

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ☺ INTO THE GOLD EDGE OF A SHIELD IN THE DIRT GATE

May 1972. Warm. Bright. Morning. My phone rang. I listened. She had seen my ad in the Boston Phoenix. She was 23. She was an art student. She said she'd like to talk to me. She came to see me two days later. She breathed with her entire being. I asked her what kind of name Gold Shield was. Indian? No, she explained that on a magical acid trip she had sensed the center of her forehead, chest, and genitals and a magical gold field had flowed out of these locations in a ball of fire and formed in front of her like a shining shield of invisible sun as clear as glass. She was very ☺. I explained that these experiences were gates to her mind and showed her how by sensing locations in these and other sensations she could have a deep communication with her entire being and develop a special organ of perception and action. She was very ☺. I did not see her again. A few months later I got a call from a police detective. Did I know Mary Zlotokoszula? What does she look like? Very ☺. Long dark hair. Hippie. Early twenties. I met her once. She was ☺, a very lovely person. Why are you calling? Your phone number was in her wallet. What happened? At 4 AM Tuesday she was found shot to death in the dirt in a park in Brockton. Stars shine bright on shatter light over children having visions and mental fixations, dull decisions, family divisions. Thee. The. That's, so what. I thought, what difference does it make what happens to anyone or anything? It became very difficult for me to feel sorry for anyone or anything that's alive, folks.