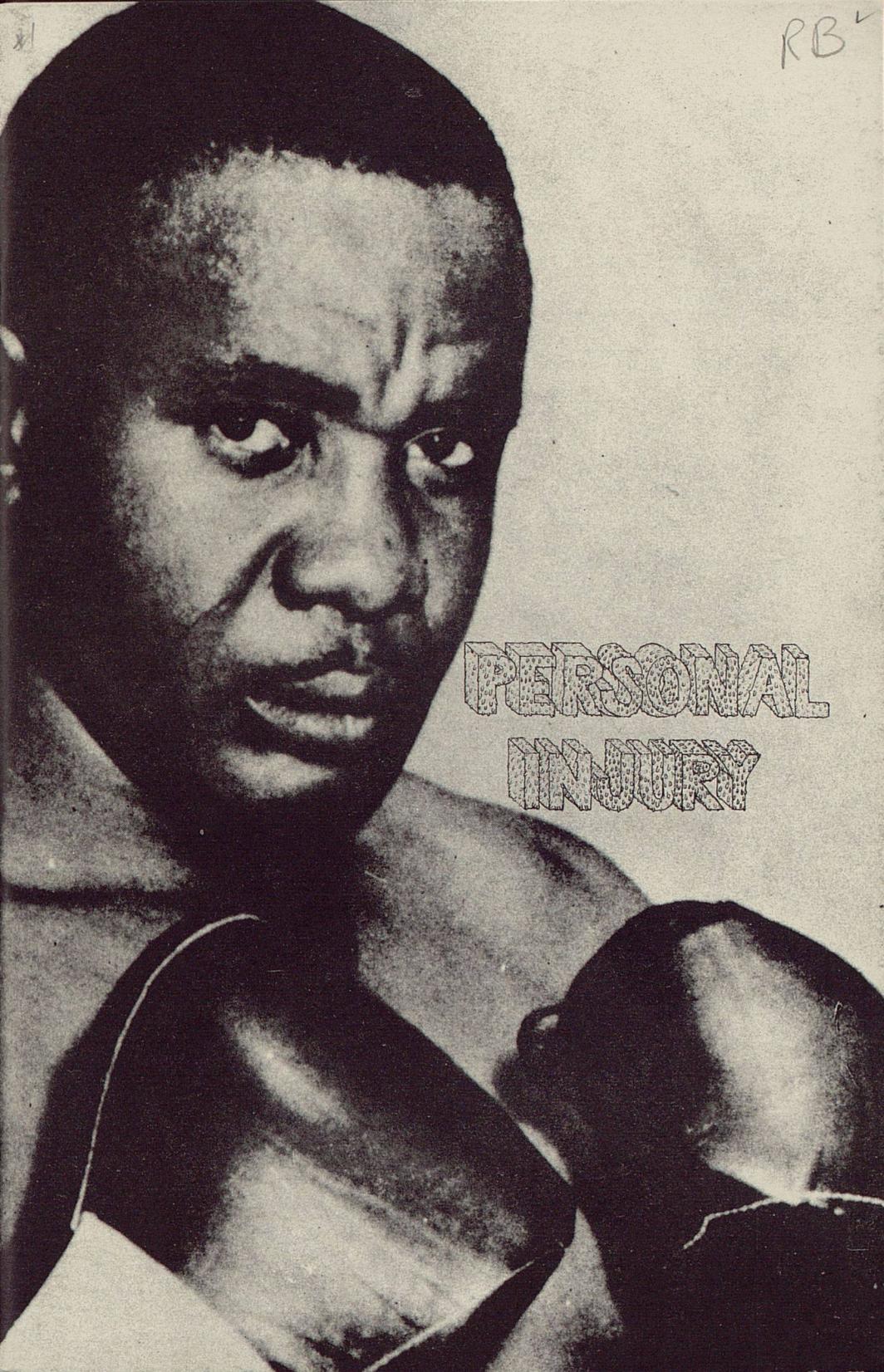


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PERSONAL  
INJURY

## **PERSONAL INJURY MAGAZINE**

*no. 1 May 1975 printed at the Print Center*

*edited by Michael Sappol*

### **"PHOTOGRAPH YOUR INJURIES AT ONCE"**

You cannot photograph your pains but you can photograph the wound. Time heals everything so photograph it now.

writings by:

**The Black Tarantula (Kathy Acker)**

**Vincent Beniquez**

**Andrei Codrescu**

**Tina Darragh**

**Lynne Dreyer**

**Judith Ghinger**

**Peter Inman**

**Mom**

**Charles North**

**Bob Rosenthal**

**Mike Sappol**

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send correspondence, manuscripts to:

Michael Sappol

412 West 110th St.

N.Y., N.Y. 10025

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Lisa Lenovitz for the masthead

## THE BLACK TARANTULA (KATHY ACKER)

*from*

I DREAMT I WAS A NYMPHOMANIAC! : IMAGINING

### TALES OF SAN FRANCISCO COKE!

I told the guy I was living with I no longer wanted to fuck him. He told me to fuck or split. Then he started beating me up. I had to split fast. Either I could get a new apartment in New York City or split to California, the only other place I had friends. Either way I needed a lot of money. I was broke.

I was a nice shopgirl, working in Barnes and Noble eight to nine hours a day answering phone-calls. Eighty dollars a week take home. I was a nice girl earning nice money. Nice money doesn't exist. I needed a lot of money. I figured I could sell my body, a resource open to most young women, not for a lot of money but at least for more than eighty dollars a week and less than eight hours a day. My friends were all respectable (i.e. had minimum money): I couldn't ask them shit. So I opened the back pages of the Village Voice. In less than three hours I became a go-go dancer. A go-go dancer is a strip-tease artist, midway in the hierarchy between a high-class call girl and a streetwalker.

I waited on the corner of 178th and Broadway, near the George Washington Bridge. It was a cold and windy night. A large car, a Chevy or Impala, pulled up; a white hand motioned me to get in. I didn't know if I was going to make money or get raped. I didn't have any choice. A guy got out of the car: a cheap Broadway crook. "Come on, get in the car. We've got a time schedule. Do'ya have an outfit?" he mumbled. Gee, I was scared.

The owner of the bar handed me five quarters and told me to put them in the juke box. Dance to 10 songs, rest an equal amount of time. I did what he told me. When I got off the dance floor, I didn't know what to do, I couldn't see anywhere to escape. I sat at an empty table. It was a crummy bar: all men no women. The men were working-class creeps. A man came up to the table started to talk to me. I told him to go away. The

bartender came up to me told me it was my job to talk to the men get them to buy me drinks. He told me I looked terrible. I walked up to the bar sat between two bearable-looking men. Turned out they were younger than me. They told me I was O.K. except my hair-cut made me look like a nigger. I had short curly hair all over my head. The bartender told me he was going to call up my agent to come get me because I was a creep. The men said he shouldn't do that they liked me. My agent told me I needed a costume then I'd be O.K. Gee, I was crying.

It was a sleazy Bronx tenement a high-rise made out of special New York plastic. I thought one of the kids was going to throw a bomb then I'd see a big hole. My agent rang the doorbell again and again. A woman with partly bald head partly grey hair wooshing all over the place dirty nightgown over her body tells us to come in. My agent should stay outside: she doesn't like men. My agent wants to come inside so he does. She tells me to take off all my clothes except for my stockings. Stockings make a girl feel more confident. I have a good body, she touches my breasts, if I work hard, I'll go far. I feel terrific. I tell her I like silver best. She has hundreds of costumes: two bra cups held together by almost invisible elastic, a G-string (or an almost G-string), that is: a triangle of cloth covering the cunt (and part of the ass-crack) held together by slightly thicker elastic: all this covered by gorgeous elaborate layers of pearls silver beads silver metal disks. These are the simplest costumes: each one costs eighty dollars.

It's a strange history.

Jean Galmot, the former mayor of San Francisco, after having been a gold-digger, trapper, rum and rosewood smuggler, and journalist, has point-blank accused, before rendering his last sigh, his political and private enemies of having him poisoned by his maid Tommie.

Three medical experts have been commissioned by the cops: the doctors Fear, Gold, and the teacher Tyranny.

Mr. Povera, director of the Toxology Laboratory, takes charge of a counter-examination.

And then it appears that the heart of Jean Galmot is no longer there!

It's probably still in San Francisco.

"I leave my heart in San Francisco," Jean Galmot declared to his San Francisco constituents in one of his inflamed proclamations whose secret he had and which had rendered him so popular throughout the land of the Penal Colony and of El Dorado.

Have Galmot's faithful friends, desiring to follow their beloved, secretly eaten his heart?

Or has the corrupt disgusting capitalist police misplaced his heart at the bottom of some drawer or dossier?

The heart, let us note, more than any other organ of the body, bears the marks the signs of poisoning.

We must find the heart! But can we ever find our heart? And in what state?

It's hard to believe the cops (i.e. Justice) are so stupid in San Francisco, they lose dead men's hearts...

Perhaps Justice wanted to lose Galmot's heart... Perhaps they wanted to cover up, just as in the Kennedy case, the so-called poisoning...

Already 35 important documents (which supposedly convicted the poisonners "cooked their goose") have been lost. While the witnesses, while every hippy and black person the cops could find on the scene of the crime are jailed, the poisonners roam loose, like the Zodiac killer, on the streets of San Francisco.

One newspaper has the following headline:

MAN WHO LOST HIS HEART

and the sub-title,

JUSTICE MISPLACED GALMOT'S HEART

MAID RECOMPENSES WHOEVER FINDS IT

I, for one, am impressed...

The newspaper has been made, it seems, to talk. Will they ever talk enough?

I got my costume, figured I needed more money. Seven dollars an hour was shit. I was learning fast. New York's a town in which a girl has to learn to think fast. I was in love with a guy: he wasn't in love with me. What did I care what I did? I started working the rougher clubs, the more expensive ones away from New Jersey and closer to New York, the ones where no workingclass white men but the Mafia who got their money from the workingclass white men bid, with that money, for the dancer, the ones where I made ten dollars an hour straight. Not that I could stay straight. Understand: a girl can make a good living without having to turn tricks. She can take her pearl and silver top off, full pouting lips, off slowly, slowly revelling in wiggling her tits in a customer's face. She can edge her black, O so seductive, lace panties to the edge of her cunt hair: reveal those dainty perking little kissy-koos. She can even more slowly slide her right hand along her damp hot skin, under

the see-through lace, so everyone can see what this hot bitch is doing, O my god, to her thick slimy lips. She can't restrain herself! There, in public, making herself hotter and hotter, finger in cunt pie going round and round, as finger slips black panties lower, she breathes harder and harder... She can stick that sopping hot pussy in a customer's face, and get amply repayed. She can, fully clothed, pick an older man who'll do anything for her because she's so ravishing, take his clothes off and stick a dildo up his ass. She can go down on another dancer. Lesbianism is so wonderful. She can fuck and/or suck every guy in the place, there're never any women, on top of the green pool table. All this, you understand, for money. A nice girl never does anything for free. At first I was very shy. I was stupidly scared of men thought they wanted to rape me. I soon got over my abnormal fears. I knew the man I loved, the man with long brown hair and perfect ass, would always cherish and protect his beloved. The guys were about my age, big brawny guys tough as they come. He-men. Good Americans who worked hard and ably for their livings. I was sitting at the bar between two of these studs. One asked me to touch his cock. "Cut the crap" "Well, touch my thigh." "Oh, yeah." "You want to fuck each of these guys here in the back room? Eight dollars a head? That'll be, uh," he counts, "almost 200 dollars. Lot of money for a girl." "No way." "I'll give you a quarter if you touch my knee" I'm sitting beside this one cause he seems the gentlest. "I'll touch your knee if you shut up after that." "I'll do anything you say." I touch his knee with a finger: he grabs for my breasts. "Get your hands off me creep." We start over again. Now there're eight of them around me. A gang-bang. I get up to dance. A guy with red hair tells me he's going to rape me. I complain to the bartender cause I'm too shy. I don't want to lose my virginity. The bartender tells me the guy's his son. What's a poor girl going to do?

I met Jean Galmot 1964.

Who's Jean Galmot?

It was during the '60's: those dreaded years of American economic success. Kennedy and all that. The real war was continuing, not the so-called "cold war" I grew up in, but the war of the rich against the poor. The rich to get richer; the poor to try to realize what the rich were doing. Who talks of the middle classes? Do they exist? I call these years THE BOHEMIA OF FINANCES (that's what I call the art world today). I'm not talking about brothels, stupid, but the

real evil: the secret combination of Rockefeller and Pentagon who bring to popularity while they cause the take-over of Chile and massacre of Chilean people, largest dope-smuggling poison-cut heroine in history, fake shortage of necessities to raise prices; own Argentina, Standard Oil Company (Standard, Mobil, Amoco, Arco, Esso, Enco, Amerikan, Chevron, Citgo, Exxon, Humble, Sinclair, Marathon,...), coffee, IBM, CBS, Borden, Anaconda, Metropolitan Life, Allied Chemical, Kimberley-Clark, ATT, Chemical Bank, American Express, Eastern, The Equitable, CPC International, Con Edison, Bank of New York, Consolidated Natural Gas, The Chase Manhattan Bank, Seamen's Bank, etc.

Was Jean Galmot another Rockefeller?

Was he a good guy?

In 1964, Jean Galmot was rumored to have billions. Dozens or hundreds? I don't know anything. But he had coke! Enough to fill Lake Michigan or the Mississippi River! He had gold too: Powder! Nuggets! Bars! All the nouveau-riche, Jews-just-turned Gentile, porn kings, army kings in America buy Rolls'. Galmot must have had thousands! He was an arsonist, a man who would destroy buildings and people for the sake of destruction, a confirmed heterosexual!

Who really was this man?

An adventurer, a politician.

Where did he come from?

San Francisco.

He had to leave: fast. The clouds lay dark and gloomy over that city of delight.

Because this juvenile-delinquent-turned-politician loved artists of all kinds, because he loved to fuck all of them, we can assume he was evil. He was an ancient pirate. He proclaimed himself King of Black People. He then murdered his mother and father. He was always various people: a hard worker, a devoted friend, a cruel tyrant, an outrageous liar, a beast, a man-about-town, a patsy, an ascetic, a proud Nihilist, a decadent of the worst kind, a junkie, a self-made man who fucked his lover in public, an ex-prisoner. And his cock was tattooed with roses!

I was working in a tobacco store. Two sliding doors, electric bulbs, a small table, a notebook, 21 telephone lines were my whole world. I never saw the sun. All day I stared at four ugly grey walls. If the radiator was hissing, I knew it was winter. If the air-conditioner blew at my tear-stained face, I knew it was summer. The number of customers entering and leaving the store counted for me the passing

minutes.

Every nine out of ten customers talked to me about Galmot!

Galmot existed. Artists questioned me. Journalists questioned me. Theatre-managers tried to get money out of me. Businessmen politicians men-of-leisure tried to trap me. Through me, trap Galmot. Make Galmot come into the open.

I wanted to kill myself because I had written and sent out this lousy book. It was the dead of night. The filthy alleyways were filled with corpses. The tattoo parlor on Mission had finally closed its doors: the freaks knew when to retire. A bad wind whistled its way around the empty streets, a grey dead wind, an evil disease smell...

I was rolling my ass around in the lousy bar on Folsom street the Folsom Street Bar where they hold slave-auctions, trying to pimp for my friend Harmonic. I always work for free. A big man, a leather-boy-dress-up approached me with a shiv. I wanted to know what he wanted. He didn't say anything. I kept backing up. I was the only woman in the joint; I was in disguise. He didn't say anything. I kept backing up. He got me in this small wood room which stunk of the piss of sex shows. Locked the door behind him. I figured I better do what he wanted: started taking off my clothes. There was a mystery. No good to scream in a bar where they hold slave auctions.

He started moving toward me more slowly: shiv aimed at my belly where my spirit lies. Moving closer. This wasn't any simple rape. Out of the corner of my left eye I see a window. Run through it screaming, run faster through the pieces of jagged glass, knives stick straight up from the streets, huge pieces of flat iron, I run from Folsom and 11th past 5th (street of winos) past the poisonous bus terminal over Electrocutation Bay Bridge to the one person who'll help me take revenge.

He wears only faded blue jeans and sapphires. His earth-brown hair curls around the crack of his perfect ass. He has a perpetual hard-on. Blue Cream.

I was his whore and his partner. I'd sleep with men, with any men as long as they had enough money, then I'd sneak away from them, if I could: roll them, I'd jump out the window, run madly back to Blue. We'd look for a house, any empty house, where we could fuck and where we could fuck and where we could sleep for the night.

"I was the last reject of the most powerful of all families: Acker: the last authentic document of the last Hungarian King. On April 18, 1947 my father was found assassinated in his bathtub. My mother, before she was due, started convulsing. While she was convulsing, she died.

I came out. This's the fate of all women who're stupid enough to remain pregnant.

I was born three months early. Fortunately for the world, I didn't die." Cream and I are in bed, fucking.

"I spent the first 100 days of my life in an incubator, sucking Peter's cock. Peter yanks me away from his cock: "You didn't bring me enough money today you fart-faced cunt!" Monster women surrounded me all the time. Now I hate women and sentimentality. Much later in the apartment on Squalor Street, in the Folsom Street prison, in this mental asylum I now live in, the constant maids guards nurses employees friends EVERYONE infuriate me. EVERYONE is Rockefeller, Justice, Society. I'm never left alone. I'm never allowed to live as I please. If my own "free" actions bother you, you can shoot me, you understand, I'd prefer that. I want to be happy. This is San Francisco. San Francisco is happiness. It's bizarre what I, or you, have to do not do sometimes to be happy...

I don't remember any people besides myself at first...

I remember sailors. I don't remember a nanny, a mommy, or any such nonsense. Sailors have always cared for me. Only an ass hung over my cradle wood. Yes, that's the truth...

I'm three years old. I have a pretty pink robe. I'm always alone. I love being alone. I love very much playing in the black corners which smell good. Under the table. In the bathroom. Behind the bed. I'm now four years old. I set the curtains on fire. The greasy odor of the burnt cloth makes me convulse. I feel so strongly, so thrillingly, I come. I eat raw lemons and pieces of black leather. The smell of books, especially of poetry, makes me puke again. I remember also I was sick for a long time they made me drink insipid milk and orange water.

For several centuries The Squalor Street chateau's been my dethroned family's refuge. The immense rooms, rooms on rooms on rooms on rooms on rooms, lie deserted. Only a well-trained squadron of servants dressed in blue and green rhinestones - the family trademark -, long mustaches, flowing white feather capes over white silk short shorts. The cops patrol all the entrances of the park. Vice-squad and narcs alternately safeguarded our chateau.

I most admired the white Vice-Squad. I would pass through the corridors drooling, watch the sentries clank their guns against their cocks after the custom of the Austrian court who order the soldiers of the Monk to face the wall and rub when the Monk walks past them. For hours I would stare at these cops. I couldn't trick insult them though

they were socially and absolutely below me, for I feared their blue uniforms, their regular jerky motions. I tried to figure out why they moved and acted so creepily. Like robots. Thus I began to love machines.

One day, in an endless meadow crickets luminescent sun etc., I began to dream of the new world: a world defined by the fact I could do whatever I want wherever whenever. I begin to faint, to disappear from this creepy world. I feel big strong arms around me I look into a cop's face. I feel shock and happiness. He was a gutter kid: a black leather hood. That's why the motor's, the machine's activity bound to images of hearing light sky space grandeur freedom enthrall me and balance me with a huge force.

One day the palace was upside-down. Orders are given in a high voice. The valet runs up and down the stairs. The windows are opened; grand rooms aired; slipcovers dropped; gilded marbles uncovered. Someone wakes me early in the morning. I'm six years old. All day carriages come and go. In the exterior courts, brief commandments resound, companies present arms to fifes and tambours. They find me: I go downstairs. The hall was full of the world: dames in high fashion and decorated officers. All is splendour! Suddenly silver trumpets sound across the fields! A carriage pulls up to my stone entrance steps. An old man steps out, then a little girl. Someone shoves me against them. I said hello to the little girl. She hid her face behind her flowers; I saw only her eyes full of tears. I took her hand. The old general bleating guided us. Immediately a cortege formed around the chateau's chapel. The ceremony unfolded itself. Kneeling on the same cushion, enveloped in the same veil, bound by the same ribbons whose ends the maids-of-honor held, we took the same vow. As the pope said "I do", the girl smiled through her tears.

We were one. The pretty princess Rita was my wife.

We're standing under ceiling of white roses. We're alone at a table heaped with delicacies. The general crops up, takes her away. As she leaves, I see myself crying in the immense, chandelier upon chandelier, wedding salon. "I'm sick of ideas," I said. "They bore me to shit. The thing is to find out what doesn't bore me to shit."

Rita's my first friend. I think more and more of the actuality of the new world. I suppose I dream. I wander around the empty house I prowls like a hungry deserted cat I become aware of my body. I'm not just a mind behind two eyes: I have thoughts in every part of my body all fighting each other all dying to get out. I needed outlets as much as input. I had radios constantly going to drown out the incoming information. Only the heavy furniture pitied me, and crashed to the floor. I



in the morning, grey and red light slowly streaming over the sleeping winos, I tiptoed out of the house to the stables. I undid the horses' halters: strapped myself under the stomach of the black mare. I set fire to the hay. Immediately: fear flames and crackling lickety-split the horses fled. Huge uproaring panic. My mare leaped three times joined the streaming maddened horses. I cleverly fooled the cops. But one cop, without warning, shot to kill. He didn't care about the value of a life. My mare collapsed on top of me. I was covered with blood. When I got to the palace, my skull was cracked my ribs crushed my legs broken. I had done what I wanted. I could stay and see Rita. I hadn't figured things out.

But Rita didn't come.

I couldn't make Rita come I became delirious. I had no friend I couldn't do what I wanted. I was delirious for three weeks. Then I began slowly to recover. But my right leg, after two more months, hung inert. I didn't know if the doctors had been unable, or had been ordered to leave my leg disabled. My leg was ankylosed. This infirmity is due to the sinister old Viennese man's vengeance. He was punishing me for not going to Vienna.

I began to realize the nature of reality:

My world, my social position, my friend, my enemies, my family ties, my relations to the Viennese court. Why was I held prisoner? Who was holding me prisoner? Who was controlling my life?

When I could begin to walk again, I hobbled to the family library. Books would tell me the truth. There I passed the next three years, studying, I had no need for Rita, for fantasies,

no more parents no more school  
no more society's dirty rules  
spread my legs I'm so poor I want to die  
San Francisco's the place for me  
it's the place I want to be  
spread my legs I'm so poor I want to die.

I deciphered my family papers: old manuscripts, private deeds, title deeds. I learned my family's history: its grandeur, who had caused its downfall. Like the rest of my family I vowed unappeasable hatred against the Viennese court. I would foul up their designs on me, resist their orders, escape. Escape. Anywhere, anywhere without politics, without Rockefeller where I could live, free, simply unknown.

But Rita, my friend, returned! She was huge: a grownup giantess who mysteriously drove me wild. She raced wildly down the halls in-

to my mother's bedroom. Burst out sobbing wildly. I clipclopped into the room burst out wildly sobbing with her. She didn't care about my dead leg. For hours we lay in each other's arms. We had no need to say a word. Our lips lightly brushed up and down, hour after hour, the hairs of each other's neck. Suddenly Rita left.

I could no longer think about reality the information I had learned from my family papers I became Rita: My voice was now broken. Low resonances, deep and long fluted sounds, sudden register and modulation changes. Like Rita's. The fuck with crummy books. All day like an idiot a crazy I looked toward the falling sun. Where Rita had gone. This was the meadow. My nervous infant dreams became my reality.

I became excessively attentive to my inner life. For the first time I noticed I lived entirely alone. Who was controlling this constant silence, loneliness? A company of beefy FBI men replaced the patrol cops. These hamburgers didn't enchant me: They had no regular hours, trumpets, spurs. They do everything secretly. I hear a hoarse voice, the dull blow of a gun butt in the corridor, behind a door, strike out. Everything's moving. Voice, articulation, incantation, thunder. I see everything: I see the moving treetops: Park foliage squeeze open close like a voluptuous cunt: Sky stretch out farther farther. These're my senses. I'm total music. Sex. Energy. Vitality.

I'm ecstatic. Ecstatic. I perceive the root of my senses. My cunt swells. I'm All-Strong. I became jealous of nature. I should control every event, my desires and my breath should control every event. My solitude was making me see this.

I wanted to control Rita. I wanted Rita.

I was fifteen years old.

In this exaltation, every event which reminded me of reality totally exasperated me. Living is idiotic.

I committed a crime so horrible, so disgusting to the ears of human kind that perhaps you'll understand why.

Days weeks months pass. I'm 19 years old. Rita moves next door, in a neighboring chateau. I see her once a week, every week, on holy Friday. We're good Catholics. We spend each day in the armory room. I love this room because it stinks and doesn't have any furniture. We gaze deeply into each other's eyes. Sometimes Rita plays Bach in the small piano salon, or puts on ridiculous old-fashioned clothes, Haight drag, she finds in closets

under dusty chairs under the bodies of winos lying on the doors to the chateau. In these tatters, these pieces of shit-stained velvet, fishwives' netting, black net stockings with seams torn an inch below the ass, pink silk bras, Japanese robes with holes at the crotch, she runs into the sunlight dances like a Haight queen flowers in hand mouth wide open. I see her feet her hands the bottom of her ass the tips of her violet breasts. When she leaves me, the softness the wet of her skin remains for along time like a delicate odor on my skin. I remember most the seances we held in the armory room. She was a perfume in which I drown myself. She doesn't exist: she's a vapor I absorb in my delicate pores. Her gaze is my coke. For a long time I run my hand through her lower hairs.

I'm the Chinese wood comb running through her curly hair. I'm the bra which outlines her delicate breasts. I'm the transparent net of her sleeves. The dress swishing around her upper legs. The silk stocking around her thigh. The heel which lies beneath her. The puff she uses after she bathes. The salt of her armpits. I sponge off her clammy parts. I'm wet and tender. I'm her hand that does what she needs. I don't exist. I'm her chair, her mirror, her bathtub. I know all of her perfectly as if I'm the space around her. I'm her bed.

I want to control her: often I control her without her knowing it or wishing it.

I want to see her naked. Touch her naked. I tell her this. She says "no". Now she hardly sees me.

Deprived of her friendship, I become nervous, susceptible, melancholy. I can't sleep. I dream or I see women surrounding me, women of all colors, women of all heights, women of all ages, women of all eras. Like robots they stagger in front of me. They lie, wiggling and squirming in a circle in front of me. A stringed instrument. I'm a rock-and-roll star. I control their cunts (them): My gaze makes some of them come. My hand, others. Standing, dressed like the drummer of Hot Tuna, I beat the measure to their frenzy: slow them down, accelerate, stop them, begin again, a thousand time a thousand times d'a capo, tutti, rework their poses their rhythms, all together, throw them into delirium. This frenzy kills me. I can't do anything. I'm stuck.

I'm all gooseflesh.

I don't want to see anyone anymore. I lock myself in the empty armory room. I don't bother to brush my teeth wash my face change my clothes eat regular meals wake up in the morning go to sleep at night, all that social crap. I start to stink. Love it. Pleasurably piss

along my legs.

I begin to love objects. Events that don't have their own wills. I'm not talking about art events, things that are based on ideas, that cleverly reveal the sources of the ideas, things the old chateau abounds in. I mean dull stupid tool things. I surround myself with them. A tin box of biscuits, an ostrich egg, a sewing machine, a bit of quartz, a lead nugget, a stove pipe. I spend my time handling them and sniffing them. I change their places a thousand times a day. They amuse me. Distract me. Make me forget I have and had boring emotions.

This's a big lesson to me.

A stove pipe excites me sexually. The lead nugget feels thick and softlike Peter's skin. Can I trust anyone even Peter as much as I trust the lead nugget? The sewing machine is a perfect plan, ability to take power, like a hooker's legs' inner muscles, a stripper's mechanical bump. I can crack the lips of the perfumed quartz, drink the final drop of that primordial honey the life of origins deposits in vitreous molecules, Venus foam-flecked from the sea; the quartz doesn't deny me her pleasure. The tin box is a summary of women.

Circle, square, and their projections in space, sphere, cube excite me. I see touch smell taste hear them red and blue genitals, obscure barbarous ritual orgies.

All becomes for me rhythm, the unexplored life. I no longer know what I do. Cry out sing howl. Roll on the ground. Perform zulu dances. Grovel before a block of granite which I put in a wine barrel, seized by religious terror. The block is living like a mass of nightmares, full of riches. It hums like a beehive. Ardent like a hollow shellfish. I thrust my hands there inexhaustible sex. I fight the walls to pierce through the hallucinations which climb up from all parts. I bend swords flat iron I demolish the furniture with my club. When Rita, my friend, appears - she appears rarely, her foot doesn't touch the ground - I have to rape her.

It was the end of summer. Rita appears in a long riding-habit. She gets off her horse. Comes into my room as she used to do. Lies on the ground as she used to do. Looks into my eyes as she used to do. She's good now: sweet, serious, aware of my desires.

"Turn your head a little," I whisper to her. "Thank you. You're not allowed to move again. You're the friend I've always wanted. You're tough as a stove pipe. Your body's as beautiful as an egg at the edge of the sea. You're full of information like rock salt and as

transparent, nonexistent as crystal. You're a motionless whirlpool. The abyss of light. You're a sound able to take me to incalculable depths: sensations I've never known. You're a commonplace: a bit of grass enlarged a billion times."

I'm terrified. Scared. I want to cut her up. She rises? She's carelessly putting on her coat? Goodbye? The old man the one who controls me has summoned her to Vienna she'll pass this winter at court, a season of brilliant balls light dazzling on lights; she can't see me again... I don't hear her. I don't hear anything. I hurl myself at her. I turn her around. I strangle her. She struggles stripes my face with blows of her horsewhip. But I'm already on her. She can't cry out. I push my left fist in her mouth. My other hand sticks a knife in her. I open her stomach. Blood floods me. I pick her intestines to pieces.

The following happens: They lock me up. I'm 18 years old. It's 1965. I'm locked up in Alcatraz. Ten years later they secretly transfer me here, with the crazies. Everyone abandons me? I'm crazy. For six years.

no more parents no more school  
no more society's dirty rules  
San Francisco's the place for me  
it's the place I want to be  
fuckers lovers ideas go free  
all I want is ecstasy  
spread my legs I'm so poor I want to die.