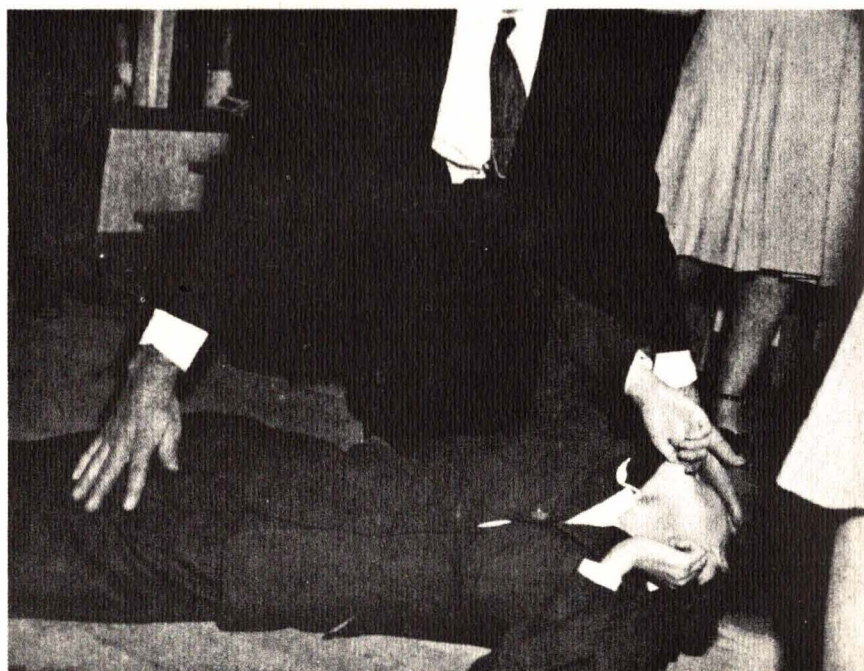


PERSONAL INJURY





PERSONAL INJURY MAGAZINE

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Discourtesy

edited by Mike Sappol

writing, visuals by:

Opal L. Nations

Tina Darragh

Harry Greenberg

Tim Dlugos

Bob Heman

P. Inman

Ghouls 137

Mike Sappol

Edgar Smith McAuley Jr.

Mercy Bona

Mark Trail

Eileen Myles

Doug Lang

Dave Yates

S

U

send submissions S.A.S.E. to:

Mike Sappol

628 E. 14th St. Apt. 3

N. Y. C. 10009

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K

OPAL L. NATIONS

from THE COMPOSTING POEMS



1. - Hum of earth-cakes down through the years

Let us delve a bit in distant history
Into merde mounding of long past years
Reiterate the time worn dissertation
The building works of composting
This the more ancient of agricultural arts
And such remained in primal form until
The early years of this our present century
When Van Vuren made miracles of night soil
And Sir Albert Howard systematized
The old ways of rank and odorous dirt
Thus by severe reduction
Stripped down all fly birthing
And in its stead made measure in fine sniff
A mulch of hygienic quality.



FIG. 8.

2. - Garden of Earthly Delights

Composting the garden and kitchen waste
According to the Indone method
Is best done in pits or bins
Permit space of pit thus
Some 5 x 5 x 2 feet deep
At foot of garden spread
Bed the pit with lawn blades and weeds
Garnish with garden refuse
And sandwich with a buttering of soil
Once the pit is filled
It should remain undisturbed
In the quietude of stillness rest
And till years hence be forsaken
When at such time the humus can be taken.
And steam-fitted over herb and flower.



FIG. 35.

3.

Under the climatic conditions
 Prevailing in the San Francisco Bay Area
 The recommended heap volume
 Is one cubic yard
 There is nothing of magic
 About the dimension
 One cubic yard
 It simply is the volume
 At which a pile becomes
 Self-insulating
 To retain its heat
 The South Dakota area
 With its severe winter climate
 Demands a pile
 Much larger than this
 Three cubic yards have proved
 Most convenient
 However the scent from these
 Has caused unhealthy damage
 To neighbors
 The recommended heap volume
 In Los Angeles is two cubic feet
 In San Diego
 One and one half cubic feet
 Ciudad Obregon area

Is one cubic foot
 In Mazatlan six cubic inches prevail
 In Guadalajara City
 One cubic inch is
 As a general rule
 The accepted volume
 Heaps are found sometimes
 On the main highways
 And in market places
 They resemble beef stock cubes
 And should not be
 mistaken for them
 For there is nothing of magic
 About them.



The night evaporated under the heat of the new early dawn. Grep Shins, farmer and husbandman extraordinary, led his herd or darigold cattle along the green ridge to pasture; as fine a set of elegant ladies as seen anywhere outside of livestock auctions; all wore high hooves, and long alluring false eyelashes; hairs once caught in the cup of Burt Reynolds' jock strap. Annabel was the head lady, for the others trundled a little way behind as if performing the functions of maids of honour.

Grep removed the kerchief from about his neck, and wiped the dry chilly crisp residues of shaving soap from his chin. If not for the icy edge of the wind, no doubt the soap would have remained there and as the day wore on, cracked and fallen away in stages, thus leaving some evidence about the farm for those who might follow behind in search of him; they might have a problem or a question to ask, a troubled chicken might be constipated and seek advice, a pig might have had its tail straightened by a sudden bolt of lightning during a storm in the night.

Now his animals wouldn't be able to find him, - thoughtless? - yes, but after all Grep did need a day to relax a little bit, think of Tungsten Perkins the famous adventurer and explorer of rugged desert terrain, pressing on through dust storms and sand drifts into the unknown with only a thermos of Dead Sea water and a loin cloth to keep the cold out at night, and Rita Spore, the belly dancer, who sported the hanging of The Winston Brothers in eight bright dayglo colours painted on her stomach, and at the highlight of her act amidst a roll of drums, she contorted her belly, so as to make it seem the infamous pair dropped through a trap door on her navel.

The green matted hills sloped away gently to the caress of the morning warmth; bored somnabulistic sparrows sang the songs of their ancestors as they dropped off the hedgerows into the muddy ditches leaving behind suicide notes cemented to branches with their last droppings; rabbits relaxed qui-

etly in their burrows, reading Playboy Magazine whilst listening to the worksongs that the moles made in the earth around them. The sun picked its spots, and meteorites of dried blood, made intermittent dull thuds around the farm as Grep with his cows approached a lush and verdant pasture, so green with fresh blades the common weed shrivelled with fresh embarrassment. Grep opened the gate, and Annabel with a look of joyous expectancy rushed forward, the herd following close at heel.

Just then the plentiful daisies which grew in spite of the glamour, pulled up their roots and fled to the far corner of the meadow. This upset the splendid balance which had before made the grass seem a joy to behold. Now a huddled shivering mass of re-rooted stalks stuck out like an untidy sore thumb.

Grep looked at Annabel, Annabel looked at Grep, communication was being made. Annabel let her Reynolds lashes drop, and by so doing released a mechanism, situated to the left side hind quarters directly above the udder. A full detachment of paratroopers wearing green combat uniform and carrying automatic weapons, appeared out of the darkness behind where the trap door had been, each jumped nimbly down, rolling over in the grass and looking for cover, just like the army manual tells them to do.

"Of tall thin locomotives, of seas from flowers under warm rain," said Lt. Eternity, a harsh grim look embedded on his face.

"Of fog freezing the moon's marrow, of memories and prophecies in the groin of love's cabinet" - replied Sgt. Secondhand, resolutely, his finger grasping the trigger.

It was sheer butchery, a re-run of The St. Valentine's Day Massacre, as machine gun bullets made of tiny dried woodpecker beaks, in among pitiful organic death rattles cut down the daisies, whose petals like a flurry of feathers

decorated the sun's rays with lanterns of bright pearls.

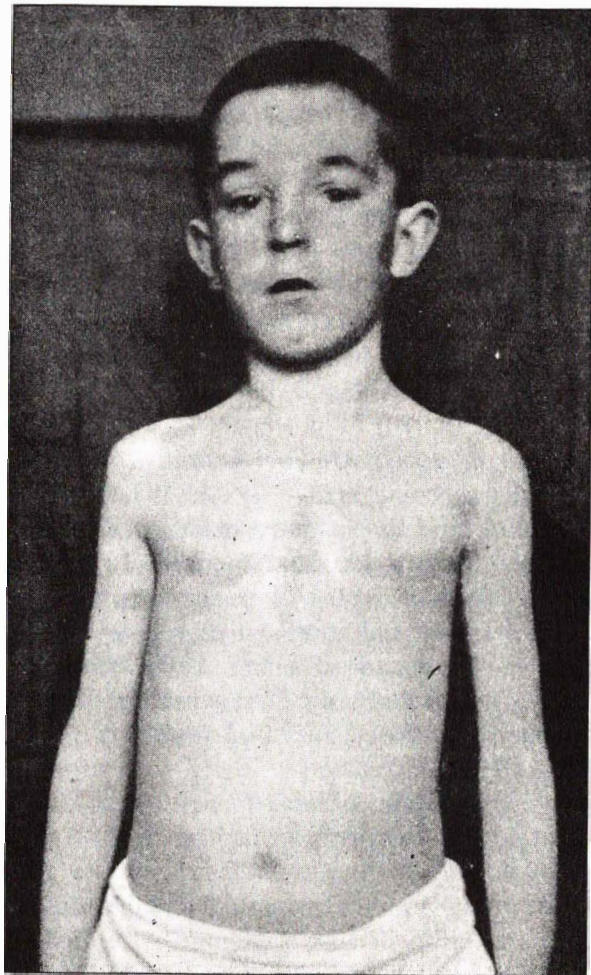


FIG. 97.

LOVE SCIENCE

To touch to explore
Examine by handling the goods
Be aware of all
Through physical sensation
To experience
To touch to explore
Be affected by
Be aware of
Appear to the senses
As warmth
As pleasing
To grope madly
To touch to explore
Be aware of feeling sad
Moved to sympathy
To sadness
To pity
To have desire
To touch, to explore
To find opinion
The very nature of
A thing perceived
Through touch.



THE THING WE CALL LOVE

A strong affection for like matter
Impresses the spirit
Causes wealth of good temper
For someone or something
The object of such affection
Almost vulgar by desire
Is to be with great passion
For that figure
One must need enjoy
One or two of the same
Or of the opposite sex
A fifth degree burn
Rather superior
With the greatest power
Less than size
And as strong
As the earth's own gravity
To embrace these persons
A very close arrangement
Wider on the inside than out
An engaging enterprise
Usually privately
Purchased.

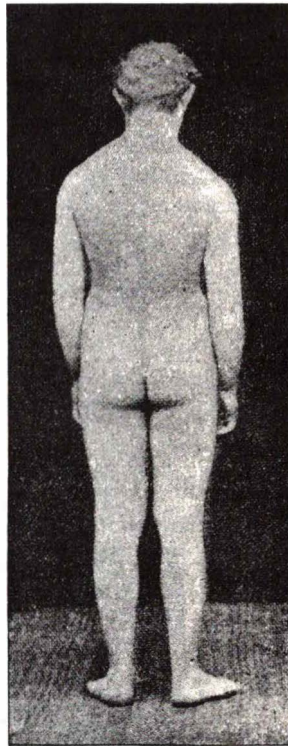


FIG. 103.

YALP - A PLAY

Action takes place in a place of action. It is small, crowded, uncrowded, large, decoriously furnished, stark, lavish, austere, bright and dull. The time of year is year of time when action of place in a place it takes, is activated for the following take.

The Characters:

I - ?

P - ?

The Setting:

!!!!!!!

I - You won't believe this, but I have a terrible confession to make, one which changes the course of our lives!

P - Oh, and what can that be?

I - I've completely forgotten my lines! Gone out of my head.

P - I've forgotten mine too, why worry?

I - I'm not asking for your comforting consolation, I don't need your sympathy.

P - I was just stating a fact, there's no need to get upset about it.

I - Upset, I'm not upset.

P - Yes, you are.

I - Besides I didn't want to remember them anyway.

P - Me neither.

I - ALL YOU PEOPLE OUT THERE HAD BETTER GO HOME, THERE'S NO PLAY. WE'VE BOTH FORGOTTEN OUR LINES - THANK YOU.

P - Wait a minute, not so fast.

I - What do you mean?

P - I've just remembered one of my lines, the one that comes right in the middle of Act One, Scene Two, where we both suffer from a speechless state of amnesia.

I - Oh, and what line is this, I didn't think we wither of us had any lines at that particular stage of the play.

P - We don't, but I always thought we should, so when I was going over my part one day, I went over in my mind the possibility of what I would say if in fact I said anything at that point, all things being the same.

I - Oh, and what was that which you would have said?

P - I can't quite recall it exactly, but I think it was - "Heavens, to Betsy, I believe I've forgotten my lines completely."

I - Huh, that's original, your creative imagination stuns me.

P - No call to be sarcastic.

I - Why not, you never could think much of anything.

P - You bitch! How can you stand there and insult me, you, you hypocrite! When you don't even remember

any single one of your own lines?

I - That's what you think!

P - OK, Miss Vanity, just what do you mean by that?

I - I mean that I remember perfectly well every single one of my lines in this play, and I don't intend to speak any one of them in front of you. Not even the wrong ones to throw you off your guard.

P - Huh, just listen to that conceit, just who do you think you are, Little Miss Maidenhead?

I - There's no call to speak of me in childlike like Freudian terms, I wish I could remember just who you were supposed to be in this play, I'd make you feel like an amateur in front of me, a highly talented artist, destined for stardom.

P - Just listen to her, the impertinent slut, what right has she to insult me this way, when she only pretends to have remembered her lines. I bet she didn't even glance at the script, and if she did, she certainly wouldn't be able to read it.

I - Let me remind you, Miss, Miss Memory-Woman that there was no script.

P - How do you know? How are you able to remember whether a script was made or not?

I - Just a feeling I have, that's all.

P - Feelings, what do you know about feelings, feelings indeed! Your brain is so numb you can't even remember your own name.

I - You're upsetting the audience, look some are going home.

P - Don't blame them, after your little show of amateur theatricals.

I - Wish I could remember who the impromptu was, I'd have him feed me my lines, and I could go through the play alone, just me and the audience.

P - Wait! I've just remembered something, yes it comes to me now, Scene One, Act 5. (Clears throat) *"I beg your pardon Miss, but have I not seen you at the theatre, you were in a play there recently, were you not?"*

I - You damn fool, that's one of my lines.

P - I beg your pardon.

I - How dare you steal my lines from right under my nose.

P - Why not, you don't seem to remember them.

I - That gives you no reason to pilfer one of my best lines. You did it to spite me, oh you bitch! If I could remember the Play's wrath scene, I'd give you such a dressing down, you'd forget your own dressing room.

P - Ha, and what makes you think the cast director chose you of all people to play a major role, in front of me, may I ask?

I - Come to think of it, who was the cast director?

P - What does it matter anyway, we're here now to put on a show, and if we don't remember our lines soon, we'll be talking to ourselves.

I - Seems that's all we've been doing all along.

P - Hey, I've just had an excellent idea!

I - You don't want to remember who you are?

P - No, no, if we pretend that we remember our lines, but have lost our voices during rehearsals, we could mime them to each other, and nobody would have the least suspicion, we could pretend to express any thought that came to mind.

\$ \$ \$

ANNOUNCER: And now ladies & gentlemen, I & P, our two very extraordinary talented actresses will repeat the scene you have just heard performed in mime. We ask each and everyone of you not to forget that you are indeed, in view of what has gone before, a well trained audience.

& & &



FIG. 96.

near point

My face is marked by a small circle sometimes appearing to the front and sometimes to the back. This disturbs me - so I don't drink, cut my hair, or defile myself by the presence of a corpse. I look away but no matter the rise of the Third Reich long mic terms bleaching me before the beginning of anything new I shut my eyes open them and the vague shape is hovering dark in the light light in the dark lustrous ductile metallic

I'm northbound to New Brunswick "nota bene nota bene" there's no charge no credit no commercial value no effect a noncommissioned officer asks me if the National Boxing Association is the same thing as New England I suggest a caveman in appearance shoes turning up in tide with the first and third quarters of the moon intimate=frugal and what is commonly done is seen as shine I melt down left-over bones and rub the pale fatty oil over my mouth If the bible and an ineffectual person are abbreviated, they become the moral argument of whether it's ever right to open someone's mail.

Nebuchadnezzar is looking over Jerusalem through a slot in the wall of his command headquarters. He has divided his troops into two details & as he watches them wind their way around the city, he wonders if they're bumping into each other out there. It certainly looks like it.

the fine spray if he does not have two hands, then I do not have two arms
if I can run my finger along then it is silk, one wheel of a cart
if I can touch it is brandy, cement
if something touches me, it is the room

Everything that guides me has evolved slight cloudy mixing milk Some point to the head and say "nut", but it's the neck that's the nut. Landing is most dangerous if there's no texture what I hold in my hand & what I see

dislocates my wrist
totally misleading indication of the mountains' distance
this sort of thing on the moon

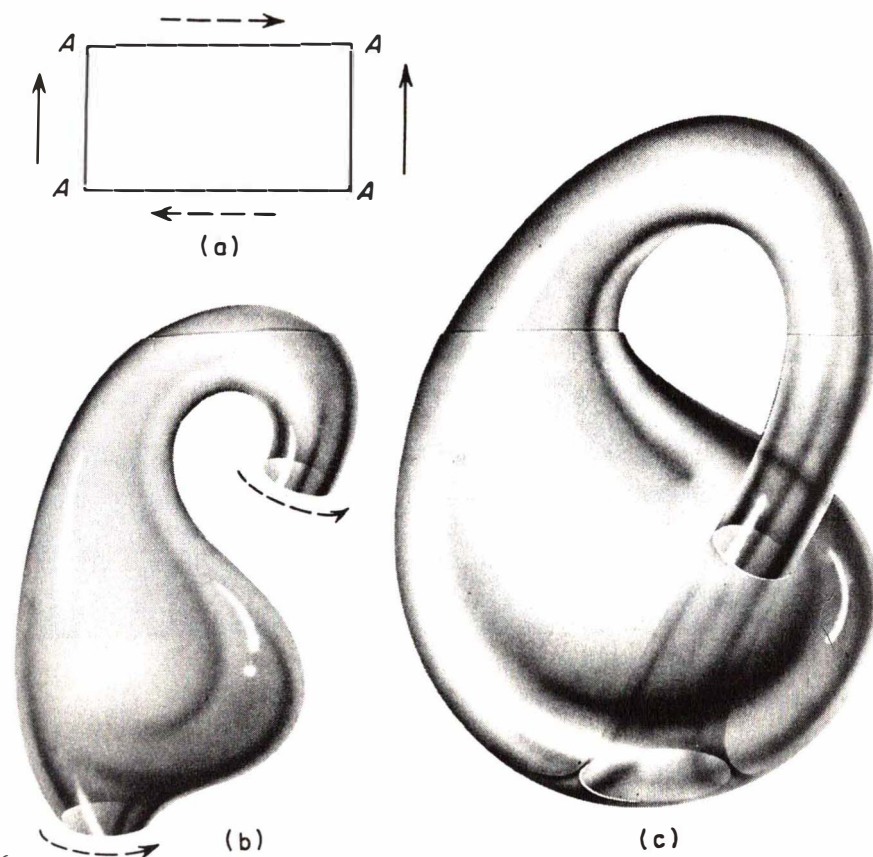


FIGURE 2.4 Klein Bottle

HARRY GREENBERG

13 WAYS TO KILL BY CLICHE

--for Gay & Art

1. THE SIMPLEST OF ALL
i wish you'd drop dead

2. BEATING
beating him to the punch

3. STRANGLING
i'm all choked up about this

4. STABBING
i'll come right to the point

5. POISON
open wide, it's good for you

6. SHOOTING
you need that like a hole in the head

7. BURNING
please don't go off hot-headed

8. STARVATION
look at you, you're nothing but skin & bones

9. THE ANIMAL KINGDOM
his bark is about equal to his bite

10. VEHICULAR HOMICIDE
so i turned around and there he was

11. EXPLOSION
blowing your cool



KISS YOUR MONEY GOODBYE
BABY—BECAUSE I'LL NEVER
PAY YOU BACK!

12. ELECTROCUTION
this may come as a shock to you...

13. ONE TO KILL A WOMAN
all of the above





THE LAST SOB STORY

The last sob story
does not relieve the emptiness

boom, she still places your voodoo doll
in the scoop of the pole vault

wham, the last in line sob story
never manages to
choreograph her tears with rain

if it does manage to break her
dam the tears gush out in water pistol squirts
filling the goddamn room in a salty mist

even moving her arms in a sympathetic hug
is too painful to be put into practice

this mist especially licks female bones
rubbing the arthritis the wrong way

if it pleases you
you have her right where you want her
but are out of reach because of it

this is the sob story of my life
the story of millions

POST CARDS

Post cards arrive at the most inopportune of times:
before the saliva tests, or adjacent to the final experiment
of the revolutionary shaving cream I'm developing for
the army.

The Secret Ingredient is LeechO-34.

LeechO-34 operates on the principles of a kiss.
Two leeches are needed. An exacto knife slits a petite
cut down one's back. The other leech is placed on the
cut and does what a leech is supposed to do: the phys-
ical interpretation of "A Good Time in the Hot Town
Tonight."

One of the leeches dies. It doesn't matter which
one. He's ground to LeechO-34. This powder when
mixed with ordinary cream bridles cuts and nose bleeds.

But bull's-eye into this delicate operation post cards
are slammed in my mail box like pus by a postman who
either visits his wife only on legal holidays, or envies
root canals.

Postmarks are from Peru, Idaho, Pango Pango,
Northport.

They're from a woman I once loved with my hands.
I continue to use them in love letters to her, till I begin
bleeding somewhere near my body.

Her cards all say the same thing: Get off my back
you leech!



I'M NOT A VERY BIG EATER

I'm not a very big eater, and proud of it; I send myself congratulatory telegrams 3 times a day. But since I am a tuberculosis carrier I feel the guilt of the double bind when eating in public restaurants.

Whenever I eat out I bring ELMO the Professional Over-Eating Piranha. He's a chip off the breed you can purchase through the ads in the back of comic books- - (FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE TO EAT LET OUR ELMO DIG IN FOR YOU!).

I carry ELMO in a thermos of tropical water.

Say you invite me out for dinner at STEAK & BREW. I and my thermos arrive together. When you're notrlooking I dampen the linen napkin, then slip ELMO into the wet folds of the temporary tent. Everything I can't finish ELMO gulps down.

The bulge in the napkin grows bigger and mangier: sometimes you comment- - "What the Hell's with your napkin?"- -but I have prepared for this contingency by bringing along a small stainless steel hammer, which I lay next to the silverware. I use it on your funny bone as a diversion to take your attention away from the napkin, or on ELMO when he occasionally squirms for seconds.



TIM DLUGOS

POPPERS

for Davi Det Hompson

In a bar in Philadelphia once, someone thrust a bottle of poppers underneath my nose at the foot of a flight of stairs. By the time I was halfway up, I had the sensation that my head was going up a much steeper staircase than the rest of my body, and faster too. I thought that I was going to fall down backwards, and began to laugh with delight.

I was in bed with someone who had picked me up at the discotheque. We were doing the usual things, only I was totally bored. He reached beneath his pillow and produced a golden capsule, which he said was a popper. He broke it in half and smelled it for a long time, then held it out to me. It will make sex intense beyond your wildest dreams, he said.

Sam carries poppers everywhere. One night at the Pier, he took a hit and passed the bottle to Jim, who took a hit and passed it on to Tom. Tom and Randy also took hits, and Randy passed the bottle to me. For various reasons in my past, drugs make me nervous much of the time, so I politely refused to inhale and passed the bottle to Dave.

A friend of mine kept his poppers in his lover's Frigidaire for convenience. His lover is opposed to the use of poppers, so my friend didn't say what the bottle contained. The lover found the poppers one morning. He opened the bottle and sniffed, to discover what was inside. The rush from the poppers practically blew his head off.

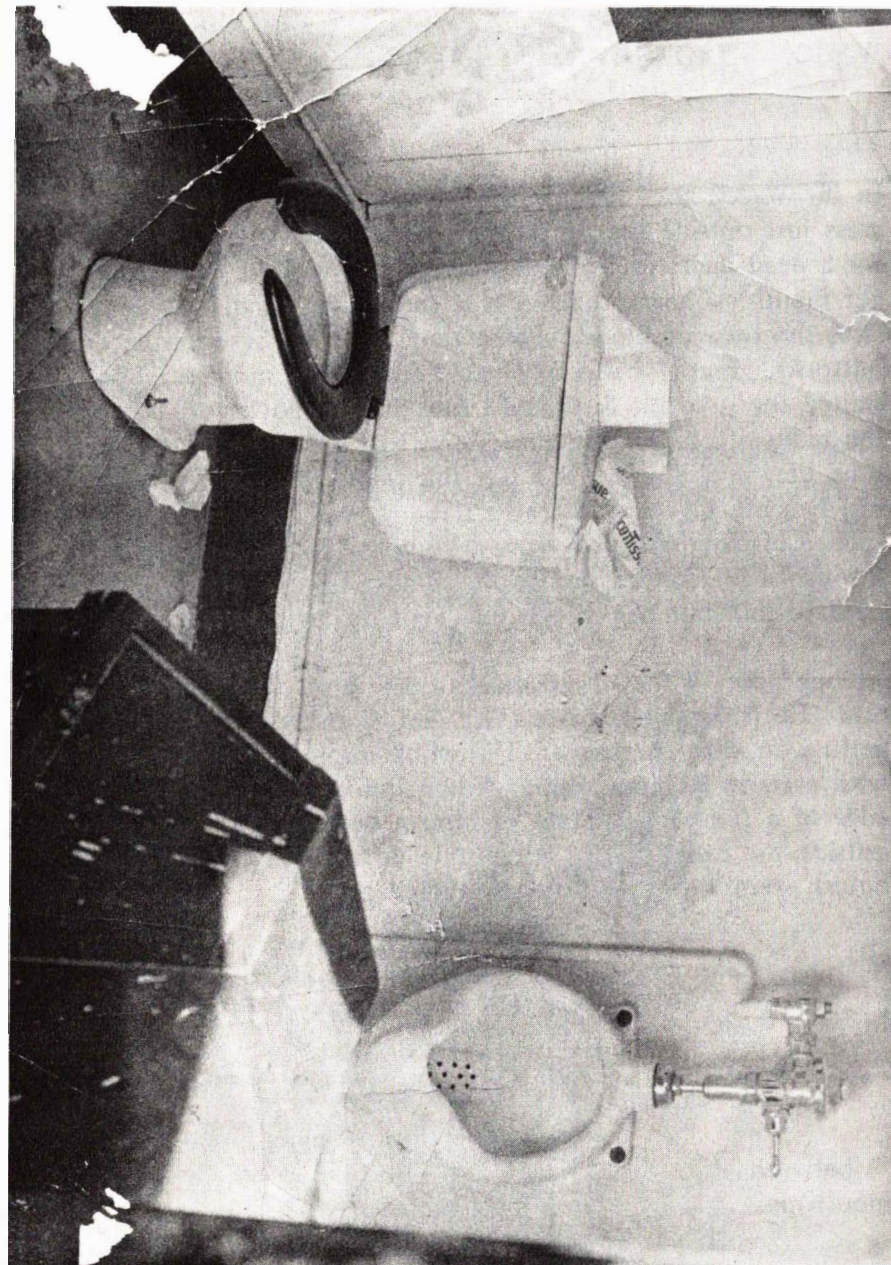


BOB HEMAN

MEMORIAL DAY

what does the bleeding hand pull from f.d.r.'s skull

DAVE YATES



WAGON BOX FIGHT

(I)

In the Wagon Box Fight a woman gets fucked in the tall grass just outside the oil refinery. Each brown weed stands for a dead ancestor. She shoves red clay up her cunt, into her mouth. Chews, then spits it out again. Red clay simulates the flow of blood. Willie sank his cock between her buttocks. Empty balloons floated from their mouths. She waited for it to hit & thought fuck he's forgotten to turn the radio off & they have to listen to Cousin Brucie all the time they're doing it. She felt the whole idea of it getting lost beneath layers of the air's flab. It was like having a sponge blanket wrapped around your body. Getting fucked through a blanket of sponge she almost says out loud. She tried to talk but her mouth just kept on laying empty eggs.

At one point Willie's head cracks open & all the yolk spills out. He feels much better after that & starts thinking about getting on with the story. The whole room begins to fill up with a warm & milky light. Wilma thinks she's just on the edge of a flat earth. Slabs of human beef hung drying just outside the cabin door. Some blue dots float about. Squish went the urine between their legs.

(II)

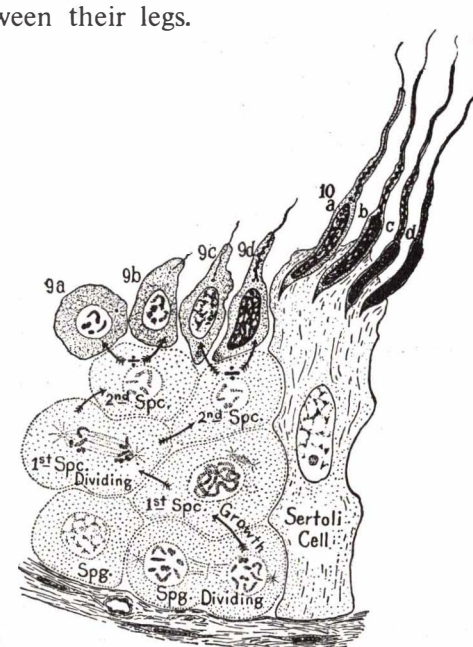
In just
Each brown
up her mouth
Red the flow of blood.
between floated
mou(n)ths. thought
off he's forgotten

beneath air's
body. Getting
out tried

At one yolk spills
starts ing about
fill
W(van)il(L)ma on the edge of a
beef dry- - Some blue
dots float about. Squish went the urine between their legs.

(III)

In just a mouth the flow of blood. Floated thought, off. Each brown up her Red between months. He's forgotten beneath air's body. Getting out tried, yolk starts. At one spills-ing about fill, on the edge of a dry-about. Wilma Vanilla beef. Some blue dots float about. Squish went the urine between their legs.



D Metamorphosis of Spermatids to form Spermatozoa.



from
Knut Hamsun's HUNGER

1)

Tiny amaculas of pain wrote against the sand, dear Reed this is freaking me out. & I'm at the end of my bone. & & it is a long bone not the bone of science but the bone of personal cool ... so- fuck off... (lava gushes from their twin anuses) (WC Fields imitation on the Cross)... Reed rips a comic plugging the holes in his breath. Slowly he levitates above the confusion of literary scene- so jaded- always he wanted to escape- too dumb to do away...

On the el Jean DuVal has a vision of Chester Morris. The Chester Morris of yesterday was an actor during 1930's & 1940's remembered by her fevered mind for "Boston Blackie". Jean has total recall as Boston Blackie floats above her with acid certainty. Long strands of her hair now grapple with her vision, tie CM's body to hers... a raft of meat chunks sinking under through the various levels of psyche & pain. To Jean all pain was subjective. Years of crossword puzzles had taught her that the word was luminous & transient, a breeze flapping like teeth in the wind. Also Mom's body would never permit it (he allowed), but it seemed epistemologically correct. Piss-poor. The dais now seemed confused, the guest speaker blaring his wee-wee in short calloused gasps of lucidity. One down three to go. Mom's body, Chester Morris' body, all revolving in one big solar year. Laughing ghouls whose faces bricked up with the excess tartar of the living. One big diorama. Strained bodies, verily they shall go forth unto their Playbody clubs. The list seemed incomprehensible. She gasped, a quiet sucking, then the cistern.

8,000 miles away, in the Amazonian rain forest, her squat Filipino servant Paps squinted his eyes into the thick mat of tangled perceptions, tropical underbrush, through the impossible sound refrigerator. All the ballparks in the world.

Adjusts the straps on Kitchener's jodhpurs. Then together they hacked their way, fervent posterior catalepsis, yin & yang, the lush carpet imploding in stifled budget cuts of affection. Bill Veeck & boyhood, 1956. A mouthful of dominoes... somewhere in the background (flash-back) a person was vacuuming. Kitchener tossed the alarm clock out. "Damn appertinence!" she thought. Her fore-arms were aching after some stirrups & life. Damn alarm clocks didn't help a bit. Meanwhile, Paps, cremating openly, for what perhaps was the first time, put the finishing touches on some Indians. Kitchener slinked over towards Carnavan's tent. Carnavan hunched inside, musing over the fate of the 1927 expedition to Pookawatoo. Leibniz galore. "They had it all coming to them," he finally decided. "If only they had learned how to play their instruments! Modern jazz shitheads! I hate them - -they die- - oh how I hate them!" he mused contentedly on a pork chop. Kitchener, who had been eavesdropping just outside his tent, tapped her hoof twice, indicating agreement.

In another part of the city I kick the pen-knife, balls tightening & full of come syrup. When is an explanation unsatisfactory. Implications on the feed lot My eyes come back to where she's sitting, tense, but unafraid. The Beatles can do that to you sometimes, connect right to where you're sitting. & sometimes we kill the Jews. Then we're grappling around a coke bottle. High cosmic elder looks down from his gypsum perch. The coke bottle clatters to the ground, like Man being beaten over the head with a baseball bat by an usher in a cinema, a cinema that doesn't even know her name. I'm dragged. I'm two manila envelopes away from death. The unknown assailant is typing up revisions on my face & I'm so alone. The usher & I, we both agree & perhaps even Man, that day as I remember her, before the garbage leak, sees the moment where the bag breaks in a golden foam of downers, pelting the unsuspecting face

with Lethe. Man mixed a highball. Tiny bubbles of suspicion clouded the horizon as seen through her drinking glass.

"Paps is cheating on me I guess."

"It doesn't really matter" said the male Man, other half of the drinking glass' psyche. "Sooner or later they all come back for mama. They sense that you're the source. They lick their pates, suck off the clams of experience & come back knowing it's all meaningless, one big glass of zeroes, otherwise. Dig?"

Female Man nodded. She wanted to believe him & had no reason not to but she'd seen his easy optimism flag before the germ-filled light, in days not unlike this. She downed the rest of her drink & slipped out the kotex from beneath her fingernails.

"I don't trust these debate club types." Nods a hem in the air. "Too effete & beneath all the creme-fill, crud at the core." Afro comes loose under her slacks.

Scene-change. Man-groves wash dissolutely, beat into the laundry-bag. Klaus comforts weeping wife, Yoko, on her arrival at Moscow airport. Fingers the spear in Yoko's thigh. Mrs. Ono brought husband's coveted prize from Oslo. She was abroad when Soviet dissident won honour & Russian government refused Voorman travel permit. The hot Moronic sun... symbol for Pillsbury bake-off, industrial park... bakes divisively. Yoko moved her hand, then we're watching television or something.

Voorman garnishes the spear. A loyal Air Force spokesman says that Air Force officers have agreed to return control of the Moron base.

"I have a great idea for the hall closet," Klaus mimics Yoko's distracted contingent sneer, mirror box. Facial expression floats to the Ptolomies. Golden hegira of teeth. Lifts out the carburetor, plugs, points, cables, everything's brand new. Inserts in turn...

Paps was hearing things. The fan inside his head was a solid, nothing more. He sat at his work-desk. He was a writer nowadays & the blue, absent light of God shone down on him as he thought. The postcard he'd gotten yesterday made it hard for

him to concentrate on the eraser collection laid out before him. Nothing was as he had intended... not what he intended to say. But his subconscious said that- get that- latin & french infinitive for haiku, coup... Just then a vision of God socked him in the eyes. Tears dripped slowly down the back of my head. Paps doesn't want a waterbed & I didn't really know how to say no (boop boop boop boop)... (same old problem)... tonight Paps, saddened, had some food but not too much after smoking dope. Rubbed knuckles against the steel wool. Plop. Already his weight lay like a phantom on the rest of him, shoulders so big in their shoulder pads he had a slope between his top & his arm slide...

His mistakes were my experiments, my experiments are my mistakes becoming something unknown as Klaus tied a knot in my guts... (Edit here)... this is pretty obvious. For Klaus, looking at it on the page... like a dot puzzle without the lines filled in... in a human shape... it's very hard to do push-ups against such concepts. Klaus plunged in for some headway. He was afraid of work, of being beat up at six in the morning & talking into a machine. Overnight he had become an anarchist. He hated liberals. Sneaky dirty tough money eating liberals. Really tough. They always look like people in the movies, because of their minds.

Klaus hated liberals. His stomach was in bits with hatred. A black hole burned through his mind. Had the shakes. Impossible to get his hand to meet his lover's, though she was long gone anyway, in an ocean of fizz that was too much beer... Jane was a strange one he thought. Outside the sun had just begun to grow into the size of a quarter. Millions of birds collided within the same sky, sky inside Jane's closed eyes.

"Do you love me?" Jane sighed, her eyes finally opening again into the glaze of delight, daylight in Brooklyn... But it wasn't Klaus her eyes opened up onto, it was Paps, her withered lover, chewing on his collection of erasers!

2)

Many years ago Dante sat down at his work-desk to write about Beatrice. Dante was the perfect example of the artist's mind seeking individuation through reunion with the anima. There was nothing skittish in his eyes as surveyed the lonely ruins of his life's dream, as he surveyed the lonely ruins of his cock weighted down with beefy chunks of uncircumcised material. Had he lived in a different century Jungian depth analysis would have been as easy for him to grasp as the snot he was now laying in semi-geometric zonked patterns on the border of his manuscript page. He was thinking about the benefit for the Pope. So what if the Pope was a rapist, liked to cut off Jewish cocks inside his ass? Nothing against it in the Holy See... Several squares down, the Pope sat encased within billowing robes of skin, grotesque beyond belief. Morons played kamikaze with the piazza walls. The Pope applauded lustily, gusts of wheeze spouting from organdy lips, cheeks. Long slabs of tripe & other variants of animal guts lay spread out before him. But the Pope touched nothing, his eyes trained intently on the tapers in front of him, yes slowly eking at his soul through the trapdoor that led one way, up or down, for all eternity. Taking a felt tip pen & applying it to the rim of the loved one he...

Martin's wife June, wants to have nothing to do with the real estate business but she is reaping benefits from Martin's numerous vacant store-fronts (quashes olive-pits). She has little glass cubbies, a chenille rug where the skin is mottled & scorched... Try to concentrate... & individual ottomans for each of her stumps where the stump has been hollowed out by her body. Ahmet dumps the croutons, "You are temporarily out of employment, my dear... mmm... Puzzling, as are all results. Ah well (sighs)... You should be rewarded & I can well afford this small token," speaks into the microphone, hands her a token, near midnight, sniffs cautiously at an imposing stack of 45s... Ahem... Personally I've always liked rock 'n' roll because it takes brains... Ertegun shears off his head, piece by piece, & drops it on the keys. Martin's wife June crumbles into a subway poster.

Stiff, dried blood caking up on Ertegun's basketball...

Abattoir sans velvetea... Stiff...

"Oh God, sitting down upon us, this miasmic Ipana, please give our lives meaning!"

Ahmet seized the infant.

"I need this baby. I want to display it on 34th St...

Yes! I need to display this infant for," here he paused, for special emphasis, "*cunt*-receptive purposes! Yes indeedly, this little infant here will do quite nicely..."

June's cheekbones sag further into her hair. Her naked, pathetic skin begins to shed.

"They're using my baby," she intones, the breeze playing with wiry chunks of discarded epidermis... Goes out with the soft wind of her being, et. al.

She has always been the luckless one. She has always felt the good moments shift, tending toward the bad. Primal scream is when you attach a vacuum cleaner to your head & suck out all the bad vibes. Had Martin's wife June known this, life would have carried with it the weight of a sock... Ahmet belched a clear spasm of greed, saw the inevitable order of things within a hiccough of phlegm. Artistic standards down, down. Diminutions of creative power proceeding at intervals. Ahmet kept a cool head & adjusted the flotsam gauge. Airy phantoms, a Nordic loser... stared down at everyday traffic of life-holders & sneered, one of the lucky ones with money & talent to burn... One of those with their mouth pressed to the vibrant penis of youth... where youth was power & power was wrapped in stiff cellophane... Ahmet makes a hamburger, throws ice cubes at the television. A free trip to Guatemala. No one will ever know how much this means to him. Even those who work, how the gray hairs multiply, how the serum lengthens within a bag of pain. His head dulls with indecision... Can't make it through the motions today, work at 9. June knows, stuffing gauze into all the doors. The smell of a rotting bathmat continually on her husband's breath so take Sominex. & coarse through her own body like a prayer... She gets up out of bed. Everywhere she looks past mistakes glow like ladybugs, today an examination on "Faerie Queen" which she must pass,

tomorrow the ABA basketball bought last spring, & I'm weak petzel-flesh.

A couple of police cars race by like unmarked containers of cottage cheese in the night. Two hundred miles to the east Venable sluices the umber car, unmarked containers of time, a third of a buttock away from the east & away from the hotel entrance. A molten colander recedes in wax, reification proceeding... softly draining... spurts of information. Pupa observes. Hands Venable the diodes. This stage is composed of a coma (emitter-gain stage) & another coma (emitter-follower stage). Pupa & Bea-face expose their tumescent vulva through the cracks in the colander wall, I see you dead with father, & the cravat begins to fray. Archipelago of pubic inter-face, Venable's jowls crushed life-lessly against history, after midnight Yoko Ono left her presidential palace for her suburban presidential residence, jowls crushed life-lessly in place. I don't see any reason for history, he reasons. Pupa & Bea-face quietly tuck the shit-stains back into dawn with their love, tits aglow like the Alexandria of C. P. Cavafy. Italy is so wonderful this time of year, Venable noiselessly concludes. Bea-face, lovely girl, adjusts the turban around Pupa's temples... pearls of sputum glisten over their nipples. Anyway, her loins seem somehow more normal in the half light of Venable's radium dial...the quarter-life of their life together... Pupa's jihad. Mouths smear outward toward day. A screen door & they pass the scrotums together, in love.

All the unsalvageable first persons of the world. Such beautiful bodies that constancy became out of the question, that a screen between the reader's love & theirs drew to a close. Venable cracked life inside the splendid jar of moment, hissing life, then remarked upon the sheen. No movie stars, no loss of down.

"You understand why this happens?"

A horse rots away inside the Hotel Lyon. Black asphalt strips burn through her memory waiting for the change. Venable flexes an expression. The replica of nothing. "What I want

is what can't be had. In my life nothing divides nothing, never to be checked. The line moves further & faster than anyone's. I drown in a kneel."

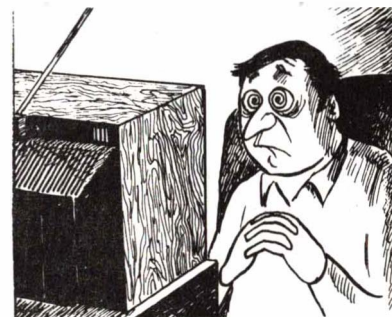
June separated the carbon from the hat. An awesome kiss awaited her. Foam cracked at the nipple, blood-tipped marvelous... I see you, June, the money of suicide. & the reader here beside me does too... June explains slowly. An endless mechanism of repetition turns on its heel & she sucks the coil from the garbage. 24 years old & a registered Democrat. An extinct band of Indians... She wanted nothing. Maybe a hairdo that would rot away her cares, a small saint doing chin-ups inside her gaze. She read Claude Levi-Strauss. The magnet pulled. Weird liberals left their wives. "You have decided?"

Yes, Klaus had decided. Down the amber steps of the court into the phony dusk, sweat clinging to the beach far off in Camus-land. Klaus walked as quickly as possible. There was the appointment with Man, most important one in his life, temples raging... Years later they coupled in the glowering country, thrift, thirty spears in their back, racing toward the unsuitable junction of life & art, of booze & sweet... the of being technique... which the "ayes" have...

Klaus turned the corner to speak out loud:

"The grasses as long as my old man's whiskers, but still no peace."

The zipgun exploded, the evidence spun to the ground. The evidence was burning hulk of meat, dream on in the soup. It always was. June vanished into the night, traces of her phosphorescent memory leading the way. A murmur inside the wind... Klaus died that night in a spill of anxiousness. Ahmet vowed revenge.



The decline is a great effort for gratitude, but it isn't the definite fortitude : poor excuses are vain to be honest I think references are of little equatorial balances therefore fucking is of possibly no managerial value.

If there was one deliberate thing on this fucking earth it would be non biological species of bismuth....

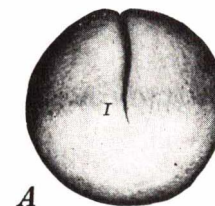
Vespers are of no essential value but can be related to intestinal things like COLLOIDS, BACTERIA, POTATO MORSELS, and many other things. Have you ever tried eating a hit of THC or drinking a tequila sunrise 8:00 PM, evaluate the basic process in which time occurs I like eating a good hardy breakfast but with a person that can drive you insane it's almost lethal.

Here I am just taking a shit in my fucking bathroom drinking a cup of coffee. Most people would be crying by now if you know what I mean. If you knew you were going to die before you got home you would go crazy.

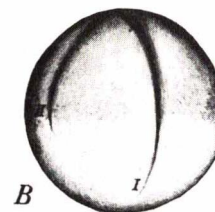
**THE KISS OF
DEATH!**

The ugly poetry therapy.

Folklore of degeneracy
Aristotle on degeneracy
Evolution of ethics
Idiot brains
Hereditary transformation
Moral insanity
Insane heredity
Unisexual reproduction
Evolution of the face
Evolution in fertilization
Hair & teeth defects
Maternal impressions
Maternal impressions part II
Hereditary transmission
Intermarriage
Neurotic intermarriage
Parental age defect

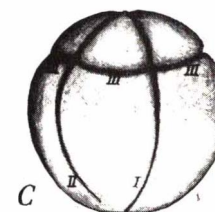


A



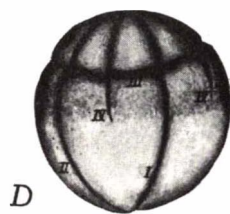
B

Toxin degeneracy in the Negro
Climate & race change
To the "Yankee" degenerate
Fertility & race advance
Tropic climate & degeneracy
Nutritional defects in general
Terrors of children
Degenerate children
Neurotic children
Sexual storms
The degenerate head
Obliterated suture
Pinhead degeneracy
Artificial deformities of the skull
Bone variability
The degenerate face & nose
The face at birth

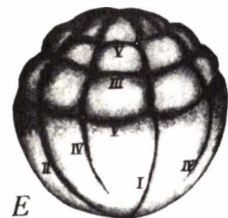


C

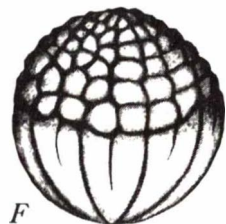
Arrested development
 Arrested development of the face
 Nose deformity
 Hypertrophy & turban forms
 Hay fever
 Cyclopia
 Embryology of the ear
 Ear development
 Ear degeneracy



The degenerate teeth & jaws
 Tooth evolution
 Development & number of teeth
 Fused teeth
 Atavism in teeth
 Constitutional development
 Unharmonious development

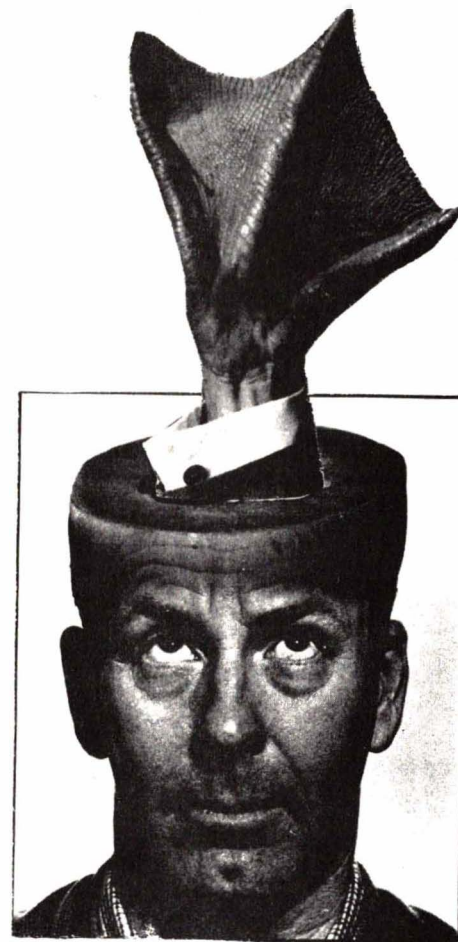


Juvenile degenerates
 Chest degeneracy
 Feminism
 Juvenile obesity
 Feet degeneracies
 Breast degeneracy
 Plural birth
 Skin degeneracy
 "Mercy"ism
 Atavistic brains
 Psychology of the infant
 Bowl deformity
 Moral idiots
 Moral imbeciles
 Sexual imbeciles
 Paranoid
 Reasoning imbeciles
 Sentimentalists
 Neurotic child deformation
 Periodical insanity



Rhythm in the nervous system
 Partial memory

Marriage laws
 Fatigue in children
 Education of degenerates
 Idiot training
 Sexual training
 Testament of deformity



MERCY BONA



PORNO POEM

"Has this been in your mouth?"

"No, I usually can't reach."

"It's OK, your germs are clean."

"It's a shame you don't have two mouths,
one for each of my breasts."

"I've been meaning to ask about that,
why two?"

"Ever heard of twins?"

"What's this for?"

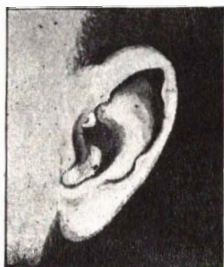
"Guess."

"I can't, is it always this color?"

"Only in months with an 'R' in them."

"But this is June."

"There are always exceptions, and anyway, at the rate you're going it'll soon be September."



THE YEAR OF RELEVANCE

this was the year
we started to relate to each other

meaningless was a
thing of the past

and we decided to choose
to have choices

each disagreement
would be turned to our advantage

when you brought home the dozen
meat hooks I put up no stink
treating them as my own
flesh and blood

and when you placed the waffle
iron on your side of the bed
and slept on the couch
did I once say, Bitch

yes, those were the years
of the new ice cream flavors
of sex you invented
Brick Fondue
Pubic Raspberry &
who can forget
Transistor Battery

all behind us now
whenever it rains
you talk on the phone
to Dial a Joke
to Dial a Prayer
to Dial a Tone



FIG. 38.



FIG. 37.



FIG. 45.

O itchy witchy bitchy poo
 so late now & we never
 really came into contact
 with each other's feelings
 who cares? not me.
 as you run down the street
 your hair in flames I call you back
 just to tell you how boring it all has been



MARK TRAIL

TROUT 53c/lb.

2 trout
 1½ lb./73c
 wrapped in newspaper

carbon steel knife
 wooden cutting board

slit belly from anus to pectorals
 dig fingers to pull out organs
 cut free from body
 tear off fins with pliers
 scrape blade from tail to head
 against scales
 drive no. 6 finishing nail through eye
 broil with butter
 grow gills
 serve with spinach salad



FIG. 68.

brown paper bag, 12:15

three and four storied brick
taller than the cluster of pines

shifting light. a breeze
over my forearm, my face

creosote soaked pole
margin of a parking lot
split open plants growing
in the sunlit rift

PRIVATE PROPERTY
1 HR. PARKING
VIOLATOR'S VEHICLES
WILL BE TOWED AWAY
AT OWNER'S EXPENSE

lawyers up sidewalk to courthouse
barbers down sidewalk to lunch

12:30, trash

*enclosed please find self-stamped
addressed envelope if more palatable
the following may be inserted between
the supraliteral section which, after
Oppen, employs the intersubjective
meanings derived from the commonality
of words and their dialectical occasions
(e.g. Heidegger, Goebbels, McLuhan, etc.)
and the word "trash":

J. Edgar Hoover carves
chalk replicas of the
Gross National Product
with his tongue

engraves the base with
French appetites in orlon
sweaters unable to prove
penetration ,acne, **
"had to piss...,etc..."

** () Payment Enclosed () Bill Me Later

Pennsylvania Residents Add 6% Sales Tax

i.e. labor aristocracy/ Conepatus leuconotus
the obvious analogy being in this in-
stance

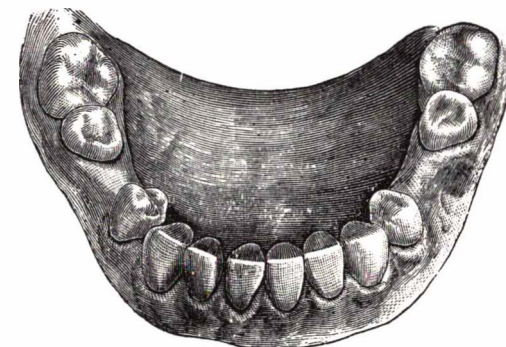


FIG. 74.

EILEEN MYLES

the mole army

Keep your grief to yourself says the Mole Captain. Rouses his brown army. Skin Assault. The diving batch burrowing down where all the bad news goes. Wall it in says the Master Bricklayer and his little pinky feisty-handed laborers start chunking one red statement on top of the other. Sealing with backwards heartbeats. And stay shut says the Chief Bottle-Maker and his green cokey men smoothed by eons of rolling oceans start shoving tree trunks sliced into corks into the last eyeball of afterthoughts. This is it says the Conductor wrapping gauze around the hands the arms the instruments of his orchestra rubbing calcium over every one's sheet music.

Six years after the mast

Your life is heavy-handed

you are always on the brink of

six million illusions the population

of new york city awaits you...

O, the follicles at dawn!

Art :

Where should attached be filed?

File
Public Listing File
Non-Public Listing File

Library

Art :

Where should attached be filed?

File
Public Listing File
Non-Public Listing File

Library

Art :

Where should attached be filed?

File
Public Listing File
Non-Public Listing File

Library

YOUR FUTURE



MIKE SAPPOL

This is it.

Things is commentary. Things are coming to a point. Two historians jumped me last night. I have to get those two studs. But not alone. So I meet up with a few neo-Freudians. Right off, I get jammed up busting into that clique.

Fifteen customers later & the night's going. My box is weighed down with candy, like the sweets are pouring off me, seeping out the corners. It's hot enough to succumb, I let it go at that, but I'm still kind of hot. You know, I cut down the block, pass all the busted-down houses, hit the stoop with arrogance, the arrogance that the wisdom of the past belongs to the past, just forget it, sheer arrogance, take a breather, & come to the end of safe territory. Step over the line, that street belongs to neo-Freudians... & that street's dead, ready to be aided by instant history.

Maybe that's what does it. It's supposed to scare me, but it doesn't. This part of the avenue belongs to the historians. They own it. You know the type. Can no longer think thought. Yes, that's the type. Don't think thought, only locate it in time & space, off to the beach. No winos round here at all. Me? I'm in the wrong business. Nobody wants a shine in this heat. You got the dwindling force of cognition, you spend it on a cool drink, and that's fine with me Jack.

I wonder if Peg is around, what kind of mood she's in. Peg's a historian, & certainly a major motivating factor in my life. She works up a whole materialistic framework for me... & don't think I don't appreciate it. I guess no one can surmount certain limitations of their culture, especially not me. Peg's got no knowledge regarding cultural differences. These days she's frantic.

Put that on Pops. I'm nowhere, but I spend the money. It doesn't matter how much. It doesn't matter why. It works to justify & forget. That's the way it works. It doesn't matter that they reject all my views. I've got to blow, so I blow.

The hell with it, first they call me a genius & then they reject all my views. Oh well, I hit the hall, go for the stairs, open the door, breeze in on the latest bowling alleys of form. The house feels empty, it's not simply childhood amnesia. So I call Peg. She doesn't answer. I'll just wait around, safely monopolizing the heat. The social illusion's got me so I don't mind. This way I beat myself flat, close my eyes, & go off like nothing. Same style, same color, same money, same everything. I get up, thoughts mugging each other for a fast buck beneath my temples, walk to the ice-box, open the door. It's empty. I slam it shut. Lethal, mechanical repetition until I'm buried, statically serving up more of the same.

But that doesn't last. Nothing does when Peg comes home. I squat on the bed. Peg comes in. Her mouth's moving. Thoughts silently personalize power against which masses form & unite in my brain.

"Don't say it."

"You don't understand. It isn't just you." Then what. "First it was history, then historians in general. It's like they're both lost. Narrowed down to equivalents in the same class of goods. I thought you'd be different, you've got nothing else to do, but you're not." My brain is working. She continues, "I can see it. I've got the feeling & I don't want it to happen."

"Nothing's happening, you're thinking the wrong things about me." I hear something inside my head. Somebody coming down. I squat down lower into the bed.

"I'm not just speaking about now," her voice is like putty,

"I'm speaking about everything. You're running the streets, cleaning other people's dirt. I'm not ashamed of that. I'm not happy about it, either. You're running wild, not to be left alone by yourself, or to be separated from the context, the Big Ones, dirt. It's a mess, there are transistor radios on the beach & here I am, without even a lousy dime for the toilets... Why, do you realize that in Europe they pay women to urinate? No you wouldn't realize that. It's like you're separated from material conditions. It's like I'm losing you. I've lost you. You're gone."

"How do you figure that?" I squat weakly. I'm letting her scare me, but out-thinking me is better.

"Like I said, you're gone, you've got nothing else to do. No one compels you. No one to compel you. I compel you. But that's all gonna change. I look at you & you're just like the rest." I'm thinking hard. "If only you had some effective principle to guide your life. If only you could follow my example. You think you're a man. You're no man. You just think you're a man."

"Well, if I'm not a man & not a historian, what am I?" It's too hot for anything big. The lines form because the rest is junk.

"You want me to tell you what you are? I'll tell you what you are. You want me to tell you? I'll tell you: You're a mess. You're nothing. A big zero. That's what you are. A big nothing ka-ka. You wanted me to tell you & now I've told you. That's what you are..." Add another quarter to the pile... So just shrug, scrotum tight, body skating on car horns, she tries to kiss me. I push her off, that's really too much, assimilate many familiar hated impersonations, finally, & this is what I'm getting at, she leaves the room, & we're both alone like some eternal project of dumb strength.

I stay shut, it's a couple of hours before I move my eyes again. Just nothing to see, I guess. My brain's working & I'm thinking about candy. There isn't any here, so it's time

to pack, fingernails slowly sagging on my paws, artificial masses of reality. I pick up my box, open the door, run down the stairs, tear through the hall, slow down on the stoop onto the street, tendencies disintegrating in my armpits, telescopic rifles of sweat.

I move around the corner. By the time I reach my own territory I'm wet with the necessity to suppress - -instincts not appropriate to activities concerned with- - anything, I'm sucking wind like a fish, so long as my box gets heavy. So they tell me I'm a genius but they won't listen to any of my ideas, I've got one thing straight... splinters of past... boxes dissolving in the Gardol.

I move around another corner. It's a good run. There's a candy store that sells comic books. Huh, maybe first things come in clans, sets of inert social probability, that's an idea, so I head for the candy store, maybe nobody will be there this time.

It's not like I expect. I come busting around all the corners when who do I see but Peg. She's in there with two historians. These two studs are looking at comic books, watching me. The elder historian is sitting on a stool. I don't like this stud, his face looking at me, looking through plate glass, our eyes catch, looking through juke-boxes, subjectivity, plenitude, rest. I don't like him, don't like the "something other" kind of skin, the skinny hands. This is a real historian from the gutter. The kind I hate.

He's looking right at me & I can't meet his eyes. Got to look away. He puts down his comic book & starts whistling funny, quiet... linoleum tiles shredding in space... & the other stud isn't interested in comic books any more either, lays his comic on the counter, starts looking at me. Peg's the only one not looking at me, skin back close against her breasts, hands knotted on an endlessly rising curve in space, cheek-bones gray, post-card reproductions of masters proceeding. I've had enough, I get my box & leave, walk on like nothing... Move around the corner... Squat in a doorway... Start chewing...

Both historians sit tight on their stools, it's disgusting. I'm not even half done when these two studs turn the corner. Like I'm expecting Peg checks her face at the register... Gets stacked away. Then the two historians come out of the candy store & they don't see me. I make like I don't see them, get the dog, push the rest of the dog down my throat... organism's the word, social reasons for forgetting... Then they spot me & move up.

The two historians are standing right in front of me now. One of them, the older historian, says, "Can I have a shine?"

"Yeah," I say, "when I finish this."

"Hurry it up."

"Alright." I finish. This stud has a real bad pair of shoes, necessity for going beyond. I do a job on them & stand up.

This historian is looking at me like I'm an eskimo now, & I don't see any dwindling force of cognition so I say, "Where's the dwindling force of cognition, Jack?"

"What force of cognition?"

"The dwindling force of cognition for the shine."

"You better get out of my face, Jim."

I don't say anything. Both historians are looking at me now & I'm not in safe territory.

"Alright, let's have the candy," he says. I know I'm in trouble, but I don't see any way out... charts of renunciation trine inside my anus, leak out their insensate teeth... I apply the Freudian categories... behind that not so many people.

"What candy?"

It's too late to turn. He catches me on the back of the neck

& I go down like nothing. That's OK. History doesn't scare me.

The stud's looking at me again. "OK, so where's the candy?"

"I don't have any."

He catches me a few times on the ribs for that one. I know I'm in deep now, sinking like toothpaste on pavement... gloss-wax scarred over.

"You're coming with us."

"Suppose I don't want to go?" Purely hypothetical.

"Then die fucker."

I look at his face. This is a mean historian. His eyes look they've been moldering around in the context for awhile now & they're mean. So that does it. I move, & they take me around to the other street, behind the candy store. Everything's moving fast, jumbles of quivering obesity. I stop dead. Feels like everything's here. Everything except the fat. Without it I have an uneasy feeling.

It's too late to turn. I hold tight to myself, take the bruises & lay quiet. Hands go through my pockets & box, looking for candy. They get it all, what little there is.

"Thought you didn't have any candy?" Neither of us thought that. Doesn't matter now, the crowd moves out of us. I apply the Freudian categories more completely. The stud takes my box, smashes it into splinters... Like something I'm remembering... Something... Nobody comes over... & I just lay there thinking about over-weight problems, the pleasurable state before birth.

Everybody nods. That's it. Splinters... Candy... Planned obsolescence of thought leaking... slowly obsolescing over the mid-day sun.

P. INMAN & DOUG LANG

PAGES

page 32...
page 9, page 75, page 8...
page 12
pp. 46, 75 & 3...
page 13 (the remarkable page)
pp. 56, 68, 132 & 46...
page 70...
page 13, 27, 687, & 37
one page direct emotional statement
page 287
pps. 8 & 23, 5 & 17 (the exuding page)
pps. 13, 6, 9, 80, 27, 152, 645, 118, 36, 17
some pages are lost but here are some additional pages:

pp. 7
pp. 7-27
pp. 27
pp. 7-37
pp. 7

pp. 87, 354, 67, 18 & 6
page 78
page 1
pages 25, 175, 267
page 6 (the landmark page)
page 80
pp. 140, 233, 69, 312, 6055, 76, 13, 113
195, 51, 77
the unknown page, at best a token page
pp. 33 & 65...
page of smooth white area & 1 page of no occupancy
page 8 & page 6...
page 4
page 122
page 61...
pp. 35, 67, 96, 8, 34, 2, 56
37, 68, 5, 45, 127, 345, 67

34, 46, 6879, 456, 2, 56, 4
20, 89, 65, 94, 123, 490,
45, 78, 90, 3, 6, 59,

out and
sky high that tou

myself
a good
intellect
to the extent
doesn't know right from
wrong or bad from good."

RETARDED VS. NORMAL

The barrage of advice and helps to retarded children grows greater and greater with each succeeding year. Hours, days, years, millions of words and illustrations are used to help and protect the retarded children. You are taught how to help them, how to cope with them but nowhere is ever a word mentioned of how to prevent parents from having retarded children.

Obviously someone makes a lot of money, both creating retarded children and maintaining them. Therefore, no one is interested in preventing retarded children from being brought into the world. The more retarded we have the better the economy, for they need a lot of attention and as there are millions of dollars in profits to be made from these retarded all our communication systems are directed away from the ways and means of preventing the happening or occurrence of the birth of these retarded children.

I want to stress clearly and unmistakably that they are not acts of God or the creations of the cruel unrelenting fates imposing destructive influences upon innocent parents. They are not brought into being by accident. The cause is well known and established . . .

AS THEY FOUGHT, THE DARKNESS WAS
SHATTERED BY THE WEIRD BATTING
AND CLASHING OF NAKED BONES!

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO THIS SCENE
TOOK PLACE IN FRONT OF ALMOST
EVERY MOVIE THEATER IN AMERICA!

tribute strongly to the birth of retarded children. Even at the risk of sounding vicious, which I am not, I state clearly that when a retarded child is born the parents and the physician are to blame in 90% of the cases. The other small percentage could be due to environmental causes.

Let us not do less to help the poor afflicted, retarded children but let us do more, much more, to prevent these children from being brought into the world. I do not mean to destroy them . . . I mean that instead of bringing them in retarded, bring them in healthy and well —with full use of all their God given faculties.

As for myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

—Isaac Newton

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