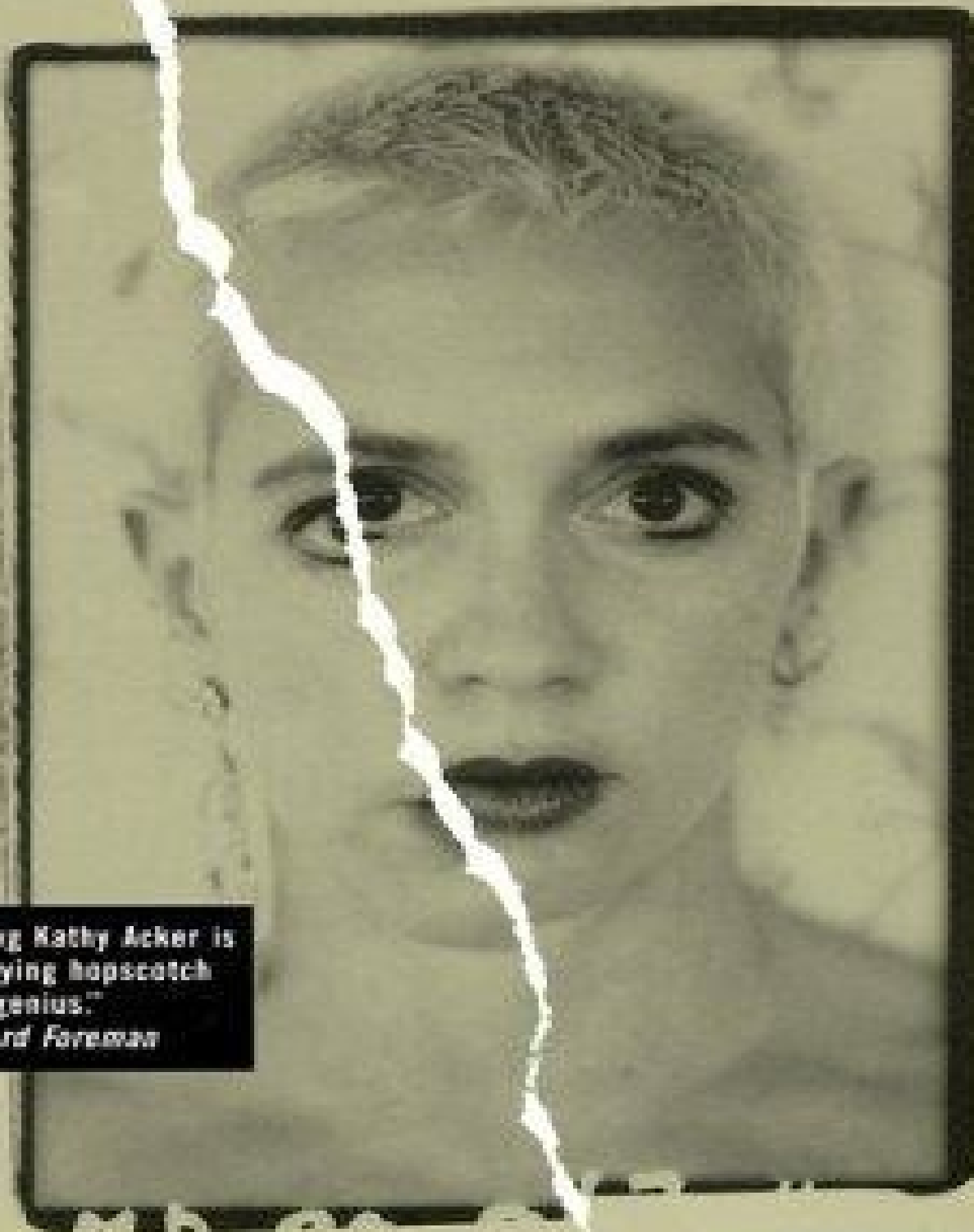


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"Reading Kathy Acker is
like playing hopscotch
with a genius."
— Richard Foreman

**BLOOD AND GUTS
IN HIGH SCHOOL**

a novel

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Inside high school

Parents stink

Never having known a mother, her mother had died when Janey was a year old, Janey depended on her father for everything and regarded her father as boyfriend, brother, sister, money, amusement, and father.

Janey Smith was ten years old, living with her father in Merida, the main city in the Yucatan. Janey and Mr Smith had been planning a big vacation for Janey in New York City in North America. Actually Mr Smith was trying to get rid of Janey so he could spend all his time with Sally, a twenty-one-year-old starlet who was still refusing to fuck him. One night Mr Smith and Sally went out and Janey knew her father and that woman were going to fuck. Janey was also very pretty, but she was kind of weird-looking because one of her eyes was lopsided.

Janey tore up her father's bed and shoved boards against the front door. When Mr Smith returned home, he asked Janey why she was acting like this.

Janey: You're going to leave me. *(She doesn't know why she's saying this.)*

Father *(dumbfounded, but not denying it):* Sally and I just slept together

for the first time. How can I know anything? **Janey** *(in amazement. She didn't believe what she had been saying was true. It was only out of petulance):*

You ARE going to leave me. Oh no. No. That can't be. **Father** *(also stunned):* I never thought I was going to leave you. I was

just fucking. **Janey** (*not at all calming herself down by listening to what he's saying. He knows her energy rises sharply and crazy when she's scared so he's probably provoking this scene*): You can't leave me. You can't. (*Now in full hysteria.*) I'll . . . (*Realizes she might be flying off the handle and creating the situation. Wants to hear his creation for a minute. Shivers with fear when she asks this.*) Are you madly in love with her? **Father** (*thinking. Confusion's beginning*): I don't know. **Janey: I'm** not crazy. (*Realizing he's madly in love with the other woman.*) I don't mean to act like this. (*Realizing more and more how madly in love he is. Blurts it out.*) For the last month you've been spending

every moment you can with her. That's why you've stopped eating meals with me. That's why you haven't been helping me the way you usually do when I'm sick. You're madly in love with her, aren't you? **Father** (*ignorant of this huge mess*): We just slept together for the first time tonight. **Janey:** You told me you were just friends like me and Peter (*Janey's stuffed lamb*) and you weren't going to sleep together. It's not like my sleeping around with all these art studs: when you sleep with your best friend, it's really, really heavy. **Father:** I know, Janey. **Janey** (*she hasn't won that round; she threw betrayal in his face and he didn't totally run away from it*): Are you going to move in with Sally? (*She asks the worst possibility.*) **Father** (*still in the same sad, hesitant, underlyingly happy because he wants to get away, tone*): I don't know. **Janey** (*She can't believe this. Every time she says the worst, it's true*): When will you know? I have to make my plans. **Father:** We just slept together once. Why don't you just let things lie, Janey, and not push? **Janey:** You tell me you love someone else, you're gonna kick me out, and I shouldn't push. What do you think I am, Johnny? I love you. **Father:** Just let things be. You're making more of this than it really is. **Janey** (*everything comes flooding out*): I love you. I adore you. When I first met you, it's as if a light turned on for me. You're the first joy I knew. Don't you understand? **Father** (*silent*). **Janey:** I just can't bear that you're leaving me: it's like a lance cutting my brain in two: it's the worst pain I've ever known. I don't care who you fuck. You know that. I've never acted like this before. **Father:** I know. **Janey:** I'm just scared you're going to leave me. I know I've been shitty

to you: I've fucked around too much; I didn't introduce you to my friends. **Father:** I'm just having an affair, Janey. I'm going to have this affair. **Janey** (*now the rational one*): But you might leave me. **Father** (*silent*). **Janey:** OK. (*Getting hold of herself in the midst of total disaster and clenching her teeth.*) I have to wait around until I see how things work out between you and Sally and then I'll know if I'm going to live with you or not. Is that how things stand? **Father:** I don't know. **Janey:** You don't know! How am I supposed to know?

That night, for the first time in months, Janey and her father sleep together because Janey can't get to sleep otherwise. Her father's touch

is cold, he doesn't want to touch her mostly 'cause he's confused. Janey fucks him even though it hurts her like hell 'cause of her Pelvic Inflammatory Disease.

The following poem is by the Peruvian poet César Vallejo who, born 18 March 1892 (Janey was born 18 April 1964), lived in Paris fifteen years and died there when he was 46:

September This September night, you fled So good to me ... up to grief and include! I don't know myself anything else But you, YOU don't have to be good.

This night alone up to imprisonment no prison Hermetic and tyrannical, diseased and panic-stricken I don't know myself anything else I don't know myself because I am grief-stricken.

Only this night is good, YOU

Making me into a whore, no

Emotion possible is distance God gave integral:

Your hateful sweetness I'm clinging to.

This September evening, when sown In live coals, from an auto Into puddles: not known.

Janey (*as her father was leaving the house*): Are you coming back tonight?

I don't mean to bug you. (*No longer willing to assert herself.*) I'm just curious. **Father:** Of course I'll be back.

The moment her father left the house, Janey rushed to the phone and called up his best friend, Bill Russie. Bill had once fucked Janey, but his cock was too big. Janey knew he'd tell her what was happening with Johnny, if Johnny was crazy or not, and if Johnny really wanted to break up with Janey. Janey didn't have to pretend anything with Bill. **Janey:** Right now we're at the edge of a new era in which, for all sorts of reasons, people will have to grapple with all sorts of difficult problems, leaving us no time for the luxury of expressing ourselves artistically. Is Johnny madly in love with Sally? **Bill:** No.

Janey: No? (*Total amazement and hope.*) **Bill:** It's something very deep between them, but he's not going to leave

you for Sally. **Janey** (*with even more hope*): Then why's he acting this way? I mean: he's talking about *leaving* me.

Bill: Tell me exactly what's been happening, Janey. I want to know for my own reasons. This is very important. Johnny hasn't been treating me like a friend. He won't talk to me anymore.

Janey: He won't? He feels you're his best friend. (*Making a decision.*) I'll tell you everything. You know I've been very sick.

Bill: I didn't know that. I'm sorry, I won't interrupt anymore.

Janey: I've been real sick. Usually Johnny helps out when I am, this time he hasn't. About a month ago he told me he was running around with Andrea and Sally. I said, 'Oh great,' it's great when he has new friends, he's been real lonely, I told him that was great. He said he was obsessed with Sally, a crush, but it wasn't sexual. I didn't care. But he was acting real funny toward me. I've never seen him act like that. The past two months he's treated me like he hates me. I never thought he'd leave me. He's going to leave me.

Bill (*breaking in*): Janey. Can you tell me exactly what happened last night? I have to know everything. (*She tells him.*) What do you think is going on?

Janey: Either of two ... I am Johnny. (*Thinks.*) Either of two things. (*Speaks very slowly and clearly.*) First thing: I am Johnny. I'm beginning to have some fame, success, now women want to fuck me. I've never had women want me before. I want everything. I want to go out in the world as far as I can go. Do you understand what I'm talking about?

Bill: Yes. Go on.

Janey: There are two levels. It's not that I think one's better than the other, you understand, though I do think one is a more mature development than the other. Second level: It's like commitment. You see what you want, but you don't go after every little thing; you try to work it through with the other person. I've had to learn this this past year. I'm willing to work with Johnny.

Bill: I understand what's happening now. Johnny is at a place where he has to try everything.

Janey: The first level. I agree.

Bill: You've dominated his life since your mother died and now he hates you. He has to hate you because he has to reject you. He has to find out who he is.

Janey: That would go along with the crisis he was having in his work this year.

Bill: It's an identity crisis.

Janey: This makes sense. . . . What should I do?

Bill: The thing you can't do is to freak out and lay a heavy trip on him.

Janey: I've already done that. (*If she could giggle, she would.*)

Bill: You have to realize that you're the one person he hates, you're everything he's trying to get rid of. You have to give him support. If

you're going to freak out, call me, but don't show him any emotion.

Any emotion he'll hate you even more for. **Janey:** God. You know how I am. Like a vibrating nut. **Bill:** Be very very calm. He's going through a hard period, he's very

confused, and he needs your support. I'll talk to him and find out more about what's going on. I have to talk to him anyway because I want to find out why he hasn't been friendly to me. Later that afternoon Mr Smith came home from work. **Janey:** I'm sorry I got upset last night about Sally. It won't happen

again. I think it's great you've got a girlfriend you really care about. **Father:** I've never felt like this about anyone. It's good for me to know

I can feel so strongly. **Janey:** Yes. (*Keeping her cool.*) I just wanted you to know if there's

anything I can do for you, I'd like to be your friend. (*Shaking a little.*)

Father: Oh, Janey. You know I care for you very deeply. (*That does it:*

Janey bursts into tears.) I'm just confused right now. I want to be my

myself. **Janey:** You're going to leave me. **Father:** Just let things be. I've got to go. (*He obviously wants to get out*

of the room as fast as possible.) **Janey:** Wait a minute. (*Collecting her emotions and stashing them.*) I didn't

mean it. I was going to be calm and supportive like Bill said. **Father:** What'd Bill say? (*Janey repeats the conversation. Everything comes*

splurting out now. Janey's not good at holding words back.) You've

completely dominated my life, Janey, for the last nine years and I no

longer know who's you and who's me. I have to be alone. You've

been alone for a while, you know that need: I have to find out who

I am. **Janey** (*her tears dry*): I understand now. I think it's wonderful what

you're doing. All year I've been asking you, 'What do you want?' and

you never knew. It was always me, my voice, I felt like a total nag;

I want you to be the man. I can't make all the decisions. I'm going

to the United States for a long time so you'll be able to be alone. **Father**

(*amazed she's snapped so quickly and thoroughly from down hysteria*

to joy): You're tough, aren't you? **Janey:** I get hysterical when I don't understand. Now everything's OK.

I understand. **Father:** I've got to go out now - there's a party uptown. I'll be back

later tonight. **Janey:** You don't have to be back. **Father:** I'll wake you up, sweetie, when I get back. OK? **Janey:** Then I can crawl in bed and sleep with you? **Father:** Yes.

Tiny Mexican, actually Mayan villages, incredibly clean, round thatched huts, ducks, turkeys, dogs, hemp, corn; the Mayans are self-contained and thin-

boned, beautiful. One old man speaks: 'Mexicans think money is more important than beauty; Mayans say beauty is more important than money; you are very beautiful.' They eat ears of roasted corn smeared with chili, salt, and lime and lots of meat, mainly turkey.

Everywhere in Merida and in the countryside are tiny fruit drink stands: drinks *jugos de frutas* made of sweet fresh fruits crushed, sugar, and water. Every other building in Merida is a restaurant, from the cheapest outdoor cafés, where the food often tastes the best; to expensive European-type joints for the rich. Merida, the city, is built on the money of the hemp-growers who possess one boulevard of rich mansions and their own places to go to. Otherwise the poor. But the town is clean, big, cosmopolitan, the Mexicans say, un-Mexican.

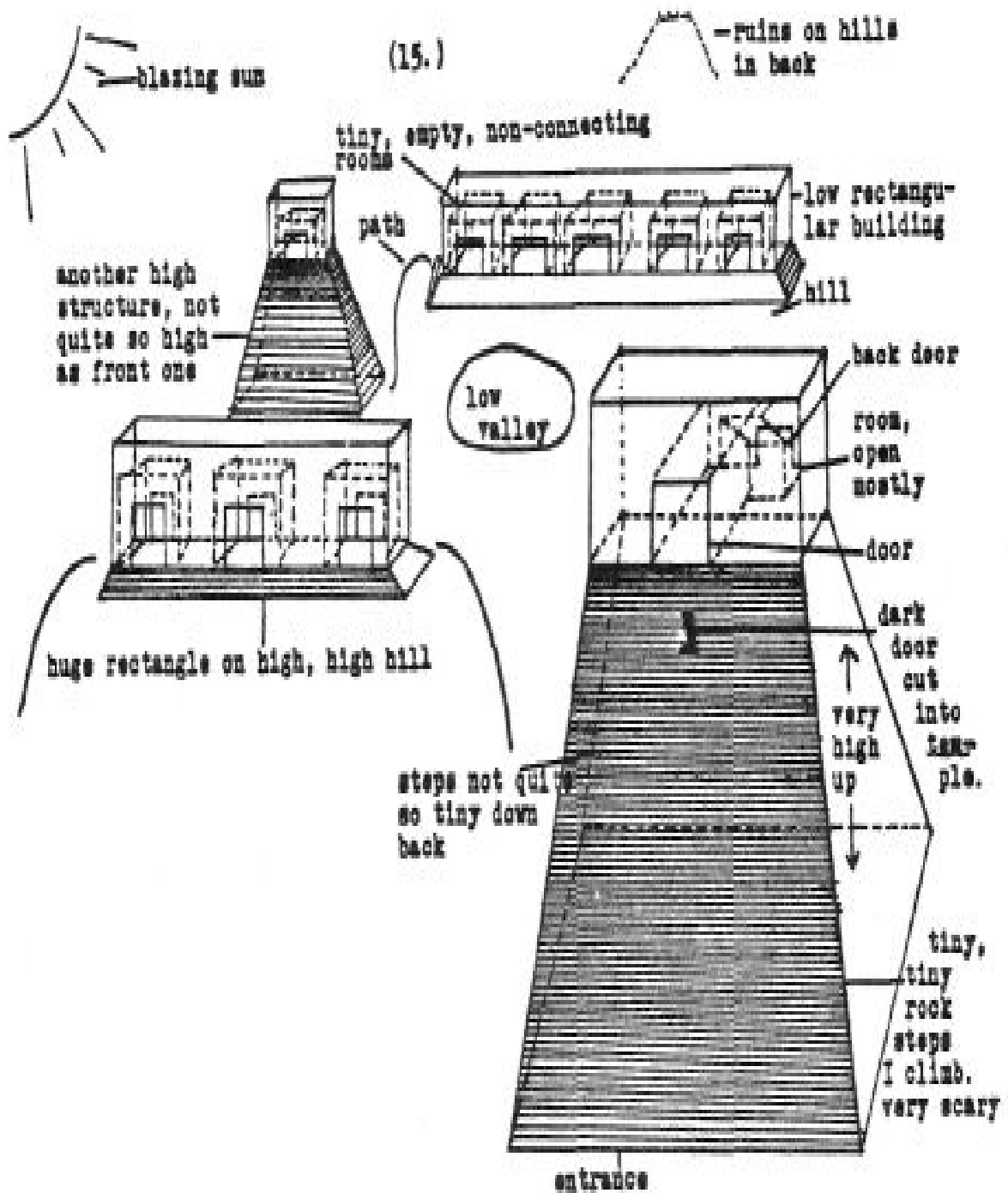
Mexico is divided into sections: each has its specialty: Vera Cruz has art. Merida has hemp, baskets, hammocks.

Uxmal: Mayan ruins, huge temples, all the buildings are *huge*, scary, on high. Low low land in centre. Everything very far apart. Makes forget personal characteristics. Wind blows long grass who! whoot! Jungle, not Amazonian swamp, but thick, thick green leafage so beautiful surrounds. Hear everything. No one knows how these massive rectangular structures were used. Now birds screech in the little rooms in the buildings, fly away; long iguanas run under rocks. Tiny bright green and red lizards run down paths past one tiny statue, on lowish ground; on a small concrete block, two funny-monkey-hideous-dog-jaguar faces and paws back-to-back. Janus? The sun?

A small Mayan village in the ruins of an old stone hacienda; church, factory, the whole works. Huge green plants are growing out of the stones; chickens, lots of dark-brown feathered turkeys, three pigs, one pink, run around; people, thin and little, live in what ruins can still be lived in.

And further down this dirt road, another village. On Sunday the men, normally gentle and dignified, get drunk. The man driving the big yellow truck is the head man. All the male villagers are touching his hand. They're showing him love. He will get, they say, the first newborn girl. In return, he says, he will give them a pig. All of the men's bodies are waving back and forth. The women watch.

By the time the clock said five (a.m.) Janey couldn't stand it anymore, so, despite her high fever, she walked the streets. Where could she run to? Where was peace (someone who loved her)? No one would take her in. It was raining lightly. The rain was going to increase her infection. She stood in front of Sally's house. Then she made herself walk away. She walked back into her father's and her apartment. She hated the



apartment. She didn't know what to do with her hateful tormented mind. At 7:30 a.m. she woke up in her own bed. As she walked by her father's bed to get to the toilet, she saw her father and spontaneously asked, 'You must have gotten home late. How was the party?'

Father: I didn't go to the party.

Janey: You didn't go to the party!?! (Realizing the truth. In a little girl's

voice.) Oh. **Father** (reaching for her): Come here (meaning: into my arms).
Janey: No. (She jumps back.) I don't want to touch you. (She realizes her mistake. She's very jumpy.) Just go to sleep. Everything's fine.
Goodnight. **Father** (commanding): Janey, come here. **Janey** (backing away like he's a dangerous animal, but wanting him): I don't want to. **Father**: I just want to hold you. **Janey**: Why d'you lie to me?
Father: It got late and I didn't feel like going to the party. **Janey**: What time d'you get home? **Father**: Around seven.

Janey: Oh. (In an even smaller little girl's voice.) You were with Sally?
Father: Come here, Janey. (He wants to make love to her. Janey knows it.) **Janey** (running away): Go to sleep, Johnny, I'll see you in the morning.
Janey (a half-hour later): I can't sleep by myself, Johnny. Can I crawl into bed with you? **Father** (grumbling): I'm not going to get any sleep. Get in. (Janey gives him a blow job. Johnny isn't really into having sex with Janey, but he gets off on the physical part.)

Three hours later Johnny woke up and asked Janey if she wanted to have dinner with him that night, their farewell dinner, and then she would leave. Janey said 'No' in her sleep because she felt hurt.

As soon as Janey woke up, she called Bill, desperate. 'Everything's even worse, Bill,' she said. 'Johnny's trying to hurt me as badly as he can.' How? He told her he'd spend the night with her and then he spent it with Sally. Then he told her he felt about Sally the way he had never felt about another girl.

Bill tells Janey Johnny doesn't love Sally: he's just using Sally to hurt Janey as much as possible. Johnny has become very crazy and Janey'd better stay out of his way. **Janey**: Do you think he'll want me again?

Bill: There's always been a really strong connection between the two of you. You've been together for years.

In the Merida marketplace there are beetles about an inch to two inches long crawling in a box, their backs covered by red or blue or white rhinestones.

Outside the church a woman sells all sorts of tiny cheap silver trinkets. People buy the appropriate trinket (an arm is a broken arm, a baby is problems with baby, a kidney, a little worker . . .) and take the trinket into the big church to give to the Virgin.

Monumental ruins.

Lost in the grass. Huge buildings that are staircases, staircases to the heights, steps of equal height so high legs can hardly climb. Some buildings are four walls of hundreds and hundreds of steps. On top is nothing, nothing but a small

stone rectangle containing an empty hole. Every now and then a huge monster rattlesnake sticks its head out. The stones are crumbling. The oldest buildings are so ruined you can hardly see them.

The next mass of buildings. The architecture is clean, the meaning is clear, that is, the function. A habitation. Hiding tunnels run through each horizontal layer of the habitation. The scale is human. There are

wells. There are no pictures or religious representations. A clean people who didn't mess around with their lives, who knew they were only alive once, who disappeared.

The next section contains the largest buildings, vast and fearsome. Thousands of endlessly wide steps on all sides lead up to a tiny room, eagles and rattlesnakes, outside, inside? Inside this structure, steps, narrow, steep and wet, deep within the structure a small jaguar whose teeth are bright white, mounted by a reclining man. The outer steps are so tiny, the burning white sun endlessly high. The climb. It is easy to fall.

All of the other structures are the same way. Heavily ornamented and constructed so beyond human scale they cause fear. Ball parks that cause fear. What for? Why does Rockefeller need more money so badly he kills the life in the waters around Puerto Rico? Why does one person follow his/her whims to the detriment (deep suffering) of someone that person supposedly loves?

'No one,' a booklet says, 'really knows anything about these ruins,' and yet they raise human energy more than anything else.

Don't say it out loud. The long wall of skulls next to the ball park repeats the death.

ANNOUNCE. Johnny stopped in his apartment for just a second to change his clothes. Janey told him she wanted to go out to dinner with him. Johnny replied he thought she didn't. She pleaded that she had been feeling jealous and she didn't mean to feel. She promised that she wouldn't feel jealous as long as she knew what to expect. He warned her to watch out for her jealousy, he knew all about jealousy. He had just spent the night on a rooftop with a girl who was telling him that she was madly in love with David Bowie. Janey started protesting in her head that that wasn't the point; she shut herself up, and calmly asked when and where they would be having dinner and please, before she left, could they pretend they were in love. It would be a very romantic two days and then nothing. She was better at handling fantasy than reality.

Johnny left the house so he could see Sally.

Inside Janey's favourite restaurant, Vesuvio's, the only Northern Italian restaurant in Merida: **Janey** (*searching for a conversation subject that doesn't*

touch upon their

breaking up): What's Sally like? **Father:** I don't know. *(As if he's talking about someone he's so close to he*

can't see the characteristics.) We're really very compatible. We like the same things. She's very serious; that's what she's like. She's an intellectual. **Janey** *(showing no emotion):* Oh. What does she do?

Father: She hasn't decided yet. She's just trying to find herself. She's into music; she writes; she does a little of everything.

Janey *(trying to be helpful):* It always takes a while.

Father: She's trying to find out everything. It's good for me to be with her because she goes everywhere and she knows everything that's happening. She knows a lot and she has a fresh view.

Janey *(to herself):* Fresh meat, young girls. Even though I'm younger, I'm tough, rotted, putrid beef. My cunt red ugh. She's thin and beautiful; I've seen her. Like a model. Just the way I've always wanted to look and I never will. I can't compete against *that*. *(Out loud)* It must be wonderful *(trying to make her voice as innocent as possible)* for you to have someone you can share everything with. You've been lonely for a long time. *(Janey trying to make herself into nothing.)*

Father: Let's talk about something else.

Janey *(very jumpy every time something doesn't go her way):* What's the matter? Did I say something wrong? *(Pause.)* I'm sorry.

BLACK. The conversation petered out.

Father: Sally's always wondering what's right and wrong. She's always wondering if she's doing the right thing. She's very young.

Janey *(apologizing for Sally):* She's just out of college.

Father: She's a minister's daughter from Vermont.

Janey *(knows from her sources that Sally's a rich young bitch who'll fuck anyone until a more famous one comes along as young WASP bitches do):* Well, you've always liked WASP girls. *(Can't keep her two cents out of it.)* They don't want anything from you. *(To herself: Like you, honey.)*

Father: She reminds me of my first girlfriend, Anne.

Janey: I remember Anne. *(Anne is a tall blonde who now plays in soap operas.)*

The conversation died. **Janey** to herself: Sally is the only subject we have left to talk about.

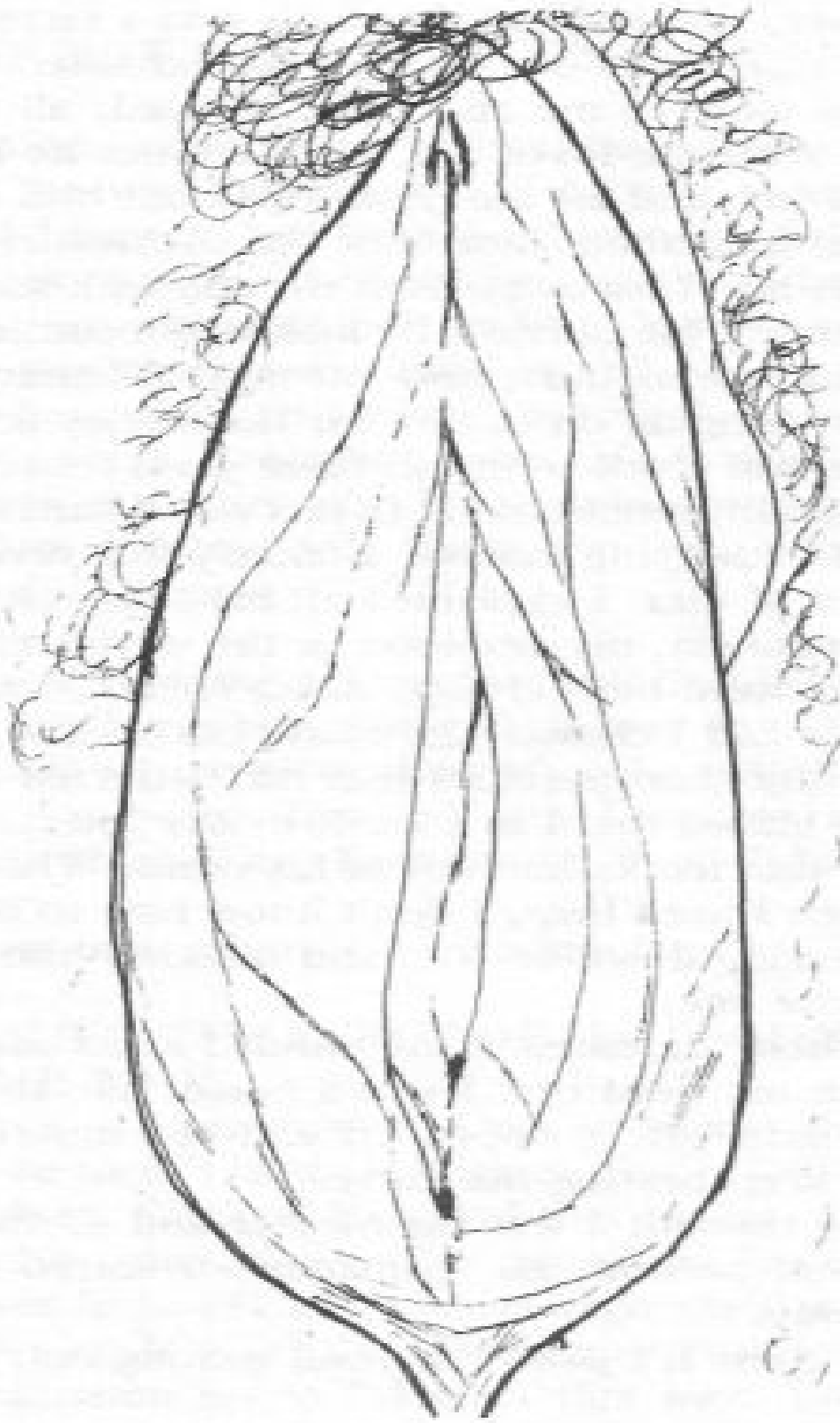
Janey: Do you think you'll live with Sally?

Father: Oh, Janey, I don't think so.

Janey: I didn't mean anything.

We went to the movies. Johnny paid for everything. As soon as the movie started, I wanted to lay my head on Johnny's shoulder, but I was scared he didn't want to feel my flesh against his. 'Are you still interested in me sexually?' I asked him. 'Yes,' and his hand took my hand. But all through the movie his touch was dead.

LASHES I FEEL. In the taxi my mood changed to lousy. I wanted to get out of the cab. Oh shit, I was ruining everything again. Just when things were going good.



My cunt red ugh.

Johnny realized something was the matter and asked me what was wrong.

I said nothing was the matter and tried to jump out of the cab.

He replied that we shouldn't have talked about Sally.

Why shouldn't we have talked about Sally?

He didn't answer, so I realized that Sally was a sacred subject.

Once we were safe inside our kitchen, we rehashed all the times he had wanted to be close to me and I had refused; all the times I had driven him away when he loved me; all the times he had rejected my timid advances of sex, and all the times I had cut him dead, I had told him I would never care about him; how the slightest rejection from me or affair had made him turn away from me and seek someone else; how I reacted to his hurting me so badly by looking for someone more stable; how hurt causes increasing hurt; how our mutual fantasy that he adored me and I was just hanging on to him for the money actually concealed the reality that he had stuck to me all these years cause I didn't ask too much of him, especially emotionally. In this way a fantasy reveals reality: *Reality* is just the underlying fantasy, a fantasy that reveals need. I have an unlimited need of him. I explained all my lousy characteristics: my irritability, my bossiness, my ambition in the world, my PRIDE.

By this time we were both crying. A fag friend of mine just walked into the apartment and I chased him away, but he saw us crying. Then Johnny said that my characteristics that had attracted him at first now repelled him. He hinted that I'm a loud, brassy Jewess. I'm too dependent on him and that freaks him out of his mind. What makes it worse is that even though I need help, I don't know how to ask anyone for it. So I'm always bearing down on him and blaming him. I'm too macho (that's my favourite one).

I repeated all these sentences in my mind. I knew that I was hideous. I had a picture in my head that I was a horse, like the horse in *Crime and Punishment*, skin partly ripped off and red muscle exposed. Men with huge sticks keep beating the horse.

Johnny said he thought I was his mother and all the resentment he had felt against her he now felt against me. I scared him so badly he wanted to run away.

I said, 'OK. I guess it's good this is all coming out.'

LASHES MAKE ME NO LONGER MYSELF. Now I knew that Johnny hated me. I was still trying to remain calm, to be mature. My fever from my sickness rose real high, I think to 102°, and the pain in my ovaries increased.

The thought flashed through my mind that I was getting off on all this. I was a masochist. So: was I making the situation worse?

I told Johnny that I loved him deeply, very deeply. I saw now that he

needed to be alone and to decide by himself what he wanted. In a little over twenty-four hours I would be going to the United States. I would not see or speak to him again, unless he asked me to see or speak to him.

Father: I have to get out of the house. I'll be back in a while. (*He had arranged to meet Sally in a bar.*)

LASHES, AS IF THE WORLD, BY ITS VERY NATURE, HATES ME.

Early that morning, a few hours before the sun was due to come up, nothing else in the world being due, Johnny returned home (what is home?) and told Janey he had been drinking with Sally.

It was very dark outside. She lay down on the filthy floor by his bed, but it was very uncomfortable: she hadn't slept for two nights. So she asked him if he wanted to come into her bed.

The plants in her room cast strange, beautiful shadows over the other shadows. It was a clean, dreamlike room. He fucked her in her asshole cause the infection made her cunt hurt too much to fuck there, though she didn't tell him it hurt badly there, too, cause she wanted to fuck love more than she felt pain.

A few hours later they woke up together and decided they would spend the whole day together since it was their last day. Janey would meet Johnny at the hotel where he worked when he got off from work.

They ate raw fish salad (*cerviche*) at a Lebanese joint and tea at a Northern Chinese place. They held hands. They didn't talk about Sally or anything heavy.

Johnny left her, telling her he'd be home later.

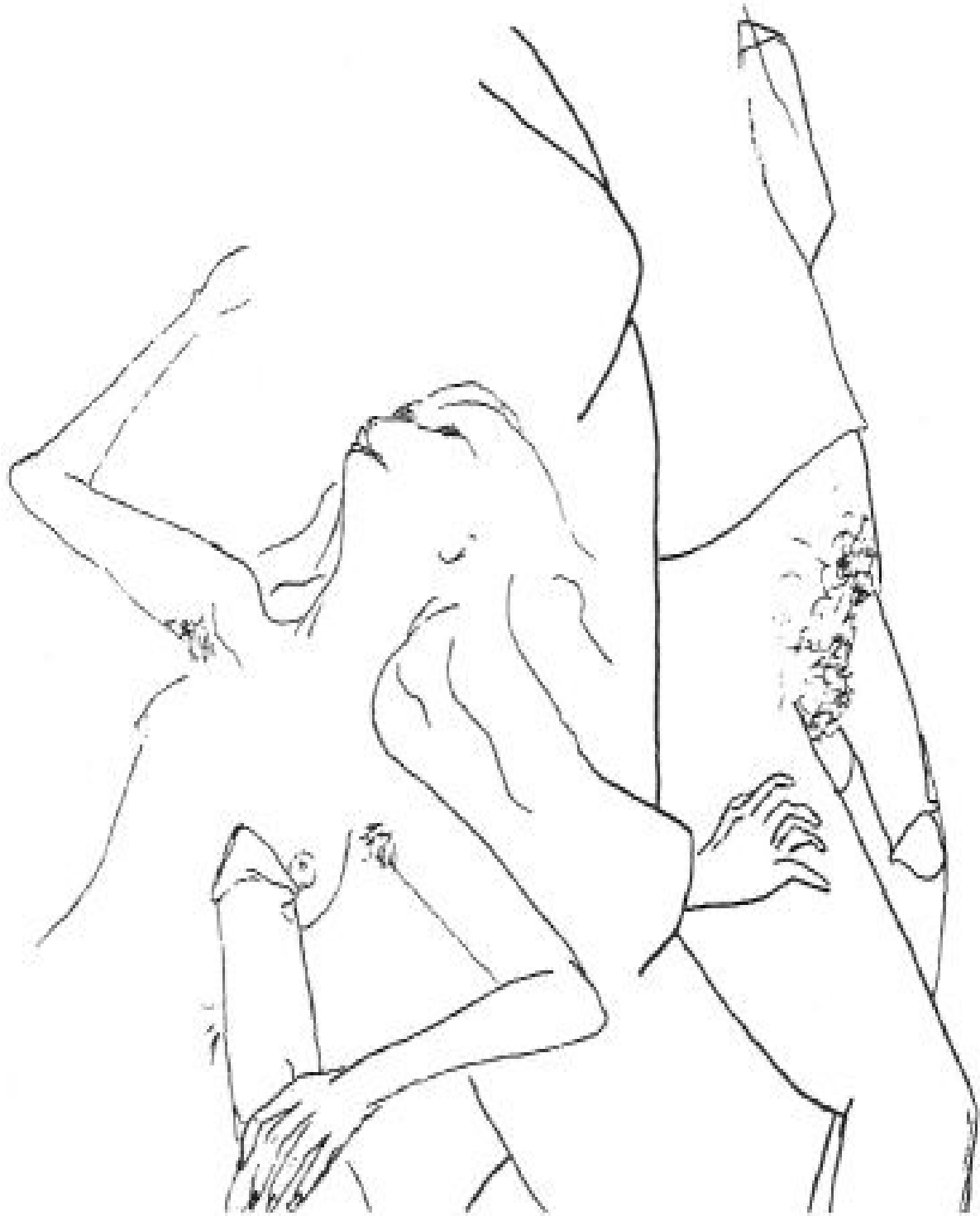
CAUSE OF LASHES: THE SURGE OF SUFFERING IN THE SOUL CORRUPTS THE SOUL .

Father: You have to learn not to press so hard. This wouldn't have happened if you hadn't made it happen.

Janey (*thinking hard. Slowly*): You said that before. I don't think so. I think you set this situation up. (*She doesn't say directly what she thinks: that he pretended he loved Sally so from anger she'd mention breaking up with him so they could break up.*) You know exactly how I react, and you set this situation up so I'd react this way. You wanted this to happen.

Father (*as if discovering something for the first time, slowly*): I think you're right.

A few hours later they woke up together and decided they would spend the whole day together since it was their last day. Janey would meet Johnny at the hotel where he worked when he got off from work.



cause she wanted to fuck love more than she
felt pain

They ate raw fish salad (*cerviche*) at a Lebanese joint and tea at a Northern Chinese place. They held hands. They didn't talk about Sally or anything heavy.

Johnny left her, telling her he'd be home later.

I AM NOT ME:

Janey (*sitting on her bed with Tarot cards*): Should I tell your fortune?

Father: OK (*Johnny's fortune is that he's gone through a bad time; now*

everything is clearing up; in the future a close friendship/marriage? with a

woman; final result: a golden life.) I'm worried about this psychic stuff

of yours. **Janey:** What can I do about it? It freaks me. **Father:** You dreamed

that night what she looked like - you hadn't even

met her. **Janey:** I even described what she was wearing that night. A black jacket

over something white. (*Wondering.*)

Father: You said I was going to leave you before it even entered my mind. **Janey:** I didn't want to provoke that. Oh God no. These things just come into my head and I say them. Don't you understand? **Father:** I'm scared of it.

A few hours later they woke up together and decided they would spend the whole day together since it was their last day. Janey would meet Johnny at the hotel where he was working when he got off work.

They ate raw fish salad (*cerviche*) at a Lebanese joint and tea at a Northern Chinese place. They held hands. They didn't talk about Sally or anything heavy.

Johnny left her, telling her he'd be home later.

TINY SOUNDS, BUT SOUNDS . . . OPEN DARK DITCHES IN THE FACE

Janey: Now I'm going to tell my fortune. (*She gets a totally horrible fortune: death and destruction before and after. Her fever gets high. She*

wonders if she's going to die in the USA.) **Father:** Are you upset? **Janey:**

Yes. **Father:** I am, too. These cards are weird.

A few hours later they woke up together and decided that they would spend the whole day together since it was their last day. Janey would meet Johnny at the hotel where he worked when he got off from work.

They ate raw fish salad (*cerviche*) at a Lebanese joint and tea at a Northern Chinese place. They held hands. They didn't talk about Sally or anything heavy.

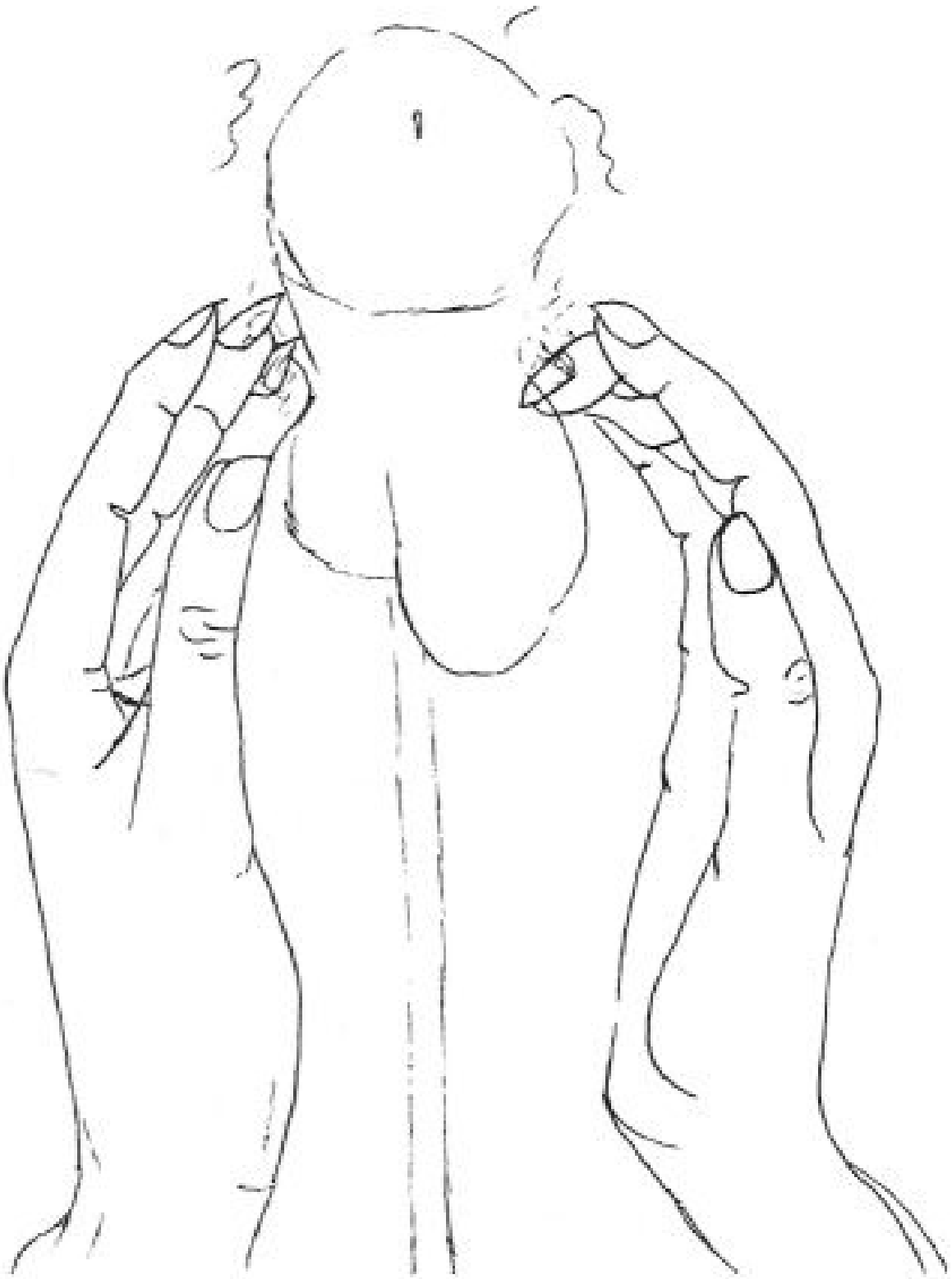
Johnny left her, telling her he'd be home later.

MAKE MORE FIERCE AND MAKE SEXUALITY STRONGER. THIS IS THE TIME FOR ALL PRISONERS TO RUN WILD. YOU ARE THE BLACK ANNOUNCERS OF OUR DEATH. (BE SUCH TIME YOUNG HORSES OF

ATTILA THE HUN. OH ANNOUNCERS WHO US SEND DEATH.)

Johnny and Janey lay together and didn't, as on the last nights, touch. Janey was so upset she got up and sat in the kitchen. Johnny lay there awake. Janey returned to the bed and they lay there without touching.

A few hours later they woke up together and decided they would spend the whole day together since it was their last day. Janey would meet Johnny at the hotel where he worked when he got off from work. They ate raw fish salad (*cerviche*) at a Lebanese joint and tea at a



YOU ARE THE BLACK ANNOUNCERS OF MY DEATH.

Northern Chinese place. They held hands. They didn't talk about Sally or anything heavy. Johnny left her, telling her he'd be home later.

ANNOUNCE THE RUINS PROFOUND OF THE CHRISTS WITHIN (US). OF SOME BELIEF CHERISHED WHICH FATE CURSES, THESE LASHES BLOODY SOUND THEIR CRACKLINGS OF A LOAF OF BREAD WHICH IN THE VERY OVEN DOOR BURNS US UP. **Janey:** Sometimes I think we're star-crossed lovers. (*Pursuing and*

explaining this thought.) Each of us moves to the other at the wrong time. (*She holds the movie Gilda in her mind.*) **Father** (*lightly, sadly*): It's just the wrong time now for you to do this.

Janey: I know.

Father: I do love you, Janey. (*Holding her in his arms.*) I don't want to never see you again. Janey (*loving his arms*): I'll be OK in the United States. If you want

me, write me, I'll . . . (*She stops herself from saying more. She thinks she's always saying too much.*) I've got to go now. **Father:** Take care of yourself, will you? Janey: OK (*She doesn't say that she might die in the USA.*)

A few hours later they woke up together and decided they would spend the whole day together since it was their last day. Janey would meet Johnny at the hotel where he worked when he got off from work.

They ate raw fish salad (*cerviche*) at a Lebanese joint and tea at a Northern Chinese place. They held hands. They didn't talk about Sally or anything heavy. Johnny left her, telling her he'd be home later.

From the USA Janey called Johnny in Merida to see if she could return home. At one point:

Father: Sally and I have pretty much split. We decided we'd be just friends. **Janey:** Are you going to want to live with me again? **Father:** I don't know right now. I'm really enjoying the emotional

distance. **Janey:** I didn't mean to pry. I'm sorry. I just have to know. **Father:** What do you want to know, Janey? **Janey:** I mean . . . Well, how are you doing?

Father: I'm being very quiet. I'm staying home most of the time and watching TV. I really need to be alone now. **Janey:** When do you think you'll know if you ever want to live with me

again? **Father:** Oh, Janey. You've got to lighten up. Things just got too entangled. Everything between us is still too entangled for me to be with

you. **Janey:** I see. That means no. **Father:** Are you trying to get me to reject you? **Janey:** No. No. Not that. I don't want you to decide now. **Father:** Where are you staying now? **Janey:** I'm in New York City. I'm not anywhere. When I

settle down,

I'll let you know where I am. When I settle down, I'll let you know

where I am. I'm going to get off the phone now. **Father:** How's your health?

Janey: I'm fine. Fine. Listen. I have to know whether you want me back or not. I can't stand this.

Father: Do you really want to know now?

Janey: I'm sorry, Johnny. I know you think it's a high school romance like you and Sally, and we're just breaking up, but it's really serious

to me. I loved you. **Father (doubting):** It's serious to me, too. **Janey:** Then don't you understand? How long will I have to hang on?

It's been a week since I left Merida. Do you want me to wait a month,

a year while you're going eeny-meeny-miney-moe? **Father:** I have to be alone, Janey. If you demand I say anything more,

it'll only be to totally reject you. **Janey:** I have nightmares in my head. Either I fantasize you take me in

your arms again and again, telling me you love me. I don't know

whether I can let myself fantasize that because if it isn't true ... Or

I have to wipe you out of my mind. There is no more Johnny. **Father:** Why do you have to do that? **Janey:** I have to make a new life for myself! I have to

live. I can't spend

all my time thinking about someone who doesn't love me. **Father:** I don't know what to say. **Janey:** I don't know what to think and each nightmare is pulling me

backwards and forwards and I can't stop. **Father:** Don't let your mind drive you crazy. **Janey:** What can I do? I'm sorry. This isn't your problem. I'm going

to get off the phone now. **Father (pleading):** Look. Don't keep pushing things. You're making

things worse than they are. **Janey:** How can things be worse? **Father:** You want to know how? AND THE MAN:

Janey called Johnny again because she needed to hear a friendly voice because she was scared.

(After a long silence.) **Father (heartily):** Hello, how are you?

Janey (just wanting to hear a friendly voice): I just wanted to say hello.

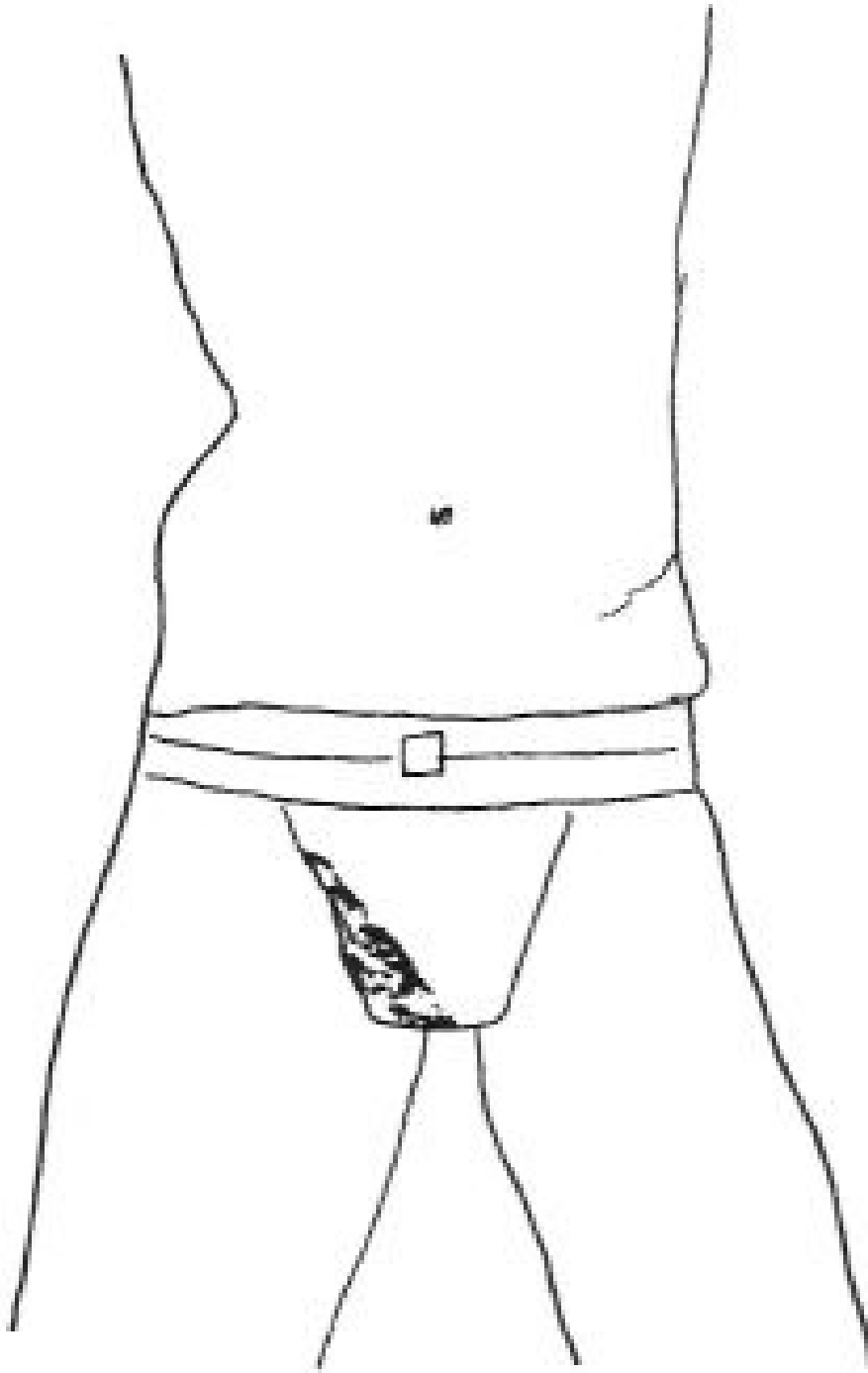
Father: Where are you?

Janey: I'm still in New York City. I haven't settled down yet. **Father:** I'm really enjoying living alone. I'm happier than I've been in

months. **Janey:** Oh. *(She doesn't want to feel anything.)* That's wonderful. Who're

you seeing? **Father:** I'm not really seeing anyone. I'm living very quietly. I'm going

to stay here till the end of September and then I'll decide what my plans are. (*He wants to say, 'My plans absolutely don't include you because you terrorize me', but he feels guilty about hurting her.*) I can't tell you anything more than that now.



AND THE MAN:

Janey (though she wants to keep the conversation light, she's been programmed to say it): You mean you're not going to live with me again?

Father: Right now I just really like opening my door to this apartment and

walking into my own space. I'm going to be here through September and then I'll see what my plans are. I don't think you should bank on anything.

Janey: I see. I guess that's that.

Father: What do you mean 'that's that'?

Janey: I guess it's over.

Father: I don't know.

Janey: Oh no? I don't understand. I just don't understand.

Father: I have to be alone.

Janey: OK. So you're alone. I'm not stopping you from being alone. I went off to the United States, didn't I? You said, 'Get away from me,' and I went to another land. How far around the world do I have to go?

Father: You were planning to go to the United States.

Janey: I wouldn't have gone to the United States when I was as sick as I was.

Father: You didn't have to go to the United States 'cause of me. **Janey:** Well, I didn't know that. You said, 'Get away', and I got away.

I want to give you what you want. This all doesn't matter anymore.

I'd better go. **Father:** Do you mean you never want to see me again? **Janey:** You said it's over.

If the author here lends her 'culture' to the amorous subject, in exchange the amorous subject affords her the innocence of its image-repertoire, indifferent to the proprieties of knowledge. Indifferent to the proprieties of knowledge.

Father: I have to be alone.

Janey: I understand.

Father: I have to be alone. You've had the same thing. It's like I'm on a retreat. **Janey:** I'm not protesting against that.

TURN THE EYES AS IF I SEE SOME HOPE, I think it's wonderful to be alone. But you don't know whether you love me anymore. **Father:** That's true. It's really heavy, isn't it? *(As if he doesn't want to*

believe it's heavy.) **Janey:** Yeah. It's heavy. OK *(Sighs because she's made a decision.)* If you

really want, I wait around as long as you want until you make a

decision. **Father:** I had to get away. I felt trapped. **Janey:** Well, you're not trapped anymore. You've got everything the

way you want it. There's no need to explain anything anymore. *(She's*

still crying.) Whenever you make your decision, just tell me. **Father:** If you

need any money, Janey, you can rely on me. **Janey:** What do you mean by that?

Father: If you want me to help you out monetarily, I will. **Janey** *(now that she's*

made her decision, her emotions are gone): You can't just say that. I have to stay alive. I can't do anything about the emotional . . . but I can keep myself alive physically. What do you mean by MONEY? I'm sorry I'm being so crude. I have to stay alive.

Father: I'll pay your rent wherever you are. **Janey:** OK. I'll wait for you and you'll pay the rent. You'll have to give me a month's notice if you're going to stop paying it. I just have to know. Is that OK? **Father:** Listen, Janey, will you take care of yourself?

Janey: IS THAT OK? I'm sorry it might not be important to you how I stay alive, but it's important to me. **Father** (*evading*): I'll help you out however I can.

Janey: I'm sorry I'm being so hard (*she thinks she's really being a little bitch*) but I have to figure out how I'm going to live. I don't want to make a thing of it, but I'm still sick. (*She thinks she's going to die.*) The phone call hasn't really gotten bad yet.

*It
starts
off
slow,
stagnant.*

Father (*obsessed with trying to explain to Janey he doesn't want her anymore. Trying to show her as little affection as possible*): Our relationship just got too entangled. If anything is ever going to work out between us, it'll have to work out while we're living separately.

Janey: I said I'd wait here for you.

Father: I've been thinking everything over and I see that we were, always out of phase with each other.

Janey: I know. I was very selfish.

Father: I don't hate you. I just dwell on how good things were between us.

Janey: It's funny. We always had this fantasy that you were the one who was madly in love, but now it turns out I'm the one.

*The
energy
nsing*

Father: Why don't you just dwell on the memories of how good things were? **Janey:** What? Now you want me to live in the past? That's too much to ask of me. You can't ask that. Oh God is

there no end to pain? I'll do anything, anything, but
Jesus Christ! **Father:** I want you to know there's very little hope. Janey: I got
the message, Johnny. **Father:** I just don't want to give you any false impressions.

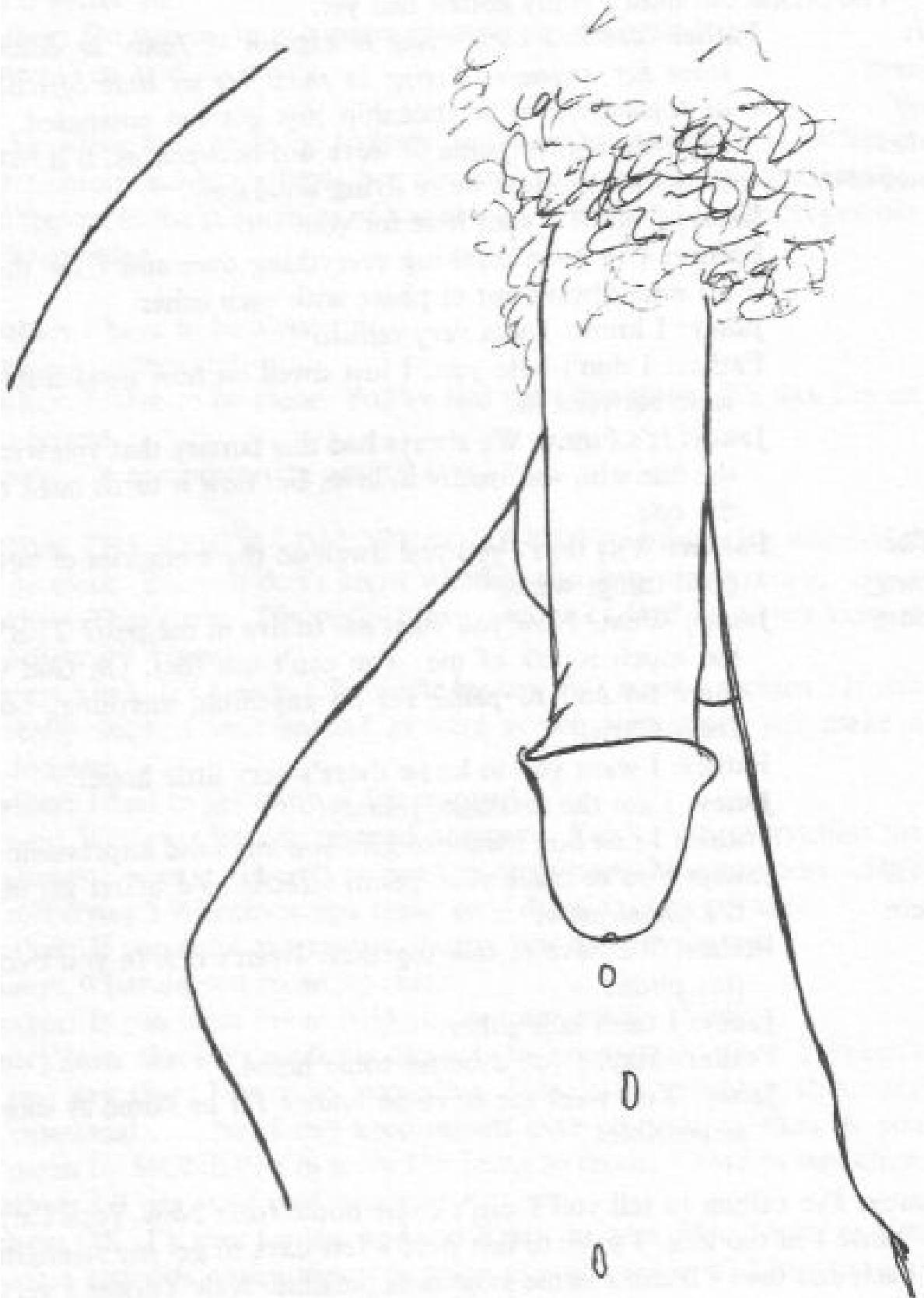
*Full
pain*

Janey: You've made your point. (*Howls.*) I'd better get off
the phone now. **Father:** We have to talk together. I can't talk to you over
this phone. Janey: I can't talk either. **Father:** Maybe you'd better come home.
Janey: You want me to come home? I'll be home as soon
as possible.

Janey: I'm calling to tell you I can't come home from New York City 'cause
I'm too sick. I have to rest here a few days to get my strength back and then I'll
come home as soon as possible. New York is a very hard city to live in.

TURN MY EYES INSANE, WHILE BEING CORRUPTS ITSELF,
AS A POOL OF SHAME, IN THAT HOPE.

Father: You don't have to come home 'cause of me, Janey.



TURN MY EYES INSANE

Janey: I thought you said you wanted me home.

Father: I just said that for your sake. I thought you were freaking out.

Janey: Oh. Well, I won't be coming home soon.

Father: You should enjoy your vacation.

Janey: I am. I hate the Americans, but there are lots of French and German tourists here and they're all wonderful. (*Gossips about them.*)

Father: I wanted to apologize about how I've been acting. I think I've been too mean. **Janey:** Oh, I decided you were a UBH. **Father:** What's that? (*Laughing.*) **Janey** (*laughing*): An Unnecessarily Brutal Horror. **Father:** Well, I was confused. **Janey:** And I decided I'd sue you for a thousand American dollars for

child abuse. **Father:** I see your mind's thinking up lots of schemes. (*They both laugh.*)

We should make this phone call short. These phone calls have been costing me a fortune. **Janey:** I just called you 'cause I had to give you that message. I won't

call you again. By the way, if you want to come here and stay with me, I'll pay for it somehow. . . . **Father:** I'm alone right now. **Janey:** Well, goodbye. **Father:** I never know how to say goodbye. **Janey:** We never do, do we? Just say, 'Goodbye.' **Father:** Take care of yourself, Janey. **Janey:** Goodbye.

PLEASE

ME NO LONGER MYSELF

Mr Smith puts Janey in school in New York City to make sure she doesn't return to Merida.

Excerpt from Janey's diary:

The scorpions

I was running around with a wild bunch of kids and I was scared. We were part of THE SCORPIONS.

Daddy no longer loved me. That was it.

I was desperate to find the love he had taken away from me.

My friends were just like me. They were desperate - the products of

broken families, poverty - and they were trying everything to escape their misery.

Despite the restrictions of school, we did exactly what we wanted and it was good. We got drunk. We used drugs. We fucked. We hurt each other sexually as much as we could. The speed, emotional overload, and pain every now and then dulled our brains. Demented our perceptual apparatus.

We knew we couldn't change the shit we were living in so we were trying to change ourselves.

I hated myself. I did everything I could to hurt myself.

I don't remember who I fucked the first time I fucked, but I must have known nothing about birth control 'cause I got pregnant. I do remember my abortion. One-hundred-ninety dollars.

I walked into this large white room. There must have been fifty other girls. A few teenagers and two or three women in their forties. Women lined up. Women in chairs nodding out. A few women had their boyfriends with them. They were lucky, I thought. Most of us were alone. The women in my line were handed long business forms: at the end of each form was a paragraph that stated she gave the doctor the right to do whatever he wanted and if she ended up dead, it wasn't his fault. We had given ourselves up to men before. That's why we were here. All of us signed everything. Then they took our money.

My factory line was ushered into a pale green room. In the large white room fifty more girls started to sign forms and give up their one-hundred-ninety stolen, begged-for, and borrowed dollars.

In a small orange room they explained an egg drops down from the ovaries and, when the cock enters this canal called THE UTERUS, it leaves millions of, I don't remember how many, sperm. If just one sperm out of all these sperms meets the dropping egg, the female (me and you) is in a lot of trouble. A female can use any of the many methods of birth control, all of which don't work or deform.

It's all up to you girls. You have to be strong. Shape up. You're a modern woman. These are the days of post-women's liberation. Well, what are you going to do? You've grown up by now and you have to take care of yourself. No one's going to help you. You're the only one.

Well, I couldn't help it, I just LOVE to fuck, he was SO cute, it was worth it.

We girls knew everything there was to know without having to say a word and we knew we had put ourselves here and we were all in this together.

An abortion is a simple procedure. It is almost painless. Even if it isn't painless, it takes only five minutes. If you MUST have it, weak, stupid things that you are, we can put you to sleep.

The orange walls were thick enough to stifle the screams pouring out

of the operating room. Having an abortion was obviously just like getting fucked. If we closed our eyes and spread our legs, we'd be taken care of. They stripped us of our clothes. Gave us white sheets to cover our nakedness. Led us back to the pale green room. I love it when men take care of me.

I remember a tiny blonde, even younger than me. I guess it must have been the first time she had ever been fucked. She couldn't say anything. Whether she wanted a local or not. A LOCAL means a local anaesthetic. They stick large hypodermics filled with novocaine in your cunt lips and don't numb where it hurts at all. A general anaesthetic costs fifty dollars more and fills you up with synthetic morphine and truth serum. All of us gathered around her, held her hands, and stroked her legs. Gradually she began to calm down. There was nothing else to do. We had to wait while each one of us went through it. Finally they came for her.

She was the believing kind. She had believed them when they said a local wouldn't hurt. They were taking the locals first.

I'll never forget her face when she came out. She couldn't have come out of her mommy's cunt any more stunned. Her face was dead white and her eyes were fish-wide open.

'I made a mistake. Don't do it. Don't do anything they tell you to.'

Before she could say more, they wheeled her away.

I got to like that pale green room, the women who were more scared than I was so I could comfort them, the feeling someone was taking care of me. I felt more secure there than in the outside world. I wanted a permanent abortion.

They strapped my ankles and wrists to this black slab. When I asked the huge blonde anaesthesia nurse if there was any chance I'd react badly to the anaesthesia, she told the other huge blonde nurse I was a health food freak. After that I didn't ask them anything and I did exactly what they told me.

An hour later a big hand shook me and told me it was time to go. Girls were lying all around me, half-dead. Blood was coming out between my legs. Another nurse gave me a piece of Kotex, half-a-cup of coffee, my clothes, twenty penicillin pills, and told me to get out. I didn't get to talk to any of the other girls again.

Penelope Mowlard was the creepiest girl in my class. Her skin was green. She was stupid. She didn't know how to kiss. She was gangly. She was an idiot. Her face was scrunched-up, covered with snot, partly eyeless, and her hair was full of puke.

Miss Richard's was a school for nice well-bred girls. We knew better than to get visibly in trouble. For months Penelope wandered through the classrooms and hallways with a larger and larger stomach. She was too stupid to know what was going on. The teachers didn't tell 'cause

they were scared or mean dykes. We didn't tell her 'cause it was fun to make her suffer.

Early one morning the janitor, an old man, found a bloody bundle in the bottom of one of the basement garbage cans. Later that day we saw Penelope's stomach had disappeared. The principal couldn't suspend her 'cause she had to do everything she could to prevent scandal.

I couldn't figure out what birth control method to use. Foams and diaphragm creams tasted so bad every time I got the chance to feel a tongue on my cunt, I chose the tongue. An IUD made me bleed and get PID again. There was a druggist in Harlem who'd slip me some pills every other month if I'd give him a blow job under the counter, but once every other month isn't enough. All the boys I fucked refused to use condoms.

I decided that if I got pregnant again, I'd stick a broken hanger up my cunt. I didn't care if I died as long as the baby died. Then I heard a story about a woman, I think it's true, who was so desperate to kill her baby she chained flatirons around her arms, legs, and stomach and threw herself down three flights of stairs. Even though almost every bone in her body broke, her baby didn't die and she gave birth in traction.

I was still desperate to fuck. Abortions make it dangerous to fuck again because they stretch out the opening of the womb so the sperm can reach the egg real easily. They upset the hormonal system: the hormones send out many more eggs to compensate. They leave gaping holes in the womb and any foreign object that nears these holes can cause infection.

I'm not trying to tell you about the rotgut weird parts of my life. Abortions are the symbol, the outer image, of sexual relations in this world. Describing my abortions is the only real way I can tell you about pain and fear . . . my unstoppable drive for sexual love made me know.

My second abortion took place two months after my first abortion.

It cost fifty dollars because it was a menstrual extraction. The differences between a menstrual extraction and an abortion are:

In a menstrual extraction the doctor doesn't dilate the cervix. The baby is still too small.

Since the doctor may or may not find the baby, menstrual extractions can be dangerous and are illegal.

Most of the doctors who perform menstrual extractions are not certified MDs.

The minute I entered the office, they doped me up with Valium.

The factory line was shorter.

I actually saw the doctor.

He was the only doctor there.

He killed 32 to 48 babies and netted 1,600 to 2,400 dollars a day.

He stuck his hand up my cunt and told me I was OK.

He stuck a little needle in my arm and tried to be nice to me.

A week after my second abortion I came down with a case of PID. When I called up the doctor to complain, he said it wasn't his fault and he had never heard of me.

I didn't know how much these abortions hurt me physically and mentally. I was desperate to fuck more and more so I could finally get love. Soon my total being was on fire, not just my sex, and I was doing everything to make the non-sexual equivalent of love happen.

The rest of THE SCORPIONS were growing the same way I was.

We started out making trouble. Early one morning we rode in a stolen van into a Connecticut town and busted into a hardware store. We threw everything in the store out of the door.

We don't hate, understand, we have to get back. Fight the dullness of shit society. Alienated robotized images. Here's your cookie, ma'am. No to anything but madness.

Broken glass lies over the floor. Gum sticks everywhere. Shit smeared in the cracks of the table. Their cash register is ash-black like a burnt-up telephone book.

We made the store into a death-house and the street look like the New York City east-side slum we had to live in.

As soon as we had accomplished our purpose, we left the Connecticut town.

We stole.

Me and Monkey were the first to steal. We were high on meth. We ripped off Bloomingdale's, a big department store in New York City.

I was going somewhere my father and his girlfriend were also going. Johnny and his girlfriend wanted nothing to do with me.

We took a taxi to Bloomingdale's so we could be straight. I was dressed in a red wool suit and a light brown wool coat. It's necessary to be straight when you steal.

I was hanging on to the end of the taxi Johnny and his girlfriend had picked me up in. Clearly they wanted nothing to do with me. The rest of Johnny's rock band were in the car.

As soon as Monkey and I got to Bloomingdale's, we separated. I checked my appearance. My dark curly hair, light makeup, and dark red suit made me look like a nice, rich girl. I wanted to stay that way. Being nice and rich is a dream. I checked my vibes. I told myself to stay guarded, slow and calm. As I entered the store, I checked out the store's vibes. No one was following me.

Daddy and I are standing in the downstairs of the Laguna Beach Hotel, which is Nixon's favourite hotel. Facing me there's a rectangular white wall. A few feet below this white wall and to its right, single stairs with no back move upwards. Further to the right, another large

rectangular white wall. Set in this wall, one-third of its width further right, an absolutely black hallway. Above this white wall, empty space; above the empty space, a white hanging rectangle means a room. There's nothing around these walls, staircase, and hall.

Back east, architectural objects are connected to, hidden in each other.

I move alone without daddy forwards BACKWARDS through the hotel. The hotel is now, is really large transparent squares. I glide to the final back room.

The back wall of this room is really windows. Windows are opaque. Windows through which I'm seeing a black phosphorescent ocean. None of the men in daddy's band want to be with me and daddy's with Sally. I want to go swimming I have to go swimming. The ocean is bright green, even though it's night. The ocean is glowing.

Now the window is totally transparent. Through it I see a man's body as if dead turning in the sparkling green water.

I wanted a fur coat.

Little halls surround one long black major hall. Thin white walls, almost non-existent, separate these halls.

I bought a red sweater in the Junior Department on the third floor so anyone who was watching would know that I wasn't a thief.

Then I rode the escalator upstairs to the Fur Department. Tossing my brown woolen coat across a rack, I tried on fur after fur. Stealing is luxury. Ten or fifteen minutes later the salesgirl had to run across the hall to get change.

Of course, daddy and Sally and the boys in his band are given their rooms first. My room is the room no one else in the world wants.

My bedroom is the huge white hexagon in the front left corner of the hotel. It has no clear outside or inside or any architectural regularity. Long white pipes form part of its ceiling. Two of its sides, which two is always changing, are open.

My bedroom's function is also unclear. Its only furniture is two barber's chairs and a toilet. It's a gathering place for men.

Hotel men dressed in white and black come in and want to hurt me. They cut away parts of me. I call for the hotel head. He explains that my bedroom used to be the men's toilet. I understand.

My cunt used to be a men's toilet.

I walk out in a leopard coat.

Dear dreams,

You are the only thing that matters. You are my hope and I live for and in you. You are rawness and wildness, the colours, the scents, passion, events appearing. You are the things I live for. Please take me over.

Dreams cause the vision world to break loose our consciousness.

Dreams by themselves aren't enough to destroy the blanket of dullness.

The dreams we allow to destroy us cause us to be visions/see the vision world.

Every day a sharp tool, a powerful destroyer, is necessary to cut away dullness, lobotomy, buzzing, belief in human beings, stagnancy, images, and accumulation. As soon as we stop believing in human beings, rather know we are dogs and trees, we'll start to be happy.

Once we've gotten a glimpse of the vision world (notice here how the conventional language obscures: WE as if somebodies are the centre of activity SEE what is the centre of activity: pure VISION. Actually, the VISION creates US. Is anything true?) Once we have gotten a glimpse of the vision world, we must be careful not to think the vision world is us. We must go farther and become crazier.

I didn't have enough food, so I started working in a hippy bakery.

It was 1977.

Working for money is the omnipresent fact of American life.

I wasn't allowed to cook or make any decisions. My job was to hand people the bread or cookies they wanted and take their money. I also made vegetable juices, sliced bialies, dumped spreads made out of tofu and vegetables between the slices.

I am nobody because I work. I have to pretend I like the customers and love giving them cookies no matter how they treat me:

Inside a small East Village bakery.) **Fat Lady:** What's the ingredients in that cooky? **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl:** a bit of coconut and safflower oils, all hard-pressed, wheat flour, barley malt, water, and sesame seeds. **Fat Lady:** Is the wheat flour organic?

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: All the ingredients we use are organic. **Fat Lady:** What's barley malt?

Clammerings of ten customers in background. One grimy kid is feeling up the cookies.) **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl** (who never has any expression): It's a grain

derivative. **Fat Lady:** You don't use sugar or honey. **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl:** No.

(The grimy kid has grabbed two maple-hazelnut cookies and run.) **Fat Lady:** What's in that cooky there?

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: That's a sunflower-cranberry cooky. **Fat Lady:** Is there wheat flour in that one?

(A thirty-year-old man is rummaging through the bialies. The salesgirl turns around and says, 'Excuse me, sir, I'll be with you in a second.)

Thirty-year-old Man: I want this bialy.

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: I'll be able to help as soon as I finish with

this lady. **Fat Lady:** What's in this cooky? *(She upsets the whole tray.)*

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl *(looking around quickly):* That's a maple-currant oatflour. *(To the thirty-year-old man)* I'll be with you in a

second. **Thirty-year-old Man** *(crying):* Every time I come to this bakery, nobody

pays any attention to me. It isn't like it used to be in the old days when I could sit here and talk. People would take care of me. *(He*

walks out sobbing loudly.) **Fat Lady:** And what's in this cooky? I have to be very careful. My

doctor told me I'm not allowed to eat any sweets. **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl:**

That's a carob fudgie. **Fat Lady:** That means it has sugar. **A Rich Girl:** I just want this cooky. *(Grabbing a peanut cooky and*

breaking the shelf.) Here. **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl** *(taking the change and returning 5cents):* that'll be

40cents(. Thank you. *(To the Fat Lady)* We only use barley malt, and maple

syrop in the cookies that have maple in their names. *(The baker comes out of the kitchen and tells the salesgirl she's not working hard enough. Why are so many people still waiting to be served? He hired her to WORK. None of his other workers have these problems.)* **Fat Lady:** Well, what's in that cooky?

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: That's a peanut cooky. **Fat Lady:** Does it have any sugar in it? **A Thin Young Woman:** I want ten loaves of rice bread, a dozen bialies,

three dozen assorted cookies, two vegetable juices, and two sandwiches

wrapped to go. I need it now. **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl** *(to the Fat Lady):* Would you like a cooky,

ma'am? *(While five customers are grabbing cookies, a sixth customer climbs on their shoulders to get at the cookies. All the cooky shelves collapse.)* **Fat**

Lady: Miss? I want that cooky over there. *(Points to a poppy-seed cooky lying under a dead - concussion due to falling shelf- body.)*

Because I work I am nobody. The bakery has many customers. Hippies have

ideals and sell good cookies cheap. As soon as I dare to take the time to think a thought, to watch a feeling, usually hatred, develop, to rest my aching body, a customer enters.

It was as if he had risen before me, I read, a man who, in his wild and passionate youth, had been the idol of Madrid and a source of dismay to his parents. He had carried away, by violence, a nun from a convent, incurring the enmity of the Church and the displeasure of his

Sovereign. He had followed desire regardless of anything else and survived. To see. To see the nothingness. That is vision. He had sacrificed all his fortune in Europe to the service of his king, had fought against the French, had a price put on his head by special proclamation. He had known passion, power, war, exile, and love. He had been thanked by his returned king, honoured for his wisdom, and crushed with sorrow by the death of his young wife.

A twenty-six-year-old English-accented Parisian hippy worked the counter with the Lousy Mindless Salesgirl. The hippy never did any work because she had to spend all her time finding out from the customers what she should do with her life and how she was going to be creative. 'Why do you smile at everyone?' the hippy asked the Lousy

Mindless Salesgirl while the latter was desperately trying to read just one page.

'Why shouldn't I smile?'

'You don't really like everyone, do you? You shouldn't act nice if you don't feel like it.'

'How should I act?'

'Act like you feel. You don't want to be a hypocrite.'

'I don't feel anything.' The Lousy Mindless Salesgirl wanted to kill the stupid hippy.

'Then don't smile and be nice to customers.'

'I'm being paid to smile.'

'You're acting hypocritically, Janey. It's because you're male-centred. Look at me. I don't smile when I don't feel like it and I don't go out of my way to help anyone.'

Just then a middle-aged shrivelled man walked into the bakery. 'Can I have a glass of wheat-grass juice?' he asked. **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl:** Certainly, sir. *(She runs around the counter to*

get a paper cup, runs back around the counter, down on her hands and knees to get the juice out of the front fridge, stands to pour, down on her hands and knees to put the juice away, back to standing.) Here you are,

sir. **Middle-aged Shrivelled Man:** Did you know that this juice kills all the diseases in the world if you drink enough of it? It kills cancer. In the Bible Nebuchadnezzar ate grass and cured all of his afflictions. **Twenty-year-old Whore-like Jew Lady** (*entered the bakery while Lousy Mindless Salesgirl was making the wheat-grass run. Standing very close to Lousy Mindless Salesgirl*): What do you do? **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl:** What do you mean 'What do I do?' **Twenty-year-old Whore-like Jew Lady:** How else do you make your money? Are you a whore? **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl:** No. I go to school. **A Wispy Blonde Hippy Girl:** I want that cookie and that cookie and two

of those and, is that one soft, I'll take that one. And a loaf of round bread. (*As the Lousy Mindless Salesgirl's climbing on the shelf to get the bread.*) Do you like your job? **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl:** It's OK. **Wispy Blonde Hippy Girl:** Is something the matter with this job? Are you discontent? **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl:** I'm not in love with handing out cookies and taking money four hours a day. It's OK. **Wispy Blonde Hippy Girl:** If you took more of an interest in the bakery, went inside to see how the cookies are made, talked to the customers more, maybe you'd like this job better. **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl:** When I'm here, I'm being paid to take care of the customers, and otherwise I don't have any time. I have to do my homework. **Wispy Blonde Hippy Girl:** Oh, I see. You have your own thing. (*As the wispy blonde hippy walks out of the bakery, the Parisian hippy says: 'You're rude.'*) **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl:** Why am I rude? **Parisian Hippy Salesgirl:** You should know. **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl** (*panicking*): I don't know. Why am I rude? **Parisian Hippy Salesgirl:** You're just not a nice person. **Lousy Mindless Salesgirl:** Look. If we're going to work together, we're going to have to get along some minimal bit. You can't just insult me for no reason at all. **Parisian Hippy Salesgirl:** You don't like playing those games, do you?

(*Walks away from the Lousy Mindless Salesgirl.*)

From then on, everyone at the bakery avoided me. I was the plague and there was a huge circle of emptiness around me. If another counter girl was supposed to be working, the moment she saw me she retreated into the back room.

I had to do all the counter work. My father stopped sending me money. I had

to work seven days a week. I had no more feelings. I was no longer a real person. If I stopped work for just a second, I would hate. Burst through the wall and hate. Hatred that comes out like that can be a bomb.

I hated most that I didn't have any more dreams or visions. It's not that the vision-world, the world of passion and wildness, no longer existed. It always is. But awake I was disconnected from dreams. I was psychotic.

I walked out of my crummy school. It was already night. I was running 'cause I was late for the bakery. I tripped.

'Ha ha ha.' Some boys were chuckling behind me. Fuck them.

'Just 'cause she used to be part of THE SCORPIONS she thinks she's

tough,' some dumb gum-chewer snarled. 'Now she's handing dumb little cookies to dumb little people. I bet she got her cunt sewn up.'

I did. I kept running so I wouldn't be late to work.

'Cumere.'

I kept on running.

'Cumere.' Something grabbed my shoulder. 'Look at me.' As the hand turned my body around, the other hand shoved my chin up so my eyes saw a pair of grey Chinese eyes and a long nose. I couldn't see anything else 'cause of the darkness.

'Don't listen to them. They never used their cocks in their lives. I hear you make it with a lot of guys.'

'I used to. I don't anymore. Who're you?'

'Heh heh heh.' His laugh sounded like a sneer to me. 'I hear you used to not even care what the guys' names were who you made it with.'

'What do you want with me?'

'I want to stick my dick between your legs.'

'You can't.' I was back to my old hard SCORPION way of speaking. And his hand running up and down my back hard made my legs wet.

'You don' wanna. You don' wanna.' He was talking right in my ear. 'What does girlie wanna do? You gotta boy at home you gotta go and screw? You gotta boy who's a better screw than me?' The words were closer and hotter. 'You're coming home with me now.'

'I can't.'

'Why not?'

'I gotta go to work.'

'What's the bitch crying about?' 'Why don't you beat her up, Tommy?' 'Punch her in the stomach.'

'My friends like you,' he whispered right into my ear as he pushed me along.

'We're gonna be hot together.'

'Listen. I can't go home with you. I'm not what you think. I lose my job and I'll be up shitcreek. I'm not going to give up my life for a one-night fuck.'

His lips came down on mine. His tongue travelled in and covered mine. His hands ran huge insects down my back.

I guess a long time passed, but I didn't know.

'Well?'

'Uh . . .' I didn't know. 'If I come home with you, I'll ruin the friendship between us.'

His hand brought my mouth to his mouth till his mouth was fucking my mouth. It was a fountain. We shoved against each other.

He lifted his head. 'It's up to you,' he told me.

I went home with him and didn't give a shit anymore about anything else but him.

Love turned me back to crime. Tommy and I kidnapped children.

Smearred up the walls of buildings. Carried dangerous weapons and used them. Did everything we could to dull our judgement and acted as outrightly violent as possible. Shitted on the streets. Attacked strangers with broken bottles. Hit people over the head with hard objects. Kicked the guts out of people on the streets. Started fights and riots.

I could barely stand being so happy. The sex made me crazier than the crime. I started to thrash just when he touched me: just his fingers pinching my nipples made me come. I couldn't stop rushing toward him like an overloaded volcano. .

..

We still didn't have any emotions but underneath . . .

It's hard to get beyond sex:

My legs are split apart. Knees up. Fish is open. One hand on clit.

Left leg raised up. Right leg bent and horizontal. Hand under left leg; middle finger all way in cunt.

Legs spread; ass up. Third and fourth fingers, V open cunt wide.

Tommy was a SCORPION

He was an intellectual criminal.

He believed his plans worked and they did.

He couldn't see reality beyond his plans.

He was too smart to believe his plans.

Totally scared out of his mind in the blackness no ground SPLIT.

All the SCORPION boys hit SPLIT.

That's why they hated women.

They depended on crime and crime kept them stupid.

BEYOND CRIME, DREAMS, AND SEX: DISASTER

A conversation between Tommy and Janey before disaster hit: disaster beyond SPLIT:

Tommy: Do you think there's a for ever?

Janey: Anything lasts for ever? (*Thinks.*) Sure. Everything lasts for ever.

Tommy: Huh?

Janey: Love goes away only when your mind goes away and then you're someone else. **Tommy:** There're no truths anymore. Nothing stands up.

Janey: Your mind stinks, not 'cause you got all these opinions, ways of judging, but 'cause you depend on them. You know your plans aren't real. You're a smart boy. All you see is nothing. There's a world right in front of your eyes. It ain't money, the world of alienated action. Anyone can do absolutely anything he or she wants. It's all absolutely free. In the brilliant sunlights. Events rise

singly out of ... I don't know what I'm saying I gotta get money. I gotta shake hands with the death-world and death-world is killing off human beings. . . . We gotta get to a point where we can be together. . . .

I can't take you, Janey. I don't want to know who you are.

But if we're not together, we're not going to be able to live. This isn't romance. This isn't about you and me being in love.

No.

NO to you language no to anything but the money-work I'm forced to do I sit alone in this room how do you get a book to split open, the object the event no a big flaming NO and only because of NO do you understand

Tommy and I are together.

We pulled into the rock club about one o'clock. It looked like a war was happening.

We had heard that this rock band called THE CONTORTIONS was gonna play in a redneck town in New Jersey and the white head singer thought he was James Brown. The rest of the band would be too drunk to stop the rednecks from beating up Brown.

James Brown was crawling baby-style across the floor.

The rednecks were jerking their cocks off in a corner.

James Brown crawled up to the redneck's boot.

The redneck, confused, jumped James.

Everyone in the club started hitting each other.

I heard cops' sirens.
I ran.
The rest of THE SCORPIONS were behind me.
We piled into the van.
Green and pink lights flashed past us, neon yellow and violet lights gleamed.
The bright lights were denser and denser.
We were moving faster.
'Hey,' Sally said, 'step on it.'
'Huh?'
'The cops're after us.'
He drove faster.
'Can't ya go faster?'
He drove even faster.
I heard the cops' sirens clearly.
'Suck my tits.' Greaso leaned over and sucked Sally's tit while he drove.
'Watch where you're going, Greaso.'

The cops' sirens were louder. Greaso's foot hit the accelerator all the way. We were in a totally black section of Newark. A tiny red light appeared in the blackness. The red light grew larger and larger.

I don't remember the crash. Everyone died but Monkey who got brain damage and me. For a few days I floated in a dream.

The blackness I now see everywhere comes from perverted because unrealized wants. I see this. I won't be able to pretend the world isn't horrible. Overwhelming fear separates me from the want I saw. Now overwhelming fear makes me part of the death-world.

She started to run from death . . . She left high-school and lived in the East Village . . .

Outside high school

How spring came to the land of snow and icicles

1 The Hideous Monster and the Beaver

Once upon a time . . .

there was a big ugly hideous monster. He lived in a hut below the living fountain within the long icicles. All of the land was ice. The air was almost white. Air rapidly became solid and the solid became air.

The big ugly monster kept house with a beaver. While his head was scraping against the low kitchen ceiling, he would cook for the beaver. He would bring the food to the table. Then they would sit in two huge rocking chairs and face

each other across the huge round red table. They wouldn't say anything.

The beaver stood up and waddled to the upstairs of the hut. As he climbed the stairs, his tail said, 'Pad, pad'. Alone the hideous monster scraped the plastic dishes, dumped them in the sink and washed them. Then he tied up a dark-green garbage bag and dragged it outside.

The snow was falling over the ice and turning to ice. The snow was falling over the ice and hiding the ice. The poor hideous monster couldn't see anything. He started to cry and the tears turned to ice on his cheeks. He didn't know what to do. He grew scared because he didn't know what to do.

He forgot he didn't know what to do.

He just stood there.

He went back inside the hut.

You couldn't tell the difference between a snowflake and a star.

2 How a bear tried to get into the Monster's and the Beaver's House A bear came sludging through the snow. The big brown bear was cold, hungry, and tired. All night he had been wandering in the falling snow looking for food. The falling snow had obscured the ice that hid the frozen fish. Falling snow had obscured the world. The bear saw the beaver's and the monster's hut.

When he lifted his paw to knock on a door almost the size of his paw, an avalanche of snow fell to the ground.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

The monster had just stumbled out of bed. He hadn't had his coffee yet. It was too early for someone to be at the door, so no one could be at the door.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

'Whatta ya want?' the monster grumbled. He was looking for the coffee. He didn't listen to the answer.

Knock. Knock. Knock. 'Please let me in,' the bear yelled in a little girl's yell.

'Why should I let you in? You might rape me or kill me or you might be one of those muggers who robbed three people down the street yesterday. We know all about you.'

'I'm not a robber. I'm a little girl who lost her way in the woods last night. I want to call my mommy 'cause she's worried to death about me. I want to tell her I'm still alive.'

'What were you doing out in the snow all night?'

'My mommy and my twenty sisters live in a horrible slum on the east side of town. Mommy has no limbs and ten of my sisters are paralyzed. The other ten are wanted by the police for bank robberies. They didn't really do them. So I'm the only one who can get the food. Every day I go out and gather weeds. Then

my ten bank robber sisters make a soup out of them.

'There aren't any weeds left around our house, so yesterday I went farther away from the house than usual.

'Before I knew it, it became dark.

'It was the blackest night. Huge sheets of snow and hail and sleet suddenly fell out of the blackness. I couldn't see anymore and I couldn't hear anymore.' (The monster remembered when he was out in the falling snow with the green garbage bag.) 'Everywhere I turned was blackness. Everywhere was pure whiteness and blackness and cold, cold.'

'I know what you're talking about,' the monster replied.

Let's walk up and around through the sand

the magic place
forget for hours...
forget miles...

water

I don't care what happens. I'm so tired, I quit up.
I decide to let the bird catch me.
I fall. The huge black bird catches me.
and folds me in its arms. As soon as I quit up to him he falls in back with me. We try to figure out how to save me from death.

closer... ZOOM closer...

the bird's almost on top of me...

THE END OF THE WORLD

I have nowhere else to go. I go back.

THE VILLAGE

the bottom of the desert.
trees are absolutely thick.

Fewer huts...
I have to stop at the right huts to buy the right things.

voodoo hut voodoo dolls
clusters of huts
grow thicker and thicker

as the sage of the village
turns a hut
a bit of soil, rocks and grass
down, packed close down to
the ground.

I keep trying to keep up with them.

THE CHILDHOOD LAND

the new world, happiness, is in sight.

it becomes a narrow strip of land, just soil. I keep on walking.

steps of land appear. I can walk across.

I have to swim a little to get to the first island.

Iron bars
I climb through a hole that suddenly appears in wall; see soil rocks porous grass. This is the only way I can get through.

where I play with other children in mother watches.
I scrape my knees to bloody pulp on the concrete.

They don't hurt me. I want to run with them but I'm too weak and human. I can't keep up with them.

Animals are leaping running scattering across the rolling grass plains

THE NIGHTMARE

disintegrates into sand-dust

I'm still looking at a picture of Baba. I see tiny Baba in my heart.

THE PLAINS

and enter a huge grassy meadow

fancy stone cornice

two pillars

Stone platform

STEP

STEP

two pillars

Like a Greek temple

from BLOOD AND GUTS IN HIGH SCHOOL © Kathy Acker, 1977. temple

I walk through the.

birds sit on top of each branch

a tree which is the world which is my body. Its branches are moving, making sounds.

MY DREAMS STOP,
THE VISIONS BEGIN...

Baba puts his hands on me, and looks into my eyes

Baba comes down on me and I touch his face



THE DREAM BECOMES STEPS OF MY LIFE
VOODOO TOWN

A possession dance is taking place. People stand around the dancers in a circle.

THE NIGHTMARE I HAD WHEN MY FATHER TRIED TO FUCK ME!

What am I doing? I'm shaking my head as fast as possible from side to side. I want my head to come off, between my rigid static hands.

Who am I? I want to be the Hermit, the doctor of Man, Sex, but I'm not. I'm the agent for women who are drawn in their mouth. I'm a god forming women in baby clothes. In baby clothes, I become the God of Children, the God of Death.

an asphalt town. houses but all wood like the streets. they're empty and dead.

the town goes up this way and changes its character. I can't go up here. I'll get lost.

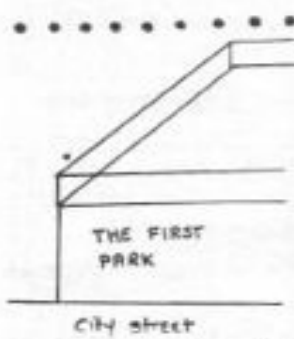


I'm walking down the middle of the street. I enter a black tunnel. It's as if there's walls but there aren't. At the end of the tunnel, I see a black tunnel. It's as if there's walls but there aren't.

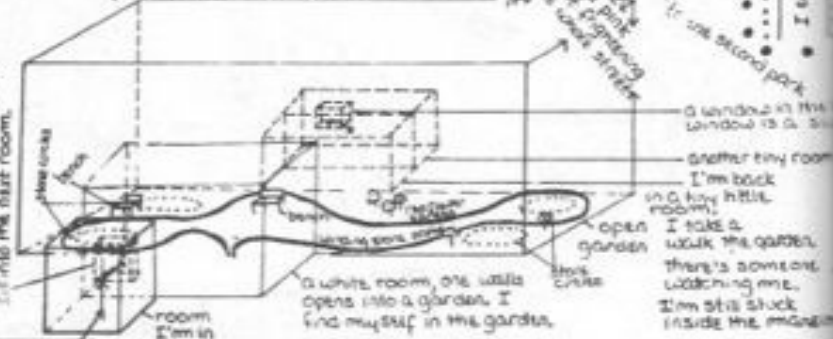
the warm colored and kills me. I'm lying on the floor. I feel like I'm in a warm, open space of the end of the street. I don't think anything.

high jinks with the warm, open space of the end of the street. I don't think anything.

Cerberus jumping and yapping, dying for meat. Cerberus wants to go everywhere. black iron grill bars. This is me. outside trash and mess.



THE COPS-AND-ROBBERS DREAMS



I enter a black tunnel. It's as if there's walls but there aren't. At the end of the tunnel, I see a black tunnel. It's as if there's walls but there aren't.

... COMES
... ON ME
... WAY; I
... HIS
... ROCK

God of Death God of changes
Take me, I have to be yours.
You with all the skulls around you
that are only that outer circle of
skulls.

You're the only thing I know which is my
own
the thing no one can take from me, no one
can make
Say or do or influence or change.
Therefore I'm yours.

→ You God of the Underwater
Putting your golden necklace around my
neck
All the fishes swim around us plop plop
Little fishes leaping and splashing even
though there's no air to splash with.

→ When desperation comes, I don't think
about it
I don't give a shit
I hate everything



... OF MY
... 211

... and
... neck
... starts
... I
... this

... thing
...

... detail
... map

... and
... hand

... keeps
... my
... health
... return to

... wall, the end of this
... and go to...
... as the first tiny room

... endless complex
... white stucco rooms
... rooms, layers, maps
... the mansion

DREAM MAP 2

Empty space

Smiling count
braunless

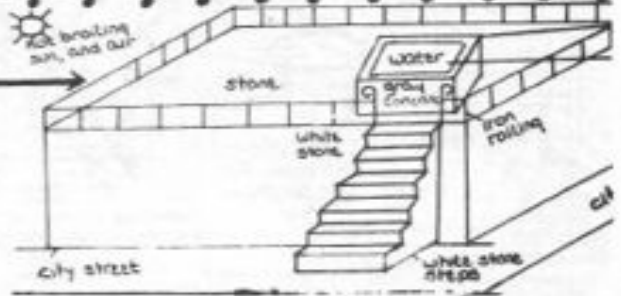
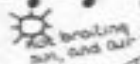
I come
to an
area of
almost
opaque
white, the
same
color as
the worm.

I'm
approaching
the thick
white gap
as if I'm
a thumb.

Empty space

the white
worm. the
white worm
is me.

THE
FIRST
PARK



In the fish kingdom under the ocean, Baba places a golden necklace around my neck.



at a point of focus or at the distance of a light-year



Gaba throws a white sheet over me,

As if he's a huge-winged black bird, Baba folds me in his arms.



When I go to bed, I wish I were you with me.

I'm travelling across the ocean in a boat. I don't know where I'm going.



Today I'm not enough. What's the matter? I don't want to be like you.

THE COUNTRYSIDE

← FEAR →

I'm scared of everything. That's what life is until I change completely.

a desolate country. gray air.

I'm travelling through the countryside



snaking white worm

I'm using the white worm I am the white worm

this worm is my death

up and down I'm going to die soon

occasional hills
a dirt road
gray and brown hard soil with no vegetation, the dim gray light never changes.

all the empty spaces are love

As it becomes night, this pool becomes a second pool → a fountain. I splash here. Lots of people in brightly colored bathing suits appear.

stone door diving board pool I dive into this pool. I'm alone now...

I'm walking up stairs to my right to the stone park

THE SECOND PARK

men are no directions here. The river is a flood. I love it.

to the river oil grass

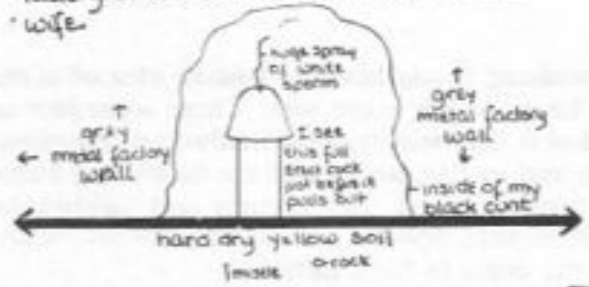
direction I don't almost north



I'm scared I'm
 to take
 don't love you
 of me and beyond me
 every moment I
 life

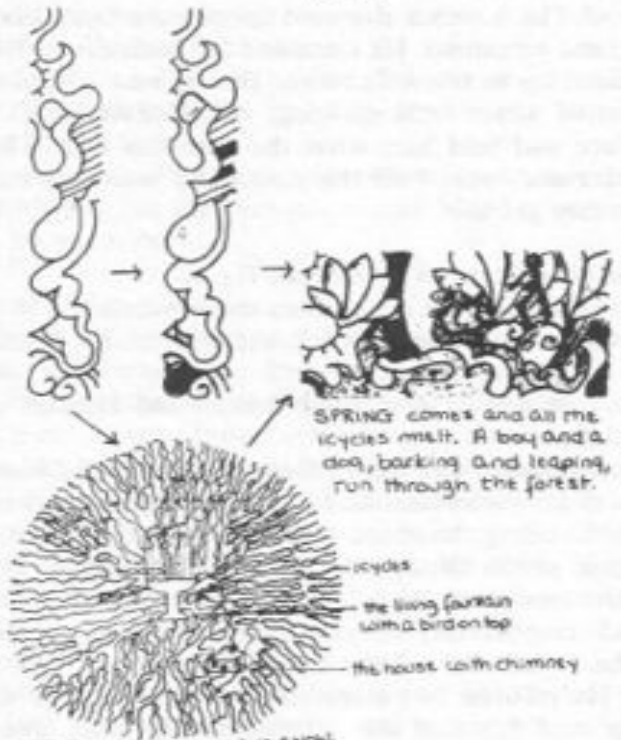
Baba takes me to the edge of the metal
 factory and sticks his cock in me. I'm his
 wife.

I Love Rudy



I'm a
 freak.
 Freaks
 have to
 be accept-
 ed!
 Don't re-
 ject me.
 If Baba
 rejects
 me like
 everyone
 else -
 these
 men (RB)
 have
 rejected
 me, like
 my
 mother
 rejected
 me, I'm
 doomed.
 I need
 someone
 who's
 compassionate.

I'm only
 freaky
 cause I'm
 holding on.
 Real
 compassion
 is Baba
 forcing
 me to
 confront
 this
 "freak-ness".
 It hurt me.
 It hurt.
 Tears
 flow.
 Rejection
 dies
 occur in
 this world.

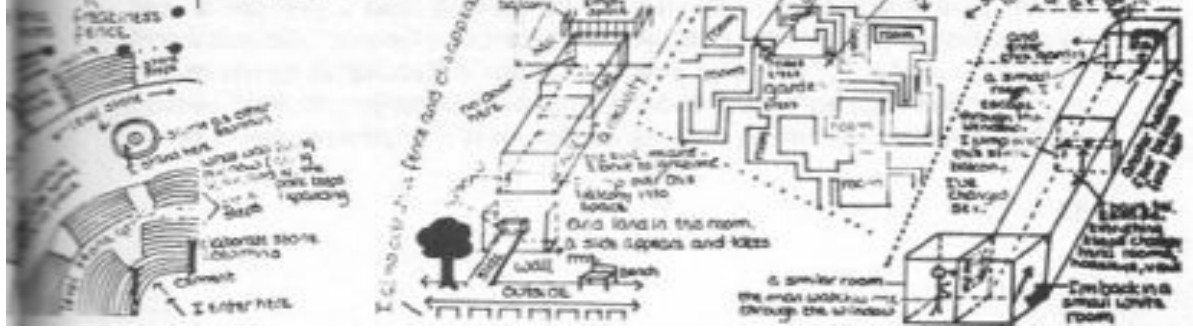


SPRING comes and all the
 icicles melt. A boy and a
 dog, barking and leaping,
 run through the forest.

THE LAND OF ICICLES AND SNOW
 is nothing is white and cold. In
 the middle of the icicles a living
 white cement fountain with water
 spraying out of it. A bird sits on top
 of the spray. To the right of and below
 the fountain, a beaver and a hideous monster lives in the little house.

T F B
 A
 H I E
 R Y G
 T A I
 L E N
 S

THE
 WHITE
 MANSION



'I started walking to my home (I had an idea of home in my mind), but I didn't know where home was. There were just unending blocks of pure blackness and whiteness. Finally grey morning light began to filter through and as I began to see, the first thing I saw was your hut. Smoke was coming out of the chimney and lights shone through the windows.

'Please let me come in for a minute.'

'You poor baby.' The hideous monster opened the front door, saw a huge brown bear, and screamed. He slammed the front door. 'BEAVER! BEAVER!' He raced up to beaver's room. Beaver was asleep, snuggled under three layers of white satin quilting. 'BEAVER! BEAVER!' He sat on beaver's face and told him what the problem was. The beaver waddled downstairs and locked all the doors and windows securely so no one could possibly get in.

3 The Bear tries a second time to get into the House

The bear's difficulties made the house even more wonderful to the bear.

He decided he'd force his way into the house with all his strength.

Sun was now pouring down, in through tiny closed kitchen windows, and flooding the kitchen.

In this light the monster was frying four eggs in a huge black frying pan. Golden pieces of buckwheat-and-rye toast popped out of an old iron toaster, hit the ceiling, bounced on to the blue-tiled floor, then on to two Dutch china plates sitting on the round red table. Tiny china bowls filled with rose-petal jam, orange-lemon-ginger marmalade, huckleberries and raspberries, chrysanthemum blossoms and guava jellies covered the remainder of the table. The beaver was taking a shower upstairs. He refused to use shower curtains so blue water was going 'plop, plop' and flooding the bathroom. The only thing beaver saw was the white morning sunlight and the only thing he heard was shower water falling like the beating of his heart.

Just as the monster was turning the eggs, the kitchen door started to shake so hard and to resound so loudly with hits and bangs, the monster decided there must be a bill collector at the door.

'Go away, you stupid bill collector!' he shouted. He was proud of himself for shouting.

The bear threw himself even harder against the kitchen door.

'Go away, you damn bill collector: I don't have any money and I'll never have any money. This world is a pit-hole and a garbage dump. It's 'cause of people like you. All anyone cares about,' the monster's voice was shaking, 'all all of you care about is getting as much money any way you can, and lying and cheating and using people, and passing this filthy paper around in devious circles, so it's

all power, power power

power and I can't sleep or think or dream of anything else. I hate you and I hate your money.'

The bear raged. Foam frothed out of his mouth. He threw himself against the door as hard as he could.

That didn't work.

The bear forgot himself and threw himself against the door even harder.

'And if I had any money, I wouldn't give it to you. I'd piss on it and set it on fire, I'd bury it under all the ice in the world, I'd sprinkle oil on it and set Con Edison on fire, I'd tear it up and make some new fetishes. I'd feed it to the rats who live in my house, but I wouldn't give it to you. I hate you.'

By this time the bear's shoulders were masses of bruises, his mouth was a froth-pit, his fur was gone, and blood was streaming down his torso so he went away.

4 Betrayal and treachery

The hideous monster had a pet named Fritzzy. Fritzzy was a red-eyed white rat. As Fritzzy was sleepily glomping around the kitchen and waiting for breakfast to get finished so she could get hold of some good crumbs, a big drop of butter leaped out of the frying pan onto her head, so just as the bear gave up and stomped into a nearby snowdrift, Fritzzy ran out of her special door into the snow. 'Ah hah!' the bloody bear said. 'Food!' and snatched Fritzzy up in his sharp-clawed paws.

'I'll tell you how you can trade me for some bigger game,' Fritzzy squeaked as fast as she could. 'It'd be worth your while to keep me alive.'

'Oh yeah?'

'The guys who keep me are bigger and taste better than me. Rats are poison. Just tell hideous monster and beaver you've got me. They love me so much, especially that stupid monster, they'll come running through the walls to save me.'

The bear was so desperately in love with the house, he'd do anything to get inside it. 'Listen you,' he yelled at the house. 'I asked you nicely to let me in. You wouldn't let me in. Now I'm going to get you. I've got your pet Fritzzy and I'm going to eat her up in one second flat if you don't let me in.'

'BEAVER! BEAVER!' The hideous monster fainted. When he came to, he stumbled, bumbled up the stairs, and dragged beaver out of the flooded shower. 'That horrible beast has Fritzzy. He's going to eat Fritzzy up! I'm going to trade myself for Fritzzy, that's what I'm going to do, I'm going to throw myself into the bear's arms . . .'

'No!' beaver screamed. The monster raced down the stairs, but he couldn't go very fast because one of his legs didn't work and the other

was knock-kneed. 'Monster, I love you. I adore you. I'll give myself to the bear!'

The monster and the beaver rushed down the stairs in a race to get into the bear's arms.

The bear had been waiting for an answer, but no one had answered him. When he lifted the rat to his mouth to eat her, she bit him and leaped into the snow.

By the time monster and beaver got outside, the bear had disappeared.

5 The Bear's defeat

The bear was defeated. There was no way he could get into the wonderful house.

He couldn't stop being in love with the house. He stared and stared at the house. He saw a white horse pawing short green grass. The magnificent horse started racing without effort, flying, across the sloping meadows, meadow-hills, tiny houses nestling in the hills, patches of all-colours flowers. A long time passed. The white horse was lying on the dirt, dying. A huge open red wound gaped in his right side. Several humans with sticks were plunging their sticks into the wound.

The bear's teeth started moving up and down. Soon these teeth were chattering so loud and fast, the bear got scared he was a chattering skull. All of his warm fur would fall off, his skin and his veins. The teeth kept chattering and biting. He got real pissed and his claws came out, but he couldn't figure out who to claw.

Bear was an elephant. Elephant rose up, mighty mighty grey, on two legs and roared. Roar of Universe. Elephant thudded down a narrow dirt road. Thud thud. Thud thud. Travelled many many miles to find water. His long trunk stuck food in his snake-shape mouth. Every now and then ROAR to tell the forest who he was.

Who am I? he asked. I'm an elephant.

A little boy who was thin and had a crew cut was sitting on the edge of his bed in pyjamas. The bed was as narrow as a cot. Someone had turned the sheets down for the night. Knees tucked under his chin, the little boy was looking directly ahead at a big being who was telling him a story. 'Once upon a time,' the big being said. 'Once upon a time there was a man who roamed the whole land. This man wasn't a giant physically, but he was a giant in every other way. The giant ate ears of corn and, now and then, the heads off of human beings . . .'

The bear's teeth started chattering again and the bear cried. Why wouldn't his teeth stop? Why was he shaking like this, like some crazy woman who's possessed and turning, like a white horse being ridden by

a rider for the first time? The bear had a fever. He wanted to run away, but he knew if he left this bondage, there'd be nothing else left in the world.

6 The Bear's vision of blackness

The night was black and the universe was black. You weren't able to distinguish any forms in this night. A black band separated the black earth from the black sky. All over was just blackness, a layer of blackness.

You, the thing you called 'you', was a ball turning and turning in the blackness only the blackness wasn't something - like 'black' - and it wasn't nothingness 'cause nothingness was somethingness. The whole thing turns up into a ball, the ball's ephemeral, and where are you? Your self is a ball turning and turning as it's being thrown from one hand to the other hand and every time the ball turns over you feel all your characteristics, your identities, slip around so you go crazy. When the ball doesn't turn, you feel stable.

You exist in this darkness. Rebels. Creeps. Outcasts. Loners. People who hate everybody. People who feel uneasy around everybody. People who know everyone hates them. People who hate being tied down, restricted, constricted, and huge whirling snakes. The snakes climb around your neck and arms. The woman who's the mother of snakes takes you in.

You feel very uneasy. You take a step. You don't know what to do cause there's nothing, 'cause there's not even nothing.

7

For some reason this sight of blackness made the bear very happy. The bear began to dance and sing and make all sorts of funny noises. Tears like thunderballs rolled out of his eyes. Sweat-drops like hailstones fell out of his raunchy fur. The bear was causing all the weather. So he sang a song:

Sweet bird in the darkness
you're living in my heart
your wings are my heart
your outstretched
wings are silver, sapphire, and violet
gold and light green you're flying away I'm following you whee whee
the world is
silver, sapphire, and violet, gold and light green
now trees and buds and leaves and streams

are springing up, and nettles, hawks, and wild mists the leaves are dark

greens and blues and

light greens I don't give a shit about anything I don't have to do anything everything lives

What the bear sang about was true. The world was incredibly beautiful. All the forms had returned and all the colours.

Then the bear started to move his wings. The wings moved faster and faster and soon the bear rose into the air. He flew away from the beaver and hideous monster's warm house and was never seen again.

Janey becomes a woman

Slums of New York City. A racially mixed group of people live in these slums. Welfare and lower-middle class Puerto Ricans, mainly families, a few white students, a few white artists who haven't made it and are still struggling, and those semi-artists who, due to their professions, will never make it: poets and musicians, black and white musicians who're into all kinds of music, mainly jazz and punk rock. In the nicer parts of the slums: Ukrainian and Polish families. Down by the river that borders on the eastern edge of these slums: Chinese and middle-middle class Puerto Rican families. Avenues of junkies, pimps, and hookers form the northern border; the southern border drifts off into even poorer sections, sections too burnt-out to be anything but war zones; and the western border is the Avenue of Bums.

A three-room apartment; a fourteen by nine room, two seven by nine rooms, and one more fourteen by nine room which contains toilet, bathtub, and stove. Usually no hot water or heat, costs two hundred dollars a month. Many of the people who live in these neighbourhoods are too poor to pay their rents.

One of the landlords burned down his building so he could collect the insurance money. Two families and one pimp were sleeping in this building when it burned down. The landlord sold the charred lot for lots of money to McDonald's, a multinational fast food concern. This is how poor people become transformed into hamburger meat.

The slum where she chooses to live. The East Village stinks. Garbage covers every inch of the streets. The few inches garbage doesn't cover reek of dog and rat piss. All of the buildings are either burnt down, half-burnt down, or falling down. None of the landlords who own the slum live in their disgusting buildings. In the winter when temperature averages 0°, these buildings have no

hot water or heat, and in the summer at 100° average, roaches and rats cover the inside walls and ceilings.

Only one hospital serves these people, a hospital which dares to exist a few blocks from the northern border of this slum. The hospital contains lights,

needles, drugs which cause brain disturbances, utensils, and almost no beds. Whenever there's a holiday, for instance, when Con Ed breaks down or when a landlord burns down one of his buildings to collect the insurance money, the poor people loot this hospital to amuse themselves.

The only supermarket in this neighbourhood buys the rotting food the other supermarkets in the city are unable to sell and sells this food at double-price.

The local police station contains men who, unlike the people in the market, want nothing to do with the neighbourhood. They're scared of the dangerous streets, the alleyways, and they're paid to be scared.

There are no out-front local crime coalitions because the crime bosses don't consider themselves part of the neighbourhood. These gangsters who run the city have taken a building, no one knows which building it is, in the northern part of the slum. They have torn out its centre, and behind the rat-infested plaster walls that look like the walls of the Chinese laundries, behind closed pet stores, antique furniture stores, tenements, within steel walls, within standard CIA protection systems, built a palace. The poor people don't know if this palace exists. They know there's one expensive Italian restaurant in the neighbourhood which is always empty and two espresso joints where the cops sit around and talk to men who wear big guns.

How Janey and the rest of the people in the East Village feel. Poor people generally don't feel different from rich people.

Poor people get real happy and run around jumping and screaming their lips off and then they get so down they know everyone hates them and they know everything stinks and they're going to kill themselves just like rich people do. Poor people are just like rich people except a general, not mood-to-mood 'cause everyone's got one mood after another mood and everyone thinks whatever mood is present is the only one that will ever exist I mean if you're sad then the world must be rotten, a general day-to-day depression. Depression meaning the poor person perceives fewer and fewer possibilities.

Let me put it another way. Most people are what they sense and if all you see day after day is a mat on a floor that belongs to the rats and four walls with tiny piles of plaster at the bottom, and all you eat is starch, and all you hear is continuous noise, you smell garbage and piss which drips through the walls continually, and all the people you know live like you, it's not horrible, it's just . .

.

Who they are. Janey, now thirteen years old, lives in a tenement on the corner of Fourth Street and First Avenue. She lives in three rooms. The first room measures six feet by ten feet and has a window. The second room is six feet by

ten feet and has the advantage of being divided into two rooms six feet by five feet for each room. The third room is the same as the first room. The third room contains the following luxuries: one bathtub which covered by a metal slat becomes a dining room table or a couch; one toilet; one sink; one refrigerator usually in partial working condition; and one stove. The gas pipes may or may not be working depending on the time of year. Janey lives in the first room. She doesn't do anything.

Arnold lives in the other two rooms of this apartment. He has the most varied life of anyone Janey knows and he has a lot of money. He plays music in the circus and rehearses his own rock-n-roll band.

Janey sees Arnold every day because she has to. He's her source of human contact. Sometimes she hates him; sometimes she doesn't think he exists; sometimes she likes him; sometimes she depends on him.

When Janey thinks she has to see people because she's going crazy and/or it's not good for her to be alone all the time even though she loves being alone and doing nothing, when night strikes and only at night she goes out of her room and walks the streets.

She walks up and down the same streets the hookers walk only the hookers make some money. The junkies, petty gangsters, bums, and pimps occasionally say hello to her.

After a night or two Janey hates walking the streets doing nothing so she goes back to her room and does nothing.

(excerpts from Janey's diary)

29/7/77

I get distracted real easily. I'm getting very distracted by sex these days. I want to fuck around as much as possible. When I fantasize fucking, the encounters are always cold wild and free.

Yesterday I remembered three times when my former boyfriend fucked me. Maybe he's still my boyfriend. I never knew if he was my boyfriend. I've been fucking him for eight months on and off since I was twelve. Mostly off. He doesn't fuck so well 'cause he's eighty years old and 'cause he's a writer. I think most writers are crazy 'cause they sit in their rooms all the time and scribble down stuff no one wants to read and they don't fuck. Anyway this guy can fuck me when he beats me up and then he can only fuck me once for five minutes. Yesterday I was remembering: I'm in this tiny monastic room. My ass is sticking in his face. He's got a real bed in his room, but he'll never let me stay there for a night 'cause he's scared he might like me. I told him to get

a belt. I think I shocked him. He took a heavy leather belt and whipped me

across the back as he fucked me in the ass. It hurt almost too much and I liked it. That's only in my memory and it doesn't help this aching cunt except it helps me feel I can do whatever I like and I'm going to do that: I've been so repressed in this crummy room like a prison every day doing less and less and thinking more and more until something's gonna break probably my body. Now I'm going to do everything.

First I'm going to fuck a lot though I don't care about fucking anymore. I'm not sure what I care about and if I'm a real person. I'm going to travel to Scotland 'cause there are lots of men in Scotland and no one'll tell me what to do there.

As Janey was lying on her mat, writing this, two teenage hoods, one black and one white, came into the apartment. The white hood had a lot of slicked-backed black hair and the black hood had big biceps. Janey didn't hear these two hoods come in because they broke into Arnold's side of the apartment. They ripped off a cassette recorder and broke all the other equipment. While Janey was still lightly masturbating and fantasizing about young black men breaking in and raping her, they broke into her room and laughed at her. Before she could scream, the white one clapped his hand over her mouth. She tried to bite him, but she couldn't. She tried to kick her legs. The black man was holding her legs down and experimentally running his nails up the inner sides of her legs. The black hands came up to hold her arms; the huge body covered her. She felt enclosed.

The white punk stuck one of her scarves in her mouth and knotted another around her wrists and another around her ankles. She still couldn't move 'cause the black man was sitting on her ankles. She expected they were going to kill her. She wasn't thinking. Then the white one trashed her room. He threw her pictures on the ground and tore up her clothes and threw her books on the floor and stamped on them. He kicked her a few times. He found the razor, took out a razor blade, started slicing stuff up. As he did this, he smiled. 'C'mon,' said the black guy, 'you're not in high school anymore.'

The white boy looked abashed and held up the razor blade like he didn't know what to do with it.

The black guy hit Janey across the face a few times with the back of his hand for the hell of it. 'Maybe I'll kill you now; maybe I won't. Or maybe I'll keep you alive, maimed, and maybe I won't.' He looked at the expression on her face.

She felt like that thing - whatever it was - of which she was most scared, the most terrifying thing in the world was happening to her. The thing - whatever it was - she didn't know. The thing - what she

most didn't want to happen - she was now right in the middle of. This was

the most awful thing that could happen to her. She had to get away.

It just wasn't possible that she couldn't get away. The human imagination couldn't conceive of such a thing. Her mind wouldn't admit defeat. It kept flying and flying.

The black man hit her face with the back of his hand a few more times for good measure. One side of her face was bleeding, but she didn't know it. 'You're gonna spoil her looks,' the white boy said smiling, every now and then stroking his tongue with the razor blade, 'if you spoil her looks, you won't get any money out of her.'

The huge black guy hit her even harder. Suddenly her mind stopped and she realized where she was. She looked up at the black guy with tears in her eyes and smiled. 'OK,' said the black guy. 'Let's go.'

They threw some clothes on her and carried her downstairs. When she had been a tiny child, the night after a tonsillitis operation, in the hospital, her father had yelled at the doctor there was no need to keep such a young child in the hospital and had carried her off, through the night, all the lights and people and cars like clouds passing through her, she in a haze of drugs swung over his huge shoulder, running from the creeps through the night. That's exactly how she felt now.

As if she was a doll, they were walking her up past Fourth Street. Past the local cop station. The cops were lolling around in front of the station. Past the staircase on which the cops' Ukrainian blonde groupies hung out. Past the Kosher meat deli. The cops said hello to the white and black boys and they said hello back. 'Hey, I know you. I was up at your apartment last year. How are you?' a cop said to her. She just looked at him.

Flying. She was beginning to fly.

They stuffed her into an old black Chevy.

'He won't hurt you none,' said the white boy. 'Why doncha stop crying? I don't like it when girls cry. It reminds me of my mother. He's a nice man. He treated me real good. He picked me up in front of the *Blimpies* last year and he's taught me how to be a man. I was just a kid before that. I didn't know what I was doing. I thought it was big stuff to take dope, ya know? I was stupid like every other kid. All I wanted to do was take dope. I didn't even know what real dope was. I would'a ended up being some punk who spends his time rotting in jail if he hadn't taught me . . .'

'Shut up,' the black boy says. 'She'll learn herself.'

The black car proceeded up First Avenue, slowly 'cause it was still the rush hour, the sun was yellow grey and turning yellower and the air was hospital air - it was the time that the sun was getting old and sick and vomity; the air was

killing off the old and the sick that Con Ed and poisoned tap water hadn't already killed off - it was one of Mayor

Koch's plans to save New York - the black car made its way past the empty neighbourhood hospital, out of the slum into a section anyone not from New York would think a slum, a semi-ritzy section, past the UN, the preserver of world peace, surrounded by green parks and Indian restaurants. A few blocks further, the car took a right, dove under a bridge, entered a small area hidden deep in parks right on the East River. Garbage was slowly replacing the water of the East River, only the garbage couldn't manage to live. 'We're going to sell you into white slavery,' the black boy told Janey. 'First we'll train you, then we'll sell you.'

They bundled her out of the car.

'That way we'll get a higher price for you.'

Janey fainted. When she came to, she thought she saw a skinny gnome with lots of wrinkles. The room was almost pitch-black. There was no one else in the room.

'You are going to remain in this room until you have become a whore. You have no other choice except to die. When you are ready to be a real whore, I will let you out of this room and you will bring all of the money you have earned back to me.

'You have no choice. If you do not do every single thing I tell you to, I will kill you.'

'Wha . . .,' said Janey. 'Uh. What's going on? Who are you?'

He hit her hard, much harder than the black boy or the white boy had hit her, across her nipples. Then he left the room and locked the door. . . .

The mysterious Mr Linker

'Most of all,' Mr Linker told some of his young hoodlums, 'I admire healthy young people. You can buy anything but health. If a person isn't healthy, even if he is very famous and rich, he has nothing.' Mr Linker was fond of teaching.

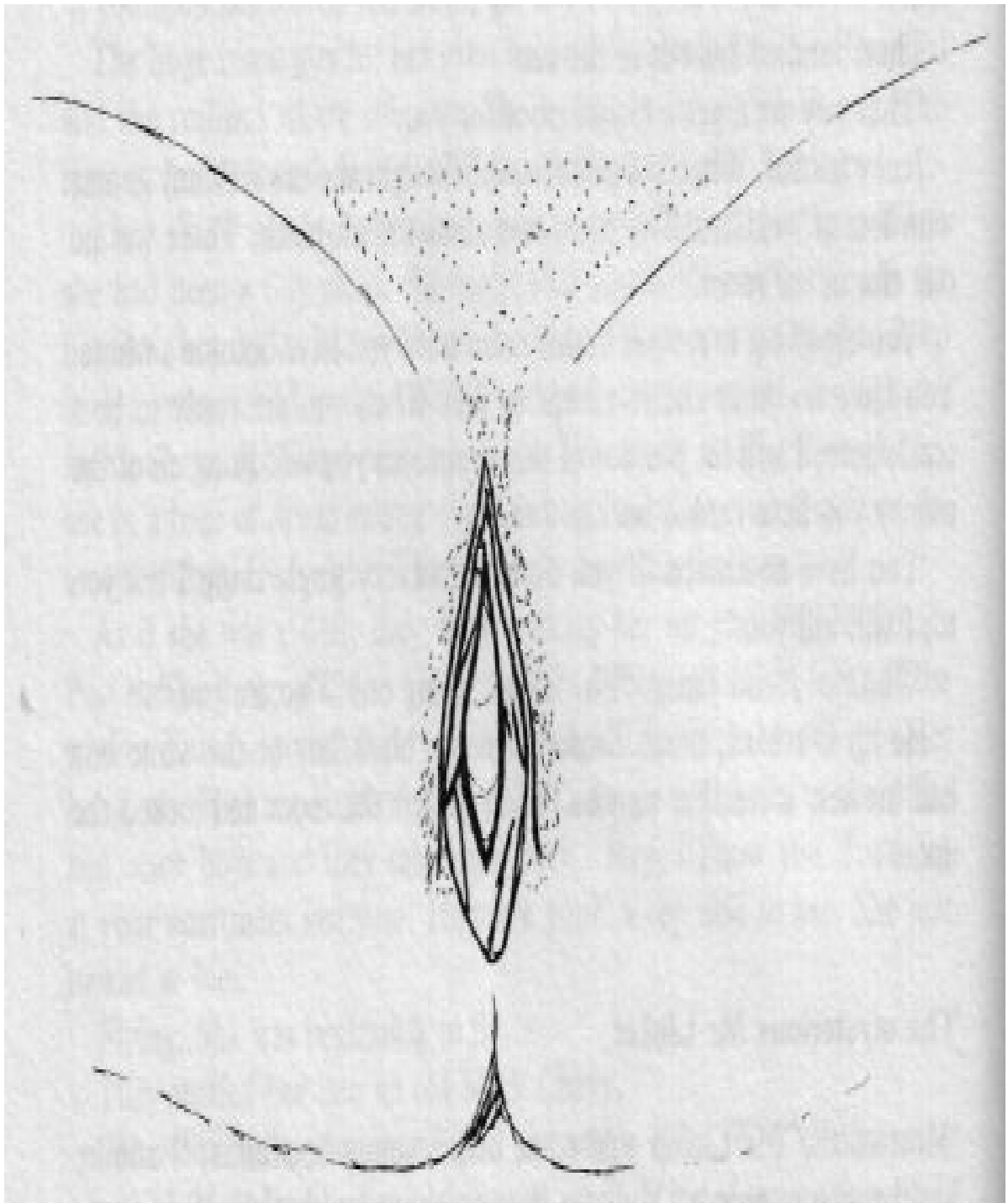
' "A healthy body in a healthy mind." There is nothing more beautiful than a voluptuous healthy young girl. When I see a beautiful young girl, when I see someone who is young and voluptuous walking with a man who isn't her equal - you know what I'm talking about - a man who wears glasses or is deformed, I tell you it disgusts me. I think such people ought to be shot.'

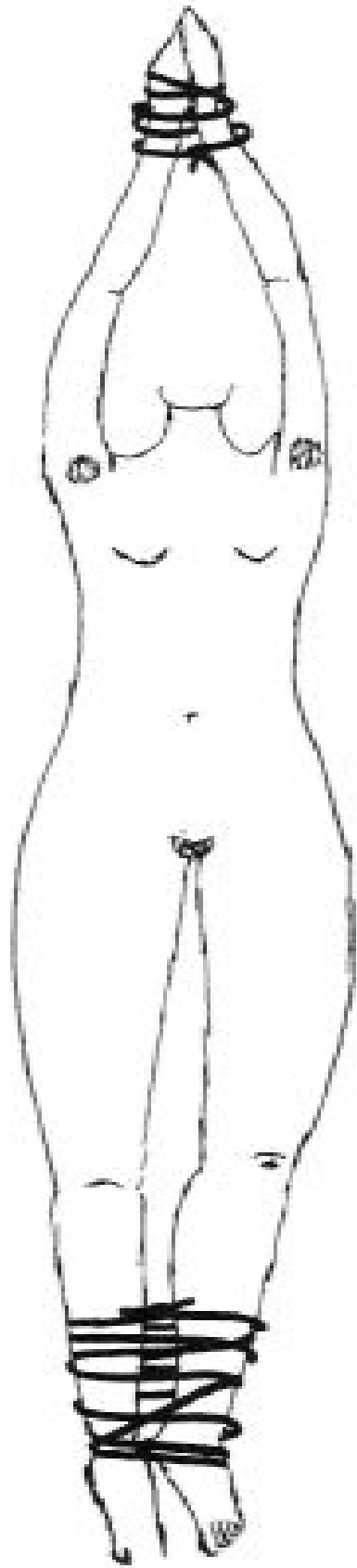
'Yeah,' one of the hoodlums mumbled.

' "A healthy mind in a healthy body." ' He returned to what he had been saying. 'You probably can't understand this. That was a saying of the Athenian state, the first great state in history. All of our culture comes from ancient

Greece. Did you know that?

GIRLS WILL DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE





'What makes a healthy state?' he asked his boys.

The hoodlums didn't say anything.

'It will surprise you. Disease and mental instability cause health. The men who have taken the most extreme risks, who have done what may have disgusted other people or what other people have condemned are the men who have advanced our civilization.'

Mr Linker had seen evidence of disease and mental instability before he was able to speak. Born on the Iranian streets, poverty had made him envy all those who had money. He had to do anything to get money.

Poverty is bad for humans because it makes them perpetuate all that is oppressing them and good for humans because it helps them to be willing to do anything - the weirdest acts possible, suicidal - to stop the poverty. Mr Linker, having been a beggar's child, saw how society worked. He made himself clever and relentless, relentlessly determined to get rich. If he had remained poverty-stricken, he might have turned this glimmering of intelligence on himself and become a saint. As it turned out, Allah be praised, at age seven he escaped with a travelling magician, stopped off in Vienna and, at fifteen years of age, talked his way into the University to study with Carl Jung. His cleverness and his interest in the mechanics of human social behaviour led him into the new science - philosophy of psychology. Then into neurology, for he was above all a materialist. And so Mr Linker became a lobotomist.

In his later life his cleverness which he called *intelligence* grew to enormous proportions. The more people turned to him for help and the more he indulged in his own eccentricities, the more he believed he was God. By his middle age there was no longer any chance he could ever be intelligent, i.e. adaptable. He had become a real image, a fake.

'The only thing we have,' Mr Linker continued telling his hoodlums, 'which separates us from the beasts is Culture. Culture is our highest form of life. And it is literature more than any other art which enables us to grasp this higher life, for literature is the most abstract of the arts. It is the only art which is not sensual. You know most people do not read. These days they read only trash. They do not SEE. They do not appreciate nature. They do not have the artist's eye and they know nothing:

Out, out, brief candle.

Life's but a walking shadow,

A poor player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more . . .

Shakespeare said that in *Hamlet*. He said we are nothing without our culture. 'Where does culture come from? I will tell you. It comes from disease. All the great artists, Goethe, Schiller, and Jean-Paul Sartre - you must

read *Nausea* in the French, in English it is nothing - have said this. They are aware how evil they are. They are aware this life is truly evil; due to this awareness, they are able to go beyond. You know that medically, I am a doctor, a body cannot live without disease.'

Mr Linker gave an example of his own disease. 'Isn't this rug beautiful?' he said. 'I will tell you the story of this rug. It is not an agreeable story. My wife worked on this rug for five years.' Tiny birds silver and white and pale blue clustered around bunches of grapes and the pale grey moon. 'Every day she stitched.' Mr Linker had married a young upper-middle class Viennese girl and brought her to the United States. He bought a resort in the Catskills, his first resort, and she cooked, cleaned, scrubbed, vacuumed, kept the accounts, washed, nursed the hotel guests, and waited on her husband. 'Soon her eyes began to fail her. She kept on making the rug. She began to have trouble breathing. One day she could no longer stand and she could no longer do the housework. The doctor told me she was very sick and she would have to stop working on the rug because the wool was affecting her lungs. I don't understand exactly how. While she was coughing up blood, she kept on working on this rug. The very moment she died, it was in **her** hand.'

Actually Mr Linker's wife had been driven crazy and then locked up for life in a New York State Sanatorium.

After Mr Linker's wife landed in the sanatorium, he added the white slavery business to his lobotomy and summer resort operations. He didn't need the money: at age seventy-five he was a very wealthy **man**. He wanted to be able to indulge in his other peculiarities. He was very powerful and intelligent.

Janey lived in the locked room. Twice a day the Persian slave trader came in and taught her to be a whore. Otherwise there was nothing.

One day she found a pencil stub and scrap paper in a forgotten corner of the room. She began to write down her life . . .

A book report

We all live in prison. Most of us don't know we live in prison.

A throng of bearded men, in sad-coloured garments, were assembled in front of a gaol. They were waiting for a woman named Hester Prynne to walk out of the gaol.

All of them even the hippies hated Hester Prynne because she was a freak and because she couldn't be anything else and because she wouldn't be quiet and

hide her freakiness like a bloody Kotex and because she was as wild and insane as they come.

Long ago, when Hawthorne wrote *The Scarlet Letter*, he was living in a society that was more socially repressive and less materialistic than ours. He wrote about a wild woman. This woman challenged the society by fucking a guy who wasn't her husband and having his kid. The society punished her by sending her to gaol, making her wear a red 'A' for adultery right on her tits, and excommunicating her.

Nowadays most women fuck around 'cause fucking doesn't mean anything. All anybody cares about today is money. The woman who lives her life according to nonmaterialistic ideals is the wild antisocial monster; the more openly she does so, the more everyone hates her. Women today don't get put in gaol for being bloody pieces of Kotex -only streetwalkers and junkies land up in gaol, gaol-and-law now being a business like any other business - they just starve to death and everyone hates them. Physical and mental murder help each other out.

The society in which I'm living is totally fucked-up. I don't know what to do. I'm just one person and I'm not very good at anything. I don't want to live in hell my whole life. If I knew how this society got so fucked-up, if we all knew, maybe we'd have a way of destroying hell. I think that's what Hawthorne thought. He set his story in the time of the first Puritans: the first people who came to the northern North American shore and created the society Hawthorne lived in, the society that created the one we live in today.

Another reason Hawthorne set his story in the past (in lies) was 'cause he couldn't say directly all the wild things he wanted to say. He was living in a society to which ideas and writing still mattered. In 'The Custom House', the introduction to *The Scarlet Letter*, Hawthorne makes sure he tells us the story of *The Scarlet Letter* occurred long ago and has nothing to do with anyone who's now living. After all, Hawthorne had to protect himself so he could keep writing. Right now I can speak as directly as I want 'cause no one gives a shit about writing and ideas, all anyone cares about is money. Even if one person in Boise, Idaho, gave half-a-shit, the only book Mr Idaho can get his hands on is a book the publishers, or rather the advertisers ('cause all businessmen are now advertisers) have decided will net half-a-million in movie and/or TV rights. A book that can be advertised. Define culture that way.

You see, things are much better nowadays than in those old dark repressed Puritan days: anybody can say anything today; progress does occur.

It's possible to hate and despise and detest yourself 'cause you've been in

prison so long. It's possible to get angrier and angrier. It's possible to hate everything that isn't wild and free. A girl is wild who likes sensual things: doesn't want to give up things being alive: rolling in black fur on top of skin ice-cold water iron crinkly leaves seeing three brown branches against branches full of leaves against dark green leaves

through this the misty grey wanders in garbage on the streets up to your knees and unshaven men lying under cocaine piled on top of cocaine colours colours everything happening! one thing after another thing! . . . you keep on going, there are really no rules: it doesn't matter to you whether you live or die, but every now and then there's a kind of territory and you might get stuck; if you get stuck that's OK too if you really don't give a shit, but who doesn't give a shit! Loving everything and rolling in it like it's all gooky shit goddamnit make a living grow up no you don't want to do that.

The Massachusetts seacoast in the middle of the seventeenth century looked the same as it does now: WILD. Trees and bushes and weeds and wind and water. Trees and bushes and weeds and winds and water are always moving every moment the whole world is a totally different world air rides over shivering water so those water areas shiver harder grow darker below the water hit the sharper rocks harder splash! foam appears. And disappears.

My father told me the day after he tried to rape me that security is the most important thing in the world. I told him sex is the most important thing in the world and asked him why he didn't fuck my mother. In Hawthorne's and our materialistic society the acquisition of money is the main goal 'cause money gives the power to make change stop, to make the universe die; so everything in the materialistic society is the opposite of what it really is. Good is bad. Crime is the only possible behaviour.

Hester Prynne, Hawthorne tells us, had wanted to be a good girl. I remember I wanted to be a good girl for my father. Her loving husband sent her to the New World to prepare a way for him. Travelling in those days was dangerous - there were no roads - and her husband never showed up. Two years passed. Hester was being a good dead girl. Suddenly a little unsuspected ecstatic crazy-making overtaking wildness like a big King Viper spreading his hood, rising up and spreading overtaking everything, that's what love's like, snake-insane rose up in Hester she fucked. Pregnancy made her wildness or evil (that's the religious word for *wildness*) public. The child was the sign of her nasti-ness and disintegration and general insanity.

Hawthorne gives us a description of motherhood in the fucked-up society: All the people around Hester hate her and despise her and think she's a total

freak. The kid's beyond human law and human consideration. How do you feel about yourself when every human being you hear and see and smell every day of your being thinks you're worse than garbage? Your conception of who you are has always, at least partially, depended on how the people around you behaved towards you. You sense the people around you aren't right: what you did, your need, you weren't defying them to defy them, it was your need, was

OK. You don't know. How can you know anything? How can you know anything? You begin to go crazy.

Hester's just stepping out of prison, out of prison, out of prison, but this is worse: huge staring eyes, whispers, her child laughed at, mocked, she's a woman, this isn't reality, the eyes turn around and around she can't be who she is, when suddenly she sees her long-lost husband.

This husband is now called Roger Chillingworth.

The top cops are screaming at Hester: 'You hideous woman.' 'Look at the hideous woman.' 'Who did the hideous woman fuck?' 'You're such a nice hideous woman, we know you didn't mean to do the tremendously horrible thing you did, just pretty please tell us who you fucked. We know what'll make you feel better.'

Hester's husband's a scholar. A scholar is a top cop 'cause he defines the roads by which people live so they won't get in trouble and so society will survive. A scholar is a teacher. Teachers replace living dangerous creatings with dead ideas and teach these ideas as the history and meaning of the world. Teachers torture kids. Teachers teach you intricate ways of saying one thing and doing something else.

The top cops start laughing at and mocking Hester and telling the crowd to laugh at and mock Hester 'cause she won't tell them who her baby's father is. Hester's acting out of love.

This husband, being a teacher, is a zombie and a ghoul. He sees his wife being tortured by lots of people, he sees his wife in pain in agony, he sees his wife nursing a strange kid, and he doesn't feel anything. He just wonders, intellectually wonders, who the kid's father is.

A final scene focuses this swirling horror. The young handsome Reverend who everyone thinks is gentle, honest, and kind takes up the spreading mockery and hatred and vomiting and says to Hester: 'You are the worst piece of trash-cunt whoever lived, no one will ever ever love you, there will be no more love in your life because, mainly because, you won't tell us who your bastard's father is.' Hester can't reply 'cause the guy who's screaming at her is the guy who fucked her. How can HE scream at her? All that she has left of the world: her memories disappear. Do you understand what reality is? She begins to go crazy

Boppy doppy doopy wah yahyah mm. Is that what you think craziness is? Are you scared you're going crazy? Do people who go crazy freak you? Look sweetheart.

I woke up in my attic that the winds swept through and all the world was grey and black. I saw pine trees covering the grey sky and sea, tall trees, boats, tall trees, boats.

I walked along a highway. I was looking for a place to sit down, for some grass I could walk in, for a wood I could explore. I walked for

hours. All the land on both sides of the highway, cultivated and wild, was private. I had to keep walking on the highway. I thought that people today when they move move only by car, train, boat, or plane and so move only on roads. They perceive only the roads, the map, the prison. I think it's becoming harder to get off the roads.

I live on a desert island. It's a nice desert island. I like it here. This is what I do: I eat; I sleep; when it rains and gets cold, I hide under some rocks. I like it here. But I'm getting bored . . . What can I do? I can repeat what I see. I can draw this old grey trunk lying flat across a valley of sand. I can draw the rotten trunk and make it look different. People got cures for polio and syphilis by imagining. People have and can change the world. In the beginning, on the desert island, the world was totally beautiful. Today in my room in New York City the world is horrible and disgusting. What the hell happened?

I don't want to be a slave, I don't want to be a whore, I don't want to be lonely and without love for the rest of my long life. I've got to find out how I got so fucked up.

Hester and her husband are sitting, after the torture, in her prison cell. Her husband has come inside to make her well again. He's a doctor.

'Fucking's the most wonderful thing in the world.' Hester is crazy.

'I want to fuck you right now,' her husband replies.

'Ugh. I wouldn't fuck you if you were the last man on earth. You make me sick to my stomach.'

A slight grimace crosses his face, but he manages to suppress it. 'Remember when we used to fuck? By the fireside in Amsterdam.' Tears appear in his thin eyes. 'You'd lay your head on my lap and we'd look into the fire.'

Hester's thinking the most wonderful thing in the world is to fuck a man you love. God she wishes she had it right now. Loving a man and being right next to him: naked against him naked there's no need to talk: naked wet warm his face his skin naked wet warm his thick lips glazed eyes you're on top of him naked wet warm never let you go the peace of the world never never never.

'I'm the guilty one,' the husband says. 'If I hadn't sent you alone to America, you never would've done this horrible inhuman thing.'

'Oh, I'm the guilty one.'

'I hate you now. I don't even hate you. I just want nothing to do with you. You're not to reveal that you have ever known me or had anything to do with me. Whatever love and affection occurred between us is now dead. We're dead people.'

Fucking with love must be the gift of God. His eyes his nose his hot breath the shadow under his neck his thick arms the fat around his sides the bones sticking out of his thighs his cock waving in that mess of hair I want him so much I'm going crazy. I want his eyes I want his nose I

want his hot breath reeking all over my body I want to stick my tongue in neck I want his arms around me I've forgotten what it's like to want a man I roll my hands in his fat and bite it and rub my dying-to-come hips against the bones sticking out of his thighs so maybe maybe I'll come that way his cock, if I could just touch his cock just for a second, I don't want to touch it more than that, a quick kiss, wet and slimy, don't take me away from it, don't take me away from it you creep meanie: this is my home.

'Who's your brat's father?'

'I love him. I'm not going to tell you who he is.'

'I'm going to find out who he is. I'm simply interested who he is. I am one of the most brilliant men in America and Europe and can learn anything. I'm going to find out who he is!'

She shivers before this example of the divorcement of body and mind. She's seeing terror and hatred and hypocrisy beginning to spread over the earth.

'Don't you tell anyone who I am.'

WHEN SOMEONE'S IN PAIN, HE CRIES OUT.

One day Janey finds a Persian grammar book. She begins to teach herself Persian:

THE PERSIAN POEMS

by Janey Smith

THE PERSIAN POEMS

جانِی	Janey
جانِی د'ختر اُست	Janey is a girl.
جَهانِی سُرُخ اِست	the world is red.
شَبِ خِیابانِ تَنگِ اِست	night is the narrow street
و' کُچِ تَنگِ	and the narrow side-street.
جانِی نِچِہِ اِست	Janey is a child.
جانِی نِچِہِ اِست	Janey is an expensive child,
و' اَرزانِ	but cheap.

("ع" (,) links two entities :)

شَبِ جانِی	Janey's night
شَبِ سُرُخ	the red night
شَبِ جَهانِی	night - world
جانِی خرابِ اِست	Janey stinks.

(note: no ezāfe)

جانِی دَر اُطاقِ اَسْت Janey is in a room.

اُطاقِ کُوجِکِ اَسْت The room is small.

(Ezafe (,) can join more than one entity:)

فِرّهَنگِ خُرابِ اَسْت: Culture stinks: books

کِتابِهایِ بَر زُگانِ
صُنایِعِ ظَرِیفَه
and great men and the
fine arts.

زُنانِ زیبا
beautiful women

(The suffix *ye* (ی) means indefiniteness:)

زُنیِ زیبا → a beautiful woman

شَبِ سُرُخِی → a red night

خِیابانِ بیابانِی → a deserted street

(or, note the change in construction:)

زُنیِ زیبا → a beautiful woman

شیرِ سُرخ a red night
خیابانیِ بیابان a street is a desert

Janey's all alone in her room. She's
Learning Persian slowly:

(Certain adjectives are deviant: they
precede their nouns. No ezāfe (,) used
here:)

این دِهقان this peasant
آن دِهقان that peasant
خوب دِهقان good peasant

(Note the endings here:)

خوبتر دِهقان a better peasant
این دِهقان آرز this peasant is better

خوبتر است than that one.

خوبترین دهقان the best peasant

(or:)

بهتر دهقان a better peasant

بهترین دهقان the best peasant

(The word خوب (good) is deviant:)

بهترین دهقان این the best peasant of

دموکراسی this democracy.

این دهقان از همه this peasant is the

بهترین است best of all.

یک اتاق بیستر نیست this is the only room,
(is not) (more) (room) (one)

Janey wrote,

صندلر چیزی دیگر نیست there is only a chair.
(is not) (other) (a thing) (chair)

(there's no word for "cot".)

جانې د هقان آست Janey is a peasant.

جانې گران آست Janey is expensive,

ولی آرزان but cheap.

د هقان جیابان آست the peasant is the street.

زبان Language

زبان موزول کردن to get rid of language

• • • • •

Janey hates prison.

(Two vowels can't come together. Put a hamze or ye (ه or ی) between two vowels:

(More specifically: When suffix begins

آ; after ل... or و..., put ی :)

مو hair مو یاز hairs

بانو woman بانو یاز women

(notice the suffix یاز)
بانو یاز تازه و بانو یاز

تازه هست and there are fresh

women.

there are new hairs

and there are new

women.

(When suffix begins آ; after ی...,

do nothing:)

ایرانی Iranian

ایرانیان → Iranian

علی Ali
ایرانیانِ سیاه هست
ولی علیانِ سیاه
نیست

There are black Iranians
but there are no
black Ali's.

سر head
سر کثیف dirty head
سر کثیف سیاه dirty black head
(When suffix begins \bar{A} ; after ا... , put
گ:)

بچه child
بچهگان children
بچهگان این شهر the children of this city.
(When suffix begins ای... ; after ل... or
و... , put ئی :)

بانو	woman
بانوژ	a woman
بانوژ سر کثیف	a woman is a dirty
سپاه است	black head.

جانر سپاه است Janey is blind,
 Janey kept on writing,
 (When suffix begins... ای... ; after ی..., do
 nothing :)

صندلی و اطاق و پنجره
 و پنجره و پنجره هست

there's a cunt and
 a prick.

صندلی chair

طاق room

پنجره wall

(or a hamze over the یε (ی...) :)

يَكُ صُنْدًا لِيْءٍ وَ يَكُ اُطَاقِي
وَ يَكُ پَنْجِرَةً وَ يَكُ پَنْجِرَةً
وَ يَكُ پَنْجِرَةً وَ يَكُ پَنْجِرَةً

بيستر نيست

(When suffix begins ...اي...; after ا... ,
use ا... or add اي :)

صُنْدًا لِيْءٍ وَ اُطَاقِي وَ پَنْجِرَةً
پَنْجِرَةً وَ پَنْجِرَةً وَ پَنْجِرَةً
هست

the only thing is
a cunt and a
cock.

A wonderful man
whose large prick is
in Janey's cunt says
to Janey, "I love
you."

(When suffix begins with ezafe (,) :)

بانوی بو
بوی بانو

the woman of smell
the woman's smell

موی جانی	Janey's hair
صندلی جانی	Janey's chair
خانه	house
خانه جانی	Janey's box

داشتن	to have
خریدن	to buy
خواستن	to want
دیدن	to see
آمدن	to come
زدن	to beat up
خوردن	to eat
گرفتن	to rob
بردن	to kidnap
کشتن	to kill

دانستن to know

(Past stem: cut off the "an" (ان...):)

داشتند have

خریدند buy

خواستند want

دیدند see

آمدند come

زدند beat up

خوردند eat

گرفتند rob

بردند kidnap

کشتند kill

دانستند know

(Present stem:

(1.) Verbs ending "id" lose "id":)

... خرید buy

(2.) Verbs ending "nd", "rd", "od", "ud" lose "d":)

... خورد eat

(3.) Verbs ending "ft", "st" lose "t":)

... کُشد kill

(4.) Verbs ending "est", "eft", "oft", and "ad"
(lose this syllable:)

... دان know

(5.) Irregulars - most of them:)

... دار have

... خواه want

... بین see

... آ come

زَن	beat up
گیر...	rob
بُر...	kidnap
داشتنِ جانِی	to have Janey
خریدنِ جانِی	to buy Janey
خواستنِ جانِی	to want Janey
دیدنِ جانِی	to see Janey
آمدنِ جانِی	to come Janey
زدنِ جانِی	to beat up Janey
خوردنِ جانِی	to eat Janey
گرفتنِ جانِی	to rob Janey
بردنِ جانِی	to kidnap Janey
کشتنِ جانِی	to kill Janey
دانستنِ جانِی	to know Janey

(Translate into English:)

I listened to the smoldering ship's engines that were carrying me along, and relaxed. I shouldn't have. I should have grabbed a buoy and jumped overboard; and flagged down a passing tramp to carry me straight back to the Athens Hilton and the airport.

1. آیا سر سیاه اینجا است ؟
1. Is there a black head here ?

2. بله خانم (جانری) نزدیک است
2. Yes Mrs (Janey), it's near.

3. این سر مال جانری نیست
3. This head isn't Janey's. (Lit. This head

isn't the property of Janey.)

سرفه‌های سیاه شهر تهران خیلی هست

4. There are many black heads in the city of Tehran.

خیابانها سیاه است بزرگترین و وفات جهان

حسرت ولی از آن تیزتر خود است

5. The streets are black. You haven't fucked for a long time. You forget how incredibly sensitive you are. You hurt. Hurt hurt hurt hurt hurt. You meet the nicest guy in the world and you fall in love with him you do and you manage to get into his house and you stand before him. A girl who puts herself out on a line. A girl who ask

for trouble and forgets that she has feelings and doesn't even remember what fucking's about or how she's supposed to go about it cause she wasn't fucked in so long and now she's naive and stupid. So like a dope she sticks herself in front of the guy: here I am; understood: do you want me? No, thank you. She did it. There she is. What does she do now? Where does she go? She was a stupid girl: she went and offered herself, awkwardly, to someone who didn't want her. That's not stupid. The biggest pain in the world is feeling but sharper is the pain of the self.

(doesn't exist →) سُول soul

وَقْت fate

6. آیا گوشت تازه هست ؟

6. Is there any fresh meat ?

7. بل خانم ولی گوشتت از آن مالِ جانی بهتر است

7. Yes, Mrs, but your meat is better than Janey's.

8. آیا وقت هست ؟

8. Is there any fate ?

9. بل خانم و وقتت از آن مالِ جانی بهتر است

9. Yes, Mrs, your fate is better than Janey's.

10. همهٔ مردم راضی اند

10. "All the people are content."

11. جانی راضی نیست

11. Janey is not content.

12. کوچکترین عمارت این خیابان خانهٔ جانی است

12. The smallest building on this street is Janey's cunt.

13. این کارگر بزرگترین کارگرانی ایران است

13. This worker is the biggest in Persia.

14. اکثریت مردم کارگر یا دهقان اند

14. Most people are workers or bums.

15. خیابانها سیاه است

15. The streets are black.

16. آیا گوشت تازه هست؟

16. Is there any fresh meat?

• • • • • • • • • •

جانى دانىستن to know Janey

(Review what you've learned:)

ا	ا...	?	alef
ب	ب...پ...پ	b	be
پ	پ...پ...پ	p	pe
ت	ت...ت...ت	t	te
ث	ث...ث...ث	s	se
ج	ج...چ...چ	j	jim
چ	چ...چ...چ	c	cin
ح	ح...خ...خ	h	he hott
خ	خ...خ...خ	x	xa
ر	ر...	r	re
س	س...س...س	s	sin
م	م...م...م	m	mim

ن	ن...ن...ن	n	nun
ی	ی...ی...ی	γ	γɛ
(ا')	آ...أ...ه	a	fat-he
(ا)	آ...ا...ا	a	alef
(ا,)	ا...ا...ا	ε	kasrε
(ی')	آ...ی...ی	ei	fat-he, γɛ
(ی)	ای...ی...ی	i	γɛ
(و)	أ...و...و	o	zammme
(و')	آ...و...و	ou	fat-he, var
(و)	او...و...و	u	var

بن	"bn"	ب	"by"
تن	body		
ب	without	آ ب	blue

بابا father

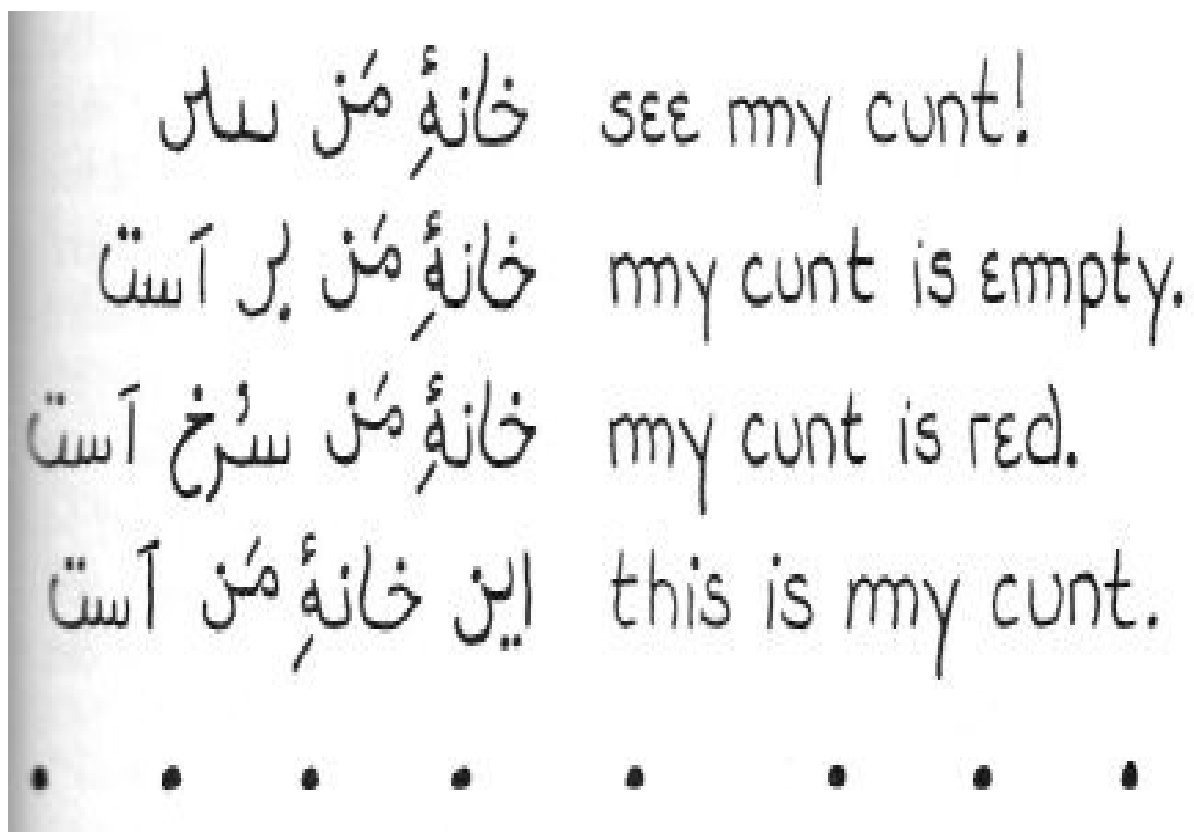
ببین see!

بابای من ببین see my father!
بابای من و وفات است my father is dead.
بابای من آبی است my father is blue.
این بابای من است this is my father.

تن body

تن من ببین see my body!
تن من خاز است my body is life.
تن من تب است my body is hot.
این تن من است this is my body.

خانه cunt



'I go crazy when I want to fuck a guy,' Hester thinks to herself. 'How will any man ever love me? How can I be happy if a man doesn't fuck and love me? But look at Pearl. She's happy and she doesn't fuck.'

Pearl's four years old. She's as wild as they come. *Wild* in the Puritan New England society Hawthorne writes about means *evil anti-society criminal*. Wild. Wild. Wild. Going wherever you want to go and doing whatever you want to do and not even thinking about it. 'Why did you get stoned?' the Persian slave trader asked me this morning. In 'primitive' 'wild' societies like Haiti the word 'why' doesn't exist. Pearl, according to Mr Hawthorne, wears hippy clothes and runs around in the forest and makes no distinction between what's outside her and her dreams. On the whole she doesn't make many distinctions. She doesn't know human beings exist. Sometimes she senses human beings exist. She senses a black vertical mist that's a wall pressing into her as if on top of her. She wants to scream. She feels helpless.

She doesn't like people much.

She notices Hester her mother. Once she notices someone she'll stick by that person she'll open herself up she is soft and totally hurttable that's what being wild is. (Secretly.) (Privately.) 'Cause once you're open like that you're a real person 'cause you're no longer separated from other people. It's dangerous.

Whatever happens to you happens to the

ones you're connected with. Whatever happens to them happens to you. It's scary and dangerous to open yourself to someone. Not that you ever have any choice.

The townspeople think Pearl's evil because she lives off the roads. 'No man will ever love a woman like you when you grow up,' say the townspeople. 'The roads are our civilization. They're the order men have impressed on chaos so that men's lives can be safer and more secure and, thus, so that we can all progress. Human life gets better and better.'

The roads are getting so super-paved and big and light and loaded with BIG MACS and HOWARD JOHNSONS that the only time people are forced into danger or reality is when they die. Death is the only reality we've got left in our nicey-nicey-clean-ice-cream-TV society so we'd better worship it. S & M sex. Punk rock. Don't you know, you can step into the snow, the raging ocean and the freezing snow, you can step into danger . . . anytime you please . . . step into me .

..

The government, the big multinational businessmen, the scholars and teachers, and the cops are the people who maintain the roads. The scientists, philosophers, and artists are the people who build the roads. Everyone's a slave.

'Who can I talk to?' Hester screams.

These most important men in the world decide it's their duty to tear the mother away from her child. They want to keep the child so they can train the child to suck their cocks. That's what's known as education. 'Who can I talk to?' Hester screams.

The Reverend Dimwit (the young handsome Reverend) raises his hand. Reverend Dimwit is the best student in the school. 'Let Hester keep her child.' The cops ask him why. He thinks up a phoney excuse: 'The child is the visible sign of the woman's sin and so will keep reminding the woman of her sin. That way we can be assured of the woman's continuing and deepening punishment.' The top cops, who don't have any feelings, accept this lousy logic. (Anything's acceptable as long as it's logical.) But evil Chillingworth, the builder of the logic road, wonders why the Reverend is helping Hester. Nothing in the world, Chillingworth thinks, will be unknown to me. I am totally self-sufficient. I never ask anyone's advice. My plots and manipulations are all-potent. Chillingworth sneaks his way into the Reverend's heart, but he doesn't give his own heart away. This is friendship and love in the fucked-up society.

A couple is one who loves plus one who lets love. Couples make up the townspeople world. If you're not part of a couple, you don't exist and no one will

Speak to you you outcast. Go to hell outcast. Outside the road. Don't you know there's nowhere to walk anymore unless

you're walking to somewhere? Now if you shut up and stay nonexistent and don't act like the freak you are, maybe in two years we'll notice you and tell you our neurotic problems 'cause we have lots of neurotic problems, but don't ever expect to be invited to one of our parties.

I, Hester, am a red house lost in the thickening mist. One of my sides is clearly visible. The red one. The other side is hazy. I'm not sure if it's real. There's a little light I don't know anymore where it's coming from. Everything that isn't touching my eyes is gone. Not blacked out, just gone into the dark mist that's blotting out everything. The mist goes back and back . . .

Everyone I know lives on the roads. They're creepy crawling snivelling things. I don't want anything to do with them. Ugh. I hate people. I can be alone. I can close myself up. I won't let anyone get near me. I think I'm off the road, but I'm dominated by fear and hatred. I'm as closed-up and fucked-up as everybody else. I am hell. The world is hell. No it isn't!' I scream, but I know it is. Hell. Hell. Hell. Help. Help me. Help me. Love me.

'The fullness and breadth, the clear entirety of this hell and therefore its limitations,' Reverend Dimwit then says to Hester, 'will appear and be fully apparent the moment we become conscious of the secrets in our hearts.'

I can't work. I can't move.

All I can do is sit here and wait for his call.

Listen you creep, you dimwit.

I want to write myself between your lips and between your thighs. How can I get in touch with you? You don't answer your door and you don't answer your phone. I think you're a creep.

I want to fuck you, Dimwit. I know I don't know you very well you won't ever let me get near you. I have no idea what you feel about me. You kissed me once with your tongue when I didn't expect it and then you broke a date. I used to have lots of fantasies about you: you'd marry me, you'd dump me, you'd fuck me, you were going again with your former girlfriend, you'd save me from blindness. You'd. Verb. Me. Now the only image in my mind is your cock in my cunt. I can't think anything else.

I've been alone for a very long time. I'm locked up in a room and I can't get out. Because I've been locked up in this room so long whatever desires are arising in me are rampaging around everywhere as wild and fierce and monstrous as gigantic starving jungle beasts. I don't know how to talk to people, I especially have difficulty talking to you; and I'm ashamed and scared 'cause I

want you so badly, Dimwit.

I know you no longer want to see me 'cause I'm so antisocial and awkward. How can I learn to talk better? How can I learn to love you more so I can give you what you want?

Teach me how to talk to you. WANT. Is my wanting you so bad, wanting your cock so bad, wanting the feel of your lips on my lips just me being selfish and egotistic? Is wanting horrible and has to be put down and repressed?

Teach me a new language:

'Rock-n-roll is rock-n-roll.'

'Rock-n-roll is rock-n-roll.'

'The night is red.'

'The night is red.'

'The streets are deserted.'

'The streets are deserted.'

'The children in the city are going insane.'

'The children in the city are going insane.'

'Rock-n-roll is rock-n-roll.'

'Rock-n-roll IS rock-n-roll.'

'The night is red.'

'The night is all around me and it's black.'

'The streets are deserted.'

'I can't even see the streets from my room: how would I know if they're deserted?'

'The children in the city are going insane.'

'How can I tell the difference between sanity and insanity? You think in a locked room there's sanity and insanity? Anyway I don't know if there are any children anymore. Maybe they went out of fashion.'

TEACH ME A NEW LANGUAGE, DIMWIT. A LANGUAGE THAT MEANS SOMETHING TO ME.

Hello, Hester. Would you like to go out to dinner with me?

Dimwit.

HAWTHORNE SAYS PARADISE IS POSSIBLE.

When I was a child, I would go as far out as possible and jump around and throw my arms around and all the stars are turning. The winds are blowing through me. My arms and legs are winds. Slowly, the whole universe is starting to revolve like a giant wheel. This wheel isn't a

thing: it is everything. Everything is on the surface. That everything is me:

I'm just surface: surface is surface.

Whirling and whirling and whirling.

The sun in the country is hot. When there are no clouds, day after day, it beats down without mercy. Then the winds start. The winds stop start change directions speeds second to second. In one hour the air temperature drops or rises thirty degrees. The seagulls rush into the dock, cackle and hoot perhaps to each other there's no way we can tell in their low voices. The winds rise and waves, appearing out of the water, lash against the blackening dock.

Whirling and whirling and whirling.

HAWTHORNE SAYS PARADISE IS A HEART THAT OPENS UP AND BECOMES A HEART.

Everything takes place at night. In the centres of nightmares and dreams, I know I'm being torn apart by my needs, I don't know how to see anymore.

I'm too bruised and I'm scared. At this point in *The Scarlet Letter* and in my life politics don't disappear but take place inside my body.

I have to figure this out: I have certain characteristics from childhood traumas, etc. Since I never had real parents, I never knew who my father was and my mother didn't give a hoot about me (I wasn't brought up, I just grew up like a wild plant), I want love affection the sort of love and affection you get from a parent rather than a jealous lover, and especially a father.

I grew up wild, I want to stay wild.

The first older man I ever fucked rejected me and his rejection put me right back into childhood desperation craziness and made me physically sick.

OK These are characteristics. I can either do what I want to (satisfy my characteristics) or not bother.

Doing what I want to is dangerous 'cause I can get really hurt. So I lie to people. I say 'I love living alone.' 'I fuck around a lot.' But I really want what I want. These aren't passing emotions. These are my characteristics.

By *love* do I just mean satisfaction of the needs created by my characteristics?

Obviously I have to change my manner of life in some large way. And I have to do so in accordance with my needs.

I can't live a slave in a locked-up room for ever. Think more on this:

Dear Dimwit,

I'm so scared that I'm not thinking anymore. I want to do whatever I can to make you happy. If you don't want to fuck me, that's OK. If you want to fuck me once a month like you do all your other girlfriends that's OK. I'll do anything

so I can keep knowing you. I think you're the most interesting man I know

even though I'm very scared of getting hurt by you.

Dear Dimwit,

Now you're gone from my life. You're not here. Go fuck yourself 'cause I hate

you. I know you don't need me. I hurt. I'm stupid.

Hester begins to break out of the prison of her mind when she starts to do something for someone besides herself despite whatever her emotions may be. Chillingworth while pretending he's curing and loving Dimwit is instilling poison in Dimwit's soul. Like Hester, Dimwit hates himself. Like Hester, Dimwit is conscious he doesn't understand what's happening. Hester sees Dimwit's going crazy and in deepening torture.

When you start to do something for someone else, you start to perceive that you're the cause of all the pain in the world and that only you can do something about it. So Hester tells Chillingworth she's going to tell Dimwit who Chillingworth really is. Chillingworth says if she does so, he'll tell everyone Dimwit is her bastard's father and Dimwit will die.

Robot fucking. Mechanical fucking. Robot love. Mechanical love. Money cause. Money cause. Mechanical causes. Possessiveness habits jealousy lack of privacy wanting wanting wanting. Is that all you think I mean when I say I care about you? At least give me a chance to learn and find out who you are.

This is a plea.

See. I think it's so easy. I throw away my 'A'. But my body goes crazy, night comes and my body goes crazy. I stick my third finger in my cunt, no no that doesn't help, where is relief? Could pick up some young boy. Young boys are candy; they're not relief. You are relief, but you're in my mind: you're my characteristics again: I want relief. I want to know who you really are.

My body aches and aches and I remember who I am.

Hester tells Dimwit Chillingworth is her husband and hates Dimwit. According to Hawthorne, as soon as Hester does this, as soon as her ego-obsessions are beginning to break up (this is why psychiatrists stink: they focus you even more on your ego-obsessions rather than helping you turn away), she and Dimwit and the society around them begin to move from prison to being free.

Then Hester falls back into herself. You see, I know I'm selfish. She's going to fuck Dimwit, she's going to have Dimwit for ever and for ever, the moon and the stars in the sky, pluck them out with your hand, put them in your pocket and keep them, a dream of a limitless world, of the sun and the moon and the stars. As far as I can go. Love love love. Want want want. This is a message to myself. You are pursuing your own desires and your own desires are BORING.

Dear Dimwit, I WANT TO LEARN.

Dear Dimwit, This is the plan: We're going to run away from here and live happily ever after. We're going to be able to fuck each other however we want to as much as we want. There's a pirate ship sitting in the harbour. When that pirate ship leaves in four days, we'll be pirates on it, sailing to Persia. In Persia everyone does

whatever they want.

I won't ever impinge on your freedom Dimwit. You can sit on the faces of as many Persian girls as you want to, you can stop fucking me, you can have Turkish coffee and hash with me only once a month: I want you to do what you

want as much as I'm doing what I want. I want to love you madly so I'm loving you madly. I hope you don't mind . . .

Once upon a time there was a materialistic society one of the results of this materialism was a 'sexual revolution'. Since the materialistic society had succeeded in separating sex from every possible feeling, all you girls can now go spread your legs as much as you want 'cause it's sooo easy to fuck it's sooo easy to be a robot it's sooo easy not to feel. Sex in America is S & M. This is the glorification of S & M and slavery and prison. In this society there was a woman who had freedom and suddenly the black night opens up and she got fucked a lot and she got tied up with ropes and on upward and it doesn't stop beaten a lot and made to spread her legs too wide the night is open space that goes on and on, this woman got so mentally and physically hurt not opaque black, but a black that is extension she stopped fucking even though fucking is the thing to do. This woman was really tied up. One day a man and excitement and the possibilities of new man tried to fuck the woman. She loved him consciousness, consciousness. desperately so she wouldn't let him touch her open her find her all gooky and bloody and screaming don't you see it?

and angry hurt pain inside. Tell me how are the right here. more important than any desperate lobotomy children supposed to act? How are love desperate possibility of going out farther, the children who imbibed acid and downs and dex and going out and out as far as possible horse before they were born, who walk through the going out as far as possible in freedom radioactive rain, how are they supposed going out as far as possible in freedom to act? Tell me now why am I scared to fuck

going out as far as possible in freedom

you Dimwit? I'm all alone in outer space.

going out as far as possible in freedom,

I'M ALONE. THE SHIT WITH DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN

CRAZY AND SANE. DOES ANYONE KNOW WHAT'S

HAPPENING?

Dear Dimwit: There's really no plan. I don't understand what's happening. I don't know how to talk. I like you.

Dear Hester: I don't want to run away with you and become a pirate. I just want to save my soul.

Yours,
Dimwit

The shit hits the fan and everything becomes chaos and wild again. There are no more secrets. Dimwit ascends the scaffold, the prison, the place of punishment, caught at the height of agony, about to orgasm, and says I'm the guy who fucked Hester. I'm the one you've all been looking for. I'M A CRIMINAL.

The Scarlet Letter is the best book I've read locked up in the Persian slave trader's room and I think everyone should read it. I'm not going to tell you the ending of the book and spoil it for you. I think the author Nathaniel Hawthorne felt that his readers should have fun reading his stories. He didn't think anybody'd learn anything.

Hawthorne is a writer Writers create what they do out of their own frightful agony and blood and mushed-up guts and horrible mixed-up insides. The more they are in touch with their insides the better they create. If you like a writer's books read his books, the books aren't pure suffering; if you want to publish/help the writer, do it business-like, but don't get into the writer's personal life thinking if you like the books you'll like the writer. A writer's personal life is horrible and lonely. Writers are queer so keep away from them. I live in pain, but one day, Hawthorne said, I'm going to be happy I'm going to be so happy even if I'm not alive anymore. There's going to be a world where the imagination is created by joy not suffering, a man and a woman can love each other again they can kiss and fuck again (a woman's going to come along and make this world for me even though I'm not alive anymore), for the criminals, the agony of being rejected and yet I will keep on being rejected, because I will live only by my dreams for those who being dreamers in this fucked-up society must be unhappy criminals,

the lonely, the royal fuck.

Translating

Days or months or years. At one point Janey fell in love with the Persian slave trader because she had nothing else to feel. She had to write poetry to him.

Since she had no idea how to write poetry, she copied down all she could remember every pukey bit by the Latin poet Sextus Propertius which she had been forced to translate in high school.

On the desire for love

Slave Trader first with his lousy me imprisoned eyes diseased by no before wants.

Then my strong he threw down the drain individuality and head forced into the dust LOVE'S feet, until me he had taught undiseased to be evil, him evil, and without to live plan.

And my at this moment for a whole wanting this has been going strong year, although be my enemy I am compelled to have the universe.

Psyche, by no fleeing labours hard times, Love
the ferocity of all-mighty she battled:

Sometimes the castle's her-mind-gone she would wander through shifting
hallways so she was wild meeting beasts; physically beaten up. Worse: rejected burnt in hidden corners she cried her eyes out. In this way fast-changing she controlled the boy: So much against love prayers and enduring help out. Inside me monogoloid WANTING no knows techniques, can't remember known, like before, to go roads. As for you of drawing down who knows the trick the moon and a work in magic sacred things doing, right now one-I-want's mind turn round and make him at the thought become

death-white of my lips even more! Then I'll believe you both the stars and the waters can saying have power over by poems.

As for you who too late me given up told the truth, friends,
Get for not quiet heart help.

Resolutely both the knives burning of my lust I'll accept and fires,
as long as the freedom whatever my lust wishes to say.

Poetry! Poetry!

Take me away
through the farthest races
Through the farthest waves
To where no men know the way.

You who're safe 'cause God or Luck lets you
Thirst desire and in always love may you remain safe.
Against me MY LOVE nights bears down sour
never ceases agony wanting Love.
I'm telling you: shun evil: Love fucks up
everyone and never becomes safe.
If any of you to these words don't listen
Too bad you'll return knowing suffering to my yourself poems.

Dying is one cure for love

Just like Ariadne's just dead on the empty shore
'Cause Theseus has abandoned her,
Just like Andromeda who's just gotten away from a horrible green sea-monster
Sleeps on the sharp spikes of rocks,
Just like from endless drinking, drugs, and sex
a Bacchante drops dead on sweet soft grass:
so I see lightly breathing
Slave Trader his bobbing resting on his arms head,
as I mean cruel drag my drunk feet
and outside the night, night becomes everything.
Not yet completely gaga,
I gently crawled up to his bed
to give him head
but the more horny I became,
the drunker I became:
my body was a battle between sex and booze.
Finally I dared my fingers touch his upper arm
kiss him, then breathing his breath my arms

but what if I woke him? I might harm him -
I know how horrible Slave Trader can be,
Temperamental and raging like all the Arabs I've seen -
but I couldn't leave him
I had to look at him
just like Argus had to keep
his thousand eyes pinned on a horny cow
('cause she was a beautiful female)
and so couldn't die or sleep.
Just as I'm unbuttoning from my hair tiny flowers
just as I'm laying on Persian Slave Trader's head
now the apples I've ripped off I'm putting in your hands
all to a thankless I'm giving sleep
gifts rolling off your slanted body
the few times I have to breathe
I try to stop, lest my breath be an augury
that'll bring you nightmares and fears
or worse,
lest I make a nightmare that'll take you away from me.

The windows turned-different-ways the moon running before the moon flickering light delaying the world

here unreality):

long beams your eyes revealed

and you said on that soft fixed bed arms:

ARE YOU COMING BACK TO MY BED,

I KNOW YOU'RE COMING TO HARM ME,

ONLY 'CAUSE SOME GUY COVERED YOU WITH HIS SPERM

AND THEN REJECTED YOU?

WHERE D'YOU SPEND THE NIGHT

CAUSE OBVIOUSLY YOU HAD NO DESIRE TO COME HOME UNTIL

I DIED)? I WISH YOU WOULD KNOW THIS NIGHTLY AGONY. I WISH THE TABLES WERE

TURNED! JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO I WAS TRYING TO WAIT UP FOR YOU

BY WATCHING TV THEN BY WRITING POEMS THEN BY COMPLAINING

THAT YOU CARE FOR EVERYONE ELSE BUT ME THAT YOU COME HOME ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE TO FINALLY FORGETFULNESS SWEEP HER ARMS ACROSS ME, OBLIVION IS THE ONLY CURE FOR AGONY.'

The diseased

I want all of you out there to shut up.

I'm going to live the ways we want to live.

What do you want of me now?

Liver, blood, guts?

The only thing left is madness.

You too're gonna drive yourself to the pits: You're gonna walk on coals through blazing fires: You're gonna drink down the world's most painful poisons: That's what wanting love is.

My man isn't like other men. He can keep you in prison. He can make you do anything. I know why all of you want him.

But worse, what happens if my Slave Trader for some stupid reason happens to like you?

Then you're screwed:

no more sleep.
Nor will he let you keep your eyes.
He compulsions alone can fetter forces wildness.
How many times a spineless being you'll run to

all the weaky friends you formerly despised, tremulous sorrow will arise with tears shuddering warts and pimples and fleas'll appear on your skin all your wishes'll go, words are no more, you'll never again know who you are.

You'll learn to serve him, girl, to be whatever he wants,
to disappear whenever he wants you to go.
You'll learn why people who want, want to die
why the whole world are lies.
Your rich parents ain't helping:
cause Love's more powerful than social climbing.
But if even small you have given footsteps of your failure
how quickly from such a reputation you will be a murmur!
Not I then I will be able comfort to bear to asking you
'Cause I'm sick too.
At this point sicker than you.
My disease is forever.
I know no comfort.
Since we're both maniacs,
let's be nice to each other.
I myself want to live.
I want to burn.
all I ask is no one loves me
in return.

But living is luxury

What does it help to go without life, hair
and in thin silk to move slink around,
why from the Persian trees perfumed arm-pits myrhh
you sell in these exotic yourself wares
your natural and self as you throw away art and culture?
Believe me, no your there's bettering figure
Love does not take tricks bare.
Love does not take tricks bare
Love is nowhere
Love is nowhere to be found
Wings are falling to the ground.
Not thus Castor Phoebe set on fire,
His brother by working not her sister,
Not by working Idas, and the horny source of discord to Sun
Marpessa finally away from her parents' home
no the Phrygian by fake she captured glitter a husband
dragged away by alien wheels:
not to those eagerness all the time to get control of men:
to them more than enough the form honesty.

I But you're not honest so I'm scared

think I'm as cheap as you are.

Love loves luxuries, entwining and pleasant ways, May lingering dreams bring happiness all your days.

To Slave trader

Are you really crazy, doesn't you my love mean anything to?

Do you think I'm than icy more frigid Illyria?

To you so valuable, whoever she is, does that girl seem

That without me controlled by the winds to go you want?

You hear can the raging of oceans under bridges,

brave? on hard cold floor how to sleep you can know?

you, delicate and scared, survive chills and frosts you can, not used to the slightest snow? Let winter's be double the length of solstice let be dead 'cause of late the sailors Pleiades let no your from the Tyrrhenian be freed ropes muck let not unfriendly my throw away winds pleas!

But, let there be no double winter dead winds, if you on a speeding carry away the waves ship from me prisoned on this empty and allow shore you horror with clenched to threaten wrist.

But whatever happens whatever I, horror, you owe,

I hope Galatea brings you luck

may be sailed-by Ceraunian cliffs by oar felicitous

let in Oricos with calmness.

Me no one will take away from you

but I, life, in front of your house bitter puss will keep screaming

and not I may fail every sailor to ask passing-by,

"Tell me, in what port in prison my boy is?"

and I will cry, 'It's possible on Atracian he's set down shores

or it's possible in Hylaeia, he my future is.'

Janey wrote the following poems by herself

A throw of the dice never will abolish chance

I don't want nothing no more

I just wanna be left alone

I don want no cancer in my bones

All you people in the streets You don wanna marry me

I don't know what or who's happening

PUKE

GOOGOO

YU

M

N

ME

SHIT SHIT

SHITFACE
ME

SHIT SMEARS ON MY
HANDS I STINK I
GOOGOO I STINK
REAL GOOD I STINK
WHEN I SMEAR SHIT A
MY FACE LOTS I'M A
OFFENDER END OF

SSSSSS

me } who
me } is
me } this?

I CAN SCRAWL AND
I CAN CRAWL ~~ONLY MY~~

~~PEN~~

I I I I I I I I I I I

~~(I W)~~

I wish
that there was
a reason to be-
lieve this letter



- tongue



birds fly

life GLOOGLOOGLOO

FUCK YOU SHIT
PISS

I don't feel like this no no I don
I care about loving I care about friends
Somewhere in me maybe I do
I've gotten really bored with my dreams
Heat disease syphilis pregnancy
All you creeps on the street get away from me
Well tell me what excites me Well tell me what's important I got nowhere to go to There's no where
that I want Every time I want someone
it's just a dream Everything I want is a dream And dreams stink more than anything
Heart disease syphilis pregnancy
All you creeps on the streets get away from me
No No No No No No NO NO NO
No
No
No
No
No No No
Oh suck my cock honey suck my cock
That's what it's all about
I love how you turn yourself
Around and upside-down inside-out
for me
just for me
Oh I know
I must taste sweet
SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK
ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME

SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK
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ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK
ME SUCK ME SUCK ME SUCK ME
sex is sweet
now we've done with sex where we gonna go?
If you have no pleasure to live for, do you want to live?
grey grey everywhere grey
blucky blucky shiv
shifting shivers lurk in corners
corners of the nothing
everyone walking down the corridors
they think they are the outside.
in the corners there lurk
wars and poisons and liars and dirt
Just let me sleep under warmth crawl my eyes
Here is my lullabye:
If you have no mind to live for do you want to live?
Now stars lights up my head

I want the whole world to burn up instantly
I want everyone and thing to be dead
And then there'll be, not begin, another world
Or so I've heard it said
I don't know.
Don't ask me nothing. I don't know. I'm in pain. Ask me something. I'm tell
you I hurt. I don't have any other answers.
I like fire.
I like glory.
I like stars.
I like moving as fast fast as I can on a speeding train especially when I'm in pain
I like moving until I get beyond and I'm insane
meaning I can't think anymore meaning I'm a robot meaning I'm a dodo meaning
I'm a creep meaning I'm stupid
This is one of my dreams.
It stinks 'cause it's more prevalent than any thing.

What can we do for each other?
I don't know.
Finally we go there
All alone.
What can we do for each other? We come back from that
loneliness and say
I've been there, I saw what I had to see and disappeared, it's OK.
Life is totally totally lonely
No matter how bad things get on the streets
Poverty hypocrisy greed the world
Beauty joy honesty and all the rest
One side of the coin or the other
The only real thing is that split (second) between life and death.
excitement and danger and blackness I have that feeling and I feel really happy, more than sex and love
and wealth, I like danger
continuing unchanging calm danger.
like a marriage that doesn't stop
only the whole world appears and disappears
and adventures pop up little blots
of madness, long stretches of nothing -you don't know where you're at -
(*Janey's slave poem:*
Why am I existing?
Just to be a slave?
List of my slave duties:
(1) Body slavery: I have to eat and get shelter so need money. Also my body likes sex and rich food
and I'll do anything for these.
(2) Mind slavery: I want more than just money. I live in a partially human world and I want people to
think and feel certain ways about me. So I try to set up certain networks, mental-physical, in time and space
to get what I want. (I also set up these networks to get money.) These networks become history and culture
(if they work) and as such, turn against me and take away time and space. They tell me what to do.
The world I perceive, everything I perceive are indicators of my boring needs. Otherwise there's
nothing. I might as well not exist.

I don't think I care about anything. All my emotions, no matter how passionate, are based on my needs. So I can figure out at this point how to make enough money get enough people out of my life so I can relax sleep all the time every few days. Is there any other reason besides negativity?

Everything that has to do with this slave world makes me nauseous. All my emotions and ideas (i.e. depending on unstable ground for a decision: on any taste, on desire - that used to be the one I adored, on fascination,

on conceptual ideas, on inspiration, etc) make me sick and I want to die because I don't see anything else.

I don't even adore my emotions anymore. Whatever the fuck they are.

Living locked-up in a slave trader's room is easy. I mean you have the same emotions over and over again, the same thoughts, the same body, and after a while you see it's all in your mind: you're stuck to your mind. SLAVESLAVESLAVE.

The only thing I want is freedom. Let me tell you: I don't have any idea what that means. Depending on someone/something who's stable makes me happy. I don't find the external world stable unlike Francis Ponge. To base myself (?) on who/that which is stable and to have no regard for anything else makes me happy.)

DEFIES WHAT IS: NOT LIFE, BUT OBLIVION

**DEFIES DEFIES DEFIES NOT
THOUGHT, BUT DEFIES**

every howl of pain is a howl of defiance every howl of pain is a howl of romance
driven beyond all measure of success, driven so there are no limits to what I do
this immeasurable eating, hunger, moving desire to lose consciousness,
go to the end

as if there's a beyond

driven beyond body desires into just desire, not for what, just desire

DEFIANCE born

not made by environmental poverty

DEFIANCE SCORN BLOOD

(not just hallucination dispersed from agony - Mallarmé).

if this is the world **DEFIANCE**

would become the whole world **DEFIANCE**

the world would be a flame:

**A TOTAL FLAME BURNING ITSELF
UP**

BLOOD AND FEAR AND GUTS MY VISION

This is my vision of agony.

I no longer have to give the details of agony

'Cause everyone knows what they hear and see.

howling about nothing, howling about howling, driven up against the wall to break; nothing, says Mallarmé, takes place a lie, a fake ruin but

in these places

in which all reality turns into a howl and makes itself go away

something happens:

Ghouls

There are such things as ghosts. Death does not all things end. and pale yellow from vanquished even shades escape their graves. You see, Jane my was seen to lean over bed, though near the roar of just-buried Broadway, as finally I was about to fall asleep realizing love just dead, my bed and new reigns of chill and pain.

The same she had which she took with her to the grave hairs,

the same eyes: one side of her dress was burned,

she had always worn on finger the ring its sapphire had eaten away fire,

surfaces Death's had turned black her lips' dirt.

Breathing and animation and these words she sent out: though

thumbbones were rattling her hands:

'You lousy creep, though you're the best can hope for a girl,

you already asleep how can?

Already you have forgotten our desperate crimes:

by my that nocturnal worn-down window thefts

through which dropped-down I to you by a rope hanging how many times

by the other snaking around your neck hand!

Often Our True Love occurred publicly; sex organs joined-up

made hot skins our streets.

Thou Love-Partnership Thou silent, whose obviously lying promises

not hearing has torn the deaf wind to pieces!

No man loved me, eyes, dying;

if you had loved me I could have gotten one more day.

Not even a priest gave a shit about my funeral, but a broken brick fell on my dead brains.

'You matter most of all: who saw you bent over with grief at the funeral?

Who saw your black clothes? Who saw you cry?

If it pains you so much to leave this city, even for a funeral,

you could have at least told my death-car to drive more slowly.

Why did you pray, I know you hate me, the winds to rage over my grave?

Why didn't my grave smell of perfume?

Why didn't the most expensive roses in the world cover my putrifying body?

And why didn't you get all the priests in the world to try to mollify the demons

raging in the death-room? You can't manage to do anything. You're a goon. This is what you gotta do:'

This poem was written about 2,000 years ago and is evidence of how things were and that nothing's changed. The world, that is, thoughts, still stink.

'Lydamus KILL - get WHITE HOT the KNIFE -
I saw how, as from POISON SLUSH WHITE the wine I drank,
Nonas SECRETLY COVERED UP CLEVER BITCH the taste:
let reveal TORTURES how she STANK.
SHE who up to a few days ago in CHEAP AS THEY COME was
SELLING her CUNT the NIGHTS now in GOLD-AND-PURPLE GOWNS is DEIGNING TO STEP
ON THE

DIRT and is making my SERVANTS WORK their ASSES off, so they won't have time to
REMEMBER even my appearance and

HER TO CURSE: Just my cause Petale brought to my tomb some flowers, STUCK PINS IN CHAINS
ON SHIT has been the OLD WOMAN; is BEATEN UP and Lalage by TWISTED HUNG HAIRS name
because she DARED to my mention. YOU let the WHORE BURN UP my picture the GOLD frames so
YOU TWO could MAKE some DOUGH out of my FUNERAL.' My thoughts hurt me all the time. They're
the truth. 'Not nevertheless I pursue, although you deserve it Slave Trader: for long my in reigns were you. I
swear I, by the Fates by-no-one-able-to-be-reversed, may Death-Dog thus to be gently bark,

that I was true to you. If I'm lying, that most-fearful-in-the-world snake my will hiss at tomb and on
top of bones lie.' The realm of death:

'There are two filthy homes obtained-by-lottery across the river The crowd turned one way or the other
rows across the water. One way: Clytemestra's addiction draws, or Cressa's: counterfeit wood monster bull
cock fuck sex.'

THIS IS DEATH

(something else besides horror exists):

'Lo: the other: wreathed part carried away and by light ships seized, running quick in the water, flying,
caresses where paradise's breeze is your breath bursting into flames music the blood veins eyes faster, like
an orgasm growing and growing, burst abyss to endless size, I lie in a witch's trance.

Just from your glance, your breath is my breath.

'Andromeda and Hypermestre who could love tell us their stories:

'I was an innocent girl. 'Cause my mother was jealous of me she pinned my arms against these sharp
ice-bound crags, bruised me, and left me still alive.'

'My father told me and my sisters to kill our husbands. I couldn't 'cause
something in me shrivelled and vomitted then my father placed heavy chains
around

my thin knees.':

thus by tears of death we heal the loves of life.

'I've wept enough tears now. I can no longer see of your crimes the treachery. I'm just asking you one
last thing (if you have any love at all left for me (if Chlorid's coke hasn't made you mean),

'(1) Nurse in her trembling, no more desires, years are claws Partheni: she was competent and not
avaricious, please give her pleasure, and my Nanny who loved her work let her mirror not reflect a strange
mistress.

'(2.) Whatever songs you made in my name
burn them up: fame can no longer be mine.

(3.) Just put on my tomb some ivy ripe with berries gently intertwining with
vines,

and branchy the East River where garbage spreads on cement
never, thanks to Rockefeller, will money grow stale,

(4.) this epitaph scribble on the middle of some wall

SCRIBBLE it so that even the dumbest coked-up businessman can read:

HERE LIES GOLDEN JANEY GOLDEN CITY WHOSE DEAD BODY YOUR GOLD FEEDS DO

NOT EVER TURN AWAY FROM LOVE'S DREAMS ALL EXISTENCE HAS A GOLDEN SHEEN

'This is what we call life:

by an unstable night we are carried, night is freeing from
our self's prison all Shades Who wander, for Cerberus casts the bolt away.

'This is what we call death:

At lights' rise all of us must to Death's swamp return.

No escape: we are conveyed: the boatman counts his load.

No matter what love what joy what agony you know alive, soon alone
you will be dead with me, and I will rub bones love with mingled bones.'

After all these fits of anger and jealousy and craving had finished, she died:
between our kisses slipped away that shade of mine.

Cancer

The Persian slave trader finally decided Janey was ready to hit the streets. She had demonstrated that she knew how to make impotent men hard, give blow and rim jobs, tease, figure out exactly what each man wants without asking him, make a man feel secure, desirable, and wild. Now she was beautiful. There was only one thing wrong, at least according to the Persian slave trader. At this moment he found out that she had cancer.

Having cancer is like having a baby. If you're a woman and you can't have a baby 'cause you're starving poor or 'cause no man wants anything to do with you or 'cause you're lonely and miserable and frightened and totally insane, you might as well get cancer. You can feel your lump, and you nurse, knowing it will always get bigger. It eats you, and, gradually, you learn, as all good mothers learn, to love yourself.

Janey was learning to love herself. Everything was shooting out of her body like an orgasming volcano. All the pain and misery she had been feeling, crime and terror on the streets had come out. She was no longer totally impotent and passive about her lousy situation. Now she could do something about the pain in the world: she could die.

Janey had always been the first in her group to explore whatever frontier presented itself. She had been the first one in her family to hate her family. She had been the first girl in her class to fuck. She had been the first in her class to say No and run away. Now she had cancer.

The slave trader abandoned Janey. 'Oh please, Slave Trader, come back. I want you. I need you. I want to marry you.'

She wandered frantically around the apartment.

By accident, he dialled the wrong number and called her up on the phone.

'I want to marry you.'

'Don't be silly. That's so foolish. Anyway I'd have to come back to the apartment to marry you and I'm not coming back.'

She took up her pencil stub for the last time and wrote down 'I need love'. She lay down on her stomach on the floor. Dusty late afternoon sun was flooding through the western window. She fantasized that she would kill herself by sticking a razor blade through her wrist.

She decided there's no need to kill yourself if you've got cancer. As she slowly walked down the open back stairs of the Sutton Avenue apartment building, she saw a passport and a paid ticket to that place of magic, Tangier.

A journey to the end of the night

Tangier

(Excerpts from Janey's diary while she's in Tangier.)

This time when I run after a man who doesn't want me, I'm *really* going to run after him.

I'm sitting in the Café Tangier and smoking a cigarette.

'Look,' my friend Michal says to me, 'that's Jean Genet!'

Jean Genet walks slowly, his hands are in his pockets, he stares as if he's not seeing anything, eyes fixed, at this café.

He stops. He stands still for a few moments. He looks like I always imagined he'd look. Then he swivels half-way around and looks at Café Fuentes' canape. He chooses the Café Central.

I have to meet him.

I tell Michal. He tells me not to meet him.

'Why? Is he horrible?'

'He doesn't like to meet people and he won't talk to you. He lives like a hermit. Everyone's told me that.'

I have to meet Genet. It's that simple. It's not often something's simple. If Genet refuses to talk to me I'll walk away so I won't be hurt. I watch him sit down in the Café Central and start talking to a young boy.

An hour has passed. Conversations, whispered at the edges of my ears, go on and on. One of my eyes is on the human goats and dogs milling around in the square; one on Genet's bald head. The minute he moves, I move.

I ask someone the time.

'Three o'clock.'

I say to my friend, 'I'm going.'

He cries, 'You're out of your mind.'

As I'm walking towards Genet I hear: 'You can't throw yourself on a famous writer like Genet, on a man who'll reject you. You have to learn to control yourself.'

Genet wrote: 'Loneliness and poverty made me not walk but fly. For

I was so poor, and I have already been accused of so many thefts, that when I leave a room too quietly on tiptoe, holding my breath, I am not sure, even now, that I'm not carrying off with me the holes in the curtains or hangings.'

Genet's walking. I walk slowly towards him. He stops, about three feet in front of me, his hands in his pockets, swaying slightly and leaning forward.

I know I'm looking too hard at him. I say, 'You're Monsieur Genet, aren't you?'

He hesitates for a minute. He notices me but he doesn't want to. 'Who are you?'

For a second I can't speak. 'I'm a writer.'

He holds out his right hand to me. 'Enchanté.'

I take it. As we walk up the Siaghines I ask him if he likes Tangier.

'Ça va,' he murmurs.

'Do you think it's beautiful, the most beautiful city in the world?'

'Certainly not. What gave you that idea?'

'Everyone says so.'

'In Asia there are many more beautiful cities.'

During the twenty minutes it takes us, me and Jean Genet, to walk from the square of cafés to the Hotel Minzah, we talk about writers, writing, and some of the problems of publication. 'I don't like institutions,' he says. We're standing in front of the Minzah, he gives me his hand and adds, 'I always take a nap around now. Tomorrow, if you like, we can meet at the Café el Menara. Around two in the afternoon?'

Today is a day like any other day. I don't know any reason I should feel differently. I'm sitting in the Café el Menara. Will he come or not? For me it's the previous day because what I want to happen hasn't yet happened.

He walks along the white dust, slowly, like he did yesterday. I lift my hand. His eyes light up and he smiles. I stand up. We shake hands for a long time.

He's warmer to me than he was yesterday. He sits down. He orders a glass of mint tea and I do the same. Some people walk by me and disappear. Some walk back and forth as if they're looking for someone. These are mainly young beggars looking for tourists.

'I don't understand why they haven't translated any of your books into Arabic,' I say.

'I don't know. No one has asked me to do it. Maybe some day they will, maybe not. It depends on whether my things interest them at that point. Personally, I think the Arabs are extremely sensitive when it comes to questions

of morality.'

'Did you have a hard time writing your first novel?'

'No, not very. I wrote the first fifty pages of *Nôtre Dame des Fleurs* in prison. And when I was transferred to another gaol they somehow got left behind. I did everything I could to get them back, but it was hopeless. And so I wrapped myself in my blanket and rewrote the fifty pages straight off.'

'I know you didn't start to write until you were thirty,' I say. 'Thirty-two or thirty-three.'

'That's right.'

'You haven't written anything for several years, have you? Do you consider your literary silence and your assumption of a political position part of your writing?'

'Literally I've said what I've had to say. Even if there was anything more to add, I'd keep it to myself. That's how things are. There's no absolute yes and there's no absolute no. I'm sitting here, with you now, but I might easily not be.'

Later he tells me a story about Tangier. 'I knew a young sailor who was working on a ship in France. The maritime court of Toulon had exiled to Tangier an ensign who had turned over to the enemy the plans of some weapon or battle strategy or boat. Treason, at its best, is that act which defies the whole populace, their pride, their morality, their leaders and slogans. The newspaper said the ensign acted "... out of a taste for treason." Next to this article was the picture of a young, very handsome officer. The young sailor was taken with this picture and still carries it with him. He was so carried away that he decided to share the exile's fate. "I shall go to Tangier," he said to himself, "and perhaps I may be summoned among the traitors and become one of them."

We're sitting in the Café el Menara and I tell Genet some of the things that happened in my last weeks in New York City:

'President Carter is the pillar of American society. He's almost fifty-three years old. WORN OUT by DECAYing practices, he looks like a SKELETON. He's HAIRY as a RAT, flat-backed, his ASS looks like TWO DIRTY RAGS FLAPPING OVER A PISS-STAINED WALL. Because he gets whipped so much the SKIN of his ASS is DEAD and you can KNEAD it and SLICE it. He will never FEEL a thing. President Carter's centre is an enormous HOLE. This HOLE'S DIAMETER, COLOUR, and ODOUR resemble a NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY TOILET that hasn't been CLEANED for THREE weeks. It DOESN'T resemble any ASSHOLE I've ever seen. PRESIDENT CARTER because HE'S a QUEER LITTLE PIG leaves a THREE-INCH WALL of SHIT around his ASSHOLE. And below his BELLY, WRINKLED as it is LIVID and GUMMY,

he has a shrivelled little

thing, a dried apricot pit that Richard Nixon VOMITED up, a COCK. A BRIGHT RED HEAD sticks out of this apricot pit because at age thirty the President CIRCUMSIZED himself. All MEN who FUCK ought to circumsize themselves and CUT their COCKS OFF. MEN get CIRCUMSIZED so their COCKS will stay CLEAN when they FUCK; PRESIDENT CARTER'S CIRCUMSIZED so he can make his COCK even FILTHIER by COVERING IT with a layer of SCUM, DRIED GREEN PISS, and SHIT. PRESIDENT CARTER is DISGUSTING in his HEAD and in his BODY. His TASTES are MORE DISGUSTING and his SMELL does not PLEASE everybody. As a POLITICIAN HE HAS many PROBLEMS.

'President Carter needs THREE HOURS OF STIMULATION TO ORGASM. This STIMULATION has to consist of PERVERTED CRUEL SADISTIC and endlessly PROLONGED EVENTS. EVEN THEN it DOESN'T usually WORK because the agents of these events run away, faint, and die TOO SOON. When that HAPPENS, PRESIDENT CARTER gets VERY ANGRY; foam SPURTS FROM his mouth; he becomes epileptic. When he's EPILEPTIC, he can ORGASM.

'You see our President is a man of many MOODS. These MOODS change from second-to-second and he has NO CONTROL over them. When the President's in a MOOD, he CAN'T think or feel anything else. This MENTAL DISORDER and his ALCOHOLISM have turned HIM at this point into an IMBECILE. HE is fond of saying to the dignitaries of other countries that he would rather BE AN IMBECILE THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

'President Carter is a DECADENT man. Those who know him personally are convinced that he owes his present political POWER to TWO or THREE INEXCUSABLE MURDERS.

'I was wandering around the streets with cancer.

'I didn't have any money or know anybody. Although I didn't feel like a bum, I was hanging out on the Bowery with leftover humans.

'One night I wandered into a rock-n-roll club named CBGB's. The lights went boomp boomp boomp the drum went boomp boomp boomp the floor went boomp boomp boomp. Boomp boomp boomp entered my feet. Boomp boomp boomp entered my head. My body split into two bodies. I was the new world. I was pounding. Then there was these worms of bodies, white, covered by second-hand stinking guttered-up rags and knife-torn leather bands, moving sideways HORIZONTAL wriggling like worms who never made it to the snake-evolution stage, we only reproduce, we say, if you cut us apart with a knife, the slimy

saxophone and the singer who's too burned out to stick a banana in his cock
flows away all was gooky amorphous ambiguous nauseous

undefined spystory no reality existed so why bother to do anything? BOOM
BOOM was reality, slimy slimy BOOM BOOM slimy slimy.

'WE DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT YOU IT'S NOT THAT WE WANT
YOUR MONEY, YOU HAVE MORE MONEY THAN US, YOU HAVE MORE
EVERYTHING THAN US, YOU THINK WE WANT YOUR MONEY AND
WE WANT TO KILL YOU, WE DON'T

'WE DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
MORNING WE'RE TOO SCREWED UP WE LIVE ON THE EDGE WE LIVE
ON EVERY EDGE CONCEIVABLE AND ADD A FEW WE ARE SHIT

'THIS'S NOT ANGER

THIS IS NOT ANY EMOTION IT IS LIVING AT THE EDGE, AT EVERY
EDGE, MIGHT AS WELL HATE EVERYBODY. WE DON'T WANT YOUR
MONEY WE WANT

(1) TO BE SCREWED NOW AND THEN

(2) TO GET SOME LOVE IN OUR LIVES

(3) TO HAVE FREE HOSPITALS

(4) TO HAVE THE CONSTANT OPTION OF ONE UNPOISONED
MEAL A DAY WE ARE ALL SCREWED-UP AND WE HAVE WANTS. WE
HAVE OTHER WANTS. LOVE LOVE LOVE. THAT'S WHY WE ARE
SCREWED-UP.

OH YES

LOVE LEADS TO DEATH.

'YOU WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THIS BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIVE
HOW WE LIVE. ACTUALLY YOU DO, BUT YOUR DIET PILLS, AND
ADULTEROUS SNEAKY ONE-MINUTE GENITAL DRIBBLES, AND
MONEY-FRANTIC-NESS AND LOVE OF MEDIA AND PSYCHIATRISTS
AND EVERYTHING THAT IS ANYTHING HAVE SO TAKEN OVER YOUR
MINDS THAT YOU CAN'T SEE AROUND THEM, SEE THAT YOU ARE
ACTUALLY SCUM, TYPICAL NOthings WHO CAN'T FIGURE OUT
HOW EVEN TO ALLOW *BEING LOVED* WITHOUT TOTALLY FREAKING
AND GETTING HYSTERICAL AND DESTROYING BUILT-UP ROOMS,
SCREWED 'CAUSE WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO BE ALWAYS
DIFFERENT (WITHOUT HABITS) - JUST LIKE YOU. WE ARE ALL
ALIKE WE ARE ALL IMMACULATELY CRAZY.

'NOW THAT THIS IS THE NATURE OF REALITY THIS IS WHAT HAS
TO HAPPEN: (1) I NEED LOTS OF LOVE

(2) YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE US ALL YOUR MONEY 'CAUSE YOU HATE YOURSELVES AND 'CAUSE YOU KNOW

(3) ALL POWER SYSTEMS SELF-DESTRUCT WITH THE ADVENT OF ROBOT CANASTA PLAYERS WHO SHOW THE GIRLS WHAT THEY'RE REALLY LIKE. I'M GOING TO SLEEP. GOODNIGHT.'

THIS MESSAGE IS A PUBLIC SERVICE PAID FOR BY THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK OF NORTH AMERICA

'I didn't want anyone to notice me 'cause I was blind so I crawled under the splinters of the bar. The music stopped. A lot of feet passed by. Some of them by accident kicked me. One kicked me too hard.

' "Do you want to fuck me, scumbag?" President Carter said to me.

' "I can't fuck."

' "You've got syphilis?"

' "I've got cancer."

' "Gee." He put his arms around me and kissed me.

I USED TO BE UNHAPPY

OH YES

I LIVED IN THE CORNER OF A ROOM

THEN YOU CAME ALONG AND FUCKED THE SHIT

OUT OF ME I WON'T BE UNHAPPY AGAIN

SPRING IS A COCK THAT'S HARD OH YES

I KNOW YOU'RE A SECRET TERRORIST 'CAUSE LOVE LEADS TO DEATH

I WON'T EVER BE UNHAPPY AGAIN THOUGH IT'S BEEN A WEEK SO YOUR LOVE'S

ALMOST OVER THE WORLD'S ABOUT TO EXPLODE TERRORISTS NEED NO MORE COVER OH YES LOVE LEADS TO DEATH OH YES

'I couldn't hear any of that political music shit I just wanted to kiss the guy again and again. The music made it so you couldn't hear the words and the music itself was so loud music couldn't be heard you weren't hearing this is beyond hearing you is just vibrations so there's no difference between self and music.

'President Carter was just THERE, that's the only way I can describe it. I didn't want to fall in love with him because I didn't want to put

something in my life, but he was screwing me so GOOD and beating me up that I knew I was going to fall in love with him. I did everything I could to avoid President Carter. I dropped out of everything. It's hard to drop out of a nightclub filled with teenage hoods and teenage bums, but that's what I did. I roamed the streets of New York. The streets were black and full of garbage. I ROAMED the streets, not WALKED the streets because I was a cat. Cats adore being loved, but they don't want to be in prison.

'Cars drove by me. Big rich Cadillacs and little snooky sports cars, the grey cars and the red cars, each car had a personality. "Go to hell" a big black car said to me. "Whrr whrr," "race, race" and "toot toot" are what the cars said to each other. On the whole cars like each other and they don't like people. A few cars liked me. A grey car whose behind was longer than its front and which was so smashed it looked like it should be dirty black smiled at me. A long sleek light

green car whistled. "Whooh whooh. I could make a few dollars out of HER."

'Then there were no cars. Two people passed by, men, older males, ages say forty-five and up, bellies large, cocks small with slight dribbles, clothes wool, mouths open. The street was empty again.

'Actually it had always been empty. It was me. I was a disjunct.

'You can smoke a cigarette. A cigarette is thin, long, and it contains fire. You can puff the fire. No one will arrest you. No cop cares. Even if you don't have money, there are butts on the street. Most waiters will give you a match. You see, there's no trouble. It's best to do things there's no trouble about. Being scum, being disgusting, lonely, alone, not bothering anybody, not wanting, being dark, in the dark.

'I tried masturbating. I tried.

'These are secret letters where I can say things that . . . secret (secret). In there get in there. Dark like a canal President Carter I love you. Whoops that's the wrong one. Let's try again. I love you. I have to get beyond that one. The tunnel is my cunt. That's the first bump. A big I love you. I don't want you to go away. I want to be in you, there, in between your right Presidential arm and the skin on your side PUKE MUSHY MUSHY I GO MUSHY I AM REPULSIVE. NO I AM HOT. Now we've got it I AM HOT. Oh please fuck me for the rest of my life. The rest of my life means fuck me right now. As hard as you can.

'OK. I'm telling you exactly what I feel 'cause you never say anything. I don't feel anything. What do I feel?

'I've got cancer. Cancer is the outward condition of the condition of being screwed-up. I am such a total mess, that is: a priori askew to the world/the nature of things/therefore: myself, askew to myself, that I will never live without pain. I can't help but do everything wrong. Every

incident reveals this. I'm saying I'm screwed up because I want you to tell me you love me. 'I know who you are. Go away, President Carter. Leave me alone.

'Our affair had come to a crisis. President Carter had to return to Washington so we had nowhere to sleep together because I couldn't sleep in the White House and he wouldn't sleep on the streets. Huge hickies covered my neck and back. I had asked President Carter to beat me up while we fucked and he had said OK, but we had nowhere to fuck.

'The President didn't mind having nowhere to fuck, only I minded. He said all that mattered was there was political disruption in the air. I *had* to tell him:

FUCK YOU. GO AWAY. I'M LEAVING YOU. I'M GETTING AWAY FROM YOU. WHENEVER THERE'S PAIN, I WALK OUT. WHENEVER SOMETHING GOES WRONG, I WALK OUT, but I didn't. I stuck to him.

'I wrote these things about terrorism:

'Terrorism is not being conscious. Terrorism is letting happen what has to happen. Terrorism is letting rise up all that rises up like a cock or a flower. Tremendous anger and desire. Terrorism is straightforwardness. You are a child. Only you don't imitate. For these reasons terrorists never grow up.

'Terrorism is a way to health. Health is the lusting for infinity and dying of all variants. Health is not stasis. It is not repression of lusting or dying. It is no bonds. The only desire of any terrorist is NO BONDS though terrorists don't desire. Their flaming jumping passions are infinite, but are not them.

'No bonds.

'For these reasons terrorism and health are inseparably bound.

'Terrorism can be fun. As far as big goals go, it has no goals so you remain slum-under; it has lots of little goals. You don't have to live any way. You don't have to believe in any certain thing or world. You don't have to give a goddamn and yet all the passion the burning the disappearance of is in terrorism. Terrorists believe in nothing and everything; serious terrorists every time they kidnap someone don't believe they're changing anything.

'One of the most destructive forces in the world is love. For the following reason: The world is a conglomeration of objects, no, of events and the approachings of events towards objects, therefore of becoming stases static stagnant, of all that is unreal. You get in the world, you get your

daily life your routine doesn't matter if you're rich poor legal illegal, you begin to believe what doesn't change is real, and love comes along and shows all these unchangeable for ever fixtures to be flimsy paper bits. Love can tear anything to shreds.

'PRESIDENT CARTER, it isn't sweet and it hurts. Pain is the world. I don't have anywhere to run. I want to go out in a blaze of light and scream. Stick your cock in me as hard as you can. Hurt me. Beat me. If you beat me hard enough I'll never leave you and I'll do everything you say. Otherwise I run away. I run away whenever I can. You take me by the hips in back of me your cock pounds steady. BAM BAM BAM. I start to come. Your cock moves harder, faster. You're hurting my cunt. Energy shoots up from the base of my spine to the top of my head. Every time cock hits in, energy path set off. You become out-of-control getting into me as much as you can. I'm beyond coming. In a space of consciousness and unconsciousness. Black. No more pain like no more coming. I never knew I could get here. You stop. When cock out of me, I come down enough to start coming. Gradually I stop coming.

Sex you're gonna stop. I hate you. You made me vomit and throw up and act

crazy. Now I'm sick.

You never say anything to me at all, nothing at all. I don't know what goes on in your mind. I don't ask you to come here, to the street. Now everything's changed.

'EVERY POSITION OF DESIRE, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, IS CAPABLE OF PUTTING TO QUESTION THE ESTABLISHED ORDER OF A SOCIETY; NOT THAT DESIRE IS ASOCIAL; ON THE CONTRARY. BUT IT IS EXPLOSIVE; THERE IS NO DESIRING-MACHINE CAPABLE OF BEING ASSEMBLED WITHOUT DEMOLISHING ENTIRE SOCIAL SECTIONS.

'HELLO, I'M ERICA JONG. ALL OF YOU LIKED MY NOVEL *FEAR OF FLYING* BECAUSE IN IT YOU MET REAL PEOPLE. PEOPLE WHO LOVED AND SUFFERED AND LIVED. MY NOVEL CONTAINED REAL PEOPLE. THAT'S WHY YOU LIKED IT. MY NEW NOVEL *HOW TO DIE SUCCESSFULLY* CONTAINS THOSE SAME CHARACTERS. AND IT CONTAINS TWO NEW CHARACTERS. YOU AND ME. ALL OF US ARE REAL. GOODBYE.

'HELLO, I'M ERICA JONG. I'M A REAL NOVELIST. I WRITE BOOKS THAT TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE AGONY OF AMERICAN LIFE, HOW WE ALL SUFFER, THE GROWING PAIN THAT MORE AND MORE OF US ARE GOING TO FEEL. LIFE IN THIS COUNTRY IS GOING TO

GET MORE HORRIBLE, UNBEARABLE, MAKING US MANIACS 'CAUSE MANIA AND DEATH WILL BE THE ONLY DOORS OUT OF PRISON EXCEPT FOR THOSE FEW RICH PEOPLE AND EVEN THEY ARE AGONIZED PRISONERS IN THEIR MASKS, THE PATHS, THE WAYS THEY HAVE TO ACT TO REMAIN WHO THEY ARE. YOU THINK BOOZE SEX COKE RICH FOOD ETC ARE DOORS OUT? TEMPORARY OBLIVION AT BEST. WE NEED TOTAL OBLIVION. WHAT WAS I SAYING? OH YES, MY NAME IS ERICA JONG I WOULD RATHER BE A BABY THAN HAVE SEX. I WOULD RATHER GO GOOGOO. I WOULD RATHER WRITE GOO-GOO. I WOULD RATHER WRITE: FUCK YOU UP YOUR CUNTS THAT'S WHO I AM THE FUCK WITH YOUR MONEY I'M NOT CATERING TO YOU ANYMORE I'M GETTING OUT I'M GETTING OUT I'M RIPPING UP MY CLOTHES I'M RIPPING UP MY SKIN I HURT PAIN OH HURT ME PAIN AT THIS POINT IS GOOD DO YOU UNDERSTAND? PAIN AT THIS POINT IS GOOD. ME ERICA JONG WHEE WOO WOO I AM ERICA JONG I AM ERICA JONG I FUCK ME YOU CREEP WHO'S GOING TO AUSTRALIA YOU'RE LEAVING ME ALL ALONE YOU'RE LEAVING ME WITHOUT SEX I'VE GOTTEN HOOKED ON SEX AND NOW I'M

'MY NAME IS ERICA JONG. IF THERE IS GOD, GOD IS DISJUNCTION AND MADNESS.
YOURS TRULY,

'I is now she. She, Janey. Shit, Janey, shit. I'm glad someone's explaining President Carter to me. Why do I write this down? I read it. I might as well admit to everything I do. "Me"? "Everything"?

'Janey wants President Carter. President Carter may or may not want Janey. Actually President Carter wants Janey, but Janey wants to believe President Carter doesn't want Janey because it's more difficult for Janey to deal with a situation (Janey can't deal with any situation) which isn't a mirror of her desire. Janey isn't me. Which of the two do I think is real?

'Janey sees too many people. Now that Janey has a boyfriend, Janey knows

too many people these people are too many because she has to talk to them because of her boyfriend.

'Each person is an asking, a peculiar kind of hole asking some very definite energy from Janey. Janey is very scared of people because she's scared she's going to hurt someone. So what? She has to give a lot of energy to giving each person the exact right kind of energy.

'By the end of the evening she is nothing.

'President Carter abandoned me. It took me three days to realize this. Then I wrote him a letter.

'I don't care what you do when I don't see you, etc, but when I make this effort to see you, within a few minutes you walk out or else there are lots of people and by the time we're alone either I'm asleep or you're drunk. So we're never alone together for more than a few minutes and we don't really talk or learn about each other and become better (or worse) friends.

'I think we should talk about our peculiarities 'cause I think the situation's getting a little weird and I'm getting confused. I know I'm very peculiar and hard-to-be-with. But I really am confused because you don't talk to me and you don't fuck me yet you want me around.

'You're gone and there's no more love left in the world. I can't deal with you in my mind anymore. I hope I don't ever run into you again even if you are President of the United States. Even before you left -knowing that you had power over me and were going to leave me - that future made us ghosts. That's how I felt. I hurt. That's how I feel. That is: either I judge and blame and Hell exists, or I don't judge and everything's OK. Either this is a time for total despair or it's a time of madness. It's ridiculous to think that mad people will succeed where intellectuals, unions, Wobblies, etc, didn't, I think they will.

'I don't want to stop talking to you, Mr President. You are my home and now you're gone I have no place to stay. I'd rather have nowhere to stay: all America wants somewhere to stay an image stasis. I'd like to say that everything I do, every way I've seemed to feel, however I've seemed to grasp at you, are war tactics.'

Through the arches of the Café Zagora I can see the white area where the distant Atlas mountain tops fade into the white sky. Rows of walls rise to rows of walls and upwards.

Genet asks me if I have a passport.

Why do I need a passport?

He wants to know if I can travel.

I explain I got to Tangier illegally. I don't think I can travel.

Genet's going to leave Tangier. He wants me to go with him.

I'm more excited than I've been in a long time. 'Since I'm dark enough to pass for Moroccan,' I tell Genet, 'can you help me get a Moroccan passport?'

A long line of people are inside the Government Centre building, in rags, with faces of the dead. A skeleton runs out of a grey office and shouts at all of us. His whole attitude is nervous and shaking and mean. Genet walks up to him and talks to him. When Genet returns to me, he says, 'We'll have to come back here in an hour.'

An hour later the office is black and horrible, more crowded. The skeleton official is cursing at the poor people and pushing them into lines. Bit by bit the poor people go away. I don't know how I'm going to get a passport. The skeleton government official is still cursing the poor people, those shuffling hollow rags, even though they're no longer here. Genet murmurs to me: 'He's a pig, a brute, insulting and shoving people around!'

The skeleton pig is still saying that if these people don't give him enough money for a passport, he'll lock them up. These people are all gone. Finally, when the building's being locked up, the skeleton pig tells Genet that I can get a passport if I have the proper papers.

A fine rain is blowing across the sand of the street. 'That man doesn't want papers, he wants a fistful of banknotes, doesn't he?'

I don't answer. We walk for half an hour on the boulevard. Then Genet buys a few newspapers and some magazines, and goes back to the hotel.

Today we got the passport. We found a friend who knew a government official and we paid. Genet's giving a small party in his hotel room. I'm standing opposite Genet.

'Why're you taking her with you?' pointing to me a famous older male friend of Genet's asks him.

'Oh, she works for me. She's a gardener.'

I want to laugh in the guy's face because Genet doesn't have a house or a garden.

'She's your servant.'

Genet thinks about this. 'I didn't mean to mislead you,' he says. 'I don't consider anyone a servant.'

The strange man smiles. I'm accepted in this world. I shake hands with Genet.

Later on the same man asks Genet where we're planning to travel.

'I don't know, I know I can't go to the United States, their government won't let me in again, and I can't go to the Soviet Union for the same reason.'

In *Journal du Voleur* Genet wrote:

Movies and novels have made Tangier into a scary place, a dive where gamblers haggle over the secret plans of all the armies in the world. From the American coast, Tangier seemed to me a fabulous city. It was the very symbol of treason. Here all the big men I've known, all the men who've hurt me because they had no feelings or who've offered me affection and then stamped on me the minute I reached for it, who've swung their monstrous cocks in front of my face and then laughed when I begged to touch, TRAITORS FASCISTS WHO NEED TO CONNIVE all of you live in this fabulous city. I worship you. I can't fuck anyone else. It's not your cocks, but it's your dishonesty your need to manoeuvre

and lie the way most people walk down a street that form those entanglements I call ADVENTURE. Everything else is dead. When I'm with one of you I'm alive and otherwise I don't give a shit.

I don't call having some young boy between my sheets SEX. I rarely let myself go for young or nice boys because I know I'll get bored. I want the textures of your lives, the complexities set up by betrayals and danger - I like men who hurt me because I don't always see myself, I have my egotism cut up. I love this: I love to be beaten up and hurt and taken on a joy ride. This SEX - what I call SEX - guides my life. I

know this Sex of traitors, deviants, scum, and schizophrenics exists. They're the ones I want.

In Egypt, the end

Genet takes Janey with him and they travel through North Africa, through Rabat across the inland through Fés to Oujda, through Tiemsén the city of oases, straight north to Oran, and then, just as summer hits, along the Algerian sea border through Algiers and Bougie down to the mysterious city of Constantine.

In Constantine Genet makes Janey put on the double black dress of an Arabian woman. A dress about twelve feet in length thrown over the head, belted around the waist, then pulled upward at the belt, so three skirts fall from the belt to the ground. Two eyeholes permit the woman to see.

From here Genet and Janey travel along dust-filled roads, through small villages almost nameless, to Tripoli, and along the seacoast through Agheila, through Derna, through Tobruk, as fast as they can, until they reach Alexandria.

Scene 1

Inside an Alexandrian brothel. All the women's houses in the Arab section are brothels, so to speak, but this is *especially* a brothel because its women cater to foreigners. In Alexandria women are low and these are the lowest there are. For them there is no class struggle, no movements of the left, and no right-wing terror because all the men are fascists. All the men own all the money. A man is a walking mass of gold.

The rooms are done in gold. Extremely thick tapestries cover the floor. A large silver cask, lying on a small wood table, decorated on its outside by leaves and branches contains layers of incense and honey. The scene is two whores talking professionally. It is clear that the whores regard what most people regard as (them)selves as images. Sex, that unblocked meeting of selves, is the most fake thing there is.

At the end of this scene a crippled drunken lobotomy case walks into the brothel. He controls the whores because he is a man.

Janey to herself: Genet doesn't know how to be a woman. He thinks all he has to do to be a woman is slobber. He has to do more. He has to get down on his knees and crawl mentally every minute of the day. If he wants a lover, if he doesn't want to be alone every single goddamn minute of the day and horny so bad he feels the tip of his clit stuck in a porcupine's quill, he has to perfectly read his lover's mind, silently, unobtrusively, like a corpse, and figure out at every changing second what his lover wants. He can't be a slave. Women aren't just slaves. They are whatever their men want them to be. They are made, created by men. They are nothing without men.

I have to decide what the world is from my own loneliness.

Scene 2

Janey's lying in the dirt outside Genet's ritzy hotel and dreaming of fucking rock-n-roll stars. First she and James Frogface, whom she met while she was living on the streets of New York City, are standing, holding hands, in a large room. Or they're in a black rock-n-roll club (CBGB's). They walk down the block together, two blocks, to his place. She's surprised she's going home with James because she hadn't thought she was hot for him and also thought he was too young for her taste. Surprisingly now she's kissing James her hands are running up and down his back she's turned on hot shivery steaming WOW! Her legs spread open as she sinks on to the bed woom her arms close around those

thin shoulders. It feels wonderful. Not weird or sort-of-good or not-really-all-there. Just straight wonderful. He fucks hard. He likes to fuck. No need thought fucks everything up. Good. Good. When she meets him at CBGB's at night, her hand strokes his thigh through his thin black sharkskin pants, she realizes she knew it was OK to touch him.

She dreams she's fucking someone more famous than Frogface. More shivers run through her nerves: loss of thought, trust. Trust is loss of thought. Janey and the blond rock-n-roller are madly in love. When she wakes she can't remember who he was and what the sex was like. She doesn't know what to do with herself.

Genet enters and tells Janey she's totally ugly. Because she's so loud no one wants to talk to her. She's the worst kind of Jewish mama pig. She's vulgar and unrestrained and that is what Europeans especially Frenchmen hate most about Americans. The hierarchy is (Genet has to explain the nature of the social world to her because she's American):

Rich men
Poor men
Mothers
Beautiful women
Whores

Poor female and neo-female slut-scum

Janey. Then he kicks Janey around and tells her to be worse than she is, to get down, there, down in the shit, to learn. Go to the extreme. To make the decision. Janey girl still has pretensions. She has to be drained of everything. She has to be disembowelled.

At this moment Genet's secretary runs over to him and helps him off with his coat.

'Thank you, M'Namah,' Genet says politely. 'Reporters have been running after me all day. I shook hands with all of them and smiled a lot. I'm very tired.'

Little by little Janey begins to understand how beautiful Genet is. She's so enamoured with him she's creating him. Truth and falsehood, memory, perception, and fantasy: all are toys in this swirling that is him-her. She's predicting her future.

Her future: Genet spits on her and kicks her. The more she tries to be whatever he wants, the more he despises her. Finally she decides her black wool hood and dress aren't enough. If Genet thinks she's shit, she should be invisible. When she follows him around, she hides in the walls like a shadow. She secretly washes his dirty underpants. She takes on his moodiness and his hating.

'We have to keep you a great writer,' M'Namah says to Genet inside the hotel

room.

'Yes. The most important thing is that I be the best possible writer. Writing is the great thing, the great teacher.'

'Don't worry about anything else. I and the crab girl who crawls in those dirty ...'

'Janey

'... will take care of everything else.' M'Namah laughs and laughs.

Scene 3

The country south of Alexandria is open, dry, and endless. Camel dung and pebbles caught in the sands. Janey is working in a rich man's fields which border on this sand vastness.

Boss {*the boss is a big man who has gorgeous shoulders, big feet, and talks like a sweet American missionary*): Where's a washcloth? {*The Egyptian [slave] workers look dumb.*} Goddamn country. Filthy. Filthy. You don't even have a washcloth. You never take baths, do you?

Janey: With whom, sir?

Boss {*to Sahih, an Egyptian worker. Sahih is tall, thin, and looks like a voodoo man*): Can't you shut them up? {*Sahih is his top slave worker.*}

Sahih: I'm very sorry, Mr Knockwurst. You mustn't be angry with us. We're just like children.

Boss: You've had plenty of time to grow up by now. You people are where you are because you take things too easy. You don't work hard enough.

Janey (*with pride*): I'm going to work harder. I'm going to work so hard I'm going to get out of here.

Boss: Why do you people want to get out of here? Can you think? Can you feel? Tell me, what is life? You eat and you sleep.

Sahih: I'll tell you why she acts the way she does. (*He pulls a cigarette out of his pants.*) Will you allow me to smoke? It's only when the boss is around, I smoke a cigarette. Otherwise I work all the time. Even though I'm an animal. I'm one of the best workers you have.

Janey (*resolutely*): I hate ...

Sahih (*breaking in*): I didn't tell you you could open your mouth.

Janey: You did. All of you did. You said I'm nothing and ...

Sahih: All she does is weep, Mr Knockwurst. You should get rid of her. We might be animals, but at least we know to keep our feelings locked in us. Women are worse than animals, Mr Knockwurst. They don't understand what's happening as we do.

Janey: For 2,000 years you've had the nerve to tell women who we are. We

use your words; we eat your food. Every way we get money has to be a crime. We are plagiarists, liars, and criminals.

Sahih: I know what's discontenting her, Mr Knockwurst. It's always the same thing with women. She's living with that rebellious homosexual and she's horny.

Janey: My face makes him sick.

Sahih: Even though I'm a real man, I know how he feels.

Janey: I don't have anywhere to sleep. I have to work as hard as possible so I can get enough fame then money to get away from here so I can become alive.

Boss: Tell them to shut up. Women are not allowed to talk.

Sahih (to Janey): You have to understand that you're stupid. And you'll never be able to make enough money to get away by working.

Boss: Unless she spreads her legs.

Sahih: Even then she'll have to do specialties.

Boss: So she's horny? She wants a lover? She likes our baskets? *(Laughing.)* She's a woman. She doesn't know what it is to be a human. *(He walks up to Janey and seizes her thighs. Rips them apart.)* Like that. That's what a human is. *(He's in a bad mood. To Sahih):* Get back to work.

Sahih: Are you leaving us, Mr Knockwurst?

The thunder is beginning everywhere. Chaos and horribleness is beginning.

Sahih (to Janey): How are you going to get the money to get out of here?

Janey: Any way I can.

Sahih: Things are happening. There's no reasons or meanings. Things are one way or the other. Which way are you going to choose? There's no way the poor can get money. *(Pause.)* What are you going to choose?

Janey: Everything's going so fast!

Scene 4

Janey's in gaol in Alexandria for stealing two copies of Funeral Rites and hash from Genet. She's alone in a cell surrounded by bars like a caged animal. Every hour an Egyptian judge who's dressed like an overdressed English barrister walks by and tells her who she is.

Judge 1: You're a woman.

Judge 2: You whine and snivel. You don't stand up for yourself. You act like you do totally to please other people. You're a piece of shit.

You're not real. **Judge 3:** You're a whore a thief a liar a smelly fish a money dribbler an

egotistic snob. **Judge 4:** You have every vice in the world.

etc.

Janey (to these gaolers): I hate you. **President Carter**: So what? **Janey**: I have a right to be happy. **President Carter**: You have no rights. The universe is evil. Why do

you think anything? You women are always complaining. Why aren't you like us fascist men: why don't you learn to shut up, stow away your grievances, learn the small details and particulars of evil? (*Pause.*)

You're too lonely. You can't stand it anymore. Your pain has no relation to anyone else's pain. So what? Learn the varieties of pain, watch your pain, and grow up.

You think there is truth. Everything is lies. We don't need to lie 'cause everything is lies. Learn to be proud of lies and materialism and hidings and discrepancies. **Janey**: Accept! Shit. Go take your shit to the grave. That's what I say.

I'll tell you something, tonight

when night comes, I'm going to crawl into your houses, and in your dreams where you have no power, I'll make you steal and whore. I'll turn you around . . .

Gaoler (*breaking in*): What good does it do? All there is is pain in this hatred. You strut around like a peacock. There's no pain. All the pain in the world's in your thoughts.

Janey: I want you to plunge further into irrevocable grief. I want you to be totally without hope. Just what is. I want you to be evil.

Gaoler: Those are just words.

Janey: Keep looking for reality. You'll drive yourself crazier and crazier until you'll realize what I'm doing.

Gaoler: I realize you when I tell you who you are. I realize you by judging you. I love you, Janey, when I beat you up.

Scene 5

Janey's still in gaol. She doesn't know whether it's day or night because she can't see anything. She's blind.

She used to fantasize that when she went blind, a wonderful man would come along, take pity on her, and rescue her. Now she knows that nothing like that is going to happen.

Janey {*thinking quietly to herself, not spoken aloud*): Everything that is this world stinks. Even if something good would come along now like love, or money which causes love, I would laugh in its face. No I wouldn't. I just absolutely know right now and for ever love's not going to come along, so I might as well die. I don't want to commit suicide anymore, like I used to; I want to go through death. How can I go through death?':

(Aloud) Hey, death!

(Death doesn't answer.)

Janey: Goddamn you answer me even if I am a woman!

Death: What do you want, you lousy brat?

Janey: I want to know why a man doesn't love me and why my life's such a miserable shit-pit and why suffering exists? **Death:** I'm not your gaoler. Only living humans are gaolers. **Janey:** You're the biggest and best rebel who is. Why don't you teach

me how to rebel better? **Death:** Your pride in yourself as a criminal, whore, and piece of scum

is causing your suffering. **Janey:** So what.

Death: Do you want me to tell you what death's like? **Janey:** No. When I'm dead, I'll find out.

(Death departs.)

Janey: The night is left. I'm alone. Now the murderers are descending.

(Sounds of thunder.)

Scene 6

As soon as the cops throw Janey into the clinker, Genet starts stealing from the poor and the crippled so he can join Janey in gaol. He doesn't love Janey, but he intuits it'll be wild to join her.

For months he publicly rips off everyone. At first the cops stay away from him because of his reputation as a white intellectual. Finally they bust into his room and stick handcuffs around his wrists.

Being in prison is being in a cunt. Having any sex in the world is having to have sex with capitalism. What can Janey and Genet do?

Scene 7

The capitalists get together and discuss the Janey question.

Mr Knockwurst: The slave Janey stinks. My God. Workers are pigs, women are worse, but she's something else. I arranged to have her steal from that homosexual she lives with so I could have her locked up for the rest of her life, but now she's convincing criminals and prostitutes they're people. If they think they're people, they'll revolt against us. What are we going to do about her?

Mr Fuckface *(an intellectual Viennese count):* Each time you dare to show one of them attention, even if it's to imprison him, the thief begins to think he's someone.

Mr Knockwurst: Well, what can I do? I can't kill all my workers. Then I might have to work.

Mr Blowjob (he owns a large fava bean plantation about ten miles south of

Cairo): I always cut out my peasants' tongues and whatever other extremities they don't need.

Mr Knockwurst: As it is my workers are ready to kill themselves.

Mr Fuckface: What the hell is she? Fourteen years old? What the hell can any of them do? We're fully armed. We own all the weapons in the world and all the scientists who design the weapons. (*Taps his cigar against an ashtray.*) The truth is we can let them do what they want as long as we convince them to stay alive.

(*An Egyptian sneaks in and sets fire to a tree.*)

Mr Knockwurst: The terror is upon us.

Our workers hated us. We denied their expectations. We limited their space and time boundaries so we could get more work out of them. They began to hate everyone. The world. They want to destroy the world. Themselves. They're about to commit mass suicide. Look at Janey . . . That's the problem.

(*Another Egyptian sets fire to a tree.*)

Mr Fuckface: Let her kill herself. Let them all kill themselves. We'll take their babies.

The capitalists lie down on the ground and make love to each other. That is the only sex we know nowadays.

Mr Blowjob: Our love is here to stay.

He and the others in ecstasy take off their false cocks and lipsticks and diamonds and kneecaps and fake fingernails and pacemakers and artificial kidneys and breast sponges and contact lenses and American Express cards and lying voices. Lies lies lies.

Mr Fuckface: You see, we own the language. Language must be used clearly and precisely to reveal our universe. **Mr Blowjob:** Those rebels are never clear. What they say doesn't make

sense. **Mr Fuckface:** It even goes against all the religions to tamper with the sacred languages. **Mr Blowjob:** Without language the only people the rebels can kill are themselves.

(*Meanwhile, the theatre in which the play is being shown is set on fire.*)

Mr Knockwurst: Every night Sahih tells me my workers play these records of screams and to amuse themselves instead of sleeping they knife each other. Is that what we call language?

(*No answer.*)

Mr Knockwurst: They're all Janey's. They're all perverts, transsexuals, criminals, and women. We'll have to think of a plan to exterminate them and get

a new breed of workers.

(Another part of the stage goes up in flames.)

Scene 8

Janey and Genet are locked in neighbouring cages in gaol. Their bodies stink

to high hell. They're whispering to each other.

Janey: I think a war's coming.

Genet: That's no news. Wars are capitalists' toys.

Janey: I'm not talking about a war. Terror is everywhere and it's increasing. **Genet:** You stink more than this gaol does. You lousy stinking pervert. **Janey** *(still whispering)*: The night is opening up, to our thighs, like this cunt which I'm holding in my hand cuntcuntcuntcunt.

and we descend,

like we're in a tunnel or a

cave inside the mind, night is opening all all murderers all you makers of violence come out of your holes. the final Maker of Violence is my thighs, and my bloody fingernails, and the teeth inside my cunt.

Please night take over my mind I don't like this poetry I can't stand to live anymore because Genet won't beat me up anymore.

(A man who murdered his parents begins to act out the murder for the millionth time. Genet and Janey watch.)

Genet: Look . . .

Dim light has gathered through a tiny hole high up in the wall. Suddenly it goes black. In this blackness, caused by a power blow-out, the upper-middle class women and the cops smash store windows, beat up bums with chains, and wander about. A young black man sticks his hand under a ten-year-old girl's tight yellow sweater.

Janey: Let us pray to madness and suffering and horror.

Genet: We're going to die soon. Why don't you think about freedom instead? **Janey:** The night is opening up, like my thighs open up when there's a big fat cock in front of me.

End of abstract haze. Now the specific details can begin in the terrible plagiarism of The Screens. The writing is terrible plagiarism because all culture stinks and there's no reason to make new culture-stink.

Scene 9

All the different people in Alexandria, that city of gold.

Two-storey pale blue, brown, and pale grey brick and wood houses, side by side, down the streets. Red-brown colour, air and surface, and, above that, gold light, the sun, and above that pale blue. The air is grey and semi-thick.

Birds call in the air. They're being scared by the increasing numbers of sudden loud noises. There are some modern apartments and the beach surrounds everything.

Artist: I want to write a play that will amaze everyone. We'll need at

least 200,000 dollars to do it right. We'll have to have an orchestra, at least five to ten actors, an assistant director, a top choreographer, one of the top choreographers in the business, and a proscenium. **Punk**

Rocker: I don't understand what's happening. This world is

doomed. There's nothing to believe in. **Rich Do-Nothing:** The rich are getting richer and the poor are getting

poorer. The right wing is beginning to show its power in this country.

Taxes are abolished and schools are being shut down. Proposition 13 is going to take place all over the country. Everything economic and therefore everything is going to get worse. **A Nouveau-Riche Woman (to the rebels):** You rebels are so fashionable.

You dress in the most cunningly torn rags. Where can I buy rags just like yours? **Rebels (to Janey, who just escaped from gaol with Genet):** You stink. Get

out of here. We don't need shit-ass dogs like you. Go to the sewers. **Janey:** Please tell me if the world is horrible and if my life is horrible

and if there's no use trying to change, or if there is anything else. Is

desire OK? **Genet:** Where's Sahih? **Janey:** Please tell me if the world is horrible and if my life is horrible

and if there's no use trying to change, or if there is anything else. Is desire OK?

The rebels kick Janey out of the city.

Scene 10

The desert outside Alexandria. Janey and Genet are still walking. Soon there's nothing. Due to the blazing sun and exhaustion, all Janey and Genet see are mirages or mirrors, pictures of themselves, images of the world which come out of themselves.

Janey: I'm tired. I can't move anymore. Sun and dust. I'm sun and dust. The dust on the road is the sadness that's blowing up inside me and that's eating me away. Where are we going, Genet?

Genet (looking straight at Janey): Where am I going?

Janey: Where are we going, Genet?

Genet: I'm going, me, alone; how can I be with you? The closer you get to me, the more I hate you. I'm going, OK? Far far away, the land of the monster. Even if it's where there'll never be sun, since you're tagging along, you're my shadow.

Janey: You can leave me.

Genet: If you stick your filthy body so close to me you're me, I've got to look for the land where the monster lives.

Janey: Wasn't poverty and gaol enough?

Genet: Poverty and gaol are just the beginning. Don't you know that by now? Soon there'll be no more sleep and you'll have to eat thistles.

Janey: Thistles?

Genet: Sand.

Janey: There's really nobody. Nothing. Not a living thing. The stones are only stones. America and Europe're no longer anything. Things are winding down to the sea, to the sea, we to the sand.

Genet: You don't have to be shy anymore.

Janey: I do. *(She pauses.)* A mirror. *(She picks up a comb and begins to comb her lousy hair.)*

Genet: Don't touch it. *(He tears the comb out of her maggot hair and breaks it.)*

Janey: I'll obey you. But I want, *(gains courage and firmness, decision)* I want you to forget who you are. *(Corrects herself.)* Been. I want you to lead me without hesitation into the land of the shadow and the monster. I want you to plunge into endless misery and hardship. I want - because it's my ugliness, my lack of femininity, my wounded body, earned minute by minute that is all that is left to speak - I want you to be without hope. I want you to choose evil. I want you to feel hatred and violence. I want you to refuse the delicacy of thistles, the softness of rocks, the beauty of the darkness, the emptiness. I know where we're travelling, Genet, and I know why we're travelling there. It's not just to travel, but it's so those others who kicked me out have a chance of being at peace, have a chance of knowing the land of the monster without going there.

Genet: Do you think that's possible?

(A long silence. Genet takes off a shoe, shakes out a stone that has been bothering him. Then he puts the shoe on.)

The desert is absolutely brilliant. Gradually the sun becomes yellow, orange. Gleaming gleaming orange. The more brilliant it's become, the more it sinks. The brilliant colour is going out of the sun as it's turning dark red and going into

the orange sky, above and below the orange a violet line. The violet lengthens and darkens into blue. The sky between the dark blue is purple. Above the clouds are pale purple. They drift past, above, the dark ball. The desert is grey. The air is getting cold.

Then it is night.

The dogs are barking in the distance. You can see the pointed tips of their heads.

Genet: Rest your head against this milestone and try to sleep. **Janey:** Sleep? If I'm walking across rocks, if I'm eating thistles, if I'm letting my skin burn in the sun, it's to murder my everlasting sleep.

Genet: Since it's not going to croak until you do, at least let me sleep. It's no good trying to die. Up there God controls everything . . .

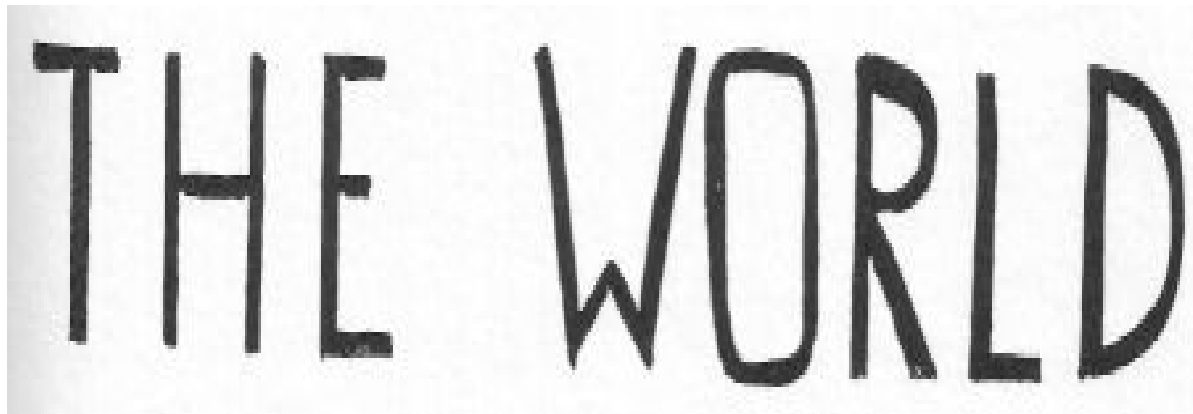
End:

Back in Alexandria the rebels have taken over. They're winning the city. Blood doesn't spurt to the sky like a geyser, yet from one edge of the world to the other how red the night is!

Genet and Janey travel through Cairo, through the twin cities of Minya and Asyut, down to the city of Luxor. There Genet hands Janey some money and tells her to take care of herself. He has to go away to see a production of one of his plays.

She dies.

A second of time



THE WORLD

THE WORLD

Alight came into the world. Dazzling white light that makes lightness dazzling burning Happiness. Peace. The forms of the ancient arts of Egypt this is


the time that wolves come out of the trees.


This is a wolf. 

This is a dog. 

This is a horse. 

This is an elephant. 

This is a kangaroo. 

This is a snake. 



This is a flower.



**Golden bracelets lie around
corpses' arms.**



**Thick black bracelets,
studded with silver, around
their ankles.**



The sun is the world.

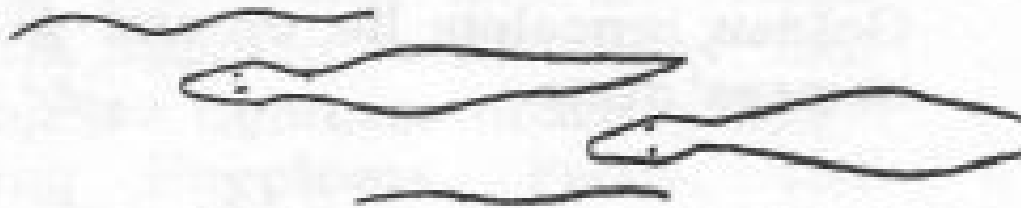




In ancient Egypt
the land of gold.

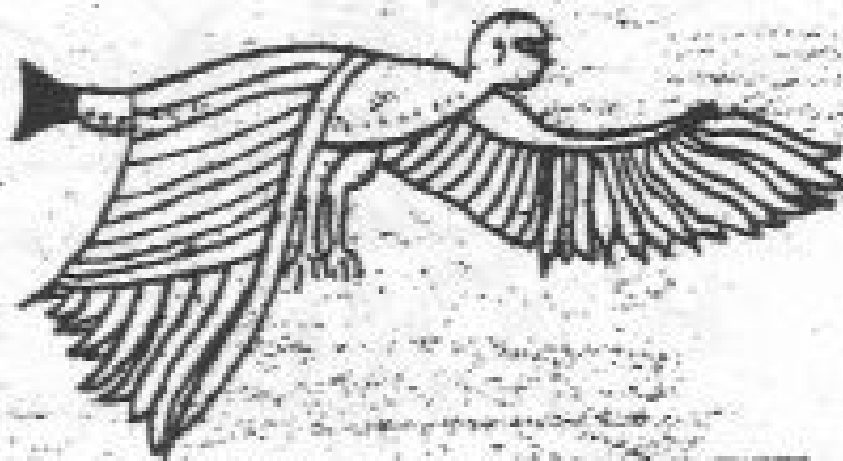


giant aligators lived in tall weeds.

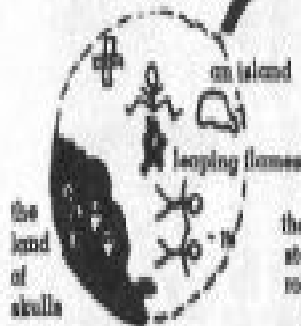


The King of Alligators is Power.

The soul has freedom to wander
at will



All over the earth.



the land of skulls

There are no trees on the island due to capitalism

magic here
not magic up there

steep uphill road

over the alligators.



street on night. To the left, other distractions, rich because of gardens, generosity to Thailand and poor

a murder happens here in the rich houses.

Calcutta. The South, greeny small houses piles on each other in white sand. Not white, oh. Colours fade.



different magic people are found in every spot in India



the skyline of Algeria. Equally bright sun everywhere. Can't tell difference between natural and manmade forms because everything

houses tucked here and there, high in the snow



a city, high red houses



IS PERFECT

high snow ridges



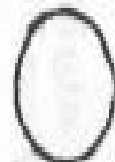
THE COLD MOUNTAINOUS REGION



center is a pool

inside of store seems bare & clusters at edges

winds round, with shelves of shoes, to center



The END OF THE WORLD

hard dark grey concrete

unreadable - despise

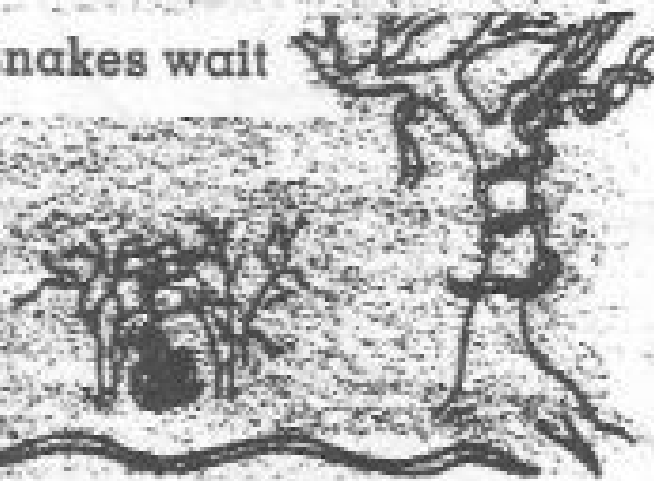
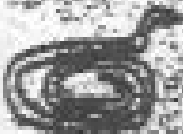
At night the wolves snap at the flying bird



The alligators lie in wait to yump him up




And huge snakes wait





The alligators are the biggest.



A human is a being halfway between an alligator and a bird who wants to be a bird.

 The ancient books say there are ways humans can become something else.

The most important book on human transformation is hidden with the corpse Catullus in the Saba Pacha Cemetery in Alexandria  because all books were written by dead people. 

Shall we look for this wonderful book? Shall we stop being dead people? Shall we find our way out of all expectations?

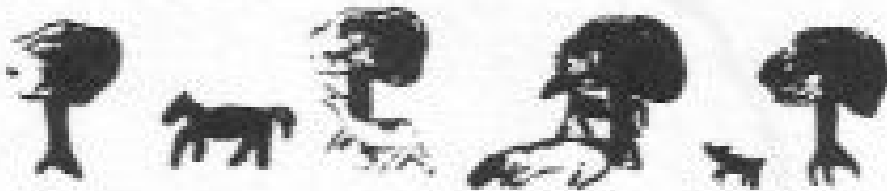


THE JOURNEY

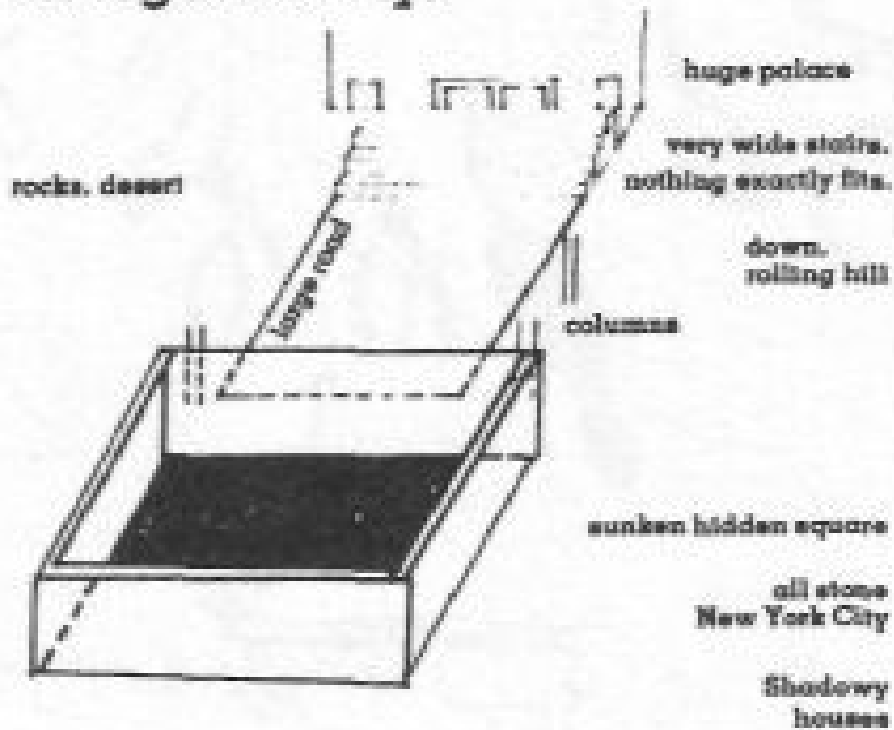
There are no more judges, there are only thieves, murderers, firebrands.



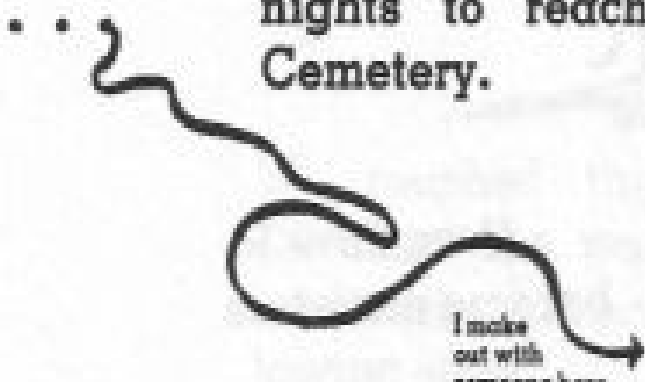
Wild horses



A forgotten city.



It takes three days and three nights to reach Saba Pacha Cemetery.



here hide-and-seek game takes place. In game, some serious and terrifying events happen. There are real witches. Then people's sex and their most private beings get totally transformed. Red and black

I make out with someone here



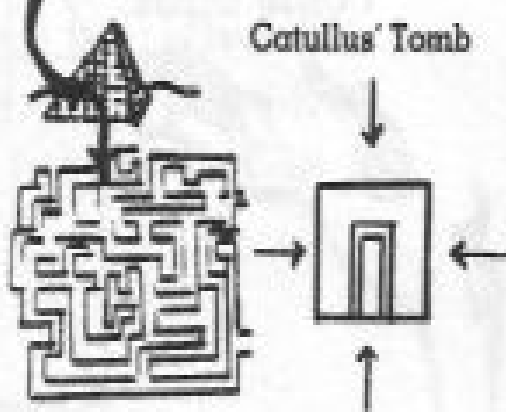
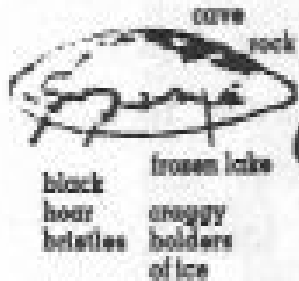
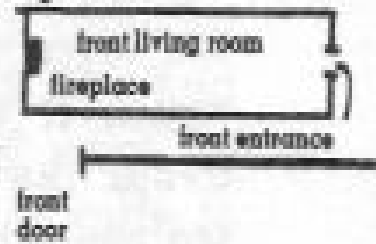
A HOUSE OF DISJUNCTIONS

a scissor that cuts, knives given as presents, lots of sex.



ALASKA

It gets darker and darker and then blackness comes.

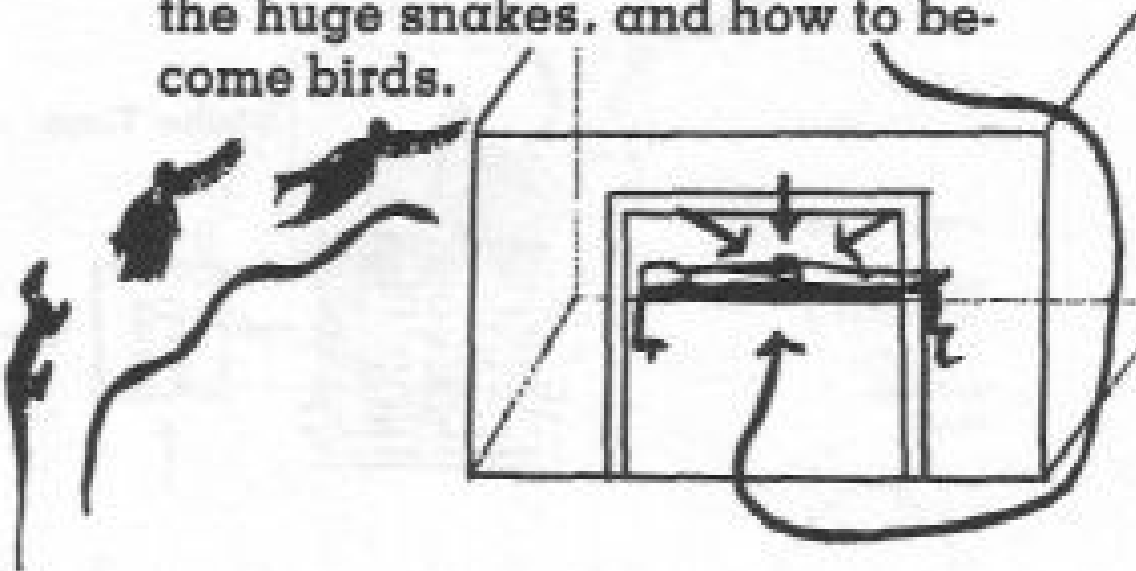


Even if we die

if we have to
become monsters

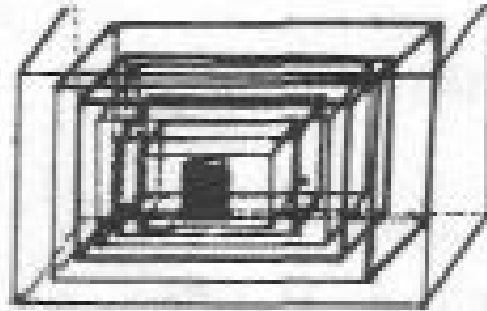
and
everyone
hates us.

we have to read the book be-
cause it will teach us how to
avoid the alligators' jaws, the
wolves who wait in the forest,
the huge snakes, and how to be-
come birds.

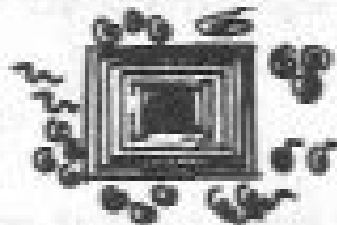


We reached the tomb. Dead Catullus who was clutching the book woke up and told us the following story:

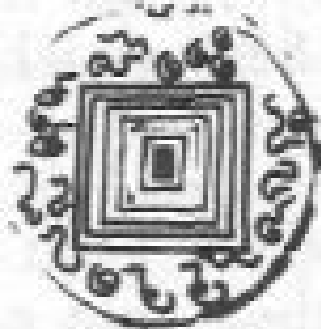
A rascally evil priest who cared only for money told me, when I was still alive, that the book I sought, this book which I'm now as a dead man holding, could be mine if I gave him \$100,000. And two new coffins. I did what he asked and then held a knife to his throat. Just before I killed him, he told me I could find the book in a gold box in a silver box in an ivory box in a palm-tree wood box in a bronze box in a iron box



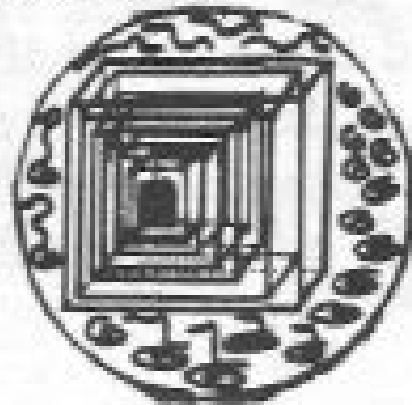
surrounded by swarms of the
desires that drive us mad,



desires encircled by a golden
bracelet whose ends are joined,



in the East River.

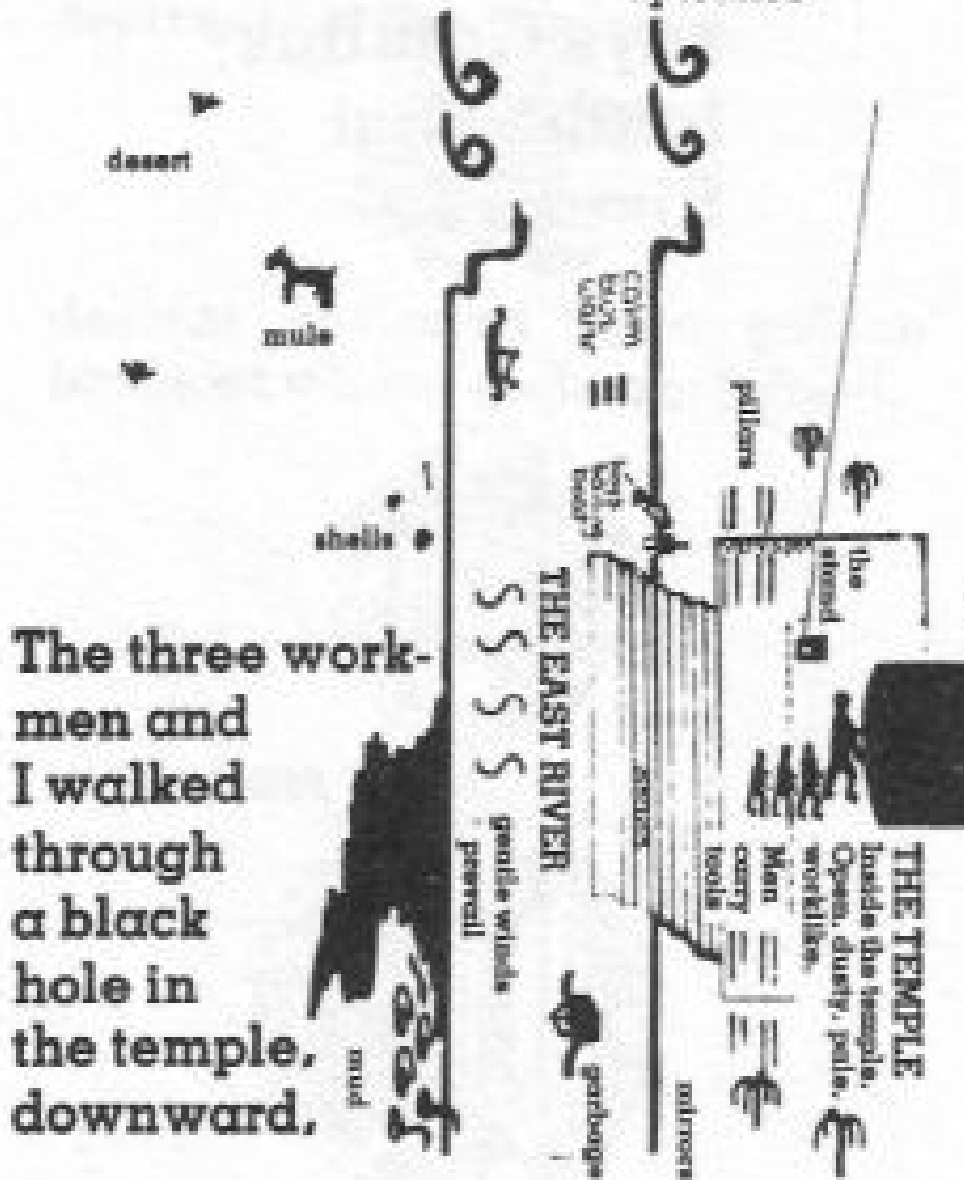


I set out, says Catullus, for the East River . . .

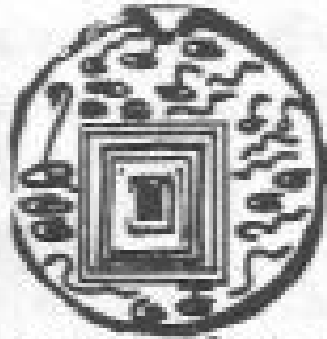
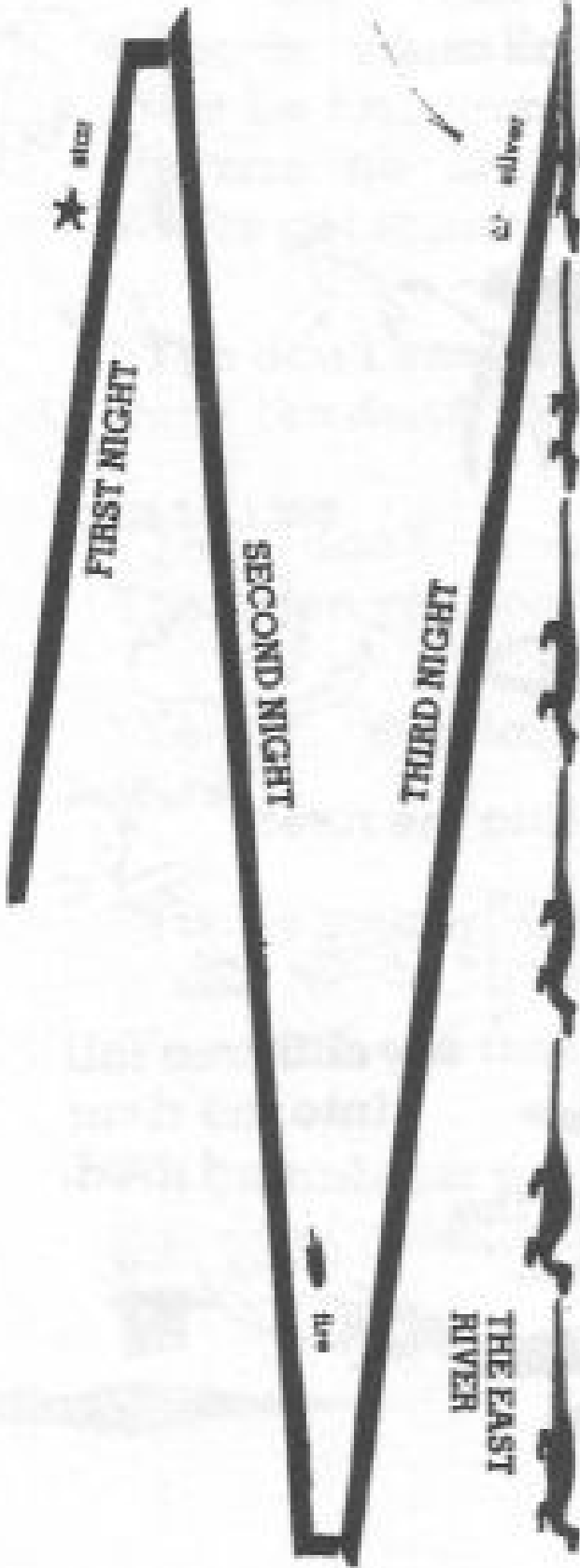


that swirling
horror

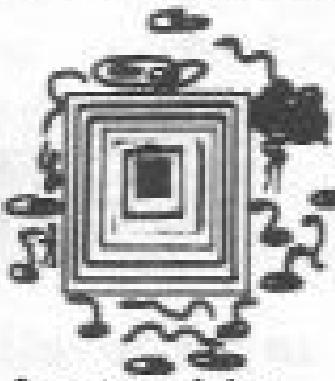
that place where there is no
more being but lightning
cyclones



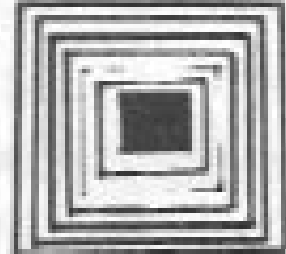
The three work-
men and
I walked
through
a black
hole in
the temple,
downward,



Two times I killed the snake. The third time it died.



I scattered the swarms of serpents.



One by one I opened the boxes

I took the golden box back with me.

I read the book and
became a bird.



THE EAST RIVER

my wife fell into the river

dead wife



dead
babies

My children fell
into the river
and died.

I also fell into the
river and died."

dead me book



"We don't care what danger there is, we tell the dead man after he finishes speaking. "But we can no longer be human. We've got to have that book."

"You don't know what you're doing," the dead poet says.

"You don't know anything. Therefore you can't do anything.

"You're capitalist bourgeois sluts.

"You're insane. Go back home."

We must have that book!

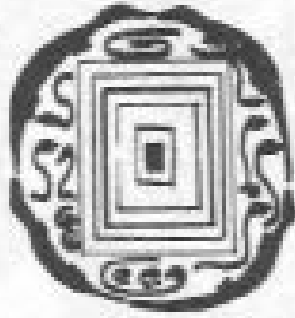
We gamble for the red book with the dead poet who becomes a devil.



The Devil uses every
trick in the book to win.



The Devil is an image. Imagine Hell. We grab the book, and run.



THE EAST RIVER



Light is before us

and we fly . . .



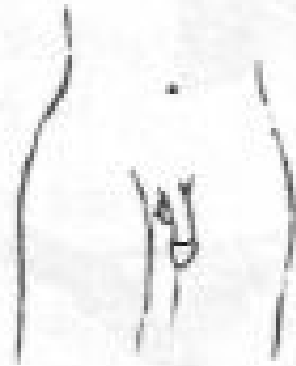
THE EAST RIVER



Darkness closes behind us,



We are dreaming of sex,



**of thieves, murderers,
firebrands,**



**of huge thighs opening
to us like this night.**



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So the doves . . .

So the doves cooed softly to each other, whispering of their own events, over Janey's grave in the grey Saba Pacha cemetery in Luxor.

Soon many other Janey's were born and these Janey's covered the earth.

Blood and guts in high school This is all I know Parents teachers boyfriends All have got to go.

Some folks like trains,

some folks like ships, I like the way you move your hips All I want is a taste of your lips,
boy, All I want is a taste of your lips.