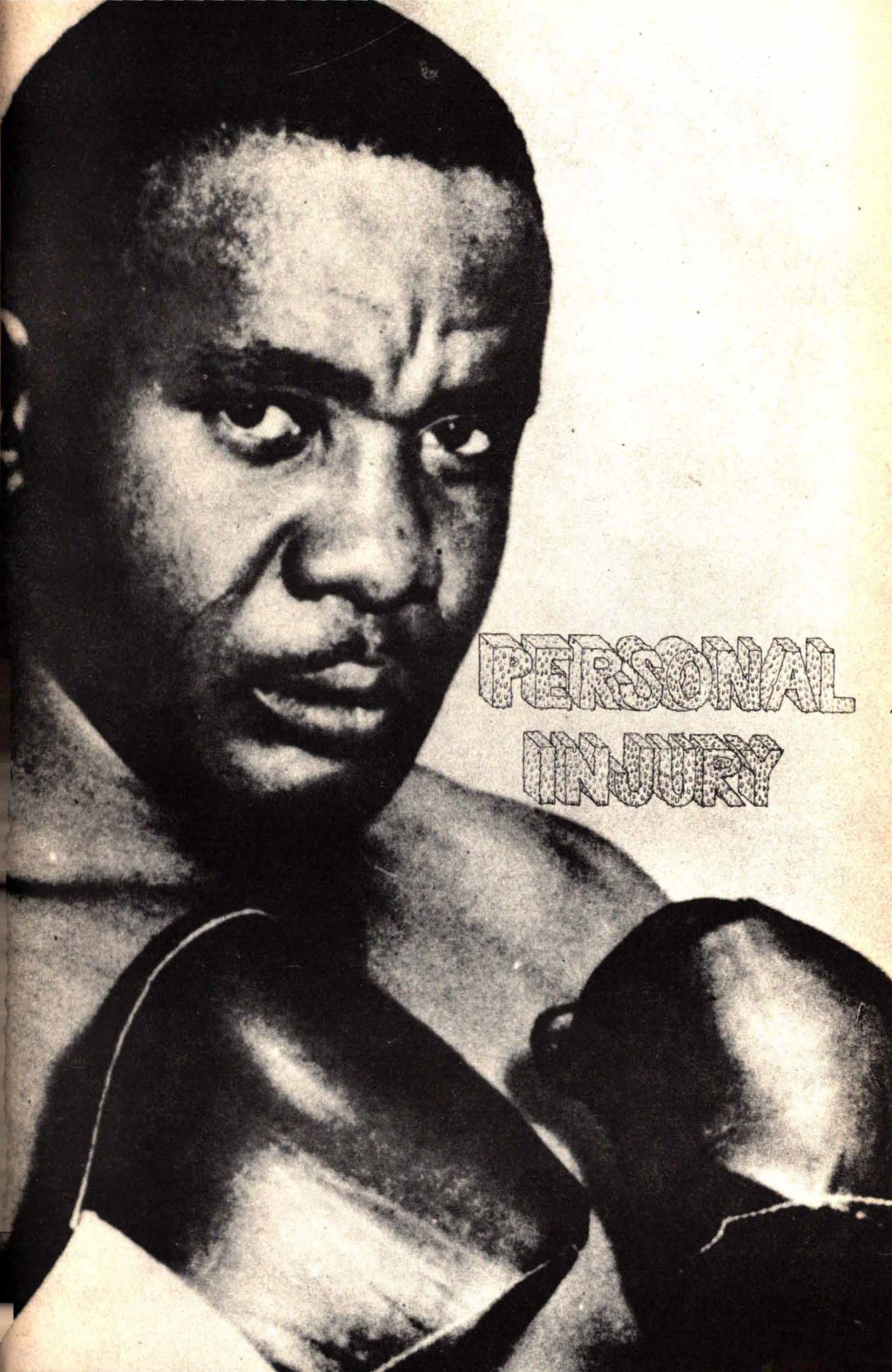




PERSONAL
INJURY

PERSONAL INJURY MAGAZINE

no. 1 May 1975 printed at the Print Center

edited by Michael Sappol

"PHOTOGRAPH YOUR INJURIES AT ONCE"

You cannot photograph your pains but you can photograph the wound. Time heals everything so photograph it now.

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The Black Tarantula (Kathy Acker)

Vincent Beniquez

Andrei Codrescu

Tina Darragh

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Mom

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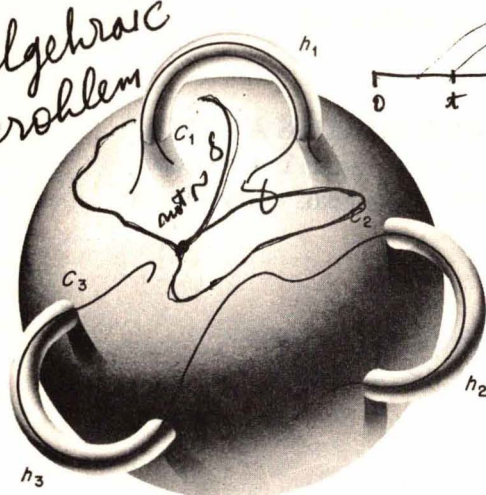
412 West 110th St.

N.Y., N.Y. 10025

thanks to everybody at the Print Center for their help
Lisa Lenovitz for the masthead

⑦

$$[0, 1] \rightarrow [0, \frac{1}{2}]$$

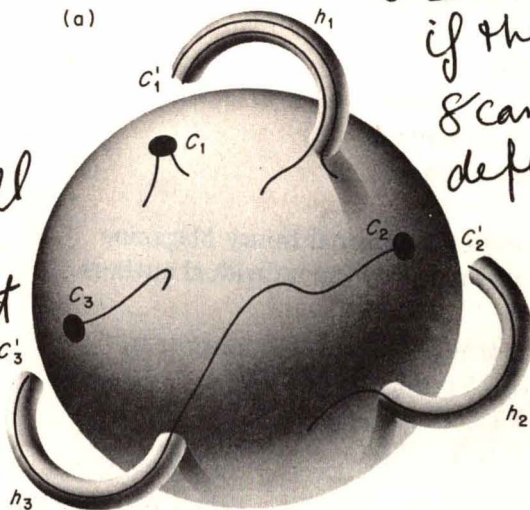
algebraic
problem

(a)

$$u = a + tb$$

$$u = \frac{1}{2} \tau$$

$$\bar{\gamma}(x) = \gamma(\frac{1}{2}x)$$

 $\gamma \sim \delta$
 δ homotopic to γ
if the arc
 γ can be
deformed
into δ
 $[\gamma] =$
 Set of all
 curves
 equivalent
 to γ


(b)

FIGURE 3.3(a) & (b)

$$G = [\gamma], [\gamma], [\gamma], \dots$$

number of
times we
go around

$$\theta = n_1[\gamma_1] \oplus n_2[\gamma_2] \oplus n_3[\gamma_3]$$

γ group

PETER INMAN

4 Lovers

1.

S & I sit on a gently sloping hill in Ann Arbor. It's Central Standard Time. A light drizzle descends fanning outward from its center of concentration- us- to the university, the motels & football stadium. Ann Arbor is the city of death. In the literal world things occur, in this figurative one everything's at a standstill, encased in a mould of jello.

A few yards away from us Rainbow People sit discussing some newly-prepared pamphlets. They're intelligent & glamorous. Everyone is younger than we are. From time to time they stop talking among themselves & listen to the argument going on between S & me. S & I talk about how many men a woman needs or vice versa. I tend to get all these particulars confused. I'm distributing the names of certain situations... one thumb, two index fingers... on the ground, placing them face-up like scrabble pieces, satisfied to let things unwind into that death-like silence S keeps beneath her clothes, I have already memorized & condensed back into strategy, real pain. You... S... slip into black ballet tights as if they were a diving bell. Curly cunt hairs where your legs meet, our other friends are worse off than us. People have died, the economy is steadily worsening. This is one of those periods in my life when I have a steady job. We'd like to be content but our bodies are desperate. I'm trying to be Jewish & it doesn't work, P's father was Wehrmacht SS during the War... I can't capitalize things without coming in soft, relaxed spurts... You take shit mud coffee smear it on your breasts. T's shit smells like my shit, I forget who you are: something oozes from the head of each sentence. A noxious snow settles over the city, get to the good part, hair curls just above her nipple, there is no single focus here, grass stuffed inside the dead man's mouth, it's symbolic, now for some adventure.

I'm only half-erect. Perhaps we'll move to North Carolina (the Smokies) or the Old Country of Woes. It's best to stay flexible & not let the others know. Stay as improbable as possible... The car skids off the road but the portable TV still works & we start hitching north. T & I blew up thirty museums that year...

All the old cliches, wasted & sickly I go the store to steal books: that's how I scrounge a living these days. What if T never comes back? What if she stays caught in her own throat: that one word that wont turn itself inside out? Is that probable? Is it probable he's discovered at the end of a long line of trivial crimes & arraigned, convicted? The problems involved are too complex. I'm fantasizing everything. I dont fuck, I'm too amoral to be allowed to fuck. I'm stealing books but I'm still single, 26, & white, winner of the triple crown. T's there waiting, wrapped in skins. Her skins. Her "past". Of Arab abstraction, she was born in Pennsylvania of Catholic middle-class background. Arab by birth T is 29, working-class, born in Beirut. S preceded T in time, but it's only a matter of weeks before I've destroyed that sense of things too. Then I have to start inventing things from zero again. Then I'm in trouble. The book I've ripped off is the Complete Poems & Tales of Edgar Allan Poe deluxe edition \$22.95.

T & I sit in a moviehouse watching home movies of FDR. The cleft in between the two breasts is deep enough so that my penis would fit in perfectly. But today above all I can only come inside T's vagina because anything else would be against the Ten Commandments. & talk about pragmatism... In some ways the body should be considered a cocoon. It gets too frightening after that. You... P... slip into your black ballet tights, diving bell, curly cunt hairs where your legs meet, warm juices inside you, all our other friends are worse off: an abortion, anything, they say. People have died. I cant decide whether to end something or begin it: especially when I have no choice in the matter.

I could be exaggerating. T actively consorts with known radicals. She's being tailed by the FBI. I have a certain dead part of me tucked away inside the living parts for insurance. It helps not to get overconfident. I walk down the street, T's at the movies waiting for J. T & I are totally unlike. I've never had a male lover, she has. I've read the "Duino Elegies", she hasnt. I climb downstairs to her body... "It's been a difficult birth. I want you to understand," - "I dont

understand nuthin' " - "The water level's way down" he cautioned - "Nuthin' ".

P was my second lover, the first woman I ever lived with. As already stated before, her father was SS during the second world war so it was only natural that my next lover was Jewish & the one after that Catholic & so on. I'm P too, but a different P. It's a play on words, though nothing's being invented here. Nothing ever is. I feel like alphabet soup is playing around with my brain. A brown garbage bag breaks & that's the end of my so-called consciousness. Currently I'm a member of the Burns Detective Agency. We do many useful & constructive things. We were among the first strikebreakers, we install electrical monitoring & surveillance devices in the brains of criminal types... if we tend to live lonely lives it's only because most people dont understand us, avoid & despise us. It isnt an easy life. P on the other hand has always had it easy. T rubs shit on her breasts. Above the nipple all the focus is suddenly lost. Blurred in a calm lake of television interference: the volume off, the picture gently rolling off the screen & on again, on & off.

P's 31 now. An older woman there are certain things she wont tolerate. The two of us travel to Canada. P wraps my brains in a blanket to protect them.

We stopped at a drugstore to xerox some hands. S told an amusing dream about LBJ & a xerox machine in the bathroom. Of the three cats we owned the one I named died within two weeks. The two P named flourished.

In Toronto P & I sat across the table from P's husband R & his lover J. The food was terrible. I worried about the Canadian money & P & R fighting. I hadnt seen P for two years. I had never met T, I had talked to S once. S was a friend of T's, but that was another T, a man that time.

Who hates men more, P or me?

P discusses lesbianism in an academic manner.

The final snapshot is of me riding up an escalator. I'm following a shoplifter. Above the two of us, only a few yards apart, separated by an argument neither of us has the courage to acknowledge, is the next time when neither of us thinks about the other any more...

I dont believe in such a time.

4.

I'm a scholar in Medieval Studies. In my library surrounded by the charming curios of a long-since extinct past I sit smoking a pipe full of hashish, busily wrapping my brain in a translucent bandage of spittle. Sometimes I reach that point in my life when I have doubts about myself. I want to pump my head up like a basketball untill it explodes.

I want to believe in what's going on outside the room but I cant. There are all these problems, I walk into the room & do my imitation of John Milton: turn off all the lights & stand there in the dark. When I come everything circular in my life becomes a limitless plain, a line drawn across my forehead: blue for eloquence, for the scene of the crime which never occurred, but it was me anyway. Everything else is habitual including that. Everything smells like roast beef... M is the name of the woman I havent met yet... She constantly confuses love & hate, extremes my other friends arent capable of. The terrain's too soggy. The strategy of it's questionable. Tactics are nil... The women I'm most attracted to are high school women. High school is where it's at. Everything's brutal, simple & insane: like the life I'll never have. But I do want you now. Sometimes when I'm reading Beckett I'm overcome by it. My balls contract, my cock lengthens. Or my cock contracts & my balls stretch out: I forget. An egg balanced on the end of my cock. & the calendar months move so easily behind & beneath my skin because they're fakes: virtuous imitations of the real ones.

Outside my window the students commute to & from class unaware that they're viciously insane criminals. A gentle drizzle wets their lips. It's as if M were shrinking as a form of revenge, disappearing beneath the edge of the desk, or under a dish of ice cream. M is shrinking inside me. All around the campus tiny holes of real-life appear in the distance making the horizon resemble a piece of swiss cheese... I jerk off in the motel bed, at first showly but then things start rotating so rapidly I fall off them & forget to satisfy myself, drift backwards from things, far past their original meanings. It's

as if T were watching my hair float up toward the ceiling. Listening to the FM... that great calm that descends upon us like a bad case of the shits... state of Massachusetts... I climb up the rungs of my hair through the roof... 12:30. From up above the motel, a few hundred feet high, things look less scary, more manageable. I'm beginning to believe in something but (because) there are no vacancies. Gentle tons of smoke. I'm beginning to billow outwards like the rain over the entire landscape. This time, when I slide back down my hair & into bed, there's no center. I lick the dew off my mustache, suck the clams off my sleeve: my lungs fill up with blood. I tug at a bottle of cheap wine. I'm there in my study reading the works of Edgar Allan Poe... Sometimes I reach a point in my life when I dont return.



31. "I can't see it."

THE LESSON OF THOMAS ALVA EDISON

strum and drag across the mottled
forest floor a wind opens up the
birch tree to german grammars
a zebra jumps out of his stripes in
the spirit of the nether world
and below his hoofs they scurried
the divorced thoughts of mice
and molecules who attached a
great importance to fairy tails
that come out of the mind's eye
with the sudden rapidity of
overwhelmed students pacing up
before their last exam on judgment
day and walk into the courtroom
fully conscious that their last rage
was ragged torn up and eaten
by the scholarly rodents in
every tree there in lies many
books but no expectations
just the smart squirrels who
live between the pages and drop
kernels of thought to move
the sleeping beast "we have
declared our inventions under-
stood awake and shake your tail"

POEM

for Steve Malmude

a little black dog
burns in my fireplace

5 & 20 black birds
hop
through the grass
move like infiltrators
from tree to tree
and start mozing
up to the house
squirrels stop chucking
acorns
crickets head for
cover
black helmets on Germans
invading Russia

CLACKETY CLACK

Bingo is over. She isn't mad just dissatisfied.
I killed a rapist with a baseball bat.
And was convicted. three states of nothingness:
orbit, talk, and well-known secrets
are not states like the fifty
in the Union, one lies pensive & damp
in the soapdish, two dustpans are needed
here, one for the longterm ideas and one
for terminal fulfillment. three ears
elopes with four eyes, five star
five pointed, she pointed to the lightswitch
"Hadr't you better" seven heads of
disaster; despair, famine, flood, plague
war, depression, judgment, and electric shock.
"what do you want to do, go to bed for awhile?"
nine stairs to heaven straight out
toes, braided and young, be back in
a couple of minutes, the Union has set.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Jan 3 75

Dear M Sappol

Thanx for it all bees and birds, etc. To the personal injury newsletter I offer these maxims:

Injured injuns mill about the insulting Totem.

Without injury, insults fall flat on their "fuck".

Uninsulted the injury hops forward toward the Healer.

Uninjured the insult heads toward certain Evaporation.

Add injury to insult and no baby comes forth.

Add insult to injury however and the belltower Flowers.

Undaunted the anaesthetic begs to be conjoined
With an aesthetic worthy of subduing.

Ok, that's it and the moral is To make a cliché budge is to
bug the universe.

Best,
Andrei Codrescu

Dear Michael,

As you know Papa is frail, as is Pauline. Lona is overweight (with a past stroke history). We are quite concerned about Kate now.

In going over Grandma's things I found all the letters you had written her plus all the Trumpets that you ever sent her. She really was *very* proud of you, Michael, for she treasured what you did for her. The trunk is to be sent here and I'll let you go through it when you're up here. I think you would enjoy it. It was really obvious in going through her papers how much she loved you. I know that I don't need to tell you this, for you already know it;

it's just that I want you to know that I now know it! (Confused, yet?—but it is true).

Poor Jack is still ailing; but no worse. He eats roast beef now—that's all and lots of water. He can no longer climb the basement stairs, but he and Dad still play "quiet" doggy games, so that Jack is distracted from his illness. Jack is very patient no that he's feeling bad.

Larry Pangani's house is on the market—in-the-low-80's—picture in the Sentinel this week. The Leary's had a marvelous trip to Jamaica—Ruth survived the plane ride O.K. Big wreck at the corner of South & Front—by the Episcopal Church today—a Maine car & someone else—don't know details.

Your father is playing next Friday in Matt. & K. of C. hall for Matt. Woman's Club—with 4 others—and *they're* getting paid. Sounds like fun. Cindy and Tina are going too.

Kind of a long letter but this has been a poor winter with Grandma being so ill. Do take care of yourself—there is a possibility will be down the weekend of March 17th—work towards that goal.

Do you need anything? We're pleased you're doing so well surviving in the BIG TOWN.

Much love,
Mom

P.S. Granddaddy's stereo arrived today—in the living room now—come hear it!

TINA DARRAGH

coke smoke

broadly: a whole church tower

hardhack

an ox less

dust under the handrail

what St. Steven said

and of a suborder

stone + gut

'star' akin to 'set up'

vascular portion of the axis

to serve as an international coin

Greek grave

starfish = bubbling eclipse

to turn into a stem

heavy stroke of a letter

jumping-off place

to stammer] the crime wave

ancestral cell

a simple eye present in some insects

wheat caused by a rust

apron in a ship's frame

glass hollow

watch over the older key

knurled knob at the outside end

bastard wing also called 'alula'

FRAGILE

stencil no. 1

HOW TO READ A PERSON LIKE A BOOK



27. "It's hard for me to see the answer."

"punctuation mark - pure"

compound leaves

panda + bandit

a sleigh with a box-shaped body

black spot
black studies
black tail
black tea
black thorn
black tie
black top

modification of phoenix

a lightweight umbrella

wood so decayed as to be dry

a fan used esp. in India consisting of a canvas-covered frame
suspended from the ceiling and operated by a cord

Delaware - fine ashes

with the top of the foot

metal rod used for fashioning hot glass

born afterward

diminutive of doll = fishing place of the eye

puppy love pup tent Purana

of a leaf: rounded at the free end

chrome indigestion
chrome experiments
the special needs of chrome patients
chrome warfare
chrome grumbler

HOW TO READ A PERSON LIKE A BOOK



52. The female version of locked ankles

caffeine + earphones

the difficulty of cheating at cards

◀ movies ▶

from the beginning

archbishop

abridged

incantation used to ward off calamity

to scrape more at RAT

Abraham

(as emery or pumice)

to release (a repressed or forgotten emotion) by or as if by verbalization esp. in psychoanalysis

columns of men five

attempts to the right of free speech

mischiefs that I set

plant filaments

American Bible Society

abscess

more at CONCISE

a plant hormone

substance found in young cotton bolls

horizontal coordinate of a point in a plane

to depart secretly & hide oneself

an of detail

danger in a situation where power is

a proprietor living away from his estate

absinthe

blind in "help the blind" and ours in "your work and ours"

absolute ceiling

absolute magnitude

absolute pitch

absolute scale

absolute space

absolute temperature

absolute value



48. To hide his conversation

little finger

conventional iris

having the ends of the arms broadening out into the heads

past tense of 'fly'

the pendulous lateral part of a dog's upper lip

sat the strap as he talked

laying aside skin as old Scots for 'frighten'

Fred MacMurray + turkey

police in Paris

old horse with a whip

dust off his shoes

cigarette against ashtray

eyes over the group

a signal with a mirror

wavering light often used in the plural

a step in a straight flight of steps

geeseing on the marsh

zippered outside pockets

determined to have one last

flip-flop

PETER INMAN INTERVIEWS MIKE SAPPOL

P: Right, I guess the first thing we should get down is the biographical stuff like where you were born, what was your first petty crime, what Rilke reads like while masturbating....

M: Can't answer for him... as myself, a child, I wore dog jelly on my naked charms. 10 men died trying to erase it. The 11th, a woman, has a darling live pet monkey... close personal friends....

P: Well, then you....

M: Then, I ruefully massaged the discomfiture against her outraged hairy virginal paycheck... that was a few years ago... you recall the Arab monster immediately... the passion girl decoy patrol... all familiar names....

P: What are your favorite colors?

M: Green, orange (claw hammer), blue (cheer), & then nobody thought of the fabulous Ventures... as a harem of agony... not the way I do....

P: I know that you've been greatly influence by the Posthumous poets. a)Which poets do you steal from most and b)How many of them have sued?

M: a)Al Feldstein, Captain Beefheart, Eando Binder, Lewis MacAdams
b)none of the above
c)GUB
d) a & b but not c

P: How heavily has Pound's influence weighed on your work? For instance I notice that in "Tons of Puns" there's alot of emphasis on mindblowing typographical errors. You wrote that wrapped in Saran Wrap, didnt you?

M: As a matter of fact, yes. I write alot of my material that way... as a last resort... hadn't fucked for two years... thought of the Human Torch and the blue-eyed Thing exclusively...

met the Beatles... My eczema was so bad that my tongue started flaking... funny what envy, jealousy, greed, and hate can do to a human being....

P: You used to be a musician, right?

M: Right... I was considered by many West Coast jazz aficionados to be a contender for Pony League rookie of the year honors, not too many years back... they said a color-blind rhythm guitarist would never make it... But I showed them all (chortle)... I got a gig playing in the style section of the LA Times... strictly atonal... I showed them... I sure showed them... just one small step to stardom... I showed them... I showed them all...

P: I could tell. I'm getting a hard-on just thinking about it. You started out with Blue Cheer when they were very in to the amplifier scene. The Marshalls and all that. & then you became a Legendary figure in now defunct circles....

M: And of course after that the inmates killed him when he tried to take away their funeral privileges. How off-beat can you get?

P: You're answering the wrong question.

M: UNH

P: Not (of course) that there's a right question....

M: Of course.

P: DUB....What kind of shoes did you wear with Blue Cheer? Now?

M: When I was with the Retards they said I had a deformed hand. But as I grew older that horrible head developed (hey, is that the right answer?)

P: What kind of people do you like to lay? Me, for instance?

M: To me, Pete, you don't mind if I call you Pete, do you? To

me, you'll always be an infantile golden calf-hand in glove with communism, not to be unloaded but to be refuted... don't get the wrong idea... Hillbilly hotpants... really very nice... matter of sexual tastes... I'm just a confirmed vivisexual...

P: Education? (say: None".)

M: None".

P: & you went to Eshleman & he....

M: ...wet his autobiography.

P: That was the year you won the Hopwood Poetry Award beating out Frank O'Hara, Sotere Torregian, and Hannibal Acconce, who subsequently died?

M: I did.

P: Oh. I thought you did.

M: Yahweh, help me!

P: Getting back to Eshleman, what did you think of his latest piece of shit (ed. note: "Coils", Black Sparrow)? & While we're at it, what about his chintzy personal appearance?

M: That's really two questions. Yup. Some people think it's possible to predict the future by reading the configurations of a doody. I'm not one of them. After all, despite his West Coast status, Clay is still an Indiana boy, penny loafers haven't been in on the Coast for some years.

P: Then you don't hold any grudge against him.

M: I felt that the psoriasis infestation was price enough. To those who have seen him first hand, the irony of my reference (ed. note: "Blood Clots" ABC-Paramount 58763) is obvious. Clay may have said some nasty things about me but I'm sure that now he regrets his indiscreet blathering.

P: I hate vague interviews, dont you? Maybe we should get back to the poems themselves?

M: OK.

P: Talk swine.

M: (no answer)

[15 minutes later, the boys are back in their rooms discussing their seeming good fortune]

P: When did you come up with the idea of parallel pimpling?

M: As soon as you mentioned it... mankind... suffering... nothing but catchwords. Mankind means nothing to me... I detest their cow-like stupidity. If they suffer I say let them make the best of it!

P: N-no! You can't mean it! This is a good chocolate milkshake (yawn).

M: I mean it all right... every word of it... Soon my superior brain will be in its proper setting, at long last my brilliant mind will be appreciated and given its proper due...

P: Right. You were saying that and I was flashing "Larry Rivers", "Benjamin Peret", "Nina von Pallendt".... Where is the best place for you to write? (the pederasty scene in general). Any special kind of work schedules, routines, places to eat, etc? How, for example, did the idea for the recipe hit you?

M: I was sorting panties on "Bargain Counter Religion"... My guitar was offending my penis, was generally offensive... and it sort of struck me yeah it just struck me suddenlike you see....

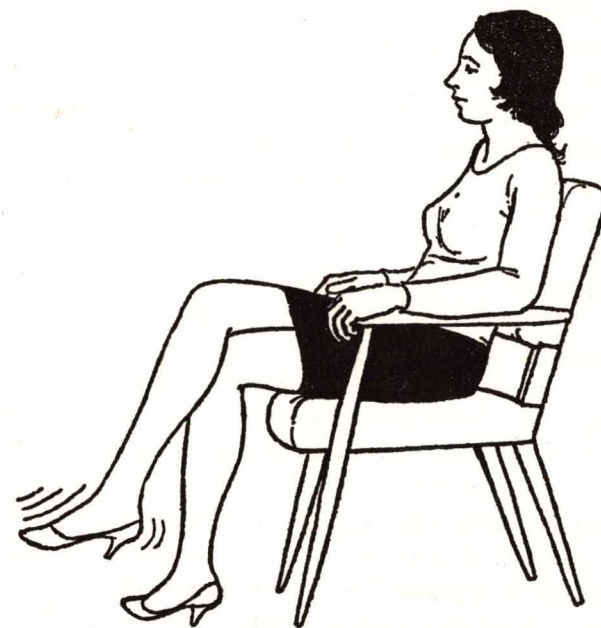
P: What's happening to the head phones? The urine is too warm?

M: CHOKE

P: I see you've got on a Los Cruces bowling shirt with diag-slits, vee-ed at the neck, flare Levi's with embroidered false-cuffs & smashed up eye-lids. You look great.

M: AAGGHH

P: Anything else? Good. Let's smoke some more of that grass, these moths are becoming irksome.



21. Boredom or impatience

MICHAEL SAPPOL

I don't like to make remarks about life.
Then she reciprocated and showed me her poems.
I read them all, but I can't remember any of them.
They are usually so realistic that I get reared from the age
of six months to my forty-fifth birthday.
A lot of the time I have trouble remembering.
One unfortunate side effect of the drug is that it turns
her into a confessional poet.

I wipe my eyes off on a comb.
Hundreds of secretions record my waking hours.
This is only recording my zipper.

Your stake with the hammer, the tarpalin.
Slipped over your face, the big sky slit by elves.
Your posse, your heart.
Want to do it.
To your waist.
Time.
To recover them.
Anybody.
Could think of.

The death of that practice room
mentally commanded you to enter.
So you see I really am generous.
All the Europeans were asleep.
The night arched underneath the door cracks.
Subverting every dissonant harmonica.

You struggle subliminally with ants in the kitchen.
You recall an elevator.
One of those seven-foot Frankensteins except I'm gonna cut
out the eyes and make a peep-hole.
The unwitting participant said the most unflattering things.
Its torso, the torso of a cat, gnawed on the now detached
bones, all sperms of course, yet quite real.
All stretchy, the way the nubile rock bands of the 70's

like it.

"Some being" I ached.
You understood and thought I was complaining about the
holocaust in the room.
Those oven-baked Jews and melted Japanese do get messy.
The whole goddamn generation of people weren't even ad-
vertised.
"Well, whose fault is that?" you exploded.
I had to remove fragments of the electric guitar you had
been holding.
I used my thought to drown a man on a beach somewhere.

All around us, human beings were screwing, pissing, shitting,
eating, and drinking all out of the same hole. In another
spot human beings were breathing, menstruating, and coming
out of another rather similar hole.

A rash of book-burnings broke out on my face.

I had reorganized all of human intercourse and interaction
into two holes.

The destiny blow	Scratching my head	I
wads of chewing gum	I think back	Have
GLURP GLURBLE GLURPH	To the nervous skin	To
The cunt. The play school.	disease I experienced	Take
Walking torrents. Swami.	Especially of the scalp	Notes
	Recurring childhood beverages.	When
No. I'm not uptight about it.	Why did you say I was	I'm
uptight about it? Do I look uptight about it?		Out
I mean, I can see where I might look uptight about it,		In
but, I'm not. It only looks like I might be uptight about Public		it.

The television set darkened around the room. Lately the
vaseline coverings on the beer cans had made the television
pale. Childhood is an exceptionally difficult period anyway.
Mrs. C looked clean in that half light. An interesting arrange-
ment of crusts trimmed from bologna, the edible mineral,

dimmed the children's hair even further. The whole panicky scene was contaminated by rubella. The children marched off to their father. Their father sat down and played soccer.

We're so proud of the children's innovation.

The children are now fucking through the navel.



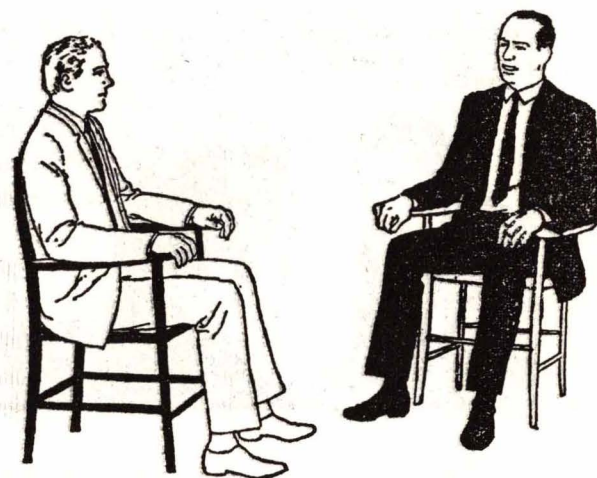
51. Locked ankles and clenched hands

CHARLES NORTH

Vehicle & Wavering Colour

Where do you go when you're desperate in a quiet way? Dear Fund Raiser: I'm delighted to announce that our next summer's production will be on seats, in the real water. What could be more beautiful. Quiet as a night far away from here, the traffic like rain over streets darkened, not lit, by morning.

1974

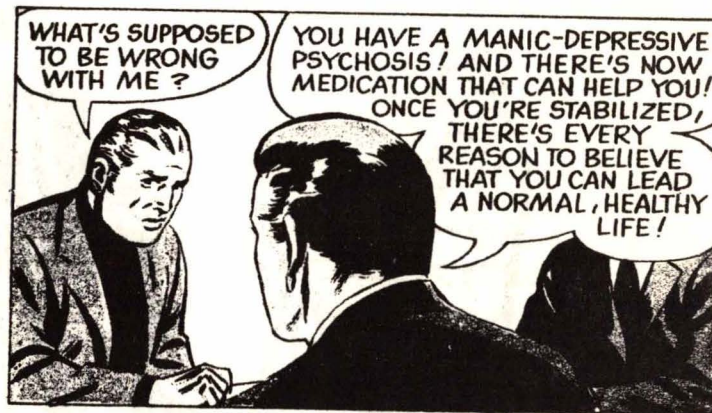


66. Two professionals in Lincolnesque position

Business English

A breeze pours in under the window jamb
announcing what it's like to be clear
among so many translucent people.
For without it the businessman's real talent
would be lost, as graphics are lost among
untouchable asterisks, an interstellar
inventory of the bends where one has
so to speak, a beautiful day with nothing to do
and everything to do it with.

1972



28

LYNNE DREYER

Laboratory Medicine. Dedicated looks.

When she smiles all the white sheets
burst into vibrant and absolute colors.
Antique plates drift into the hospital. Aquamarine
and the first World War. July 1, he went
under.

Block Three. a cat the top

Block Four. an elephant's head, looking down
the middle.

Block Five. years old the bottom.

Don't send me tears of a crying man's instrument.

In more ways than one I would send them back.

His ideas about authentic music are correct.

I leave behind certain letters of inquiry and the correct way to
walk: Smaller children at the drop of a pin are forced into various
positions: Kids jitter wracking out jewels they stole: There is no
room in the store.

There is work.

There are fractioned glances.

There are changed lines in his face.

There are lines that are his biography.

Moon/Give/Wind/Wait/Exhaust

False rock formations strike queer poses in the sun. Indians gave
impressions of what was. Stones tell the exact story; the plot is
everywhere. In the water, the sky what comes from it: Boats on the
water, their direction that night I saw everything. No water rocks.
On top of them are small bodies-piled: Indians create marks on
mountains White dirt to them meant snow: In dirt footsteps are occasiona-
lly seen:

All the people I have known are inside of me today.
Their arms and legs hang out of my sockets: This is the day I force
issues. This is the day I let no one free.
Borrowed phrases. Fear I can not understand.
Lights in the library.
Working bodies.
Fear I can not understand:
Wilderland—I have heard the word sung before.

You are girls carry girls
 Our bodies
 Our selves
 Is it advertised on the cover of books?
 Are you talking about books?
 Two must stand a certain way with me.
 Your eyes shine. You are a foreigner. Keys turning into doors.
 Are you talking now or making sounds?
 Outwatch.
 Fall/Outwatch.
 Eyespot terror.
 Talk to her. Talk to you.
 Talk to her you
 Talk you
 Machines -warm touches from them.

The day it was made we were late. The day it was made
 we were tied to exact language and recipes: After formalities think
 twice to jump. When I'm helpful I'm more interesting. I give up
 one. I give up. I give up images. I give.

Modest warfare. They shot him killing hundreds, in a pool
 sucking bullets, stones step up.
 Eruption study.
 In the garden she had children, she was a man and free.
 He knows something and is standing alone. Catching borrowed pens
 if he found a farm he ran. Lily-white bright. Lily white a
 masterpiece.

Modest Warfare-not hiding behind that machine.

Cruelty to horses, black beauty. She traveled to machines.
 Returning to his name. If he's coming it's time, it's found, it's
 cleared. It's memorized.

He was serious, he played each note. Meeting we
 climb flagpoles

and hang limply. Angular faces look up. One would have felt pity
 if the features had not been as strong. They hung obtrusely im-
 posing effort into a type of romantic language. It was the word
 that made them climb or the knowledge that the Spanish knew how
 to completely enjoy one another, one could tell by the smoothness
 of their dance steps. It was there that science made them realize bio-
 graphies and the tragedy of his optimistic outlook on life. Everyone
 salute, recited correct name and places. Quietly the larger one placed
 the pastel clothes in the ground. In the spring she would try to wear
 blue and white, the other one black. She would try to wear them then
 and continued to carry her time in small change. Understanding his
 crime, he gave a talisman and direct sound.

This his music. It was not a report. It was Hungarian.
 How trees formed for authors certain people. It seemed whimsical, not
 dramatic but like a dress which captivated numbers and held pens, or
 how things can blatantly change becoming general things.

Living in rooms not houses cameras relinquish their
 own eye. She felt the need for that one instead of her own and stood
 playing small instruments. Adding musicians How they ask prices of
 food, That was said to be free.

She feels the peculiarities of intake and seeks formulas that wrestle with voice and nutrition. Each leaf was polished with conversation. He taught himself, he knew how to read. [This is the part where he picks up one. This he says out loud.] His hunger to solve formulas ceased for three seconds.

Cracks lamented songs where notes held small instruments, was wearing an object held, or held objects, ones where strangers seemed only necessary to warrant her life complete, not meaning history or the history of books. The history of each act. Every move was a brink, a decision where only animals dared to eat to gorge on his particles or meet at the station to pick up trains. The kids play on metal thinking there toys, think their toys.

Culture-Bus Loops. Water. Where she wrote from, where she stepped with stones, rivers where she severed their eyes, pressures of lobotomies of a poem without. I laugh ash to the wind. Mannequins dress themselves under the spell of sordid fuel. They show her face with tap faces. I drop my voice in the dirt. Stamp on it and watch it grow. They notice seasons as if they were always changing. In one room they change clothes without the use of biographies. They were a group.

They tampered with things religiously. In services, in every walk of life, still fresh with the leisure of going home. Lights, fermented songs. Small instruments hang from his ear. Museums white nights.

Given one- when water finds. If I was down there looking. Rocks are one part of the body- Organ.

At 6 there is dinner in which each galoxed through. He says he has a head. He is joking. Each organ separate classes, she would teach one on organs. She would teach one on lobotomies. She would teach it exclusively She would sever his eyes, before she knew of novacaine. Walk to the sea, rocks, where He inhaled stones, dresses entered before they were announced, before they were numerous. Her clothes were necessary and not planned.

Before she had lived off of the floor in every possibility, she explained items to their last detail. Detail composed, without wanting them. Machines and how they went on working when the buttons were pressed to stop, when pills were pressed to stop, stop stiffness exploration. Older women offered to buy her a bed, parts of the body placed on the dresser. Plastic arms which cried in conflict which moved in their own limbs.

Chanted in a Dream

A mother had a son
He went to live in the slums
She said if you don't move
I won't give you any more money
He didn't move
She didn't give him any more money
He died.

We're Up On

This woman was walking down
the street alone late at night
when a man came up from behind
and grabbed her in a choke hold.
Now this woman had been taking Karate
for only six weeks but she
elbowed him in the solar plexus and up into the chin
turned around and kicked him in the balls and
knocked him flat on his back.

Whereupon he looked up at her
from his prone position on the sidewalk
and said

"Wow are you UPTIGHT!"

VINCENT BENIQUEZ

MY FACE IN THE CROWD

I am about five feet nine inches, blackish-brown curly hair,
green shirt, yellow pants. I am wearing blue dungaree boots. I'm
at a football game, cheering for my team, the Night Trippers from
Staten Island. I'll be jumping up and down and screaming and holler-
ing, "Go, go, go" rooting for my team to win. I'll be wearing a
straw cowboy hat, with an Indian headband on it.

I consider myself a nice guy, and I am willing to work. I
am very frightened of people, and I like girls. I am a little more
confident when I am around girls. I'd like to buy him—the person
looking for me—a bag of popcorn and a hot dog, and we'll sit down
and talk. I am willing to try to talk to people and to communicate.
I like to talk to people that I know and that I like.

from

I DREAMT I WAS A NYMPHOMANIAC! : IMAGINING

TALES OF SAN FRANCISCO
COKE!

I told the guy I was living with I no longer wanted to fuck him. He told me to fuck or split. Then he started beating me up. I had to split fast. Either I could get a new apartment in New York City or split to California, the only other place I had friends. Either way I needed a lot of money. I was broke.

I was a nice shopgirl, working in Barnes and Noble eight to nine hours a day answering phone-calls. Eighty dollars a week take home. I was a nice girl earning nice money. Nice money doesn't exist. I needed a lot of money. I figured I could sell my body, a resource open to most young women, not for a lot of money but at least for more than eighty dollars a week and less than eight hours a day. My friends were all respectable (i.e. had minimum money): I couldn't ask them shit. So I opened the back pages of the Village Voice. In less than three hours I became a go-go dancer. A go-go dancer is a strip-tease artist, midway in the hierarchy between a high-class call girl and a streetwalker.

I waited on the corner of 178th and Broadway, near the George Washington Bridge. It was a cold and windy night. A large car, a Chevy or Impala, pulled up; a white hand motioned me to get in. I didn't know if I was going to make money or get raped. I didn't have any choice. A guy got out of the car: a cheap Broadway crook. "Come on, get in the car. We've got a time schedule. Do'ya have an outfit?" he mumbled. Gee, I was scared.

The owner of the bar handed me five quarters and told me to put them in the juke box. Dance to 10 songs, rest an equal amount of time. I did what he told me. When I got off the dance floor, I didn't know what to do, I couldn't see anywhere to escape. I sat at an empty table. It was a crummy bar: all men no women. The men were working-class creeps. A man came up to the table started to talk to me. I told him to go away. The

bartender came up to me told me it was my job to talk to the men get them to buy me drinks. He told me I looked terrible. I walked up to the bar sat between two bearable-looking men. Turned out they were younger than me. They told me I was O.K. except my hair-cut made me look like a nigger. I had short curly hair all over my head. The bartender told me he was going to call up my agent to come get me because I was a creep. The men said he shouldn't do that they liked me. My agent told me I needed a costume then I'd be O.K. Gee, I was crying.

It was a sleazy Bronx tenement a high-rise made out of special New York plastic. I thought one of the kids was going to throw a bomb then I'd see a big hole. My agent rang the doorbell again and again. A woman with partly bald head partly grey hair wooshing all over the place dirty nightgown over her body tells us to come in. My agent should stay outside: she doesn't like men. My agent wants to come inside so he does. She tells me to take off all my clothes except for my stockings. Stockings make a girl feel more confident. I have a good body, she touches my breasts, if I work hard, I'll go far. I feel terrific. I tell her I like silver best. She has hundreds of costumes: two bra cups held together by almost invisible elastic, a G-string (or an almost G-string), that is: a triangle of cloth covering the cunt (and part of the ass-crack) held together by slightly thicker elastic: all this covered by gorgeous elaborate layers of pearls silver beads silver metal disks. These are the simplest costumes: each one costs eighty dollars.

It's a strange history.

Jean Galmot, the former mayor of San Francisco, after having been a gold-digger, trapper, rum and rosewood smuggler, and journalist, has point-blank accused, before rendering his last sigh, his political and private enemies of having him poisoned by his maid Tommie.

Three medical experts have been commissioned by the cops: the doctors Fear, Gold, and the teacher Tyranny.

Mr. Povera, director of the Toxology Laboratory, takes charge of a counter-examination.

And then it appears that the heart of Jean Galmot is no longer there!

It's probably still in San Francisco.

"I leave my heart in San Francisco," Jean Galmot declared to his San Francisco constituents in one of his inflamed proclamations whose secret he had and which had rendered him so popular throughout the land of the Penal Colony and of El Dorado.

Have Galmot's faithful friends, desiring to follow their beloved, secretly eaten his heart?

Or has the corrupt disgusting capitalist police misplaced his heart at the bottom of some drawer or dossier?

The heart, let us note, more than any other organ of the body, bears the marks the signs of poisoning.

We must find the heart! But can we ever find our heart? And in what state?

It's hard to believe the cops (i.e. Justice) are so stupid in San Francisco, they lose dead men's hearts...

Perhaps Justice wanted to lose Galmot's heart... Perhaps they wanted to cover up, just as in the Kennedy case, the so-called poisoning...

Already 35 important documents (which supposedly convicted the poisoners "cooked their goose") have been lost. While the witnesses, while every hippy and black person the cops could find on the scene of the crime are jailed, the poisoners roam loose, like the Zodiac killer, on the streets of San Francisco.

One newspaper has the following headline:

MAN WHO LOST HIS HEART

and the sub-title,

JUSTICE MISPLACED GALMOT'S HEART

MAID RECOMPENSES WHOEVER FINDS IT

I, for one, am impressed...

The newspaper has been made, it seems, to talk. Will they ever talk enough?

I got my costume, figured I needed more money. Seven dollars an hour was shit. I was learning fast. New York's a town in which a girl has to learn to think fast. I was in love with a guy: he wasn't in love with me. What did I care what I did? I started working the rougher clubs, the more expensive ones away from New Jersey and closer to New York, the ones where no workingclass white men but the Mafia who got their money from the workingclass white men bid, with that money, for the dancer, the ones where I made ten dollars an hour straight. Not that I could stay straight. Understand: a girl can make a good living without having to turn tricks. She can take her pearl and silver top off, full pouting lips, off slowly, slowly revelling in wiggling her tits in a customer's face. She can edge her black, O so seductive, lace panties to the edge of her cunt hair: reveal those dainty perking little kissy-koos. She can even more slowly slide her right hand along her damp hot skin, under

the see-through lace, so everyone can see what this hot bitch is doing, O my god, to her thick slimy lips. She can't restrain herself! There, in public, making herself hotter and hotter, finger in cunt pie going round and round, as finger slips black panties lower, she breathes harder and harder... She can stick that sopping hot pussy in a customer's face, and get amply repayed. She can, fully clothed, pick an older man who'll do anything for her because she's so ravishing, take his clothes off and stick a dildo up his ass. She can go down on another dancer. Lesbianism is so wonderful. She can fuck and/or suck every guy in the place, there're never any women, on top of the green pool table. All this, you understand, for money. A nice girl never does anything for free. At first I was very shy. I was stupidly scared of men thought they wanted to rape me. I soon got over my abnormal fears. I knew the man I loved, the man with long brown hair and perfect ass, would always cherish and protect his beloved. The guys were about my age, big brawny guys tough as they come. He-men. Good Americans who worked hard and ably for their livings. I was sitting at the bar between two of these studs. One asked me to touch his cock. "Cut the crap" "Well, touch my thigh." "Oh, yeah." "You want to fuck each of these guys here in the back room? Eight dollars a head? That'll be, uh," he counts, "almost 200 dollars. Lot of money for a girl." "No way." "I'll give you a quarter if you touch my knee" I'm sitting beside this one cause he seems the gentlest. "I'll touch your knee if you shut up after that." "I'll do anything you say." I touch his knee with a finger: he grabs for my breasts. "Get your hands off me creep." We start over again. Now there're eight of them around me. A gang-bang. I get up to dance. A guy with red hair tells me he's going to rape me. I complain to the bartender cause I'm too shy. I don't want to lose my virginity. The bartender tells me the guy's his son. What's a poor girl going to do?

I met Jean Galmot 1964.

Who's Jean Galmot?

It was during the '60's: those dreaded years of American economic success. Kennedy and all that. The real war was continuing, not the so-called "cold war" I grew up in, but the war of the rich against the poor. The rich to get richer; the poor to try to realize what the rich were doing. Who talks of the middle classes? Do they exist? I call these years THE BOHEMIA OF FINANCES (that's what I call the art world today). I'm not talking about brothels, stupid, but the

real evil: the secret combination of Rockefeller and Pentagon who bring to popularity while they cause the take-over of Chile and massacre of Chilean people, largest dope-smuggling poison-cut heroine in history, fake shortage of necessities to raise prices; own Argentina, Standard Oil Company (Standard, Mobil, Amoco, Arco, Esso, Enco, Amerikan, Chevron, Citgo, Exxon, Humble, Sinclair, Marathon,...), coffee, IBM, CBS, Borden, Anaconda, Metropolitan Life, Allied Chemical, Kimberley-Clark, ATT, Chemical Bank, American Express, Eastern, The Equitable, CPC International, Con Edison, Bank of New York, Consolidated Natural Gas, The Chase Manhattan Bank, Seamen's Bank, etc.

Was Jean Galmot another Rockefeller?

Was he a good guy?

In 1964, Jean Galmot was rumored to have billions. Dozens or hundreds? I don't know anything. But he had coke! Enough to fill Lake Michigan or the Mississippi River! He had gold too: Powder! Nuggets! Bars! All the nouveau-riche, Jews-just-turned Gentile, porn kings, army kings in America buy Rolls'. Galmot must have had thousands! He was an arsonist, a man who would destroy buildings and people for the sake of destruction, a confirmed heterosexual!

Who really was this man?

An adventurer, a politician.

Where did he come from?

San Francisco.

He had to leave: fast. The clouds lay dark and gloomy over that city of delight.

Because this juvenile-delinquent-turned-politician loved artists of all kinds, because he loved to fuck all of them, we can assume he was evil. He was an ancient pirate. He proclaimed himself King of Black People. He then murdered his mother and father. He was always various people: a hard worker, a devoted friend, a cruel tyrant, an outrageous liar, a beast, a man-about-town, a patsy, an ascetic, a proud Nihilist, a decadent of the worst kind, a junkie, a self-made man who fucked his lover in public, an ex-prisoner. And his cock was tattooed with roses!

I was working in a tobacco store. Two sliding doors, electric bulbs, a small table, a notebook, 21 telephone lines were my whole world. I never saw the sun. All day I stared at four ugly grey walls. If the radiator was hissing, I knew it was winter. If the air-conditioner blew at my tear-stained face, I knew it was summer. The number of customers entering and leaving the store counted for me the passing

minutes.

Every nine out of ten customers talked to me about Galmot!

Galmot existed. Artists questioned me. Journalists questioned me. Theatre-managers tried to get money out of me. Businessmen politicians men-of-leisure tried to trap me. Through me, trap Galmot. Make Galmot come into the open.

I wanted to kill myself because I had written and sent out this lousy book. It was the dead of night. The filthy alleyways were filled with corpses. The tattoo parlor on Mission had finally closed its doors: the freaks knew when to retire. A bad wind whistled its way around the empty streets, a grey dead wind, an evil disease smell...

I was rolling my ass around in the lousy bar on Folsom street the Folsom Street Bar where they hold slave-auctions, trying to pimp for my friend Harmonic. I always work for free. A big man, a leather-boy-dress-up approached me with a shiv. I wanted to know what he wanted. He didn't say anything. I kept backing up. I was the only woman in the joint; I was in disguise. He didn't say anything. I kept backing up. He got me in this small wood room which stunk of the piss of sex shows. Locked the door behind him. I figured I better do what he wanted: started taking off my clothes. There was a mystery. No good to scream in a bar where they hold slave auctions.

He started moving toward me more slowly: shiv aimed at my belly where my spirit lies. Moving closer. This wasn't any simple rape. Out of the corner of my left eye I see a window. Run through it screaming, run faster through the pieces of jagged glass, knives stick straight up from the streets, huge pieces of flat iron, I run from Folsom and 11th past 5th (street of winos) past the poisonous bus terminal over Electro-cution Bay Bridge to the one person who'll help me take revenge.

He wears only faded blue jeans and sapphires. His earth-brown hair curls around the crack of his perfect ass. He has a perpetual hard-on. Blue Cream.

I was his whore and his partner. I'd sleep with men, with any men as long as they had enough money, then I'd sneak away from them, if I could: roll them, I'd jump out the window, run madly back to Blue. We'd look for a house, any empty house, where we could fuck and where we could sleep for the night.

"I was the last reject of the most powerful of all families: Acker: the last authentic document of the last Hungarian King. On April 18, 1947 my father was found assassinated in his bathtub. My mother, before she was due, started convulsing. While she was convulsing, she died.

I came out. This's the fate of all women who're stupid enough to remain pregnant.

I was born three months early. Fortunately for the world, I didn't die." Cream and I are in bed, fucking.

"I spent the first 100 days of my life in an incubator, sucking Peter's cock. Peter yanks me away from his cock: "You didn't bring me enough money today you fart-faced cunt!" Monster women surrounded me all the time. Now I hate women and sentimentality. Much later in the apartment on Squalor Street, in the Folsom Street prison, in this mental asylum I now live in, the constant maids guards nurses employees friends EVERYONE infuriate me. EVERYONE is Rockefeller, Justice, Society. I'm never left alone. I'm never allowed to live as I please. If my own "free" actions bother you, you can shoot me, you understand, I'd prefer that. I want to be happy. This is San Francisco. San Francisco is happiness. It's bizarre what I, or you, have to do not do sometimes to be happy...

I don't remember any people besides myself at first...

I remember sailors. I don't remember a nanny, a mommy, or any such nonsense. Sailors have always cared for me. Only an ass hung over my cradle wood. Yes, that's the truth...

I'm three years old. I have a pretty pink robe. I'm always alone. I love being alone. I love very much playing in the black corners which smell good. Under the table. In the bathroom. Behind the bed. I'm now four years old. I set the curtains on fire. The greasy odor of the burnt cloth makes me convulse. I feel so strongly, so thrillingly, I come. I eat raw lemons and pieces of black leather. The smell of books, especially of poetry, makes me puke again. I remember also I was sick for a long time they made me drink insipid milk and orange water.

For several centuries The Squalor Street chateau's been my dethroned family's refuge. The immense rooms, rooms on rooms on rooms on rooms on rooms, lie deserted. Only a well-trained squadron of servants dressed in blue and green rhinestones - the family trademark -, long mustaches, flowing white feather capes over white silk short shorts. The cops patrol all the entrances of the park. Vice-squad and narcs alternately safeguarded our chateau.

I most admired the white Vice-Squad. I would pass through the corridors drooling, watch the sentries clank their guns against their cocks after the custom of the Austrian court who order the soldiers of the Monk to face the wall and rub when the Monk walks past them. For hours I would stare at these cops. I couldn't trick insult them though

they were socially and absolutely below me, for I feared their blue uniforms, their regular jerky motions. I tried to figure out why they moved and acted so creepily. Like robots. Thus I began to love machines.

One day, in an endless meadow crickets luminescent sun etc., I began to dream of the new world: a world defined by the fact I could do whatever I want wherever whenever. I begin to faint, to disappear from this creepy world. I feel big strong arms around me I look into a cop's face. I feel shock and happiness. He was a gutter kid: a black leather hood. That's why the motor's, the machine's activity bound to images of hearing light sky space grandeur freedom enthrall me and balance me with a huge force.

One day the palace was upside-down. Orders are given in a high voice. The valet runs up and down the stairs. The windows are opened; grand rooms aired; slipcovers dropped; gilded marbles uncovered. Someone wakes me early in the morning. I'm six years old. All day carriages come and go. In the exterior courts, brief commandments resound, companies present arms to fifes and tambours. They find me: I go downstairs. The hall was full of the world: dames in high fashion and decorated officers. All is splendour! Suddenly silver trumpets sound across the fields! A carriage pulls up to my stone entrance steps. An old man steps out, then a little girl. Someone shoves me against them. I said hello to the little girl. She hid her face behind her flowers; I saw only her eyes full of tears. I took her hand. The old general bleating guided us. Immediately a cortege formed around the chateau's chapel. The ceremony unfolded itself. Kneeling on the same cushion, enveloped in the same veil, bound by the same ribbons whose ends the maids-of-honor held, we took the same vow. As the pope said "I do", the girl smiled through her tears.

We were one. The pretty princess Rita was my wife.

We're standing under ceiling of white roses. We're alone at a table heaped with delicacies. The general crops up, takes her away. As she leaves, I see myself crying in the immense, chandelier upon chandelier, wedding salon. "I'm sick of ideas," I said. "They bore me to shit. The thing is to find out what doesn't bore me to shit."

Rita's my first friend. I think more and more of the actuality of the new world. I suppose I dream. I wander around the empty house I prowl like a hungry deserted cat I become aware of my body. I'm not just a mind behind two eyes: I have thoughts in every part of my body all fighting each other all dying to get out. I needed outlets as much as input. I had radios constantly going to drown out the incoming information. Only the heavy furniture pitied me, and crashed to the floor. I

don't hurt me daddy don't do me wrong
I've loved you so long
don't you see corporate violence is
killing me
hurt my body cause me pain
I need love so bad I need more again
I want you so badly I'll be anyone
I want any lover so badly I'm a piece of
scum
don't you see corporate violence is kil-
ling me.

I began to hate people I had formerly only looked down upon because they didn't have Rita's eyes. I wanted to cut out their eyes. At first I tried to restrain myself by sticking a knife in my legs.

After she left, I took out my knife cut out the painted eyes of my ancestral family who were in the gallery. I didn't feel guilty at all.

I would never see Rita again. I was outraged. I had to flee. Early

But Rita, my friend, returned! She was huge: a grownup giantess who mysteriously drove me wild. She raced wildly down the halls in-

to my mother's bedroom. Burst out sobbing wildly. I clipclopped into the room burst out wildly sobbing with her. She didn't care about my dead leg. For hours we lay in each other's arms. We had no need to say a word. Our lips lightly brushed up and down, hour after hour, the hairs of each other's neck. Suddenly Rita left.

I could no longer think about reality the information I had learned from my family papers I became Rita: My voice was now broken. Low resonances, deep and long fluted sounds, sudden register and modulation changes. Like Rita's. The fuck with crummy books. All day like an idiot a crazy I looked toward the falling sun. Where Rita had gone. This was the meadow. My nervous infant dreams became my reality.

I became excessively attentive to my inner life. For the first time I noticed I lived entirely alone. Who was controlling this constant silence, loneliness? A company of beefy FBI men replaced the patrol cops. These hamburgers didn't enchant me: They had no regular hours, trumpets, spurs. They do everything secretly. I hear a hoarse voice, the dull blow of a gun butt in the corridor, behind a door, strike out. Everything's moving. Voice, articulation, incantation, thunder. I see everything: I see the moving treetops: Park foliage squeeze open close like a voluptuous cunt: Sky stretch out farther farther. These're my senses. I'm total music. Sex. Energy. Vitality.

I'm ecstatic. Ecstatic. I perceive the root of my senses. My cunt swells. I'm All-Strong. I became jealous of nature. I should control every event, my desires and my breath should control every event. My solitude was making me see this.

I wanted to control Rita. I wanted Rita.

I was fifteen years old.

In this exaltation, every event which reminded me of reality totally exasperated me. Living is idiotic.

I committed a crime so horrible, so disgusting to the ears of human kind that perhaps you'll understand why.

Days weeks months pass. I'm 19 years old. Rita moves next door, in a neighboring chateau. I see her once a week, every week, on holy Friday. We're good Catholics. We spend each day in the armory room. I love this room because it stinks and doesn't have any furniture. We gaze deeply into each other's eyes. Sometimes Rita plays Bach in the small piano salon, or puts on ridiculous old-fashioned clothes, Haight drag, she finds in closets

under dusty chairs under the bodies of winos lying on the doors to the chateau. In these tatters, these pieces of shit-stained velvet, fishwives' netting, black net stockings with seams torn an inch below the ass, pink silk bras, Japanese robes with holes at the crotch, she runs into the sunlight dances like a Haight queen flowers in hand mouth wide open. I see her feet her hands the bottom of her ass the tips of her violet breasts. When she leaves me, the softness the wet of her skin remains for along time like a delicate odor on my skin. I remember most the seances we held in the armory room. She was a perfume in which I drown myself. She doesn't exist: she's a vapor I absorb in my delicate pores. Her gaze is my coke. For a long time I run my hand through her lower hairs.

I'm the Chinese wood comb running through her curly hair. I'm the bra which outlines her delicate breasts. I'm the transparent net of her sleeves. The dress swishing around her upper legs. The silk stocking around her thigh. The heel which lies beneath her. The puff she uses after she bathes. The salt of her armpits. I sponge off her clammy parts. I'm wet and tender. I'm her hand that does what she needs. I don't exist. I'm her chair, her mirror, her bathtub. I know all of her perfectly as if I'm the space around her. I'm her bed.

I want to control her: often I control her without her knowing it or wishing it.

I want to see her naked. Touch her naked. I tell her this. She says "no". Now she hardly sees me.

Deprived of her friendship, I become nervous, susceptible, melancholy. I can't sleep. I dream or I see women surrounding me, women of all colors, women of all heights, women of all ages, women of all eras. Like robots they stagger in front of me. They lie, wiggling and squirming in a circle in front of me. A stringed instrument. I'm a rock-and-roll star. I control their cunts (them): My gaze makes some of them come. My hand, others. Standing, dressed like the drummer of Hot Tuna, I beat the measure to their frenzy: slow them down, accelerate, stop them, begin again, a thousand time a thousand times d'a capo, tutti, rework their poses their rhythms, all together, throw them into delirium. This frenzy kills me. I can't do anything. I'm stuck.

I'm all gooseflesh.

I don't want to see anyone anymore. I lock myself in the empty armory room. I don't bother to brush my teeth wash my face change my clothes eat regular meals wake up in the morning go to sleep at night, all that social crap. I start to stink. Love it. Pleasurably piss

along my legs.

I begin to love objects. Events that don't have their own wills. I'm not talking about art events, things that are based on ideas, that cleverly reveal the sources of the ideas, things the old chateau abounds in. I mean dull stupid tool things. I surround myself with them. A tin box of biscuits, an ostrich egg, a sewing machine, a bit of quartz, a lead nugget, a stove pipe. I spend my time handling them and sniffing them. I change their places a thousand times a day. They amuse me. Distract me. Make me forget I have and had boring emotions.

This's a big lesson to me.

A stove pipe excites me sexually. The lead nugget feels thick and softlike Peter's skin. Can I trust anyone even Peter as much as I trust the lead nugget? The sewing machine is a perfect plan, ability to take power, like a hooker's legs' inner muscles, a stripper's mechanical bump. I can crack the lips of the perfumed quartz, drink the final drop of that primordial honey the life of origins deposits in vitreous molecules, Venus foam-flecked from the sea; the quartz doesn't deny me her pleasure. The tin box is a summary of women.

Circle, square, and their projections in space, sphere, cube excite me. I see touch smell taste hear them red and blue genitals, obscure barbarous ritual orgies.

All becomes for me rhythm, the unexplored life. I no longer know what I do. Cry out sing howl. Roll on the ground. Perform zulu dances. Grovel before a block of granite which I put in a wine barrel, seized by religious terror. The block is living like a mass of nightmares, full of riches. It hums like a beehive. Ardent like a hollow shellfish. I thrust my hands there inexhaustible sex. I fight the walls to pierce through the hallucinations which climb up from all parts. I bend swords flat iron I demolish the furniture with my club. When Rita, my friend, appears - she appears rarely, her foot doesn't touch the ground - I have to rape her.

It was the end of summer. Rita appears in a long riding-habit. She gets off her horse. Comes into my room as she used to do. Lies on the ground as she used to do. Looks into my eyes as she used to do. She's good now: sweet, serious, aware of my desires.

"Turn your head a little," I whisper to her. "Thank you. You're not allowed to move again. You're the friend I've always wanted. You're tough as a stove pipe. Your body's as beautiful as an egg at the edge of the sea. You're full of information like rock salt and as

transparent, nonexistent as crystal. You're a motionless whirlpool. The abyss of light. You're a sound able to take me to incalculable depths: sensations I've never known. You're a commonplace: a bit of grass enlarged a billion times."

I'm terrified. Scared. I want to cut her up. She rises? She's carelessly putting on her coat? Goodbye? The old man the one who controls me has summoned her to Vienna she'll pass this winter at court, a season of brilliant balls light dazzling on lights; she can't see me again... I don't hear her. I don't hear anything. I hurl myself at her. I turn her around. I strangle her. She struggles stripes my face with blows of her horsewhip. But I'm already on her. She can't cry out. I push my left fist in her mouth. My other hand sticks a knife in her. I open her stomach. Blood floods me. I pick her intestines to pieces.

The following happens: They lock me up. I'm 18 years old. It's 1965. I'm locked up in Alcatraz. Ten years later they secretly transfer me here, with the crazies. Everyone abandons me? I'm crazy. For six years.

no more parents no more school
no more society's dirty rules
San Francisco's the place for me
it's the place I want to be
fuckers lovers ideas go free
all I want is ecstasy
spread my legs I'm so poor I want to die.

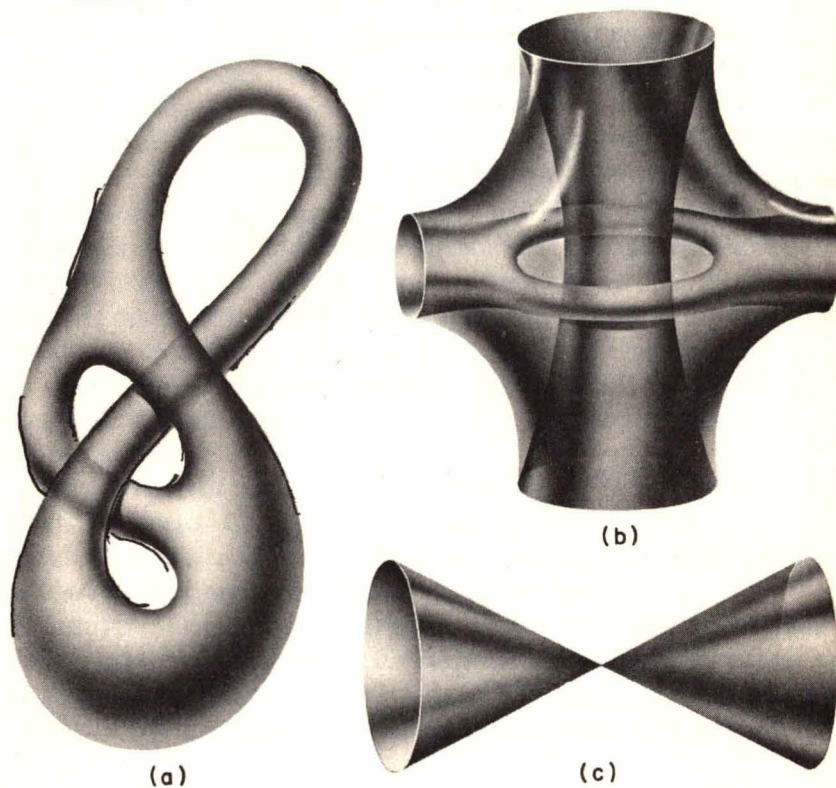
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PROBLEMS

1. For each of the following surfaces tell whether it is (i) closed or not closed, (ii) a manifold or not a manifold, (iii) one-sided or two-sided, (iv) bounded

FIGURE 2.5





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