

STUDYING HUNGER

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I.

Listen

I began all this in April, 1972. I wanted to try to record, like a diary, in writing, states of consciousness, my states of consciousness, as fully as I could, every day, for one month. A month always seems like a likely time-span, if there is one, for an experiment. A month gives you enough time to feel free to skip a day, but not so much time that you wind up fucking off completely.

I had an idea before this that if a human, a writer, could come up with a workable code, or shorthand, for the transcription of every event, every motion, every transition of his or her own mind, & could perform this process of translation on himself, using the code, for a 24-hour period, he or we or someone could come up with a great piece of language! information.

Anyway

When I began to attempt the month-long experiment with states of consciousness, I wrote down a list of intentions. It went like this: First, to record special states of consciousness. Special: change, sudden change, high, low, food, levels of attention

And, how intentions change

And, to do this as an emotional science, as though: I have taken a month—drug, I work as observer of self in process

And, to do the opposite of "accumulate data," oppose MEMORIES, DIARIES, find structures

And, a language should be used that stays on the observation/notes/leaps side of language border which seems to separate, just barely, observation & analysis. But if the language must resort to analysis to "keep going," then let it be closer to that than to "accumulate data." *Keep going* is a pose; *accumulate data* is a pose.

Also, to use this to find a structure for MEMORY & you, you will find out what memory is, you already know what moving is

And, to do this without remembering

Those were the intentions I wrote down, April first. Also, these questions: What's the danger? What states of consciousness & patterns of them are new to language? And what is the language for them? What's the relation of things that stand out, things that seem interesting (like a sentence from a tape I made, the tape was 7 hours long, but this sentence would always stand out: "The food of the mother is better than the food of the fatter father;" like "It could be worse, you could have witnessed a double murder," like poem titles & poem ideas, like the idea "You know everything")—what's the relation of this type of event to the rest & how to develop moments as, "standing out" like language does, like language ideas do. "Some old people try to live on one can of soup a day."

On April second, the first thing I wrote was "You wait." The experiment went badly, real bad. I added to my intentions, this one: to be an enchantress, or, to seduce by design. I thought about sentences that stuck in your

mind, like, "How long have you been head of this business?" and "You planned the disappearance of my desire."

At 3:35 a.m. on April 2nd, I recorded that I had eaten too much food.

I was waging a constant battle against traditional language: take this excerpt from the early diaries:

...you think of a word, like *hashish*, like, *group*. The word brings back *one scene*, one scene of a dream (when I'm awake) or one of a fantasy but what predominates is was this: it's Tuesday, the day I get up at ten. What am I hiding? Is was this & is was this morning, it's one o'clock now, this, I'd like to be a basketball player, one of the players, I include no description of their movements. Left out of the group reading, I fantasize (in dream) around the periphery, I control those feelings in dream again, I create a rapid movement in, around, & about that event, event of being left out, I synthesize a dance this is for me alone: I'm active, I'm looking through windows, I dont speak, I preserve the sheet surface, clean white sheet of my presence in the room. When I get out of bed I move, I dont want to move to the instance where details & foods accumulate later in the day, are the foods I ate later in the day, are the foods I ate late last night digested, are they gone, am I this surface, or does all the work come later like practice. You've seen the other team play, now, so.... Outside the performance area I exist. Outside the process the arena the activity, a space for existing: I might float around, or, am I going too far? In this way, from the outside, I put everything in, take in everything, I must spew it all out, what prevents me what seizes me gently when I try to emerge is *that-one* outside the door, she has a purpose, I put her there: let nothing—myself get out of this room, let no judgments be made, let no law & order exist except this: *nothing escapes from here;* To refuse a direction, to refuse a guide.... a person who has used the word human as a lie without levels, that one might say: you'd rather be in prison where you're different. My responses—I want them to be automatic, my physical movements indifferent, undifferentiated, uncalculated, cool, almost unnoticed, calm. Calm for this activity, what is the activity? Inner motion, emotion, design. Yes it's a surface, you can draw on it, out from it, anything, everything, I know what's going on.... It's not the whole story, I've left out the motives, the history & the memory, the parts that have direction, I've left them out because in that way I could be pinned down, possibly tortured.

As I got further into this, language seemed to be demanding its form: lying in bed, head down, muscles arched, colors plotted the outline—sound of a language, an unmarked language, not controlling it. Forget any substance of meaning, forget substantives & their color & get it gradually paler, seeing sound vibrations in sleep-closed eyes. A lamp hanging is a sound. It lowers & disappears.

On April 11 I dreamt the history of all people in the world, good & evil, zooming in on a familiar cat-face. The next part of the dream said to me: this part is about you personally. And this work, said Patti, has something to do with polar ice caps, something to do with seeing polar ice caps.

April 13, cant focus; April 20th, gave up the project.

But I was bound to start again. You see, the whole thing had already had a beginning with a project called MEMORY which turned into a show which turned into a dream or returned to a dream that enabled me to walk. Before this I couldn't walk, I had street fantasies like any normal prostitute. Anyway, MEMORY was 1200 color snapshots, 3 x 5, processed by Kodak plus 7 hours of taped narration. I had shot one roll of 35-mm color film every day for the month of July, 1971. The pictures were mounted side by side in row after row along a long wall, each line to be read from left to right, 36 feet by 4 feet. All the images made each day were included, in sequence, along with a 31-part tape, which took the pictures as points of focus, one by one & as taking-off points for digression, filling in the spaces between. MEMORY was described by A.D. Coleman as an "enormous accumulation of data." I had described it as an "emotional science project." I was right.

So

In June I began again & what started it was that I wrote this:

You sleep Marie: save them for me, certain moments, I'm resting, I'm restoring, I'm gathering, I'm hunting, I'm starving, I'm you, you say: go on being, peering owl on top of fortress, sounding out, training sound to meet my ear, drive & mark time, I'm a history, her coil, mark time, suffer a moment to let me be like her a history, object, she was determined, defies all laws & rules, is the language I bought from passers-by, sea crate full of junk & language twisting & twisting coil of all morning, I met that guy the guide & cast his bell aside, I'd rather die in sync with just random tones, just war can bury baby brick, your foot's my foot, core, how late you suffer, core, how late, whispers suffer, suffer, whispers into the tape a running water sound at the bell rewinding a vision I got & mystery works at the door, if no one's there, I'll stay right here adding a picket to this to pierce you/me clear through, I saw you, remember, we go through the greatest horrors of the world at last, I love you, you turn over, you don't really wake up, sink a shallows at the oceans deep malaysian sleep, I'll know new dance the boxes taught today, it's rare code words can sink a ship in the shallows, reform so dry a crease & saw the same crack in the dream before, sink down broad ship at dawn, home plate, they hold it up to their ears, we years, you go on. I'm resting, I saw her once. Her pins prick my skin, she makes me dizzy, she makes me well.

That's what started me off again & that's what opened the question of who is the you. You private person. And now, while you keep in mind my intentions at the beginning & what I've said to try to explain how they got transformed & where they came from, I'll go on

STUDYING HUNGER

STUDYING HUNGER. I had to stop. I had to stop & begin again slowly. A buzz, a confluence of noise around, all correcting & weaving, weaving to call my name. Bernadette.

I stopped. Papers & books smoldering, black edges of them too close to the flame, flame easing itself out the cracks, the cracks in the stove, the one in our loft, mine & Ed's, Ed is a man like electric light, a human nature,

suffer the flames the fire came from its source, a simple block of wood in the broiler, the source of the flame, the block of wood black at the edges, source of fire, black, & its rectangular shape interfered with, cut off at an edge on one side where it had burned...

A burning wedge, an edge burned off, a slice disappeared, it burned, a slice, maybe in the shape of a triangle, that slice, that alchemy slice, that edge off the block of wood, the wood about two by four, Rimbaud slice, the block of wood that was the origin of the flame, the fire in the stove that was threatening everyone, jeopardizing their lives, something was wrong—the fire started. I was used to it. I am the leopard. I am the bear. We found the source of the flame & took it out of the oven. It was a man, laid out. A dead man. It was an image of my father & his father & wood...

Gradually then I began again. It was time for my piece, in an auditorium full of friends. No more paper & no flame. I would execute this difficult dance & the secret, the resume, the explication would remain hidden until the end. I had rehearsed. I had driven myself from one moving bar or pole, attached to the wall, hinged there at one end, so that they could swing open & closed like a door. I had driven myself through rehearsals over these posts, outposts, these locations of the histories of individual ghosts

Ghosts that were not only haunting me but had ceased to be real. They had come alive but were dead. These points of focus were like swinging doors; only the most acrobatic feats could control their random motion. Only a master of equilibrium could navigate the surface of one much less all at once. I had rehearsed. I had worked. Still unsure of myself, I set my performance off to the side like a side show, like a simple element in a complex pattern, a homage to its variety & all living things. The performance was extremely difficult, difficult, she wore black, she had no contact with the ground, she rose... And descended executing the relationships between the horizontal posts which were secured at many levels. To get from one to the next, and its chronology was clear, to get from one to the next, she would make use of a turn in air, an impossibility, her arms must have had the strength, an impossible strength, her feet could never touch the ground, a short performance in tight black clothes, she must make use of every muscle, every muscle is tense, every second has been dreamed of many times before, the performance is over, she is on the ground. And now its crux, its central point, its purpose: her declaration. And she had kept this secret: it was not a real performance, not a process, not a show. The feat, the feats of movement, this exhibition of strength, of study & agility, all this was a lead-in so that I could speak, so that I could say, & I say: Listen: Now that I have done that, now that I have done it, I will never have to do it again.

It's over & I will have to do it over again, and in this recounting I want to be clear, clear about its purpose, about the reason for the existence of this peculiar performance in space, & that reason is this simple statement: I had to do it, really do it, so that I would never have to do it again. And to those who accept a rose from me I add this: I am sorry to cover my feelings with images out of fear, but please believe me there are things you cannot write. And I am writing. I had to stop. I had to stop & begin again slowly.

I want to call you & tell you what color they are, I want to be clear, I want to surface (there's something missing), ocean pile pervert surface oil of current, oil of milk, start a renaissance, at core, at milk, current of generating heart & perfect corn, the food of Indians, my earth's foot touches continent of theirs & feels the heat & eats with them, the food of substance, food of, adore, a saint, a receptacle of all admiration, of all living things, exists a pleasure, exists a pure licentious pleasure, I am free to love you, these are the stones that once made me, & throw them a beautiful woman in the corner in the cast of a, dying of courage in the cast of the man, stones accepted in the current of avalanche, snow, refills me, I said it before that snow falls. I fill me, I enter you now, I am man of before...

A start. A stop. I am woman of beginning. You are all at the shore. You are a center, you design a week, the meek, a mile, the shore, endless beginnings of entropy, endless universe of design. New words. What can I speak of, what can I call? Can I call you, all of you, all, call you to me, can I embrace, can embrace all, all parade, all center & all (a picture) never, & ever the bird that speaks, that bird cannot speak, this call to all, eternal rhyme & time, she only knows the simplest words, the smallest prose closed of design. She opens, she is cool, she is call of all that wild, she is unerring, she is fall. She starts. Beginning form & art design, a cell, sublime. She learns from you & you.

Direction of & design, design is all, design is energy & prototype, before proportion, all consumes, she is consumed, enervates what's there, is clear, is empty, is unsure is all. She acts she poses, she meditates, takes foods, she inks the pen & drastically reduces out of time. She moves, kernel of corn, what is line, great design & consuming energy of all to eat love eat & arms wake, ate, slows, real blood arms of veins & full & muscle tendon, solid cells & cell by every cell, none stone, final arms appear, have grown, have custom's design of hair, live in the happy air here, this air will last a moment, air, a reading, full, I miss you all, you who are not here, & still you fill me, I have one, I have one here, a brother then who's full of you enough & simple, scatter now, all brothers & sisters turn to me, understanding, meet as vision, vision sighs, time...

Our energy proposes that we meet, dont disappoint me, I will bear you now, that arms can bleed & bleed more blood than sand & isolated pebbles stones. I know you, you know everything. Come closer, vision closes with a meek & silent look at one who's new, to you the one I'm thinking of, you are two & endless rivers, you know it, find it out, I'll meet you, I'll be waiting, I cannot address you now, now I am formal, formal now, I'm meeting a vision that has been waiting & waiting as I do for you. Accept a blessing in the ancient tradition, layers, structures, deep designs, tradition I am asking to wait up for me, wait for me, wait I'm ready, I'll do what I can, I am a human, I am eyes, it's sweet to speak to you...

And what a seduction for my vision, will it take to me & will it hurt, ache, penetrate, execute me in isolation isolate, I am so old from designs, designs of before, humanity language, can I get by, can I get away with it, who are you, who are you who is here, I'm only one. I can see, see fear, see age informing me, my age, years old, & age my century, my design, please help me, so, is sex, is sex is sexual, is why I ask you to embrace me, is why I say lie down with me & pleasures, songs, & far, & far forever forever my eyes, long my dark, my song, the details of my body, it's mine, I start its fear & sweat & eyes, I cant say merge, is it too late, do I emerge, what &

ever, dont go away, please wait, I must be drastic energy for you, I will make the drama what you are, I cant say it, dont go, and...

Wait, a word, vision, wait, I merge with you it's pain & no illusion as I sway with wind. Wind is yours. I must say it. How is it you got the wind & not me, how did you find it? & how did it, winding painful in these currents, wind up swirled & loved by you, as on a stick of pain, & curling as though dying, dying crying not to lose you, saved by this: there's nowhere else to go, cause you made me, I design, & you're not lost to me now, & never will we swim in the same ocean, ocean of death, of poet death & of my eyes, ancient eyes screw up at you for what you've done through me, & throw it up & start, start over & now i know, you show me the prods & I am large branch in motion, at your prodding.

I hear you whistling & I'm calm & I am whole tree in motion, & I am dawn & doomed by your growing, your growing is my growing, & I cannot walk against you, I had hung you up by design & it's difficult to move against you, you are too strong, I am impostor, you are half, & the damage is elation & the damage is high, & it's cold, & it's rare, I can feel it, I am uprooted, upside-down, I am down, & I am new & I cease to have structure, I am torn, I am divided, my cells apart, there's no resistance, torn & calm calm & blown, & I am scattered in parts so rare, & so minute that I am all & am all, & spread over all & come into you & motion surrenders long ago & extending, screaming, at last, at last it's done, still only once, for once alone. The only reason, as a reason, to be alone.

So there were, and so there are: COLLAPSING STRUCTURES because we (or jonathan & ed) who are danger, let the posts that hold up one end, the lower end, of the barn, fall, or begin to fall, over the waterfall. The building begins to cave: possible escape through the higher third floor windows.

Helen, fear of incest is taboo, worse things could happen, she could have witnessed a double murder—if you are going to panic, dont you know what I mean, you, where there are fears, these fears coming from if only my stomach didnt hurt so much, dont you remember, I'm scared, doubtful the variety of the men & love some much, the bear came & ate my parents up, I grew with the wolves, he was angry because I didnt come through in the sex show, no, not him, another man, & my grandfather took the bear to Cummington, where there are few bears, there are few bears everywhere, it's safe, we must keep track of where the bear is helen, not lose sight of the bear for a moment, an instant, bear loose is dangerously current among people, & civilization, bear gone crazy, bear gone wild, & what about food, will anyone, is anyone willing to feed the bear, will his big bucktooth, salamanca silence structure, states of consciousness, & sawtooth design, is bear in cage now, & break loose, watch out for bears, & treat bear with care, they may attack you for unknown reasons, bear may have eaten frozen apple, bear may be drunk, you may never hunt bear, few bears are left, only one bear, nothing leaves. Even when bear is not helpless, or caught, you may not hunt bear, only a mad bear, bear gone wild, may be, must be, shot, be killed, be bear, the bear count. Helen is dead. Her stomach grew large & she died.

I ate a long giant fat new potato, with cream & butter, I felt dizzy, I felt sick, dont forget the shapes of the other

vegetables, vegetables of only one shape, a father's vegetable, bought & paid for, my head tingles, my muscles ache, my eye is good, a virtuoso or prodigy, I thought I had eaten too much, crazy from the night before, in fear of her life, or his, crazy, forbidden taboo, & outside of this need, which is want, the creation of a new status, a new edge onto the circle of double of the states of varying consciousness, simply aware, free of the fear of freedom, the fear of serious motion, & motion on a tape, cut up, into the system, we have no plan, we have no addiction, we have good eyes, I can predict nothing, I cant predict something, never done, it will be done, I move monstrous shadows onto the wall, monstrous shadows on the wall aside, one by one, a form of pushing, & then, sudden dispersal. She dies & before I know she dies my stomach swells.

So, reread what has been written, write what cannot be thought, a verbal line is interrupted by these spurts from a terrific part of existence emerging. I must tell you about it... you make it new. A new state of courage beyond the prediction, a few words from you, you know that, a look, the glance, the eyes, the hands, the wonderful penis, there's no blueprint, there's no plan. For a single moment, we ache. Dont yes, & cut into the lines, & cut into them— reverberate people all over forever, I feel like I've been waiting forever, you are two. You will always be two, a part of you, that part of you, a terrific preserve perverse, continuing, for the animals aware, our country, nowhere, we fight, we spend all our money, we merge & reach, cant go no further, will reach, that's all, stretch a new muscle, integrate, this design, we are original, we are perched, we are white men flying, a white woman flies like a crow, for once, I am not addicted to your power but I am in it, as one, & out, & come, as many dimensions as can fall, I can fall, get up, & edge around the circle again. A constant winning. A message ends, no new words begin. No new words begin. Helen takes me in her arms & says, "If you want I will always tell you where I am."

Impending disaster, impending doom, unending impending, a reorganization of the employment of faculties, a pigeon flies by the window, the subject frames, see, just, so, much, who are you & how did I come by you? I'm anger, my anger is sense, drills into you, I am set in this piece, this, a move, you, little man doll, fall down, little woman doll moves closer, is wounded, you get up again, a miracle, we mate, like two watch faces on the same wrist band, water proof, I hope. Set them. Set them back a few hours to noon. Back a few hours to noon. Inked. Your move, in a certain number of hours—moves—hours. Like you mentioned before, as a reorganization of the one who was mentioned before, to the one my presence here speaks to, I shoot the moon men all at once, & then I've got all this time left to twiddle my thumbs. I've got to get a watch face & start needing it. There's no two ways about it, it's like pissing on the most analytical version of all the stars, it's like breathing, breathe the smoke of your own fucking brand. So I smoke yours. Kools. You renegade, why not admit it & set me free. I hate sets, chess sets. I hate power, except the power I have to show you something. I resign, so you cant move. There are some motherfuckers I would like to show the stars to, stars climbing up in the sky. Not you David. I dont mean you. Stars climbing up, what a trick, for a trick you get money, see the ones in front of the sun, of course you can, lunatic, for a trick you get money, for a match you gotta win, I want evens, with you. Who am I speaking to? the market place. No deferrals, we do not cash checks, what a lioness she's tempting to be bitter, what a lion is, are you, that is, hungry? Eat meat.

Pay at the store. Only thing is, you cant walk out, my legs wont hold you. Better transactions go on in the

south, at the pole, at random, you wanna know why? The pole at the north, it cant be seen from there, it cant even be dreamed of. Opposites attract a couple hard lines of defense stinks money. Child loves patterns of any kind. Where am I going, I'm going out. I'm mad I'm playing, feinting, fainting mad, I'm always playing, I'm going out to play, I'll play with a few hims & hers, I'll say to one of them, I'll find a chance, & I'll say, you stink, you stink, & then, I'll laugh, you feel so bad, you want me to devour you? Then? Sure, O.K., whatever you say, you say goes, David says goes, what a mess, a great mess, stinking again, I'm no princess to end the day with a start sweetheart, wanna roller skate, I'm faster than you, wanna race, my time is race, I'm sinking ship, noble captains of which are covered with shit. My infection's a rage at the hospital, the doctors are covered with blood. Honor would spit, I just chew naturally, a full count, higher than ever, what a bloody tundra on the pitcher's mound. I curve a fast knuckle spit—one & spew it all round the bend to the monkey-moon, far fucking out, what a gas explosion that was, the crowd's still steaming, all energy is loose, & a little gnu says, new systems can be found on any field or fields. It's unreal, scared shitless who is. Fuck.

What a sport. A few of hers & I will mosey down to Mexico to suck cock, dribble the cream on our blouses, prostrate at the nunnery, invested into the order without oil on our heads, bare heads, new order of the all-of-the-saints cocksuckers, all-stars, south of the border, all the way down, no time for a snooze, it's the rising sun, so pay attention, I forgot to include the fee in this prospectus, coincident with the new day—you dont pay, we levitate, like elevators, sentient beings glow with the auras of saints, their very cells, amazing blue light, about two fade away, you'll never see us again, motherfuckers, you, a new race of blacks & us a visitation on your absence of color. We are close, we got this image from the church that made us angels in the red, a vicious lay. Sex slain is sex slayer. Now that we know this, we make the relic institution pay, shell out through its fucking teeth & eyes & nose & asshole, the well-hung robbers of our sex ingest themselves before our eyes, as we get up to go. We go over the preceding was a play. Now let's eat dinner, watch the tube, love design.

I want to leave this place, I want to get out of here, I want to move into an eternal space, the right space, I want to design it, have you freed me to addict myself to take that risk, escape no longer draws me in, just kill the pain, take my wrists in your hands, I cant find anything on the floor, we have no regular game, no drama, in the dark, everything's a mess. There's no end to it in a space as big as this, no walls, & I hate keeping on going, as if the production of something out of nothing, out of here where there is nothing, were worthwhile. Preserve my sainthood. You help to preserve it, perpetrating the finest evil that was ever devised, a false flame on the surface of simple veins bulging, their blood bursts back into the needle & then flows through back through the veins, southeast asia, axis, infusion, injection, replacement, maze, there was a fog all through the city before my eyes, I was sweating, what's the verdict of sleep: I cant find out: Observe me as I trance myself beyond death, Madame Pilau, Mr.Vankirk: write it down, a written record, dead poet, flying crows..

A trace, a stronger texture, impossible to tear, I still imitate, I still review, the fog goes on, there's a name for it: image, the surface of the eyes perverts senses, clouding heavy sky, diffusion in all directions, pose & empty. The idea that I would do anything for him has become a joke. Tomorrow the joke's perverted & I mean it again. What is it? That he would do anything for me is clearer, is accepted, is loved. Sure the love is inherent in

murder, & the closeness designs a wish for death, the death of someone is the death of all. Reminded. Can you still see? A small dark & trembling tree is able to reassemble the qualities of wind within its leaves, by means of them. The tree, its image, is a trick, come out of nowhere, committed. Committed to an institution—you must stay there; committed to a man or woman—you must leave them free; committed a sin, a crime, you must commit another, & commit another person to crime. You cannot be alone, escape either. Bulbous images in dark balloons, lustrous growths of them emerge from under your arms, from your groin from whatever's beneath your feet, I cant imagine. Insects bite you, bite your feet, lay eggs on them, hatch & grow even larger than the haze of your eyes can conceal. You are eating.

Begin again, you leave traces, I dont mean anything, but short, let go: & merging, complete, unexpected, cells of design, saint a feint for message hood, & monk's disclosed the edge of the circle, the mix is as the own body, is as mix with you, as lion is hungry, as coarse & shooting, confines in cells & caves, mothers & fathers at their stations, the rest riding four horses, directions, to poles, we're children, where else can we go, go out to, we eventually describe all possibilities, as you would describe a circle, tangent to a point extending indefinitely, you could do it simply, with your finger, with your finger in the air.

You're happy with that, I wont be satisfied, it cant be seen. Something funnier is going to happen. I'm committed to it like, fuck jesus, phrases that ring in your ear, when I'm sleeping you pause. It's too simple. Insects beyond calculus are at my disposal, magic isnt subject to elegance, magic's not an art & neither is sleeping—remembering the past backwards—power without senses-immersion-submersion in the fluids of the own body—how great that is, the idea of the own, the own body, without motive, the own body, just a presence & a note—I make this present, in a way, to you, any way I can.

Sensual power, greatest evil, without design, her rule, the impossible, & pose the finite as a trick. Dont light on me. I'm patient, I am cruel, I possess your trance. Excess ownership, deacons of the church, metals drift on the sea. Anything. Pores. Surcharges. Sunspots. Masterpieces. Growth peppers edge entrance exit peer. Like own, his murder tickles the ground, & spills out black ink, knife drills into you, you are down. Live the night? In dark? And if you move, the movements of branches, cracking, branches speak attack—someone is holding them, bears down on you, threatens, curses, face down, you have no power, flooded, you cant find out, you were warned of secrets, you were told they were necessary, Rosemary, luminous yellow on a field of black, glows.

I sit next to my sister: I am imp of the perverse I have nothing to lose, this is addressed to you rose of the sea, marie & rose-marie, our secrets yellow of a black field on a field, sable, the letter whose imprint is red is black: Theodore-Nathaniel & Bernadette: you've got her name & I've got his eyes: Bernadette sinks ships: Marie, I want sex, I have someone in mind now. Theodore looks in. I change the channel right in front of you, no, I write in front of you now, addressing R: secrets are ours I'm talking to you, rose-marie, keep the order keep the peace—the gun I kill you with & the reverse: you're all there: listen to me, it's blue. Watch my black eyes...

Crosses for darkness, parallels for light. What trees are around you, which ones are living, can you move, hold your eyes open, do battle, bend down. This ground is the real ground, ground that circles & stratas to core, it boils, the only ground, crawling, nothing between you. Hanging & crashing. A flame. You are destroyed in the fire, you are black ash, you are stone, charred, fertile, a bed for hundreds of years of black work emerging. Your soul rejuvenates the soil, blood-red flower, an element of the mix, aces your grave. Now I am present, I'm there. When you see my face, white & design, you are fixed to it, repulsed, but its effort to love. We mix. Young & live forever, my blackness seeks the moment of your death, without accumulation. The legs of the flower, bending, screens in rest. Hide us.

If a massive star collapsed to a sufficiently small volume, light could not escape from it. A rotating black hole could account for the radiation of gravitational waves from the center of the galaxy. A black hole is a region of space into which a star or a collection of stars or other bodies, has fallen & from which no light, matter or signal of any kind can escape.

All night. Poisoning. Extracting the drugs of the flower. You are lost. I choose loss. Waves & shores, oceans of loss, separate, meeting, destroy. No one can get there.

I get you shot & go to the cave mouth. I wont go in.

What is the fate of the original body that collapsed to produce the black hole? Assuming that exact spherical symmetry is maintained right down to the center, the answer provided by the general theory of relativity is a dramatic one. According to the general theory, the curvature of space-time increases without limit as the center is approached. Not only is the substance of the original body squeezed to infinite density at the center of the black hole—that is, effectively, crushed out of existence—but also the vacuum of space-time outside the body becomes infinitely curved. The effect of this infinite curvature on a hapless observer, were he crazy enough to follow the body inward, would be catastrophic. He would feel tidal forces across his body that would mount rapidly & would reach infinity within a finite period of his experienced time.

Now that's all there is of that.

You breathe.

You run around for a while.

You rest.

You feed in & out between the rows & lines.

You repeat.

You repeat till you get it right.

You notice the resemblances. Breathe. Take a breather.

You repeat the word you just heard.

Resting.

Three men rest. They move.

Men talking.

David breathes, and Jean breathes.

Ed is breathing, and finally, Marie.

Marie and Nathaniel,

Theodore and Marie.

Ann.

Bernadette.

You repeat the word.

You must enter every state.

You sleep, Marie: save them for me certain moments, I'm resting, I'm restoring, I'm gathering, I'm hunting, I'm starving, I'm you, you say, & it goes on...

You repeat the word: I met that guy, the guide, & cast his bell aside.

We years go on.

I'm resting. I saw her once—Lisette-Marie. Her pins prick my skin.

She makes me dizzy, she makes me well.

Dreams into memory,

Who is the you, and

Everything that came up, everything I could think of, I had dreamed of it: how child, like my parents were.

And flies light on thing, & flies light, & milk tastes butter, & sinks a ship, as usual, yes, she had to suffer through her style, her heavy style to get somewhere, to touch & bury the dead, to seek to touch & bury the dead, you must investigate, remember, to suffer to seek out the touch of & bury, & bury them slow (months) moon of investigation, & bury them, do it yourself, & big flies light longer in the long slow (months) moon of investigation, dash, dont know where you're goin, dont know, with a long sky towards morning, cooked, uncooked (I'm lost, so lost, & everywhere I go it's morning, & the dawn's coming up over a map), & a direction shown.

Sure, it's the four corners of the world & you identify yourself, so far out to those four corners go the children of parents riding, you know this already, you already know this, you've heard it, it seems to work right, know this now:

Listen

Mothers & fathers, a grain to fill you & the movement, motion of things you do in the dark, some natural, like firestorms, some too quick, you are human, you relinquish your right to tell me this, I spy on you, so please, watch me now, I'm innocent too.... Sleep. No, of course not, is the answer to the secret question you ask & if they keep coming, then I'll know where you are so you better watch out, count to hundred, in your state, translation, moon quick, quick a match, it's pretty sure that I saw you, seeing separate, a chance, is a chance I saw you, keep to this code, you made me, & this is why, to me, nothing in a normal history is worth recording,

for which reason I deny autobiography or that the life of a man matters more or less. "We are all one man," Cezanne said & I count the failures of these jews as proof of their election, they are divine because they all die, screaming like the first universal jew the gentiles will tell you had some special deal.

States. You bent over, & you & you are one. State of image. A door. Touch them. If they die, with them die. Dont avoid this. & now, a wide of work opens, & closes, but I'm not ready yet. I'm still with you. But you, you seem to stop & start, come back.

Seek out, win out, I win, I've got your body, yours, it's core & coil of cave & shelter, showing this secret code communicates state, wide, world-wide, you're in some state, they'll all agree, I'm not so sure it's you at stake, & in control, & I control, yes touch, the molecule of ocean broth a feast you bring me, like cannibal moon, a feast your density, your state suggests.

You sleep, you make me well, I had to stop. & now that I have done it, never again & it was done in haste, said in the urgency within which the mind creates, & it creates, said when it does, for others, & present when it is done, it must be said.

It's over (You can watch it on t.v.).

A man stood next to me. He stood to the side. He stands there.

And draws a picture of you.

Through the moist warm atmosphere of the room, womb, whose envelope unglues in calliope madness as each night recedes, 3 hours of the day, work week of hayrides, cross-town in the buses, nudes are driving, when sudden like sun slivers, ice glass severs men, women, not nude, now flying, flying now barely floating, hanging on air, where's the ceiling of this room, where's its ribbon to attach, hanging there, say hang there, or hover, fair air, blue ribbons, legs & spans, eggs hatch on the bridge, all the eggs & moon covers. It's cause of moon, & sweet, & sweat covers, it's cause of sweat, millions systems throws, throws out severs, feeds milling seeking moistures, him & her, & catches, throws it back, & catches sex of system, catcher mother father, milk & all head, & all headlong over zoom, & over precipice come, & long ancestor rolling balls, come & room room around, pending around boom, the long one, spirits, mistral, bath, simoom, direction & natural, nautical sea heaps, natural crevices, nautical loom, weave, sell, swell, women diving, sprite of alone, lone of a spill sky, meets sex of systems moment, merchant's wife, currents mother father caves, melts compass points, where sons (blue), and daughters. (brown) rode rode rode there, & stand reverse, met, rode mix, rode horse, sound less, & more demons scatter museum pieces, slash a sky, diamonds' eyes, make out a second, listen to...

My speech isnt listed in the books as some kind, read it to me, I make the language fly, & it's hot—2 crows, black crows, fly black sky, they deal with what's there, they learn to love the haze, more than that, a crow, any bird, speaks to the haze in incredible motion, towers & level are not standing, they are Nine. Is that number? I make these divisions unconscious, like cutting a pie—there's a whole history involved with it, not motion of

object, but motion of access. Look up hamlets & parentheses, you see expansion & need, but rather duplications & as an addendum (to me), nothing.

Ingenuous, a zone of genes & veins, stricken by the naive terms of possibilities, special, what you bring, & it's nothing, it's all visible once, I am proving I'm in awe, like reversing your existence from seeing to what is seen: I am the show's shadows lights make at night in the back of the car, going home, mesmerize me. The terms are light. And cars passing, like the surf, there's no end to it, do you see? You! You single out structures, single them out, only for time, either to make time for something later, or to deny it, we do, we dont exist, there, in a funny place for us, so recently discovered, is a centrifuge, I need to make speeches, you ravish the objects with a word at a time.

A single word.

Or invective against length.

A choice is in love with you.

Let me ask you a question: you let me.

Are words more in code? The red rose doesnt, the rose is red does.

Make a sentence reverse: I swimming mix as several are ones, as much, or more, than I am waiting for you. Waiting for you, I am more than, or as much as, ones are several, & as several ones, & as they mix. If the simple sentence was, & if I was, in a movie, & not allowed to dream, real slow, much English (the language), then the language & one sight, one sight at a time would show, a course planned ahead, that this was true, or that was there, leading somewhere (at the least, out—but spelling continuous, like I do, it draws you in, & makes you, every ending, more, they dont stop at me).

Cause memory & the process of remembering, of seeing what's in sight, what's data, what comes in for a while for a month, memory stifles dream, it shuts dream up. What's in sight, it was there, it's over, dream makes memory present, hidden memory the secret dream, it's not allowed, forbidden, dont come out the door, there's an assassin at it or a lion, wild Indian, a boar, a little bear upside down in the dream, so, memory creates an explosion of dream in August & I no longer rest, I dont rest anymore, I dont resist anymore & there's a haze then & two eyes, my eyes, just eyes wide open & this is the climax the reversal, light inches warmth toward the eye in dream & I look at you, I play, I'm exhausted: cause fear had already started as a finish to memory & memory as an opening onto a finish for fear. And dream's an analogy to reprocessing in process, so rewrite it, it's changed, but a memory according to how you record it now & as it could go on forever, this could, dream's a memory kept in process, kept in present by whose consciousness by whose design, so, memory creates an explosion of dream & let me narrate for you & listen.

Cant even plan die no more & that black woman was you. I dyed your hair blue, & that man, my son's an escape from dangerous love. All true. Let me die for you. You wont let me. They want to go to the barn, which barn? What's a barn? All barns belong to me for a while, COLLAPSING STRUCTURES because we (or the two of them, they), they who are in danger, let the posts that hold up one end, the lower end of the barn, fall, or begin to fall, over the waterfall.

After a while I wont need 'em, everything, even the storehouse of food you taught me how to keep, shells, hard shells, edible shells, shells can be boiled, cracked, your watch, crabmeat, soft shells, I am lying on the couch, what couch, watching my party—they want to eat, they go to the barn, storehouse of food.

He didnt answer the question.

No, he failed to ask it, therefore,

There is an omission in my construction,

Which, if present,

Would make such a question inevitable.

I want a response.

I want to alter the environment.

The environment is language,

For the present,

Is a muscle.

So I sent them. Amazons to shoot you.

And I know why I keep trying to crack the code. Poetry is unethical. You shouldnt do it, it's bad, it's filth, it screws you around, till you wind up a trail toward a mountain, or whole mountain itself, all by yourself, without (w.o.) a house.

We live in a mound, there's a hole in the top, there's a whole in myself, I'm a head taller but pink from the struggle to extricate the YOU from the stone. Smoke fills. I resort to "you." I need a plow, David. The moon is even, why not mine. What am I saying here. State. Lie down. Bubbles giraffes. Holy shit. Reduced to fertile silt on the bank, swimming as the Nile, I'm the longer river in the other, wrong, sphere, hemisphere, wrong one. Open the gates, send men in, helicopter them in comfort, but then they get there—it's a gruesome scene, edges of war, someone says, "Who's dead?" in a whisper in an ear, stone eyes, grammar of the states, awake, I know you. Signal me.... Strangest gunfire, like cats, goes on, every once in a while a breeze blows in, till I drop, fall down on the docks cause forever keeps itself asleep, sleep keeping something moving in alarm, a magic happening, the only one we know any more, food. Also, sex is still food.

By this time & it was a long time, I knew a couple of things. I figured that what I was doing created a funny need for repeating, but I was used to repeating since I had been a poet. What was even stranger was the need to review, re-read, re-use, recycle what had already been written. My own work was never finished & it was always leading back to itself & to older work. Not a system of feedback but a system of feeding.

Like:

then I began making portraits, not just portraits in colors in designs in styles, in blue, in patterns, in abstraction, but this, & I'm trying to describe to you what it was that I was doing. Portraits of the right thickness or thinness, portraits I could retrieve in a moment from my mind, portraits with false bottoms &

receding backdrops, false perspectives, like memory, with layers & layers in different shades, in different states of decay, & a whole picture of all of it, first strung out in sections, as though it were on the floor, then pieced together, with some rearranging, and recorded, or put in a place, whatever you like, but in such a way that I then had to again cover & review each part, and handled, taken from place to place, until the right situation was found, as this is the only way to remember where you put something, as you already know, and then, and this is all so obvious, waiting to find out what I had done, so I could begin again. And each portrait, if I can now still describe them that way, each one had some elements which seemed to feed back into the next one. And that this for a while was becoming the most important part of the process. And these portraits, as I've tried to describe them, were what was going on in my mind, as far as I can say.

And, there was another problem. People began to describe my work as rude. Worse than that, they were saying that I was acting rude & mean. Also, I couldn't eat. So I decided to try telling stories again.

BLUEJAY SHAMAN

There was a girl who was always picking myrtle nuts. Once the girl became ill, she became extremely ill. "We must get a shaman. I wonder where there is one, I wonder where there's a shaman." Someone said that bluejay was a good shaman. "O.K., go get him." And so they went for the shaman, and sure enough he came, & then he labored over the girl. "Hey," he said, "it is my own poison—power they are talking about." And so he doctored her. "Keep watch on him," they said, "that bluejay is tricky." And then sure enough, he just flew up, packing the girl on his back. He leaped, he flew through the smoke hole, and away. "Ha!" he laughed, "she has become my very own wife." He stole the girl.

That's not my story but Indians always tell a story. They say, the only way to continue is to tell a story & there is no other way. They say, your children will not survive unless you tell something about them—how they were born, how they came to this certain place, how they continued. They say, you write for your son, for your husband or wife, for your mother & father, for your grandparents, & then in reverse order that way, so that you may have a good journey on your way back home.

So, listen to this one so I can't eat: She is modelling a new sort of dress in a kind of sex-show-modeling-show, it's the dress you center your attention on, watch: she comes out onto the stage in the dress. Want to know what it's like? I'll describe it later. There's a man, close on her heels, she's got no shoes on, no, I put that in later. She walks to center-stage, the man behind her. He twists her arm & pushes her out onto the runway: it's a thrust stage: this is where you get to see the front of the dress. She acts in pain. The man, keeping hold of the twisted arm behind her back, grabs her breast with his other hand, it's a low-cut dress, maybe he even lets one side of the dress drop down, he keeps his hand on her breast, her act of pain changes a little, pleasure, an ache, but the moment this happens, this change in her attitude, this lessening of the pain you can see in her face, he turns her around: this is where you get to see the back of the dress. It's black, low-cut, like I said, & full-length, maybe her leg can be seen through a slit up the side of the dress, as it falls, turns to violent red & purple, the deepest shades, & the back, in shades of the same quality, the back is deep blue & green, the dress is like a tree,

it must be painted, she is credible in her act, will be people laugh at her, they dont. He turns her around & takes her hair which falls down her back, he pulls it forward, so you can see the cut of the dress, she does nothing, she acts, her movements are directed. The man & woman speak, but cant be heard, you have seen the back of the dress, they walk back down the runway to center-stage, & here, if I forget exactly how I staged it, it doesnt matter, here I think he hits her, & here is where I put in that she is barefoot, because she runs away, she runs to stage left, & here you see the beautiful dress moving, & when she reaches a certain point she stops, gives a look of fear to the man across the stage, & just as this look is passing across her face, she begins to extend her arms outward to take a slight bow—her head bends down, after a brief look at the audience, a blank look—& just as she has begun this bow, & the timing is important, the man, reaching across the stage, extends his arm in her direction, indicating that she take her bow: this is done so that there is no doubt that the performance is over & that the dress is for sale. Now that is all there is of that.

This is another story, called AFTER WHILE:

No matter what the above, what comes before, stands for, it means they wont let me die, & as a piece in this frame, & I keep making that mistake, over & over: again, today, when I created your absence, today when I created your absence, then, the whole tone of the day, was like the rest of a day, pick any one, that any of the dead ones died. To be simple: I was aware of that.

When colors come clean at the edges, this is how mescaline works. But when they do, when can you look? Aloud. It's only when you cant look at them, & to remind you, the tone of a day, a day I was spectacularly reminded, of what you do & how you look, on a day, any day, day any of the dead ones died, but not me.

Before that all weekend I expected to die.

But instead they got us a housekeeper & she turned out to be this terrific young French girl named Lisette, dear Marie, & one day she was crying in the kitchen, no that's no good, & we embraced, she was crying on the couch in the living room & we embraced, & we made love, & so immediately she took me to meet, no, not immediately cause that night at the dinner which she prepared, we giggled alot, & mischief & mystery, & so first chance we got, she sneaked out, I mean I sneaked out, no, I didnt have to sneak out, we met & she took me to meet her boyfriend, who was also French, & then we all began making love, so that the day after my sister got married Lisette & I & Jean took off towards the mountains together in a truck. Now what would we do for money? No, first of all, I left notes for both my sister & my uncle. To my sister & Vito I said love to you both & dont worry, we'll have a good time & no babies, & to my uncle I said dont worry I'll be back & I'll write you, & it really is better this way & I didnt write but I secretly hoped that he wouldnt try to find me & I would write often to reassure him, but always be careful to have the letters forwarded by friends in other locations. & what about money? Well, the Monday I left I forged my uncle's signature on a withdrawal from my account that was in trust, & it worked, & besides, for the months ahead of time, I had been secretly saving money, taking money out of what he gave me to spend. So that eventually we traveled all over, we traveled all over, & soon we met Lisette's father, who thought our arrangement couldnt last forever, & so he got involved. With me, I guess.

Always being given.

And even before that, there were so many pastries & cakes, I was rolling around in them, demanding things, special ones, strawberry cupcakes, my favorite, I was lying in them at the bakery, forging desires I didnt even have for the sheer joy of demanding, of making demands all night, baking all night, all for me, to lie in, to destroy the half I couldnt eat.

I want a woman.

I want Lisette.

Sure I go backwards. Sure I murdered you. Sure you can move. Sure I dont want to. Except to die before.... Before what? Before Cocteau pins his beautiful dead body on me, before I pin that beautiful dead one on you (that's something that cannot be done), anymore than I can die, just pure by wanting to. Anyway, I'd rather die than make that compromise, with you

Before

Before

Anymore

Anyway

Which would involve

Beyond

The past

Issues so trivial

As I envy you

Trips to Stockbridge

& the raising of money for liberal women

& the seeing of men too, men as well

Or even, others

Any others

& absence, there's one of mine

& the greatest revenge on absence is beauty

It's a way of looking

But nothing havent any all And why go on if it's just to use up your

Time as mine

Even for love that can be left

Even for love that cant be revenged

Anyway you can see

This is yours.

Someone said about the purpose of laws: You can see that in this discussion the question it started from has been almost completely left out. We asked how to communicate states of consciousness directly through a mass

of language without describing or remembering. And, we wind up with the question, who is the YOU in this work. Or why is it there constantly switching. Even though this question seems to lead somewhere else, all my attempts to answer it eventually gave me the clue I needed to escape the code & begin to do what I was trying to do. But now, in the middle of the work's obsession with the concept of YOU, I wrote this:

Why suffer through the code, it's a path, I'm on it, you get it, you get it. Caught in this design these ropes I'm exhausted, I'm wide awake I'm looking for a language that will carry you to this place, this place is isolated, it is here & this, this here: If you would knock on the door a few hundred feet away, I would answer it & let you in. The opening of the door would excite me & the gesture you would make of our novelty. I would understand that it was strange that you were here & that movement, our movement in our sphere, sphere of action & of motion & feeling, all this is constricted & that it is hard to move & agree with feelings, hard to move & be satisfied be excited, not be denied. You & I would know this as you came in the door. I would answer it. You would make some gesture. You would move me. I would wait expectantly for the door to close behind you but that motion would seem longer to me than to you. To you I would appear nervous. You would wait for some sign. Seeing this I would do something dramatic, something to satisfy a dream. Perhaps you would go outside again & repeat your entrance, only this time the door would be open & I would be sitting, my back to it, on the bed in some dream room. As it is here the bed is so far from the door that it cannot be a part of the stage for your entrance. It doesn't matter. Let's say that as you enter, you come in the door for the second time, let's say you come in noiselessly, I'm not expecting you, I have my back to you, perhaps you even walk across the room & just as you extend your arms to take me by the shoulders, I turn to see you, I had heard you coming in a moment before, we could say I had suspected you, had faith in you, it's all the same—that question of movement comes in here again, you understand this way of talking about movement, it's in a certain context, like, you say you're keeping busy, you can't stand to sit still, you don't really mean this, you want me to do something, but all that is irrelevant to this design which isn't meant to be real, this entrance your entrance is a clear fantasy this moment an entry merely in a notebook or other recording device, maybe something quicker, more attractive, electronic, blue, like you. I speak into the tape recorder. I say: there is a knock at the door, it is you. But before I can answer it you come in, the door is open. I am still sitting turned toward the door. You are seeking me. You can't resist, even though... but that's an element that figures later. In fact you are asleep now, I'm sure, you're an escapist. You deserve the facts, sink into the pillows currents & wake refreshed. Let me tell you this one thing, it's something I've never told you: there are colors on your chest, you lie down, I lie on top of you, we speak correctly to each other, you say, "There, not there" and "Be careful" and "Watch out, you know what I mean," you don't want me to lie on your penis, you're afraid. But why then am I sleeping with you? Your clothes are fresh, we are in a small hotel room, a room named after a tree, the cherry or magnolia room, & in the adjoining room, there's a common bathroom between, your wife & my sister are asleep in the same bed. Do you want me? I'm used to sleeping with my head on your stomach, I'm not afraid. There's a knock on the door, you come in, I'm a woman, the script's changed, you're surprised at first, my presence is insistent, what happened then?

David, Theodore /Nathaniel, Ted.

A little while after this, I stopped for a while, again. I was waiting for something. I was waiting to find some magic words to work from I had written five hundred pages. I didnt know what to do with them or next. Finding magic words & not forgetting them became the next apparent step in my process. The first ones that occurred to me were:

You planned the disappearance of my desire.

You planned the disappearance of my desire. It's like putting a mouse up on the table: when I used to drive up & down the highway, there was always an average to two stalled cars, sometimes accidents, a day, usually on the downtown side: everybody slowed up. Now there arent any, last two weeks or so. Jacques gave me a Cadillac. They closed the downtown side for repairs. Now that calmed everybody up so Jackie Curtis came in the hallway, or tried to come, how could we know, & Walt Whitman, waiting, waiting in the waiting room, to see you. Could you calm What Whitman down? Do you think so? By a process of reversal I wound high up, without climbing, on your street: nowhere to run, nowhere to hide: up on the corner, I was up your way, early in the morning, with a class-room-full. You there? Walt Whitman was, wasnt he? Wasnt he waiting to be calmed up the ass, even though he glowed already? Yes he glowed. There was a glow around his glow-white hair, like the glow you can get on black & white film only. Hitchcock glow.

A certain kind of tan light fell on Ed, as he stood in a colorless wrapping, pretty costly christ, at the top of the second pair of stairs without railings—no bannisters in the courtroom, any—as he stood there along side of his gift of tongues: it was a battle & the first one came up, but didnt come close, a foreigner, to see if Ed could speak his language: of course he could & that one down, the next came up, dared to approach, but not too near, for fear of the big bear-christ Walt Whitman was, no, he became, came later, & meanwhile, like in a tv series that takes up the time, Ed forged the gift of tongues into a sterling light-time victory at the top of the stairs, surrounded by metal of a silver & lightless shot, shot through with light: war's over, he said. Back at the tunnel for actors in training we saw through this: people pretending to die in gas masks, & I tell the director: but you really are risking their lives, too much, no air, little air. And when I took Ed's place, at the high spot, so connected to Walt Whitman in the air, speaking out into the air, though he was silent: what tongue? & when I took Ed's place, & found my way down without climbing, out the false ending, I stood on the highway again, & two people driving, combined with two people driving, to be both groups driving one car: I couldnt see, & they demanded our food. Are we taking your food away? We both eat cars & demanding food is my business: incest is always hungry, like a tooth: sure, I talk about food all the time, but I dont have mine with me. Quit fooling around—get out of the car & dismiss yourself, I mean talk to yourself,—Walt Whitman mumbles too, but not to the class.

Is that what a teacher is?

You planned the disappearance of my desire.

No way. But I summoned the division of Jackie Curtis to prove you're full of shit: either way. Now I'm ready for a revision: I planned that you planned the disappearance of my desire, you planned the recognition of dead desire, & I said, no matter what you want, I wont not want. Simple of her. Now which is poetry & which is

prose? A lot of people think prose is closed desire, due to remembering (are you there?). At the shop we shopped for derangement, but how can you make a sale to yourself: you can only steal.

Now this is real prose—stealing, thievery, snatching things, catching them up in a wind, sailing along, stopping for fuel, snags & tie-ups, breezing it: invisible muscles need definition, do you see? I studied the eye & brain in a book. To be simple of her, you have to be him, but who could you, recognize, be?

Mathematics teaches that nothing ought to be. This points to the high places of before, from up in dreams. (Someone left as I came in. This happened twice today & will happen again in cest). Incest is a pretty cruel word for a mix-up without any confusion. The director points: that person is dying in his mask. Do you believe that alcohol is 13% by volume: are you where you ought to be? I am scared sacred. Walt Whitman is a ghost volume: I don't want to go where I don't have to go: mathematics teaches me to go, any way I can get there. What is a professional? It's just my dreams down.

Secret steeple, teeth & nail—I'm alone: what stuff? Time eyes. Any derangement of the syntax, any extravagance of the word-in-order, to reveal the subject. I could as easily confuse you, or me (two ones at once) with a "piece-of-paper" is a cruel word for where you lay up for a while while the self is sucking you off.

Magic words were a lead-in to the solution of the YOU problem. But the YOU problem & the problem of states of consciousness could never be solved until I had forgotten all about them. These problems began to solve themselves when I became interested only in the transitions between thought. By transitions I mean communicating lapses. Maybe, if you made the work all transitions you could get the mind to shift natively on call. & whose mind. Transitions like the covers that are the lids of your eyes, & sometimes, they come in layers & the lid looks like three, like you fucked three times, got rid of your cold & got tired, you didn't know where you were, you lost states of consciousness for a while & this happened to me because I couldn't do what I thought was really writing & if I could read all of this to you you might have the feeling that I have been shrieking at you for hours & you would finally get a real translation of thought.

And well I didn't

You gave me an idea

That is

To write it

Sedated.

& I still wear my thoughts on my scarf to excite you, you don't, you were never trained to & I still drink my milk after feeding a few, you don't you were never trained to & this is the best meal you ever had but you will all be gone by Christmas, meal you ever had but you will all be gone by morning so if I hadn't come home just a gesture would it make you any difference at all & the books still up on the shelf so we'll plan the trip to the moon by the full cemetery to lay heavy memory on their graves, visit graves and...

Rosemary in a green velvet hood-jacket is in the station wagon back of the truck with memory with the communists, what's the difference to you you've got your brother here, Andy, Tom & so on & they've come with supplies with sugar for my coffee for us, we're white & I dont take sugar, in the tomb, night.

In white Stockbridge, where else? Day.

& in cool white, it's orange, the college of orange Rochelle I see glaze color passes by eyes of design of modern building, I'm high, it passes that fast & the building's a net, I'll get to it I'm always thinking of others so I give Peter my saxophone where it's always off one note & Peter's another one & from the 31st floor they play a concert & his instrument, mine, fucks it up & after the show, show, we can hear them, they applaud & you are right & they yell to us, thank you Bernadette for being one note off, & I'm living in a tent-room now, like tent, & sure, you can stand up in it, in the middle, attic, but really though you cant & you cant even get out it's hard to get out with all the numbers & the floors & the girls, call girls, I saw them all before, in school, yes in school, & somewhere, there, I find a man, or, he comes to me & we are lying on stone listening to Peter's grateful concert, all the wrong notes all the kisses, dead & the man is giving me trouble, as always, all right, take it, about comings & going, & my needs, all right, a nice man, too nice, Paul America.

It's three.

You Tom & me & also, it's three & would you please be quiet, all right

& where do you have to go in the morning all right I get up at 8:30

eat breakfast & go to the job, me too.

& soon I'll be finished too.

Memory what a shame.

In black.

All the same.

You too & it could go on forever so, are you in love with me are you

no where are you are you here,

So, & were the palms out where out here where something important's going on, like the turning of pages in the family, it's in the family, you you & you one sleeps one reads & one writes what could be more right all right except that none of the ones is happy there & they all went out for a drink so they dream & one dreams boxes white boxes & one dreams colors come at him & one dreams, me, all kinds of tombs visions hardly visions of tombs aching tombs aching to be seen, you guess. You come along & see it's a crowded cemetery & the roaches run all over the table & you get light: please believe me I'd do anything you say

So,

Say it

You look so cute when you hair's messed up that it's hard for me to resist this long & whaddayou expect of me a faun, sexless faun, shag ears, Hawthorne's dog,

his favorite pet

I try to forget &—

I try to forget &

I do what's necessary

politically

to keep my comrades going
in arms it's our armed struggle and
VIVA LA SANGRE DE SALVADOR ALLENDE,
the physician, but I escape & he says the greater the poverty the greater the disease

I saw him speak

I watched him speak & it just happened that he died, was murdered by the U.S. govt. in the same week in the same time as mother grandfather & you but I am not angry with Salvador Allende & this so this could make a fanatic of you I mean of me except I am not & never was, I am a ragamuffin, I depend on the U.S. govt. that murders Allende, it's council on the arts supports me, I cant remember, 30 bucks a week, from the copper mines of Chile, I dont know. I am trying to change the world. I'll take anything I can get for food, if I can eat it.

So bet it at the OTB office

& run from one to the other

with the racing forms

& newly pave the streets, grand street

& newly pave the highway & canal

with pre-cast concrete blocks

I dont care

It's the search for long-range goals

It's the parks dept. of NYC

& it's the city

new, blue, police, cars

have the cops

so spaced out

they cant get out of the cars

blue cars

to make an arrest

& we are not in power

we just paint slogans on the wall

& we are not in power

we just try to change the fucking language

& we are not in power

but we take money for food if we can eat it: whose mother you are

cause then you feed it too

& then only then

you can eat

horseshit

& well at least we got no leaders

to manifest

a prick to you, or a circular, eat shit

but do not

commit suicide

now

your arms are too pale, or too terrified, or too brown.

And I started thinking about my brother again but how could we be serious, with the glasses of wine, with his friend, without ever being anything but deeply serious in the house with a room downstairs with a door onto the garden, my room, his room is upstairs, I have a couch & glasses of wine, I bump through his door or do I push it, dropping everything, I forgot the extra glass, no, I didnt know his friend was there, they left the stuff from their trip, or is it camping equipment in the hall, how does the door lock, in case his friend leaves, it locks from outside, it locks automatically & when there's another person, then it's difficult not to feel like a child, you wake up in the morning, are you upstairs or downstairs, you watch out for the maid cause you're having breakfast together, upstairs, les enfants terribles, so you drink champagne at a table near a long low window, someone yells up or rings the bell, saved, you arent dressed yet but this is accepted, usual, it's quiet, what do we do today. You were camping there, we must be camping here, under a tent between the bed & the dresser, a little bear hangs upside down at the door, no, someone's put a lobster on the step, or a crab & run away, hides, waits, it's him again, I knew it, you wont cook the lobster you cant boil lobster alive & watch it turn red & watch it turn green it's nothing to see & then eat it. A fraction of an abreaction fraction of relief, it's not enough, I'm starving I'm anxious to work out the mechanics of this, someone says that, you come close to describing at least what is new. No describing, there's no describing mechanics, a desire for length, transformed by speed, physiologically in memory, you work in stretches with a desire for length overtaken then by speed, you work fast to get it over with & since you are not creating memory you take no pleasure in it but the sound & sometimes the designing of the words, in bulk, you know it could go on forever & sometimes mind hazes over for no reason in the middle of it & since you know it could go on, you also know the ending & the end of it but could never even dream, so, later, you dream it right out loud in front of every one & make a package without images, it's true it's too bulky for what it is, but apprehended all at once, as at the scene of the crime, it's crystal clear—who did what to who & consequence. So it's a question now of motive it's no question at all unless a human science goes that far, but if it does, in some terminology, some language not the common language, then you concentrate & try to design that one in. I'm quiet she's quiet. I wish we didnt have to speak through mutter to ourselves, repeat thought, who's out there. The mutterer says make it new & the one who ignores languages at all, he has morals. All anarchy all design like the patterns in leaf continue on, they seem to go on forever till & finally they do it, they repeat. & that's without speech where speech is never near road. I've written myself out of human use. There was no blueprint there was no plan. So I keep hearing my name called & I wash my face my hands your back, you're gone, I am forced to say so. & I dont want anybody to want me, no compromises, just care, like food, & what I was getting to is this, it's impossible to live, I never thought so until I saw what grief was when it is private & no one knows & so, everybody, their suffering & their art taking them around the world, one of them's here. I think I must want the main character to die.

I get drunk & I rage & I instinct but I never seem to come back home.

Keep memory awake.

Its content

It's rubber stamp

& its signature

is small

& quite spaced out.

I cut my thumb

making inside covers

for memory & the

jokes of it cease

to be small.

Let's not eat here.

So memory comes what it becomes & leave that out from now on, lets not eat here, there are no black fishermen on the sea, no fishermen in it. How can I eat, lets not eat, here, everythings cold, nothings hot & nothing to kill, what is that bones or cartilage, rabbit or car on you, its like eggshells, milk across the watch & I'm racing: theres a word memory I'll never use again, to rubber-stamp it. But more, sideways a space is used up. Theres too much of it & I'm done.

How bad is the Pearl's injury?

He's supposed to be back beginning of November.

Me too,

like a line, I keep having all the symptoms but I cant have the dream

Whose sex

Whose space

whose graven image out of practice

whose line

starts

just to make

somebody's head spin out

leave it alone

take it on the road

put em away

go home

& what'd I say to you

just

the last few blocks

made me nervous

cause I'd feel like a fool

jumping in a cab

to go 5 blocks

I'd say

it's here
I thought it was further
It's spread out
it's necessary dreams
Anymore, so?
You you & you
I ate I pulled a prank
there was a trick in the series
where you ate like a lever
then told
all fell asleep got well & cure
what'd you expect something new
there's nothing to look for outside
I mean
I dont look outside anymore
for signs
at signs
that's why
I dont understand you
a moment
its all absorbed itself stored up
I'm catching up
in a moment
I'll see you
maybe
grooming yourself by the door
you're an image of a bird
calls up
the gardens I sat in awake
naked the
pedestal
starling, exact
they get up for work
out of reaches
it's easier than that
so
it's worse than before
this form is a list
of what I have to do

a long length
of short lines
with no pause
I fell asleep
I went exact to the place
you never saw
your face
so scared
as mine
the division I dont understand
liquids
it's clear & thick
it's milk
it's wine
it's light out
or fear
goes on forever
you dont need the wine for your fear
you need it to speak
or drive the car
for you
I stand up
I go on vacation
I work my ass off
I cut my thumb with a razor
but dont record
forbid recording
forbear for fear
altitude attitude
synapse lapse
fraction abreaction
the stink the smell
the white whites out
the blue invades
what's to tell
next to blue
in here
chopped
chuck

in hallowed ground
no journey's an ape
I heard a man say frigging
about shit now was a woman
signing flames
I knocked over
the milk
same with the wine I'm drinking
that's recording
a dream everything
in fast architect
blood open the book
they dream I had no egg
I know you're crazy
this has been happening
since the moon without being careful

he moves around

me too me too

what about me

leave it till morning

I never saw it never will

the difference between saturday & sunday is still in my system, it's not the date it's the ballgame or something, you see I'm expecting by immaculate conception, it's a big thing. As a matter of fact it's the last thing I gotta do I've got to do I mean after that it's just women, just me & the women — this stone I'm the symptom of I think. It's never that easy something always gets funny it's small or little, it falls I can make it fall, you too, you with, you easy match who says what to who, said in the house. You can steal that too, maybe I'll get off. At least I'm full you want more there's more there's all you got. I've got this energy & if the typewriter bothers you just yell cause I know I got it in me to explain this here in type without ribbons & you,

You?

& I began that way & I'll continue that way & it'll go on

a new work, laugh

You laugh & I make a new kind of sticking space & I know my mental acuity is tough & I know my mechanical acuity at this moment is a work of genius

That's all that's allowed, in here, so

& so, you got an hour to do what you set out to do

mechanically,

mechaniste,

& you & you & if the government falls in the mean time well so what they dont know what we set out to do

no how: call the cemetery, teach poetry & so on: apply for a grant you havent got, mechanical facility is go, not go, I wont copy anything no matter what & spacing that out now, matter, what, more. Take it, please, I thought I had done it last night but you saved me you didnt save me & I am not no longer not the one not no more in touch with never mind I'll repeat it till I get it I wont get it I'll resign I cant even see the work which is the type before eyes before clandestine,

no, image, eyes:

Anyway eyes

are easy to read

like mouth

like stand in the art of retrenching

like military takeover, imminent in the art of design

that is, & that is I.E., if you want to know it:

design that we learned

in school during the McCarthy era, period. Take it away.

O. K.

I'm trying to get something back, way back. Not a reading not a mailing

not a book & you dont even know what's going on here, now, no way

just a margin just a tune.

Take it away:

What does it do to you it makes me fat.

How serious is the Pearl's injury I'm all caught up in it.

Well he's supposed to be back in November, early November. Me too.

Where're the keys?

Traveling.

I want the pink one, it's slow.

So

What've you got to do, traveling

making space you got some balls

I saw some so what & make some space I work in that space like a

Jivaro works for war like he makes it there's some in store

so he waits

& sinks ships, he doesnt do that he drinks beer I didnt do that what I

planned to do I worked out of another space I make it new & I meant to

say made

& whose got to prove himself whose & how

nobody no how

even if they cant remember where it comes & do you know what I'm talking about?

Let me tell you:

I wait for myself just a period of waiting cause I know

I can do everything so who are you

I wait I mean I am waiting

I am not collaging there are no textures here, it's a song & is it?

YOU?

Please believe me with your patience I am you or,

other way round

so someone said to me sometime: I get up & I am waking talking walking

Just

Like

You. There's a collection of poems. There's memory. There's studying hunger.

There's screen-plays.

There's a body moving (you &)

in the are of the distance

& I cant fake you out

I cant make it, sure (you &)

lost no notes but cant find em

but the pin of the prick

(& you) I'm standing on is safe

it's a safe, (you)

& it's got to be new—the direction, YOU, is the one that the I—and

will not lose.

That's it. That's as far as I've gotten. I've left alot out of this, including alot of dreams but the dreams often provide me with the words I need to work from. I havent finished anything but I have the idea that if I now take a space & inundate that space with words, all the words that have come out of this, set it up so that the words can be looked at, read & listened, all at once, for days, hours, the observers, or the audience, would be in a corner, pushed into a corner, into being me, or just into me. Anyway its a good question.

Another set of magic words I found to work from was this one: there is no science or there is no science of color or there is no science of percepts if you want. Which led someone else to write: there is no creative writing. Thank you very much.

Now that is the polite part.

Now that is all there is of the polite part.

Violation.

So, let me violate the rights you got let me tell you that I still dream let me design it: the fall foliage: In Massachusetts there's a yellow fur running along the side of the road & on a field, sable... & someone is picking is harvesting the fur for fur coats & I am running along the side of it I am running along it, no one sees it, to a

barn where there's a meeting a formal, forum, social gathering & I get there & I'm looking for someone I'm looking for Warren or Ted & the sky is full of foliage. I think it's the northern lights, it's tree branches, colors you see, colors you never see in the sky, it changes like a kaleidoscope turned slowly so that at some point everything shifts like the minute hand on a school clock, you get to watch it, you get to watch new colors new designs for a minute. I point this phenomenon out to people, they don't see it. It's described on the horizon & I'm amazed, I meet Ted in three states & he says to me you get around & states, & this is the beginning of states of consciousness & on the subway each stop is a state & I eat plenty of bread & butter in Curnmington, there's no one home so I heap the butter on the bread & lay more butter over it. Some people come, nothing leaves, the house falls down. That's dreaming & baby what you want baby I got it & all they are doing is wanting, seek out your own hand writing hand writing of another one & pierced like eyes they look together at the dream & who am I speaking of & who am I talking to, I am talking with you I am violating you & my length like the length of this table's body violates your separate rights, stirring up dust, if any. Your own space & plenty of motion. Now why should you bother to be me in this way as a mix which is final insult as ax on the head of the murderer & this is this a public act: they get empty, thoughts fill them endlessly & all they are doing is waiting all they are wanting is motion & beyond that false ending on the last page on the cover of the book is a fake a last fake a fake in a series, fake tree made into a book, reread what's been written etc. & beyond the space, no, the tree, the chance to go there & baby that's what you want baby that's what I got & energy never leaks out it runs around loose & the tree is formless, it follows its rules around like a fake & someone wants you to let you take them there & someone wants you to let them take you there & you find it out, what's there, as a struggle already dying to explore, what's there, as a piece, to mesmerize, to suck you in to leave all out to include all, you gotta be ready you're ready, eyes violate as I do every day, all born. Now you tell me, can I say that

II.

When's it gonna rain, I can't do it without food.

When's it gonna rain, I can't do it without food.

I am was that schizophrenic. All that is true. God go out & look at the Monday moon again. Perfectly cold & clear. Moon that was moving clouds front of it. A 6 — 8 line poem for the bus. To return to archaic bodily states & archaic notions of these states is to make a mess. A continent might have a peninsula on it. Try & write yourself out of it. Everybody goes direct. Nowhere to go. Glass jars decorate. No cemetery. Black holes, cannibals, rhythmic vibrations, no sex drive-in. Go out perfectly. She writes all external—keep in touch. Johnny Guitar. Date—May 6 or 7, it's 8. Birthday. Mother's Day. Time to hide the bad feelings. Notion eyes the cannibal. Again Anorexia. Nut house. Nut so funny. State of mind. It's because I can't say it, I refuse to write it down. I reverse, condense, symbolize & converse. Not talking. Not school. The workshop is on the ground. What is working?

Detached. When's it gonna rain, I can't do without food, when's it gonna rain. What do they hide, a full moon. Some writers. Hear voices. Some see visions. Number 2. Clear. A life like you like it. 8 full moons circle the

earth—murder, children taken away, physics, focus, ice, stories, sleep and armor. Sleep. The circus, the epistemology, the booklist, the reading the papers, a slip. Into hedges, rows of hedges, cut ones. A bleak dream, going on. No craft. Craft is internal. Altered states. Always on top. Nothing nice to say. Rude, thoughtless. Ruthless. The Prize or Price of Ruth. Walking walking. Animal ideas, like, mouth. A girl again. In pinafore begins to be being raped by Williams Burroughs into her cunt. Just today. In class. No smoking. Fresh cigarettes. Rhyming. First *hot* then *cold*. Both of us. A lecture. A fest. A feat. People can't get in touch. People stopped coming over. Once it is clear. Out & out. Shadow of her across the light behind me. Her pages are turning so you say unnecessary things. Sabotage, saboteur, like the diaper. A life circle on the earth, the semblance of a long enough clear decision. I shouldn't spend so much time with her, like ice. No jokes. I can't make jokes. Incontinent, unfaithful. In store. Repercussions, perpetual, repertoire, hangover. See black. Your fantasies while masturbating—something about her mother jerking off. A hum. A hum inside the belly. Then some madness humming. Rage hums in the chest, where it stays, resides, you see, you do not see. Before valium, before valium was invented, or found, valerian root. Wears off. Many pills hum there. Hum in there. Ripped & torn. Like the mother's belly—I never thought of it. Still wet & ready to be. Still wet. Do his too. No me first. Not careful at all. Three hours. Stretch it. Strategies. Stopping & Investigating. You can make it sound so good. Con-man. Must be me. I moved. And moving, say too much.

Like,

Three stories entitled to tempt. Spiritual milk for American babes drawn from the breasts of both testaments: the difficulties of storing & transforming information into terms of human adaptability are manifold, open, like paper, like parents, like book. As Gertrude Stein has pointed out over & over again is as mean as a shower in the length of the table means that the body is one with its own extensions. This is thought. Someone, I, starts to cry, and it goes like a rattle down the length of the table all the way to a man even a man, crying, he gets up, jolted, thought is, on the other hand, a difficulty in itself. There is no guru, there is no guaranteeing its ease of continuing. There is nothing in it, there is something in it & all of it is the same as different as can be. Let me illustrate this with a story: A story which reminds me of a friend who wants everything. This is a friend, this story *is* one. Or forwards, unless there is a friend, or family, to listen. Rather I should put it this way: (or family). The story begins with parents in parentheses. As usual. Now that may seem to you (who are you friend, family, or foe?), identify yourself, to be a joke or pun. Well there you are, a knowledge of the history of the earth tells us where to look for uranium. Spiritual milk. The sadism as cannibal in aim, burns brightly, brightly burns, Caribbean, Caribbean. And there they are two parents, sitting on the couch, watching television, during a terrible summer, excuse me for forgetting, end-of-summer thunderstorm. A terrible summer, the system's storm is raging outside, but in our culture we no longer fear these storms due to the invention of lightning rods & other devices which simply *remind* us of our fears. Oh, & then here are the stories like the one in the paper about the kid who had a twin brother & one of the twins, the original kid I mentioned, was standing by his window looking out over a thunderstorm in the Bronx, New York City, one night, I'm sorry, I forgot, one dark night, & suddenly he was struck dead by lightning, but his twin was not. Where was his twin standing? How did this affect the twin? Did it happen because they were twins? Which is which? Why is what everybody says

in grief, but that is another whole story. So, Two parents on the couch. Making it. Now there's a story or stories, now there's a story if they're yours. What's their story? Each one every one in every place, each one has a story, but someone else has written it. This story is getting to be like a visual image & nothing more. Someone said, sometimes I think people are now so fucked around as to what they think they're supposed to be hearing that you could read em anything. How much information is contained in it for individual message nut—quality needs, if you now know what I mean. Incorporation of the lost object—ingestion as introjection, or, an injection of milk as sense of humor. And then as the ego rejoins the id in sound sleep. In the previous (above) story, try to distinguish signal from noise. Thank you very much. Is this elation—writing? Is this a woman writing? Is this person a woman? Is this woman elated? Is this a woman's elation? The hunger situation is the deepest point of fixation in the depressions, a model for the later, and famous: "threatened loss of love". Dear Dash (David), I'm having dinner in a restaurant, alone, before the poetry reading. It's a restaurant where they know me, you know, in case I collapse or anything happens. Carol collapsed you know. I've decided to keep this journal at least for tonight, maybe for our information, maybe as a companions It's not a love letter though of course I was tempted to make it one, or new. In a way I'll write as little as possible. I realized this afternoon I wasnt an infant but it didnt last. Tired, hungry & scared: it's hard to chew leaves. Have taken 1/4 valium & had a beer—the power of the imagination. What's the difference between a child and a grownup. First day of summer, summer solstice. Two years go by. I dont have to eat this dinner. The salad appeals to me more & more the other stuff, cannelloni, seems horrible. I ate an olive, this seems hopeful—never eaten one before. I guess I'm refusing to eat. All of this seems very clear. I should like to eat that, or, I should like to spit it out. And why did you give me this book to read, Anne Angel Bathsheba? I'm not at all confused about it, but I am wondering what's going to happen. I can see the helpless infant, it all fits, what I cant see is this: *how* does this happen, this transference or pattern or whatever it is. I want to know now, neurologically, sure—& for the layman. It seems a lot different from old notions of feedback & what I said before, see above. I'm chewing just like a baby as though solid food's just too much for me. Something interesting happened before: the people I saw today, I felt at a distance from them, I didnt try to make them be me, make them into me, as usual. Just business, at least that's what I think to myself, other people act—it's just business, business as usual. I didnt eat much but got some energy. She refused the baby food & ate the salad without teeth. Spend the night alone.—O.K., I'll try. And did I start writing as a companion to myself, in desperation, out of desperation. Who cares, right at this moment, everything's urgent, everything's new. I wanted to eat for energy, I know I didnt have to eat, but I wanted to be able to drink relax without getting drunk so I eat or I ate. Along with many still angels, either converted or obsessions, these still people are an immense enterprise, overfilling themselves, throwing selves vigorously headstrong headlong over a precipice into sexual affairs, sexual deals, to suddenly drop them all abruptly with a strikingly suddenly loss. Striking me with sudden loss. Strikingly suddenly lost then. Shorthand notes of manic flight. Well, ha ha, alot of laughing then, I just thought of that song: you make me feel like a natural woman, so is this & someone said, hope you had chance to tell dylan what you thought of his music. I really missed the boat on eating today, I didnt plan it right, and the secret is eat in front of trusted friends. I just realized how strange, from a baby's point of view, the relationship between a psychoanalyst & his patient is: a psychoanalyst is a person who give you his own disease, out of love, & then pretends to cure it. Often, like the trickster, he steals people's wives. Breaks with reality, ranging from transient

denials through severe "world destruction"—it's only begun and, it's gonna be a long long time. Anarchic. Antarchic. Antarctic. Autonomy. You write & somebody calls & you get cut off. Everybody has a conventional wife in mind. Dont call them up on the phone cause even if they answer their conventional wife is gonna answer. Yessir & whaddayou want with my husband of myself. You cheat. You are a murderer. You dream LOST HORIZON is a poem at Radio City, except it's a club. Me & someone (tom?) go to the back to meet R. (except it's Mary Farrell): she's supposed to be with X. except she isn't. Ed'll be mad. She asks me to hold her cane while she (lights a cigarette), then hold something else while she (something else) & so on. Ed wont like seeing her. If X. was with her it'd be easier. We bring her to our seats & someone (Nick), maybe on a screen, is in the shower without or with a big black woman (who's tan) & her daughter, who's as big as she is, & nobody'll say they're fucking but her, what else would they be doing, she's nude, & the three of them go around together, how can they? Her daughters are big, she knows what's going on. Just lie, continued, starting over—begin again:

Just the head of a girl
whose shoulders walk the pavement
cruel numb terrified & drunk
dont pay no attention to making you
want to get high, I'm high

The screen memory is a real memory that conceals another real memory: it deceives as to chronology. What is chronology. Chronology is the science of measuring time in fixed periods, it is the arrangement of events & dates in their order of occurrence. Chronology is the science of timing things perfectly. It has nothing to do with synchronicity. So it seems... so it is. Doing a number on my burning stomach, wont stop, wont open, who's plenty? Goodbye. Epistemophilia—literally a "craving to"—& the grief work; a subsequent emotional catching up, like the grief work, is knowledge. Sleep & mania: two mental end states of de-differentiation: mania & sleep. For the manic person appears supremely awake. He is supremely awake and then, pauses.

Just the head of a girl
whose shoulders walk the pavement
cruel numb terrified & drunk
dont pay no attention to making you
just want to get high, I'm high

We're a group at the New School, all glass, designed like bulbous transparent t.v. sets, all window, sticking out in rows, with thin columns of sand in between. It's a pyramid. We look out. Preserve things. Chinese people are attacking us, preserve the states of consciousness. My mail's been held up, now I get it all at once. Each piece of mail's a little box, one box is from R. I say: "If R. would only give (send) me a present, then I could (move around, proceed, go out...)". The DREAM WORK. Now I know you like this paper a lot. One thing replaces another. One person, however, does not replace, in any way shape or form, another, that is, no one is anyone else. Now this is to say that you do a person a strange type of disservice by attempting to make him/her conform to the assiduities (whatever they are) of the way shape or form of any other human being in relation to self or others. Especially if you think they're you. Now let me tell you a funny story: up in the hills of Ireland, there is a myth about cannibals, which is probably true. They make forays down to the village below to find &

eat young lean boys, for lack of Vitamin D, for a need for Vitamin D, for a desire for Vitamin D, from memory of Vitamin D, to fill the Vitamin D requirement. So I drink milk. Even still, we search maps for the location of our work and find the moon on the map of the world. In stead of saying 'moon' it is called 'even'. Note: Too much Vitamin D, in the form of human flesh, causes severe constipation; also, irritability. *Blank dream*: a blank dream is a vision of uniform blankness which is a persistent after-image of the breast. The wish to sleep is beginning to be opposed by the wakers & disturbers. Some of them are called the Pay-Backables. Are hiding *out*, not in cells, not in restaurants, but *on* binges and quaaludes, I'm hiding *out*, strung *out*, & even *out*, I cant find no, & even hiding, I cant find no *in*, my *in* to the space, the people's space, is destroyed, collapsed in this earth-quake, fear epidemic, I've had one before all around me, my in to the space is destroyed, my space is absence, even out the window there is real disaster. Everything confirms it, I've spread my epidemic to the world, & what's my epidemic but the typhus & cholera they fear in nicaragua from heaps of dead bodies buried under rubble, bodies that cant be buried, contaminate the water, even *out*, and that's what's there, & even water creates a wall, doesnt flow, impenetrable water, solidifies with disease in the ruins bodies make, I am the masque of this pretty red death, strung *out*: you take my parts, even the parts of my body & string them out like clothes on a line, no cover, no sleeves to hide in: even my own house is walled up: I am I would be buried alive in this wall of contaminated water I would be eaten and this is what I know even though I cant see it. The blank dream, picturing in pure culture the fulfillment of the wish to sleep. A cannibal, a masochist & a suicide, the wish to sleep. The car comes up over the hill, it doesnt have time to stop, cant see the water in time, road of water like stone, even—it turns in to water, just around the bend that cuts off your view, tends in to water and this is what I see *even out* the window, I'm out & sex is out as an in, back in to the way that people keep working, the whole fucking human race, my in. Even that—my last out. A messenger comes in... wait, wake up. The wakers & disturbers. Seems to have undergone rich experiences strongly reminiscent of an oneiroid subjective state but fugitive in character. What is a dream & what is a fugue. An excerpt... who always hallucinated a little grey bird on the eve of his recurrent There's no ideas, & nothing for them, & you are not, the desire I am, so I thought I could make, a transparent book, with clear covers, but I've ransacked all the transparencies in the house before, continuously, & cant go to the store: if only there was a convenient reproducing machine between my place & yours, you know what I mean, if only the fucking vegetable & fruit man drove his horse & cart by, down the street yelling, I'd run down—if only there was a stationary store where I could get a transparent cover for this, goodnight, I'm running you down—not yet. Secret writing to make time pass to make it pass, someone would kill me, he would not, I am made, secret fucking serious slow, man & woman sure feel the same, & secret fucking serious sure, I am not made there, as someone else, it was this & it was not this. Primitive narcissistic trust in sensory experience. The inciters-to-bad-dreams. Some of them are Pay-Backables. You start at the top-left. No you stop there. Sun's out. You cough. By this time you've forgotten everything, so you can begin. Since you forgot everything you have to begin like this: piece of cake, or, the weeds. Human mind. Explosion. A free taxi. Vacant. Storehouse. A man came down from off his mountain chopping wood. He hadnt been up the mountain. He hadnt chopped wood. He looked it, though. (What was Jane Austen's (who died) first sentence?). In two weeks everything changes. Seriousness holds. At this moment everyone's reading: it looks a certain way: "I think you're right" followed by... "I know I'm right". The difference: "I think you're right", pause, "I know I'm right". Which part of your body is warm where will I

go tomorrow. Will I, stopped short. You must be rude you must leave traces. Find a place to sit. You have to work with graphs & graph paper, you must forget what you paid for your materials, or, they must be presents, wholly ignored. Then, you must begin with 'night residue'—it cannot be remembered, but it can be found. The finding must take more than five pages. Then you can do whatever you want. This whatever-you-want will be the product, if you need one. Otherwise, or anyway, proceed to deal back. You will sense that something is moving. Seize on it. Reduce it so it can be read, used, then take the time to look around. I cant tell you any more, except this: right on the corner, two blocks down, at a busy intersection, someone is stealing something. (I'm high.). Success prevents the danger of eating yourself up & of living on your own fat. Language, your language, mine—its susceptibility to the activity of my own musculature. To repeat secret writing, to make time pass to make it pass, in desperation, out of desperation, someone would kill me he would not, I am made, secret fucking serious slow. Man & woman sure feel the same, man & woman sure feel the same & secret fucking serious sure, I am made there as someone else, Be me, remember me, I *was* this & it *was not* this. Listen: the world becomes progressively less edible.

May 12, 1945

Being born. I will write in the big book again with the colored pens, no color seems right except this spring green & further real green, real green forest green & what they call bottle green green of bottles, a rich green, I will write in forest green, greens change they develop, and also I will write in lilacs, the sign of being born, someone said. I am scared of the good signs of green the green of earth with feet in or on it, the green of stars seen from the earth, once again I dont know enough words. You have the reason for it. It was a beautiful afternoon. (I think of someone who said that's a pretty cheerful view of things, meaning MEMORY, & meant you dont show the bad side the side the side to the side I guess he meant, I think of someone else who doesnt know what being drunk is who is protective by design, who is the great chopping-wood-man.). So much time's gone by. Some child, a picture of her, she punctuates the book. If you wanted to be mean, if you wanted to be you could be very good at it, you could be mean. I am an expert. I am not mean. I do not respect people's private property. There is someone there, I dont say much about it. I can sleep here sleep peacefully, I'm almost in the sun, the sun's on the floor, red, next to me, I am somewhat free, we are making a proposal, we are making a careful vow, we are not knowing, we are knowing every thing. We are not weeding out, we are full of desire, we are sure, we are uncertain we are pending. I'm scared of being so careful, I'll write in orange, in earth brown-orange seems to be brown, brown seems to be orange, you are beautiful your face is heavy you are like me we are making mischief: hold me. A wind a rain are the details important, do you want them? So much time's gone by. The record is endless & none of it recorded, who needs it? Something else begins, something is beginning, sure, be sure, with me, be me, be mine, I'm still drinking your bottle of wine but I cant say that cause the language is mine & so I did, missing you. Miss, so I'll be you, miss, I am not married but I dont escape your notice, in fact, it was me who came to see you, a clear memory that we exchange, we can change, I am home, you dont escape my notice, a glance, the eyes the hands what a design is terrific in core what a catch, what we've accomplished, what we've done what you see & hear, his ear his hair, what we perceive, you are aware of, a mixing up, & you know us know knowing by now perceptions alike perceptions storing perceive

moving perception motion that's the design I'm speaking of through you I am speaking I'm speaking of through you I am speaking to you I find it intricate I find it hard, dont overlook this, the words fight, dont let it go by, a finer point, I need it, black a translucent picture black a power you are fine, no escape, no avoiding, some forgetting yet to do in the middle of a puddle of so much emotion formed on the concrete maybe it is so dear, I'll keep you, I'll have you, you are present at my birthday party, sections of it, this one, again the concrete one I am revealing you the conscious one conscious now of a day of birth. Absence or loss, by one by one. I've spent all my money & I dont need some. I am tuned to your absence: there's no one here, a lingering. I am not sure, not sure I want my watch back the one that was stolen, I'll let you know, we'll play it by ear. Form of a human part is aware. Is here. There's no telling you point to wanting we havent missed at all not wide but designed to the mark, if any if design is free, he is. I hit you, I meet you, I get you, I see you. We were both scared in such a bravery way, it's summer summer course & running open, what? Begin? How ever to begin again, again, I sleep I am asleep I had a baby, it's close. I could go on forever this way but you in the confusion of yours for you I must make magic I must stop I've got to stop & Make Magic, magic to feel, to work on you, I get out of the code beyond the secret code which would have worked it would have worked anyway, but since I am you, now, a part of the fusing, the confusion of possible yous, I will milk, impose, I will come out of hiding, it's time, I've already begun: I'm out, look around, it's blue. That blue is me wanting to fade away to fade back into your body to fill you up again. That's why it's blue, a blue of not existing, a sudden blue, I hear the word boy, yes that's what I am, it's surprising, as blue is green, a certain day of the month, a certain year, recorded. It's certain, the wind blows unsteady, we are secure, you are my base, you are full. I milk you. I needed this time. I am not absent. I am knowing you, you have special feelings, special designs, maybe you are present here now just for an instant in the color I saw first like a light between my legs, a glance, the eyes, the hands. I try to grow. I try too hard to grow. Growing is instant. I see it instantly. You are coming, you're feeling good, you're thinking how easy it is, how hard, I'm too big, it feels good. I was careful, wasnt I? I would've died for you, you warm. You want me anyway. I'm lost where I am, I want to make you just to be sure. But you have bigger plans for me, you feed me. Later I will be your mother. I am sinking. You make me dizzy you make me well. What a blast of power I feel just for an instant, then you are gone, or is it: when you are gone, but it's awful, a curse, how does the wind get in here, here that should be, here that ought to be sealed, how does it enter, can I do that, or is that me, is it me, I am sensitive the wind a knot of it has pushed me too hard, I am hurt, pushed into you, where I belong, I am keeping a secret, I am not speaking, I am hurting, I am stoned, I'm a bubble, I am seen, so many winds, some of them in knots, suck sinking motion, always sinking, in my mind, I'm high, now that I'm sure you're near, how sure can I be how near you are, you are excited, I can feel it, it's not like the wind, do you know as much as me, when are you born, when you are coming, what a map for the streets of cities I could design. What I could show you, meet me, I'll show you my instinct to show you is still, a desire: you are mine and I know your insides I know you better than myself, been inside you, I've survived it even though I would've died for surviving it, given up easily, so you could go on, your presence reminds me, the wind that blows between us close, you make my love, first thing I feel & am sinking sinking soon too soon I want you back blank. I have you. You emerge, vision, tones of brown in warm rounds, a sucking person, like me. The same sex the same motion perceive the kiss as my identity with you. I am on you. What a look you finally give me, in secret, what a tone, in silence, silence your mere presence stretches out like long form in not

quite golden light. I have a message for you: I am ugly, compared to you. I am not quite distorted in the center of your star, I am proud, you spring back, you are resilient, know me. You are brown, I am on you. The sun seems to take care of us, we're warm. It's rude.

V/E-Day, 1945

The nuns make us sign a waiver if they miff it or muff it or if it's a variation of baby, they will not assume the cost the expenses, you got me to the hospital but I wouldnt lie down, I stood there in the doorway signing handwritten waivers handed to me by nuns who were dirty, then I split for a ride in t's car, top down, alot of junk on the dash, my belly's distended but I'm still small, there's lots of room in my jeans from the side as I measure at least three widths of me could fit easily to the belly of one carrying mother, her eyes, a glance, why are her pupils so small in this dim light, why is her eye like a flower, why isnt she sleeping, why isnt she awake, it would be easy. Dull browns & filthy blacks to the bright & hell color of t's sports car lucid slide shades lined in thin black, a whole drug a whole pot of tea's my last outpost before I give in completely to this design. Open it, it's closed. And You, I'll tell you what I think about you, great dreams-for-you-monster, I think I'm saving you, I dont mean rescue or preserve if you knew you'd know that I'm only an intermediate swimmer, but saving, a laying by or laying up or maybe I'm hoarding you, no I'm not, I'm treating you carefully, no I'm not cause we play every day, sink ships, blow them up they've added a strip of canvas to my sails to catch the wind. The tie-in isnt quite perfect yet my overalls are still falling down, my pinafore's too small to catch all the money it rains, I'm sinking the bank's upside down, leave it, I'm coasting to safe, I'm bound to get somewhere strapped in this chair, give me a push, the ocean's electric, let me out, leave me alone, my head is buzzing & I've bitten, all the plants, they cant help but be influenced by me. Sea cow harbor seal butted to shore in the shape of a feather that writes. I've got sea legs & sea room, feathers in the season for taking risks. So I'm drinking the sea I came out of, back with the ones who eat their own heads. I want to make it bright & brighter so a light can fall through. He stirs on the bed. The chair moves an arm. People see through. The plant stands. Electric burns right electric burns left in a circle. Knee. He turns over. Blue in relief. I am as far into the wail. Suck on the screen. The frame blows. Window walks on all fours. He walks out. Sneezes. The bats of Sumatra, dreams of the Malaysians. He picks up his bow & arrow but will not shoot. A method for shooting the helpless by intuition. Helpless in ice, helpless in winter, water & so on. Out of season. Unnatural. He's going for a giant piece of cake. All right. Door legs complain again cant walk the window walkd around. There's room. I didnt go with him. O.K. Will he come back. Is he hungry for cake, what a lion is, the door speaks in another vein. Alone. Spills it. I havent made my entry yet, the telltales are blowing for rain. Backs of leaves are showing I'm hungry too, I move one more two more three more minutes are hours show your cards he says to me I've only got aces & even those I keep concealed, what hard work it is, sooner everyone's noticed the aces are missing, no aces left in the deck or ever was one. I tighten up. I've bet moderately. I'll fold. Everyone's suspicious. I dont mind another hand. They deal me the aces again all five. I could really sweep up. I dont have to, door walks over to me & smiles. There's been an emergency you must race over in your car & cannibalize the surroundings then people are poorer they will be purer if you eat. The biggest details go first I swallow them whole, Look I'm not trying to make a mystery of it, I just want to go on. It seems to go on forever it could, a man with padding

between me & him picks me up as a baby & sucks me right in. You ate the toys you should've left them, little bows & trumpets, cords & all brass plumbing play sets hugging the mid-winter frozen late summers mud pies. I feel so lazy I feel so tossed. Eat them go ahead. Eat the splinters too they're succulent. And they wont enter into the bloodstream dont worry. Eat the snapping turtle in the yard & the bachelor buttons growing. Knows a bachelor. He lives upstairs, he's my mothers kid brother he likes to eat the wash line with me tied in knots. Eat the fence & their lilac trees swallow the thorns whole. Thorns of uncle's special rose bushes whole special sprays may poison you. Swallow the uncle he's scared, he poses for a picture fists tightly closed fists made tight. It was more than a first fist fight, you've been missing us. Swallow the feathers I'm made of raw kernels of corn. The strawberries get flooded growing low, the ditch goes to China, the whole yard never ends, it has no edges, I'm squatting down, I'm floating in the snow as tall as you. I havent sent the memo yet it's stiff I'm near to the end I'm taller than you the confusion is dreamlike the boys are on their boys bikes I wish I knew. Memo: there are phantoms & ghosts at the door. You scared? Memo: You open the door, there's a lion and a savage. You scared? Memo: you open the door there's a lobster, scared? Door opens, there's nothing there, then the bell rings, are you scared yet? The shadow of my hand is blue does that scare you, you take your first step do you remember being scared, where are you falling endlessly into, a man is a woman, women are men, arent you scared yet? I'm not me I'm someone else, are you scared, it's too dark to tell & I'm making faces faces of an attack on your bed, on your person, I'm not me, I'm someone else, there's a hole in the wall goes into eternity, the faucets & drains are connected for millions of miles, there are alligators living in the sewers, spiders fall from the ceiling into your bed, there's a poisonous snake caught in the drain pipe, his head peeps up, there's someone laughing under the bed, his hand grabs your leg, there's a thousand-legged on you, there's a man, two men, in the cellar, you cant get to the light in time, you step on a beetle, there's a face at the window the devil's face, he's coming in, you must walk through the cellar in the dark, your bed is grabbing at you, erupting, a hand reaches up, you may fall out the window, the doorknobs fall off, you get a shock, you go out you come back, someone's missing, he cant be found, you never see him. You are forced into something, you want to hide. Snap & sudden the screen memory of a calendar with photographs & dates like memory from a really old tree. Like Sherlock Holmes we feel like cats & are wide awake, smoke some strong tobacco. Like we get used to this feeling of never sleeping we might get on top of things soon & now with the pointer I point to the times which are screens when I was somewhat free. There was & is that time I was walking down the street free & someone stopped me, we slipped on our black rubbers & beat each other with the hose like the wet newspapers of the war, what a picture, there's hardly any room here to maneuver myself inside this tiny frame. I want to be in a position to enjoy this victimization. I want to be in a position for straight play in this narrow time. The legs of the picture go walking the streets. You turn over & love or lower the t.v. I point to another date on the chart, another picture. Design memory design what design it is. It's just a question of analysis this screen says to me, we want to get somewhere, we fight the amount of time that's past, we want to work which is why I'd like to scare you, which is why you frighten me, which is why my knife drills into you, which is why bears & lions are at the door, which is why rivers listen, which is why everything slows, becomes hazy is clouded, why is why I faint & lighter blue which is why the walls have eyes the walls have ears merely to listen to something, is haunting a spare that's not spoken of, edge on the pattern one mere point in the silly rearrangement of my removal from time & philosophy. I think it, down the street & free. Torture of it rare red steaks of ice cold

meat slab stones of my sawdust country, I ate that & something else. I'm trying to get to it in between here & there she was given a little boy's muscles & tried to make them work. They work fine but dont grow. No definition but a strong resilience & soft to touch. Something moving. I'm trying to get away with it. She had a red dot on her arm a little too soft & cool pushing in. His presence made things alive. I begged her to get married again but she wouldnt. They were protecting us against rape. I had a new sister. My real sister ceased to exist. Her friends wrestled. I read at the yellow kitchen table in bright fluorescent light with the telephone til three a.m. Every morning slept four hours & went to school. Slept on the trains. Worked till six, took naps & ate veal & seven sandwiches a day. No dates but the red cross & one I attacked like a stone on the stoop. And Peter who loved me folk music & got jealous of Bob who I secretly hated. A messenger. I cut my hair. Her wounds were fierce purple lions in the lime light room. She called the police, I agreed it was a stranger but were we helpless as that? She screamed in her sleep. She wept, she asked me questions she didnt live she asked me to be alone with her I expected a miracle it was a secret I washed her hair & skinny back I read all books in a chair facing the round windows & when Father O. came I watched for him I was ready with a candle & a hat to answer the door. O was the one I pleaded for sex much later. Am I allowed to kiss him on his birthday? & who was the one who used to take you out in taxis? & where is your diary written in stenography & my father's love poems to you? You wink at me. Dont bring her here, she wont understand. Morphine. She wont understand morphine. & something black, maybe the disease, your mouth is open. I kill my aunts at your funeral & put on your clothes. You were one of the survivors like they say in the papers, now you've made me a hero. They sent me to the red cross to have an affair with a man. I have one with a man who can pronounce it. I wish to drop him dead so I leave him at the gate & realize you're not with me. I redelegate all authority & power over me to myself. I become my own curtain. I become my own design. Except for my uncle who I try to scare tear into being my lover as he suggested. But he has no passion. He's just a room in the house upstairs. I go up there. He's militant & orderly. He makes me move in with him, he tells me who I dont love. He is forbidding me. He meets me at the movies in Manhattan, Ben Hur. He takes my arm & we eat sandwiches at Toffenetti's where he goes on his dates with M. who is a woman who owns her own house. Across the street. M., I watch her blinds. He used to love a woman whose name was the same as his mothers but she died & his mother died & beautiful jealous Ted & Marie died & then he died but first he stood at the foot of my bed with his laundry & asked me what were my plans & how long did I expect to sleep. I set up a place to fuck in the basement but we didnt use it. Grandfather moaned all night in the bed through the wall. I moved mine over. I wondered about his prick, never fucking & his magazines they were all in order. He wrote me letters about money & promised me his desk. He had beautiful hands & wrists & blue eyes. He was milking me, he sent me to college, he felt me out, I fainted for him, he announced me but where could we go? He said I didnt love him. It was while I was ironing. He was right. I stopped coming home. I couldnt understand how one hour of the day was more sexual than another. We eat out on Sundays & take long walks. He visits the cemetery he takes me with him. It makes no sense, he is alive, he fights with his father, he loves the giants, I meddle with him, he pays me money for being so smart, we make bets with each other. He brings blouses from manhattan & beautiful bolts of cloth. He astonishes me. Leather gloves come next. We talk about taste. My fathers flannel shirts, gray suits with pink shirts & black & pink ties. I want a pink & purple convertible, I have a sky blue pink dress & one red velvet with a white lace collar. To imitate him I dress in pink & gray. He imitates me. We go to City Hall & the

Botanical Gardens. I'm in a flower dress. I love my jeans but it's Sunday. I love to pack my bags for vacation. Turquoise shorts, I'm in the back seat, I yell "stop," & he does, it's lemon ice. On my mother's birthday I refuse to get out of the car, I am sick. We play horseshoes. I'm as good as he is. With uncle I play catch. I watch him work with wood. I do the sandpapering & hand him tools. We work in the garden growing corn. I get hot. We order the seeds. Tea roses, fir tree, hydrangea bushes, bachelor buttons, our part of the garden. Look how far I've gotten.

June 27, 958

FREUD, FREUND, FRIEND, FREEZING, FJORD, FEUD, FEND for yourself, FRIGID, J'ai froix, j'aime les fraises and roses too, Rosemary, sea dew: and you are King Lear, oh no. Cordelia is, I cant say it. And Goneril & Regan's venereal disease, and Edgar & Edmund are always for short, that is, he pretends to be a madman & saves the day. Did I know all this? I know more than this. You are each message in the water I drink. Tomorrow will be a hard day cause the kingdom is a cause made up of families collapse & who is the subject of the king? Dear Lear Goliath, how many are you & am I any to fit into you, there's no mother there. SHAKES BEAR, & shapes bear. Shakes beer—it explodes, the mine field, the juices. Someone once told me that frozen juices explode if you let them get warm, & I said, "Everything anticipates as much as it's past." And I imagine myself in a loft with the ceiling beams exposed & many plants hanging from them with a purple light to keep them growing & someone leaves, I am alone, I am all one & you are free to visit me whenever you please, as a matter of fact I give you the key, we are so serious we play & the walls of the room are brown wood, all exposed, as the beams & the arrangement, books, papers, all ramshackle, random & you come by alot to this one large room, you enter in just anytime, it's always a great pleasure to see you & we are each other's by the arrangement of the room which pleases you & I take pleasure in that it's warm, yellow, the brown, the exposed wood reminds me of your face, it is your face & the plant light, purple, is your eyes mixed with the red of the cloth you attract me with when we play we perform the art of bullfighting which is hard to say but it's what we do. Now at least. But then & this is later in my ceiling-beam room we no longer perform & the arrangement is just a reflection of the fantasy I dream to reform desire in a room that could exist, you *could* walk into it, then now cause I saw those colors & someone did live there, so sure I could & I'd like to trail off Where I was then you were there, I know it, nostalgia for a drift & that room, you walk in, shit man that's as real as anything & as anything I cant stand, it already exists, the room is mine & your life would be yours to be left alone, funny's the right word, I wouldnt disturb it, the veil of the room reveals all, I'm charmed perhaps by my final, I know it's not last, create without limits, something, but a twig, small twig, its limits shit dont they branch out? I'm lost again here but that was my vision & visions by nature go on for forever's too long so now I ache. This is different from the other which comes before, as every last will & testament cancels out the all previous disposals of whatever pennies & properties you or your poppa are in charge of at large at the time of the reading of the will, no death is even, none is even necessary. So, why do you have to go away this weekend? With fully knowledge of how storms brew. I take this fearful beginning of dispersal, you call it a fragment, you private person. I take it & hopes to be with you. I am penitent, penetrate, as Ovid must be woman to be simple. It is easy the way things are. Change & magic are the same. I have a name it stalls me from wishes, to be

your mere daughter. She's as everything as me & I am no more. I'd like to be there. Lovers seem to be absent, so tell me. Please indict me before my release from a painful imprisonment that's cost me my age of a thousand years & made me wish I could see through the giant mass of the earth as I am. And tell me Can I? A, MAZE. Goddam you & me, never before.

November 22, 1960

20 minutes. Hundred. All the own body's time is mind. Baby I wanna get married. I am only fifteen. Proposal for a grant me your troth as a coach for the athletes of plight I'm in. Goddamit my cunt smells so good in the strange city we're so far out ahead of its time that its ache leaned above it to lessen from heaven a haven in medical health, that's good smells, in the jungle the natives think whites smell peculiar & coca plants rub you right out through the skin that is they devour mosquitoes, their bite, as I seem to be, no, as I am attempting to murder you, Yes I am. The perfect crime. The criminal pleads that the victim survive, and the criminal pleads, let me out! Before the crime's a crime of consequence. Now.

Graduation Day, 1962

Three men working. I'm working. One takes the place of the one who's left out. Grace takes the place in demand of care, desire. It's a documentary & dormitory. I get the book. I wait for calls, food & the presence of another human. Someone takes away from me the thing I want most, his being here, & then demands, isnt there anything I can do for you? But, presence lifted is to move for someone to move somewhere else, & defies lines, to move there to do something. You are forced to say: Dont do it, or, You cant say that, or, you can only say, do this, stay with me for a while, or, Be here when I get back. Sinking back again I see another problem: I have to go out. My stomach will explode & the rent's paid after all: there was a mix-up. I can keep the order straight. Took the camera, energy is loose. What am I getting, fifty thousand dollars or so? What's biting me, what's black, what's sent through the mails & doesnt stink like a dead fish. You afraid of that, you afraid of being poor, you afraid, like I am the opposite way of the presence of other people. Hide that little man in the book. Your dreams scare the shit out of you. I get nothing. I get nothing but the resources of what I might get of what great could I have, the polluted residues of a possible new ocean. There's no more hurry. Remember: Mars Needs Women & the identity the male martian assumes to abduct which means paeans to rape the female genetic scientist is fast. That's Mr. Fast, Seattle Sun. Sun I'm sure never to be forgotten. Why cant I eat when I'm alone, whose permission do I need, what is this work I'm doing, cant do, where is everybody, simple things I need—your presence. Some food in the house. If you called me now I'd say: You: How are You? Me: I cant work, I cant eat, I cant move, everybody's not come home, i'm so pissed off at them, it's so simple what I want, you doing anything tonight? Or am I? Lacan eats up terrific points. Everybody shits. My Imaginary Other is across the street vacuuming & drilling holes & making peculiar smells. Dear Mr. Lacan, so what? Why dont you speak English for a change, for the cause. I agree. My Imaginary other real is splitting his head open on the fence they've put up between making a business of it & serious work. Poetry's where you all find something, maybe I could find something to eat there, something anyone at all, that didnt have to be prepared & not a

feast, something simple and that didnt have to be driven to, get in the car, close the fucking doors, lock them, stop to go to the bathroom, stop to drink, change drivers, get there, out of the car, oh somebody fell in a hole, will we ever get there? Just a weekend trip in your fuckin mind, take care! Bend a little, it's getting dark in the park. Haze haze. What comes out, less more is a trick betrayal, what other kind, what other mind, that this, is just, what we do, you, whose?, these, and those, ache. Clap, out of anger move, only seems to make more, devolve around, motion I want, not fear. You jack-offs! Send. Send penis quick direct to mind where sex can annihilate instinct, that old floor—word, there's instinct galore, wipe it out so we can suffer to think real heavy, right through, real you, real right & come out with an edited film. If the penis, Lacan, existed only in the mind then it would be possible for even the most simple-minded insect (trouvé) to find your thought & enlarge on it horribly. Is that why you keep reversing directions? Afraid to meet the man walking the dog on the road? And just as I wrote the word simple-(to be followed by -minded) a whirring thing attacked me flying & I flew up in a rage & swatted at him. He went away. Bang. Of course, he's write in his essay on bleeding & food (La Mer Décolleté et l'ingestion engagé). America, french for bitter, so I was right. And Erica who I used to meet after Mass on Saturdays (her mother conducting us weaving kimonos for Chinese orphans in the basement & they rewarded me with a copy of MANGLED HANDS), Erica subjected to tongue-kissing, a mortal sin! You want a part in this play? Dear Dr. Lacan, My Memory Other tells me your point is well-taken but I dont like to talk to him, usually it's like getting stuck in your own throat, if I eat more I'll choke, If I race to the water-fountain, I'll fall, If I inch out or crawl, my heart will cave in, If you mention my name, I'll kill you. Songs are history, I'll get by as long as I have you, hello I love you wont you tell me your name, I am waiting, I am waiting, Oh yeah oh yeah, waiting for someone to come out of somewhere, I am waiting, and whenever I see guys on the street who are looking, then I mumblesing, oh yeah oh yeah, in Melanie's voice, alot of the beatles, but melanie's voice cracks all the time time, I am waiting & back to I'll get by as long as I have you, and yeah but what about me. A musical of Lacan's text, a muscle of lacan's text. My mood depends on you, yeah but what about me. Plays are always days, curves means means, plays as days curves, plays they are already written, which curves, plays are what are always being written. Marcelin Pleynet, a member of the Tel Quel group, wrote, reread what is written & I gave that to you, yeah but what about me... how does language divide? Into bungalows. So, stars come out, on stage. For a moment they know everything. See: Subject Bernadette M. (not her real name) rewrote her letter to the designer from whom she was seeking advice: my couch is peacock blue & my entrance-way is normal. Therefore, what struggle should my carpeting be? Can you divine it for me & reply in language? Dear Dr. Lacan, the penultimate distance between myself & you (if you were sitting on the peacock (that is, where it is presently placed in the room), & I myself & I were all-in-one like a cat half-dozing on the absent you (I mean rug) (sic), Would be large enough (how can I describe it in two dimensions?) so that my gaping yawn (cette beance lettriste (note: why does she assume, without full knowledge, that the beance is feminine? See Proust's roosters)), and the dawning sigh that such an opening evokes, reverential towards all human presence, could not be heard by yours. AUDIT, AUD, IBLE, = AUDITABLE. Please take this into account: All metaphor is present to be given, energy to receive is politically diverted & discourse satirizes (in our century which is a decade) recourse, a desperation not to be relieved like the idle tortures of analogy. What is the cost? Like all wars we battle specialization. Subject: Bernadette M. (not her real name). Dreams: blue room cant change & fire lights bloom in the cheeks of her amazing mother, no! And her lover who assumes no identity

comprises a compromise, is stubborn enough (he/she hates the word), & by the way I've got my Memory on the wall, and little memory is just a hamlet in an African mud-town, now liberated by Portuguese armies, cause after all, it's the peacock that rises, & its language that decides to be punctual, to the end reinforces what goes backwards & is stubborn enough. Remember those little towns, they looked like this: penises, maybe arranged in a circle, who cares? The tribal protection is non-structural, towards its own center. And is that why you dont like mushrooms at all. Mushrooms, dead matter, is that why *you* like them. Yeah but what about me. Is stubborn enough (grass huts), but why call them "hamlets". Hamlets is a whole group of growths like those, enough to place his identity as a parenthesis. He says it is one. I wish I had the exact quote. Neither of us can remember, but it made me see ("Can you get it on & off easily?"), see this: (). Look up hamlets & parentheses, you see expansion & need, or rather, duplication, and as an addendum, nothing. It's just a phlounder, but, something could come zooming out of those brackets erected in such an ingenuous zone of genes & veins. Geniuses push at their fog forgive me eggshells & every once in a while, pretty often in fact, they state to fathom. Chromosome? So that makes me think of good Raymond Queneau, author of ZAZIE DANS LE METRO, a filthy book, which barbarous Louis Malle made into a funnier movie than ever was before cut quick. Prince spaghetti. I'm an expert at carbohydrate fuels & could fool you right now into thinking that basketball players, quite naturally, should switch from caviar before the game, whose bitter equivalent is steak, to a big bowl of pasta, like mother used to make, she never did, discount her, cause then you could last 37 minutes on the court, dear central Willis Reed, just running on the evenness, the consistency of the food & not its nut-quality; maybe this conception has more to do with erections, which the polymorphic phonemes all around me just make me want to play with all day long. But watch out, I like the nut-quality too! There is something to devouring a nut so quickly with so much in it that cant be a serious mistake. Please believe me Dr. Lacan, I wanted to better my dreams through La Langue, but what's the word for tongue? I dont have time to look it up & senses seem to diminish what's contained in the dictionary, even if the book's engaged itself so far as to be ticklish, in fact, there's alot I'd like to do—a dip in the sea, get back the blue room, get something to suck, get back the blue car with its specially responsive attentions to the road. Why dont we do it? And most of all to take that walk down the street straight down & over, over & across in the middle of traffic, no fears, we're not on that kind of expedition, the light changes, we buy a hat & more. What's more? Like the Rat Man, like the Wolf Man, like Dora & like me, we spent some money & hung the honey on the door, just the two of us, I learned from you that you are me & since we're free to be switching, let me take care, I'll take good care, you took good care, of me, of you.

Day after Graduation, 1962

Dear Dr. Room, By funnier I mean my sense of humor. Black again? And why am I calling you all these different names? Its a study habit, I mean a study concept, no a study hint. Oh fuck it, last night I thought I would die amen, I couldnt swallow & hated them parents as far as it goes so of course then I thought then that they would die too or least of all one so the amicus reliable environment constructed a cross-culture structure-ism for me that went sweet (sweep it up clean) just like this: nobody died yet & nobody knows the trouble I seen with my own two I's. I's as calm as a peach in a way, that emerald one so's my birth stone remind me to

tell you about spelling bees & the last one I lost in the finals to a little prick cause much too smart for just 13, I spelled trenchant (now cut em up quick) for an audible "transient" & they sure come & go pretty quickly, so I usually try to get paid in advance in cash which spells champion & the word "illustration", just like billie holiday. Just memories for clues now, as to how to egress out the door without missing much, go slow...without missing anything, she bet on a horse to show, she was just 18 & choppin wood, something something but the money's no good, transition... Dear Joyce, what is the mechanism of the mind human mind, that at one point says to itself, what? But what does it say? If I knew that I'd know why I'm faltering & phlundering, that says to itself, I'm allowed, aloud. Quick, think back, you know what it is, I shall be released, my character's changing, I'm not an actress, invulnerable as human, words, a willing word, is not come easy by, is not come by, must stop for a minute, I challenge you, I'm at my worst, & now that I'm on the inside.. . but that comes later. Acceptance of the view, but from what level of alliance? & You—you are the energy which forces me to tell, and to tell you—the greatest envy of them all—to their envy—to tell you that the kind of love that sustains the energy I've imposed on you is impossible anymore, so I must kill you. Anymore—that's history. But do you see the awful irony in this? It's not new. (And here I'm not even dealing with the issues, I cant but with the evidences, with the issues as they are reformed). Irony & why I still do it, even though, the greatest earthquakes & firecrackers of all time are dying to dynamite the iron from my heart of iron, simply to let me use it, fiercely, to create something, mine it, out of you, in the most human way. Synergy /resource. You see the crack in this, I know it. And I see it tumbling too. I had to clothe you with that kind of love & now the clothes get thrown right back on me, so sloppily that eye cant see, eye is covered by a shirt, or maybe even a vestment, the priests vestment, Father O. And what do I do, and you are waiting. Before, I was waiting. The future will be nothing like the past. Please, that might seem like an odd thing to say now, but dig it, honey, cause I cant. It's not the little engine that could, that one couldnt think clearly, this one a genuine engine with faults, that is, cracks & striations. Shit, I fall in again, I am not scared. But where am I falling endlessly into. Beginnings are necessarily early & an early drought in the midst of too much rain And the writing, I've something to write about that: It seems to me now that the writing is false, a false front, like the clothes I threw at you, and you, so good you are, threw them right back. Notice I never put them back on fit arms into sleeves, etc. They're just all over me, like a grave. And what you did, that wasnt really wearing them either. But the words on paper were a code like I said, a dense code, a way to think to work without thinking. A talent, an exploration, sure, but how many buts can I put in without revealing I'm resisting, maybe a stick up the butt, what I dont to you. Why'd I say that? Equals. So much hunger never to feed in the water & never to breathe there. Break up. I'm stormier. Who? You & me? Chance we'll... See, I'm not even thinking about "dead", but DEAD as word pops up, so, but, still, yet, I used to use adjectives like peculiar, motions, all the time. Now I'm up to conjectural adverbial conjunctive convulsive prepositional towards the so in it. Does that mean more motion emotion is capable of being descried, described, synchronous with the view. Shit languages. But, but I, but if I, Still I can't, Even yet, But, maybe almost, Form, I am so disappointed (that you may disappear before), Do you see it? You see, when you first I am enabled to touch with you (immigrant so) that you know was something that could raise up all expectations that the past made me sure held all solution, as we said. A boundless love in this sense that is with you leaving me senseless is very complicated. But as an answer, which you say is wrong or impossible, as an answer it is perhaps the most impossible again to give up. Let me try to

say it another way: if the depth of my feeling had emerged without relation to love, but now I am fooling you. That would be impossible for anyone. But, if you new I had been a compulsive shoplifter, despite my appearance, wouldnt it then be easier for me to abandon the complex of my history & reform. I've got it all mixed up again. This thing with you where you are no longer my prisoner, this is very bad, because now I'll try to hide my feelings from you, and our love, like I feared from the start, even, daring, there's no guarantee on that. Guarantees on all stolen goods. I feel like I am nothing. Since we are so alike I'm sure you can understand that. I want to steal & be a revolutionary. I want a response—I want to alter the environment, remember? It's almost like a vision. I want an answer, I'm not thinking complicated, I'm thinking free, play the simple & see what you come out with. But that love is all something to give yourself away to. I'm so disappointed that you did. I will die instead, or I would, but I cant, will iron burn? The mix with you, ally, to make an indestructable alloy. I will describe myself: I am all curtains torn, I am tall & right now I have no stomach to speak of. I dont have to go out at eight, But neither do I have a choice. My arms are cold & I'm somewhere I'm used to being. Lucky thing I'm pretty or they'd convict me & what would I have done? Something else. The thing I hate about this method is too revealing to tell you. O my possession, will you have to human too? The objects of the past become.... No it's the past that radicalizes humans into objects & there's no driving through that kind of field without a crash. Everybody's day. Nighttime too. Especially dreams. I dream I will always be separate from my job. A vigilant sleep. I quarrel with no one.

July, 1972

A more intrepid talker than myself would have shouted her ideas across the gulf by now but for me there must first be a close & unembarrassed contiguity with my companion or I cannot say one real word. I doubt whether I have ever really talked with half a dozen persons in my life, either men or women. And before I saw the Faun of Praxiteles. So, there's nothing else to do but magic miracles & spectacles, I cannot cure him with a note, a letter on rebellion, a case of money & I cannot change myself but what I've described, this is the fashion, & I have always been intrepidly out of fashion & perversely in disguise & I can sit here alone all night every night & write till my eyebrows grow even longer, they begin to describe my whole face, some shadow on the face I'm looking out on, & do you like good music, & no I dont even like good writing, its pure poetry, its pure crap what you decide to like & what does it matter who loves you & who does it matter to? But I never described my mistake to you, here:

- 1964 (October): I quit medical school.
(December): My nurse tells me I must go to the mountains to seek relief.
- 1965 (January): I go to Lucerne & live in isolation.
(February): Return to Zurich & get an apartment.
(August): I am cured.
(September): Go back to school & get a job as a pianist & nightclub singer.
- 1966 (March): I start to work at home so I can write more.
(May): Turn 21, inherit money, quit job.

- (July): Move into a new apartment, begin to study birds of prey.
- 1967 (June): Graduate from school, get a few club dates & move uptown.
Begin to edit *O TO 9*.
- 1968 Quit all my jobs except movie appearances; I publish *STORY*.
- 1969 (June): I turn over a new leaf, get a summer villa; GP gives me \$10,000 in case he should die.
(July): I travel across country, go to California. I see the last of Biloxi, the painted desert, frequent Natchitoches social clubs, and visit many caves. Make contact with American Indians.
(Sept.): I buy a car & drive back to New York. Swim in the Great Salt Lake & map the Great Slave Lake for the Canadians. They are grateful & grant me citizenship. I buy a house in the country; my lover is planning to work on the revolution (someone predicts that he will die there). An Irish revolutionary becomes a part of our life.
(Oct.): I move to Massachusetts which is the only place I'll be protected. I observe the changes in the countryside & retain good health.
(Dec.): I buy a loft in Soho. My lover & the Irish revolutionary go to Chicago to make a political film. I continue to live incognito in Massachusetts. I visit the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne & leave many manuscripts there. My life continues to be idyllic & I follow the tracks of an old man in the snow, every day, and, as far as he goes, I go. He cannot speak, and when we finally meet, he introduces me to his dog by barking. I begin to study police photography.
- 1970 (April): I find a lover in Massachusetts who has burned the American flag; I no longer am protected but lead strikes against the local schools & wasps. I begin to be identified as "The Mad Woman of Muddy Brook Road". In Barrington town, I am considered simply, "The Wild Woman". I never comb my hair & appear in three layers of clothes at public rallies. I give a friend who has gonorrhoea a hand-job cause he is going crazy. Eventually, I cannot get gas for my car because of my reputation.
(May): I have to leave Massachusetts & return to the loft. Soon, the Irish revolutionary, who has taken to drink, leaves. He becomes an actor. I work on *MOVING* and make many secret trips to Massachusetts. I hate the city for a long time & must take valium to get on the subway. I have run out of money, but, through a dear friend, have access to videotape equipment. People begin to think that I & my dearest friends are artists. I am horrified all the more. The subways become impossible. Someone takes my picture. A drifter begins to live with me & my lover.
- 1971 (July): After a very difficult year in New York, I attempt a project called *MEMORY*. I have found a patron. *MEMORY* is successful.
(Aug.): Sensational dreams resulting from *MEMORY*. Also, I see my old American flag-lover and he's become an ordinary country folk-musician, teaching radical politics at a local school. After ten years, I begin to learn something from my dreams.
(Sept.): Sporadic trips, to foreign countries. My Canadian citizenship comes in handy.
(Oct.): I begin to teach a workshop in experimental writing. I meet David whom I shall eventually murder.

1972 (Feb.): MEMORY show & basketball.

(April): I begin to keep a notebook of my crime.

(July): I start writing whenever I'm alone. My writing is successful & is characterized by madness, the paralyzing effect of a powerful saintly personality, sadistic cruelty & a febrile sexuality. I become a prisoner of this work.

February 19, 1974

Recluse, communicant, disciple. Who tries to communicate clearly (K). Who keeps up with her typing (H). Who organizes & so cannot work (A). These are women. These are women riding horseback bareback (interlock deadlock) & I am walking behind them. Desert. Egypt. Hiero hieroglyph. Milk. The injection of milk as sense of humor. The tendency to just wait. Ways of living: 1) He doesnt answer his phone anymore (D). 2) Sleep till 3 (B). 3) She lives with a man she calls her brother & thinks about living alone if she had the money but I asked her & she said she probably wouldnt do it (D). 4) She lives with a man who is her lover, she would travel anywhere (a). 5) Others live alone & are scared or disciplined or do alot. Some of the men are disciplined (H, K, E). 6) Living from moment to moment, you dont plan you plot. Your predictions are all wrong. 7) I cant ask them anything (questions). 8) She thinks he's never coming back (W). Source books. No more pictures very few pictures. Its hard for him to speak of me with praise anymore. Something I cant say here. Nothing is really started here. It takes him a long time to do every thing. 10) He wants to live with her again but lives with someone else on & off (V). She wont talk to him & lives alone. They think I dont want to talk to them. They are a threat. So I go back to grammar school. Every morning I wake up feeling as if I had to give a speech or read a composition aloud. My clothes have been laid out the night before. Sometimes I slip into them under the blankets because its so cold. It takes about 5 seconds to get dressed. There is then very little transition between waking & sleeping & since I refuse to eat breakfast I can get out on the street & be walking to school while I am still already dreaming. Then I meet the boys to deliver the milk. My private life is over for a while. I count out the containers for each grade & they deliver the cartons. There is no genius in this, Patti. My mother tells me to stay home from school alot because she's lonely & depressed. This confuses me & I dont stay home too much because I'm afraid of "incompletion". She guesses this & says, to convince me, "you wont miss anything." I cant stand not knowing what's going on. I was a good entertainer & singer for five years before I went to school. Maybe this is why I'm afraid to give a speech or read my compositions. In school, one to one, nobody gets cheered up & there is no affection as a reward. I am talking about real love-making. I am vulnerable to this, that is, performing for love-making. Except I dont know what I'm doing yet. In the summers I continue to be a good entertainer & bake cakes but during vacations I direct all this attention at my father. Even at night, during school, he teaches me electronics, radio & t.v. technology, woodworking & painting in his workshop in the cellar. I do the sanding & hand him the tools. I ask him to draw a horse & an Indian, whatever comes to mind. I ask him to draw the figures from my nightmares. He does it. My sister studies astronomy & reads. My mother takes care of the house. My father & I are athletes on vacations. Climbing mountains we are always ahead of everybody else. I get better than him at horse shoes. But he is the real reactionary. She is a nymph. My uncle asks me to marry him when I grow up. He is 30 years older than me &

my mother's brother. He protects her against my dark father. She is fair & sad. There are no boys in the family. My sister goes out with the leader of a street gang, the Ridgewood saints. The only thing I hate is big parties where I'm forced to dance with the oldest man in the family & people ask me questions. My father plays the fiddle & sometimes plays the piano, "by ear".

April 14, 1974

You see no colors anymore, it would be easy to get colors, it would be easy to find the time to drive around rivieras sinking ships on honeymoons all over the place making copies of the writing being an ace & driving a truck or a cab, even, it would be easy to continue but. And it would be easy to make life harder & it would be easy to cut off all communications, in order as they come: that takes care of everything. It would be easy to turn up the sound, and stop taking things from people, it would be easy to be independent, I think I remember it's not so easy to get drunk or leave a letter inviting your friends to cannibalize you. I dont wanna feel it, I dont wanna feel it, I dont wanna feel it, I dont wanna feel it, I dont wanna feel it, I dont wanna feel it, I dont wanna feel it, at least there was, movies, a facade.

3:30 a.m.

Andrew never had sexual intercourse. Maybe, Andrew died of sexual intercourse on April 14, 1964. It was Easter Sunday & Marie's birthday, coinciding. Andrews thing for Marie was like mine. But why do I remember, and what? The answer to memory is always a child. You see one. Eating cakes, dark chocolate bunnies around dark chocolate furniture. It's the season, jelly beans. Dont eat the red ones, devils. Fast as you can, find the colored eggs find the dead body. Andrew never finished, he never caught up on—you can find a table anywhere—his *Ave Marias*, stacked in chronology. Marie slept. She was his responsibility or was he mine. Incest. A paragraph about Andrew. The Andrews sisters. A kiss & a hug. Start a fire. Gertrude Stein. Ludwig Wittgenstein. Energy to burn. I was still learning what a proposal was. Andrew said, as I was picking out his socks to match his ties, for the wide work week: "When you grow up will you marry me" or maybe, "When you grow up you will marry me." Andrew stood at the foot of my bed with his laundry in arm & said "Darling it's 11 o'clock, arent you ever getting up"—what could he do with me. I was ironing when he told me he hated my boyfriend. I put down the iron & said I was in love. Smoking in his face, he slapped me & I slapped him back, then went to see the priest, said "Andrew doesnt care about me"—the priest who had Parkinsons disease, tried to make it with me. We are all one unit. The mystical body. Free love. Andrew. High school. Trouble. Married off—convent. Married off—we all were. A really beautiful lady. With jewels. Life seems to go on for children who are not in love. I always thought I killed Andrew by going to Ithaca in April. I always thought he died masturbating. What a grudge to hold. I think I'm right. And someone said, something I cant say here. Bob refused to take a plane from Ithaca, so, noise, we took a bus, to save money, with a stopover in Albany. I missed Andrews funeral cause I collapsed. Injection of tranquilizer, taken to the hospital, the whole history of my disease, in the middle of the night, told to a doctor who didnt believe, I was drugged for the first time. I was diagnosed LUPUS DISSEMINATUS, flannery o'connor's peacock disease. They thought I had new freckles—I couldnt prove otherwise. Rediagnosed & sent out the first thing I saw was a man thrown 100 feet in the air, hit

by a car & instantly dead. Glamor girl. I would sit & draw with my legs uncovered. I paced the halls—I got a sleeping pill. A woman preached to me about god & I believed her—they had given me barbiturates. The woman next to me died. A woman having a hysterectomy got, instead, a huge Easter bunny. I had forgotten. Grandfather, who had lost his last child, freaked. No one would admit me to the hospital. No one was old enough. "I dont want the responsibility if she dies," said in the house. "Please sign me in," I said. I ruined the electrocardiogram. I had been sick before, diagnosed pleurisy. Andrew took me to dinner every sunday, he smoked incessantly. We had appetizers, soup, main course & dessert. I used to like to watch myself smoke in the mirror. I am now 29 years old and I have never taken a bath. Andrews father died last July, while I was inviting Memory. Fancy's Show Box, a lady called Memory. She carried a heavy volume under her arm. Now what is a poetic line, and what is to be learned from that. Light & writing. 6 months, 9 or 12—never brush your hair, let things fall. I am conscious of my desire to exploit you, I am conscious of my desire to be happy. Simple poetic line about food. Me: I ate Italian food. Anne: That's not good for you. Me: Yes it is. Chocolate beer & B-complex. The cannibals from Uruguay: chocolate, wine, whiskey, cigarettes, melted snow & human flesh. I got thinner. Each of us got a finger of wine. Had never seen snow before. *Alone-Alive*. "I havent really changed".

April 15, 1974

But if you are looking for a cause or a motive, and I have studied my notebooks carefully, I think you will find it here: cause I seem to dream her dreams, as I seem to walk her steps, her steps in the subway, her fainting steps, her steps in the hallway, her watching, her watching alone steps, her steps to the treatment, sweatmeats, to the treatment, she was afraid to go alone, she was afraid to go there alone, she was afraid to go there alone, I looked out the window, I waited too, I did it over, I repeated it, as, a performance, what is an art show anyway, I did it over & over again, for some years, then & then, I wanted to stop, but I'm not sure, I can give up the pleasure, or her or Marie, as I seem to dream her dreams, as I seem to walk her steps, what's the pleasure—it's the pleasure of ice & removal & taking nothing, taking no one, as if, you speak, you are planning the imminence of your own death & only have a moment to lose, close to loss of consciousness, on the edge of loss of consciousness, at any time, a desertion, any moment, an intention—to lose. I accuse Marie of planning. I am trying to understand something. A narrative. You wrap up your feet & then, to make your feet so small, you cannot walk, but her steps—I'm getting mixed up, does sex make trouble or transform & will a white market fit in at all white slavery, sold, I'm too sold on this, I dont trust it like I didnt trust her, I accused her of planning death as her own pleasure, as I am now planning yours, "at my pleasure at my leisure", it took for years. Marie, look at this, "at my anger", at my anger is a place for your invasion of my seduction. You forget.

November 26, 1973

The set-up, or the design for the crime. I had to go to chicago to design the crime. A view wider than the one that is seen & the captain is captain David, take you with you when you leave us today & when to remove it & now I will try to isolate the experiences that have led up to this take-off position: and

the isolation of the take-off position itself, like they all will, all ones feel, & on the ground its too bumpy to note to record to rear children to punch tickets, not very often, something is outer & whether you write out of desperation or not, you write out of desperation, & the way things work, something about air foils, cause one just rose & if I wanted to find out how the plane was lifting I would just consult moving. Taxiing, this is worse than a taxi, man & I cant speak to captain David, constant liar constant lover, he is the experiment of this dream—I hope I get there. Voices crack on the plane & you & you dont know what will happen to you at 39,000 feet & what is the use of communicating a state of airplane consciousness & now I am fear but it's an easier fear than to love a man or woman & to leave them, to put them on a plane, to put them to death. Who's chewing gum & take-off is guaranteed, by A. Einstein. I can hardly write a word of it, it's air & clouds & now I remember the feeling, something about blood, liver & human beings, fog, the image, is blowing, the sun, striking, the fog, blue easily above it. I need a beer she makes me dizzy she makes me well. We took off, no step, turbulence, the sun struck the page, the windows open, it's a double-triple fantasy-window. I want to examine all of the people on the plane medically five across, as you might examine, sober, the streaking of the arctic clouds. Image, I am sorry, but the air is fair here & you can see that the question we started from has been almost completely left out. You see, I did examine the clouds as the sun did it almost completely purposely. And Poe, a train of clouds leads us back to river run or eve & adam spent—why write about them, mean, why cover them in a story about town, & as the writing sobers straight up & down & I cant think what someone said, someone says if you took the plane I took, my name is not in the book of survivors. A mystery a fantasy, a sun on the side of the left wing, you do not eat meat. No step. And if it takes a little longer, I hesitate to get through to the secrets, Mallarme's jewels would set off a fan, electronic joy or toy house, waitress please listen to me, one is coming & one is going & one is where he was, no two are, something like as the world turns. Bernadette cigarette. I am supposed to be doing this alone. How annoying for anyone to support you. There is only two hours & one minute & I am not thinking, so calm about what I was supposed, the blue of it, to be doing, the blue I mean. Skaters easily seen in the sky. Her private hallucination of memory all torn, all old hat, just like yours. Who you? & what design. No more seductions none of them, no more desertions none can be. I, dont, think, so, and so, area code Chicago in total isolation, so I will never have to do this again & like I said before I will have to do this again & you too, out of desperation, either way, to produce something—a work, a picture, a number, a child, a question, a series, an apartment to live with, a lover full-grown sprung from the soil, a whole army of lovers ready to march, from one to one. I am waiting for my father never flew a plane for my mother never flew a plane for a 1951 Chevrolet, a motor car, a buddweiser, the ballgame & again, a bar, no a shot of whiskey in a glass with a joke on it & flicks & flicks a pack of paper matches along the glass to dash, or, and flicks a pack of paper matches along the dash to dash & there he was, a private person, waiting. You are waiting. It's up in the air. The pen wont cloud as discrete as rapidograph as area code as hunger as the murderer as the rapist at the door. The United Negro College Fund & changes in the air currents of air are in the habit of, no, it could be it must be ones posing as these ones, habit of robbing, no, I mean ripping off, rich hippies in their soho lofts at gunpoint. Word gets around. They say they tie them up till your hands are numb for days afterwards. The hippies seem to get off on it, except for the loss of the videotape & the spitting on the green plants. Gunpoint. I myself have never seen this but I dreamed of it when peter banged at the door to borrow a cookie tray from ed & sudden, all the the building was there, at gun, some dark figures & this is called an

automatic writing. Do not disturb the peace of the sign. Ladies & gentlemen place your bets. No more bets. The progression is awful. You won too much & you were not served. Jacques wants a handjob & someone says what is a handjob, it's Jill Johnston rubbing you. This is service. Desperation not disillusion & disillusion is a handjob but it works anyway & anyway, work is work. Artists travel all over. Blue Earth travels all over. All of the animals & all of the men & all of the women of the myth, they travel all over. They get stranded on whale. They ride to shore on the back of blue rhyme, ride dolphin to shore. They do not distract themselves with lunch. They eat. After some hunt. Someone says to myth man, do you desire cocktails, now this is ordinary stuff but then someone says it three times & the man in the myth sees that either something is being gotten rid of, or, the hallucination of a visual dream is surfacing to direct toward, to direct to travel all over, over cock, over tails, over cockovertails. So you check out the window & think of a room. Where are the Knicks. The Knicks are on a bus coming back from Baltimore. Dropped two in a row & last night 30 turnovers. There's nothing I can do about it, I'm in the air. I could make it stranger, I could seduce, I could even plan. Humans just never get used to being in birds, smoking cigarettes & the picture of a plastic meal. He could not eat he was not allowed to eat. Dear fellow passenger, I know It must seem strange to you that I have written a thousand words & edited them since I mounted my seat but my hand just cannot keep up with my thoughts & it seems quite strange that you do. Thoughts translate better in the air, like, is anyone headed for Chicago going to Berlin? And, will the pigs like hippies this year. Child loves patterns of any kind. A couple hard lines of defense stinks money. I am not looking. It is not idyllic. Some revise. There's no room to be a luxury, just a pattern, even if you trim. You may trim or straighten. I you trim do not straighten & if you straighten, do not & so on. And now I will wait for the magic words. I could have to stay for weeks in the air. But somehow the victim is waiting.

May 3, 1974

Not a man in the house (There could be a man in the house). Leave violets at my door step. And when my father died my mother said to me, we're alone now, there's not a man in the house. I take a drink of whiskey. Do women write about food? Do they? There must not be a man in the house. To get in touch with someone. To get in touch with someone beyond, the touchstone the tombstone, touch-me-not touchstones, pods that burst at the touch when ripe, seed pods, And (flowers with spurs), I gave her the gentle flower, my sibling, that I would like to get, and she made me a touch-me-not. She is not gentle, I am spurs. PARTING FROM FRIENDS: To them I said: "Gentle ladies, how we will remember everything we did, to touch each other. And, for many things pretty we did, lovely ladies, in our youth. We are petrified. And, now that you have left the city, love have you, love has taken me over & all that that means." Touchstones: a type of black stone formerly used to test the purity of gold or silver by the streak left on it when it was rubbed with the metal, or, any test, any test of genuineness or value, "there are some things I have to do with Penny", I am touchy. I thought touchstones meant setting-off points, points of departure. So, why am I only writing for you? But they do not. I want flowers, cause dead, they do not. After touchy comes tough. I'm very nervous about making myself out a criminal, but it's public. Tough—to bite, strong but pliant, come pliant, self abuse, as they say, you read me, the tongs, the tonsils, my father's cauterized tonsils, now, you know everything, as you did before, so simple, so

clear, so touch, tough, that will bend, twist without tearing or breaking, precious love, you make me feel brand new, and that will not cut or chew easily, like tough steak, where's the steak, fish, and, strongly cohesive, glutinous, viscous, sticky, as, tough putty, or, go on with it till you get to it. What is glue? Or strong or robust or hardy or stubborn, hard to convince or influence, or aggressive rude & brutal, tough. Rough, very difficult, fuck it! Or violent or vigorous as a tough fight or person, a thug a ruffian a ragamuffin, SEE strong. Read the dictionary all you want, you will never find out what touch means, except that it's a light blow and, to put the hand, finger, or other part of the body on, so as to feel: "we feel so close". Delete.

May 8, 1974

And the safety & the comfort of—eyes closed. Pacing in a space. Away, not away. Not a story, not a project, never a story never a project. Never a comfortable chair-bed, big & fat, big breasts, quarter of 3, cant sleep & not used to, having to, having the freedom to roam around the way I would do it, I keep thinking of dinner, schedules, like, looking, and, my heart belongs to daddy. It's none of your business, picnic. Whose play, whose hawthorne, whose woman in the house moving fast. Snores. Dream someone is killed in an accidental gun accident and, look in the mirror, there's a ceremony on the huge beach of California with a row of ceremonious police or armed or army men, all three (men or types of men), Jerry Rothenberg is there, like David, I guess. Nobody believes in his (the victim's) absence. "I am a thematic absence of the world" from the made-up dreams. What of the stairs, stairs like mirror image of, and what of the stairs, to the dangerous space. Protect yourself. Dirty the white of it, space. Written before, this same space. Someone is a drifter. Comings & goings. Write it out before sleep comes & goes. And then safety—eyes closed. And what of the stairs. Or endgame. Or penniless, as, at bottom of barrel. Or specific, as, barrel of monkeys—I dont mind. Anyway, game. Not strong not tough, just clear red wine held up to the light, as beautiful or as decorative, the new color—decorative. Just look at the color of it and dont leave, and dont go away, and or but also, dont plan. Now how is that accomplished in a day, or years, not by taking it easy, and not by the reflection of a blue door in a clear mirror, and not by the reflection of a blue door & a pink towel in a blue mirror, so you know, because the towel is there, just what blue is left. But by simple perhaps returning to the scene of the crime & writing a novel-length letter to the magistrate explaining or telling, in full detail, that, yes, this was premeditated. And, though you are educated, you should not have got off on a plea, made by others, of talent of insanity. But, this is unheard-of. This is not done. Get out of the convent, get inside the jail. You can run but you sure cant hide. Where is everything, here? Share my instruments. What is absolute safety, as, from drowning. What is absolute safety from vitamin C. What is absolute safety from schedules. What is absolute safety from stimulation. Absolute safety from three people instead of two? Admittedly three are better for committing of crimes but criminal offences are rare in our over-all rent-paid territory, though, they are thought of, or thought up, all the time, usually by three, or, for three, to commit, you need three. Therefore there are changes & scratches and examinations of the body you havent noticed, or checked, thoroughly, every part, for a while. "Why dont you meet me there during the day cause its kinda heavy to carry over there" and "As soon as I saw you, I was watching, I came out the door" and "I didnt look like myself at the window because of the pink light in the purple room." But even so I continue, and "Have these policemen been bothering you" and, if not, this will

certainly bother you: we're criminals anyway certainly, from poems to poetry not a definite route, but after that for sure, songs go there, and working goes there, and moving goes there, and surely stories go there, and ice goes there, and intelligence goes there, education goes there, to say the least. And armor, or, the knowledge of armor goes there. All all the struggle that poetry, songs, working, moving, stories, and the telling of stories, ice, intelligence, and with that goes silence, education, armor and the knowledge of armor & more you can fill in creates it & it all goes there. To crime. Or to dependence. And I forfeit where, as a communal *deja vu*, for you, to share. You must be careful not to wear clothes. For, like the man I watched in the restaurant, and I listened to him, your thought might wear your own suit. Then you're done for, almost as if, almost as close as if, you were gunned for, or marked, by a professional, who is/is not escapee, but surely knows our own game, from front to back, and back again, and that's not merely stolen words but whole chunks of ice melted and floating downtown to destroy, and they will destroy, the whole graphical and ecological set-up of the world & its atmosphere. I am telling you, with words. I just write it to be read to you. I do not expect you to read it. You say, more jokes. Sex, even. Well I tried to explain what touch was, now what is sex. Her or his X. X-rated. Sex now is few perceptible points of contact with what is called the world. Sex is early years. Sex is he was guiltless of a system. Sex is Americans. Sex is inthividness of the present. Sex is the past, which died so young & had time to produce so little. Sex attracts, but scanty attention. Sex, said Dr. Melmoth, no, I shall find little safety in meddling with that deadly instrument since I know not accurately from which end proceeds the bullet. And were it not better to take ourselves, in case of an encounter, to some stone wall or other place of strength. Sex is silent, diffident, more inclined to hesitate, to watch & wait & meditate, than to produce himself. And fonder, on almost any occasion, of being absent than of being present. And there is in all of this a betrayal of something cold & light & thin—something belonging to the imagination alone. And American sex indicates a man little disposed to multiply his relations, his points of contact, with society. So, sex is always at play, always entertaining itself, always engaged in a game of hide & seek, in the region in which it seemed that the game could best be played, among the shadows & substructions of..

May 11, 1974

I did this on May_. The dates must be exact, the dates were not exact on the tombstone or lowland stone. I made a fist. First let me tell you that I could not walk, I could not move around at all I could not fall asleep alone, I could not make it down the block. Something was missing: like a man who without knowing why, may perceive that he finds difficulty in discharging his ordinary tasks One day he is afflicted—whence he does not know—with a painful attack of feelings of anxiety, and from then on it needs a struggle with himself before he can cross a street alone or go in a train, he may even have to give up doing so altogether. In other words, there are people who cannot leave their houses. Others who cannot move. There are four fears: 1) the able: to be able, 2) the want—who want, 3) the eye—to kill, 4) the ear—listen: Like the blind, like blind people, like the congenitally deformed, this is my private space, this is my only space is an exception. You expect to do what you want. You expect to do whatever you want to do & not only do you expect it, You expect everyone besides, everyone who loves you, to make it easy, to make it new. The sun comes out & you are not blind & you are not congenitally deformed either or crippled but BOTH/AND, in a way. To do what you want, to have it made

easy, well, doesnt everyone. This is not moral, you are my twin. No, everyone doesnt feel that way. No I dream alot. The dream of a train on an el, I climb down the steep steps to ground. Orphan: it's a cinch to write it down as Ted would say. But first, it is in honor of these crimes that I am writing this book. Found a teddy bear on the street today & decided to write it down at least as far as orphan goes, and sex. Space. Slept with Ted right away, so did Marie. Space. I was born in Bethlehem's Bethany Deaconess on May 12, 1945 in a German ghetto named Mockwood, Queens, the Queens Gardens; the Bund was there. Then. Right away I slept with Ted. Right away I was nursed & nursed, a nursing mother. She was round & weighed 98 lbs. at her wedding day at 22 years old, 98 lbs and a 38-inch bust, I tried on her wedding dress so I know, I had every right. Dressmaking. She had good taste (Ted was O. K.). I knew what it was like to be at her breast forever, easily an unending breast, flow of etc. (Now I cant eat—that's Ted's fault—his penis is displaced to my neck & chest so swallowing is difficult. Make out with marie & sleep with Ted, or, my mother said, my father said, etcetera dead, and buried, are not corpses, nor should, they be, poetry. I am going to proselytize you—I am a Catholic—I am going to prostitute myself. There's so much to tell—what a gigantic penis, Jesus! The priests penis was enormous but first I was born. And that is all there is of that. I did this on May 11th, the dates are exact. Visited the lowland stone. The next day I got food poisoning & a kid said hi to me, then I left home. Someone doesnt know what's happening to me. The dream of the train on an el—climb down the stairs, long way to, to get off, there's a money order for \$695, a black woman on the bus, she picked (not so many more for) it up. I shook (not while gotten or been) her up in a funny (does this or it has done) way, SOME ARE AS ONE. Long way down on the be-all el, steep steps to ground. *I means I means I mean it.* And were it yet done yet, you the what say kinds. Those either. I lost my friends, still ones, they were on the other side of town, still one, they might. I do as you say. I repeat. Malanga in furs. How do we end up. Was this as one does. My notes on the cemetery: cemetery, Vito, Rosemary, Lowland Stone, food poisoning, reason to believe, Hi, not overload, it's holding back or hiding, the name of the game, blossoms in the dust, joseph conrad, laughing annie, giant, the world the flesh & the devil, night must fall, where's the t.v. This or is it bolted. Cemetery. Both then and. This "I" thing. And this "you" thing. This vegetarian food, all offered, all offered up, by ma—maternal mother—does it stay, like among both still. How is a while going. In parts, like some, them, of some—them. The whole family is a while. The whole family should be intact, at least as what as it still's one. What takes time? Bolts, as bolts of families. Bolts for families, bolts within families. Parts open from the insides like my dream of walking down the really treacherous steep steps of stairs, down, down, very down from the bus, or was it a train. As here, you might fall & break your head. Seeming. Will I get my mobility back, now that I know they're dead, that I've seen the grave-site. Vito says you must make a fool of yourself. Now that I've orphaned self twice, between men, in them. Walk again, says the graph. Be tough, says someone, take it easy, says twin. And the school just says school & the school says I cant watch you, there's nobody here. I laught at it. Ought will both does & as one it did. They laught now. You laugh now. Laugh... I'll wait a minute. A ways it says of seas attend. As those meanies, like someone, who is not dead, whose name is not on the, I cant continue this. Much whence did. Clark Coolidge is my father, I cant continue that either. Some too seem as to do so. As Hugh Kenner said, "Steinese and its parent Hemingwayese", all backwards. That's how it all. He said he was out to destroy the I. I said he was out to destroy it—it's all been seen, said, stop. Big period. There are only little whens. But buried the bottle, hidden it. Little no one. Must write to this, and or and so. What is

seen? on the lowland stone. Tide's in... dirt's out. On a field, sable, & so on. No, let me give you the whole story: And after many years a new grave was delved, near an old & sunken one, in that burial-ground beside which King's Chapel has since been built. It was near that old & sunken grave, yet with a space between, as if the dust of the two sleepers had no right to mingle. Yet one tomb-stone served for both. All around, there were monuments carved with armorial bearings; and on this simple slab of slate—as the curious investigator may still discern, and perplex himself with the purport—there appeared the semblance of an engraved escutcheon. It bore a device, a herald's wording of which might serve for a motto & a brief description of our now concluded legend: so somber is it, and relieved only by one ever-glowing point of light gloomier than the shadow:— "ON A FIELD, SABLE, THE LETTER A, GULES." At last there's some freedom. Shakespeare & I make Clark. Shakespeare & Clark make I. Clark & I make Shakespeare. Shakespeare makes me & Clark. I'm still afraid of sleeping but everybody sleeps. Is it music? Will a meaning last all, as at, at funeral, and the will. We are plenty near to the grave site, but we cannot find it. A twin may well find it for us. Stealing flowers, others having fewer means and a lesser body. As a result of this visit to the grave site—cemetery, I am chaste of men & women—we all survive, but one. We light a mechanical match, even, maybe, with disdain. All the names are all the names. Like Vito. Vito lives there, no there, he lives there, yes, that's right where he lives. When he wrote leaving he decided to writing for a living. I eat sparsely, like a bird. I could tell you the story of blossoms in the dust with greer garson & waiter pidgeon, I could tell you the story of giant, with elizabeth taylor & james dean & rock hudson, I could tell you the story of the world the flesh & the devil with harry belafonte & inger stevens & mel ferrer, I could tell you the story of night must fall with rosalind russell & robert montgomery, but at this late date. And So David & I got lost in middle village & I said we should go to Neiderstein's but when we got to metropolitan avenue we didnt know which way we should turn, and just as we turned, we saw Neidersteins, where I was supposed to have my wedding reception. Now what happened was I slept with my fiance's best friend & then I called off the wedding, dress & all & the next day Neiderstein's burned down, wooden fans & all. But the wooden fans were still there & David had two vodka gibsons which means they have pickled onions in them, which he made me eat one each of, and I had two heineken's in frozen glasses & what did we watch but a wedding & talked about queers that we knew & people in show business. Now David's frozen glasses were different from mine, you have to understand. And the wedding people were also frozen & we were frozen in time, like black holes, and so on. On the ergosphere, if you know what I mean, the even horizon of a collapsed star. No we didnt talk about tructuralism this time. So I left for the second time. And David predicted in the middle of midvil in Neidersteins that the man across the bar was a politician & that he would kiss the baby. So the man kissed the baby & all life was subsequently renewed, except that I had been staring. But we did not, something I cant say here, but that is another story, something about women. Now this room seems ominous, since I planned the crime. All the e's and o's of the entries are clouded, the a's too & the people outside are screaming, not planning for the world's restoration. All the names are all the names. They match, at least once, at least one time. Such will as that. We pass right by it unattended. Let me make them up—Anthony, Carmine, Mona Lisa, skip it. Those are child's, and child's room for us, with crayons in it. He wouldnt give me any of his money—strong, a sane one, a Survivor. Ceasing to make sense, listening, with money maybe with jokes. After the funeral of the rabbi's wife, all the people returned to his house & found him fucking the maid. "What are you doing," they asked. "In my grief do I know what I'm doing?" he replied.

Ceasing to losing track, something about section 5, no. B-40, no 74. You are addressing you to me. I am addressing you to you. Too seldom a point of opening. Private space, opening private, opening space. I cant deal with the lost or last section. Not aside either. The joke: do you know people are dying to get in there; the joke: Vito lives there, no there, no here, at least wherever he lives or something, pointed out. Vital, vital force, vitalism, vitalistic, vitality, vitalization, vitalize, vitallium, vital principle, vital statistics, vitamin, A, B, C, D, E, C, H, K, P, &, X & different kinds of B were present, I wont go through their uses & statistics. There are tO mg. of energy available in a dose, no more. More & your blood would thin like the blood of a rat who leaves the house & dies. What are these vitamins good for? Something about duty, I cant go into it now. Vitaminic, vitascope, in the childs room, in the nursery. This is my new, something I cant say, a female figure, say, 10 volts of her, matter least of, and her standing will. Whaddayou want? To let most be least past, but let most be most past, at least, standing still & seeing you. I'm starved. It could be, and that's past or that's this. A twister—you're lost. I lost one, or two or three or four more, lost four in a row, lost some in the rosebush, no film of this. Nothing & nothing a film. Snakes up here. Sneakers on. You cant hear me. Few have I parted with and still. Few have a single place like the place I lost. I am the scapist, the stalker, the shafter, I wear a scapular. I am the queer & the whore, at least sitting behind glass windows playing with stage prop glass balls, now, and not before, something I cant say here, at least I have nothing to do, at least it's ambitious. But she, she is different, she keeps the same phone number so as to always be accessible, like the you get wills, to those beyond, something I cant say here, in New York. All the somethings I cant say here, it's just New York. Some matter. Changing & moving. Likes weakness, I dont. So I do. So I do all the work, moving & changing like a twin of weakness lost. It's just New York, something I cant say here, if I hadnt stayed here. Sense of last chance.

June 14, 1974

So now I must kill & eat him at this spot, so now I must kill & eat you on this spot. Settles the questions of "yous" & "I's". On this same spot, a field sable, whatever you want, a field of ice & snow, strip the flesh from your body & lay it in pieces on the stone or snow to dry for a while in the sun anyway. Then slowly eat it but before it spoils & so it will never be found. It may be found, but I do not want it described. I murdered David then, at dusk, in the cemetery and, hidden, we made a task of it all night; since he knew I wasnt crazy he trusted me to perform this necessary act & the cannibalizing. He knew I had been researching it. He was almost dizzy, or seemed to walk funny. He had encouraged all my research, given me books on anorexia, articles on composite "yous", steadied my will when I was close to giving up, annihilated all guilt, encouraged the torture of memory, read every word I am writing, reexamined me, and remained calm throughout it. Yet in the end it still makes you scream. I mean "one". I have to stop addressing *you*. He was a reverent & adoring victim. I remained a saint. I hope the use of the word cannibal, applied to a saint or ordinary person, will not shock a recognizably bourgeois audience, maybe drinking wine. In my travels in Europe, I've become accustomed to these things, believe me it was a necessity, but I know this is not familiar to you, but neither are the artists who fast in cages for an audience. Anyway, there's none but a fictional need to worry, since, war-torn, you are on the outside, and, released, I am on the inside now & can speak freely. Too bad you cannot. You have no need to worry, I'll be here, outliving you, for the rest of my life. Or, as I said to the people who stole all my money, you

can have all the money, but you'll never be as happy as I am. Strangely enough, this last conversation recounted to David, was what proved to him that I was completely sane. In fact, he said I was saner than you are. Another thing you wont understand, perhaps, is the freedom & honor of the murder & the eating of the flesh of the body. But this must be boring. I've already given you enough reason in my writing to fit together the motive, and, as artists, you'll understand. You would rather hear the method I devised. You are used to detective novels. It was easy to seduce David back to the cemetery, especially after a few drinks. You see the thing I couldnt stand was he felt sorry for me, poor David. While I was in Chicago I had spoken to someone I will call Jimmy & a few of his friends. They were helpful, but could not understand my desire to be caught after the crime. Jimmy thought I was being sarcastic, flesh-eating yes, I did not tell him about it. I had brought a bottle of whiskey along, and, spilling most of it on the ground, around dusk I pretended to be very drunk. I yelled to David, in anger, to plant some flowers on the grave. I demanded that he steal them. He agreed, thinking he ought to give in to any whim of mine. I buried the bottle & prepared myself. All the while poor David was yelling back "they're all plastic." I paid no attention. He came back, arms loaded with lilac blossoms he had cut from a tree. I pretended to go into a rage. I must've said "they cant be planted, find something else," or, "take them away", I cant remember, though my memory is much improved since I've been here. Finally I demanded "plant them" & he laughed at me & pretended to do it. I waited a minute, laughing. I threw myself on him & the flowers fell to the ground. I demanded to make love. He refuses & I realize I cant kill him but this doesnt last. I have in my hand a large thorn which I've gotten from an abnormally grown wild rose bush. I scratch his face with it, pretending to play, with the excuse that I'm drunk. Lying around in the lilac blossoms, I wait for the first sign of fear from my victim. As soon as I see it, a look of horror that must have been an answer to some look that was aging my own face, I take the first chance I get to push the thorn hard into the pineal gland, its the surest way. I suck the juices from it (as I write this it must be David's birthday, I have no exact record of time here). I take out my other instruments & proceed to do what I have already related; I do not ignore the genitals, as some would ignore females. As dawn comes I take all evidence of my crime & drive away in David's Mercedes Benz. I bring some of the flesh with me to survive on, exclusively, until I am arrested.