

By 1959 I disliked painting. I found it tedious and empty of intelligence. I found the art world inartistic. I loved words. I loved talking to people and I loved writing poetry. I succumbed often to the charade of being a painter as people hating life itself seemed to like me for painting. I avoided writing for very few people ever liked what I had to say. It did not occur to me that very few people liked what anyone had to say. In 1959 I was busy forcing my Self to pretend I wanted to be a painter and I began to existentially accomplish the proper tension between the two great terms of the dark side of the German moon of aesthetics, fuhrblunged (Someone sticks an umbrella up your ass) and gefaerlicht (they open it). I left my children with their grotesque mother on Christmas eve. Leaving children in the claws of a mean shit is fuhrblunged. I was gefaerlicht. I was dead. My mind became a very profound, dark, and gloomy sea of considerable pain. To spite my Self-hatred, I got a job in a hack fabric design studio in that paragon of creativity and sensitivity, midtown Manhattan. I had walked in, unrolled a canvas, and shown the Big Boss one of my earlier oil paintings. It was of Hafiz the Persian poet made out of roses, narcissus, moons, grass, cheek moles, quicksilver fountains, lush gardens underneath which rivers run, domes made of pearls, and suns made of musk. He said that I had a large, immensely fabulous sense of color. The Big Boss was a quite swarthy sephardic Jew. His complexion was the great Al Jolson's # 10 Max Factor make up melting in the rain. The Big Boss seemed to be carrying a huge block of granite on his head carved of not the #1 salutation of Manhattan: How's Business?, but the # 1 lamentation of Manhattan: Business is Lousy. The Big Boss was four foot six inches short. The Big Boss was the ugliest man I'd ever seen. He looked like I did. His scrunched up open pit mine face seemed to be the fox chip and zipped ripped, gut nipped result of a Vandal battering log dropped on an early Christian hammered bust of Ovid. He had hired me to learn how to paint endless schlock designs for fabrics. He soon apprenticed me to the little master, a smaller, rounder Jewish man of endless improvisation who would smoke endless cigars and produce small endless fabric designs all day faster than God could design the world. My apprenticeship was to be to sit next to the little master and make a perfect copy of every design he created. I had never done watercolors. My poor work had the profound clunk of uncaring, mediocre, and tense indifference, was too jerky, thin, clumsy, ugly, forced, embarrassed, singly slow. And recently escaped from a totally rotten marriage that demolished my two little kids and almost killed me physically, emotionally and intellectually, and full of Self-hatred I dismissed the artists in the studio as mere commercial artists. The big boss's face in the vise of the squash God's was so very clumped so strange, the short Big Boss's Rodin this goat nose, crevice eyes, ravine ears, sunk brow would have been sores on many a NOTHE r kisser.?

His kazoo looked like a STONE head rolled down  
A high hill height, all fig URE PR otrudes knocked off.  
On this kreplach sat a nose ugly R THANA giant fluorescent light fixture  
Smacked crap in the middle of THE RUIN ed Guggenheim Museum.  
Wrinkle bars screeched on p OX PITS OF colossal scratched granite  
Ugliness. He looked as if old PAUL KLE e himself had been so  
Soaked in a barrel of ran CID GRAP efruit juice for six years  
To incise each sharp line A VERY D ifferent sour color. His  
Was the distended body of A STARV ed duck who'd swallowed  
A 12 cylinder diesel engine. He walked like a cockroach dying  
Of cancer. His slick flipped lips oozed a  
thickish vick. His half fingers were short fat warts.  
(In short, he looked a bit like on tv vise president Richard M. Nixon.)  
His elephant His chin flunked. trunk slunk  
pre-shrunk punk goiter lump  
totally subnixonoidical  
(the worst thing for any Jew is to look  
like a mean fake goody goody anti-Semite)  
deep six sunk neck hunk  
trunked in a funkcd caryatid thick dunked dark sea of clump  
clunked gunk fun k as if typhoon sunk Sung junk k. I was miserable.  
I couldn't have any compassion for this ugly Jewish man  
or my Self. I couldn't see in any way that he was happy and that I  
was unhappy. He was on the outside as I was on the inside. He looked  
just like my mind was grinding dark wrenching hurts into a low sea  
heaving of desperate pain rave. He was ugly. And I was miserable.  
He was free. I was a slave. I thought he was an ugly wart. I couldn't  
understand how one so grotesquely ugly could boss even hacks of  
half beauty. I wanted a job and to learn how to use the pointed brush.  
The commercial artists were all very kind to me. It's very difficult  
to create even hack pedestrian beauty when one's mind is ugly and  
for weeks I tried very hard, but I just couldn't get the hang of the  
pointed brush. And with every day and night I came to believe  
more and more that the Big Boss was me turned inside out.

One of those dark days at 11 AM Hubris Perdue— who always called me at the wrong time which always turned out to be the right time— phoned me at work and asked me if I wanted to go to a memorial for Preshure Gronieth at noon at an old Russian church downtown on Second Street and Second Avenue. I wanted to go very much because at this time I was studying breathing according to the ancient Semitic dictums: Breath is everything. Time Is For Beginners. Breath Is For Finishers, and at this event I knew I would see how a lot of the Gronieth Work Old Guard, people who had been in his Moscow group, didn't breathe. Out of the corner of my eye I saw two old fabric Jews' beards, open black flowing overcoats, flying tziot fringe, and black lightning green grape hats rush into the workshop carrying a weird design of blue roses on bars of leaves on a cheap cotton dress. They held the dress up like a murdered child, crying like only an old Jew who was losing money could cry, shrieking, "They're killing them with roses! Otherwise exactly the same! Believe me it's killing them." The big boss's dense facial cement cracked an over stressed caryatid smile as he handed the dress to my little master to knock off the design. Hubris Perdue taught me that a person must learn to keep their attention permanently on what is inside them and what is outside them in preparation for being able to live from a conscious permanent presence to their essential, real Self in the real world instead of living from their ignorance and dreams in a world fast asleep. I told the divine Hubris Perdue that I would go to Gronieth's memorial mass at lunch, had a piece of work to do, but somehow I would do both things. "This is very good. This is perfect for Mr. Gronieth's memorial, Dear," she said, "He always said, 'When everyone else do one thing, Hubris Hubris, you do two things. This only way for you to become one, Hubris Hubris.'" She then said to me, "You will be all right when you lose a few more skins, Dear." As the moyel said to the rattlesnake, I thought as I instantaneously placed my non-telephone hand on my penis in as protective a way as possible. When Hubris had said, "This is very good." I shuddered in total dread of losing my inherent, honest badness becoming just another phony, goody-goody liar. I hung up the phone in terror of fake goodness and its sidekick castration, and breathlessly awaited the little master's work to copy. The little master stuck his cigar in the corner of his mouth and knocked out blue peas on lightning green grape leaves instead of roses otherwise exactly the same, in three minutes. Somehow all my efforts came together in this moment and I knocked out my small copy in two minutes. It just flew out of me. This was the first time I had ever done any thing directly from my real Self and knew it. Tempo Perdue had taught me how to sense a system of locations in my being to use to search for my real Self. I had tried hard to locate by sensation where my real Self was inside me so I could permanently attend to and do from my Self, with little result until this moment. The Big Boss's dark face crunched and cracked and braked and grinded into a monstrous strip mine blasting smile. He ran to his safe. He unlocked it and took out a brush "Only one man in the world in France can make a brush with a point like this," he said, as he gave me the brush. This is the kind of oblivious of this man's kindness as it was interfering with my first conscious sensation of the moment to moment realization of my Self doing from my Self and my running out and grabbing a cab to go downtown fast. The Big Boss grabbed the brush, dipped it in water, flicked it to point it, and grabbed a piece of scrap paper. Every one in the studio ran over to watch. In 20 seconds his ugly hand painted the most beautiful rose I have ever seen. It was alive. I was ugly and ashamed in a Self hate trance. Yet an ugly hand made a dead rose dance.