



LX

Hey Dick have you ever been a quitter? I have never been a quitter ... to leave office before my term is completed is abhorrent in every instinct in my body but as President I must put the interests of America, "I know you don't write them for a conservative generation however if I were you Kenny I would try to avoid arrangements like 'Treblinka Vibrator (unless it means something different in Polish) Heil Hitler Heinrich Himmler, I woke up at 2 a.m. with a splitting headache. I took two Tylenol almost crying from the pain. A !/2 hour later I was still no better so I chewed 2 extra strength aspirin. It tasted like shit but chewing it made it work faster, just imagine how distressing it is to have 40 headless insects about 3 inches long propelling themselves around like random puss missiles and just because they are headless doesn't mean they are easier to catch or don't jump as far, let me tell you something — my parents were both high when they married and they were high when they made me. So I am grateful to the pot plant. Let's legalize the good weed folks. I am living proof that good weed makes good people. POT — the plant of the future!!, Saw Steve in the street. "Hey man I really liked your piece at Sonnabend." "Thanks" I replied. "It was my tribute to Abbie Hoffman and to the 25th anniversary of Woodstock." "Oh I didn't get all that. I never read my art — ever, The MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour is nothing more than a bunch of boring people sitting around arguing over boring stuff. Get



rid of that roundtable discussion stuff. I think they need to make it more like American Gladiators, we both share a nice cup of tea when half way through I inform you that I have actually pissed in it. What d'ya do about it? Take me outside and beat me with a piece of 2 by 4. Pass it off as my "funny little" sense of humor, when asked "Is there not a difference between that which a revolutionist does and that which a policeman does?" Tolstoy answered: "There is as much difference between cat-shit and dog-shit but I don't like the smell of either one or the other";





LXI

Concerning holiday traffic jams of no interest to the transportation department the fetishization of women the traditional work ethic PMS Oprah Winfrey's alleged mesmerizing effect upon bored viewers, I called Ben and told him of my new devotion to complete crystal-clear clarity which precluded pot smoking and heavy drinking. He sighed and then in a sad voice asked "Does this mean when I come to New York we can't go out and get smashed anymore?";





LXII

Chaos is the natural product of order. Bureaucracy is the highest state of social order. The only effective way to “fight” Chaos is to remove the structure (ah well it sounded dangerously New Age Flake-ish toward the end there...), he is the unseen seer the unheard hearer the unthought thinker the understood understander. Other than he there is no seer other than he there is no hearer other than he there is no thinker other than he there is no understander, he used to be elsewhere when I was a kid but we used to attribute it to a generally adorable spaciness. Tonight and recently it has been more disturbing more removed. Is he getting older? Less open to new ideas?, Just how do you DEFINE a poet in “mid-career”? I came to poetry formally a little over a decade ago deciding to leave the engineering profession (& “deciding” is far too genteel a term) to pursue my desire, she told me that one of her students suggested to her that we have a baby. “Why?” Cheryl asked. “Because that way your child could play with the kid of Kim Gordon and Thurston Moore. They would grow up together — both with sets of really cool parents” she answered, should I come across some marijuana in the near future the endeavor should prove to be easier. However there is none about and so my conservative and anal retentive mind is hard-pressed to come up with anarchist propaganda, Strict Dress Code Will Be Enforced: Legends Know No Code chap thong back G-strings Westwood padded derrière-wear bustles hot pants butt plugs Frederick’s padded girdles posterior tat-





toos high-cut swimsuits ladies panties for butch queens only Andre Walker, the sixties were an incredible moment in history. It was the moment when Western thinking Judeo-Christian concepts and Hindu and Buddhist concepts came together. It totally freed up the Protestant domination of our culture, while attending a student's birthday party during a later week of one of his hunger strikes Gandhi was offered a piece of chocolate cake by a less enlightened disciple. The disciple then remembered Gandhi's fast and repealed the offer;





LXIII

And from there I began to unravel all the value judgments that I had been building for as long as I could remember and I looked around and recognized a huge baroque web of attachments and retro-attachments reaching into every corner, every fucking person has a part of them that wants to be Jesus I fear God. I don't want to fear God. I really hate feeling superior to others yet people on t.v. would suggest a loser everyone fucking wants to be superior, I have a problem — I stink real bad. I don't know if it's because of my Franco-Princetonian background or my refusal to wear any kind of odor-reduction products. Can you help me? No one at work lets me get close due to my ripe aroma, it was a real drag. At the rock show all he could do was tell me about his career. In between songs he kept hammering me with details about this interview that assistant this show here that Kunsthalle there. He certainly made it difficult to hear, the first thing when I saw him today that he said was "Oy what a day!" and at dinner proceeded to launch into yet another stressful business story a new crisis. Bigger than the last crisis. And he cannot see the next crisis around the corner;



LXIV

Bring anything: can you do: don't do a.: he'd fuck a.: I'll try: if you want: never does: they can make: since Auntie: what would happen: the a.: this is where: born a gentleman: as the actress: up a shade: everybody wants: get into: get your act: sharp's slice: that's where, classical deities are left to icts. when smoked it comes on u make potholes of language or 4-30 minutes depending on m reside in the arms of 18th and of the tryptamines is their D 19th century morality one is unters, oh c'mon how many of you have NEVER looked on the back of a greeting card to see how much the card cost the sender? Are greeting cards ridiculously priced or what? \$2 and up for little more than I made in grade school with some paper and scissors, our friend Alix is always looking for love. Recently she went all the way to Amsterdam to find out if this was the right guy for her. "How did it go?" we asked her upon her return. "Well" she replied "it looks like I'm just going to have to find another", please let this be a material monument to horizontal structure. Let me keep all my arrows pointed in the direction to demolish verticality. Verticality implying power favor desire taste unshakable structure, she criticized my work. She said that I was casting my net far too wide. She told me that I needed more focus. I thanked her for her comments and replied that the criticism was fine for one type of piece but I was obviously involved with another, take any of them. Emilio. Rob. Tom. Ally. Demi. Andrew. Judd. And you can throw in Molly Ringwald and Charlie Sheen just to be thorough. On gut



instinct alone I'm saying that at least one of them will die in an auto crash in the next 6 years, the crowning jewel of my apartment this back-lit glass hologram of The Last Supper never fails to elicit compliments and cash offers—it is a truly amazing piece—you've seen the painting but with The Holy Hologram it's like being there, well the boys at MTV really know how to appeal to the youthful masses — through bodily function humor because those corporate whizzes certainly understand that all metal listeners are dudes who enjoy lying around in their fecal matter, why read a poem? It's a way of being alone with someone else's tones obsessions rhythms and sense of form: a way of giving yourself over to another human being and getting back something that is different from and hopefully more than either;





LXV

Have you ever noticed how you take five pairs of socks along with mounds of other dirty clothes put them in the washing machine take them out and start folding them only to find that you have exactly 9 socks which amounts to a total of four and a half pairs?, I often get letters from Japan — they want to fly me over there. I will not go. First I have no desire to go to Japan I have no desire to go to India I have no desire to go to China. I've had enough with Europe and America, if an ill-tempered husband shows his unjustified wrath when food has not been prepared to satisfy his taste it will be permissible for the wife to taste the food while she is preparing it. As long as nothing goes down her throat her fast will be valid and her, let's have a party on new year's eve 1999 where we can be ourselves and reflect on our evolution and celebrate our consciousness be naked and free bang on loud drums and dance in the streets of every city and town eat drink and see jerry there, on his favorite subject of subordination Johnson said "So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal that no two people can be half an hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other", turn on MTV for the latest news and fashion advice. Read Sassy for what music to listen to. "C'mon Mom everyone's got Doc Martens." So you sit around in corporate parking lots hiding from the cops experimenting with Mad Dog and malt liquor, when I was a teenager I used to puzzle for hours over the Dylan tune "Ballad Of A Thin Man" particularly the line "You're very well





read/It's well known." I used to think of those lines as a total
putdown but as I get older I become less sure;





LXVI

And a little girl goes into the bathroom and sees her daddy taking a piss and says “Daddy daddy what is that?” He replies “That’s a dick.” Then she says “When am I gonna get one of those?” He replies “Oh in about 5 minutes after your mother goes to the store”, Evil is our nature. And unlike those with conscience I take pleasure in my cruelty and delight in all the destruction and havoc I’ve wreaked on (and in) the lives of others. I shatter their hearts destroy their hopes strip them of their innocence and beat them with their fears, hey Daffodil Queen I’m still singing can’t stop your face on my eyelids the rush of your cool spring sweatshirt cool warm girl under sweatshirt my fire sometimes my inferno smile at me like a squirrel and let’s roll down the hill one more time hey Daffodil Queen it’s summer, I put the words and phrases into an alphabetic and syllabic order with the entries going from one syllable A to Z then a semi-colon then two syllables A to Z then a semi-colon then three syllables A to Z etc., I wondered what the hell ever happened to her — we used to be such good friends — although there was something stopping me from really getting too close to her. I hear that she is now in Narcotics Anonymous and is teaching yoga. Cheryl never really cared for her, if everyone was given a solid gold sporknifeaw at birth ... well ... the pawn shop would be over loaded with worthless sporknifeaws stolen from hapless babies but still there would not be a need for any of those other stupid silverwares, it hadn’t even been a year since I decided that my mouth was get-



ting tired and chapped from giving so many blowjobs that it was time to start having sex like a normal 19-year-old ... and I was not ready to start screwing around with a virtual stranger, people who misuse apostrophes make me very hostile. So like how hard is it to pick up a Strunk and White and learn the rules? Clothing stores are the worst. "ALL SHOE'S ON SALE! GIFT CERTIFICATE'S SOLD HERE!" My personal fave — the plaque at Burger King that reads "CONDIMENT'S BAR", people who use apostrophes just because they feel like it. Petty Vengeance: Correct them. Scribble over the apostrophe or rip the offending apostrophe off the sign. (Debb points out that this only leaves an apostrophe-shaped scribble or rip but I don't care), read in the paper today about a famous band-leader who at age 44 gave it all up to become an obscure writer. When asked about his change in life he said "It was like cutting off a gangrenous arm. You miss it but having a life is better", struggle surviving injuries motivation accepting people for what they are. Veins and opinions insecurities trends money capitalize destruction hate flower and love a fine line to be neutral. Get away kill the past kill it dead write the future, time dissolves and spirals somewhere down the drain. I don't know if my eyes are open or closed where I am whether I'm breathing anymore. I don't even feel anything. I just am a sense of pleasure. Pure concentrated 180 proof everclear pleasure, well I don't want to go to Cyberspace mostly because it's for geeks who sit in a room peek into the minds of other people that they don't even know. What stands in the way of these punks taking over the whole United States and running us all through the wringer?, Why are all the slow drivers always in the left lane? No one seems to remember (or more accurately no one CARES) that the first rule of the road is to "keep right" ... except of course (heh heh) in other countries where you "keep left" ... I wonder if they have the "left of way" as a phrase there?;



LXVII

I'm sorry Grandma's (eventually) forthcoming inheritance isn't enough for you to live on. Perhaps you should get your MBA from Harvard and start an investment firm with your brother-in-law. I think you've got the instincts of any good Wall Street Jew-Banker, Mr. Glass does not object in principle to his work being used in commercials. He has written a simple theme that will be included on an electronic chip in a new line of Swatch watches. He has also written music for MCI and Christian Dior, Mr. LaRussa also knew that I knew that my companion knew: moreover Mr. Oates knew that Mr. LaRussa knew and what's more Mr. LaRussa knew that Mr. Oates knew Mr. LaRussa knew that my companion knew Mr. Oates knew Mr. LaRussa, while strolling through some formal English gardens in mid-June we happened to stray off the primrose path into the uncultivated woods. We were taken aback by the roughness and unkemptness of the wilds and couldn't wait to dash back into the fine gardens far from "nature";





LXVIII

I told her that I thought that cars were not good in several ways — I preferred public transportation — they were not practical in the city and they were not environmentally sound. “Oh” she said “I didn’t know that you were as environmentally conscious as you are”, so like there is a space at the bottom for people to insert their own text and then ship it off so I’m like yeah gonna tips for wanna-be ezinesters accidentally left unguarded in the same room as a small four year old child who had access to a pair of scissors;





LXIX

Almost a year ago I sat in Bryant Park and asked myself the question “What if I spent my entire 33rd year in ignorance?” If I asked myself that question again today I’d have to answer that it still sounds like a fine idea. Well there’s always 34, as I began to climb into the mammoth rig my mind flashes back a few years when I was thumbing it out to Western Pennsylvania and had to dive to the side of the road for safety every now and then as an irate hippie hating trucker aimed his rig for my long hair, he asked to be allowed to wear the KKK robe and for his name to be changed on all court documents to “the honorable and respected name of Hi Hitler.” According to courthouse employees he thought Adolph Hitler’s followers said “Hi Hitler” rather than “Heil Hitler”, I got to thinking afterward maybe she’s right — maybe it would be interesting to read my collections in a more “coherent” i.e. “contextual” manner. I didn’t think anything more of it. Until I woke up this morning and I was struck with a paranoia, this use is in context of a particular routine or stretch of code. “The FOOBZ routine uses A3 as an accumulator.” 3. One’s in-basket (esp. among old-timers who might use sense 1). “You want this reviewed? Sure just put it in the accumulator”, you can think of this book as a collection — a collection for others and for myself. I am simply the collector — I’ve set up the parameters and I’ve done the gathering since nobody else was going to do it I decided that I would bring these words together, Punk-Rock vs. New Wave booty: (Bring it like Guy and Jo-Jo!)



Your scrawny rock-and-roll butt is raising plucked eyebrows from green door to squeeze box. Cram it into bondage pants or spandex. Your booty must measure 30" or under to snatch. (The prize: kitty boots rhinestone couture!), we used to subscribe to the New York Times. Everyday the paper would arrive and in the morning we would read it cover to cover. Right? And it got so fucking boring. Every day was like the last and it felt like we were reading the same fucking paper over and over, you step to this y'know you better have discipline and you better have some oars to row your ass back where you came from. It's all about Hobos baby. Some real shit some real nasty sick cough throwin' up enzymes with green loogi attached to the inside of your intestines '94;





LXX

Hey kitty! You're like the queen of the ball the hot chick on the dance floor the girl in the spotlight. How do you do that? But stop drinking so much coffee or Pepsi or whatever it is that you do for all them bursts of energy cuz you might O.D. and we wouldn't want that. We love you just the way you are, if you would open a drawer very slowly you will notice that the light goes into the drawer. You cannot see the dark leave the drawer. Continue to open the drawer and light will continue to enter the drawer however you will not see any dark leave the drawer;





LXXI

I don't believe in Magic I don't believe in I-Ching I don't believe in Bible I don't believe in Tarot I don't believe in Hitler I don't believe in Jesus I don't believe in Kennedy I don't believe in Mantra I don't believe in Gita I don't believe in Yoga, I've always wanted to own a fur coat. Unfortunately my religion doesn't allow me to wear the hides of intelligent creatures. I've decided therefore that I'm going to kidnap Rush Limbaugh and rub his whole body with Monoxodil until he's ready for the slaughter, thinking whether or not I should go to his reading. I really don't feel like it. It's Saturday in late April during a warm April shower and to be honest I'd rather sit here at the kitchen table listen to Beethoven String Quartets and quietly work on the computer;



LXXII

Everything pushes down on you and you just want to lie still and never move again but you can't. Your best friend won't speak to you and you fear it may be for real this time and you're scared. You know how futile everything is and you just don't want to anymore. You wish you could put a name on your fears, I hate those stupid lazy people that live off of Food Stamps. They go through the grocery lanes wearing \$100 jeans \$100 shirts and \$100 tennis shoes — my god their four year old has \$100 shoes too. Thhhhhhhhen they purchase shrimp T-bone steaks and lobsters, looking at your letter I have found some phrases which surprised me such an optimist — Kenny wrote me: "Alone trying to mull over recent events in my life..." or "...wondering what I'm going to do next with my life..." Jezus it sounds not good. I hope now everything is O.K. Kenny huh?, Met Larry on the street today. He asked me what was up. I told him that I had been to India. "Really?" he inquired. "Tell me more." I proceeded to tell him of my adventures. At the end of our hour long conversation he said "You know — this India thing sounds like a good idea", the doctor said "I am afraid we got some bad results from one of your tests and we are going to have to operate and cut off your left testicle." Ray sort of winced pondered a bit and said "Well what's the good news?" To which the doctor replied "You still got the right one baby uhh huhh", the use of "generic" male pronouns which are I think part of a language of the past (dominated by patriarchal thinking) not a healthy language of



the future which should be as free as possible of all authoritarian hierarchical and exclusive structures/strictures;





LXXIII

Alright you're done with whatever you were doing in the restroom there — I'm not asking — and you need to rinse your hands clear of the shall we say residue of your transaction. Haplessly you walk towards the sinks and pray that the blower-thing works and that there is actually soap in the dispenser, Cheryl and I were in Arizona watching a glorious sunset in the desert. As the sky was lighting up with colors we looked at each other and said "I've seen this before." "But where?" "We've seen much better ones on T.V. growing up" although we had never seen a desert sunset before, there is also a usage "ACK?" (from sense 1) meaning "Are you there?" often used in email when earlier mail has produced no reply or during a lull in {talk mode} to see if the person has gone away (the standard humorous response is of course {NAK} (sense 2) i.e. "Uh I'm not here");





LXXIV

We all know (or at least we should) that hierarchical institutional structures are beyond salvation they are doomed already. The faster they are done away with the better. Good ideas are right for the time and beyond that time they are obsolete and that makes them bad ideas;





LXXV

Always a nagging on my shirt sleeve. Something to do. Even activities that are supposed to be considered “pleasure” or “leisure” become responsibilities. I would like to take just one fucking week out of my life to do nothing — literally nothing — with no obligations whatsoever, so tonight I couldn’t help but wondering what was running through his mind as he watched the show. I tried to imagine what would be running through my mind and I remembered all too easily. It was what made me want to search out another way because obviously that wasn’t working anymore, we talked on a beautiful mid-September day. She said she was tired of having to think in the narrow way which she had learned over the past ten years. She said she couldn’t wait to break through and toss away the old habits — to have her sub-conscious break through her conscious mind like a seed turning to flower, We were discussing sensuality in the work of the well-known poet. He said “There’s so much eroticism in his work and to be honest with you I wish I didn’t know him personally. That way when he writes about his wife licking his hip I could imagine being slightly turned on more;





LXXVI

A /*/ is used for the ‘schwa’ sound of unstressed or occluded vowels (the one that is often written with an upside-down “e”). The schwa vowel is omitted in syllables containing vocalic r l m or n that is ‘kitten’ and ‘color’ would be rendered /kit’n/ and /kuhl’r/ not /kit’*n/ and /kuhl’*r/, and Arizona Ice Tea. How dumb can people be? Where is it notorious for being hot? Phoenix Arizona right? So they slap the name Arizona on the bottle to make you think it will even quench the thirst of people baking in 120 degree heat in Arizona. Suckers!, As a teenager I had come to the same conclusion that many teens do: that everybody and everything around me was half-assed and wrong. This included the bourgeois capitalist system that I was being forced to live under. Workers are being exploited! This sucks everybody should just share!, Hey kitty! You’re like the queen of the ball the hot chick on the dance floor the girl in the spotlight. How do you do that? But stop drinking so much coffee or Pepsi or whatever it is that you do for all them bursts of energy cuz you might O.D. and we wouldn’t want that. We love you just the way you are, I don’t have enough talent to make it in the real world and how I’ll never have enough money and my friends are all back-biting sons of bitches and everything in the world is beyond reclamation and when I’m numb with despair I’ll slit my wrists and lay in the bathtub just like that guy in Caligula, telephones are an ideal form of communication! Surely there is no other invention of the twentieth century which can compare to that of the tele-



phone. Whether you want to catch the latest gossip with your family or simply say hello to an old friend the telephone is there, who would go to the inconvenience of traveling to an out-of-the-way place to endure the discomfort of sitting on a hard seat for hour after hour in an auditorium without air conditioning at the height of the summer except out of devotion to the works of Richard Wagner?;





LXXVII

But what really is personal? Is not shared culture as personal as one's subjective experience? Where can we draw the line? Are we not as much shaped by what is outside us as what comes from within? Am I not as much a product of advertisers and goods as much as I am by my "singular nature?", Ideas themselves are startling rather than they exit from this particular mouth. Go figure. Yes mumsie would have to be aborted in her 150th trimester. Sad for her. As for me I do not procreate (though I practice a lot) I recycle and I have mastered my and others VCRs, The New York Times was only able to take him seriously 25 years after his death. And even then he was treated as an oddity. Of course they only quoted passages from his most well known novel all framed up in a box at the bottom of the page — an excerpt to comfort the Time's readers;





LXXVIII

Avoid those run-on sentences that just go on and on and on they never stop they just keep rambling and you really wish the person would just shut up but no they just keep going they're worse than the Energizer Bunny they babble incessantly and these sentences they just never stop they go on forever, first take: you enter a quiet out-of-the-way drugstore that has a display of walkers and bedpans in the window. Confident that no one you know will ever spot you here you stride over to the kindly old pharmacist at the back of the store. "Excuse me" you venture a little shakily. "Where are your rubbers?", Her butt was not just disgustingly HUGE but it had a certain shelf-like quality to it that was truly amazing. Really her ass didn't gently SWELL like some fat asses it actually made a ninety-degree angle with her back. You could set something down on Mrs. Edmunds' shelf-ass and it would stay there, I jumped for joy — I was actually running around the empty house like a maniac filled with pleasure. And it was 8 a.m. and I was all alone and I had the world's greatest music collection at my fingers with the unlimited freedom to broadcast whatever the hell I wanted over the air, if we don't understand you and value you highly enough it's only because you're so near home and so easily available. If you were sitting on a mountain top and we had to walk miles without food and climb precipices to reach you clinging on to roots of trees then we would know what a treasure you are, Shopping for Booty: (53rd & 3rd vs. Forty-deuce) Your generosity is legend from rounds to trix.



You not only act like a john you have the brief case love handles and credit cards to look like one too! Bring us your best shopping for booty look from Uncle Charlie's T-shirts to Benetton Travel-wear, the newspaper article told of a crack dealer who had a meteoric rise in Harlem. Finally it all collapsed in gunfire and he ended up in the hospital recovering but having lost the use of his legs. "It's funny" he said. "Now that I'm out of the business nobody calls me anymore", water balloons: yeah plain water balloons really belong to the grade-schoolers and the fraternity types with balloon launchers but how about putting about a tablespoon of Rit dye in the balloon before you fill it? Looks really nice on stucco or on white cinderblock where it gets a chance to soak in for a few hours, words you will not find in the Bible: dick scrub felch fisting toenail crank slick 50 winona hemi MC5 abortion is murder meat is murder christ was a chump xian sassy suckle squeal grrrls pie hole the virgin mary wasn't one blowjob smashing pumpkins disney slurp aardvark godzilla bossa nova;



LXXIX

Betty Botter bought some butter but she said this butter's bitter. If I put it in my batter it will make my batter bitter. But a bit of better butter will make my batter better. So she bought a bit of butter better than her bitter butter and she put it in her batter and it made her batter better, brand me a sexist racist homophobe a B list or a category A sympathizer if I am a member of category A I will confess my sexism racism and homophobia I will persecute censor and shun any member so help me deity of unspecified gender, everyone keeps telling me what a big deal certain things are — this one is publishing a book with so-and-so this one got into a certain prestigious university with a scholarship this one is in a certain exhibition — that I have no idea of what is actually a “big deal” anymore, the dog took a shit on the street that was closer to the texture of piss. I put my plastic bag away and left the puddle lying there. An angry woman ran up to me tapped me on the shoulder and asked me if I was going to pick up the diarrhea. “Lady” I responded “To pick that up you'd need a straw”, ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope: who expect that age will perform the promises of youth and that the deficiencies of present day will be supplied by the morrow: attend to the history of Rasselas prince of Abissinia;



LXXX

Have you ever eaten so much sugar you go completely utterly insane for a few minutes? One time at IHOP a friend and I insisted on tasting every kind of syrup they had and consumed so much sugar we both started to laugh maniacally at the slightest thing we turned red and nearly fell over, internet modems acid house brain implants. Where do people come up with this stuff? I mean it's intriguing to get through to 8 gazillion people at once but something this big stands for something or maybe nothing. But what do I do in Cyberspace? Maybe my old-fashioned pen-and-ink brain just doesn't have room for another, so we woke up this morning and we were no longer who we had been for the previous part of our lives. We can't exactly say that we were someone new because if that was so we wouldn't have the knowledge to write this — we remember all too well who we were — it was what got us here today — but it's no longer who we are, the pungent odor of cranberry sauce makes you hurl but you must take a big bite and smile trying not to let the goo slip out of the corners of your mouth. Then after the ever-so-happy cook leaves to get the next course you let the glob of wretched food fall into the gaping maw of the family pet Spotty the llama;



LXXXII

As an exercise he wrote a page of the “worst writing imaginable” and he continued doing this every day for two and a half weeks. “It turned into something like Whitman” he recalled. “In ways that are almost impossible to do with correct language I found that I could address a lot of very large ideas”, How could you print a recipe for basing and cooking crack? (I could give two shits about your disclaimer at the bottom.) A lotta brothers and sisters are gonna read your book children included. If someone wanted to experiment with it but didn’t know you’ve just taught a whole lot of kids how to make this shit. Fuck you sucker, I am taking the only step that an artist can take with his work — that is to ask the tough questions and act in accordance with them. It’s really the old Yves Klein leap into the void — I am jumping and somehow believe that I will be supported as I have been supported in the past. I am demanding your selfless support here, I have the joy of seeing my sagging personality-less face every time I look in the mirror. True bitterness is wishing you could carve yourself up like a turkey cutting away the swaying layers of fat and shake off the lifeless suit of spongy flab that you waddle through your life in. I want to emerge like a ninja;



LXXXIV

At intermission he told me of an old boyfriend of his. It seems that he was an odd combination of junkie and spiritual seeker. He said that he once took him to a very ludicrous lecture and revival at Lincoln Center. After the event he went home to meditate and passed out from the God-heroin mixture, I have become increasingly interested in working in fields in which I have no expertise. Take for example music. I am not a composer. I don't know how to read music. But that has not prevented me from writing scores. With no boundaries or borders I am free to pursue the realm of the professional amateur, it seemed like ordinary mail at first: some bills a newspaper ten million dollars from Ed McMahon and yet another flyer but there was more. Just behind the envelope bearing Ed's smiling face was another much bigger envelope. It had no return address but was postmarked in California. It almost sounded like laughter, well it's a little like the advantage Henry Ford had at the turn of the century. Only America was big enough to justify building mass-production centers for Fords. So here in the latter part of our century our market is the only one large enough to justify building the next Microsoft Windows software;





LXXXV

Because when you get that unsettled feeling in your belly the feeling that tells you something is inherently wrong with your town you go back inside take an antihistamine turn on CNN and lament the end of the civilized world. And you can blame everyone else. Because you live in the suburbs where the American Dream endures, mix the cocaine baking soda and comeback with enough water to cover it. Bring to a boil mixing constantly and watch the blend draw together. Place the resulting gel in ice water. Let cool into a solid mass. Remove the crack from water. Let it stand until completely dry and hard. Break into pieces. Serves 1000 or more, we were in our little suburban homes and it was 1971. Life magazine did a photo essay on a poor spider who had been fed what was probably a killer dose of LSD. Instead of spinning its typical geometric webs it was spinning gorgeous webs of free-form-acid-inspired psychedelia;





LXXXVII

Your digestive system is your body's Fun House whereby food goes on a long dark scary ride taking all kinds of unexpected twists and turns being attacked by vicious secretions along the way and not knowing until the last minute whether it will be turned into a useful body part or ejected into the Dark Hole by Mister Sphincter;





LXXXVIII

“as long as (one) is alive” kula-“pond” + aampal “water lily” = KuLaampal “pond water lily” cetta “dead” piRanta “born” + iTam “place” = cettiTamum pi Rantilamum “the place where [people] die and are born again” enta “which + enta = ententa which” pl.) colla “to speak” + on(N)aata “impossible” + colloNaata, I would pressure them to have sex. I would pressure them. I would say look um this would be a really good thing for you to do for me and uh I suggest um that uh you know uh that I would start intimidating them with my words and pushing them and prodding them and uhh uuhhh then I would start putting my hands on them and getting um getting closer and closer;



LXXXIX

Dr. Johnson complain'd of Fleas to Mr. Mitchell of Brighthelmstone I remember & the old Man with much affected Gravity — said "Why Sir perhaps they are beneficial in emptying the Capillary Vessels & Flea bite o' me may be as good as Phlebotomy in such Cases." Johnson was very ill pleas'd & disliked Mitchell ever after, my only nourishment consists of food that is white: eggs sugar shredded bones the fat of dead animals veal salt coconuts chicken cooked in white water mouldy fruit rice turnips sausages in camphor pastry cheese (white varieties) cotton salad and certain kinds of fish (without their skin). I boil my wine and drink it cold mixed with the juice of the fuchsia, "stand up straight follow directions and you'll be fine." well ... well ... fine this muthafucker. i've sat and listened long enough i'm sick of being oppressed i'm sick of watching others be oppressed my feelings can only be expressed in rage i've learned all i need to know about what society stands for and i'm sick of it! ... hmm ... °think i'll get a nose ring ... and a tattoo ... yeah, well the trick is to balance your inner inner cerebral whirl on the brink of the utmost ultimate hazy high while downing a fifth ducking to avoid that mind-worm and trying to find that mushroom or other tab of the really fucked up stuff and your third eye is screammming and your head is hammmmering and when you wake up in de-tox the whole thing is over;



XC

In reality I must admit that I have never struck a woman (even a piggy) and probably never would. The idea however of grinding your snout into a box of Ding-Dongs smearing it all over your piggy face and riding you around the room degrading you and slapping your big-ass meaty cheeks is *such* an arousing one however..., with? Sinbad the Sailor and Tinbad the Tailor and Jinbad the Jailer and Whinbad the Whaler and Ninbad the Nailer and Finbad the Failer and Bindad the Bailer and Pinbad the Pailer and Mindbad the Mailer and Henbad the Hailer and Rinbad the Railer and Dinbad the Kailer and Vinbad the Quailer and Linbad the Yailer and Xinbad the Phthailer, You have to notice sooner or later that there's no future in anything aside from spiritual development. You can get up to Vice President and die or get thrown out and die. I did that. I went through a whole company up to the top and what do you do after that? Whether it's your house or your wife or your kids — in anything there is no future;





XCI

Has his heart and mind become fossilized by the events that took place in a matter of three years? Did the events happen beyond his control? Did he have other options in life that he had failed to take to own the blame the responsibility? Could he have had more self-control? Was he destined to suffer? Do you have to live only in a world of conjectures?, I would say the average adult spends ten to twelve hours a day (including commuting) doing something that they don't enjoy. They come home eat dinner sit down watch TV and end up falling asleep after fifteen minutes because they were up at dawn to catch the 6 a.m. train into Manhattan. The next day they do the same thing over again. This goes on for years, Magda my assistant wrote me a letter congratulating me on the publication of my latest book. "I am fond of the second book because if you hadn't created it we would never have met. But you must know that I don't really like it. Whereas I was impressed by the introduction. Obviously you should consider becoming a prose writer", She called to return a phone call. When I thanked her for the lovely dinner party she threw a couple of days before I happened to mention that I thought one of the dinner guests was cute. "Well I used to think he was cute but I don't think he is anymore" she replied. "Really? What happened?" I queried. "Well it's not that he's not cute it is just that now I think you are cuter", when a com-poser feels a responsibility to make rather than accept he e-liminates from the area of possibility all those events that do not suggest the at that



point in time vogue of profund-ity. For he takes himself seriously wishes to be considered great and he thereby diminishes his love and increases his fear;





XCII

I told him of my plans to travel for a month in India. I told him that I planned to do a long piece in Sanskrit a language which I neither speak nor write. He said: I don't know. Why don't you do a different type of writing when you are there — write something that will really “mean something” to you. That way you will be able to look back on your trip and really remember, Why not get together with some friends soon and say NO?! Say no to the draft or work or religion or authority figures or school say no to television patriotism political ideologies any of the thousand and one ways in which this society keeps you from realizing your own needs and desires. You'll find the more you do it the more;





XCIII

But occasionally we would look back and remember who we were and we would toss it off as nostalgia. But slowly the pain started. And we tried to mask it with more of what gave it to us in the first place. And that made it worse. And it grew stronger. And we were aware enough to feel it. And we were aware enough of it that we didn't want to feel it anymore, Strict Dress Code Will Be Enforced: Legends know no code: boxing outfits for women: metallic posing suits: hooters T-shirts: poodle perms: obvious silicone jobs: football jerseys: bimbo domination: PMS boots: cruel or impossible tans: cheerleader drag: high heeled sneakers: hockey fan drag for butch women only barbell jewelry: kitty boots or Jackie couture;





XCIV

Are you a HEAVY FEMALE between 200 and 350 lbs. who can afford to take me out? Handsome SBM will escort you to dinners plays movies etc. black hair educated and have car. Non smoker. No dances discoes or additional fees required. I'm willing to travel to you up to a 25 mile radius from lincoln center, Eat more shit more. Shit more eat more. Meat more shit more. Shit more meat more. Heat more shit more. Shit more heat more. Heat more burn more shit more. Burn more shit more heat more. Shit more heat more burn more. Learn more shit more. Shit more learn more. Earn more shit more. Shit more earn more. Learn more earn more shit more. Earn more shit more learn more. Shit more earn more learn more. Earn more burn more shit more. Burn more shit more earn more. Shit more earn more burn more;





XCV

Betty Botter bought some butter but she said this butter's bitter. If I put it in my batter it will make my batter bitter. But a bit of better butter will make my batter better. So she bought a bit of butter better than her bitter butter and she put it in her batter and it made her batter better. So 'twas better Betty Botter bought a bit of better butter, drinking milk is like raping a man with a machine then strapping a woman to another machine and raping her with a gigantic dildo then shooting her up with drugs then when she gives birth steal her baby and sell it to a life of under-nourishment then coming back to the woman's house three times a day to pump her breasts dry and rape her again to start the process over, what really annoys me are digital clocks that go really slowly when you hold the button down. You know you're trying to adjust the time because the power went out or you're trying to set the alarm and they take forever just to change from one minute to the next. You find that you can go ten times faster just by hitting the button really fast. Why do clocks have the hold-down feature;





XCVI

I couldn't believe her talk at the dinner table. She was so full of herself it was truly shocking. What was worse was her construction of a complete totemic structure which she had created even before starting the prestigious academic program. I wondered how narrow and conforming her mind would be within a few years. Although she seemed happy I really feared for her;





XCVII

My father and I decided to take a trip to Bear Mountain in order to escape the city. After a long drive we arrived only to find a massive traffic jam at the entrance to the park. We patiently waited and when we got to the front of the line we were greeted with a sign that said “Mountain Closed Due To Overcrowding.” We shrugged and like everyone else turned around the car, quite suddenly the weight of my own body disappeared. I felt that I owned nothing not even a self and that nothing owned me. The whole world became transparent and unobstructed in my own mind: the “problem of life” simply ceased to exist and I and everything around me felt like the wind blowing leaves across a field on an autumn day. This lasted for approximately eighteen hours, saw her on Prince Street today and we sat on a stoop in the bright early spring sunshine. Instead of our usual deep and meaningful talk we critiqued the dressing styles of all the passers-by. I must admit we have a tendency to get really catty. She was no fun as all she wanted to look at were the twentysomething guys where as I was interested in skirt lengths hems and leather;





XCIX

So if each (If) Each generation (to use a broad term) must reinvent the world for itself. (Then) Each generation is asking the same questions and essentially working on the same project. What makes the answers differ is the time in which each one is living — a lineage is created over time a family of people all asking the same questions (and yet arriving at different answers);

