

## ANTO THREE

### Middle Axle

As he sat in the armchair facing Sin fan the next morning, Blood's face was not its usual pinko gray. It was devil red. Instead of his usually crisp, rigorous composure, he was squirming. Sinfan realized wordlessly: *It's started*, as he lit a cigarette, adjusted his little white sheet subtly, lifted one little leg up over his armchair arm, placed his free hand behind his head, and somehow blew square smoke rings about him as he studied the large balding Englishman carefully. "Master," Blood halted: "Master. No! I cannot bring myself to say this. It is too bitter! Too cruel! No. No. Never! Sinfan demanded kindly: "Say it, Bloody," somehow blowing heart-shaped smoke rings about him, "We're just two poor little homeless orphans; what can we lose? Beneath your bitterness is beauty. It won't surface on the sea of your mind until your bitterness rises and evaporates. Speak up! It will be better for us." Blood blurted: "There is something I must tell you, Master. It's difficult for me. Perhaps the most difficult thing I've ever had to say to anyone. It's not that I don't want to say it. I have to say it. I truly realize that you are a great spiritual figure. I have the greatest respect for you and I must say it. I must." Sinfan said: "OK You're all right, Bloody," sprouting up quickly in his armchair. Blood's balding devil-red head lowered to his necktie with the slow force of a heavy sun setting over a tense empire. bars flew off his lap. Like a little white blurred sheet he flew across the room and snapped on the tape recorder. Instantaneously, Blood's head shot up from his chest and he roared: "As far as I'm concerned, Wogs start beyond this armchair! I'm going to kill you, you bloody little wog bastard! I'm going to squash you!" Sinfan said: "Thank you, Bloody. I was very kind of you to say that. I thought you were going to say that you finally fucked your poor little wife and she died from your first massive thrust. Things could be worse. But sometimes just when things seem darkest, just around the next corner, you can see a little light." Blood said: "Master, when I just ran over to squash you with my fist, you kept speaking, merely raised one little open hand to my fist, and I flew back into my chair. I am two times taller than you and must weigh four times more than you. How did you do that?" Sinfan said: "You're always looking for cheap miracles. I didn't do it. You did. You like me too much to injure me because I'm just like you. I am the same in size relationship to you as you were to your mother when you were very little. The difference between you and me is that you're always looking for great spiritual phenomena, Bloody, and I'm always seeking humanity. I just want to be an ordinary person." Sinfan pushed a switch on his armchair to a level 5 roar to activate the Fart Machine under Blood's chair. Blood blushed: "How droll My mother would have killed me for that one. Master, something strange is happening to me. A kind of London Christmas coal fog is collecting in my chest. What is this?" Sinfan said: "Ah! You see, Bloody, you're beginning to seek humanity. Or then again, were you hurt? Are you getting a coal in your Christmas stocking, you bitter child? How many times did you get coal in your Christmas stocking, Bloody?" Blood mused: "Many times. Once for smiling at mother when she was scolding me. "You will burn in Hell for that wicked smile, Master!" she screamed at me, "now bend over and take your licks!" but what is this darkness in my chest, Master? What does it mean?" Sinfan smiled: "Oh, it's just anxiety, Bloody. You see, one part of you likes me very much and another part of you wants to kill me, and these parts of you are clashing by night on some dark beach of your mind: perhaps across the channel of your mind in its Calais where the Wogs start. What you sense in your chest is merely the smoke of battle. Blood said: "But I don't really want to kill you, Master." Sinfan sighed: "Don't lie, Bloody. Yes. You really do want to kill me. And you want to fuck me too. I am helping you to understand yourself. That is love, you know." Blood whimpered: "Master, how will I ever learn truth from you, if you continue to say these strange things that I don't even know if you mean or not? What do these heavy, strange, materialistic things you say have to do with spiritual truth?" Sinfan said: "Nothing, Bloody. Nothing. And everything. Tell me, what is the pearl that is washed up on the shore of the ocean of being?" Blood thought: *And what am I supposed to make of this?* Sinfan said: "Nothing. In the end nothing remains." Blood droned: "Well, this is getting nowhere, Master." Sinfan said: "Away from all no wheres." Blood sneered: "Very well, this is getting us excessively nowhere. I heartily suggest we go on with taping your memoirs. Master, have you been taping this frightful scene?" Sinfan chirped: "Yes, life Bloody." Blood asked: "Why?" Sinfan said: "Because someday I will play it back to you and you will see when your entire life changed. Clang. Like a steel bud exploding into a blood rose." Blood sneers: "I've been warned about your rude methods. I suggest that we continue with my questions for your memoirs. Master. I feel that this is all that remains between us." Sinfan chirps: "Your feelings and \$3000 will get you a stateroom on The Queen Elizabeth Two, Bloody. Well, as you crave it, let's resume our dull charade of nordic dead work. Ask me some questions, Bloody. Why should I waste my energy explaining your latent homosexuality to you." Blood sneers: "My what! Now you're telling me I'm a bloody fag raver!" Sinfan chirps: "No, not at all, Bloody. Slow down. And if you were a homosexual, so what? What's wrong with that? You would still be alive. You would still be a person with a birthright of peace, prosperity and happiness. Please try to understand. All people have an identification from early childhood not only with their parent of the same sex, but also with their parent of the opposite sex. A homosexual is a person with a powerful identification with their parent of the opposite sex. You have a relatively minor identification with your mother, the late Jungle Jane Dropsie; but because this is unknown to you, it frightens you. You're afraid you're queer. For instance, you tend to regard relaxation and kindness as weakness. You shake hands too hard. You're afraid that being relaxed is feminine." Blood roars: "And is there anything further wrong with me, Master?" Sinfan giggles: "Well, the only other thing that comes to mind is your mistaken belief down deep that I'm a poor Limehouse kid and you are Lady Dropsie and want to fuck me. Ho. Ho. Ho. Hu. Hu. Hu. Hee. Hee. Hee." Blood snarls: "You bloody treacherous Wog! Now it's my poor departed mother you're raking through the muck! You've gone too far! She worked so hard to overcome her spiritual degeneration!" Sinfan chirps: "Bloody, please try to understand. Sit down, stop beating your swagger stick on the goldfish bowl. Because I'm so small and cute, you feel that I'm the baby Archibald Blood and that you are Lady Dropsie, my mother. Hence, dear boy, your inane laundry lady's daughter raves and cruel oppressive mothering attempts." Blood barks: "I've faced the tiger of Bengal! I've stuck the wild boar of Rajastan! I've fucked to the death the Rommel of El Alimein, but no one has ever called me a fruit, Wog! I suggest you watch your tongue, you spooky little nipper! You've penetrated too far into my privacies! I'm coming to you for spiritual growth! Heart open! On the knees of my mind!" Sinfan says: "Yes, Bloody, I suppose I have. Well, there's always work, isn't there? Please stop crying when you wish to, and resume your questions. Take your time, everyone has their own tempo. Feel better?" Blood halts: "Yes. Yes. So I am not to call you Master anymore, as my mother called me that? It's just my way of pretending I still have my mother with me, inside me as it were?" Sinfan says: "Bravo, Bloody! You're right! Quite quick! Quite correct! Now strangely enough, when moms wean the kids acid to digest the milk they want, but do not have, enters their little stomachs. There is no milk there to use the acid. The acid burns, blazes; this sends sensations from the cramps in the stomach up the nerves to the chest. Baby screams. Rages. The whole world explodes. Baby cries. When you're near tears, you're near the truth, Bloody." Blood stands at attention: "We're all orphans, as it were?" Sinfan smiles a yell: "You are right! You know, Bloody, I really prefer Wog to Master. It's much more honest. But couldn't you make it Super-Wog or at least Mighty Nip?" Blood asks: "But everyone calls you Master." Sinfan says: "Do I tell them to call me Master? How many times have you heard me say, I'm just a person, just like you? Can I help it if no one wants to learn from my example?" Blood asks: "Well, what should I call you Master?" Sinfan chirps: "Bloody." Blood says: "But that's not your name. That is my name." Sinfan says: "Very well. Let's descend a bit on the scale of human understanding. This is America, Bloody. Most people here, Bloody, in this beautiful garden, Bloody, call each other by their first names, Bloody. It's an old custom, Bloody. And has an enormous amount of good in it, Bloody." Blood says: "Very well, Sinfan, let us proceed with my prepared questions." Sinfan says: "Thank you, Archie. Let us proceed." Blood asks: "Could you say more of some of those you have learned your wisdom from, Hubris Perdue perhaps, Sinfan?" Sinfan asks: "What more about her could anyone need to know? Blood asks: "Perhaps a bit more about the ways she decimated her wisdom?"

Sin fan says: "Well, Arc hie, Hub ris Per due had very  
 stra nge ways of dec api tati ng in for ma tion. One night  
 very long ago, I was v ery tir ed. I' d ju st s pent all d ay ha  
 yma king under broil ing July sun, stack ing and saltin g away  
 bales of hay up in a steamy hay loft, and doing quite rigor ous ps ycholo  
 gical exerci ses in my min d. Pr obab ly co unting from 1 to 50 and b ack to 1  
 and up to 2 th en 49 to 2 and back to 3 a nd th en 48 to 3 a nd so f orth. I was near  
 the ple asant so rt of p hysical ex hausti on. As I collaps ed on a lawn chair I looked up at the  
 stars i n the blac k Nort h New Jer sey sk y. My m ind e mpty a s zero. My hea rt a sil k cloud  
 Hubris Perdue drove up the lawn toward me in her Jaguar at 80 miles p er hour, slammed on her,  
 brakes, one big bright he adlight in my little face, and scream ed out at me, "I'm goi ng for a pl easant  
 drive, Dear. Would you care to come along?" "Yes, Thank you," I said, and climbed up into the front  
 seat b eside her and pulled the car door shut. "You're just like your friend Daniels," Hubris sa id, "He  
 almo st killed himself destroying his dog training. Aren't you creatures afraid of anything?" "He is  
 free." Sinfan said. Hubris thundered, "All he has is his freedom and a beautiful woman. I' f you

c reatur es were churchgoers you' d have magnificent positions in the Grogrieff Work. Danie ls coul d  
 h ave h ad a magnificent career in the Arts. You creatures leap in on all fours where angel s fear t o  
 tre ad. T his is the slow deliberate way," Hubris said precisely. Sinfan said, "I am going to do it to o.  
 I am s udden school." Hubris snarled, "It isn't an easy life you've chosen for your Self. Why ca n't  
 you b e like Mr. Maybiché and Mr. Pehapski," Hubris mega purred, "They do everything I tel l th em  
 to do a nd one day they'll be eating at banquets in the grand dining room instead of washing g dis hes  
 in the kitc hen. As Mr. Sinclear is already doing." Hubris roared like a hungry midnight lio ness then  
 slammed the heel of her big walking shoe, with its leather fringe over  
 the laces, down on the accelerator and off we rac ed into the night. It was dark.

There was no moon. The giant Jaguar was soaring down the dirt roads through the moonlit woods  
 at 90 miles per hour. It was all I could do to stay in my customary squat on the front seat.

I was sure we would fly off the road or crash into a tree, and almost all of me wanted  
 to fling my arms back over the seat and raise my little work boots onto the dash

board to cushion any coming shock. Once in a while Hubris would look

down at me with her enormous eyes, a tiny bit of white froth was at  
 the corner of her mouth, her hair was wild as if serpents, and she

seemed to be pretend ing not to smile. I thought she was

testing my reaction to fear and as I saw the dirt road's

rocks and holes rac e blindly out of the darkness under

the front of the car before us at break-neck speed,

I was determined to appear brave. Then I began

to feel afraid for her. Her gold head band

glared a mysterious moon white. Her

face became absolutely demonic

Does she want to kill herself. I

thought, why isn't this nice old

lady wearing a nice esoteric off shoulder

summer dress with a biblical saying at home

making chicken soup for her lovely daughter,

twistina? She drove off of the road and across a field and came to a hill. She put her big

walking shoe down to floor the accelerator. I thought we'd fly off the top of the hill which held

a huge hedge across it. My mind went blank as the Jaguar cut through the hedge. As we roared down

the hill and into the duck pond, and up out of it through a herd of sheep, Hubris turned to me calmly, took

**EEK DON'T WANT IT THE MEEK DON'T WANT IT THE**

her hands off the steering wheel and seemed to hiss in slow motion: "If you're going to do something do it. This is the  
 way we do things, Dear. We run over everything. I dislike using such a crude word, Dear, but the great prerequisite  
 for the attainment of truth is plain old-fashioned guts. You just have to keep going no matter what happens." I seemed  
 to remember my friend David Daniels when he was totally miserable had disappeared to live alone in Chinatown without  
 seeing anyone he knew, eating only a plate of duck over rice each day and learning Chinese writing for a year and then  
 I seemed to hear one of my father's sayings: **PATIENCE IS TO BEAR THE UNBEARABLE. The door is knocking,**  
 Archie." Sinfan chirped. Blood asked: "It's a telegram, old chap, shall I read it?" Sinfan said: "Good thinkin', Lincoln."

NOT INCLINED TO ONE SIDE IS CALLED  
AXLE GRIND GREAT UNMOVING MIDDLE  
PROCESS GRIND GREAT TURNING AXLE  
PRINCIPLE GRIND HEAVEN SENT AND SEA  
REALIZATION OF SELF CALLED WAY GRIND C  
GRIND WAY MAY NEVER BE BY ANY MEANS  
WHAT MAY BE FLOWN FROM NOT WAY EVER  
WHEAT IN HEAD'S MORTAR TO FIT IT FOR U  
AND LOOKS INTO OWN MIND GRIND  
OBSERVING GRIND ALERTLY LISTENS  
CONSEQUENCE BEFORE HEARING GRIND  
HELP! I'M A PRISONER IN A CENT  
TO AND QUESTIONS ALL SECRETS OF THE  
SECRETS CLEAN AND DIRTY BIG LITTLE A  
GRIND ALL VERY CONSPICUOUS ALTHOUGH  
PERSON LOOKS INTO OWN MIND WHEN A  
HAPPINESS RAGE GRIEF DELIGHT GRIND CA  
ARE ALTOGETHER ECONOMIZED IN MIDDLE  
MIDDLE IS HEAVEN BELOW GRIND IS GREAT  
IS PURSUED PROCESS ALSO GRIND RULE M  
EARTH INNER PLACE AFFIRMED GRIND E

MIDDLE GRIND NOT CHANGING IS CALLED  
E GRIND THIS HEAVEN BELOW IS LAWFUL  
GRIND THIS HEAVEN BELOW IS ABSOLUTE  
LED IN A PERSON IS CALLED SELF GRIND  
ELARIFICATION OF WAY CALLED EDUCATION  
FOR AN INSTANT FLOWN AWAY FROM GRIND  
GRIND INTELLIGENT PERSON GRINDS MIND'S  
SE GRIND INTELLIGENT PERSON IS CAUTIOUS  
ASKS THIS AND THAT CONSEQUENCE BEFORE  
TO OWN MIND GRIND ASKS THIS AND THAT  
RIFUGAL METAPHYSICAL NUT  
INTELLIGENT PERSON EXTENSIVELY LOOKS IN  
IR OWN MIND GRIND REPEAT GRIND ALL  
ND GROSS AND SUBTLE GRIND END REPEAT  
SEEMINGLY HIDDEN GRIND INTELLIGENT  
LONE ALSO GRIND BE NOT MOVED BY  
LL THIS MIDDLE GRIND WHEN MOVINGS  
GRIND CALL THIS HARMONY GRIND  
ROOT AND HARMONY GRIND MIDDLE  
IDDLE HARMONY GRIND HEAVEN ON  
VERYTHING NOURISHED IS AFFIRMED

GR IND

wodynsoul.com  
 Sinfan realized word  
 lessly: Whistling  
 in the dark! Try  
 ing to cover up  
 his bitterness  
 again! Ly  
 ing! Sinfan scream  
 ed: "You're not a stock  
 ing and it's not so bad  
 to get a coal in the heart  
 of your mind! It may real  
 ly be a Christmas orange af  
 ter all. At first it's a very bit  
 tert sing but it can become as  
 sweet as honey. What is the pearl  
 washed up on the shore of the ocean  
 of being, Archie?" What a liar! I don't  
 believe he'll make it! His mother was too  
 cruel. He has to lie to cover up too much  
 hurt. Oh, well, others have, other s will.  
 That is t hat. This is this. Good no more mind  
 talk have to ke ep one's cla m sh  
 make a pe arl fr om the to ngue's  
 ster, Sinfan realized wo rdlessly  
 he watched Bloo d disappear  
 wn the street. Sin fan turned,  
 pped to his c lose t, changed  
 to hi s little r ed and white  
 owe r ed lav a-l ava and then  
 lked i nto hi s garden. As  
 ere we re so many roses  
 Sinfan's ga rden, he had  
 stroll ver y cautiously, his  
 es alm ost grazing one big  
 s e a fter ano ther. When he  
 ac h ed his sit ting place und  
 a t ree, he ho pp ed up onto a  
 wn chair in t he gr een shade and  
 re tched in. S in fan gazed out ov  
 th eblazing roses for one big brig  
 pr ecious m oment and then called  
 on e of his s tudents wh o was water  
 gh is roses w ith a gold water wand. Sinfan  
 ll ed to the larg e, perspirin g youth. "Blemish,  
 t's have a Coke unless yo u're not thirsty. Tr  
 og et the water to run upwa rds." Blemish p  
 hi s watering wand down very gently and attentively and loped carefully over to Sinf  
 throu gh the flowers. He smile d, as sweat poured down his face in the hot sun. Then he turn  
 slowly and loped into Sinfan's ho use for a coca-cola with a dash of bitters in it. Sinfan, years a  
 had passed throu gh a very bitter an d lonely period in his life, and liked a dash of bitters in a swe  
 coke as it helped him to rememb er where he came from. I like Blemish, Sinfan realized wordless  
 as he took a deep puff on his cig ar ette and somehow blew star-shaped smoke rings about him. Blemi  
 has every thing wrong with h im. He smiles when most people are grouchy, he keeps his mouth shut a  
 leans like a very careful s ie ve, not like a sponge. Very bright. Very pleasant. I must remember to remi  
 him not to drag his knu ck les on the flowers when he lopes through them. I am. I am. I am. Crazy. It is. It  
 It is. Crazy. We are. We are. We are. Crazy. Sinfan giggled silently. Indeed, in many places a person  
 considered to be s a ne only at those precise times when they realize: I am crazy, and this sort of intuiti  
 'pataphysical giggling is w ell known to be addictive. Those who wander around in spontaneous giggle are cal  
 Life's Elect. Those who can never cease this giggling are sometimes called Gurgling Springs of

Sinfan said:  
 "Hmmm, aren't we lucky?  
 Another lovely one," somehow  
 blowing diamond-shaped smoke rings  
 about him. Blood said wistfully: "Why thank  
 you, old chap. You lick look like you'd look lick  
 like to be alone and I'd like to lick study this tele  
 gram, if I may. Might we end this session and contin  
 ue tomorrow, my friend?" His face was still very red.  
 He sensed a dark coal in his chest. Sinfan said cheer  
 fully. "Certainly, my friend. Have fun, old boy!"  
 In sun buzzing heat like a sex mad sand hearse tiger  
 wasp, Blood strolled a brisk swagger down  
 the garden lane from Sinfan's old  
 house whistling: "Take me back  
 to dear old Frigthy Eighty"  
 Brightly Blighty.

Our friend  
 Sinfan loved to gaze  
 at the brilliant blooming flower  
 glory in the garden through the  
 perfect mirror window of his empty mind,  
 most of the time. This was his real food.  
 His banquet. As it would be for anyone  
 whose human curiosity and guts had  
 led them like a new born child into a taste  
 of cold death and therefore understood from  
 their eyes to their genitals, no matter how  
 long or short the distance, that between the heart  
 of the mind and the heart of the mind there is a  
 mirror. But today, as he gazed from under his hot  
 wet eyelids at his latest cultivation, the blue rose  
 called remembrance, in the bright garden, he  
 allowed his mind to wander like a little  
 troubadour back across the song of  
 the year s, so many notes, so many  
 chords, so many counter points  
 into the Fall  
 is. winds rip ping  
 the bare trees  
 over the icy  
 black street:  
 Life. Nor mal Lane:



"Every  
 "thing was  
 "gray. Ice shined"  
 "on the trees. The air was"  
 "hard and cold in Sinfan's little"  
 "lung pipes as he cut onto and across"  
 "the Great Lawn of Little America past frozen"  
 "dirt diamond cut in the lawn after dirt diamond of dormant"  
 "rose bushes. I am dead. Rose bushes like dead ugly peacock legs."  
 "I am dead. Peacocks invisible now. I am dead. Become visible in spring,"

Sinfan realized wordlessly, as the burning nerve tree in his chest blazed up to orange hot. I am dead, Sinfan realized. He shivered and gathered his little wool greatcoat about him like a frozen sparrow. Many patients were walking across the lawn like cold birds. Many seagulls sat on the iced

**•FRIENDS•DO•NOT•HAVE•TO•BE•GLUED•TOGETHER•**

*grass. Must be a big storm out at sea to bring so many birds in and down, Sinfan realized wordlessly as he approached the Mental Barn, a large neo-classic marble building, a perfect replica of the Stables of Hercules. The doctors and staff of Little America had their offices here. Of course, the Mental Barn only resembled the fabled Stables of Hercules on the outside. On the inside it had very clean linoleum floors, very clean white walls, and perfectly clean offices with shiny wood doors and brass doorknobs. It may well have been the quantity and quality of mental activity which necessarily transpired within which led to the appropriation of the design of the Stables of Hercules, which was full of excrement, excandescent excrements up to and beyond its ceiling. As Sinfan strolled down the long hall of the Mental Barn, and gazed up at the Doctors and Aids and Nurses*

and Social Workers and Patients walking toward and past him, he had a deep realization of how slow time was here. No one rushed about, but inside they all seemed to be burning up. Perhaps the inner speed approaching the speed of light slowed up time on the outside. Well, everyone has their own tempo, Sinfan realized wordlessly. Suddenly, then the burning nerve tree in Sinfan's chest blazed up white hot. He slowed his breathing awhile to dampen it a bit down to cherry red. And then he breathed a little faster to get it up to orange red and then held his breath to set it. "You are becoming nimble, O little master of the stove," the silent word in the burning nerve tree in his chest whispered pleasantly. "O little thief, you are cunning; you will even steal the light when a house you are breaking and entering burns. You are approaching Certainty. Light upon Light" "What is Certainty?" Sinfan asked. "Certainty of the Sun of Man is concealed in our humanity and is revealed in ecstasy and joy, not in reason and report. Realize the sun in the sky as the Sun of Man, then you will be certain of the sun's existence by seeing the sun's splendor and sensing its heat, by realizing the sun's body, by sensing the mind's light in the sun's light. Not immediately, Little Master, not suddenly save by the rising of the Sun of Man inside you can Certainty exist. Light upon Light." Thank you, Sinfan realized then as his whole being glistened like a little Christmas tree. A somber young fellow walked up to Sinfan and stopped in front of him "Hello, Wolf," Sinfan said to him. "How are you?" "I feel like I'm a lead submarine miles way down under heavy water," Wolf said as best he could, for he had trouble keeping his tongue in his mouth. On too much drug, Sinfan realized as he saw Wolf's swollen tongue; why do they drown kids in drugs like this? They're trying to castrate their intelligence so they'll accept dumb shrinks. "Come up out of those depths, Wolf. The wrong kind of nothing is in those depths. Come outside. It's beautiful." Wolf shook his head sadly and walked away. "Always try to cultivate a subtle wise light, Wolf." Sinfan sighed. He nodded up to a girl walking by who wore the gauze bracelets of attempted suicide on her slit and stitched wrists as he came to a shiny wood door marked, Max Granada, M.D., reached up, turned the door knob, opened the door a bit, heard nothing, made a fist up over his head, and knocked.

UCHSTOPRATSHITFIENDBRUTEWITCHEIRDOUCHSTOPRATYOU'REKILLINGMEWITCHOUCHSTOPRATSHITFIENDBRUTEWITCHEIRDOUCHSTOPRATSHITFIEND

“Come in, please” Max Granada said sadly. He had cut his face shaving and had a rather large bit of toilet paper with a little blood sun in the center on his shining morning face. Sinfan said, “I like your flag,” pointing up to Max’s shaving wound. Sinfan noticed that Max was wearing elevator shoes with soles at least three inches thick, as Max walked over to the mirror. Good! He’s under five feet tall! Sinfan thought. But he stopped this thought immediately, realizing wordlessly: I must not allow my mind to contain words. I must keep it totally empty. I must cultivate a subtle wise light in this void. Max said: “Just because I’m Jewish I have to bleed blue stars? A Jap flag I’m not big enough for? You’ve been here two weeks and you haven’t helped me one bit! What is the pearl washed up on the shore of the ocean of being?” Sinfan asked. “Why is it that you’re one half Arab and one of the greatest living Sufi Saints and you call yourself Jewish? Why do you wear three-inch-thick soles on your shoes?” Max shrieked. “Why you snappy little sewerworm! That’s what you call helping someone? I call myself Jewish because that’s where I come from and I won’t forget it! That’s why! And people, especially very little people, have a way of not letting one forget one is Jewish. It’s too fancy to call myself an Arab or a Sufi! I’m a man of honest simplicity. How’s that for an answer you yellow terrorette! And as for my height encouragers: I am only four feet eleven inches tall and I have a commanding position of leadership and I’m not fortunate enough to be a real midget like you. It’s O.K. to be a midget! It’s O.K. to be a giant. But it’s absolutely crushing to be in between! People don’t look down on you, exactly, and they don’t look up at you either! They just look sideways sort of, as if you’re a seedy, second-rate, easily-bypassed drugstore. That’s Why! Now tell me what I want you to know! WHAT IS THE PEARL WASHED UP ON THE SHORE OF THE OCEAN OF BEING?” Sinfan said. “Wolf Breath is drowning in drugs, How can he cultivate anything fine in himself under that hardship?” Max Granada looked at Wolf Breath’s daily report. “He’s only on 2,700 milligrams of Thorazine a day,” Max said, his eyes bulging in disbelief. “My! What a dinosaur stunning dose!” Sinfan said, “Buddha!” “That’ll kill him. Who ordered that?” Max Granada roared. “Everybody’s getting help but me! Godammit! Amadeus Cutcher *kokoff is his Shrink.*” Sinfan screamed. “*Lower his drug level.*” Max howled. “I can’t. It’ll *drive-Cutcherkokoff-crazy! Ho-Ho-Ho-Hu-Hu-Hu-Hee-Hee-Hee.*” Sinfan said. “*Lower-Wolf’s-drug-level*” Gradually. If you *bastards had any true understanding, you wouldn’t have to use drugs.*” Max screamed. “Get this straight, you sentimental Nip! This is a dirty business! We don’t have time or money to educate dumb Shrinks properly! No one smart enough wants to be a shrink! There’s too many poor sick bastards crying out for help! Everybody’s crazy! AND WHAT ABOUT ME! I need help! When are you going to help me? WHAT IS THE PEARL WASHED UP ON THE SHORE OF THE OCEAN OF BEING?” Sinfan smiled weakly as he held his breath so as not to react emotionally to Max’s screams. Max Granada stopped. He looked down at Sinfan sharply. “So. You know that. You know, Faigelah. Oh. And I suppose you know how to breathe in without breathing out too. I suppose your weird friend Daniels explained it to you? That idiot is worse than you! You guys are sharp as a Matzo and twice as crumbly.” Sinfan smiled mildly. Max shrieked: “A Matzo! It’s like a dry flat rice-cake, you humorless goldfish. When are you going to get a sense of humor? At least that asshole Daniels has a sense of humor! That asshole can laugh at anything. But what about Me! Me! Me! I’m a person too! I need help I tell you! Help! Help! All I know is stop there where the line of the spine meets ☆ the circle of breath!” Max sat down at his desk and faced his daily mountain of patient reports: “Who is going to help me? How long, O Midget, how long? When are you going to tell me WHERE IS THE PEARL WASHED UP ON THE SHORE OF THE OCEAN OF BEING! O NEEDLE DICK THE BUG FUCKER! THE PEARL BEYOND PRICE! THE SUN OF MAN?”

*sinfan smiled weakly, shrugged his little shoulders to show, I don't know, turned and walked out of Max*

*Granada's*

office, down the long hall to his own. As he reached up, turned the door knob, and pushed the door to his office open, Sinfan realized that the burning nerve tree in his chest was gone. He sensed his chest fiercely. Nothing remained. Why have you deserted me? Sinfan silently asked down toward the

chest. Nothing. Sinfan strolled over to his office window and looked out. His mind was totally empty. Through his two eyes all he saw seemed one perfectly clear round mirror in which circle the Fall lawn and trees and sky blazed the brilliance of exactly what they were. No more. No less. For some time, Sinfan, his chin resting on the window sill, gazed lovingly through his window. And then Sinfan fell to his knees and bowed his head. "Thank you," He cried out loudly, enormous tears streaming down his little face. "Thank you for allowing me to see things as they really are." Captain Good said in a deep resonating masculine voice, "Get

up off your kneeth, you dirty little fellow," as he entered Sinfan's office for his appointment. "You're ruining your wonderful little thsuit! And for Christh Thake thsto p talking to yourself. It maketh me nervouth!" Sinfan said "Please sit down, Alan. I know it's difficult for you, but please try to control yourself," to Captain Good, for he believed his name was Alan Sadd. Facing the window on his knees, Sinfan sighed deeply as he remembered some words of Tempo Perdue: Every beginning is hard and the hardest thing in mastering something is in giving it up. Sinfan sighed deeper from his entire being down to the earth under the Mental Barn it seemed. Suddenly, in a terrifying moment of inner lighting and thunder, Sinfan imagined down into a lightning brighter than a thousand suns that what he had dreaded for months was true: that he had gone too far in his ruthless determination to evolve his being; that he had absolutely lost all self control forever. Then he realized that his imagination of its own terrible heat had burned itself out and into a crystal clear fused transparency. Suddenly, like a great breath, he rose up off his knees and knew that he had changed. He popped up onto his desk top and flew into a frenetic little dance, his fingers flying, brown white wing-tipped shoes blurring as he screamed: "I've done it. I've done it. I've purified my mind! I've purified my mind! Great balls of fire! Great balls of fire! I've really done it! I've really done it! Thank God I'm alive!" Suddenly Captain Good asked with deep resonance and volume as he swished to remove his creamy white satin cape: "Thith flying yellow mini elph ith whath going to help me? Phythician! Pleath heal thyselph!"