

1962

ANTO ONE

STEALING THE LIGHT

I sing of the man
who did what a dog couldn't do to destroy
his dog training. To be free. To be his Self. Sinfan the savor
fucked magic. He fucked religion. He fucked science. He fucked art.
He fucked business. He fucked education. He fucked politics. Sinfan the savor
fucked fate. He was certainly not the first human to have done this. He is not the last.

Nuclei radiate in solar fusion. Germs grow in seed. Intelligences glow in humanity.

*Relatively small things
are pleasant to perceive.
They spring life. Let us
savor the taste of certain
of our small subtle human
experiences:— So tongue
tip difficult to sense to
touch, so fine in substance
they often flow unseen
under the wholesome
clunks of daily life.
Please be friendly to
my small friend for
he may be of use in
your remembrance of
friendship with the
small and subtle in
your Self and others:*

Now see a room not
large or small nor
dark or light. And
see a tall and robust
balding Englishman,
Sir Archibald Blood,
and a thirty-eight-inch-
tall Oriental midget, no
longer young, sit in over
stuffed arm chairs facing
each other. The Oriental
midget is smoking a
cigarette profusely.
Each time he blows
a tiny cloud of smoke
in Sir Archibald Blood's
face, the large Briton
winces in pain. It's hard
to say how much of the
Briton's painful wince
was from the smoke and
how much was the residue
of a cruel childhood. For
Sir Archibald Blood never
had a father and his mother
was the notorious Lady
Jane Dropsie, the London
whore turned puritanical
reformer and religious
zealot called in her time,
"Jane the Ripper," for her
relentless hounding of
abortionists, prostitutes,
lesbians, and unwed
mothers. "Why don't
you tell me smoking
will stunt my growth,
Archie? You cruel son
of a bitch! Ho Ho Ho
Hu Hu Hu Hee Hee
Hee," the Oriental
midget giggled.
Sir Archibald Blood,
in amazingly painful,
grotesque deference
mixed with a tepid
bittersweet attempt at
Colorado High School
type fake amazing
grace turned on his
tape recorder as he Walt
Disney Queen smiled:
Q. Is Sinfan Tasmaguri
in actuality your real
name, Master, where
do you come from?
A. My name is really
Sinfan Tasmaguri,
I grew up in Japan.
I have been living
in America so long
I remember very
little of Japan.

But that little is very very much. In fact, I can't remember it being called the little that is all you need to know.
So that's why his disciples call the master the little that is all you need to know." Blood thought. Sinfan screamed. "No it isn't you asshole.
Why don't you go back to India and kill some more wogs?" Blood thought. "I was just protecting them." "Shut up! Now where was I?"



S i n a n f s c r e a m e d. S i a n t h e s a v w a s n o t c h e a p
 w i t h a i r: "I w a s o n t h e o u t s k i r t s o f H i r o s h i m a
 o n e s u m m e r w h e n I w a s u n s m a l l e r, p r e t e n d i n g t o b e
 m e d i t a t i n g o n a m a n u r e p i l e. I w i l l n e v e r f o r g e t i t s
 r i c h d a r k b r o w n f l a v o r. I w a s t r y i n g t o l o c a t e w h a t m y f a t h e r c a l l e d
 T h e S u n O f M a n i n m y m i n d, a n d a s a n y y o u n g i d i o t w o u l d, I a t t e m p t e d
 t h i s b y t r y i n g t o i n f u s e m y p r e c i o u s s o u l w i t h h u g e g o b s o f l i g h t. S u d d e n l y,
 I s a w a n i m m e n s e g l a r e o v e r t h e m a n u r e p i l e. A t f i r s t I
 t h o u g h t n a n c h i n g I h a d d i s c o v e r e d a g r e a t s p i r i t u a l t r u t h:— s h a n g h a i T h e n a s
 t h e g l a r e b u r n e d o u t t h e s u n a n d t h e t e r r i b l e s o u n d c a m e,
 I i n t u i t e d T h e T r u t h. I r a n i n t o H i r o s h i m a l i k e a n i n t e s t i n e o n w i n g s t o m y
 f a t h e r ' s b a n k. T h e r e w a s l i t t l e l e f t o f i t. H e w a s s i t t i n g i n t h e r u b b l e, h i s e y e s c l o s e d, h i s s k i n
 m e l t e d g r e e n a n d r e d l i k e a b u r n i n g T a n g d y n a s t y l i o n d o g. H i s e y e s w e r e b u r n e d o u t. H i s t o u n g u e w a s
 o n f i r e. H e w a s n o t b r e a t h i n g. H e o p e n e d h i s e y e s a n d s m i l e d a t m e w i t h j o y. "R u n r u n! F o o l i s h L i t t l e
 M a s t e r! K i l l y o u! F i n d S u n o f M a n!" h e r o a r e d a s h e d i e d. Y o u k n o w, o f c o u r s e, i n t h e o l d d a y s, Z e n M a s t e r s,
 e s p e c i a l l y t h e S u d d e n M a s t e r s, h a d e n o r m o u s b r e a t h c o n t r o l a n d c o u l d k i l l t h e m s e l v e s a t w i l l b y h o l d i n g
 t h e i r b r e a t h. W h y d o y o u r e y e s l i g h t u p, B l o o d y? I t ' s n o t m u c h r e a l l y, j u s t a l i t t l e m a t t e r o f w i l l. I r e m e m b e r
 r e f u s i n g t o r u n, b e c a u s e m y f a t h e r h a d a l w a y s t a u g h t m e D O G S R U N, H U M A N S W A L K. S o I w a l k e d
 o u t o f t o w n. I w a s t h i r t y - e i g h t i n c h e s t a l l t h e n, a n d I h a v e n o t g r o w n p h y s i c a l l y s i n c e. O f c o u r s e, m e n t a l l y, I
 a m a m a g i c a n t. T h e m i n d i s v a s t. I n c i d e n t a l l y, a f u n n y t h i n g h a p p e n e d t o m e o n m y
 w a y o u t o f H i r o s h i m a. I w a s c r y i n g b i t t e r l y, t r y i n g v e r y h a r d
 n o t t o r u n. T h e s t r a i n w a s e n o r m o u s. I w a s u s i n g a l l t h e
 t r i c k s I k n e w t o c o u n t e r m y i n s t i n c t i v e
 i m p u l s e s t o r u n: — c o u n t i n g i n m y h e a d,
 h o l d i n g m y b r e a t h, f i x i n g m y
 a t t e n t i o n o n a n y b i t o f s u n l i g h t
 I c o u l d s e e r e f l e c t e d o n a n y t h i n g. S u d d e n l y, s o m e t h i n g s n a p p e d.
 I g i g g l e d. A s m a l l g l o w r o s e u p m y s p i n e a n d s e t t l e d a r o u n d
 m y n e c k a n d s h o u l d e r s l i k e a n e c s t a t i c j e w e l e d n e c k l a c e. W h e n I f i n a l l y
 a r r i v e d h o m e I t o l d m y m o t h e r w h a t h a d h a p p e n e d. "W h y m u s t t h e s e b a d t h i n g s h a p p e n?" I c r i e d.
 M y m o t h e r w a s v e r y s p e c i a l, v e r y u n i q u e. "W h a t e v e r i t w a s, y o u r f a t h e r w a s h a p p y, L i t t l e M a s t e r," s h e s a i d,
 t o o k o u t h e r t r e a s u r e, a t r a n s p a r e n t e g g s h e l l - p o r c e l a i n b o w l w i t h f i n e i n v i s i b l e d e c o r a t i o n o f d r a g o n s p u r s u i n g
 t h e f l a m i n g p e a r l, a n d m a d e m e a b o w l o f n o o d l e s o u p. I t w a s w a r m a n d t a s t y a n d w a s m y l o v e l y m o t h e r ' s a n s w e r
 t o e v e r y t h i n g. A t t h i s t i m e s h e s t a r t e d t o c a l l m e h e r g o l d e n m i d g e t. A l t h o u g h, i n J a p a n e s e, t h e r e i s n o w o r d f o r m i d g e t
 a n d t h e L a t i n w o r d p e n i s i s u s e d b y t h e i n t e l l i g e n t s. B l o o d a s k e d, "G o o d L o r d, w h a t h a p p e n e d t o y o u a f t e r t h a t, M a s t e r?"
 S i n f a n s m i g h t e d, "T o m a k e a l o n g s t o r y s h o r t, y e a r s l a t e r w h e n I h a d p r a c t i c a l l y f o r g o t t e n a l l t h i s, m y m o t h e r t o l d m e o n h e r
 d e a t h b e d w h e n s o m e o n e k i l l s y o u r f a t h e r y o u ' r e s u p p o s e d t o d o s o m e t h i n g a b o u t i t. S h e s a i d t h a t t h e g r e a t r e v e n g e I c o u l d
 t a k e o n m y f a t h e r ' s m u r d e r e r s w a s t o g o t o A m e r i c a, b e c o m e a p s y c h o a n a l y s t a n d h e l p c u r e t h e l i t t l e m i r a c l e s. S h e s a i d:
 'A m e r i c a i s a m i r a c l e. A m e r i c a i s f u l l o f l i t t l e m i r a c l e s. W h o e l s e c o u l d b u i l d a t i n y s u n, L i t t l e M a s t e r? G o t o A m e r i c a a n d
 h e l p t h e l i t t l e m i r a c l e s b u i l d a n i n n e r s u n t h a t g i v e s l i f e.' A n d I d i d." B l o o d s c r e a m e d: "G o o d L o r d, M a s t e r, I n e v e r k n e w
 y o u w e r e a p s y c h o a n a l y s t! S i n f a n s m i l e d: "Y e s, i n d e e d, B l o o d y: I o n c e h a d a v e r y, l a r g e p r a c t i c e. M y f i r s t j o b i n 1 9 6 2 w a s
 a t L i t t l e A m e r i c a, a f a n c y m e n t a l h o s p i t a l o f t h e c o u n t r y c l u b t y p e i n t h e w o o d s o f N e w Y o r k S t a t e. W h y D r. G r a n a d a
 s u m m o n e d m e t h e r e t o g i v e m e C a p t a i n G o o d a s m y f i r s t p a t i e n t I c a n o n l y a s c r i b e t o s o m e d i v i n e a p p r e c i a t i o n o f i r o n y
 i n h i s h i g h e r n a t u r e. M a x G r a n a d a w a s a v e r y s a d m a n, a m a n w h o s m e l l e d o f s o r r o w. H i s w h o l e f a m i l y h a d b e e n
 w i p e d o u t b y H i t l e r. W e l l, w e h a d a l o t i n c o m m o n, a l t h o u g h h e w a s w e l l o v e r f o u r f o o t t a l l. I a d m i r e d h i m."

"Who was



Captain, Good,
Master?" Blood
asked, Sinfan chortled,
"Bloody, he was a great
case of the show biz disease:
rapius imitatus. He looked
like Judy Garland imitating
Al Jolson down on his knees
singing Mammmy imitat
ed by Michael Jackson doing a
moon dance bleached blind
ing wh he. That was a
strange and sad
little case, all

right. There is a statue of him in the Fake Two Sides Of The Brain Totally Schizoid Hall of Fame. A very good friend of mine, had an old college
chum by name of Narciso Hotspur whose mother died while he was taking a shit and he slowly began to believe he was the man who
had dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. Captain Alan Sadd he had called himself pretending he was really Captain Good who
wore a pair of white tights with a big silver G glued on his chest which incidentally only had one breast as he was bisexed. He

believed Captain Good was really another
totally different personality which he called
Narsisco Hotspur (which of course was his
birth name) who ran around in a gold-lamé jump
suit fucking everything in sight: Knot holes, ants,
Lizards, Man haitan, the Bronx and Staten Island
too, the zoo, Greenwich Village. What's in a name?
First things first: How can I make you know how the
fall winds ripped through the trees? Everything
was gray but the sun yellow taxicab that was
taking me to Little America. I hadn't slept
more than two hours a night in 40 nights. I was
exhausted. I shivered in my wool greatcoat
like a new baby. I mused on my experiences

with Tempo and Hubris Perdue at the Grogrieff
Institute. Blood asked, "Who was Tempo Perdue
and what was the Grogrieff Institute?" Sinfan
said, "It was a marvelous place to learn to work
to become your Self. It was founded by the more
serious disciples of Pleashure Grogrief." Blood
gasped admiration and asked, "You mean the
Pleashure Grogrief of, he who can hold on
to pleashure has nothing to learn, the author of
HOLDING ON TO PLEASHURE, Master?

"Yes, he was evidently an amazing man. He
had traveled extensively in the East gathering,
and when necessary, stealing know ledge and practical me
genuine inner truth. Hubris and Tempo Perdue had met Grog
very young. He had a kind of powerhouse rief when they both were
ment in France. Tempo had been gassed in save the entire universe
death. Well, he decided that he knew better, France in 1918 and was given up for a slow
and checked out of the army hospital,
bought a farm in New York State and "work ed it for a few years until my
lungs

cleared out" as he put it. Then he wrote a letter to the French government asking to be allowed to travel around France to study French
agriculture. The French government was charmed and made him a ward of the French State. This gave him free transportation and entrée. He
traveled around France for a few years working on farms and to balance out this rusticity lived off and on next door to a brilliant theater in Paris
and cultivated the friendship of the actors and actresses. Tempo Perdue was a plain man, a simple man—a lone wolf really—I suppose this was
an effort on his part to learn charm and conviviality, which I assure you he mastered later. It is very difficult to out-charm a midget thirty-eight
inches high, as you know, and he made me look like a glacier... an ice cube. Most people who knew him only saw his deep sincerity and patience,
many people thought he was a nothing for he was hidden. You could say he was the secret that was hidden in the cocoon weaving a golden
cocoon around its Self. He was a great magician, you know. Tempo knew of different locations deep in the human being and how to activate
them in people by whirling his body subtly as he talked to them doing strange bird flights with his fingers in the air to direct peoples attention to
these locations within them. He was so fast most people never saw it. The first time I saw that people were asleep was one night on Lexington Avenue. I saw
Tempo Perdue walking toward me. I said to him, No one is looking at anything. He said, "They never see anything." Blood asked, "Is that why you jump
up on tables and wave your fingers around when speaking to us sometimes, Master?" Sinfan said, "Of course, Bloody, forgive my clumsiness. I'll
explain that later, first let me continue. I showed Tempo Perdue Ode No. 163 translated from the ancient Chinese Book of Odes by my
friend, David. All Tempo ever said about this is he once said to my friend David when he showed him some Chinese calligraphy, "That's right,
Windbag, go even as far as China to learn to understand how to be able to be." Ode No. 163 goes something like this in one direction or another:

SUPREME	My HORSES ARE BLACK	My HORSES ARE BLACK	My HORSES ARE BLACK	My HORSES ARE GRAY
SUPREME	WET COLTS	MANE GRAYS	MANE WHITES.	MANE WHITES
BRILLIANT	SIX REINS	SIX REINS	SIX REINS	SIX REINS
BLOOMING	SEEM TO	SILK LUTE	IRRIGATED	BALANCED
WILD STRA	BE MOIST	STRINGS	ENRICHED	WHOLE EVEN
WBERRY	BEGIN TO	BEGIN TO	BEGIN TO	BEGIN TO
FLOWER	GALLOP	GALLOP	GALLOP	GALLOP
GLORY	BEGIN TO	BEGIN TO	BEGIN TO	BEGIN TO
GOING	DRIVE	DRIVE	DRIVE	DRIVE
F A R	W H I P	W H I P	W H I P	W H I P
BEGIN	COMPEL	COMPEL	COMPEL	COMPEL
L O W	EXTEND	EXTEND	EXTEND	EXTEND
MARSHES	EVERY	EVERY	EVERY	EVERY
RUNNERS	WHERE	WHERE	WHERE	WHERE
RUNNERS	MA K E	MA K E	MA K E	MA K E
GOING	INQUIRIES	INQUIRIES	INQUIRIES	INQUIRIES
WORKERS	GET HELP	L E A R N	UNDERSTAND	GIVE HELP

CHERISH

TO SPREAD

TO REACH

born TO STRETCH

Tempo said: black and sl working on a I was taking s One dragged kitchen, acro and into the his han ds word for h the s ame he k	“Yes, white ho owly turn wh white horse fa ome white h me through ss a park, freight car.” and fingers orse. What pers on I how	rses are ite. On rm in F orses to Camar throug h the train As he told me thi exact ly like the strokes it did to me is hard to was be foreIm wire people,	ce I was rance a nd ship on a train. gue, thro ugh a station s, he flew in the Chinese say but I’m not Perdue. I believe as it were.	TO ATTAIN
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**And of course
Bloody, I'm very
bloody sure that
you have had to always**
have known that China
is the code name
for intentional
attention for
seekers ☆ of

O well, anyway, Bloody, as inner truth. I was about to say, in the early Twenties Tempo was in France searching for some one who could help him to understand himself and he ran into Pleasure Grogrief. Grogrief had an estate outside of Paris and Tempo was living in the gatehouse at the time of Grogrief's terrible car accident. The ambulance delivered Grogrief to his estate as he refused to go to the hospital saying, "The doctors will kill me," and told Tempo to carry him up to his room, remove all the metal clamps closing his deep lacerations and wrap him up tight in a white sheet. Tempo told me that the sheet was red from blood and the only tool he could find to remove the clamps was a rusty pliers. Well, Grogrief came from the mountains of Persia and was bundled in sheeting as a baby in the Asian fashion and I suppose he figured he was dead and could get alive again the same way it was done the first time. Of course, Grogrief knew the longevity exercises of the Naqshband Dervishes and could sense the cells of his wounds and breathe in a certain rhythm to allow them to heal quickly. Anyway, early the next morning, Tempo was asleep in the gate house and heard the gate creak. He leapt out of bed and ran to the gate. Grogrief was writing his book, **HOLDING ON TO PLEASURE**, at the time at the café in town and there he was, all dressed up, **suit, vest, coat**, and all, carrying his manuscript and walking terribly slowly down the road to town. Tempo asked, "Where are you going?" Grogrief said, "I have my aim," "That may be," Tempo said. "But let's stop and try to understand this." **Then he carried Grogrief back up to his bed. Later Grogrief demanded that huge fires be built on the lawn everyday. He sat and stared at the light in the flames. His belief was that he could transmute intense impressions of light into a fine substance to heal himself.**

Of course we would also say he was an urethral sadist, had regressed to infancy and demanded the warmth of urine through his eyes. Like little kids pee in bed to keep warm, and dream of flying up to the brightness of the sun until they wee wee and their wings melt, as it were." Blood asked. "How can you speak of such an important dead spiritualist in this fashion?" Sinfan said, "It's easy, Bloody, I'm alive and he's dead. Dead as a Dodo, old boy! And his delusion of Grandeur followers are 99 per cent goody goody phonies. You know people who believe in God some where down deep believe they are It." Blood smirked. "I never know if you really mean these strange things you say, Master." Sinfan chortled,

<p>"Of course I don't mean them, Why would I say what I see that! Do you think? I'm crazy! do you want me to do? Get pretend I'm even smaller than a human being died in old age cruel bitch! Alive! I tell you, I can live! I will live! And living, you cruel puritanical in bitch! You're High School! You're Temple! You want <small>!taf nekcibe ni deppid imalas wo</small>You're</p>	<p>Bloody! How could I! s true! Why would I do You cruel bitch! What down on my knees and an I am and sad because e? I'm alive, you rotten alive! Alive! I am alive! you can't stop me from indigenous peoples killing You're Church! You're TV! everyone to be the same!" death! <small>You salami dipped in chicken fat!</small></p>
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"O my! At least this industrial size midget is not cheap with air." Blood sneered into his mind. "Master do please do try to resist all of this unrefined screaming at me. Do please get down off your chair. Do please put your clothes back on," and he wondered how such a small person could have such a gigantic penis. Sinfan said, "And why not?" Blood sneered, "Master, how can you stop acting one way so fast and start another way? How can you calm yourself so fast?" Sinfan said, "It's turn something off, you know talking to you, Bloody. Come back tomorrow and I'll tell you some more." "Thank you, Master," Sir Archibald Blood said, and it looked to Sinfan as if the battle ruined retired brigadier was attempting at his mental bank to draw a means for his sustenance which he had put away long ago, and then surprised himself with a wish to withdraw a little extra for a sudden powerful yearning for some lost pitifully small sweetness from a childhood that was a bitter slavery to cruelty. "Beat it, Archie! I'm tired." Sinfan snapped. "You guys whose parents believed in God are never going to give up trying to Him. Get a sense of humor. There's no God. No heaven. No Hell. Just you, a crumb on the big blue marble. Sir Archibald Blood smiled cruelly and thought of his dear sweet wife at home who had been dying slowly for years of leukemia of the brain. She needs me, he thought, and the Master is angry at me for some reason. I really should control myself and go. Suddenly he blurted out: "Master, why do you sniff when you look at me?" Sinfan said, "The better to eat your focused mental energy! You screwball! Get out of here before you think I'm stealing your light! You giant shit face! You're making me sick to my little stomach! How could you do this to me?" Blood sneered, "Why do you always call me a cruel bitch, Master?" Sinfan said, "Because you treat me just the way your lousy mother used to treat you! You cruel rotten inhumane bitch!" Blood sneered, "As a Christian, I forgive you, Master." Someday I'll kill the little bastard, Sir Archibald Blood thought, and then, ahhhhh the Master is creating friction to get me to see his magic birth marks. Sinfan said, "Get out or I'll throw you out, you goddamn giant limey fruit! You cruel bitch! You lousy goody-goody boobs who've killed thousands and hurt millions and can't admit it disgust me! I may vomit! You should admit your hate more!"

*Man does not
live on food
alone, you*
*know, you
lousy little
fake Jesus!"*

¹ In the interest of cross cultural good taste Sinfan's world class priapiform has been generally reduced in size for this presentation in one direction or another.

NO ILLNESS TOO BIG
NO NUT TOO SMALL

Sinfan Tasmaguri sat back on his arm chair and stroked his tiny cheek. He fell in thought back through years to how the Fall winds ripped through the woods. Everything was gray but the sun yellow 2 tone 2 door custom Ford Love Of Jews Special Edition Edsel taxicab with shark fins that looked like tastefully spiked unpretentious gold star points and mysteriously dented chrome grill that looked like a big hooked Jewish nose. The taxicab was carrying him to Little America. He hadn't slept more than two hours a night for forty nights. He was exhausted cold shivering in his wool greatcoat like a baby as he mused on his experiences with Tempo and Hubris Perdue. He remembered a time his friend David Daniels at a very special secret Pleashure Grogrieff Institute meeting had asked Henri Infrequent the chief assistant of Jeanne Von Seldom who had been the Chief disciple of Pleashure Grogrieff for many years, "Why is it that every time I try to do this work I feel like a baby?" Infrequent said, "I must try not to do what I want. I must try to want what I do." Jeanne Von Seldom answered, "The wish to live is calling up to you from deep inside you. Listen to it. Find it. Follow it. Be it." Hubris Purdue had run over to Jeanne Von Seldom, fallen on one knee, and said: "Madam Von Seldom take David to Paris with you. Help him!" Jeanne Von Seldom smiled at David and said, "Non. David is not a stooge. David will do it himself! He will be free." "What are you, a midget or a dwarf?" the cabdriver yelled back. "I am a psychoanalyst, my good man," Sinfan snapped. "Oh yeah! And I'm a psychiatrist too! We all are around here!" The cabdriver leered through the rear view mirror and then giggled, "Ho. Ho. Ho. Hu. Hu. Hu. The world's littlest psychiatrist. Hee. Hee. Hee!" "Psychoanalyst!" Sinfan snapped, as he shivered in his greatcoat. "I'm a patient myself," the cabdriver said. "Crazy as a loon. Little America is a pretty good place. You'll like it here, Doc." "I'm sure I will," Sinfan sneered. "Know what my trouble is, Doc?" The cabdriver asked silence. "I think I'm a Jap midget. Ho Ho Ho Hu Hu Hu Hee Hee Hee." "You look Jewish to me," Sinfan Tasmaguri said. "You're treading on sensitive ground," the cabdriver said sternly. "I am 1/2 Arab." "Please leave me alone," Sinfan said. "I'm trying to remember something important." "You god damn shrinks are all alike," the cabdriver snapped. "So! I'm not good enough for you to talk to! Get into the truck! I'm reality! Forget your dreams!" "I'm trying to remember my Self," Sinfan said. "Yeah..." the cabdriver said very loudly and slow as if talking to a baby. "Yeah... How do you do that, Faigelah?" "I sense my being. That is, I empty my mind of all thought and feeling and place my focused mental energy on whatever I can sense of my being. Then I intentionally say 'I'm alive' in my head and sense 'wish to live' in my entire being. I AM ALIVE. I WISH TO LIVE," Sinfan screamed. "Hey, you're all right, Doc," the cabdriver said. "The name of the driver leered back into the rear view mirror and then started to cry. "What's your name?" Sinfan asked, accepting the inevitable. The cabdriver handed back a crisp, white embossed card: Max Granada, M.D. Abstract Psychiatrist, Director, Little America. I think it's good for me to drive a cab. Patient who couldn't (I CAN GET THE FINEST PSYCHOTHERAPEUTIC MILIEU FOR YOU WHOLESALE) pay me gave it to me. Brings me in a little extra," Max Granada said. "Ever since my nervous breakdown, I haven't been able to do anything else anyway. I'm the one who sent for you. Think you can help me?" Sinfan shivered like a baby in his wool greatcoat. His nerves seemed to be a burning tree of fire on his little chest there, I may not be able to walk," he said. "You may have to carry me." "OK, baby, don't worry about it," said Dr. Max Granada, gazing sadly back in to the rear view mirror and then muttering "God damn it! Every body's getting help but me!"

Suddenly it was silent **in the sun yellow taxicab.** "My brain is trembling in a coat of many colors," **Sinfan shivered. The Fall woods** raced by gray. Very bright light. Same sort of day as the one last week when Tempo Perdue and I shut off the water at the Ouspensky's Estate, Sinfan thought, and saw Tempo Perdue's hands slowly and deliberately tying a knot in some high flowers. They were old hands, red and cold, but they were unwrinkled and soft. They moved nimbly at slow speed. Even though Tempo Perdue was bending down, Sinfan had to stand on his toes to see. It was cold. Large blasts of frost came from Sinfan's small nostrils. He noticed that no frost was coming from Tempo Perdue's nostrils. Tempo Perdue glanced quickly down at Sinfan from some high chrysanthemums. "We tie all our flowers to a stake," Tempo said as his eyes met Sinfan's. A small glow rose up Sinfan's spine and crawled around his neck and shoulders like an ecstatic jeweled spider chrysanthemum in the crystal Fall dew. "It's beginning again," Sinfan thought, as a dark coal began to burn in his little chest. He remembered how he used to weed tomatoes on his knees under the previous July's burning sun and say "I am alive," in his head and sense: "I wish to live." with his entire being. "Life help me and all others who seek truth." He inhaled and sensed down his breath and sensed into his heart constantly day and night over and over to bake a wish to live into his heart and that's when his heart began to beat a burning bush into his chest. "I'm going up now," Tempo Perdue said and walked down the hill. Sinfan followed. When they got to the buried brick well that held the water turnoff, Tempo Perdue told Sinfan to climb down, into the well and shut off a water valve. "I was tired of stopping leaks," Tempo Perdue said down into the well. "So I put in a new pipe. Your pipe is old and leaks. When it gets cold your water gets bitter." At the bottom of the well Sinfan saw a curled scrap of paper. It looked like it had been in a fortune cookie. On it was typed: Shivering a cold chill Sinfan held his breath like an ic "Complete inhibition of breathing" is "the theoretical optimum of achievement in attention." J. Suter, "Die Beziehung Zwischen Aufmerksamkeit Und Atmung," Aech. Ges. Psych., Vol. 25, 1912. ed pipe. His mind was absolute es soared high empty. His eyes up out of the well to see an empty circle of sky with a black ring of iron around it. The large dark coal in his little chest started to glow cherry red as his small hand and closed the cold iron valve. "You can go up now" Tempo Perdue said. When Sinfan climbed up out of the well everything looked different.

Bright. Bright. He thought and saw in his mind the Sun and Moon of the Chinese **word** bright. "Don't think. It's deadly. Realize!" Tempo Perdue

said. Sinfan held his breath. His mind became empty. The world came alive and the crystal Fall dew danced before his eyes. "It's beautiful," he said to Tempo Perdue as the coal in his chest seemed to condense and burn orange-red. "I'm going up now," Tempo Perdue said. "You are dying. Allow it. You will die many deaths before you die." The coal in Sinfan's chest burned orange white. He repeated, Life Help Me And All Others Who Seek Truth, in his heart. The coal in Sinfan's chest burned white hot. Tempo Perdue said, "Every beginning is hard, and the hardest thing in mastering something is in giving it up." Tempo Perdue waved his fingers, whirled a bit, Thomas Hardy turned and walked down from the New York sheep, along the French Provincial dairy barn's kneeling cow moan.