

craft (12), david wojnarowicz (15), kathy acker (20), susan sontag (24),

TITANIC *TI-*

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this reader has been gathered by *SLOW*
READING CLUB on the occasion of *Hi*
VENTILATION at Kunstverein Harburger
Bahnhof

A probing of every word and ac-
tion, rehearsing tomorrow's con-
versation, falling out of the jungle
of youth and falling into an abyss.
He is beginning to learn to lower
his eyes and blush, suddenly wak-
ened to the anguish, the urgency

of life. "Ah, to be perfectly, ut-
terly sincere!" The heart is thrown
open to human affection.

(I wasn't brought up, I just grew
up like a wild plant.)

witold gombrowicz (25), lisa robertson (29), garin (32), abu bakr ibn al tufail (36)

oblique function (45° tilt)	Spines of book and reader, askewn by 45 degrees. Reading together in groups. Body at half elevation.
twicing	Clad text with its double at the distance of a line. That is, while reading, speak twice each line. In groups, one reader each her paragraph.
vertical	Scam the text without meaning; on some signal, a single word is spoken (each likely different). Thus, vertical the text.
earplugs	Hyperbolic form, giddy, expresses itself against the inner skins. That is, while reading aloud, place earplugs into the ears. Reading out loud & together. Perform in joy.
triangles	Suppleclump bodies in threes. Architecting the legs at triangles. Downcast diaphragm, speaklow, eyes to eyes while listening.
skin on skin (wanting nothing and desiring everything)	While partnered, the mutual, comfortable touching of skins is had (e.g.) holding hands, touching wrists, a desireless finger in the navel. Thus, practice alternating between wanting nothing and desiring everything.
white noise	Two roles: reader and listener; in perpendicular relation. L finds a seated position with the R's head laying in lap. L places hands on the vocal chords of the R. Head still in lap, R reads aloud the text. Repeat and Repeat. Oxy cotton noising from the wings. Alternating roles is asked, but not insisted.

A SEQUENCE (1985)
LESLIE SCALAPINO

She heard the sounds of a couple having intercourse and then getting up they went into the shower so that she caught sight of them naked before hearing the water running. The parts of their bodies which had been covered by clothes were those of leopards. During puberty her own organs and skin were not like this though when she first had intercourse with a man he removed his clothes and his organ and flesh were also a leopard's. She already felt pleasure in sexual activity and her body not resembling these adults made her come easily which also occurred when she had intercourse with another man a few months later.

When sexual unions occurred between a brother and sister they weren't savages or primitive. She had that feeling about having intercourse with men whose organs were those of leopards and hers were not. Walking somewhere after one of these episodes she was excited by it though she might not have made this comparison if she'd actually had a brother. At least the woman she had seen in the shower had a leopard's parts. In these episodes when she'd had intercourse with a man he didn't remark about her not being like that. And if women had these characteristics which she didn't it made her come more easily with him.

She overheard another couple together and happened to see them as she had the couple in the shower. The nude part of the woman was like herself and the man had the leopard's parts so that she had the same reaction and came easily with someone, as she had with a sense of other women having a leopard's traits and herself isolated. The man with whom she had intercourse did not say anything that showed he had seen a difference in her and that made her react physically. Yet other women seemed to have a leopard's characteristics except for this one she'd seen.

Again it seemed that a man with whom she had intercourse was her brother and was ardent with her—but this would not have occurred to her had she really had a brother. Yet her feeling about him was also related to her seeing a woman who was pregnant and was the only one to be so. The woman not receiving attention or remarks on the pregnancy excited her; and went together with her sense of herself coming easily and yet not being pregnant until quite awhile after this time.

She also felt that she came easily feeling herself isolated when she was pregnant since she had the sense of other women having leopards' organs. They had previously had children. She was the only one who was pregnant and again she saw a couple together, the man with leopard's parts and the woman not having these characteristics.

Again she could come since her body was different from the adult who had some parts that were leopards, and having the sense of the women having had children earlier than her and their not having younger children now.

Her liking the other women to have had children when she was pregnant had to do with having them there and herself isolated—and yet people not saying much about or responding to the pregnancy. She thought of the man coming as when she caught a sight of the couple together—being able to come with someone a different time because she had a sense of a woman she'd seen having had her children earlier. There being a difference of age, even ten years, between a child she'd have and those the other women had had.

She happened to see some men who were undressed, as if they were boys—one of them had the features and organ of a leopard and the others

did not. The difference in this case gave her the sense of them being boys, all of them rather than those who didn't have leopards' characteristics and this made her come easily with someone.

It was not a feeling of their being a younger age, since the men were her own age, and she found the men who lacked the leopard features to be as attractive as the one who had those features. She had the feeling of them as adults and her the same age as them, yet had the other feeling as well in order for her to come then.

She saw a couple who were entwined together and her feeling about them came from the earlier episode of seeing the men who were nude and having the sense of them being adolescent boys. Really she'd had the sense of the men she'd seen as being adults and herself the same age as them. The couple she watched were also around the same age as herself—the man being aware of someone else's presence after a time and coming. The woman pleased then though she had not come. She had intercourse with the man who had the features and organ of a leopard and whom she had first seen with the group of men who lacked these characteristics. The other men were attractive as he was. Yet having the sense of the difference between him and the others, she found it pleasant for him to come and for her not to come that time. The same thing occurred on another occasion with him.

She compared the man to plants, to the plants having a nervous aspect and being motionless. The man coming when he had the sense of being delayed in leaving—as if being slowed down had made him come and was exciting, and it was during the afternoon with people walking around. He was late and had to go somewhere, and came, with a feeling of delay and retarding—rather than out of nervousness.

How swiftly life passes here below! The first quarter of it is gone before we know how to use it; the last quarter finds us incapable of enjoying life. At first we do not know how to live; and when we know how to live it is too late. In the interval between these two useless extremes we waste three-fourths of our time sleeping, working, sorrowing, enduring restraint and every kind of suffering. Life is short, not so much because of the short time it lasts, but because we are allowed scarcely any time to enjoy it. In vain is there a long interval between the hour of death and that of birth; life is still too short, if this interval is not well spent.

We are born, so to speak, twice over; born into existence, and born into life; born a human being, and born a man. [...] But, speaking generally, man is not meant to remain a child. He leaves childhood behind him at the time ordained by nature; and this critical moment, short enough in itself, has far-reaching consequences. As the roaring of the waves precedes the tempest, so the murmur of rising passions announces this tumultuous change; a suppressed excitement warns us of the approaching danger. A change of temper, frequent outbreaks of anger, a perpetual stirring of the mind, make the child almost ungovernable. He becomes deaf to the voice he used to obey; he is a lion in a fever; he distrusts his keeper and refuses to be controlled.

With the moral symptoms of a changing temper there are perceptible changes in appearance. His countenance develops and takes the stamp of his character; the soft and sparse down upon his cheeks becomes darker and stiffer. His voice grows hoarse or rather he loses it altogether. He is neither a child nor a man and cannot speak like either of them. His eyes, those organs of the soul which till now were dumb, find speech and meaning; a kindling fire illumines them, there is still a sacred innocence in their ever brightening glance, but they have lost their first meaningless expression; he is already aware that they can say too much; he is beginning to learn to lower his eyes and blush, he is becoming sensitive, though

he does not know what it is that he feels; he is uneasy without knowing why. All this may happen gradually and give you time enough; but if his keenness becomes impatience, his eagerness madness, if he is angry and sorry all in a moment, if he weeps without cause, if in the presence of objects which are beginning to be a source of danger his pulse quickens and his eyes sparkle, if he trembles when a woman's hand touches his, if he is troubled or timid in her presence, O Ulysses, wise Ulysses! have a care! The passages you closed with so much pains are open; the winds are unloosed; keep your hand upon the helm or all is lost.

[...]

Although modesty is natural to man, it is not natural to children. Modesty only begins with the knowledge of evil; and how should children without this knowledge of evil have the feeling which results from it? To give them lessons in modesty and good conduct is to teach them that there are things shameful and wicked, and to give them a secret wish to know what these things are. Sooner or later they will find out, and the first spark which touches the imagination will certainly hasten the awakening of the senses. Blushes are the sign of guilt; true innocence is ashamed of nothing. Children have not the same desires as men; but they are subject like them to the same disagreeable needs which offend the senses, and by this means they may receive the same lessons in propriety. Follow the mind of nature which has located in the same place the organs of secret pleasures and those of disgusting needs; she teaches us the same precautions at different ages, sometimes by means of one idea and sometimes by another; to the man through modesty, to the child through cleanliness.

[...]

Your children read; in the course of their reading they meet with things they would never have known without reading. Are they students, their imagination is stimulated and quickened in the silence of the study. Do

they move in the world of society, they hear a strange jargon, they see conduct which makes a great impression on them; they have been told so continually that they are men that in everything men do in their presence they at once try to find how that will suit themselves; the conduct of others must indeed serve as their pattern when the opinions of others are their law. Servants, dependent on them, and therefore anxious to please them, flatter them at the expense of their morals; giggling governesses say things to the four-year-old child which the most shameless woman would not dare to say to them at fifteen. They soon forget what they said, but the child has not forgotten what he heard. Loose conversation prepares the way for licentious conduct; the child is debauched by the cunning lacquey, and the secret of the one guarantees the secret of the other.

The child brought up in accordance with his age is alone. He knows no attachment but that of habit, he loves his sister like his watch, and his friend like his dog. He is unconscious of his sex and his species; men and women are alike unknown; he does not connect their sayings and doings with himself, he neither sees nor hears, or he pays no heed to them; he is no more concerned with their talk than their actions; he has nothing to do with it. This is no artificial error induced by our method, it is the ignorance of nature. The time is at hand when that same nature will take care to enlighten her pupil, and then only does she make him capable of profiting by the lessons without danger. This is our principle; the details of its rules are outside my subject; and the means I suggest with regard to other matters will still serve to illustrate this.

Do you wish to establish law and order among the rising passions, prolong the period of their development, so that they may have time to find their proper place as they arise. Then they are controlled by nature herself, not by man; your task is merely to leave it in her hands. If your pupil were alone, you would have nothing to do; but everything about him enflames his imagination. He is swept along on the torrent of conventional ideas; to rescue him you must urge him in the opposite direction. Imagination must be curbed by feeling and reason must silence the voice of conventionality. Sensibility is the source of all the passions, imagination determines their course. Every creature who is aware of his

relations must be disturbed by changes in these relations and when he imagines or fancies he imagines others better adapted to his nature. It is the errors of the imagination which transmute into vices the passions of finite beings, of angels even, if indeed they have passions; for they must needs know the nature of every creature to realise what relations are best adapted to themselves.

[...]

A child sophisticated, polished, and civilised, who is only awaiting the power to put into practice the precocious instruction he has received, is never mistaken with regard to the time when this power is acquired. Far from awaiting it, he accelerates it; he stirs his blood to a premature ferment; he knows what should be the object of his desires long before those desires are experienced. It is not nature which stimulates him; it is he who forces the hand of nature; she has nothing to teach him when he becomes a man; he was a man in thought long before he was a man in reality. The true course of nature is slower and more gradual. Little by little the blood grows warmer, the faculties expand, the character is formed. The wise workman who directs the process is careful to perfect every tool before he puts it to use; the first desires are preceded by a long period of unrest, they are deceived by a prolonged ignorance, they know not what they want. The blood ferments and bubbles; overflowing vitality seeks to extend its sphere. The eye grows brighter and surveys others, we begin to be interested in those about us, we begin to feel that we are not meant to live alone; thus the heart is thrown open to human affection, and becomes capable of attachment.

I have always observed that young men, corrupted in early youth and addicted to women and debauchery, are inhuman and cruel; their passionate temperament makes them impatient, vindictive, and angry; their imagination fixed on one object only, refuses all others; mercy and pity are alike unknown to them; they would have sacrificed father, mother, the whole world, to the least of their pleasures. A young man, on the other hand, brought up in happy innocence, is drawn by the first stirrings of

nature to the tender and affectionate passions; his warm heart is touched by the sufferings of his fellow-creatures; he trembles with delight when he meets his comrade, his arms can embrace tenderly, his eyes can shed tears of pity; he learns to be sorry for offending others through his shame at causing annoyance. If the eager warmth of his blood makes him quick, hasty, and passionate, a moment later you see all his natural kindness of heart in the eagerness of his repentance; he weeps, he groans over the wound he has given; he would atone for the blood he has shed with his own; his anger dies away, his pride abases itself before the consciousness of his wrong-doing. Is he the injured party, in the height of his fury an excuse, a word, disarms him; he forgives the wrongs of others as wholeheartedly as he repairs his own. Adolescence is not the age of hatred or vengeance; it is the age of pity, mercy, and generosity. Yes, I maintain, and I am not afraid of the testimony of experience, a youth of good birth, one who has preserved his innocence up to the age of twenty, is at that age the best, the most generous, the most loving, and the most lovable of men. You never heard such a thing; I can well believe that philosophers such as you, brought up among the corruption of the public schools, are unaware of it.

"an ordinary error placed me here"

in the serotonin corridors of my wilderness
in the neural nets are caught in the
mackerellight & ozone of my heart in the tense muscle of
a crocus olfactory bulb of my acre
prime sublingual rib lost
in the magnum opus of my
heart independent of
void most utterly devoid of song tiny
hummingbird of my eyes violet quarrel deep in the
forests verbage of my heart redundant of
crocus redundant of dogwood &
redbud as petals fall triumphant so
too I am at a loss & will blind the
cathedrals of my knowing with the
overabundant scripture of my heart
will salivate copiously & with abandon in the blue
gloaming I mean groaning of my
heart in the citadel the sap salty in the flexed
limbs the mist dripping off each leaf called to
each I call to each I say "leaf" I
say "violet" I say "mist" I say "dogtooth violet" I say "how can I
possibly bear whatever grief will
inevitably come towards me through all the corridors of
my life" I say "I will blind the cathedrals of my
knowing" I say "I will douse the careless peony" "I
will vvy earnestly & with moderate valor" "I will
curse fervently & gesticulate also" "I will try to not
drink so much" "I will strain the verb of my being
into the dim groaning" "as too I strain my sight
there" "I succumb henceforth &
wholeheartedly" "eventually I will get up from
wherever I have laid myself down"
the falcons too must eat in the endless
neurobiology of the forest
the delicate, the careless lichen
of my eyes I swallow the great creek of dusk
in me it calls up a surge in me it goes along
into the dark it goes along into the dark

The first book of a series which I intended to have written for my unfortunate girl.

LESSON I.

CAT. Dog. Cow. Horse. Sheep. Pig. Bird. Fly.
 Man. Boy. Girl. Child.
 Head. Hair. Face. Nose. Mouth. Chin. Neck. Arms.
 Hand. Leg. Foot. Back. Breast.
 House. Wall. Field. Street. Stone. Grass.
 Bed. Chair. Door. Pot. Spoon. Knife. Fork. Plate. Cup.
 Box. Boy. Bell.
 Tree. Leaf. Stick. Whip. Cart. Coach.
 Frock. Hat. Coat. Shoes. Shift. Cap.
 Bread. Milk. Tea. Meat. Drink. Cake.

LESSON II.

COME. Walk. Run. Go. Jump. Dance. Ride. Sit. Stand.

Play. Hold. Shake. Speak. Sing. Cry. Laugh. Call. Fall.
 Day. Night. Sun. Moon. Light. Dark. Sleep. Wake.
 Wash. Dress. Kiss. Comb.
 Fire. Hot. Burn. Wind. Rain. Cold.
 Hurt. Tear. Break. Spill.
 Book. See. Look.
 Sweet. Good. Clean.
 Gone. Lost. Hide. Keep. Give. Take.
 One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten.
 White. Black. Red. Blue. Green. Brown.

LESSON III.

STROKE the cat. Play with the Dog. Eat the bread. Drink the milk. Hold the cup. Lay down the knife.
 Look at the fly. See the horse. Shut the door. Bring the chair. Ring the bell. Get your book.
 Hide your face. Wipe your nose. Wash your hands. Dirty hands. Why do you cry? A clean mouth. Shake hands. I love you. Kiss me now. Good girl.

The bird sings. The fire burns. The cat jumps. The dog runs. The bird flies. The cow lies down. The man laughs. The child cries.

LESSON IV.

LET me comb your head. Ask Betty to wash your face. Go and see for some bread. Drink milk, if you are dry. Play on the floor with the ball. Do not touch the ink; you will black your hands.
 What do you want to say to me? Speak slow, not so fast. Did you fall? You will not cry, not you; the baby cries. Will you walk in the fields?

LESSON V.

COME to me, my little girl. Are you tired of playing? Yes. Sit down and rest yourself, while I talk to you.
 Have you seen the baby? Poor little thing. O here it comes. Look at him. How helpless he is. Four years ago you were as feeble as this very little boy.
 See, he cannot hold up his head. He is forced to lie on his back, if his mamma do not turn him to the right or left side, he will soon begin to cry. He cries to tell her, that he is tired with lying on his back.

LESSON VI.

PERHAPS he is hungry. What shall we give him to eat? Poor fellow, he cannot eat. Look in his mouth, he has no teeth.
 How did you do when you were a baby like him? You cannot tell. Do you want to know? Look then at the dog, with her pretty puppy. You could not help yourself as well as the puppy. You could only open your mouth, when you were lying, like William, on my knee. So I put you to my breast, and you sucked, as the puppy sucks now, for there was milk enough for you.

LESSON VII.

WHEN you were hungry, you began to cry, because you could not speak. You were seven months without teeth, always sucking. But after you got one, you began to gnaw a crust of bread. It was not long before another came pop. At ten months you had four pretty white teeth, and you used to bite me. Poor mamma! Still I did not cry, because I am not a child, but

you hurt me very much. So I said to papa, it is time the little girl should eat. She is not naughty, yet she hurts me. I have given her a crust of bread, and I must look for some other milk.

The cow has got plenty, and her jumping calf eats grass very well. He has got more teeth than my little girl. Yes, says papa, and he tapped you on the cheek, you are old enough to learn to eat? Come to me, and I will teach you, my little dear, for you must not hurt poor mamma, who has given you her milk, when you could not take any thing else.

LESSON VIII.

YOU were then on the carpet, for you could not walk well. So when you were in a hurry, you used to run quick, quick, quick, on your hands and feet, like the dog.

Away you ran to papa, and putting both your arms round his leg, for your hands were not big enough, you looked up at him, and laughed. What did this laugh say, when you could not speak? Cannot you guess by what you now say to papa? — Ah! it was, Play with me, papa! — play with me!

Papa began to smile, and you knew that the smile was always — Yes. So you got a ball, and papa threw it along the floor — Roll — roll — roll; and you ran after it again — and again. How pleased you were. Look at William, he smiles; but you could laugh loud — Ha! ha! ha! — Papa laughed louder than the little girl, and rolled the ball still faster.

Then he put the ball on a chair, and you were forced to take hold of the back, and stand up to reach it. At last you reached too far, and down you fell: not indeed on your face, because you put out your hands. You were not much hurt; but the palms of your hands smarted with the pain, and you began to cry, like a little child.

It is only very little children who cry when they are hurt; and it is to tell their mamma, that something is the matter with them. Now you can come to me, and say, Mamma, I have hurt myself. Pray rub my hand: it smart. Put something on it, to make it well. A piece of rag, to stop the blood. You are not afraid of a little blood — not you. You scratched your arm with a pin: it bled a little; but it did you no harm. See, the skin is grown over it again.

Sitting in the Silver Dollar restaurant early in the afternoon, straddling a shining stool and ordering a small cola, I dropped a black beauty and let the capsule ride the edge of my tongue for a moment, as usual, and then swallowed it. Then the sense of regret washes over me like whenever I drop something, a sudden regret at what might be the disappearance of regular perceptions: the flat drift of sensations gathered from walking and seeing and smelling and all the associations; and that strange tremor like a ticklishness that never quite reaches the point of being unbearable. There's a slow sensation of that type coming into the body, from the temples to the abdomen to the calves, and riding with it in waves, spurred on by containers of coffee, into the marvellousness of light and motion and figures coasting along the streets. Yet somehow that feeling of beauty that comes riding off each surface and movement

around me always has a slight trace of falseness about it, a slight sense of regret, felt at the occurring knowledge that it's a substance flowing into my veins that cancels out the lines of thought brought along with time and again and serious understandings of the self.

So there was a that feeling of regret, a sudden impulse to bring the pill back up, a surge of weariness with the self, the settling back and the wait for the sensations to begin. I smoked a fast cigarette and the door opened bringing with it sunlight and wind.

Restless walks filled with coasting images of sight and sound: cars bucking over cobblestones down the quiet side streets, trucks waiting at corners with swarthy drivers leaning back in the cool shadowy seats and the windows of buildings opening and closing, figures passing within rooms, faraway sounds of voices and cries and horns roll up and funnel in like some secret earphone connecting me with the creaking movements of the living city. Old images race back and forth and I'm gather a heat in the depth of my belly from them: flashes of a curve of arm, back, the lines of a neck, glimpses among the crowds in the train stations, one

that you could write whole poems to. I'm being buoyed by these discrete pleasures, walking the familiar streets and river. The streets were familiar more because of the faraway past than the recent past—streets that I walked in those odd times while living among them in my early teens in the company of deaf mutes and times square pederasts. These streets are seen through the same eyes but each time with periods of time separating it: each time belonging to yet an older body until the body smoothes out and lines are etched until it is a young man recalling the moments of a complicated past. I can barely remember the sense I had when viewing these streets for the first time. There's a whole change in psyche and yet there are slight traces that cut me with the wounding nature of *déjà vu*, filled with old sense of desire. Each desire, each memory so small a thing, becomes a small river tracing the outlines and the drift of your arms and bare legs, dark mouth and the spoken words of strangers. All things falling from the earth and sky: small moments of the body on the docks, the moaning down among the boards and the night, car lights slanting across the distance, aeroplanes falling as if in a deep surrender to the rogue embraces. Various smiles spark from darkening rooms, from behind car windows, and the sounds of the wind-plays along the coast sustained by distance and levelled landscapes, drifting among the bare legs and through doorways and into barrooms. Something silent that is recalled, the sins of age in a familiar place the emptied heart and light of the eyes, the white bones of street lamps and moving autos, the press of memory turning over and over. Later, sitting over coffee and remembering the cinematic motions as if witness from a discreet distance, I lay the senses down one by one, writing in the winds of a red dusk, turning over slowly in sleep.

In the last evening in the motel room, falling to sleep amid the sounds of splintering glass from a fight in another room, I found myself walking in this rural section of the country. It was dirt roads and a thick strangling brush and woods appearing over the tops of brambles that lined the road. There were groves of beautiful firs and leafy oaks and some beech trees.

I came into this area where the road turned triangular. The triangle had a stretch of sidewalk with small town stores. There was a coffee shop, a ma and pa-type restaurant with formica counter and shining stools and a gallon bottle of hard-boiled eggs in vinegar and maybe some containers of beef jerky. I stepped up onto the sidewalk which was built like a slightly raised boardwalk of slatted wood and in the shadows of a wall there's this fourteen- or fifteen-year-old kid with long black hair and a denim jacket with cigarettes in the top pocket. He's standing outside this open screen door of the coffee shop with one leg folded beneath him the sole of his foot flat against the wall of the building and hands in pockets. As I pass the doorway of the shop, I glance inside out of the corner of my eyes and see three or four teenage guys playing a couple of pinball machines, riding the flippers and machines with bucking hip motions and thrusts and they're actually in the process of breaking open the machines to get the money. I flinch a little in that moment, realising there is danger and I don't know where I am. I'm a stranger in these parts. My body is in motion as I take all this in and the kid leaning outside the door says what the fuck you lookin at? and before I can answer he whips out this long knife. It's about nine inches of thin steel blande and with a flick of his wrist slashes my bare arm open from wrist to elbow. I look down in slight shock and step back waving my hands in front of me saying, "Nothing man...nothing...sorry." He seems satisfied and lets me pass on down the sidewalk. I'm holding my arm to keep the wound as closed up as possible and when I reach a section of the sidewalk where there's an alley I step inside to lean shakily against a wall. I notice two other guys about my age all cut up on the arms, legs and bellies. I stumble out of the alley and suddenly this police man shows up. He's wearing tan pants, shirt and cap and black boots and he's holding a whip about a yard long. The kid spots him coming and starts running down the road in the direction I came from. The officer starts chasing him and I run after the two of them to see what happens to the kid. The kid is in the distance and the officer stops in the middle of the road. The kid turns while running to see where we are just as the officer snaps his arm and the whip elongates into the distance and wraps around the kid's head bringing him to a halt—his hands come up to his face completely wrapped in leather thong. The officer runs the distance and catches up to the kid and hog-ties him like a

rodeo calf. By the time I reach them the officer steps back a few feet and pulls out a shotgun taking aim on the kid. I'm thinking, "Oh man... he ain't gonna shoot him—he wouldn't do that." And as I'm thinking that, the officer pulls the trigger and blows a hole open in the kid's side. The kid's side is gaping open near the waist showing pulsating intestines and stomach. I'm crouching near the kid's head looking into his eyes as the officer comes up and squats down next to me. The kid is no longer a kid; he's some kind of stray dog with bristly black fur and frightened eyes. The officer takes the kid's knife from the ground and with the other hand carefully parts the flesh of the wound until the organ that seems to be the stomach is revealed, its delicate pink greyish bloat quivering like a lung puffing in and out. The officer delicately cuts it open and clear liquid pours out. I look into the dog's eyes and watch the terror and pain change into an opiumlike daze. A sensual pleasure passes beneath their surface, a strange state of grace in the flight behind the eyes speeding up, the fading of life into the pale glaze of death.

When I was a teenager I had a recurring fantasy that began after my first motorcycle ride. This was shortly after waking up one morning and realising that government and god were interchangeable and that most of the people in the landscape of my birth insisted on having one or both determine the form of their lives. I recognised the fact that the landscape was slowly being chewed up and that childhood dreams of autonomy in the form of hermetic exile were quickly becoming less possible. (I was also in the threads of a childlike crush on a guy I'd met in a times square movie house who'd taken me home for twenty-four hours of sex. He was a college student who looked like he'd grown up in some part of the country like Kentucky and in the anlgas of his chest and abdomen and face, I'd gotten him mixed up with the character in the movie we were watching when we first noticed each other in the dark seats of the balcony. It was a movie about sexy moonshiners who walked around half naked and eventually died in a shootout with the federal authorities. After carrying on a secret affair with this guy for a number of weeks, he

broke it off with the explanation that I was too young and when I got old enough I would understand the range of possibilities for different lovers and that at that abstract moment of time I would leave him.) I lay in a hotel room one night after selling my body to a customer who had gone back home to his wife and kids, and I wished I'd had a motorcycle and that I was in a faraway landscape maybe someplace out west. I saw myself riding this machine faster and faster and faster toward the edge of a cliff until I hit the right speed that would take me off the cliff in an arcing motion. At that instant when my body and the machine cleared the edge of the cliff and hit the point in the sky where I was neither rising nor falling—somewhere in there: once my body and the motorcycle hit a point in the light and wind and loss of gravity, in that exact moment, I would suddenly disappear, and the motorcycle would continue the downward arc of gravity and explode into flames somewhere along the rocks at the bottom of the cliff. And it is in that sense of void—that marriage of body machine and space—where one should most desire a continuance of life, that I most wish to disappear. I realised that the image of the point of marriage between body-vehicle and space was similar to the beginning of orgasm. I may be living a life that is the equivalent of a ride on an upside-down road but it is only to shake all the ropes off, even the ropes of mortality. Even in the face of something like gravity, one can jump at least three or four feet in the air and even though gravity will drag us back to the earth again, it is in the moment we are three or four feet in the air that we experience true freedom.

So what is that feeling of emptiness?

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 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 fash-
ion."

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 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.

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 really get 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 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 a poison in Dimwit's shoulder. 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 she's going to tell Dimwit who Chillingworth really is. Chillingworth says if she does so, he'll tell everyone Dimwit is her bastard father and Dimwit will die.

Robot fucking. Mechanical fucking. Robot love. Mechanical love. Money cause. Money cause. Mechanical cause. Possesiveness 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 their 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 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 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 the 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 impinge on your freedom Dimwit. You can sit on the faces of as many Persian girls as you want, 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...

7/29/48

... And what is it to be young in years and suddenly wakened to the anguish, the urgency of life?

It is to be reached one day by the reverberations of those who do not follow, to stumble out of the jungle and fall into an abyss:

It is then to be blind to the faults of the rebellious, to yearn painfully, wholly, after all opposites of childhood's existence. It is impetuosity, wild enthusiasm, immediately submerged in a flood of self-deprecation. It is the cruel awareness of one's own presumption ...

It is humiliation with every slip-of-the-tongue, sleepless nights spent rehearsing tomorrow's conversation, and torturing oneself for yesterday's ... a bowed head held between one's hands ... it is "my god, my god" ... (in lower case, of course, because there is no god).

It is withdrawal of feeling toward one's family and all childhood idols ... It is lying ... and resentment, and then hate ...

It is the emergence of cynicism, a probing of every thought and word and action. ("Ah, to be perfectly, utterly sincere!") It is a bitter and relentless questioning of motives ...

It is to discover that the catalyst, the [Entry trails off at this point.]

There's nothing more artificial than descriptions of young girls and the fanciful comparisons that go along with them. Lips like cherries, breasts like little roses; oh, if only it were enough to buy some fruit and flowers at the store! And if lips really did have the taste of cherries, who on earth would have the courage to be in love? Who on earth would be tempted by a caramel—that is, a sweet kiss?—But, hush, enough, it's a secret, taboo, let's not say too much about lips.—Alice's elbow, seen through the prism of the emotions, was at times a smooth white virginal point, passing into the warmer tones of the arm; at others, when her arm dangled passively, it was a sweet round dimple, a quiet little nook, a side alter of her body. Aside from this Alice resembled any other daughter of a retired major brought up by a loving mother in a suburban cottage.

Like others, she occasionally stroked her elbow, lost in thought, and like others she learned early on to poke about in the sand with her slender foot.

Alice had become engaged four years ago, when she was still in her seventeenth spring—"Miss Alice," mumbled the young man, "will you permit this slim hand—to be mine?" "What do you mean?" she asked. "I'm asking for your hand, Miss Alice," stuttered the young paramour. "Surely sir, you don't expect me to cut off my hand," said the naïve girl, nevertheless flushing scarlet. "Then you do not wish to be my betrothed?" "Oh yes," she replied, "but on the condition that you give me your word you'll never importune me for any of my extremities; that's ridiculous!" "Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "You have no idea how enchanting you are. Intoxicating!" And he spent the entire evening roaming the streets and repeating: "She understood it literally; she thought that I...desired to take her hand the way a person takes a piece of cake. It makes one want to drop to one's knees!"

They made a handsome couple. Mrs. S. watched them gladly from the window as she embroidered a napkin. "You've changed," the young man

was saying sadly; "you don't prattle like before, you don't wave your little hand about..."

"No, no, I still love you just the same," Alice replied distractedly, "I love you; it's just..."

"Just what?"

"You won't make fun of me?"

"You know that I—I never laugh. I only smile, and only with a cheerful smile."

"Explain to me: What does love mean, and what do I mean?"

"Ah, I've been awaiting that question for a long time," he exclaimed. "Come and sit on this bench."

"When the first parents in paradise yielded to Satan's whisper and tasted the tree of awareness, as you know, everything changed for the worse. 'O Lord!'—the people begged—'grant us at least a little of that lost purity and innocence.' The Lord God looked helplessly at the motley band and had no idea where or how He could find a place for Purity and Innocence in that squalid herd. It was then He created a virgin, a vessel of innocence, locked her up tightly and set her among the people, who conceived a nostalgic longing for her."

"But why is it, tell me, why is it that men throw rocks at virgins?"

"What's that, Alice?"

"It's happened to me a number of times," said Alice, turning deep crimson, "that one or another man I've met on an empty street, when no one was watching—threw a rock at me."

The next day she spoke to her fiancé, who was gazing in rapture at her elbow: "Paul...I sometimes have the wildest notions!"

"So much the better, my darling; that's exactly what I expect of you," he responded. "After all, what would you be without whims and notions. I adore that pure unwisdom!"

"But my notions are strange, Paul...so strange I'm embarrassed to say what they are."

"You cannot have any other kind, unaware as you are," he replied.

"The wilder and stranger the notion, the greater will be my zeal in carrying it out, my flower. Yielding to it, I'll pay homage to your virginity and mine."

"But...you see...it's in fact, its somehow different... In any case, I'm sort of scattered by it. Tell me, have...have you also...like other people... have you ever stolen?"

"Who do you take me for, Alice? What's the meaning of these words? Could you even for a moment be drawn to a man soiled by such an offence? I've always tried to be pure and worthy of you, naturally in my own, male domain."

"I don't know, I don't know, Paul—but tell me, only please, please be honest—tell me, have you ever, you know—deceived someone, or bit them, or walked around...half naked; or have you ever slept on a wall; or have you ever beaten someone, or licked them; or have you ever eaten something revolting?"

"Child! What are you saying? Where have you gotten all this from? Alice, think for a moment...I, lick someone or deceive them? What about my honor? You must be mad!"

"Oh, Paul," said Alice, "what a marvellous day—there's not a single cloud, and you have to shield your eyes with your hand."

Absorbed in their conversation, they walked right around the house and found themselves by the kitchen—where a pile of refuse lay a bone with scraps of pink meat abandoned by Bibi. "Look, Paul—a bone," said Alice.

"Let's go from here," said Paul. —"Let's go from here; in this place there are bad smells and the shouts of the kitchen maids. No, Alice, I'm surprised that such ideas could come out of that sweet little head of yours."

"I'd really like it, Paul, if you'd gnaw on it—that is, if together we gnawed the bone on the trash heap. Don't look, I'm blushing"—she nestled up to him—"don't look at me now."

"The bone? What was that, Alice—what? What did you say?"

"Paul," said Alice, clinging to him—"that...rock, you know, stirred a particular unease in me. I don't want to know about anything, don't say anything to me—but I'm troubled by the garden and the roses and the wall, and the white of my dress, and, oh, I don't know, perhaps I'd

like my back to be bruised...The rock whispered to me, whispered to my back, that there's something behind that wall—and that I'll eat that something, gnaw it in this bone, that is, we'll gnaw it jointly, Paul, you with me, me with you, I must, I must"—she insisted vehemently.

And suddenly a quarrel broke out between them, shot and dizzy as the burning July sun, which was dropping toward the west. "Really, Alice, this is disgusting, noxious—ugh—it makes me quite simply sick. I mean, it's right here that the cook throws out the slops!"—"The slops? I feel sick too, I also feel faint—I've a hankering for slops as well! Believe me, for sure, it can be gnawed, Paul, it can be eaten!—everybody does it, I feel it—when no one else is watching."

They argued for a long time. "It's disgusting!"—"It's blind, strange, mysterious, shameful and lovely!"—"Alice!" exclaimed Paul in the end, rubbing his eyes—"for the love of God...—though I'm beginning to have doubts. What is this? Dream or waking? I don't want to keep asking, heaven forbid, I'm not curious, but...Are you perhaps joking, making fun of me, Alice? What's happened here? The rock, you say? Is it possible—that rocks should be thrown and that out of this...that this should result in some kind of unhealthy greed for bones? Surely that would be too wild, too—impure somehow; no, I respect your notions, but this—it's no longer virginal instinct, but—made up off the top of your head."

"My head?" replied Alice—"But Paul, is my head not virginal? After all, you yourself said that one should close one's eyes unthinkingly and quietly, naïvely and purely and—oh, Paul, quick, look how the sun is gleaming, and that little insect is crawling so sleepily along the leaf, and I'm so scattered! I tell you, everyone does the same thing, we're the only ones who don't know about it! Oh, it seems to you that no one ever... at anyone...but I'm telling you that in the evenings the rocks whizz by like heavy rain, so much that one can't even blink; and in the shade of the trees, bones and other refuse are gnawed out of hunger, half-nakedly! That is love—love."

SHE WILL CONSIDER THE CONCEPT OF MENOPAUSE AND ITS PATHOLOGICAL CODE AS ONE OF THE COVERT PRODUCTS OF MODERNITY.

GERMS, CHANCE, PASSION, TIME, FAT, OBSCURITY, OUTDATED GARMENTS, HORMONES, WORRY, FRAYED CLOTH, SILENCE AND POLITICS ASSIST IN HER IDEAL DEREGULATION OF THE HYPOSTATIC MYSTICISMS OF GENDER.

SUCH DREARINESS, SUCH OBLIGATION, SUCH MOOT DIGNITY, SUCH BAD MYTHOLOGY IN THE HYPOSTASIS!

SO, BEING AN IDEALIST, SHE HAS CAUSED HER MENOPAUSE, SURGICALLY, PSYCHICALLY, CHEMICALLY, OR BY PATIENTLY WAITING. IT IS HER OWN. THE STATE HAS NO MENOPAUSE, ONLY PRODUCTIVITY AND LOSS.

SHE HAS ENTERED AN UNDOCUMENTED CORPORALITY. EXCELLENT. NOW THE SCINTILLATING RESEARCH CAN BEGIN.

IF SHE IS AN IMAGE, SHE IS THE IMAGE OF EVERYTHING THE STATE EVADES. IF SHE IS MELANCHOLIC, IT IS THE MELANCHOLY OF A HIGHLY DISCIPLINED CONSTITUTIONAL INTERIORITY.

HER HUMOUR IS INK.

THE EROTOLOGY OF HER IMAGE BEGINS WITH THE TRANSFIGURATION OF VALUE – OR RATHER, VALUE'S DERELICTION. SHE DOESN'T NEED ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO OFFER. IN THIS SENSE, SHE IS ALREADY BAUDELAIREAN. HER CLERICAL-STYLE TUNIC WAS COMMISSIONED AS ARE HER TEXTS. *SARTOR RESARTUS* IS HER PILLOWBOOK.

SHE DEMONSTRATES WITH HER STANCE, HER SKEWED ACCESSORIES, HER SPIRITUAL FORTITUDE, HER OCCUPATION OF THE PARK BENCH, THAT THE ONLY REAL WORTHINESS IS IN THE THEATRICAL AUGMENTATION OF THE IGNORED HUMAN FRAGILITY.

THAT SHE EXISTS AND MOVES IN THE CITY IS AN AFFRONT TO THE WILL OF CAPITAL. COUNTLESS CLINICS ARE DEDICATED TO PREVENTING HER APPEARANCE.

SHE IS THE DANDIACAL AVANT-GARDE. OBSOLESCENCE IS EMBROIDERED ON HER PURSE. SHE EMBODIES THE AESTHETIC LAW OF CONSTRAINT.

WHAT WALTER BENJAMIN SAID OF BAUDELAIRE SHE WILL CLAIM AS HER SLOGAN ALSO: 'PERHAPS THIS IS BAUDELAIRE'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT, AND CERTAINLY IT IS ONE OF WHICH HE IS CONSCIOUS: TO HAVE BECOME SO QUICKLY OBSOLETE, WHILE REMAINING SO DURABLE'.

COME THE PHILOSOPHER OF HER OWN RUIN, WHICH IS ALSO THE RUINOUSNESS OF CAPITAL. BY ENTERING THE THEATRE OF THE STREET EACH DAY AND DISPLAYING THE DIGNITY OF HER IRRELEVANCE, SHE ALTERS THE INTERPRETATION OF NECESSITY.

SHE IS THE MASTERPIECE OF THE ANCIENT SUPERIORITY OF THE IMPRODUCTIVE. SHE NEITHER BEGETS NOR WORKS, BUT DRIFTS.

THE DANDY ASPIRES TO BE SUBLIME, CONTINUOUSLY; BUT LIKE A WEST-MOVING SUN, SHE HAS EFFORTLESSLY ENTERED INTO THE MENOPAUSAL SUBLIME, SETTING A PERENNIAL EXAMPLE FOR THE DANDIACAL CODE, WHATEVER IT IS YET TO BECOME.

GREGARIOUSLY SHE EMBODIES THE BASIC INTENT OF BAUDELAIREANISM: 'THE EXPLORATION OF THE LAST REALM OF INVENTIVENESS IN THE REALM OF FEELING'.

UNLIKE ALMOST ANY OTHER ADULT HUMAN BODY, HERS NOW POSSESSES EXTRA ORGANS, ORGANS THAT HAVE ECLIPSED ALL USE VALUE. SHE WILL DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH HER INNER WEALTH, WHICH IS ENTIRELY AUTONOMOUS.

THESE INNER DECORATIONS ARE FOR HER OWN PLEASURE. BY REMAINING VISIBLE IN THE CITY SHE DEMONSTRATES FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO PERCEIVE THAT IN TRUTH, WEALTH PERTAINS TO LYRIC EXPENDITURE.

WEALTH IS THE AUTONOMOUS EXPERIENCE OF ONE'S OWN PLEASURE, A FLAWED PLEASURE INNATE TO EMBODIMENT. MOVING EXTREMELY SLOWLY ON THE BOULEVARD, IN THE PARK, AT THE NEWS STAND, IN THE BOOKSHOP, SHE DISPLAYS HER RESISTANCE TO ALL APPROPRIATION SAVE THE POEM'S.

AS SHE DRIFTS, SHE HUMS A LITTLE TUNE. WHAT IS THAT TUNE?

THE WOM- AN WHO WAS FUCKED AND FUCKED OVER FOR A CRANE

32.

(13th

century)

GARIN

trans.

NED

DUBIN

HOWEVER MUCH I HAVE BEEN LAX
SINCE FIRST I WAS SET TO THIS TASK,
I'LL NOW COMPOSE A FABLIAU
ABOUT SOMETHING I CAME TO KNOW
IN VÉZELAY BY THE EXCHANGE.
IT'S NOT AT ALL WITHIN THE RANGE
OF MY PURPOSE TO SAY WHO TOLD IT;
IT'S SHORT ENOUGH AND SOON UNFOLDED,
BUT LISTEN, IF YOU'RE CURIOUS.

GARIN THE STORY-TELLER SAYS
THAT ONCE THERE LIVED A CASTELLAN,
NEITHER A FOOL NOR UNCOUTH MAN,
BUT COURTLY, AND WELL-CULTURED TOO.
HE HAD A WORTHY DAUGHTER, WHO
WAS BEAUTIFUL BEYOND COMPARE,
BUT THE CASTELLAN DIDN'T CARE
THAT ANY MAN HAVE CONVERSATIONS
OR SEE HER, SAVE ON RARE OCCASIONS.
HE KEPT HER SHUT UP IN A TOWER,
HE LOVED HER SO, AND WOULD ALLOW HER
ONLY HER NURSE FOR COMPANY—
NO SILLY, FOOLISH WOMAN, SHE,
BUT WORLDLY-WISE AND DISCIPLINED,
WHO SAW TO IT HER CHARGE WAS PENNED
AND OVERSAW HER EDUCATION.
WHILST ENGAGED IN THE PREPARATION
OF THE GIRL'S BREAKFAST, IT OCCURS
ON ONE FINE MORNING TO THE NURSE
THAT THEY COULD USE ANOTHER PLATE,
AND OFF SHE HURRIES, DOESN'T WAIT,
BACK TO THEIR HOME, WHICH WAS QUITE
NEAR,
TO FETCH THE NEEDED KITCHEN GEAR.
SHE DIDN'T THINK TO LOCK THE TOWER.
A YOUNG MAN AT THAT VERY HOUR
CAME WALKING BY THERE, AND HE HAD
A CRANE HE RECENTLY HAD BAGGED
CLUTCHED IN HIS RIGHT HAND.

33.

NOW, THE GIRL,
WHO LIKED TO LOOK OUT AT THE WORLD,
WAS SITTING BY THE WINDOW-PANE
AND SAW HIM PASS BY WITH THE CRANE.
SHE CALLED TO HIM AND SAID,
"MY FRIEND, WHAT BIRD HAVE YOU THERE IN
YOUR HAND,
ON YOUR FATHER'S SOUL?" HE EXPLAINS,
"BY ORLÉANS AND ALL HER SAINTS,
MY LADY, IT'S A LARGE, FINE CRANE."
THE GIRL REPLIES, "IN GOD'S OWN NAME,
IT'S FAT AND FAIR AND JUST MATURE;
I'VE NEVER SEEN ITS LIKE, I'M SURE.
I'D BUY IT FROM YOU, IF I COULD."
"MY LADY," HE SAYS, "WELL AND GOOD.
IF THAT WOULD PLEASE YOU, I WILL SELL."
"WHAT ARE YOU ASKING FOR IT, TELL?"
"MY LADY, FOR A FUCK IT'S YOURS."
"SAINT PETER HELP ME NOW, BECAUSE
I HAVEN'T ANY FUCK TO TRADE!
GOD KNOWS, IF I HAD, WE'D HAVE MADE
A BARGAIN QUICKLY—I'M NOT CHEAP—
AND THE CRANE WOULD BE MINE TO KEEP."
"LADY," HE SAYS, "SURELY YOU JEST.
I CERTAINLY WOULD NOT SUGGEST
A FUCK UNLESS YOU HAD A LOT.
BE QUICK AND PAY ME WHAT YOU'VE GOT."
SHE SWEARS TO GOD THAT, JUST HER LUCK,
SHE'S NEVER EVER SEEN A FUCK.
"YOUNG MAN," SHE SAYS, "COME ON UP NOW
AND LOOK FOR YOURSELF HIGH AND LOW,
'NEATH BED AND BENCHES, ALL AROUND,
TO SEE IF A FUCK CAN'T BE FOUND."

THE YOUTH, WHO WAS WELL-BRED AND
COURTLY,
CAME TO HER IN THE TOWER SHORTLY,
PRETENDING TO SEARCH THOROUGHLY.
"LADY," HE SAID, "IT SEEMS TO ME
THERE MAY BE ONE UNDER YOUR DRESS."
SHE'D NOT MUCH SENSE AND KNEW STILL
LESS,
TOLD HIM, "COME, FELLOW; HAVE A LOOK."
WITHOUT DELAY THE YOUNG MAN TOOK
HER IN HIS ARMS WITH MIGHT AND MAIN
WHO WAS ENAMORED OF HIS CRANE,
PLACED HER IN BED AND GRABBED HER SHIFT
AND HIKED IT UP, WENT ON TO LIFT
HER LEGS WAY UP AND HELD THEM HIGH,
AND HER CUNT QUICKLY CAUGHT HIS EYE,
AND ROUGHLY HE THRUST IN HIS ROD.
"YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE SEARCHING MUCH TOO
HARD!"
THE MAIDEN SAYS, SIGHING AND GASPING.
THE YOUNG MAN COULDN'T KEEP FROM
LAUGHING,

INVOLVED TO THE HILT IN HIS GAME:
"IT'S JUST I'M GIVING YOU MY CRANE—
TAKE FULL POSSESSION OF THE BIRD."
"YOU NEVER SPOKE A TRUER WORD,"
THE GIRL SAYS; "NOW BE OFF WITH YOU!"
HE LEFT HER SAD AND THOUGHTFUL, TOO,
WENT FROM THE TOWER AND TRAVELED ON,
AND HER NURSE CAME BACK THEREUPON
AND SAW THE DAMSEL WITH THE CRANE.
SHE TREMBLED, AND THE BLOOD DID DRAIN
OUT OF HER FACE, AND SHE WAS SHORT:
"YOUNG LADY, WHAT'S THIS BIRD? WHO
BROUGHT
34. IT HERE? NOW TELL THE TRUTH TO ME!"
"I BOUGHT IT JUST NOW, HONESTLY,
FROM A YOUNG MAN, WHO SOLD THE BIRD
AND BROUGHT IT IN HERE, YOU'VE MY WORD."
"WHAT DID YOU PAY?" "ONE FUCK, NO MORE;
I GAVE HIM NOTHING ELSE, BE SURE."
"WRETCH THAT I AM! WOE'S ME! A FUCK?
HOW COULD I HAVE SUCH AWFUL LUCK
AS TO HAVE LEFT YOU HERE ALONE?
I CURSE MY MOUTH FOR WHAT I'VE DONE
THAT EVER IT ATE OR DREW BREATH!
I DESERVE TO BE PUT TO DEATH
AND WILL BE, TOO, I THINK, QUITE SOON!"
YOU'D THINK THE NURSE ABOUT TO SWOON
AND FALL TO THE FLOOR ALTOGETHER,
BUT STILL SHE SETS OUT TO DEFEATHER
THE CRANE AND DRESS IT FOR THE POT:
A GARLIC SAUCE, SHE SAYS, IS NOT
WHAT'S CALLED FOR—PEPPER'S HER INTEN-
TION.

(I OFTEN HAVE HEARD PEOPLE MENTION
IN MANY PLACES THAT I'VE BEEN:
"ADVERSITY THAT ENDS UP IN
THE POT AT LEAST GIVES SOME SMALL COM-
FORT.")
SOME IT MAY PLEASE AND SOME DISCOMFIT,
SO WHAT?—THE NURSE SEASONS THE CRANE
AND THEN HAS TO GO OUT AGAIN
TO GET A KNIFE TO OPEN IT,
AND THE YOUNG GIRL RETURNS TO SIT
DOWN BY THE WINDOW AND LOOK OUT.

35. SHE SAW THE YOUNG MAN, STILL ABOUT
AND GLAD OF WHAT HAD TAKEN PLACE.
THE MAIDEN CALLED HIM STRAIGHTAWAYS
AND SAID, "COME BACK HERE, SIR, AND QUICK!
MY NURSE WAS ANGERED TO THE QUICK
BECAUSE YOU TOOK MY FUCK AWAY
WHEN YOU SOLD ME YOUR CRANE TODAY.
DO GIVE IT BACK, AND BE SO KIND
NOT TO BEGRUDGE IT ME OR MIND.
COME HERE, AND LET US TWO MAKE PEACE."
"MISSY, I'LL DO JUST AS YOU PLEASE,"
THE YOUNG MAN SAID; THEN UP HE CAME
AND STRETCHED HER OUT AND DID THE SAME:

HE WENT BETWEEN HER LEGS AND POUNDED
THE FUCK RIGHT BACK WHERE HE HAD FOUND
IT.

WHEN HE HAD DONE, HE DIDN'T STAY,
BUT TOOK HIS CRANE AND WENT AWAY
INSTEAD OF LEAVING IT BEHIND.
THE NURSE RETURNED, THINKING SHE'D FIND
THE CRANE AND PUT IT UP TO ROAST.
"DON'T HURRY; IT'S ALL LABOR LOST,"
THE MAIDEN TOLD THE WOMAN, "FOR
THE MAN WHO JUST WENT OUT THAT DOOR
UNFUCKED ME AND TOOK BACK HIS BIRD."
THE NURSE, NO SOONER HAD SHE HEARD,
MADE OF HER GRIEF SUCH A DISPLAY
AND CALLED DOWN CURSES ON THE DAY
SHE'D LEFT THE MAIDEN IN THE TOWER
THAT DAY FOR SOME MAN TO DEFLOWER:
"WHY WAS I GIVEN YOU TO WATCH?
SO HEEDLESSLY HAVE I KEPT WATCH
THAT HERE YOU HAVE BEEN FUCKED AGAIN
AND I DON'T GET A BIT OF CRANE!
I GAVE THE MAN HIS CHANCE MYSELF:
"THE CARELESS SHEPHERD FEEDS THE
WOLF!"

32
 He then proceeded further to examine the nature of Bodies in this world of Generation and Corruption, viz. the different kinds of Animals, Plants, Minerals, and the several sorts of Stones, and Earth, Water, Vapour, Ice, Snow, Hail, Smoak, Flame, and glowing Heat; in which he observ'd many Qualities and different Actions, and that their Motions agreed in some respects and differ'd in others. And considering these things with great Application, he perceiv'd that their Qualities also agreed in some things, and differ'd in others; and that so far as they agreed, they we *One*; but when consider'd with Relation to their differ-

31
 Now when he perceiv'd that his Hand supplied all these defects very well, and that none of all the various kinds of Wild Beasts durst stand against him, but ran away from him and were too Nimble for him, he began to contrive how to be even with them, and thought there would be no way so proper as to chuse out some of the swiftest Beasts of the Island, and Bring 'em up tame, and feed them with proper Food, till they would let him back and then and then he might pursue the other kinds of Wild Beasts. There were in that Island both Wild Horses and Asses; he chose of both sorts such as seem'd fittest for his purpose, and by Training he made them wholly obedient to his Wishes. And when he made out of the Strips of Skin and the Hides of Beasts such things as serv'd him competently well in the Room of Bridles and Saddles, he could very easily overtake such Beasts as he could scarce ever have been able to have catch'd any other manner of way. He made all these discoveries whilst he was employed in the Study of Anatomy, and the searching out of the Properties peculiar to each Part, and the difference between them; and all this before the End of that time I speak of, viz. of the Age of 21 Years.

ences, a *great many*: so that when he came to consider the Properties of things by which they were distinguish'd one from another, he found that they were innumerable and Existence seem'd to multiply itself beyond his Comprehension. Nay, when he consider'd the difference of his own Organs, which he perceiv'd were all distinct from one another by some Property of Action peculiar to each, it seem'd to him that there was a *Plurality* in himself. And when he regarded any one Organ, he found that it might be divided into a great many parts, from whence he concluded, that there must needs be a *Plurality* not only in himself but in every other Thing also.

33
 Then viewing the Matter from another Side, he perceiv'd that tho' his Organs were many, yet they were Conjoyned and Compacted together so as to make one Whole, and that what difference there was between them consisted only in the difference of their Actions, which diversity proceeded from the Power of that Animal Spirit, the Nature of which he had before search'd into and found out. Now he remember'd that the Spirit was One in Essence, and the true Essence, and that all the Organs serve that Spirit as Instruments; and so, viewing the Matter from this side, he perceiv'd himself to be *One*.

34
 He proceeded from hence to the consideration of all the Species of Animals and found that every Individual of them was *One*. Next he consider'd them with regard to their different Species, viz., as Roes, Horses, Asses and all sorts of Birds according to the kinds, and he perceiv'd that all the Individuals of every Species were exactly like one another in the shape of their Organs, both within and without, that their Apprehensions, Motions, and Inclinations were alike, and that those little differences which were visible among them were inconsiderable in respect of these many things in which they agreed. From whence he concluded that the Spirit which actuated any Species was one and the Same, only distribution used among so many Hearts as there were Individuals in the Species; so that if it were possible for all that Spirit which is so divided among so many Hearts to be Collected into one Receptacle,

it would be all the same thing, just as if any one Liquor should be poured out into several Dishes and afterwards put all back together again in one Vessel, this Liquor would still be the *same*, as well when it was divided as when it was all together, only in respect of that division it may be said in some sort to be Multiplied. By this way of Contemplation he perceiv'd that a whole Species was One and the same thing, and that the Multiplicity of Individuals in the same Species is like the Multiplicity of Parts in the same Person, which indeed is not real Multiplicity.

monochroming
(yellow)

Silent choosing of a letter whose now bolding presence at the head of a word spells that word as "yellow". Alternate the cipher by reader. Thus, vertigoing at monochrome.

flowers

By conjoining skulls, bloom a sleepspace for garden voices. Reading out loud and untogetherly.

strobe

Text withdraws (coily). Reading out loud and together. With contesting dilation and quiverpupils.

back to back

Sitting back against back (not neccesarily solitude) and reading in one's head; in the strange thick of reading by one's self. Please, please, leave as you please.

this reader has been gathered by SLOW READING CLUB

and fucked over for a crane (32), the hisory of hayy ibn yaqzin (36)

a sequence (3), emile, or on education (6), orchastrophe (11), lessons (12), close to the knives

(15), blood and guts in high school (20), reborn: journals and note-

books, 1947-1963 (24), virginity (25), proverbs of a she-dandy (29), the woman who was fucked

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