

contaminated. To do so is to discover an indescribable sense of well-being and joy. To get in touch with your own breath is to make contact with the deepest forces that move you; it is to find and experience 'the still point of the turning world'. It is also to surrender, like the mountain climber, to the point of no return: to reach out and forward. To *wait* for the next breath is to be receptive. To be receptive is to be trusting. To be trusting with one's self is to be creative. And that is to be whole.

\* Reich, Lowen and Feldenkreis write extensively about the relationship between anxiety and breathing.

## References

*Body and Mature Behavior*, M. Feldenkreis.  
*Pleasure*, Alexander Lowen.  
*Character Analysis*, Wilhelm Reich.  
*Living Your Doing*, Stanley Keleman.

**Nina Winter is a writer and body therapist from California who works with body awareness through movement. She has conducted workshops for Esalen and a number of other projects in human potential on the West Coast.**

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## Have Here

10 years after Paris  
the existential shadow life I lived out in Elisabeth's flat  
Boulevard Pereire.  
La Martine's reality and 3 Experiments in European Literature,  
Cornell 1963.  
Pre-war lace curtains crumbled to the touch, literally.  
Once luxury.  
Elizabeth ate in her room. I took my plate to mine.  
She spoke beautiful French. Jean-Pierre was her lover.  
A job interview - at Unesco  
The director kissed my bewildered smile  
I talked about ethnolinguistics. He asked me to free associate  
with 'love.'  
Love? - glove, gulp, what have I said now?  
Life was too confusing -  
Not according to my Dad's rules.  
I put my foot in. Les Mains Sales.

Sartre's mots nauseated me persuasively to abandon all  
and I found my existential vacuum.  
10 years ago. Paris 1975.

He came from Switzerland by train - I put on perfume  
to meet him and see if he would smell me - respond.  
No. We went to french restaurants table d'hote. Got married soon.  
So young, inexpressive, innocent. In Paris.  
I loved his quality - innocence  
not yet stripped away.  
Innocent in Paris?

Innocence consensually safeguarded. His. Mine.  
Dear world, do not taint me.  
Look pure beauty on tenderhooks.  
He telephoned from Switzerland  
Unnecessarily I ran to catch the phone. My thumb nail bent back. Pain.  
Unnecessarily. He would come.

Steve Natelson's parents came from Long Island to see their son.  
'Introduce yourself to them Steve. They want to know you.'  
(So did I.)  
My handsome Cornell friend post-student in Paris.  
Another time he wanted me to go along to the flicks and home alone.  
Long walk  
To be independent, at night. On the metro. What? No I said. A  
stand-off. Lost love. Old Morals standards.

1975 - 7 hours in Paris between trains Gare de Lyon.  
In red a sleeveless lady lay strewn by the transfer bus queue down  
& out.  
Woke up for a smoke.  
Ah Paris. Right away. Wretched. Splendid.  
Walking through gardens and streets unusually quiet in August  
4 pm light.  
Vinos at a fountain horsing around, all ages, water,  
urine, wine splashing. Socks and shoes off.

First things a double French coffee. Lady proprietor invincibly French.  
'Gallic features,' I told my friend 'Stand up service is cheaper.'  
I showed my friend a few ropes.  
Me I lived there 10 years ago.

Next thing walk.  
No friends at home. Dadou's husband not listed in directoire.  
operator hung up - too many Metivier's. Typically French.  
Later I remembered her parents' name, called and told I'm getting  
divorced.

10 years ago they knew me as a maiden.  
(Flower love hadn't hit me yet.) Innocent, dipping in.

We passed a Moroccan den,  
Boul'Mich,  
The old cafe where Steve's crowd met and De Sica filmed them as extras.  
Are you interested? This happened, there.

Paris strangely cerebral haunts the soul -  
Stirs creative expression unmanifest -  
life fantasies  
Disturbing is Paris for me  
longing - nothing suffices  
French bread and *saucisson*  
the best  
a double - triple French coffee. What else can I have here?  
Have here.

And then the 7 hours are up.  
The train is leaving. Catch  
the train to the next on the line  
Lausanne - Chamonix - Sufi camp

Stop oh stop, just a bit longer  
Train. World. Life.  
But I don't want to get off -  
I want to stay on here  
Longer - life - friend  
Love - don't go. Me I'm  
going. Me stay here -  
Here.

At the still point in one's being  
is both the multi-linear flow and the being, concentric  
and ever.  
In fact it does help to know this.

**Beverly Feinberg**