

ture, and yet, he knew so little about him. Looking at him now, he seems to be at his late twenties to early thirties. But Dorian didn't quite care about the man's age or his life story- he was curious about his mysterious, white, hand- made mask.

Dorian could, technically, care less about the man's privacy, but only if he detested the concept of him keeping his privacy, and hated privacy in general. The teen gingerly removed the mask off of the sleeping face in front of him, and looked at it in the morning light seeping through the leaves.

Only it wasn't quite a face. It was a horrible, twisted, agonizing sight, and it was somewhat stuck to a head, but Dorian couldn't quite call it a face. Yet it was staring at him, eyes closed but bone peering, surrounded by scars and veins and things that were supposed to be skin, should have been skin, all where they weren't supposed to be, together presenting something utterly non-human.

It was as if his own soul was looking at him, reminding him of the horrors he had left in his trail.

Dorian put the mask back gently, not to wake the sleeping man. He put the strap back as it were before. He walked to his house, not glancing half a glance behind him. When he entered, he locked the door.

## BLOOD AND GUTS IN HIGH SCHOOL (1978)

Kathy Acker

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

this peasant  
that peasant  
good peasant

(Note the endings here:)

a better peasant  
this peasant is better  
than that one.  
the best peasant

(or:)

a better peasant  
the best peasant

(the word (good) is deviant:)

the best peasant of  
this democracy.  
this peasant is the  
best of all.

(is not) (more) (room) (one)      this is the only room,

Janey wrote,  
(Is not) (other) (a thing) (chair)      there is only a chair.

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

Janey is a peasant.  
 Janey is expensive,  
 but cheap.  
 the peasant is the street.  
 language  
 to get rid of language

(Translate into English:)

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

1. Is there a black head here?
2. Yes Mrs (Janey), it's near.
3. This head isn't Janey's. (Lit. This head isn't the property of Janey.)

## THIS SEX WHICH IS NOT ONE (1977)

Luce Irigaray

trans. Catherine Porter with Carolyn Burke

### The Looking Glass, from the Other Side

*Alice's eyes are blue. And red. She opened them while going through the mirror. Except for that, she still seems to be exempt from violence. She lives alone, in her house. She prefers it that way, her mother says. She only goes out to play her role as mistress. Schoolmistress, naturally. Where unalterable facts are written down whatever the weather. In white and black, or black and white, depending on whether they're put on the blackboard or in the notebook. Without color changes, in any case. Those are saved for the times when Alice is alone. Behind the screen of representation. In the house or garden.*

*But just when it's time for the story to begin, begin again, "it's autumn." That moment when things are still not completely congealed, dead. It ought to be seized so that something can happen. But everything is forgotten: the "measuring instruments," the "coat," the "case," and especially the "glasses." "How can anyone live without all that?" Up to now, that's what has controlled the limits of properties, distinguished outside from inside, differentiated what was looked on with approval from what wasn't. Made it possible to appreciate, to recognise the value of everything. To fit in with it, as needed.*

*There they are, all lost, without their familiar reference points. What's the difference between a friend and no friend? A virgin and a whore? Your wife and the woman you love? The one you desire and the one you make love with? One woman and another woman? The one who owns the house and the one who uses it for her pleasure, the one you meet there for pleasure? In which house and with which woman does—did—will love happen? And when is it time for love, anyway? Time for work? How can the stakes in love and work be sorted out? Does "surveying" have anything to do with desire, or not? Can pleasure be measured, bounded, triangulated, or not? Besides, "it's autumn," the colors are changing. Turning red. Though not for long.*

*No doubt this is the moment Alice ought to seize. Now is the time for her to come on stage herself. With her violet, violated eyes. Blue and red. Eyes*