

I never heard Tempo Perdue say anything that did not come from his real Self. Once in a while he would whistle "Sleeper's Awake", then smile and say: "I am the only one who has cultivated their Self." The first thing I heard him say was this story: His barn was crooked and ready to fall down. An old farmer neighbor of his told him to wait until a wind came from a certain direction and to hitch his draft horses to the corner of his barn opposite the wind. When the wind picked up, the

farmer yelled at the draft horses and they pulled the old barn straight. Then the farmer leaned against the barn with his legs and arms crossed as if he were holding it up and said, "I did it all my Self." In the summer of 1958 he took us and a small child into the eight car garage next to the gate house he was living in on P. D. Ouspensky's estate in Mendham, New Jersey. The garage was filled with old beds and lamps and birthday cakes and everything else. He told us we must clean it out. As he put it: "Wasps never throw anything out. No light gets in." Then he took great care to show us the decaying chauffeur's room at the back side of the garage with the few ancient mauve condoms ensconced sen-

timentially amid the frayed copy of True Romance and the hoary beer bottles dead down upon the yellow prison stripe mattress. He told us that his water pipe came into his house under the chauffeur's room, then under the garage, then under a spine of grass, and then through a two foot thick necked granite foundation. "We're going to have to tunnel under all this crap to put in a new pipe," he said. He took great care to pronounce to us in his lofty charming breath that our pipes were old and that when it got cold our water got bitter. We cleaned out the garage. He had us chop three very neat four foot square holes in

the concrete garage floor. Some of his disciples told me that the servants room represented the sexual center in a human being and that the three square holes in the concrete garage slab represented the instinctive center, emotional center, and intellectual center in a human being and that the water was a mix of air, sexual energy, and impressions of light. We dug out the dirt under the openings in the concrete until we uncovered the old rusted pipe. Then he had us tunnel from hole to hole under the long concrete slab following the old pipe as if it were a

Fragment Of An Unknown Teaching:

Again above

The thick concrete slab's shattered fragments of an unknown teaching, then, Again, then, he laughed down then, "Keep digging until you see the light. Then When it gets cold your water gets bitter because when your pipe is rusty then You can't repair it. It takes too long. Then you need to put in a new pipe," then With ear shovel, nerve hammer, eye click, electric quick heart pic, star drill, then, In the spine dark pipe tunnel we were digging then, a child bright then Yelled up quick then, "I can see the light! I can see the light!" Then, Mr. Benson!

MARTIN BENSON
1899-1974

We tunneled under concrete slab cracked fragments of the unknown teaching
For the sun unknown being we knew we were. We were reaching



Now then down in the darkness, I heard him yell brightly down again,
"I'm tired of fixing leaks. I'm putting in a new pipe." And in that then
Was the hot breath then when breathless then I realized the way out, then.
Then he yelled down then, "Man does not live on air alone!" And again

"Is it in back of your neck, in your spine, or your heart?" He laughed down, then.
"Just exactly where inside you is this Self you're trying to remember now," then,
Looking up at darkness ten feet underground, air dead before death's then then,
Then, again all my dark life a bright star, all my dark star a bright life again, then,
Well then, that then was the cool breath then when I never lived on food again.
Well now, that then was the free breath then when I never lived on then again.
Now that then was the big no thing breath then when I never lived on air again.
Then I knew then, I was alive then, not to take any dead shit from death's then
ever again.

His disciples said that the ditch from the garage to the house under the grass represented the high upper spine. The ditch had a neck in it where it joined the granite foundation of the house. It had been relatively easy to dig under the grass spine to the granite foundation of the house. It took many weeks to drill through the granite foundation. This whole thing had been going on that whole summer and by this time we were all walking around like big balloons full of air. One of us after another would breathlessly take turns hammering through the granite. Q. And what do you think he had us hammer the hard stone neck of the house with?

A. A star drill. That fall it was very cold. Sometimes I would go into town down to the train station to pick up people who were coming out from New York to see Tempo Perdue. Huge clouds of white frost vapor were spewing from noses and mouths making the train station platform a cold-cloud heaven full of shining spews of white breath frost. I could tell who was going to see my teacher by the total absence of white cloud spewing out from their noses and mouths. After we put in the new pipe and buried it, I placed a little Chinese poem I had written out with my best smuggled Beijing brush and seventy year old ink on very good bamboo paper onto the dirt mound running through the grass:

THIS TOMB HAS ONE SMALL RIVER OF LIFE

Tempo smiled and said, "That's the icing on the cake." He taught so very much to so very many people from so many different places in so many elegant ways that he had many more disciples than you would think a totally hidden lone wolf could have. All of them were much better than I by far. I was definitely, I totally assure you, very bad. For me, Judaism, Christianity, Buddhism, Islamism, Hinduism, Communism, Capitalism, and etc. were all for Self-hatred eating phonies who wanted to pretend they were good. But this gentle, wise,

decent, and deep man always protected thoroughly wicked I from a small army of industriously religious true believer super-ego freak goody-goodies in the Grogrieff Work. I realized humanity was asleep. I wanted to wake up but I never expected to ever run into anyone who knew how to do it and I can see why. Jerks of small mental stature would believe that this hidden man who made vita umbrellis a blazing sun was the last person who could know how to wake up. Tempo Perdue taught me how to mine and accumulate strength,

endurance, resilience, guts, energy, capacity, will, silence, ecstasy, nerve, intelligence, independence, love, consciousness, and compassion, how to wake up, liberate Self. Everything:— the stations and intervals of the wand crescent of the spine, the field of consciousness light matrix weak screen, to breathe with my entire being, how to not breathe, and to always wait for the certain wind. He told me, "You are the design of your attention. I am the design of my Self." He taught me how to allow my Self to design my being with my attention.

I am the design of my Self.

He taught enlightenment a few years later. We took a walk in the woods. I said to him, "I like you, Tempo," and put my hand on his shoulder. This was very hard for me to do. I was in total awe of him. To me he was a god. His quality of attention alone was beyond belief. I wanted him to see that I had conquered my anxiety and panic. I felt compassion for his suffering. He knew how to momentarily stop his Self-hatred, but not how to understand it into extinction. I tried to explain to him the way in to the mind and how to destroy childhood panic. He smiled and said, "That is for you. You are lucky. You

don't have to believe anything. You can see things as they really are. You risked everything. You destroyed your suffering. You see to the bottom of things. You know everything. You will connect your entire being to your Self. You have earned pleasure. Enjoy your life. Stay away from Good people. They are deadly. Don't think. It's deadly. Realize. You have to live quietly and alone for a long time. If you meet any Bad people like you are, teach them what I have taught you in your own way." I asked him, "What is a Good person?" He said,

"Anyone who hates your happiness in order to love their misery." Tempo Perdue breathed the marrow of the sun. It is better for a Self to learn good things from a Bad person, than bad things from a Good person. As the inestimable Marcus Valerius Martialis, the only man to report his doctor giving up medicine for undertaking without losing one patient, has said: Many are good at making what is easy

difficult. Few are good at making what is difficult easy. Tempo Perdue told me to live quietly and alone for a long time, and like a cultivated parent looks out for a child, to see intervals of difficulty coming to my Self and smooth the way through them before they occur until the new life that the struggle between my Self-hatred and my Self had forged would anneal. I have lived quietly and alone for a long time, but for years, Bad people have swarmed around me the way Good people swarm around someone who has inherited a fortune.

If you don't fill an interval in your mind someone or something else will,

Usually your Self-hatred:— In a moment of breath maybe a friend will.