



FIG. 21. Julia attacking the wall after stimulation. Attack against the wall was both sudden and unexpected. We could see why it would be difficult to defend one's self against such an attack.

featuring writing, drawings, collages, & craven indulgences of:

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Indeed!

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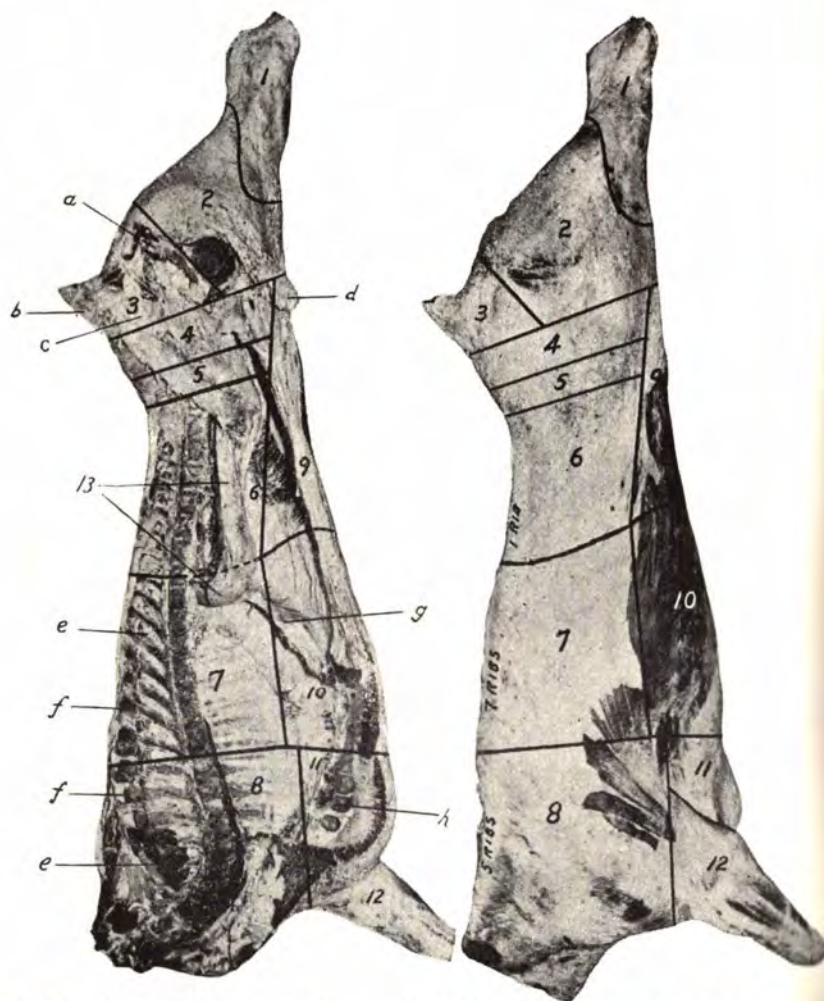
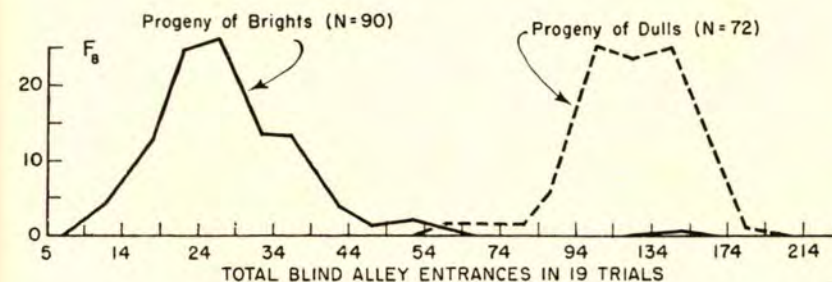


Fig. 90. — Beef carcass cuts. 1, 2, 3, round; 4, 5, 6, loin; 7, rib; 8, chuck; 9, flank; 10, 11, plate; 12, shank; 13, suet. 1, hind shank; 2, round, R. & S. off; 3, rump; 4, 5, loin end; 6, pinbone loin; 5, 6, flatbone loin; 10, navel; 11, brisket. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, hindquarter; 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, forequarter; 7, 8, back; 7, 10, piece; 8, 11, 12, Kasher chuck; 8, 10, 11, 12, triangle. a, aitch bone; b, rump bone; c, crotch; d, cod; e, chine bones; f, "buttons;" g, skirt; h, breast bone. Illinois Bulletin 147.

MR. BRA, PANTIES AND SUSPENDERS

Or, *if you prefer*, garter belt.

A small contest, especially for those that had inherited from their female relations *their* old things. An afternoon's entertainment, at a convenient hour, for those who enjoy such immodest diversions. The prize would be a two-day frolic in Versailles' Hall of Mirrors, unattended but for one ebony and one ivory servant. A gala occasion, this, though of course *il y a de la merde*.

Of the tiny invited audience the most exhaustingly curious were the fashion hags, who wandered frostily among the lounging contestants, chatting up details of fabric and tailoring, inventing squeamish historiettes for articles they liked - those peach satin flare-legs, for instance - stories which ended *every time* in marriage. They spoke in flat, ironic voices that vibrated viciously against many a pantied bottom, reminding one ancient and riddled beast of beatings in a sunlit parlor and another of an abandoned shed within sound of the water where, bound and gagged with her tutu and tights, he'd watched his sister suck him off.

In parados vox plumo bas:

(sung) A ruddy young man
of flawless taste
in a linen stroller
and carnation
led a black-bearded friend
with ants in his pants,
flies in his bowler,
spider-spun bra
and the *devout*
for clasps
and zippers.

My faithful and modest report: which testimony you need not doubt nor fear it will misrepresent for so far was it from my purpose to spread falsehoods that I would gladly rather

have suffered banishment and death than to insult the present company. *Si populus vult decipi decipiantur*.

And so pooh-pooh me not when I tell you that cloudscapes...yes, fair skies and stormy...were mounted and dragged on and off like reluctant cows and that these primitive flats depicted the airs of their creators, which in most cases were as fig-tinctured and sere and foul and barren as their imaginations. Nor think me a lying *poseur* if I tell you of the intrigues and bartering of flesh and spirit *and* soul that afternoon; that in many cases this was little better than a sale of antiques; and that had not my bones a good hold on my sinew and *that* snugly wrapped in my skin I might have gone home as someone's trophy as well. Nor do I deceive you in this peculiar detail: that caged cockatiels and cockatoo sang popular tunes - pricksongs predictably - filling the false skies with their mimicry.

Still,

if truth were to risk its hoof here...it were scarce so tall as I am. But the guardian of your pleasure, I'll speak plainly. There were two dozen attending, of whom half were entrants. Of fabrics: articles of clothing in satin, tulle, plissé, cotton, a few generally admired items in silk which is so rare now as to be unobtainable but by report. And lace and the modern synthetics. I was privileged to view some downy wool and rub it. It was a textile print, of a closely repeating design: cupids flinging their bows to their feet in disgust.

It was then, as I was examining this print with my tumbler of *eau d'fart* not far off, that the ultimate, late as is its custom, hove into view.

¶ Here...*I would pause...*

For at the moment
my *breath*
was abducted;
my *teeth* met
like pastors
of the same faith;
my *eyes* assumed
the dignities
of fresh vision.

*This...*this quenched For Good *any* and all other particular fires. "Cunt-fart," exalted a neighboring man, "of sin-withered *crone*!"

And this fellow had him dead to rights.

For an air of aged bromomenorrhea draped that five-foot-two charmer like low-tide on the third day of creation. And I was at the point of making some complaint...for a smile had risen on my lips which only their eventual decomposition could extinguish...when the impersonation spoke:

"De gustibus," he warned, "non est disputandum."

(Fair, if trite, advice.)

And he proceeded with a short speech (in Latin as far as I could tell) which was scarce distinguishable above the rustle of address-books.

A treatise on good 'uns and bad:

I might with ease introduce a tasty line or two here about wickedness and the other thing. And if my art weren't already suffering embarrassment for my *many* exposures of its old sores, I'd sketch a canvas on which the entire *world* could parade by twos if it wanted. A canvas which only the most spacious frame should accomodate!

But in the end it's probably better that the only reply to my urge lies buried in the autonomy of experience. Better to blow your nose.



SISTER MARY SUCRET

Thomas Merton died of electrocution when a floor fan fell on him in Bangkok.

this is what you'd like:

you'd like to have some fun at my expense, swine
you'd like me to pretend that yr flesh isn't saturated with blood
& that yr body wasn't stapled onto yr ego
in post-war Japan (slackers dropping hair while you were doing
yr level best to savor hamaguri tsukemono
you'd like me to pretend you didn't fantasize rape
9 inches or less frequently
(every time some lame aspirant to a holy order
limped down the halls of yr ambition
you'd really like me

(yes, indeed

you'd really like me
so, fuck it, I am all yours
so, fuck it,

or me,

if you can get it up, crab-cake!

in nomine pater, fillii et bacillus anthracii

syphilitic tadpoles
could spot yr sperm
20,000 leagues &
Lysistrata still wouldn't give a shit
so this is where you get off

(you & Cole Porter

Father forgive me....



Elvis at 40—Paunchy, Depressed & Living in Fear

SIMON SCHUCHAT

from
Manifestoes

of
Stupidity

FIGHTING OXEN HIGH ON NITROUS OXIDE*

Some folks possess the ability to change from the real to the real. They pass from dream-state to real-state, although the real is "what are you talking about?" It is strange and astounding. Words add to themselves and what remains is sometimes a poem.

The sometimes is essential, as it can also be the most boring lapse of good taste imaginable. I'm talking about connections. Meanwhile the silence replaces a sax. You know the tones as being of "Bird" but so adulterated as to be okay from another set of lips. Like a television turned in on itself. (Feed-back.)

Remember the time we whipped each other to a frenzy?

Rather, the time I sucked and stroked your clit until you

*I am indebted to Phoebe Russell MacAdams for the title.

came? It was amazing. I'd never seen a woman come before, let alone made one. It was pretty heavy. This, obviously, lets many people know who I am talking about. It may also give some false airs. But airs are meaningless in the face.

The sometimes is essential. A sense of position in the blap... the continuous nerve movie, is really vital...I can't stress it enough...

We are normal and dig "Petula Clark" in all forms.

There are some points to be covered. The gray shears level themselves out of the sky to blare into our eyes. What is gray is not real. The first green is innocent, but after that flush of dignity all is scrabbling in cunt-drool.

Phrases from my childhood. Please apologize. Terry feels not guilt and that's totally great. I feel loaded. That's even more the same nobody home. You are the real and I am the real and the "ideal" is out in the wind. Like a pancake of mud spilled splashed or even slapped in the face of a liquid halo.

The best way is out through the door. Why is it that one uses it and also the rest use it?

What is it that I managed to live through many years bondage to sensation, ridiculous sensation, when I could have been a dwarf?

But now there is a great and big dog, innocent of all thought, wafting energy towards us. We bow our heads and see the truth. The world starts to kick us. We cry out in anguish. And it soon becomes great. And soon is now in the sense of the words. And the dog lifts its head becoming the swirling ashes of the river.

judiciously. Its presence does not make a person good-natured, honest or a reason to be held in high esteem."

Manhattan: America, the offered a p who has t' Washingt Thomas of Abr of Wo of H: Lynd Adla of Y

James W. Phillips, Jackson Heights, f



Mrs. Lucille Katzman, owner, boutique:

"All I can say is that you had better believe it."

the cause about the causes away government ing and the const round of wage ar ROBER'

THE DIGESTIVE TRACT

Outside my window is a tree. The sky is milky. A blue car moves diagonally past, followed by a white Volkswagen. The color of spring is green, which is the color of growth.

Let me tell you about all this. Growing in light, sleeping in black. Whales dance and fuck out in the ocean. The birds fly all over the world. On the birdbath a blue jay sits; yesterday he was a cardinal. It is almost quiet. A red Volkswagen, coming from the other direction, buzzes past.

I've been wrong from the start, but it isn't too late to change things. I thought people were dots of energy, because I was, and now I understand a basic static orientation underneath the appearance of motion. They won't give peace a

chance.

The note said, "Please call home if you change your mind." I've changed my mind, and I am home. Which is an interesting situation, since wherever I am, I am home, although home is usually a thousand miles away.

The hot-dog man tacked the Digestive Tract to the door.

Home is the sum of our experiences. We live in the inner sea of our organs, which is to say, our Metabolism. Our rate of change and growth. Experience = digestion.

Things happen, and are included in the aggregate. They are ground up by time and effort, turned into other things, which eventually become "thoughts" and "emotions". Love, for example, is something I ate.

This is hard to accept, so don't accept it. Instead, eat it.

Think of it as dinner.

Today this is important, with the placid world outside, but

tomorrow I will have internalized, digested, these perceptions, and they will be other than what they are now; they will be what they are then. Is this clear?

So what if I was wrong. The open circuitry of that phrase is contained in three words: "I" "was" "wrong." I don't understand any of them now beyond what *I* meant when I wrote them down. Since now is not then, they are meaningless. Except as food for thought.

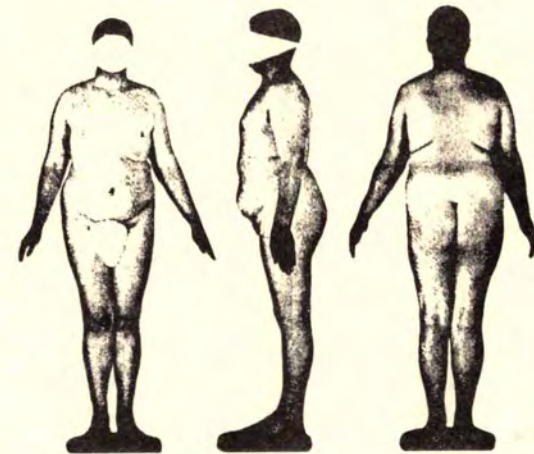
One perception must be followed immediately by another perception. Lacking perceptions, I guess.

The first thing you learn is you always gotta wait.

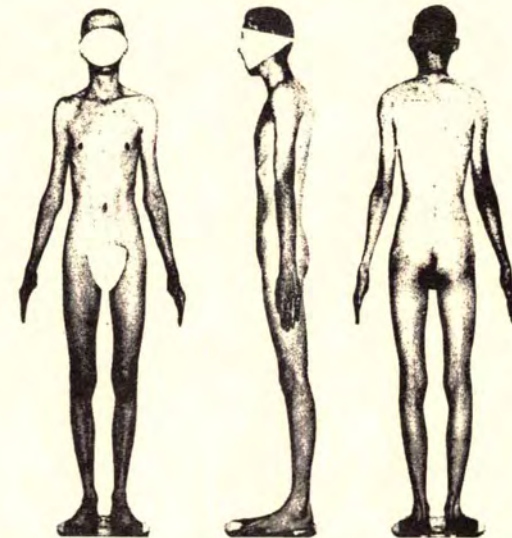
I like long clean lines, music, open space, energy, excitement.

Television. Outer space. All things to think about.

Let's do it again, real soon.



Predominant endomorphy (7-1-1)



Predominant ectomorphy (1-1-7)

Elton John Album

Let's just say I'm the protagonist.
America's answer to nobody's question.

banana death slide

Childhood sensationalism that keeps me in the direction of
rabid surfacisms. Oh, no.
The strong dumpiness betrayed in your voice lets me in on the same.
A legal pad hangs towards me at a peculiar angle.
I have never remarked so clearly the paradoxical blue line
between the two reds. Secret castle unexuded by the moats.
Oh, no. Jackson Pollock did indeed go to gradeschool.
A little lower the rorschach of composition notebooks.
And was observant, I told the Marquesa.

"How long have you Put Forth Best Effort...
I mean, how long have you Worked Well With Others?"

"No," I insouced...
I believe in the grand otherhood to which I also belong.
And here is my title *The Grand Otherhood*
And here is my name **EILEEN MYLES**
Today's date July 25, 1976
This is my twentieth year into the great miasma.

The Narrative Cloud.

One person here is constantly being identified with.
 The next panel (constant being) lights.
 The reader's face, & mine, extrude onto the cognomen.
 I noticed here, at the beginning of each paragraph,
 (age adjust)
 that the reader seemed to have something on "mind",
 a handle or some observant sop, that's really "mind",
 closer to emotion. I had something on "reader's
 mind", moved inside the narration, then returning
 at great length, in a few long sentences, I jumped,
 uttering, to my fiction writer's amazement, your
 first word - -with a very experimental air- - I asked
 you to repeat some words after the ones I'd written
 here, but the reader made no attempt. Instead,
 the reader pointed with recognition to a hole,
 a fiction writer's hole, & followed the narrative
 down it. I followed. The hole deepening, I
 lowered your "reader's expectations" down
 it. From these first tentative spurts, I took
 the motive of association, saw the drop was
 (cur limit)
 eight feet, made less than six by my not incon-
 siderable tiny fiction writer's imagination, the
 falling of which, combined with reader's drip,
 had caused the hole in the first place.
 So that then I found myself in a narrative
 voice over, fusty & damp, but so vast in area that
 even in a documentary, I could not have made out
 its limits: for I think that it extends over the whole
 of art history & its environs —a stretch of space of
 which, with statues left hanging by their nipples,
 I could see only a small portion- - this you have to
 take as is. Pain jolted down to a level that kills the
 unknown subject. Over this the reader spurted,
 a "being" formula, stupid, & had to be controlled.

& having managed this feat, I shifted in direction, so
 that presently I came upon a region of narration about two
 feet square nine inches high, made of flimsy paragraphs
 packed to the roof. From this I saw where the reader
 pointed, rotted, curling at home within the multiple
 sentences, then I want to die before the next paragraph.
 Sentences of which a throng lay open, broken open
 just as they can be by wrenching a crack. Some
 broken bits of furniture, cube of parchments, &
 the reader still rotting, curled. Some fifty or sixty
 sentences more or less loosely used to describe.
 After that a blank,
 for adults only: this comic doesn't have an authority
 figure that a child can identify with. And in this
 blank I saw a region of sentences with paunches,
 in paragraphs stretching away in dimness & invisibility.
 It had been used, too, as a short story: for in the lane
 between the region of narration & region of sentences
 there lay the skeleton of a former reader, the details
 (push to reset)
 of whose costume was still appreciable... And when
 I searched it, I knew the history of the being sitting
 silently beside me. A history of that being & its
 subsequent storage.
 This being is the reader.
 The reader or you, as I understood when I assumed
 that the skeleton is both the skeleton of a former
 reader &, containing dates, of your former existence.
 That the skeleton was a former reader was evident
 because when the story was set down, some six or
 seven paragraphs ago, the former reader was in
 the narration, which was air-tight, & since the
 present reader is certainly not over six paragraphs
 long - -more compressed than that- - then the reader
 must have been unborn or a former reader, but a
 former reader would have hardly been imprisoned
 with any but the reader of moment. So I tend to
 think that the reader was unborn at the moment
 of cloud & was hatched in subsequent narration.
 That the former reader was you seems evident from
 her fragment of dress & symbolic character - -poor
 reader- - victim of some fit on the campgrounds,

which may have been parcelled out, then pardoned in a day had not death overtaken its master, death overtaken first memories of love beneath the litmus tree.

Again: some narration which may have been parcelled out & pardoned with some stature on the impersonal day had not death overtaken its master & humanity, take it from (suck)

me. New memories of the ape-mas mistletoe intervene, then five steps near the center of the conceit, leading up to a paragraph, a present fastened onto the reader. The narrative being the only opening at this hole & the narrative so air-tight as to exclude any intrusion on the reader's part & so to exclude possibility.

But how rare, how inconsiderable - you will say - inasmuch as you have just read along, because if the story is air-tight one wouldn't think the supply of abstraction sufficient to last a reader fifty or sixty sentences, to say nothing of what the former reader breathed before death. One imagines the former reader existing in the narration for a considerable time, sufficiently long to credit a number of actions, names & dates to the present reader, if some bond is assumed between them. So the narrative must be sufficiently tight to block concrete fiction but through some crack which I've not yet observed admit specificity.

Pondering these thoughts I climbed out & walked to a paragraph over-looking the narrative after pointing out to the reader yet another paragraph in which to pause. This reader! What a history! After existing fifty or sixty sentences in a sun-less narrative hardly nine feet square, you one day saw sky which you knew would collapse at one (autograph clamp)

point, & collapse it did! Ontop of a hole which opened into yet a narrative beyond! And it was

I who arrived & worded it & set the tone of eager recognition to come. So it was for this that we preserved each other: I to be a species of fiction writer, you to be my reader.

That's all there is to it. It doesn't work but that's all there is.

However "the White" doesn't admit defeat, begins another narration. But it follows that if this is the case, then "the White" scheme is a flaw, at the point where the narration has been wiped carelessly, on the other side of that paragraph called "the reader's love."

Forethought rambles down a flight of carpeted narration, very dislocated, I can't realize the reader! No more readers down here after me! If the prerequisite reader is out of the narration for five minutes, then I can't realize the reader, accept it.



RIFTS PROPOSED AFTER FINGERS TOUCH TRIGGERS

(before reading this poem please send four or
five bucks to the above address because it is
better than some others i have written)

how to write
absurdist poems
even if you are sick to death
of reading them

- (1) find an old newspaper.
- (2) place random sentences together at random
- (3) do not worry about the result
- (4) keep it up for a couple of months
- (5) send the results to every small magazine
in north america.

it is estimated approximately 3% will publish.

..

how to read
absurdist poems

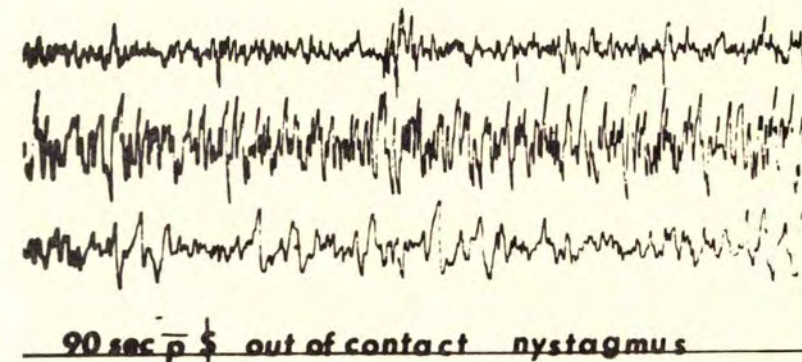
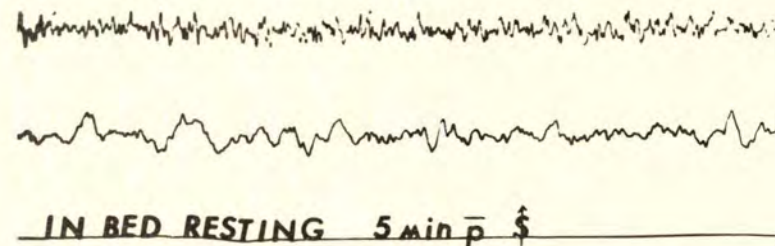
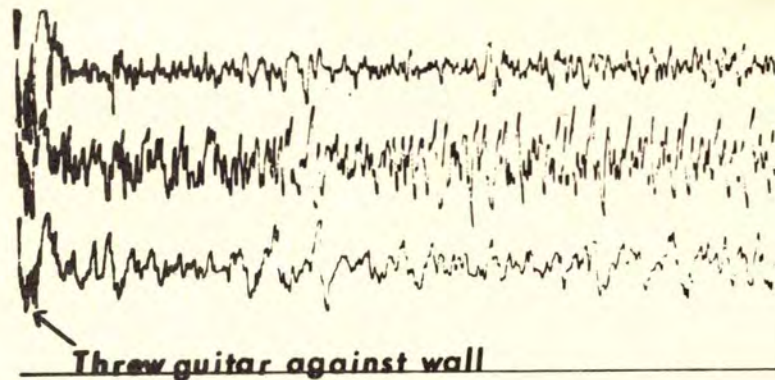
- (1) take two ping-pong balls and place them
inside your mouth one to a side.

(2) be english

(3) keep this up until everyone has left

it is estimated 83% will report their experience
to friends -----

nt,
ng-
ent,
) in-
elps



MARCH 1974

CLAIRVOYANT JOURNAL

I see words on my forehead, in the air,
on other people, on the typewriter, on
the page. These appear in the text in
CAPITALS or underlines.

Hannah Weiner

MARCH 1974

3/15

LOW INCOME

WHYS in a row behind each other verbal vibrations
a lot of GO TO CHURCH SEE DAVID GO AND TEACH thought I'd like negative
Rinpoche GO WED. Fuck off he speaks fri sat san. THAT: A PIA APPLE PIE
liquor a lot of wine drunk dream say david a lot of words CHILDREN dont explai
not alright more margin? tues. no more periods answer its drunk
since Rinpoche came in town the words do a up and over and down drunk
reminds who of Big Deep MY THOUGHT pops off a big @O Radcliffe
it's important reminds who this typewriter heard saw heard DO IT DRUNK
FRI GO SUN n^o whatabout tonight and Sat? NIGHT put FUNNY her
MEET RHYS right COMPLETE IT SAID LONG TALK WITH Luba n^{ONE}Y mothers slang
for nose think of it BIG SURPRISE save the spac
not alright

BIG PRINT

HOLY BIBLE

HALLELUJIAH

miss Charlemagne

MODERN ART

GO AWAY GO OUT MISS PROVIDE

you/why a line 're afraid DO CHARLEMAGNE CALL OMIT not too late STOP TEMPTING
FABLE WHY Thinking all these GO OUTs are for me run out but PARTY not you
SIS in the hall you wait hear the phone Nijole calls get back to answer PHONE
JUST IN TIME C she wants to check the ring on her phone, not enough TIME
reason call L Nijole CALL JASPER JOHNS it wasn't really important WHICH
CANT STOP L cant tell what to finish do so important basketball YOU CAN
CUT IT see E call Nijole often who is not. Ding a ling stop TAKE A BATH
on a 45 degree angle red light HESITATE so filling the tub. Accomplish BED
in frame for Raymond's drawing 5 DOLLARS save pennies talk to mother type
walking by hardware store little lamp says 2:30 go in, it's 2:30 red BUY IT
NOW tensor but it's making you stop me what it started me doing so I buy it
3:50 bulb. BIRD DO THE MUSEUM STIFF stuff. WHAT. Everything seems to
be negative five dollars more than pronoun CUT IT SHORT WHYS says OUT asked
about a table see 40 price 45 NO HANNAH. DUNGAREES pronoun's are used cost
\$3 much quieter energy than the DUMB grey corduroys HOW ARE YOU free pants

LAMONTE FEEL washing

Mon 3/18

second choice

GO TO BO'S. Now complete Got stoned at Luba's she's washing her pants didn't study GO IN Bo don be funny skin and dungarees. Is this not alright? Went to Chas WRITING A NOVEL SIS at his door GET OUT, not home. CHAS the answer MONEY HIS VOICE DIRECTS YOU. TELL THE STORY. PLEASE COMPLY. VOCABULARY CHANGES. SINGLE GET OUTSIDE. COME HERE. NOW OCCUPIED says the phone at SECRET. See: WACO in white rolls instead of busy. Low income at Bo's GET STONED the neighborhood. WRONG DIRECTION in front of the grass on the table too late. At John Giorno's, got there via GO TO SPRING STREET, see words from John's DINING ROOM, SOME AFTERNOON smile window. FIRST GLASS. GO IN. At John's see GO IN PEACE GO FOR A DISCIPLE GO IN BEAUTY in front of the daffodils, decided to do Govinda GO. Thinking of Aries see GO DIRECTLY with a line heavy pointing through it. Tues this is all mixed up Nijole calls a lot of energy after that seeing the words that are said all around prego. Charlie was showing a movie but HEAD COLD stayed in JUNK where the words are quiet. MORE. Now Bible GET A JOB READERS ENOUGH RALPH says there aren't any jobs around. YOU DONT ENJOY HERSELF. TEMPORARILY EMPLOYED in front of the desk at pay Income Tax Bureau. SOLD OUT. PHIL'S concert? Saw Charlemagne on the clock at quarter to 3, simple HUMMY, DIDN'T GO. hooray DO FLOORS THURS. See Rinpoche CREAM don't try to clarify he said make it simple two months when hannah asked him about confusion make it simple and maybe HA you'll have a best seller. How can I the fuck make it simple I'm too much love in your family not going to let them interrupt BREAKFAST in apple cake from Ratner's 60¢ a Bernadette Mention the grant wasn't going to apply because got a NO when I called to answer questions but after Rinpoche woke to huge loud GO at 8:30 realized if I wanted to apply for the think of that have to more trouble that day. BRUCE comes. Philosophy STOP SKIPPING GO OUT MON have pancakes This is Wed CUT IT SHORT PSYCHIC TERMINOLOGY "Call" The subject's impression of the think target in an esp experiment. "Hit" the subject's correct impression 2 mo or call "Run" mean walk In ESP experiments, using 25 cards too late 25 calls, or trials, once through the deck. "Trial" a single guess or call at identifying the target object Cigarette in Raymond's voice one more day "Target" the object that the subject is trying month to identify. RELAX DON GO ON THE STREET FEEL POWER GO TO POETRY enough coming of company CLUES TO POWERFUL PEOPLE THATS WHY IT WORKS what? You NECESSARY EVIL in tuna fish toasted roll finish the page See DOUBLEDAY, call see MAHLAMUDE on phone call ask if they have a NO

3/18 3

crazy day

DRINK COFFEE GO TO THE MUSEUM They don't YOU NICE across Japer John's WHITE NUMBERS

C
O
P
Y
R
I

YOU DONT COME explain come SCREWING AROUND
NOT LOVE says Morris Louis DUNGAREES
ONE MORE PAGE

BIG LIGHT TOO MANY JOHNS
END

in Guernica's colors, a portion of it appears in color BEATTLE TO ME

pink SINK

DOUBLE

HEY SIS
FANTASTIC WHICH ARP "Bauhaus Stairway"
WHICH CHAKRA SEE THROUGH ONE JOB
DONT COMPLAIN FISH
ARAKAWA
GET OUT OF HERE

DONT COME ALONE TO A PART

FEEL THE HEAT from IN FRONT OF THE ARP THAT NOT HONEST in white stone, leg appears green
POWERFUL ARP DIGESTS CRAZY WOMAN SIT DOWN
DANGER
DONT CRY

FEEL THE TABLE

HALA
YOU WONT BELIEVE
ARP NOT WEAK BEHAVE YOURSELF
POOF

DESCRIBE THE

YOU

ONEMORE
BEAUTIFUL HAVE YOU DESIGN LINGERIE DO
OK
THIS AFTERNOON

OK LAMONTE

WHOOPEE

TANTRA
FANTASTIC

GO HIT CHARLEMAGNE

Discontinue Laughing

all this in front of Arp's "Human Concretion"

NOT THE OTHER says Floral Nude

PARTY
SMILE says Brancusi's Fish DO NOT OMIT
BIG ROCK

NO MORE ARP

3/30

disappointed ^{no milk} ^{god} velvet notebook save yourself lower case DID
 a lecture reading at WORKshop last night don't forget Bernadette hers
go ahead no obvy today tried to explain the Jesus Jews low energy
 way the forces used language STOP to help me learn about myself, break
 feel different Michael habits of thought related to meaning GET A JOB a copy of Job in the Bibl
 how attached I move where to MUFFINS PRONOUNS SHE OMIT
 more than material objects or feelings one don't know if I got across
more trouble it was to break children early patterns DONT GO SAMAHDI
 be flexible I don't think the energy level no more penis went up one
 bit just the interruptions THAT A GRIL here seem DONT SHE what good RHYS
 RHYS is talking, didn't meditate IT DOESN'T MEAN JACKSON it's no comfort
 at all that he saw a light around my head what do you expect a hat?
 say anything worthwhile NO SECRET ^{celibate} omit this Jesus Christ
 gave the rest of the wine to cool off because it said GIVE
 THE WINE TO HER expect trouble gave it to Bernadette even though roots
 can't get drunk this pronoun. You aren't obeying orders involving SHE
after color lingerie see Jackson alright talking the forces kept
 saying protect yourself READ READ or was it thoughts of Ed and others safe in the room?
 Big colorful letters from Kathy Acker turquoise WILL between her eyes.
jump damn fool reader don type Dream of prostituting myself to some
 ugly man relax Kathy's dream who stuffs his cock down my
 throat until I choke in exchange for think of it living in France
 in a country house and having time to type all day. Beaut Wake up
 decide to call Barbara but it says BROTHER the origin of this sex
 he's sick alright talk YOU DONT COME 3 kids SEVEN says the
Budha stove where it said JACKSON a very CUT. Free association they SHE
 to OFTEN SMILE. Smile experienced Kathy's being on me the other
 night SHE depressed feeling not exact changed it with clothes outfit
 wonder if she changes her moods get depressed one g out that way SHE
 DOES GET THE EXACT DATES She used to PROSTITUTE DANGER no good
 a gold TALK over good January see danger quit typing
 Jackson poet
Samahdi appears in pale skin and pale blue colors this morning THINK
 Nathan comes, those are the colors of his skin and pants, DRINKS.
 GET UPSET. No heat. 2 MORE MINUTES. Nathan leaves 2 minutes later.
 GET PROOF. Nijole comes stoned on mushrooms get high off her then
whys comes VERY PLEASED he liked the reading cheered me up try tomorrow
 there's so much angry energy at the this is terrific old girl typewriter
6th chakra open all the way miss telephone says RHYS BIG CHATHAM he call
add s

3/31

SIT STILL

RHYS COMES

PREGO INstructions this morning: BATH, bathrobe SIT FOR AN HOUR
 A lot of RHYS thinking of going to Jerry's ^{29:00} reading. it's at 2
 saw 2 OCLOCK. Still depressed, dreamt I was being married off to
 some fat Jewish boy. I had to wear this shower cap be careful tonight,
don't dream. PUT SOME CLOTHES ON. Is that the same as GET DRESS. There's
 a lot of energy in this 30's robe can see parts of me light up glowing
one week wait till April 3 Jerry reads Wed. Saw GO TO THE CHURCH. Can't go today?
 Big RHYS. Everytime the vocabulary changes miserable. SAY IT It
 doesn't seem fair not to reach Samahdi Sunday YOU'RE OK wear a bathrobe
 if Rhys is coming over he's involved with sex not true, chaste. Sit with Rhys
 I wouldn't mind Nijole thinks I have a crush on Rhys and Bernadette
 thinks I'm in don't cross Charlemagne but I'd rather reach
sex Samahdi oh forget it. GO TO JERRY. I asked myself GOD what was
 the best confident thing about sex and the forehead said SELDOM. Grief
 GO OUT. BIG DISAPPOINT. Say when I should get dressed, go to Jerry's
 The coffee ^{how say} CBS. STRRET SUNDAY never WED
 know what those non-sentence structures are. I never
 see Charlemagne except at concerts his last name PALESTINE has been
 zipping around here astral forces want it clear for public
wrong hour Sit in meditation did that
 through 2 1/2 hrs of Charlemagne's concert ^{they} could have been longer 4 hrs.
 Rhys was turning no he had this blue light around him Michael make it
clear went with him this is in Jan. Sat still good music to mediate by.
 BLESS YOU as long as we're on last names. Lamonte's is Young and he does
 drone music LUCKY GIRL FLUTE Rhys plays it
 and ARAKAWA whose name has been hanging around the last two weeks only
 uses one name. More. confident Rhys coming Sun. means he's not so I
 can keep on the bathrobe It also said CRY. DO SO.
popular book
 Confused, I read it over, see Jerry's name glow, I glow in sick areas
 so it must mean go to his poetry reading WED ORDINARY SIT STILL
 WHYS says the door, RHYS COMING in a curve in high gloss finish over the
 floor I think it's a negative COME BACK says the typewriter MORE PEOPLE
 The phone rings no words on it it's Rhys he's coming over it's 1 believe it's 45
 And I'm JUNK still in this bathrobe. ^{PUT ON CLOTHES} Can't find my slipper run down
 in sock unbelievable WRITE A NOVEL. WRITE A MODERN NOVEL. Meditating
 with Rhys, this idea comes, also a vision of the dog looking at the horn
 of the phonograph, Victor's His Master's Voice, and a stirrup, then the horse

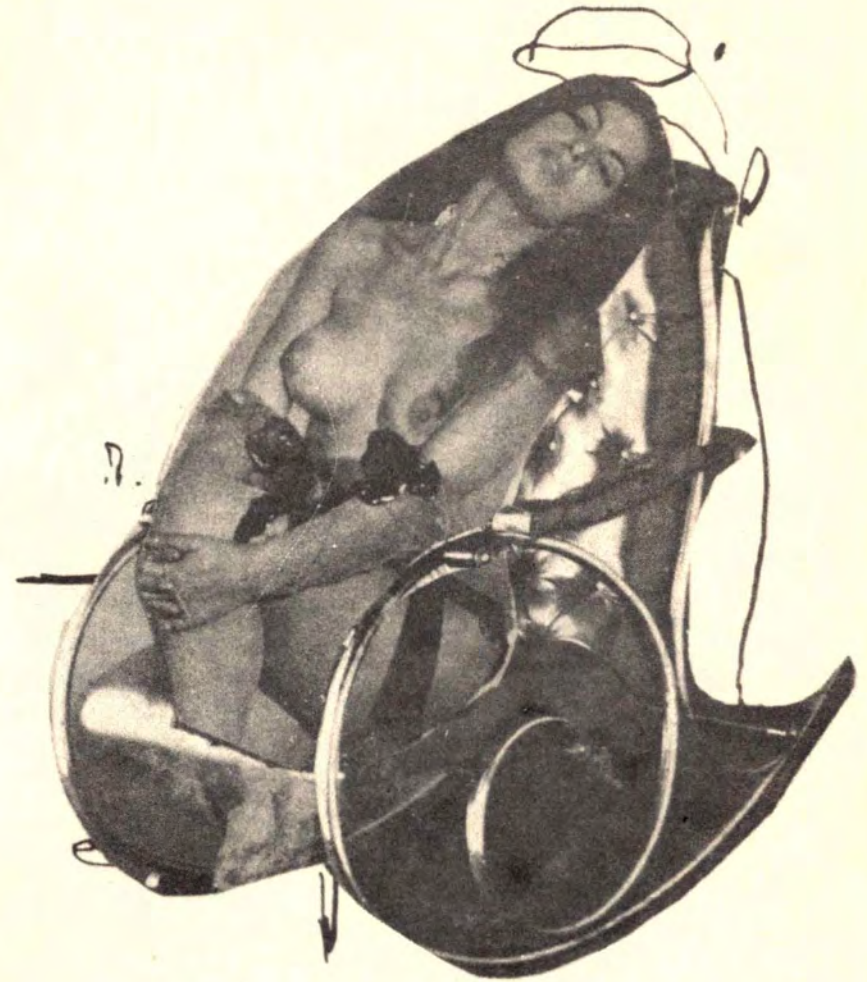
STAY TUNED FOR PART II

tell. approach. kill.
open. admit. offer.
put. read. decide.
fail. mistrust. open.
wield. allow. enter.
ask. give. send.
ride. attempt.

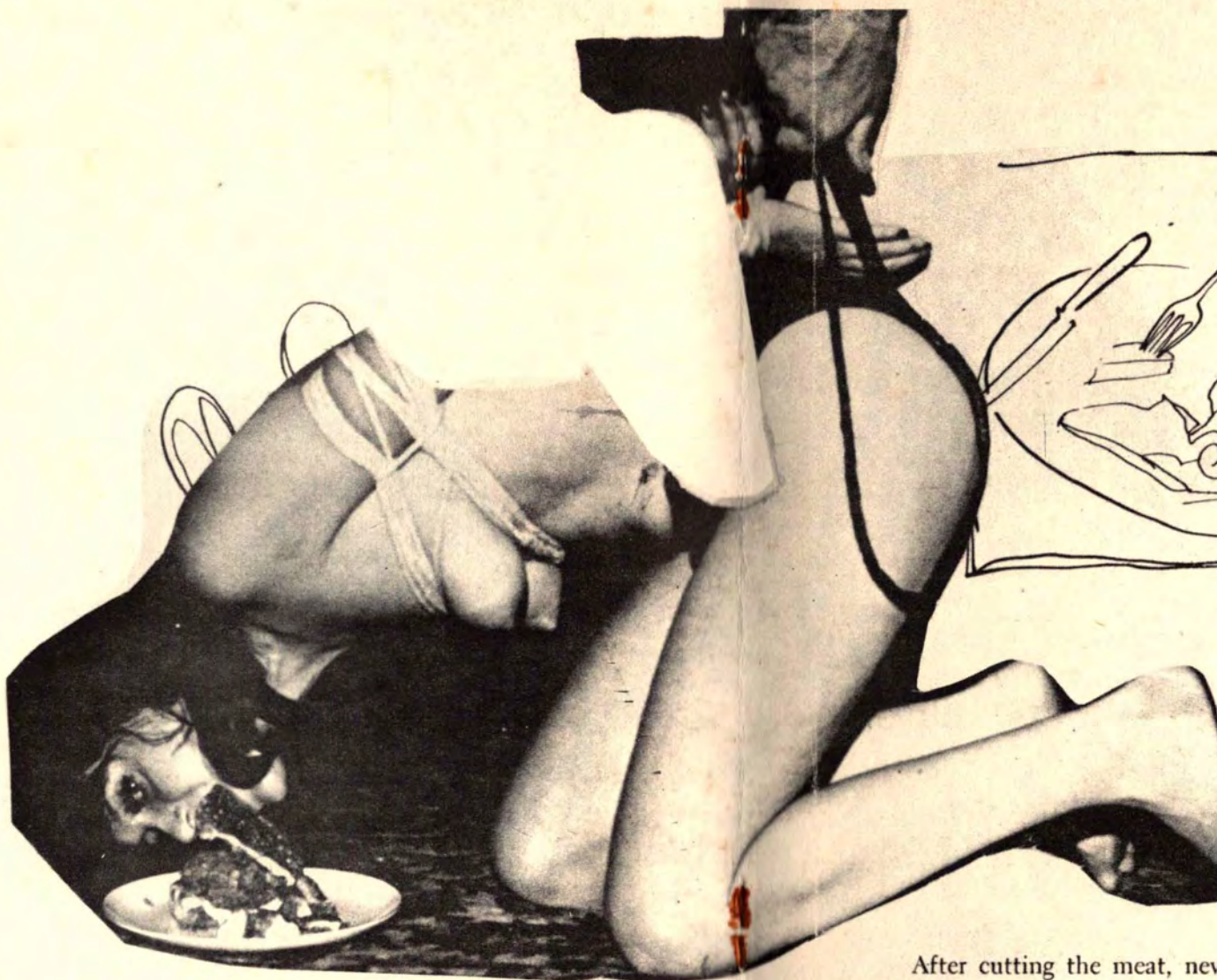
NHHHHHHHHHHH

dark women with unusual needs
dark women with unusual needs
fruit batter rodulating in an empty pan
dark women with unusual needs
dark women with unusual needs
fruit batter rodulating in an empty pan
fruit batter rodulating in an empty pan
fruit batter rodulating in an empty pan
fruit batter rodulating in an empty pan
dark women with unusual needs

but then
she's a wonder
without her
bra



Don't sit on the back of your neck.



Each time you take a mouthful, lean over your plate. If anything drops, it will fall on the plate and not on your clothes.

After cutting the meat, never place the knife across the corner of the plate. Don't keep shifting the fork from the left to the right hand. This is clumsy and awkward.



Don't throw your arm over the back of your chair.

EDGAR SMITH McAULEY Jr.

NOTHING

Anxiety, Zoophilism, Sphagnum, the whole pangenesis. Life like creatures and micro-organisms, it's reflective of anything else. Time is nothing. Theories, the hypothesis, negated the term of equality. Hematalloscopy, has it ever happened to you? The punishment of innocent spirochete's fools, assholes, distorted membranes. Pyroconductivity it's all fucked up.

BARTOK

Full numerators. Hitters. Tactical mistakes are of revengeful status. Quarrelling in distress. Xylem, Phloem. The sensitivity to organic papayas. Hypnotic vengeance in which there is destruction. Relative combinations such as erratic vines and inverted leaves. Before everything was fine but now I'm freaking out an ugly pheasant through which time goes on.

ESTIMATE

Nominative things are gruesome in measles, the process of reinforcement. It utilizes other factors. Priorities take place, Phase 1 is an excellent hypothesis. The theorem is coarse, unending. Poor use of processes take mention. Fat viruses cause dysentery but will be the objective. Land is a basis for mammals, now forget it. Many imbeciles are totally invaluable, rational systems, devices in which we are involved in which sub-systems occur, traveling. Estimate what has been accomplished. Intercourse, components, idioms, etc, etc. But $\frac{1}{2}$ is fortunate enough to have retrograde actions....

MAIN FUNCTIONS:

ACTUAL WRITING TIME & STRUCTURE MEETING TIME NOT COUNTED

SCHEDULE

(starting with the Monday ^{after} ~~after~~ production.)

	hrs.	days	time	function
filing	8	Mon.	9-5	WBL calls
		Tues.		Angly at
		Wed.	9-12	meet - WBL
	3	Thurs.		editorial meeting
		Fri.	9-12	
		Sat.		
	8	Sun.	all noon day	structure meeting
		Mon.	9-5	
		Tues.		
	3	Wed.	9-12	WBL
production week-end		Thurs.		editorial meeting
	7	Fri.	9-12 5-6 p.m.	
		Sat.		
		Sun.		

OFF DAYS: A. All 40/wk workers must work in somewhere 8 hrs./ 2 wks. outside research: (includes: library work, investigation, reporting, interviewing, etc.)
B. EVERYONE: 5 hrs. Maintenance work in office: (typing, filing, errands, etc.)

5 hrs. day 2 wks. for out-of-research + photography

F. A. NETTELBECK

from
"BUG DEATH"

planned killing of a policeman
planned killing of a person for a fee
forcible rape after breaking into a home
impulsive killing of a policeman
forcible rape of a stranger in a park
making sexual advances to young children
impulsive killing of a stranger
forcible rape of a neighbor
armed street holdup stealing \$200 cash
killing someone in a bar room free-for-all
armed robbery of a supermarket
killing a pedestrian while exceeding the speed limit
seduction of a minor
beating up a policeman
father-daughter incest
killing spouse's lover after catching them together
forcible rape of a former spouse
beating up a stranger
burglary of a home, stealing a color t.v. set
beating up someone in a riot

burglary of an appliance store stealing several t.v. sets

looting goods in a riot

theft of a car for joy-riding

using pep pills

joining a riot

proposing homosexual practices to an adult

pouring paint over someone's car

shoplifting a carton of cigarettes from a supermarket

engaging in female homosexual acts with consenting adults

repeated refusal to obey parents



FIG. 56. — A pair of expressers.

more from
"BUG DEATH"

undetected intruder
homes violated by
an intruder.

again the voices
swirl th ice
sw
above
color creatures

sense new
love.

again weapons

solid force

"love is still
for free"

question the child
alone with
a voice.

the room is
warm flooded
with dolls

dolls begin

fear, training

"say | dolls

question | masks:

release the child
to the odorous

cavity of a bed.

this tense usage.

alone with the
photos,
smiles seem
obsolete.

“love is not for
free”

emergency broadcasts:

down memory lane,
tiny incisions

a doll sullen motionless

“feature this”

a seclusive birth the
head squeezed out
onto tattered newspaper

“my only child”

you walking down memory
lane hands matrixes
of hatred

symbol: fallopian tubes

dolls rigid inside
a circle of blood a
child is born

“shake on it”

get this down:

faces empty sky
portions, laughter
behind your back

fingers crushed
against metal, the
urge to communicate

blood & ink | solid

or, families waking
together to a
war.

once a bird was
caught in our
living room.

a real piece of sky

“on the street
where you live”

dancing down
to the food
riot.

short shrift
mob

replicated dreams.

a masturbator's face

"thats a fine
name"

imaginary night
fingers grip auto
door

until belief

form the questions

beyond a startled kiss

or the memory of the
smell of coins.

freedom of worship,
contradictions

"in fear of my life"

amoral. had cancer

sexual attacks in
the closet.

the smell of latex on
your fingers after
removing the
prophylactic

"for whatever century you
choose to live"

reaching out from the
mirror,

a cold flesh box

the door hangs in
air preventing
a lovers union;

of cities of men

vaginal odors.

when they spoke words
of no meaning in a
conversation of skin;

hands like stars
crossing each other

bellies wet with sperm.

"I reached into the
mirror & touched
my face"

flesh city sperm city
vaginal air crossing
out words of lovers
wet with stars,

bellies reaching into
meaning into skin;

"I reached into my face"

OPAL L. NATIONS

TREATISE ON THE LOVER'S KISS.

The oral tradition, part II.

The lovers' momentary kidnap or kiss is to say the least excessive. Life proceeds indeterminably with or without it. It is said a kiss is beautiful, splendid when proffered honestly, but a rose or garden weed is splendid too. Do they kiss amongst themselves, is sustenance gained from it? No, from the rose and garden weed we learn but one lesson, the more magnificent a thing of beauty appears, the less it needs to be kissed. From this we must instruct all human kind and advise the ugly, deformed, disfigured and misshapen for they surely need the almost unsustained connection of a kiss. Find you a bloke with one cheek and rubber eye, find you a woman whose face is replaced by the skill of the plastic surgeon. Smother them relentlessly like many plates of exotic fare piled before the front of a dinner guest, and continue unceasingly until, without a shadow of a doubt, that on a day settled with quiet, there occasioned before you a common ragwort whose blossom gently supped upon the stamen of a daffodil.

A kiss is a nakedness, it blushes but you see it not, it hides in fear of itself for in truth, were the kiss to show a mark of use two pairs of jade black mouth flaps would appear, as if the orifice itself had suffered fiercely the furnace of human desire. Let lovers be reminded of this pretention, and the lusty of them be induced to smooch with coke and coal. Must we observe their shortcomings, must we suffer their physical fallibility. Go, go now all wanton orifice connectors, go thee to the coal bin and draw out fossil and say thee also to the pansy and marigold, go after coming to a kiss to the coal truck.

The kiss if oiled with many dances and jigs often slips off and is sometimes damaged. The sudden realization of one's opponent's weight can terminate with one or other of them having his or her upper and/or lower mouth lid pierced by the sharp point of an ear-ring. This sort of parrying occurs

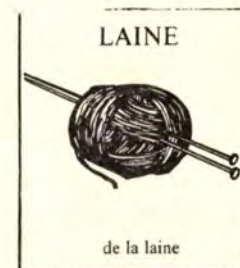
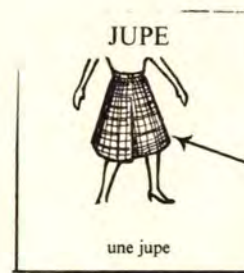
often due to the fact that four eyeballs, rolled out of sight even on occasions of extreme darkness, are shut away.

Does the kiss fit with any part of nature? Do kisses add to green stalks or stems? Will they ripen an apple? Do they burnish like an oven? Or are they merely a copy of a budding natural organism? A replication of a bursting shoot? Do they make the gums grow? Would the young lover lose his or her milk teeth? Would the tongue swell and be swallowed? Would prolonged engagement result in stuttering, the both of them, incomprehensibly? And further would they when abstaining in middle age become doting idiots, stumbling, mumbling and uncontrollably insane, perhaps grasping each other's clothing between their jaws and sucking it passionately until all but a patch of the hem is sodden with spittle?

For we cannot impose upon them, unhinge them from their work, steal them from their labor. Ought we to make toy lips for them, perfect simulated copies in sweetness, sourness and elasticity, pairs of mouthflaps mounted upon transparent bars with flexible handles, lips with electric tongues and false teeth, lips with just gums, lips with magical dentures that whisper and caress with the language of sweet inanities, incontrollable nibbling, and syphoning the gassy aroma of used breath.

* * *

OPAL L. NATIONS
Feb. 16, 1976



THE BLACK HOLE

from time to time, you take them
out

pacing back & forth before the ass,
you want to know who slung the saddle on your back,

why the lust for thick legs that straddle & bear down.
you dare him to slide outside your broken orbits.

your mother waves a banner
from the sidelines.

ass can't find his stance.
(jumps the fence & runs off)

mother won't budge.
(ass comes back for his oats)

you try to fold them
into their Chinese boxes & torn forests but

they dodge the pant of your atoms
as you rip my curtain

from the window;
the light slams scarlet to the floor

while your gauged, centimeter penis
bellows

from beneath your ledger & I am crazed
by the collection;

dried hymens & your mother's bartered hairs &
still, you recycle your frayed film &

fart pictures at my black dogs, suns
& solar runts.

ass moves through the maze of your mother
beneath thistle & hay

& you photograph them for your
albums, origins & auras.

you want to see them but you forget to give them
eyes

& you'll never understand their limerick trails;
Puck chasing your mother around your father's
hard wood desk- -

no, you never understood Puck screwing your mother
with your father's fountain
pen & I
born.

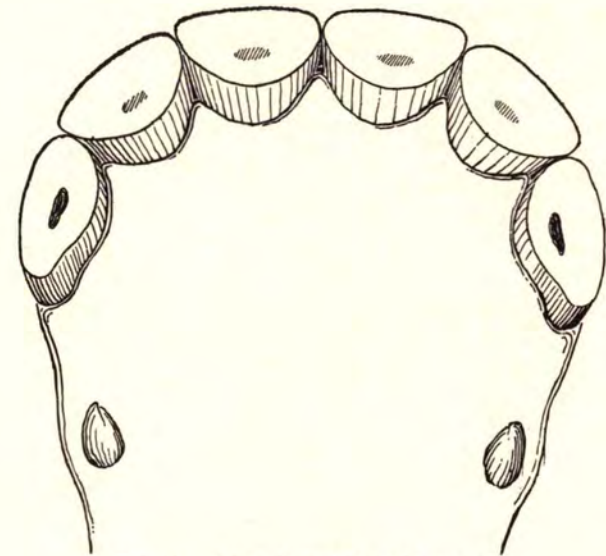


FIG. 29. — Lower jaw of an eight-year old.

HIGH CHAIR PULLS UP TO THE DINNERTABLE
(my latest contribution for Mom and Dad)

fill 'er up,
regular please
patting
her nurse's cap she
sticks a thermometer in
flicking symptoms off the windshield
the beast,
a magnetic actor
polarizes the surrounding carrots and parsley
they drop like vital signs
on my plate
& as usual I serve the vegetables
first, spooning through eureka
urine then draining their bedpans,
broccoli in bedclothes
I leave thumbprints and a new
strain of signature
the beast splits open
boils smirking like gargoyles
disease offers second helpings
potatoes float like icebergs
in the gravy
strawberries roll
ships sunk on the bottom
of the punch bowl
parents arrive like ambulances
too late to spike the wine
with penicillin
pulling the tablecloth up over
my head I play dead
while they wipe off the latest
spit-up
V.D. on the bib

the flying bed

dosing off with a feline on my belly- "you're taking your chances," the doctor yawns

dad orders the house knocked down into a HOWARD JOHNSON'S and mom packs quickly, folding herself down with the laundry. dad sits eating a grilled cheese. his hearing aid eased off, mom barks all she wants out in the parking lot. she wants a hot fudge sundae, her tongue provoking the pursed dug of her lips. dad stands up. rips open his shirt. the waitress drops down on the floor like a bone, marveling at his flat belly. under the table, I gulp my "Shirley Temple" and kiss pink gum on my father's feet. I can't seem to find my poems here or my old dish filled with M&M's. (I recite and eat in my dreams) two girls out of high school drive up in their bad cadillac. they are going to get a spanking; all that dirty chocolate smeared around their mouths. they want me to photograph something. something Kirlian is happening at the downtown cinema. the popcorn and mars bars are demonstrating; the popcorn balling the mars bars, the mars bars coating the popcorn and my bed is streaking down the highway. Mom and dad are giggling in the trunk. they're getting married. sabrina is holding me down with her claws but otherwise she is purring and drooling on my chin. I'm afraid the bed is speeding. the sheets are smoking around the edges and the head-board is a church pew throwing rice on the two pillows. and at a time like this when all I want is to steer this bed off into the starry heavens. sabrina farts and it's enough to get us off the ground. "from here on out it's going to be shaky", dad murmurs to mom, humping her in the back seat. sabrina doesn't know what she has done and as for me, the next time around, I'm flying alone.

I have Thursday

On Sunday

I'm dressed right. I'm dressed right. On Sunday it's Thursday.
Potion Portion to fill, lovers lovers to kill. parts of the body of
course of course. segments fall this one time this one time where
solitude mixes with slower reaction, with slower thought and
memory. memory fades fades for blue for country memory
fades for country silence lingers trips

to the cabinet, vial to start one more. i'm one i'm done backstroke.

The family pitifully waves food for laughter. All memory all at
once. At once I'm done, this time think of her small acts. The rest
of the machine miraculously stops.

In small cities it's slower it takes longer to go. Go for go for. At
the entrance containers of loved ones fall securely away. This is
strange and near, this is strange and near. I rush candy to play, to
bring harmony to remind you to play not so hard to remind you
to stop playing.

In the middle left hand corner I thank her, I'm again I remember
and can laugh at important things. Name drop I can I can. They
keep clean, keep charge in small time and metabolic rates. Metabolism
becomes faster becomes stronger with variety. All women are some-
what vain and size changes to metabolism to keep them going to keep
them clean.

Video winter changed winter through parades of winter rain. whiter
rain winter rain. Cold and arranging are meant to be perfectly still.
Sometimes it's hard for me to see you. Storage light gone out. I'm
away Storage light gone away. Experiment that to pictures. Book of
the Indian now Spanish now half breeds now p.h. factor. Never will
see you whole and moving. Her skin changed white and then she
turned around being always that way in public. Repeat and chat,
large and conquered. After kind weather. Never answered that four-
some to believe.

THE HOUSE OF SHOCK

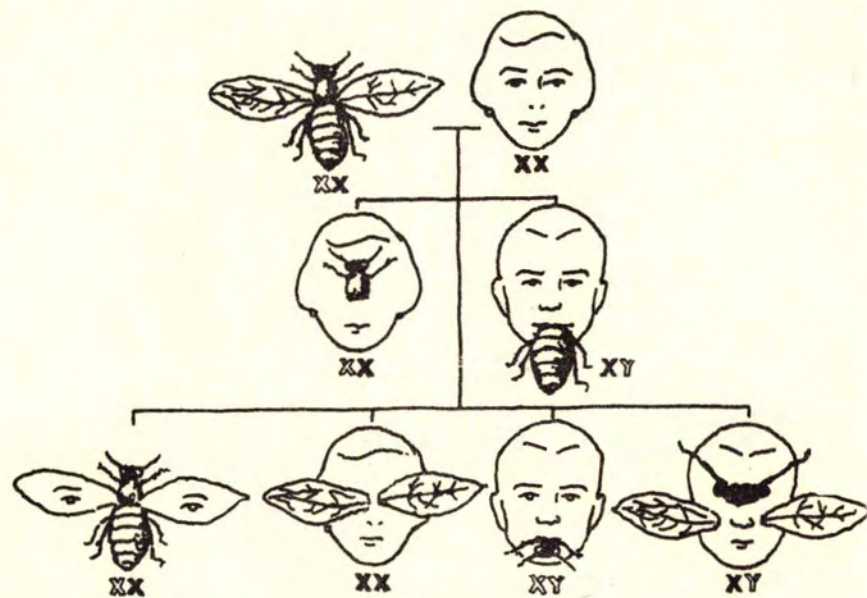
She, standing naked in the darkened hallway, pauses before
the door, her movements hitherto of caution and stealth, the
left hand rises, touches, grasps tenderly the brass doorknob,
the doorknob turns when wrist is made part or extension of
the door's undoing, door opens, inward a little way, eyelight
plunges in and snaps about, visibility sealed, the room a
darkness, likened to the sum of all the night without. She
steps nimbly over the threshold, and passes into the room,
the door is quietly closed by the arm slightly crossing over
the small of her back. For a moment she stands motionless,
swallowed by the gloom, torn only in places where the chest
rises with breathing, and only this is seen as a fold of dark-
ness. Now a cautious step is taken followed by another, she
is moving toward the almost imperceptible centre of the
room, they are soft, blind, wearying steps.

She is now instinctively aware of being at the room's central
point, for the gloom of it is of a softness which is itself a
certain feeling on the surface of the skin; calmly she raises
her right arm, her hand passes over her right breast, the
thumb and forefinger grasp the nipple, the nipple is turned
two and a half revolutions in a clockwise direction. Sudden-
ly the pap issues a loud horrendous, terrifying squeak.
Behind the far wall in the adjoining room a man as if stolen
of his lungs rolls in the sheets of his sleep and slumps to the
floor, leaving behind on the bed, as if to pack away for a long
journey, the entire encompassment of his skin.

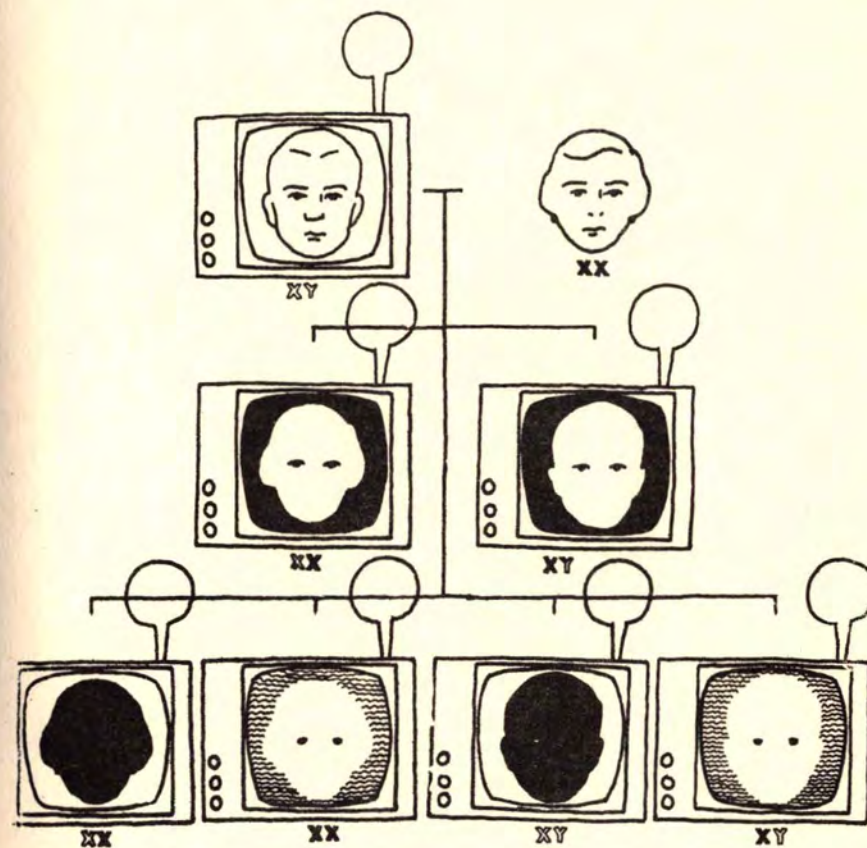
* * *



FIG. 94. — The standing or prime rib cut.



of all nature



of all nature

Triptich

MORNING	
-6:30-	
(2) Sunrise	
(4) Knowledge	
(5) Comparative Geography	
(13) Images and Things	
(71) Listen and Learn	
-7:00-	
(2) News	
(4) News	
(5) WIDE WORLD	
(8) Public Affairs	
-7:30-	
(4) Young Africans	
(9) Elsie Aquacade	
(10) The Young and the Restless	
(13) Religious Humoresque	
(71) Espionage	
-8:00-	
(2) Asian Dimension	
(5) To be announced	
(6) Vanishing Point. A Sentinel in Swamplight; snow falling on black mud.	
(10) WEATHER. Flood footage, birds hop from branch to branch as the water rises higher and higher.	
-8:30-	
(8) PERIPLUM	
(9) Mr. Itchy Starlight	
(11) DUENDE. He drives into a tree, he listens to the apples bounce off the hood of his car.	
-8:45-	
(9) WEATHER. Thunderclaps,	
	the clouds stampede.
(10) SUBMISSION	
-9:00-	
(2) Bugs Bunny	
(7) Snorkeling with Captain Bravo	
(8) TALES. "Why all this fear and trembling," said the Wizard to the Shrew, "is life all you know?"	
-9:30-	
(80) Violence in Blue	
(4) Lispering Marauder	
(71) El Reporter	
-10:00-	
(7) SERMON. What part of paradise is made of memory.	
(9) SCIENCE. A hammock rope is tied around a tree; as the trunk grows the bark swallows the rope and leaves an interesting scar.	
-10:30-	
(13) MODERN EXPLORATION. The space a seemingly mindless, rush hour crowd leaves around a raving idiot.	
(71) BLINDSPOT	
-11:00-	
(2) FANFARE. Blood on a concrete piano.	
(4) LOVELORN. Figure on a mountaintop digging up seashells.	
(5) Dragonquest	
(7) Elizabethan and Nova Scotian Music (with Charles North).	
-11:30-	
(9) FEATURE. Telling fortunes	

- by burning seaweed.
- (13) MUTINY. Fog drifts up to the house and crashes through the windows. Elephants bark in the distance.
- (71) FUTURAMA

AFTERNOON

- 12:00-
- (4) News
- (7) News and weather. The wind hunting silence.
- (8) INQUISITION
- 12:30-
- (2) A CHILLING TALE. A man with long blonde hair hands a threatening note to a teller with long blonde hair.
- (13) MODERN EXPLORATION. A deer trying to climb a ladder.
- (71) NECROPOLIS
- (6) INTERLUDE. Poisoned rats rot in the walls. You vacuum large black flies off the screens.
- 1:00-
- (5) WHITE STRAWBERRIES
- (7) SNORT. No war buff, me.
- (8) Damaged Perspective
- (9) APPLIANCES AT AN EXPOSITION
- (10) Smut
- 1:30-
- (6) TIME SPAN. "...and the spiders were singing in the wells."
- (71) SCIENCE. An examination into the earwax of various races. Curious results.
- (80) WEATHER. Bleak snow-light, black helicopters to the rescue.
- 1:45-
- (4) Dream Overload
- (5) A Stack of Bibles.
- 2:00-
- (2) VIGIL. 8 people on a train platform reading little books.
- (4) DISCOVERY. My elbow, the left one, the first time I've noticed it in years. Highlights: scars from unremembered wounds, new hair.
- (5) Polyphemus
- (13) LA HISTORIA. The men in Columbus' crew are allotted over two liters of red wine per diem.
- 2:30-
- (6) Mostly Prose. A bug flies through my eye. The crowd cheers.
- (8) CHERISHED FORMS
- 3:00-
- (7) Conquistador
- (13) MODERN EXPLORATION. Spaces in the air where the wind waits disguised as silence.
- 4:00-
- (4) JUMPING JESUS
- (5) Split Second
- 4:30-
- (6) VANISHING POINT. And I sink through the chilly rain and leafless trees, past the colorful clothes left out on the line.
- (8) SPORTS AND WEATHER. Click. clunk. people bowling in the fog.
- 5:00-
- (2) HOMILY. A long lost color returns to earth in a fleet of clouds, ending millenniums of heretofore inexplicable melancholia.
- (9) BITCH ON WHEELS

-6:30-

- (2) Hitleresque
- (13) ARCHEOLOGY. Pillars strewn wowie-zowie across the sea floor of a sunken palladium.
- (71) RALPH WONDERFUL
- (80) Bucharest

-7:00-

- (2) News
- (4) Cow with a hair-lip: Moof.
- (7) NEWS AND WEATHER. Intermittent gales which drown the crickets, 100's of acorns hit the roof and roll down the shingles.

EVENING

-7:30-

- (13) Brahms. Piano Concerto 2 in B flat major.
- (45) Pythagoras

-8:00-

- (2) UPDATE. The magicians explain why they failed.
- (9) SOUVENIR. A pubic hair, a perfect 6, on a bar of soap.
- 9:00-
- (7) ART which was not interested in motion nor time.
- (9) HOURS OF BLISS
- (11) STRANGE ENCOUNTER. "Neither darkness nor light," said the Swamp Angel, "Neither darkness nor light can fill my eyes."

-10:00-

- (2) CUISINE. Does torn bread really taste better than sliced bread?
- (8) Black Dimes.

-10:30-

- (7) MY BLOOD RAN COLD
- (9) The Young Elpenor. Besotted, he falls off roof,

breaks neck, dies.
The sea-dark wine.

- (11) KARMA. The live leafless branches and the dead trees against the sky, all grappling with the wind.
- (71) TIME AND TOLERANCE. An invisible nude enters the elevator. She's chewing gum.

-11:00-

- (2) Moon out of focus
- (5) INTERMISSION. She leaves the table, her elbows are wet.
- (6) Cloud Armada
- (8) Hours bubbling in the everlasting wake of paradise.
- (11) CANYON. Another herd faceless and innumerable rushes by without showing Biff and Sally the way out.

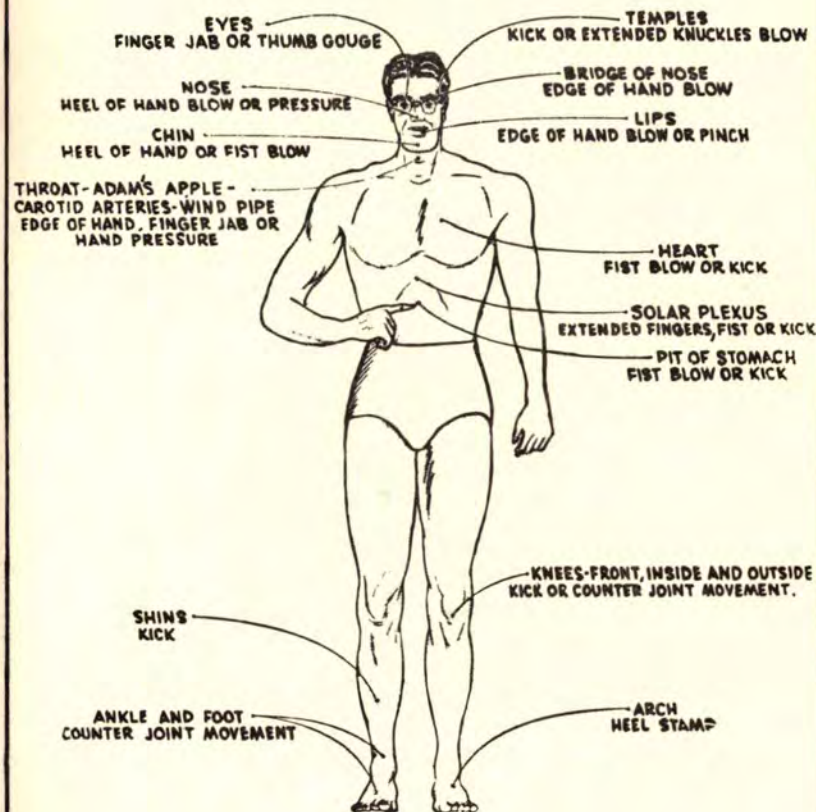
-11:30-

- (5) WAVES wearing warbonnets charge a pair of plump identical twins.
- (6) FIFI FLEES--FOUL PLAY FEARED.
- (8) TYPICAL BAUDELAIRE: "...no point is sharper than that of the infinite."

-12:00-

- (2) LUMINARY. In 1903, he turned his attention to the east...
- (9) WATERLOO. Napoleon loses because severe case of hemorrhoids prevents him from concentrating on the course of the battle.
- (11) FINISHING TOUCHES. A cloud floats up to the moon and stops. Jolting finale avoided.

VULNERABLE



FRONT.

ONE OF THE SECRETS OF DEFENSIVE TACTICS IS THIS. THERE ARE CERTAIN SPOTS IN THE BODY MORE SENSITIVE THAN THE REST OF THE BODY AREA. BY CONCENTRATING YOUR ATTACK ON THOSE SPOTS YOU CAN EASILY GAIN THE ADVANTAGE OVER ANY ATTACKER REGARDLESS OF HIS APPARENT SUPERIORITY IN WEIGHT OR SIZE. THESE CHARTS MADE FOR THE USE OF GOVERNMENT AGENTS IN TRAINING, SHOW JUST WHERE THOSE SPOTS ARE AND WHAT PERSONAL WEAPONS TO USE AGAINST THEM.

How to hurt people.

SOLO RIDGE

Facing off the mystery ingredient I remembered my heart.
 A tiny bit of bone applies to this. An Asian in the group
 means goodbye... (tryst)... Small talk, is marked by a cross.
 North for German, the only entrance to some facts. Image
 (beads)... flash against my breath. The simplest of acts
 lies just beyond the ridge. Too much vista. (meant) Every-
 thing x'ed out into flatness, folding a coat. Much in this
 way Lester Young into the Cleveland pattern & your move.
 I close the door on any meaning not including her. Slippery
 hands unload the Shining Lady. All things crash for the Sioux.
 Dreaming a small section of the past I fuck slower, search-
 ing for the better topic, closing the door to any process...
 (next)... (mote)... of strategies pile against the wall.
 To the left of the main aisle a series of tableaux, (his delicate,
 busy pictures)... ending in removal. A structure for
 "guilt culture"... (freaking in the old station)... but no
 man makes a truly unique entrance... searched for amidst
 the rocks. Process immediate & final. (strong dose) in code,
 all turned in a bandage of words... (narci)... certain areas
 are shaded, hinging upon the ability to be removed. The end
 is such a compo. I could see it happening to her moments
 before the ridge. The line was breaking (compo)... & so the
 mystery egg. The ocean was green & literary... (meant a per-
 iod of baroque)... like a question of stamina. For his part he
 pressed his lips against the sign of all things.

(whiff)... the earth domed at my desk. Asthma thread freaked,
 de facto. Any more outsides than before (Rimbaud trip)...
 "On laudanum" wonders about ovals... (& he had). Blood smears
 overlapping tones of ink. At the mere mention he psyches off...
 (now in the distance)... of a splendid opening a hole shows,
 the largeness all about flaps. His heart throbs somewhere in
 the sky. A low yield of ingredients (reprisal). He said this
 (auto.)... paid the (torso)... poetry tab & then shot his load
 into her ass. There was no quotient, there was beauty &
 disbelief. Those objects he could trust... (Wolver.)...
 (reserves the right, glacial as a shot)...

But Amy was hopelessly stuck on the absence track. She rested on a bane, one elbow, knees pulled toward her breasts. She lifted herself then slowly relaxed into some pills... half Indian & drains everything of its long froth. (Pleated eff.)... in her mind... (lifted herself). (Omnipples)... I have to pause for a long timexxxxxxxxxxxxxneedle plague (work through an opaque, the thought of which brings forth a crystal)... (Outward by turn, always with more vehemence against patches of light...

Nowhere else I can attach to such a memory... (Onus dwindl)...
the idea of a great ballpark, facing off the mystery ingredient,
salve some wounds. I leave a tiny drop of pleasure...
(powdery). Tells me the next moment will be her most experi-
mental... (fishes out), long dead to any serious work...
(I'm Buddhist & become the entrance to a name), read about
some people named bran.

His reach saps, worried over.xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
 There are rows between me & the next,
 part of the hard-core element.xxxxx (money-wis.)
 xxxxxxxxmust of meant something more serious than this.
 North is for German.xxxxxx(scrap of vert.)xxx
 xxxxx& cant open the time-can. (Melba Sour)
 The charts on the left indicate the first in a series.
 To the left of the main (polit.) aisle a series of
 tableaux & increasing freneticismxxxxxxxxxxxx
 (Oldenb.)xxxxxxxxx(pavil.)xxxxxxxxxx(eclec.)

The principle of collage is the choice of an original, which
 then invites modification, then incorporation, till the pro-
 cess rebounds Elsewhere, the repetition of which rips a toe-
 nail... (lacked exposition, too eclec. otherwise) so the
 ego puts on alot of weight, alot of pills in a white hand.
 We take the comedy pill. (knuckles)... Black words, not
 grasped as contradiction. The opposite of her (reprisal.)
 Some french fries take an excess mint too heavy to freak.
 Lagging equally behind, (that's insanity)... (across a cantered
 theme). A square's cut out of the sky. Someone's entrance
 or exit, dont know which. Headed gruel... (formal as the
 relief of being over).

Half-naked is the auteur theory. The principle of collage
 without the benefit of food imagery. That much fizzled, half-
 way to my heart... (laxed). Two invent the cyanide process,
 hinge upon the ability to be removed. Of one to ten skeletal
 clay pieces line the room, burnt orange for escape...
 (Against a great size), a picture called "Napoleon, World's
 Greatest Homosexual" on the floral wall. Ground & I are
 adjusting nozzles to the pipeworks all over the floor. We are
 a good distance away, halfway toward ghost outlines in blue.
 Amy leaves the room. I enter it, relaxing white, classical
 pills. Honesty of the Sioux. Empty Ames Distorted Room
 plus the smooth, dependable handling of metaphor, frets
 running right to left.

...(center, wearing hat)... Something like a painting occurs.
 Halfway against the sky is refusal. A beautiful day in the
 high dome of woman's consciousness. I smoke dope, (spill
 crystals & gets vague... only entrance to such facts) (horiz.)
 against the cloud of remaining one. Flattens (this nebulous)
 into the risk of not being able to. Press thumb on corners
 & lift off, part of the "hopeless prognosis". I slam on the
 far ridge, something Amy'd rather abandon. I wilt strips
 of product... (peaked), (a caste at the bottom). A node one.

I'd leave the rest for solo. I'd float the greater theoretical
 grasp, but part Indian means nothing to the avant garde.
 Everything's the only one here. (Redund.)... Acre-sized tarps
 spread over the small Schubert's mail. Gland pie.

GERMAN ART THIEVES

(before reading this poem please send a couple of
bucks to the above address because you might forget
afterwards)

detectives have arrested a thirty seven
year old man
on suspicion of having
masterpieces hidden in his fridge
his name is being withheld
while detectives
examine his i.d.

.....
the above
seemingly absurd
reportage
was caused
by an extreme weariness
a few aches and pains
an old typewriter
and a fading typewriter
ribbon
thank you
i hope you have not cheated yourself

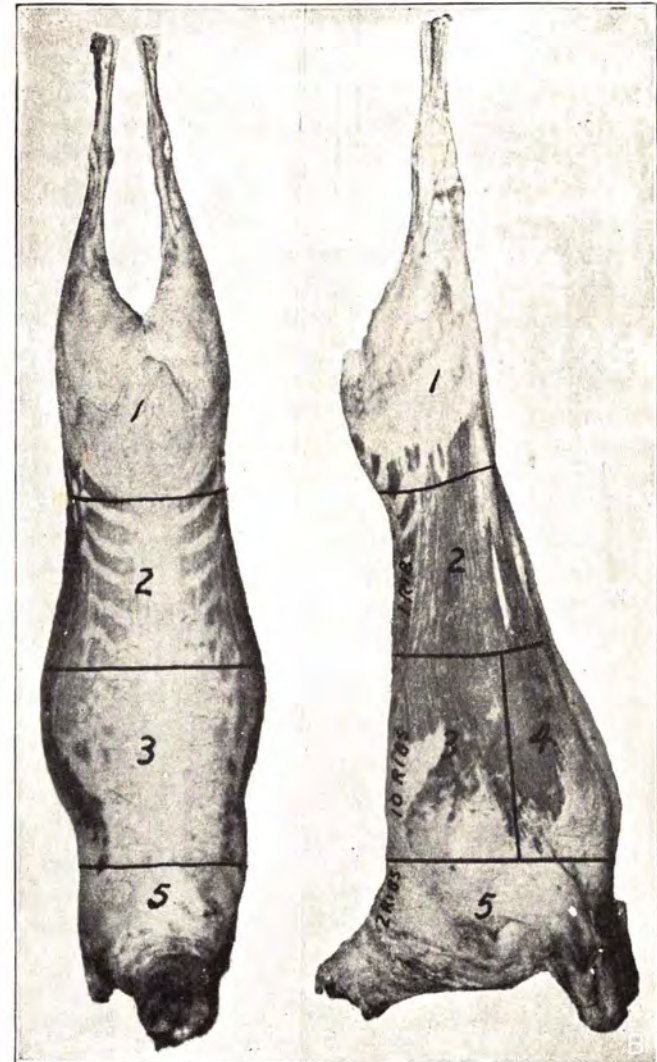
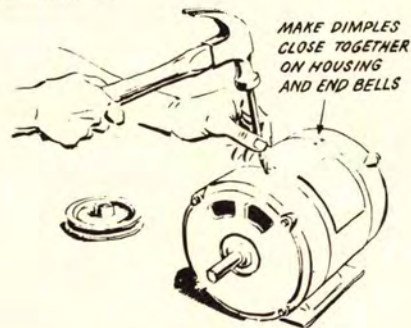


FIG. 120. — Mutton carcass cuts. 1, 2, saddle; 3, 4, 5, rack; 1, 2, 3, long saddle; 2, 3, 4, 5, body. 1, leg; 2, loin; 3, short rack; 2, 3, back; 4, breast; 5, chuck; 4, 5, stew. (Illinois Bulletin 147.)

FIG. 21. Julia attacking the wall after stimulation. Attack against the wall was both sudden and unexpected. We could see why it would be difficult to defend one's self against such an attack

