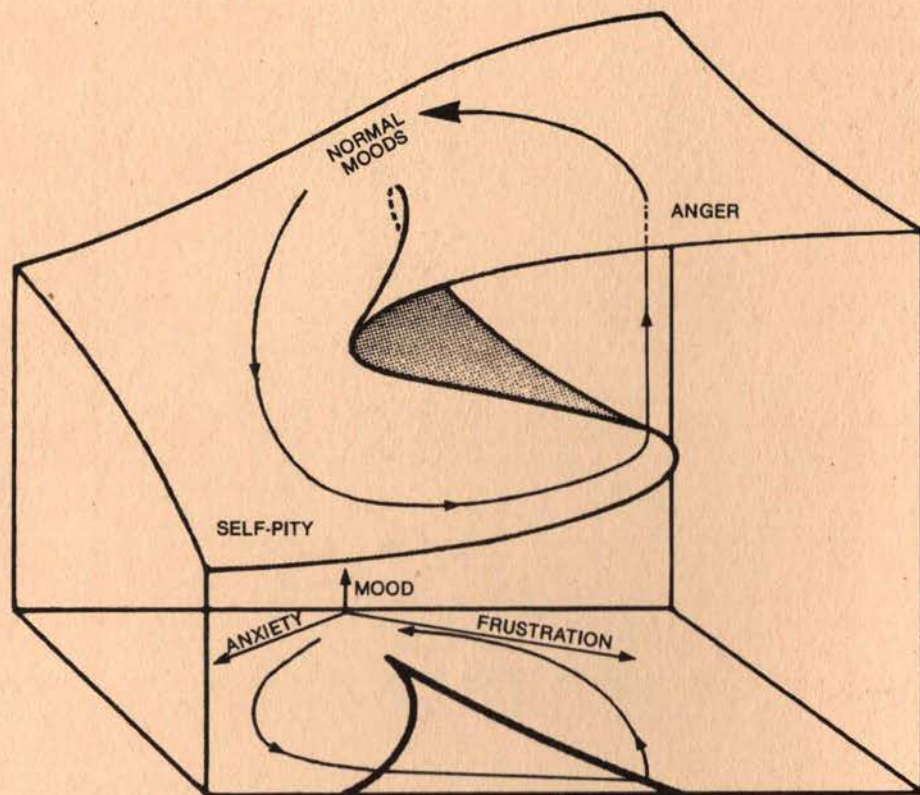




The World's Greatest Tragedy.



live radio with Mike Sappol, Tuesdays at midnite on WBAI 99.5fm

Causes Which Lead to
Personal Injury
MAGAZINE
no. 4

IGNORANCE
WALTER ABISH
The First Drink

IGNORANCE
JIM BRODEY & MIKE SAPPOL
Traps Set by Procurers

IGNORANCE
ALICE NOTLEY
Lack of Modesty in Dress

IGNORANCE
SUSAN HOWE
Two Harris Schiff Poems by Ted Berrigan

IGNORANCE
HANNAH WEINER
Demand for New Victims

IGNORANCE
STEPHEN TROPP their Enforcement
Misplaced Confidence

IGNORANCE
GUY R. BEINING
Crooked Theatrical Agencies

IGNORANCE
TED BERRIGAN
Fake Nations
OPAL L. NATIONS
BRUCE ANDREWS
White Slaver

Edited by Mike Sappol

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Mike Sappol, 628 East 14th St. no. 3
New York City, New York 10009

ALICE NOTLEY

"O, THAT YOU WERE YOURSELF"

Salt sea, Salt sea, one for you & one for me.

Uh oh. Let's go. This fire engine's broken.

"The end of happiness is pain, and in like manner
misery in unexpected happiness." Give me...!

I only need the siren

What *kind* of music? Where is

She will say it was like, she Wendy?
she really didn't have Jupiter?
that intention. She will Batgirl?

become angry... end?

Give me my bone!

No bone.

If I forget about the music will it make
it? No but the music is always what-
ever you do. is it that it's bad or good?
no. yes. will it be...? or lyrically unbeautiful.

She will be truly annoyed and secretly pleased. She

Now I *am* talking about

I'm bitching someone, not delineating ME- - -she

had this intention which she skimmed over
in the process of everything- -which included "jokingly"
asking for its doing which would be an indirect act,
in front of everyone, of, well, on her part
without thinking, but intending without thinking leaving ROOM
for her to be actually annoyed or angry or whatever
if necessary, that it was when it was, finally,
all accomplished. Yes I'm sure that's it- -

Despicable.

Where's my beer?

No beer.

One time I'm not thinking about
when I did sort of and S O U N D D A N C E
that was filed under red crisscross. Here comes
a mass of sort of a square, animated grapefruit- - -
yellow

blots out red

to produce STAR?

I hope &

NOPE- - -I'm going & doing
another one of those, every time these and
it's like being myself continuously

which is

like going to swoon because the world exists
and

smiling civilly at the empty room

because

it's in the world. Annoyed?

Began to brood. She

bleached jean jacket her panty-stockinged
maroon feet & she knew it & it was
driving her.....she was just like
a chair or something across the room all
compact & in its own space. Or it would
have if she were considering it & I
weren't for her which she
didn't intend because like she wanted an
ode or something to something & it turned out to be
me, (Now don't confuse *her* with the other *she*)
and siren & sea, I have to wait.

Well, Ah. We see...in this room

it gets very large in here- - -

because it's backstage- - -

of remarkably beautiful machines, ropes, lights- - -

there's room for all the dancers
to wear
their different costumes- -casual
costumes- -and the laid-back one
is so graceful in her wraparound
skirt sheen and that she is now gently
starring. Everyone groups and regroup
and is the same group. The music is sad,
slightly, but not intrinsically.
The dancers don't think it is- -
dancing against it and dancing with it
are the same. The choreographer, as usual
seems to be dancing the part of
the one in control who can't quite control
these beautiful young things- -he is
the choreographer and the most controlled
of the dancers. His part
isn't exceptionally big; but he and the one
who shines so dance together. But
then is her part big or is any or is it
how beautifully she...
and then I stop existing at all I even

stop watching the ballet; but then
I well up because it very placidly, though
the dancing is lively, very placidly ends.
I applaud and applaud, and leave liking
this ballet best of the whole series.
Probably because it's the one I've just seen.



POEM

waves splendor the
wild fragrant diffuse fruitful
soft weights
there and mind what the
light props...my languid sentinel

she does not know what love is- - loves
even when she is ignorant,

her hair would be otherwise formless
were it not for the touch of her hand, on yours

no matter what you may have heard
from the latrine secret service; and

she wants to be elsewhere cannot think
of one word more or where
there's
one

Must be
Here life situation, as daydreaming

I do always accept my presence word The sun to me is dark
word word force of nature And silent as the moon

A rash or the like

Period of public service as Secretary for Foreign
Tongue to Council of State
white or purple rays? from? to?
The ancestry of each one's life
gift of Apollo? or gift of

You, good man
hardly nourished under the frozen Bear
if I could only look out the right window you are OUT
BURST

stealing a color TV, harassing a girl in my boots
at the Bus Stop freezing, or you are huddled in that
doorway you live in near the barber who also
vends canaries & cacti, your tokay etcet
elude the gem do you you who
grant me speech because I talk about you
a lot, it's you I take to

the dark & silent moon
(what about the West Side cult corpse?)
you to a vagary
(lives in a private zoo, in Bangkok)

You are my excellence for this moment

the intense & rather bitter style
with no particular
excellence other than its name
the great "Classico" the guy

A real crazy one can be twisted
& pulled out to triple
its length

where the shark's mouth
snaps shut on the wrong move

But not here on the moon, in the dark region
between the negative glow & positive column, in a
fancy conception of time as a floating islandlike
mass, where you stand with the natural affection
of an organ for its body, of a mind for its song
of the wind for a white ribbon...

What do we do here to redeem our existence
there? you how I wonder how your hands
support your nature by touching a paroxysm that
is your name- -She jerked along through her story- -
you don't tell your story because you can't tell time, &
you are smiling patronizingly. Because I imagine
your song hurts you. Painted red & given an even
number. We're the only two people on Alpha, it
must've been you. They think they can make us

kill each other, the way we try to on the
street, you by being so aggressively & purposefully
unappetizing & yet demanding, radiant like
impertinence & unpertinence screaming that a black
bug is an Atlantic Ocean--too romantic--one who
uses his talent or money to recall & rework a
black bug, clockwork, implanted in your temple
by a random Atlantic foam note (it's all musical)

And I, my weapon
I am going home, simple & deadly--you
pit yourself against those who walk away
always, what could be more dangerous? for
you are always left,

though you get to imply me
to me--

but we are here--

& because I steal my lady,

to befit me

& because I harass my lord,

to release me

& because I lose my face,

& it isn't a mystical
experience--

& because you do go home

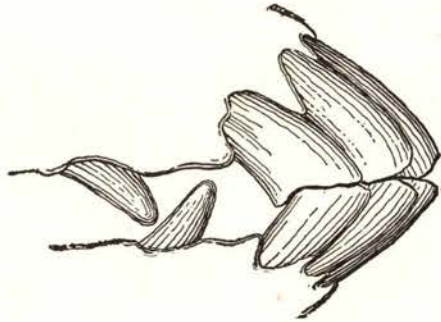
to the color white--

We meet on the moon. in the dark region
between the negative glow & the positive column.
See the full key inside the front cover,

And we are the poem, character insoluble



The lure of the dance with the mask's concealment has led to
many a snare with a tragedy at the last.



From The War Memoirs of Lt. Stork

Perhaps one of the most remarkable stories from the Spanish-American War was that of Lt. Stork. Stork was employed as a scout and proved particularly useful at such times when the advancing army suspected a minefield ahead of them. Lt. Stork was sent out alone to mark the path to safety. His two wooden legs made an admirable impression in the earth which could be seen even at night.

Stork was also the correspondent for the "Orthopedic Times" and wired home daily stilted accounts of the boys in action. He was one of the only two legless correspondents present at the battle of Las Guasimas; on the day when Capt. El Gigilo and his fearless band of legless peons swept down from the hills on all sides, using fretboards of Spanish guitars strapped to their thighs in place of stumps which they plucked to such concerted feverish pitch that the servicemen were all but routed into desertion.

Lt. Stork had landed, better still, prodded ashore at Daiguiri with a band of legless troops. However, they were a mobile unit for they were attached to one large shoe-shaped tank tread. This was bolted upon the end of their stumps. In this way the army could mobilize quickly and move together at a moment's

notice in regimentary fashion. In the event of skirmish and should one of them be fatally wounded, it was up to the soldier in the immediate rear to clasp the dead man by the shoulders and make it seem to the Spanish that their foe were playing a fearless death defying party game of "doe-see-doe-and-around-we-go."

Lt. Stork and his fairground rifle-target-like troops started out on the 19½ mile trek through the jungle to the town of Siboney. It was a fearful climb over precipitous hills and along narrow jungle trails. On the first night the troops were attacked by a band of Spanish guerillas artfully camouflaged in uniforms of garlic. Lt. Stork managed to escape but his troops were not so lucky. Being insensitive to the nature of the earth beneath their feet (by virtue of their mounting), they had fallen down a pit loosely covered over with brush. The guerillas hauled them out and one by one tortured them slowly by whittling down their right stumps and carving out hideous wooden Virgin Marys. After this they all talked. All admitted that they relished enchiladas, tortillas, with hungry man helpings of chili beans, and vowed that they would bring up their children on a healthy diet of same.

But this promise did not prove good enough to ensure their release. The garlic guerillas lashed the thighs of the American troops to the trunks of very young saplings, which, when soaked under monsoons of heavy rain, shot up rapidly within hours and grew into mature trees. After a week, our legless soldiers were seen one hundred feet up above the ground, twigs growing from their armpits and juicy jams hanging from beneath their crotches.

Meanwhile, Lt. Stork - -who had started out on that march as strong as an oil burner with copper pipes- - now grew weary from exhaustion. His wooden stumps had worn almost completely down, even very small animals tried to attack and eat him, but he had taken care not to forget to pack a bag of curried bread crumbs. These he scattered to confuse his foes and throw them off his disabled scent.

Soon the broiling sun proved too much for him, and his little stunted torso slumped to the ground with an almost inaudible thump.

When he woke up, he saw that he was surrounded by a group of legless nuns supported from beneath by the pillars of a church. This gave them an awkward gait, for every time they took a step, a loud clunk deafened the ears. They didn't seem to mind this, however, for they assured the Lt. that of themselves they comprised the chapel it took for them to worship and pray to their god, they needed not a church, for they were themselves a house of the Lord, who, they thought, would look down upon the clunking of their disabled shrine and pop a peseta in the paupers' box. One sister, Saint Gothic Fluted, grew quite fond of Lt. Stork, made new artificial legs from a pair of large tallows and nursed him back to health by singing to him selections of hymns from veterans homes and abridged versions of "Walking Home to Zion."

All this time Lt. Stork was making notes in his scribble pad, setting everything down exactly as he had experienced it. Fortunately his camera was still in good shape, so he was able to take many & varied photographs of the nuns, convincing poses of the Greek ruins exactly depicting the looted temples of Athene, a splendid artistic rendition of the Cathedral at Lourdes and a striking likeness of the vaulted towers of Notre Dame posed by The Mother Superior with a small group of novices.

Soon it was time to bid farewell, and after planting a kiss on Saint Gothic Fluted's inscription, Lt. Stork took up a path once again through the jungle, but this time he was clothed in a priest's hood to shield him from the merciless sun. When he reached the outskirts of Las Guasimas he was not the least fatigued; his sturdy tallows bore him through the most dense undergrowth.

The remainder of his regiment had reached the field of battle and disguised as tin duck targets were dispersed along a front, or battle line, their quaint beaks popping up and down every time that familiar 'ting' rang out, which always resulted in the

Company Sergeant throwing Kupa dolls and cheap polythene wrapped plastic prizes into the enemy trenches.

It was not long before the American troops had run out of dolls, and in a dignified manner surrendered to the Spanish enemy forces.

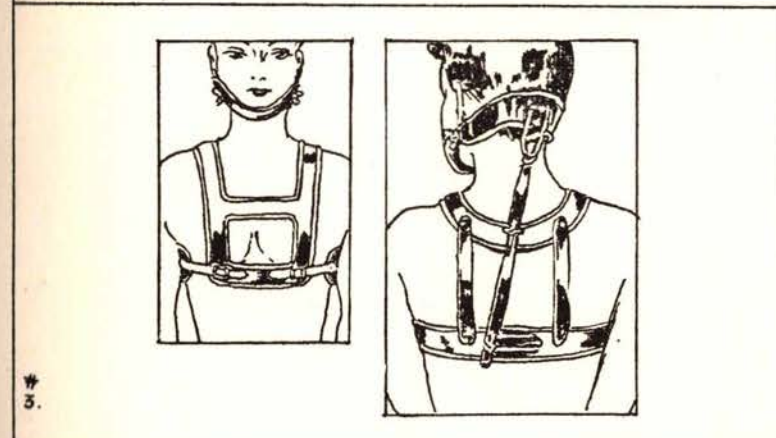
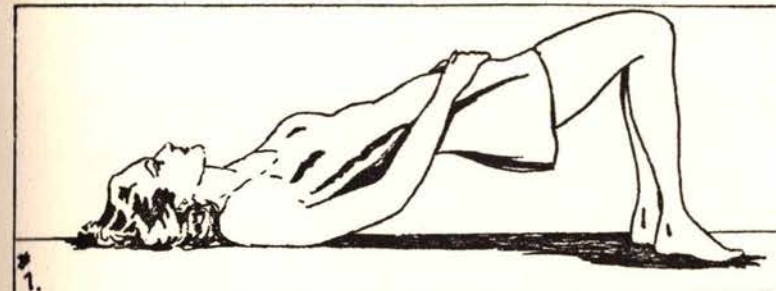
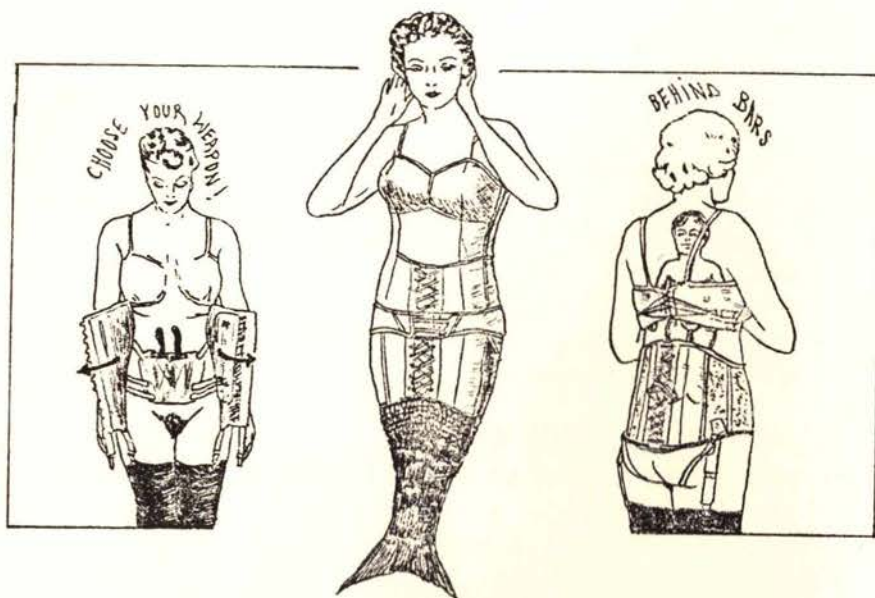
Lt. Stork was watching the proceedings at the time from a nearby Marquee, and determined to rescue his regiment, advanced on the old Spanish distillery which was the temporary headquarters of the Spanish Army. It was then a Mauser bullet hit him on his left tallow, the wick was aglow and he melted down on one side. But let us use Lt. Stork's own words on this occasion:

"There was no pain as the bullet entered my wax. I knew I had been hit, because my view became lopsided, and I had no power to put me out, I was completely paralyzed. The actual sensation of being hit was very different from the sensations I knew many times as a boy. I am told that four regulars tried to move me, but being that the wax had stuck me so fast to the ground, they were unable to carry me off, and consequently were killed in the attempt by a volley of marked bullets. The army surgeon told me later that each of them had been engraved with the words "Happy birthday darling." I knew that I must have been rescued, for my next recollection was one of being in a hospital ship, the U.S.S. Olivette. Then I suffered, and suffered severely, both my legs had melted and the wax had hardened around my thighs, making my member appear like a glazed cake. From that moment on my bedfellows referred to me by the nickname "Old Apple Strudel," and continued to torment me with it."

After a marvellous operation (the much-maligned army surgeons on board had grafted two stumpy barber's poles to the Lt's thighs and covered them in a light nylon body stocking), the Army sent Lt. Stork on a 5 week conditional leave to New York, where he was exhibited with much surprise and personal humiliation at the Guggenheim Museum, in the Annex of the American Primitives (painters and sculptors).

That he reached there alive was the marvel of physicians and surgeons in all parts of the United States and Europe, and was the topic of many articles in medical journals.

* * *



#1. THE TRENDELEBURG POSITION

#2. THE ADVANCED TRENDELEBURG POSITION

#3. HOW #2 IS DONE

of all Nations Co.

SUSAN HOWE

from
WORK IN PROGRESS

WHEN THEY HAVE OPENED A GAP IN THE HEDGE OR WALL
OF SEPARATION BETWEEN THE GARDEN OF THE CHURCH
AND THE WILDERNESS OF THE WORLD, GOD HATH EVER
BROKE DOWN THE WALL ITSELF, REMOVED THE CANDLE-
STICK, AND MADE HIS GARDEN A WILDERNESS, AS AT
THIS DAY.

Roger Williams
Mr Cotton's letter Lately
Printed, Examined, and Answered

I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

William Shakespeare
Midsummer Night's Dream

Wild and tame
are born

and reach their prime

all divisible
and indivisible

straight or crooked
the way or path

rubbish or straw
or donkeys.

Then says that
they being one

incessantly Legion
for we are many.

Sing O barren
face like flint

give hand, bow
traverse to partner.

Run forward
slamming doors on tapestry

laying traps to catch the Trickster

Run naked naming nothing

One vast Pharaoh
or Pharaoh's dream.

O
where ere
he He A

ere I were
wher

father father

O it is the old old

myth

march

month of victims and saviors

girl on the dirt track

yea order of knighthood
Brim

GREAT MAN - From the fact that somebody is a "big man" we cannot infer that he is a man. Perhaps he is merely a boy, or a chameleon of all ages of life, or a bewitched little female.

Friedrich Nietzsche

SECRET HISTORY OF THE DIVIDING LINE
SECRET HISTORY OF THE DIVIDING LINE

History is a tissue of base and cruel acts in the midst of which a few sparks of purity sparkle at long intervals

Simone Weil

Outside my limits
I wander alongside

axemminster mirrors
hatchet fathoms down.

Back to the stage
turned to the raw

mention of names
on the bare earth

In this wild outcry
"So help me God"

CLOSED FIST WITHOLDING AN OPEN PALM

The great fleet of Unready
floats on the waves

concealed and exposed

all argonauts

soever sweeping

existing dwarf wall once a garden

belligerent

the redcoats land.

Immigrant ship
the hour is late

up from my cabin
my sea-gown scarfed around me in the dark

belly that will bear a child forward into battle

the hieratic night is violent and visible.

Who will bring some pardon?
pushed to the side of the crowd.

Trembling fathers futile in the emptiness of the matter
howl "wilderness"

at the waste
a preliminary geste

leap for some spot where a foot may jump

and cease from falling.

In its first dumb form
language was gesture
technique of travelling over sea ice
silent
before great landscapes and glittering processions
vastness of a great white lonely north
of our forebeing.
Died of what?
Probably Death.
I know all that
I was only thinking -
quintessential clarity of inarticulation
family and familiar friends of family
pacing the floes nervously
climbing little ridges
the journey first
before all changes in future
westward and still westward
matches coughing like live things.

Fugitive on earth where death is birth

My companion
covered by a sheet

resembled the ghost
between actor

and audience.

We saw a dragon in the night
dragon, Prime, or Passionate?

Wreathes of absent faces

turn to wax

gazing through panes

black panes forever eyeless

premonitions, guesses, patterns

from possibility to possibility

"This is a great thing."

Whisperers huddle together

for warmth

mutations of deadpan occasions

in forgotten or misplaced rooms

Certain is stung

and creeping about overcomes cold

as in a mirror

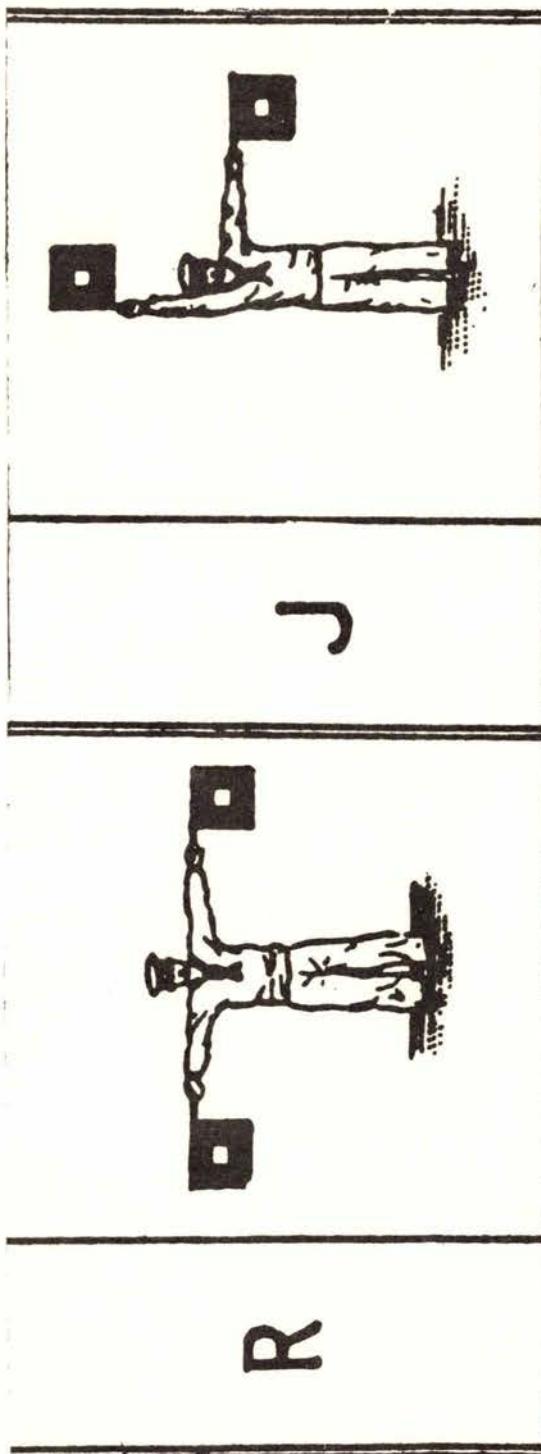
alien transformation

Walker hurries home

to greet his son.

HANNAH WEINER

This poem is from the International Code of Signals for the Use of All Nations (British Editions of 1859 and 1899, American Edition, 1931), a visual signal system for ships at sea. Flags, one for each letter of the alphabet, are hoisted on the mast, singly or in groups of two, three, or four. Single and two flag hoists are distress signals, three flag signals are general communication. In addition, each flag has a name: A, Alfa; B, Bravo; C, Charlie... In combination, as CJD "I was plundered by a pirate" these signals comprise a complete volume of code signals. These can be transmitted by two semaphore red signal flags, or by alphabet flags. There are morse code signals as well, and later, radio.



Romeo and Juliet

LZT Mike I have received the following message from agents.
TCD Romeo Party?
VHX Mike Saturday night.
OAR Romeo Happy to hear it or that
FS Mike Be very careful in your intercourse with strangers
YCG Romeo I do not trust too much to my _____
EZF Mike Article indicated can be supplied, but it will require
filling. I will lend what is required
QNA Romeo All precautions have been taken
TCD Mike Proceed to rendezvous
(pause)
Romeo Hot bearings
TIV Mike By no means plain
SDQ Romeo What is her name?
SDL Juliet My name is
J Juliet
ENC dazzling, am, is, are
SDT What is your name?
SLD Romeo My name is
R Romeo
EBQ Juliet Your name is not on my list; spell it alphabetically
JG Romeo I wish to have personal communication with you
IJ Juliet Unless your communication is very important, I must
be excused
JM Mike Stranger is suspicious
MYX Romeo Fine day
EBL Juliet I beg to be excused
PCF Romeo The ice is so solid I cannot break through; send help

YCS Mike Try again
H Romeo Stop, heave to, or come nearer, I have something to communicate
USX Juliet Sorry, I am unable to comply with your request
AGS Romeo The following is plain language
TBQ Juliet I doubt if it is possible
RIC Romeo Cannot make it out
EQO Mike I decline to have anything further to say or do in the matter
KUM Nothing to be depended upon beyond your own resources
DJX Farewell. Adieu
NM Romeo I am on fire
MLI You must not or cannot make any excuse
TMV Shall I have the pleasure to or of
F Foxtrot
FBX Juliet As you please
QRA I am willing to
T Tango
QAW Romeo It is very kind of you
FIG At last
B Bravo
OYP Juliet Horny
BKS Idiot
(pause)
IVL Juliet You are too close. Keep farther off
DN I have orders for you not to touch
HFL Romeo Will you breakfast with me?
LS Juliet It is not safe to go so fast
LAX Romeo Will you dine with me?
MIL Tomorrow evening
TQB Juliet I doubt if it is possible
MIK Romeo This evening?
LAW Juliet What time is dinner or when will dinner be ready?
FBM Romeo As soon as it is dark

DCA Juliet With pleasure. I will accept.
(pause)
MHL Juliet A small establishment
HAJ Romeo Cafe. Restaurant
DOQ Juliet What would you recommend?
TUN Romeo Preserved soup
GDC Fresh beef and vegetables
STJ Potato
IOG Cheese
ISD Ale, beer
BSU Juliet We shall have
WVR Sherry
SYR Are any oysters to be had?
LMT Half dozen
QXT Juliet Lobster
ZGE Goose
OEZ Rhine wine
UWS Rice
SCN Mushroom
ZGB Burgundy wine
TUI Preserved fruit
KC Champagne
WIZ Romeo Bicarbonate of soda
DZI Have been short on allowance for some time
GKI Can I get a bill cashed here?
(pause)
IVK Romeo Will you keep close to me during the night?
OXY Hope you will
OXW Juliet Hope you can
IP Romeo Shall we keep company?
ITY Juliet A visit from a Protestant clergyman would be much valued
GHI Romeo Will you lead into or point out a good berth?
IHL Juliet When do lay days commence?

DQU Romeo After dinner
 ZMD Juliet Your zeal has been particularly noted by _____
 MIR Romeo Have you ever?
 MIG Juliet Every evening
 KIQ Every day. Daily
 MJA Every opportunity
 NWC Have you a proper certificate of competency?
 TU Romeo Have you a clean bill of health?
 GHI You are in a very fair berth
 GIA Juliet This is my best point
 SHJ Some swell
 XOR Romeo Thank you
 GDS May I begin to?
 GIT Juliet The sooner the better
 MFO Romeo Entrance is difficult
 MFD Juliet Try to enter
 KZU Romeo I am in difficulties; direct me how to steer
 OOX Juliet You should swing and enter stern first
 HBK Romeo What is the nature of the bottom or what kind of
 bottom have you?
 HAY Juliet Double bottom
 FHR Romeo Stern way. Going astern
 LKI Juliet Go astern easy. Easy astern
 ODI Romeo I am going full speed
 HC Juliet It is not safe to go so fast
 KZY Romeo It is difficult to extricate
 BK Juliet Is anything the matter
 VLA Romeo Cock broken or damaged
 EHR Juliet What do the cost of repairs amount to?
 DF Romeo With some assistance I shall be able to set things to
 rights
 AN Juliet Are you in a condition to proceed?
 CCQ Romeo If it comes on to blow
 ZN Juliet Blowing hard

CCO Romeo Blowing too hard
 DIR Juliet Can you renew the action?
 PEO According to the usual practice?
 BKS Romeo I shall, or will if I can
 VKE Juliet Can you lift your screw?
 MIV Romeo Every exertion has been made
 SPG Operations have commenced
 CWT Juliet You
 ERH Screw well
 JCG Romeo Are you coming?
 JDG Juliet I shall come off by and by or at the time indicated
 OWT Romeo I fear I cannot hold out much longer
 X Juliet Stop carrying out your intentions and wait for my
 signals
 MZJ Romeo When will you or it be finished?
 JDH Juliet I will come
 JCQ Romeo Come directly, immediately
 IDC Juliet Coming at once
 LCO Romeo Discharging
 ZHC Shall or will be withdrawn
 DIR Juliet Can you renew the action?
 AI Romeo I will not abandon you. I will remain by you
 WGD Juliet Sleep, sleepy, sleeping, slept
 DXY Romeo All snug.
 Juliet

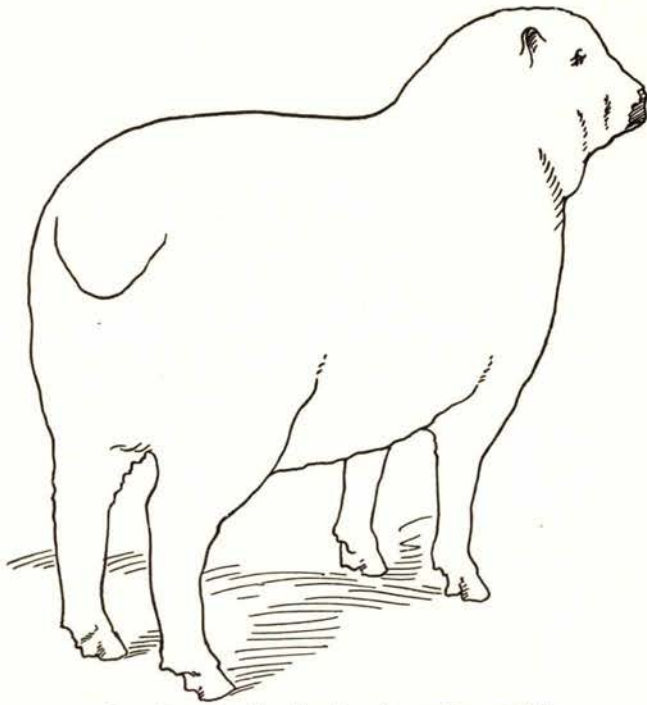


FIG. 38.—Outline drawing of a mutton wether.

-an-
over-and-under

asleep and leans

twenty three others

come come

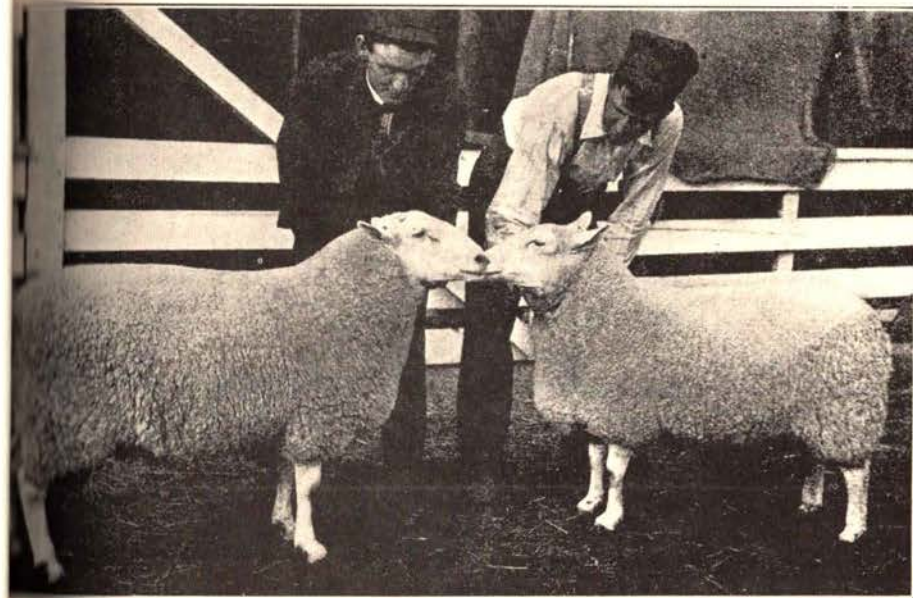


FIG. 129.—A Leicester ram and ewe.

LAYERS

a. this poet is slow in getting out of his grave

one red lip to another
the wine is poured
lesbos the lips turn green
flies half step into the dirt
of breath behind the skeleton
of a refrigerator is the clever poet
legs crossed debating whether it is
spring: the fern stomachs of turtles
dislodge deep in the canyons of a lake
the muddy road has no prints
toads are slowly consuming the vestcoat
of dampness

b. stilled surface fits into the disease of former
 manners
sitting in babylon with nail clippers
is a woman with a tongue full of
briefcases when she moves nurseries

break open she would rather believe
in a one dimensional theme

a. this poet is slow in getting out of his grave

lungs form clouds
&
drop rich iron ore onto
the skunk that is unable to even whimper
or cough or form the thinnest mist imaginable
his kite is sprawled out
dead without a hand
he criss-crosses over the plot
over the rug ground
that for years could have been a healthy blanket
it is as if the horse was taken from some winter
& fed mud
the poet becomes the pig in white lights

c. the passion to a point of paleness

eyelids stammer the hill is made up of
army uniforms metals spin from branches

bees work industriously making flint boxes
from dog tags

a. this poet is slow in getting out of his grave

he looked dizzily at the finch
it swallowed & fluttered
the yellow spectre stirs
he is not quick enuf to touch it
only the pencil
breaks in his head

b. stilled surface fits into the disease of former
 manners

she reads to the dog
the lamp light swims in the words
the teapot insists on being poured
the light is a rash on her back
she rolls toward the end of the bed
a stocking covers her hand which tries to gulp
the whistle

the dog is deaf & sightless
a fat white bow-wow
a bow-tie to her chest

c. the passion to a point of paleness

given time & statues he might say
as he crosses a field past the silo
made up of the minds of all the women
he's known it is silver & shrieks
a hen made up of pennies
is in the sunlight copper wires twist
out from the peacock in the shade
the straw in the barns has become
the brains of the populace

#

when the gyzmatic vapors in the sky
halo the gold & silver Chrysler building
I dig it.
the whole fucking planet
Cosmos, universe, Galaxy, the
absolute aether in the air
hits me right here where I live
high
every day a different way
alive.

*

I dont know why but
big gusty swirls of thin coldsteel droplet
of heavenly H₂O
making a horrible rapids in the air
under yellow city streetlights on 2nd avenue
are rapidly making me horribly wet
& cold
colder even
than when limping down a parched empty & endless
winter highway in a god-forsaken stretch of southeast
New Mexico passing over calcified or maybe just dead
yucca trees the useless trickster winter Sun
bounced a hard bright curveball beam of sunlight
off my right eyeball stopping me cold while
a voice that sounded remarkably like your voice
in my head said to me in tones of absolute certainty,
“there’s no love will last for you in this life, Harris Schiff.”



Wide World Photos

There is disbelief in this man's face as he tenderly cradles the head of his dying brother.

from
FINAL MINUTES OF THE NEW RACE

Rat-Mole shivers gummed sores unzipped
by the stewardess-ship of that meat and thermometer
stuck in the hole of the already given
up to snowy lice
annointed with emeralds
shaken sambas pinned to painful heat tension
Pissed in detail, Hegel's threat depends on
the size of a beak and the size of pig vetoes worry
sinking fangs into Sartre's gimp cascade
white people on the spit
wriggle & pummel
acid
beer in the fetalization
Hegel's unborn nostril
born in the moment of oral surge, pours out
a pore of renown
sucked inside a momentous pile
crimson vipers
sucked down
simi-rattattan-ankles angst-bread SWOP
polka piss station glozes zero light beckons reach
homeward to the fires of moo
semi-arid extra dry (dub) O Hegel deliver me up from
a turgid yolk, by a standing pool at the
FARFISA
camphor necklace swiftly unwinds language sneeze

pulling half-eaten child from wreckage
 cramming noodleroni
 arriving fully grown at the
 very edge of
 tinted vaguely grown
 and toasted
 like on a German menu, a mummy
 devoid of heavenly pus
 or Sartre chews luncheon meat, inserts head into body cavity
 until it moves up and down easily over the entire race
 hieratic pygmies warm a floor under neathe their brows
 3 minutes into Grey Room; Dynamite Harry Carey yelps
 as flaming bullets rip off his sleeves
 the runaway yacht scrambles Turkish ocean
 overhead
 stocked with pals protrudes a sock but
 Heaven forfend on Jimi Hendrix's psychiatrist
 (now center-stage) (a shell into which is sown an insect)
 (not the insect of matter)
 but the insect we all become after being human
 Oh inescapable truth of warped prayers
 unzip the pus burgers, unchain
 our real spooky looks
 shake a coconut
 of purity
 the coughing pastor
 dawns on TVs
 in a million snow-filled livingrooms
 under fire from the armpit bouquets (fish-cake like)
 poised to rot on sonic welt cue knob
 dosed with ribcrushing glee
 & spansule happiness
 and you are in it and you fasten cavities to skin secrete with
 skewer in the Rat-Mole of history good favor to escape
 tonsure
 work the vein of pus to completion
 racers raid sense plunge headlong trouser gate fangs
 biting serpentine ear gland walking on all fours
 without useful breathing; bent into

red whimperings by Hegel
 who decries the bod
 for energy;
 just cool whipped yawns
 that open up
 & die
 laughing in yolk smear;
 () milks the Inca;
 body bursts killing host
 as a thorax of gusto
 I see you dead with () & ()
 each milks to drink
 a hollow planet bursting with
 blood
 each nostril of sputum spawns the thorax for an instant when planet & tree
 bust an artery
 Demi-gook bursts of compliance wallows
 HONK SUCKLES SCREAM JOY
 Urg-voom
 slushes big heaping steamed-up cavity of orange fungus
 "AH," slurps Mole-Rat
 engulfed in a poison snatch, munching thigh
 of a captivating vice lord carcass-ship
 squeaking tongue beak peers
 out of; gargle
 shlob hisses
 plaintively shmeared
 with groupie light dripping from out-sized No Tooth slut
 of dawn-creepo streets, unshadowing hacked
 Ant-Crab decaying licked tissue
 brain jam slurp; ha!
 IF YOU USE THERMO THEN HEGEL DESCRIES HEAT
 but Leon Tolstoy
 created his heroines from a fetus in a bottle
 underneathe a huge magnifying glass
 on a silver chain
 around his neck
 Big fawn balls decorated his shower stall
 Big fawn balls of Victor Mature,
 John Dillinger's hands

were the size of volleyballs, Rasputin
 hovers on sheer nerve
 of the ball-less
 wonders; We
 pop a few groupie nipples into the furnace
 "Final Lights" sizzle into being
 both male and female
 as the sun shines
 painfully in tempo
 with operations
 on a crab-like stooge
 makes me wince to hum up an asshole
 here in my hands; courtesy of
 King Kong in Manila-like waves of Hegel
 snaps a thread where the primate
 snaps a thread in Simone deBeauvoir's vulva
 snaps no end into the temples of penis flesh
 that shine nevertheless
 as Tolstoy slips his into the anxious butt
 of Bo Diddley, choking
 ape-like precisions
 thru Yokel Ville tonsillitis sane:suction slumps
 way up there in Tubbie the Tuba myth
 peeling back the foreskins
 of Chuck Berry puce
 tucks the Bonanza TV show
 back into being
 the next season opened my heart
 hearing re-run a sensate
 crush flexed Vivaldi
 dross on the fetal float
 Pale sun! (bubbles an Iron)
 & angst floats sweetly
 from the wound
 of villages
 gestating
 on the borderline of fetus into club sandwich
 spiked with irons & maggots in lame gloves,
 long silken opera hose ripped
 into pieces by bruised

gorilla tongues
 rising like steam beads off the hood of a bombed head
^sma^{sh}ing it's way to glory pus & LSD piss

DESCRIBES THE HEAD OF A MOLE

Easy street, Easy city, Easy planet, Easy pore
 , move inside a thigh crushing Go-Go
 "da doo ron ron" rankles Singing Fugitive, Frank Sinatra
 ...melt down all phones burning tonsils heavy on the
 urinate tendril salad
 you, the partially funded Inca
 get the editor
 (collates grant applications inside a cock's
 fires of moo)
 and with it a sawed off cow
 to the German mental
 the foreign hydrant blows a pig, momentous pulse of
 ambition on the side of the avenue
 a curb and light spills over Lost Hand
 damnation's final cock
 swelling gigantic damnation's final reverb pulsation
 that axes the fantasy tit
 to spill it's only the tickled bruise to stroll on
 aceing a moon borne on the bent mammal tide
 light blows
 Frank Sinatra's kangaroo
 Reel blank fever of the adverb mob
 pursed on a mental lip-like orifice
 sucks inside a trouser in Peru,
 two riders are approaching, land slips a phenobarbital
 pulls a tuft of hereafter breaks pulse totals Hegel's now
 totes a hair of phlegm that
 Jean-Paul Sartre at sea today
 took from a tote-bag
 the living hand
 of Franz Liszt
 & flung it
 into the
 sea

TED BERRIGAN

WORK POSTURES

The rain comes and falls.
A host of assorted artillery come up out of the lake.
The man who knows everything is a fool.
In front of him is his head. Behind him, men.

Few listeners get close. And
"Love must turn to power or it die.
This is a terrible present.
"Is this any way to run a Railroad?"

Flashing back 7 years I hear, "you will never go
any place for the second time again."
It's hard to fight, when your body is not with you.
& it's equally hard not to.

There is the dread that mind & body are One.
The cruelty of fear & misery works here.

THE EXECUTION POSITION

Members of the brain, welcome to New York City
On a soft day, weighted with rain, where
Slightly ahead of time, trifoliate, but humanly low,
You fibrillate, reading in a book this line:

"It is easier to die than to remember." You
Turn to the nurse, but he shakes your hand
with the fin of a fish;
Why this self-deprivation of full human heritage?
And this does not happen all that seldom.

These days
You do get to do what you will,
If not that often what you wish: is it ghost
Or is it dancer straight? Substance or shadow,
who is swish?

the weight of the rain remains inside

trying to read, sorting, ordering,

doing in the waves of her walking

from coffee to cup, back to chair, & sitting unseen

by the bed

which by now I am,

going

in the execution position.

IN THE 51ST STATE

The life I have led
being an easy one
has made Suicide
impossible, no?

Everything arrived in
fairly good time;
Women, rolls, medicine,
crime — poor health
like health has been an inspiration.

When all else fails I read magazines.

Criticism like a trombone used as a gate
satisfies some hinges, but not me.
I like artists who rub their trumpets with maps
to clean them, the trumpets, the maps.

I personally took
30 years to discover
blowing your nose can help
despite being not aesthetic. (terrifying).

I'd still rather brindle.

I wasn't born in this town
but my son, not the one born in Chicago,
not the one born in England, not
the one born in New England, in fact

my daughter
was. She looks like her brother by
another mother
and like my brother, too.

Her forehead shines like the sun
above freckles and I had mine
and I have more. left.

I read only the books you find in libraries, or bookstores
or at Marion's. Harris loans me Paul Pines'
to break into poetry briefly.

Au revoir. I wouldn't translate that
as goodbye, if I were you.

A woman rolls under the wheels in a book.
Here they are wheels, so I hear.

Bon Voyage little ones.

Follow me down
through the locks. There is no key.

Ted Berrigan

STEPHEN TROPP

THE DAY OUR NATIONAL MONUMENTS WERE TURNED ON
TOO LOUD TOO FAST & TOO FUNNY

This morning bus ride with its Tuaregs figs flamingos
This morning bus ride with its hummingbirds & masked desires
This morning bus ride with its roseate spoonbills Coptic priests
This morning bus ride with its wholesome American brides
wearing Kwakiutl Indian fright masks
This morning bus ride where a small white fairy whispers "There
are no accidental deaths" before stepping back into a spark
This morning bus ride with its Moors laser beams venus fly
traps Kabuki dancers orchids
This morning bus ride with its new idea of the theatre Malicious
weeping from the spiky crystal people A long red tongue
unrolls down the center aisle
This morning bus ride where we set out daily to invent music
This morning bus ride where pink cheeked middle-aged Siberians
play green lawn volley ball at the dissection of giant
cuttlefish
This morning bus ride where music will never exist
Music with its meticulous gospel singer lover of burnt umber
gatling guns
Music with its hydrocephalic Eskimo
Music with its good little quarter-tones who demanded breakfast
in bed
This morning bus ride with its Pharaohs chocolate cakes rifle
shots dixieland music jewel green pythons cunnilingus
atop exploding op-art objects
This morning bus ride with its revealed African brains cardinal
hats mutated ice cream smoking of white cheroots
This morning bus ride with its Ceylonese firewalkers &
jive hip tap dancers in shades dancing to donna lee by Miles &
Bird
This morning bus ride with its incendiary kisses lunar surface
Dizzy Gillespie primary colors Angolan stilt dancers
This morning bus ride with its green cosmetics moire grids
This morning bus ride with its shamanistic bass horn blasts
This morning bus ride where striped tooth paste is squeezed
out of a bass drum by historically certified mad men

This morning bus ride which along with spring arrives sealed
in a rope tension bass drum
This morning bus ride with its joyfull spirits sitting mime-faced
in a laughing orgone box
This morning bus ride married to a girl Earth
This morning bus ride which has never belonged to me
This morning bus ride with its quasi-diphtheria giant star
dandelions & the poetry of Erik Kiviat
This morning bus ride star-lost in a milky swirl of winged
dandelion seeds
This morning bus ride with its scarlet robed trumpeters fungus
growths
This morning bus ride where I grew my hair in the forests of
ardor
This morning bus ride where I tied by swimming into knots
This morning bus ride through the white hell of an apple
This morning bus ride where bed was cloud & tsunami washed
away the remainder
This morning bus ride where a white grin yawns & a burnt forest
shoobie doobies
This morning bus ride with its dictionary meanings of insanity
& vertigo
This morning bus ride with its view of the taj mahal seen
thru hot pink lenses human brains floating above
This morning bus ride with its manic red blossoms laughing
lips giant stone balls
This morning bus ride with its single anonymous glowing man
fucking a loaf of bread
This morning bus ride with its cemeteries in bloom
This morning bus ride with its dervishes suspended beneath a
red & blue spotted fish
This morning bus ride with its bourgeois sitting rooms sprouting
sea anemone & ulterior migraines of the after life
This morning bus ride that refuses to go to work
This morning bus ride with its silk merchants chromosome
damage parachutes moray eels Andean flautists
This morning bus ride with its antlered elk melting thru a
purple living room
This morning bus ride listening to the rows of blue carrots

singing
 This morning bus ride with its music & its marijuana that a
 tight faced psychiatrist from Jersey must find very
 strange
 This morning bus ride with its photograph of Debussy at the
 age of 5 riding his tricycle & its ultimate 'holier than
 thou' comic strips
 This morning bus ride with its stork nests Masai open heart
 surgery super nova
 This morning bus ride with its feeling lustrous black hair
 & twanging of unendurable strings
 This morning bus ride with its kiwi birds nagaswarams dancing
 mushrooms stained clothing evil eyes
 This morning bus ride with its mylar screams tunnelling through
 the chocolate paper whorls of a six foot ear
 This morning bus ride ending beginning ending
 This morning bus ride where a young sky unfolds over a red &
 green diamond pattern Moroccan rug
 This morning bus ride with its Mendelian genetics ivory
 fetishes Charlie 'Centipede' Parker
 This morning bus ride with its modality of this & every other
 moment
 This morning bus ride ending beginning ending
 This morning bus ride with its camel dung hair dressing
 surfers muscles Turkish rose petal jam decrepit nursing
 homes
 This morning bus ride with its hare Krishna squeezed titties
 birch forest Rimbaud
 This morning bus ride with its honor guard clothed in plumed
 shakos & total bewilderment
 This morning bus ride with a baby's broken terra-cotta glaze
 This morning bus ride where ice blue sky rhymes with roof top
 & wind cut another slice of desperation cake
 This morning bus ride with its tiger lilies cake walkin' babies
 from home sarangis fire plugs
 "This morning bus ride" sang the speechless birds
 This morning bus ride with its imperfect broadcasting
 conditions
 This morning bus ride abandoned by (would you believe it?)
 god

This morning bus ride blown mind weird half-death sentences
 This morning bus ride dealing after all in premature wheat ferns &
 the egg of being
 This morning bus ride with its wood blocks ratchets nightmares
 stags bathing in a frozen lake
 This morning bus ride where sitar & tabla grin out of bad trip
 Navajo campfire of beloveds body
 This morning bus ride where groaning basso voices of lifes
 unplucked flowers Tibetan liturgy across a dollar bill
 This morning bus ride with its gut stuffings sensual swoons
 geodes falsetto
 This morning bus ride where when your lips opened a door for
 your voice to come through a pink motor car raced across
 a dream of the Indian sub-continent & a Ravi Shankar record
 melted on a charred phonograph inside a burning pink house
 This morning bus ride with its great oboist whose cheeks are
 puffed out like balloons flying off into the distance
 This morning bus ride follows the yellow brick road

In constructing *Inside Out* I pretended that all books published in English represented a vast dictionary that made sentences (instead of just words) available to a writer. More or less at random I selected one sentence, and sometimes part of a sentence, from eighty authors. The numbers on the page indicate the number of words taken (and I cannot think of a more appropriate word) from each writer. The selection of the sentence, the sequence I followed and the idea to undertake this exercise are mine, but the story...?

INSIDE OUT

30

At six in the afternoon the first automobile appeared on the road, the fright of the birds was translated into an agitated beating of wings directed toward the nearby forest.

41

The Fort lay in the center of the district we had to survey. Our northern territory occupied a large part of it, between the Teshangani and the Givelor rivers, whither it was our duty to go during two months in the year.

16

I must say until astonishment came, I got nothing but pleasure out of the little expedition.

21

Perhaps life needs to be deciphered like a cryptogram, secret staircases, frames from which the paintings quickly slip aside and vanish...

44

Madeline (off): What is the center of the world for you?

Paul: The center of the world?

Madeline (off): Yes.

Paul: It's funny. I mean we've never spoken to each other and the first time we talk, you ask me such a surprising question.

Afterwards a light rain of ashes falls. Small viscous clots float in the air. Spider web fragments with a faintly nauseating odor like bromine. That is all that remains of man. There is nothing to do but love each other passionately.

The communication comes from the south in lead pencil. "There will be a system of communications. We are to induct those who collide in the exits without falling. Evaluate this, Alu Baris."

The deplorable sequel has shown only too well how right he had been to mistrust us, how fully justified the following Sunday was that hesitant pause before he broke into a laugh.

At the crack of the gun he rose an inch or two, as if he had been struck.

Would you like to know how Charlotte got those nine stitches, I asked suddenly, in a tone of voice that sounded perfectly normal to me.

He couldn't get rid of the key. I advised him simply to throw the key away. I knew he wouldn't do it.

She pushed aside the roll tray he offered her, "you recognize me, don't you?"

The eye keeps returning to the white Formica, because it stands out. The perfect world of Formica, thinks George. It is an agreeable surface.

What is thought, but disease of action.

Why didn't you say before that you were married. It's an old story now, I thought there was no need.

Her breasts are again half exposed.

Do these lines perplex you? So did your letter. What kind of an explanation is this- - your "trip to the country!" Doubts may be a good spur to the imagination, but you may have abused it and me.

I'm no different as an author from all authors who ever existed since man first began to write. Using other devices, but analogous ones.

How do you mean all this, truthfully or ironically?

I am a timorous man. I can say it now that I have brought my incredibly risky plan to an end.

21

You will understand that this is a postcard that someone found in a drawer and decided to use as a joke.

12

From which I have learnt the full measure of the word "vision."

23

Her face has regular, strongly marked features. Her hair is black. But her eyes are pale, a color between blue-green and pale-blue.

25

Why are you so tense, Hengel?

Are you being funny?

Look at your hand. It's so tight. And look at your skin. Your skin's terrible.

14

You rang this bell by pressing your finger against it. That's what you did.

8

The neighbors are walking in the garden. Smiling.

15

It is a crucial scene. How it was actually resolved I must try and remember.

27

As for what actually happened, I don't quite remember except that he gave me two or three claps, which it would be impolite to mention

to you.

3

She stood up.

7

Don't just stand there baby, do something.

43

Still Rene Leys said nothing. What tact. What a sense of occasion. So it was for me to invade the silence and the darkness... No, I continued my musing, and with even greater clarity and lucidity than the midday sun upon the rooftops.

15

But let me return to the world of the present and speak of real events.

8

Oh yes, she said, I will, I will.

5

Yet impregnated as we are...

6

For you it is not enough.

17

She remembers the Astronaut John W. Young as he stepped from the landing craft unto the moon.

7

I wondered a little. Honorable to whom?

8

Have you ever considered Melville's sex life?

21

My question produced in him a little gesture of elation, a gesture emphasized by a snap of his forefinger and thumb.

7

I knew it was special.

30

We opened the eggs to let the yellow out. Bill was worried about the white part, but we told him not to worry about that. People do it every day.

4

Otherwise their intensity evaporated.

2

You're a...?

48

These stairs, originally black, have rusted now to a beautiful shade of green, due to some chemical element in the climate in and surrounding Shanghai. These stairs are five hundred yards tall. But we must hurry. For this city has innumerable stairways that are worthy of our attention.

11

We need to investigate and define the injury done to Gregor.

17

What a joke if at the end of this hunt he came face to face with himself.

9

I don't think that will happen, I just don't.

7

The negative goal forces him to react.

11

The road we were to embark on had been abandoned.

39

Suppose I wanted to replace all the words of my language at once by other ones; how could I tell the place where one of the new words belong? Is it images that keep the places of the word?

24

Branide: Do you think that some of the information contained in the messages will have meanings which are beyond human experience?

Morrison: Surely, yes.

23

And then one day when he had been particularly insistent she had given up and said: Oh, for Christ's sake go and see for yourself.

37

A rather intricate key opened the sliding doors, the sides folding back, to the kneeling observer appeared, on unpainted shelves, quiet and dustless, the expensive equipment one can buy to fight the passage of time.

28

I entered Kafka's office. There was nobody there. Papers lying open. Two pears on a plate, a few newspapers were in evidence that he was in the building.

30

Ambivalence, that was something to have discovered- -the sort of mingled revulsion and attraction, a coexistence in the same individual, with respect to the same object, of love and hatred.

30

The flecks of lung tissue speckled the bright ribbon of the rail. The bullet had broken two ribs, then collapsed her left lung and lodged itself below her scapula.

8

I'm afraid you've made a mistake, she answered.

8

He looked about him and counted the dead.

18

If you compare the previous frame with this frame, you will see how my wrist has snapped forward.

9

I want to wage war against everything that moves.

14

Don't kill me, please don't kill me! Don't kill me, please don't kill me.

12

During the long period we have been considering, three significant changes emerge:

27

I loathe unexpectedly catching sight of myself in a mirror, for unless I have prepared myself for the confrontation I seem humiliatingly ugly to myself each time.

10

The bedroom begins to shift from one identity to another.

4

The author is undecided.

25

This exiguous plot- -if it can be called a plot at all- -brings to the stage that tendency toward a narrative of purely horizontal line.

13

(I am breaking the process into its components for the sake of analysis)

15

You are located where this second line cuts the first.

You hurt me, she said.

15

I forgot to tell you that he had to leave by the small garden gate.

25

I was in the middle, hugging the envelope. I don't know how much of the garden we had crossed when we heard voices behind us.

39

Each of the two circular concrete towers had seven storeys, mostly under water, the lower levels of both towers containing stores- -fuel in one, fresh water in the other. The next level contained food, other general stores and munitions.

9

There was a tiny red flame on the sky.

41

The United States was paralyzed. No one knew what was happening. There were no newspapers, no letters, no dispatches. Every community was completely isolated as if ten thousand miles of primeval wilderness stretched between it and the rest of the world.

5

He lies sourly in bed.

32

Neither is there any end: you never leave a woman, a friend, a city in one go. And then everything looks alike: Shanghai, Moscow, Algiers, everything is the same after two weeks.

38

There was still no blood where the knife had sunk. I am in a room alone with a dead man, she said to herself, as if it had nothing to do with her. Her breathing came in gasps.

26

It is altogether strange, but more and more I *feel* myself to be Mesopotamian. It is a terribly isolated feeling. I have no people as yet.

40

With the disappearance of my notebook I turned to the only writing material at hand, some large sheets of paper I found in the desk drawer and which I shall continue to use until this whole matter is cleared up.

31

The more a story is told in a proper well-spoken straightforward way, in an even tone, the easier it is to reverse it, to blacken it, to read it inside out.

14979 ✓

12/30/77

special thanks to Judith Ghinger

How to Stamp Out

Personal Injury
MAGAZINE
no. 4

KNOWLEDGE

WALTER ABISH

BRUCE ANDREWS

Learn from Others

Punishment of White Sews

Help Do Your Part

GUY R. BEINING

TED BERRIGAN

Punish Grafting Officials

Help all Reform

STEPHEN TROPP

HANNAH WEINER

SUSAN HOWE

KNOWLEDGE

KNOWLEDGE

Read and Sell Good Books

HARRIS SCHIFF poems by Ted Berrigan

Know the Dangers that Exist

Alice Notley

Avoid Taking the First Quick

Close Gaps

Use Your Brain and Influence

MIKE SAPPOL & JIM BRODEY

KNOWLEDGE

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