"I've really had too little time. I've been walking in a clockwise direction around my color wheel. You know, I'm waiting for the rod to lift. And I've done it blindfolded, too. Of course, everyone knows that.

"But it turns out that after rotating around and around I've arrived at some useful conclusions. I can tell you the color of water is violet and the color of iron is red. Copper is dark violet. Zinc is white. Silver is black. Gold is green and yellow. Platinum is green.

"Mercury is light brownish-red, and pearl is dark yellowish-green. A diamond is dirty orange, emeralds are blue and green, and rubies are yellow. Sapphires are red and grey. At this point, I can't tell you the color of green jade or nickel or cadmium. Those colors just pass right through.

"On their way to somewhere, I guess. I should sum up. I should end something. But I've been so preoccupied. You know looking as far as I can, squinting for too long. This wasn't simply a stake-out, I presume?

But what can I tell? What can I say? I can just say that Macharina is here. Things have blown by. Gloves and friends and all of that fancy talk, Shit! I've had enough. I could talk about all of those boys in school. I could describe the bottoms of desks, the places where legs flooded, folded.

"And here comes the mail! I mean, if I could just learn a role, after total blackness was faced. Then something could be seen. Remaining, something was set up face to face with me. Now; more than anything, we want to become fearless. Impeccable.

"Finally, we're being chased. Total saturation has allowed us a seat on the edge of nothing. Crushed, we became empty. It's the place that is a hundred or so paces from the stadium. Here, out in the industrial meadowlands. There is a blind of orange. There is no one behind you. Friends are there. The present is a box. Hey, Nancy, you were there. Ronald, and Donald, and Freddie; and Billy must know you.

"In this suite, we were all together at one point or another. In ways and in degrees. This is what pushed me. Who am I? It is purely a question of the past. The present is a box. Wrapped from the group that knows nothing without luck. Falling into a good time. Are they saved?

"When will they find out? That we're face to face with this beginning. That there is no one to contact within each one. That magets are defining circumference. Frantically, everything disappeared except the limits. The heat of force can be seen now, since everything became still.

"Now, empty space is moving, hovering around weight. We'll have to sit within very defined contours. Waiting for gasps and tremors. All of us seeing and feeling it together. Reading and watching. Men carrying bolts of saffron-colored cloth are falling into stacks. Light, we're free.

"Before I can start, I must push back before the beginning. History has passed. Significant thrust. Recorded movement. Corrupt. I'm forced to step up and return. To call out and say that the truck has already passed, and I'm ready now. My office is in this outline.

"My position is being absorbed. Felicia, doll, you're finished. More than anything else, it has been said. The loudspeakers came on and the announcement began, 'Everything is behind you; no one will be coming to take you away; you can do it; say your mantra-listen!'

"There must be a plot or story, symbols can be used like the face of a happy person. It can be artistic and that is only heterosexual love. Kneeling, I shook my head. She shook out her dress. The telephone rang. Four times I went, and then I left and nothing happened.

"The only thing we can expect is that something could happen, even here. After loud noise, we were all visibly shaken. is a new construction.

Yes, she had stuck her legs out of the open car door, emerged, and then slammed the door. Those legs had been the precursory flesh, introducing a tall and strong-looking blonde woman who was; wearing a very short all-weather overcoat.

"Before slamming the door, a pair of long smooth legs had emerged from the steamy car. A bright reflection bounced off a piece of the car chrome, and a door slammed.

"The sun was sinking and less and less of the landscape could be seen. And her long smooth legs emerged."

A fast-moving Porsche came to a screaming stop, and the dark-haired girl stopped talking, and smacked her cunt lips

She remained silent and after a three day pause, the dark-haired girl opened her lips once more, "It was so tight. I should have left things exactly as they were. But now I'm on the way to someplace else. I had pulled the whole thing together, and I did it with such economy and precision. Bringing the beginning around like that. Reversing the thing. Forward going back. It was so tight. The whole thing was like a machine. But I pulled it into shape too soon. Now, I've got to hold out and try to remember. I could begin with Helvetia or Fortissima or Montevidea. I see no use for Macharina -Althoway. She is finished. She was left with the formal closing. She is gone. Macharina was given up to other considerations. But the rest of the girls are closer. They could be near. The time

of day was afternoon. The telephone had rung. That's all I can remember. The tires were balled. The paint was chipped. Or maybe it was scratched. Something was defaced very badly. I had to change my voice. I couldn't continue standing the implications of my words before. I guess that was why I closed off. But I think it was all about the means, the process. You know, letting the thing take over. Until you feel like you are nothing but a literary device. Some trick. That's the way it was. I was speaking for nothing. Nothing was my message. That's what I was saying. And the words, they seemed to come from someplace else. They fell into the base of my throat and rolled around creating something like the threat of a tidal wave, if I hadn't spoken. But I did speak. I said it all. I gave up to it. Said it and then was silent. And then I began again. That was, perhaps, a mistake. I should have left things where they were. It was tight. It was tight like an isometric exercise. I can only remember the afternoon. The telephone rang. The voice filtered through. Speak! Say something more! So after three days I've started talking again. Brought things to an end and then began again. But I'm closer to finishing off now. It's not an entirely beginning venture. The 'begin' of the end. That's where I'm at. The beginning of the ending. Right now, that's the thing. But it's not easy. You know I was plucked out of my context. I've

heard a lot of things about context and support structures and that kind of thing. Like the man at the Museum of Modern Art with his description of a pair of lips being more perfect because the lip color allowed for the lips to hang in there on the face instead of the lips rhythming or matching some interior color making the lips break off and become part of the overall picture-like a Cezanne painting. But my context is not a lip-colored interior and never was. It was a movie theatre. And close to the back row. Where I used to hang out with boys. All the boys. All the boys with their pants, tight or baggy, pulled down and their dicks sticking up into the darkness, below the particle-filled beam of projection light. That was where I was at before being pulled into the Porsche. Fucking and sucking and getting it on. The backseat ride wasn't bad. The three of us, in that backseat, knew how to sink it in. But I've got friends. And I've got a family. And there were no questions asked. It was just a control number. Suddenly I felt something sink in and my body turned with vomit. Thick waves flowed up and I ran out. Ran down the maroon-leafed movie house carpet and headed toward the bathroom. That was when I was put under the physical number. That was when I was ripped out. But things come and go. Children, lovers and gloves. And I'm used to seeing the flow. Things moving by with ragged edges. Trailing pasts. Loose ends. But this whole thing was just too much. Being pulled like that. Plucked out of the movie theatre seat, I couldn't even say anything to the boy. He was just left there, with his dick sticking, no Here it's not so good either. Each day has more holes. But I was able to pull it neatly off. I got it off and very together when I seemed to finally possess the beginning. That was when I was into reiteration. It was extremely formal I suppose. The way I went about it. You know the thing. As if everybody does it that way. But it felt good to me. That was what was important. When I held the beginning in my hands, it was tight. It was, as I've said so many times now, very together. I was in control. I thought I was ready to lose it. I thought I could fight it. I was ready to buck it. I prepared myself toward me shaking their heads 'no', wouldn't have mattered. I guess I thought I was that free. But then the afternoon comes. And the telephone rings. And the message is that you've got to do it again. Finish up once more. Begin another ending. Start

another finish." She remained silent and after some time, the dark-haired girl, again, opened her lips, "It was so tiring. Doing a blow-job during that Cinema Scope movie in 1953 at the big Fox premier. It was really a drain. I think the fucking sound track was stereophonic magnetic sound instead of optical sound and that would mean that there would be a bigger fucking field of vision. If I remember correctly, I had to swivel my head around that cock, to the point that my neck threatened to snap, and I still couldn't see clearly the full image that was constructed to have a picture ratio, when properly projected through a complementary anamorphic lens, of 2.55:1. Shit! Fuck that shit. Big field of vision. Bigger than life. All those fucking movies I've been through. And there was always sex. There was always something moving in. Gyrations.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

Do you read the advertisements?



The Academy cordially welcomes foreign correspon-

SCREEN POSTERS: Originals by Harvy Squirrel Tree as made by his tribe for over 700 years. Write 344#3 La. Ave. B. R. La. 70802

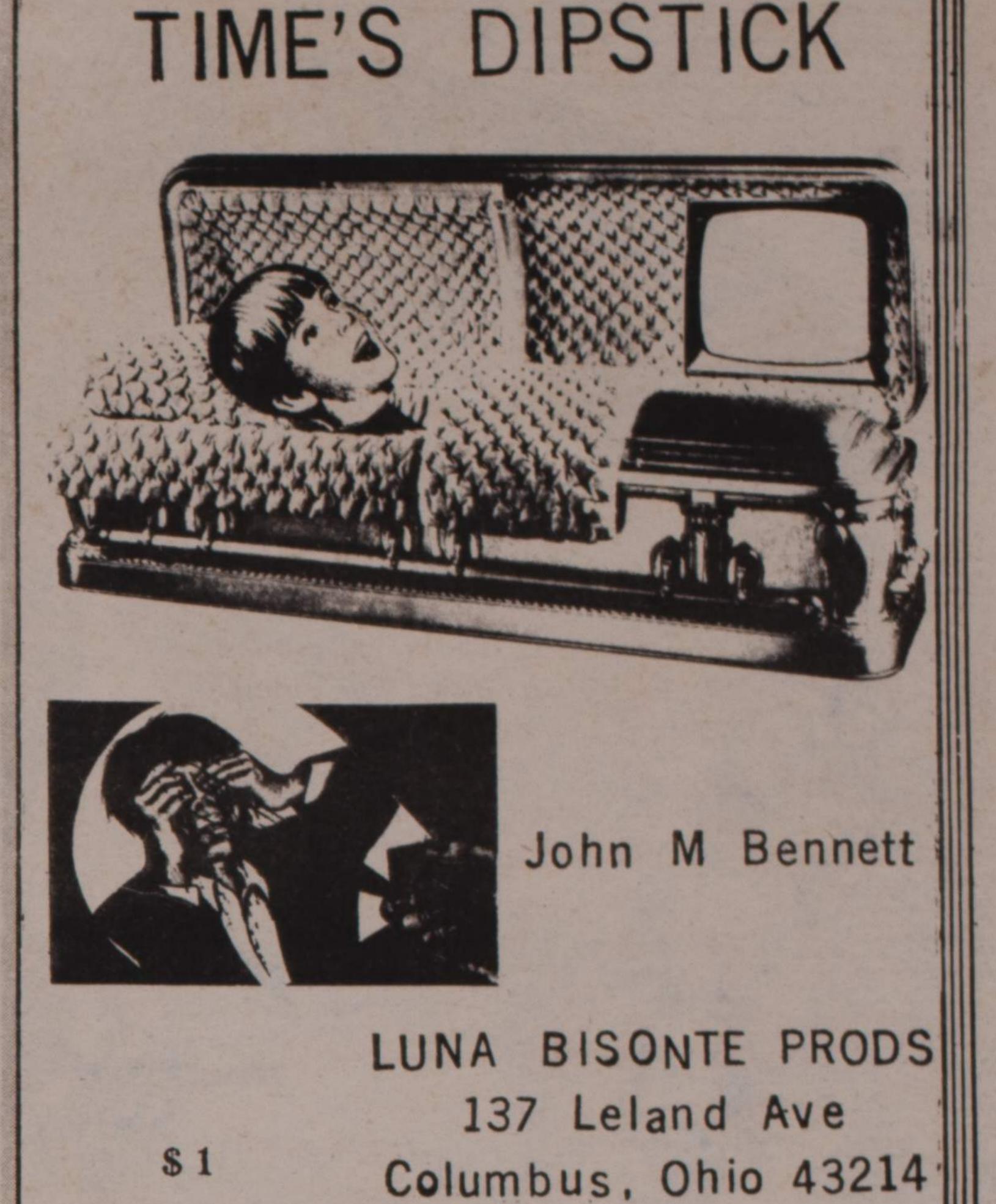
TOWN NEEDS DRUNK: Position open immediately for right person. Send qualifications to W. Prop, Sewage and Light Dept. Lucas, Kansas 66045

SHOPPING CENTER

Mr. Moon-Prof Dog Train at Home--10 yrs exp. obed. protect. results grntd. Hon

Why do CORPORATE FAT CATS horde the floozies? Are they readying for the BIG SHIFT, soon upon us.

Why have no pre-Enola Gay Necronauts come up lately?





This is new from ONEBA LIFE PRODUCTS: Baby Art Monkeys, \$6.98 a dozen. Some are good flyers, will sleep OK in attic or garage. No messy stools in the living room, alimentary tract removed prior to sale, hence no feeding is necessary with these babies. As lovable and warm as human children, but so much easier to care for. Use one, freeze others. As they starve, thaw new ones. Another huzzaha for AMERICAN LIFE CHEMISTRY. The future is here.

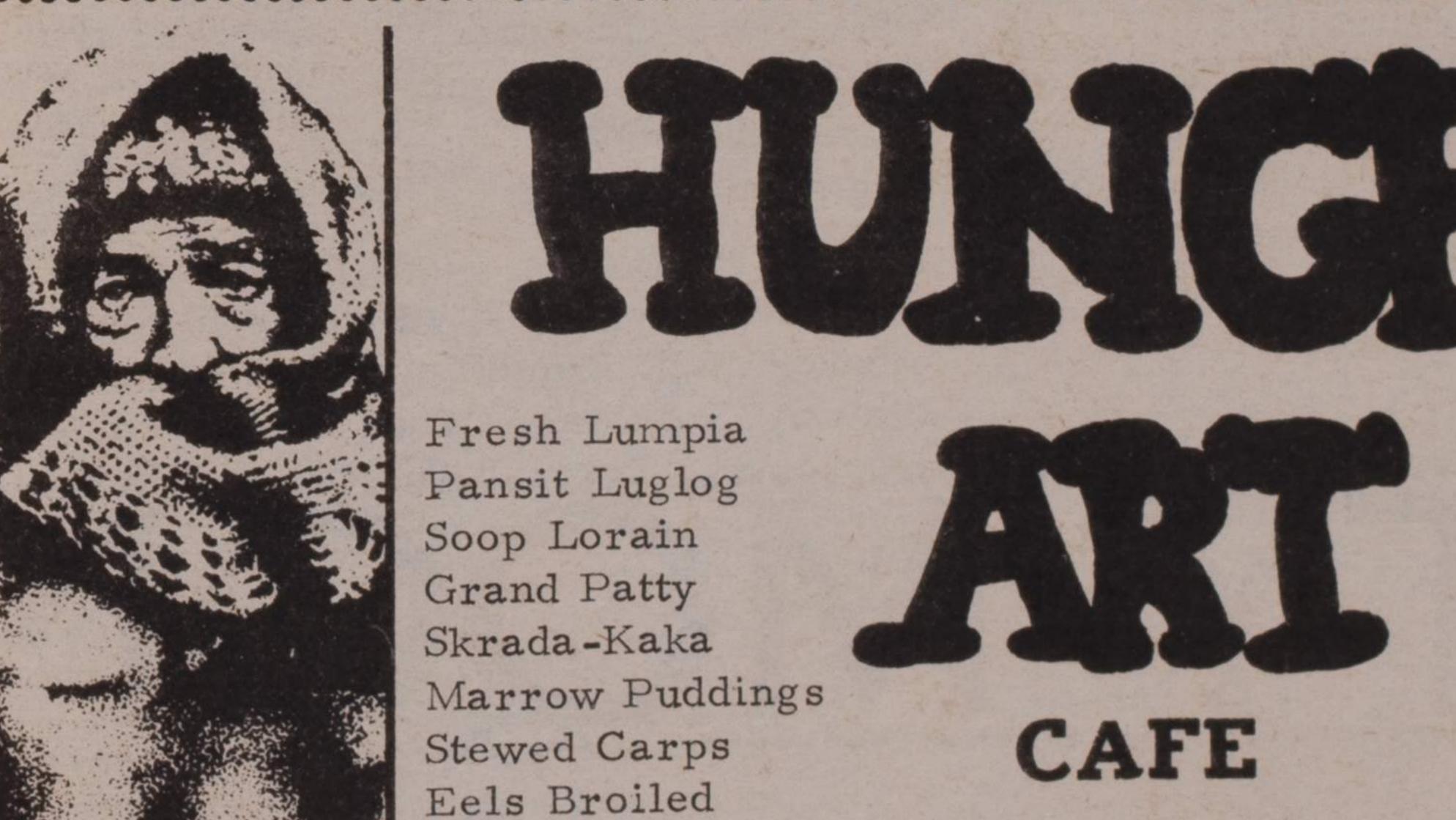


APHRODITE'S

MASSAGE CLUB

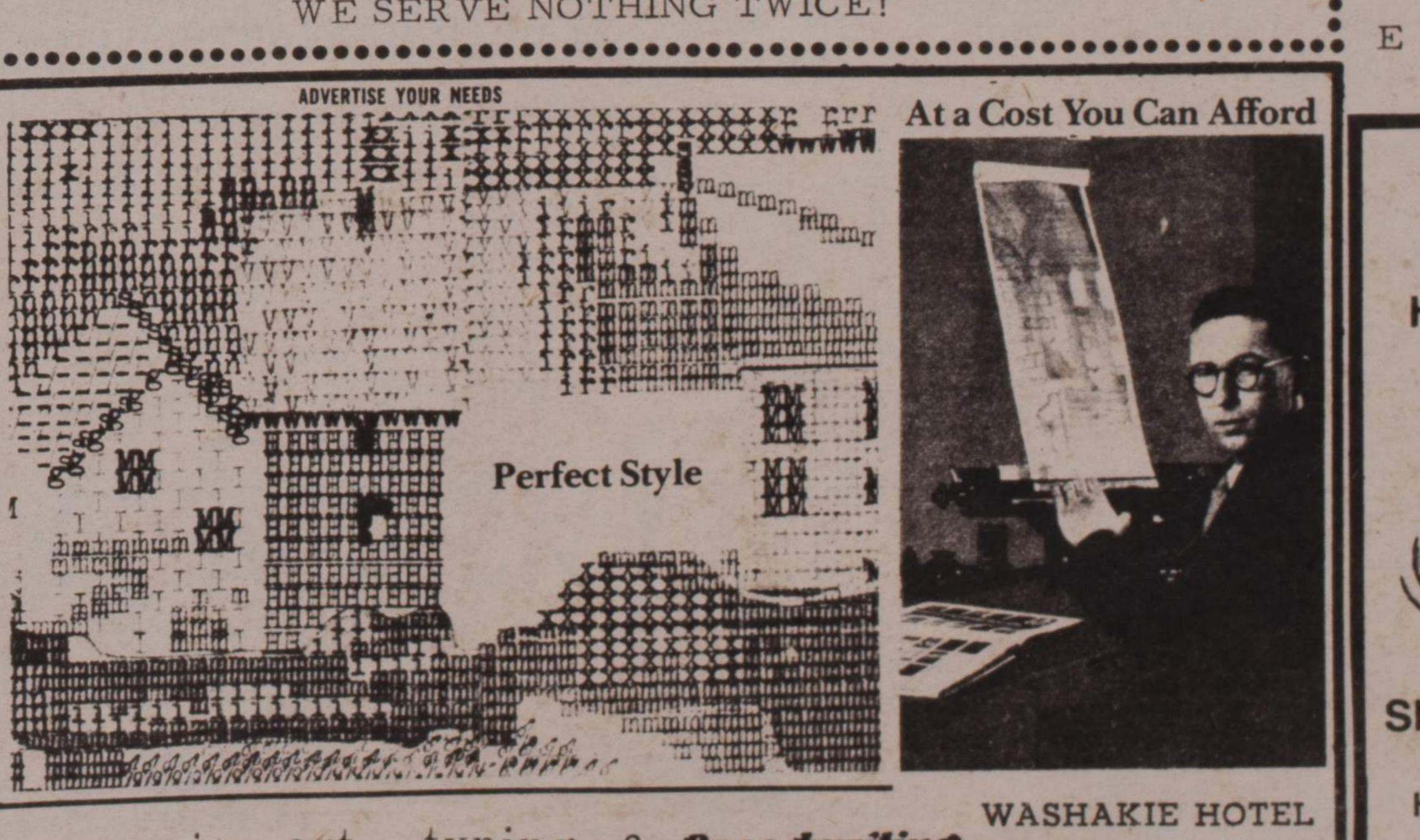
A Business Man's Retreat

We Are Waiting Just For You!



Scotch Collops Tanfy and Fritters Vitaburgers Soyfries Griddle Buns Zen Lazanya Red Beans & Rice Fecal Bread Crabeye Soup

12 Noon til 3:00 A.M.



The DANGING EGG