

The Song of Nothing

The next day at dawn Sinfan entered his garden like a bee plunging into a rose for pollen. For a moment he cried like a Nightingale, so intently was his wish glowing for the rose of Sir Archibald Blood's mind to open. "The pollen-gorging bee has a plan! Blood's misery has a plan! I have a plan!" Sinfan screamed as he fell into an enormous rose bush, one big blue rose opening in his face. Sinfan removed a large thorn from, then sucked on, his thumb as he realized wordlessly: *No one ever pluck e d a rose without sensing the stab of a thorn, Hafiz.* Later, when that giant white rosebud arrived, I'll sting him mercilessly. His anger and bitter slavery to his cruel mother will rise up, smash against, **and explode** the steel prison of his self-deception into one giant rose; **I must make him take** the consequences of his self-cruelty. **He must become honest.** I must counterfe it wasp to **sting him into his own** deep hole y.

Later that **morning when** Sir Archibald Blood sat down in the arm chair facing Sinfan, Sinfan was easily very happy for his friend. It was hard for Sinfan to hide his happiness. I must be the Thorn of Truth, the Splinter of Reality. Sinfan realized wordlessly. "My wife had a difficult night," Sir Archibald Blood said sadly, as if from a vague darkness in his chest. "Of course she did," Sinfan said, sharpening his barb. "Have you ever perceived, you cruel bitch, that you are a giant hulk and that your wife is a skinny cadaver? Her eyes look like burned out fire-fly assholes. You're always smiling like a religious banquet and your wife always looks like she's a dead child starved for love." "She does have leukemia of the brain, Master. And she is the sickly phlegmatic type and I am the robust Jovian type." "Germ shit!" Sinfan snapped steel-ly. "Someone in your family is eating meat and someone is starving. You cruel bitch! You've driven her crazy with your phony religious zeal and now you're killing her! Why can't you be human? Why don't you fuck her once in awhile, you puritanical fruit! She's love-sick! You're just using the poor woman to get revenge on your cruel bitch mother! Turn on the tape recorder for Nixon's sake! Why should I talk to you about your ghastly victim when I can talk to the world about truly beautiful things?" "Why do you wish me to put questions to you for posterity, Master, if I'm such a monster?" Blood asked curtly as he opened his attaché case on his hard battle-scarred knees, took out a notebook and perused his neatly prepared questions. "Because you're just stupid and cruel enough to be able to ask just the right dumb questions most people would ask a higher mind like myself: **you elfin gully!** You amoebic gutter! You shrunken sidewalk crack! You compressed **anthole!** You minuscule flea slave of a giant cruel bitch! Put on the tape **recorder** and ask me some questions!" Sinfan demanded as he **carefully** adjusted the little white sheet he wore. **Al though he had quite** a few pin stripe suits **with vests made for** him which were **very comfortable**, even allowing **in g for his subtle** hunchback, he always wore his white sheet and sandals to receive Christian disciples as he believed it allowed them to be more compassionate toward him. "Please let me dust off your tape recorder, Master," Blood whined. "Sloth is such a punishing unforgiven sin." Sinfan screamed. "How long must this go on! Not again! Stop!" Sinfan snapped, hopped out of his armchair, skipped big hops across the room waving his arms and looked at eye level at the dust on his tape recorder. On tiptoe he reached over and wrote: "I love dirt. I am dirt." in the dust. "Sloth is next to laziness! And love loves the lazy." "Ask me some non little-life-killing questions, you colossally-compulsive greedy addict of murder! You cruel bitch! Next you'll be begging me to wipe my poor little asshole with sand paper!" Sinfan snapped on the tape recorder, skipped happily back to his armchair, hopped up on it and lit a cigarette. Blood snickered. "Very well, who was Hubris Perdue, Master?" Sinfan snapped, "Tempo's wife." Blood sneered, "Can you say more about her, Master?" Sinfan snapped. "No, I'm a deaf and dumb microbe." Blood foamed, "Would you please say more about her, Master? Was she cruel? Did she make you feel small, Master?" Sinfan snapped, "Can't you hear the door knocking? Answer the door, will you Bloody? This is the root of it all Bloody! You don't hear anything but your sane dog training! This root of it all! You are blind and deaf to all of life out side your aiming." Blood barked, "It's a telegram, r." Sinfan snapped, "Read me, Bloody." Blood snarled, "Master."

SPEECH UNDERSTOOD THOROUGHLY WITH FORMLESS EMPTY MIND OF SUCHNESS
IS UNDERSTOOD THOROUGHLY STOP SEEMS TO BE SUNLOCATED AT EMPTY
FIRMAMENT VOID STOP THIS FACT AT ONCE NOT IMMEDIATE OR GRADUAL
STOP IGNORANCE GRASPS ENLIGHTENMENT SLOW OR QUICK STOP FOR
INSTANCE THIS SEE INNER SELF GATE FOOLISH PERSON NOT MAYBE COMPREHEND
STOP TEACH WE MAY WITH EVEN TEN THOUSAND EXPLANATIONS STOP ALL
TRUTHS TERMINATE IN ONE STOP BURNING MIND CONFUSED ANGER IS GLOOMY
TOMB IN MIDDLE STOP ETERNALLY SHOULD GIVE LIFE TO SUBTLE WISE LIGHT
STOP MIND CORRUPTION BRINGS ONLY BURNING CONFUSED ANGER STOP STOP
BRINGING IT AND BURNING CONFUSED MIND ANGER ROOTED OUT STOP MIND
CORRUPTION STOP STOPPING IS ALSO NOT USABLE STOP IN PURE UNDEFILED
END NOTHING REMAINS STOP ENLIGHTENMENT ROOTS SPONTANEOUSLY AND
NATURALLY IN INNER SELF STOP TO ORIGINATE MIND OF SUCHNESS IS ABSURD
STOP UNDEFILED MIND OF SUCHNESS IS IN ABSURDITY'S MIDDLE STOP IF
INTELLIGENT PERSON FOLLOWS MENDS REBUILDS PRACTICES CULTIVATES THIS
STOP TIME SPACES TOTALLY WILL HAVE NO OBSTRUCTIONS STOP WISH TO
POSSESS TO SEE TRUE WAY STOP ^{HELP! I'M A PRISONER IN A GODDAM} DO STOPPING IMMEDIATELY NOW STOP THIS IS ^{GOODY GOODY FAKE SPIRITUAL KILLER OF HUMANITY} ^{B R A K E}
WAY STOP ONE'S SELF CONFORMS NOTHING TO WAY OF MIND OF SUCHNESS STOP
IN DARKNESS DO NOT SEE WAY STOP IF NEVER SUSPICIOUS OF SUN OF MAN STOP
ONE'S INNER SELF MANIFESTS GLITTERS STOP TRUTH RESIDES IN WORLD'S
MIDST STOP TO FLY FROM WORLD MIDST TO HUNT FOR ENLIGHTENMENT
EXACTLY LIKE SEARCHING FOR MAN'S VAGINA STOP STOP SEEING NAMED BIRTH
OF WORLD STOP MIND CORRUPTION SEEING NAMED WORLD MIDST STOP MIND
CORRUPTION STOP TOTALLY BEATEN REJECTED STOP ENLIGHTENED INNER SELF
IS AS IF STOP BURNING STOP THIS TELEGRAM IS SUDDEN WAY STOP NOT SLOW
WAY STOP FURTHER NAMED GREAT TRUTH TAXI IN A HURRY STOP CLOUDED LEARNING
PASSES THROUGH REPEATED ACCUMULATED SUFFERING STOP WAKE UP IN A MOMENT

STOP

STOP

S S S S S S S S S S T O P

Sinfan said, "Well isn't that nice. What a lovely little telegram. It leaves me breathless. I don't think I've gotten one that good in a long time. Oh. Yes. What were you asking me before, Bloody? About whom were we speaking?" Blood said. "Hubris Perdue, Master." Sinfan sighed like an expiring Humminbird, "Ah, yes, Hubris Perdue. Well Bloody, Hubris Perdue was quite a person. She was the kind of woman, not unlike your late mother, Jungle Jane Dropsie, who would reason endlessly with children in the crib that masturbating was really unnecessary and would lead to grave mysterious shortcomings later in their lives. She was also something else. Can you imagine Joan Of Arc playing Mary the mother of God in a Noel Coward musical of Medea Meets King Lear Goes To Denmark For A Sex Change? The first time I met Hubris Perdue, she had just gotten out of the hospital where she had come close to dying. At least that's what I'd been told, of course with Hubris one never *knew* anything, as in her youth she had been a professional actress. At any rate, I rang her doorbell expecting to be greeted by a dying old woman, or at least her nurse. Instead, the door was opened by the divine Hubris with a mighty "Hello, Daahling" of the Theaatre. As she was looking two feet above my little head, she made an imperceptibly subtle recovery, and looking straight down at me exclaimed, "How utterly charming, Dear," and shook my little hand with enormous crushing strength. "Your hand is too limp, Dear," Hubris said. "Put all your strength in your handshake or people will think you're a little fairy, Dear." She smiled, turned and walked into her living room. It was then I noticed that she was wearing a real leopard skin bathrobe with the head and tail still on the skin; the leopard head, eyes, teeth and all hung down like a hood behind her head and the tail dragged along the floor behind her. "Sit down, Dear!" Hubris said and I climbed up on a large sofa. Hubris reached for a jade box of cigarettes on a real sawed-off elephant foot table. "Have a cigarette?" she asked. "Thank you." I said, climbed down off the sofa, took one, lit it, and climbed back up on the sofa. "I haven't smoked in a year, Dear," Hubris said. "Will-power, pneumonia, bronchitis, emphysema, all that sort of thing. But you go right ahead and smoke anyway." I was beginning to think she was stupid. Where I come from one's hands are supposed to be so dead and relaxed that a bird landing on them would be unable to fly off. But then I saw Hubris Perdue sit down and it was one of the more memorable sights of my life. It was as if she were doing the Louis XIV chair she sat on, and me, an enormous favor on the surface, but you could see somehow that the unbelievably subtle adjustments of the leopard robe, the "Dears" and all that, were all an act; for as she sat, she changed completely into the presence and being of a Sudden School Master or what you'd call a saint on a golden throne. Her entire being seemed to radiate the room and a look of profound seriousness grew on her face like the opening of my latest rose: the Blue Rose Remembrance. Remarkable, Bloody. Absolutely and utterly remarkable. "Yes?" Hubris asked, her enormous eyes seeming to look right down and through me. "I have been told that you can help a person to understand themselves and that you can teach them how to achieve truth," I said. "As I aspire to be a psychoanalyst, these things are important to me. Please show me these things." "You are the salt of the earth, Dear, but what good is salt that has lost its savor? What is your savor? You are the light of the world, Dear, but you are hiding your candle under a thimble. What is your light? Where is it? You see you've lost contact with yourself. What you're looking for is inside you, Dear," Hubris said. "The first thing you have to learn is how to remember to be in contact with yourself, but in order to do that, you need a great deal of attention. Here is an exercise you should do every morning when you first wake up. In between sleeping and waking something precious in a person is open. Do it as I describe it to you now and you'll understand it better." Hubris Perdue looked down at the floor, then seemingly in at her own life, let out one of her profound and mysterious sighs that seemed to be prayers for the entirety of Life itself and said: "At first, close your eyes as you will be able to concentrate better. Later, you will be able to open your eyes and see. This is the way in. The way to the heart of the mind, Dear. First things first, one step at a time, and first is always sitting. When I sit I hold myself up. I then sense my body and allow it to rise. I quiet my body. If I sense unnecessary tension anywhere, I place my attention on that place and try to allow it to melt and all this time yearning to be up, to rise. It's like placing yeast in the dough of your body. When your body is quiet and up, place your attention on your mind. If you perceive any words, pictures, thoughts, visions, colors, daydreams, try to place your attention on them until they disappear. After all, this is the Song of Nothing, Dear. When my mind and body are quiet, I place my attention on my right foot. I actively attempt to perceive as deep and fine sensations as I can of my foot. Pulse. Skin. Bones. Nerves. Whatever I can sense. Then I move my attention slowly up my right leg, sensing as I go. Skin. Calf. Knee. Thigh. It's like taking a trip around yourself, Dear. When I reach the top of my right leg, I place my attention on my right hand, and actively try to perceive as deep and fine sensations as I can as I carefully and slowly sense my hand and then with equal care and consideration sense slowly up my right arm to the top. Then I place my attention on top of my left arm and with equal care and attention slowly sense down my left arm to my left hand. Then I sense down my left leg, again slowly and carefully, into my left foot. It's like taking a trip around yourself, a long and gentle trip, Dear. Always try very hard to perceive the deepest and finest sensations you can. We must become more sensitive, Dear. This is the next step for Humanity. Now do it yourself and when you reach your left foot, open your eyes and I will explain the state you are in to you while you are in it." Well, Bloody, as you well know, the first time you take a trip around yourself, you wonder why you've ignored yourself all your life and you become different. Everything seems different. Suddenly, after sensing all those little galaxies of sensations, you're no longer on a raft in strange seas, you're home. I opened my eyes, and they met Hubris Perdue's. It was as if there was nothing in between us, although a cruel idiot like you would say that the air between us was infused and outfused with shining light and peace, as she explained: "You are in a state of collected attention. The mind is like a little bird, Dear. It flies wherever it wants to, on to billboards, daydreams, fears. One must train the mind to sit on one's hand. What is the difference between little birds and great big intelligent human beings, Dear?" "I don't know," I said, hearing my large booming voice very clearly. "Well, nobody *knows* that, Dear. We realize, we intuit that. The difference between little birds and great big intelligent human beings is that little birds wish to fly off in all directions and great *big intelli* gent human beings fly away from all directions. This exercise for collecting attention is *very important*, Dear. Among other things, it turns your left and right sides into magnets and generates *something elect* rical in the middle. It's all anyone who knew anything would ever tell anyone to do. *Just sense your arms and legs*, though, Dear, stay away from your head and torso, it's like defining the *edge of a po* ol when you sense your arms and legs. If you notice anything in the middle that's *fine*, but for the *ti* me being just sense your arms and legs carefully, searchingly. Later, you will see much in the *deep po* ol of the heart of the mind." Hubris Perdue sighed deeply and seemed to open her already *wide-open* giant blue eyes even wider, smiled down on me sweetly, and said: "Try to see how long you can *kee p* your attention on your right hand when you are out for a walk or talking to someone. You must *kee p* your attention out in the world as well as inside yourself, you know, Dear, otherwise *your eyeballs w* ill roll back into your head, as it were, Dear. Come see me next week and I'll tell you more." Hubris ro se up and smiled as I climbed down off the sofa. "I must get a little chair," she said mysteriously. "Ho w tall are you, Dear?" "About thirty-eight inches," I said. "Never forget that, Dear. *Never forget where you come from*." "Thank you, you are very kind," I said as she showed me to the door. "You're very we lcome, Dear." Hubris Perdue said, and then she screamed, "Just sense *what's there!* Beware of imagination! Try to sense things as they really are!" and then with all her might she suddenly slammed the d oor shut in my face. "How beastly! Did it hurt you, Master?" Sir Archibald Blood asked, a cruel smile stealing over his face. "No, it didn't reach my body or feelings, Bloody, I was out of the way. In fact, I have heard it said that when you slam one door shut, it rips open another." "Is this why you are rude to me sometimes, Master?" Sir Archibald Blood asked. "No, not at all, Bloody," Sinfan said, smiling sweetly and fondling, as if flowers, perhaps, the candy bars and Camel cigarettes he almost always h eld on his lap. "When I am nasty to you, I am truly and genuinely and sincerely in deepest contempt for your slimy ass-kissing, superficial, goody-goody slavery. You giant boob! Get out of here! You sl ave of a cruel bitch! Come back tomorrow and I'll tell you more!" Ah! Sir Archibald Blood thought, the Master is slamming a door in my face, but he knows subtler ways to do it than merely moving w ood. The Master is the Kung fu Master of the mind. "No I'm not, Bloody," Sinfan said as he passed at nose level and smelled the now-vacated armchair seat of Sir Archibald Blood. How grotesque, I m ay vomit. He uses lavender cologne on his ass, probably even had it on when he put down the Calcutta riots in '43, Sinfan realized, and then said, smiling sweetly up at Sir Archibald Blood: "I'm just a thirty-eight-inch-tall midget who hates your bitter slavery to cruelty with all his intellect, with all his emotion, with all his might. Lucky for you, I also possess intelligence, the Heart of the World, and re alize that in spite of your bitter slavery to cruelty, you are a human being and have just as much rig ht to live as anything else." Sinfan suddenly stopped. "Instead of repeating that I absolutely hate your bitter slavery to cruelty, Bloody, as I was saying to you before I checked my imp ulse, I will say this: All the beautiful species of life have their own way and shouldn't interfere wit h each others'. So get off my poor little back, you greedy, bitter liar! You can't admit how cruel your mother was. You'd rather hold on to her cruelty than be a happy orphan. Goodbye." On his way out, gripping his bl ack case as if it were the coffin of his good will, Sir Archibald Blood tried very har d not to think, Someday, after I learn his secrets, I'll kill the wicked little bastard, as he now re alized that his beloved sp iritual Master could read his mind and that a large black coal seeme d to have been planted so mehow in his chest. "That's right"

Sinfan screamed!
stop your black mind!
-theend0 @ clip ur
You pile of Queen shit!

As
he
sh
ut
his
do
or
ge
ntly,

Sinfan realized, Though I've attacked you
and helped you, you are a better man than I
am, Sir Arc hib ald Blo od. E v e n w hen you
wer e t h e h e l p l e s s v i c t i m o f a c r u e l m o t h e r,
e v e n w h e n y o u w e r e k i l l i n g, y o u w e r e y e a r n
i n g f o r j o y, l i g h t, a n d p e a c e. Y o u a r e a p e r s o n
a n d I a m a m e r e t h i r t y - e i g h t - i n c h t a l l f r e a k,

Thorn of Truth, S
person instead of a great aristocrat of the mind. I'm getting tired of having to be big. I wish
were someone bigger than me who could help me like I help everyone else. But I've outgrown them all. Oh, well, it's just
the principle and privilege of greatness. Sinfan hopped back to his armchair and stroked his cheek. He lit a cigarette, some
how blew ice crystal-shaped smoke rings about him, and sighed. He sighed again, more deeply, deep in a way that carried him back
through the years to how the 1962 Fall winds ripped through the iced trees as he shivered in his wool greatcoat. Everything was gray but the
arching sign over the icy road that said: LITTLE AMERICA: WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW HURTS YOU. Sinfan hadn't slept for more than
two hours a night for forty nights. He was exhausted and shivered in his greatcoat like a baby as Dr. Max Granada carried him in his arms under that
sign into Little America, and down its Main Street, past its shops and post office, and then turned onto a home and lawn-sided street called Normal Lane.
"Try to walk! O.K., baby," Max said as he put Sinfan down on the icy black street. "My arms are killing me." Sinfan tried to walk. "It's strange," he said.
"It's as if I never learned to walk, as if I'm going to fall down." "It used to happen to me all the time," Max said. "I just kept walking. You're sending too
much blood and not enough oxygen up to your head. Your face looks like it's on fire." Walking down Normal Lane cautiously like an ancient fording a swift
stream, Sinfan's nerves seemed to be burning a tree of fire on his little chest. Suddenly, he heard a voice within the burning tree. It said: "Walk, little Master.
I am always with you. Do not be afraid. Walk, you can do it. One step at a time." Who are you, Sinfan silently asked the silent word with in the burning nerve
tree on his chest as he stopped and took off his tiny white wing-tipped shoes. "I am," it said. "Put your little shoes back on your feet, little Master, for you are
sacred ground." "Who are you?" Sinfan asked out loud as he stopped and put on his tiny white wing-tipped shoes. "I am Life," Max Granada said merrily.
The two, one well over four foot tall, his silver mane of hair shining over his black cape, the other not too much smaller and shivering heroically now in his
great coat, walked slowly down the icy black street holding hands against the treachery of the ice and eternal cold of Fall. They came to a split-level ranch
house. A pleasant enough man on the front lawn in a plaid shirt and golf cap smoked a pipe as he raked leaves with a giant rake. "Wow is he crazy!" Max
said out of the corner of his mouth as they watched the man raking leaves. "Crazy as a loon! What a nut!" Sinfan said, "Obviously," smiling weakly. And
then, "There's something shining in his pile of leaves." Max grunted. "Oh, no! Let's go, baby! You're his shrink!" They walked slowly over to the slow raker
of leaves. "Hello, Bill," Max said. "Bill, this is your new shrink, Dr. Tasmaguri. Dr. Tasmaguri, this is Bill Bizerkowits." "Hello, good to meet you," Bill Bizer
kowits said, puffing his pipe and leaning on his rake pleasantly enough. Sinfan smiled weakly. "What do you have in your pile today, Bill?" Max asked
as he and Sinfan and Bill stared at a seemingly dead white body with a silver gleaming on its chest in the pile of dead leaves. Suddenly, the leaves parted
and up out of them sprang a half man in white tights with a silver G on his chest singing in a loud booming lisp, stretching out his arms like a white fountain, "The
trumpets shall thound! The dead shall be rithen. And we shall be tchanged!" In his left hand was a white plastic pistol. "Don't worry, baby," Max whispered
out of the corner of his mouth down to Sinfan. "It's an electric water pistol. He keeps warm milk in it." Sinfan smiled weakly. "How do you do," the man
in white tights lisped in a deep masculine commanding voice, seriously wrinkling his forehead. "Captain Good with my name and cleaning the world of Jap filth
with my game! Oh it's truly merry to die and be born again! How thweet it is!" Sinfan smiled weakly. "Every cloud has a silver lining, baby," Max Granada
leered down at Sinfan Tasmaguri and then issued his now familiar and extraordinary Semitic giggle. "HoHoHoHuHuHu Hee Hee Hee." Captain
Good suddenly sprayed warm milk from his white plastic electric water pistol onto Max, Sinfan and Bill Bizerkowits, and then sprang off on
tip toe through the icy woods behind the split-level ranch house, singing out loudly and deeply like a serious news commentator. "Thankth
for playing death with me, thankth for the tomb of leavth, Bill! Oh! Ith'th merry being clean! Oh tho merry! I'm clean, I tell you! Clean!
Clean! Really! Really! Clean! I thmell clean. I hear Clean! I t asth clean. I thee clean. Clean! I am The Good." Pensively Bill Bizerkowits
said, "Nice day, isn't it," looking up at the gray Fall sky, leaning on his rake, puffing his pipe pleasantly enough, as Sinfan and Max
turned and walked slowly away from him down the icy road. "Thin k it will snow?" "Wow, is he crazy!" Max whispered down
to Sinfan as they walked away. "Wow! Is he crazy! Raking leaves on a day like this! Imagine! Raking leaves on a day
like this!" He shook out his silver mane and pulled his black cape over his shoulder in a sweeping gesture of
grand defiance into the icy fall winds. "Who are you?" Sinfan asked the silent word in the burning
nerve tree on his little chest. "You are dead. Pick up your life and walk," it said. "I am always
with you." Sinfan smiled weakly as he looked around and saw the bright Fall light
dance on the crystal trees. I am dead, Sinfan realized. Cold. Dead. A frozen

arrow's
ice quiver.
I have died before my death. Sinfan
shivered. It was an ice cold Fall shiver.
From my giver to my giver.