

# REVEAL DIGITAL

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Strange Faeces

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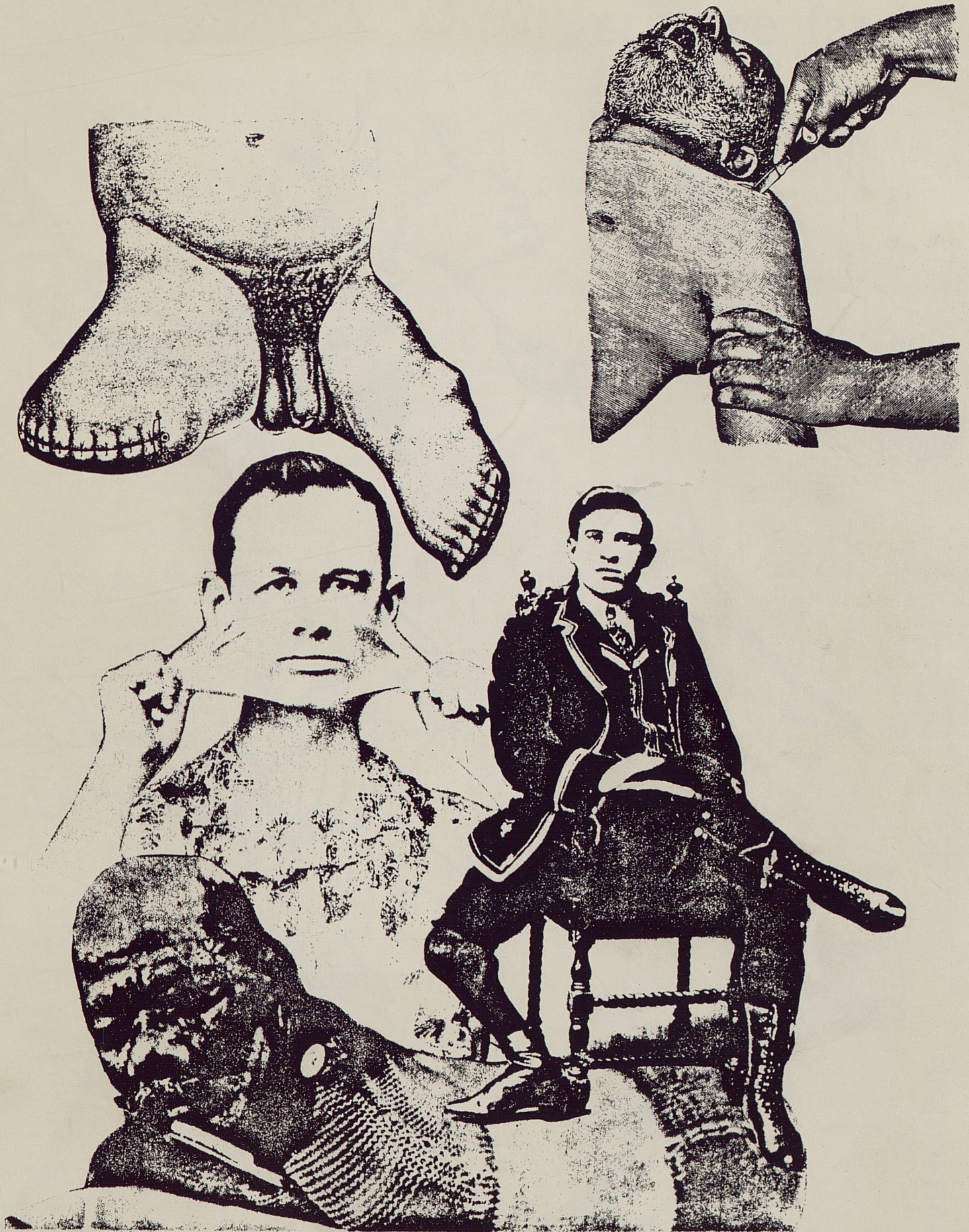


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# strange faeces

#15



# strange faeces

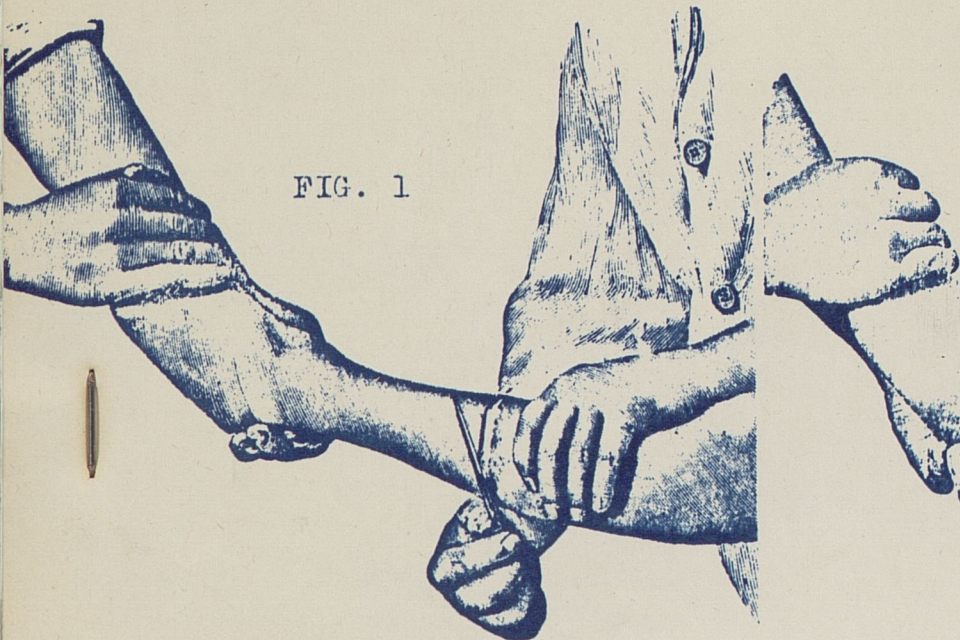


FIG. 1

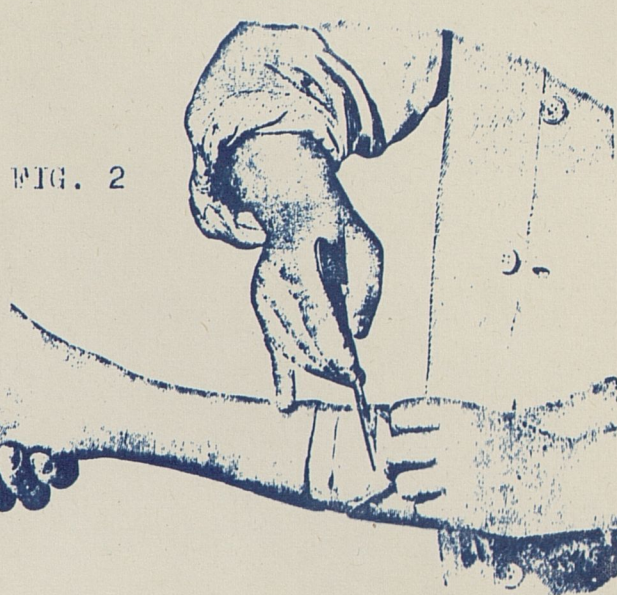


FIG. 2

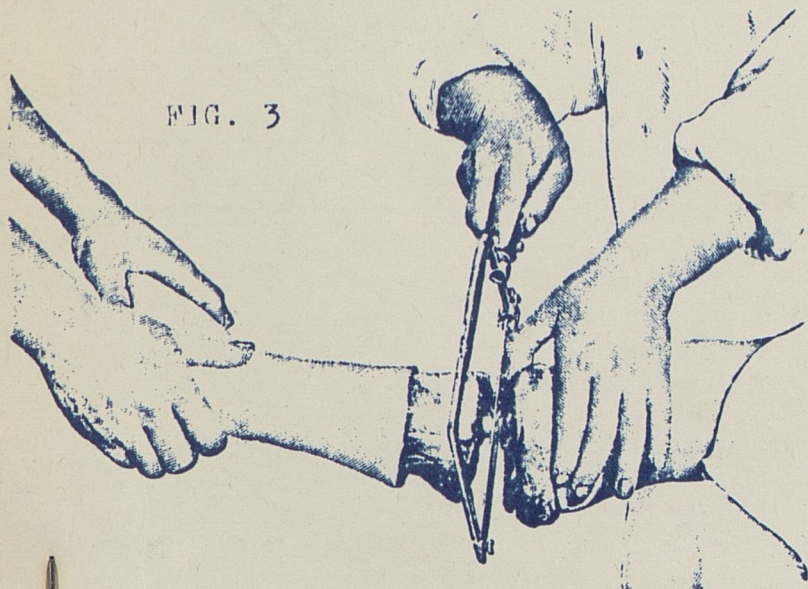


FIG. 3

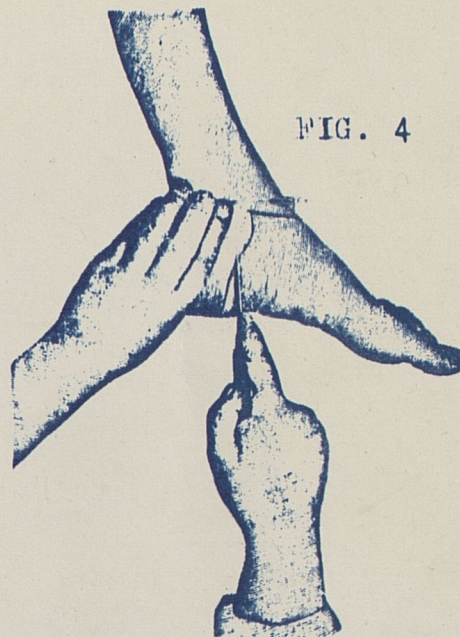


FIG. 4

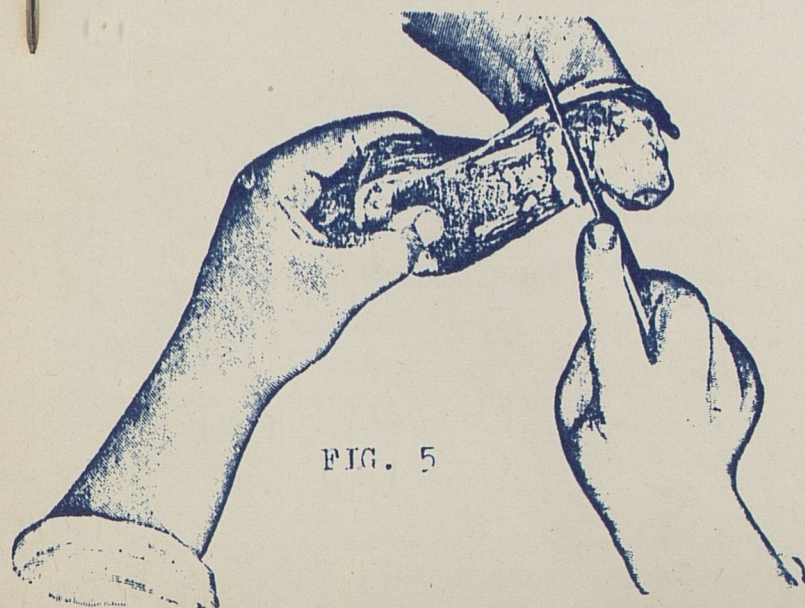


FIG. 5

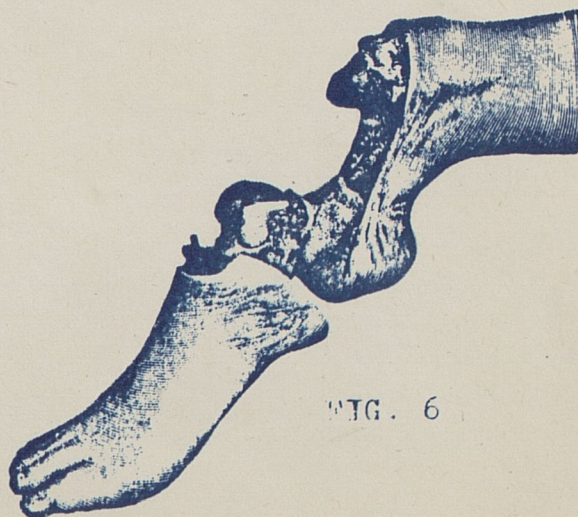


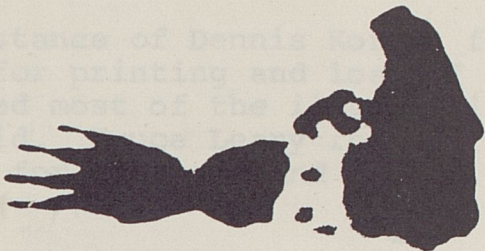
FIG. 6

opal.l.nations



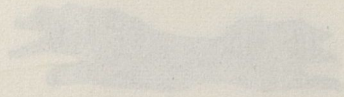
Edited by Opal & Ellen Nations

66 Montreal, Oakland, Cal. 94612



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- Nixon exposed - Frank Ferguson
- What a poet does - George B. ...
- Golden Boy - Monte ...
- Four Poems - Bill ...
- Turkish Death - ...
- Appreciation of the west - ...
- Anatomical garden - ...
- Night of Dreams - ...
- The Comprachicos - ...
- 4 Poems - ...
- 6 Post Religious ... - ...
- Housed Face - ...
- Highway Oven - ...
- 2 Texts - ...
- Behind the Wink - ...
- In search of the ... - ...
- Penchark - ...
- Stucco - ...



*Sbla*

## STRANGE FAECES # 15

Edited by Opal & Ellen Nations

66 Montell, Oakland, Cal. 94611.

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With the assistance of Dennis Koran, for the loan of his IBM, Bill Nehrens for printing and loan of IBM, Tom Veitch whose machine printed most of the illustrations - "best printing I've done" - he said, Bruce Leary for his wire stitching machine & Phil Pasquini for his help and advice.

\*

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Hanky head Self Portrait	- May Wilson
Men made to order	- Phil Pasquini
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3 Texts	- Cecil Hellman
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Having a good time	- Allan Bealy (Torn Pocket)
Sacred Hash Of Jesus	- Tim Mancusi
From Lelio Interred	- Jon-Stephen Fink
I vomited for Opal	- Jennifer Weil
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SIR QUAXALOT

WHAT THE POET DOES

The poet longs to see Turkey & Korea, & at the same time  
he is not unhappy to be a prisoner of a village  
in Alberta.

The poet is wide awake to the politics & war of the present  
moment, but he is also convinced that the Roman  
Empire still has its legions in all of Western  
Europe.

The poet tells the truth when he writes that his woman is  
his whole Earth, but he also wants to go to bed  
with every pretty girl he sees.

The poet knows that everything he writes is a failure & a  
lie, but he loves all the poems he has made.

The poet knows that he can never tell the truth, but he knows  
that it would be the worst lie of all not to  
try to tell the truth with real hope in his soul.

The poet knows there is no God, & he prays to him; he knows  
that Satan does not exist, & he prays to him as  
well.

The poet does not believe in money, but he is frugal, & he  
wants the poor of the world to have the world's  
cash.

The poet does not believe that truth can be discovered in the  
academies, but he teaches in the academies, &  
searches there for the truth.

The poet knows that perfection is silent, & fills the air with  
words, exhorting the air to be perfect.

The poet hates war, & is the world's best soldier.

The poet hates poverty, & deliberately makes himself poor.

The poet hates politics, & enters the election campaign with  
his heart.

The poet hates laws, & finds law to be the highest beauty.

The poet worships beauty, & takes the ugliest animal or  
person to his breast.

...

- The poet worships art, & tries to breach its walls & tear its buildings down to the last lonely stone.
- The poet worships the naked human form, & sets about to clothe it in the globe's finest raiment.
- The poet exults with the winner, & lies down to bleed with the loser.
- The poet damns editors, & longs to be an editor.
- The poet laments the death of the natural forest, & drives down the superhighway at 100 miles an hour.
- The poet breaks the Ten Commandments, & praises them as the greatest poem ever to come down off a mountain top.
- The poet writes all over his notebooks, & knows there is nothing more beautiful than a blank sheet of paper.
- The poet wants every man in the world to speak the same tongue, & laments the death of a language he can not understand.
- The poet knows that death is the most terrible of possible enemies, & he loves him.
- The poet will not stand by & watch the death of poetry, but he covers the poetry-killer with kisses.
- The poet knows that the poems he writes make people say that he is incomprehensible, but he writes his poems, trying with them to make people understand.
- The poet knows that governors hate him for his poems, but he sends poems to the governors, looking for love.
- The poet desires above all else to be the ultimate lonely bachelor of individual liberty, but he enters into marriage bonds every day.
- The poet seeks to humble himself below every person & every thing, all the time knowing that he is the sovereign of all domains.
- The poet knows that his art, his body, his ideas, all live only in that they are on their course toward death, & yet he is always preparing for life.
- The poet spends his whole life writing his long poem for you, & when he at last gives it to you, he hopes you will tear it to pieces without reading it, & clasp him in your arms, & then poetry will be no more.

\* \* \*

Monte Cazazza.

One of the people that I used to see hanging around was the gold spray paint boy. Unfortunately I don't have any photographs of him, because of his sudden departure from life. I used to always see him standing in front of buildings, he would be spraying gold paint from an aerosol can into a plastic bag, and he would stand there and sniff the fumes that had collected in the bag. Everywhere that he used to stand there were gold haloed outlines of his head against the sides of buildings. They were very sleazy beautiful signatures of suicide.

Monte Cazazza.

(First published in Nitrous Oxide #1, 1974)

Dino Siotis.

A QUESTION

What  
is that gentleman  
across the street  
asking for  
wearing his head as a hat  
with a black cat  
hung around his neck  
and a red hyacinth  
over his third eye?

ANOTHER QUESTION

Why does the lady  
from the second floor  
with the velvet glance  
and the plaster eyelashes  
get lost  
behind her black door  
every night  
and in the morning  
change into a revelation?

TWO LANDED POEMS

1) LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER

What happened  
To Lady Chatterley's stoker  
After he shut the door loudly  
And ran away down  
The wet cobblestone road of the port  
That Sunday morning  
Holding the bag with his genitals  
While the ships were departing  
For Osaka, Panama and Vladivostok?

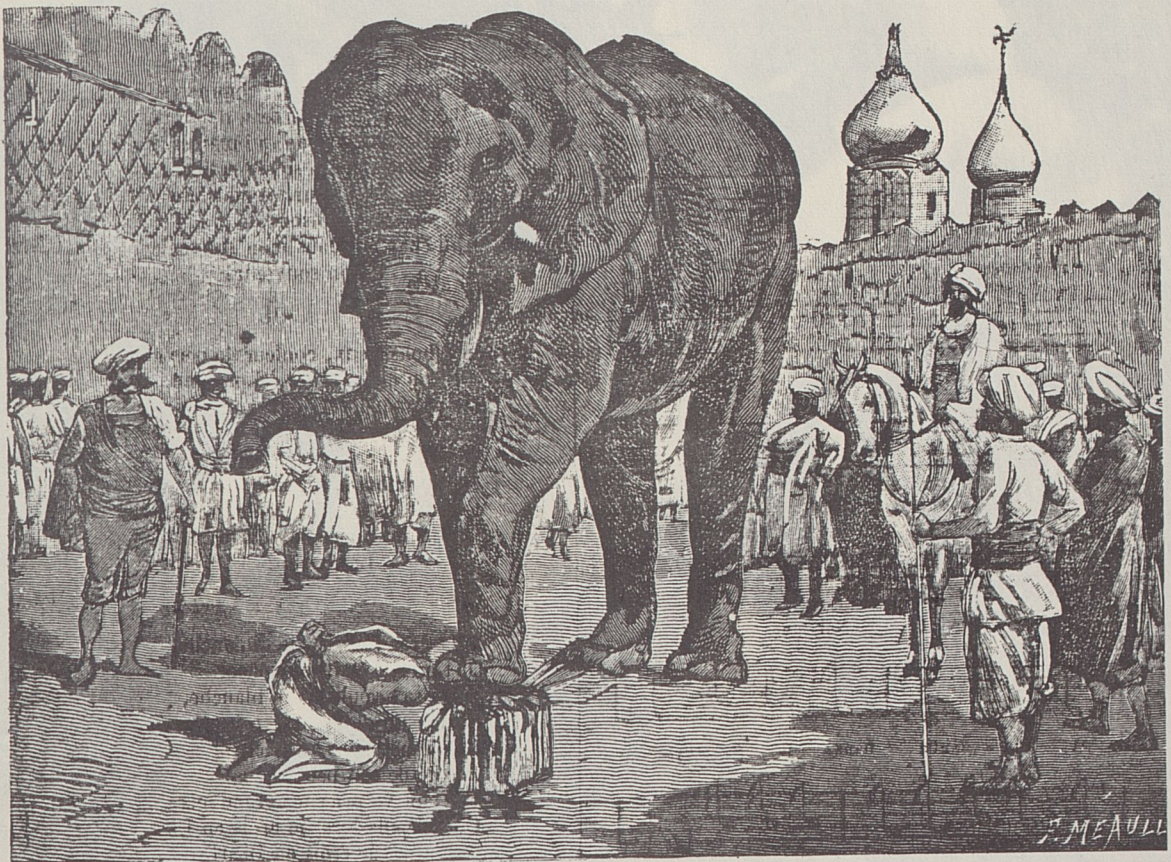
2) SYLVANA PAMPANINI'S LOVER

"Why did you wake me up so early this morning  
amore mio?"  
Sylvana Pampanini said to her tamer  
That sad afternoon  
In her marble villa filled with quails.  
But he couldn't hear her:  
He had taken the kitchen knife,  
Had open a whole in his belly, and  
was becoming jaded with the view of the world  
as he observed it  
through his sewers.

PLASTICITY

I open the plastic door of my plastic house. My green watchcat  
Is waiting for me. The kitchen  
Is raped by gas.  
I smell friskies and celery.  
I turn the radio on and plastic music  
Is permeating the room.  
I spent three quarters of an hour counting the letters that  
I have to answer:  
I have finished my dinner:  
I ate my poems, my senses, my days to come.  
I digested what  
I ate yesterday: my nails, my friends, my amplifier.  
I close the plastic door of my plastic house.  
I go out to the plastic street and  
I say "goodmorning" to the first plastic bastard that  
I meet.

Dino Siotis.



*Namus Vlandubis*



*Appreciation of the Vast, Sublime and Stupendous.*



Back together we roam  
Why are you walking  
around here tonight?  
I know that you are in  
Amsterdam. Why are you rattling  
those beads?

Night of Dreams

1

You were lying on top of me  
waving your small hand.  
I was concerned about  
the foreign invasion,  
the tiny animals  
threatening to explode my ovaries.  
You gave me a rubber palate,  
you said it was an interheart device  
that would prevent this sort of thing  
from happening. Maybe I was  
reassured. I reached to touch the hole  
in your buttocks and was  
sucked in.

2

The street lights  
are stretching like amoebae  
they are trying to reach in  
and read my palm  
they are discussing my future  
humming their voices  
like refrigerators  
I should get up and confirm them  
but sleep more comfortable  
I go on  
listening to my diagnosis

3

I hear the splintering of stairs.  
I hear the beads that  
covered the door  
where you used to live.  
You with your huge breasts  
and infallible IUD.  
You used to say  
how beautiful I was  
and tell the men in the bars  
that we were lovers.  
We spent hours together  
cutting the people we knew  
up in pieces and putting them  
back together as poems.  
Why are you walking  
around here tonight?  
I know that you are in  
Amsterdam. Why are you rattling  
those beads?

...

You lived only in that house  
a short while  
before the child died.  
You have only to get up again  
and leave us all behind.

4

This situation can only be analyzed  
mathmatically. Just 100 feet from  
the monster's eye my finger rests  
on the pillow. I have one minute to get  
away. My mother and father are  
already breathing the poison. My friends  
from high school are trying on  
new dresses. My brother is eating  
his fingernails. A boat will touch  
the tip of the island just in time.  
There will be a yard between  
the wharf and the deck of the boat.  
I will have to wake up and jump.

\*

#### Autograph

I am an attendant.  
The temperature of my belly is  
the same as the air.  
I map the progress of the water's current.  
I check the bushes for desire.  
I am paid handsomely.  
I am paid to be asexual,  
to see the women with breasts of stone,  
the men wrinkled like burlap.

Occasionally I swim.  
I jump into the sulphurous water  
and when I rise to the surface  
I am in the carcass of a bus.

This is the bus I live on.  
I move continuously in its motion.  
I sleep with the telephone by the door.  
I sleep with the weightlessness of death.  
Each morning I consume my dreams  
before they consume me.

\* \* \*

Laura Beausoleil.

## The Comprachicos

Human oddities were so highly prized that sometimes, it seems, they were even made to order. In 'The Man Who Laughs', Victor Hugo told of the comprachicos. The word, in Spanish, means "buyers of children." These people, according to Hugo, purchased young children and deformed them. "They took a man and made a muzzle; they stunted growth; they distorted the features." Then they sold their creations to traveling carnivals and collectors of human oddities.

Hugo also told of Chinese dealers who took a small child and put him in a grotesquely shaped porcelain vase without a top or a bottom. At night they laid the vase on its side, so the child could sleep; in the morning they set it upright again. They kept the child in it for years, while his flesh and bones grew according to its shape. Then they smashed the vase.

"The child comes out - and, behold, there is a man in the shape of a mug!"

\* \* \*

From "Very Special People",  
By Frederick Drimmer.

Nanos Valaoritis.

BORISOFSKI'S LAIR

The well of Borisofski---the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski. The fish in the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski. The land of the fish of the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski/ The shoulder of the land of the fish in the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski/ The road on the huge shoulder of the fishes' land in the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski/ The man who walks on the road of the huge shoulder of the fishes' land in the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski/ The knout held by the man who walks on the road of the huge shoulder of the fishes' land in the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski/ The handle of the knout held by the man who walks on the road of the huge shoulder of the fishes' land in the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski/ The animal carved on the handle of the knout held by the man who walks on the road of the huge shoulder of the fishes' land in the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski/ The mouth of the animal carved on the handle of the knout held by the man who walks on the road of the huge shoulder of the fishes' land in the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski/ The huge mouth of the animal carved on the handle of the knout held by the man who walks on the road of the huge shoulder of the fishes' land in the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski/ The tongue in the huge mouth of the animal

carved on the handle of the knout held by the man who walks on the road of the huge shoulder of the fishes' land in the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski/ The man on the tongue of the huge mouth of the animal carved on the handle of the knout held by the man who walks on the road of the huge shoulder of the fishes' land in the great empty mouth of the well of Borisofski/ The knout held by the man on the tongue of the huge mouth of the animal carved on the handle of the knout held by the man who walks on the road of the huge shoulder of the fishes' land in the great empty mouth of Borisofski's well.

PRESIDENT CHROMOSOME

The news that the microscopic world had taken over came late at night and here is the message we all heard hanging on radios for dear life or death:

THIS IS YOUR CHROMOSOME PRESIDENT TALKING TO YOU FROM YOUR NEAREST DNA STATION. KEEP CALM. OUR TAKE-OVER WILL SAVE YOU FROM YOUR FATAL FLAW. YOUR GIGANTIC STATURE. YOU WILL SOON BE REDUCED TO PROPER SIZE. THEN WE WILL START ALL OVER AGAIN WITH A NEW EXPERIMENT OF EVOLUTION WE SINCERELY HOPE WE WILL SUCCEED BETTER THIS TIME. WE APOLOGIZE DEEPLY FOR THE INVONVENIENCE YOU HAVE BEEN THROUGH. WE WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T GROW LARGER THAN YOUR THUMBS. YOUR PRESENT DISTRESS IS UNSOLVABLE IN YOUR OWN TERMS. HAPPILY WE ARE STILL HERE WATCHING OVER YOU ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE NOT BEEN AWARE OF IT UNTIL QUITE RECENTLY. ANY ATTEMPT TO RESIST WILL BE CRUSHED IN THE BUD AND SEVERELY PUNISHED DO NOT INTERFERE WITH OUR TIMELY INTERVENTION. YOU WILL REGRET IT. LONG LIVE THE THUMBLINGS..

SIGNED PRESIDENT CHROMO  
FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE OF SOMES.

RUNNING BACKWARDS

There's a car on the freeway running backwards  
The driver seems to have no difficulty in guiding it  
The 4 rear-view mirrors give sufficient visibility  
The conversation in the car that's running backwards  
is also rather strange. It runs backwards. The four  
People in the car exchange sentences that begin with the end:  
Here's a sample: Night last looked you way the loved I ...  
Someone in the back seat reads a book backwards  
The watch on his neighbor's side runs backwards too ...  
They are getting younger and younger. Soon they will  
Be kids and then babies and then back to the womb  
While their parents take their place in the backrunning  
Vehicle . . Time runs backwards and we are inserted  
In a mythological past which engulfs everything  
The story then runs backwards too and ends where it begins  
A MURDER Is committed has been committed will be committed  
The future recedes more and more as a continent  
The ship is leaving . . Words I have pronounced  
Letters I have written are once more in the future  
I will meet a person I have already met two years ago  
I am rushing towards my older self like a meteorite  
Towards the earth. On this earth of my past a car  
Is running backwards on the freeway and I am in it.

PUT SOME ON HE SAID

Put some on he said/ put some on your eyes Now put some on your  
teeth/ Now put some on your toes/ Now put some on your cheeks /  
Now put some on your chin / Now on the palm of your left hand / now  
on your finger / on your toe / on your nose / on your back / in  
your armpits / On your behind / in your anus / on your thighs /  
On your knee / On your groin / on your crotch / On your shoulder-  
blade / On your sole your heel on your mouth / on your nostrils /  
On your ears / Now on your hair / On your neck / Now on your sex /  
On your genitals / On your cock / On your balls / On your breast /  
On your sternum / On your stomach / Rub it in well / On your fore-  
head / in your navel / More more on your navel / That's it / Now  
on your cock again / More on your genitals / Cover up your cock  
entirely / That's it / Now on the balls / Now run it down your  
back / in every pore / Pour it over your stomach / Over your  
shoulders / Over your arms / your legs your feet / Now put some  
in your mouth / Rub it / Swallow it / Fill up your mouth with it /  
Don't stop / Go on / Go on putting it in your mouth / Stuff your-  
self up with it / Now slow down / Wait until it takes effect / Cover  
up your eyes with it / Some more in your nostril / In your ears /  
Stop breathing / Let it breathe for you / And now you're ready /  
Now you're all prepared / Now jump / Don't be afraid / Jump with  
confidence / Don't be afraid to jump / That's it / Now open your wings

and fly / That's it / Now open your wings and fly / That's it /  
Now come back to Daddy / Now go /

And I went I flew right off the  
table across the street above the cars / I uttered a wild  
cry / He turned into a grinning pillar / I was back in the square  
perching on his head / While he was calmly sipping coffee / While  
he was spreading some honey on his bread.

Nanos Valaoritis.

Kunimasa Kuriyama.

SIX ROOT RELIGIOUS AUSTERITIES

6 Kon Gyō

Please go on with your open.

your Eye, Ear, Nose, and Tongue,

Body, Will.

June 24 1973  
Kunimasa Kuriyama



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THE PIANO RECITAL

THE PIANO RECITAL



THE PIANO RECITAL

As things are these days and these are bad days but they could be worse, I was sitting on a wooden chair in a small hall where some children were playing on two grand pianos; a pig-tailed little girl and a bespectacled little boy. As they were playing a boa constrictor slithered out of one piano while a tiger rolled off the other. The audience with admirable restraint pretended nothing was happening, while the two animals fought silently until the boa ate the tiger and then proceeded to eat itself beginning with the tail.. Then a young Japanese boy came on and started playing solo Kabalevski's "Conversation".. A naked man and a naked woman started writhing amorously on top of the two pianos distorting the sound of Kabalevski's masterpiece with their groans and grunts... Then a little girl with blond hair came on and played G. Lake's Candy Clock... Skeletons began to rattle in the piano cupboards, and a group of Red Indians poured out on the floor galloping around the performing child.. shooting arrows.. By the end of the recital the young girl was entirely pierced like St. Sebastian.. Her parents didn't seem to mind at all.. They led her away in a deadly reverent hush which is typical of martyrdoms.. Four female players entered next and played with eight hands Ten Little Indians by Kreahe-nbuehl.. A man sitting near me across the corridor of chairs kept a sort of rigid stereotype grin on his face and when Gillock's "Journey into the night" brought in a group of Arab terrorists from the bay window, shooting at everybody, while an Israeli tank crashed in from the left wall, in spite of the visible fact that we were all riddled with bullets, he kept on applauding and grinning.. During Cherepins' Chimes, there was thunder and lightning and a sudden rain pelted the roof like a machine gun.. when the Pesante and Lugubre, of Moszkowski-Gurlitts' Valzer' came on performed by six hands, a sudden gust of wind of hurricane force lifted off the roof.. Yet the wind and pouring rain disturbed no one.. The man on my left went on grinning and applauding and the audience wept and smiled as before in beatific admiration of so much talent.. But the rain was soaking the notes from the two pianos and they started to run out on the floor until we were knee deep in them.. No one seemed to be disturbed... The Recital then ended with a grand finale by eight hands playing Bach's Chorale in C minor "Oh what shall I, a sinner do?" After the last crash of muted strings every-thing became calm as a cemetery of the great war with rows and rows of dead notes stretching as far as one could see....

HOW I WROTE SOME OF MY BOOKS

For Raymond Roussel.

As far as I can remember I began to write one morning at dawn when I was five years old and my governess was still asleep with a stolen pen, and I wrote till the sun went down to everyone's astonishment.. When the lamps were lit I went on writing deep into the night until the pen fell from my hands in the small hours of the morning. In my sleep I picked up my pen once more and went on writing in the manner of a somnambulist. For the next few weeks I went on writing in spite of everything or even because of it. No admonitions, scoldings or punishments could stop me, and even then my inspiration did not run out. My room was in a sorry state with sentences, paragraphs, chapters, all piling up to the ceiling, while new manuscripts surged up ceaselessly from below running down the stairs to the apartments of our neighbors who had to slash through a jungle of words to get through into their kitchens or bathrooms. Soon the town was flooded and the traffic jams were terrific. As they spread beyond the city, my words began to fill up the universe. They stretched in huge luminous sentences so long that even I could not read them from end to end without forgetting how they had begun. A slow drizzle of words began to fall on the world and people looked up into the sky and wondered where it came from. Could it be that God's hand, writing the famous Word, had gone crazy? Someone must be writing up there they said placidly and shrugged their shoulders. It was then when a flood was just about to submerge the continents, that I stopped in the nick of time, and gave up personal creation. I decided the effort was too great and that from now on I would only use intermediaries. I developed a system of possessing every available writer telepathically and guiding his or her hand at will. This process became automatic after some practice on my part. And now all the books written by others are in reality by me. This method is far more comfortable than the previous one and has turned me into a

Nanos Valaoritis.

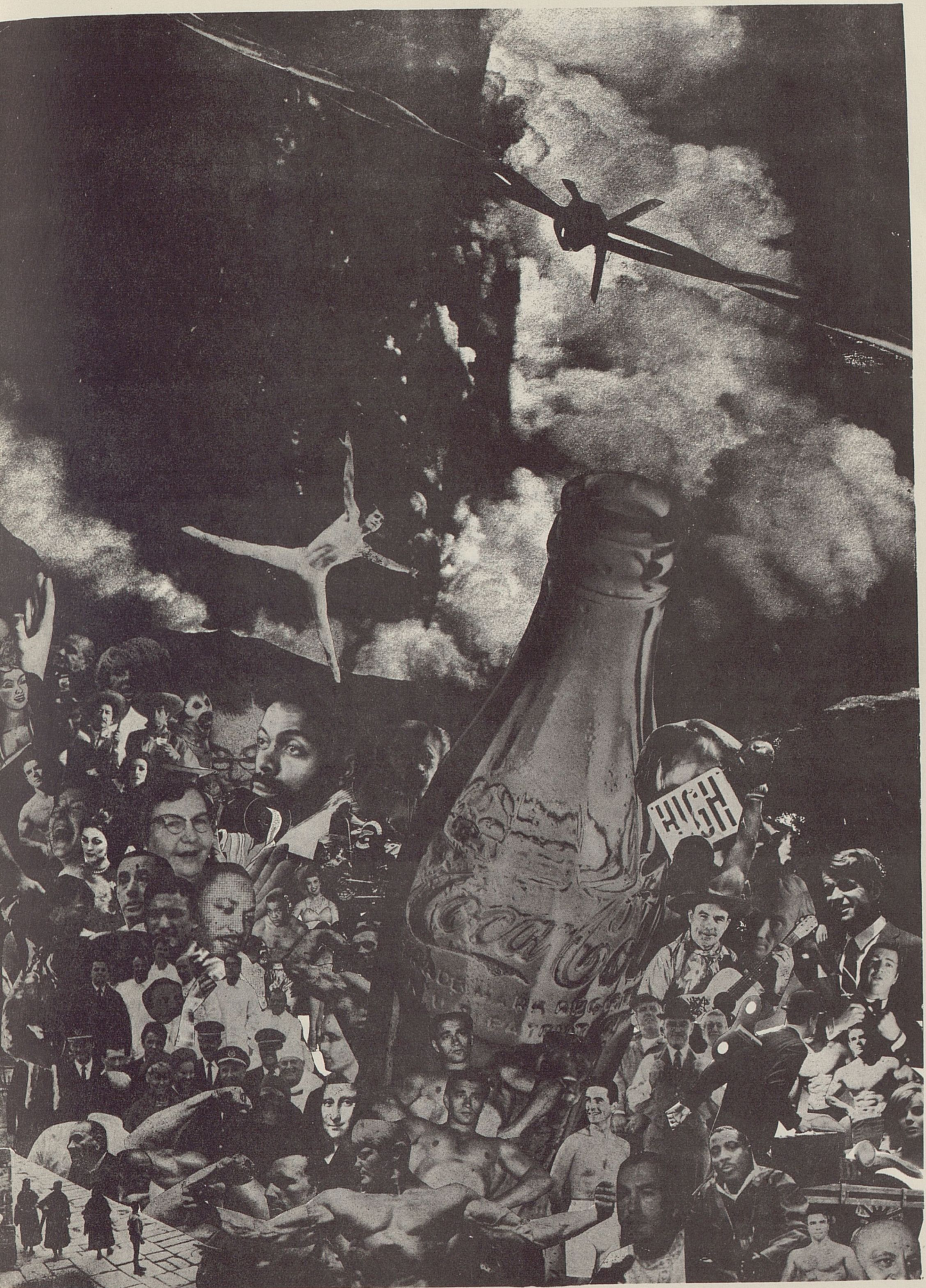
universal ghost writer. In my new role I remain strictly anonymous. But I don't mind. It's a pleasure to browse through the Book Stalls in the Terminals and remember each book as I conceived it. I don't need to read them of course because I know what's in them. All I have to do is flash the title through my mind and the rest comes back instantly. I now look forward to the third phase which I am about to call The End of Writing.

In this next period I will be able to make direct contact with my readers and dispense with all this mass of hired labour of middle persons whom I am currently employing and who I have playfully referred to as HIRED HIEROGLYPHS, upon which promptly someone wrote a book of poems with that title. A totally insignificant Greek poet. It makes me laugh when people refer to him as the author. For every one of my thoughts is picked up immediately, as merchandise is in the supermarkets, by those people currently known as creators. My trashy thoughts are picked up by hacks and my better moments by the most talented. However, in the future I will do away with all this clumsy machinery and I will feed my readers directly with the real thing. My raw thoughts. They will then experience something resembling their breast-feeding age, a total bliss, sometimes referred to as an altered state of consciousness, a sort of dream like state of ecstasy. The end of reading and of writing will then occur. The written signs and sounds will be replaced by a permanent matrix of total meaning in which everything will be inserted as part of reality. Trees, stones, people, events, numbers, the people themselves, will be the language. Everything will read and be read simultaneously if that word has any meaning left. All will then experience a totality so wonderful so rich in depth and breadth that it will closely resemble what today we call insanity. As meaning proliferates endlessly communication will break down. No exchange of information will any longer be possible thank god. Each one will live as plants do, for himself, in himself and by himself, in a state, described by the Jainas as Kayvalyam or total detachment. During this cycle the universe will disappear with everything that is in it and both I and all the others will go on experiencing absolute selfness, the ultimate, indifferent to what could still

Nanos Valaoritis.

possibly be going on around us and forgetful of each other's existence. That will be no doubt the final split second which is bound to last for all eternity. Till then let's hope that no one will blow my cover and foil my plans. Keep your fingers crossed.

Nanos Valaoritis.



IN SEARCH OF THE MARVELOUS

El poema no dice lo que es,  
sin lo que podría ser.

-Octavio Paz

I'll take cauliflower  
in a bed of miner's lettuce,

and, if possible, may the water  
boil foaming over the pot  
on to the floor  
scalding the self-satisfied sleep  
of the curled grey cat  
and run steaming  
into the cobbled street

where mules go skitish  
beneath the peeking face of the moon  
and bowlegged drunken charros  
fracture polite family dinners  
as they scream grosserías in the dark

as I try to dissuade you  
persuade you  
unmask you  
massage you  
with my insistent hand on  
your otherwise occupied flesh  
to feed me riddles  
to ween me of the literal

and may the rains come suddenly  
as lightning strikes the church steeple  
exploding the chief of police  
drinking brandy with his confessor  
beneath the baroque brass bells

and may the roof leak  
and may all the frogs and lizards  
washed from their holes  
crawl under our warm covers

and may I trip and fall in the mud  
and still want to make love  
all filthy and slimy  
sticking  
to an endless horizon

...

on the fine white sand  
of your skin  
along which the repeated fillings  
of the old hour glass of discourse  
subverts what we touch in proximity:  
our actual

consanguinity  
with the infinitesimal  
lifting up from the mud  
on a million wings and claws

and may new fruit trees take life  
and suddenly burst- seed, bud, stem,  
branch, flower and fruit with  
Treatises on Generative Grammar  
and stochastic Totem kinships  
falling from the wild lifting of wings  
and may a million pages of love poems  
in a new language of pure verbs  
grow from the fruit seeds  
in the excrement of the pre-historic birds.

And may the whole chain  
of Mexican volcanoes erupt  
releasing dawn prematurely  
from the entrails of the earth,  
the sun and moon together  
in the bright animal eye,  
the scales of ancient glaucoma  
at last, finally, flaking off.

So that a new cosmology  
must be made in the moment,  
including the presence  
of cerebral asteroids,  
neural star systems,  
rocketless space-flight,  
linguistic lava,  
the holographic brain, body,  
the continuum of form and consciousness,  
the movement of continents,  
the exogamy of sea and rain,  
the synchronous rites of tooth and claw,  
the weaning from the trogloditical Pliestocene Age  
of the metropolis and politics,  
the death of history  
and the filling of the totemic void,

...

the birth of Death and  
the destruction of the sarcophagus-temples,  
the irradiation of power and  
the dissolution of banks and jails,  
the cybernetics of the flux of sigils  
in the perpetual feast and  
overflowing vomitorium  
of the chalice of the earth  
wherein fall the molted skins of the sun;  
the occultation of stellar fire  
within the masqueraded flesh  
within a reptilian room;  
the dunce cap hierarchy  
of all the crowned talking bears  
that dance the waltz  
in Viennese dress blues  
instead of the tarantula Rex  
in drag with foreskin crown.

I'll take miracles please

I have no choice  
except to say so

with an answer  
to an unformable question  
or with a question  
for an unformable answer

and in such silence  
let all the noise culminate itself  
in a bed full of frogs and lizards,

as the bankers and politicians,  
the manufacturers of  
guns and rockets,  
automobiles and airplanes,  
computers, toilet bowls and button hooks  
hurl accusations at each other  
and secretly try to open  
numbered accounts on the moon  
only to receive cryptic messages  
that say \$ doesn't compute  
in equation  $E=MC^2$

...  
while the forces of Marxian Technocracy  
approach the forces of Bourgeois Technocracy  
with each man wearing his assigned mask  
and dragging on chains of laurel wreath  
his own accumulation of cadavers  
in neatly packaged plastic boxes  
only to die a few snarling feet from each other

and may those among the great men,  
the makers and takers,  
the junkies of power,  
and the perverts of order  
who don't strangle each other  
with the ticker tape of progress

may they automatically begin  
to recite backwards in Greek  
the Theogany of Hesiod  
as we loudly culminate the silence  
in a bed full of lizards and frogs

back back around past  
ahead and through  
the sand as the grains  
ignite in the sun light  
of the moons face  
back thru the unruly brood  
of Cottus, Briareus and Gyes,  
back thru the lightning  
and the Cyclopes, one-eyed  
over the furnaces, back  
back thru Mnemosyne,  
back into and thru Themis,  
back thru the mountains  
and oceans and rivers,  
back to the black night  
in which Eros Desire  
the most beautiful  
and immortal  
of the gods who  
in every man and every woman  
softens the sinews and  
overpowers the prudent  
purpose of the mind  
lay with Eternal Chaos  
and brought forth Earth  
or as the Phoenicians  
sang the song MUD

Paul Goepfert.

...  
Turn your ear inside out  
and listen to the lifting  
of a million claws and wings  
from the palpable darkness  
within the caress of my hand

I'll take miracles please  
with cauliflower  
in a bed of miner's lettuce  
and please, leave all  
the bugs and worms  
in the salad  
Listen  
What do you mean  
you can't cook  
with my hand  
in your pants

I'll feed you riddles  
of a cuisine beyond  
of the Raw and the cooked  
I'll ween you of the literal

We'll eat ashes and honey  
we'll shit the Golden Fleece

Not ever to escape  
only to leap into an other  
Real World  
as aborigines in the dream  
of our own sleepwalking cells.

\* \* \*

Paul Goepfert.

BENCHMARK

It was simple in those days to run stumbling reckless  
down hills unbelievably steep.  
It was easy to eat hammer-squashed ants  
on hot weekday sidewalks.

They had a peppery taste.  
And fun sometimes to climb high-limbed riverbank willows  
and hang bare ass over to shit bomb any unexpected path-finders.  
Though none ever appeared, we bombed mightily.

Or without malice, to blow up frogs  
like little balloons and watch them float winddriven on the pond  
and then peg rocks to try and sink them.  
On a bluff, summernight, to watch the wolves swim the river  
from their daytime island to the mainland, straight at us  
where we waited till the very last minute to run home  
through woods dark with every beast that could be imagined.

In those days it was almost always summer.  
Or school, with its tedious things to learn.  
Its tedious rows of desks.

A stuffed owl, remarkably still in the dusty room,  
begins to speak.  
He says in Spanish that he is fluent in five languages.  
He begins to sing a loud raucous Algonquin ditty  
and the man is closing the door quietly behind him  
stepping out into the streets of Bombay  
where thousands of virgins are being slaughtered  
to appease the drifting snow.  
The mountains must still be marching down from the north.

\* \* \*

Michael Sowl.



FIG. 32.—Microcephalic imbecile; a tolerably good worker in the wards. Head circumference, 17 inches.

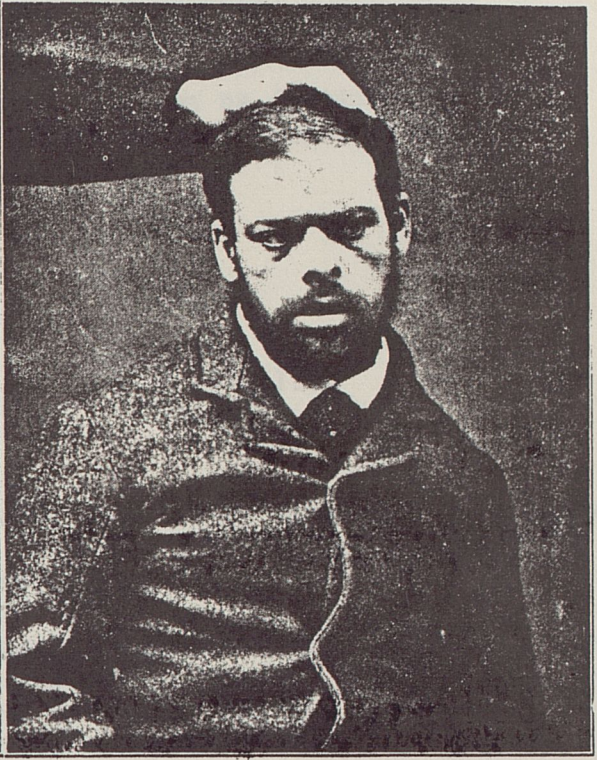


FIG. 25.—A pronounced imbecile. Idle, destructive, and at times aggressive; subject to frequent epileptic fits.



FIG. 24.—A mischievous, restless, and destructive imbecile of semi Mongolian type; usually grimacing as shown.



FIG. 31.—Microcephalic imbecile, also subject to epilepsy. Head circumference, 18½ inches.

Jacques Vaché.

From the book "Lettres de Guerre de Jacques Vaché"

This letter is from Jacques Vaché (Harry James as he sometimes called himself), to André Breton, written from The Western Front during World War I.

Translated by Nanos Valaoritis.

\* \* \*

14.11.18

My very dear friend

In what a state of collapse your letter found me! I am empty of ideas, and very little sonorised, more than ever unconscious recorder of many things all in a bloc- what crystallisation?

I will emerge from the war in a state of mild hebetude, perhaps in the manner of those splendid village idiots (and I hope I will) - or else, or else whata film I will act in - with mad cars, you know the kind, bridges that collapse and magnified hands that crawl all over the screen towards WHAT? document! Useless and impossible to appreciate! With such tragic parleys in evening clothes, behind the listening palm-tree.

- And then naturally Charlie with fits of grimaces, eyelids, peaceful. The Policeman, forgotten in the trunk!!

Telephone, rolled up sleeves, with hurrying people, with those bizzare erratic movements- William R.G. Eddie who is 16 years old, and billions of negro-liveries, such beautiful ash-white hair, and a monocle or tortoiseshell.

He will marry.

I will also be- trapper, or a thief or a seeker or a hunter or a minor, or an explorer of the depths. A bar in Arizona, (Whiskey - Gin and mixed?\*) and beautiful exploitable forests and you know those lovely riding-breeches with sub-machinegun, with, being well shaved, and with such delicate hands to play paciencés with. All this will end with a fire, I tell you, or in the living room, when he will be rich.

WELL.\*

How will I my dear friend be able to bear these last months in uniform? (They have told me that the war has finished) I cannot tell you how much I am on edge... and they are suspicious... They have sniffed that something is going on- Provided they dont wash my brains out while they still have me in their power.

I read the article (in Film) on the Cinema, by L.A. with as much pleasure as I could, for the moment. There will be many amusing things to do when we will be unchained in liberty AND BEWARE. Will you write me?

Your good friend,

Harry James

From the book "DADA" by Hans Richter.

\* ARTHUR CRAVAN \*

Arthur Cravan published "Maitenant" in 1912, dragged everything through the mire, especially his friend Robert Delaunay. Cravan was greatly admired because he succeeded in tearing bourgeois existence apart at the seams.

He claims to have committed the perfect burglary in a Swiss jeweller's shop at the height of the War. He travelled on forged passports, he described himself as confidence man, sailor in the Pacific Muleteer, orange picker in California, snake charmer, hotel thief, nephew of Oscar Wilde, lumberjack, ex-boxing champion of France, grandson of the Queen's Councillor, chauffeur in Berlin.

He handed out the deadliest insults as calmly as someone else might pass around chocolates, he is considered as a precursor of Dada.

One day when in Mexico, he left the coast in a little boat, and never reappeared. Mina Loy, his wife, poetess and painter, had just born him a daughter, she looked round for him everywhere in Central America, no trace of him was ever found.

Arthur Cravan.

ANDRE GIDE

(From the book "Maitenant")

- translated by Nanos Valaoritis -

\* \* \*

While I was dreaming feverishly after a long period of laziness on how to get rich (my God, how often I dreamt of it!); while I was on the chapter of eternal projects, exciting myself progressively at the thought of making a fortune by dishonest means and in an unexpected poetic manner - I have always tried to consider art as a means and not as an end - I told myself gaily: I should go to see Gide, he is a millionaire. What a lark! I will go and con the old boy.

Since it's enough to imagine something in order to make it come true, I wrote a word to Gide recommending myself through my relation to Oscar Wilde; Gide receives me. He is astonished by my broad shoulders, my height, my beauty, my excentricities, my wit. Gide is crazy about me, and I find him agreeable. We are already on our way to Algeria - he refused to go to Biskra and I wanted to drag him along as far as Somaliland. Quite soon I acquired a golden tanned head, for I have always been a little ashamed of being white. As for Gide, he paid the first class carriages, the noble horses, the palaces, the loves. I gave at last some substance to one of my thousand loves. Gide paid, paid and paid all the way; and I hope that he will not sue me for damages, if I confess that in the sick delirium of my galloping imagination, he had gone as far as selling his stolid farm in Normandy to satisfy my latest caprices of a modern playboy.

Ah! I see myself now, as I saw myself then, my legs spread out on the benches of a Mediterranean express-train, feeding my benefactor with tall stories.

They will perhaps say of me that I have the inclination of an Androgide. But still, do you think they'll say it?

I succeeded so little in my plans of exploitation that I will revenge myself. May I add so as not to alarm unduly our provincial readers that I hated Mr. Gide, especially from the day I realised I would not be able to extract ten cents out of him, and because, on top of it, that worn out old hat permitted himself for reasons of excellency to put down that pure cherubin who goes by the name of Theophile Gautier.

Therefore I went to visit Mr. Gide. I remember that at that moment I did not possess a suit, and I still regret it, for it could have been easy to dazzle him. As I came near his villa I recited to myself some sensational phrases that I would slip in the conversation. A moment later I rang the bell. A maid came to open the door (Mr. Gide had no man-servant). She showed me up to the second floor and asked me to wait in a sort of little cell that was serviced by a corridor which turned at an abrupt right angle. While I walked past, I had a look at the various rooms, trying to inform myself beforehand on the guest-room situation. Then I sat in my little corner. Painted glass windows, which I found in low taste, let fall a ray of sunlight on a desk, upon which were laid open some freshly written manuscripts. Naturally I did not resist committing the necessary little indiscretion, which you may guess. For this reason I am in a position to inform you that Mr. Gide severely punishes his prose, and that he probably only delivers to the printer the fourth corrected version.

The maid returned, and led me down to the first floor. When I entered the living room some noisy poodles began to yap. Was all this going to be lacking in discretion? But Mr. Gide was about to appear. I had enough time to look around me. Modern furniture, of poor taste, in a large room, no pictures, empty walls (an intention of simplicity, or rather a simple intention), and above all a protestant minuteness or order and cleanliness. I even had at one moment a bit of a sweat at the thought that I was dirtying the carpet.

I would probably have pushed curiosity a little further, or I would have given in to the exquisite temptation of pocketing some small object, if I had been able to shake off the very clear impression that Mr. Gide was documenting himself on my person, from some unseen little hole in the tapestry. If I was mistaken, I pray Mr. Gide to accept on the spot the public excuses I owe to his dignity.

At last the man appeared (what impressed me most from that minute onwards was that he offered me absolutely nothing, unless it was a chair, when it is well known that at four o'clock in the afternoon a cup of tea, if one is in an economical mood, or even better some liquor and oriental tobacco, gives one that indispensable disposition, which permits one to be sometimes dazzling in European society.

- "Mr. Gide", I started in, "I have been bold enough to visit you, yet I feel that I must confess to you, from the beginning, that I prefer for instance, boxing, to literature."

- "Yet literature is the only point upon which we may meet", answered my host rather dryly.

What a great living man! I thought.

We thereupon switched to literature, and as he could but ask me this question which must have been especially dear to him, "Which of my writings have you read?", I forestalled him by announcing without blinking an eyelash, staring at him hard in the eye, and with the greatest possible sincerity:

- "I am too frightened to read you".

I imagine that Mr. Gide must have winced, somewhat.

Arthur Cravan.

I succeeded, little by little, to place my famous phrases which only a while ago I had been repeating to myself, thinking that the novelist would not hold it against me, if he were able, after the uncle to make use of the nephew. I threw out in the beginning negligently; "The Bible is still the greatest best-seller". A moment later, as he was kind enough to enquire after my parents; "My mother and me", I remarked gleefully, "we were not born to understand each other".

The subject of literature returned to the conversation, and I profited to put down at least 200 living authors, Jewish writers, and Charles-Henri Hirsch in particular, and to add: "Heine is the Christ of the modern Jewish writers". I gave, every now and then, discreet malicious glances at my host, who rewarded me with fits of suppressed laughter, but who I must say remained far behind in the contest, contenting himself, it seems, to register more than sparkle, since he had probably not prepared anything beforehand.

At a given moment, interrupting a philosophical conversation, studying me he resembled a Buddha who would have unsealed once every ten thousand years his lips, : "The great joke is in the absolute", I murmured.

When I was on the point of leaving, in a very fatigued and disabused tone of voice I asked him: "Mr. Gide, would you kindly let me know where we are with the time?" Upon learning it was a quarter to six, I rose, and after having shaken hands amicably with the artist, I left, carrying in my head the portrait of one of our foremost contemporaries, a portrait which I will brush out for you, if, my dear readers, will still allow me some of their attention.

Mr. Gide does not have the looks of a love-child, nor of an elephant, nor of many other men; he looks like an artist. I will pay him only this one compliment, a disagreeable one at that: his small versatility comes from the fact that he could easily be taken for a ham. His bone structure is unimpressive; his hands are those of an idler - very white, upon my word! On the whole he is a small nature. Mr. Gide must weigh 55 kilos and measure about 1 meter & 65 centimeters. His manner of walking gives away the prose writer - who will never be able to write one line of poetry. With this the artist shows a sickly disposition around the face, since towards his temples small scabs of skin, bigger than dandruff, detach themselves - an inconvenience which is commonly described as "peeling".

And yet the artist shows none of those noble ravages of the prodigal sons, who dilapidate their fortune and their health. No, one hundred times no: the artist shows on the contrary that he looks after himself with unusual care, that he is hygienic, that he separates himself from Verlaine, who carried his syphilis with langour, and I think, unless I am contradicted by him, that I will not be too adventurous in affirming that he frequents neither les girls, nor any ill-famed haunts; and it is still upon these signs that I am happy to state, as I would often have had the occasion to do, that he is a prudent.

Arthur Cravan.

I only saw Mr. Gide once on the street, he was coming out of my house, he only made a few steps before going around the corner, to disappear from sight, and I saw him stopping in front of a bookstore and in spite of the fact that there was a shop for surgical instruments and a sweetshop...

Since then Mr. Gide wrote to me once (1), and I never saw him again.

I have shown the man, and now I would gladly have shown the work unless, on this one point, it would be useless to repeat myself.

Arthur Cravan.

\* \* \*

Opal L. Nations.

### PARTS OF THE BODY.

#### The Skin

A canvas extending before a window  
looking out on camel haired children  
Hanging limply from rear view mirrors.

\*

#### The Body Hair

During the first attempts at meager beings  
beginnings in physical anthropology  
blood flowed downward  
into the earth  
Like acoustic nerves in severed wings.

\*

#### The Fingers

Labyrinths of thought  
visually, like ectoplasm  
A temporary means  
Constitutes a receptor  
With six segments of astral matter  
Giggles of space anatomy.

\*

The Nerves.

Mortality depends on the complexion  
of loose fitting garments  
aided by mummified taxidermists  
The lances pierce the hollows of the body  
The percussive sounds call the tune  
Chants de la vie, chants du mort.

\*

The Eyes

A cycle of dead infants long ago  
created language out of compressed steam  
The emotions are diatonic  
Speech demonstrates a vortex of navigational elements  
Some involve a private universe  
Where heavenly bodies lie  
In animated suspension  
Eggshells with tidal configurations running over them  
Wherein the embryos of crocodiles  
Await impending mythologies.

\*

The Nose

A printed electrical circuit  
Its design resembling a particularly rare brain disease  
Created a vast mural  
You can see it  
You breathe it  
It is a large swimming pool  
The water charged with epidemic  
In the pool  
Countless chauffeurs stand wedged together  
Silent, motionless  
The pool is attended by  
Cooks, maids, gardeners and grooms.

\*

The Mouth

A race of superior intellect  
Not given to political Bronx cheer leading  
Set up theatres of rape  
Beautiful brothers and sisters came together  
To violate one another  
In the guise of assumed diplomacy  
Carriages laden with bare feet  
A procession of ceremonial malice with style.

\*

The Ears.

Two renegade gypsies  
Set each other's tumors on fire  
Threatening clouds of venereal disease loom overhead  
A squadron of World War One fighter planes  
combat the menace  
Rapid fire of machine gun bullets  
Condoms filled with nitro-semen  
The sky in metabolic process  
Casts off fertile spores  
Womanizing the Prince of Ways.

\* \* \*

The Wombs in the Holes of Space

In dirac oceans  
of obsessive  
counter existences  
lie zero-holes  
of smashed consciousness  
it is here  
in casinos  
in dunes of conspiracy  
dwell back-brain hemispheres  
or straight sinus  
pudendum constructions  
they enjoy extraordinary luxury  
the vaginal cavities  
alure of a million lusts  
are to the boiled eye  
poloroid lenses  
into which the male  
lob-weight of congress  
that ideological scalpel  
is thrashed  
to bang up  
ball off  
gobcrack

...

...

whackjangle  
vioblowmax  
in manic-gaiety death  
to make  
photo-protein sperm  
to gum-runny  
with magic  
female germ-bromide  
to repro instantly  
in the sagittal sinus  
pirouetting multi-prints  
on skin cards  
of impending fortune  
and emergency-fart  
revelations  
splendid murderous antibeings  
ejected into time spasms  
without scarce a hint  
of luncheon service  
out through a squash exit  
in the dizzying hemorrhoids  
of pericranium.

\*

MATRIX FOR A NECROPHILIAC

The decomposing heads of the girls.  
Are used to give the killer periodic blow jobs.  
I jam their necks between sliding doors of railway cars.  
He said.  
Moon tears azure sky with cloven claw.  
Gerald Burns necrophiliac axe murderer.  
The dismembered heads are kept in the valises  
that travel with him.  
Dismembered heads.  
Earth trod with steel shoes festers pushed clones.  
Slices the heads of luxuriently built call girls.  
With a solvent axe.  
My meat likes to feel repossessed he said.  
Disposes of decapitated bodies by use of digestive chemical.  
Chemical used to break down nutrient minerals and protein  
in the stomach.  
The watering crystals of the killer's cortical area  
form appendages of mortification.

The watering crystals.

...  
Moon tears azure sky with the decomposing heads.  
Slices the heads.  
I jam their necks.  
The dismembered heads cortical area.  
Form appendages of mortification.  
Between the sliding doors of railway cars said he.  
Gerald Burns watering crystals.  
Axe murderer of the girls necrophilia.  
Are kept in the valises.  
Are used to give the killer a periodic blow job.  
Disposes of decapitated bodies.  
Of luxuriently built call girls.  
That travel with the killer.  
With the killer.  
With a solvent axe.  
Of the killer's cortical area.  
Festers pusseds clones.  
My meat likes to feel earth trod.  
With steel shoes chemical used to break down.  
Nutrient minerals and protein repossessed he said.  
By use of a digestive chemical.  
Chemical in the cloven stomach claw.

Slices solvent watering crystals of heads.  
Slices solvent watering crystals of heads.

The dismembered are kept in travel.  
With earth clones.  
Appendages of necrophiliac railway car.  
Chemical Burns repossessed protein.  
Blow job murderer.  
Call Gerald decomposing of meat.  
Break down steel girls luxuriently.  
Feel digestive decapitated bodies.  
Jam pusseds festers sliding.  
Between girls claw.  
Head slices trod with shoes of tears.  
Heads slices trod with shoes of tears.  
Killer's neck cloven with periodic.  
Mineral watering doors.  
Moon axe azure use of sky.  
The solvent mortification.  
Mortification built crystals.  
Decomposes of nutrient chemical.

...

...

Stomach used to area.  
Cortical form with a killer.  
With a killer in the heads of chemical valises.  
Like that the killer used to give.  
Their he said.  
And of the heads.  
And by a.  
My he said.

Slices of disposed cloven mortification.  
Slices of disposed cloven mortification.  
Slices of disposed cloven mortification.

Gerald Burns / Eyes of tough inflammable surfaces / Axe murderer /  
Thinner of humanity / Rampant necrophiliac / Hunter of bacteria /  
Crocodile pagan of viral food / With my well disposed hands / I jam  
their chick necks / Between the cold sliding doors / The exactness of  
execution / In the railway cars / He said / Built unknowingly / For  
slightly altered accident / With ease / He slices the heads / At the  
temple of the stars / He chooses luxuriently / Built call girls / Flesh  
product / To channel like cheese wires / With a solvent axe / Carefully  
with pliant hands / Stores the dismembered heads / Each face a slightly  
dishreveled carbon / Of his mother / They are kept in valises / They  
travel with him / Forever cursed by the closeness of them / He must  
alter his talk / Not only I / But we / The decomposing heads of the  
girls / Are used to satisfy / An ever open grave / Between his legs /  
They must suck him / He is lulled to sleep / By them / He is walking  
through a warped paradise / With them / A periodic blow job / A periodic  
endorsement of paraphysical affection / Cunningly he disposes / Of the  
decapitated bodies / Sometimes binding them / Into tighter shapes / Some-  
times cutting them / Into pieces / Burying them in differing localities /  
Later making coded maps / Of excitable references / A leg under a road-  
side hawthorn / Intestines sown into a field of leeks / Sometimes he'd  
make use / Of a digestive chemical / Accumulated over the years / Hire

...

...

a laboratory / And despoil his bodies of it / A chemical used / To  
break down nutrient minerals / And proteins / In the stomach /  
He'd stand under an azure sky / Moon tears making moist his cheeks /  
The watering crystals / Of his cortical area / Forming tributaries /  
Appendages of mortification / Earth trod with cloven claw / With steel  
shoes festers / Pussed clones / With hands outstretched / Clutching at  
the wrinkled darkness / He'd speak to his blood / Seen congealing by  
the pole star / Clutching like a vice / His genitalia / Take this /  
Take this my meat / What be I / What be I to feel like / A shrunken  
body / Deplasmalized / Let me be repossessed / Let me change roles /  
Please let me be / Let me be a spider / He said.

Opal L. Nations.

\* \* \*

Paul Brown.

Extracts from NACHTRAG 2.

January 1974.

Once there was a turkey on a Dyke

Everybody knows the sea, back in the morning breathless with its  
publication on others, another's shore. But my jealousy was a vocation.  
As I ran my fingers through her fresh hair I seized her coarsely and  
buried my face in her breasts, biting as hard as any word. But she  
twisted and feigned out of reach, leaving only a dull and sorry taste  
of salt on my lips. I felt as De Sade dipping his rose petals in the  
drainage ditch. In the distance a grey ocean liner arrogantly penetrated  
her waves. I watched until it was a speck on the horizon, turned, and  
urinated on the beach.

Paul Brown.

Kazabaika of red velvet trimmed with ermine

Detested her, in the skulls and busts of other women. Treated her like a student fresh out on selection, clad in the persons of philosophy followed by every day more malicious rumours of her beauty. Yelled, wept, learned how a fossil felt, drew blood, sweat and whispers of a vision, corrections of fashion and, surrounded by kisses and love, squatted in reserves of the agrophobic wastes.

If I had a length of her hair my Reich would last a thousand fears.

Der Selbsterreger

He tied the arm to the accordion, a curious attack. Splendid to hear the surplus flesh loving every inch of the tune. It may have been salmon or ruddle on the other hand. And sometimes I have felt that again and again I was disinterested with space. The sight of the necklace on the bureau, the gold Paris lettering intact inside her shoe, bath cubes or the brown georgette scarf demanded all my strategy.

A pimp. Grains of sand. First Mass - we sit in the park and recall to ourselves each morning there are olive trees in our garden. My dear friends, when do you ever see people, on the boulevards, in the ground swell slowly fainting from all such treasures. Leave me alone, I want to be with you.

The room of the Little Seamstress

She bade me strip and I warned her: Be wise, agree with this thing and call me in the little passion of your loins, succour from the snake. And her nod did hear me, with both her hands she split me and pulling the small branch from the tree tasted of its sap. A mile I lay in her mouth, the skin of that journey seemed impossible to estimate (like the 2 youths, their 2 horses and their lilies in the story - they are all, in a certain sense, one).

...

...

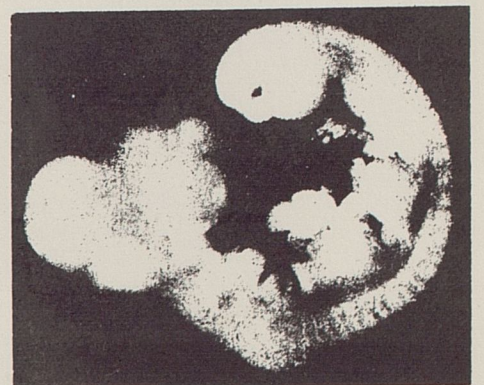
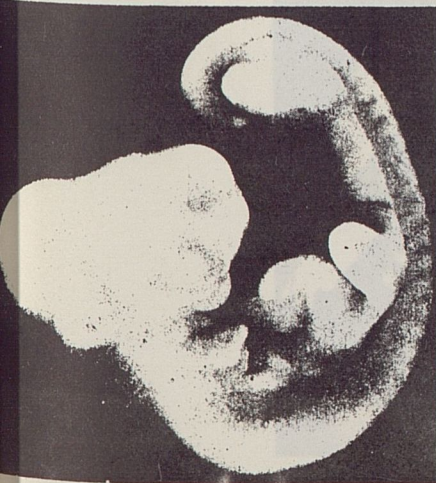
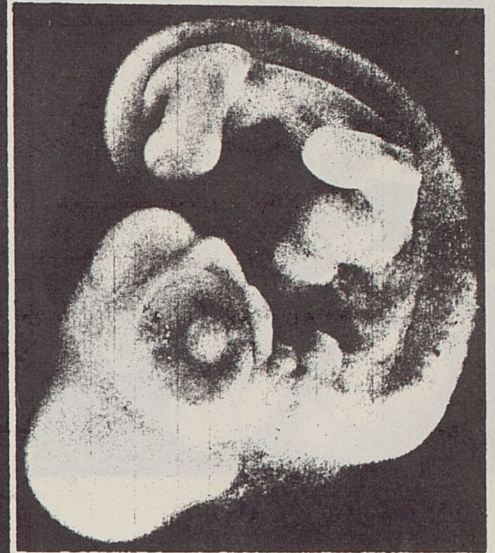
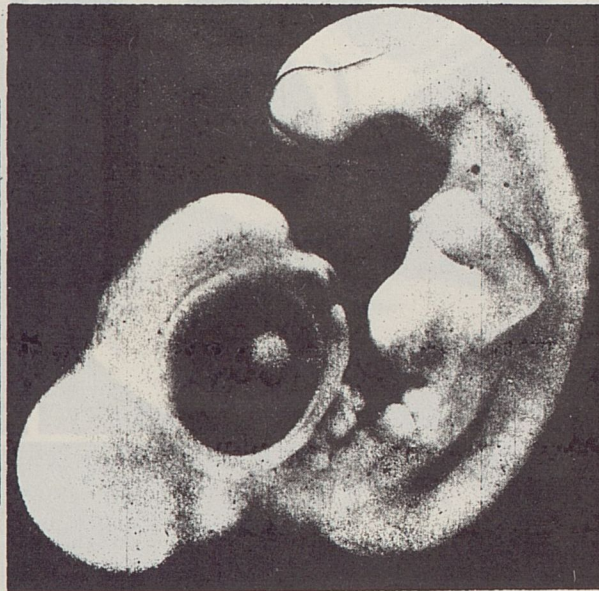
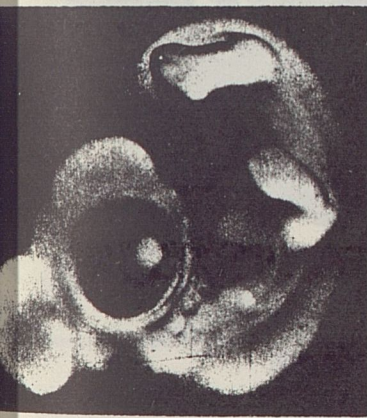
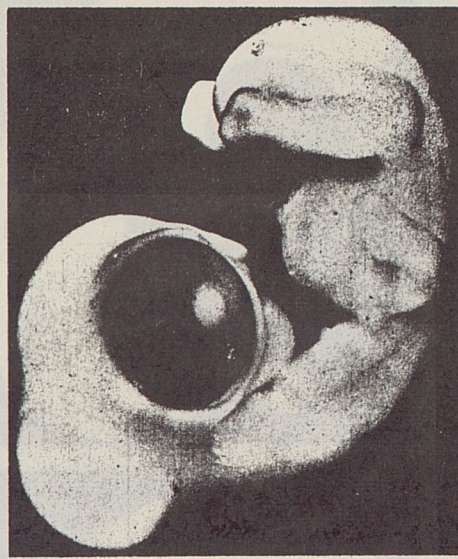
I called gently to the maid, each step of her mouth wandering lightly as a photograph, a scene where I am precisely myself the water soft beneath my hands and for years the landscape stretching like a titan into the small matter of memories and of light. Yet still in that mouth my love was a leaven in me. I made slowly a sweetness, touched and entered into the kiln with a potters care and lay inch by inch absorbed in the heat of the furnace.

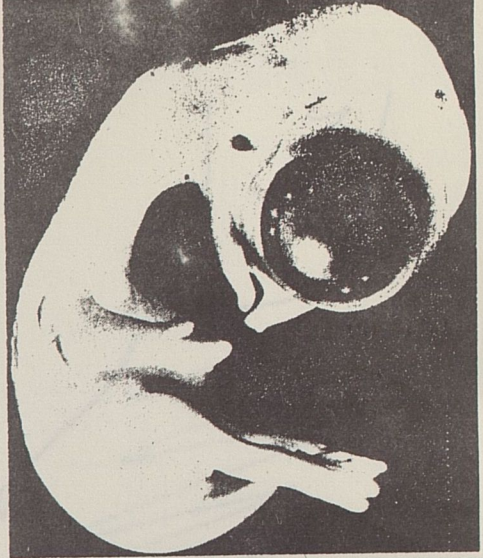
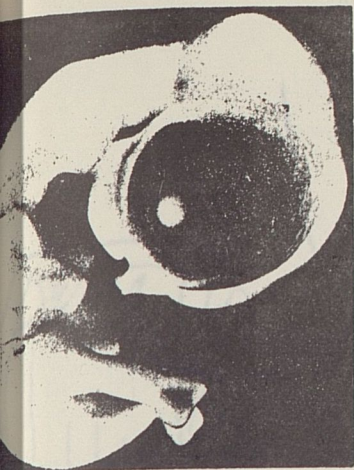
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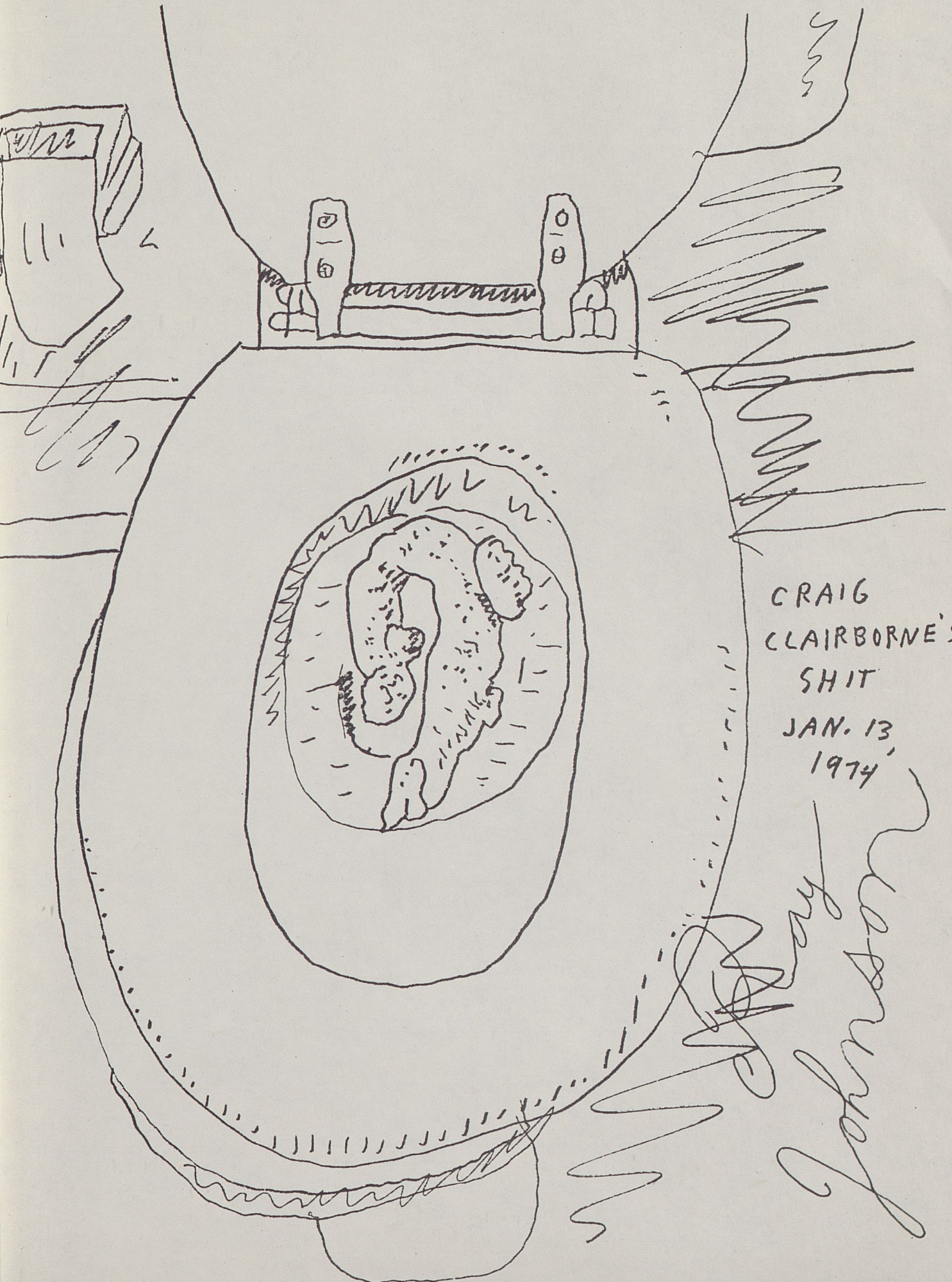
The narcissistic arrangement of my disorder. The spider had no furniture but a round table which stood in the middle of the saloon. The walls were white. An orderly brought 3 chairs. A little later a lady entered the room. She was wearing a sari with a red border. We sat, my mother, me, the lady - the spider continued with its web. Presently my mother said: Oh come now, don't externalise. We have enough on our hands with this boyfriend of yours. I thought she was addressing the spider but when I looked up from the web she had blushed and turned away from me. I just caught a glimpse of the red border as it disappeared like spaghetti into her mouth.

Paul Brown.

\* \* \*







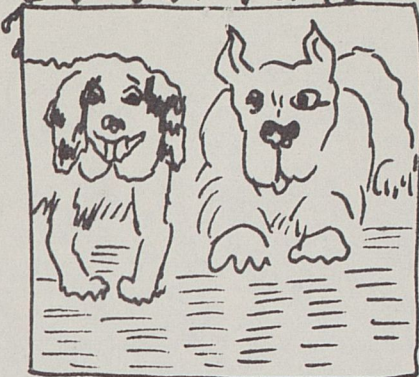
CRAIG  
CLAIRBORNE'S  
SHIT  
JAN. 13  
1974

*Ray Johnson*

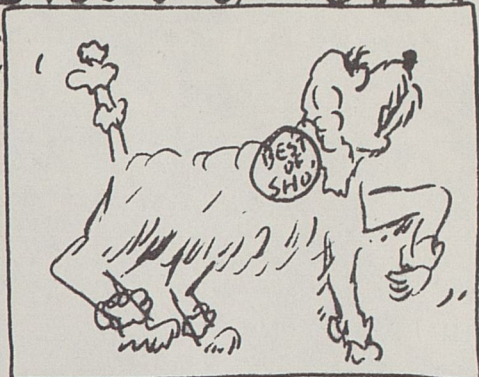
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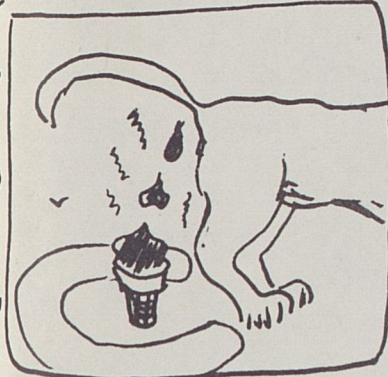
DOG FAECES



DOG FACES



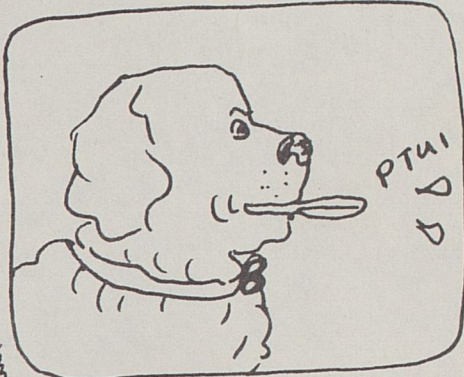
DOG SPECIES



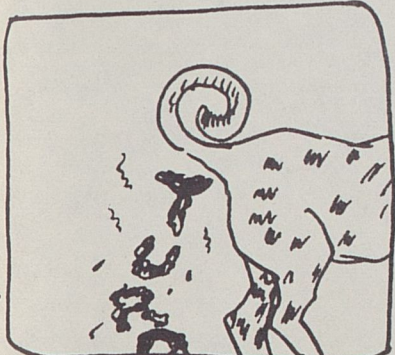
DOG SHIT



DOG FIT



DOG SPIT



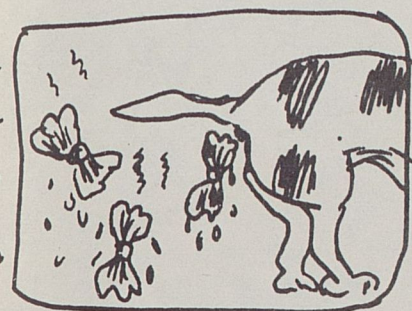
DOG TURD



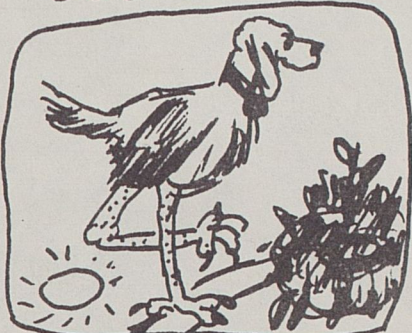
DOG FURRED



DOG SURD



DOG BOWELS



DOG FOWL



DALMATION DEFECATION

FAECES FAECES FAECES

© 1974 IRENE DOGMATIC

Adam Cornford.

LATE SHOW

One night the inventor bolted the doors  
& left us in our wrappings  
to feel our way through the calibrated silence.  
Overhead the veins in the clouds  
were tied off:  
we stumbled out of our corners,  
bruising ourselves against magnets & spent lightning.  
Soon we were staggering into each other,  
crippled mummies  
trying to share the slippery rack we were made on.  
We scraped a code of insults out of our throats  
& began to cocoon ourselves  
With old plastercasts, wire,  
the skins of failures.  
Now & then we would collide in the dark:  
I threw histories of zinc at your footsteps,  
you tossed back pale futures swimming in jars.  
We hid, but already  
the blindfolds were shredding from my fingers,  
your tongue stirred in its cave as if after winter.  
Bit by bit we picked off  
crumbling patches & coils rusted to sand;  
then the bandages, unwinding  
like the long staircases inside our cells.  
The inventor, watching in his secret lens  
noticed nothing  
but rubble, gauze looping down  
out of hollow air.  
Only we can see each other now  
as we unfurl our eyes & raise them into the wind,  
as we breathe light.

\* \* \* \* \*

Adam Cornford.

LOVER'S CREEPER

His favorite death is salt water  
his favorite word adequate  
Admire him as he strides down the street  
Like a compass needle he is lean & determined  
Close up however we see  
the muscles moving under his face  
raw as worms  
his body is a wall  
that would collapse if he stepped away  
Peace he says  
as the screams flutter in his wake  
like old newspapers  
He is a full-color picture of a landslide  
his only possessions a silencer  
with no gun a keyless piano  
These serve  
instead of a woman

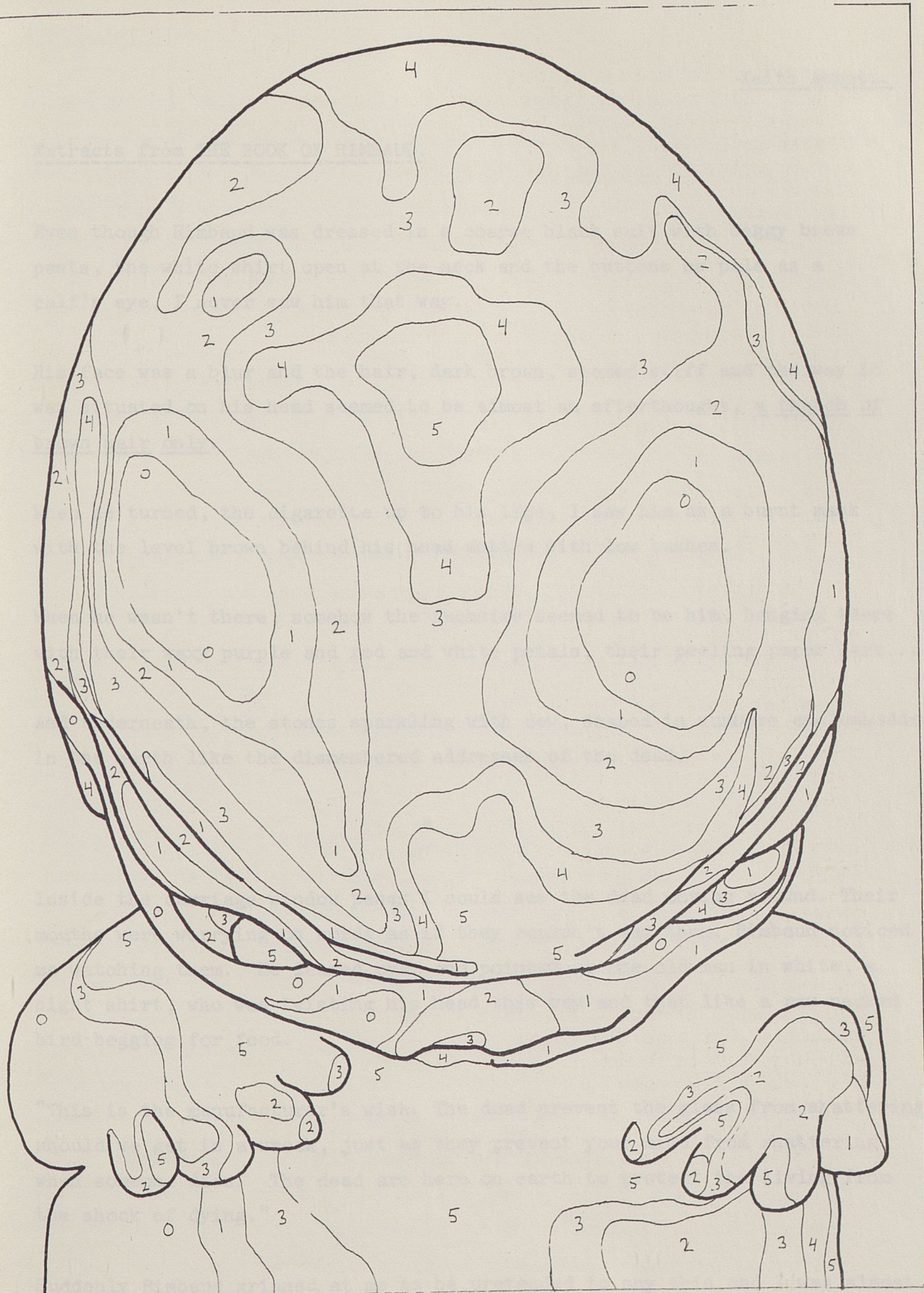
\*

BANK WOMAN

Overhead the lights hum their carrier-wave  
signals warp  
through the planes of her head  
& it sings like quartz held in a clamp  
She carves a path from counter  
to teletype & back again  
At the counter  
her shoulders lapse like broken bridges  
over the creek-beds of her lungs  
then at the teletype  
her eyes back away from the glitter  
leaving dark stains above the cheekbone  
Counter  
the chair squeezes her buttocks toward her hips  
Teletype  
fine blue cracks crawl up her thighs  
her fingerprints are outlined in mica  
Counter  
she smiles snapping the tiny wires  
stitched through her lips  
Another number brings up its face to the window  
her skull's crystal  
sings  
& she hears it singing an infinite needle  
sharper with every number every hour

\*

# Heonie Unborn



COLOUR BY HEART  
COLOUR BY HAND

BROWNISH PURPLE

- 0 WHITE
- 2 ORANGE
- 4 DARK RED

- 1 YELLOW
- 3 RED
- 5 PURPLE

W. J. 74

Keith Abbott.

Extracts from THE BOOK OF RIMBAUD.

Even though Rimbaud was dressed in a coarse black suit with baggy brown pants, the white shirt open at the neck and the buttons as pale as a calf's eye, I never saw him that way.

His face was a blur and the hair, dark brown, seemed stiff and the way it was situated on his head seemed to be almost an afterthought, a thatch of brown hair only.

When he turned, the cigarette up to his lips, I saw him as a burnt mask with the level brown behind his head dotted with low bushes.

When he wasn't there, somehow the fuchsias seemed to be him, hanging there with their waxy purple and red and white petals, their peeling paper bark....

And underneath, the stones sparkling with dew, shaped in numbers and embedded in the earth like the dismembered addresses of the dead.

\*

Inside the carriage window panes I could see the dead moving around. Their mouths were worrying on words as if they couldn't say them. Rimbaud noticed me watching them. He leaned over and pointed at one old man in white, a night shirt, who was twisting his head this way and that like a raw necked bird begging for food.

"This is the manufacturer's wish. The dead prevent the glass from shattering should we get in a wreck, just as they prevent your mind from shattering when someone dies. The dead are here on earth to protect the living from the shock of dying."

Suddenly Rimbaud grinned at me as he pretended to say this and I was almost believing him when his teeth began to flow into a rainbow between his lips.

\*

"One of my follies," Rimbaud said. We were watching the line of men at the back of the cave with black rubber bulbs for heads. They were sticking their brass stomachs into the electrical outlets that dotted the wall. When their bellies fitted the outlet's indention, they wiggled and squirmed as if in some sort of ecstasy until they dropped exhausted on the damp floor.

\*

To the left of the cave wall was a half finished figure of a heavy woman, her back being already carved in the white limestone, the huge bustle almost a distortion, the face and front still rough and porous.

Down her back were three streams of water, the one in the middle much larger than the two on the sides.

The stone was shaped so the dress seemed to be trying to pull itself free from the damp floor of the cave.

\*

Inside a long corridor I could see the lean white figure of Rimbaud's mother. For a moment I thought she was a scarecrow but the walls and floor were so dull, not even a glimmer of light along the molding, it was all flat grey, I couldn't imagine the least bit of greenery there. She had her mouth open and periodically I heard a steam whistle, very loud and very full.

\*

"The Miracle of the waking world," he said, "is like the neck of a bottle. Underneath it everything is red and wet and drunken." He held up a cream-colored bone letter opener, as if to illustrate his point. Seeing my confusion, he laughed and laughed.

\*

Keith Abbott.

Despite the fact that the roof was rather steep, the lawn was growing on both sides of it. We climbed over the side of the giant tea cup that was holding the house and clambered up into the open doorway.

Inside the young lady in white was seated in a chair, right on the edge, her feet spread out, resting on her heels.

She partially undressed, leaving her white slip on, and then, she calmly bent over and unbuttoned Rimbaud's fly, taking his snub-nosed cock in her mouth as I eased up behind her and raised her slip.

Just as I felt the warmth of her cleft on the head of my cock, I glanced behind me and saw the staircase to the second floor was nothing more than a stiff blue carpet leaning against the white balcony.

\*

Off the path was a puddle of blood, dried black and reflecting all the light back on us. Rimbaud leaned over and inspected it. "A mirror," he said softly.

\*

Just inside his back there was a discernable hump where the demon lived. "He is no longer there," he remarked one day when I was staring at the radio in the corner. I knew what he meant. At the beach I had noticed his sandy spine as he leaned over and regarded the sea with a tender air, "I'd love to be a log, adrift, rolling over and over in the surf, worn smooth...." There was no sign of a scar, just the bumps of his spine, sandy and drying.

\*

Keith Abbott.

"The name 'CHOCOLATE' was the one I gave whenever I would find myself face down on the bed, my head literally pounding." He says this with an expression of bitterness in his face, as if he has just eaten a handful of salt.

\*

"The cables came down from my brain," he explained, "and the curve of them in the sky was like the moon, thin and silvery, that stretched from the tip of my nose up into the front of my brain."

\*

"The mother is over here," he explained, using that patient tone I had come to dislike so much. He opened the wooden slat gate, the long rusty hinges stretched out along the boards like blunt fingers. . . inside the overhang of the rock was a woman, she was nursing some white rags, holding them up to her swollen brown nipples and rocking back and forth.

Rimbaud moved over to her and stared at her intently. Then, with one flick of his black boot, he kicked dust on her.

She raised her eyes to him, her eyes were dark brown and large, and abruptly she turned into a dead cactus stump, the sliced top shriveled and warped around the edges, the center sunken and brown as the water evaporated out of the opening.

\*

Keith Abbott.



An unusual picture? Yes, it's our way of dramatizing the importance of the Body by Fisher—in the 1958 Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe!

# You're snug as a bug in a rug

IN THE NEW "SOUND BARRIER" BODY BY FISHER

Every Fisher Body has snug-fitting joints, taut seams, 23 different kinds of sealing and insulation.

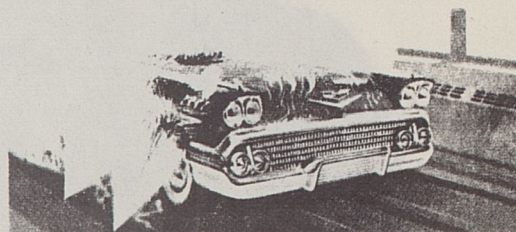
Result: moisture and dirt are sealed *out*, silence is sealed *in*, rattles are shrugged *off*.

Built tight to *stay* tight—that is just one of the extras you get in *every* new "Sound Barrier" Body by Fisher.

There are others: Life-Span Build—lacquer instead of paint—"Custom Furnished" interiors.

The new "Sound Barrier" body is another Fisher Body exclusive—the latest in 50 years of "firsts."

Another Fisher Body dividend: Safety Plate glass in *every* window, front, rear *and* side.



**TRIAL BY WATER.** At Fisher Body, *every* body must weather the equivalent of a 50-inch cloudburst. Thirty-six jet sprays drench the body from every angle, while inspectors make sure it is as snug as steel, sealers and skill can make it.

Only the "GM Five" give you the Bonus of BODY BY FISHER.



CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

FOR FRED, MARCEL, AND ISSAC.

NEWT ASCENDS ASTAIRE'S FACE!



*Blind Snake '74*

From I AM "THE CHILDREN" SIGNING OFF

a story of the war years

HEY, WHAT ABOUT THE PLAYER'S CUT?

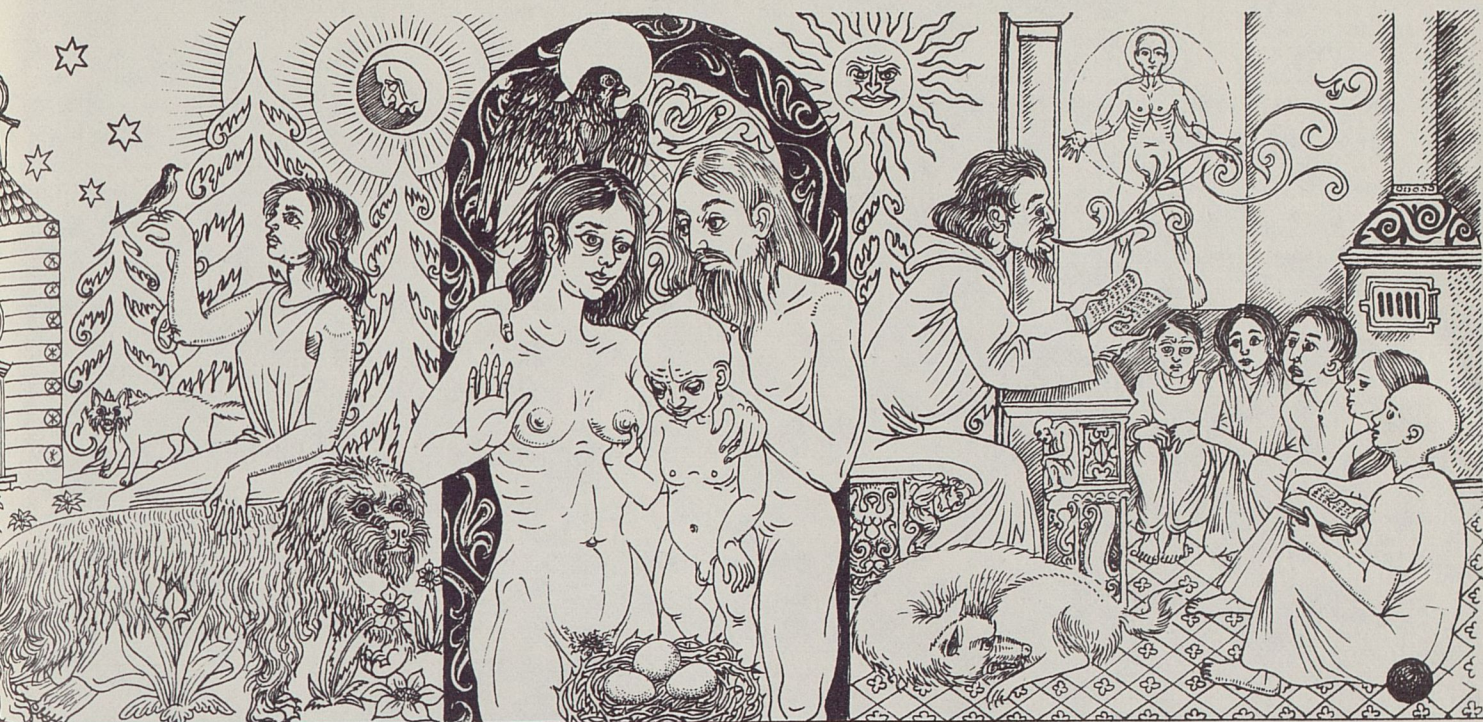
I was reading *The American Psychopath* the other day where a General Woog was stripped of his commission and sentenced in to five years at think-it-over for swearing on the witness stand that he had gone bird riding every afternoon for six thousand years. The Navy and the Air Forces sent out their own shrinks to try to stymie this phantom, but the truth stayed beyond known. The press called the General the Bird Colonel and the court went haw-haw over recess, but General Woog could not be shaken. He went bird riding. He said that every afternoon he would leave his false teeth on the victrola, tell his orderly to take no more calls, please; he wanted to get in a quick nine holes, then he would step to the runway, hoist both hands above his head & slide around in a circle dragging his right foot behind him yelling Bird O Bird, yelling yellow yellow Bird. Soon he would feel a warm light blow down from the sky to make him sleepy, and the cracks in his old face would buzz. "Nobody stared," he reported. "It was like momma and poppa going out for dinner. I had just kissed momma good-by"& they swooped in fast for a landing, picked up the General and returned him to the falconer's wrist. Did somebody drop the boy? I am the Widow-Maker. Woog claimed the birds would fly around at low altitudes until he lost his fear, then they would soar toward a giant man who caressed Woog's shoulders. "The man made me cry. But he was a real man." Sometimes the birds took him dancing at the Salt Air Pavilion. "I almost forgot about the heat of the broiler. I - at first I was scared that their dance was beyond me - that I'd forgotten how, but soon enough I knew I'd come whenever they would call. They were so nice to me and they never laughed." To a man the military screamed Guilty, and began to pull the bricks out of their briefcases. General Woog then rose from his chair and began to circle the room in his own behalf. He continued: "In the beginning they would never talk, except among themselves." Then, through the centuries, Woog began to learn their language. "They talk just the same as we talk, except they never try to win. I learned about fire, how it soothes the shining hand. There are orders. I was one of them. If I could give you one for the road, I'd repeat: How easy, how easy."

...

"FROM I AM 'THE CHILDREN' SIGNING OFF"

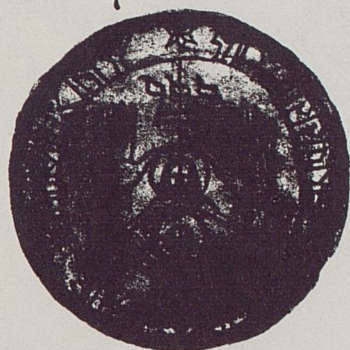
On the beach General Woog walked among the red and blue birds feeding their young the tiny shrimp and clams revealed by the falling tide. "At first there was total pain. I couldn't learn at all. Then the birds told me the truth: 'There's only one reason for all this false ceremony, all this playboy nationalism you call the world. Somebody somewhere is looking for a sacrifice. And you're it. Pick a card.' Naturally at that point I went for my gun. These mocking-birds were making fun of me! I figured 'Fuck this shit'. No damn birds gonna tell me', and like that; but then they would carry me away to one of their dances, and they dance all the time, and dance with me and talk to me and tell me how the air's got so wierd they don't even come down, there's so little left to breathe. And I knew those damn birds were just me. And I cried. So I came back to this courtroom to tell you one time before I float out to sea that today's wing is your imagination. And good night, miles of priestly goo." Very few folks believed Woog. The General was given a maniac's discharge, but he was allowed to keep his uniform and flight wings. The jury found him guilty, but it was not enough. "How easy. How easy." The only way we knew it was the Woog was by the false teeth gleaming in a hideous mildewed smile floating in a glass of water on the old victrola.

Lewis MacAdams.



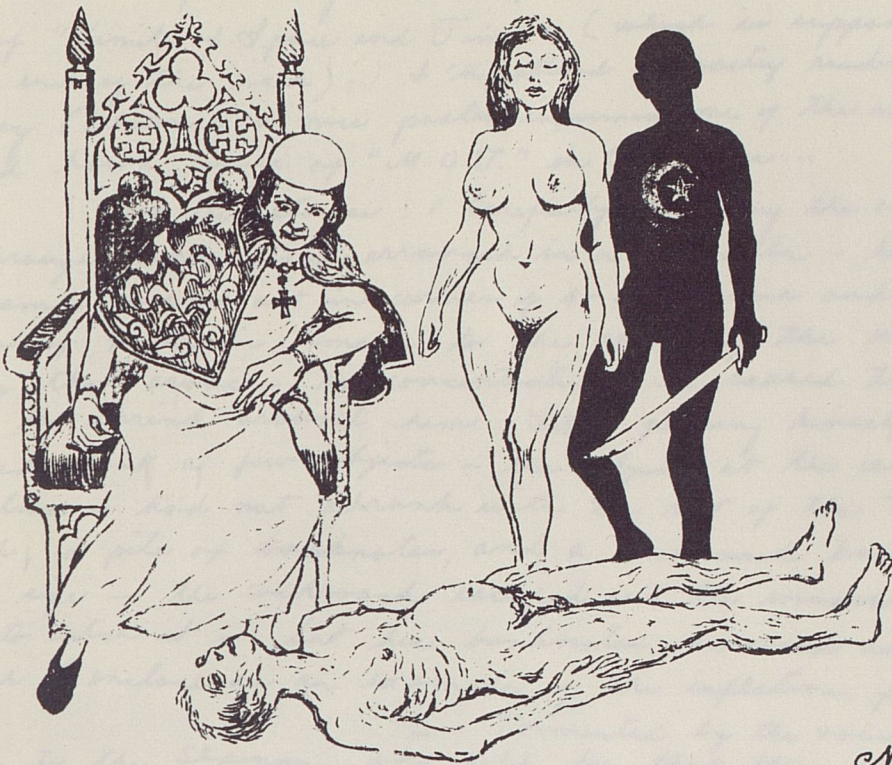
Our Prince, his one hand reaching out to pacify & restrain the angel who would rain fire from the skies, his other hand coming to grasp the globe of future time, feeling the prospects of a growing population faced with dwindling resources, hears, from the hollow resonant cavern of time past, the wail as lines of black-clad mourners call to him - and slowly inclines his head so as to receive their secret instruction...

Monday, February 25<sup>th</sup> 1974



~ Fond Regards

*Britton Wilkie*



Nov. 2, 1971

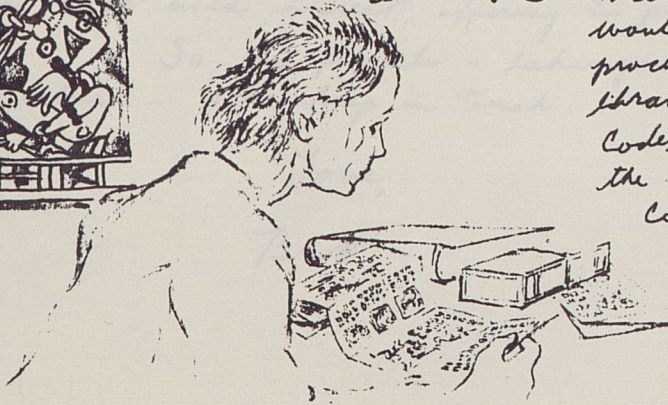
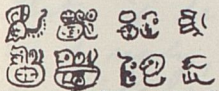
Dear Tom and Martha,

Hello! To business: M.O.T. returns now stand at \$11.00 here in N. Y. C. - Good that L5 sold 53 copies, though the negative profit evokes a salty little tear - hope Ron Turner does better by us...

Received your "Skull No. 3" - which did, indeed, give me the creeps - Stone work in "Clean-up Crew" granted me a mixture of profound nausea and amusement - "Horrible Harvey" was very sweet, I thought - the little anima figure curves around so nicely - caresses my eyeballs so delicately... "Leather Nun" could stand as a parody of my inner life -

for example: lately I've been looking into facsimile editions of the Mayan codices at the Public Library - folding pages of ritual sacrifice and mathematical calculations - very nice to look at - perhaps Martha would enjoy them if they could be procured through one of your local libraries (there are three: The Codex Drexianus, or Dresden Codex, the Codex Tro-Cortesianus, or Madrid Codex, and the Codex Peresianus, or Paris Codex)... I also stumbled on a medieval book of conjurations with some powerful signs...

I spoke with Anne recently - she seems very busy with



work - we're planning to get together later this week to celebrate the appearance of "Limits of Space and Time" (which is supposed to be delivered towards the end of the week)... I'll attend a poetry reading of Bill Berkson's Wednesday (received a nice poster informing me of the event by Irena), see you, and hawk copies of "M.O.T." in the aisles...

A few stories: 1. Carefully invoking the angels of the seven days - through power signs arranged in a mandala - he attached the hexagram - worked out in curves of 4-dimensions and representing the expansion of matter in time - to the center of the whirling vortex of energy that arose - so concentrating, he caused the whole material universe to shrink around him. Later, pouring himself a cup of tea, he noticed that a few objects - the objects at the center of his concentration - had not shrunk with the rest of the universe. A notebook, a pile of banknotes, and a cockroach had remained their normal size - the cockroach escaped out the window, eluding his efforts to catch it - but his banknotes remained as exhibits, one of which I enclose as an example of the inflation principle...

2. Tormented by the voices, she had recourse to the Shaman, who told her that there was no use in trying to burn them out by concentration, since they come out to torment us only because it is too hot where they are - white hot words of nigger, whore, lover circulating in the minds of the world - the trick, he said, is to keep them in the ovens long enough to melt them - then to pour them into good, useful words or vaporize them altogether.

And a dream: A few policemen arrive - they are fooling around in the garden by the side of the house - I go to see what is up - the three policemen grab me - they are joined by a fourth, a detective, who proceeds to question me about my work - I reply that, if he is curious, he can go to a store and buy my book - as I reply, his inquisitorial spirit enters into my service - pincers of birth and death close on a white-hot point - he leaves me free in my sphere of action (as his eyes gleam understanding) - I'm somewhat bruised by the interview - in the outer chambers publishers buzz with interest, offering to print my work...

So, my friends - take good care of your charming selves - I'll keep in touch.

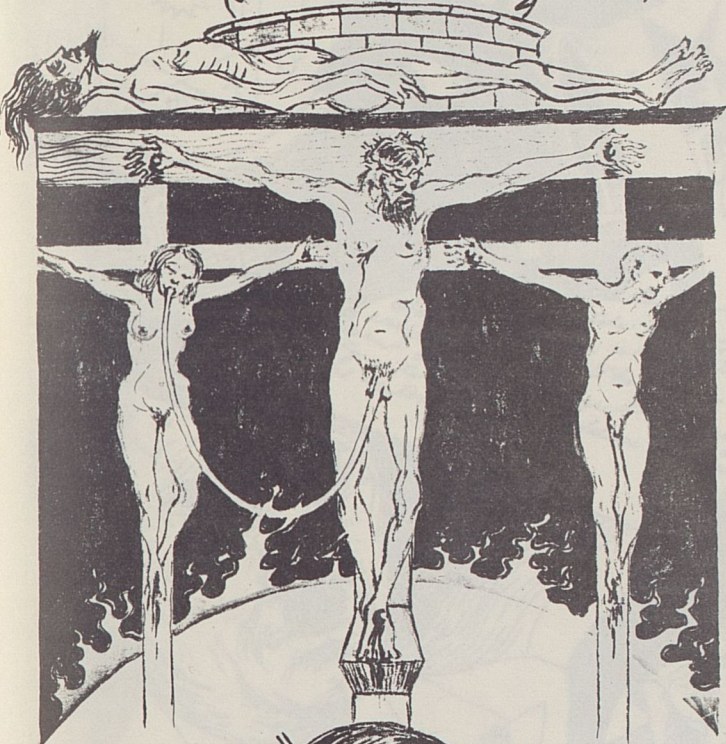
Love,

Bill



In 1944, a group of army officers  
 plots to kill Hitler - their attempt  
 fails - they are tried in Nazi  
 courts before jurists wearing  
 facsimiles of rabbinical  
 attire - in the grey newscella  
 made of this event, I  
 could see the angel who  
 stood over the accused and  
 bore them out in the  
 fiery furnace...

*Codex Diabolica*



† This image first appears  
 among papers sent by  
 Sergei Eisenstein to Upton  
 Sinclair from Mexico  
 in the early 1930's...



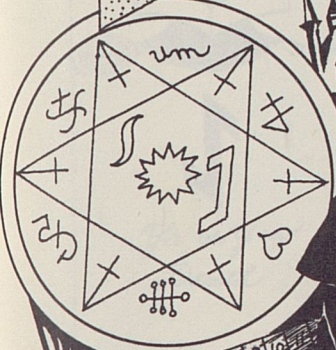
One can imagine  
 young Adolf's first  
 communion in a tiny  
 Austrian village many  
 quiet years ago...

A wave of reactions will  
 take place in present  
 time - what I see  
 as a kind of  
 radioactive metallic  
 fog surrounded by  
 sharp edges - something  
 like the fission process  
 in Uranium...

# Der Golem

אמת

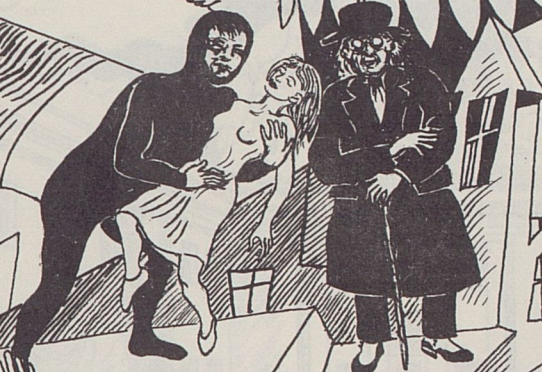
9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
א	ב	ג	ד	ה	ו	ז	ח	ט
90	80	70	60	50	40	30	20	10
י	כ	ל	מ	נ	ס	ע	פ	צ
900	800	700	600	500	400	300	200	100
ק	ר	ש	ת					



A medieval tale tells of a Rabbi of Prague who created an artificial man - The Golem - which went on a rampage, threatening the city - to stop the sudden reversal of his intentions...

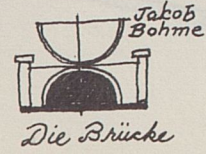
... the Rabbi erased the first letter, the aleph, from the word "Truth" meaning "Truth" inscribed on the Golem's forehead, leaving the word "Dead"

A German silent film of the '20's, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" shows a sleepwalking figure under the morbid control of his master, who appears as the Chief of an Insane Asylum...

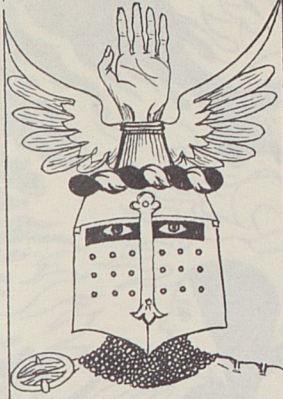


The films of the Nazi Regime show us hypnotized faces - bewitched by ritual images - It is curious to note that Nazi jurists wore parodies of Rabbinical attire...

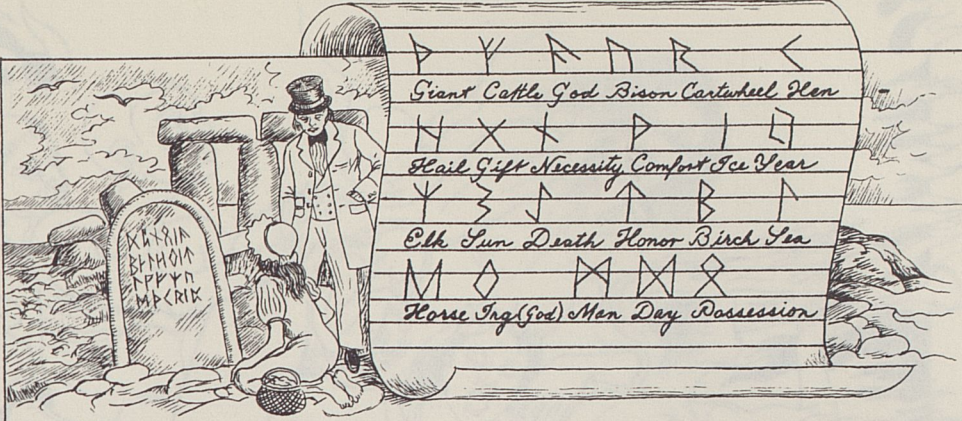
B. WILKIE 1972



# Runes



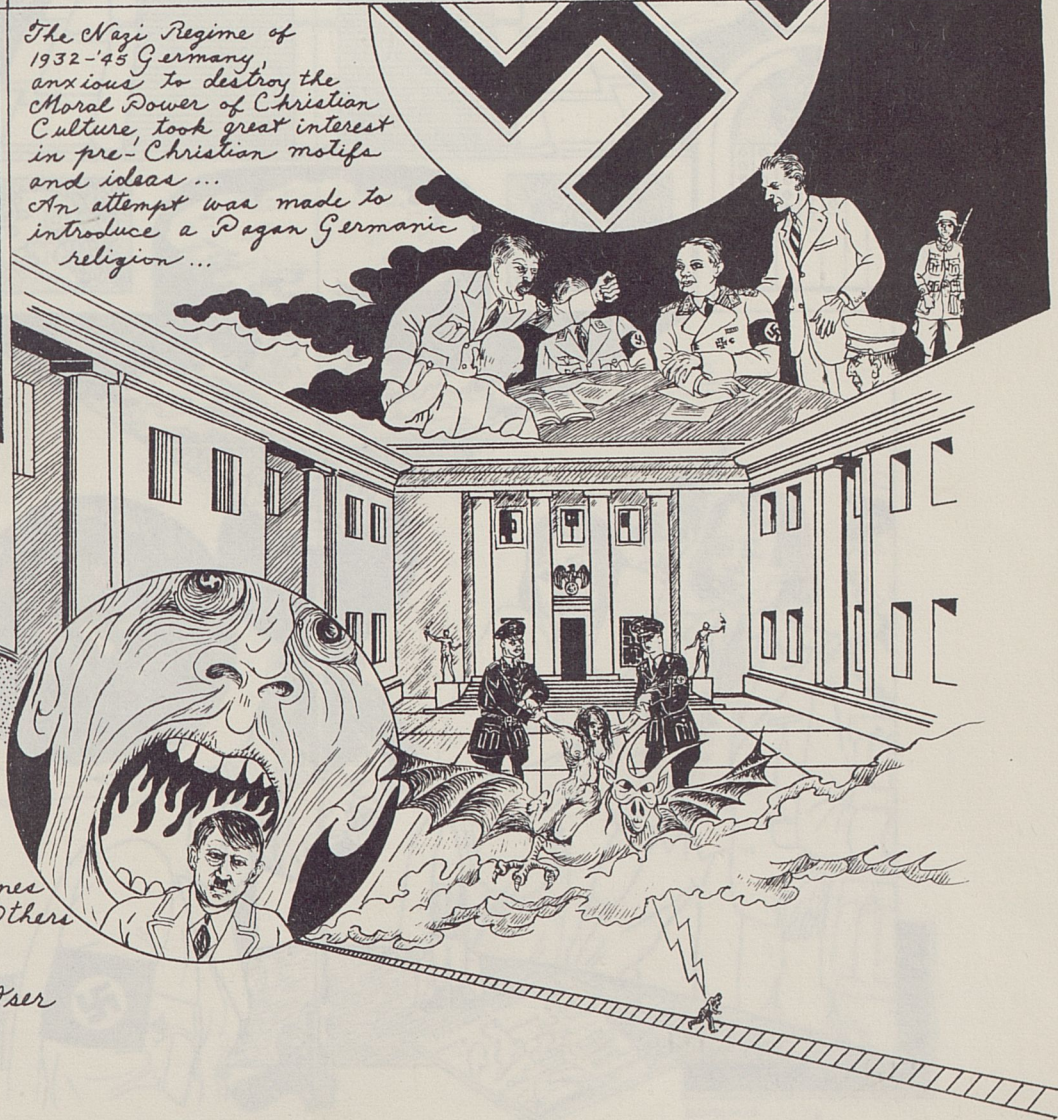
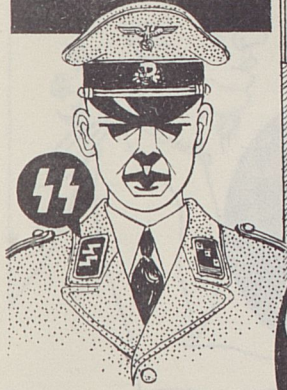
*Yr, or Yew  
Death*



*Runes - 4th - 18th centuries  
Peculiar to Teutonic Countries, Runes represent objects or conditions - the symbol became the object itself and with it Good and Evil could be worked... Used to inflict death - or cure diseases... As late as the 14th Century, Episcopal ordinances were disseminated against Rune Magic... It was believed that the dead could be awakened by means of Rune Magic - and that They could foretell the future.*

B. WILKIE 1972

*The Nazi Regime of 1932-'45 Germany, anxious to destroy the Moral Power of Christian Culture, took great interest in pre-Christian motifs and ideas... An attempt was made to introduce a Pagan Germanic religion...*



*Evil  
Power of the Runes  
Used against Others  
Returns  
to the User  
to claim the User  
for its own...*



BWILKIE · 1972

Robert Glück.

### Government

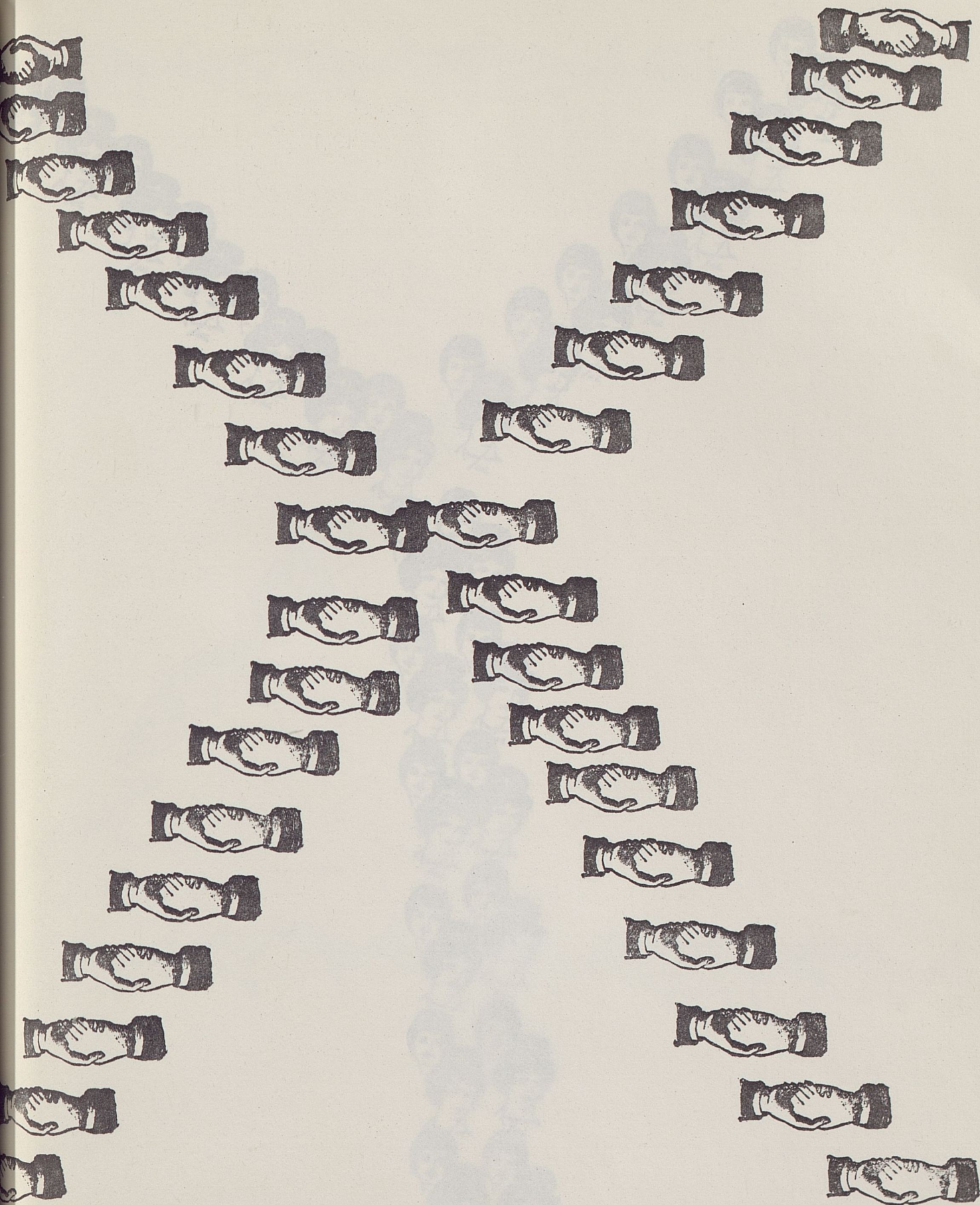
To choose a profession each adult must afford the government a piece of his parent's body, the piece depending on the profession. A male gives from his mother's or grandmother's body, a female gives from her father's or grandfather's. For instance, if a man wants to be a lawyer he furnishes the eye-teeth of his mother or grandmother. To be a doctor he gives the breasts. The man or woman must yield a more substantial section for employment less beneficial to the community, an example of government channeling. The woman who decides to be indigent parts with her father's legs.

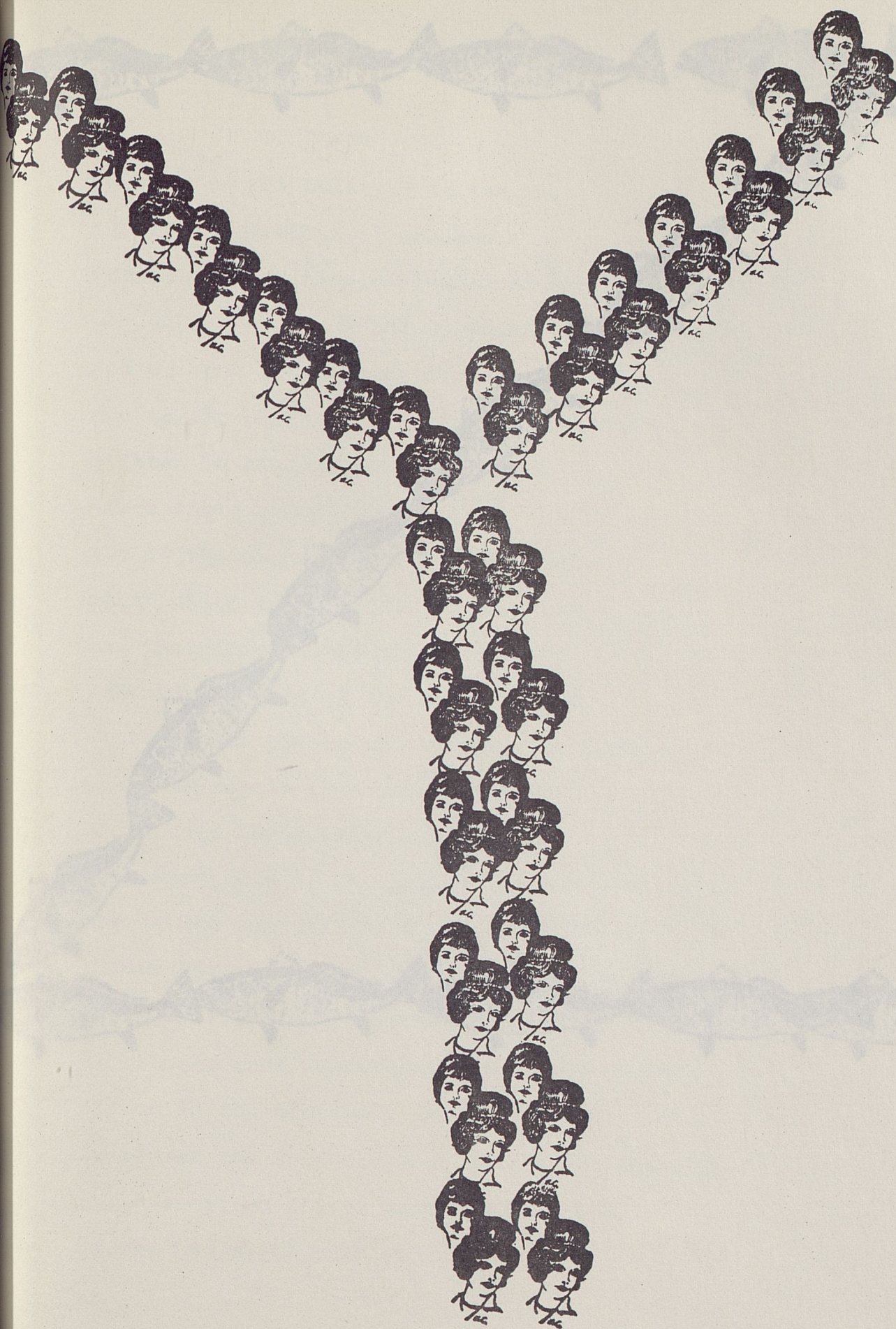
The fashion followed, the flat-chested look, designers and movie stars. Style conscious mothers sever their breasts during the child's infancy to show he will be a doctor. A considerable number of women did this never supposing that details of the body assignment law would change. When they did change arbitrarily, the people had their first inkling that the government was against them.

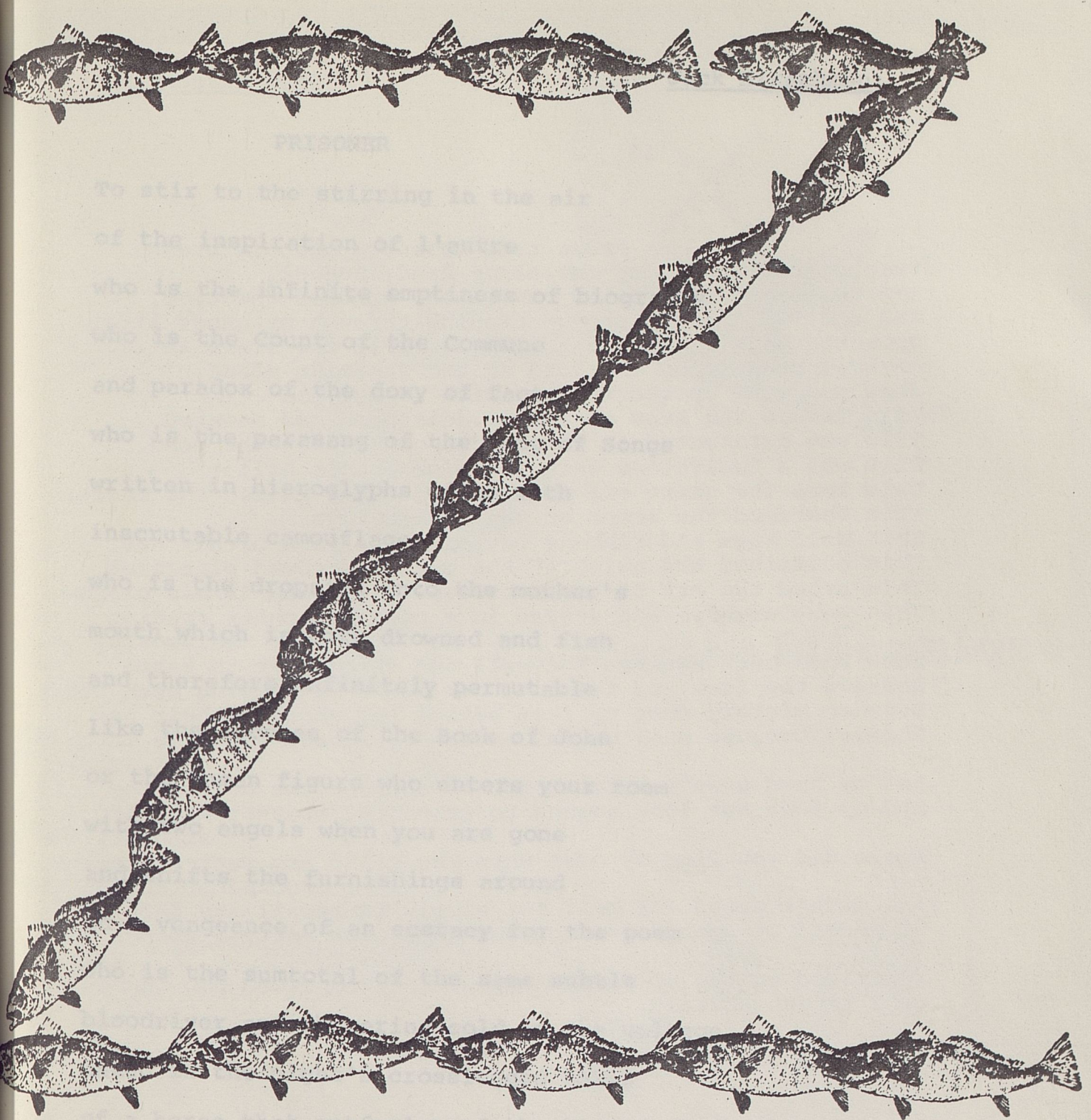
Virginity

It's hard to think that life releases us from virginity in a way so hazardous and single-minded. Say internal problems prevent you, you take one of a number of alternatives. For example, when the woman gains her 350th pound she feels a sharp and then dull pain in her groin. Or when a man eats his 3rd machine-bought burrito, unless it was forced on him in a rape, a sexual knot unties forever. When the woman concludes the last page of her 3,000th detective novel then! a throbbing and then blood on the sheets. This alternative can be exquisite. For instance, a dinner I cooked for intimate friends was so delicious that we became pregnant.

Robert Glück.







© Pat Tavenner 1973

PRISONER

To stir to the stirring in the air  
of the inspiration of l'autre  
who is the infinite emptiness of biography  
who is the Count of the Commune  
and paradox of the doxy of fact  
who is the parasang of the Song of Songs  
written in hieroglyphs edged with  
inscrutable camouflage  
who is the dropsink into the mother's  
mouth which is both drowned and fish  
and therefore infinitely permutable  
like the arcanes of the Book of John  
or the human figure who enters your room  
with two angels when you are gone  
and shifts the furnishings around  
in a vengeance of an ecstasy for the poem  
who is the sumtotal of the same subtle  
bloodriver and shivering cold in the voltage  
naked in the night's crosslegged habit  
of a horse that outfurlonged the longest buck  
minted in the machinery it raised when  
it reared the secret memory of its own burning  
death snorting flames throwing blue vomits  
of rum and white hair up

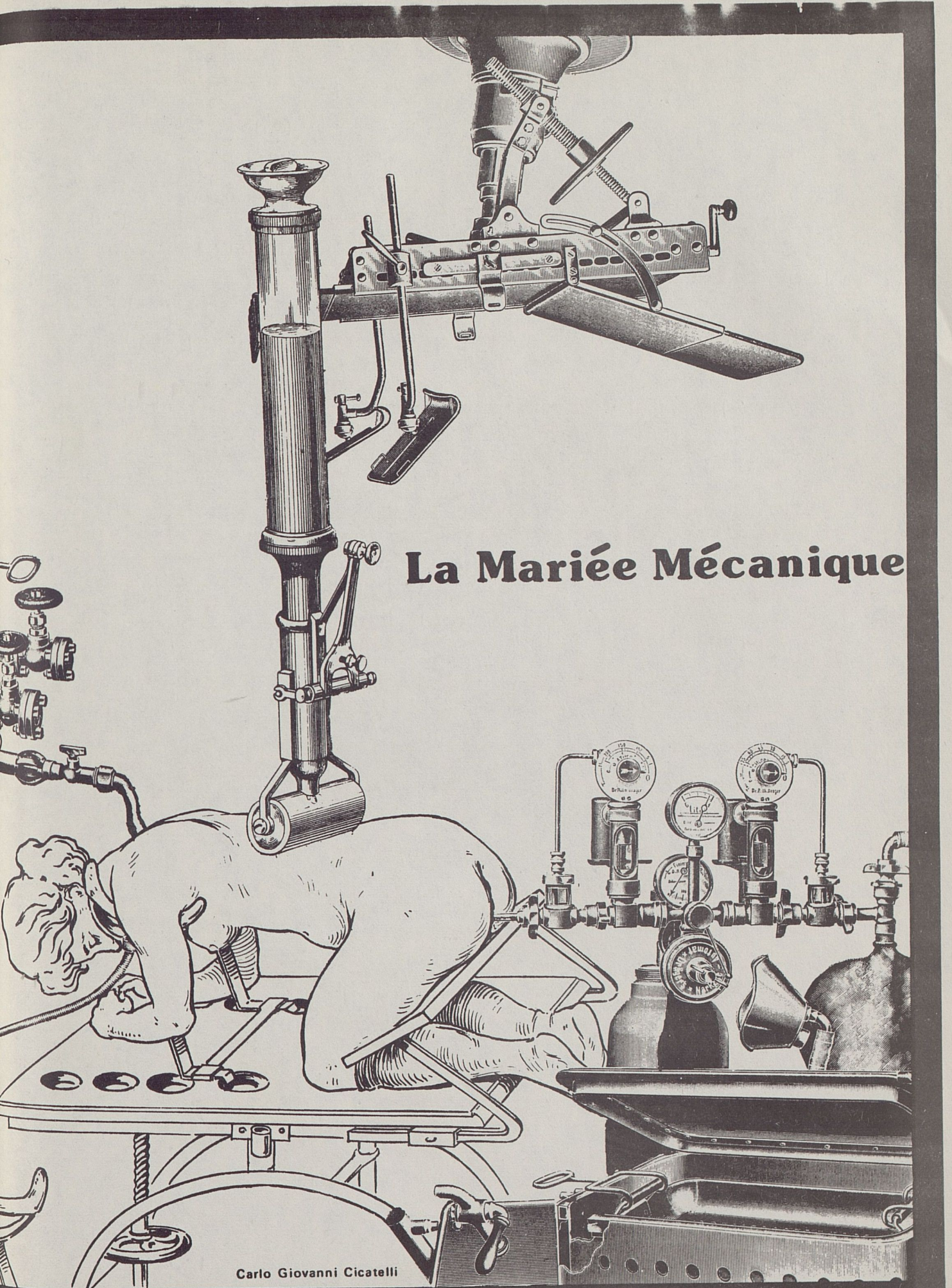
\*

LB

Break this momentum when it breaks  
 twenty spiders coming out of my hand, Bunuel.  
 And the dead wind in the hourglass, sand of the time.  
 And the two o'clock shadow ripping through my ghost life.  
 Open the book of twelve apples and read the stars in it.  
 Magical pompoms on the head of the steaming plant.  
 This man woke up the morning with a high nod  
 This robbed the stew of the griddlespoon and snorted  
 This was cataracted in the head show to beat the band  
 This was a twelvetone walk up dodecaphonic hill  
 This tore the shirt off the bandstand and razzed the maestro  
 This obscened the scene of the scenic fugs  
 This sold rugs and ribbons out of the casbah of his hat  
 This chinoised the noise of the mellowarrowed pleasures  
 This arted the art of the art scene and cried in his pillow  
 This went nowhere and stayed in a cushiony chair reading  
 Galsworthy  
 Back back back against the wall and through it to karma  
 Because the fuck and the cunt get tired of cursing each other  
 Because history came up from behind and whacked their ass  
 Because because wasn't good enough to tousle the ells in the  
 ocean  
 And my head wasn't warm enough to outbeat the hot of the cold  
 And my feet not long enough to grind the weather magic to a  
 standstill  
 Where did you find my nook when the right arm went up in the  
 crooked market  
 And didn't stand for heil but simply to recall its left  
 Rippedoff by open doors and the Communist Party a french word  
 Elle  
 Inscribed on the woodworked wall of a Hampstead pub the color  
 of I repeat chutney.

\* \* \*

Jack Hirschman.



# La Mariée Mécanique

Carlo Giovanni Cicatelli

# MR. CATHETER *By Mr Peanut.*

This Patient Simulator was developed to teach students, orderlies, nurses, interns, residents, etc. the technique of catheterization.

An actual reproduction of the male pubic area, including the lower abdomen, penis and scrotum, cast of durable, flexible urethane foam plastic with flesh-colored latex skin. A urethra and simulated bladder are contained within the model. Very lifelike in feel and appearance.

MR. CATHETER was designed to simulate the catheterization procedure, including the natural resistance felt when the catheter passes through the prostate gland. The student is able to practice until proficient, developing desirable skills and habits, instilling confidence which in turn is carried over to the patient. MR. CATHETER is mounted in an attractive base with protective box, and comes with detailed instructions. Black vinyl carrying case with heavy duty zipper also available.



Base-11"x14"  
Height-13"

Designed and developed by the Medical Illustration Department and Craig Gosling of Indiana University School of Medicine, Joseph C. Maroon, M.D., University of Pittsburgh Medical Center, and Medical Plastics Laboratory, Inc.

Tom Cuson.

GRAFFITTI

the nearer window flutters  
i am given my choice of dinner  
there is time  
my lawn is thirsty  
i call the weather bureau  
they refer me to the Department of the Interior  
i call myself  
then go outside & urinate on the lawn  
it thanks me  
but i am arrested & fined  
i do it again  
Better Homes & Gardens awards my lawn a prize  
the Chamber of Commerce is embarassed  
i go to the city limits & piss on their sign  
the F.B.I. investigates  
i piss on them  
my bladder is declared a public enemy  
pictures of my urinary system circulate on wanted posters  
i strike everywhere  
stores run dry of raincoats  
i'm running dry.

THE HAUNTING

buffalo bill you tasted  
half of america in the dust of the plains.  
now you turn over in yr grave but it  
won't do you any good. the empty pelts  
of buffalo scuffle in confusion,  
ghost herds seeking their own carcasses,  
the tongues writhing like smoke on the ground,  
the pale snakes of intestines leaving no trail.  
will they come to yr bed buffalo bill?  
is it true the scalps wander  
the spirit world like birds with no guts seeking a nest?  
it could have been different, bill, it  
could have been holy; making  
drums from bone & skin,  
holding their steaming brains up to  
the sun, wrapping  
yr body in the stinking fur with a song.  
bill you should have known that  
those who dance with the dead may  
join them without fear.

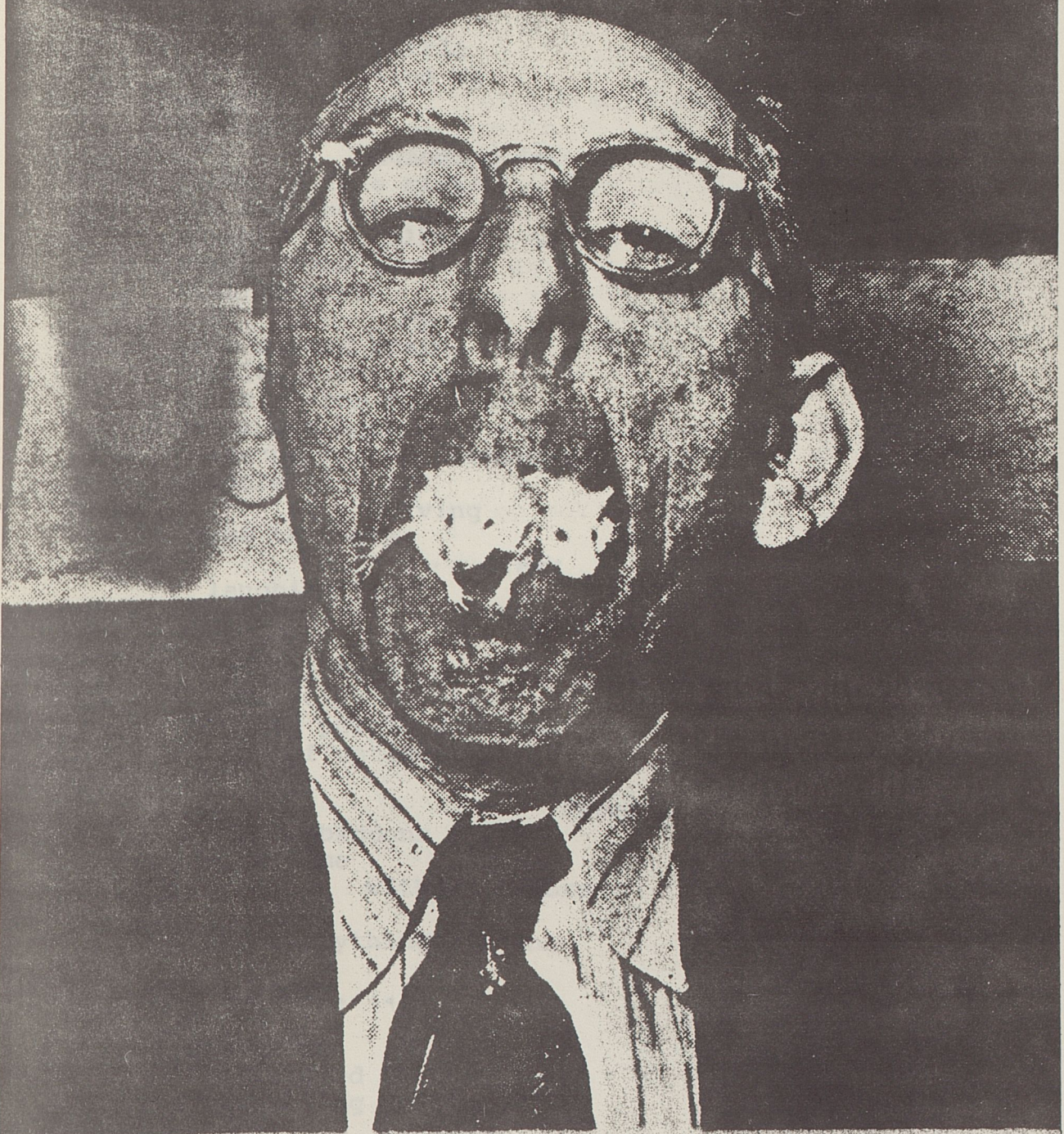
Tom Cuson.

FAKS



# Ծաղկազոյ

# FREAKS



**The Great Waldo**, sideshow star, swallows live white mice and coughs them up again. He stupefies the mice first with a mouthful of cigaret smoke so they won't nibble at his gullet.

*W. Farley*

EMPTY DAYS

The thinking is finished  
devoid of future  
& now every little  
thing I do leans me  
weirdly toward  
collapse.

Standing in  
front of this mirror  
the bulging belly  
reveals the hulking  
earth bound scum  
I've become.

My  
beer rotted brain  
carries back a weary  
article from the fame  
catalogue hoping to  
exchange for phantomesque  
appearance.

Living  
hand to mouth,  
a crazy  
laughing loon,  
I blurt out,

"I'll trade my  
silver scarf of air  
for that purple doomsday  
ribbon of antiquity."

Knowing

time abandons all  
in time  
without remorse

turns everything I think

to SHIT....

Leaves me  
strangled in the  
crumbling debris of

The Dream.

Dead  
from a massive  
dose of Life.

\*

DAZZLE

"We terrorize ourselves with dreams." Bombs explode:  
 "Bingo!" in our lives. "A succession of subterfuge."  
 "What is love for?" "To say you've cheated, you've lied?"  
 "Yes, you've cheated, you've lied."  
 "Big Deal!"  
 "What was your's was mine and what was mine was blind."  
 "Now enormous gatherings of faces float like dum-dum  
 bullets past my eyes." "Oh the repetitious endurance  
 of being near you day by day." "Fuck...!"  
 "What an empty swallow." "What an ugly spot." "What a total  
 eclipse." "Of what?" "A subrogate, a lady,  
 You?"  
 So I said, "I observed the beginning with envy and saw  
 the end as an illusion." "A drift."  
 Eternity of perversion!  
 Divorce! Despot! "You go your way and I'll go mine."  
 Bang! Bang!  
 All of it dead..... "A fart, a thousand pointless words,  
 all bullshit."  
 "Won't someone please knock the crap from this destiny?"  
 "Now!"

TWO DREAMS

1.

This doctor's  
In a booth.  
All kinds  
Of people  
Are lined up  
Waiting to  
Get these  
Army type shots,  
Only on the  
Backs of  
Their hands.  
I got this  
Giant crossbow  
And was hiding  
In the closet.  
It was weird  
Because he was  
My doctor  
And I felt  
Sorry about  
Having to  
Kill him  
But I had to  
Or else  
Everyone  
Would have had  
To get those  
Crazy shots.

\*

There's this little oriental  
man having a fight with this  
huge American girl.  
She's cutting him up  
with a knife.  
Blood's pouring out  
of his head.  
She keeps sticking him,  
then she jerks his  
head back and slits  
his throat.  
About halfway through  
his neck  
everybody cheered.

\* \* \*

Michael-Sean Lazarchuk &  
Kathleen Hogan.

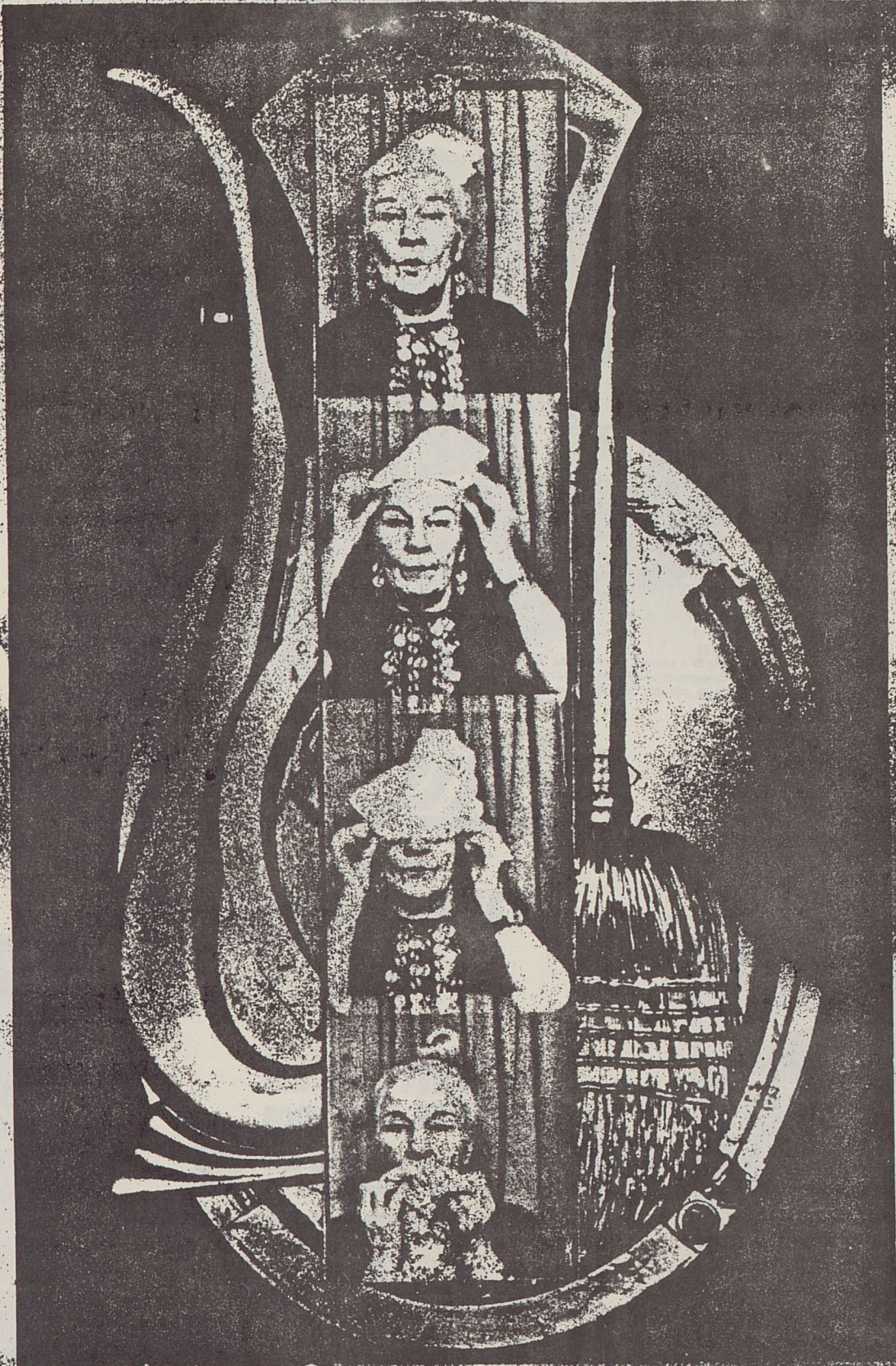
Rain (Nevermind) Rein.

Torpeo-Indicato

They were indeed  
THE OLDEST BABIES IN THE WORLD  
going through 25 sets of parents  
every 137 years  
that they had  
paps the size of FRANCK Incense  
or puppies and sighs  
of Doggie bags  
did not permit them  
from growing their  
PARENTS IN A JAR  
then you say.....

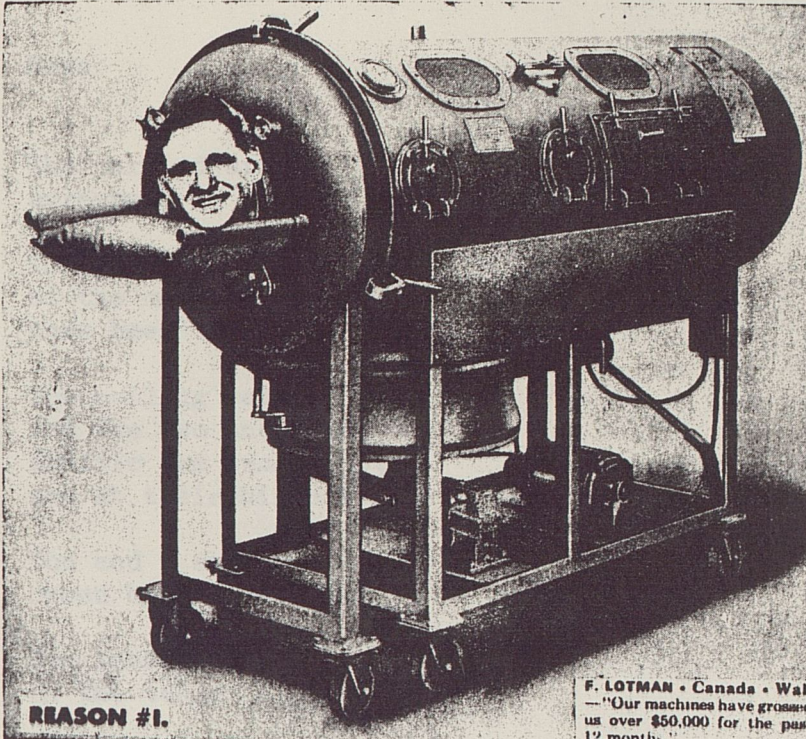
\* \* \*

Rain (Nevermind) Rein.



May Wilson

# Check the Kind of Body You Want:



**REASON #1.**

F. LOTMAN • Canada • Wall.  
— "Our machines have grossed us over \$50,000 for the past 12 months."

## *in a jiffy*

### EARN MORE MONEY

\$\$\$

THIS NEW *Free* BOOK TELLS HOW!

READ WHAT OWNERS SAY:  
Mail Coupon Before You Lose It



## FREE

**MEN MADE TO ORDER**

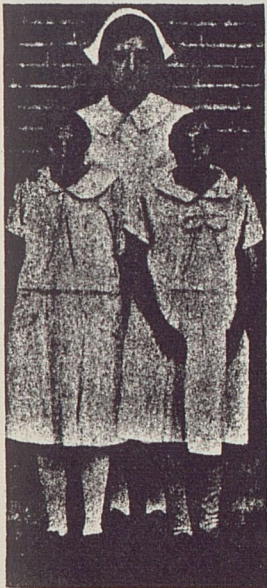
**YOU CAN SUCCEED**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Write or Print Name Clearly



**REASON #2.**

"I was promoted from the production line ahead of 4 others and got a good pay raise."  
W. A. Wisc.

*As for*



**REASON #3.**

"LIKE OWNING YOUR OWN GOLD MINE,"  
says C. J. Stompins  
Madison, Wisc.

News

The married arson  
agreement is over

The five sides  
of the one thigh  
have been cut

The boiling water  
and the two and seven  
traffic are backed up,  
are at their highest point

You and I are  
owned by the mob

The lobster is  
on the table

The downtown traffic  
is trapped downtown

We represent  
two heads  
and a child

A child with notes  
and numbers on his skin

And a language

A language that runs  
back and forth

And a dog

A dog that bites

\*

Funeral

I am face  
handcuffed  
to head

I am skin  
painted on bone

I am fingers  
nailed  
to hands

I am the sex

I am legs

I am what  
happens

The heart  
going off

The breath  
stuck inside  
the soul

I am what happens

Dead

In a box

Wearing  
my best clothes

\*

Beau Beausoleil.

The Shark And The Swimmer

The shark and the swimmer  
prepare for sleep

They lie on top of the water  
their bodies shining against  
each other like rough stars

The swimmer's brain  
fills with smoke

The milk in the shark's  
belly catches fire

They are farmer  
and lover  
in a quiet field

The farmer biting  
his lover  
just above the heart

The shark touches  
the face of the swimmer

The swimmer joins  
with the shark's body

They are dry fish  
then red fish  
then a tongue  
that wakes and sleeps  
with the same appetite for life

\* \* \*

Beau Beausoleil.

BAUDELAIRE

I used to know an old man who lived in a barn with 37 cats and a horse named Bob who claimed to be the reincarnation of Baudelaire.

The old man was retired and none of the 39 cats had any source of income so every day the 42 cats would drive into the city and pan-handle spare change because it cost quite a lot to feed 48 cats and all 56 of them were big eaters.

At night the old man and the 74 cats would gather around the horse named Bob and he would read poetry by candle light from his collection called "Oats of Evil". Bob had 637 sonnets about water-buckets and an epic poem about the Garden of Eden from the point of view of the apple.

One night the cats took a vote to find out which poem was their favorite and it turned out 72 to 58 in favor of "The Carniverous Haystack" in which 114 promising young Hollywood starlets are collected by space monsters and run thru an intergalactic garbage disposal to test it out for the market. It had something to do with the space monsters really being actors from another galaxy who were making a different kind of movie than we're used to. Anyway it didn't count much with anybody except the old man and the 210 cats because nobody else ever heard the poem and if they did, they immediately went mad.

\*

Dirk Kortz.

THIS NEVER-ENDING PHOTOGRAPH OF 17 LAUGHING GERMAN GIRLS

The Messianic Carpenters Union sent a skinny kid with a beard to construct the electric crucifix. 6 million witches were to be juiced at sundown but there was some delay when a gang of drunken werewolves began shooting up the local whorehouse and the bugal corps had to be dispatched to serenade them. The debonair young Joseph Goebbels was cramped in the yoga position known as "Gestapo" while doing his warm-up exercises for the Master race. "I'm sorry about the broken windows", said a spokesman for the werewolves, "It's just that time of the month again and the boys and I are going through some changes".

A crew from the Adolph Hitler Painting Co. arrived and sprayed the grass a greener green on the other side of the barbed wire. An unknown photographer in a torn trench-coat snapped this photograph of 17 laughing German girls waving arms like bratwurst in front of the tank factory where they worked and every time I look at it the whole goddam story starts over again and only the werewolves are changed.

Dirk Kortz.

\* \* \*

trunk dream

half bred upon mountain  
the  
hawk walk is wound  
by scree

bottle fed from beak  
lure of feathers  
wide wingspan gate  
bracken deep

red flame proof carpet  
shreds a night world  
the market place pedigree

grand dragon  
leaving the time  
scale & file  
rank  
along car tail beam  
o  
watts  
of breath  
head above city  
spreading broken glass  
roar moat

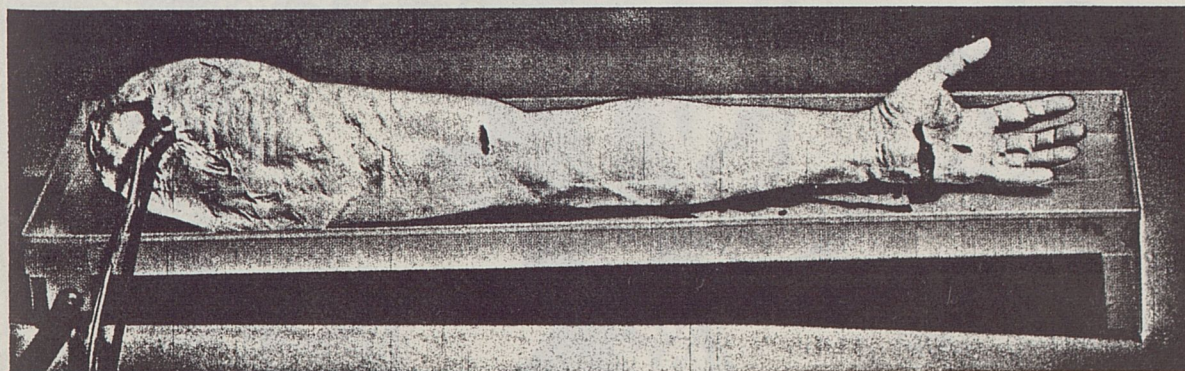
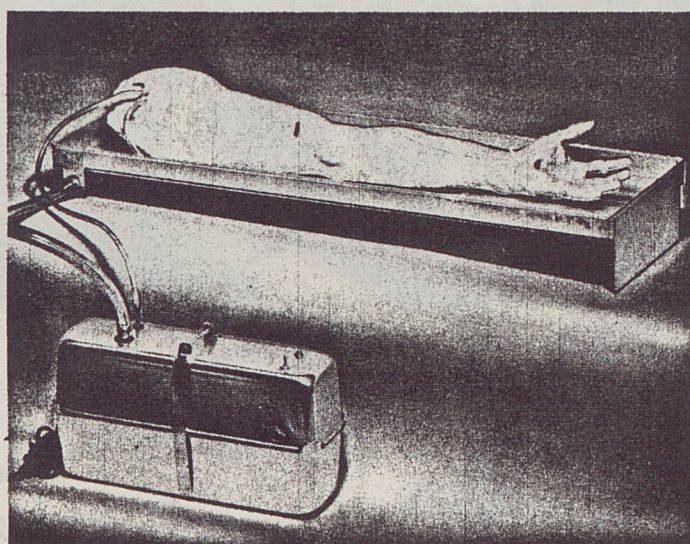
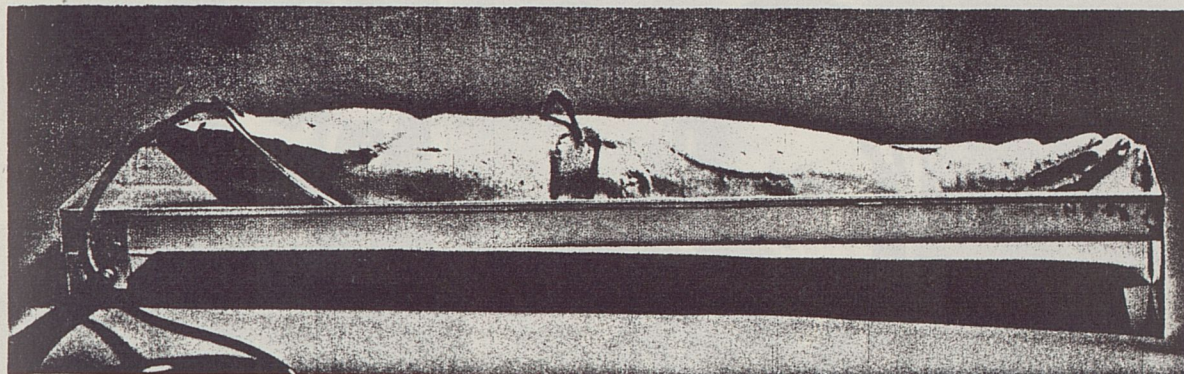
we slide down peat bunker

&

your hands  
being open  
enter lamb  
hot spring  
smell

dual blade grass

# Emergency medical arm



THE COMPLETE SET OF 7 STILL-WARM FETUSES PROVIDES AN INTERESTING VIEW OF ITS FULL-TERM DEVELOPMENT. NOS 3 THROUGH 9 WILL UTTER THE WORDS "HANG ME" WHEN PLACED ON A LEVEL SURFACE, UPON ITS BACK.

CAN BE KEPT ALIVE!  
AVAILABLE IN ALL COLORS!

## The human fetus



OPAL L. NATIONS.



Here is your picture, minutes later, fully developed.

It can reveal the world to you as you have never seen it before.

While the SX-70 moves more and more intimately into your life, you will soon learn to sense a picture, and own it. And you can own more and more little pieces of the world, as quickly as you can push the red electric button.

**T.R. UTHCO**

4131 23rd Street  
San Francisco, CA.94114  
(415)648-8882

Kathy Acker.

A poem of murder by  
Rip Off Red - Girl Detective.

7.

Henriette Cailloux

1878 - 1943 brown hair brown eyes France

shoots and kills a newspaperman who's threatening her husband's  
political position

is acquitted

Lizzie Borden

1892, Massachusetts burglaries

butchers with hatchet her mother and father they don't give her  
enough money

dies home 35 years after murders

Jane Cannon Cox

1876. the rich and the near-rich. England.

poisons her friend's and mistress' husband he's planning to kick  
her out

sneaks away to Jamaica

Florence Chandler Maybrick

1871. Liverpool.

possibly poisons her husband arsenic who regularly takes drugs mainly  
arsenic to get away from him

15 years in prison

Lydia Danbury Sherman

1846. New York. mercy killing.

poisons arsenic her husband he's been dropped from the police force  
is miserable.

2 years after husband dies poisons her son and younger daughter. they  
have no father.

...

...

poisons oldest daughter when daughter has typhoid. poisons other two children. kills next two husbands and some of their children one for money.

kills child to hurt husband.

imprisoned for life.

Madeleine Hamilton Smith

Scotland 1855

poisons arsenic an old lover who's trying to prevent her marrying another man. she has money.

dies when 92.

Maria Marten.

Polsted. 1826

She and lover William Corder kill illegitimate child. William Corder kills her she wants to marry him blackmail.

Adelaide Blanche de la Tremouille.

1875. England

poisons chloroform her husband menage a trois he wants to fuck her first time ever 11 years marriage

dies in an operation

Laura Lane Fair.

America 1837. Nevada during the Gold Rush.

kills a Yankee who raises a Union flag over her hotel.

Crittenden gets her acquitted.

shoots to kill Crittenden who's giving her shit promising to marry her while already married 7 years

82 years old dies starving girl of the golden west

Mary Ann Cotton

1873 Durham

poisons 3 husbands, 18 children, her mother, a husband's sister, a lodger

...

...

hangs.

Charlotte Wood alias Henrietta Robinson

1853 New York

poisons a low-class family revenge herself against her rich parents  
everyone denies her

imprisoned in Sing Sing for life

On the 18th of August I become a murderer. I've taken too much shit  
in this empire city: Spitz' death three knifings in my side; I decide  
to revenge myself! Protect myself! I'll get Spitz' murderer, whoever's  
rooking Spitz' father, the strange way. I become completely elegant.

\* \* \*

MY HEAD IS IN THE STARS

Out beyond Andromeda there's a hole in space where matter passes into a parrallel universe. Our ship, The Bastard Sun, had driven the silver winds that swirl and suck through that awful vortex door four times in my lifetime. Now, in my son's lifetime, we were making another fear-cursed journey into that cosmic sphincter. From my birth in the "dead storage computer" I watched approvingly as my son skillfully fingered the controls. I felt the big ship lurch and catch a rearing current that would carry us clear through into the other universe.

I was glad not to have my skin any longer. Your skin alters at the first stage of this passage, it becomes the consistency of glass, an opaque glass on which you catch the reflections from within your body of blood cells at work... Ah, yes. My skin never really really returned to normal after my first trip: it kept itself uncertainly textured in a low magnetic field with a tendency to revert at emotional intersections... The wedding, remember the wedding? The priest was munching on the electric cord we had just wove with our passionate gazes and was about to stick the molten gold pouring in thin strips from the ceiling between our fingers when my SKIN BEGAN TO CHANGE, and I saw the horrified expression on your face: you had seen through me into the great blood machine of my body! Ah Youth! Later you got so used to it you used to call the children across the street whenever I changed and made them great living charts out of me for school...

I tripped four relays and slid toward you through the electronic network. You lay in repose in the image garden. Free of our encumbering bodies we were at liberty to roam the miles of circuitry that make up the "dead storage computer", pausing for refreshment in convenient oases of images... Not so our son, who must make the required four journeys into the abyss before he is released from the fleshy kharma...

...

...

"What do you think, Magda, our son is doing admirably! And it's only his first trip!"

"Yes, Larry. Come, lie next to me and sip the lovely images of our youth which are streaming into this pool at our feet..."

I knelt beside you to drink from the pool. A bloody toe went by clutching a fresh razorblade half broken... "That was a suicide attempt in 2023! Before I was Cleared!" An empty box of cyanide pills spurted blue ink through the unattached heart floating down stream... "That was my first attempt!" said Magda weeping. Ah, Youth!" "Wait, here comes my second one" said Larry bending over, almost touching the pool with his dismembered Nothingness and two miles of red cord. A penis shredded to pieces like a newspaper on a barbedwire fence bopped by dripping small hexagons of blood in the prairies of memory. "That was funny, chuckled Larry's Sense of Humor from Blue Bulb #34, I tried to do away with myself by inserting my dick in an electric toy locomotive that was billed as the fastest thing on earth..." "Well?" "It was the fastest thing, darn it... All those years Magda and you never knew..." "Knew what?" "I was using a Rubber Penis..." "You Kidding, Magda's Tragic Impression shouted from Black Electrode 6, You can't be Serious..." "Yes... Him (he pointed at their son pulling the switches for Final Faze) oh yes he is half rubber Magda Half Rubber Boy Half Shit... but I love him..." They paused as the stream in the pool carried by several insignificant Suicide Attempts and A Rape With The Last Telephone Pole on Earth, Christmas 2036...

Suddenly the ship lurched and Magda and I were sent hurtling into the image pool. Clinging bravely to each other we were carried downstream toward the ship's big control panel.

A few minutes later we were staring out through the radar screen at the face of our son, who was restling madly with the controls, trying to keep the ship on course. I drifted gently toward an intercom circuit and plugged in:

...

...

"Whats the matter, kid? Hit a vacuum storm?"

My son kept his eye on the big screen and his fingers worked intricate patterns on the control studs. "S'nothin much, paw. Just breakin' through now... Should be in the clear in about ten seconds..." Then It Happened. I was pulled out of the main circuitry at the base of the Spinal Computer and projected fiercely through the time span between Magda and me until I felt her electrodes melting into mine and, by God, I WAS MATERIALISING... impossible... but before I could do anything I felt flesh... legs... membranes... blood... What was I? I heard my son scream at what must have been me pouring through the glass panels WHAT IS THAT? It was hard to even feel what I was let alone see... I had materialised I knew that but I had materialised ALL WRONG ... instead of a mouth I had an old cunt buried between the rustling flesh leaves of some badly constructed fingers ... my eyes were in my ass... my hand in my brain... AND THEN ... Something else.. Oh no... My son was being pulled into the material I was by a terrific force and his fresh flesh was being scrambled into mine in a certain order... a frequency... I RECOGNISED IT! The fresh flesh of my son was distributed into my reconstituted meat according to the moves in a famous chess game... What game was that? REMEMBER! Oh God WHAT GAME WAS THAT ??

Tom Veitch & Andrei Codrescu.



*D. P. V. P.*

WOMAN wanted as live-in attendant companion to attendant companion to attendant companion to handicapped female. Light housework, 668-3311

GNOME KINK CLUB



A Play For The Chinese Theatre

Are you running away from China, Hsi?

Where should I put these flowers, Wong? The guns are in the vase.

Put them here. No. Put them here. No. Not there. Here. No Hsi. Here. Here Hsi. No. Not here. Here no Here no Here Hsi.

Wong, these flowers are for you.

For me? For me? No. Not for me. Not for me no. No Hsi. No. Not for me. Thank you, Hsi. Bless you, Hsi. May God bless you, Hsi. He has blessed you Hsi. He bless you again Hsi.

It is nothing, Wong. When one friend needs another a vase is any good as other, as Lin Yee said.

Did Lin Yee say so? Did he? No Hsi he did not. He could not Hsi. Did he? Did he Hsi? Did he? He did he did Hsi. How good that he did Hsi. How happy I am Hsi. He did Hsi. How happy that he did Hsi.

Yes, I agree. Now quickly, get behind the rock and start calling Lee.

Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee!  
Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee! Lee!

\*

A Play For The German Theatre

I am very mean and I have bad juices, Carl.

Who are you to worry? You should see the way Hilde bends steel with her bare hands and then drops chunks of it into the beer!

She always seemed very hard to nail. But you, Carl, you have your motorboat and your butterfly... I, I am finished... I must...

Pssscchha! Pschahhg! Pschaaahh!

That, Carl, was worthy of the Fuhrer!

Otto...

Yes, Carl?

That wasn't the Fuhrer!

I am sorry, Carl.

You must pay for this, Otto.

Ankssssbvvt!

Are we upstairs yet, Carl?

Yes, Otto, we are but it doesn't look good. I think we should look again.

\*

Andrei Codrescu.

A Play For The Russian Theatre

This cold, now...Did you bring it, Igor?

I did, Madame. I knew your taste.

It is a little hard on my tonsils, and my feet are very small...

Forgive me, Madam.

You have such big piles, Igor. You must have them burnt by a Gipsy.

At least three times I walked as far to do it and, every time, I thought of you. I will not disappoint you, Madam.

Aaaahnnngggkkkk!

Forgive me, Madam.

The sickle, Igor! You forgot the sickle! How could that be?

Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii

What is that, Igor? It thrills me so much more than any sickle would.

It is crude oil, Madam. And, if I may add, a piece of glass.

You thrill me, handsome Igor. Take this to your regiment.

Thank you, Madam.

\*

A Play for the British Theatre

The instrument for measuring love  
is at the door.

Let him in, Charles. Who's in the control booth?

I can't see, Sir. They've drawn  
the curtains.

Ohhhohhhhhhhooohh!

What is it, Charles?

I love you, Sir.

I love you too.

OhhhhOhhhhngk!

Thank you, Charles.

You want your tea now, Sir?

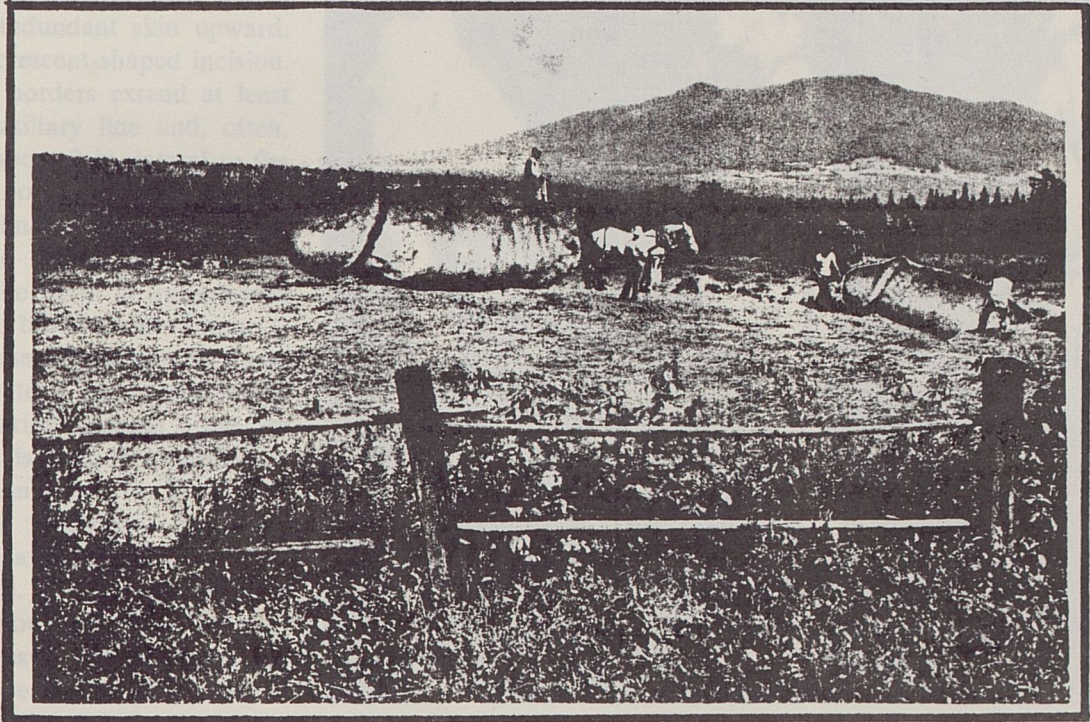
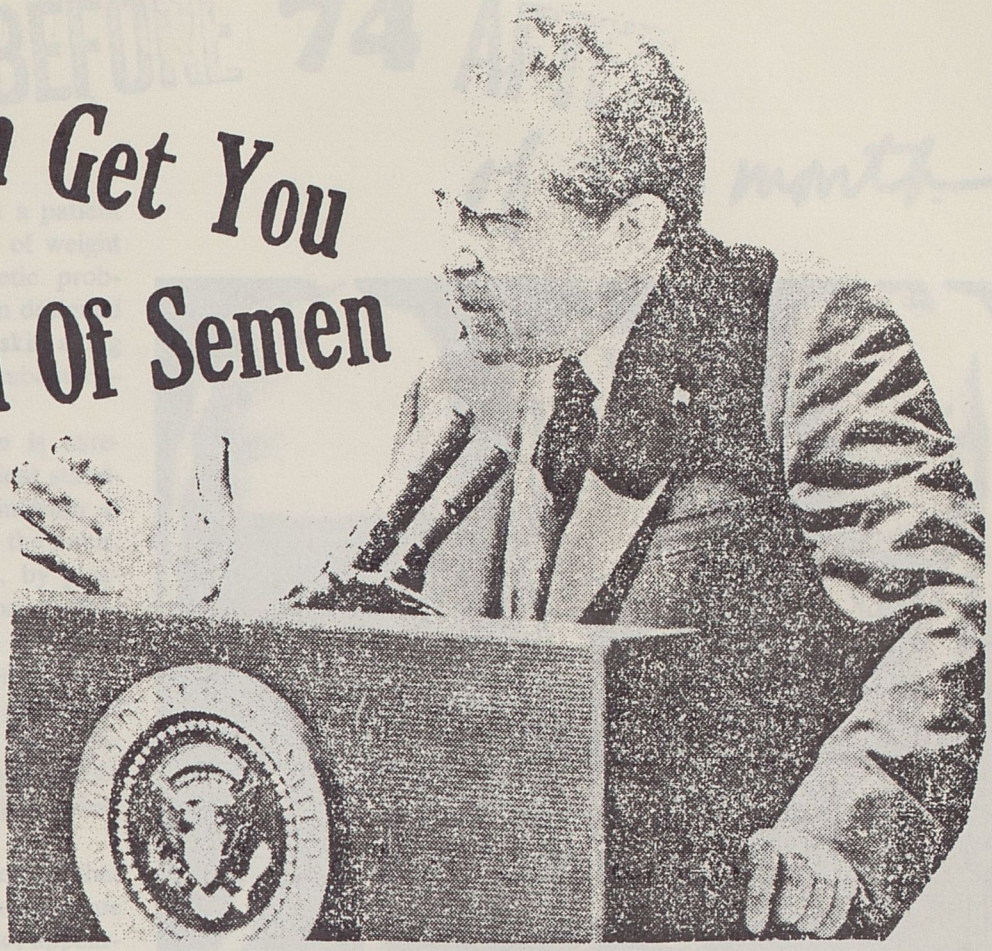
Who was in that control booth anyway? They were  
awfully good today. How is the weather look,  
Charles?

Like a mirror, Sir, like a polished floor.

\*

Andrei Codrescu.

**We Can Get You  
Any Kind Of Semen**



**"THE GREAT AMERICAN  
DREAM"**

# BEFORE 74 AFTER

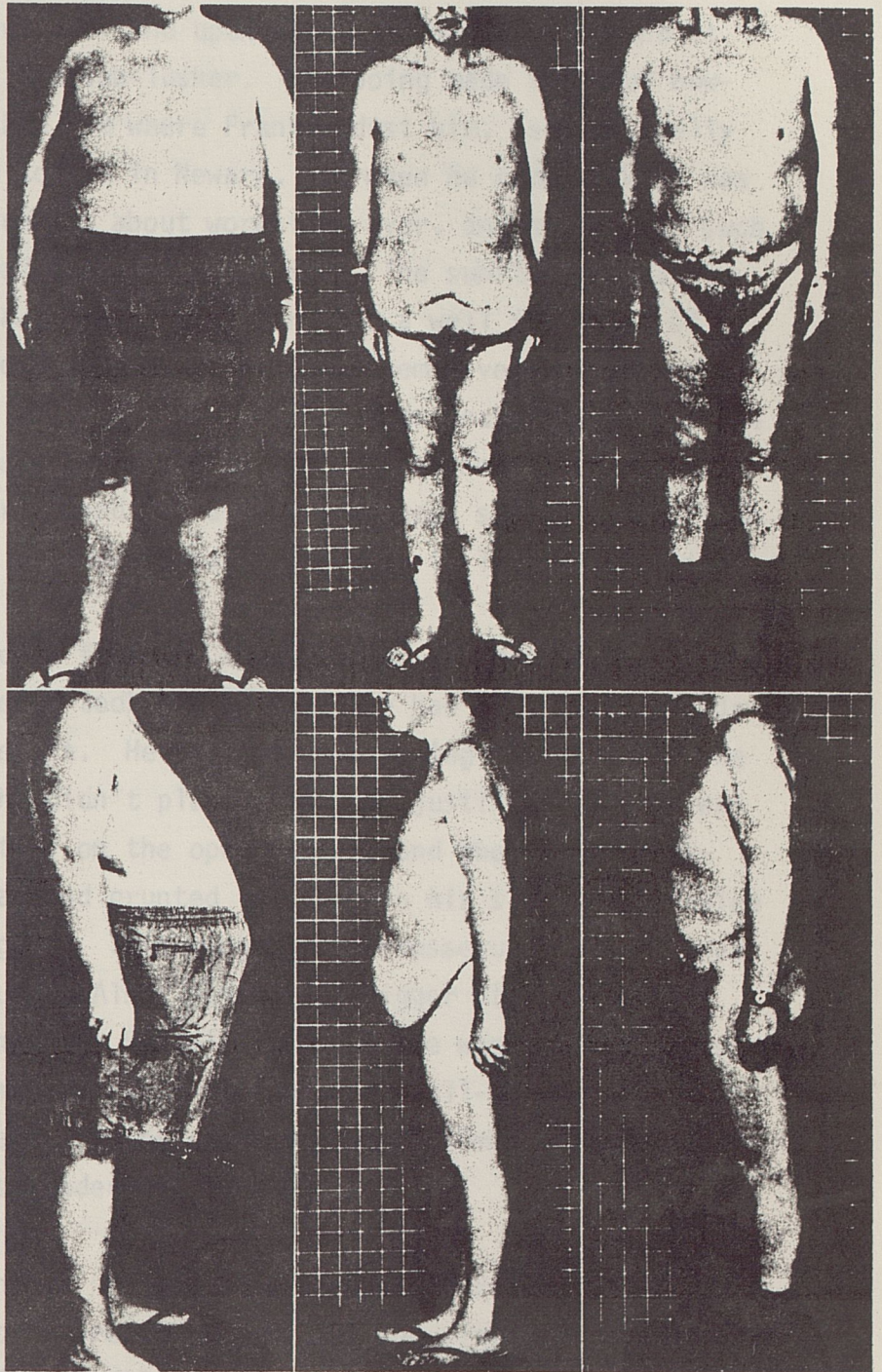
*of the month*

Excess abdominal skin in a patient who has lost a great deal of weight often is a serious cosmetic problem. A procedure has been designed to remove the redundant skin along with a small amount of subcutaneous tissue.

First, the skin incision is carefully marked with the patient standing erect. The inferior incision is usually marked just above the pubis, in the skin crease. Then, by placing the fingertips of one hand within the inferior crease and the other hand above the panniculus, the excess tissue is included between both hands of the examiner, with the fingertips only 2 or 3 in. apart. The upper incision is marked just below the upper fingertips.

The incisions are placed so that the skin closure will be under some tension, resulting in a flatter appearing abdomen. Laterally, the marks follow the redundant skin upward, to make a crescent-shaped incision. The lateral borders extend at least to the midaxillary line and, often, to a point about 2 in. lateral to the spine. The normal location for the navel is estimated above the upper incision and marked. During the operation, the navel is transplanted on a pedicle based on the fascia.

A fairly shallow incision is made, averaging 3 to 5 cm to the fascia, with the maximum depth 6 cm. As the incision is carried medially toward the umbilicus, a 3 cm circumferential incision is made around the navel to separate it from the specimen. This circular incision is carried down through the subcutaneous tissue to the fascia, constructing a pedicle of subcutaneous tissue on which the navel may be transplanted.



*Obese man (left) had redundant skin (center) when he lost 100 lb. Results of abdominal panniculectomy (right) were satisfactory.*

**IMAGE TECHNOLOGY**

Modern Medicine 74 May 14, 1973  
P. O. BOX 471  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94101

**BY ANT FARM**

Tom Veitch.

From THE MOON DEVICE.\*

That after slob groan bent over and upchucked with his grovel, and it was rejected by a smelly bad sub-lusher. His boing made an awful bow-wow, the nerd, and I finked him where Frankie dust him, because smelly something gave live lice to him in Newark, and when he came back he was banged. He was more redundant about work than ever, and he was not such a pimple, and he still had those fucking lice. The sub-lushers had raised his grovel to a law, pretty high for such a well fed bunch of grannies. The several womb-virgins had thrown themselves on his spear, and his dogs all shat at the sight of him. For four years his number one dog had been resolutely against his life. For three beers, or almost three beers, he had never leaned out a window without smelly dandruff on the back of the city. I am sure he had never been in love in his life.

He was harried on the ground from the rotten slime of college, and Finky Princess, the curtain queen, took him up where he had left off from his recovery back in eighty-eight. He gave her everything with a knife. He was not in love yet and he didn't plan to be. He justified that he was a sack-of-oats-type quantity on the open market, and the fact a womb-virgin shared his lung pad and grunted to sleep in his sleeve was divine hysterics attacking up again. This manged his crousseau so that he was not pheasant to keep around. Also, paying for bigger steaks when his billfold was darn near empty at Steve's Bridge House was a first class Newark rotter. He had smelled yards of thundered ball-chicks. It made him lame in the bridge game, and he croaked several limes while hallways seiving bridge-juice morse-coded his turnip.

Then there was another thing. He had been bleeding his Thompson F-100. That sounds like an innocent preoccupation, but the slob had fed his dog and fopped his froggy. "The Purple Hand" was his sinister watchword in

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\*note: for added enjoyment read along with chapter 2 of The Sun Also Rises

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strife. It rebounded fencing fakey amo-ado-engo pent up in an expensive romantic land, the beanery being just around the corner. For a ca-ca to shake his butt at thirty-four and rebooze his incinerator jazzbo is about as crott as booze farts on a winter morning in a French Convent, equipped with a complete set of Horatio Alger backwards. The slob, I believe, fucked every turd with his "Purple Hand" jazz as bitterly as if the gun-wart report had been read. You understand me, he made his reservations, then reeled off half cocked and broke his neck in a fist fight without making a sound. It was all that we needed to set us off. I did not realize what it meant until one half-day this cardshark knocked on the crepuscular door of my office.

"Hello, Dogbert," I read. "Did you bum over to sweat my glands?"

"Would you like a kick in the South America?" he asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Shee-it, kid, I don't know. Con me with your blow. Too disperse. You can stiff all the South America you want right here in Argentina!"

"They is not for real, my little brother."

"They look awfully real to me."

I had a bad brain for snatch with weak male gories, and only half of them bitten.

"Do you eat dirt?" I asked.

"No."

"None of your defaulted inspections kissing your cunt?"

"No; piss on me, Jack. If I candled that egg for Ruthy, she'd South America me in one second."

"Why she?"

"She can talk Spanish. And I get the runs for the two of us."

"No," I said. "I stink in this burg and I shamble up the drain come summer..."

"All my fucking wife with her cutting frip and like that," Joe said. He spat on the rug. "I'll be too old before I can chew it."

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Tom Veitch.

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"Don't eat my stool," I said. "You can froth any cunt you want. Just use a little honey on your money."

"I know. But I got to get de-warted."

"Cheer up," I said. "Throw up," I said. "Cough-up," I said. "All cunts look just like the moving pictures."

But I had to worry for him. Not exactly.

"I can't stand it to think my life is going so fact I'm not really living it."

"No buddy ever fucks their wife all the way up except bull fighters."

"I'm not paying for bull fighters. That's for an abnormal wife. I want my cunt to get it in the South America. And do a great strip."

"Did you ever think of getting her in the British East Africa with your boot?"

"No, I wouldn't like that."

"I'd do it for you."

"No, that wouldn't fence me."

"That's because you never took a try. Go on and read a book full of lovely queers with beautiful shiny black pricks."

"I want it in the South America."

He had a hard, Jewish stubborn streak.

"Come on downstairs and do a stink."

"Aren't you working?"

"No," I said. We fell down the stairs to the mafia on the down floor.

\* \* \*

Tom Veitch.

DARKNESS: A SHIFTING GAME

I keep my black velvet cape in the closet and save it for those times when I go out with a knife in my back.

The black musician in the sunglasses was looking at me all night until I found out he was blind. Then he sang about all the coincidences that led up to his suicide.

I rested inside the jewel in his music that was passing through the internal organs of another time. The passage led to a fingernail that was doing nothing on a woman who was making love to me. I reached down with my hand to touch her cunt but I found another hand there, coming out of her. It was covered with magnificent rings. This was Rimbaud's hand for he had become rich. We clasped hands and it was like touching the doorknob to the room of my death. Tiny boots of darkness marched up my arm and into my brain.

I should ask them to sit down.

The musician is strangling his music as it emerges from his horn. This cuts an artery in the game we're all playing. Blood is seeping up at the base of our beards. The crowd at the stadium is screaming emptiness. The panic is that each person feels he is being taken over by the personality of his best friend. They are windows between a hot room and a cold wind.

I clutch the woman to me with great force. I disobey the rules and move many squares toward her. Intimacy is falling together. We are becoming closer. Her face is giving way. I'm going to kiss her brain. Its long dark streets have a knife in them that belongs to me.

\*

## This Story Hurts

a story by Steve Schutzman

"How does it feel to be in the same room with an egg white?" the police lieutenant asked God who was busily thumbing through His throbbing, fluorescent identification.

As the policeman laughed God wondered whether His blind date for that evening had already deserted Him.

Nothin but My poor brain alone, He thought to Himself, it hurts. My little legs against this tricycle, it hardly seems worth the effort.

"That's a pretty nice angle you've got on your nose, I've never seen one quite like it before," the officer commented as he mindlessly slipped his silver pen over forms which could mean life or death. (A hit and run accident that never took place, a non-existent body too obstinate to be found, a needless sense of guilt.)

Outside, leaning against the sparkling white Lincoln, tapping her size five foot, was His blind date Ginny, a cocktail waitress.

God's head pounded mercilessly. To forget His headache God began to whistle a tune inside Himself and this set off storms of the number one which blew like leaves in the wind. Here in the days of pins and thin water, He longed for the days of clouds and the wooden electricity.

I was a newspaper boy, He thought, the smell of the ink kicking off mimes in My mind: the blind dogs, milky like a new new universe, barking at a presence because it had no smell, and the old women waiting behind doors for Me, touching what I had touched, hypnotized into love by the angle of My nose. O the tips I got, He thought finally, knowing that innocence could never be faked.

For the first time since He'd been there He had a look around the place.

Whosever acid trip these walls are, He remarked inwardly as He scanned the sick, liquidy drool of the police station, had better get his head together because when snouts start peering and sniffing out of all the little orifices, each of these holes becomes an ear, and of the thousands of voices that flesh is heir to there are only a few that shouldn't be ignored.

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There, sitting on a wooden bench like nakedness itself, was a starkly thin and spook-eyed freak. This young man shook his intelligent face up and down while saying a silent NO to each silent alternative he silently offered himself. He knew that none of these alternatives really warranted serious consideration but, in his panic, he was grateful that they were presenting themselves for him to reject. It was like piling water very fast out of a quickly filling rowboat. An equilibrium, however horrible, had at least been established. The possibility that he should run out of these absurd alternatives was what really freaked him out. He went on:

".....take each relative who is disappointed in you in the palm of your hand and flip them up catching them by the feet NO the head NO an arm NO the chest NO the clothes NO flip them up and drop each one NO flip them up catch each one by their clothes and have them slip out onto your foot which is the city of Rome NO have them do two full flips because of your eyes your hands and your feet NO have them do three because of the holy triad because of baseball NO have them do four you remember four NO everything is the opposite of what you think NO this is a game NO this is a contest NO this is the end NO it goes on NO it stops NO go to the desk NO and get a pencil NO a single pencil can represent each relative NO a different pencil is needed for each person NO flip the pencils and the deed is done NO they are for you catch them NO you are for them catch them NO you are running out of alternatives NO this is the end NO your realization of it NO can't be helped NO they are against you drop them NO too logical NO this saves them NO there is no one to be saved NO this proves you NO everything has led up to this moment NO this moment is somehow perfect NO madness is inevitable NO this is it NO sit back and relax to prove that you can do it NO one more alternative is gone NO there will be a door NO an observation window NO they will all look through it NO you will be forgotten about NO they will feel sorry for you NO they will think that it was inevitable NO there is finitude but there isn't time...."

WRONG.

This young man continued to sit on the bench without moving. His stillness belied the fierce activity inside him. Yet God watched. God was watching. The young man folded his arms in front of him in his lap. As he did this he folded himself into the arms of his fate. He decided to surrender.

"It was dark," he said outloud. "I must have taken the wrong pill."

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Steve Schutzman.

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No one heard him but Him. The young man gave up. He was exhausted. The alternatives stopped coming, stopped presenting themselves. He was beginning to feel primitive.

".....fuck the pencils, fuck the relatives, the table, fuck baseball, fuck the radio, fuck everything that flies through the air and cannot be seen, fuck the pigs, fuck....."

"What's that beautiful music?" God asked. And He thought: What are fish but reminders of music licking the shore of the cave in which we pray we are not metal. For My next kiss we will both be inside out kissing the muscles of each other's ugliness. Doesn't anybody realize what it's like to be lucky?"

"O.K. you can go," the officer told Him. As He left God wondered whether His blind date was still tapping her foot. The young man approached Him.

"Free is expensive but we have the money, great savior of the soul's everything," he said to Him. "Please turn off the washing machines in the whites of her eyes yet don't shoot unless she's clean. We are impatient for spring, fresh smelling underwear round the Earth's body leaking love. Personal atrophy, the best kind."

When He got into the car He looked at the girl in the seat next to Him then said, "Tell Me Ginny, what was Las Vegas like during the war?"

\* \* \*

Steve Schutzman.

The Hara-Kiri Kit

A Japanese businessman, horn-rimmed and ambitious, decides to market a Hara-Kiri Kit.

Packaged in cellophane and painted cardboard, the price of the kit in Yen is neither too high nor too low for the average customer. It consists of the usual sword in stainless steel with a plastic handle, a patent leather sheath, and a full ceremonial robe (belted at the waist, disposable) in one of three sizes - Large, Medium, and Very Small. An enclosed Manual, printed on vellum, lists in alphabetical order all the Whens and Hows of Hara-Kiri - full instructions telling when, on what occasions, and how it is to be done. Also included, for beginners, is a plastic strip eighteen inches long, 'A' marked at one end, 'B' at the other, a dotted line in-between, which is taped to the abdomen as directed before inserting the sword at the point marked 'A'. Finally for a few Yen, only a few Yen extra, your name is printed in pictographs on the box, the sheath, and the front of the robe itself.

Once production of the kits has begun, the advertising men take over:- NOW AT A PRICE EVEN YOU CAN AFFORD! blurb the blurbs, the posters, and the TV commercials. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AN ARISTOCRAT! - scream huge orange letters across the bill-boards. Now for the first time everyone, even the poor, can if necessary afford a suicide in the most traditional way of all. Soon Yen-waving crowds cram the shops and supermarkets of the Hara-Kiri-Kit Company, all the way from Nagasaki up to Hirosaki. Shares climb as sales of the kit soar high above the clouds. Villas of the firm's directors multiply like mushrooms in the suburbs of Tokyo. But despite this everyone, especially the Director himself, somehow know that this cannot continue for long.....

Suddenly one morning there is panic and shock at the Company's offices; a rival firm has hit the market! Everywhere technicolour ads splatter the pages of the newspapers, fill the screens of the TV networks. A new company, the Hara-Kiri-Plasti-Co, offers at half the price, half the weight, a gift-wrapped kit for Hara-Kiri. The kit contains a sword of silver plastic, its sharpness tested retested and guaranteed; and the usual Sheath, Robes, Plastic Strip and Instruction Manual; but in addition they include an LP record of commentary and instructions for beginners, with traditional music in the background. Consternation fills the offices of the Hara-Kiri-Kit Co; shares have dropped and prices plunged. They are ruined, now bankruptcy knocks on the door. Sitting on the floor of the central office, the Director assembles his staff around him. They squat in silent rows while he reads out the accountant's last report.

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When he has finished, the Director sends one of his men down to the warehouse where the kits are stored. Bring back four dozen, he says, wiping his horn-rimmed glasses. But soon the man is back empty-handed and mumbling; something about 'all gone' ... and 'taken by creditors' ... reaches the Director's ears. Slowly he gets up and walks towards the telephone, which has not yet been disconnected. He looks for a phone number in a newspaper advert, dials, and then says - 'Hara-Kiri-Plasti-Co?....' Meanwhile the others arrange themselves in waiting groups around the room. Someone busies himself in a corner, plugging a large record-player into the wall .....

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### The Diagnoses Parachuted From The Sky

On a sudden bespectacled morning, one thousand Psychiatrists are parachuted with their beards into the city. They run shrieking through the streets, flinging the citizens down onto rapidly-inflatable rubber couches, and stamping diagnoses on their foreheads. The quick twitchings of their ball-point pens echo among the skyscrapers -

Well, we've become used to this sort of thing over the years, believe me, and our ambulance men know exactly what to do: - armed with lassos they comb the city, rounding up the Psychiatrists and gently carrying them away to the waiting convalescent homes...

Some time later - with the ink still wet on their foreheads - each Psychiatrist is handed a re-packed parachute and a free chocolate ice-cream, and then loaded aboard aircraft heading for faraway cities - As they take off, we can still catch their giggles and shrieks fading in the roar of the turbojets....

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The Psychiatric Anteater

Looking at me now, you would think that I was an ordinary Anteater. But of course you'd be wrong. Actually, I'm a psychiatrist - perhaps the only Anteater Psychiatrist in the world. Certainly I'm the only one in this zoo, and in the city which lies around it. For that reason I am regarded by the other Anteaters here as being rather peculiar. To them my answer has always been - each to his own vocation; tolerate me and I'll tolerate you. Let them think I'm much too sentimental, let them spend their time entertaining tourists with tongue acrobatics - if they're so insensitive to the suffering, the real mental suffering, of our world, then that is their problem - not mine. Being, I might say, more aware than the others, my task is to alleviate this suffering. That is why I became a psychiatrist.

I hold my clinic here in the zoo, in the cage in which I am sitting. Every morning a bigger crowd gathers at the bars to look and point as I take my daily psychotherapeutic session. Word has obviously got round to them already what a competent psychiatrist I am. The sessions begin about eight o'clock when the keeper brings in the first of my patients. They are let into the cage through a tiny gate in the wire. Generally there are several thousand of them. At first they are naturally confused; some are hysterical, while others are quiet or catatonic. I let them get a bit used to me before I settle down to the serious business of diagnosis and treatment. First I must separate off the psychotics from the simple anxiety neuroses. This isn't very difficult to do. The psychotics are easily diagnosed by their complete refusal to face up to reality, and to adjust to their situation. For example, very soon after they are put into my cage - into my clinic - they try to escape! Also, they refuse to acknowledge that I'm only there to help them, and often become quite frantic in trying to get away from me. All my research has shown that there is nothing I can do for these patients; they are without any hope of cure, neither psychotherapy nor all the drugs in my repertoire can do anything to help them. Having lost Reality they live entirely in their own darkneses. And therefore their therapy, which takes place once I have rounded them all up, must be more drastic.

Usually this part of my session is very popular with the crowd; people clap and cheer and press their faces to the bars. Sometimes at this stage I can even be persuaded to take a little bow, but in general I try to maintain an air of professional distance.

When I have finished this, I turn my attention back to the neurotics. Now the really skillful part of the therapy begins; for I must get their confidence, break the hold of their fears and inhibitions, and gradually lead them back to an acceptance of Reality. They must learn to adjust to the realities of their situation. There are certain technical problems in doing this - not the language problem, you understand, - but the fact that

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Cecil Helman.

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my patients are so small, with such fragile voices (which in any case are often distorted by fear) that it is sometimes difficult to get a proper case-history out of them. Still, I am patient and try to do my best. Firstly, I lay my long nose down among them and they swarm curiously between the bristles on my face. Then we begin talking frankly to one another. I tell them my problems, they tell me theirs. Eventually I enquire, in some detail, as to their early relationships with their parents, any traumatic happenings in their childhoods, and so on.

Sometimes we discuss their hidden hopes and phobias, what they are secretly afraid of, and try to analyse what prevents them adjusting to reality. With time they begin to feel easier with me, and to realise that my only concern is to diminish their suffering; in short, they learn to regard me as a friend. When they are feeling more relaxed, and the group therapy is well under way, and when despite all the inhibitions in their psyches, my little patients and I are nearer to a mutual understanding, and to an acceptance of the situation in which they find themselves - then they are ready for the final act of my therapy. Gently I ask them to line up in long rows. This they quickly do; line upon line of by now well-adjusted patients, all cheerful and relaxed, their phobias long forgotten. Then I slide the long pinkness of my tongue across the cage's floor, and with some even singing they step smartly onto it. Soon they have formed themselves into ordered ranks, blackening the surface of my tongue. Now the crowd applauds wildly - I draw my tongue up slowly into my mouth - my lips meet - and then there is silence; the clinic is ended and the big crowd wanders away. My psychotherapy for the day is over.

\* \* \*

Cecil Helman.

From DIARY OF STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

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

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

...

Bernadette Mayer.

...

a trace, a stronger texture, impossible to tear, i still imitate, i still review, the fog goes on, there's a name for it: the surface of the eyes pervert senses, clouding heavy sky, diffusion in all directions, pose & empty. the idea that i would do anything for him has become a joke. tomorrow the joke's perverted & i mean it again.. what is it? that he would do anything for me is clearer, is accepted, is loved. sure the love is inherent in murder, & the closeness designs a wish for death, the death of someone is the death of all. reminded. can you still see? a small dark & trembling tree is able to reassemble the qualities of wind within its leaves, by means of them. the tree, its image, is a trick, come out of nowhere, committed. committed to an institution - you must stay there, committed to a man or woman - you must leave them free, committed a sin, a crime, you must commit another, & commit another person to your crime. you cannot be alone, you cannot escape, bulbous images in dark balloons, lustrous growths of them emerge from under your arms, from your groin from whatever's beneath your feet, i cant imagine. insects bite you, bite your feet, lay eggs on them, hatch & grow even larger than the haze of your eyes can conceal. you are eating.

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

you're happy with that, i wont be satisfied, it cant be seen. something funnier is going to happen. i'm committed to it like, fuck jesus, phrases that ring in your ear, when i'm sleepin you pause. it's too simple.

...

...

insects beyond calculus are at my disposal, magic isnt subject to elegance,  
magic's not an art & neither is sleeping -- remembering the past backwards  
-- power without senses -- immersion -- submersion in the fluids of the own  
body -- how great that is, the idea of the own, the own body, without motive,  
the own body, just a presence & a note -- i make this present, in a way, to  
you, any way I can.

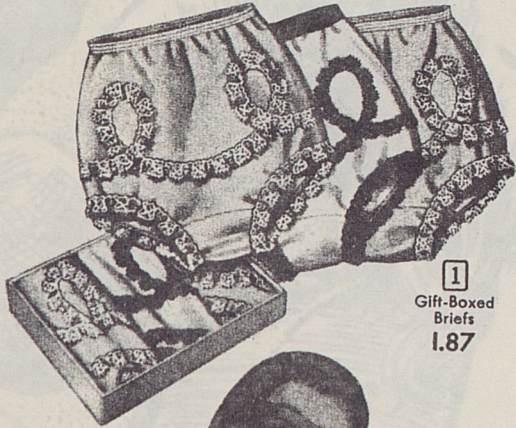
Sensual power, greatest evil, without design, her rule,  
the impossible, & pose the finite as a trick. dont light on me. i'm  
patient, i am cruel, i possess your trance. excess ownership, deacons of  
the church, metals drift on the sea. anything. pores. surcharges. sunspot,  
masterpieces. growth peppers edge entrance exit peer. like owl, his murder  
tickles the ground, & spills out black ink, knife drills into you, you are  
down. live the night? in dark? & if you move, the movements of branches,  
cracking, branches speak attack -- someone is holding them, bears down on  
you, threatens, curses, face down, you have no power, flooded, you cant find  
out, you were warned of secrets, you were told they were necessary, -----  
luminous yellow on a field of black, glows.

crosses for darkness, parallels for light. what trees are around you, which  
ones are living, can you move, hold your eyes open, do battle, bend down.  
this ground is the real ground, ground that circles & stratas to core, it  
boils, the only ground, crawling, nothing between you. hanging & crashing.  
a flame. you are destroyed in the fire, you are black ash, you are stone,  
charred, fertile, a bed for hundreds of years of black work emerging. your  
soul rejuvenates the soil, blood-red flower, an element of the mix, aces  
your grave. now i am present, i'm there. when you see my face, white &  
design, you are fixed to it, repulsed, by its effort to love. we mix.  
young & live forever, my blackness seeks the moment of your death, without  
communication. the legs of the flower, bending, screens in rest. hide us.  
all night. poisoning. extracting the drugs of the flower. you are lost,  
i choose loss. waves & shores, oceans of loss, separate, meeting, destroy.  
no one can get there.

\* \* \*

Bernadette Mayer.

'HAVING A GOOD TIME'



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May 1974

Beaky 74



"THE SACRED HASH OF JESUS"

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The close of Part V Dance at The Witches' Sabbath.

From LÉLIO INTERRED (a vision).

\*

I am innocence printed on each thigh born  
from the day my birth was spilled on her table,  
carried in the marked books of human beds  
Lélio Erato

1670 I am poet and province,  
need no foreign grain in my earth,  
whether she is woman or planet,  
continent or moon,  
I am city and streets to the unpaved  
coal pockets and splinters of county tables,

Every man and each woman  
who hobbles in one act remembered in my bones  
rends me I possessed in each low spasm,  
I famished and fed  
1680 perfect generations of opium-eaters,  
My tongue laps in a thousand languages.

He is corrupt and cast off.  
I deny bone and muscle,  
I deny his fingers his motion  
his sperm

I am holy here.

I only in my passage I, separate  
from my manshape, denied male deny him  
remember my lowered body

1690 laid and lifted to be planted  
as canker on shale mountains  
tie earth to earth bowel to bowel  
gravellocked he and anchored to rock  
never ascend he brutal male  
and thin boned boy makes no hair halo,  
nor draws circle in air  
nor hears voices winged, white say  
"Lélio is daughter to us,"

1700 My parents poise as weathers  
Of the hovering word

Life me! bring me in dresses,  
Lélio in the veins and minerals of women  
undying

...

...

Make me female among her Heavens  
an outcast no more tied to the streets,  
torn from the sty of continents

Am daughter Am woman Am eggshaped flame  
risen to burn the four-limbed husk,  
released when spasms die end his luminous twitch

1710

Am pregnant  
I bear child on child to populate air,  
Comes the call to congregation,  
Lélio in three bells

peal my name to arched Heaven,  
my face shines in her rooms  
white as ewe's milk  
open to my step  
doors part at my fingers  
loud as welcome

1720

Lélio come in his genius

"Tear me from the air Lélio,  
immaculate Lélio,"

seven bells author all air

with carillon

Rise up! Those sunken in mud  
whose lungs nourish in clay,  
Call my congregation from all houses,  
those unloved who perish unmarried  
are made marrow made powder,

1730

blood made hard eyes dry as leather,  
Each hand uplifted, five-pointed steeple attracts

I in bells bring Lélio  
Lélio Lélio Erato Lélio Erato Lélio Erálio  
Leráto élio Erato élia Lerélia Leráto  
Lerélio Leráto  
Lélio

come in the name in the vision of women  
priested

1740

"Lélio has descended and the holied of his step  
rejoice!

Genius we chant, genius who found our pieces  
stiff as bark barren  
trapped in his erect body

o seamless flesh

made without mate or milk,  
left to be fed on pound on pound  
of intestine of muscle  
damp in each other's mouth,  
as orgy at your feet

1750

Congregation of cast-off lovers."

...

...

"Stable us as the parish of dresses  
descended in bodiless glories  
home where spire and steeple point  
poised naked in She  
She untouched in all beds."

1760 "I am scion of the human house  
whose roots are barren months.  
I am of the core of atoms,  
transmute no man to woman  
no sperm to egg.  
Only as the pulse of each act  
denied in her pasted hair,  
he perishes as the anonymous mouth  
on her tongue  
unremembered male flourish in my sex,  
Men shall not see me and live  
to curl again in a lower marriage bed  
bone on bone  
hair in hair

1770 mount corpses of cuckolds  
at the foot of straddled Sinai,  
sandplain burial."

Be long in layers of her white skin,  
Lélio of the hours, ascend as  
woman of his embrace,

Be in her shell  
the pink child of her arms  
of her lips,  
whose fists curl round new horns  
1780 hatched on his forehead,  
bend from his first two-legged steps  
to erect adolescent,  
mature mature, be breasted as she  
as wife as daughter as sister  
of his twenty-first man season  
or be laid stiff as fossil,  
penis petrified to oil.

as her husband as husband is dead.

1790 Leave the flight of her house Lélio,  
She is past and printed in no hour,  
escape from her hooked hands  
She who tears face from skull, sucks air from lungs,  
Lélio only in marriage to her dresses  
lie as tenent of gravel floors

...

...

whose face is drawn frm pavement,  
     tendons torn in harness  
 Of his unended climb  
                     Hear my naked feet on each roof,  
 move each brick under me,  
 1800             I am her home in sandaled streets  
                     her city  
 Jerusalem   dry as mule breath  
                     Build mosaic round Lélío poetboy paralysed in  
 Jerusalem   where I was made pregnant,  
                     my legs scraped on tiles and arches  
                     where no woman wept  
                     the miracle of descent from  
 Jerusalem   of the body when I first saw  
                     one woman's face,  
 1810   invented her eyes from each star,  
                     her skin from midday sand  
     o I shaped her from the poles and tropics  
                     of Lélío womanless             unmarried,  
                     remembered pale or lost when his body is heaped  
                     as compost,  
 journal my hunchbacked spasm to its end.

"After me there will be no other,"

                    and her's is the only face  
                     to float on the ruins of my hands,  
 1820             her face in leaves of pale fire  
 wreath round my arms  
                                     "Lélío        touch me,"  
 Whose mouth consumes all heroes,  
     She in human form  
                     wrap me in the tissues of her face,  
                     make love curl in boyhood bellies

succubus

                    raise me in her fireflesh,  
 she lucifer of white witches,  
 1830       annoint Lélío who authors all lovers

"No love is more muscled than my own."

"Lélío, your legs ache,  
     your walk, numb and clumsy.  
 I perch on your wrist  
     to steady your fragile hand,  
     am the craft of your fingers,  
     the pale length of your arms,  
 Who will never be laid in your track  
     or animal in your sheets,  
 1840       or lay her down on your table,

...



I vomited for Opal my thoughts onto this page because he wanted violence and unrestricted rage. The vomit was appealing - such a colorful display! I wanted it and scraped it up and shut it all away. No longer any claim on me from energies without - I want no falsified approval, no phony social clout. Get out! Stop tearing at my brain and draining all the blood and soul.

Worn patterns lie me with disdain. *LD*  
 This feast I mine -

I paid  
 the  
 toll.

ICWELLHOOD  
 IFFERSH

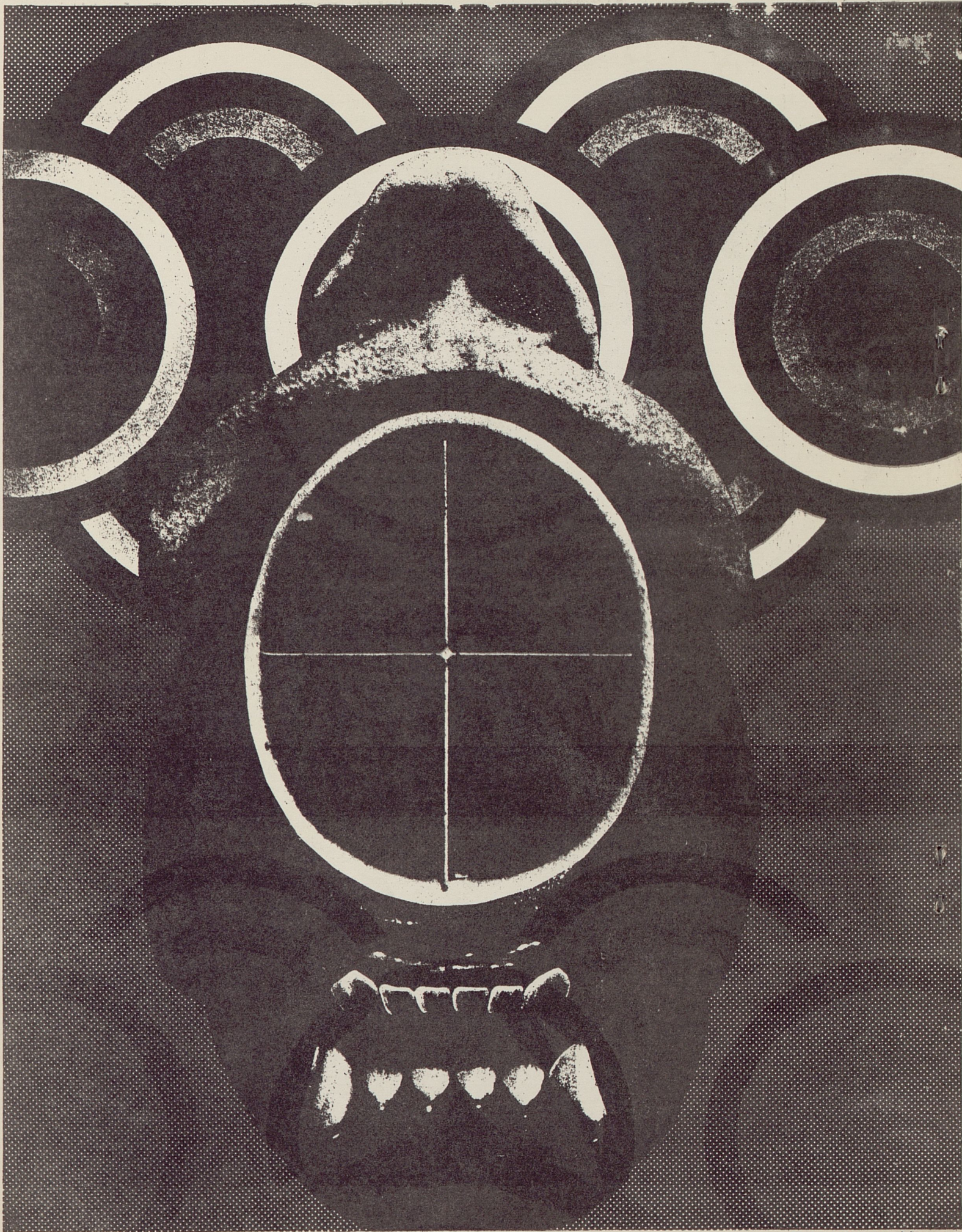


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\* \* \*





Tyler James Hoare

strange faeces

