

Ann Hume

ALSO BY KATHY ACKER

Great Expectations
Blood and Guts in High School
Don Quixote
Literal Madness
(Kathy Goes to Haiti;
My Death My Life by Pier Paolo Pasolini; Florida)
Empire of the Senseless
Portrait of an Eye
(The Childlike Life of the Black Tarantula;
I Dreamt I Was a Nymphomaniac;
The Adult Life of Toulouse Lautrec)
In Memoriam to Identity
My Mother: Demonology

*Pussy,
King of the
Pirates*

Kathy Acker



GROVE PRESS
New York

Copyright © 1996 by Kathy Acker

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer, who may quote brief passages in a review.

Published simultaneously in Canada

Printed in the United States of America

FIRST PAPERBACK EDITION

The musical companion, *Pussy, King of the Pirates* by Mekons and Kathy Acker (QS36), is available from Quarterstick / Touch and Go Records.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Acker, Kathy, 1948–

Pussy, king of the pirates / Kathy Acker. —1st ed.

ISBN 0-8021-3484-X (pbk.)

I. Title.

PS3551.C44P87 1996 813'.54—dc20 95-21012

DESIGN BY LAURA HAMMOND HOUGH

Grove Press

841 Broadway

New York, NY 10003

10987654321

Contents

Preface: Once upon a Time, Not Long Ago, O . . .	1
In the Days of Dreaming	25
<i>O and Ange</i>	27
<i>The Pirate Girls</i>	72
In the Days of the Pirates	209
<i>Pirate Island</i>	211
<i>Sections from The Chronicles of the Pirates</i>	237
<i>Days That Are to Come</i>	247

Preface:

Once upon a Time,
Not Long Ago, O...

Artaud Speaks:

When O was a young girl, above all she wanted a man to take care of her.

In her dream, the city was the repository of all dreams.

A city that was always decaying. In the center of this city, her father had hung himself.

This can't be true, O thought, because I've never had a father.

In her dream, she searched for her father.

She knew that it was a dumb thing for her to do because he was dead.

Since she wasn't dumb, O thought, she must be trying to find him so that she could escape from the house in which she was living, which was run by a woman.

O went to a private detective. He called O a dame.

"I'm looking for my father."

The private eye, who in one reality was a friend of O's, replied that the case was an easy one.

O liked that she was easy.

And so they began. First, according to his instructions, O told him all that she knew about the mystery. It took her several days to recount all the details.

At that time it was summertime in Dallas. All yellow.

O didn't remember anything in or about the first period. Of her childhood.

After not remembering, she remembered the jewels. When her mother had died, a jewel case had been opened. The case, consisting of one tray, had insides of red velvet. O knew that this was also her mother's cunt.

O was given a jewel which was green.

O didn't know where that jewel was now. What had happened to it. Here was the mystery of which she had spoken.

The private eye pursued the matter. A couple of days later, he came up with her father's name.

"Oli."

The name meant nothing to her.

"Your father's name is Oli. Furthermore, your father killed your mother."

That's possible, O thought, as if thinking was dismissing.

The detective continued to give her details about her father: he was from Iowa and of Danish blood.

All of this could be true because what could she in all possibility know?

When O woke up out of her insane dream, she remembered that her mother had died eight days before Christmas. Despite the note lying beside the dead body in which the loca-

tion of the family's white poodle was revealed, the cops were convinced that the mother had been murdered. By a man unknown. Since it was now Christmas, these cops had no intention of investigating a murder when they could be returning to their families, Christmas warmth, and holiday.

O realized, for the first time in her life, that her father could have murdered her mother. According to the only member of her father's family she had ever met, a roly-poly first cousin whose daughter picked up Bowery bums for sexual purposes (according to him), her father had murdered someone who had been trespassing on his yacht.

Then, her father had disappeared.

O became scared. If her father had killed her mother, he could slaughter her. Perhaps that's what her life had been about.

During this period of time, O lived and stayed alive by dreaming. One of the reveries concerned the most evil man in the world.

It was at a fancy resort that was located in the country, far from the city: O stood on one of the stony platforms or giant records that jutted out of a huge cliff. Shrubbery was growing out of parts of the rock. Each record lay directly over and under another record, except for *the top* and *the bottom*. The one on which O perched thrust farther than the others into a sky that was empty, for this record was a stage.

In the first act of this play, O learned that evil had entered the land. That the father, who was equivalent to *evil*, was successfully stealing or appropriating his son's possessions. Both of them were standing behind O. Then, the father began to torture his son. He inflicted pain physically. O actually saw this older man point three different machine guns at her. Each

of them was different. O understood that he wanted to scare, rather than shoot, her.

He laughed. And then disappeared.

O hated him more than it was possible to hate anyone.

Either the next day or some days later, the young woman began to search for the older man. She and his son were partners, co-mercenaries, in this venture; in fact, it was the son who taught O that to be a successful detective, one has to get rid of fear.

For some reason unknown to O, she was always frightened of people.

The father left one clue to his whereabouts. *DN*.

Nobody seemed to know whether *DN* was the initials of someone, of something, whether the letters were part of a language no human could understand. O and the son believed that *DN* was the name of a coffee joint

.....
They entered a deserted western town. The coffee joint they found in the loneliness, whose name was *a street*, within all the yellow, didn't have a name

.....
They traveled to a ranch. The main building, which at first they didn't notice because it wasn't noticeable, was one-story, white peeling paint. In its right side, a cafe-in-the-wall.

A girl was feeding her dog-horse, 'cause it was as large as a large horse, a plate of raw hamburger. She used to be married to the son; now she was living on this ranch and happy.

This is the second clue.

One didn't need to find any more because the man for whom she had been looking walked right up to her. In all that openness, there was no one but those two. O realized that all

that had happened to her had happened only because she was attracted to this man. To this father. And she hated him because he was violent.

It was at this point that O began to teach him how to change violence into pleasure.

Now O decided that she wanted to go where she had never been before:

O Speaks:

The revolution had yet to begin in China. At that time, the word *revolution* meant nothing to us because the same governments owned everything. There seemed nowhere left to go. All of my friends, including me, before we reached old age, were dying and, until we died, living in ways that were unbearable because that's what living was. Unbearable.

I had no interest in politics.

I had come to China as I usually came: I had been following a guy.

I had believed we were in love.

It didn't matter, the name of this unknown city to which I came. All the unknown cities, in China, held slums that looked exactly like each other: each one a labyrinth, a dream, in which streets wound into streets which disappeared in more streets and every street went nowhere. For every sign had disappeared.

The poor ate whatever they could put their hands on.

Right before the revolution, the Chinese government told its people that the recession was over. This lie made the poor unable to distinguish between economic viability and dis-

ability. Some of them walked around with needles sticking out of their bodies.

(Many of the women were whoring for money.)

W, my boyfriend, said that if I loved him, I would whore for him. I knew that W got off on women who were prostitutes. I didn't know whether or not he had deep feelings for me and, if so, what those feelings were. I used to wonder, again and again, why I ran after men who didn't care for me.

It was my mother, not my father, who dominated my waking life. When she was alive, my mother didn't notice or, if she had to, hated me. She wanted me to be nothing, or something worse, because my appearance in her womb, not yet in the world, caused her husband to leave her. So my mother, who was ravishingly beautiful, charming, and a liar, had told me. While she was alive.

Absence isn't the name of the father only.

Every whorehouse is childhood.

The one in which W placed me was named *Ange*.

Outside the whorehouse, men fear women who are beautiful and run away from them; a ravishing woman who's with a man must bear a scar that isn't physical. My mother was weak in this way; her weakness turned into my fate.

Inside the brothel, the women, however they actually look, are always beautiful to men. Because they fulfill their fantasies. In this way, what was known as *the male regime*, in the territory named *women's bodies*, separated its reason from its fantasy.

Since I was the only white girl in this brothel, the others there, including the Madam, who had once been a male, hated me. They sneered at my characteristics, such as my politeness. What they really detested was that economic necessity hadn't

driven me into prostitution. To them, the word *love* had no meaning. But I didn't become a whore because I loved W so much I'd do anything for him. Anything to convince him to love me. A love I was beginning to know I would never receive. I entered the brothel of my own free will, so that I could become nothing, because, I believed, only when I was nothing would I begin to see. *boulder*

I had no idea what I was doing.

When I entered the house, Madam took away all of my possessions, even my tiny black reading glasses. It was as if she was a prison matron. She said that, because I was white, I thought that I deserved to possess commodities. Such as happiness. That I was too pale, too delicate to be able to bear living in this place.

The other girls thought that I could leave the cathouse whenever I wanted.

But I couldn't walk away, because inside the whorehouse I was nobody. There was nobody to walk away.

I was now a child: if I ridded myself of childhood, there would be nothing left of me.

Later on, the girls would accept me as a whore. Then I would start to wish that I loved a man who loved me.

There were many prescients in the slum. The whores, in their spare hours, visited these fortune-tellers. Though I soon started accompanying my friends, I was too scared to say anything to these women, most of whom had once been in the business. I would stand in the shadows and rarely ask anything, for I didn't want to confess anything about myself. When I, at last, did inquire about a future, I asked as if there were no such thing. I felt safe knowing only the details of daily life, johns and defecations, all that was a dream.

As if dreams couldn't be real.

Fortune-tellers wandered around the streets outside Ange.

The one fortune, *mine*, which I remember, was based on the card of the Hanged Man:

The woman who was reading the cards still took tricks.

"Does that mean that I'm going to suicide?" I asked.

"Oh, no, O. This card says that you're a dead person who's alive. You're a zombie."

But I knew better. I knew that the Hanged Man, or Gérard de Nerval, was my father and every man I fucked was him.

My father was the owner of Death, of the cathouse. Sitting in his realm of absence, he surveyed all that wasn't.

The cards showed me clearly that I hated him. When a message travels from the invisible to the visible world, that messenger is emotion. My anger, a messenger, would lead to revolution. Revolutions are dangerous to everyone.

But the cards said worse. They told us, the whores, that the revolution, which was just about to happen, had to fail, due to its own nature or origin. As soon as it failed, as soon as sovereignty, be it reigning or revolutionary, disappeared, as soon as sovereignty ate its own head as if it were a snake, when the streets turned to poverty and decay, but a different poverty and decay, all my dreams, which were me, would be shattered.

"And then," the fortune-teller said, "you'll find yourself on a pirate ship."

The cards that I remember told me that my future is freedom.

"But what'll I do when there's no one in the world who loves me? When all existence is only freedom?"

The cards proceeded to show images of stress, illness, disease . . .

I had been in the cathouse for a month. W hadn't once visited me, for he had never cared about me.

I was a whore because I was alone.

The fortune-teller had told me that I would be free after I journeyed into the land of the dead.

I was trying to get rid of loneliness and nothing would ever rid me of loneliness until I got rid of myself.

2 Nothingness true again

Artaud Speaks:

O said, "I want to go where I've never been before."

I was living in a room that was in the slum. I was still sane.

I was just a boy. All I saw was the poverty of those slums. In order to counteract the poverty that was without and within me, I ran to poetry. Especially to the poetry of Gérard de Nerval, who wanted to stop his own suffering, to transform himself, but instead hanged himself from a rusty picture nail.

I had no life. I only loved those poets who were criminals. I began to write letters to people I didn't know, to those poets, not in order to communicate with them. To do something else.

Dear Georges, I wrote.

I have just read, in Fontane magazine, two articles by you on Gérard de Nerval which made a strange impression on me.

I am a limitless series of natural disasters and all of these disasters have been unnaturally repressed. For this

reason I am kin to Gérard de Nerval who hanged himself in a street alley during the hours of a night.

Suicide is only a protest against control.

Artaud

The alleyways were lying all around me. They ran every which way, so haphazardly that they stopped. There was the brothel.

I would watch man after man walk through its doors. Men went to this brothel, not in order to have the sexual intercourse they could have on the outside, but to enact elaborate and tortuous fantasies which, one day, I'll be able to describe to you.

I'll be able when there's human pleasure in this world.

Day after day I would look through one of my windows into one of theirs. There I first saw O, who was naked. My eye would follow her, as much as it could, trying to clear away for her everything that was before and behind her.

I would die for her. Whenever a man hangs himself, his cock becomes so immense that for the first time he knows that he has a cock.

One day O came out of the brothel. I saw her stand on the edge of its doorway and look away. Obviously she was terrified. Finally, one of her feet peeped over the doorframe's bottom. I had no idea what was mirrored in those eyes. Three times her feet darted back and forth across that doorstep.

As soon as she was fully outside, she began to turn in the same ways the winds do through the sky. Perhaps she was

meeting the outside, the sky, for the first time. Perhaps, in the staleness of the brothel, O had been a *she* and now she was another *she* who wasn't distinct from air. I watched this girl begin to breathe. I watched her encounter poverty for the first time, the streets that my body was daily touching. The streets whose inhabitants ate whatever they could and, when they no longer could eat, died.

These streets reminded O of her childhood. For when she was a child she had always been alone. Even though she'd a half-sister, who was now married to a European armaments millionaire. Every summer O's mother, so she would never have to see her, sent O to a posh summer camp. A camp of girls.

There the girls passed through the latest dances in each other's arms in the hour before they were ordered in to dinner while O watched them. She knew that she couldn't dance. For the first time in her life, in the whorehouse, O was safe because, here, there were no humans.

In the whorehouse she had become naked.

Now that O felt safe, she had the strength to return to her childhood. To poverty. I watched O walk down street after street, searching for who she would be. I knew that when she had found what she had to find she would belong to me.

O Speaks:

The first time W and I slept together I knew that he didn't love me. But I didn't know why. The nausea and confusion that resulted left me shreds of belief to which I could cling: I clung to belief that in the future W might start to love me.

Like a child who's not able to believe that her mother doesn't care about her.

I remained in that brothel. One day W came back to tell me that he wanted me to meet the woman he adored even more than his own life. To meet her, he was going to take me out of the brothel for the day.

They had been together many years before he met me. He said. That she had left him. It had been his fault: he wasn't good to her. She returned to him in China, and now he wanted to be as good to her as it was possible for a human to be.

Though she had come back to him, she still wasn't sure whether she wanted to be with him, and this made him love her more.

I didn't know who I was to W, why he was telling me about the woman he worshiped.

I could cling to my nausea. Maybe nausea, then, is something. A man's body. I followed him out of the brothel. Into those streets which I had started to explore by myself.

A bird was flying through the sky.

His girlfriend was as white as me. But she was beautiful and rich. As soon as I met her, I knew that I didn't exist for her, in the same way that I didn't exist for W, that she didn't know how to love. She was one of those owners. She was somebody.

I could love W, which she never could, but what did he want? Did he want all that I would be able to give him?

After dinner, he brought his girlfriend and me back to the brothel and he tied me to my bed. Needles inserted into the flesh just below the lower lashes kept the eyes open. In front of me, W made love to her. First with his fingers. Delicately play-

ing with her outer labia. They turned from pale pink to blood-red. Opened to my eyes as his fingers disappeared. Some were in her mouth. He was bending her over and then he turned around, her cunt juice dripping so much that I could see it on his fingertips, and put his cock, which was in my mind, into that cunt that must have been open, wanting, screaming for pleasure, whether she loved him or not, she was being fucked inserted thrust into pummeled bruised and all that comes out is pleasure, the body is pleasure, I have known pleasure, and I am watching the endless pleasure, as it comes again again again, that I have known and now I am being refused.

Rich, she could never know what my pleasure was, and so I changed.

Throughout all of the dinner and the sex I was forced, also by myself, to watch, I was wearing the red lipstick that my mother had worn. My mother always walked around her house naked, touching her own body. She wore her menstrual blood on her mouth. In her house there were no men, for my father had left her before I was born.

Since I never knew you, every man I fuck is you. Daddy. Every cock goes into my cunt which, since I never knew you, is a river named Cocytus. I said that I'm only going to tell the truth: When you, Cock of all Cocks, you, the only lay in the world, and I know for I'm supposed to live, not die, for sex, when you took a leave of absence ejaculated disappeared skipped out and vanished before I was born, you threw me, and I hadn't yet been born, into even another world.

The name of that world was China.

Who can understand China's teeming populaces, its children, its marching student soldiers?

Artaud Rewrites His First Letter to Georges Le Breton:

I am a violent being, full of fiery storms and other catastrophic phenomena. As yet I can't do more than begin this letter, begin it again and again, because I have to eat myself, my own body is my only food, in order to write. But I don't want to talk about myself. I want to discuss Gérard de Nerval. He made living: a living world. He made a living world out of myth and magic. The realm of myth and magic that he contacted was that of a Funeral. His own death and funeral.

I'll talk about death, my death, later.

The Tarot card in the realm of Nerval is the Hanged Man. Heidegger, under the same sign, reversed himself and turned away from Hitler. Trying "to come to terms with his . . . past in the Nazi movement," he explained that "the very possibility of taking action" or "the will to rule and dominate" was "a kind of original sin, of which he found himself guilty." Instead of Dasein, he placed emphasis on Sein, or an essentially reverent contemplativeness, one that might open and keep open the possibility of a new paganism in which no sovereignty could arise, no sovereignty out of the ashes of Hitler's aborted revolution.

Reverent contemplativeness is the Hanged Man in the realm of Nerval. Contemplativeness is the act of turning inside out, reversing, traveling the road into the land of the dead while being and remaining alive. Contemplativeness is seeming to do nothing. In other words, the Hanged Man card, to me, represents the slight possibility that this society in which human identity depends upon possessing rather than on

being possessed, that this society in which I'm living, could change.

Gérard de Nerval was a sailor who descended into oblivion and, as he did, wrote against oblivion. He hated his own cockhead and so he descended into the Cocytus, into oblivion, three times, until his cockhead floated bloody on those waters. In other words, he hung himself.

○ Speaks:

I spent day after day walking the streets, looking for W, whom I would never again find.

The Letter Continues:

I am Gérard de Nerval who hung himself 12:00 P.M. on a Thursday by his own hands. The other one died in Paris or announced that his death was going to happen, he announced that he was going to die from loneliness.

I, Gérard de Nerval, who write in the teeth of the utilitarian concept of the universe, will hang myself from an apron string tied to a grating. There will be nothing left.

At this moment, I, Gérard de Nerval, want to talk about the difference between hanging and the Hanged Man:

I, Antonin Artaud, hung myself and I haven't died.

I'm living in a slum in China and I'm going to become sexual.

○ Speaks:

If W's not around, I don't want to be a whore.

Artaud Speaks:

I entered the brothel so that I could meet O. The Madam stopped me to ask where I was going. I said that I was going to serve O.

She told me that I had to give her money before I could be with O. Because I didn't have any money I was thrown out of the whorehouse.

I found myself in a marketplace where everything was being sold for everything else. Some of the poor who were there didn't have any limbs. Others were willing to do anything sexually for money. The children said that a third of them would die, the next harvest, if there weren't enough beans. I decided that I had to stop the hell in which I was living.

I knew that they had thrown me out of the whorehouse because I refused to give O money.

I wanted O to love me.

Their denial of my sexuality planted in me the seeds of rebellion. There would be other women and men like me in that slum. Ones who would do whatever had to be done in order to change everything.

O Speaks:

I no longer want to be a whore.

Artaud Speaks:

It was at this time that the revolutionaries, both male and female, met in what light came from the quarter-moon.

"We're poor," they said. "We need to get our hands on weapons."

"A white man just gave us some money for weapons, probably just to save his own neck."

Though I had no interest in such tools, I agreed to undertake the machine-gun delivery, dangerous at the least, in return for the exact amount of cash I needed to buy O so that I could give her her freedom.

In this way, I cut my cockhead off, and blood from a heart I had never known started to flow.

O Speaks:

How long will this reign of masochism continue?

Artaud Addresses This Version of His Letter to O:

Everywhere he went, Nerval would take with him a scummy apron string that had once belonged to the Queen of Sheba. Nerval told me this. Or it was one of the corset laces of Madame de Maintenon. Or of Marguerite de Valois.

From this apron string, which was tied to a grating, he hung himself. The grating, black, partly broken, and stained by hound excretion, was located at the bottom of the stone stairs which lead to the rue de la Tuerie. There's a straight drop from that stair platform downward.

As Nerval swung there, a raven hovered over, as if it were sitting on his head, and cawed repeatedly, "I'm thirsty."

They were probably the only words the old bird knew. I, Antonin Artaud, am now an owner, for I own the language of suicide.

Why did Gérard de Nerval hang himself from an open string? Why is this society which is China insane?

To learn why Gérard madly offered himself, I shall enter his soul:

Gérard was a man like me. He wrote this:

... le dernier, vaincu par ton génie, (Jehovah)
Qui, du fond des enfers, criait: "O tyrannie!"

Gérard was le dernier because, when he wrote that, he was just about to suicide, he was writing his own suicide note to God the Tyrant, whose very existence was putting Gérard in hell. That is, Gérard suicided because of the existence of God: Gérard opposed the tyrant God by cutting off his own head. For God is the head, le génie. Gérard cut off his own head with a woman's apron string, so now he is a woman, so now he has a hole between his arms. Every soul is nothing. The soul of Gérard de Nerval has taught me that nothingness is the abyss of horror out of which consciousness always awakes in order to go out into something in order to exist.

A hole of the body, which every man but not woman including Gérard de Nerval and myself has to make, is the abyss of the mouth. *nothingness... in absence of language.*

I have found this language, which is why I can write this letter to you, O. You see, Gérard, who was naked like you are, gave me a language that doesn't lie, for it spurted out of the hole of his body.

You're naked so I know you've got a body

When Gérard cut off his head, he made all that was interior in him exterior: today all that's interior is becoming exterior and this is what I call revolution, and those humans who are holes are the leaders of this revolution.

I have gotten to know Gérard de Nerval, and he was a revolutionary both before and after he hung himself from an

act of castration - psychoanalysis...
is this the formation of language

Preface: Once upon a Time, Not Long Ago, O...

Cixous

apron string. He hung himself from a woman's string in order to protest against political control. Suicide is only a protest against control. I repeat that. After he castrated himself, language came pouring out of him.

I am evidence that this is true.

Now I am Gérard de Nerval after he castrated himself because consciousness in the form of language is now pouring out of me and hurting me and so I can be with you. I shall own you, O.

O Speaks:

Now I knew W would never come back to me and take me out of the brothel.

Being aware that he would never love me was equal to knowing that he never had.

I was no longer safe, so I became sick. I hovered at death.

It was at this time that the student revolutionaries, more professionally armed than any of the cops around them, burst into the English Embassy, which was located next to the slum. Though paying in serious injury and death, they successfully demolished the government building.

When my health returned, I learned that W was a part owner of the cathouse. I had known that he was rich. I no longer cared what W felt about me: all I wanted was for him to be absent from me.

I wanted W to remain absent from me: I didn't want anything to change.

It was W who had first given the terrorists the money to buy weapons. Perhaps he hadn't known why. Perhaps there was a need in him to disrupt and destroy. I didn't know W and

I don't. When the revolutionary raid on the English had succeeded, probably he had become frightened. *For the first time in his life* he had realized that to be rich and white is to be vulnerable. So when the revolutionaries returned to him to ask for more funds he refused.

They started to beat him up. They almost killed him.

As soon as I learned what had taken place, I stopped hating W for not returning my love.

In a skirmish prior to the explosion of the English Embassy, a young boy who had run guns for the revolutionaries had one of his arms severely injured.

With the other hand holding the money that he had earned by working for the terrorists, he walked into the brothel. He found the Madam and gave her the amount she had requested as the price of my purchase.

I knew nothing about the purchase of my freedom.

Behind my bedroom door, Artaud told me that he had come back for me.

"I'm still sick. I don't want to see anyone."

He forced himself into my room, so I hit him. He fell down to the floor on the arm that had been broken. When he cried out, I was surprised.

"You're just a boy, so how could you be hurting so badly?"

His arm was bent the wrong way for a human.

Now I understood that someone could hurt more than me. Reaching down, I lifted up his body, on to my thigh, as much as I was able. I only wanted to fuck with him. Pain, for him at that moment, was the same as sexual pleasure. For me, every area of my skin was an orifice; therefore, each part of his body could do and did everything to mine.

We wondered at our bodies.

Artaud Rewrites His Letter:

When I saw O, I wanted to protect her because she worships her cunt.

O Speaks:

I never saw Artaud again.

Weakened not only by the beating but also by the desertion of his rich girlfriend, W began to go mad.

He learned that the young boy and I had fallen in love. He began to follow Artaud through the slum's streets, which now reeked of more and more revolutionaries, and into alleyways which were blind. In one of those, he shot the young poet and left him for dead.

In those days, there were too many bodies for there to be such a thing as murder.

When I heard this, I no longer cared what happened to W. I quit that whorehouse. For me, there were no more men left in the world.

I had been searching for my father, in a dream, and found a young and insane boy, who was then killed.

I stood on the edge of a new world.

In the Days of
Dreaming

O and Ange

BEFORE THE DAYS OF DREAMING

O, a woman and a Jew. Her father's family, originally in Spain, first emigrated to Morocco, then on to Algeria.

It was the days when women were economically either wives or whores . . .

O: "How can I do this? Begin.

"Begin what?

"The only thing in the world that's worth beginning: the end of the world."

O, being a whore, had to find the origin of whoredom:

Alexandra, one of Cleopatra's friends, had loved Cleo-

patra so deeply that she had tried to persuade Anthony to be both kind and gentle to his paramour's children.

In order to please Alexandra, the first princess, Herod the Great had made her seventeen-year-old son into a priest. The boy was beautiful. Herod drowned him.

Of this Alexandria, no longer anything remains.

O remembered the poet saying that Alexandria is replete with men who are sick, solitary, prophetic. All those who have been deeply wounded in their sex. When O came to Alexandria, the air was as dry as the wings of insects. There were neither male solitaries nor male prophets. For such men were found only in the white world and that world had died.

Here, O thought, lies the center of all prostitution.

O began to dream that she was in the whorehouse for which she had been looking. She wasn't anywhere yet. She had already passed by "The Brothel of the Virgins."

O:

"I entered the most famous whorehouse in Alexandria.

"These are the names of some of the whores:

"Whore #1, Ange, twenty-one years old, politically mature, a professional imagination, a sweetheart only when she comes into contact with children, or with anyone (men, women, or other categories, sedentary, semisedentary, and nomadic) uninterested in money. Ange lucidly believes in the progress of this country.

"I HAVE NEVER FORGOTTEN HER.

"Two years ago, Ange was put into the prison of M——.

There, though still lucid and generous, she was broken. I saw her bruises.

"Thus, in shit begins the new world.

"Whore #2, Barbara, in older days left Egypt for France in order to continue her studies. Classical ones. Some days off the ship in the harbor of Marseilles, to her consternation she learned that she would have to do whatever she would have to do in order to survive there, and so she returned to her activities of the night. What I am saying is that in order to earn the right to education in the Western world, it was necessary for the whores who were not from the Western world to be at war and to continue teaching themselves.

"'You fuckers,' said Barbara. Finally sick of whoring, every morning, to earn her right to education, she got up at four, in order, for the rest of the day, to work her ass off in the shipyards of Midnight-by-the-Sea. A machine cut off her right foot; despite that, or in despite, whenever possible from then on, she came to the aid, effectively and materially, of those whose social origin was named *Misery*. *Misery* due to exile. Exile, whose other name is *Delayed Death*, is the fate of all those who live in the realm of racism.

"Barbara, now known as St. Barbara, again inhabits an Alexandrian whorehouse.

"Whore #3. She sleeps all the time. Her name is Louise Vanaen de Voringhem. While she's sleeping, her record player blares. Not that she's got anything against music. But she has to sleep because she's been so worn down by work.

"Some day Louise Vanaen will have to get up, and one day she did. Because her body wanted to wake. Immediately she walked toward the source of her music. Suddenly she was

thrown to the ground and cut in her left eye. A neighbor, one of the many Algerians Armenians Bedouins Egyptians Vietnamese surrounding the brothel, hearing screams which he recognized as unusual, ran over to the house, gun in hand. *In order to defend herself*, with this neighbor's help, she mortally wounded her attacker by cutting off his balls.

"For this reason, Sister Louise was convicted of voluntary homicide. For this reason: she was Arab and her rapist was white. Since only her natal family was allowed to visit her, there, in jail, and they lived far away, Louise Vanaen dwelled in solitary for many years.

"Her family was poor.

"In her prison, the whore Louise Vanaen began to dream of a revolution, *a revolution of whores*, a revolution defined by all methods that exist as distant, as far as is possible, from profit.

"Among other things, Louise wrote this to her sisters:

" 'These pages smell of women.

" 'I perceive more clearly during sex. All the lips, all the fists: it's necessary to have the deepest discipline so that all these, so that everything, can be seen. In the brothel, where women are talking, where the women are cooking, lips on lips, hands on hands: all the world is at peace.'

" 'In these rooms of sleep and of dream,' she continued in another of her letters which will become famous after history has gone to sleep, 'we will walk around, brushing by each other, touching each other without actually touching. There we shall affirm everyone, even flesh that is bourgeois, the flesh that likes to be done but not to do, the flesh that is the object of desires.'

"From these letters, St. Barbara developed her political theory of religion: Every revolution starts in a church or in the place of the church because churches and brothels do not have windows that lead to what lies outside. And so are refuges to all the shipwrecked of the world.

"To you, Barbara, courage. Courage for all of you, the generosity that inhabits prostitution."

Ange, St. Barbara, Louise Vanaen de Voringhem, and the rest of the whores learned that if language or words whose meanings seem definite are dissolved into a substance of multiple gestures and cries, a substance which has a more direct, a more visceral capacity for expression, then all the weight that the current social, political, and religious hegemonic forms of expression carry will be questioned. Become questionable. Finally, lost.

The weight of culture: questioned and lost.

"I've been so tired lately," Lulu, another prostitute, complained, "that nothing's turning me on."

Ange replied, "That's the fate of us who are prostitutes."

Lulu and Ange decided to masturbate so they could find a reason to live.

Lulu, starting to masturbate: "My mind's all over the place so I can't do this right now." After some time had passed, "No. Not now."

Ange, who was doing the same thing, muttered, "Me too."

Lulu: "Now we're entering the night."

Entering the night resembled entering a room. Entering

*with
deliberate
serenity*

through those narrow doorways, the room could be glimpsed. The halls' walls were pale green. A lighter green than the color of the walls of most of childhood.

Lulu: "Here's a toilet. No, I don't want a toilet. Now, turn the door's handle and walk in. It's necessary to sidle in sideways . . . Why did I just stop feeling anything?"

In order to live, Lulu needed to be in the realm of sex.

Lulu: "Body, talk.

"While I masturbate, my body says: Here's a rise. The whole surface, ocean, is rippling, a sheet that's metal, wave after wave. As *it* (what's this *it*?) moves toward the top, as if toward the neck of a vase, *it* crushes against *itself* moving inward and simultaneously *it* increases in sensitivity. The top of the vase, circular, is so sensitive that all feelings, now circling around and around, all that's moving, are now music.

"Music is my landscape.

"Deep down, at the bottom. Whatever is bottom is so deep that it's spreading away from its center . . . Toward what? Opening up to whom? Opening up only to *sensitive*. Sensation is the lover.

"If I could move down there, down the rabbit's hole, I would never stop coming . . .

"Never never . . .

"And I want to come and come and come . . .

" . . . why? . . .

"The middle ring, or the ring around the middle of the shaft, is doing most of the feeling, but now it's slipping downward. If this tunnel, which the ring's slipping down, becomes rigid, there won't be any more sensation. *No sensation is nothing*. If this tunnel becomes rigid, there'll be nothing. I must make my world out of nothing. Relaxation's opening the field,

but I don't dare—I'm holding back—open to being a rose; a rose unfolds again and again until the nerves drive the flesh into pure nerves; they are—I'm closing again (becoming rigid)—these are the rhythms of the labyrinth.

"The vibrations (pleasure) are taking over. Now any desire to stop . . . oh yes, there it goes; this disappearance of *it* causes laughter; laughter's a threshold that's soon reached.

"As soon as I went over this threshold, for the first time I began to play; I was opening and opening to the point that I could touch being pure nerves.

"In the realm of being pure nerves, to touch is to be touched: every part of mind, body and feeling is relaxing so much that sensation has domain. When I came, the spasms traveled all the way down the funnel, to its bottom, where there was an opening. Then or there, everything disappeared; the world or everything became more sexual.

"My hole opened up into only opening: the vibrations intensified.

"Soon this world will be nothing but pleasure, the world in which we live and are nothing but desires for more intense and more intense joy.

"I want more now, I want every rose, all the major rows down there, but something is always going over. Again again. An animal. It would always come again: the animal claw."

Thus Lulu entered the labyrinth.

She taught the whores to do this and all of them began to masturbate regularly.

Lulu: "I want to talk about being a criminal because that's the only thing that makes sense to me now."

* * *

Ange said to Lulu:

"Today I had to come by reading pornography.

"First, I took any book and just opened it. I was only going to read a few sentences until I became wet enough for my dildo to slip easily into my cunt. But the first sentence I read was about a woman who was beautiful and older seducing a very young boy who was just so hot for her that he would have come even if she had done nothing. This sentence turned me on to such an extent that I couldn't remain at the edge of the text, I had to enter into those words, and this entering, as I sat there with a dildo up my cunt—I think that must look ugly—was a moving into the halls, with all their walls, there, of my rising sexual energies. I don't think this space which I was now in was my body . . .

"I wasn't in a body, but in a place.

"In my cunt, there's a little animal, a type of fish, but it's a mammal. A weasel-cat. The weasel-cat, who's hungry, is sticking out its tongue . . .

"And so I came without language.

"My whole cunt is now this animal who's becoming hungrier: mouth opens more widely, the clit is a tongue that licks, laps, is tapping like a foot, tapping what's outside as if a floor. Eyes lie above this tongue. All my sensations are a sky. I could no longer talk. As soon as I stopped talking, everything turned white and the waves that were approaching, slowly, steadily, and very strongly, solid, solid, transformed into my blood, then into my bones; whatever had been the rhythms of my body inside my body were now rhythms outside. This is the meaning of *mantra*. The final orgasm will occur when my brains are making mantra."

Lulu said to Ange: "I would smear the whole world with sperm."

* * *

Here finally were the days of the beginning of happiness, when the heat and the yellow were dry. When the spine's bottom rose up from its body:

"No," exclaimed one whore, "I'm not going to masturbate today because, inside my cunt, the well where all is bottomless has come out so far, as if an animal is moving out of the hole, that I'm turning inside out. I'm scared. I'm scared . . . that if the animal gets out . . . god knows what might happen . . . I'll never be able to stop coming, so it'll have to be a new kind of world.

"But I don't know if I can give up the pleasure of masturbating even for a day."

St. Barbara was the first call-girl to tell a client to go get fucked so she could continue masturbating:

"Old-Filthy-Husband-Who-Kills-Off-Wives—this was a common term for 'husband' in Alexandria—Old-Scum-Tongue-Who-Can-Only-Lick-Off-Wives, Azzefonian, you're just about to depart for the seas of Europe, right?"

"Right," Azzefonian answered.

"Well, those waters stink of the cunts of women who don't masturbate and other strange fish that cause diarrhea, whereas our cunts, O Legba, Eleggua La Flambeau, La Sirène, O Legba You Who Are Truly Us, our cunts are made from the sun and out of rubies. Cunts to whom we gave birth in the foyer of the end of the world. Our cunts are knives in our fists and the insides of our thighs are becoming darker.

"Come inside, come inside."

Azzefonian, in love with white, went off to Europe.

* * *

Finally free of johns, the whores, now alone, spewed out bits of ink, words in ink, sexual or filthy words, words that were formed by the scars and wounds, especially those of sexual abuse, those out of childhood. All the women bore their wounds as childhoods. Therefore, words apocalyptic and apostrophic, punctuations only as disjunctions, disjunctions or cuts into the different parts of the body or of the world, everything priced and priced until, finally, all the numbers disappeared and were displaced by the winds:

Ventre, vente, vent.

These were only some of the elements of whore writing: all will never be named, for both word and self, whore, are always being lost because it is the winds who screw them.

(END OF THE FIRST WHORE-SONG) →

Secret Contracts Type. no.(2) General Security

General Index Card

Curriculum Vitae

Tripartite name: Aziz Salih Ahmad

Date of Birth: (left blank)

Profession: Fighter in the Popular Army

Activity: Violation of Women's Honor

Journalist's report:

Every major prison seems to have had its own specially equipped rape room (replete in one case with soft-porn pictures stuck on the wall opposite the surface being used).

. . . in the woman's section of the Juweideh

Prison, a section is called "adultery room." Police roaming the streets outside apparently have the power to detain young and unmarried women in the company of men unrelated to them. The couple are taken to a medical officer who tests the girl's virginity. If she is not virgin, the police immediately inform both families. The families negotiate the feasibility of marriage. Should the man refuse to marry the woman he was with, both are charged. Within two months, the man is released. But the woman is compelled to stay in prison beyond the period of her sentence.

Half the women in the adultery room of this prison had no sentences to serve. Some had been there five years; they had stayed because they needed protection from their families. The police did not take responsibility for a girl being shot or stabbed to death by a family member on the day of her release from prison.

In order to alleviate this situation, the police hunted for men who would marry the women in their custody. They found either old men looking for a new lease on life before they died or pimps.

Of this ancient world, very little will remain.

O now began to masturbate full-time, imagining every sailor, cock, hairs dripping from cock when wet, cats . . .

O:

" . . . all this while masturbating. There's farther to travel.

"Sailors, who're pirates, journey into nonexistence or the world of the unfurling rose:

"I'm a man. I hold her head in my hands. Her finger, rotating inside my asshole, makes all the liquids move. All the liquors flow into the centers or my balls, two spheres which hang black down there.

"As her finger travels, the pressures of the liquids build. They're going to shoot up through me into her hole."

"Now it's starting again the sensation's deep down have to keep it there, deep down open, or else it, or all, or I, will stop. The problem's the rigidity of everything and, above all, this must be prevented."

"A map of rigidities: the world's stopped. All feeling's gone. What did I do wrong? Or what went wrong?"

"Feeling or sensation evaporates whenever the feeler—the subject here is the object—tries to perceive and understand a particular feeling or sensation.

"This doesn't make sense anymore because I'm feeling too much. Any feeling is feeling too much."

"It's all over. The world's stopped. Then, another round of feeling, like a wave, rises under the most recent, retreating wave. Each new wave's bigger and stronger."

"I think about him. Any thought or agitation which lies outside feeling, outside the space in which subject and object are the same, causes cessation."

"oh yes baby starting to come too excited shaking eyes fading regular spasms contraction mouth is smiling going yes yes

wants no open stay open I didn't expect to come and I am now squeezing all legs and thighs around wrist while inside, in there, all the shakes

"I'm going to come harder now, in there, no end in sight"

"sailing, each series, starting with a high rise then swoop downward, each one more violent, direct"

"where is there an end to these convulsions?"

"Being with someone would be more violent."

"I will turn again to dreams"

"the ocean; all the fish go crazy; see them all orange"

"now this final orgasm all stirred up: the walls become rigid and in between, there's burning"

"today there's no end"

"now I have to use my fingers to masturbate."

"Later, the convulsions increased."

"After this, the whores accepted me, O, as one of them."

(END OF THE SECOND WHORE-SONG)

Even before this, O would say that she never wanted to be a master.

The Entrance of the Punk Boys

Among a hundred brothers him I greet A
Who ate my heart and I his heart did eat. A

rhymic couplet

According to the first of the dirty, filthy boys, the body is still in a process of being forged.

Especially his body—his name was Antonin Artaud—which was thin nasty sick mangled distorted ravaged by drugs and by desires which had been repressed by thinking.

The body, the kid said further, when not being robbed blind by family and religion, has an infinite capacity for self-transformation.

He had actually talked in a much more disgusting manner. Before he had died.

The punk boys were the ones who followed him. After his death.

★ All of them had fucked their mothers and were no longer colonized.

★ The growth of private property, one characteristic of the bourgeois industrial world, ceased; private property, in the form of multinational and extranational capital, returned to the hands of the few. Economic, therefore political, power seemed to be centralizing.

This decrease of the separation between private and public property, finally this disappearance, was directly related to a movement away from, and then to the passing away of the memory of, patriarchy.

In other words, the punks were one beginning of a new world.

Though these brats were at the edges of a new world, they had no idea how to relate to each other. For them, language just wasn't a problem.

Though he had been the protopunk boy, Artaud was the one the punk boys publicly disavowed. Like him, they wanted to destroy.

They disavowed history, but they were the direct descendants of Heliogabalus of Alexandria, who had been made emperor at fourteen years of age. Heliogabalus despised his own government and was anarchistic. His reign was replete with murder, incest, and a lack of values. (*Pirata?*)

The Alexandrian police cut Heliogabalus apart when he was eighteen years old, in the toilets of his own palace, and then threw his corpse outside on the dirt where two dogs happened to be pissing.

To be kissed by a punk boy was to be drawn to insanity or toward death. The last of the race of white men!

And to fuck one of them, said a girl who was doing just that, is to be drawn into murder.

★ Perhaps this was what happened to the prostitutes. They didn't commence their violent actions because they had started masturbating. As O had thought. They began because the punk boys came to town and the whores got touched by these boys.

It was the days before the boys who came after the punk boys landed in England.

The boys taught the whores: "We're not free because at any moment the sky could explode into shreds of flesh . . ."

What is mother / economy / master narrative / possessive individualism?

The horror the horror!
Heart of Darkness

"Europe is far away . . . farther because the civilized West has disappeared . . . already shreds of flesh . . . without any explosion."

The punks said further, "Terror is the answer for our times because we, whores and punks, cannot liberate ourselves by running away from horror, a horror that's nameless."

"But," O replied, "I've already lived through horror. I won't know where prostitution came from until I get rid of it."

"My mother's inside me. She wants me to suicide because she suicided. I could try to find a father so there would be no more mother, but there are no fathers around."

All of the whores agreed with O: it was the end of the white world.

It was at this time that O became friendly with a girl who also worked in the brothel, who had black hair and green eyes.

In order to figure out how to stop being a prostitute, O told her friend, Ange, this story about St. Gall Bladder:

Circle
"Until the world of water, earth, air, and light begins, all there can be is desire for water, earth, air, and light."

"St. Gall Bladder was running in the mountains. He was traveling through forests. In the woods, the dew dripped out of the cedars; hard, stiff stalks vibrated in the scintillating light. St. Gall Bladder stood up to his knees in dead spiders, mosses, saliva; soon all was a clarity: gold light and liquid. The gold of the air was that of the water."

"Below the cedars, bits of insect wings were lying on the high-tension cables; around the poles, the grass was virgin."

"St. Gall Bladder fell asleep on what was virgin . . ."

"When St. Gall Bladder woke out of his dream of loneliness, he

decided that it was time for him to return to the human world. He felt that now it was time for him to become nothing, to give everything away, and to go down into blackness, that blackness which is called *the world that is under*.

"'When I'm nothing,' he said out loud, 'I'll become human.'

"St. Gall Bladder went down and met some whores who were spread out on the ground. He walked up to them. During the Algerian war a bullet had blown a hole in his left thigh, so when one of the two prostitutes raised her eyes to him, she just as quickly lowered them.

"He seated himself between the two. 'I entreat you, my sisters, be true to the earth. Do not believe those who speak to you of superterrestrial hopes.

"'In times that were past, the soul looked contemptuously down at the body. This contempt was the supreme virtue. All the soul wanted was to escape . . .'

"'Take some if you're hungry,' the slender whore replied.

"St. Gall Bladder grabbed a banana; he was just about to put the fruit to his lips; he glanced at this girl who was the younger of the prostitutes; his eyes were gleaming with wet dreams.

"The young girl took up one of the hands of her lover, whose name was Ange, and held it. Fingers that trembled while held down in that valley which felt like sand, where the sea began, then explosion after explosion, made the world tremble.

"St. Gall Bladder watched everything carefully.

"The whores explained to the saint that they were voyaging to the end of the night.

"One of them placed her swollen membranes over the saint's face and the other licked his cock. For there was no way to be a whore anymore.

"Then they told him about the origin of prostitution: 'We, and

all the other prostitutes, come from the city of KaWeDe, where mothers eat their own children and afterwards fuck dogs. Now, it's time for us to go back, for all whores to go back, for whores to return to their origins.

“Go to KaWeDe and tell them that hell is coming to them. Inform them that we are coming. That we're going back to the source of prostitution and that only a saint who has had his day can be our messenger.”

St. Gall Bladder became the messenger of revolution and the women set the brothel on fire. Flames leapt from this building to nearby buildings, to edifice after edifice. When there was nothing left that could burn in the city, the flames shifted toward the forest. Turning trees and air into black smoke, the fire touched the doves in their flight, and the vultures, and threw them, as they lacked breath, against the sun. Fire ate at the feet of the animals, who were racing, nostrils as wide open as mouths stuffed with living coals: the whole mountain was blazing.

Aware that he was beginning to suffocate, for he was now journeying through this forest, Bladder retired into the bathroom of the hut that had formerly been his hermitage. He picked up his own shit, rubbed it into his face, for he was a saint. Then Gall Bladder threw himself into the source of the river that ran through the woods. A gun, which had been left by a murderer, to his own eye.

“Enough blood. Enough hatred,” he said. “Turn to water. Turn cocks into water.”

The moment that his face touched the water, the saint shot himself. Blood spurted out of the skin, reddening the river burning under the smoke; his head rolled ball-like through the

underwater billows while above, lions, serpents, pigs, even vultures, all chased by heat and smoke, passed and were passed by each other.

The corpse of the father was turning into water.

The crayfish hid under the dead man's armpits and orange fish nibbled at his lips . . .

The whores were drunk.

O didn't know whether she should leave with the other prostitutes. She began to dream about women.

She saw that she was in the room of a witch. It was colored pink-red. In its middle, there was a tweed couch. To the side of that, a Christmas tree.

The older woman proceeded to show O objects that scared her. O had to decide whether she would go through something more terrifying, a particular ceremony: if she went through it, she'd be allowed to enter the other world.

The other world lay in the upstairs of that apartment.

O felt two opposite emotions: her desire, her need to be in the other world accentuated her fright.

It was in the upstairs room that the witch showed O her crystal gun. O tossed it away. As soon as she had done this, she knew she shouldn't have. That it was against rules which hadn't yet been spoken. O also understood that the purpose of the ceremony, through which she still had to pass, was to scare her out of her mind.

“I don't want to lose my mind.”

The ceremony began when O opened white business envelopes. O's Visa slips sat in the first one. O had to see them. She had to realize that she always spent more money than she

earned or would ever be able to. By overspending, O was placing herself in the position of her mother before her mother had suicided.

O wasn't scared enough.

The second envelope held those plastic dolls made for the tops of birthday cakes. They were either cowboys or Indians. All of these carried insects in their mouths, under their chins, and inside their palms. The most horrible possible insects, such as scorpions. They had something to do with sex, but O didn't understand what.

O wasn't scared, because she was holding herself back because she was most scared of being scared, and yet she wanted to. She wanted to become scared out of her mind so she could cross into the unknown.

It was here, in the city that had burnt down, that O dreamed her last dream about herself and her friend:

"John, fingerfuck O." Said Ange. Ange was directing her first play, perhaps in what had been the brothel's theater. And John was the boyfriend of O's only male friend in Alexandria.

The boy slowly inserted one of his middle fingers between O's thick outer labia. "Is this okay?"

"Okay," said O.

She was wearing a Kotex pad and the black cotton panties that she always had on whenever she had her period. These were the only underpants O owned that didn't disappear into the crack of her ass.

John screwed his finger in as far as he could. He knew how to do this so that a woman felt pleasure, pleasure as if every type of pleasure was coexisting yet separate from every other type in the same space.

Neither John nor O was upset by her blood.

John ordered O to suck his fingers, which, having been up her cunt, were now soaked in blood. O couldn't tell if these fingers were still up there. She didn't mind licking them over and over again.

O drew away from John. Now she was conscious—if her mind was eyes, a veil had been drawn away from them—that she was experiencing sexual delight in a public space and that this was wrong. One shouldn't open up sexually in public to a man one didn't know when one was bleeding. Nevertheless she was doing this. And adoring this. In other words: what was clearly happening, with her, couldn't possibly be happening.

Everything was happening, as it always does, sexually.

John bit down hard on the tips of her nipples, and bit down hard again. O felt joy. She knew he was on the verge of fucking her. She didn't want him to fuck her because she was in a classroom and exposed to all the students and blood was showing everywhere but the outer strips of her thighs.

It was the beginning of the night when Ange asked her why she hadn't let herself be fucked. She knew that O wanted desperately to fuck.

O thought about this question. She decided that she must be a victim, though she had never before thought she was a victim, a victim of her society's definition of women her age. These women, no longer children, according to the society were no longer sexually desirable to men, except perhaps as prostitutes; more important, according to her society they no longer possessed sexuality.

O realized that the women who were younger than her were far more intelligent about these issues than the women her age.

Now night had come to the dead city and lay everywhere.

O found herself in the middle of one of its great streets. She was walking down this middle, as if she were a car or a motorcycle.

Somewhere in her, O knew that it was dangerous for her to act like a motorcycle. She believed that the middle lane, the middle of which she was in, was going to disappear, so just as it did, just as it became one of the other lanes, O swerved into the right lane.

In safety, she reached the bottom of the great thoroughfare. There Ange was waiting for her, though O hadn't expected to see her friend ever again. In the deserted city.

"Stay with me, O. Here."

There had been a previous arrangement between O and a man whose name she didn't know, to meet, at this very hour, in the tenderloin district. O remained with Ange.

The two women were already walking. O was upset that she was missing her appointment with the older man, but she couldn't be worried about that because she had to do something about the blood. She wasn't wearing anything so, at any moment, blood was going to seep through her clothes into the outside.

She remembered that there was a pharmacy on the corner, down the street from the department store where she had planned to meet——.

Instead of walking toward this department store, Ange and O moved in the other direction, across the principal street that crossed the one down which O had been running. Into the darkest and most deserted part of the burnt-down city.

This was where the artists lived.

In the gigantic pharmacy that was situated in this district, O was looking up toward a glass countertop far above her. She saw a pile of Tampax. The Tampax, she realized, was Eastern, because it hadn't been boxed, because it was wrapped in only the thinnest, the cheapest colorless paper. Its covering, in spots, was torn.

Since O couldn't buy the Tampax because she thought that it might be diseased, she asked the woman behind the glass counter if the pharmacy had anything else for periods.

An emaciated blonde pointed to wooden shelves which were so high that their tops and bottoms had disappeared. They stood behind O. On one of the higher shelves lay a jumbo box of Kotex. Pads so huge they must have been designed for elephants.

"You see, O," the salesgirl said, "you could have gotten fucked even though you had your period."

Everything about the restaurant to which the older man brought O spoke of wealth and the upper classes. The man turned out to be a professor O had once met, one of the most respected teachers in the country, and a novelist. Unlike the other ones who had fucked O in the recent past, the men she could remember, this one treated her gently and with respect.

It was toward the end of their meal that he pulled her toward him, across the red leather couch on which they were still sitting.

So he does want to get to know me, O told herself.

The hands that were holding her head pushed her head down to where she saw a cock that wasn't human. That was small, very pointed at the end, a ring of flesh around its middle, white rather than red. Like a cat's. O put her mouth around it.

She didn't think anyone in the restaurant, certainly not their waiter, was noticing her disappearance, or the head, beneath the white-cloth-covered tabletop, down in the realm that lay under.

When everything was over, she raised her head and saw that the man had changed: he was smiling angelically; the hair on his head, once scanty and white, was now very thick, black, an Afro, like what white liberals had once worn.

O was feeling sick. She realized that having this sex, during which she never lost consciousness, made her queasy. Such sex was immoral. Whereas the sex during the sex show had sent her over the edge, over every edge, over her self, flying, until all that was left was sky and endless blackness. During the loss of herself, "she" had become scared. O realized that she wanted this sex, that she needed it, this sexuality that she had known when she was a whore.

(END OF THE THIRD WHORE-SONG)

O, the Jew, told herself, I have to go back to my roots.

IN A WORLD WITHOUT MEN, IN A WORLD PUNCTURED BY DREAMS

Later, Ange told O that she had had a dream about her father. O hadn't known that she'd had a father.

"I was back in my childhood. It was a large room. Below that room lay an even grander hotel.

"As spacious and majestic as possible, for it had been designed for spectacles. Theatrical. Medical.

"We were all alone in this room. Daddy and I. Since

there was no door out of there and its only phone wasn't working, we had only each other.

"I watched him slip to the floor. As he lay on that wood, he gasped. Gaped again.

"Then I knew Daddy was a businessman.

"I don't know how the doctors found out what had happened. Nevertheless, they arrived and carted him away to a hospital that was equally gigantic, underground. The whole time while he was being rolled into that hospital, I held on to one of his hands.

"The doctors took my parent away from me.

"I waited for him to come back. Until I met you, O, I'd never known how to do anything but wait.

"The times of waiting were when there was no time.

"Now there was no time . . .

"The doctors informed me that Daddy was going to live. 'But'—my heart sat in my mouth—'he's blind.'

" 'Oh.'

" 'If you want,' said this doctor who was kind, 'you can see your father now.'

"I entered a small room where I saw long, thin tubes, a differently colored liquid filling each one, connected to longer, thinner tubes connected to Daddy. I think they were feeding him. I must have banged my funny bone against the corner of a chair or something because I started to scream.

"The crowd around me, all of whom were my friends, told me to shut up. My father had a bad heart and now he didn't have any eyes and he wasn't screaming.

"Daddy didn't say anything.

"I was young. Just like Antigone, I didn't want to spend the rest of my life with an old, dying man. To be shut up with a

father. I looked for a phone. There were some outside my father's room, but they were dead. Every phone in the hospital, dead.

"I left my father only 'cause I was looking for a working phone. I came to what I thought was a hotel.

"The building, which could have been a hotel, was a theater whose insides mirrored the hotel's outside.

"Like a mole, a small store hung off of the building's skin.

"Its back was full of books. Its front was crowded with wooden shelves weighted down by porn mags. The bottom two shelves, each stand, held comics.

"Louise Vanaen was standing next to me in that store. Her eyes were greener than mine because she knew more about comic books. So I wanted to turn to her, but instead I secretly watched the huge eyes, where they journeyed, how long, where they lingered. I saw each comic the hands touched."

O was getting jealous.

"When I could no longer see, a man explained that two other men had just questioned him.

"Though he hadn't been talking to me, he stopped speaking and two jocks came up to me. One of them placed a piece of paper in my mouth.

"What're you doing to me?"

"This paper is litmus. We use it to take fingerprints.'

"I was the only one they were doing this to. 'Why me?"

"We just want to ask you some questions.'

"They shot liquid—it was either pale yellow or pale orange—into my flesh. I didn't understand why they were doing it. It couldn't be to find out my secrets because I tell everybody

everything. I turned to Louise Vanaen and begged her not to leave me. 'I feel funny. Maybe it's 'cause there's this liquid in me.'"

O and Ange were standing next to a lake of stagnant gray water which had once been part of the wealthy and exclusive spa of the port.

"What does this dream have to do with your father?"

"I don't know." But she knew. Since her father no longer had any eyes, Ange could begin to see. She saw the green and gray water, the gulls, and beyond the birds, where there might be other seas whose roads led to treasure.

"I've never dreamt about a father," O said.

"I've dreamt about cities. Last night, you and I walked through a dead one.

"We came to the city's heart. In its center was a monastery.

"Monks crawled over the floor.

"Below were the pits. Sand mounds looking like cutoff breasts rose upward.

"O, you couldn't understand the meaning of any of the words you read in the dense, illuminated manuscripts, found elsewhere in that edifice."

The two ex-whores were standing in their favorite spot in Alexandria; unordered clusters of broken walls; pools too fetid for the filthiest of birds; substances between the sand and mud which reeked of the strangest of excrements. Once the foundation of a spa so magnificent that teenage boys had traveled from all parts of the known to hide in its shadows. O, more than Ange, loved decay. At times, the stench, more pungent than sweat, under her own armpits.

They huddled against one of the structures, for sharp winds were now moving off of the salt-drenched sea.

"My dreams're no longer telling me what to do. There's nothing in this place, Ange. We can't stay here."

"Where are we going to go?"

They watched a gull fly from one point of a rock covered with gull turd to another.

"We got rid of our johns. Now our dreams don't mean anything."

A storm burst. The air transformed to charcoal, grew into itself until it became so thick that it was material. It was like the creation of the world.

In full day, the sky broke into two.

"Myths mean something," said the green-eyed girl.

"They do?"

The former tried to disappear into the part of the wall against which she was leaning but couldn't and curled into O. "Let me recite a myth. Anyway, I think it's a myth. It's one of the stories the punk boys told me."

The brats had disappeared from the city.

"There was this girl who had a boyfriend. She had black skin and he had white."

O kissed Ange. "I told you there's no more meaning."

"He lived in burial grounds."

"Oh," said O.

"He and his girlfriend were always fighting: that's how they remained together.

"One day she yelled, 'You're always naked except for that bunch of skulls around your neck. In which maggots're living. That you never take off. And you're odoriferous. In a bad way. You think that death's sexy, that's why you stink most of the

time; of rot and foul, fetid fur, but you smell worst when you're about to come.'

"The boy was always about to come because he never came. Sometimes the girl wasn't sure whether she liked this.

" 'What're you talking about?' asked the boy. 'You're not white.'

"To win their argument, the girl decided to get white skin.

"In solitude so complete that it approached nothingness, she'd meditate on whiteness. Which is nothingness.

"She went away.

"Abandoned by love, the boy was vulnerable.

"A demon, because demons're always hanging around skulls and graveyards, saw that the boy was vulnerable. Open to demon attack. 'Yum,' uttered the demon and turned itself into a snake. Now it was a male. Demons, being without any gender, can become whoever and whatever they want.

"As snake, he slithered up to the mausoleum of the boy and girl. At that threshold, he turned himself into a replica of the girl, and crossed the threshold.

"The boy thought that his girlfriend was coming back to beg him to take her back. He wasn't going to make it hard for her.

" 'Darling,' he said. He was naked. 'All that I've done since you've been away from me is smell you. The wood and moss that sleep in your pussy. The liquids that drip in pools out of your cunt. From now on I'll do anything to be able to smell you beyond the end of time.'

" 'I've come back because I love you.'

"The snake into whom the demon had changed itself had been poisonous. And the demon took those poisonous fangs,

when it metamorphosed again, and placed them high, hidden, in the fake girl's cunt.

"From her words the boy recognized that this wasn't his girlfriend, so he attached a bomb to the tip of his cock. Just in the slit. With this explosive cock, he conquered his sexual loneliness and the vulnerability that rises out of such loneliness.

"Having been subdued, the demon, in snake form, wound around the erect cock."

Ange finished the story she had gotten from the boys. "I want to be like that."

The winds that were coming off of the sea were turning fiercer.

— "I want that serpent power."

"We can't stay here," O said. "We need to do more than be whores and masturbate."

"I agree."

"Let's go to Europe."

"No way. I don't want to go to Europe. Europe's dead."

"We'll just go back to Europe to steal."

"Okay."

This was the first significant decision that the girls had made since they'd helped burn down the brothel, since the subsequent conflagration of the city.

Ange: "How're we going to get there? There's no money."

"Once I tried to go to Europe," said O. "I went to an airport. I had my ticket in my hand.

"In those days, I was earning money.

"My hand was clammy. It was holding only the top half of

the ticket because the woman behind the desk had taken away the rest. Now there was no one in the airport.

"I knew I'd never get back to Europe.

"I stood in those cavernous passageways. It must have been evening, for there was no longer any weather. I searched for the woman who had taken the bottom half of my ticket away from me.

"There was no one.

"It was as if there was no more time.

"Time had died and anxiety mounted. The higher it climbed up my body, as if it wanted to sit around my neck, the more I wanted to reach Europe. Until desperation or need was so intense that I didn't know whether I could keep on living.

"I thought, where I am in this world which is no world, there's nobody."

Ange knew O was describing loneliness, which she had also felt in the brothel.

"I had to find another human. Someone who would help me." O continued.

"Time began when I saw a girl standing behind a desk. I walked up to her to explain all that had just happened.

"She disappeared.

"Beyond my range of vision lay numerous sections of the airport. In some of those areas, the passengers who had obtained tickets were able to pass through the gate.

"A shrunken man whose face was like a goat's sat in one of those areas at a folding table. He was staring down at the white part of a Visa slip. It was the bottom of my ticket.

"I handed it to the girl who had disappeared.

"Now I was allowed to return to Europe, where people still read books.

"I had arrived at this airport long before the travel agency told me to come. Long before any airplane was due to depart. It had taken me so much time to repossess the whole ticket that, as soon as I had obtained it, my plane was due to leave.

"There was only one more gate to pass through before I boarded the airplane: the one where all possessions were checked.

"The checker, who was male, inserted his middle finger into the stuffed zebra my last boyfriend had given me as a good-bye present. The tip of the finger encountered something hard. Up there. This tip curved, scraped, then brought out with it a number of large coins. Nazi war money."

"We're going to go to Europe, O."

"Yes? . . ."

"We're beginning to travel."

The winds were sinking with the sun: all the gold that's hidden treasure on the ocean, which changes from day to day, started to become visible. Ange sat down on a small, flat rock; O sat on top of her.

"Shh. Calm down. Until you calm down, we can't begin traveling."

O didn't say anything.

"We're traveling now."

O hid her eyes in the safety of the chest in front of her body because she could vacation only when she didn't have any eyes.

"Tell me what you're seeing, O."

"I don't know. I've got to come out of hiding, Ange. It's very scared down here."

"It?"

"It doesn't think that anyone likes it. It doesn't know it can come out and play and it desperately wants to come out and play. And I'm scared it's going to take me over, Ange."

"You've got to stay with me." She smoothed down her friend's hair.

"There's a spot," the slender girl announced.

"Where, honey?"

"In the ocean. The ocean of drudge, of gook. Brown, dirty water."

For a while, there was silence.

"Now the spot's beginning to send out arms. Its eyes open.

" 'This is nice,' is the first thing that the spot says."

Ange's mouth opened like her friend's name as she listened and watched what she couldn't see.

"It began to play," O reported as if everything, or the world, had already taken place. "By turning, then by moving under itself. It somersaulted; it sent out rays again.

"Now I think it's gone. I think it became this circle of swirling water. My center just shivered."

"This is what traveling is," said Ange when O could no longer hear her.

"The animal awakes, shivering," O said.

"The vibrations want to move downward. 'Nothing,' they are telling me, 'will happen until all of us go down there. The only way you can wake up, O, is by going down there.'

" 'I'm lonely,' I cried.

" 'Come down here, you motherfucking bitch,' they said to me.

"I said, 'Thank you.' "

"Let's go inside. Inside somewhere," Ange corrected herself when the world was over.

"I want to go down again."

The two girls had started to walk away from the dead fish. "We've others to fry, O. We've the future."

There were no men, so dead fish lay everywhere. Ange remembered a former girlfriend, a nurse, who had advertised hers on a male nude beach.

Some odors never go away, for they are never forgotten.

That night, Ange dreamed that her father visited her. She was lying with her stuffed animal. Her father wanted to tell her that there would again be men in the world, but instead he started discussing Ange's mother.

"Your mother's waiting for you, A. She wants you to go to her."

"Come in her, more likely."

"A. We're your parents. She wants you to go to her apartment. In the bathroom sink there'll be a layer of leftover rice and peas mixed with brown shit. In its bottom half, as if a circle had been drawn. You'll have to clean everything up. Your mother has placed all your cosmetics and oils inside her washing machine."

"I've never heard it called a 'washing machine' before."

As if childhood had relevance to anything.

The next morning, Ange told O her dead father had visited her. He had explained to her how to get to Europe.

"Okay," O replied, "let's crawl through all the houses of the rich who once fucked in this city and see if we can find anything to enable us to reach Europe."

It was early morning, not yet yellow, and they began to scramble through the homes of the rich. These buildings were

broken; some without doors or a wall; sometimes so shattered that they were no longer edifices. They resembled sets of Dario Argento movies. Though a few of the upper class had remained in this city, O and Ange met only nonhumans who, like them, were on their hands and knees.

O thought, it's not that we've become animals, it's that the animals accept us. Now.

It was as if a world was beginning in which a sun knew no misery and all that was appearing was alive and moving.

Ange began to tell her friend about childhood because, at this time, it was hard for her to talk: "All money . . . my mother's side . . . she insane . . . totally insane . . . the freedom, that is, the isolation of the rich due to money." She was repeating herself. "My father had a son who died, so he brought me up as a boy. 'Your mother loves you,' he would say, because he protected her.

"When I was a child, I never spoke. I was a boy."

All that Ange and O found in these houses were boxes of condoms.

"If we keep on crawling, we're bound to stumble over something."

"Something other?"

The house they were inside had no more walls. Ange wriggled to the outside, where she found a road. Rather, a path that was egotistic. When she realized that she was moving over dead dogs, she ran into the first shelter she saw.

Here was only half a front door. Ange knew everything about this house. Though there was no light inside, she stepped quickly through a mélange of planks and shattered objects until she came to a stair.

She found a second stair.

O had followed her friend. She was thinking about her coming period.

"Draw down the blind, O." The one blind wasn't attached to a window. In this bottom room.

O let down the blind.

"Now the stairs. Follow me."

She reached the top of the stairs and walked forward until her knee hit the doubling of a body and a bed.

Ange: "I'm following my father's instructions."

She hadn't been able to fall asleep, when a child, until she was safe. Safe on a ship which an ocean surrounded. She became even safer when, as she fell into sleep, monsters emerged out of those emerald waters. No two monsters were the same.

Ange knew that the body was her mother, and dead.

"Mommy."

She didn't answer Ange. She had never answered Ange because she was on the phone with her friends.

Ange kicked her.

She had been stubborn, only concerned with herself. All that she had noticed was her incredible beauty and her friends. She had green eyes and hair blacker than Chinese pussy. A mouth that was always red covered by red lipstick. Red, black, and green. Ange didn't know what color her skin was because the girl could no longer see.

Ange began to feel her mother up.

"O, come over here."

When O realized that Ange was doing what she was doing, though O knew nothing about mothers, she asked Ange why she was doing what she was doing.

"There's the key, O," Ange answered.

"The key?"

"The key to the box that contains treasure. We're going to search for buried treasure, aren't we?"

O began to remember. She decided; without having to decide, to help Ange locate the key.

As soon as they opened this box, they'd be able to journey to Europe.

Ange had come upon this box only once when she was young. She had been all alone in her parents' house. Which was unusual. In her mother's green clothes closet, three rows of two-inch, high-heeled shoes. Below was the box. Locked.

Ange ordered O to feel around the breasts, for the key might be on a chain.

O couldn't feel anything with her hands.

Ange was searching down below. Nothing was there to which a key could be tied. "O, help me."

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Keep on looking. I've become lost."

And Sailing toward her India, in that way
 Shall at her fair Atlantick Navell stay;
 Though thence the current be thy Pilot made,
 Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embay'd,
 Though shalt upon another Forest set,
 Where many shipwrack, and no further get.

O was disgusted. But since Ange was her friend, she'd do anything for her. Perhaps that's what friendship is. So O tried to convince herself that any dead body's only a dead body.

She remembered a North African writer's words. "Source or transformer of meaning and sense, forever relativizing the right, the left, and the earth whence these directions spring, you have fused your compass into the liquid body."

These words gave O the courage to begin searching this body more profoundly. Not only the surfaces that were the breasts, but those that lay in between. In there, she found a bit of string. She followed this string, as if tracking an animal, until she came to a hard object.

It was about to get away from her.

"Give it to me, O." Ange, grabbing, fell on top of O, who tumbled onto the dead body.

All of them lay still for a moment. Ange took the strange object away from O. The dead mother didn't say anything.

"Now we have to find your mother's box."

They started to search for that object, which was as yet imaginary.

The two girls abandoned the dead body and arrived at another flight of stairs. The top of these steps, resembling an arch, immediately presented a room that was smaller. A room like a window looking out over an ocean larger than the window. The room had a desk and a large black box.

The top of the container was embossed with letters from an alphabet unknown to the girls.

While O sniffed, Ange turned the key in its lock.

"I smell something," whispered O.

"What're you sniffing?"

"I don't know." She started to investigate herself.

The green-eyed girl opened the box. "There's nothing here."

"I agree."

At the edge of the threshold of the unknown, O was about to give up.

Ange reached into the box as deeply as she could and touched paper.

"Heave ho!" she announced.

And placed what appeared to be a number of papers, wrapped in a piece of oilcloth a dog must have pissed on, in an area of her sweater; then, O did the same with whatever money she could find in that bottom. They groped their way downstairs, removed the half of the door still standing, and walked into the night. Where fog so thick that it absorbed both the visible and audible concealed the burnt city.

This was the last time that either Ange or O were to return to a parent's home.

The fog gave them the sensation that they had arrived at the end of the world. There were only fish and birds, none of whom could be seen or heard and so were only sensed: here and there, where the fog broke, a band of clouds.

Ange knew that the roads that they were about to follow, those made of seaweed and the bone that line the ocean, mirrored the pathways of these birds.

O: "My final dream of Alexandria was about my last boyfriend. The last time I was with a man.

"I was in a city which was located at the end of the world. I was waiting outside a diner-like restaurant for my boyfriend, who was much younger than me and worked in that joint.

"As for me, I was working in the film business. Sometime later, the director of the film I was on informed me that he was into strange sex. I accompanied him to a hotel, into a room with an enormous bed.

"Even though he looked like Steven Spielberg, he didn't mind when he discovered that I was having my period. But I didn't want to take off my white cotton underpants.

"While we were on that bed, a number of well-dressed New Yorkers walked around us.

"The sex between us was negligible, so we started to gossip. In an attempt to be polite—such endeavors always fail—I mentioned some semifamous New Yorkers whom we both knew.

"But I wanted to return to that gray street. The one outside the diner-like restaurant. Waiting for my boyfriend to return.

"Out of that low building he walked, all tall and gangly, until he reached me.

"'Do you want to be with me?' he bluntly asked me. 'You're hungry, so I'm going to feed you.'

"I went away with him. I didn't know where.

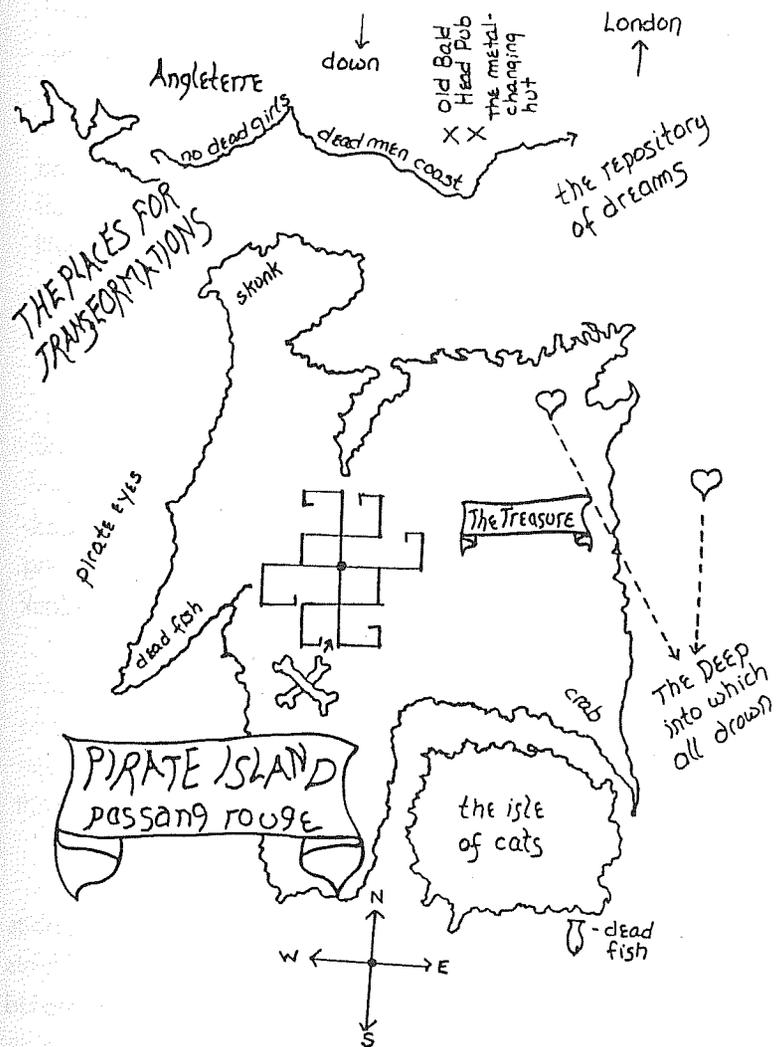
"He asked if I wanted to see him again.

"I told him, the boy I loved, that I couldn't see him again because I was a whore. While I was saying this, I knew that whoring had nothing to do with loving. 'I guess we're never going to see each other again.'

"'Of course we're going to, O.'

"Now I knew, even more than it was possible for me to know anything, that I was going to go away from him and never return."

After Ange had listened to O's dream, the two of them abandoned the now almost deserted city.



Kathy Acker

women not to be defined to Men

Manuscript Found Next to Map:

The Beginning of the World of Pirates
(In Our Scummy Pirate Language)

Incest begins this world. Incest begins the beginning of this world:

A father's fucking his daughter. Night's fucking with morning.
Night's black; morning, red. There's nothing else.

In this area between timeless and time, a father, realizing that maybe he shouldn't come in his daughter or maybe just that he shouldn't come, pulls his cock out of her box. His timing must be off because his cock spurts white liquid out. Out into the future, what will be time. In this arena between timelessness and time, the most dangerous thing or being that can come into being is time.

Sperm is explosive.

The night's black.

The moment that the white drops fall on what will be ground, down, time or this world begins.

Sperm is lying everywhere, in the world of time, on its ground. Lying in viscous pools. Since there's time now, the sun, the first being in the world, not yet quite being, cooks away all the sperm; black char and red earth are left.

The first animals are colored red or black.

Night's black; morning, red.

This is how we name the terror of our primordial dawn.

The only person who doesn't approve of incest is a boy who inhabits graveyards. It's his own father who's been fooling around with his sibling. What isn't bearable is that his father wanted to make the kid pregnant.

In other words, that his father is a father.

The world is man: the world must be man: woman must be

Adam
Eve
God

In order to stop the incest that's going on, and all the incest that will ever be, therefore all that's already taken place in the world, the boy snips off the father's head with a fingernail. Separated, the head falls down, into the boy's hand. There, sticks to that palm.

But the boy isn't into possessions. He likes not death but all that lies outside life and death. The brat hasn't owned anything in years and years, though he's been stealing—that's why he steals—and now, here he is with a head. As soon as it's happy in his palm, the head turns into a skull. Into a skull-bowl. Because it loves the boy so much that it wants the boy to use it.

The brat does. For now he's able both to steal and beg. This is how he comes to love skulls and graveyards.

Play or delight will be endless.

The father, headless, is pissed that he doesn't have a head. He's determined to punish this brat severely. The brat's related to him. Moreover, the brat's an immoral brat because he doesn't want a family. Because he doesn't want to be a man. He'll teach the boy what it is to be a man. To be responsible. To want to reproduce oneself, to keep one's seed alive in the world.

Not that the brat's been celibate. In fact, this child's continually screwing a girl who's as scummy as he is and looks like a rat. One of her names is Rat-Brat because she's the rat of the brat. The brat never comes in his girlfriend, which is even worse 'cause this means that the boy's into sex only for the sake of sex.

Continually.

And what makes everything even more reprehensible is that the girl, who looks like some rat, loves the parricidal boy more than anyone and anything else in the world, and beyond the world, 'cause, since he doesn't come in her, he fucks and fucks her and she comes and comes and so, then, keeps on coming and then there's no more time.

Those who live in graveyards don't know time.

They don't think about love 'cause they think about sex and skulls. They're perverts.

Thinks the father. The girl's his granddaughter.

And since the boy never comes and the girl never stops coming, he comes in the same way that she does. That's the most perverted or criminal thing of all.

"Those two'll have to marry each other," the father without a head declares. "That's all there is to it."

It was the only way to solve everything.

★ The girl's been coming for twenty-five years. She's so full of coming, she decides she wants to feel something else.

She wants to be married so she can live in a house that isn't full of half-rotted corpses and prowling animals who smell dead things and smell like dead things. It's at this very moment that her grandfather, entering the graveyard, orders his bad son to get married.

"No way. As for babies, I'd rather be dead."

The girl's upset that the boy's not going to wed her. For the first time, she questions his love.

Thus, the father gets his revenge.

Instead of marrying her, the brat fucks her even more often. The more he makes this girl who looks like a boy come, the more she doubts he loves her.

★ As soon as he realizes she's questioning his love or him, he wants to be free from her. He makes her come even harder.

So she knows he no longer wants her. "What's the use of this sexual body," she cries out loud, "which desires and at the same time fears? What's the use of this sexual body which alienates what

it desires? How can I bear to be conscious? Better not to be." She attempts to run away from herself and burns herself up.

The boy, of course, is the last to learn that the girl has done herself in. That, burnt up, she's gone away from him forever. He goes over to her body. He rubs whatever is black char into his skin. He touches her blood. His hands pick up the rest of the material that's her and hold it high above his head. Holding her there, delicately and precisely, he begins to circle, faster, more rapidly and more rapidly, now that he's reunited with the rat, whirling twirling. Limbs flail at branches, at the rocks that have thrust themselves into the universe. Neither he nor she feels anything.

What remains of her is hanging like crabs' legs around his neck.

His sperm flows through the world.

As long as she has any hairs left, they lash the stars.

Irritated by the smell of his own sperm, the boy rotates at such a speed that what limbs there are, then the other parts of her body, fall off. The pupils pop out.

There's nothing and no one left. Of this world. Except for the cunt. Of a girl. On a nearby tree, a bird hangs and leaves its heart.

With the eyes he has left, he watches her cunt fall into a crevice. It's the end of the world. There are no more eyes. It's as if the head has fallen away.

The world has to begin again.

He dreams without a head. Dreams only one dream: He begs the girl to come back to him because he can't live without her. It's at this moment that he begins to search for her.

★ For the treasure of the world.

The Pirate Girls

KING PUSSY'S STORY

Pussy, Who Always Lives Inside Her Own Head . . .

Childhood ended when Pussy learned that she was pregnant. It didn't matter to her, at that point, who the man was. Or it did.

Naming:

All that she knew was that he had come from across an ocean. After she had fucked with him twice, he had mentioned to her that he was on methadone. But he had run out, or else he was kicking it, therefore he couldn't fuck her anymore.

Since Pussy was a nice girl, she offered him her apartment, or hole, as a refuge; she offered herself as a friend. Three days later, she asked him to get out of her home . . .

In those days, Pussy made meager amounts of money by being a performance artist. That's what it was called. After the flight of the stranger, she went on the road.

It was during the second week of road work that she remembered that her period was a day late. It was the first time in her life that it ever occurred to her that she could become pregnant.

The possibility had never before been a possibility. As soon as it was possible for her to be pregnant, Pussy was sure that she was. She was definite that she must get an abortion as soon as she got off this road, and even sooner.

Before this time it hadn't been possible for her to be pregnant, because she hadn't wanted a child. She had no idea why she didn't want a child, because all women want to bear children.

Pussy got off the road.

She ran to see a gynecologist whose name she had found in the telephone directory and then she informed him that she was pregnant.

The clinic in which she had found herself seemed to be devoted to abortions. The gynecologist, who was actually a nurse-practitioner, informed Pussy that she had to be pregnant for a full six weeks and then her baby could be aborted.

Pussy *waited*, as if *waded*, rather than lived, through the remainder of the full six weeks. During this *period*, according to Pussy, her body became alien to whatever was her, because her breasts turned so painfully swollen that she could no longer sleep in her usual positions, because she was simultaneously and continuously hungry and nauseous, because she wanted the child to remain alive.

She didn't know whether or not to tell the stranger that she and he could now have a baby; she decided not to bother

him, because by not disturbing him she was being polite.

"I can't have a baby," she told herself. Since she could, she made up reasons why she couldn't. She couldn't bear her child because she had no money, because there was no way in the future for her to earn money. Because the child wouldn't have a father.

A week lay between this conversation with herself and the abortion. Her only hope, though she didn't know what *hope* could mean, was to stop being pregnant naturally. Her immune system had never operated in regard to pelvic inflammations and abortions lead to such infections. Pussy drank cup after cup of pennyroyal tea until she almost puked. She waited a few hours, then began the process again.

After three days of pennyroyal tea, nightmares rather than swollen breasts kept her awake. The final nightmare, she murdered her daughter.

Upon waking or leaving the nightmare, she realized this was true. Her doctor who wasn't a gynecologist agreed with her. "After your abortion," he said, "you are going to have to pay."

Since Pussy never had thought, nor would she think, that women shouldn't have abortions, she had to come to terms with the realization that to be human, and woman, includes the possibility and even the act of murder.

Nothing but abortion was going to work.

The night prior to the suction, the stranger phoned her. He hadn't contacted her since she had been on the road. "You're going to be a father." These words fell out of Pussy's mouth before she knew about them. She was out of her mind.

He wanted her to bear his child. He replied. He began to talk. She was the fourth woman he had made pregnant. For the

first time, he wanted one of his children to become alive. Perhaps this desire was a sign that, now, he was adult.

"I can't afford to bring up a child."

"I'll help you out financially if you need it."

"You can't 'help me out financially.'" For the moment Pussy forgot his name. "Since you're the child's father, you're as responsible as I am in every possible way.

"But you can't be the father, because we don't have a relationship. We knew each other only for a week."

"I agree with what you're saying."

"The question of responsibility's complicated. I never knew my father and look how fucked-up I am. Not knowing my father fucked me up my whole life. Because I never let people get close to me. I won't do that to a child; I won't give my child my childhood."

Pussy didn't tell the stranger that she was going to have the abortion the next morning.

Now I Tell This Story the Way I Say It

That night, because after I got pregnant it was always night, one of my girlfriends led me through whatever city I was living in.

To an antique store. I didn't want to go *there* because antique stores are graveyards for all those who are dead.

This one was located behind a street. When we found it, it was shivering like a dying animal behind iron bars. Dead clothes filled it up. Dead clothes, the parts of the skin that have been used and used until they're flaky and yellow.

For weeks I needed new clothes. The city had been turning colder. Holes had crept into all of my wool clothing. I had

searched for sweaters. Here, in this store, for the first time, were the sweaters I craved, sexual ones, the kind that aren't manufactured anymore. I tried one on. Two of them. Sweater after sweater. Each one softer, more developed than the last. No two were ever the same.

My guide must have been a guy because he was trying on men's clothes.

I hate it when I can't fuck, for whatever reason, someone I want to fuck. I went back to whatever stood for a dressing room. In the back of the store, in a corner.

A red velvet curtain, rather than a door, obscured whatever lay inside.

In there, I looked at myself in a green sweater whose hairs were so long that they curled around each other. Green glass jewels hid in this hair. Its huge collar didn't imprison me, like most collars. Watching myself in a mirror that was older and taller than me, a mirror that was also outside, I realized I was beautiful.

The second sweater I put on, though black, was so thin that I could still see my own breasts. They had no nipples. The more naked that I became, the more beautiful.

Sweater after sweater.

I wanted to own every single one. I couldn't afford this. I arbitrarily decided on number four. Abandoning the four I had chosen, all of the sweaters I had tried on, heaped in turds upon the floor, I went back into the dressing room, which I thought was empty.

My boyfriend was in there.

When we were inside, he told me and the girl who was with me what I had never known, that he was going to abandon me.

Right then, everything, or the world, stopped.

This was how MD, who was my girlfriend, and I started our journey through this forgotten city.

Its streets were more crowded than I remembered. I don't know who was driving that car we were in.

... As yet I didn't understand that I was in the city's heart ...

... I saw women, dressed in black, standing on a sidewalk. They were milling, that is, not yet in a line, around, under, a bright pink movie marquee ...

... The color of all the streets was brown ...

... The street down which we were driving connected the two ends of the city ...

... I saw a poster on a wall that was the color of the streets. It read "Maya Angelou." Then I looked down an alley: all of the buildings down that tube were brownstones. In that street, the sky was that gray which is perpetual and never devoid of light. When I looked again, the women under "Maya Angelou," now even more of them, dressed in black, stood in a line.

I didn't understand what I was seeing. But I couldn't have been hallucinating because my girlfriend was seeing what I was.

"Why are so many women wearing black waiting for Maya Angelou?" I asked her.

We were driven the same distance we had been driven. Again, I looked down an alley. Here the perspective reminded me of a world in a Renaissance painting: the condition of the space, especially in regard to infinity, depended on its perceiver's seeing.

I saw a line of women which extended down that alley as

far as I could see, turned the corner, beyond my sight. All of the women I saw wore nun's habits.

"They're imitating Coffee," remarked MD.

"Coffee?"

As soon as I responded to her, in my mind's eye I saw a novel by Chester Himes. I had no idea what Chester Himes had to do with Coffee.

"Coffee's a huge draw," Marguerite explained to me, "because the people who live in this neighborhood hate PG&E." PG&E was the local gas and electric company.

Though I detest every gas and electric company I've ever encountered, I didn't rationally understand how Coffee connected to hatred for PG&E. But nonrationally I understood.

MD explained further: "When Angela Davis appeared downtown her audience was tiny."

I agreed. "And, unlike Maya Angelou's audience, none of the women in the former's audience wanted to be her." Then I began my analysis of mass and media culture: "There are far more women who want to be Coffee than there are Angela or Maya Angelou wanna-bes, but we don't know who Coffee is."

MD remarked that Angela read downtown and that downtown is where the art venues and rich whites reside. "No one goes there anymore."

Instead of saying this, she actually said, "No one goes down now."

We went down to where it was no longer poor.

Here streets were dark from the color of rain. The same color I saw fall in Berlin.

"Pussy, pussy," I called.

We were walking away from the antique store filled with dead clothes, and a little cat was prancing ahead of us over the

light gray concrete. She darted between my legs, raced around behind me, leapt ahead of me. Until she no longer could be seen.

In all that half-light and half-dark, I said out loud, "Pussy."

Every time I called her, she returned to me. Then scooted even faster between mine and my girlfriend's legs, around and around our feet, until the world was a tangle. Just at that moment, she extended one of her paws. As if she was going to bat.

It was the only way that she could touch me. She was just like me.

The cat said to me, so that I could understand her, "I'll never leave you." As if I had been instructed in a more secret language, I then understood that, according to her nature, she goes wherever she wants whenever and at whatever speed, often disappears for days, and that if I welcome this, she'll never abandon me.

I liked this.

This was how I got my name.

Turning into a Criminal

Pussy met her gynecologist for the first time on the day of the abortion. Since he was sporting a ponytail, she decided that he must have once been a hippy. She was high on the pills that they had fed her.

They blabbed for an unknown amount of time about the nature of poetry and then Pussy asked when her abortion was going to begin.

The hippy answered that it would soon be over. She felt a twinge which was almost painful.

The abortion was over. Just before the end of this world, Pussy hadn't known a thing.

There is no master narrative nor realist perspective to provide a background of social and historical facts.

Two weeks after the abortion, Pussy returned to the clinic for her routine checkup. A nurse-practitioner, who might have been the first one, informed her that she was still pregnant.

"I don't feel pregnant."

"Some women even bear a child after they've had a termination. But we're not sure you're pregnant."

Pussy asked when they might know positively what she was. She, or her body, was confused.

"Why don't you relax for two weeks? Forget that any of this happened. You'll probably get your period before the end of two weeks and then you'll know for sure that you're not pregnant."

The Time of Possibilities was the name of these two weeks. Sometime during this time, the nurse-practitioners and the doctors—there seemed to be two of each—speculated that Pussy might have a tubal pregnancy.

Two weeks had passed. No period was anywhere to be found. So they decided to test her to find out if anyone or part of anyone was living inside her.

They photographed the insides of her uterus. The photos showed uterine insides. There was nothing else. But the quality of the photos was poor.

They, and in this world *they* always means *medical people*, then extracted blood from Pussy. The blood told *them* that Pussy was pregnant.

"This means," one of the nurse-practitioners explained to

the female, "that you might be pregnant and you might not be. If you are pregnant, we don't know where . . ." she hesitated, ". . . it's . . . hiding." She consulted a calendar. "If it's hiding inside a tube, that tube by now should be broken, so the tube must be about to break."

"What're you saying?" Pussy was in that state in which anger resembles stupidity.

"Tonight or at any other time after this, if you faint, go directly to the nearest hospital."

Do not pass Go. Instead of adding this, Pussy explained that she didn't know anything about the hospitals in the city, that she thought all of them were sites in which people were murdered. She didn't have any medical insurance.

"Go to a hospital for children."

They discussed that point.

Later in the night, Pussy phoned one of the doctors.

He was in his car, or one of his cars; the static from the car phone was louder than his voice.

"Is there any way that you, that anyone in the world, can learn whether or not I have a tubal? I have lots of money," Pussy explained.

"We'll learn whether or not when one of your tubes bursts open."

Later Pussy would remember that it was at this very moment that she forgot to be moral, especially to be moral about abortion.

For the next few days, she kept phoning the doctors.

Finally, it happened. "We've decided how we're going to know whether or not you have an ectopic pregnancy. We'll give you a second abortion. If that abortion works, you won't have an ectopic pregnancy."

The logic made as much sense to Pussy as anything else in the world.

Pussy ate their painkillers; she had what seemed to her to be the same abortion as she had the first time; again, she asked whether she was still pregnant.

The doctor who did the suction replied that this time something had come out, but he didn't know what it was.

In order to find out what it was, *they* were going to extract more blood from Pussy. In a few days, the new blood would be able to talk to them.

The blood announced to everyone that Pussy was no longer pregnant.

Now I Tell This Story the Way I Say It

Since I was poor, I had to prove to myself that I was rich, so I began to haunt clothing stores.

What I wanted was a black dress.

Two pools sat in the middle of the store *where I had once seen a black dress*. One of them was smaller than the other.

A man who was tall and thin was spooning black liquid into small vials, which he then gave to people to drink.

Like ink, the liquid tainted whomever it entered.

One of those who were infected was a girl with ebony hair.

Inside the store, there was no natural time. One day, or night, the tall thin man saw a girl who resembled the ebony-haired one, whom he had infected, to a T. For this reason, he fell in love with the black-haired girl. He fell so thoroughly in love that he stopped feeding people liquid, he left the store, he desired to go off with her for all that would remain of time.

I was in that store. I didn't have any money nor any capability for earning money in the urban society and I wanted that black dress badly, so I walked off with it. I didn't run; I didn't want to make a spectacle of myself, of my guilt. Walked out of that store.

This was how I began the occupation that I would later become.

Stealing was part of the city. Every city is born, continually being born, out of configurations of minds and desires: every city is alive. This city was patriarchal, that which allows the existence of none but itself, for it had arisen and was arising only out of the rational, moralistic bends of minds.

Patriarchal, it expressed its unbearability: for years, the economic power had lain in white liberal hands. The money was now coming from the Hong Kong immigrant community. Many of the children of these close-knit families clustered themselves into street gangs. In the lowest loins of the city, these boys engaged Hispanic and black gangs in more violence than any could handle. The white liberals who hadn't as yet abandoned the city knew nothing of this because they didn't wish to know all, in the city, that lay outside their control. They pretended that they could control gang warfare: passed laws which, they claimed, would put an end to all violence. Protect the kids. The laws defined the children who were members of gangs as hardened murderers and so turned them into lifelong criminals. The search for all those who had been tainted began.

Even though the urban arena was becoming more non-white than white, liberals and other whites decided that those who had been infected must be destroyed as efficaciously as possible.

Lest evil spread her wings. The evil of those who have drunk black.

The search narrowed. Soon the identities of all those who have been polluted will come to be known. Soon we'll know where all the evil in this world resides. I realized that I hadn't been touched. I was clean. Then I knew that a speck inside me, something as much like a trace as a memory, a memory of my lips brushing the black liquor, was tainted.

Immediately I thought: It really isn't anything. I'm not a sick one. I'm not one of the monsters. I thought: I'm passing for normal; I'm as normal as any moral person.

Their search narrowed further. I returned to the store where I had stolen the black dress.

It was here that the creation of the world had begun.

When I was finally inside the store, I saw that the ebony-haired girl who had escaped from here hadn't died even though she had drunk some of the black liquid. Perhaps instead of dying she had given birth to three freaks. I saw this. Three children, or things, scampering around a room now so large that it was the back of a clothes store, where its designers work and live. No longer the actual clothes store.

Everything in this room was messy. Heaps of clothes and cloths in no possible order.

Chaos had once been a clothes store.

One of these children was so tall that the body below his head was a stilt. The head was falling off, almost separated from his neck. A midget sat around the neck. Tiny legs hugged a beanpole of flesh, as if they were fucking it.

The existence and appearance of these freaks announced the revelation of the mystery. Thus of all mysteries. As if *to find out* was simply *to see*, I found out that I'm one of the tainted.

To see equaled *to accept*, because the object of my sight was exactly what I was now forced to accept. That I'm going to die.

Now I realized that no one and nothing will ever escape the chains of cause and effect: I'd stolen a dress; I had to endure the consequences of my act. I'm going to die.

I knew I couldn't escape my death.

I looked around at everyone in the room. At the man who had spooned liquid out of the pools. At the ebony-haired woman. At the half-human half-stilt. At the mongoloid midget. At all who were stranger or more monstrous. I couldn't tell which one I was. I kept looking and looking, but I could no longer find myself.

I realized that I'd escaped my death because I no longer knew who I was.

NOW I TELL EVERYTHING IN MY OWN LANGUAGE **Ending the Memory of Childhood**

"There will be no more abortions. Criminality will no longer be connected to unfortunate consequence," I said.

I had just left the hospital; I was still in those environs. I looked down and into my underpants.

The underpants resembled the white cotton ones school-girls used to wear. Now they don't wear anything. I saw blood flowing over one of the white sides.

In order to handle this situation, I fashioned the following plan: First, I'd leave my boyfriend. Prior to the plan, I didn't know that I had a boyfriend. Second, since the pads, once as white as the panties, that were sitting one on top of the other upon the cloth crotch, were holding more blood than

they were capable of storing, I'd find a place where I could be alone. There I would change.

I began looking for the place where I would change my blood.

Within the city of dusk, the only house that was real was hidden. It was wood.

Inside this house, I found the room I was looking for. The place for change. It was partly open, partly closed, like all the other areas in the house. If it had been normal, it would have had a door. There was no wall where a door should have been.

Despite all the openness and vulnerability, everywhere was dark.

The decor of this room pirated that of a 1950s New York City apartment: roses papered its walls. All the antiques were green.

As if I were outside the room and looking in, I remarked, "The lamps are especially beautiful this time of year."

And as if that sentence had just carved out a space in which something could take place, a man stood in front of the wall that wasn't there. His hair was punked up.

I couldn't change my bloody rags while a strange guy was watching me so I told him that he had to go away now. "Go away. Shoo."

I couldn't explain myself.

When he replied that he would go, I felt guilty.

As soon as he left the room, I moved left, around the bit of wall that jutted out of one of the principal ones. Within the recess that was there, I found a bathroom. The room must have been designed and decorated at the same time as the one of roses. A charming bathroom, for all of its furniture—toilet in

white, white bathtub with rose-streaked curtain—its very space, were slightly too small to accommodate an adult human.

Nevertheless I managed to throw my used Kotex wrapped in toilet paper and the plastic wrapping of the new pad into the miniature wastepaper basket that was sitting under the sink . . .

. . . It was time for me again to change my pad. As if I had never before changed, I no longer knew where I could go.

Free from abortions, I had nowhere to go in the world.

I wandered, without knowing where, through that house whose insides were lightless. I came to a bedroom. Its huge door was open. I looked into the openness and saw a man. I knew him, he used to be my best friend before I had gotten a name.

I believe he was still a poet. He was sitting on a bed and talking on the phone. He used to talk on the phone so much, when we had been friends, that I would have to tell the operator that I was making an emergency call whenever I wanted to contact him. Since he was on the phone, I knew that he wouldn't catch sight of me. I didn't want him to because the fight that he had picked with me and that had ended our friendship had wounded me.

During this quarrel which had taken place just prior to my abortions, he had told me that he was one of the few men who understands what it is to be a woman.

I still had to change my Kotex. So I walked into the next bedroom.

Two men were sleeping inside there. Two narrow beds which didn't touch each other.

I couldn't change my pad because there were men everywhere. But if I didn't throw away the old blood, something dreadful, like rot or disease, was going to touch my body.

I just stood there, in front of all those men. I no longer cared whether they saw me. And changed the pad in the hallway.

Childhood was officially over.

How I Tried to Become Part of Society

As soon as I was clean, again I started haunting clothes stores.

I went back to the store in which the strange people had lived. In amazement, I saw upwardly mobile heterosexuals, coupled.

I no longer belonged in that store where I had found the black dress. Black, androgynous.

But all the clothes I was seeing belonged on the bodies of secretaries or security guards, men in offices or officers.

All I wanted to do was escape what had once felt like home. The only possible home during the days of abortions.

But if I didn't buy something, I would have nothing. I thought: I have to buy something, I do, I do, even though I've almost no money.

I've to find that one object I might want to own.

Thus, I defined the word *clothing* for myself.

The only thing I came upon I wanted even a little bit was a gray catsuit. I didn't really want it. The breast said, "Gaultier." I looked at the rest. A white tag said, "\$300."

My eyes sat on it, stroked it, even though I didn't want it. I knew I had to want something.

In order to make myself want that which I couldn't have

because I was poor, I began feeling up clothes I would never wear, clothes I would never go near if they paid me.

Short wool coats that my grandmother had forced me to wear when I was a child.

A salesgirl, doing her job, started telling me what I desired. I knew that she was trying to brainwash me by talking me into wearing a straight-woman outfit.

I was so disgusted that I was about to leave, but instead, I went the other way. Backwards. Into a dressing room. Back there where I had left all my clothes.

There wasn't anything anymore.

"Where are my clothes?" I asked the salesgirl who despised me because I wasn't like everybody else.

Bitch informed me, with as much brevity as she could get up, that she had stuffed my "things" into a plastic bag. "Other people have to use this dressing room."

"A plastic bag" means "a body bag."

She handed me a brown paper container.

Inside, a pair of wet shoes.

I was now so poor that I no longer knew what to do, so I did the only thing I knew. I went back to my mother.

She wasn't as poor as she used to be. Now she was living in a large house in the suburbs. When I was a child, she never let me near her. Perhaps it was because she was living in affluence that she let me come into her house and stay.

I was surprised. By this time I had accepted, though with agony, that she hated me.

Living in her house with her, I felt safe for the first time in my life. So safe that if the world, which lay outside the house, was going to die, I would be in that house and nothing would change.

In the days before the beginning of sexuality.

I was inside, separate from what was outside, so I looked out one of the picture windows. When I stuck out my head, I saw that a man was standing on the ledge.

I knew that he was about to break in. As if I had never seen any man before. There had been no men when I was a child. My skin was prickling; my nose smelling my own sweat: all that my mother feared, which I had learned to take inside, was now outside the window. This man or image formed by the meeting of interior and exterior fear was about to shatter the clear glass.

Thus, the image had two names: *criminal* and *mother-fucker*. The motherfucker—that's what men were in those days before the pirates again came—was doing whatever he was doing so that he could break into me. I knew it. *To know is to cause*. Knowing he was about to come in me, I screeched.

After that, there was something evil inside my mother's body. For her house no longer was safe. It had become open to every fucking stranger, to anyone who just wanted to enter for any reason at all. This is how the world really is. I screeched. Everyone's penetrating and coming. I was all alone. Inside. There would never be anyone to help me.

No one's going to help me.

Mommy's always been gone. She never wanted anything to do with me. I'm alone for the rest of time and after that. As soon as I realized as completely as it's possible to realize that I was alone, I knew that I could no longer survive on my own. I have to be with another. Because of all this openness.

As if the walls were coming down, then it started to rain. Rain seemed to be coming through those windowpanes, it was

seeping through the cracks. Of my mother's fucking body. My mother's body fucking. There were no longer any differences between inside and outside. There were no curtains over the windows, so everybody could see everything.

I didn't know how to be a woman. I couldn't make a curtain. A curtain or shroud for the body of my mother.

She hadn't been there.

In all the growing terror, I looked through the window and saw people walking on a gravel path. This sight, this act of seeing, was the clue to how I could escape the house of fear. If I could reverse inside and outside, then I'd be outside, on the black gravel path down which people were walking safely to a river.

The man I'd seen on the ledge and a boy were in the house, stealing. I reversed interior and exterior: I joined them. We began to steal from my mother.

They didn't steal because they wanted anything. They wanted to trash.

Me too. I'm going to trash the house of childhood. Which had been unbearable.

I wanted to remain forever with that man and boy.

That's how I got outside.

We lounged next to her house. We kicked over some dead grass. There weren't any dogs. My mother drove by us in a car. She took a potshot at us from the car window. I saw it was my mother though she was a man.

A bullet entered the chest of the Mexican, the boy.

I went away from my mother forever. I lived with the boy. He was the only one I had ever had and all that I would love.

The bullet that was sitting in his chest made him sicker,

so I took care of him. Even though it wasn't in my nature to care for anyone. Since he was sick, we were two children together.

One day he said, "Pussy, we're going to go shopping."

I was so excited that I jumped up and down.

We decided we were going to find underwear. I would try this underwear on in a dressing room whose curtain would be open, just enough, so that everyone who was outside the curtain could watch his hands pinch my nipples, then the tips of his fingers in my crack, partly obscured in black hairs. They could watch me come. Or else I'd take off as many clothes as I could just so I could try on underwear, in the center of the store, so everyone would see everything that is me.

The store would be an antique store full of dead clothes.

Despite all our fantasies, we found ourselves in a department store. Fluorescents overlit a large room. The kid—that's what I called him—rather than me, was trying on shorts, boxers so bright blue-green that fish were swimming in them.

I wanted two other pairs of boxers and planned to buy them for myself. Because I was a selfish bitch. Okay, one of them would be for him. I told the kid that one of them was for him.

Then, I looked at him more closely. Now I was frightened.

"How do you feel?"

He was becoming thinner and thinner.

My boyfriend went downhill. All the way. During this period, we moved back into my apartment. There we lived as if we were never going anywhere again. The bed where we lay was against a wall. A small, square window hung over the mattress.

The boy phoned someone and asked whoever it was to come to our house because he didn't want me to be by myself. His request terrified me. For being lonely is what scares me most in the world.

I attempted to analyze why I was frightened. *To be lonely in the world*, it seemed to me, *is to be solely with my mother*.

After that, I wanted my boyfriend to touch me and never to stop. To do what I believed he was always doing. To slither his cock between my legs. Which was to stick his fingers into my skin. I knew that he would never do this because he was only becoming weaker.

We would no longer have sex together, but we could lie in bed.

As if a bed was a sky. All that was inside us was lying outside.

On the bed I told the Mexican boy, "I have never loved anyone but you."

I Go to the Bottom of the World

After the boy left me alone, I got on my motorcycle.

I had already placed my stuffed white cat in one of its saddlebags and made sure that she'd be comfortable.

Together, we took off. We wanted to go to the country.

I was traveling down what appeared to be a country road: a thin layer of snow, hard and dirty, almost completely covered rich brown dirt; thick white stripes separated the whole into four tracks. On each side of these four tracks, but only here and there, one- and two-story suburban houses half-sunk below the snow.

Looking down below my front wheel, which was rotating, I saw there was no more road under the hard snow.

I was aware I wasn't going to crash.

In this manner, the country ended. I was at a big, black tunnel. I had no choice but to enter it.

All light was black. Walls began to curve left while floor descended; walls were now curving so sharply that when I looked ahead, I thought I was going to slide. Turning was easier than seeing.

At the bottom of these turns, still in the tunnel, orange-and-white barriers stood in a jagged row across the black floor. Here my journey ended. The barriers forced me to make a U too sharp for my bike's turning capacity, but I turned without falling.

And parked by one of the orange-and-white barriers. Opposite the only parking lot, there was a street scene: a concrete sidewalk. A building wall. Behind windows in that wall, movie posters. As if I myself were in a film.

I wanted to attend the fun fair that took place behind this facade, but in this dead time of the year it had been shut down.

All there was was time. Face-to-face with time, I had to act: the only thing there was to do, in this dead town, was go to a movie.

I returned to those windows and looked inside them. The only movie playing was Hollywood. Too stupid to see.

There wasn't anything for me. Here, in the total bottom of the world.

I must have walked away from that entrance, for I found myself climbing up the stairs of a huge red-brick school building. Inside, a movie was about to be shown.

It wouldn't cost anything.

Wooden folding chairs had been strung across a room.

The movie began in the dark.

In the film, some of the homeless went about their lives. Watching the nonsensationalized, or non-Hollywood, details made me realize that I was like that. Never before had I known that I was homeless.

The film ended: again it was dark.

At one point during the playing of the movie I learned that this was its first screening, for government officials had been keeping it from the public.

A strange girl asked me where everyone had gone.

While it had been running, I hadn't noticed that anyone had left the room, so the only answer I could come up with was that her mind must have stopped for several minutes while the film had been playing.

And then I couldn't tell the difference between her and me. Between the disappearance of her mind and of mine.

And then, since *to understand is to learn*, I understood that consciousness isn't the mind and that it's consciousness, not the mind, which dies.

There was no more movie. It was time to go.

My new girl and I walked down one of those long halls.

I don't know how long it was before I realized that I was in a world dominated by the visual.

Paintings covered as much as possible of the walls of the hall I was in or of the room so open to that hall that I thought it was a hall.

Either these paintings had been made by children or they were in a naïf style. I could take anything I wanted. For it was the world of the visual.

I walked up to each painting, peered at it closely. I didn't want any. This was when I began to want.

In the room next to the front door, streamers hovered in the air. Between these party objects, I saw, through an open doorway, a smaller room:

Racks of clothes occupied its center. Everything was hung for sale. Just as I had walked as far up as I could to the canvases, I now approached the clothes the same way. I looked at them. But I didn't want any rags, simulacra of the ones sold on Haight St. Haight St. in Hippyville. The only half-bearable one was a replica of a blouse I already owned.

Paintings crammed the walls of the room of streamers as much as they had the hall down which I had journeyed with my girlfriend. That strange girl. Paintings were no longer on canvas, but were comic books, books hung on the walls. Books I had never before seen, entrances into wonder.

Into the geographical wonders of the world known only to sailors.

It was here, in wonder, in this bottom, that I met the punk boys.

I had learned how to travel through my dreams.

OSTRACISM'S STORY

PUSSYCAT FEVER

Before I Was Eight Years Old

I don't have a father.

I thought that the man who married my mother was my father. As soon as she married him, she died. I was eight years old when I found out that he wasn't my real father.

I continued to call him "Dad," this man who was kind to me, gentle and stupid.

My real father is the taker-away of dreams.

I was brought up in a lonely, primitive place. Until I left that portion of the world, I didn't have any friends. Except for a dog so old he looked dead, and dead people. The dead people lived in a cemetery. The church, remaining roofless, which sat like a dead dog in its middle, was the only building neighboring on our house. The family who had owned this cemetery and its immediate environs were now dead.

Their name was Karnstein.

The cemetery was my favorite place in the world. There I saw that the angels and the dead bed together. I wanted to live there for the rest of my life.

As if I were on an ocean.

Dad brought me up to be a boy. He had broken up a marriage to be with my mother; the child of that marriage was a son whom my father could no longer see. So he taught me baseball, and especially football, for he had been a football hero at his college. He never read books and had no other interest in culture.

Like him, I was good at sports; unlike him, I read book after book. I liked pornography best though I couldn't have defined the word *sex*, much less any dirty term. During the time of innocence, the tale which was my favorite had nothing to do with sex: it was about a bad girl:

A boy who doesn't have any parents is sitting on a snake, a snake who's wider than a human cock and longer than the path that's connecting the living to the dead.

The boy never washes his hair. His hair's so stiff and tangled that it's as good as a dead person's, not because it's never been washed but because the vermin who are living inside its labyrinths are having sex with each other. Anyone the hair touches becomes dirtier.

The boy is always dirtier. His only possessions are skulls. Not actually possessions: the boy and the skulls just live together. The snakes who wind around all the dead people that show up curl through the holes in the skulls, then through openings in the boy's hair, until they reach his ears. There, they crawl inside. They forget to turn around and leave; instead, they fall asleep and dream whatever snakes dream. If there was anyone around, she would see that when the snakes were dreaming, the boy looked as if he were wearing precious jewels.

The father of all these snakes, of all snakes, lived before the creation of creation. After creation, he turned into a cock hood.

The boy enjoys playing with his cock hood as much as he does skulls.

A girl who resembled me desired to fuck this boy and wanted him to fuck her. She wanted this so badly that she wanted time to end as soon as they started fucking so that fucking would never stop. This was how she wanted him: she wanted him to want her so wildly that if he didn't get her and get her and get her . . . he'd die and die and die and, at the same time, he'd be, and is, the one who is the beginning of everyone and everything and who can't die. Because he isn't human. Also, she wanted them to have nothing to do with each other after they had fucked each other so that fucking would be everything. After fucking, there should be nothing.

As yet, there wasn't anything.

This girl wants to want. She looks like me; like me, she thinks in

two ways: she smells and she has ideas. She thought: How can I get him to want me how I want him to want me? But no one wants me. She thought: He's a baby because he's never had a relationship with another person.

She changed her mind. He has had relationships with dead people.

Being educated, the girl thought that the history of this world had taught her two lessons. Lesson #1: Human sexual desire is never reciprocal. Moreover, humans are cruel. Lesson #2: Since a human who sexually desires another human automatically loses power over the desired one, the desirer can return to a, any, position of power only by pretending not to desire. In regard to her special case: the only way that she could get this brat to want her the ways she wanted him to want her, totally in heat, would be to show him clearly that she didn't want him.

She could no longer want him. As yet there was no world.

Whoever wrote this story said that history is philosophy, therefore, sexual history is the philosophy of religion.

Because he was so dirty and evil, this girl who looked like me didn't know how to stop wanting the boy. So she fucked every animal who wanted to do it to her until she had enough confidence to walk over to the one who didn't want her. Before she did anything else, she had to talk to him, so she placed her tongue inside his ear. As if it really was a living snake, this tongue traveled until it reached the other side of the mind. Through the realms of the dead. It became hard. The boy remembered that he wasn't into sex.

Girls used to kill themselves because of him.

But the girl who looked like me was as bad as he was: when

she realized that his tongue was no longer hard, she got angry. Since she was being physically and emotionally rejected, she was more turned on than she had been. If such a thing can be possible.

History also teaches that a clit's like a knife. Just as she was about to stick her clit into him, the boy saved her from doing this dreadful act by setting her on fire.

She turned into a mare so she could reach the nearest body of water as quickly as possible. Smoke flew out of her black nostrils as she raced through the unbearable sands.

Within the water, she drank up the water she saw, and then, all the water there was in the world, for the sexual thirsts of girls are never satisfied.

Was this girl right when she tried to penetrate the boy? Should she have played with herself instead?

There was no one who could answer me.

The girl still wanted the boy who was bad to want her, so she tried another tactic. No longer would she fight him. So now he couldn't defeat her; so now he couldn't reject her.

She told him she was his slave.

Before this story had even started, the boy had hated procreation. Because his father, the horniest father in the world, though there wasn't yet a world, was doing it to his sister. There wasn't yet any procreation so there was no difference between father and son. The kid was appalled, not that his father was doing it to his sister, but rather that an act of procreation was just about to happen, an act that would destroy that perfection that exists prior to procreation. So the boy shot one of his toy arrows into his father to stop him from coming in his sibling. The arrow missed.

Nevertheless, the father was surprised, pulled his cock out of his daughter. He had already started to come. His sperm spurted everywhere. Down to where there wasn't yet a world in this time that wasn't. Fell, and in its falling, made the beginning of being born and dying.

It's not adequate to say that the boy hated procreation because, prior to procreation or creation, there was neither boy nor sister nor father and there was all three. When the boy shot his father, he set him on fire, the fire of lust, 'cause all the boy ever thought about was lust; all the boy ever wanted was for lust to go and go and never come; to come is to stop.

The boy decided that he'd fuck all the time, he'd never come. Such a boy's bad. Bad boys want to fuck girls and they don't like girls. They always do everything they can to keep their cocks hard.

Long before he had met the girl who resembled me, the brat learned that he could masturbate inside as well as outside himself and that, in this way, he would never have to come.

Just like a snake.

All the bad boys do this.

The girl wanted him to want her how she wanted him to want her even more wildly than before. Being his slave had nothing to do with this matter. She stopped pretending she was his slave. Began to fight him all over again. This time, by placing her tongue in one of his ears and whispering to him he needed to come as much as she did, that if he came like her, he would never have to stop coming and coming.

This is how the boy started to fuck the girl.

Only one other thing happened to me before I became eight years old.

I was lying in my bed. I can only sleep when I'm on my right side, my hands tucked as high as they can travel between my legs. For in this position I'm safe.

Though I was safe, for the first time in my life I wasn't able to fall asleep. On my journey to find sleep, I hunted for an image that would protect me. I couldn't find anything.

What was that saying about my life?

Then I became anxious: I was walking into a forest. All of me that was down below was thrashing: I might never again know sleep.

At the same time, I was frightened. I tried to do what I had never before done, fall asleep by feigning sleep, but now I no longer knew what sleep might be.

The forest I was entering was dark, tangled in wood. When I turned again, I was lying next to a girl who looked exactly like me. I wasn't surprised that she was next to me, so I guessed I was expecting her.

Her hands took hold of my thighs, then they crossed half-way around my stomach and held on. My back was curling into her front. I was able, now, to fall asleep.

To a sleep that was dreamless. A sharp, burning sensation woke me up. I cried aloud words I couldn't understand.

It was as if I was in a dream. I looked at the child; I saw she was looking at me. She disappeared under the bed covers. I never saw her again.

My cry must have woke me up. When I stood up, I saw that I was wet. I put my hand on my forehead. My burning was now there. I had no way of knowing if I was actually feverish; I turned more confused; I looked down to see what was wrong there.

My cunt lips and the parts of the thighs to the sides and

the front above the lips were puffed because they were retaining liquid.

Though I was aware that liquid retention isn't a problem unless it's extreme, I ran to my father. I told him that I was in trouble. He wanted me to consult a doctor. But I didn't trust them except for one acupuncturist who was a teacher of others.

My kind father brought me to see him.

Within his office, after he had examined my condition, the strange doctor announced that he was going to make three incisions into my upper thighs and cut a square of flesh out of my front. It was as if I would no longer have genitalia. Then there would be no extra liquid. He added that he wasn't going to use any anesthetic.

The images that were in my mind while he was speaking his words terrified me. I protested against this plan.

So he became more precise: if this operation didn't take place as soon as possible, my life would be in jeopardy. I am in jeopardy. For this reason, there can't be an anesthetic.

The words "I can't" sit in my mind. Then they repeat themselves because, if they occur enough times, they might have the power to change all that is taking place in my body. In me. To me.

Each "I can't" increases fear and anxiety. Fear and anxiety grow over all the world until they rush, in the form of the words "I can't," out of my mouth.

The doctor replied, "You have to."

I tried to crawl away from what had to be: "Why don't you cut into my body after I've been anesthetized? I can't bear being cut up any other way. I can't bear being hurt." This was the first time I ever explained this.

At the time I didn't see how I could become another per-

son, a person who wasn't scared of pain, because becoming another person means dying and being hurt.

"My cutting will take only three minutes, O₂." O₂ is short for Ostracism.

To calm me down even more, the older man analyzed the nature of pain for me. *Pain is not being cut to the nerve; rather, pain is like being cut into, right up to, an edge of a nerve.* Then the razor will slice away all the surface of that nerve.

"If what has to happen—to me—in me—me—won't happen, I'll do anything, I'll never take a sip of red wine again, I'll stay away from all drugs," I pleaded.

My acupuncturist yielded. He agreed to drug me before he cut me open. But as minimally as possible.

I think that it took all of this which happened to make me realize who I am: I'm someone who finds that any pain is always physical pain and that physical pain isn't bearable. Just as I was about to understand why pain to the body isn't bearable, thought disappeared in me.

I don't remember anything that happened to me before I found the girl who looked like me in my bed.

As if arising out of a dark wood, I then came to this memory: during my early childhood I had been tortured, physically, with razor blades.

Another dream followed: I was in a whorehouse. I had followed something, perhaps in a dream, into a whorehouse. Even though I was a girl who had no friends, my friends and I were standing in the center of the house's central room, a reception room. All of my friends were women.

A voice, which was coming out of me, announced, not only to these women, "First I have to get away from Daddy."

I don't know who my real father is.

I Became Eight Years Old When Reality Turned Violet

I turned eight years old and my father announced that young girls were dying everywhere.

He had asked me to walk with him through the forest. It was an early summer evening whose skin was turning violet.

Frost was supposed to arrive late that very night. Frost, a dilapidated poet and my father's oldest friend. With a young girl who was meant to be my companion.

As yet I didn't have a friend because I was lonely.

They were no longer coming . . . my father was awkward to the point of being unable to explain even the simplest thing . . . he said, "I'm happy you never met her."

He further explained that the girl, who was my age, had died. Her father didn't know the cause.

He pulled a letter out of his pocket.

The poet, in this letter, told of his daughter's death only by relating her account of a dream she had had on the night before she died:

"There was a gang of us.

"It was as if I were still going to school. I detest opera above all, and there I was, about to attend an opera in a gang. As if we were going to a university, 'Bard' was the name of the opera house.

"To reach Bard we had to separate ourselves into three groups. For this purpose, all of the girls in my class were selecting men as rapidly as they could. I watched them do it. I knew that I should do it too; I even tried, but I couldn't find anyone I wanted.

"All of the men I saw were skinny.

"I asked myself, very honestly, 'Bad Dog, why aren't you attracted to a man?' I really wanted to be because I was supposed to be.

"But since I was stupid and mean, I didn't do what I was supposed to do. Instead I remained with my friend Heathcliff, who was hanging out with her group of two girls.

"Outside, it was night. Windows were lining only one side of the long, narrow corridor. The opera house. All of us, the whole gang, were sitting on a narrow, deep couch.

"Then we began to ascend, climbed up a staircase whose stairs were so wide that they must have been constructed only so that royalty could rise.

"I was in the middle of these stairs when I remembered about the separation. One of my friends, who was a good, gray poet, and I had fought. I never saw him again. Now he was ahead of me, on the stairs. To avoid seeing him and, worse, having him see me, I turned around, and then I saw dogs humping each other.

"As if I were now running away, I continued climbing those stairs meant only for royalty . . .

"I was fleeing all that lay below. I reached the top.

"At the highest point I realized that I had lost my black leather gloves. It must have happened while I was climbing up those stairs. Though I loved the gloves, I didn't want to return to my past, to all that lay below.

"I thought I was now free.

"So I walked the other way, into a perfectly round hall. A coatroom lay at my left. I checked my floor-length fake leopard which was every bit as elegant as my black leather gloves had been.

"But those were lost.

"Somewhat denuded, I was able to enter a room that was almost large enough to be a ballroom. In each section, a group of musicians was performing. None of their musics had anything to do with any of the others. All the musicians were dressed formally; none of them looked alike.

"An adjoining and smaller room housed an exhibit of automata. The machine that interested me the most, and so seemed the biggest, was composed of two sections. Each section was a German male punk who, like a giant plastic bird, dunked his head repeatedly into an equally giant plastic glass filled with water.

"The metaphor made sense to me.

"It was only after I had journeyed through the room of automata that I knew that, despite my fear of my past, I would have to regain my black leather gloves. Despite dread powerful enough to be loathing, I would have to descend into that world that lay under . . .

" 'Dead Dog,' I lectured myself, 'you're stupid because you gnaw at, and then throw away, everyone whom you most love. You're dead and you've got to live. It's living dogs who can search for treasure.

" 'I, Dead Dog, am promising myself that, from now on, I will actively go after all buried treasure.'

"To fulfill my only promise to myself, I began carefully walking down the black carpet that was now covering the narrow stairs . . .

"In the middle of the blackness, a pair of black leather gloves sat on a step. I bent down to retrieve them; down there, I realized they weren't mine because the black leather

was covered in black silk. I stole them because mine had been stolen, though they might not have been.

"I arrived at the bottom of the stairs. The couch hadn't moved. Nor had the imprints, in the pillows and large cushions scattered here and there, of my classmates' bodies. The only difference between this present and the present in my memory was three pairs of black leather gloves. The first weren't mine because they were unlined. The third were almost mine: the only difference between them and the gloves in my memory was a slight change in the color of the lining.

"I now existed in total blackness. It was the outside. I was outside of everything. There were only girls, Heathcliff and her two girlfriends. I knew that I didn't belong in this society of only girls; I was strange; I tried to hide my strangeness, even from myself, in fake drunkenness.

"The girls couldn't ostracize me because I wasn't one of them.

"All of us were going away, I wasn't questioning where, in an extra-long black limo.

"Inside the blackness, I pulled down one of its windows. Heathcliff's cock appeared through the hole and I sucked her off. It was coming through the hole where outside becomes inside. After I had taken my mouth away from her, I felt that I had to explain to Heathcliff why I had done what I just had; I had to explain because I wasn't one of them; I said, 'Heathcliff, I just sucked you off because I was trying to leave you alone.'

"I was actually saying that I knew that Heathcliff doesn't like it when I bother her.

"As soon as I made this apology, the three other girls and I began to grab at each other's bodies and make out with

each other. I was feeling only wonder and pleasure in which there was no fear."

The dream ended here. There was no more letter. The dilapidated poet said, "She died."

He was unable to say anything else. Or he had nothing else to say.

My father said that young girls were dying everywhere, that it would no longer be safe for me to live with him.

He said, "You will no longer have to be alone. Ever in your life. You're going to go to school so you can live with girls."

All of Us Girls Have Been Dead for So Long

The Last Story That I Read:

The girl who looked like me and the boy had been living together for years and years. Though they weren't any older.

She wanted to have a baby. He didn't want to, and he didn't want her to, either.

The girl was looking at her body, which had become a graveyard because the boy wouldn't help her make a baby grow in it. She didn't ever want to fuck anyone else.

Inside this graveyard, skulls sat on top of brown dirt replete with holes; here and there, an animal leg; ducks swam on top of green and dead pools.

She looked down, below the graveyard, where she saw a rat. It was a baby. Five strands of hair, all that it possessed, sprouted out of its head. It sat itself right on her lap.

"But I can't have a baby," said the girl.

It held up its front paws, drew her face into its. Its lips, softer

than it was possible for flesh to be, wanted to drink her, for she was a pool of water to the baby.

A pool of water in which a dead horse happened to be lying.

She bent down to her child, who also was crying, and lifted it up. Kissed, suckled it until all loneliness was gone. All her loneliness, all her rage against the boy, whom she loved more than anyone else in the world.

After she had stopped being hurt, the girl was able to make distinctions. She perceived that the rat was her lover.

So she laughed and said, "Boys are rats." Then, she and the boy held hands and were happy.

The night after I read this tale, I retold it in a dream:

The school to which I'm being sent isn't a girls' school. It's partly male. Also, it's a parking lot.

I'm standing in that parking lot next to a boy. Since he's a boy, we're making out. As soon as my body's hot, he informs me that he's going out with a girl from the theater department. "She's all mixed-up."

I'm mixed-up: my response to this is to give him a blow job while I hang upside down, as if I've become the Hanged Man in the Tarot deck. My socks drip over my eyes. I'm no longer able to talk. He replies, "No one can see us."

This makes me feel better.

The boy's name is K——.

When sex is over, there's no longer any sex for me: I had been left, abandoned, in the parking lot. This parking lot is a graveyard. The only thing that remains in the world is my motorbike. But I can't see it. My search for my bike begins: now I look for it where I remember I parked it. It's

no longer there. I look elsewhere, and elsewhere, always inside that parking lot.

Unbeknownst to me, the parking-lot owner moved it to another spot. Just when I'm seeing my Ninja, finally, the owner backs his car into it. My helplessness to do anything about this, which is connected to my lack of sex, though I don't understand how, infuriates me to such a degree that I jump on top of his body: my small fists beat on his head.

I was willing to do anything to get out of this situation. So I got a job. I would have a function in the school so I would be a real person. I didn't mind being a masseuse—the new job—because that way I could earn money without having to be stupid . . .

I was where I was going to do it for money: touch a strange body. The first person who bought my services was female. I took it for granted she was in the theater department because her hair was long and perfectly arranged.

I had never given anyone a massage so I had no idea how to do it. But I was determined to be a real person. Trying to pretend that I wasn't stupid, without any hesitation I opened the door to the school's massage room.

It was too tiny to be a room: three minuscule shelves connected to a wall hung over a wood slab which lay on a bathtub not large enough for an adult to do more than crawl into.

Something must have happened between us, because now the girl, who might have been in the theater department, had to take a bath.

Both of us were giggling in that tub; we couldn't stop giggling. Then we had sex again. I didn't know that what we were doing had anything to do with sex.

When, in the future, the school was, I feared, about to fire me because I was working for them and fucking one of their students, I still didn't feel bad about the sex because it had been fun. The sun was outside. After that, I had sex with all the girls I could get and I knew that I wasn't going to lose my job.

The Dreams of Pirates

Out of parrots and macaws they step into seas which sound like earthquakes, into waters reaching up to, then punching holes in, the air. They're on the march; as much as they ever do anything together; they're after booty. Ownership. Usually they commence battle by surrounding their quarry like cats, mice. Tease, then, destroy them. Leave without having actually murdered anyone. They're back in their hideout in the black sands. All of them naked.

The Sex of Pirates

Now the pirates are Japanese. Two of them, a male and a female (pirates aren't always either male or female) are in a Japanese kitchen, where they're cooking. Only the woman is doing the cooking because the man's sexist. Since she's a pirate, she won't have anything to do with humans: either she's cooking for animals or she's cooking up an animal. One is the same as the other.

Right now, her version of cooking is to make animal food out of catshit.

. . . vast memories of sacred cities have become lands in themselves . . . strewn across deserts most of whose shifting

grounds no human will ever touch . . . traces where there were once no traces . . . these are dreams.

There's a white girl. She's a lousy writer and knows that when the pirates translate her stuff, they'll make it terrific. She's in the pirate kitchen. She watches everything the Japanese woman does when she cooks.

Now it's the white girl's time to cook: all she knows how to make is miso soup with rice inside a teapot.

While they're eating her miso soup with rice, the pirates inform the girl where she can purchase what she wants in this city in Japan. What the girl wants is catshit.

And So I Went to School . . .

I Meet Myself

Pages torn out of my first school diary:

(no date)

school is a dairy
because all headmistresses are cows

Now that I'm in school, I'm never again going to be alone.

I used to hate girls. I remember. *Girls are stupid, girls always lie* . . . What I meant was that I was from a different race than all of them. Because the same blood wasn't in me that was in them, when I was with them, I was awkward, I wasn't right.

There are only girls in this school, so now I'm thinking about girls all the time.

I can't know what I'm dreaming because my mind is so occupied with wanting to fuck this girl.

(no date)

The word *fuck* means something, but I don't know what it means in this school.

Today I masturbated. Here's what I wrote while I was masturbating:

Whenever I look at her, I look through her eyes and then, walk into her.

Even though I'm in this school, which means I'm going to have to leave school because I'm going to graduate, I'm never going to be without her. Now, because I'm walking inside her, I own her.

I live between her fingernails and the skin that's underneath them.

As yet there aren't any pirates.

(no date)

again masturbating,

Pirate sex began on the date when the liquids began to gush forward. As if *when* equals *because*. At the same time, my pirate penis shot out of my body.

As it thrust out of my body, it moved into my body. I don't remember where.

My penis walked into my body, each time that it did, by tapping like a male monkey on a section of the female's skin; by then punching through that skin to all that was lying below. To skin upon skin. Some-

times plastic containers holding liquids like water and piss sat between the skins.

Pirates are hot to puncture through. After they've done this, they need to piss or shoot into another person. This is why this, my body, is the beginning of pirate sex.

All of us girls have been dead for so long. But we're not going to be anymore.

After not having sex for years, the pirates came to a land where they could again have sex. Of course, they were girls. They tramped trampled down roses blustered bragged their ways stomped then limped into this territory. Some of them even pissed in their pants. They were remembering their childhoods.

Pirate #1: "I'm looking for a place to lay down my cock."

Overhearing this foul sentence, a long-standing pirate named Kiss-of-Rot, who was aware that cocks lay themselves down only in recipients, instructed the young criminal that a receptacle had to look into her eyes before she could shoot into that receptacle.

Now a receptacle is looking into my eyes so I can look into her eyes. When I do, I walk right into the center of her brains. Because I'm here, I can shoot.

In the midst of my emission, she opens again; each opening opens up; every opening series touches another opening series without entering its territory; there's no confusion anywhere; when I see all this order, my eyeballs rotate 180 degrees in their sockets. I'm gazing into a world in which sight isn't possible.

I know I'm going to descend into death.

Today, no one can find little girls anymore.

They had all gone down to wherever they went when they returned home. The more of them that had disappeared, the more flowers shot out of the earth. Whenever a colorful plant emerges from one of the holes in the dirt, out of which cunt juice is always welling, a young girl can again be seen.

(No More Masturbating)

I won't have anything to do with girls. I would rather be dead. In the future, I will be the sun, because that's what my legs are spread around.

(END OF THIS SECTION OF DIARY)

A car drove up to the school. It was black.

I watched what looked like a tiny negative spot approach the circular driveway to the entrance and turn over.

I could see someone get out of the shape. It looked like an older woman, thirty or forty years old. I ran downstairs to a window closer to the car; I looked out just in time to see a man emerge from the metal. He was in black, so he could have been a chauffeur.

Two of the school attendants, dressed in white, walked up to the car and lifted out an inert form. It looked like it was dead.

In a moment or two, I saw that it was a young girl. My age.

I ran down to her as if I were running down to myself.

* * *

It turned out that she wasn't dead yet. After he had examined her, our school's doctor said that she would live. By the skin of her teeth, that's how I put it, because her pulses were weak and irregular.

He was just taking his opportunity and feeling her up.

When the older woman who had black hair and white skin heard that the girl was going to live, she exclaimed, "Why, that can't be!" It turned out that she was the mother of the girl. "That's impossible because I have to be in ——— in two days!"

The doctor assured her that it was possible. That her daughter was too weak to be moved.

"It's a matter of life and death. If I'm not in ——— by the day after tomorrow . . . Oh, what am I to do? I can't take my daughter on a journey that's going to kill her."

The head of the school, who was also a woman, assured the mother, who from her clothes and deportment was wealthy, that her daughter could remain at the school. It was a girls' school so the child would be safe. "If you like, she can be a normal student and do what the other students do. In that way, you'll be able to kill two birds with one stone."

They moved into a corner of the room and talked to each other in whispers. To me, both of them were huge and birds. The expressions on their faces looked more serious than when they had discussed the life and death of the child who looked like me.

I disappeared from their room.

When the girl who looked like me woke up, she was told that her mother had left her here. She must have felt something, though I don't know what, because she sobbed.

In her despair, she allowed herself to keep sobbing, but she wouldn't give in and tell anyone anything factual. All we knew about her was her name. Which meant nothing.

In all that followed, she never gave a hint about the journey, neither its end nor its purpose, that had inadvertently led to her mother's abandonment of her.

That had led to her meeting me.

The first time that we consciously met, she told me that she loved her mother. That she would always, for the rest of her life, remain true to that beautiful green-eyed woman and do what she was told.

The closer I became to Pussycat, the more her obedience to parental authority, especially in its absence, made no sense.

Rather, I realized why she looked like me. It was while she was still in her sickbed. The first time I looked into her face, I saw the countenance of the child I had seen under my covers before I learned the truth about my father: that I don't have a father. The girl who had frightened me.

I perceived that she was very beautiful.

A Dream Interrupts

She started to talk. She told me that back when she had been a young child, she had either woken up or dreamt that she had found herself in my bed. She told me what I remembered and recited to me my dream about the acupuncturist, my dream in which, and by means of which, I had begun to deal with fear.

"... a voice, coming out of me, announced, 'First, I have to get away from Daddy.'"

The girl continued:

"This is the only dream that is now left in the world:

"I found myself without anyone in your basement. It was a dark, low, grungy place. Brown dirt lay over all.

"Having nothing else to do, I started to walk.

"Finally, I arrived at what could have been the beginning of an exit. A wooden gate was stretching from one side of the room, which commenced behind it, to the other. The appearance of this gate informed me that I had been looking for a way to escape from your father's house.

"Behind the gate, which was closed and securely locked even though it was made out of wood, I saw two elevators that were standing in a line. As if they were schoolgirls being obedient.

"Now I knew that I had arrived at an actual exit.

"I was thinking, as I looked at that wood that was locked, 'The evil murderers were just chasing me and now all of them are out of this house. Because none of them are here at this very moment I can get out.'

"I don't know how I passed through those wooden gates that remained locked, but I did. I was now in the realms of the dead, which is a section of the path that leads to *exit*.

"I was looking into eyes that were elevators. Two and wide. Only eyes can lead to what's outside.

"I looked; I was inside one of those eyes, those elevators.

"The door closed. I thought, as if thinking were a specific activity, 'The evil murderers aren't here, but at any moment they could return. I have no control over that possibility. What should I do in this situation?'

"I decided I would be safest if my eyes were open: if I opened the elevator door and ensured that it stayed that way.

Then I could see if there was any sign of the evil murderers' approach.

"I held the elevator door open. All of the evil murderers were standing behind the wood with all of their faces pressed there. Just as if I were watching *Salo*, I watched one of them punch his hairy fist through the wood. Smash that.

"A hole was left, a hole in the world. I knew that I was about to be penetrated by the very ones I most feared."

Because we had had the same dream, Pussycat and I agreed that we were now now friends.

My Dreams Show Me My Sexuality

The strongest tradition that the girls observed in the school had to do with friendship. Any girl who had any intelligence and self-respect searched for the smartest, most beautiful and powerful girl who would have her. These two then made the following pact: they vowed to devote themselves to each other forever and to protect each other against all the machinations and treacheries of the others. If any girl was powerful enough or properly protected, one was the same as the other, she couldn't be chosen for a second game, also nameless.

In this game, for one week all the remaining girls in the class had nothing to do, either in speech or in any other way, with the child who had been chosen. If at any time during this week of silence, silence reaching into nothingness, the child broke down crying or complained or ran to a teacher, she would no longer be worth the attention and respect of any other girls for the rest of her life. Her life in this school. If she

did survive the torture, which seemed too mild to be called "torture," torture by girls of girls, she could again enter the magic circle of power.

I knew that having a good protector would save me from the second game.

Every night almost half of the girls crawled into the beds of their best friends: for us, all the world happened at night.

During this night, I was two people because I felt two ways about Pussycat. Part of me regarded my friend as if she were a monster.

This part of me was a girl whose name was Ostracism, because the closer she got to anyone, the more fiercely, the more insanely, she had to run in the opposite direction.

The other part thought that Pussycat was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen.

That part was nameless and wild. Was never to be touched, just like the winds cannot be grasped. That part felt joy when she was as open as the air, as that invisible *not there*. Since that part was living at night, because night which was nothingness was sitting inside her, that part and night began to fuck.

I didn't know what I was feeling: I was nothingness or night inside, so I became terrified.

Pussycat said that she never had emotions, so she wanted me to have hers.

I told Pussycat that I wanted her to do it to me, and then I said that I didn't. I wanted her to open me up as wide as she

could so I could begin to find my emotions, and then I started to yell at her because when I'm open I'm helpless. "I don't want to get any closer to you because I don't want to be hurt."

"That means," replied Pussycat, "*you are* hurt. I'm going to hurt you even more. That's what I do."

I reminded her that I was her best friend.

"You're not my business."

She never explained herself more than these two statements. "It's natural for me to hurt you." "You're not my business." Her refusal to elaborate made me feel I was going insane. So I thought she was insane.

She was a boy who would never grow up. I shall be a boy, too, as soon as I learn my sexuality.

I understood this.

I didn't at all understand what was going on.

Whenever her mouth and then tongue entered me, I wanted to die so that they could keep on entering me. I only wanted to be with this girl who was unable to be with anyone.

Every night I searched for my sexuality.

Dreams:

It's night. I'm sitting on a toilet.

From the toilet, I glimpse the ocean. The ocean's freedom.

The toilet isn't in the ocean. It's found in the midst of one of the grassy squares of a very formal, green park. I'm going to the bathroom, but not in public, because trees totally surround this square.

A bald man walks just beyond the wall of trees. I know who he is: he's my favorite teacher. But I don't say hello.

I must have climbed off this toilet, for I was on my motorcycle. The night or unknowingness had deepened.

It was the end of the road. It was time to go back home. Home no longer had to do with my father: it was everything that wasn't my father.

All there was left for me to do was turn right and ride down the road that ran along the beach and I would be there.

The ocean was my home.

Already I could see the turn. Due to a three-foot or so cement divider, I would have to turn sharply to the left and then far more abruptly right in order to be able to ride east, right alongside the water.

Carefully, I calculated that I'd be able to make this turn without dropping the bike if I allowed myself enough room while I cornered. Bike is a motherfucker.

Due to breast cancer, the deaths of girls were occurring everywhere.

One of the girls in my school rode her bike ahead of me.

The air was much darker. When I peered again through the air, I saw that her bike was lying in a black, dead pool, two of whose boundaries were the cement divider and the right-hand curb.

Through the rain, I called out, "Black Dog. Black Dog."

There was no answer. The air turned darker. I was riding into danger. It was so black and the rain so dense that I could no longer tell where I was going. Though it was a one-way street, I U-turned away from the beginning of the rain and went down the wrong way. There are times when the law jeop-

ardizes those who obey it. Arriving at several townhouses, I rode the bike toward a square of gray pavement smack up against a house. My tires sank into the street water. But I was able to push the bike back to where a bit of pavement sloped upward. Thought I was safe.

So I turned around, ran back, only my body now, into the end of the night. Passing by two workmen.

"There's a girl under that bike," I yelled. "Help me! Help me!"

Thinking that Black Dog had lost her life because I'd taken so long to ensure my own. Mine and my bike's.

Half of her bike sat in deep, black water, partly surrounded by cement, like a plant, in a pot.

The workmen told me, "Don't look."

Even though the whole world was water, the bike was a furnace.

"Turn off that bike!" To the workmen. "It's roasting her!"

One of the guys turned off the machine by rotating the giant nut below its sissy seat. If it hadn't been for him, I wouldn't have known that there was such a nut.

The tremendous heat was shaking her body, which was wrapped around the back portion of the frame. I saw this. I didn't know whether she was alive or dead.

The other man commented, "She's still alive."

She has a chance to live. I hadn't thought this before, and the world made itself larger: the back of the black leather seat, the chrome frame beneath the seat, parts of Black Dog's body. All these, huge, vibrated.

Back in the section of the city where I used to live before I had been sent away to school, walking through the streets

that frightened me. Since this part used to terrify me in the past, the past was present.

Walking as if through liquid.

On the way home. In any city, those who walk streets regularly know better than to do so when natural light is disappearing. The streets were becoming darker.

The air was so dark, I could no longer see its streets.

A man appeared out of the dark. Either I was terrified or I knew that I should be terrified. Especially of rape. I had no idea who he was and I let him walk beside me. I did this, I who am scared of my father.

On the streets, which could no longer be seen, the Latino and I began to make out.

Since I was white, I was now an outlaw. I knew this, I knew that my society named its criminals. So I asked the boy to take me to where no one could see us, to where we would be free to find out what we wanted to do together.

To where we could do it.

He took me to the realm of gangs.

He was gone.

I found myself in a small room half of which was lined in unpainted wood. It was a headquarters. All of the men who were in the room were far larger than me, but I wasn't scared of them because we were talking, all of us, speaking from our hearts.

Sometime during the conversation, the Latino guy returned. With the tenements looming all over my head, he walked me home.

In my dream, I dreamed that I was asleep. I woke up and looked around my room, which I knew. It was very dark.

In one of its corners, there was a black monster. He saw

that I was seeing him so he walked over to my bed and started to stalk me. Traveling faster and faster around me. He was finally circling so rapidly that I could no longer tell what he was doing. I no longer knew anything.

The room was so dark that everything in it was alive.

It was the time of the animals. The black monster had yellow eyes. When the animals who had yellow eyes bit my nipples . . .

Their yellow eyes have become my center, burning. I let go of being one person, a motorcentric body, and I go down under to where all the schoolgirls are.

Because there's so much burning in this area of the world, growth will soon occur. A foundation which can handle such massive devastation is beginning to appear.

The fingers begin.

Moving to the right, across the plane which was, is, all that remains of me, a crooked finger hooks under another strap of flesh (also me).

During the days, the schoolgirls spent most of their time touching themselves. Their fingers were twitching so continually that each girl, as if she were only one part of a gigantic body that was coming apart as I was coming apart, became absolutely separate from every other girl.

Out of Dream

I woke up and knew that Pussycat wanted to harm me. Nothing else would satisfy her. I had to find her to stop her from coming into my body and carving a hole inside there.

I ran into one of the teachers' rooms, the French teacher's, and announced that I was scared, scared to death of Pussycat.

"Why?"

"I just have to find Pussycat. I don't know why." I no longer cared what anyone in authority thought of me. "I just have to get into Pussycat's room, but it's locked, and I'm too scared to be alone anymore."

I don't know why she listened to any of my words, and maybe she didn't; I don't know what was going on in her head, but she took hold of my hand. Together we traveled down that hall until we came to a door that had a black smear instead of a name on it.

Now I knew where I was. The hall still had one dim yellow light. By knocking on this smeared door, I carved a hole into actuality and heard my dreams.

There was no answer. Knocked again and again: there was no answer.

We forced the door open. Her room was empty.

Here was further evidence that Pussycat was going to get me, because she wanted to.

We searched through that night and through the morning for Pussycat so that she couldn't harm me but we didn't find her anywhere in the school. Just a strand of hair.

Before I had gone to school, I used to pull crabs' legs off their bodies. The crabs found in the pools that were hidden under the rocks that led to the ocean. Yellow blood gushed out of the holes I made there. In the nightmare that was the first dream that I ever had, these crabs came for me. Crabs of all possible sizes crawled closer and closer as their claws, which were becoming larger, opened more and more widely so that I could know that they were about to murder me.