one's breath around Hubris. And I did hold my breath in a present tense of solid Self-ignorance. In a tense prescience I realized for the first time that I really might be able to intention my entire presence to my aim to understand my Self. I did not know it then but I was beginning to have my attention, or perhaps it is more accurate to say, my attention was beginning to have me. Perhaps the subtler consequences of these efforts toward having permanent intentional consciousness. However, I was very oblivious to in any way that: Some willing in a present tense to learn how to learn to be a fine Self-taster: Might in some light interval find an unwrapped coarse slave an emerged fine mind master. I had no idea whatsoever