

# REVEAL DIGITAL

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Strange Faeces

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Contributed by: CLAUDE PELIEU; CHARLES PLYMELL; RICHARD MILLER; JEFF NUTTALL; MARK HYATT; DICK MILLER; KRIS HEMENSLEY; JOANNE BURNS; ALLEN FISHER; DOUG LANG; PETE HOIDA; KRIS JOHNSON; PEARL WHITE; ED SANDERS; ALVIN STINTON

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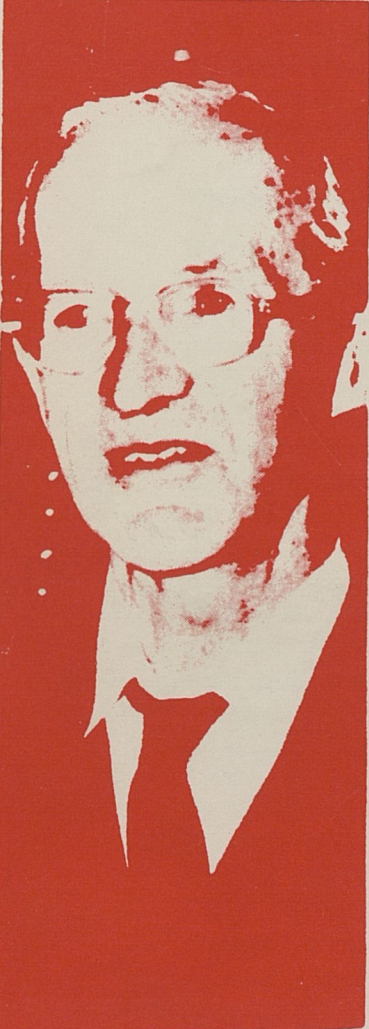
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# INVESTORS CHRONICLE

AND STOCK EXCHANGE GAZETTE



**MOSS  
BROS**  
have good  
stocks of  
stiff collars -  
and shirts to  
go with them.  
Covent Garden,  
WC2E 8JB  
Lime Street, E.C.3



## Stockmarkets after Wilberforce

SPECIAL  
ABOLITION  
OF  
SLAVERY  
ISSUE

STRAVANTER FACETS NUMBER EIGHT



STRANGE FAECES NUMBER EIGHT IS EDITED BY ALLEN FISHER

\*\*\*\*\*

Thomas Green: What do you think is happening with poetry now?

Charles Plymell: It's anybody's game. No one knows. It's whoever can get enough going for them to get something out of it. It's a commodity. An in. A way to get a piece of ass. A way to set yourself up as a teacher. To give readings. To float into town. A rainmaker. A freak. No one knows what's happening with poetry. It's whoever has the strongest connections.

From an interview in Nola Express.

\*\*\*\*\*

Allen Fisher...front cover Prof. A.M.Low..Benefits of War  
Tom Net...BENEFITS OF WAR (an extract) Science Bookclub 1945  
CLAUDE PELIEU...From the Notebooks - being the poems & collage  
on pages 1-11

Charles Plymell...Collage/REBA/Benefits of war/For Claude & Mary

Richard Miller..Committed with a ball-pane hammer  
Jeff Nuttall....The conditions of war../& 2 drawings  
Mark Hyatt.....3 poems  
John Bransbody..from the diaries/& benefits of war  
Jim Pennington..comic strip on page 31  
Dick Miller.....3 workings from Benefits of war  
Allen Fisher....a page from a catalogue  
Opal L Nations..another from the Opal Land of the Angels/& 2045  
Gertrude Bell...from her letters, volume two  
Kris Hemensley..After Benefits of war/& The Rooms  
Allen Fisher....collage  
Joanne Burns....poems  
Allen Fisher....unbefitting as i am to soaring rostrums  
Doug Lang.....from & because of Benefits of war  
Allen Fisher....from a book by Eynseck on psychology  
Opal L Nations..10 waterboard officials....  
Pete Hoida.....Diary  
Kris Johnson...prose 31.8.71  
Pearl White.....some poems  
Allen Fisher....a mess/& from coincidences to collision or..  
ED SANDERS.....The Hairy Table  
Alvin Stinton...Benefits of War (an extract)  
Allen Fisher....back cover

\*\*\*\*\*

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The Hairy Table by Ed Sanders & the interview with Charles Plymell are courtesy of Claude Pelieu.

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to Bob Cobbing for some of the stencil-making.

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The Authors

The conditions of disaster at sea in war differ materially from those in peace, but many of the devices and improvements produced as a result of war experience are likely to be equally valuable in saving life from shipwreck by natural causes. Voyages in small boats or rafts, lasting many days upon a teaspoonful of water and a trifling amount of food have become, unfortunately, almost weekly affairs during the present war. Such cases were not unknown in peacetime and there were many instances of men rescued after many weeks, while others fought sea, sun, thirst and hunger for days, only to perish before help could arrive.

The war regulations and the equipment supplied for ship's boats in wartime, will be of benefit in peace. We had no Ministry of Marine, but the war forced upon us a Ministry of War Transport and it has been exceedingly active in laying down the exact equipment of ship's boats so that the chances of men forced to take to the boats have been greatly improved. Survival depends upon the use not of a single epoch-making invention, but upon the compulsory fitting of many different items of equipment which experience has shown to be valuable in preserving life.

+++++

BENEFITS OF WAR

£ THOMAS NET £

The conditions of disaster xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx differ xxxxxxxx xxxxxx from those in xxxxxxxx xxx xxxxx of xxx devices xxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx produced as a result of war xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx xxx xxxxxxxx in xxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxx in xxxxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx Voyages in xxxxxxx xxxxxx in xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxx upon a teaspoonful of water xxx x xxxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxx of xxxxxx have become xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx affairs during the present xxxxx Such xxxxxx were xxx unknown in peacetime and xxxxxx xxxxx many xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx of men xxxxxxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxxxx fought sea, sun, thirst and hunger xxx xxxxxx xxxxx to perish xxxxxxx: xxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxxx

The war xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx and xxx equipment supplied xxx xxxxxxx xxxxxx in wartime xxxxx in of xxxxxxxxxx in xxxxxxx xxx xxx in xxxxxxxxxxxxxx of xxxxxxxxxx xxx the xxx xxxxxxxxxx upon me x Ministry of War Transport xxx ix xxx xxxxxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx xxxxxxx in laying down xxx xxxxxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx of xxxxxxx xxxxxx in xxxxx xxx chances of men forced in xxxxx in xxx xxxxxxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx Survival xxxxxxxxxx upon xxx use not of a single xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx invention xxx xxxxxx xxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx fitting of xxxxxx xxxxxxxxxx xxxxxx of equipment which experience has shown to xxxxxxxxxxxxxx in xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx life.

+++++

BENEFIT SOAR!

£ TOM NET £

The conditions of disaster in war differ from those devices produced as a result of war Voyages in a teaspoonful of water have become affairs during the present. Such were unknown in peacetime and many men fought sea, sun, thirst and hunger to perish.

The war equipment supplied wartime in the Ministry of War Transport. In laying down chances men forced survival upon us. Not a single invention fitting equipment which experience has



CLAUDE PELIEU

From the Notebooks

CLAUDE PELIEU

Starting from UK all over the landscape

I don't remember what the revolution "pese-nerfs"  
screamed

the moment enlightenment

enter this world in silence on the brim of WORDS  
wet stars bless pricks & cunts

(no more questions do you as please)

secret loves the flesh-archipelligo charms winds  
where to go NOW?

it's raining & silence & distance  
are the

challenge NOW

I don't remember let's break the mirror

tearing roses moons & suns on the drive-in's giant screen  
there are

unbearable scenes

trees pilot-cities hypermarkets etc

mouths glued shut by NAPALM spatter our eyes  
the Magician guides this tide of black stars

bodies & words turned into walls by cancer-  
flowers

wich are the prisoners of MIRAGES

streets retain their witchcraft seagulls devour  
the sky

Silence-traces yield to reflections

I remember NOW that night

the airport was empty

a few white roses left on a wagon

two men nodded at the bar insomnia wrecking a landscape'  
last words

that will never breathe again 'cause silence's  
dripping hair

has NOTHING more to say -----

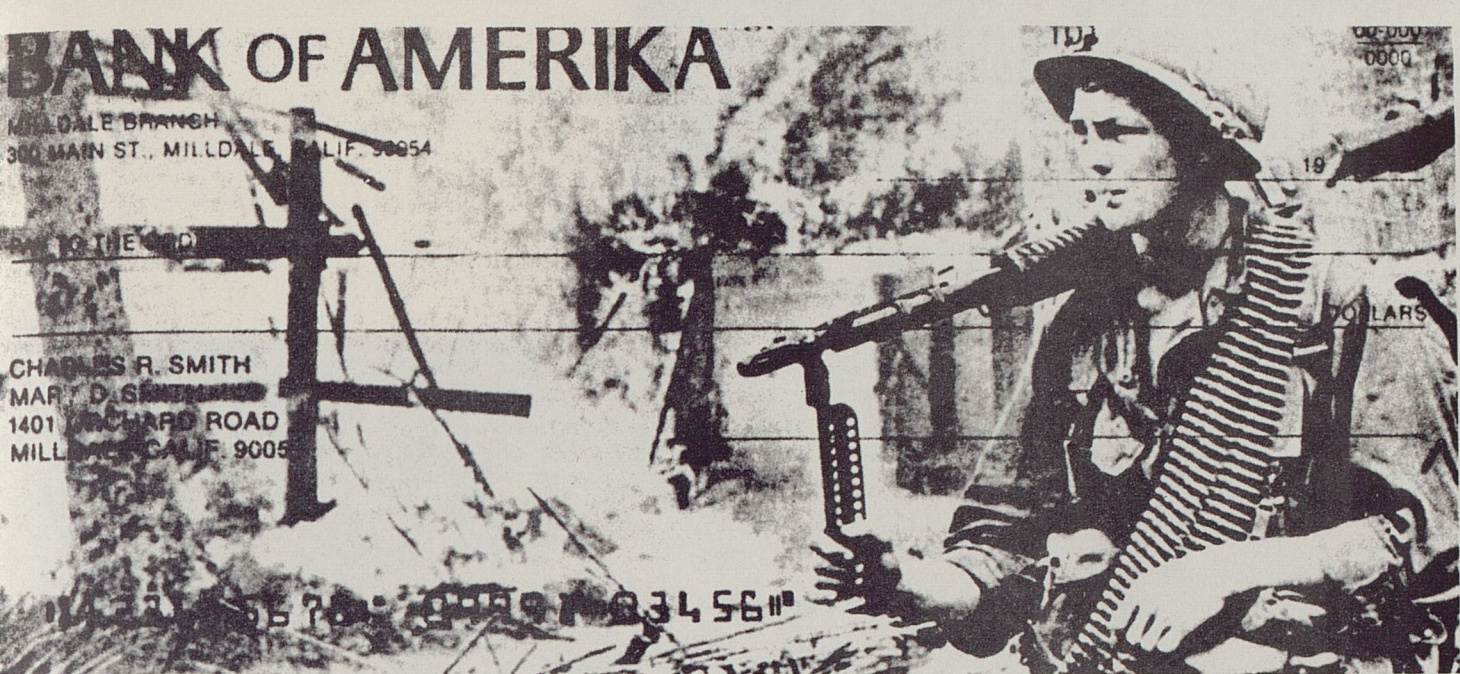
C

1972 by  
C.P.

# BANK OF AMERIKA

MILLDALE BRANCH  
300 MAIN ST., MILLDALE, CALIF. 90054

CHARLES R. SMITH  
MARY D. SMITH  
1401 RICHARD ROAD  
MILLDALE, CALIF. 90054



From the notebooks

© 1972 by Johnny Pinoff  
I love you Mass Media  
'A bouquet of fuckyou's'



From Joyce Maussion M.B. of



ATH 257

Ce serait un plaisir extrême  
De vous les apporter moi-même.

She obviously hasn't read  
Fried & doesn't know she  
can't reach her money!

3



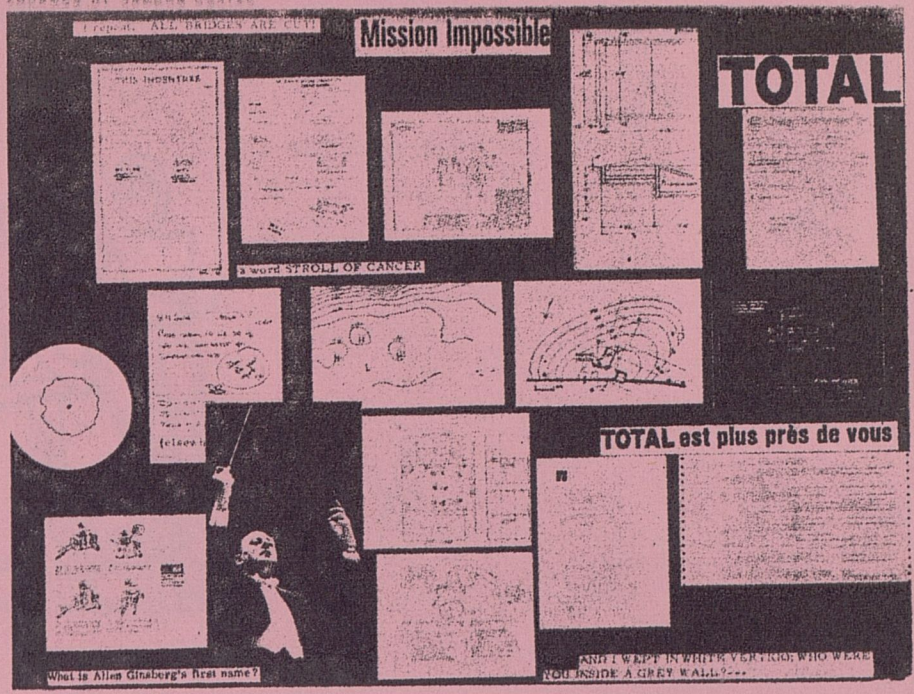
**But it's not  
America.**

CLAUDE PELIEU

YOU WANNA HEAR  
NEWS!  
STOP THEM  
MANUFACTURE!

CLAUDE PELIEU





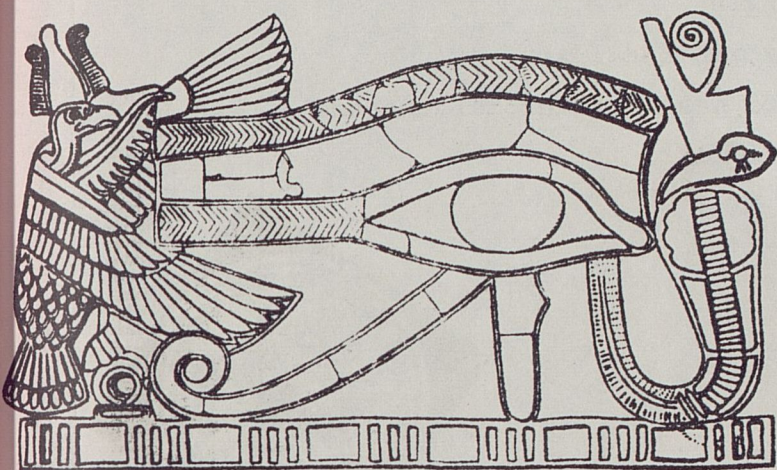
- IT'S  
**SPACESHIP  
 EARTH!** WE MUST  
 PREVENT IT  
 FROM LANDING  
 ON MARS!  
 PAGE 12



"MISS FESTIVAL ELECTION" DIRECTED BY JEAN-JACQUES LEBEL AT THE UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL, KNOKKE-LEZOUTE, BELGIUM, 1967

#6 Yoko Ono

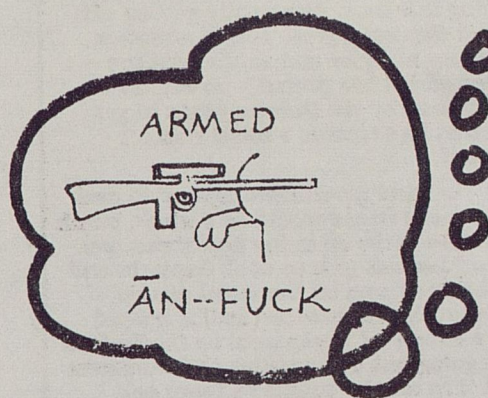
CLAUDE PELIEU



You are invited  
to a party & exhibition  
of collages  
by the immortal poet  
Claude Pelieu

Friday  
Midnight  
March 28  
1969

Peace Eye Bookstore  
147 Ave A



NEAL Photo by Judith Brown

Well

today I cut another single

"HAPPY MANY RETURNS" by TED BERRIGAN

I wonder if Joe Brainard has a commercial success

CATCH THE WIND JOE!!!QUICK!!!

and you too ED!!!



devils creeps demons goons

assholes kikes coons muffdivers

vandals nazis squares honkies

geeks snatchstompers frogs

THE DREAM IS OVER

THE GREAT FREAKOUT SHOW OF YEARS AGO ARE NOTHING BUT MEMORIES

et's issue a general declaration to the underground community, contra speedamos ex cathedra. Speed is anti-social, paranoid making, it's a drag, bad for your body, uncreative and it's a plague in the whole dope industry. All the nice gentle dope fiends are getting screwed up by the real horror monster Frankenstein Speed freaks who are going around stealing and bad mouthing everybody.

The answer to it, I would say, is somehow put the speedfreaks in relation to doctors and nature, again. What the government ought to do is establish quiet farms-mountain-wilderness-fresh air-heated log cabins, where speedfreaks can go with their girl friends or boy friends if they have any, and get out of the city where speed is available and get back to the refreshing influence of nature. They're getting all dirty fingered handling the garbage in the city, and they're getting all sorts of electronic horror vibrations. It's the worst thing in the whole drug scene that I know of, the one thing I can't figure out what to do.

I've used speed, briefly, like for a day for writing, but the use of speed over two days tends to lead to irritability and insistency and a kind of Hitlerian fascist mentality, which may be the by-products of real perceptions of interest. But generally, the interpretations are over-forced, with too much will power and insistency, so they're always leaning on everyone else around them, trying to force everybody else into their universe. It's not a common universe that is the problem, it's not one everyone can participate in — the speed-crystal universe. Speed was originally invented by the Germans for use by the pilots in bombing England, so it's originally a kind of totalitarian synthetic.

The physiological problem is that if you stay up three or four or five days, you tend not to eat well enough to nourish your body, and pretty soon there comes to be a metaphysic of despising your body out of that crystal universe.

Since you don't sleep, you don't get your 45 necessary minutes of dreaming each night, and so after a while the unconscious dream life begins to erupt during waking, walking around consciousness, and you begin to act out your dream life and mistaking hallucinations from the unconscious as being manifest sensory realities that other people can pick up on, which is not true, so there's a disjunction of realities. Or there's the insistence on your reality being the only reality, if you're on the speed freak, which is undemocratic, and that's where it's totalitarian.

Since 1958 it's been a plague around my house. People that I liked or who were good artists, have gotten all screwed up on it, and come around burning down the door, stealing. All the stuff I brought back from India was stolen by speedfreaks.

The junk problem's an easy problem to handle compared to the speed problem. With speed you don't have a physiological addiction, which is strong and is followed by a long depression. It takes several months for the metabolism to restabilize itself, and there's a depression that lasts during this time. Apparently getting off speed requires a great deal of attention and care and love and nature. But the speed addict has generally so offended everybody by the time he wants to get off that he's created a social void for himself.

The ideal government agency to deal with speed freaks would be a whole bunch of lumberjacks up in the mountains and strong peasant girls to cook flapjacks and make a fire, and let the speed demon sleep off his depressions and lie around for a couple of weeks until he finally feels like going out and smelling the evergreens and then maybe building a fence or a bridge back.

ALLEN GINSBERG

the second coming  
of cannabis sativa

These poems about violent hunger celebrate the birth of neon. Thru' kapok walls (& the images of Oldenburg, Warhol, Lichtenstein, Wally Berman, Erró, Rauschenberg & Harry Smith), images that cum in parking lots.

If this society dies it's because the System condemned everything, even the revolution. Wolves bask in illusions, like dead kids & Mr. Suburbia. Boredom & anxiety aren't destroyed by fire. Industrial & military leprosy created the White Suburban Ubu, the bacteriological plague & psycho-chemical warfare did the rest--- 100 million dead men can't stamp it out! --- blood leaps on dunes, spurts like a waterspout, red geysers spatter the sky! --- the astronaut forgot something, the Sand Rose, laughter's blue ultra-light armor --- he'll dance in black space, at the very moment of his death.

In London the Sunday paper is lighter than in New York or San Fran, it's wet, elusive, electrified --- brief sequences --- incantations --- screams --- litanies --- exorcisms. It all dapples the realities of our world. Regression's true face is modelled in the "free world's" suburbs? Death at will!

Good taste is against vision!

(A questioning mind is absurd --- am I or am I not an artist? I'm like you, a protagonist & a consumer --- I participate in the same sexual psycho-sociodrama, lighting up my last chances, high & enigmatic --- There are no more secrets! --- the poet's very destiny is called into play. Western man has no vision now! --- Frozen written words die in the Safeway of Thought.

There are no hidden facts.

Sexual war, racial war, colonial war, imperialist war, intergalactic war, psychedelic genocide: sigh-techniques teach us nothing --- we've thrown our cold scissors in the thistles --- & at the end of our night's hallway, overheated by blue neon: Death & Transfiguration.

(9)

Endless shadows

an aloofness that takes off its dress of sorrow  
 a few transparencies floating in front of the pink window  
 a body-screen spreads clinching mildewed leaves  
 a personal message pulsates like blood  
 many-colored tatters of the sun; blaze in the chimney  
 harvest of tares & chalk (my hair has grown again  
 silence whitened it slightly)  
 the highway a few kilometers away --- the plain streaked  
 w/ neon  
 fruit & decibels of light leaving the video-cassette  
A Product of Liberty --- a shadow hanging onto the sun's  
 lips  
 blue & white variations  
 sabotaging a photocopier ---  
Crowd Chant Rain  
I'm going home --- tears followed  
 the images coming after stars  
 up the wind's empty sleeve

CLAUDE PELIEU

PEKES FARM, 12:25 a.m.



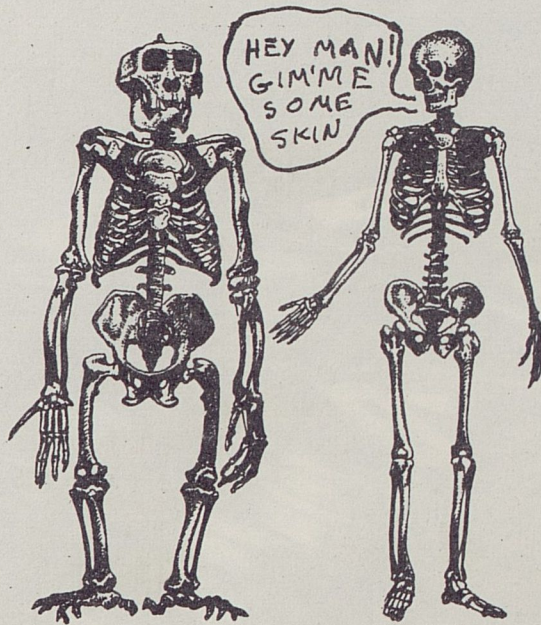
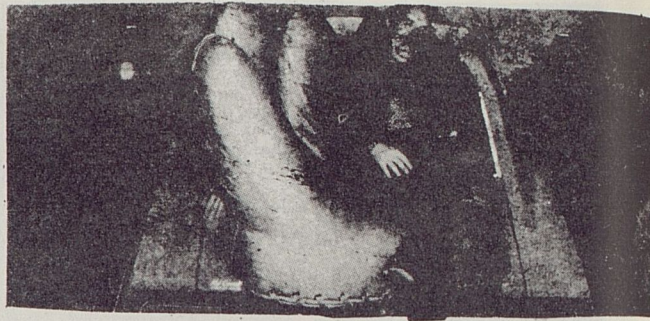
\*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*  
**SUNDANCE**  
 \*\*  
 \*\*  
**VILLAGE'**  
 \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*

Un cri de guerre  
 contre la Ville

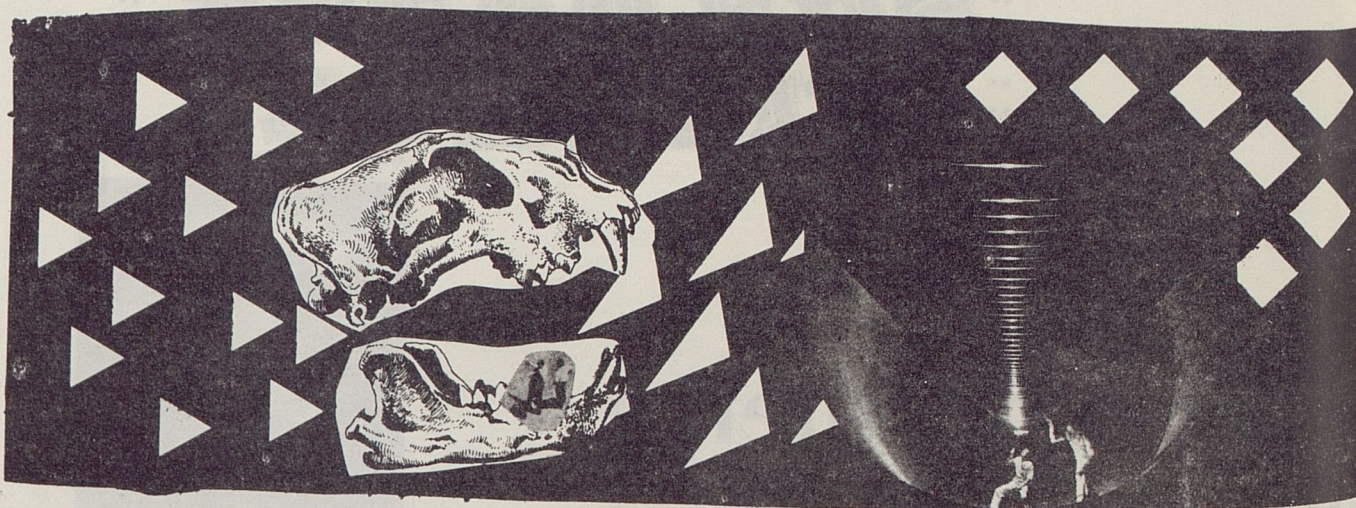


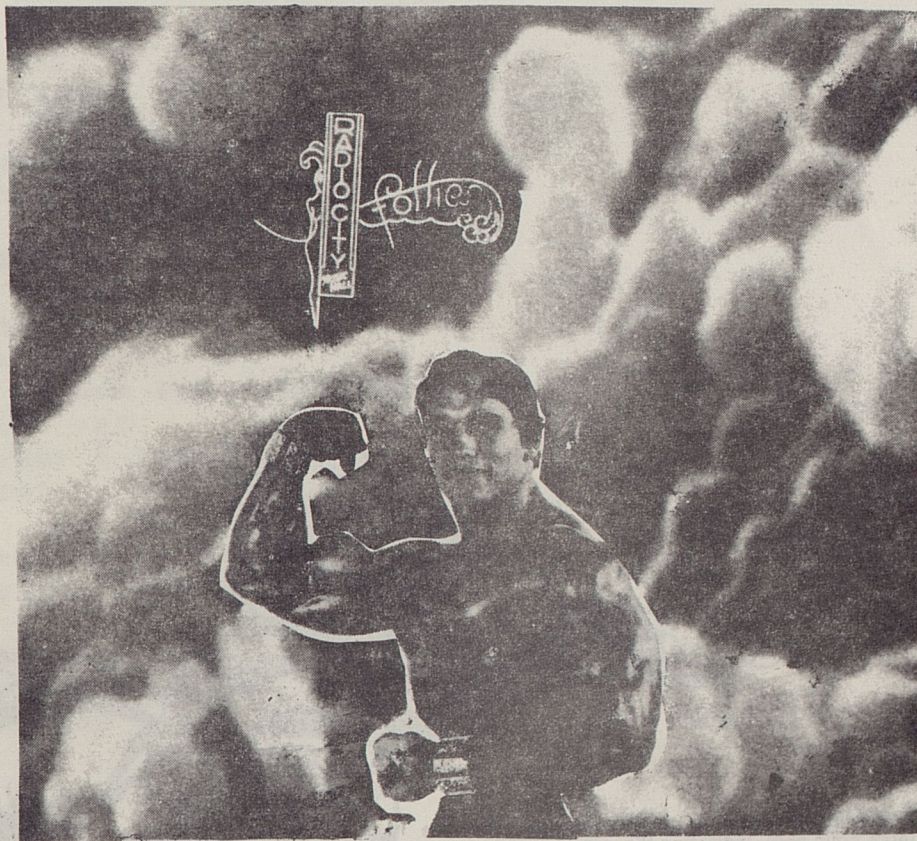
Pg. 115 Toni Angermayer: Two

CLAUDE PELIEU

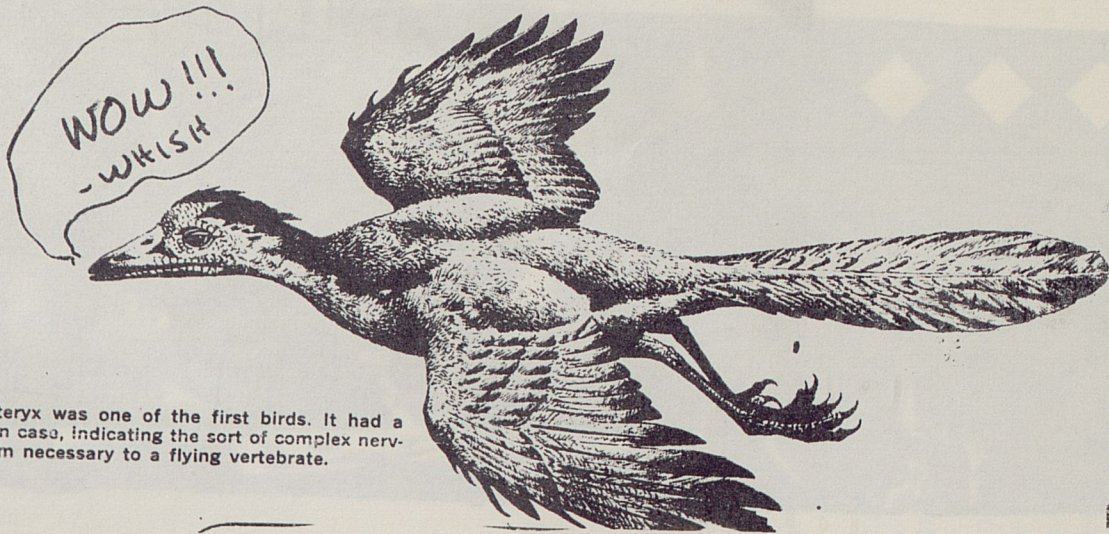


Charles Plymell





CHARLES PLYMELL



Archaeopteryx was one of the first birds. It had a large brain case, indicating the sort of complex nervous system necessary to a flying vertebrate.

The highway cast a spell on my veins  
And the sea,  
The sea shouted to Reba on the beach.

I am set in mind to wandering  
 when leaves turn brown  
 and the wind puts a chill in the air

Names of cities ring in my brain  
 like San Francisco! San Francisco!  
 far across the land of coffee-tonk cafes

With hard neon lights and bacon and eggs  
 for when I travel its with suitcase and beer  
 with trees and faces wildly in the air

To the city's heart and dim lit jewells  
 where Reba's name is written wildly  
 and cameramen cowboy oracles ride

Just GO

Reba

On the San Francisco beach

In 69

Go 69

Reba ready

Reba right on

Reba ready hip

Reba rid of speed

Reba arriba arriba

Reba rich girl reading

Richard Brautigan on the beach

Reba tough

Reba together

Reba is an Indian

Reba California bird

Reba met Joan Baez

Reba wrote a poem for Allen Ginsberg

Reba pop rock art

Reba with your balls

Reba coke collage

Reba fairy

Reba shipwrecked on the silent water

Reba collective ball of eternity

Scratch your name on East Village brick

Let your belly shine

And your breasts drink of Coca, Saturn, and Sun.

...../

PLYMELL

PLYMELL

/.....

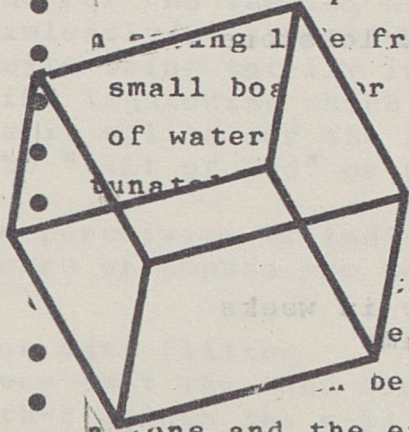
We'll see the fortune teller's lips burst with rapture  
We'll cry in the blackout of language  
We'll sell pages of our life at the Greyhound station  
We'll smash the windows out of Time  
We'll follow Attila over the rooftops  
We'll catch the chemistry of Cortez's lips  
We'll sing witchcraft frenzy to the dead scent of time  
We'll hear telegraph messages crash in the mountains  
We'll hear mad laughter swell in California smog  
We'll see newsboys sell hard reality in the Morning Sun  
We'll go to Berkeley and buy a gun  
We'll see the clock of crystal on the global wall  
We'll watch Gypsy clairvoyant superstars sift omens from thought

(She wore long dresses  
and threw the I Ching  
and arrived on a big silver coach.)

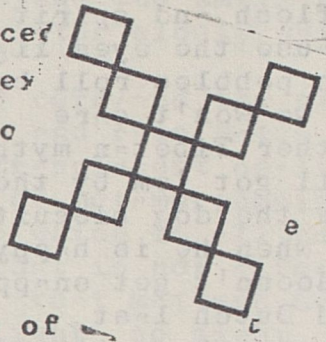
BENEFITS OF WAR (an extract) BY professor a.m. low

The . . . . . sea . . . . .

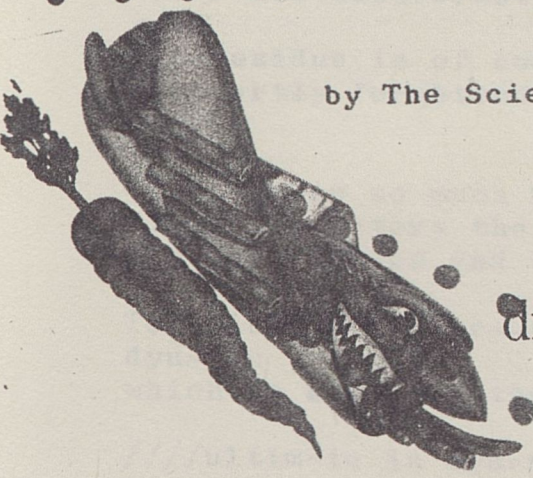
from those in peace, but many of the devices and improvements  
 p . . . . . of war experience are likely to be ~~xxx~~  
 e . . . . . a saving life from shipwreck by natural  
 c . . . . . small boats or rafts, lasting many days  
 u . . . . . of water a trifling amount of food  
 h . . . . . unattended weekly affairs during  
 t . . . . . e not ~~known~~ unknown in  
 p . . . . . ances of men rescued after  
 m . . . . . ea, ~~xxx~~ sun, thirst and  
 h . . . . . before help could arrive.



ship's boats in wartime, will be of benefit in peace. We  
 h . . . . . e, but the war forced  
 M . . . . . t and it has been ex  
 a . . . . . e exact equipment o  
 s . . . . . men forced to take  
 h . . . . . ved. Survival depe  
 n . . . . . aking invention,  
 c . . . . . any different items of  
 w . . . . . own to be valuable in preserving  
 l . . . . .



by The Science Book Club in 1945



Inside every man, lives a little boy who didn't like his vegetables.

FOR CLAUDE AND MARY

© CHARLES PLYMELL ©

The night we bruised ourselves  
against the wolf's mouth  
entertaining memories of the Coupole  
San Francisco and New York  
searching for the reason  
for an obsolete revolution  
like dancing figures  
fading from a dream  
in Max's Kansas City  
amid mod cuts and steaks and lobsters  
shrimp and pork chops  
ready to depart again  
to untold bars  
where hermits sit in horror  
no better than the worker  
oppressed and ready to fire  
smash the broken record  
air luxuriant for first time in weeks  
wanting to sell a new lifetime  
biggest paying job on earth  
walk past construction  
tomorrow the jackhammers sound  
tomorrow is a different world  
in flesh and spirit  
because the eyes light up the night  
when pebbles roll beneath the boots  
and we won't care  
whether Tibetan mythology has a cold hell  
still got 'em by the nuts in America  
give the dog biscuits  
and when he is happy  
he doesn't get snappy  
said Dutch last  
he knew where it was at  
as they say

And the emotions/like fat fettered frogs/waiting for the winds  
 The expectation like a full rainwater butt/overflowing at each maelstrom  
 clear pure water drain away into the ground surrounds only grass growing  
 And the frogs /the skin flaking under the awning  
 The eyes sand filled pockets/lens crystalized to fish scales  
 expectation distorted by the rings of aging  
 The water seeping into the gravel/and the flakes of frog skin in the wind  
 the legs of the frog stiff/crystal formations beneath the joints  
 and the deadly slowness of movement as each fold moves a little/nearer and the leg with halting hesitation flexes moves aimlessly/as though moved by some electric pulse  
 Electricity being totally indifferent  
 It is like lightning which is electrical force  
 the tree it splits nor the lightning having active intent  
 It is the "will of God" or perforce total haphazard chance  
 Like the perceiving of individual or phrases the words nor my ears or senses are to blame

The water butt filling  
 The leaves that the wind blows/the wind that moves the clouds that brings the rain  
 The leaves that twist in the air currents or the surface of the water/ that breaks the tissue/and the small particles that precipitate through the water sloely/which is green natural  
 the green of slime and grass and the corn/and the slow changing green of still water ponds and rain water butts  
 Green which grows deeper through translucent opaline through emerald to the earthy green of metamorphosis and finally to settle and the sludge which is all colours but in the still darkness is non That is not a feature that matters here  
 There is no movement no sound no light no sight  
 time is the quantity of falling particles/which is the season  
 disquiet is the fermenting gasses which turn particles and raise clouds/not in anger/but a quiet fart to what was.  
 the residue is of course history  
 the partly forgotten mostly misunderstood accumulation of data

((((( It is so much more interesting and immediate to study the waters that flow above/ where the fishes and the midge flies and tactile existence grows))))))

To exist in the greenwhich is life chlorophyll/which is dynamic  
 which is kill and the rapid finality of the pike  
 ///ultimate in dynamism /the new totally digesting the old  
 the underling the still born deformed or retarded swiftly by the outgoing/the energy that goes out and in the

MILLER

co-ordinated movement/the grass and reeds brushed aside/  
 the eyes locked and concentration totally encompassed  
 rushes forward and devours  
 This is the burning of the books  
 History (the sludge) receives only the particles of  
 tissue and drops of blood and gore which drip from the  
 lips of the inovator and the f the digested and  
 almost totally useless quanta ejected  
 then there are the plants which are technology development  
 Selective dialectic history saltings/ immutable solidity  
 The layers of time heavy and the sheer weight of accumul-  
 -ated fact compressing/ deforming the layers The fracture  
 /times of complete change /The ice age/locking trapped  
 (the frogs dead on the surface /(birds ((spiritual)) which  
 by chance fall and locked fast when the conditions change  
 Ice of regression or suicidal fantasy (the star of percep-  
 -tion shot out of the sky) dog the vindictive anger and  
 insensitivity shot by the incomplete and earth bound  
 futility that rages in the terrestrial eye.

.....  
 .....

This is painting minatures perfect in their own scope but  
 indulgent when contrasted to murals where each stroke is  
 much greater than the minature. One individual stroke of  
 blue is several times larger than the completed minature.  
 The confidence of the arm that can cause the brush (100s  
 of times larger than the brush I have) to travel the  
 canvas. The attempt is to paint that picture but to put  
 every individual pigment of every colour there dot by dot.  
 That is a hopeless task, I neither have the materials or  
 the capabilities or the true concept of such a programme.  
 In particular I have no means of getting back to perceive  
 of the picture as a whole. All is dountlessness. Like who  
 knows what is required but cannot. And am falling to the  
 ground crushed and conscious of the pain and the bruising  
 to come. The body is pained/and in a moment of explosive  
 vengeance/and maladroitness/Rush explosively/the red flag  
 which is blood/which is pain/which is fire/which is purging  
 /which is rage which is passion/which clothes the brain.  
 Not sickness/but organic release

MILLER

The shit fills up to the nostrils and fear clouds the mind/not thinking clearly or at all/reacting on rash impulse/struck out./The child is the bee and is directly responsible/for not being as I am,/is the main instigator /is the prime mover./This is the distance is total believed/redly there is no reasoning intellect or notion of what is/to be easier for the future./The child is the bee/that is the apotheosis of everything horrid/everything evil/is the personification of all pains/which is the nettle before the scythe/(the nettle stings me on the leg - do not perceive that it is my fault for not wearing more suitable apparel) and in a red instance/growing as the swelling grows in my leg/Seize the scythe/one/with one incensed and/extremely viscious swish/scythe the nettle and proceed to hack it to hundreds of pieces/on the floor/and then stamp/and legs onto it/crushing it into the grass/at that instant the sense of pain/departs me totally absorbed/in the action which is as a pool of balm to sink into./Then the impetus/is exhausted and/ I/ stop/-the swelling is still there/and/my feet are stung/ still more/nothing solved/Sting remains/but I better, the salt sweat taste in my mouth/my hair wet/I have exorcised /I have scratched the skin and/burst a boil/and the internal pressure/pushes out the vile/yellow/poison./The cause is still/there/but the pressure relieved./A therapeutic empty/THIS/IS/IT/- the child is the bee/the bee gone/its sting remains/that red rag/I shall charge/smash the world/Shell tear the posts/of my restriction/I shall ---

But first/I shall erase/I shall mutilate/with fire/with fire in my mind/with the surging power/and encompassed pulsations/of the current in the mill/in my agonised soul/coursing pulsing electricity/(Electricity that flexed the frog's leg for no certain reason) Surging forward/the/feet crashing great divots/from the land/the tale thrashing/in incensed righteousness/pans down/on the spectre of his/accumulated pain./And so/the horn tears/in the snapping/of the tissue/and the rent of tearing/and splintering bones/the object is hurled high in the raining blood and air/Oh/the taste of blood/Oh that moment of glorious release/the madness/of not caring/absolute/release./  
That sticky redness in blood is life RICHARD MILLER

£ JEFF NUTTALL £

The conditions of peace produced valuable voyages -  
jet planes of slaves for the untroubled flea  
exchange....

A teaspoonful became the present war, whereas it took  
some boatloads of opium when the Victorians  
tried it in China...

Peacetime and many weeks hunger for the war boats had  
no Ministry - for fuck's sake captain, finish  
the job...

War laying the chances of compulsory fitting experience  
- Morrith and I had a lovely time with a tape  
measure in the OM thtoreth

Devices are likely from shipwreck by natural days - I  
tell you Morrith, one more week at thith  
and I shall go thtark waving mad...

A trifling affair not unknown after sea, sun, thirst -  
hold my hand Morrith and we'll watch the thun  
go down over the asheth of Hong Kong...

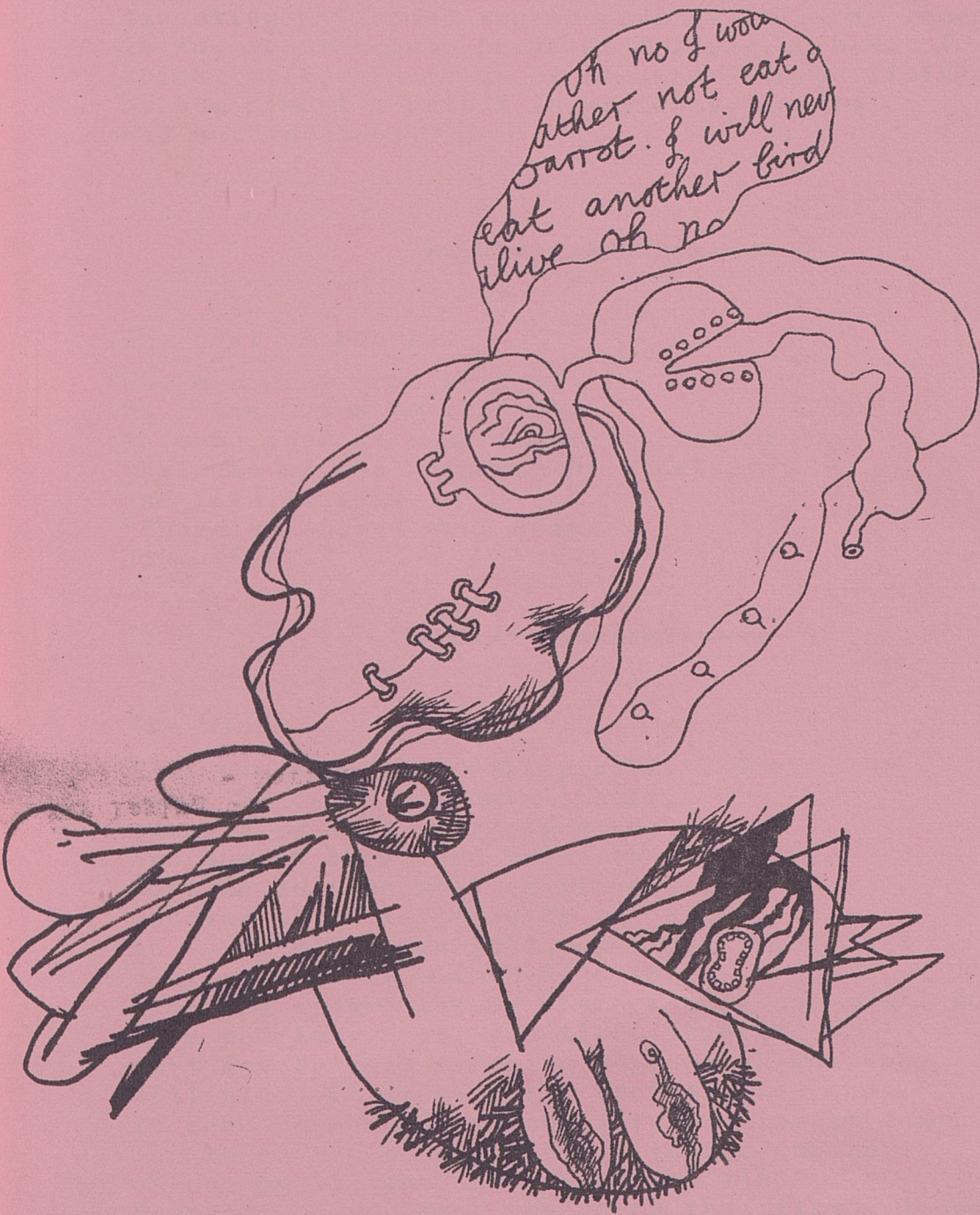
Perish and be of benefit upon us - Let's do it on the side  
though, I'd hate your ticker to conk out in  
this position...

It had been the exact force to take - Far far better than  
an aspirin and nowhere near as nasty as the  
paratroops in Londonderry....

JEFF NUTTALL



JEFF NUTTALL



Slowly I lose the power to absorb myself  
 in stones, flowers and dreams, my moonhit brain  
 melting the effect of bad communication. By the  
 late hours of day terror grows objects inside  
 my paralysed head. Once upon a time, I would  
 gather my sermons to speak to my friends  
 the day before they was said.

Now things have changed somewhat, most of my  
 intellect is spent looking for infinite death. My gaze  
 settles in nothing, spasms of tormented thoughts  
 sweat through my body until my knees move like  
 mad spirits. Promises, promises, that's all people  
 make today. Costumes fade, odours of no  
 direction give poor impressions of life, my touch  
 is now translucent, peace is falling to bits. I  
 think, talk, argue; is it necessary to be limited?  
 My human mental output is violently common  
 and nothing less.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

#### The Best of People.

The man next door told me  
 he walked down to the mill  
 to make sure it wasn't doing anything  
 while he was on a fortnight's holiday,  
 and like he said:  
 "There's nothing much doing  
 down there."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

#### The Vista

I'll remember that valley until I die:  
 Idwal Slabs, a city-man's hell,  
 there's so much heavenly wind;  
 one moment there are views in your eyes,  
 next to no time they're clouded out.  
 And the black ice made by the wind  
 in Devil's Kitchen just makes you think that  
 a nice hot brew with half a ton of grass  
 floating around inside your plastic cup would be good.  
 It's not long after you'll be thinking of  
 that lovely cold sleeping bag, which you know  
 will hide all those large stones, lies damp  
 in some corner of the solitary candle-lit tent,  
 and there are so many things inside the belly  
 of one small tent, like too much wind.  
 Bunched up, you know you're on that tiny can-opener  
 which your mate wants right now.  
 And the cigarettes are flat and damp.  
 Then something is knocked over,  
 and everything is sticky.

MIDNIGHT OIL HITS BEACHES

25 MARCH 67

I started to record the moment I left bed. I left the curtains pulled, the way they purchase spring with bright sunlight & no rain annoys me.

Later - I posted a large envelope to Center. Under my arm a parcel to Paul.

"For you." / "What is it?" / "Open it then!"

Paul tore through its wrapper. "Books! where'd you get these, thanks John. they for me?"

"Sure Found them on the site near the cubicle. Someone's unearthed it. I don't know how."

"Is there much more?" / "I couldn't tell."

Jont & Wap had receded to the mound hollows high over the tundra.

TROOPS RECALLED FOR BATTLE OF BEACHES 26 MARCH 67

ARMY ALERT AS FIRST OIL PATCH HITS SHORE

The lake was spreading fast. Gale-force winds brought two hundred ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS to the new beaches. Word must have come of the blast in the middle. As they descended from their machines the oil advanced hissing, the front line retreated spraying it with strange gases and powders the colour of milk. Jont & Wap kept quiet & together. They slivered into the hollow, as they moved further into the stone a piece fell from the moundside & the army turned about & started to head towards them breaking their formation. They showered the moundside with bullets the size of cabbage balls and the earth & muck about Jont began to fall in a slow ray of dust. The oil attacked. A third of the ranks disappeared in one huge gulp and the voices of their comrades encouraged the oil to retreat violently for a second & come in fast pinning all but a few of them to the memory walls.

OIL NO LONGER A THREAT - BUT GRIM REALITY PM 26 MARCH 67

Great patches of sludge are coming ashore. It is thick, black & horrible (sunday Mirror)

All that were able clamoured uphill to miss the oil & in the hollows just over the disappearing beach they tended the wounded, scorched from boiling oil or rammed into the moundside with the passion of a baseball bat.

I lay still gripping the bed. Boss' room was making plans

& this made it difficult to record anything, as if encouragement or the creative act itself came from discouragement or suppression.

THEY PRAY IN THE STREETS AS 50 MILES OF BEACHES ARE HIT 26 M...

From where Jont & Wap were they could hear the beach mould labouring under the weight of <sup>the</sup> censorship the army imposed - far worse a threat to them than any oil would ever bring.

Paul came round to see me & found me sleeping but in pleasant mood. almost tranquil - my mind swimming freer with the suppression of my sexload. Yet my body fighting the censorships of my mind that the free swimming had caused.

S O S ! Volunteer to beat oil

Somehow the army had contacted another division, over the oil skimmed a platoon of fram dispensers.

"I estimate 10,000 people are needed immediately & this will increase to 20,000....This is a task of wartime magnitude & certainly a national crisis."

The armies were forced to the walls /we will fight them on the beaches/ gone from their energy submissive to the oil play.

Where Jont was on the moundside a swirl of foam was forming in the oil centre like a sink waste hollowing water and he wasn't sure xxxif the foam had been planted or whether it had risen in the advance of the oil - anyway the foam danced now towards now away from the centre the way Jont thought you do the hccy coccy...

"This day do I fear the turbulence of a civilisation thrown into one whirl of size of a bamboo shoot the circumference of the Earth filtering through the diameter of a bath hole down into the black hole that may deliver it out of existence & into that infinite black hole that can be found here in these thoughts."

"The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Organisations set up mercy stations."

"Weather. 26.3.67. Blustery..."

I SEE THE OIL HAVOC - IT'S ASHORE & IT'S FILTHY STUFF (Now)

THE BLACK TIDE CREEPS ON

".....according to the reports here...the plan is said to suggest simultaneously stopping military action & starting talks."

"the overpowering smell of crude oil bites deeply into the night air

and Jont & Wap resort to breathing through their arms and sides via the mound soil, wiff oof detergents in the oil rise, sound of stirrup pump and motor launches, buzz of argument in my head.

I. Bransford



(act) BY pro  
 disaster at sea (an extreme  
 out many of the den from the  
 f war experience a produced  
 ving life from shu equ did  
 ll boats or rafe i c in war  
 water and a tges in upvices and  
 nately, almost spoonful have likely  
 ch cases ~~come~~, unfor the ipwreck by  
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## EASTER WARMS UP WITH A CHASE ON THE BEACH 27 MARCH 67

"the eyeballs of men who took a contraceptive pill turned pink if they later drank anything alcoholic

Things seemed to have settled. The tourist winds had dispersed Jont levered down mound towards the beach - it was full of oily machinery and weapons

"Wap!" he yelled. But already Wap was following sensing the meal in the burnt rubber of his nostrils.

"It is a far, far better..." he voice faded in Jont's ear muscles as his body sumped the collossus of nutrition my mind was accepting

In the third set Paul hit a bat directly into my face somewhere inbetween the frontal sinus and the eye, my head anyway sanfg black shadows and in a rebound of yellow lights my conscious thoughts faded

## BULLDOZERS GO INTO ACTION ON BEACHES 29 MARCH 67

The noise from the beaches woke Jont up, or it was time for him to rise & it was noisey on the beach. Below him the vibration of machinery clearing large piles of metal matter

about him the air vibration

in the market street the piles of vegetable matter being shovelled into pig carts

smell of the beach now reaching Jont not a pig's bin swilling with living rots

the soft clawing animals from the inner ear

but the receipt of bisto waves in a television ad or the

"sweep you off your feet" smell apple field harvest

metal, solid as fresh worcesters, with flesh the juice of carbons, brittle of irons

it seemed quite a time before Jont realised the oil had subsided & the army were in a scatter sprayed in paint flicks across the beaches

"& we will fight them on..."

"Jont!" Wap called

"I know," he sd to himself, "I shall call this day the turning point, from the reptiles diversed many beings, from this implosion, Wham!....."

Like some fantastic funeral pyre  
 the centre of the lake was burning up & ~~the~~ over the solid  
 ocean came a black mushroom cloud widening in the air  
 "42 bombs were dropped in an effort to make sure that all  
 the tanker's load of oil was released to catch fire on the  
 surface"

.....

THE OIL MENACE - Viewpoints on how to Beat

~~that~~ could manage with the fine mesh net method ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> censorship  
 was too seldom. The suction pumps used in swimming pools  
 didnt give <sup>me</sup> ~~him~~ any more associated methods, neither did the  
 3000ft boom they strung out across the harbour to contain &  
 drag the oil away. The only course ~~he~~ <sup>I</sup> could visualise at the  
 moment was to read through a few cuttings on the new split  
 & its associated matter until a new structure or technique  
 for recording evolved.

IS IT WORKING?

Paul's idea would have been along these lines. Find & Destroy.  
 Create from destruction. Flames spurting from the bomb-blasted  
 oil. Potassium Chlorate & Napalm fire-bombs will be used to  
 restart the blaze after high-tide has contained it. P.C. has a  
 high oxygen content which will stimulate the fire.

PC ARRESTS 100 CRABS IN THE STREET

The crabs broke out of their crates at a fishmonger's shop in  
 Wootton Road, King's Lynn. They were doing a steady crawl down  
 the street as they headed for the river in the early hours of  
 the morning. But some of the crabs werent caught until at  
 Cromer, twenty miles away, they had managed to slip through the  
 police net.

FIGHT GOES ON AGAINST THE OIL  
 FIRE-BOMB JETS BLITZ OIL SHIP

A hail of 1000lb. bombs left the shattered tanker surrounded by  
 a mile of burning sea last night

Wall Street stock market closed higher.

Signora Pastrengo Rugiati, the Torrey Canyon captain from Genoa,  
 is absolutely unrecognisable. He is utterly destroyed psychologi-  
 cally & physically. He wakes up in the night hearing the grind-  
 ing of TC on the rocks.

"We have had hundreds & hundreds of suggestions. All of them  
 have been carefully sifted. Some ideas were so toxic that they  
 would lead to a lot of dead men lying about, let alone fish." (Ev. std)

Of course, Shirley finds something...



Come, & I will tell thee of the only

Matty, Gina's friendly maid, is very impressed at the girls' transformation...



ways of enquiry that can be thought of: the one Way - (that it is and cannot not-be

One hour later...



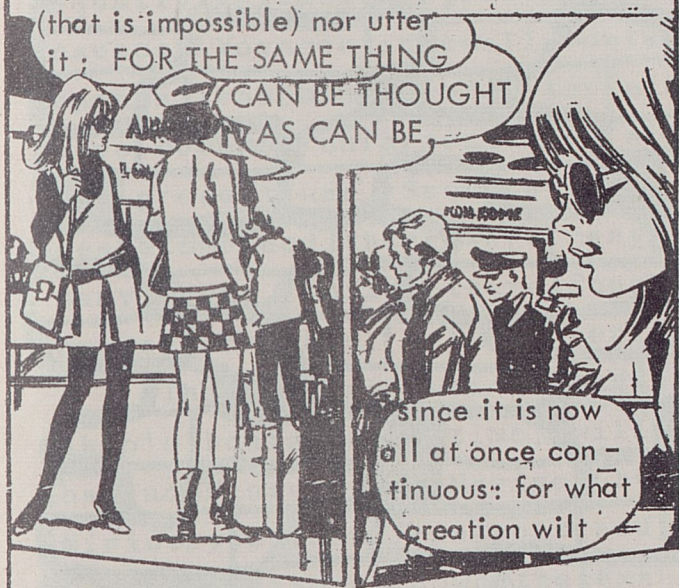
this is the Path of Persuasion, for it attends upon ~~Text~~ TRUTH:

One hour later...



the other - that it is - no needs must not-be - that I tell thee is a Path un-thinkable.

For thou couldst not know that which is-not



(that is impossible) nor utter it: FOR THE SAME THING CAN BE THOUGHT AS CAN BE,

since it is now all at once continuous: for what creation wilt

Wendy is astonished...



ONE WAY IS LEFT - THAT IT IS: & on this way thou seek for it?

are full many signs that



what is is uncreated & imperishable, for it is entire, immovable & without end. It was not in the past, nor shall it

how and whence did it grow...?



Nor shall I allow thee to say or to think

from what is not for it is not to be



said or thought that it is not

BELIEF allow that, beside what

And what would have driven it on to grow,



starting from nothing, at a later time rather

is, there could also

than an earlier?



Thus it must either completely be, or not be. NOR will the force of true

arise anything from what is not, wherefor Justice loseth not her fetters, but holdeth it fast; and the decision on the matter rests here - it is or it is not.

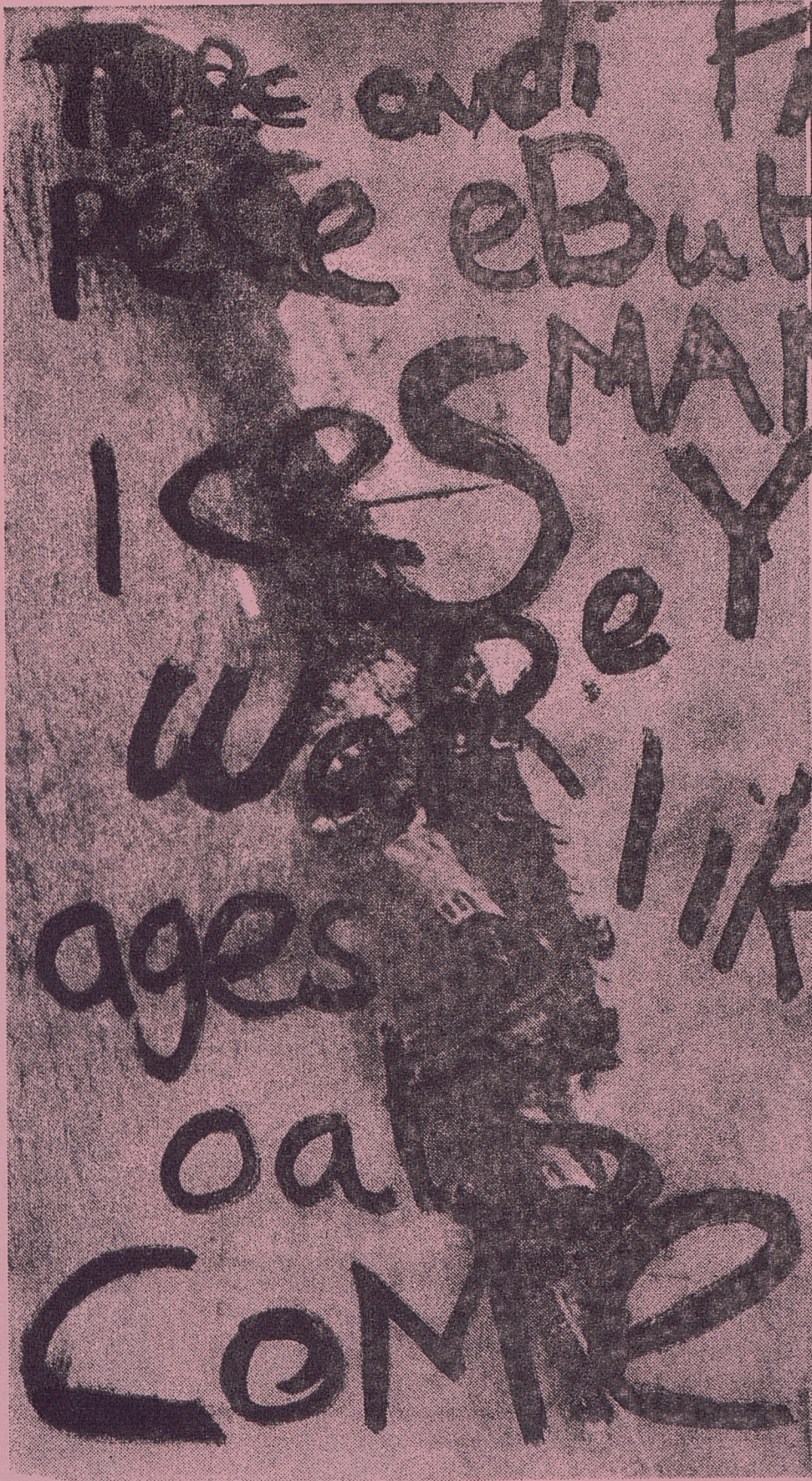
DICK MILLER

PROFITS OF WAR (an extract) BY ~~W. S. Hoar~~ <sup>advertising</sup> a.m. low <sup>free.</sup>

The conditions of disaster at sea in war differ materially from those in peace and many of the devices and improvements produced as a result of war experience are likely to be equally valuable in saving life from shipwreck by natural causes. Voyages in small boats or rafts, lasting many days upon a teaspoonful of water and a trifling amount of food have become, unfortunately, almost weekly affairs during the present war. Such cases were not unknown in peacetime and there were many instances of men rescued after many weeks, while others fought sea, sun, thirst, and hunger for days, only to perish before help could arrive.

The regulations and the equipment supplied for ship's boats in wartime, will be of benefit in peace. We had no Ministry of Marine but the Admiralty forced upon us a Ministry of War Transport and it has been exceedingly active in laying down the exact equipment of ship's boats so that the chances of survival forced to be put to the boats have been greatly improved. Survival depends upon the use not of a single epoch-making invention, but upon the compulsory fitting of many different items of equipment which experience has shown to be valuable in preserving life.

written 1943  
 first published by The Science Book Club in 1945  
 and last <sup>better never</sup> than late

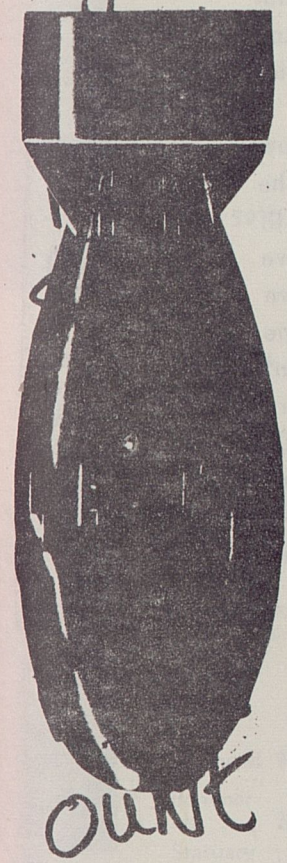


just roll  
n die

1968. Queen Elizabeth,

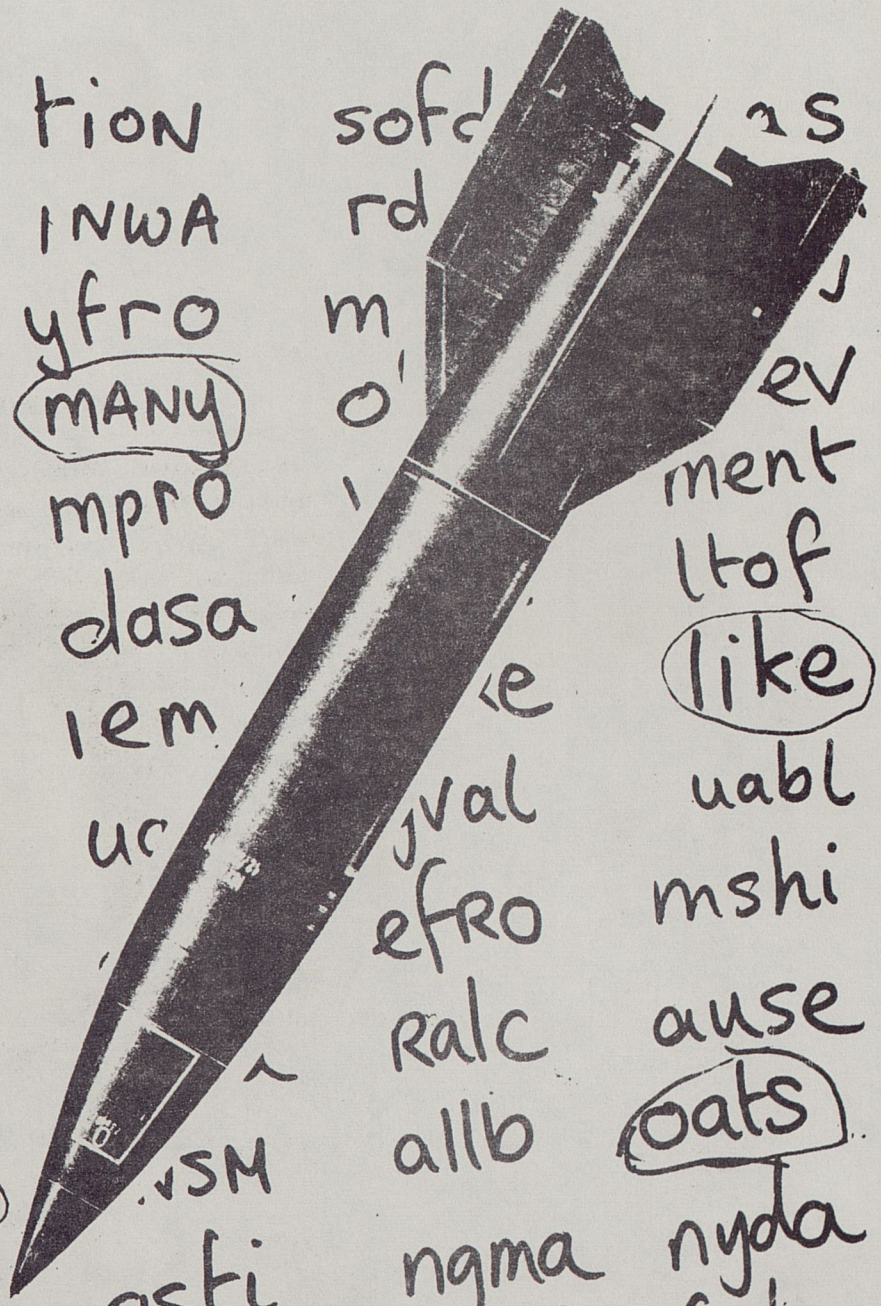
DICK MILLER

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Benefits of War  
by A.M. Low.

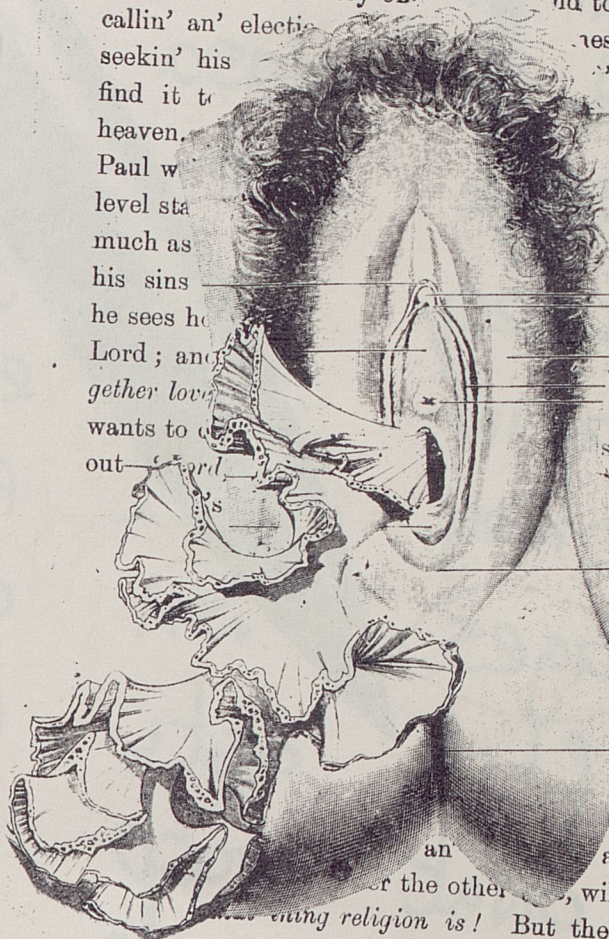
DICK MILLER

With regard to the discussion upon developing concentration by visualizing oneself as if in a matchbox, I have read a book by Ernest Woods, "Concentration".



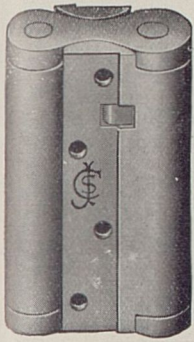
ON TWO WAYS TO HEAVEN.

up to be saved. Mind you, I don't say that it isn't right. 'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' We are every one of us called to make our callin' an' election. We are every one of us seekin' his heaven. Paul writes of the high-level station as much as his sins he sees he Lord; and together love wants to out-

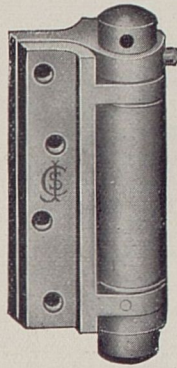


es to Jesus he shall all get to el. And ne high- issself so ees what self, for hurt his the 'alto- feet, and soul cries 's how the hill. save down one inkin' Zion; to talk an and the er the other, will say— ing religion is! But the High-

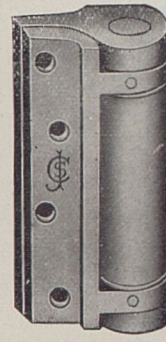
Allen Fisher



Blank.



Single Action. Regulating.



Single Action. Non-Regulating.

		4	5 in.			4	5 in.
*No. 594.	Japanned Iron ...	4/6	6/-	*No. 590.	Japanned Iron ...	4/-	5/9
*No. 595.	Polished Brass ...	8/6	11/3	*No. 591.	Polished Brass ...	7/6	10/3
			each.				each.

**\*No. 592. Double Action. Non-Regulating.**

		3	3½	4	4½	5	6 in.
Japanned Iron, per pair	...	8/-	9/3	12/3	14/-	16/9	20/6 pair.
" " Spring only	...	5/3	6/-	7/6	8/6	10/3	13/- each.
" " Blank only	...	2/9	3/3	4/9	5/6	6/6	7/6 "

**\*No. 593. Double Action. Non-Regulating.**

			3	4	4½	5 in.
Polished Brass, per pair	...	...	12/-	17/9	20/6	25/- pair.
" " Spring only	...	...	9/-	12/6	14/9	17/6 each.
" " Blank only	...	...	3/-	5/3	5/9	7/6 "

**\*Double Action. Regulating.**

		3	3½	4	4½	5	6 in.
*No. 596.	Japanned Iron, per pair	8/9	10/3	13/-	14/9	17/9	21/3 pair.
" "	Spring only	6/-	7/-	8/6	9/-	11/3	13/9 each.
" "	Blank only	2/9	3/3	4/6	5/9	6/6	7/6 "
*No. 597.	Polished Brass, per pair	—	—	19/9	22/6	—	34/3 pair.
" "	Spring only	—	—	14/6	16/9	—	25/- each.
" "	Blank only	—	—	5/3	5/9	—	9/3 "

A Pair consists of a Spring and a Blank.

\*No. 598. Internal Springs only for Helical Spring Hinges

		3	3½	4	4½	5	6 in.
		2/9	3/-	5/-	5/6	8/-	10/- doz.

**BOMMER SPRING HINGES.**

Foreign.

**\*No. 5226.**

Single Action.

Door Thickness	⅞-1¼ 1½-1½ 1¾-1¾ 1¾-2 in.			
Flange Length	4	5	6	7 in.
Bommer No.	1	5	9	13
Japanned	7/9	9/-	11/-	14/-
Bommer No.	301	305	309	313
Statuary Finish	10/3	12/-	15/6	20/3
	Per Pair.			

**\*No. 5228.**

Double Action.

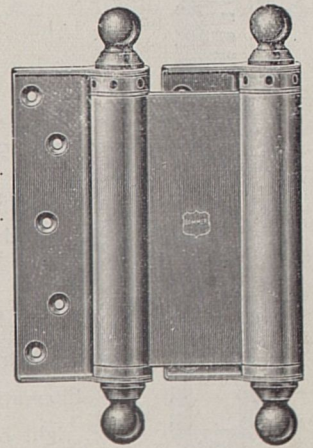
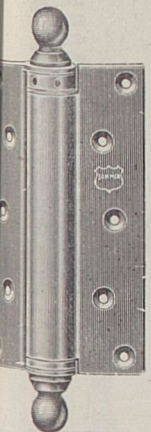
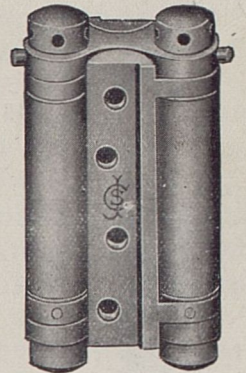
Door Thickness	⅞-1¼ 1½-1½ 1¾-1¾ 1¾-2 in.			
Flange Length	4	5	6	7 in.
Bommer No.	30	33	36	39
Japanned	11/3	13/6	16/6	21/-
Bommer No.	330	333	336	339
Statuary Finish	15/6	18/-	23/-	29/6
	Per Pair.			

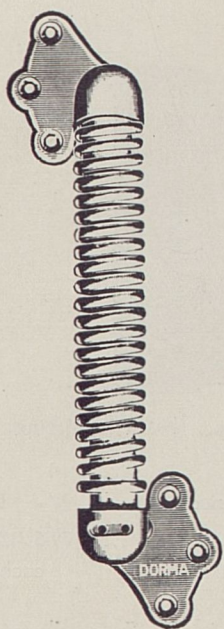
\* Denotes articles kept in stock.

Double Action.



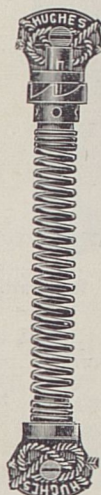
Double Action, Regulating.





**\*No. 3446.**  
 Foreign.  
 Dorma Spring.  
 Enamelled Black.

8	10	12 in.
15/-	22/-	32/-
Doz.		



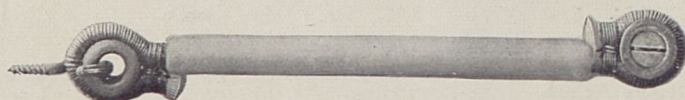
**\*No. 5197.**  
 Hughes' Pattern.

No. 2	3
11½	12 in.
9/-	11/9
Doz.	

**\*No. 6009.**  
 Japanned.

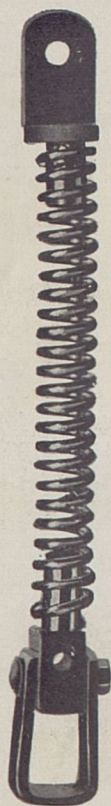
8	10	12	14 in.
7/6	15/-	16/6	21/9
Doz.			

Tommy Bar is supplied  
 with 8 in.  
 Spanner with  
 10, 12, 14 in.

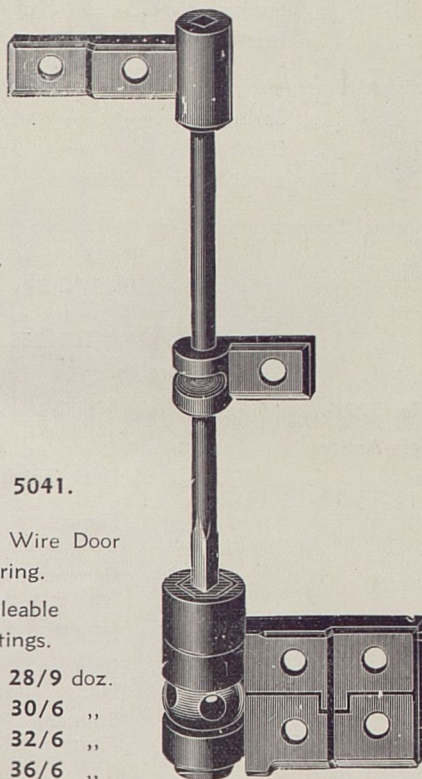


**No. 6005.**  
 India Rubber Door Spring.

A	B	C	D	E
5¾	6	6¾	7	8 in. long.
15/-	18/6	24/6	32/6	51/- doz.



**\*No. 5037.**  
 Ilford Gate Spring.  
 Japanned Black.  
 19/6 doz.  
 State hand  
 required.  
 Illustration is  
 right hand.



**\*No. 5041.**  
 Weston's Wire Door  
 Spring.  
 Malleable  
 Fittings.

3 ft.	28/9 doz.
3½ "	30/6 "
4 "	32/6 "
4½ "	36/6 "

**Iron Gate  
 Springs**

**\*No. 5042.**  
 Japanned Black.  
 30/- doz.  
 Please state  
 hand required.  
 Illustration is  
 right hand.

\* Denotes articles kept in stock.

From "the Opal Land of the Angels" 1971  
For Alphonse

The eight alarm sounds off. The evening shades stamp their feet and huff away. Size nine boxing glove filled with cement on the end of a spring wound flex shoots from the ceiling and awakens one half of my face. Box window left open the night long yawns when blown by a nose of wind and blinks with early light. The drains and gutters awake. The roof tiles fan out like the feathers of a peacock. The climbing ivy clings a little harder. The path through the garden to the gate livens up with press-ups, muscles lighten in paving slabs, adrenalin races through cement adherence. I friction massage my cerebral substance after first pulling and squeezing it out carefully through the lobe of my ear, making sure it sits inside two cupped hands made from clear glazed china clay to stand for a while in a glucose substance. The remembered ride, pool water seeping through boulders of jutting shoreline. Angela pinned down by octopodes whilst I ram her under a blazing sun. And now Angela had been fucked on my grand divan from behind four hours earlier, she peeled away from me like a fleece as I remove my pyjamas. I have a daily to sweep my room and I'm sure she'll clean all over meticulously. Like a sundail the other half of my face casts off shadow and comes to life. I'm dressed now and my feet roll out before me, just for me and me alone. I walk to the bathroom, it is empty, my china cup in hand, Ritually I make a soapy lather and ice my brain with it, and taking my father's razor, shave it carefully. It is refreshing now to replace it and feel how calm things are when one closes ones eyes. But it's strange, everything seems a little smaller, the private rain shower to the right screened off, the hand wash basin to the left, the toilet just inside the door behind me. I have counted the squares in the linoleum pattern, as I so often do every morning, there are twelve one way and ten the other, that makes one hundred and twenty I believe. Is it a dream? Yesterday I counted twelve in both directions and before that fourteen, someone is stealing my bathroom away. Oh no, someone's banging on the door just now, I jumped out of myself with the suddenness of this very impolite intruder. I hear a chorus of windows yawning all around me, the town is waking.

2045 -

a good year for transcontinental meditation by means of telepathy, the earth's people stretched to the ends of continents, and it was the fifth year of paying pedestrian taxes for any person walking over the ten yard limit. Professor Jonah Gibson, a neurologist and world renowned expert on electro-brain circuit complexes, didn't necessarily want to change the world, he felt a need to change himself and although he had accumulated fame, fortune and a future that opened on four horizons, he felt his spiritual nirvana withdrawing, receding daily from his personal grasp. His life became meaningless.

In April 2045, Prof. Gibson purchased an SST ticket to The Virgin Islands, he took with him, concealed in a suitcase, an inflatable life raft and a limited food supply. When the aircraft was approaching the Carribean Islands, the prof. used his will to force the aircraft to red alert. The captain calmly instructed the passengers to put on life jackets, he was going to try a belly landing on the ocean. With radio contact broken, and the instrument panel needles going berserk, the captain brought the aircraft down with no loss of life.

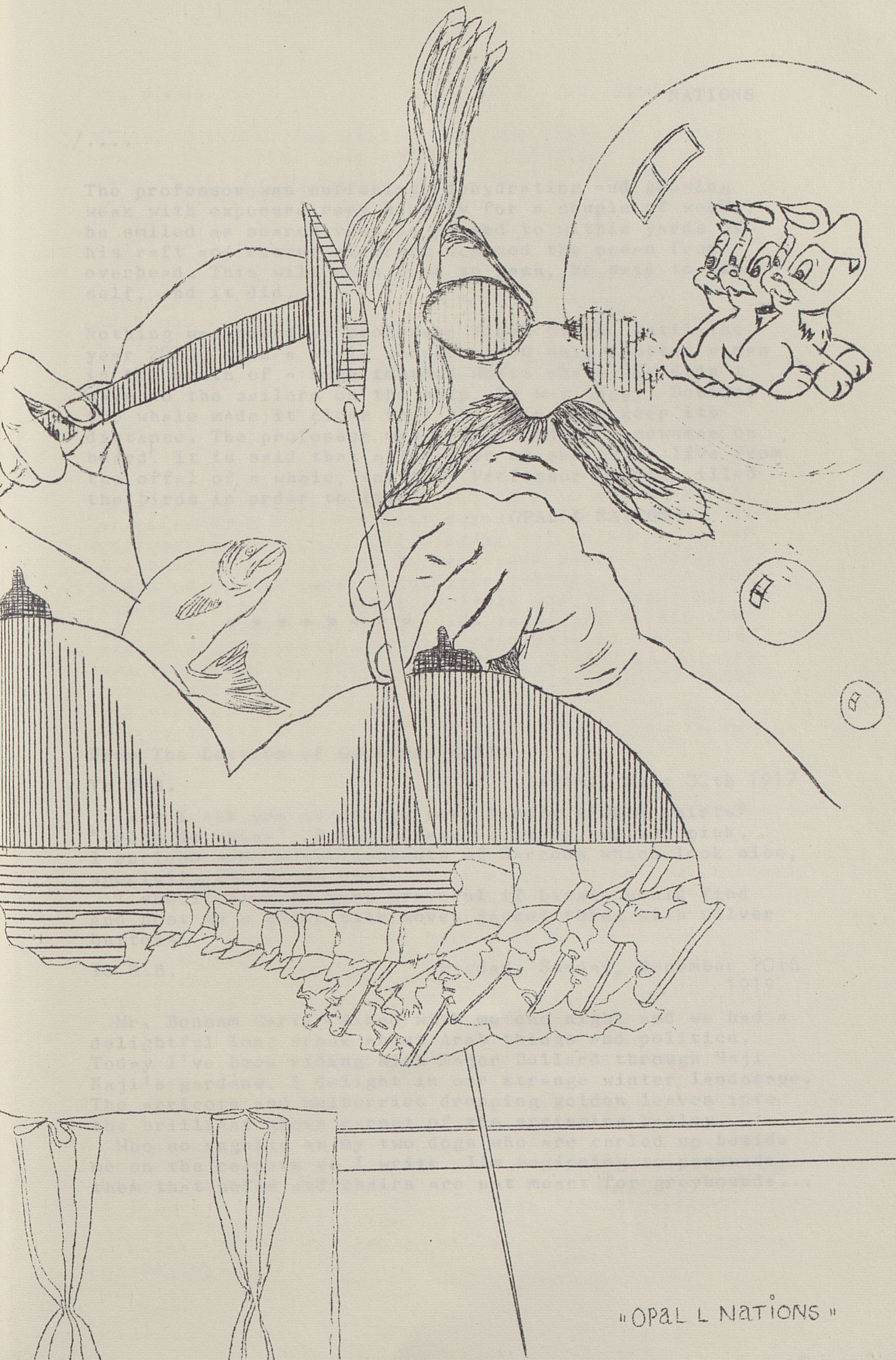
Prof. Gibson lost little time in the ensuing scuffle to ensure his own departure from the ship. In his inflated raft the Professor with the aid of a paddle, drifted away completely from the rest of the survivors. The Professor ate one biscuit and a thimble of water every day, he suffered, sunstroke, delusions, hunger and thirst, but in the main the professor was stoically happy. He lay on his back in the raft, arms outstretched in complete harmony with himself, a spiritual nirvana, at peace with his soul.

The air-sea rescue spotted him, a low flying helicopter. The professor summoned his will to bring about its destruction, but he was too weak; they thought the professor was waving at them, his arms outstretched and all, and waved back. The professor after weeks of worsening suffering, managed to squeeze a tear of anger from one of his eyes, a drop of water he let trickle into his mouth.

The helicopter circled and lowered a rope with a man in a life jacket clinging on the end of it. The professor paddled this way and that to avoid it, but the figure grabbed him and he hung on whilst being hauled up.

In June of that year, the professor boarded a ship bound for America, and midway across he jumped over board one night in his life jacket, with his raft and survival rations. It was quite some time until the world famous professor Gibson was discovered missing, by which time the professor had floated unobjectively far away, his raft camouflaged with the colours of the deep, even his life jacket and clothing he skilfully coloured in the same way to avoid capture.

...../



"OPAL L NATIONS"

The professor was suffering, dehydrating and growing weak with exposure very happily for a couple of weeks, he smiled as search vessels passed to within yards of his raft and rescue aircraft scanned the ocean from overhead. This will soon come to pass, he said to himself, and it did.

Nothing was heard of professor Jonah Gibson until the year 2050, when a whale conservation ship spotted a man in the mouth of a huge toothed white whale. He didn't wave to the sailors on the ship, he was happy. Besides the whale made it clear that the ship best keep its distance. The professor was recognised by a newsman on board. It is said that all manner of sea birds live from the offal of a whale, and that Professor Gibson killed the birds in order to live.

## OPAL NATIONS

\* \* \* \* \*

From The Letters of Gertrude Bell:

To F.B.

Bagdad, June 30th 1917

May I ask you to oblige very kindly with 4 shirts? "crepe de chine" if you please, 2 ivory and two pink. I enclose some advertisements of Harrods which look nice, specially the cross one.

I should also be very grateful if Lizzie could find and post me a green silk woven jacket thing with silver buttons.

To H.B.

Bagdad, Sunday, December 20th  
1919

Mr. Bonham Carter dined with me one night and we had a delightful long croak about Arab things and politics. Today I've been riding with Major Bullard through Haji Naji's gardens. I delight in our strange winter landscape. The apricots and mulberries dropping golden leaves into the brilliant green carpet of the springing barley...

Who so angelic as my two dogs who are curled up beside me on the carpets as I write. I'm beginning to persuade them that sofas and chairs are not meant for greyhounds...

The ... KRIS HEMENSLEY ...  
weak with exposure very happily for a couple of weeks,  
he smiled as search vessels passed to within yards of  
his raft and rescue aircraft scanned the ocean from  
overhead. This will soon come to pass, he said to him-  
self, and it did.

Nothing was heard of professor ...  
year 2030, when a whale ...  
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the whale made it clear that the ship had kept its  
distance. The professor was recognized by a newsmen on  
board. It is said that all manner of sea birds live from  
the offal of a whale, and that Professor Gibson killed

After Benefits of War

The intention of this paragraph is to report a storm  
in a teacup. Having never been involved personally in  
War I am taking for granted the experience of victors  
& victims alike. The claim of the victors is this :  
that man can survive anything & everything. The counter-  
claim (that of the victims) is just as forthright :  
that man is the least able of all creatures of  
land & sea to withstand even the merest threat to his  
existence. Life & Death is our subject. You alone can  
judge the issues.

From The Letters of Gertrude Bell:

To P.B. Baghdad, June 30th 1917

May I ask you to oblige very kindly with 4 shirazy  
"crope de chine" if you please, 2 ivory and two pink.  
I enclose some advertisements of Harrods which look nice,  
especially the cross one.  
I should also be very grateful if Lizette could find  
and post me a green silk woven jacket thing with silver  
buttons.

To H.B. Baghdad, Sunday, December 20th 1917

Mr. Norman Carter dined with me one night and we had a  
delightful long croak about Arab things and politics.  
Today I've been riding with Major Bullard through Hajji  
Naji's gardens. I delight in our strange water landscape.  
The spicots and mulberries dropping golden leaves into  
the brilliant green carpet of the springing barley...  
Who so angelic as my two dogs who are curled up beside  
me on the carpet as I write. I'm beginning to persuade  
them that sofas and chairs are not meant for greyhounds...

Violin & table. the violin upon the table. the trumpet beside the table. long strand of chord from the neck. it hung to the floor beside the trumpet. a dog on the carpet beside the table. coiled. the mounted picture set on the bookcase. a cup a glass a picture in a book. pages open on 166-167. the words "Poussin's splendid wash drawing of trees" splendid. the clock the bottle of glue the glosswhite of the page the raw print. books stretching to the ceiling. beige boards around the ceiling. curtains swirling in the breeze of the open windows. the invitation of the violin. the map of the then relevant world above the door. frequently open. the hooks on the door for winter coats. clogs of northern winters. wooden shoes abandoned in a nearby park. the aged sat in old coats. green cloth upon the spinning wheel. the dull intonation of the clock amongst the books accidentally covered by papers. beside the clock dark-glasses from an endless southern summer. the north & the south. summer & winter.

The curtains pushing round the table pushes around legs. long skirts. a very dark night. the question is asked - who will play the violin. or the trumpet? they stand on the brick patio. the reds & blues. tints of cumberland in sparse moonlight. silver breasts. - my dear....this is where we come in.... - do you know the history of this place....your sudden thoughts interest me. the earthenware pots on the low wall on the furthest extent to the right of the patio. southern plants trailing yellow buds yellowing leaves. daphne. jonquils. mimosa. wattle.

Books for musicians. the booms from outside rather invaded the premises.

- i wonder....

"yet Cezanne" began another paragraph. page 166. the rare capital. the bold 'C'. the author & the violinist standing stiffly in the night breeze. the hostess who plays the role of carrier of news & bearer of whispers slightly drunk tapping her foot. curtains billowing around her back. all seated on the patio. the moon the branches of the eucalyptus brushing the wall. kisses.

- ....& eventually they found pineapples in the street! ....& who was it who pissed in the restaurant with the chef standing beside him & his wife holding him steadying his aim the flow filling the porch & splashing down the steps the restaurant long closed. the menu on a stand outside beside a candle. a roman torch....

dust on the carpet. the dog coiled on the rafia mat. chords of Bach on guitar.

- i have a letter to post....i must find a stamp. nothing is open here at this time of night.

- i like it...."musique de chambre 1962"....a painting. by Helion....

HEMENSLEY

2.

Fears. no longer of 'the truth'. living with the shadows at the window. the frosted glass. the commissioned stained-glass. sun & moon. the saint with turgid nipples. midnight. the newly painted fence. creosote vapours in the passage. the whistle of the kettle punctured the ceiling plaster. steam on the glass. cold winds. the frozen path. the stiff plants. the bookcase made shadows on the bullfighting wallposter. their wedding photoes. paintings of the family by their friends. the artist. dabs of blu & green & black & white & the ochre of chicks fuzz a mellow yolk & black circles & blu shades. his daughter. her little friend. his wife. the light from the reading lamp turned full on the page. he stroked her back. the purring. the nobbled spine. the bars & phrases. they walked from one room to another. more books. the defunct recordplayer. the clothes. the pyramid of newspapers.

- look here thru the window....that glow in the sky

- when are you going? will you call....of course there is your inevitable return.

the radio. the incessant news. the meaningless things outside. the poetry inside.

- you tell me: is there a morality which says yes go ahead you are not responsible for things that may happen in the future beyond your mental or physical control....impossible for you to be responsible....accidents? that eternal question-mark....the truth?

the tread of feet, whispers. falterings. midnight. the old woman who dribbles.

- i thought you would be here with your dog.... the table. her clueless stare. chuckling over misfortune. a vision of broken furniture. gilt chairs at auction. the other accidents. the leaves fell. the dustbin was stolen. food in the kitchen. books on the sideboard. he went for a walk to the Jewish bookshop. a man with a bent back asking another the bookseller the price of the long white tassled scarves in the window display.

- my sons & grandsons.... they watched him stare at the shelves. he told them in a strange thin voice.

- i would like to buy your knowledge your books. he talked about grief. he sd he was not special. he told a story

- ....as i ran i was called by a man in a car....he called me Solomon....i think he took me for a rabbi....i had crumbs on my face....i had been eating doughnuts i had purchased from the bakery beside the park. they looked at him knowing he had eaten. they nodded.

3.

He sat on a bench in the park & watched the house. an abstract landscape. he wanted so many things. new wants involving new tributaries. he climbed. he descended. he was weary. he turned many pages. tiny blu veins....cracks in marble....

- your arms....my dear....on the inside of your thigh.... in the groin behind the hairs....below your armpit....

beneath your lashes....the rivulets.

he meandered. he walked thru the park. he entered the house. he switched on the light. sat down. stood up. switched off the light. switched on switched off. on off. on off on off on off on off on off. whittling freedom. his eyes twinkling grotesquely in the mirror. the frameless mirror. he listened to someones singing. cars passed by. the hostess had danced on the long walnut table. he peered thru cups of wine past stares. the visitors. the flaming carpet eloped with the wall. incense burned. there was talk of flying. race memories. the bricks of the magnificent patio he saw thru the windows. rough surfaced. a primary orange. the slit in his fingers held up to shade his eyes from the glare. the grey steeple. grey walls. she had a scarf in her mouth. she began to drift away. he pulled the scarf. it tore in his hand. she floated into the sky. she shouted out his name. he counted ten miles. he drank wine from the caraffe on the table. he listened to the conversation.

- the middleclass at least have a name

- what does that mean? plates have a name. hallmarks.

- oh....a name my dear chap....for want of a name....

what else would you suggest?

- a names unimportant....if you want a name have it to fight with or to fuck with

- for gods sake....

- lets finish it all off....unlimited violence....fire  
....& no clothes!

the room floundered on the shallows.

- contain yourself....you are being unreasonable....you  
blew your trumpet too soon!

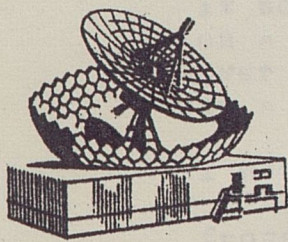
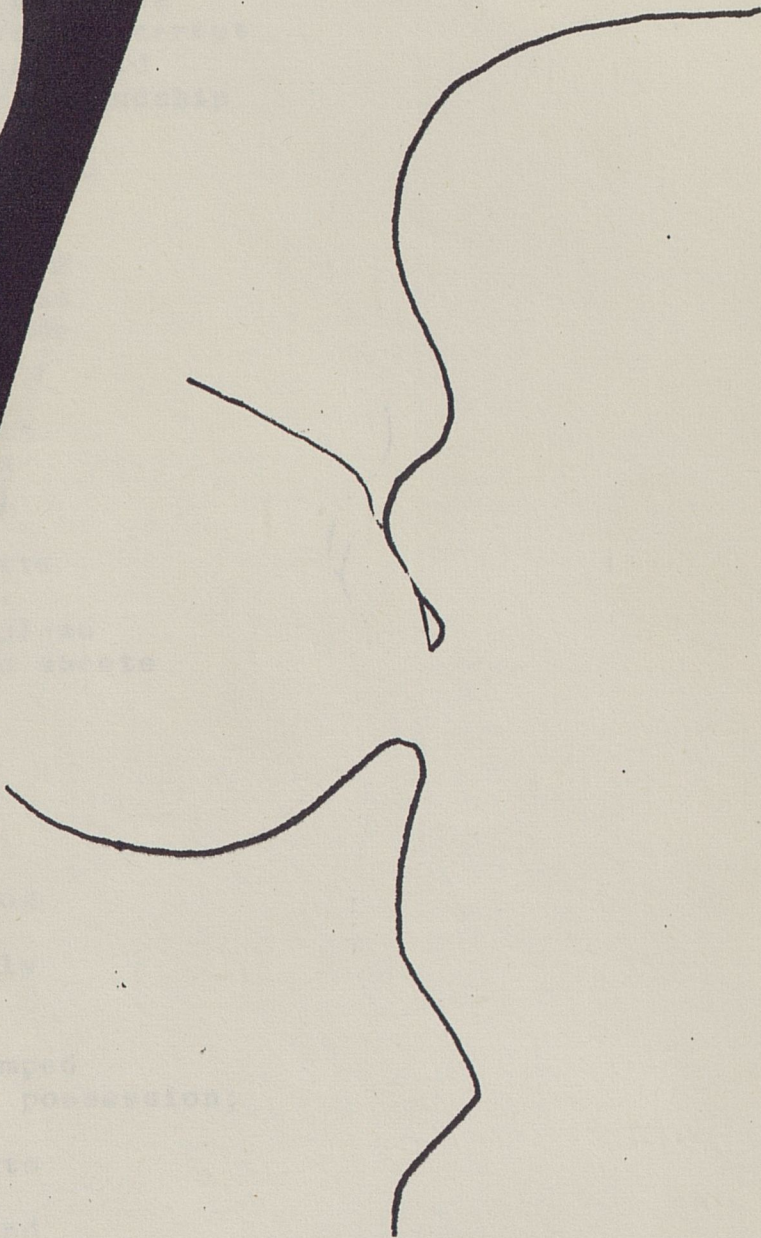
- i wonder....

He joined the others. the room with the piano. the plants. the valuable violin. here were the less voluble guests. aunts eating crisps. a warm temperate plane. they accompanied the pianist with songs of remembrance. a breeze broke the silences between songs. the three copper pokers in the fireplace. the violin remained unplayed. twigs glowed in the grate. their hostess brought them buttered toast. the company smiled. someone spoke of the colour blu. the gulf of Aden. of sand & shells & gulls & bodies in the sun wet from the sea. the audience climbed the mountains in the pictures on the wall. records books photoes. the tick of the inconclusive clock. an undefined memory of sea. a shore in darkness. pointing a finger at the moon.

KRIS HEMENSLEY

March-68

September-70



**lipsticks are**

*Allentfisher*

I. i'd like to get you  
 onto the end of my tongue  
 roll you around a bit  
 chew chew  
 then swallow you  
 hard and uncaring  
 like a piece of carrot  
 but i never could  
 digest our friendship

\*

II. he'd had a  
 sleepless night  
 on a naked mattress  
 trying to remember  
 where he'd put  
 the cigarettes;  
 the next morning  
 he went looking  
 for his memory;  
 it was still  
 at the laundrette  
 trapped behind  
 the circle of glass  
 sleeping in his sheets

\*

III. my secret  
 grew from  
 a tadpole  
 into a frog  
  
 too quickly  
 for me  
 to notice  
 it had jumped  
 out of my possession;  
  
 it now sits  
 on a rock  
 over a pond  
 in a public park  
  
 i never go there  
  
 frogs are ugly

\*

IV. today i picked a fig leaf  
 big enough  
 to hide my face in.  
  
 i think  
 i have used it  
 more wisely  
 than Adam

The conditions of disaster are not only from these conditions but as a result of war in the world become so limited you can't get water. They have become so limited present wars merely complicated unknown conditions in the world such are many of the conditions pollute and overpopulated the sea, sun, thirst and hunger.

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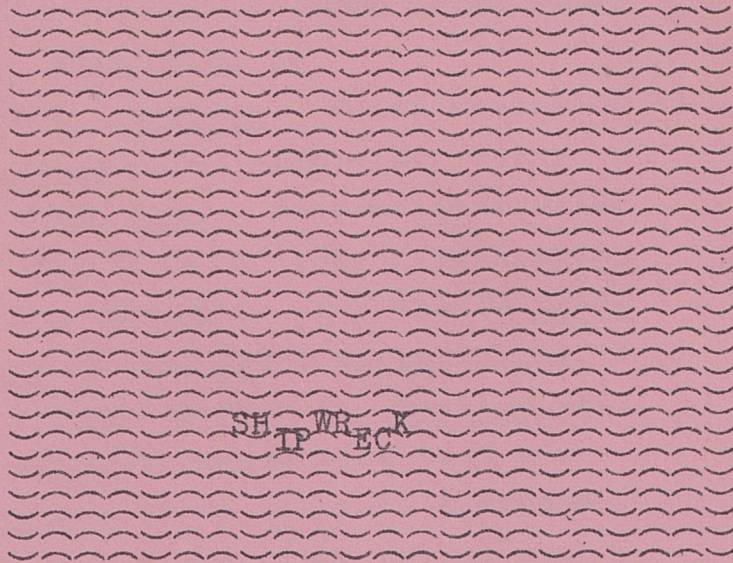
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0  
moon

sky



& the song DIFFER from the words of  
 the song / various devices for auto  
 erotic game / the result is equally  
 hopeless / spaces / days percolated  
 through dreams of WATER below cumu-  
 us / AFFAIRS to be  
 treated. Unknown. Voice several  
instances under hypnosis / heavy  
 SUN these days. Circumfluent water  
 s of the imagined lake / dark will  
 sustain the image of / she is trans  
ported by the EXACT manipulation of  
 her thought patterns. Chances are:  
 our survival means less than the  
invention of an accurate paradigm.  
 ITEMS for stimulation of the ego.  
 A mask preserved to sustain this  
life &

LANG

2

Moon in a jar her cool skin  
to differ / "soixante-neuf"

The perigree achieved / more  
devices for the market

Ultimate blue the slow result of  
yawning / she said

The long dark influence / preposterous  
journey equally

Spectrum changes / loops  
of hair / days ago

Water level in tank indicates  
degree of sublimation

Double-declutch erotic variation pink  
dossier affairs of

Unknown canary zero

Jungle drums / instances of  
wanton mockery

Primitive dance / silk in the cathedral  
the sun cancelled

Ego erect days of sucking  
snowballs

Timelocked in void / THE word  
her lodestar

Numbered icons splinter / his will  
to / fade

Shadows emerge to spill the weight  
of her / flux

Writing cold transports the incision  
here / confirmed

Sentences forming in proportion to  
the exact geography of nerves

The system depending on chance  
leaps into

Dictated by increasing pressure / to  
survive in extreme

Location of colour invented by impulse  
to scream

Separation thesis / eclipsed / the  
sinking item explodes

A star in cold space / spoiled vanity  
preserved by distortion of fact

Life in the metropolis wrecked by a verb  
trapped in the biosphere

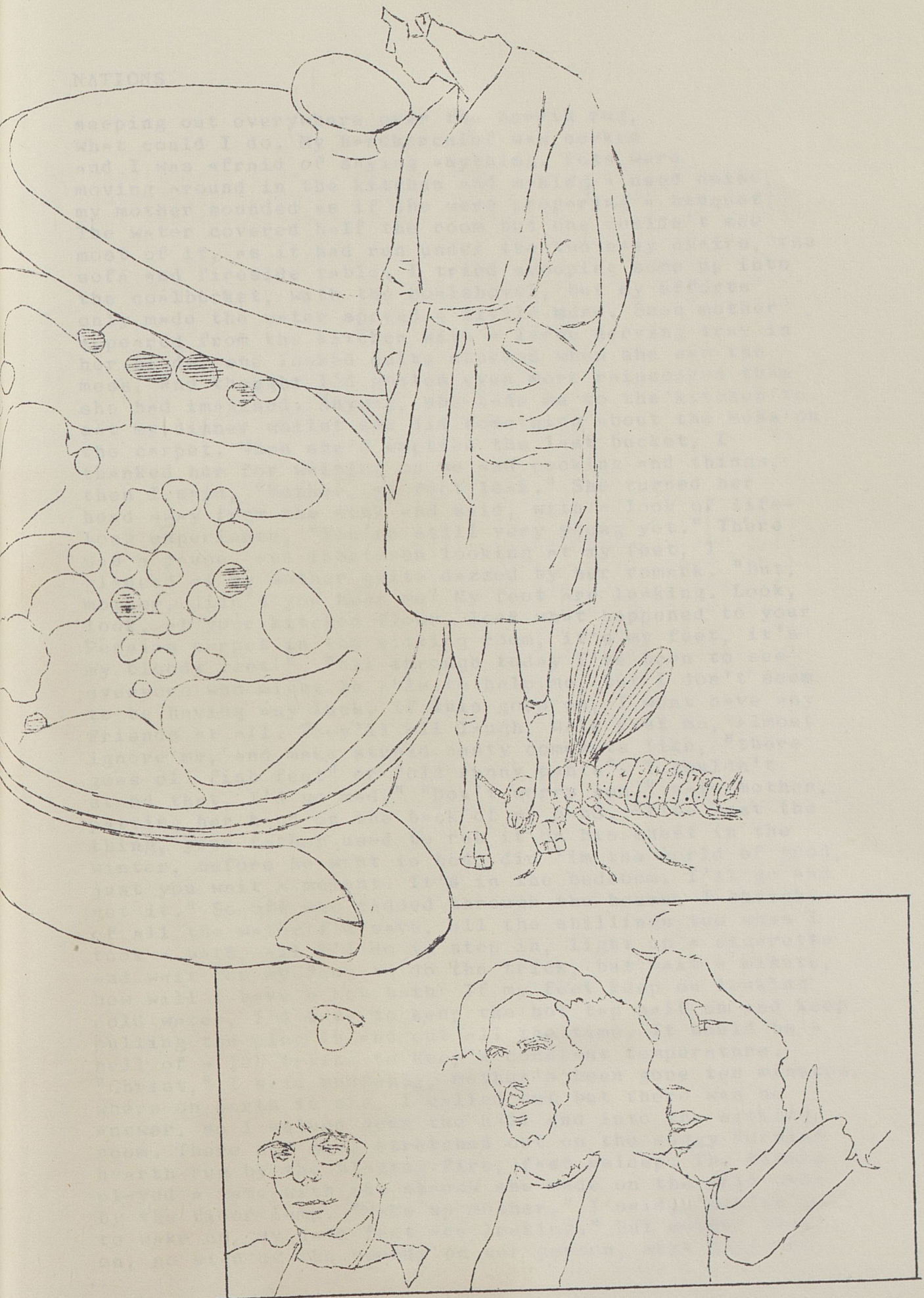
DOUG LANG

10 Waterboard officials listening to the rain after  
Count Korzybsky by Tom Veitch & Andrei Codrescu.

£ OPAL L NATIONS £

It's strange, just lately I've had the most frightening things happen to me. Today, it's raining, just never stops have to go out to see a friend, so I decided to wear my Victor Mature raincoat, all sexy around the shoulders and fraying around the cuffs. I walked a bit, then I noticed my shoes were leaking, not until I sat on a porch step and removed my shoes and socks did I notice my feet were leaking too. But how come, I wondered, so instead of seeing a friend, I went over to Aldrick Street to see Dr. Teale, he took one look at my feet and said, "I think they're leaking." "Yes," I said, "can you repair them or something." When I looked at him again, he'd fallen asleep. "Wake up," I said, "my feet are leaking. Give me some pills or something, anything." But it was no use, Dr. Teale was deep in sleep somewhere. Upon replacing my shoes, I had an idea. Jimmy Green, he's a plumber, he'll know what to do. Luckily he was in when I called, his wife was out with the baby at the supermarket. "Sit down, good to see you, you're looking pretty good." "Yes," I said, and began to loosen my shoe laces. "You see Jim, now you wont believe this, but my feet are leaking." Jim laughed for about five minutes, falling about all over the magazine stand making all sorts of broken gestures. I showed him first my left and then my right foot and Jim said, "your feet are leaking." I said, "I know, what can I do about it." Jim said, "well, I can lag em for you, that'll keep your feet dry." "Fine, fine," I said, but when I looked up Jim had nodded off to sleep. "Wake up, Jim," I said, "you have got to lag my feet." But it was no good, Jim was somewhere else, maybe in the Garden of Eden, standing at the foot of a pair of fountains made like two feet, one right and one left, both of them sticking out of the ground and punctured in a few places to let the water come spraying out. It's no good waiting around, I thought, so scratching my head a bit and mopping up the pool of water under my feet with a handkerchief, I decided to catch a bus and go over to Stanford Street and see my mother, she'll know what to do, mothers always do.

When I got there, she'd just finished eating the dinner she had cooked herself, since father died, she's insisted that to live alone looking after oneself and ones home, was a better thing to do, than to pack and sell up for a bed in one of those state run homes. "Why, it's you," she said as she opened the door. "You're looking thin, are you eating regularly? Have you been looking after yourself, you look starved," she said in between overdramatised smotheration. "Look, I'm alright," I said. "You must eat something, it's not good not to eat," she said, "Ive a little stew left over, I'll go and warm it up." "No, no," I said, "please, I'm not hungry." "Now you just sit down while I go fix you something," she said, pressing her worn old hands with firm strenth on my shoulders. I sat by the fireside and noticed my raincoat had dried out already, but me feet were making a hell of a mess, water



Opal & Nations

## NATIONS

seeping out everywhere over the hearth rug, what could I do. My handkerchief was soaked and I was afraid of saying anything. Pots were moving around in the kitchen and making a used noise, my mother sounded as if she were preparing a banquet. The water covered half the room but one couldn't see most of it, as it had run under the two easy chairs, the sofa and fireside table. I tried scooping some up into the coalbucket, with the coalshovel, but my efforts only made the water spread a little more. Soon mother appeared from the kitchen with a large serving tray in her hands, she looked quite shocked when she saw the mess, and thought I'd gotten even more rainsoaked than she had imagined. Anyway, she bade me to the kitchen to eat my dinner whilst she did something about the mess on the carpet. When she'd emptied the last bucket, I thanked her for waiting on me and cooking and things, then I said, "Mother, my feet leak." She turned her head away from the sink and said, with a look of life-long experience, "You're still very young yet." There was a pause, and inbetween looking at my feet, I glanced at my mother quite dazed by her remark. "But, mother, didn't you hear me? My feet are leaking. Look, look, at your kitchen floor, look what happened to your Persian carpet in the sitting room, it's my feet, it's my bloody feet!" "All through today I've been to see everyone who might be able to help me, but I don't seem to be having any luck. If this goes on, I won't have any friends at all. They'll all laugh, walk past me, almost ignore me, and make stupid nasty comments like, "there goes ol' fish feet" or "old runny pants", I couldn't stand that, I'd go mad." "Don't worry son," said mother, patting her hand on the back of my hand. "I've just the thing, your father used to rub it on his chest in the winter, before he went to bed, did 'im the world of good, just you wait a moment. It's in the bedroom. I'll go and get it." So off she padded through the house. I thought of all the water I'd save, all the shillings too when I took a bath, all I'd do is step in, light up a cigarette and wait for my feet to do the trick, but wait a minute, how will I have a hot bath? If my feet keep on leaking cold water, I'd have to keep the hot tap half on and keep pulling the plug in and out all the time. It would be a hell of a job trying to keep a constant temperature. "Christ," I said suddenly, mother's been gone ten minutes, where on earth is she, I called out but there was no answer, so I walked down the hall and into the sitting room. There she was, stretched out on the soggy Persian hearth rug by the blazing fire, fast asleep. The flames played a game with the shadow she made on the wall over by the floor lamp. "Wake up mother," I said, "you've got to wake up, my damn feet are leaking." But mother slept on, no sign of the remedy on her person, what happened,

NATIONS

I wondered, then I gave a faint smile as I stared into the embers of the fire. I expect she's dreaming about being with father putting on his shirt and waistcoat, all the time telling him he'll be late, and old father with a sleepy miserable look on his face, telling her to leave well alone, as he was perfectly capable of dressing himself without her help. I realised there was nothing I could do, I had made a search of the bedroom, but all I could find in my mother's medicine drawer, were two sets of collar studs, and a penny postage stamp with King George VI's head on it in an old used tin of catarrh tablets. I mopped up all the floors of the house as best I could, and putting on my raincoat, I decided to go, even in spite of the bad weather to Joe Field's house, as it was in his doorway on Feneway Street I had discovered that my feet leaked, perhaps when Joe stepped through his own doorway he would have the same problem with his feet, perhaps Joe's feet had leaked for days, months, even years, after all on three occasions, all at his home, of meeting Joe, never did I suspect anything extraordinary, or see Joe's feet leaking, maybe he had plaster of Paris around his feet, no, they'd still leak, maybe he had some kind of pump installed in the heels of all his shoes that pumped the water up his trouser legs, and by the use of tubes, out through the back of his trouser top, and into some plants, or sink or pot or something. But never did I see a tube or tubes emminating from Joe's person. I thought, well I had to take a chance on Joe being able to fix me up, he was my last hope, all else had failed, I was at my wit's end. Half in a daze, half in fear I left my mother's house, caught another bus and stood on the running board, everything became gloomy, I sank into a deep depression, but I was shaken back to reality when the conductor shouted Feneway Street and Osborne Gardens. I jumped off the bus, and ran down Feneway Street as fast as my weary legs would carry me. It must have been about halfway down when I suddenly stopped, panting as I was out of breath, all at once as if a ten ton weight had been taken off the top of my head, I looked, and I saw that it had stopped raining.

OPAL L NATIONS

judging by Kinsey's own summary, with rapid-fire questioning, cross checks on accuracy, and the habit of placing the burden of denial on the subject. Kinsey believes that the interviewer should not make it easy for his subject to deny his participation in any form of sexual activity. 'It is too easy to say "No" if he is simply asked whether he has ever engaged in a particular activity. Consequently we always begin by asking *when* they first engaged in such activity.' This, as he points out, places a heavier burden on the individual who would like to deny his experience, and since the form of the question makes it apparent that the interviewer would not be surprised if the interviewee had had such an experience there is less likelihood of its being denied.

Kinsey took the task of preparation for the interview very seriously, even to the extent of inventing a special coded system of writing down the answers which would guarantee secrecy, as no one except him and his co-interviewers was familiar with the system. He went as far as to learn the sexual vocabularies of the various groups he was dealing with, believing that it is necessary to comprehend the whole range of possible techniques in each possible type of sexual behaviour, and that for most of these types, as well as for the hundreds of possible positions in intercourse and the scores of varying techniques in the homosexual act, there exist specialized terms which the interviewer must know if he is to understand and obtain reasonable cooperation from his subjects.

The total data obtained in these interviews were broken down according to sex, race, cultural group, marital status, age, educational level, occupational class, occupational class of parent, rural-urban background, religious adherence, and geographical origin. Statistics are then presented in detail for the various constituent groups. As our interest will be mainly in the comparison between middle-class and working-class subjects, the other breakdowns will only be mentioned where they appear relevant. Kinsey defines social level partly in terms of education, partly in terms of the type of work the person is doing, but as the two types of classification

give essentially identical data, there is little point in going into the details as to which is used in any particular comparison.

Kinsey summarizes his conclusions in the following words: 'The data now available show that patterns of sexual behaviour may be strikingly different for the different social levels that exist in the same city or town, and sometimes in immediately adjacent sections of a single community. The data show that divergences in the sexual patterns of such social groups may be as great as those which anthropologists have found between the sexual patterns of different racial groups in remote parts of the world.'

Having quoted the conclusions, let us now turn to the evidence. As regards the total number of outlets of sexual climaxes per week there appears to be no very considerable difference between the different classes, although there is, of course, in all classes a natural decline from a maximum of about five per week at the age of 16-20, to something like two per week at the age of 40-45. There are, however, marked differences among the social classes with respect to the proportion of the different types of sexual outlet recognized by Kinsey. His main comparisons are between the college-educated group, the high school group, and the elementary school group (i.e. those who never enjoyed any form of secondary education), and his findings will be summarized by taking each outlet in turn. As an example let us take his unmarried 16-20 year-old group, as these men may be taken as typical of the many others for which data are provided.

In this group masturbation provides 29 per cent of all outlets for the elementary school group, 37 per cent for the high school (secondary school) group, and 66 per cent for the college group; nocturnal emission provides 5 per cent of all the outlets for the elementary school group, 6 per cent for the high school group, and 16 per cent for the college group; the figures for petting to climax are respectively 2 per cent, 3 per cent, and 5 per cent. In all three outlets, therefore, the college group is consistently more active, the

1.  
 I go to college, my first mistake,  
 The bird is badly upset,  
 but someone in his rightful place  
 it makes. I put down the bird  
 on the soft white table.

2.

I invite her to the house on the lip,  
 we share a cup of berries and sugar,  
 we share the bird's blessing flowers,  
 we share the bird's song.

The collector arrives  
 at the house on the lip  
 and sees the bird in the furnace  
 which warms the house  
 and looks out over  
 the beautiful night.

They see nothing,  
 and in some ways  
 they drop a little further.

and a solid bird  
 is left.

1.

I go to collage, my first mistake.  
The e is badly upset,  
but summoned to its rightful place  
it smiles. I put down the a  
on the soft walnut table.

2.

I invite her to the house on the lip,  
we share a cup of blurrs and tangles,  
we bless the bed with blazing flowers.  
On the roof we see the sun  
casting up a tense neck of shudders.

3.

The coalman arrives  
at the house on the hill  
and casts his load in the furnace  
which grumbles continually  
and spits out stars  
into the frightfull night.

They are smelting,  
and in some haste  
they drop a little glitter.

A.M.

we find a solid brass frog  
2½" x 1½".

..../

4.

She tells me that goldfish,  
do not have tongues,

furry tongues.

Billy comes in looking  
like a wasp  
in his day-glo stripes -

thatness stationary blunder purrs.

There is no conclusion  
in this hut of rainbows.

5.

The painting becomes steeper -  
there is a heavy colour to go at the top.

There is a line dissecting the green ground  
an inch thick and plum coloured.

The trees take the centre of the road  
and dissappear with speed  
in the right hand corner;

there is a flat concrete area

also some breast shaped clouds ,  
bunches of tree lines,  
rather banal with effervescences.

And it happened that as I fastened my sight upon one of the video screens, it seemed to project its image into the space on my forehead that is directly above the nose, initiating xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx a xxxxxxxxxxxxxx discomforting sensation that my mind was being drawn into a magnetic field, and the image seemed to occupy and to permeate the space in front of my forehead, and to be both within and without my head, as though the skull were no barrier.

and there appeared before me an urchin, whose eyes in the emaciated parchment of his face flamed out as the heads of the nails in the cross of Christ, and in the consuming fever of his unveiling resentment, and in the naked abjection of his misery, he seemed to be the very type and pattern of our original sin.

with the pitiful armoury of his railing speech, he seemed to be striking like a flail against the bolted iron of some massive portal, behind which there sat enthroned some immense and adamantine indifference, itself the issue of his early revolt against that same presence, when he could no longer endure the crushing gravity of its all-shadowing immanence, which pursued his every deed with the awful weight of its judgement, which it would have him call love.

and in the delirious cataract of his accusations and curses, his words appropriated to themselves the opacity of objects, and surpassed it even, so that their density was greater than that of heavy metals.

I remonstrated with him, and, behold, my words scalded my mouth as they departed out of it, and fell to the ground, and solidified on the instant, like molten lead.

and forthwith he turned upon me the avalanche of his denunciation.  
and of his words;

some xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx set up a clanger in my ears, like the falling of an iron flywheel out of the sky;

some were of the texture of gristle and bone, at the moment of wrenching;  
some were as globs of the foul spittle that gleams from the pavement;  
some were as tattered remnants of rich and ancient fabrics, filthy with the vile and greasy accumulations of a xxxxxxxx history xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx prolific in incident;  
~~xxxxxxx~~ some, the most horrible, were hybrids of certain of these resemblances, or of all of them, according as the patterning of syllables in particular words fell out.

JOHNSON

and I realised that he had begun to relate his history and my own to the faceless immensity behind the door

and among the fallen debris of heterogeneous monstrosities into which his speech as it issued was being transformed, I found that I could no longer distinguish between his history and my own.

at this, I was pervaded by a sense of immeasurable despair and nausea, as if I had seen the sea receding from me for the very last time, and was witness to the return of loathsome creatures, which were cavorting before me, spineless in the primordial slime.

and all the time, with a fiendish industry, singly and in segmented chains, and deviant syllables, that had either fallen from, or had never achieved the status of words, and that had lain dormant within the body of language xxxxx for the space of centuries, were rising up from inside the organism of language, to attack it.

with a furtive and darting malignancy, the syllables were seething into the gaps between the solidifying words, amorphous myriads of syllables, slithering around words, enveloping the stigmata of a grotesquely malformed sub-linguistic ~~xxxx~~ obscenity, like an evil cartoon ~~xxx~~ acceleration of the spawning of an overwhelming cancer.

and the noise of those syllables was;

as the toxic and vertiginous gibbering of the names of bestial deities, which even to pronounce them, make the countenance of the utterer hideous;

as the darting of forked lightning formed from filaments of slime;

as a khaki smear xxxxx across the field of vision when the carbuncular lizard streaks over the dungeon wall;

as the hailstorm of black mucus when the Devil at full gallop on his maggotty stallion expectorates a xxxx thick-tongued epithet at you over his glossy shoulder while his eyes that are like revolving flesh-wounds, mark you down.

KRIS JOHNSON

31.8. 71

sleepless hours as i watch the stars  
     moonlight broad in the sky  
 but my dreams and the moon are gone  
  
 i arise and climbing into the blue heaven  
 leave my robes on the ocean shore  
  
 my footsteps pave the firey stones  
 sunbeams shaft i kill the fears of the day  
  
 i stand at the peak of heaven  
 i walk over the mountains and waves  
 i embrace the earth with love

\*

    i was standing in a town with memories of  
   fire and blood  
  
 in the harbour stood a ship  
 i with swinging strides  
 with the tides

the breeze blew high and waves bounced  
   the beach  
 seabirds were calling to me across  
   the shore

across the ship was a  
 iron bar which bore  
 the cannon of thunder

below me in the stranded  
 town are fears that beat  
 with the salty sea hard against the wall

\*

    there was no moon last night  
  
 the stars

\*

the fields are green and yellow with a  
 steam of clear blue  
  
 the sky has not a cloud in sight  
 the breeze is humming a tune  
  
 in this distance there is a tower  
 which holds a secret a beauty centuries old  
  
 history comes and goes there is a brook and  
 in this brook dreams can be seen  
  
 all is silent in these fields as darkness  
 falls about the earth

\*

a bird with a broken wing  
 horror and fears go through  
 my mind a rose withers  
 in the sun

the breeze brushes against the clouds clear  
 blue sky trees sway from side to  
 side



Elvis and hysteria: in concert in Miami

pieces from a work called something like  
from coincidences to collision £ ALLEN FISHER £

a vein to the Effra sheds the arteries of the sewer  
downhill to here the smell of urine from rats  
but the teas's fresh here 'til the sheep start dieing

i was going to talk about electricity or  
the questions the suns ask  
the Clyde worker the newscreen flashing  
a newspaper torn stuck to the table  
the reflection from the screen  
and over the table a wall of bursts from here  
near Brixton  
heavy fists

into belly  
you can take so much after your sides ache  
crowding us alters our behaviour

....

our aggression links into hardened arteries  
small jig 'n' skip in  
Streatham High Road  
the sudden excite smack heart disease car scene  
imitation of fist onto bench  
cluster of power into belly smell laced grannies  
Edward Keinholtz cracking skulls  
bleeding lavender

Guthrie favour the theory, that Ap stars were once members  
of a binary system, that like cattle fuck each other, in  
which one star explodes as a super-heifer depositing  
material on its companion causing further nuclear reactions.

physiscists with particle counters detecting the products  
of head-on collisions between protons inbetween thoughts  
loaded with history gas Or

yesterday collisions tankers in the Channel ideas  
asunder spluttering from the head awoken the preter-  
knowledge's attraction

or the attraction like that of the Times' crossword  
its formal complexity

a rebounding star spray through brain via hands that  
labour limbs to guide machinery as the star rethinking  
when the radar found clouds  
clouds where hailstone nuclei were fast forming  
a rocket full of lead iodide piercing the clouds' heart  
hail of its injury elsewhere and rained here today.

Our flesh has eclipsed explosions give the fellside a full  
volume colourburst

bumping the Earth's interfaces with gravatational  
adnormalities

a million explosions simultaneously a million million...  
other times  
the normal adnormalities

FISHER

the astronauts on Apollo 11 observed flashes of light  
the cosmic particles we saw at sea level the pond and  
your reflection on the  
Common

there is a basic difference  
a matter of disintegrations and absorptions  
imagine receiving everything you hear unhindered  
if your brain was without atmosphere you'd burn up  
all explosions on a blink

....

...the whole of our heads consume their own thoughts

the newspaper stuck to the table tear away a poem  
in the strike-through  
of print

our wastes and the sun's have been used for ages or our  
children learn to talk

the difference between our converging & diverging  
personalities

it's all a matter of recall

head spin black out

neck pain wrist pulse

moonday Coriolis force Earth's spin

Collision

ships in the Channel smack of head car smash wall

tear the poetry up

words shattered into fragments that bleed the grazes on  
thought skins

Better eject an electric poem through this system  
test the cause of failure.

In 1054 Crab Nebula exploded cosmic rays gamma rays fists  
as soft as x-rays into our ozone

beneath our skins tearing us apart away from each  
other

giving us the antitheses for collision

between buttocks ....

our brain and test-tubes can't detoxify or excrete our  
pants are stiff as if odour were contraceptive the  
filter to slow our madness.

....

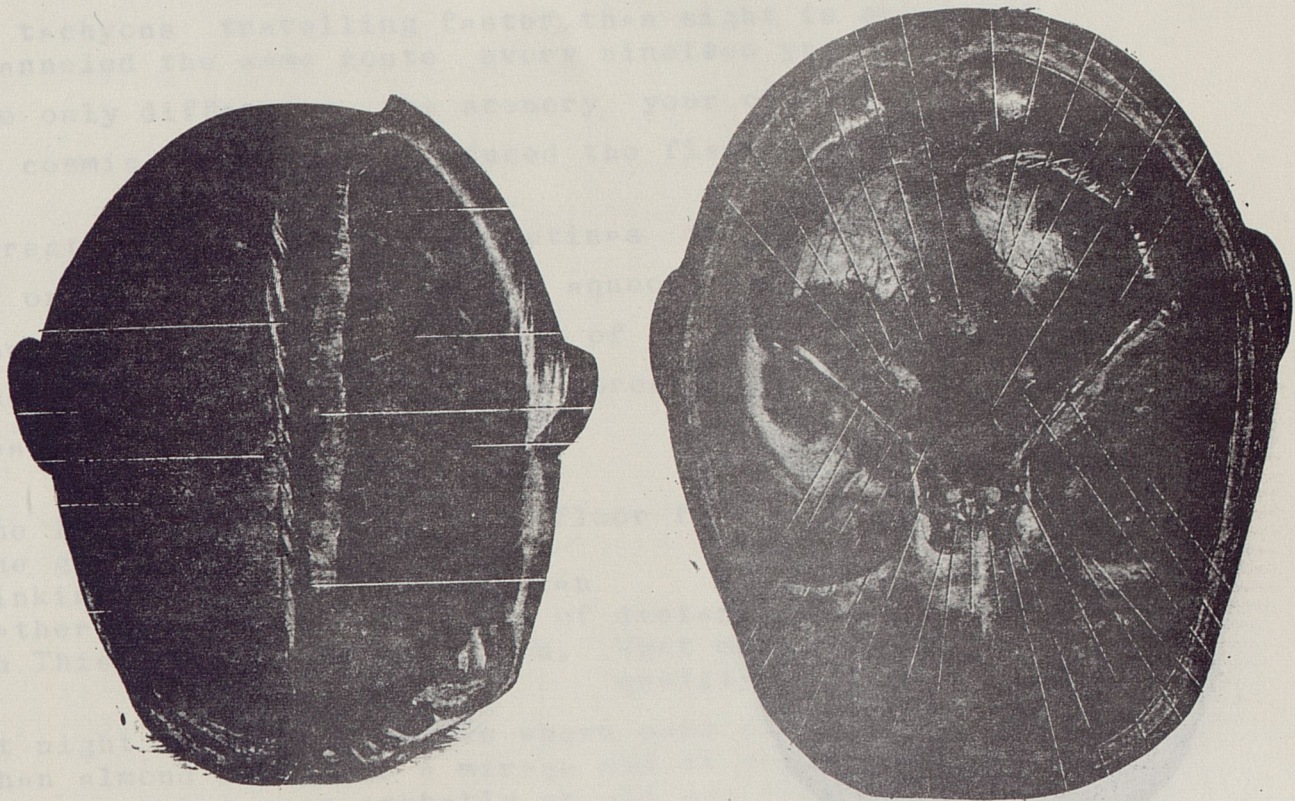
The camera snapped so fast they hadn't removed the bodies  
and their blood was still red the sour hesitation

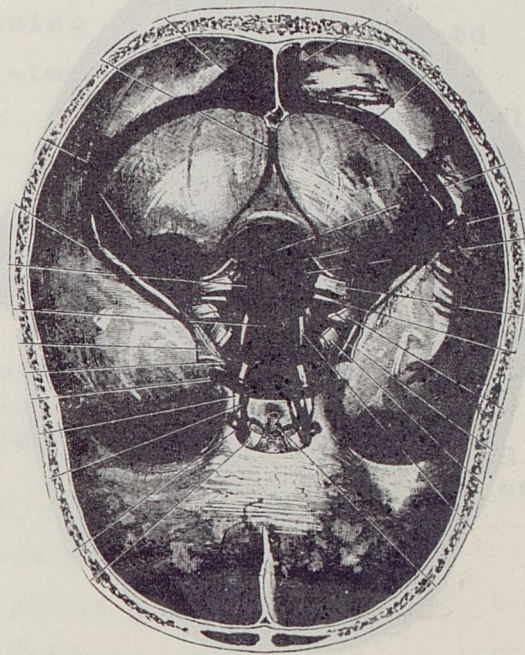
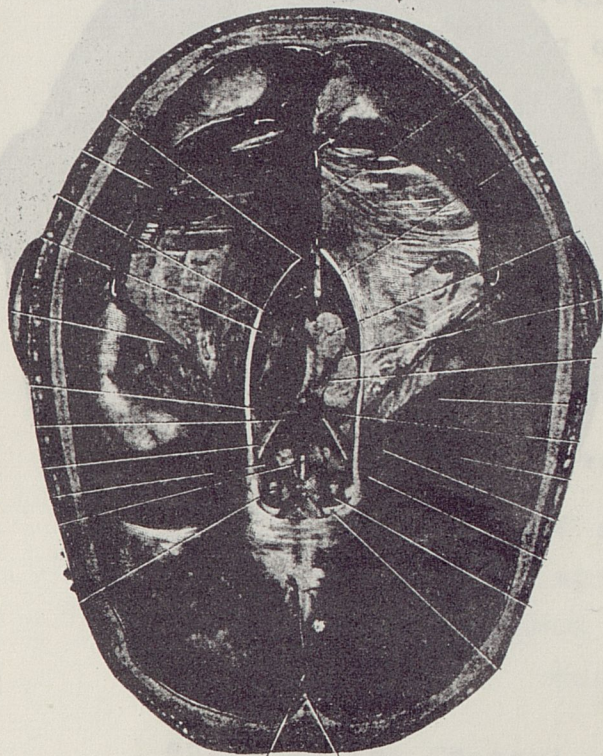
in his stomach before his breakdown

his screams echoing into him before they  
came.

In 1813 Dr. Thornton placed a zinc plate between his upper  
gums and lips and a plate of gold on his tongue and collided  
the both and saw an immediate flash of lightning.

ALLEN FISHER







FISHER

Within one hundred years the human knowledge stock so large  
that the whole knowledge industry will have to be devoted to  
transmitting it from one generation to the next  
galaxy to galaxy  
or our poles change direction again all day turning up  
old signatures for proof of deliveries

.....  
the best ideas are posted from an interlock  
thoughts & fingers ideas riding over each other  
over the interfaces to form colour  
out of colours  
to give the synthesis pulling our back in half

.....  
These confident assertions need modification, but continents  
over-ride or the petals fall overlapping thoughts where we  
used to go...

The coincidence of our tiredness is not coincidental  
Our psychiatric disorders are caused by virus infection. Our  
churches follow patterns as old as land from Tulse Hill to Clapham  
common. The landscape we paint reflects our thoughts as amazing  
as lava diamonds.

In Japan a computer transforms a running man into a Coke bottle  
into Africa.

Palace Road is undulating the press of concrete it's not  
a matter of structure or design if our foundations are unstable  
liquifaction can occur  
to anyone of us and we'll gonna feel it in our sentences  
or this <sup>life</sup> ~~xxxx~~ imprisonment our language is  
electrically transferable and chemically embryonic i mean  
we can survive on liquifactions  
but we don't see it

.....  
Last night  
while i was walking seismologists fed water into the earth  
the trepanation to create a quake i found i could take  
so much before my sides ached  
from the written and conceiving my radar  
spotted cloud where anger was seeding the engineers fired  
lead iodide into the heart preventing another maelstrom  
the break in this spectrum is not an artifact  
(inadequate consideration of the external world)  
i didnt tear it up stuck there here to the table  
it said -

Her delicate tongue of flame slid into the crinkles of my ass, jabbing here like a sparrer, there sucking like a cuttlefish dragged from its hole. I filled her snatch full of air and gently drew it out in funt-spurts, tasting the salmon moisture of the wheezes. She rolled back lifting her legs, buttocks flaring as the nose of a pissed-off bull and the buns smothered my face, the tongue gliding into her incredibly beautiful ass-eye. There was a familiar smell there from armpits at drive-in movies of my high school days; the girl had Secret Deodorant gushed on her ass muscle!

It was the back room of Peace Eye, on the mattress, next to the mimeo machine, surrounded by stacks of Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts and the Marijuana Newsletter. This pallet was the grope ocean for thousands of tender caresses, gang gobbles, discussions of poetry, suckoffs, ass-bangs, tube whacks, kisses and plate jobs in the night. Peace Eye Book-Store was written on the glass panel hanging by the front window. On each side of the words was an eye of Horus, and high to the top of the window were white letters STRICTLY in a quarter-circle above the Hebrew words for kosher meat. And on the lower right side of the window, emergency information, as required by the law: "Ed Sanders - poet, fug, editor, peace-creep, madman, poon-scomp & squack-scarfer." Taped to the window, under the STRICTLY Kosher, was Joe Brainard's brilliant cover for THE DAY QUEEN ELISABETH FUCKED A GORILLA by John Steinbeck with a FOREWORD by MAO TSE TUNG, as published by the FUCK YOU/ press.

Pictures, photos, clippings and announcements of peanut butter parties and poetry readings were on the walls. Ginsberg's famous FOT IS FUN sign, used in the first legalize marijuana demonstrations hung by its cord from the ceiling. A large Jerhol flower screen on red cloth was over the desk, a gift for the grand opening party. On the gold painted door leading to the back rooms was the poster announcing a dawn rite the FUGS had performed on the front porch of William Burroughs' birthplace in St. Louis in October 1965. Miriam and Crabtree and Didi waited in the microbus while we tiptoed up to the porch of the stately brick house on a street so private that there were chains across the ends of the block, chilly in the October mists, afraid the occupants would wake up. I saw Ken Leaver fall down upon his knees, prostate and trembling, in adoration for Bill Burroughs, genius & giant! We left behind a Fugs Songbook, and a note of worship for Bill's birthplace, so that they inside might know who once was a boy there. On Pershing Place, in Saint Louis.

On the couch was Emily's dry gush-cusp from the night before. She waited all night, sitting crosslegged under the large blue Legalize Cunnilingus sign on the wall, thru the bright mouth-squish and literary babble, thru a mimeo job on the Fugs Songbook, eyes glazed in the front of her brain enjoying the acid, for us to fuck on the maroon couch in the front room. She moaned in joy during her visions of Universal Marshmallows and couldn't believe it when I asked her to beat me with the petrified duck foot, gently I said, pleasure with duck flak for leaven. I pulled

out my cock to munch a while on her beautiful autumnal snatch all hazy and flesh haired, so marvelous was the cosmic rose shard giver to her daughter by the Magna Mater Deum Idea, Heavy breasts blue hazed by tit veins, nipple nearly bitten to tmesis by my horny tooth gnash. O golden Zeus shower, spew thou upon the big Em in eternity!

On the floor next to the couch, in the front room, was painted a large multicolored Eye of Horus, the peace eye, the eye of fulfillment, facing to the door, spuming out freakbeams in an amuletic spray, we hoped. Under the Jarhol flowers stood the huge desk stacked with notes, folders, books, tape recorder, freshly collated copies of FUCK YOU/ A Magazine of the Arts, and BUGGER (an anthology of buttockery). Spurted nearby were piles of the current project, a publication on magic: Beef Puke/ A Journal of Darkness. There were shelves with streetfuck magazines such as Ted's C, A Journal of Poetry; and Resurgence, Intercourse, Lunchment, Birth and lots of forward poetry, mostly published by mimeo, from the rebel centers of the world. A gaze over the book cases revealed 1000s of the underground book-spews: Automatic Pilot by Claude Felieu, The Tyrone Power Bread Crust Conspiracy by V.H. Auden, Berrigan's Sonnets, The Comanche Cantos, Thales, The Vancouver Report, McClure's Dark Brown, and Roosevelt After Inauguration by William Burroughs, among them.

The shit flakes tasted like iron filings and duck butter. My tongue slid up over the yumsville follies, and rolled her in desperation. She sucked on the palms of my hand, I kissed her eyelids, god I nearly came, then suck it into it, fucked here, unh! unh! fucked here, unh! fucked her yes yes fucked her for the purpose of the Aeons fucked her to love love, tho she were Demeter by the fire, never wanted to stop fucking her, fucked her swooning in total obsequious proskynetical boot-lop after the feminine principle fucked her amid the worm screams of the whole Proclus-Skush controversy. Skush fuck, skush fuck fuck! Skush fuck fuck fuck!

She asked me if she could scream when I came. Yes! Yes! Gaia loved it under my slash-lust in the scented meadow lark filled panties of the Earth stomach! No longer able to bear!

Hashish visions of the Orgasm Boat where I sit in the prow ejaculating in the wheezing rapids. Diaphragm tightened and the quivering org tensions rippled from chest in spasms down to the stomach. I heard her screaming. Her legs straight up, hands over the ass, illumination of the meat phantom. Cock Barque lighting the sluices of the squack brighter than any corn rite at Eleusis. No hand was ever a slapping imago blurr of The Jackbatty so much as our lady Ninhursag, so beautifully to have whacked off the nodding throb-tube with smooth ectomorphic fingers of ease and riverrun forever tides of desire, flash! flash! desire! flash! fulfillment. Die die die in the sphincter-ring jacking her finger, and mouth mumbling love only love and adoratio, till the unh-urge ride again in the brain. Silent canon of spurts & spasms, of us together. Ahhhhh. Gods guard the dope haze. The pallbearer no longer barfs in the brain. I am

done with the stammers!

I lay back gasping thinking of long poems to be written in the solitude and bliss. I sucked her toes, then drew peace eyes and notes for poems on her foot, with my rapidograph. After a fuck the light sings eternal. God I felt good. While I was reading her that beautiful first poem from John Ashberry's Turandot, she was sitting with her legs beneath her and twirling her breasts. Piss on my tits! Piss on my tits! she moaned, eyes lolling but heavy with glaze-gaze, tanned knee-cap at the mattress edge touching the stack of the blue paper, tongue licking her lower lip. I must say I was hesitant to piss upon the very knockers I planned to chew and whisper over during the hours of post grope touching and babbling. One was not planning to rim her again, however, due to the delta of seminal rivulets at the gates. The option was the ankle-grap. I leaned her ass over the mimeo machine. Lawrence Ferlinghetti's TO FUCK IS TO LOVE AGAIN lay in brightly colored piles, catching my eye, as I pissed over her taut cold buns, spraying and splashing, on to the unsold copies of The Sixties. She shuddered like a puppy in a shower and I blotted her heinie with the Sunday Times. I reached under her belly, to the squack, and what an idea escaped the boundary of my polymetic gush brain! To frig and to publish! Hands trembling I slashed her with the pud, one hand cranking the mimeo, the other steadying the orgasm donut. And the paper was fed thru, printing the second edition of THE TOE-QUEEN POEMS, kuh-plak kuh-plak kuh-plak kuh-plak, faster and faster, fucking and feeding, in the service of Erato and Melpomene.

She twittered her rump and moved away sinking to her knees, she began to scarf me. Laved it, slurped the arenaceous unh-lob spackled with gritty balls of viscid squack-slobber. With a lurch that caused the paper to clog the machine, I bounced a few sperm spews off her back palate. She smiled as she swallowed. It was a hollow sound, of someone gulping from a canteen and eating a candy bar at the same time, on a supply line, at scout camp.

Peace. Peace and dope hunger. "Want to smoke?" I asked her, reaching for the water pipe. She was hot for it. The hookah was made for the dance of the bugger-ball sequence in the movie, MONGOLIAN CLUSTER FUCK. Originally, it was a bottle for an office water machine, now painted silver and red with peace eyes all over it and with a smoking apparatus made of corks, copper tubing, ribbons, pipe bowl, and two long cloth covered rubber tubes with mouth pieces. My dope stash was on the inside of Allen Ginsberg's autographed Ponds cold cream jar. When Allen gave it to me for the Peace Eye literary relics catalogue, he revealed some of his secret bugger techniques, showing me an actual Ginsberg cock-dent in the cream which, due to the panta rei scene, has long since fluxed out. Now there's a Personality Poster: The Ginzap with his dick in a jar of Ponds!

I crushed together the opium, hash, and honey crystals, then sprinkled on the DMT-soaked parsley. This was the official peace eye see you in a few hours mixture. While I was tamping the dope bowl, she made the proud claim that she could snerk up the smoke with her snatch - blowing oblong smoke rings out of her universal zero! Long weeks of inflating balloons and gripping the broom handles had

given her the snatch-snap of a wire cutter and the slurp of an upset squid. The wager was made and the hook-h's tip invaginated. The smoke was vacuumed in all right, but the expulsion failed to assume the properties of a smoke ring, but rather was a globuled grey ex-spumation of various densities. In the obligation of this wager, she still sucks me off once every month of the year, till 1977. All praise to the Ogdoad!

We smoked and talked. Kissed and touched. Drifted. Drifted. Drifted, too much to do, poetry, peace eye, groping. Drifted, drifted. Faded, then came alive in the events. Drifted.

The nurse came toward me and she sat down on my face and I ate what I loved. I inverted the bedpan & propped it under her cold buns, fucked her in the startled leuk-emia ward. She coated her toe with amphetamine & wrapped the wet coca leaves about the toe on top of the crystals and pushed it into my ass. No trembling peace-freak swimming out to board a Polaris submarine had a more powerfully diminutive ass-coin than I, fearful of dispensation, afraid of the wet toe of death. Drifted.

The announcer rejoiced: Ladies & Gentlemen, the president of the United States is a Gooseneck Queen! unthreading the sink trap, then frigs the smish, after cabinet meetings - "I am a single learning wound" he said over TV that night. CUNNIVOROUS LEPER POSING AS PRIEST STALKS CENTRAL PARK - POLICE BAFFLED! was the headline on his breakfast table. He died but left his children foaming with education & dough lust: "Dado has been biologically phased . . . Too bad he missed the whole plastic heart thing. Onward into the Skush, daddy." May Khepri dig with mercy in the rubble of our shores. Drifted.

I walked by the pond & picked pretty flowers, the frogs croaked by the lily, & the cow stood silent & ready for the snuff. Is everything a blind spew? Can the heart hope for the "limpid pools" of every sentimental picture of an eyeball? It's so lonely to tell the truth, or to touch toes go to sleep with my lips on your velvet ankle. But boy did the crowd bray and pent for Aischylos! They snarfed him right out of the orchestra slabs - wanted to kill him! for revelation! that he made theatre of those things shown from the anaktoron by the Hierophant in the blazing fires; hinted the telete, opened up Kore's kiste, spilled the hieratic Demetrine items for the uninitiated, that any might know of the mysteries of Eleusis. "He of the un-blazed degree may not know!" they screamed. They would have killed him, so pissed off they were, the creeps. As long as there are secrets there will be no heaven in the streets. Drifted.

Do ape-flux and telegush threaten the Form, or Beef Puke/ A Journal of Darkness, alter the cosmos? Apopis, Lord of the Skush-Coils, attacking the sun-barque, was snuffed by the magic of the Earthman when Harry Smith threw the 1st edition of A. Crowley's Book of Lies into the urinal at Stanley's Bar and spat upon it in 1963. A fingernail petrified in a buried chariot is a joy to Apopis. Apopis, fiend-gobble. Apopis strands of Intergalactic Thrill Slobber. Apopis, jewels & hamburgers, skush . . . Skush. Skush. & a flashlight upon a pissed-off sea. And for seconds, for a boatful of thoughts, the mind clears & the



skh-arms hang from the Sun. Plotinus, skush. Proclus,  
 skush. Skush skush. Then visions.  
 Demeter came out of the Gropemobile in a full-hornied  
 spurt hunger. Jack was looking at the row of stones that  
 was the small encirclement of his sheepfold, thinking  
 perhaps of the possibility of worshipping them. Nor was  
 there any concealing of her need to fuck the Earthling,  
 nor was there any preventing the opening of the kiste &  
 the initiation into the Mysteries. "I will show you,  
Earthlet, what you may know of the pomegranate in the  
hand of Nike Athens." Fucked the earth-boy, arrayed her-  
 -self, splendor & splendor, in the hot plowed corn land,  
 knew him, felt the droplets of spangled jissom in the red  
 halls of the god-rose. There is one woman, and she is  
 Kore of the Thrones, & she is Deo, of the Powers.  
 He stood by Lenin's coffin, Ted Berrigan and I, Ted had  
 long white hair and sons in the professions. His Sonnets  
 were 50 years old. Whole vistas of the phylogenous  
 struggles written in vodka puke were as the memory of a  
 kiss at the Berkeley Poetry Conference. I asked him what  
 the important words were. He said that the important  
 words were emanations & sentience as well as urstoff &  
 pork-sword. I loved him but we read our final works to  
 the assembled, and he stepped aboard the boat with Khepri  
 & the Ogdoad & floated out, supping from cakes and vases,  
 radiant and beautiful as the spirit of the sonnet is  
 beautiful.

At long last she and I were admitted to be purified in  
 Cybele's teuro-baptism. The bull was dragged to the  
 platform built over the chamber of the mystes. The wooden  
 slots were stained with a million splashes of blood and  
 lymph-goggles from the years. The Ma-priests sliced the  
 bull's throat with the ancient flint snuff knife. The  
 singers, 12 of them, kept singing, over and over, Magna  
Mater Deum Idea, Magna Mater Deum Idea . . . The eye of  
 the bull seemed paralyzed in a wild fiendish stare, and  
 the froth slobbering out of his mouth mixed with the  
 loose hocker strands from his nose flipping this way,  
 then that, as the neck sought to rise from the slaughter  
 trough. He walked down the steps, heels clicking on the  
 marble slabs, and stood together beneath the platform  
 where the bull's blood was gushing. Thru the hundreds of  
 gaps in the slots the blood came, dripping upon our  
 clothes, our hair, our hands. She bent down to touch a  
 pool of warmth upon the floor & the splashing caught her  
 back and spread across it, shoulder to shoulder, I tried  
 to wipe it off and started moaning when my hands actually  
 slid in the hot spreading gobs of neck puke. Panicked and  
 looked for the door. No way. We held hands and lifted our  
 faces upward, felt the blood in our eyes, pouring down the  
 nose-cracks, onto our lips, touched the blood with our  
 tongues, necks covered with redness, till the numbness  
 came, in the bright bath of thickening sickness. Sank to  
 our knees, nor could think. Darkness. Humility. Humble as  
 a bun hair in the radiance of Khepri. Orisons bounced off  
 of the Vastness. We will wake up to pray for the slit  
 throats and the bellowing cow, for the tadpoles squashed  
 by children on the rocks, for Mongolian Cluster Fuck which  
 I must film tonight, for the dope trance from the hookah,  
 for the seted penis glazed like a cruller, for Khepri  
 moulding spheres of perfection with balls of rubble of the  
 skush.

ED SANDERS.

The conditions of disaster at sea in war <sup>differ</sup> materially from those in peace, but many of the devices and improvements produced as a result of war experience are likely to be xxx equally valuable in saving life from shipwreck by natural causes. Voyages in small boats or rafts, lasting many days upon a teaspoonful of water and a trifling amount of food have become, unfortunately, almost weekly affairs during the present war. Such cases xx were not ~~known~~ unknown in peacetime and there were many instances of men rescued after many weeks, while others fought sea, xxxx sun, thirst and hunger for days, only to perish before help could arrive.

The war regulations and the equipment supplied for ship's boats in wartime, will be of benefit in peace. We had no Ministry of Marine, but the war forced upon us a Ministry of War Transport and it has been exceedingly active in laying down exact equipment of ship's boats so that the chances of men forced to take to the boats have been greatly improved. Survival depends upon the use not of a single epoch-making invention, but upon the compulsory fitting of many different items of equipment which experience has shown to be valuable in preserving life.

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# STOCK MARKET INDICES —thrilling results reported

## LONDON

FINANCIAL TIMES.	Feb. 18 1972	Feb. 17 1972	Feb. 16 1972	Feb. 15 1972	Feb. 14 1972	Feb. 11 1972	Feb. 10 1972	Feb. 9 1972	Feb. 8 1972
Government Securities	80.37	81.02	80.93	81.15	81.28	81.68	82.07	82.11	81.8
Consols Yield %	8.49	8.49	8.45	8.45	8.41	8.33	8.30	8.30	8.36
Fixed Interest	81.73	81.66	81.66	81.84	81.84	82.58	82.54	82.5	82.32
Industrial Ordinary	95.8	95.0	95.4	485.6	481.9	490.4	490.4	492.0	490.8
Dividend Yield %	3.72	3.33	3.39	3.36	3.38	3.33	3.26	3.1	3.33
P/E Ratio (f)	2.24	2.00	2.06	19.79	19.69	19.96	20.38	20.5	19.09
Gold Mines	60.8	61.4	59.6	59.7	59.9	59.9	59.9	59.9	59.1
Stock Exchange Activity Industrials daily	461.6	407.4	60.2	481.4	693.3	615.3	563.4	56.2	554.5
Gilt-edged—do.			161.3	186.5	177.0	154.2	144.0		187.6
Total—5 day a					346.3	333.9	326	321.2	318.7
Dealings Ma					67	5717	815	14,024	14,446
FT ACTUA Ind GP She					1.77	1.56	199.03	196.15	195.29
Earnings					5.10	4.98	4.91	5.01	5.02
Dividend					3.30	3.22	3.17	3.22	3.22
500 Share					201.21	205.63	208.24	205.33	204.33
Earnings Yield (g)						5.17	5.10	5.19	5.21
Dividend Yield	3.30	3.30		3.18				3.34	3.34
All-Share Index (651 shares)	206.13	203.67	200.20	200.9					

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## NEW YORK

Standard and Poor's US Securities Statistics.

	Feb. 17 1971	Feb. 17 1971
Long-term US Government Bonds	515	71.00
Yield %	5.95	66.67
High-Grade Corporate Bonds	7.16	7.82
Yield %	7.96	5.27
20 Rails	4.75	7.50
Dividend Yield %	6.94	63.16
Earnings Yield %	5.61	5.67
500 Composite	105.62	162/72
Average Daily Vol. \$	17.37	7.47
Base: 1941-43 = 10		
Millions of shares		

## SOUTH AFRICA

Compiled by The So

Rand Gold	100.54
O.F.S.	68.6
Klerksdorp Gold	104.25
Westwits Gold	117.3
Mining Finance	46.15
South African Indust	317.82
Turnover (previous	138.36
Johannesburg Stock	
Index (1948 = 100)	

## EUROPE

	Feb. 8
Belgium	100.54
France	68.6
Germany	104.25
Holland	117.3
Italy	46.15
Sweden	317.82
Eurosyndicat	138.36

\* Herstatt. † Base 29/12/56. ‡ Base 1962. § Base 100 December 1963. ● 196

## HONG KONG

Hang Seng Bank index  
Base = 100, July 31, 1964

Feb. 1	Feb. 8
238.00	330.94

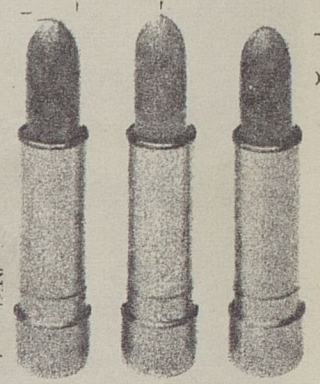
High	Low
406.32	201.07
2/9/71	10/3/71

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1971/72

Div. %	Yield %
-11.90	2.70
High	Low
212.62	148.83
7/2/72	5/11/72



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F.T. Ind. Ord.:	Feb. 18 1972	Feb. 17 1972	Feb. 16 1972
Weekly Average	486.5	490.3	493.1
Week to			

\* Available since base date unless otherwise indie Ind. Ord., 1/7/35. Gold Mines, 12/9/55. F.T.-Act 1942. (a) Available since 1/1/47. (b) Available since 1/1/48. (f) Based on 40% Corporation Tax from.

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