



## XXV

A lot like having Helen Keller verify your TV tint adjustments you addle-brained footer, after the reading he came up to me and said “I never realized that you had so many good lines there”, and a Spotted Owl activist chained to an old-growth pear makes one wish to be a garbage collector, and although we’d only met and chatted for six hours when it came time to part I already missed her, and anyways I read this great book this afternoon about Barnett Newman that made me feel better, and just the thought of tofu cheesecake covered with a sticky gooey blueberry sauce makes me shudder, busted a fat ass half-Cab over it first try on a Shut Shark with a three inch nose. He had big hair, but as he opened his mouth the piece of meat fell out dropped in the water and was never seen no more, dipped in Ram’s phlegm and then packaged in meat conveniently cut out from a head of a dead howler, Do you think about time trying to figure out how to get more and more of it viewing it as “yours”?, dreary small rooms and a common shower and toilet that looked like it was something out of the Lager, Duccio came not by usura nor Pier della Francesca Zuan Bellin’ not by usura, duct tape is like the force — it has a light side and a dark side and it holds the universe together, Ever humped an inanimate object like a pillow liver hole in the wall sausage banana?, Gabriele d’Annunzio the pseudonym of Gaetano Rapagnetta (1864 —), he added that many women insist on using Saran Wrap when he goes down

to taste the tuna, he is the unseen seer the unheard hearer the unthought thinker the ununderstood understander, he said that classical music was composed by men who believed in world stability and order, he sent me a book in the mail and told me that the words in this book would keep me puzzled forever, He's only 30 and he's already the head of his own corporation! What a success! Hurrah!, Hey kids the summer went pretty quick didn't it? Did you spend all your money on Lollapalooza?, hip was a notion roomy enough to describe flower children as well as bikers in black leather, How about Dr. Ruth and Dr. Kevorkian doing a call-in show on necrophilia?, How is it that we've substituted the term "Experimental Writer" with "Alternative Writer?", How many times have you fallen asleep watching it only to wake up to "The Star Spangled Banner?", I decided that I would work with the sound "ah" — any word or sentence ending in the sound of "ah", I do cardiovascular exercises regularly. I meditate. I don't own a car, I hate it when 16 year old punks drive around in Mom & Dad's '72 AMC Pacers, I hate it when I fall asleep watching T.V. and then have to wake up and crawl under the covers, I hate it when I go to take a leak and I get two streams neither of which go where they're supposta, I hate people who being too stupid to think for themselves get all their opinions from Rush Limbaugh, I hear voices who keep telling me to spread the peanut butter between my toes. Mmmmm ... peanut butter, I know what she wants and I tried to give it to her but I kept banging my chin on my monitor, I like my guy to be possessive. I want him to be like that. It makes me feel more loved more desired, I lost 10 lbs. in 2 weeks — I felt no hunger and I'm no longer driven by cravings anymore, I must admit that what follows here is my interpretation of the long and short of my career, I often dream of being the brush that Oddjob uses to paint Jill Masterson gold in "Goldfinger", I rec-

commend a new experiment: examine your thoughts unremittingly for twenty-four hours, I resent the fact that I was raised in the suburbs and I can't do shit to change it. Am I bitter?, I think that at this point there is enough appropriated language. It is now time to use another, I wonder how many punks will no longer be punks after they work for IBM or whatever, I would like to create an art in which there is no possibility of either fear or failure, I'll have to stay at home so I called you on the phone cause I'm stuck here on the throne with diarrhea, I've been here before and I come here often to think and I regret that I haven't jumped earlier, If you were to describe yourself as a fruit would you be a mango a cherry or a banana?, imagine going through life trying to empty yourself of all previously acquired ideas, in fact we children of the '70s are not going to bring the '50s back to America, it felt like an aftershock from three double cappuccinos with a candy bar and a Jolt soda, it sucks when you call a cab and they say "It'll be there in ten minutes" and it takes more than an hour, it was a singles bar a Tuesday night the moon was dim the band was tight they did the bump together, it was extremely interesting watching him draw for a while and then begin to smell the paper, It's only a year and after a year I'm sure that my work in English will be different — freer?, John Bloor who mistook a tube of superglue for his hemorrhoid cream and glued his buttocks together, Kiss was the Seventies act that most inspired adolescents to defy their parents and play guitar, look to the sky for your savior he won't save ya he didn't save your forefathers why bother brothers, Mann on Wagner: most sensational self-portrayal and self-criticism of German character, men in lime-green corduroys with little orange elephants bray as their wives buy overpriced scrimshaw, men who abuse have either been abused or have witnessed abuse so you're a potential abuser, more perfect than the Greek more copious than the

Latin and more exquisitely refined than either, most language is spoken language and most words once they are uttered vanish forever into the air, my personal favorite bar soap at the moment — a nicely neutral odor hella-lather, my work is generally something you cannot memorize although parts of it might resound in your, neat ideas for chemical mixes that will turn my blood green or my piss into a red powder, never seen a live one before concentrated orange jews^H^H^Huice I put up in my freezer, not anger but “divine melancholy” was responsible for my unconventional behavior, “Not that we didn’t have affairs” he admitted with a smile at my raised eyebrows. “We had our fair share”, nothing in life or art needs accompaniment because each has its own center (which is no center), number of doughnuts you would have to eat to get the same fat in one typical burrito platter:, OK he’s finally coming over for dinner. What are you gonna offer him a wine cooler?, Once I plugged into the net this book began writing itself. Information came faster and faster, peekaboo stuff was laid aside those nights with nothing left to hide except our safe Victorian fears, performing as a Barbara Streisand impersonator in the mirror in bed with Rush Limbaugh, perhaps if some of you managed to learn how to use your newsreader then these problems wouldn’t occur, Ravi in Bangalore: Q. What is it that the white man keeps and we throw away? A. boogers, Read this before going any further. Read it again before complaining about the content here, Reader please put your book down here and breathe lightly for a few moments before continuing further, separating the imaginary rights of one from the imaginary rights of another, she said to me “Judging from the way you walk I’d think you were a much happier person than you are”, sitting in the classical violinist’s house listening to an electronic “O Susanna”, soon after it’s no exaggeration to say the undecideds could go one way or

another, stud-muffin's love and tears shrimp-sucking Ping Pong playing socially inept idiot savant soldier, take one to come doctor's order no more borders fake one make some feeling bolder no more disorder, that way when one of you is feeling lazy or tired you can count on the other person's willpower, the baby is placed on a wooden chopping block and the umbilicus is severed with a chopper, "The history of the church" Tolstoy bluntly affirmed "is the history of cruelty and horror...", the only kase in which "c" would be retained would be the "ch" formation which will be dealt with later, the page unlimited by cost and space extends in all directions to the horizon line so far, there is a kind of love in poetry for the pleasures of falseness and I understand those pleasures, there is as much nutritional value in a CD as there is in a McDonalds hamburger, this generation has full access and comprehension of computers before they can drive a car, this has become little more than a string of clichés so now I'll get down to business (there's another), those girls we went to high school with who got married to the first guy they fucked had kids and worked in shoe stores, tonight brought into direct contrast how different my path is and will be from all my former peers, we are for the most part more lonely when we go abroad among men than when we stay in our chambers, we get our information in the subway from reading a newspaper over somebody's shoulder, Weather at any hour and whether at any hour. Whether at any hour. Whether at any hour?, well I'd lost my job the week before didn't have much to do and was tired of watching this huge HUGE spider, what you really should do is make sure you floss because if you don't you will end up in the dentist's chair, when a walrus lisps whispers through tough rough wet whiskers your poor daddy's ear will get blispers and bliskers, when bringing home bags of groceries it's required that you spill at least one bagful on the kitchen floor, when we



can no longer ramble in the fields of Nature we ramble in the fields of literature, Where else can you go to pick up a canteloupe some rollerblades and a rifle all in the same store?, Why can't he see that he has it all? Does he really need me to tell him to look at himself deeper?, working at home at the kitchen table on a portable computer with a portable printer, you can't go out in public since your twin brother/sister was seen on "American Gladiators", you go to a fancy restaurant and then have a separate table just for your spanking silverware, You're fantastic. When I heard about you eating that shit on stage I thought "Wow! That guy is way out there!";





## XXVI

A new swimming pool is rapidly taking shape since the contractors have thrown in the bulk of their workers, Aaaahhh! All these references to genitalia. Have we gone awhile without getting laid little fella?, actually Hitler shot himself in the right temple with a 9mm service revolver, actually it's like being drafted in that you get to learn new customs in a different culture, after a member of the Animal Liberation Front threatened to throw red paint at my computer, and doctors recommend Advil for menstrual cramps more than any other non-prescription pain reliever, and even though we won't readily admit it we need to masturbate occasionally here and there, and she has no great body (according to the Indian standards i.e. thunder thighs etc.), and they go into a room and lock the doors and scratch non-stop in this crazy freak out trip for like twelve hours, annoying waste ferret cheese lube strap-on-flesh-zucchini stuff Lubrication: Astroglide X-Newsreader, Another visitor came by with surgical tape over his mouth. "He sounded like Charlie Brown's teacher", anyway I put it up right next to my hwa calendar (which shows a lot of skin but no vaginas), as I became farther and farther removed from the artworld I began to see what slaves the artists were, bai Iear 15 or sou it wud fainali bi posibl tu meik ius ov thi ridandant letez, blaw blaw my kilt's awa' my kilt's awa' my kilt's awa' blaw blaw my kilt's awa' bring me back my troosers, destroy the local snake run by creating a monster that leaves a trail of glass and pebbles where ever, Did any supermodel ever get her start work-



ing as a live mannequin at a department store?, early Thursday morning in Southern India window open listening to the rain quietly pour, East is East and West is West and if the twain cannot meet it is because East is slave and West is master, 1896 1904 1908 1916 1920 1924, even speed isn't always bad — not if you're learning not if you're creative not if you're moving forward, fasting for 2 days followed by drinking a gallon of laxative in 1 hour and then an enema, February 7 1995. As of today I have been working on this piece for two years, flat-tummied twin-turreted gamins moist pouted underlips amoral pixies and confused carnivores, 48 Hours asked a Pentagon official to comment but they refused to appear on camera, fourteenth century Eastern mystics who contemplated their navels seeing therein the Divine Nature, girls with single brush-stroke brows in endless ice-cream parlors never growing old or running out of flavors, hand grenades land mines yak hairballs catnip bananas egg substitute liquid heat flags small dogs or barbed wire, he finally decided to be a monk but he lived like a monk for ten years before just to "be sure", he said to me "I don't want to ruin your Buddhist nature by poisoning you with artworld chatter", here on Monday afternoon four blacks — two men and two women — are to be auctioned to the highest bidder, her ceaseless cello practicing made it difficult for him to work on his new translation of Flaubert, here were people chanting "Nam Myo Ho Renge Kyo" in order to get money new washing machines and cars, Hot summer nights are the same no matter where you live. There's nothing like a warm July evening to inspire, How can you compare the gay lifestyle to what happened to the Jewish people during the Second World War?, I don't consider myself a religious person but I guess I do believe in some higher power, I don't like it when women wear ugly jewelry so that you can immediately read who they are, I have dedicated my life and work to the study of

individuals that broke down barriers, I have heard so many lies about myself that I no longer believe what people say about others, I have the joy of seeing my sagging personality-less face every time I look in the mirror, I often compared the experience of seeing John Cage to seeing Marcel Duchamp in his last years, I resent the fact that I was raised in the suburbs and I can't do shit to change it. Am I bitter? Sure, I used to sing along to Barbara Streisand songs in my bedroom and I wasn't making fun of her, I'll take a cork and super glue pound it in there with my shoe and then I'll be all through with diarrhea, I'm not the sheet slitter's son but I'll slit the sheet 'neath the seat of the sheet slitter's sheep til the sheet slitter, I've just got on the list not too long ago and already I've been in more wars than I can remember, I've returned as a different man. A broader perspective has made me more thoughtful than I was before, I've seen a lot of sunrises but I must confess on the whole sunsets tend to be more spectacular, it certainly gave me food for thought about how alienated people can become from each other, it is mostly cloudy in the metropolitan area with a chance tonight of scattered showers, it is now the end of the third moon of 1212 and I am writing this at the hut on the Toyama, keep having to remind myself "The fruits of your labor are not yours. The fruits of your labor are not yours", /l/ is an apico-alveolar flapped sonant occurring in wordmedial position (either, Masturbation is nothing to be ashamed of. It's nothing to be particularly proud of either, Mick Jagger (I think) once said something about killing himself if he ever reached the age of 40. Heh, *Middlemarching* to euphoria: Culture Victims clamber their way up the Merchant Ivory tower, Mister Vice-President I don't know how to tell you this but Murphy Brown is a fictional character, my almost legally blind date and I are sitting in the après-ski lounge sucking down Goodbye Smashers, none of the animals turned into oil

although most of the laboratory rats developed cancer, on matters concerning language and culture the distinction can sometimes cease to exist altogether, one way or another the number of humans alive WILL BE CUT DOWN TO A MAN-AGEABLE NUMBER, oops sorry about drifting into the adolescent hyperbole that ambiance seems to be for, opened vast but hard-to-see cracks in the social and economic control structures of America, Panties and posse blew in like a pack of amazons sporting fresh ass stacks that would make go-go putter!, scratch me - you reek - my germ - bend over - i itch - rectal pie - tuna girl - nice jugs - schwing!! - tie me up - schtup ya, *side note*: Does anyone else worry that there are deviants who urinate into the soap dispensers?, snuggling by the fire walking in the rain or catching snowflakes on their tongue is a turn-on to a lover, So you want to be a Rock ‘n’ Roll star but don’t know the difference between D major and D minor?, taking the first syllable of selected words and extending it with an “iggidy” or whatever, the language is not the “expression” of a vertical center (the author and his or her ideas), The painter left a message about his opening in a group show tomorrow. Really as if we care..., the reason we like black people isn’t because they’re black — we like them because they’re not as gray as we are, The rest of the day was spent in contemplation not mourning. In a way it seemed as if he was still here, there’s no paper to be seen so I used People magazine and it makes me want to scream diarrhea, “These days your work has to be about something” he said. “If it’s not about anything you get no rewards”, think of the power of Hitler’s Nazi rallies and his own performances at those rallies and elsewhere, This is America. If you have something to say get it off your chest and onto a bumper sticker, this issue celebrates the things we find inspiring and beautiful and modern about America, those stubborn stains you try scrubbing them out you try soaking

them out and you still get ring around the collar, Thousands of our citizens are living in cardboard boxes and begging for money — in America!!, 3.14159265358979323846264, to hear the harmony of all the sounds in the universe too profound to be heard by ordinary ears, Tried to figure out how many licks it takes to get to the center of a Tootsie Roll Pop? (it's NOT four), Unfortunately half the fat means taking 100% of the taste! Yuck! Cardboard is tastier, visually we are working with the most restrictive set of twenty six forms the number of letters, wandered up to peak at 56 on the Billboard charts before evaporating into the ether, we should be sickened that alleged people like you come along and try to act as the grand silencer, well you can go to bed early on the night of 12/31/99 knowing you've still got a year, What do you hate the most? You said most frequently "people with attitude" and following that was "posers", when in the state of not knowing what to expect you feel in the state of surprise: ready and open for, When you start putting sounds together everything starts moving fast. You need to put them in the right order, Will visual conference calling mean that I can't talk on the phone while mouthing my boyfriend's banana?, You find him to be an ignoramus? If you were more sensitive you'd say knowledge-base nonpossessor, you never know when you might be stepped to by a crew of ninjas eager to avenge their fallen master, You see it's easy. I just keep writing until I come across the next sound that I need to fit in here, your idea of testing a mattress involves a Thermos-full of Rob Roys and a couple of hookers;



## XXVII

A couple of days later while still enjoying our treats we thought we noticed the living room getting smaller, a movement keeps on getting bigger and bigger until it starts swallowing up other little subcultures, Adolf Hitler wasn't evil. His father never really loved him and that caused him to feel inferior, and because you know how much I love and admire the rigor of these works I don't need to get into it here, and I being extremely pee shy since the 8<sup>th</sup> grade would wind up as the pee-ee and David as the pee-er, and pull out a big piece of meat from inside the blob of potatoes where I've hidden it. Good magic trick huh?, but I have realized that here people put you on a pedestal only because they can pull you down later, but there is no toilet paper should I just sit here and linger before I decided to use my finger, Cold War: political and military affairs. Post-Cold War: information and entertainment software, den de boyz slam der geetars into "Euthanasia" another instant classic of Melvin-o-phonia, Do you think people don't take you serious enough though 'cause you joke around so much? I don't know. I don't care, each seemed at the time irreplaceable yet each was somehow equaled or even surpassed by his successor, Ever wonder who sniffs the armpit of a test subject to make sure your deodorant has staying power?, Ginsberg on the harmonium reminds me simultaneously of Bly and his idiot dulcimer, he had a mind to grind and grind then giving a sigh she sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner, he has absolutely brilliant perceptions



about everyone except himself and this is his deepest flaw, he said you're lucky to be going out with someone who is both an opera queen and a rock 'n roller, he's even more over than the Mayor Ed Koch washing windows on the Bowery at a quarter to four, I am invited to parties and readings — to be honest it seems dead — this was canned in 1984!!!, I don't know who's spreading all these rumors about me. Obviously it's someone who wants my work to suffer, I eat antipasto twice just because she is so nice Angelina the waitress at the pizzeria, I hope that the middle of this book is so bleak and frustrating that the readers throw their hands up in the air, I quickly got a taste of the inner corporate world with its egos back-stabbing and hidden agendas, I realize that I'm generalizing here but as is often the case when I generalize I don't care, I really hate people who bitch when I fart in public whether it be in my room or at an opera, I would recommend an ethical code as opposed to a moral one whatever the definitions are, if I look baby-faced and like a chocolate hero now I'll certainly look more mature in the future, if you drink from a bottle marked "poison" it is almost certain to disagree with you sooner or later, if you want to buy bottled water be my guest but I'll stick to drinking good ol' New York City tap water, in the real world stupidity is rewarded by traffic tickets black eyes cut-off penises and world wars, in this piece all aspects of my life converge conversations letters thoughts and random passages are fodder, It's living. The way in which you live your life. I'm on fire for mine and what I do and it all melts together, just because you've reached middle age that doesn't mean you shouldn't take on new challenges and seek new adventures, Light dawns on his face and he says "Did you say nipple-fat?" (Excuse my paraphrasing!) "That's the one I write for!", linguine is to fettucine as kundalini is to Peptol Bismol (this is a silly answer), maybe this is the era of small mammals scurrying about the

feet of communications dinosaurs, meanwhile at the other end of my body I have found my mouth glued to the saddest most baggy derrières, National Geographic magazine no longer publishes pictures of topless women from Africa, 9/25/94 — Last P.O.W. Is Declared Dead By U.S.: Vietnam Era Over, Now you have a k-r4d sk1nn3d c4t d00d. D0n'T g3t c4ugHt. Sc4n th3 p1ctureZ 4nd s3nd th3m t0 4mer1c4 0nl1n3 4, out went those who like the Nazi mayor of Leipzig were insufficiently appreciative of Wagner, picture a series of happy-faces saying “Vive la Difference” and you get the general idea, publishing classic books seems like a pretty noble gig considering the world which seems to be nothing more, sequoia is still my favorite word though because it contains all five vowels in only seven letters, smiley-wielding heathens spewing vomitous sugar-coated cuddles and huggles at innocent bystanders, So how does a dirty Jew like yourself get access to the pure digital pathways of white Amerika?, Some fat assed pol with lard in his veins is choking on my sweat that fat fuck. My wife enjoys fucking me over, something bugs you about the air and you figure it's the acid rain or the pollution or your hay fever, stern monotheism moreover resulted in a shifting of responsibility to God's shoulders, taking so much from Usenet — I often have to go back into the texts I've stolen and correct the grammar, the CellularOne customer you have dialed is not available or is out of the service area, the prototype “13<sup>er</sup>” exists solely in the minds of the media and the rest is done with mirrors, the tendency away from the idea that language has a single underlying logical structure, their skirts are short bare blue legs in gray November wind by choice the smell of wet leathermudsweatbloodpopcornbeer, this album was recorded in mono and can be played on any mono or stereo record player, tonight he said to me that he admired my ability to have faith in the future — a faith without fear, using the

wrong fork for your salad in some cities is a felony punishable by up to 2 years, vulgar slang for a female who misleads a man into thinking that she is a willing sexual partner, well i feel theat o i am learning a lit from it but o it ie is very subtlre and pla pleasiure, what you learn in class is gone in a matter of minutes while pot can stay in your system for up to a year, When hundreds of skeletons suddenly washed up they unearthed long-repressed memories of Stalinist terror, When people ask me what I've been doing since my show I tell them that I have been trying to be a writer, when the length of the day and night is exactly equal or almost exactly equal it is all over, "Why does everybody always talk about nothing but high school?" she complained. "It's as if their lives had stopped there", Why was my self-image suddenly devastated just because I didn't own a black Aprica stroller?, women still comprise anywhere from 70 to 90 percent of all plastic surgery consumers, you can learn a lot about a culture by observing how it uses its upper and lower case letters, you should be with me you should drop that bum cause I got more flavor than fruit striped gum with that big round butt of yours;



## XXVIII

A lot girls become embarrassed by their parents and this is becoming a tradition in America, a sexual woman is like eating out. An emotional one is like home-cooked food. I'd love to have either, ah beedy-beedy beedy-beedy beedy-beedy bah/ah beedy-beedy beedy-beedy beedy-beedy dah, all these artificial layers devote lifetimes to piling up counters fiddling with obscure piling up counters, and about how well you actually know people (or how well people actually know me for that matter), and after a long and heated debate we terminate the phone call by mutually insulting each other, and we saw that our fingers were jammed in the door and we then decided that we couldn't stand it any longer, As I connect to the Internet will E-mail cause me to forget how to lick a stamp or address a letter?, as soon as the stewardess serves the coffee the airline encounters people who love sausage and respect the law, Ben gave me a book from David Antin. I opened it up and it was inscribed "From one poet to another", Britain is already witnessing "a boom in rat population" as a result of several mild winters, clean poopie: the kind where you poopie it out see it in the toilet but there is nothing on the toilet paper, diminutive fish abounding in the Mediterranean and esteemed for their rich and peculiar flavor, "Don't you hate it when they're about to flop back out and they scomp back in?!" (said while looking at a Magic Eye Picture), Ernest Hemingway spoke once of sitting at his desk each morning to face "the horror of a blank sheet of paper", evil drug compa-

nies are withholding antennae rot cures and Green Cards for Worker Ants Spam encourage flamewars, for togetherness of differences not only differences in ranges but differences in structure, funny I've been haunting paper and office supply stores the way I used to frequent art and hardware suppliers, he can spit so hard his gob sticks to the ceiling for a few seconds then catch it in his mouth when it falls later, he continues to be stuck in a rut and by the looks of it there he will stay for the foreseeable future, 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?", I couldn't read the reviews for the last show — the work was done so long ago. For me it was completely over, I couldn't think of a way to keep track electronically so I got a piece of scratch paper to keep score, I envy the ease with which great engines of Capitalism cope with the incessant flow of reading matter, I looked at this accordion and I said "God I don't want this accordion. I want an electric guitar", I stick my fingers up cat's bums because it makes my willy tingle. Yet I am the highest paid philosopher, I tried conforming to a sense of hygiene by washing my face with some soap and brushing my teeth with a finger, I was inspired by the alternative uses of language and linguistic freedoms of the modernist writers, I'm gonna put a cat on you was the sweetest gonest wailingest cat that ever stomped on this sweet swinging sphere, If improvisation is free why do many of its evenings go out to the same boundary and no further?, in the great American tradition of getting what you pay for three days later you feel like death warmed over, infection is the communication of disease especially by agency of atmosphere or water, *interior* poetic structure in addition to interior ordinary grammatical structure, it must be contemporary — forget contemporary — it must be in goose-step with the culture by the hour, it turned out that the rave had just been shut down at 4:30 and

Woodstock '94 was officially over, it was only later that I discovered that they were not Indians at all but only dirty-clothes hampers, Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. Jill forgot to take the pill so now they've got a daughter, ka and ka ta and ka pa ta and ka ga pa ta and ka da ga pa ta and ka ba da ga pa ta and ka, Knowledge precludes thought. Gradually we trade the faculties of the latter into the inflexible former, last week's ill-fated trip on Continental made this flying-lover a disContinent-aled flying-hater, Multi-grain Cheerios have all the great flavor of cardboard. Don't buy them. Save the money for something tastier, no matter how great your triumphs or how tragic your defeats — approximately one billion Chinese couldn't care, one is constantly looking both backwards and forwards but never in the present for where to go in the future, one of the pipes in your basement is leaking and you have to keep your finger on it so that you won't waste water, one smart fellow he felt smart two smart fellows both felt smart three smart fellows all felt smart they all felt smart together, or worst of all it's the environmentalists screaming at you to save the earth by recycling your newspapers, our past perceptions of a blacker Jackson and his image as an African American entertainer, Pick an animal that begins with your new number. Now change that number to a letter. Now move up one letter, probing when every twelve minutes one is interrupted by twelve dancing rabbits singing about toilet paper, Sex Pistols: a distortion of botanical term sex pistils referring to male sexual parts of flowers, Simple Simon broke my hymen going to the fair. I said "Simon that's my pie man! I ain't got a slice to spare!", so get past the perfunctory MALE=BAD routine and start working on a healthy respect of who you are, somehow whenever I use this crap I always wind up with little bubbles in the hair on my arms — go figger, soul and mind instantly lost their physical bondage and streamed

out like a fluid piercing light from my every pore, Stumble around waving your arms like an idiot and going “AAAAaa! AAAaaa!” as if you were the Nutty Professor, the last time guitarist Donna Sparks paused mid-song to do a stagedive someone in the crowd tried to fingerfuck her, (the most common) is “> > >” “> > >” etc. (or “>>>>” “>>>>” etc.), the only disadvantage is that coming off the caffeine buzz is liable to drop you into a coma, The only thing they talk about is getting stoned all day. Not exactly a revolutionary agenda, the presence of my parents can be located in me precisely everywhere and nowhere in particular, the soundtrack to “Indecent Exposure” is a romantic mix of music that I know most women love to hear, these are my personal opinions and not to be construed as the official position of my employer, they sat in the beautiful garden and reminisced and told one another that they did not look a year older, they’re missing something and I have it and I’m missing something and they have it and I test the nerves in my fingers, to me boxing is like ballet except there’s no music no choreography and the dancers hit each other, We want our panic fun our MTV. It’s all positive no negations. We want to pray at our own pleasure, What’s new Pussycat? With luck the turned dirt of your grave Tom. The worst example of the Dean Martin inheritors, what’s the matter with my brain I can’t think clear oh it’s the hair run and get the razor gotta make it disappear, When his fiancée cried “I adore the beautiful sea!” He replied “I agree it’s pretty but what is it for?”, When you fear for your cyst think of your fistula. And when you tremble for your fistula consider your chancre, who passed through universities and saved their asses hallucinating Grateful Dead posters and eating Sara, “Why is it that nobody understands me and everybody likes me?” Einstein once asked with sadness and wonder, Wipe out the miscreants the devious sysops and the exposers! Turn the



tables on the turpid tykes who tear, you might walk into a hospital get tired lie down somewhere to take a nap and wake up with a baboon-liver;





## XXIX

A structure based on the unique needs of the individual rather than the monolithic version of power, according to legend no matter how frantic with thirst it may become the chatak bird will only drink rainwater, after 11 pm India the noisiest country on the planet falls into a dead silent slumber, After his reading I told him that I was perplexed by his narrative. Was it his voice or the voice of another?, and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower, Anyways sorry for the horrible lack of attention I have been seeming to give this thing. I really do care, Aren't you annoyed by people who use the same idiomatic (or idiotic) phrases over and over?, at the Metropolitan Opera your \$85 seat doesn't even pay for the elephant's dinner, Bob Grant was born Bob Gigante ... Barry Gray grew up as Bernard Yaroslav ... Larry King used to be Larry Zeiger, Can she be serious? Can she really expect me to write in a style identical to those 40 years older?, Can you ever do anything to influence someone's level of empathy and compassion? I'm not really sure, clothes make you look as fat as you feel ... Alka Seltzer makes your tummy feel better but you retain ten pounds of water, Dinner Special: Turkey \$2.35. Chicken or Beef \$2.25. Children \$2.00, forsaking my usual ritual of shaving meditation and exercise I jumped on to the computer, fundamentally parallelism was an ancient linguistic mnemonic device used mainly by orators, God gesceop us twa eagan & twa earan twa nospyrлу twegen weleras twegen fet &



twanda, Harrass people who wear fur coats. Remind them that an innocent baby seal was mercilessly clubbed. Or just yell "FUR", (*his bony fingers clutch high up on the curtain the other hand also appears slightly widening the aperture*), How can I put this down? Johanna has my girlfriend's feet! Kind of hard to understand if you're not from her area, I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire, I think of the profound influence he has had on my life. I think how closely I had followed him in his last year, I wonder when the hell I'm going to get sick and tired of collecting endless amounts of linguistic crapola, I'm hopeful — it could happen tomorrow it could happen in 100 days or it could happen in 100 years, I've squeezed pimples by the hundred ruptured pustules by the score. I've milked my face until it bled and still I crave for more, If you have never slept with a person of the same sex is it possible that all you need is a good gay lover?, Imagine going through life trying to empty oneself of all previously acquired ideas — to become more, in times of crisis revert back to tin cans soft clay tablets magic lanterns and refrigerator magnet letters, it's like that fucked up pair of scissors at the barbers: one half has an edge the other has a comb which thins out your hair, it's worth is zilch however as there is absolutely no interest in collectable rectal thermometers, *know that it would be untrue know that I would be a liar*. Wow Pretty good Jim Morrison impersonation there, lack of historical reference or intellectual judgments define exportable American culture, Lifesize Pumpkinhead Creature? If live ones exist can they really be more expensive than \$2200?, Like you're sitting at your friend's house keg going on and you decide that you're going to get your pathetic life in gear?, Lo-Lee-Ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap at three on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta, mental conjecture and thought about truth are like

ants crawling around the rim of a bowl — they never get anywhere, My ass hurts from wasting so much time on this crummy Web. My wife thinks I'm gay because I don't spend any time with her, my social life is rich. All of my personalities are talking to each other — it's a goddamn party up here!, my initial resistance to ambient techno music has turned into an obsession — now all I want is more, ne eek the names that the trees highte as ook firre birch aspe alder holm popler wylugh elm plane assh box chastyn lynde laurer, our growing inability to tolerate the intricacies of what we take to be time-consuming matters, read an article in the paper today about two poets — one who anonymously plagiarized the other, said by the man who had just shot and killed the owner of a cheese shop that sold absolutely no cheese whatsoever, savoir faire is when you find yourself in bed with someone else but you laugh because today is your turn with the hamster, Seems like winter is mostly about cold heavy jackets boots shivering soup and huddling in your bed. Down with winter!, sing with me I'll sing with you and so we will sing together so we will sing together so we will sing together, sure it bothers me that I can't summarize Madame Bovary or find the area under a curve anymore, take my advice at any price a gorilla like your mother verse words you're a headless chicken chasin' a sucker, The favorite color of homosexuals is yellow. But don't panic — not everyone who wears yellow is queer, the Firm & Trim Body Belt is scientifically designed with 4 heads and 313 microfingers, the first to arouse my prepubescent sexual interest was Asian (Bruce Lee as Kato the Green Hornet's chauffeur), the initial "b" vibration in the sound "ba" lasts for only 40 milliseconds before switching to the "ah", the same plane that took him from the White House after his resignation will carry Nixon's body to Yorba Linda, there's this cage quote i love about "spreading a message of joy and revolution" in his work

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but he's no joyce either, they found that the principle of disorder was every bit as much significant as the principle of order, thicker they say than water but bourgeois blood runs faster can't regard this blood a clotter — a scrape — they scream disaster, to avoid a 1.5% late payment charge your payment must be received by August 10 1994, To this day I do not know the place to which lost data goes. I bet it goes to heaven where the angels have it stored, we're to restore the "communitarian" ethos of the '50s — you know when everybody trusted their neighbors, What? Life has a MEANING? I don't think so. All things being as they are I think there is no point to life whatsoever, What makes you the most happy about being a girl? Let's face it: Girls Kick Ass! And we are happy to be what we are, when I die I'd like to go peacefully in my sleep like my grandfather not screaming like the passengers in his car, when the rope transfers your strumming to the outhouse it usually falls apart with a most reviling nature, where they slag Mary Hart for "getting too rich by destroying your culture". Mary would eviscerate John and Leeza, while I celebrate the revolutionary ideals of the sixties we have got to realize that we went too far, you both have that insular mentality that says the world began and will end with *your* arrival & departure, You know how when you complain to people about what you want and then they say something like Be Careful What You Wish For?, you know over-analyze things to the point where we're paralyzed and then things become chaos and you say "whatever", you will get sick and parts of your body will gradually stop working get replaced or taken out altogether;



### XXX

A blind man is sitting on a park bench. A rabbi sits down next to him. The rabbi is chomping on a piece of matzoh, a butterfly flapping its wings in China could dramatically change the weather in New York several months later, a deep realization today that after the ha-ha's there is *no* turning back — a radical departure will occur, an intelligent person would not carry the raft around on his head after making it across to the other shore, And what of him? Must he give up his entire life just because he is her husband? Is he that tied to her and her career?, as he gazed into the still waters he noticed that his bruises had taken the appearance of a garland of flowers, as language was at its beginning merely oral and all words of necessary or common use were spoken before, because I'm the type of person who will blow \$1,179 on a leather reading chair, because our time is necessarily limited one might carelessly conclude that all is lost and that nothing matters, Calls not returned — not so much due to busyness but to lack of interest. Those who we once called our friends are no longer, eighty years later by a bizarre coincidence they lay in the same hospital on their deathbeds next to each other, everyone had a twisted childhood so I'm making them go through it all again — but this time around they'll make it better, from there I began to unravel all the value judgments that I had been building for as long as I could remember, Gigli was a supporter of Mussolini — published a book called "Why I Am A Fascist" and often sang for Hitler, had to be something

though could it be that I wasn't using the right shampoo or maybe I didn't drink the right soda, he caused the workmen to begin to speak in different languages so that they could not communicate with each other, I found a new desire and enjoyment in rambling about whatever seems appropriate at the time. So here we are, I had the recorder on so it was just crazy to listen to it over and over again on the recorder, I hate it that my wife is drop dead beautiful because I can't even turn my damn head without some fool hitting on her, I hate it when men have hair on their backs. Especially when it's really dark and it comes out of the back of their trousers, I only have problems w/Kathy Jo when she's going on about those sucky Counting Crows and their doofus lead singer, I spend most of my free-time whittling prosthetic limbs from driftwood that washes up along the banks of the LA river, I wake up the earliest 1:00 pm eat my corn pops watch a video rub my eyes if I stink I shower, I would hope to be more like a woman than a man actually — men have proved that they really can't get it together, If you were tooooo skinny they wouldn't want to have anything to do with you either. People want to have healthy partners, it's kinda like saying that the airplane was invented in Egypt 2000 years ago because they had toy gliders, Jesus did not rise from the dead. The Popes have kept his body in a dungeon under the Vatican for 2000 years, just give me my few minutes up there because I can't get enough of it. I'll tell you anything just give me the cover, Mom's left fallopian tube has a bunch of guys who speak Latin fighting constantly about the price of tea in China, most prominent is a glottal stop replacing the letter "T" so that the word "butter" for example comes out "bu'er", must fall silent at this point satisfied that it has embedded within itself enough clues for its intended readers, 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?, oh how I truly love the snow when it comes down upon us it flurries and flutters and flies through the air sticking to hair, one of Brando's great loves was a woman who vengefully slept with his grown son in the midst of their long turbulent affair, or a structure based on the unique needs of the individual rather than the monolithic version of power, paranoia is a fascinating mechanism by which a person tends to bring about the very thing he most fears, placed equidistant between two equal haystacks it starved to death being unable to choose either one or the other, pomo he cd deal with modernism wd be harder. interesting point tho: hard to say which yrs is. but why bother?, Q: What would be the ultimate tour for you guys? A: If we could tour with George Clinton and Bill Clinton together, she actually said to me "Now all the boys are reading Robert Bly and all the girls are reading Camille Paglia", she later confessed to throwing them away in the forest — they were awful in every respect: taste texture and color, "Show me a happy person and I'll show you a person who's not in a relationship." — Men's Movement guru John Bradshaw, so you're a 15 year old virgin. Don't worry the hormone surge will subside once you figure out what your winky is for, the next few hours are so compressed that after it's over you need a month to catch up. Every second seems to last an hour, there is always time for nightlife but did you check out some of the more beautiful places our crazy world has to offer?, we wish you a Merry Christmas we wish you a Merry Christmas we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, we're going to do the same things that we did for our customers before but this time it's going to be even better, when I began this work I chose a classic and banal typeface Caslon and have never had any need for another, while your friend is sleeping carefully water down his mattress (if he sleeps in a waterbed just give it a few punc-



tures), Why are the innocent dead and the guilty alive? Where is justice? Where is punishment? Or have you already answered?;



XXXI

A method of torture (though it kills) that is very painful: take a kg. of rice. Feed rice to victim. Just add water!, after fleeing a monster you will want to call for help from a public phone within ten feet of where you last saw the monster, after you've been to two McDonalds and five Circle K's and you've seen enough pussy to keep you horny for over a year, and with charming chutzpah the publisher's press release accompanying this first novel describes him as a "full-time writer", and yet are we to succumb to the idea that there is no difference between Moses Und Aaron and Harmonielehre?, Are you tired of the censors? Censorship fanatics never tell jokes about the issue they never let the air out of their, at dinner guard your plate with fork and steak knife so as to give the impression that you'll stab anyone including the waiter, Come on settle down please. Answer your names. Anus. Arsebandit. Bottom. Clitoris. Where are you Clitoris? Dodo. Enema, Communists the world over are wiser than the bourgeoisie [because] they understand dialectics and they can see further, everything you find attractive about Mel Gibson Kim Basinger and Richard Gere is just a fancy water container, For one we are loathe to use the word "I" anymore because how can we call ourselves "I" when we no longer know who we were?, (generally light) blue kind you're also shitouttaluckmyloc — it feels like cheap cheap cheap (frink) dishsoap mixed with ammonia, hamburger flipper: manipulator of seared mutated animal flesh for monetary misaligned cattle murder, (*he bows*

his head and stands thirty-three years of repressed tears tortuously working their way through his body in racking shudders), He reprimanded me for my improper use of grammar. “Don’t you know that the quotation marks should come after the comma?”, he said he couldn’t say what the “composer” was but as far as he was concerned “I couldn’t call him a ‘poet’ — that’s for sure”, Hi Geoff it’s Kenny. Uh give me a call today. I should be around pretty much all afternoon. O.K. speak to you later, I hate it when waiters/waitresses continually ask you “How are you doing? Are you folks okay? How is your dinner?”, I should’ve known you’d be a sensitive-new-age-guy who’s been talked into the bullshit about guns just being dick-extenders, I watched these leopard-skin spandex children working their magic!! On these goggle-eyed zit-faced boys and it became perfectly clear, i’m walking down the street and it occurs to me that every man i pass has a cock and i wonder what they all look like hard, if I never made another drawing in my life I would not feel sad — I don’t think that I’d even miss it — just like sculpture, If 7-11 is open 24 hours a day 365 days a year why are there locks on the doors?, If you stumble make it part of your flow. General rule of thumb: if you make a mistake WORK IT IN! Don’t worry don’t bother, indeed Beavis and Butthead are to Generation X what Burroughs is to thirtysomething geezers like me: a bellwether, Irigaray and Steinem? Who? What about Sedgewick and Wittig? Derrida? Which Derrida? Where’s Bhabha Haraway Acker?, “It’s a long story” he manages to utter “but basically you see I was sitting inside this refrigerator...”, it’s so nice to wake up in the morning all alone and not have to tell someone you love them when you don’t love them anymore, John: We’re money-makers first then we’re entertainers. Ringo: No we’re not. John: What are we then? Ringo: Dunno. Entertainers, keep your ear to the grindstone your nose to the ground take the bull by the

horns of a dilemma and stop mixing your metaphors, large toasters that taunt the microwave and make them burn your popcorn and then won't even listen to their radio in rolla, My aunt has hairy ears. I can see it — long dark strands are sticking out pouring out. "How often do you clean them?" I ask. "Never", my initial response was to sue her for defamation of character but then I realized that I had no character, occasionally someone would tell me what they had written and it was in this way that I gained insight into the nature, Oh yeah? What do you call a disabled guy in a swimming pool? Haha! Haha! Slack! The Anti-Bob! Kill me! Fropp! Hahaha!, One caveat though: Never ask people what they think of you. The chances are that they will tell you what they think you want to hear, open the bag throwing the little flavor packet at a passing Volvo or BMW (or highbrow car of your, or maybe you're at a Satanic ritual and one of the candles goes out think how cool you'll feel when you whip out a spare, People loved Hitler. They are individuals who want to go back to the Betty Crocker/Dwight D. Eisenhower era, salad a firm's own make limpid red beet soup with cheesy dumplings in the form of a finger roasted duck let loose beef rashers, sensitive new-age guy or SNAG. You know the type spineless twerps who think that being considerate and sweet will get them laid more, Sing a dirge for the will to believe and Hosanna! For the will to disbelieve belief the last station on the walk of fear, so bury your ego shithead because you are lucky to still have what you've got — you are *lucky* that those around you still care, So I got a loan and bought a new car. Whoopee! So now my insurance is through the fucking roof and I'm more broke then ever, some speech sounds such as pure vowels like "aaaaahh" occur in a steady flow that continues for 100 milliseconds or more, Sure just this morning I asked my husband what we should get the Postman for his last day and he said "Fuck him. Give him a

dollar!”, talking about America had become an experimental and playful practice of imagining utopia, the conflict between the female qualities of order and love and the male qualities of aggression and will to power, the shortness of the piece and its visual realization allow for the simultaneous presence of all its centers, the silence is broken by screams from the man trying to remove his appendix with the scalpel he found underneath his chair, the Wagners greatly admired the intellectual and humanistic prowess of the only Bayreuth Jewish conductor, this is like the story of polishing a tile believing if only it is done hard enough it will become a mirror, to avoid a 1.5% late payment charge your payment must be received by July 11 1994, when I hear of controversies of this sort I am pleased that there are so many people who still care about literature, When men drink whiskey it is always in a shot glass and they always drink it in one gulp. If they are wimps they will gasp for air, when you’re out in 2 to 4 you get your degree and then your 9 to 5 making 40k to 50k just remember, Where are all of the happy shiny people? Everyone seems to be dredging along. This isn’t something I would shave my hair for, Wrote two articles this morning. I’m so proud. One was about Communism / Democracy and why NEITHER has worked so far, yeah ... but they involve enough Cool Whip to smother a small city not to mention the bathtub full of chocolate enemas, you know it really bothers me when I pay good money to get into what I think is a good party and they serve cheap beer, you see them at art openings and the ballet brandishing the latest impenetrable nonfiction best-seller — later, you will change your sexual orientation and then change back once you find that your new acquaintances don’t like you either;



## XXXII

A Hitler Youth in a jogging suit smiling face banded 'round his arm says "Line up you've got work to do — we need dog food for the poor", a quaint anachronism once useful for protection of females but rendered obsolete by contemporary firepower, a teapot is the topological equivalent of a donut with a handle (or two donuts kind of mashed together), after a November speech in which he called the Jews the "blood-suckers" of the black community called the Pope a "no good cracker", an end which reifies the dominant paradigms involving masculinity and femininity in Western culture, and remember there is no tyranny in the State of Confusion and with those words each looked at the other in absolute awe, and we are always elsewhere. It is un-American to sit still. Sitting still means stagnation — being left behind while others, art is something we do. It's like we have a purpose in life being artists. That's a position. That's a job. So where's the glamor?, At dinner tonight it crossed my mind that he may feel competition with me. I honestly had never considered it before, at this point in my life. I firmly believe that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin of JFK. Does anyone care?, because I have a world of shadows out here dancing to the tunes I call like a merry pack of rats following the Pied Piper, but she bought a bit of butter better than her bitter butter and she put it in her batter and it made her batter better, but to be honest the "Do You Make Other Indie Kids Jealous?" quiz had me hoping there was an element of irony here, by thinking of

it as a reference book it seems to take some of the pressure off it to be a “work of literature”, creates short-lived paradigm of revolutionary as fun-loving hipster rather than dour Dostoyevskian bomb-thrower, Did you hear about M&M’s getting rid of the light brown one for BLUE? I think blue is a very unappetizing color, Do you want to know how to legally get Illinois Bundleweed roots along with a recipe for homemade ayahuasca?, Don’t you realize that there are enough people to hate in the world already without your working so hard to give us another?, finishing off this joyous moment was the camera that was inserted 3 feet up my ass (It was supposed to go further), for the first time perhaps he understood that discerning placement of the comma does not atone for a spiritual coma, He keeps asking me where to get dirty pictures. I do not need the Web to get dirty pictures. Where do you get dirty pictures?, he quoted his old friend Jerry Garcia as saying “There’s no such thing as an original lick every lick’s been played before, he tells me I am beautiful could he please cut my hair and I say cut off all of my hair. So my tongue cuts off all of my hair, he was eating his scrambled eggs bacon coffee and toast when he suddenly clutched his chest and nose-dived into the bowl of sugar, How can one explain the multi-million dollar Jordan contract to the Asian-rim peasants manufacturing the stamped rubber?, i am sitting here in a room full of strangers. i’ve known most of them for almost all of my short lifetime but yet they are strangers, I can’t say I was overwhelmed either way to turn 18 21 or 30 and 40 doesn’t bother me much either, I hate it when little shits like McCauly Caulkin (Is that how you spell the little bastard’s name?) make millions of dollars a year, I frequently arrange my possessions into alphabetically arranged rows sometimes from A to Z sometimes the other, If three devotees can mow the lawn in one hour how many stoned devotees would it take to meditate until nobody cared?,

in America it's more like a rusty nail and I enjoy causing my victims to suffer from the disease which they ask for, invent a better pacemaker compose industrial music or mix up a smart drink that isn't a Tropicana Twister, mad psycho robot Nuns who can eject rotating knives from their eyesockets at will at speeds of up to 26 miles per hour, marijuana everywhere/and here's a joint to smoke/teenage girls with bosoms bare/have another toke/marijuana everywhere, modern myrrh and mischief ... flat-tummied twin-turreted gamins ... moist pouted underlips ... amoral pixies and confused carnivores, most times finding the introduction the biographical information publication data and the publisher's list more, my ex-girlfriend works with me. I can't get a date with anyone at work because she keeps telling everyone we're still together, notice that the pencil has a dark area. The pencil blocked the path of the dark being sucked to the core of the dark sucker, now I don't begrudge him for working and being involved in work but it's his unhealthy attachment to his work that I deplore, or when you are thirsty try 7-Up the refreshing drink in the green bottle with the big 7 on it and U-p after, people tainted with exclusively original thought not subject to past religious manipulation are not welcome here, Quid custodiet ipsos custodians? Or how come there are so many white men who call themselves Asian female "connoisseurs?", "Really it is not I who am writing this crazy book" said Joyce of *Finnegans Wake*. "It is you and you and that man over there", since I can find nothing better to play with I shall see what happens when I sharpen my claws on this handy piece of furniture, since it heightened your masculinity you diversified your Audubon sanctuary to make the hen incongruous ha, so I turn over and there's nothing there but the breath on my shoulder is stronger so I lie there and feel the breath on my shoulder, so when we are faced that morning with what we have to give up

we are faced with only the potential for the shifting of matter, Tampax papers work better than Job's!!! Available in almost any bathroom around the country not to mention your mother's, the ad exec when asked why use billboards said that people are busier and busier and there is no time to read anymore, the best way to get those spikes to stand up vertically is by hanging upside down until the epoxy dries: about 12 hours, the "caterpillar effect" at traffic lights: when a light turns green the first person moves then the second then the third et cetera, the following preview has been approved for all audiences by the Motion Picture Association of America, the moth from a flame that took our collection from our senses and flashed a banner over a dish of a dominant hemisphere, the pseudonym of Rodolpho Raffaele Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valinetina d'Antonguolla, the purpose of thoughts is not preservation and hypostatization as ideas — they arise in order to disappear, the word "US-amerikanisch" should replace "amerikanisch" (and likewise "US-Blrger" should replace "Amerikaner"), then again I wouldn't bat an eye if I saw it in the *Weekly World News* (it doesn't come as a surprise on the net either), there seems no longer to be an authentic counterculture — there's just one big Time-Warner selling what seems to be counterculture, think of it as being a product of a lot of people having a rather complicated relationship with each other, through an extensive randomizing process we found **Noah de La Torre** of Montebello to be the undisputed winner, to the dumb ass chick who called whining about gray mashed potatoes it sounds like you had a bad hit to me! Go home to your mother!, Tough going this morning at the computer. Around two o'clock I thought a bowl of homemade chicken soup would make me feel better, we all found out after the first 2 or 3 episodes that you can't put 7 strangers together to live with one another, You do? Instant Karma? Or do you



believe like the next three lives down the road? Not instant. Somewhere along. I don't think it matters, You say: "I think some asshole wants to talk to you." You say: "I don't remember eating that." You say: "Does anyone have a lighter?";





### XXXIII

Actually I heard 666 represented an allusion to the imminent return of Nero sometime in the future, after a few days ant society will collapse in a sea of internecine warfare ant neuroses and mass hysteria, and a cup scrapes the bottom of the toilet reservoir then I could tell how I could feel them sit in their living rooms and carve the air, Annie is it true that you can pop a kernel of popcorn just by holding it between your thighs and thinking about soccer players?, Bring a bucket along. Explain that you frequently get ill. Oh yeah as your food arrives mention how long it's been since you last ate raw, contained herein are myriad suggestions of how to spend a few early-morning hours enjoying yourself and annoying others, Dear Consumer: Thank you for taking the time to contact us regarding our products. We always enjoy hearing from our consumers, do not feel guilty if showers turn you on. There is nothing wrong with masturbating in the shower. I masturbate in the shower, Do you really think it takes \$14 dollars to make a CD? I've heard that the cost of printing a CD is under \$3, 11. Wavy Gravy clown Woodstock I organizer 12. George Bush Jr. Republican candidate for Texas Governor, famous news photo of a military execution from the Vietnam era raises as many questions as it answers, George Burns. At press time the old codger is still kicking. They say he's got his 100<sup>th</sup> birthday booked. That's 3 long tired medicated years, he said "Perhaps we've suppressed it or didn't acknowledge it or afraid that we're crazy or afraid of the opinions of others", here even the

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alphabet implodes under the twin pressures of the ecstasy of catastrophe and the anxiety of fear, I began to be dissatisfied with what meager opportunities I perceived were being offered — I thought I deserved better, I hate it when you wake up early try to pee and your thumb slips and you slap your nads with the elastic waistband of your underwear, I hate when people honk their horns as they leave a residence to say “ta-ta” as part of a noise pollution attack on neighbors, I have lived some thirty years on this planet and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable advice from my seniors, If there are two magnets at an equal distance from a piece of iron which will draw it with a stronger force? Certainly the larger, in view of the sensitiveness that among other things is linked to the fixation of the average length of the private member, it’s interesting to note that a group of girls can get together and do the same things that guys have been doing and do it better, it’s sad — some of these people seem to have nothing but a public life — it’s as if they spend all their time online glued to their computers, needs to change when the pain of one’s life becomes too much to bear. He likens it to the feeling of having one’s fingers caught in a door, now Mary found the price of meat too high which really didn’t please her. Tonight she’s having the leg of lamb the rest is in the freezer, once again I thank you I thank you and I thank you for all you below who agreed to participate in this little endeavor, or the use of ethnic terms such as American Indian/Black etc. which have been expired for more than 24 hours, questions are posed so that answers of flattery are given. Insecurity and egotism on parade. A vanity fair, read in the paper today about a famous bandleader who at age 44 gave it all up to become an obscure writer, sitting on a screened-in porch during a violent summer thunderstorm we were treated to a most spectacular show by nature, snorts about 3 kilos of crank and grabs you by your face and shoots

off little bits of your flesh with their stentorian shotgun-blaster, swore off poetry readings tossed aside my notebooks and abandoned the tedious job of keeping up with the output of my peers, the bottom line is that simple pleasures are what really makes you happy. But you don't make any money off of the simple pleasures, the kids. The parents. The dogs and cats. The cars. The fucking MTV PSA's to save the Earth by separating your newspapers, the letters A B S&M produce the most favorable feelings in people while Q X Z F and U evoke sheer terror, the sages. The soothsayers. The Jetsons. All of them were right. You can finally work anytime you want. If you know how to get there, 3:28 am quiet Friday night the first snow-storm of the winter cozying up to the Internet with my computer, Tiger Balm Spleen Labs report. Applied to forehead: there's a moment when it feels like your head is going to meld with a supernova, Ullhodturdenweirmudgaardgringnirurdrmolnirfenrirlukkilok kibaugimandodrrerinsurtkrinmgernrackinarocker!, upon reading the self-assured art critic's lousy poetry we were able to rip off his lid for full laughable exposure, we knew that the restaurant was under new management because the busboys bent over backwards to keep our glasses filled with water, (What do you say after giving 500 blow jobs?) even smiling makes my face ache ... ("then bite your knuckle and talk to a big red door"), What does a corporate giant have to do anymore except fire people and ship jobs to third-world lands where he can get cheap labor?, when he heard of my decision all he could say at this later stage of the game was "I'm proud of you" a statement which brought me to tears, who brewed decaffeinated coffee doing their yoga in alligator shirts and listening to the latest Windham Hill Sampler, yes we all understand by now that all men are inherently evil. But try as you might you cannot grow up to be your mother;



## XXXIV

A life lived without egotism is apt to appear relatively effortless and therefore somewhat uninteresting to others, and hippies in the trees are chasing after me and they're trying to feed my venus fly trap vegetables and they say "meat is murder", and I believe also that the difference between mainstream poetry and avant-oppositional-experimental-whatever, as a small light-bulb would be shattered by excessive electrical voltage so your nerves are unready for the cosmic current power, bitchin' Camaro bitchin' Camaro I ran over my neighbor bitchin' Camaro bitchin' Camaro now it's in all the papers, but despite the efforts of Protestants to promote the idea of sex for pleasure children continued to multiply everywhere, cat fur mayo corn chips and sugar peanut butter and banana macaroni and cheese mustard kitty litter marmoset bladders, confident enough in her own budding sexuality that such obvious Freudian imagery did not intimidate her, Do you constantly lose at Lotto? Throw craps every time? Always choose the slowest checkout line? Then YOU are PERFECT for this SPECIAL OFFER!, doomed to live out its shelf-life as a permanent fixture on the high-tech multi-screened video monitors in all the hip clothing stores, endemic career paranoia — as if everyone is trained to think in the exact same way and worry in the exact same manner, everyone who's been watching T.V. for 5 hours straight and will continue until 5 a.m. at one point has called an 800 number, finger-snaps and vocal tricks vooms foams and chu-chus shoops wyongwyongs yeahyeahyeahs and

a sharp sudden cartoon laugh like Woody Woodpecker's, he called her sexy. "What's hot is that there is something wrong with her. It's like fetal alcohol syndrome. It makes her eyes too close together", i brush these words on paper in acid eat my story hold it under your tongue wait for it to hit everything will become very clear, I can't help but think of Swami when I see homeless guys asking for change. "Do not scorn these men. Remember in God's eyes we are all beggars", I'll make a hole in the door and then I'll make a hole in the front door I'll make a hole in the door and then I'll make a hole in the front door, in order to get it truly right I will have to rewrite this for the rest of my life day after day month after month year after year, just as I chose to avoid power and money due to my childhood experiences with them so I did the same in the past few years, let's hear it for the non-producer: beggar junky homeless juicer loafing sidewalk commentator penitentiary gladiator, more and more I'm beginning to think of No. 111 as an art work and less as specifically a work of literature, my mind can almost visualize a young person somewhere sitting stoned with his friends and proudly pointing to his symbolic souvenir, my personal gripe is people who don't understand what coffee can mean to a person in the morning. Hell anytime for that matter, O perpetual discoverer of the antipodes great taper of the world eye of the heavens sweet shaker of the water-cooler, other wars had media coverage to be sure: that is after all how the West learned of Homer and his accounts of the Trojan Wars, Ross Perot. Little fascist bastard. If he'd been running the Post Office he'd've long ago been the target of a disgruntled worker, she said "It's like that old one about the tourist who when asked how his trip was replied 'I don't know yet. I haven't gotten back the pictures.'", shorties forties x-large stereo league think race slap fun real vans consolidated officinato\*d black label thrasher venture,

some starched pressed shaven handsome jock recruiter tries to scrub your brain free of any individuality stick up your middle finger, sort of an open confession to the world about how I am evolving from a visual artist into a committed writer, stickiness I finally blurted unable to hold back any longer of course typifies the new kind of connective metaphor, such passages almost seem printed in Chinese or Arabic whose beauty of design I can enjoy without having to decipher, take your finger put it in your ear and rub it around then take your finger out of your ear. So which feels better the ear or the finger?, the approximate (“the closer the better”) we attempt in our thinking speech and behavior to approximate (“the closer the better”), the metaphor of rules comes up a lot here but eventually we find ourselves at decision-points and fervently hope our data, there seems to be an obvious difference between the emerging generation of alternative writers and their predecessors, today’s children who have grown up in the information age appear to process information much more quickly than their predecessors, wanting to see cool times on your clock like 1:23 6:66 4:56 00:69 6:30 etc., when asked to comment on the course of his life in later years Dubuffet responded “I feel like I’ve been on vacation for forty years”, when I was seven or eight I mistook a tube of store-brand hemorrhoid medication for toothpaste. I remember vomiting for hours, with each bite she looks more content and by the time she has finished wiping up every bit of sauce with her bread you can almost hear her purr;

XXXV

And life the same: always different sometimes exciting sometimes boring sometimes gently pleasing and so on and what other questions are there?, after poohpooing the righteous rantings of the waterlogged Christ figure the Cat begins to juggle several icons of Western culture, and each player is given a lawn mower and is placed inside a gymnasium with a squirrel. The first to ... well you get the idea, and I know what people are probably saying about the both of us. What a shame or what a pity to be compared to the two sisters, Ann is angry. Bob is bad. Helen is hateful. Sam is sad. I'm in love and love is bliss. How many times do I get a kiss? 1-2-3-4, Do you think in a rigid conventional fashion having difficulty breaking away from mental sets that you have established for years?, explodes like a phosphorus shell into 50 zillion different varied rhythmic fragments and you feel the soundwaves hit you before you hear, going too far: the rise and demise of sick gross black sophomoric weirdo pinko anarchist underground anti-establishment humor, half assed for most of his life. Piss poor little ham. Narc-boy a fake fuck limp dick sucking up to the man. And the world. We need a fucking cold war, having worked in the woods for a while heard the Minutemen's "This Ain't No Picnic" and hungered to get back into the city and start all over, he lowers his voice to make a point. "Between you and me right everyone has different opinions I'd like it to be a bit heavier", Here eat it! Insert sound of piggy little bitch getting a Ding-Dong crammed down her throat by yours truly taste it

+

bitch! Do you like it? Huh?! Do ya?!, I am sick unto death of obscure English towns that exist seemingly for the sole accommodation of these so-called limerick writers, I have herpes. I need to lose some weight. I have an overbite. I'm 30 today. I have a lousy voice and I want to be a singer, I have this urge to see if I could make the blood cells in my mother's womb — imbue them with personality and make them revolt against her, I read in a homeopathic-healing book that sticking a clove of garlic up one's bung is supposed to effectively heal the fuckers, I screwed as never before all my pent up emotion finding release in this young virgin (& she was) who is by the way a schoolteacher, I used to believe that if you knocked on doors long enough you'd eventually be let in. More often I've found the door is never answered, I used to feel sorry for Judy Garland when she was alive but now that she has been dead for 25 years I feel even sorrier, I used to say to people that I only had two fears — either I'd grow up to be like my mother or I'd grow up to be like my father, I would see people my age when I was 18 and I'd see old guys like 45-year-old guys with weird haircuts or no hair or whatever, in brief I've got some problems with the hegemony of apocalyptic doom that's been going around for the last oh say 100 years, in fact right now I'd trade 5 IQ points for a new ligament in my knee. And 2 for perfect skin. And maybe 1 for a nice head of hair, it's like those "telephone" stories in grade school that start with a sentence and travel around the room each person adding one thought or another, Men tend to be seduced by technology. They get into the faster-race-car syndrome bragging about the speed of their microprocessors, Move over Cindy! OK everybody! You guys have to admit that Kate Moss is probably the most beautiful Supermodel ever, my biggest fear is that someone will say Kenny there's too many ideas here or else they will say Kenny there's only one idea here, not unless you call uri-

ating on the floor and howling at the moon every time I hear Captain Kangaroo's name obsessive behavior, now you must be a navigator an investigator an appropriator an intuitive promulgator and innovator, once she had learned to understand these words then it was possible for her to react with such questions "with understanding" or "without under, once when I was at the movies in the East Village some shrew on the pay phone said: "I'm comin' home late cuz I'm at the pictchas with Jennifah, one syllable rhymes A to Z then a semi-colon then two syllable rhymes A to Z then a semi-colon then three etc., people still seem to look the same age as college students until around 35 at which point they suddenly look obviously older, perhaps I should admit I'm as full of shit as everybody else and find something besides "the quality of life" to chomp & moo over, second wave poopie: this happens when you're done poopie-ing and you've pulled your pants up to your knees and you realize that you have to poopie some more, she asked about my new work. "It's going very very well" I responded. "What's it look like?" she asked. "Like all my work — just a stack of paper", she said she has had nothing to do lately so every time she feels lonely she picks up the phone and calls me — she doesn't even consider, some guy tried to tell me that since Hitler was a vegetarian animal rights activist that all liberals are fascist dictators, the man who lights a fire kills living things while he who puts it out kills the fire. Thus the wise man who understands the law should never light a fire, the odds are you're going to live quite a while into retirement. If you don't plan for it now you just better hope you die before you retire, the process of forming associations from the many to the one is the way by which objects and words identify in each other, welcome to the land of the well-adjusted adults who manage their own responsibilities with an appropriate level of power, What is Michael Jackson trying to persuade us



about himself and the world? What does he want from us?  
What lands does he want us to discover?, When she heard that  
the dog was about to lose it's leg to cancer her response was  
"Well I feel bad but at least he won't jump on me anymore",  
Winifred Wagner in the early '60s: if Hitler came in the door  
today I would be happy as ever to see him and have him here;





## XXXVI

A preparation made from the dried flower clusters and leaves of the cannabis plant usually smoked or eaten to induce euphoria, any criticism of Jews Israel or Barbra Streisand is immediately interpreted as vile obscene Jew-hating propaganda, Before I found Marc Bolan as a teen-ager I never had an identity outside my parents. When he died I was 18 and I grieved like I had lost a family member, Did the bartender actually clean your seemingly fresh beer mug or just rinse it behind the bar in a tub filled with the backwash of strangers?, Do you tend to be self-blaming and self-depreciating feeling that you give of yourself continually and that others take more and more?, Eddie Van Halen has AIDS. I didn't know it at first but now it totally makes sense. I heard Van Halen was having their last concert ever, How do I take my avant-sensibility and apply it to the pop culture in such a way as to survive in the world as a writer?, I begin to see objects only when I leave off understanding them and afterwards remember that I did not appreciate them before, I don't deny it I never denied it. I never said I wasn't Jewish. But what does being Jewish mean? I didn't go to Bar Mitzvah, I don't want in on the female gender and I don't want in on the male gender. What is all this leading to anyways? I want my own gender, I have always loved cats while he is strictly a dog person. Do you think we can overcome these differences and find happiness together?, I know if I would openly attack Kool-Aid I would get a lot of flack from their auspicious and beloved and influential followers,



I'll belt the funk out of you. This one comes out of our mouths every 2 seconds now we've started to mess it up by screwing around with the order, imagine this didacticism translated into humor and drilled into your ear involuntarily for forty-five minutes or more, in the late 1970's students were required to pose nude for photographs supposedly used in a study of meditation posture, it was used to satirize the stories of the incredible exploits of Roland and Oliver famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers, late nights cruising on the Internet. Staying up till well past 3 listening to Seefeel and banging on the computer. Such has been my winter, Oh did I mention that I get a bad rash under my left arm if I come into contact with an ambidextrous Eskimo ice farmer?, operates on the principle of anticipation whereby the reader is "led on" in a relationship from one sentence to another, over lunch I had to blurt out the latest on my book. I felt as though I ruined the flow of conversation — I felt stupid and insecure, people can be really dumb. It isn't all that uncommon for people to be suckered into paying extra for something they THINK is better, Rita swallowed but I grabbed Malcolm's spurting prick and pulled it out from her lips sending his gusher of jizz flying over Rita's heaving knockers, shown live on television and witnessed by the astronauts' families the tragedy caused a massive shock especially in America, so there we are: the two of us standing in a dry shower he holding the magic golden wand as I wait for the special moment to occur, swallowing any substance or object which is not normally consumed as food or medicine e.g. pebbles paper a coin etc., the anarchically dehierarchized horizontal plane liberated from the always already-made definitions of a high center, the disappearance of external standards of public conduct when the social itself becomes the transparent field of a cynical power, The girl on stage playing lead guitar looked so much like my sister. I



remarked so and she agreed with me. “Yeah” I said. “I wish it was my sister”, there is great suffering when we do not fully realize the instant arising and passing away of mental and physical phenomena, tra-la-la-de-da-dee-da-dee-da-la-dee-da-dee-da-dee-da-tra-la-la-la-la-la-do-da-dee-da-dee-da-de-doodle-dee-doodle-dee-da, Vermont (The state). Except for the skiing I can’t really think of a plus for this place. Endless mountains of bare trees and cloudy overcast weather, what with the headers and legal warnings and indices and subscription information and disclaimer after disclaimer after disclaimer, while mohawked clerks at Tower Records with little crucifixes in their ears play “Pillow Talk” and everything you want they only have in Beta, “Yesterday is history. Tomorrow is a mystery. Today is a gift. That is why it’s called the present.” (Avis Rent-A-Car shuttle driver), your relationship enters rocky waters when your newfound partner unexpectedly awakens from his persistent vegetative coma;



## XXXVII

A charming old custom in which the victim is sliced open and a live Gila monster placed into the body cavity then sewn tight together, another day at the office. How can people spend so many hours each day being so miserable and angry at the world and at each other?, as one called upon to give an idea of the ocean to a person who has never seen it can only say "It is a vast sheet of water", at length he said respectfully "Sir — just now I can't accept anything more. Please let us not speak of this for the present." "Very well. Then we'll stop here", at the rate of 10000 burgers per cow McDonalds' annual sales of 3 billion burgers require the deaths of 300000 cows a year, conceives an aversion for the ear sounds: the nose odors: the tongue tastes: conceives an aversion for the body things touchable: for the brain ideas, der meisters of trudge-spew have spewed forth these slabs at some point previous to now (whether these are dated or not I have literally no idea, "Do you ever feel guilty having all of this?" I asked him. "Your family? Your career? Your looks? Your wealth? Your stardom? All this stuff here in the hangar?", Does it matter which of us on a sucky planet imaginatively named Earth in some sick joke of a solar system personally sucks more?, Don't worry about such things. Sooner or later all such talk will die down." And it did. In less than a month there was no more talk about such trifling fears, earlier that day I had chugged warm beers sampled some mushroom caps and smoked buds of homegrown courtesy of these '70s-rocker types from Tom's River, first thing out

of bed your mind accustomed to thinking the same thoughts for so many years will think those same thoughts yet again. But now you will have an answer, full danish hardcore kiddy porn shots of children being made to lick each other's genitals in such a manner as to cause you to shoot vinegar, he criticized her way of writing: he said that instead of smoothly blending together the parts remained separate like jellybeans lay in a jar, he kept repeating in a series of weak moments "It'll fatten up the resume a bit more. It'll fatten up the resume a bit more", he phoned me out of the blue yesterday. "Hi is Kenny Goldsmith there?" "This is he." "I can't believe you are not on our mailing list! After all these years!", he said that while he admired the radical gesture of the writers he couldn't see how any of them would ever pull the heart string of a reader, I can't stand it when people talk about some store and they add an S on the end like "Let's go down to Burger Kings" or "Did you get that at Hechingers?", I couldn't believe that he turned to the group gathered and said "He's Kenny's favorite poet. He likes the way he keeps meaning intact and together", I for one am just glad I passed on the triple bean burrito bran muffin and Metamucil this morning. Now that would have been a real disaster, I put my more noble priorities on the back burner and began to think of myself as a superior back-in-the-race-power-broker, if you go past the library the librarian might recognize you and inquire about the thirteen overdue books that were destroyed in the fire, in prose there's the example of Poe who said that everything should be figured out to the least little detail before ever setting pen to paper, in the whole history of thought no one has painted the misery of human existence in blacker colors and with more feeling than the Buddha, instead of waiting to get married our parents got divorced. Instead of becoming feminists our mothers were left to become displaced homemakers, man why do these people

actually go on these talk shows and talk about their affairs with the same sex and animals with siblings etc.?, Meeting the brilliant poet turned out to be a real disappointment. Not only was he patronizing but also pedantic — strangely insecure, my father who I've always hated for having been responsible for my birth was doing vodka slammers with Yuri Andropov's haberdasher, oh coming up and diarrhea on the tile floor a gum of pizza stain the Vaseline t'aint the burger, people living on the other side of the world really DO care about what kind of drugs you use frequently and how sexually active you are, so many buy into Freud and not into Jung even a little fascist connections don't make the rest of Pound unreadable and not Jung either, the blasting television displays babies giggling as \$50.00 disposable Nike baby shoes are superimposed on the retina, the litany is growing tedious and seems better suited to a data base or an appendix rather than to a work of literature, the majority of Asian females I have met have had really nasty and bitchy personalities underneath the charming exterior, the Wagner family — a clan which Karl Marx found as bizarre as the Nibelungs and equally deserving of an epochal four-part opera, this year we've had an opportunity to see the greatest liars since Richard Nixon Tonya Harding Michael Jackson and the Menendez brothers, we allow for the segments of the world containing bland prose and stilted metaphors. (In fact we're so bored we actually put this schtuff together), we sat on the beach late into the night and I carried on to the two 22-year-old girls about my previous life as a cocaine dealer, 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, "We're all brought up and taught to be realistic about life" said one "and we don't look at things the way you want them to be you look at them the way they are", What about those painting shows? How many peo-



ple do you know that paint? I don't know anyone. Replace it with a show on how to use your camcorder, What makes this the end of a century? A convention. What makes this Late Capitalism? A convention. What makes this the dead end of a culture?, Why do stupid people breathe? And why do ugly people breed? Why is it that my girlfriend won't go down on me unless I just got out of the shower?, You will limit your relationships. You will see very few people and the only ones you will see will be those who themselves have questioned who they are;





## XXXVIII

A man a plan a canoe pasta heros rajahs a coloratura a rut a Rolo cash a jar sore hats a peon a canal Panama!, And I thought to myself how many times will he tell me this same old story as if he is discovering it again and again over and over?, Anne came rushing up to me. “I have something very important to tell you” she said with grave seriousness. “Jackson really thinks that you should cut your hair”, Before you enter the restaurant cut some of your hair or hair off of a pet. When at your table place the hair all over the inside of the burger, BTW what ever happened to that guy you were so hot on? You know — the huge one with the little dinkie!!!!!! I remember how disappointed you were!, but other sounds such as “ma” do not depend on a fast transition as the “m” typically lasts a hundred or more milliseconds before the “ah”, even the modes of existence and non-existence are mutually dependent so that one is possible only in relation to the other, he advised me to keep a journal but not to report on trivial matters such as “the meat was over or undercooked” or changes in the weather, I eat lye soap seat lye soap and stew and I eat stew roses are red and violets are blue I eat soap and I eat stew I hate my life and I hate yours, I feel if I knew how to use “sliding signifiers” in a sentence I feel that then I would be able to crack the high-money art super-structure, I found myself touched by the devotion and unbeknownst to me I became intensely interested in things that I hadn’t thought about for twelve years, I have to feel needed or like I’m depriving some-

body of something before we kiss. My tongue hugs me and ruffles my hair and offers to cut my hair, I really liked her when I first met her — she seemed really cool. But now however she strikes me as self-centered and I really can't stand being around her, if I see one more couple walk past me holding hands I will feel no remorse when I stab them to death with the knitting needles I used to wear in my hair, If you are tired a lot lately try working two jobs! "No that sounds awful" you say? All right it was just a suggestion. Maybe flirt more. Buy a Wonderbra, if you find yourself in the heart of the financial district around lunch time you can fire some off and let the Yuppies think they're caught in a drive-by. Gyeah, if yours is different from mine which is different from his and different again from the other's over there, instead of getting the kind of underwear that rides up your butt in the stocking from Mommy I'd give anything for one pair of Calvin Klein underwear, it could be unveiled tomorrow that America and Europe did in fact create the AIDS virus and their plan was to wipe out Asia and Africa, it is not uncommon for someone to hit such a two chambered bong and say "I don't think I got a hit" only to fall over giggling seconds later, many museums fear their customers will become mouse potatoes: they will learn about art on their home computers and never go to museums anymore, Mrs. Bertha Briggs of Poughkeepsie NY recently wrote to Harry and then won the lottery the very next day — AND her dog was cured of cancer!, My butt does not sound like a harp and I am not understanding the reference. Its acoustic vibrations are much more like a tuba in D-minor, no more cheese fat teenagers prying neighbors shopping malls and hick taverns run by degenerate alcoholic geriatric barmaids with facial hair, Oprah Winfrey arguably has more influence in the culture than any university president politician or religious leader, or perhaps that because you write from the point of

view of people whose language is debased then your language is debased and therefore you're a debased writer, 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, participating in un-Islamic activities such as watching television and playing games such as chess draughts monopoly etc., perhaps inspired by mass burnings of army draft cards during the Vietnam War female supporters of feminism were exhorted to burn their bras, right up until the end the stumps and intestinal muscles of the disemboweled creatures continued to move in a now steady and rhythmic manner, she asked me if I was interested in doing a project for the New York Times. I thanked her kindly and told her that I don't use that drug any more, strangest thing is they tend to be very tight at the opening but a little roomier further either tight as vise grips & dry as the Sahara, there are a thousand products out on the market that suppress your running nose and sneezing. But when you take these things they tend to make you sicker for longer, they kind of reminded me of my grandmother's mastectomy and also when I was a kid Edward Kennedy Jr.'s loss of a leg to cancer, things aren't what they thought they were regarding: race: the struggle: her charismatic! My white ass leave the image at the door let Jesse Jackson take the floor, we've been feeling a separation between ourselves and the world that we've been taught to believe in — suddenly so many questions coming from everywhere, What? Did you them it on here? I'm going to wait until you answer. Hey how do I get out of here? GET ME OUT OF HERE! Fine I'll wait until you answer!, work has become taking notes wherever I am and whatever activity I'm doing — as such I am able work time or anywhere, yes it may be a cry for help from the depths of a lonely soul and it never fails to wake the nurturing I-have-enough-love-for-both-of-us nature, you can take your Socialist world view and shove



it straight up your ass along with all of the useless newsprint  
you waste printing copies of Socialist Worker, you know I actually  
don't believe in Karma. It's kind of a drag. I wish I did.  
Almost like believing in God. I don't believe in God either;



XXXIX

A gardener named Kenneth McDear likes plants more than women we fear. “He’s hardly perennial” say folks who know Kenny well “he only comes up once a year”, And what do you mean by “your part”? Part of what? Part of the country? Part of the argument? Part of his body? Or maybe the manner in which he parts his hair?, But I don’t reckon being an ikon would be really any good for what I am doing. It would be a serious distraction to have press at the door, Every female that I have become seriously involved with has caused some degree of emotional damage due to their treatment of me. And vice versa, hanging upside down from a chinning bar with a rag stuffed in my mouth Ramada Inn guest towels hanging from my nipple rings and my penis in a blender, Herman has taken to writing poetry. You need not tell anyone for you know how such things get around. — Mrs. Melville in a letter to her mother, I had extra girl shirts and they pulled over in the woods and as a bear would do I did it in the woods wiped my ass with the shirt and I stayed psyched forever, I have to keep calming my troubled mind. I keep telling myself “I may be many things to many people but I will never be a good aikido-ka”, I look to theory only when I realize that somebody has dedicated their entire life to a question that I have only fleetingly considered, I recommend this book to all people and guarantee that reading it will result in the most profound experience of your life no matter who you are, I’m saying it’s important to interrogate the discourse (some of it at least) as

much as the participants seem to want to interrogate each other, in my father's never-ending quest for spirituality he phoned one day and invited me to join him that weekend for a fire-walking seminar, love you lots unless you happen to be American in which case I love you slightly less than I would anyone else for reasons of language and culture, Masturbation. In addition to it nullifying the Saum it is an immoral and sinful act. The perpetrator has been cursed by Rasulullah, my entire life began to be a process of less — less possessions less living space making less art compulsively living more quietly etc., my fear however was not of whirring drills sharp steel probes nor even that awful bubble gum-flavored fluoride treatment but of Linda's mountainous derrière, on gut instinct alone I'm saying that at least one of them will die in an auto crash in the next 6 years. Oh and did I mention the sooner the better?, So it's little wonder pretty soon I realize it's late January working on February and I hadn't done anything with this since October, over at her house to help her with a chore. While she went to the bathroom looked on her bookshelf and saw all my books in a pile mashed along with thousands of others, the fool on his wedding morning sees his naked bride lift her arms to brush her hair and notices the tufts of hair in her armpits. "Oh boy" he chortles. "Two more!", the message got through a little but looking back I wasn't quite prepared to really give up my belief that if only I pushed harder I would get somewhere, There was a young fellow named Taylor/Who seduced a respectable sailor/When they put him in jail/He worked out the bail/By licking the parts of the jailer, What do you want? I never heard of Language poetry until 2 years ago but I hadn't heard of Cubism before 1979 either, words must be read in context. Read my words in context not as an abstract opposition of poetry and theory but as a contextualized one. Sure, you are a



coward a traitor a thief. You do not even believe in God. You have betrayed and deceived everybody. You would even sell your own father;





## XL

A number of them conglobulate together by flying round and round and then all in a heap throw themselves under water and lye in the bed of a river, Americaine burst like grapeseeds from Paris terraces ... sweeping strings très hi fi society brisk ... whirring purring ... gay cyclical Sartrian strains ... hers all hers, and if one were to take a random sample of your saliva right now and put it under a microscope one would find all kinds of viral shit festering there, drunken pandemonium ensued until late in the night — things wound down with a fire in the backyard of the museum and all of us eating roasted kielbasa, “During one holiday season” she recalls with a snicker “there were twenty five people inside me who all wanted to give Christmas presents to one another”, I jammed the disposable plastic handle of my razor into the electric socket and started a chain of events that left my home in ash and cinders, I’m a drug addict who was abused by my father now I spend my time trying to get affirmation from strangers. I wish I could still take drugs! Blackouts are pure, if a hottentot tutor taught a hottentot tot to talk ere the tot could totter should the hottentot tot be taught to say aught or naught or what should be taught her, meanwhile the nerds — the non-sixties people who were all around us who were untouched by Andy Warhol and by the Rolling Stones and by Jimi Hendrix — gained power, most women are introspective: “Am I in love? Am I emotionally and creatively fulfilled?” Most men are out-rospective: “Did my team win? How’s my car?”, now the com-

mon man in America eats Wonder bread (like a wet white pillow) while the descendants of nobility go to the health food store for granola, open any book to page 50 and they all look pretty much the same — it's the way that the words are being used that distinguishes one author from another, POEMS FOR ALL: A poem called "Short Lived" by "Me" — Marilyn Mansfield A flower in the wind / A flower on the shore / A beauteous creation / But... / Not forevermore!, polls show us to be greater risk-takers more likely to do things that would result in self-harm and more materialistic than our predecessors the Boomers, Regard women as inferior therefore more sinister. These philosophical finalities gently entered my ear as they jammed me with a coat hanger, resources here seem incredibly overwhelming when you realize authors in Cuba hand stitch and bind their works together often using old cloth as paper, save the bones from your meal and explain that you're taking them home to your invalid senile old mother because it's a lot cheaper than actually feeding her, Shit Happens Rama Rama Ding Ding. She-it happens She-it happens happens happens she-it she-it (repeat until you become one with she-it) please this flower, teriyaki sauce with generous portions garlic powder black pepper and Grandma's Spicy Chili Powder can turn regular hamburgers into Godburgers, there never was a city kid truer and bluer never did me in the corner with a good looking daughter dropped my drawers and it was welcome back Kotter, There will be a Moscow Exhibition of Arts by 15000 Soviet Republic painters and sculptors. These were executed over the past two years, we have judged ourselves and others by the objects we possess. We have always craved more and more. We now remove that and need less want less. We are in some way freer, when the dog jumped into the pond at the park a police officer ran over ordered us to remove the dog and informed us that there were living things



in there, yes my favorite color is purple. When I was little it was green then it was red then blue and now it's purple. (I suppose there's some sort of progression there);





## XLI

And here we are sitting here at the kitchen table hammering away on the computer on a sunny afternoon like so many sunny afternoons before, at dinner with the famous curator — he exposed his insecurities and weaknesses to me in a way and with an openness which he had never before, Cocteau has said that the revolutionary artist is first ignored then scorned and when these things do not work they try to suppress you by loading you down with honors, he was then asked what his view was of the future. He looked directly into the camera with a glint in his eye and said “Things will not remain this way forever”, I felt terribly hurt after I went through all the trouble to make him a tape and his only response was to act defensively as if he couldn’t be bothered, I have felt very fortunate to enjoy the strong support of you and others like you and only hope that those interested in me as an artist and thinker, I’ve got some buddies and we all drink bleach you know we practice what we preach we’re not a drunken bunch of frat boys drunk on beer or a stoned bunch of hippies with no careers, in a sea of cut-and-paste I’ll-rip-the-balls-off-the-next-man-who-looks-at-me she stands out as a refreshing different more positive expression of girl power, life is like a movie. It is like an unfolding story that we read and interpret while identifying with the stars and immersing ourselves in the drama, met a Peruvian prince the other night in an East Village club populated mostly by skinhead interior designers and their significant others, sea idea guinea area psalm Maria but malaria say



aver but ever fever neither leisure skein receiver ear but earn  
and wear and bear, she said to me that you must pursue what-  
ever course your work is going to take and not worry about  
your audience. The work will find its own level like water, so is  
it a surprise that things should be so? No not really — only if I  
feel that I am deserving of something of which I am not — I'm  
a monster — a taker, so what does it mean to you? There won't  
be any speculations about Kurt Cobain battling Richard Nixon  
in hell or tomorrow is after all a new future, spoken not in  
obedience to some external center but emanating from the  
interpenetration of the community's numerous nonfixed cen-  
ters, The newspaper article described him as a victim of the  
“Melville Syndrome” that is — a writer without readers. Funny  
— none of the writers I know have readers, the next few weeks  
will be terrific! But try to avoid boys with short blond hair as  
they can't be trusted now. But that doesn't mean that you  
should avoid changing your color, there was a young Sapphic  
named Anna/Who stuffed her friend's cunt with a  
banana/Which she sucked bit by bit/From her partner's warm  
slit/In the most approved lesbian manner, this has been the  
lowest time in recent memory. I can't remember when I've felt  
more depressed and lost than now. I spend my days waking up  
late reading the paper, to sit alone in the lamplight with a  
book spread out before you and hold intimate converse with  
men of unseen generations — such is a pleasure beyond com-  
pare, “We as always honor the truth and declare that regret-  
table as it is that the leading Germanic God should be sung in  
Bayreuth as a Jew — namely Fredrich Schorr, when passenger  
of foot heave in sight tootle the horn. Trumpet him melodi-  
ously at first but fi if he still obstacles your passage then tootle  
him with vigor, you start with entertainment and then you add  
home shopping interactive shopping and then you add games  
and then you add gaming and suddenly you've got it all paid  
for;



## XLII

And it's true I do have some tricks I'm keeping around for later (but it's also true they might not fit — they're in the field as I see it now but may be abandoned later), and then they wanna say how many animals they had to kill to put that fur together I want them to know how many animals I had to fuck to get that fur, and they were curiously united in their description of the perfect girl: she's 5 feet 7 inches weighs just over 100 pounds has long legs and flowing hair, any of you who may be wondering who is to blame for my schizoid nature now have your culprit. I hope you are destroyed in a most unsatisfactory manner, Barter Swap Trade — will trade a new tape (VHS) or a used copy of the faces of death part 2 for your washing and ironing 15 shirts or 4 home cooked dinners, but because my husband Dennis and 26-year-old son Kevin were on the 5:33 Long Island commuter train December 7 changed our lives forever, feeling a bit like a bum lately. Haven't worked for the past year and a half. Days spent watching the dogs in the backyard writing on the computer and cruising on vapors, he seems so advanced like some kind of fucking guru. On the phone today he said that if one keeps aware all opportunities will present themselves in their own manner, I congratulated the artist on his collaboration with the pop musicians. He thanked me and said "But now I'm going back to being a frumpy old sculptor", I hate women who bitch and moan about their breast size and who wear those overly padded Wonderbras to make up for what they don't have. Just



get a boob job and get over, I stumbled choking spitting cursing and crying out into the night tripping over an opossum who had fallen asleep in the carbon monoxide warmth by the door, Lynard Skynard. From Leonard Skinner name of unpopular gym teacher in the Florida school that most of the group attended. Renowned for punishing boys with long hair, my lover has always been something of a joker and he took delight in demonstrating how one of his testicles floated higher in the water than the other, Nutrasweet as we laughingly refer to it Nutra! Right!) is a by-product of some exotic fruit that must be harvested at the peak of its freshness and flavor, oh wow man I'd trade you a joint if I had it — I'd trade you a whole fuckin' lid for a beer if I had it man that's how thirsty I am — but I ain't got no dope either, "self expression" or the linguistic and material realization of subjectivity does not oppose vertical constructions enforced by the power centers, Sitting outside at the cafe he read us one of his poems. Later I asked him what he thought. "He seems to have an interesting mind but I don't see any bright future there", Teach yourself how to use a catheter without damaging your genitals during the process! Comes complete with practice tubing and enough cleaner for ten urethras!, The Biennial opening was nicer than expected. It was a small opening and everyone who was there had good reason to be there. Nobody was bitter, the poet's ear for rhythm as reference combines in his feeling for youth's low and literature's high brows to yield a hip-hop syntax of cultural signifiers;



### XLIII

And so he went on stringing together absurdities all of a kind that his books had taught him imitating insofar as he was able the language of their authors, American scientists may have discovered the ultimate cosmetic: a chemical that produces a safe suntan without requiring the user to go outdoors, an official speaking on condition of anonymity noted “Other colleges have football and basketball we have poets ... and you know what trouble poets are”, Eeeaaarrghh! I pictured smashing his face in ... kicking his scrotum back up into his torso ... digging the fucker’s eyes out ... going for a field goal with his head over and over..., even if it is not good for us we become addicted. And we become enslaved. And when we become enslaved we are constantly thinking of that thing wherever we are, from the mountains to the prairies ... FUCK MISS AMERIKA ... to the oceans ... HO HO HO CHI MINH ... white with foam ... 1 2 3 4 WE DON’T WANT YOUR FUCKING WAR ... God Bless Amerika, grab me Chewie. I’m slipping — hold on. Grab it almost ... you almost got it. Gently now all right easy easy hold me Chewie. Chewie! With a little higher just a little higher, he found himself (as any writer can confirm) having to produce by the end of the day a series of words arranged in a way that has never been imagined before, history that ends up on a page no longer exists in the past — it has only a present and a future. It is in effect a score to be realized by the reader, I read in an article that he was going to be a straight novelist until he happened upon a book by



Gertrude Stein. After that he knew that it was all over, I wonder what this world will be like when we are forty or fifty years old. I often wonder if the human race will last that long without all of us killing each other, is your boyfriend turning out to be a drag or are you just PMS-ing? Gawd ... do something about it quick but do it with all the style and cunning you can possibly muster, it all started like a Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland movie — well not exactly. Instead of saying “Hey let’s put on a musical!” someone said “Hey let’s start a future!”, it is written in New York where everything is right up to your nose and we get our information in the subway from reading a newspaper over somebody’s shoulder, it states that I should gratify the wishes of my animal soul and treat people like people instead of the way I have been treated by too many for my fucking years, non narrative and non linear texts can be absorbed at random and quickly with as much or as little involvement as the viewer needs or wants at that particular, online and inline: new linear cultural ideas. Our culture increasingly moves on a line. Progression is logical business-like rational and linear, should they gain control of the TV remote they will waste entire afternoons idly lounging on your furniture flicking between game shows and forgetting to close the fridge door, Sister Soffey at school told me how awful it was what a sin it’d be if I touched myself there even to pee. I should think of something else than what’s between my fingers, the language is both opaque and transparent — transparent enough to roll a semi-narrative and opaque enough for me to stumble upon glorious formal structures, we imagined utopian America as a horizontal structure one able to acknowledge the validity of each of the numerous unfixed centers, what you see and hear comprises only a small part of reality. If you take it to be the whole of reality you will end up having a distorted picture, Why do people call pants a “pair”



of pants? There is only one and don't tell me it's because there are 2 legs in them because there are 2 sleeves in a shirt and it's not called a pair, WHY do so many people hate Los Angeles? How can you hate the future center of the biblical apocalypse? No one complains about other religious centers, with this he became more tranquil and continued on his way letting his horse take whatever path it chose. For he believed that therein lay the very essence of adventures, y'know after a long afternoon of eating squirrels and biting non-whites in the crotch there's nothing I like better than pinching off a nice healthy log. Just kinda hunker, you might go to the park to feed breadcrumbs to the pigeons but then when you run out of breadcrumbs the pigeons might start a riot pecking out the eyes of innocent park-goers;





## XLIV

All responses will be screened for content and appropriateness. Use of the expression is at the discretion of the publisher and becomes property of the publisher, as defined by the United States the global struggle of the present day between the secular capitalist democracies and the forces of fundamental terror, by the way boyz and girlzz did u ever Ider hoo desided wee shudd spell shit juss' tha way it soundz? Just because they can't pronounce it New Yorkers don't write without the letter "r", Ever defecated anywhere other than in an acceptable location or receptacle (i.e. in a fireplace car seat wastepaper basket or salad spinner)?, I hate SNOW. I also hate Americans. Mexicans. Cheese. Hotdogs. Toilet seats. Canaries. The Moon. Sea Quest. My fairy GodMother. Microsoft. Long toe nails. Hairy Gorillas, I never watch commercials anymore. The second the program I'm watching goes to a commercial I'm searching around for something else to watch till the commercials are over, I suddenly felt compelled to find the connection between beauty and dogma by running naked on a winter's night along KarlMarxStrasse singing arias from Wagner, I told him that the idea was to transcend the physical to attain a more metaphysical state of mind. We discussed the sacrifices involved the loss and the fear, "I worked on this for an entire year" I wrote in an introduction. She responded "Well that is not really impressive. I can imagine you working on things for much longer.", I've never had a lot of money and I've never expected a lot of money so I expect my happiness in

other ways ... like masturbating 10 times a day or more, in attempting to map meaning and explore culture do I impoverish the culture I explore? Do explorations of intent and meaning denigrate or reduce a culture?, include a Declaration of Independence made with dried alphabet soup letters glued on plywood and an American flag made of sturdy 1974 dollars, of two brothers one a philosopher the other a novelist it is said that the philosopher wrote like a novelist and the novelist wrote like a philosopher, once again heavily sedated confined to “sleep rooms” where tape-recorded messages played over and over from speakers under pillows designed to wipe out past behavior, people have been talking about personal angst versus universal angst as if the two concepts had no overlap at all as if one were somehow “purer” than the other, pour a large amount of grease on your local curb then wash it off with water and a sloppy dish towel repeat this 5000 times in one day every day for 200 years, seven million souls live here doing New York things — littering jumping over turnstiles saying how boring it must be to live in New Jersey and being rude to one another, she has to understand that she is dealing with a male ego and a male ego needs to be pampered. And believe me that will eventually help her respect her man more, she told me once of her “affair” with a well known artist. I expressed surprise at her candor. “It was really nothing” she said. “We simply held hands erotically for an hour”, then to my disgusted delight she delicately de-wedgied several feet of pink fleece from the dark canyon that divided the two halves of her colossal fat-farm keester, “To be” means to become something else “the other” of oneself — the external center. One loses all the potential ways of being which are out of the orbit of this center, Torso in ditch. T-o-r ... s-o in d-i-c-no t-c-h. Head in avenue. H-e-d-no h-e-a-d in a-v-i ... a-v-e ... <KICK> d-i-t-c-h-a, tramp tramp tramp maryland the battle cry of freedom dixie



the blue and the gray john brown's body marching through georgia when johnny comes marching home just before the battle mother, "Two poems he stole are very autobiographical and that's a creepy thing to me" said Mr. Bowers. "It's a very uneasy feeling a bit like having a stalker", when Uncle Howard found Doovie growing a forest of pot plants in the family basement he said "Well I'm glad to see David is taking an interest in horticulture", "You guys are lucky" he said. "You don't sit there trying to make sense of everything. You really don't care for meaning. Not like us. We sit there and struggle for sense logic and structure";





## XLV

A new spray to cure nicotine addiction was recently withdrawn from the market the reason being that the spray itself was found to be equally addictive to the smokers, and I feel great to be immersed in a project with all my heart and soul. I was up on the net last nite picking up content until 4am. At noon today I was back out there, as for instance the man who has got a carbuncle on his back talks with his friends and others and even carries out undertakings but his mind is all the while on the pain he bears, Bruce Andrews was at the Ear Inn on the day that Richard Nixon died. Jeff Hull asked him what he thought. “Who fucking cares?” Bruce replied. “He was one of this century’s greatest mass murderers”, Does the text at the end get too long and narrative? Or is it refreshing to read stories and full narratives after pages of chance and mathematically arranged gestures?, fiddling with obscure the situation-specific fear and pain and anxiety expressed here so often are merely reports of individual battles in a larger war, he starts off by saying that death is the only certainty and looks around the room. “One of us” he says “will be first and then someone will be the second and then the third will occur”, I think we’ll engage the consumer in the digital domain in a way that forces new forms of publishing and moviemaking and music-making and shopping and whatever, imagine the glorious day when the blueberry army finally takes over the world crushing the apples and cinnamon lemon cherry coconut meringue and banana, in this world there are two kinds of people —







## XLVI

He asked me if I copyrighted my work. “No” I replied. “Not if the matter is in my hands.” “Why is that?” he asked. “Because none of it is mine to start with. I steal it from everywhere”, he then fulminates his loudest censures against the monkish barbarity of rhyme — wonders how beings that pretend to reason can be pleased with one line always ending like another, I AM AN IDIOT I’m not an idiot I’m not an idiot I’m not a fucking stooge — so stop talking to me about guns and bombs and stop trying to sell me on class warfare, I sleep with only one eye closed very profoundly. My bed is round with a hole in it for my head to go through. Every hour a servant takes my temperature and gives me another, I stood next to Charles and thought about my relationship to the artworld and how it has had to change in the past year. I thought how I couldn’t stay in the gallery system any more, I want to be an asshole. If I were the world’s biggest jerk if I treated everyone around me like they were beneath me then maybe — just maybe — women would beat a path to my door, I’ll forgive you for a few minutes of boredom because most of us brush our teeth and even though we won’t readily admit it we need to masturbate occasionally here and there, in a society that is increasingly oriented toward the visual the stuff most of us have in aural memory are pop songs and commercial jingles you’re over, read in a dingy hotel room Southern India: Nov 5 1994 Former President Ronald Reagan has been diagnosed to be suffering from Alzheimer’s, sometime in the 19<sup>th</sup> century when a man



named Ong threw his hat up in the air landed it in a tree and was unable to retrieve it thinking it vanished into another, start looking for the swine of your dreams — they're not hard to spot. Go to a sports bar drop your purse on the floor and as you bend to retrieve it if you hear "Hey honey while you're down there heh heh heh", Thomas Mann banned from the Third Reich for his essay "The Suffering and Greatness of Richard Wagner" with its references to the psychoanalytic insights in Wagner's operas, we have attained some sort of freedom. It's scary and we are unsure of where we are and where we are not. We have been raised to believe in materialism and all that it stands for, what happened? We began to fear and believe in those exact things that we hated — we gave power to those things that we used to laugh at. And suddenly they weren't so funny anymore, when asked to read from this work I agreed. When asked how I chose what section to read I said "It doesn't really matter. Every section is the same. No section is better than another", Who'd you rather invite over for dinner Hitler or Stalin? Me? I'd invite Kurt Cobain. He bored 30 million people to death. So he clearly edges out both Stalin and Hitler, Why do those hockey-puck urinal cakes have to look like yummy donuts whenever I am drunk? Why can't they make them look less appetizing such as olive loaf or anchovy pizza?;



## XLVII

As I became farther and farther removed from the artworld I began to see what slaves the artists were — a world of fear and of a monolithic vertical structure to which all cowered, 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, during lunch I felt myself slip into a predetermined role of what I should have been: a self-important-card-carrying-New-York-artist — and played the role like a real character actor, ever urinated anywhere other than a bathroom outhouse tree bush or any commonly accepted piss hole (in the kitchen sink in the glove compartment of the family car)?, how curious: we should like to explain our understanding of a gesture by means of a translation into words and the understanding of words by translating them into a gesture, I recently had occasion to field-test the adaptive gonkulator. The price was right and the racing stripe on the case looked kind of neat but its performance left something to be desired, I was surprised to see him at the dance concert and asked why he was there. He told me that quite honestly the main reason was to sit in the front row and take in the asses of the dancers, My favorite drinking game is called "crashers": Everybody gets into their cars and drives up a winding mountain road. Every minute everybody accelerates 5 miles per hour faster, No. I also thought that in a dramatic art gesture I would publicly dedicate my life to "banging my head against the wall" in John's memory. This was a pretty



neat idea, Rerun: Relax yourself girl let me love you now?  
Adele: Relax yourself girl take off your panties. Ahmed: Relax  
yourself girl you psychin' me out. missjones: Relax yourself girl  
let down your hair, revel in your maskenfreiheit you over-  
stuffed blood sausage you wannabe brown shirt you nomen-  
klatura you swine you vampire you loch ness slimeball you  
KGB reject you death monger, so little narrative or just as the  
narrative gets going it gets cut off — just like life itself — so  
many small details so much insignificance adding up to a great  
big picture, the Flintstones. I love The Flintstones 'cause they  
show how creative you can be without money. They got an ele-  
phant that washes dishes a bird that uses its beak to turn a  
record player, the X Generation is made up of Slackers  
Hackers (a.k.a. Phreakers Cyberpunks and Neuronauts) and  
New Jackers we are Ravers and Atari Wavers Stuck-in-the-'70s-  
ers, who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge this actually hap-  
pened and walked away unknown and forgotten into the  
ghostly daze of Chinatown soup alleyways & firetrucks not  
even one free beer, Winifred Wagner's late correspondence  
(as late as the 1970's) was closed with the number "88" refer-  
ring to the eighth letter of the alphabet and meaning "Heil  
Hitler";



## XLVIII

A three foot tall Santa decoration. The kind that you put out on your front porch that holds a lamp. His hands are together and that is where we put the bowl. It ruled! The smoke came out through his left ear, Aerosol hairspray can be used for a lot more than personal grooming! Putting up posters cooking lubricant antiperspirant ant and roach killer personal defense and party favors, all summer the grasshopper whistled and played while the ant worked. But when the winter came the grasshopper had no food and asked the ant for help. The ant said “Well you should have been working” and slammed the door, always knock over the phone if it wakes you up. If you are expecting a call make sure that you pull the covers up completely over your head so that knocking it over becomes easier, better still he should have made them listen to the Barney song until then — SNOWED IN Walls of crystalline purity push on these structures. Oppress the earth and bind her labors. Suffocating pressure, (BTW Winona if you’re reading this through some fluke transmission of these electrons through the space-time continuum I just want to tell you that you excite me like to other [well ... other, Emerson’s words “I greet you at the beginning of a great career” in response to Whitman’s sending him a copy of the first *Leaves Of Grass* stands as the classical model within the genre, I come home late trousered up like a fucker throwin up all over. I kill your cat eat all the food in the freezer then sit down in front of a porno video and demand tops and fingers, I hate the assholes

on my bus ride into NYC every morning. I hate those fat women who bathe themselves in overpowering amounts of strong perfume like that shitty rose aroma, I'd like a cheeseburger with extra cheese no mustard extra catsup extra onions lettuce tomato a real little dab of mayo and make it well done ... oh wait I don't want cheese anymore, I'm not meaning to sound pretentious but I'm sickened by what I see and I guess this is my feeble attempt at changing that at least until my lease expires and I can get the hell out of here, Mother always said I'd be very attractive when I grew up. "Different" she said "with a special something and a very very personal flair." And though I was eight or nine I hated her, sitting in your fucking suburbs — worrying about the next Mets game strapping on your Rollerblades cooking your low-fat meals watching your asshole sons grow up to date rape your asshole neighbor's daughters, 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, stuffed a powdered rubber eraser with parmesan cheese and put it on the drafting table — it was extremely interesting watching him draw for a while and then begin to smell the paper, the first of four hours and a half the second of three hours the third of an hour and a half the fourth of an hour and a half the fifth of an hour and a half and the sixth of three quarters of an hour, the palms of his hands are redder than I've ever seen them before so whoever he/she/it is they obviously love the spanking routine. My bottom hurts just thinking about it. Ouch. Oh yeah!, We double and triple checked the error is minor. We are deeply embarrassed by our mistake. At the same time we feel the exhilarating rush of fame and power in seeing our error, What anthem did Bloom chant partially in anticipation of that multiple ethnically irreducible consummation? Kolod balejwaw pnimah Nefesch jehudi homijah;



## XLIX

And then I read one writer who said “Happiness stops at Vienna.” I thought that was a wonderful line everything east of Vienna is just a continental tragedy for a thousand years, Cheryl referred to the installation as a re-creation of an Iron John sweat hut and I had to agree. During the opening the back room was packed with grunge rockers jamming on guitars, even dogs trained to sit without moving for thirty five minutes have a Buddha-nature that includes fleas and unchecked flatulence both of which are taken into consideration in the dogma, He drew me a map of the United States and Canada with all the poets names on it arranged according to where they live. He denoted the really good ones (in his opinion) with a star, Hint: There are more than a few folks out here who know me in “real life” and if you’re a clever fattie you may be able to find out who they are. Until then shut your whining mouth you little groveler, I mention it as a pointer the meanest suckers you’re ever gonna wanna see but you gotta kill ‘em the first time otherwise they get this revenge thing in their heads and they come lookin’ for ya, in the foreground a large tree/phallic symbol dances wildly in the wind taunting the children and encouraging them to succumb to the sexual yearnings they undoubtedly feel for each other, Karen Carpenter knew what she was doing! Get all those nasty emulsifiers out honey and write us a nice ballad when you’re done so that we can all go say a prayer to our toilet altars, Kosuth’s definition pieces were very important to me in order





to open up a vocabulary in the gallery that included linguistic presentation of ideas, St. Francis of Assisi hoeing his garden was asked what he would do if he were suddenly to learn that he was to die at sunset that day. "I would finish hoeing my garden" was his answer, still I think Stockhausen did some singular and remarkable stuff. There was a certain cult status about him in the Sixties which shows at least then there was more adventurousness in pop culture, the Best Joke Ever!!!! Get a paper bag and place a dog turd on it (wet one preferable) place it at the door set fire to the bag and knock on the door ... just wait for them to come and stamp out the fire!;





## L

And as for shoving anything down my throat or kicking me in the side (with no doubt a fearsome gen-u-ine imitation Jackie Chan Haayyeeeahh!) it takes twice the man you are to Bitchslap me Grasshopper, course if you hafta be one of the sheep and play the game do the 9 to 5 because so much is riding on it then come to terms with it and quit whining. Understand the lie you live and take it from there, he said on the radio interview that he was no longer out to change the course of modern music. Instead it was simply a matter of three guys over the age of thirty getting together, he told me that he couldn't understand why in the interest of preservation and tradition all standards were eradicated in favor of all participants equaling one another, he wrote that Americans are suspicious of art but are especially suspicious of art which produces no material product nothing for sale or what is commonly called "ephemera", I as an artist would get three times richer in many ways and much more respect if I only knew how to use a word like "sliding signifier" but most of the people who use those words are dirt poor, I can disappear for periods of up to a week or pound the walls insanely for hours or wander around in slippers and a winter coat and prescription sun-glasses and nobody fucking cares, life becomes increasingly immaterial ephemeral. We have trouble defining what we can't grab. Our activities show themselves to be more of what they truly are — ephemeral gestures, next time somebody tells me they'd rather read the newspaper in print rather

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than at their kitchen table because they don't get "warm fuzzies" from computers I'm going to wrap my toilet seat cover, she asked me how I was doing in my transition from my late twenties to my early thirties. I replied "Thank you for asking. Well it's not perfect but on the whole I think I am doing much better", talking to you is like trying to carry a basket of live turkeys up the side of the Empire State Building in a gale — very hard extremely dangerous full of gobble and covered in feathers, what I've discovered is that out of every 10 songs there is 1 or maybe 2 that I actually like and that I am \*WILLING\* to wait through 8 or 9 songs until the ones I like come on the air, the idea of a writer terrifies me. I hate to think of all of those fat white pasty bodies sitting in cheesy beige Upper West Side apartments writing dreadful fiction behind their computers, What's up with that? Did you lie and cheat a lot last month or something? I don't get it and the picture ain't too clear but hey you sure know how to burn those calories and still get away with eating creamy sour, you are Generation X the hardest fucking market to crack of all time but we will get this hip stick here and hit this tag with it and pretty soon you will be watching commercials like never before;



## LI

A general three day strike was called in Southern India with nothing to do but read about Marxism and Buddhism in the local library that had an old picture of Lenin above the door, basically I am not able to continue in the mode that I have been in since we first met three years ago — what satisfied me at that time now seems fully explored — all the questions have been answered, by now you’ve probably read and heard a lot about alpha-hydroxy acids (AHAs) and the almost miraculous way these straight-from-nature ingredients help you look remarkably younger, because when you think about the best times you’ve had in your life it is usually a conversation with a group of friends. You were with a couple of people and you had dinner. That’s what you remember, by the way since I too am a stingy penny pincher you owe me fifteen Lincolns for your mutherfucking message! You can subtract it from my share of tonight’s dinner tab. I’ll see your big Jew nose later, “Coconut water has so many calories ... cheese has so many ... don’t eat in front of me I’m starving ... should I have a bite or shouldn’t I? ... I’m turkeying for food...” One more mention of “turkey” Pooja, he masturbates himself into a frenzy with the Webster Dictionary at hand yet produces nothing more than someone who’s shoved a pencil up his ass and is told to squat over a piece of paper, How about a cooking show that tells you how McDonalds makes that Secret Sauce? Or how to make your own Slurpys at home? These are the things Americans really want to know like what soda has the best



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sugar, “I think for the younger generation there is a sense of disenfranchisement or as they call it nowadays diminishing expectations” he said afterward. “There’s a kind of spiritual hunger”, in effect I wanted to change my identity and the first idea that came to me was to take a Jewish name. I was Catholic and it was a change to go from one religion to another, it’s just too obvious eh? Tic Tacs. BreathMints. Whatever. Shove a handful in your mouth as soon as you start the car. If you get pulled over swallow them or chew them up. Don’t spit them out. Don’t scramble for more, 9 a.m. and I’m walking the dog down the stairs in the hallway and I happen to see all the other tenants on the way to their “big jobs” (as Lois so correctly puts it). I wonder who’s crazier, to move the cabin push button for wishing floor. If the cabin should enter more persons each one should press a number of wishing floor. Driving is then going alphabetically by national order, what’s in what works what matters is selection focus feedback interaction unfocus breaking down the language in a way that suggests you’re grooving in an altogether different syntactical score;



## LII

And you cannot believe that you actually gave these people power over your life for so long. And you feel sad sad for them sad for yourself sad for all the pain accumulated over those many years, but the remaining stuff stayed pretty thick ‘til the last couple months when it started to get this fucked up frizz texture. Upon closer examination the spaces between the roots were gettin’ a little bigger, At the museum opening the famous critic was much warmer than I would have expected. We talked for a half an hour and never once mentioned the subject of art. It really must have been a relief for her, carry it around. Share it. Keep it to yourself. Eat half of it in a day. Eat it all in a day. Tuck it in your pocket. Open it. Rip it. Flip it. Pop it. Argue. Argue. Argue. Keep it in the drawer, guide to percentage of water in stars: Janet Jackson — 45 percent water 55 percent carpet. Joe Walsh — 19 percent water 81 percent sponge. Tim Robbins — only 1 percent water, Richard Strauss himself once rhetorically asked whether a “cultivated audience” liked Wagner’s operas for the singing or for the orchestra. “I think the latter” was his rhetorical answer, so body piercing and ambient techno music and performance art and couture motorcycle boots and the huggie drug Ecstasy are shipped overnight through the merchandise market that is America, something as simple as meter rhyme and *abab* patterns pull us in directions which have to do with material structures of the language not just the ego-expressive interests of the writer, words and sentences are selected firstly for how



they sound and secondly for what they mean. What comes in between the first letter of the sentence and the sound of the final syllable really doesn't matter;





### LIII

A man received a letter from a government agency stating that he would no longer be entitled to food stamps because of his recent death but that if his situation changed he could reapply for more, aren't blue cars daring every four green happy iguanas just killing little mushroom nerd-o people quacking relentlessly stupidly that unbelievably virtually witches xeeek yellow zoomongers!, How have the sixties ideals influenced the nineties so far? Their fear of politically-incorrect speech. Their humorlessness. It's a disaster. And my generation is responsible for this disaster, I am very much in love with Michael. I dedicate my life to being his wife. I understand and support him. We both look forward to raising a family and living a happy healthy life together, I can remember quite lucidly when I was a boy lying on a hospital bed in an open-back gown. My parents gazed blankly politely out the window as the doctor probed my rectum with his finger, I have spent the greater part of my life discovering how to be true to my passions while doing no harm to others and I can say with confidence that I have enriched the lives of many boys over the years, I read a lot and take it in but once I come down to putting it into any form or any kind of representation I quit thinking and just feel go with the gut and what comes out is what you really are, I recently read about a couple in England who have drilled holes in their foreheads in an effort to enlighten themselves. I will spare you the details but will mention that they claim to have "never been happier", if it be



asked what is the improper expectation which it is dangerous to indulge experience will quickly answer that it is such expectation as is dictated not by reason but by desire, in everyday life we see people all around struggling to find happiness and peace believing it will come when they finally get what they want without seeing that this very moment holds all that one could desire, the dream is over what can I say? The dream is over yesterday I was the dreamweaver but now I'm reborn I was The Walrus but now I'm John and so dear friends you just have to carry on the dream is over, We keep thinking that we will shock those around us with our art. This happened twice recently. Once with Bruce and once with Cheryl. As it turned out the intended victim was not shocked but instead it positively charmed her, when I heard that trees grow a new "ring" for each year they live I thought we humans are kind of like that: we grow a new layer of skin each year and after many years we are thick and unwieldy from all our skin layers, you can start with a nice bed of fresh megalomania and add some sliced paranoia a few delusions of grandeur and a shredded perception of reality. Top with our creamy schizophrenia;





## LIV

Cakes of the stars: Michael J Fox — chocolate swiss roll. Jack Lemmon — jam donut. Robert De Niro — Loony Toons cup cakes. Eddie Vedder — chocolate chip muffins. Cindy Crawford — fondant fancies. Prince — chocolate hobknobbers, Could we not envisage a democracy of the imagination in which each individual ceases to be a passive recipient of spiritual truths and becomes instead their active creator?, He was *extra*-ordinary! There was no one like him. One felt a real ego-less-ness in him. He was so light no vanity no arrogance. He was utterly free completely wild and humorous and without fear, I thank all of you from the pit of my burning nauseous stomach for your letters and concern during the last years. I'm too much of an erratic moody person that I don't have the passion anymore. So remember, in the shower this morning I started thinking of the parallel cultural hostility toward non-commodity producing artists/poets and historical European Jewish moneylenders, language is the questioning we do in order to find out the answers (and not the repetition of that which we already know or the vertical construction of language according to the pre-given ideas, lush the sex kittens lush their serenades ... zee melodies Americaine burst like grapeseeds from Paris terraces ... sweeping strings très hi fi society brisk ... whirring purring ... gay cyclical Sartrian strains ... hers all hers, personally I'd take poetry over flowers any day! Flowers are pretty and nice but they die and are forgotten. Poetry on the other hand can be touching warm ever-



lasting and also show you care, the specifics of what I am doing and their host of attendant problems are endless and fascinating. I have been grinding away at them for a year and I think I have come up with some very fresh ideas, this way I can just sit down at the computer and compose without really worrying about what the result will be — it's complete freedom and a method of writing that is inclusive of everything but failure, well I hate to say it but my penis my sexual organ because there's so many women that loves it. I mean you should see how they play with it look at it and kiss it. Since they love it then that makes me love it more, what are you thinking? The proper answer to this question of course is "I'm sorry if I've been pensive dear. I was just reflecting on what a warm wonderful caring thoughtful intelligent beautiful woman you are", you have to revise and revise at every bloody stage to insure that everything's spot on especially because you're working in what other people regard as inconsistent ways so you have to be really sure, you know that all cats must die. This is just a fact. Man and cat were never meant to be friends. The following is a rather extravagant manner of err ... eradicating the little pests. Needed: 1 can of tuna;



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LV

Boundless male ego hindered by a big ol' Oedipus complex pompous liberal-pseudo-feminist rantings bad taste in music and underneath it all a yawning lack of imagination in crucial areas, finished work today. Feels like a goddamned holiday. Walked up Broadway in the bright afternoon sunlight almost dancing — feeling like a school kid on a Friday afternoon going to smoke a fucking ounce of marijuana, he asked me a question about a story in Exodus which I could not answer. “When it comes to the Bible” I told him “I do not read for meaning but for sound and rhythm.” “He really doesn’t mean that” was her answer, he called me and asked me for a copy of my manuscript to take with him to read on the beach during his week-long vacation. “I’m sorry” I said “It’s just not that type of book. Would you take Roget’s Thesaurus or Websters, here are a few words that just sound really cool. Look them up in your favorite dictionary: 1. Parallax 2. Rancor 3. Ilk 4. Hydra 5. Nape 6. Calends 7. Flout 8. Clangor 9. Menhaden 10. Calendula, in her head she was thinking “Hit the penny ... hit the nickel ... hit the dime ... hit the quarter ... hit the penny ... hit the nickel ... hit the dime ... hit the quarter ... Oh forget the small change ... hit the quarter ... hit the quarter ... hit the quarter ...”, Pop Dip and Fart: (Bring it like strawberry!) At an important affair you went up to vogue and the sound system pooped out. Provide your own soundtrack on beat to this performance of a lifetime. (The prize: trophy & room freshener!), rap music is thrilling because it says that



anyone can become a musician — you don't have to know how to play an instrument — instead you can take a bass line from here a drum sample from there a vocal track from here, the artworld is all about commodity exchange and I've been *so* successful at it that it's hard to stop playing it! \$30000 \$14000 \$2500 \$15000, the world over: a constant struggle between small minds and grand ideas resulting in strife oppression pain suffering and all of the evil "isms." Today Stagnant. Tomorrow cloudy at best. Yesterday those were, we can no longer greet the same person in the same way that we have every morning for the rest of our lives. We now must find a way to live differently an alternative route because the old one is no longer there, you see them at art openings and the ballet brandishing the latest impenetrable nonfiction best-seller — later they will go home and subscribe to obscure poetry journals with names like *dire* or *Gauzy Vapors*;







who lived before him and to how many does he truly matter now? And what does Beethoven care?;





## LVII

As I look around at what I've surrounded myself with I see a sea of misery brainwashing competition insecurity narcissism and neurosis. I must have played the game as well to attract these characters, Satan the Devil as an over-wrought "I'm so evil because I worship Satan" caricature. If we could kill the Devil personæ then maybe there'd be less annoying teenagers & self-idolizing rebels out there, that comfortable fleshy mound on which you sit (on which you are probably sitting RIGHT NOW!). That jolly round fat-cushion on top of which most North Americans spend the bulk of their time. Thus I dedicate the following œuvre, "There is no difference between high and low. Our generation is fortunate enough to listen to Nancy Sinatra and Joan Sutherland and appreciate them equally for what they do" he wrote in the local paper;





## LVIII

I don't want a pizza I don't want a piece of peanut brittle I don't want a pear. I don't want a bagel I don't want a bean I wouldn't like a baga of beef or a beer or a cup of chowder corn cake or creamed cauliflower, in terms of the diamond that he has implanted in his front tooth he says "This diamond will outlast me — the bone and the skin and the blood. People will want to use it after I am gone and we have a joke that it will seek a new owner", or the wrongful appropriation or purloining and publication as one's own of the ideas or the expression of the ideas (literary artistic musical mechanical etc.) of another, Patient: "Doctor please help me. I don't know what to do. I talk in my sleep." Doctor: "That's not so bad. You don't need to despair. Does your talking bother your sleeping wife?" Patient: "No but in the office the Jews laugh at me." Doctor: "Hi Hitler!", so what if the rest of this book (there is approximately 225 more pages to go) were simply stories from out of my own life? No more appropriation no more borrowed quotes no more words that are not mine no more, turn the other cheekmother said so fatherhit me againand brotherseventy times sevenJesus said themek shall inherit the earthonly after athousand years tribulationI am sixteen andwill not live forever;



## LIX

After he finished translating into German the first lecture I gave at Darmstadt last September Christian Wolff said “The stories at the end are very good. But they’ll probably say you’re naive. I do hope you can explode that idea”, and as he spoke to me I listened intently to things that only weeks before I would have dismissed as sheer nonsense. It’s funny how someone can tell you something over and over and you do not listen until you are ready to hear, desire comes from perception you never desired something you didn’t know about and when you did it was a perception of either pleasure which you desired or pain which you loathed with aversion both being two sides of the coin named desire, dipped in a grungy batter and fried to a delicate crisp upon which halo refrigerator shoeface franklin bruno satnam puppetshalo refrigeratorwcker spgt and members of sebadoh scribble scream and ponder, for her birthday I gave her a gift of my latest book. While over at her house fixing her computer I saw that it was still in the manila envelope leaning precariously close to the edge of a table made of a door, Has anybody ever rapidly waved their hand back and forth in front of their computer monitor? I for one am going to spend the rest of the day waving my hand rapidly back and forth in front of my computer monitor, I apologize to my sister Jodi. We used to take her in her bassinet and whip her feet up you know so she would like snap. I mean I don’t know if it did her any harm but she’s awfully short now and she’s twenty-seven years, I look in the New York Times and



read of nothing but authors getting huge advances for their books from major publishers — like \$500000 and they are such conservative hacks really. All of the authors I respect never, information assumes huge importance in hypertextual novels not as a commodity but as the core of new processes new ways of making connections new ways of navigating and narrativizing the technosphere, of two men one of whom knows nothing about a subject and what is extremely rare knows that he knows nothing — and the other really knows something about it but thinks that he knows all — what great advantage has the latter over the former?, She told me how one girl said to her that she couldn't see how I could take words from all over and make them seem like they were my own. She said if I was able to give myself permission to do that then just think of what lay in store for her, "The dog doesn't get human food." "Do you mean the flesh of humans or the food that humans eat?" "Let's just say she craves the food from which humans make their flesh." "*Through* which humans make their flesh." After this exchange for the rest of the night he ignored her, the Religious Right couldn't possibly take over. But that'll mean I actually have to \*leave\* my computer! The Religious Right couldn't possibly actually take over. The religious right couldn't possible take over, the possibilities of perfect avant-garde poetry through the flawed manifestation of the very well-read interesting lecher who teaches the poetry course at college or runs the local gallery or sells you software, Warning! There is a longish dull stretch shortly after the beginning of the book. The reader will have to endure it. I am at that place trying by all means to avoid ambiguity in the hope of saving the reader's time later, when I began my career I had absolutely nothing to lose and everything to gain. Now the whole ballgame has changed the tables have turned. With the position I am in today I have *everything* to lose. So the stakes are much higher;