

THE BEDSIDE ALICE
OR
“Daddy You should have told me you were already taken”

by
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THE FAIRY TALES I READ WHEN I WAS THREE
PERSIST IN COMING BACK ON ME.
THEY WERE FOR ADULTS
IN US CHILDREN.
A WONDERFUL MIRROR
TO SEE LIFE IN.

A WONDERFUL TREAT FOR MY SEVEN YEAR SPIN.
A POSITIVE ESSENCE OF THE WORLD WE'RE IN.

I KNEW IT THEN. I KNOW IT NOW
THOSE FAIRY TALES WERE ALL SOMEHOW,
A PRICE I PAID FOR FEELING HEIGHT,
SUPERIOR, ABOVE IT ALL
READING ADULT TALES WHEN I WAS SMALL –

UNDERSTANDING THE INNER PACE
OF PURSUING
A TIME
OR SPACE
OR

PLACE.

OR

There are two alternatives:

- 1) FANTASY
- 2) VACUUM

Footnote:

Reality doesn't exist

It's just the projection of someone's fantasy

Sometimes it matches your own and you feel REAL

Too often.

OR

THE DAY ALICE STUMBLED INTO WONDERLAND

(once again)

and

instead of the dream

found

DISNEYLAND

where Prince Charming is an out-of-work actor
where the Seven Dwarfs wanted Snow White to give
them a blow job

where

reality was making a lot of bread and Alice was
offered a porno movie because she has a "good body"

and

where Humpety Dumpety will never get-it-together
again

because

he's just a rotten egg in drag

TITLES:

ALICE IN DISNEYLAND

ALICE IN DISNEYLAND SEARCHING FOR KANSAS

ALICE'S SEARCH FOR KANSAS

AND LEWIS CARROLL WAS JUST ANOTHER CHILD MOLESTER

AND PRINCE CHARMING IS A HALLOWEEN DRAG QUEEN

or

DREAM ON, ALICE :

TELL ME A STORY , THE LITTLE GIRL SAID
GIVE ME A REASON TO GET OUT OF BED

“THE TIME IS COMING,
HELP IS NEAR”

WHEN I DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER I WAS DRAMATICALLY CLEAR

but then

SHE TOLD ME THE STORY
SHE WAS VERY, VERY CLEAR

And the answer loomed up

I AM STILL HERE. . . .

FOREWARNING:

ALICE'S TIME TRIP:

TODAY – I want something
TOMORROW – I know I'll want something else
so
LET'S PRETEND it's
TOMORROW
And I want something else

YESTERDAY, I loved you
TODAY, oh god, today, I don't
TODAY is YESTERDAY
And
I LOVE YOU
(yesterday)

I'm losing TIME
By blocking NOW
Going from half past seven to midnight
In a flash
Losing 4 and a ½ hours

I'M LATE, I'M LATE FOR A VERY IMPORTANT DATE
Said ALICE on an ACID TRIP one day
And proceeded to trip acidly on.

HOW ALICE LOST HER CREATIVITY:

(a sort of "how I spent my summer vacation")

You remember that poem, that terrible poem:
"I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the . . ."
SHIT, that could turn anybody off, couldn't it???

I mean, they said that's how you had to write poems –
So I wrote
"I must go down to the sea again. . ."
and I gave up.
I was 7
And I gave up
And tried to write just a little better than
"I must go down to the "

but of course I couldn't
having no particular need to go to the ____.

Realizing my capitulation, I reversed the process –
I wrote:
I HATE NATURE
Surely rather unpoetic and generally unpopular

And now I write poems like this that are critiques of my poetry

That was the next step
My present step
Out-of-step
I step
As freely as possible
In the confines of my desperate fear
That
JOHN MASEFIELD
Was a Poet-Leaureate

And who, pray tell, AM I ???

This is the complete, unexpurgated account of Alice's
Coming of age. Everyone kept telling her to GROW UP. . .
So she did.
And above all. . . .
It was interesting
If nothing else . . .
It certainly was . .
Interesting.

The beginning:

“tell me, tell me, I want to know. I want to learn. . . .
about life and such. You know, the stuff that life is made of.
The facts. Give ‘em to me straight. No bullshit. Cut the
Crap. TRUTH. Tell me the truth”
said Alice.

YOU HAVE TO GIVE US A LITTLE MORE INFORMATION, first, tell
us about yourself?
said they.

“I’m attractive, intelligent, I’m twenty or so and I’m a
good student. I love to learn. or. As the bright, attractive
young woman said to the stupid, ugly, old man:

TEACH ME MASTER.

A little joke. A little hostility. Alice, is just a little
Freaked out. Alice needs HELP. Bear with her, be patient.
She's really a good kid.

"I'm really a good kid....I'm just a kid, you know".

GROW UP ALICE.

O.K. O.K. I'm a good student, and the teacher, daddy, (can
You hear me, daddy?) is, the teacher is irrevocably fashioned
In your image. God is not dead. He lives in the resentment-
Filled psyches of un-habited nuns the world over. Our convent
Is Fantasyland, pandered to and elevated (?) to reality by the male of the species. If you're
Jewish, as I tend to be,
(Alice, jewish? Why not?) he probably has a beard and kind
eyes . . . he's Sigmund Freud or Henry Miller, the bastard who
views you as a hole to be conquered –

HOLD IT, ALICE. WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE. after all, little girls
Should be seen and notwell, of course we don't really mean that, but after all, even little
girls who are making
An effort should, well, you know . . .COOL IT.

Alice falls silent. Alice can't speak.

SPEAK UP, ALICE

“- hole to be conquered, or the -“

SHUT UP, ALICE. we're beginning to get the idea. You're a
Foul-mouthed little slut and here we thought you'd come a long way
Baby.

At this point, Alice very graciously removed herself. She's
feeling a little paranoid. She climbs back under the bed.

From under the bed:

THE FAIRY TALES I READ WHEN I WAS THREE
PERSIST in coming back on . . ._-

“OH FUCK” says Alice, from under the bed, and loudly continues
what she's saying, because she knows no one can hear her when
she's under the bed:

“he's the bastard who views you as a hole to be conquered, or

the wise one, who takes your hand and pretends you have no hole to be conquered. Whole, I am not and a prickful of knowledge is the universal joke inspiring reams of cosmic laughter.

HA

Alice is apparently laughing her head off. Which, it occurs to Alice, is exactly what THEY wanted all along. OFF WITH HER HEAD they said and she ran under the bed and proceeded to laugh her head off.

But then, Alice would be the first to tell you, that she really is a good girl. "A Good Girl". Always does what she's told. A good student. Learns her lessons.

THE LESSON: (paraphrased by Alice)
(learned at 2 on daddy's knee)
Mummy is the competitor. Daddy is the assigner of certificates of worth, which will never be certifiable.

A WONDERFUL TREAT FOR MY SEVEN YEAR SPIN

"daddy, you hold my value in abeyance, my uncertifiable worth. the body I grew in defiance does not serve me well, except as bait, - I'm still fishing for compliments"

In a fit of self, Alice once wrote:
I walk alone
Alone, I'm free.

She quickly added:
Would you care to walk alone with me?

Everyone thought that was sweet. And, Alice is very sweet and Alice was very pleased that they liked her little poem:

"Well, mister man, you still hold the power. I lie - intimidated under your cock, even when you push me into the female superiora position. I'm not comfortable acting out that aggressiveness. My aggressiveness lies in aggression. My hostility is as boundless as my adoration".

Alice is just a little worried about this last confession:

"Hey guys, I love 'ya. You know that. I'll do anything for you. Hell, I won't swallow the cock you're ramming down my throat. I need it too much to fill that gaping hole. Hell, we all need a good fuck, sometimes.

COME ON, ALICE, GET TO THE POINT. TELL US THE LESSONS YOU'VE LEARNED. WE

KNOW YOU'RE THERE - UNDER THE BED - AND WE CAN
HEAR YOU ANYWAY.

A long pause, but Alice knows they've got the better of her.
Sometimes, Alice is no fool.

“daddy taught me that if I cry, he'll love me - a lot “
daddy, daddy, I'm scared of the dark

GOOD GORL ALICE, now you're talking.

“Grandpa taught me to undertake the strain of others' pain . . .”
don't die, grandpa, don't go away, kind eyes

RIGHT ON, ALICE.

“Mr. Morris, my homosexual English teacher -“

WATCH IT, ALICE, you were doing so well.

“Mr. Morris taught me that I had a good head on my shoulders . . .”
is it really the best essay in the whole class?

PHEW! HAD US A LITTLE WORRIED THERE, ALICE. Yes, sirree.

“well, you see, Mr. Morris was very important -“

OF COURSE. of course, he was. we're with you all the way, little
girl.

“Mr. Morris, sir, the class was laughing because your fly is
open. I mean, your fly, you know, is well, open and like
such cruelty is well, unpardonable, sir. I'm your only friend
here, sir. I'm your friend. Isn't it nice that I write good
essays, too”?

WAS THAT NECESSARY, ALICE??

“Yes, because I want Grandpa to know that I learned my lesson”
You see, Grandpa, I understand. I understand others' pain. I
can take the strain. I'll take the strain of others' pain

YEAH. YEAH. go on. you're doing very well, dear.

“My man taught me -“.

WAIT A MINUTE, new development. MAN? what man?

“My first one. The first guy I went to bed with. The major cause of my eighteen year old virginity was my fear that I wouldn’t FUCK right. But, god. It’s a good thing I lost my virginity when I did. It was really cluttering up my life”.

CONFERENCE:

THEY: (amongst themselves)

(Alice, pretends not to hear, besides she doesn’t really mind. It’s all very familiar)

whata ‘ya think? she’s really trying. she’s honest for what it’s worth. listen, it’s a whole new world. these kids are all doing it. IT. ‘ya know. it seems they found out that girls like IT too. I mean really LIKE IT.

O.K. ALICE, just exactly did your first man teach you??????

“I love you. I love YOU. i LOVE you. I LOVE YOU. anything, anything you ask. oh, darling, you’re so wonderful ... wonderful. you’re soooooo i’m coming”

SILENCE.

Encouraged, Alice continues.

“let me wash your cock, my friend, the cock, my new friend, you little devil. you sure know how to keep me in my PLACE -“

GET HER TO STOP THIS shush!

“and my fiend, the cock replies: wanna fuck, baby?”

ENOUGH, ALICE. that’s quite enough

ALICE pokes her head out from under. Alice is a little perverse:

“I don’t make the same mistake twice.

I make it repeatedly

count them on ten hands

then, stand up and be counted . . . if you dare . . . no, if you care

if I dare

to care.

I dare

but do you care?

Probably not.

It's all part of that same old mistake.”

ANYTHING ELSE, ALICE. wiseass.

Alice remembers her FIRST MAN and becomes whimsical:

“don't try to make sense of a sound or a touch,
just enter the moment it doesn't ask much”

Alice enters the moment. But it's gone.

TELL US ABOUT IT.

“I cancel out the moments
even as they occur.

.such fear of prolonging a moment is not
a sweet disease.

I can never be here
when I insist on being there

surrounded by myself
blocking the tentative passes that suggest a

TOUCH

I fear I will never respond too much “

THIS IS BORING. get her to talk about the c-o-c-k again. well,
I think there's a clue there. A clue.

“Mummy, you don't mind if I engage in a little fucking, do you?”

SEE. SEE.

“No, of course, we won't tell daddy. I know he works hard to
give us everything. Mummy, please. No . . . he's not. Daddy's
not sad. Please, mum, he's not sad. He's probably just mad.
He's just mad, mum, honey . . . oh no, not at you. He's not mad
at you alright, alright, so he's MAD at ME. O.K.

What have I done? Tell me. Tell me about myself. because I
can't remember.

What was I like to you?

My god. I can't remember. I can't
What's the GAP? The spaces I can't touch?”

SHE'S DIGRESSING again. the girl has the attention span of a two

year old. YOU'RE NO FURTHER AHEAD THAN YOU WERE AT 2 ON DADDY'S KNEE.

"daddy, daddy, daddy!"

THE FIRST MAN, ALICE. She's RE- gressing again.

"da--ddy. DAD--dy. dad--DY!"

THE FIRST MAN, ALICE.

"While we're fucking, say the words".

WHAT WORDS, ALICE? (this is getting interesting)

"For chrissakes, don't ask me to say those frigging words, you cocksucking son of a bitch. I'm not obscene, you fucker. Stick your cock up your ass if you're going to talk to me that way. Fuck. Cock. Cunt."

OH??!!!

"It makes me cry when you yell at me. You hurt my feeling. My feelings are hurt and you know what happens when that happens : I get a terr--i--ble headache . . . daddy, daddy, gimme a drink a wa-ter. Gimmee, gimmee.

I know, mother. Gimmee, gimmee, never gets. I studied my nursery rhymes -

THE FAIRY TAILS I READ WHEN I WAS 3

I know I'm inferior and -

I hate him when my love juice spreads over our thighs
and
God, he's good
best fuck I ever had.

Must remember to tell him. when it's over. must remember.
Now how shall I put it? Oh, yeah"

Mr. Morris, sir. It's your fly. Your fly is open, sir.
Mr. Morris, your fly is open and the fools are laughing
at me - I mean, you. "

I KNEW SHE'D DREDGE THAT UP AGAIN. what is it with her?

"Mr. Morris, sir, who the hell are you? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU,

anyway?”

WELL, WELL, NOW SHE'S beginning TO see THE light.

“Don't you dare come on to my daddy. Mr. fucking Morris. He's the straight man at our house. I mean, daddy doesn't want to fuck any assholes”.

WE'RE BEGINNING TO SEE THAT YOU're the only ASSHOLE here, ALICE.

“The last guy who called me an asshole had it up my ass at the time . . . mummy recommended vassiline for all that ails you. So, now I save my vassiline for cocks that go limp in the night when confronted with my front. I masturbate on my stomach, anyway. Should I tell him how to do it? Not now, I guess he's otherwise occupied. Thank god and mummy for vassiline.

My asshole, dear sir, is your rosebud. Listen, I understand.. I sympathize. I fell in love with Orson Welles, myself when I was twelve. Marlon Brando followed shortly thereafter.

Hide and Seek is still my favorite game. Oh, how I love to hide:

If you seek, I'll give you a peek
If you pat my head, I'll give you my heart
If you fuck my hard, I'll give you anything

I need you I want you fuck me fuck my cunt fuck fuck fuck”

“See, what more can I offer in the way of proof?

I serve humbly.

I say the WORDS and you're damn right “

I LOVE IT

In the course of ALL THIS, Alice came out from under the bed and lay on the bathroom rug. THEY were appalled. THEY decided they needed a coffee break from all THIS.

So,
THEY took their coffee break,
called a temporary halt
and
left Alice to her own DEVICES.

ALICE
LEFT to her own DEVICES :

I spend hours in the mirror. Seeing a face. Pushing and pulling
my hair down around my shoulders, up above my head, back on my
neck. I want to run the scissors through it. I want it long
and flowing. It stands away from my face.

A WONDERFUL MIRROR TO SEE LIFE IN

A baby face. Face of a baby.

mummy, mummy
i'm three days old
just out in the world
and it's getting cold

mummy,
want me
mummy
it's cold

The face in the mirror. Old. So old. Hollow cheeks. Sunken eyes.

Mother, when did you get so old?

The face in the mirror. Old. So old. Hollow cheeks. Sunken eyes.

just out in the world
and i'm not very bold

The face in the mirror. Old. So old.

mummy, mummy
not knowing when you had me
that you made me feel old

giving birth to myself
such a tedious process
been through it before
but it wasn't the right
moment -

PREMATURE

mummy mummy i'm just three days old
just out in the world
and I'm not very bold

mummy, want me
mummy, it's cold
mummy, want me

PREMATURE

IT'S COLD COLD COLD COLD COLD COLD COLD COLD COLD COLD COLD
MUM---MY ???? !!

alice's devices continued.

Feeling. feeling? What's the feeling? between my legs?

WET

I'M WET

WET MY DIAPER

I WET MY DIAPER

strange

strange feeling

feeling strange

WET

good?

What do I do? with the strange feeling? with the WET?

something missing

missing

OPEN YOUR MOUTH

cry. cry. crying. i'm crying. i'm trying. i'm crying.

AND

she's changing my diaper. her hands are soft. don't STOP.

Alice, he said, it's a clear case of infant sexuality.

The child can indeed relate to the mother's touch -

don't STOP

- to the beginnings of -

mummy it's cold

- that is to say- the beginnings of- that is - the child feels -

feeling? strange. feeling change. feeling.

- the child feels the first stirrings of - of - of -

“Doctor, doctor, did I want to fuck my mother?”

“Fuck off, mother. Leave me alone. Don't - please- STOP. For chrissakes, you'd think I was a baby. You'd think I was just three days old”.

THE FAIRY TALES I READ WHEN I WAS THREE PERSIST IN COMING BACK ON (ME)

“stop treating me like a child - 2 on daddy’s knee
3 days old”.

“Doctor, doctor, do I want to fuck my mother?”

-NO NO, of course NOT . . the beginnings you know. A sensual
pleasure at being touched. Classic. Merely classic case of
well, you know, of the classic case.

I wonder who’s TOUCHING me now?

Alice’s devices continue.

I wonder whose touching me now in this land of Patagonia?
This land where there are no people named FRED or GEORGE
or DICK or JANE . . . Or DICK? I think it’s a terrible word
for a prick . . I’d never call it a dick, a cock, a prick, a
shlong, Come on now . . . you’re putting me on:

“Well, what does he call it ?”

“He said it’s his dingy .”

“Dingy? Well, what the hell does that mean”?

“That’s what he said - dingy”.

“You paid him a quarter for that. That’s useless. It can’t
be right. He’s either lying or he just doesn’t know. Did he
show it to you, at least”?”

No, he said we’d have to pay another quarter”.

“Alright, alright . . . it’s highway man robbery, but we might
as well get something out of this. Here’s a quarter. Go
on, go on. I’ll wait here”. “AND MAKE HIM SHOW YOU IT . . “

IT. IT. That’s what it’s called. An IT . . . :
It is fine. IT is O>K> IT is good with you. It is cold here.
It is too hot. It’s too much. IT is Over . . .
IT IS TIME TO GO NOW. jTime to go now. I have no more to
show now.

“Did he show you IT”?

“giggle. giggle. gigglegigglegigglegigglegigglegigglegigglegigglegiggle”.

“IT’S funny”? “What did it look like”?

“IT was little. A little thing”.

His thing’s so small. I wonder if it makes any difference?
Can I enjoy IT with such a small thing? Can I make it big”?

“Did you get my quarter back”?

“No. He did let me see IT”.

“Well, was it worth it”?

“giggle”.

“I guess it’s worth a laugh and I guess, well, laughs are
so hard to come by these days and you know, he who laughs
last, laughs longest”.

If it was just a little longer . . . longer, please . . . stay longer.
Don’t go yet . . . How fucking long is this going to go on. E-nough!

I WONDER WHO’SE TOUCHING ME NOW . . I WONDER ????????????????

ALICE’S FIRST TOUCH (in the HERE & NOW)

“I’m here”, she said, “and that doesn’t happen very often”.

“I’m here too,“ he said “ and that’s all that matters”.

They laughed.

“I’m here”, I said.

“I’m here, too”, he said.

We laughed.

Let me be HERE
whatever I fear
it’s so hard for me just to be HERE.

Make me be here
whatever I fear
it’s so hard for me just to BE here.

“WHO ARE YOU”? he said.

she laughed
“who are you”? he said.
he laughed

“It doesn’t matter to you who I am, either, does it? Because, I’m HERE too”.

They laughed

Laugh and the world laughs with you. --- and you --- alone.
END OF ALICE’S FIRST TOUCH
BACK TO ALICE’S DEVICES

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alice’s devices continue:

“ I remember when I was little, my mother used to invite me into the bathroom while she was bathing. We’d have nice long talks. My mother would place a washcloth over her pubic area. And we’d have nice long talks like that. Just me and mum with a washcloth over her pubic area, which was there I suppose so as not to draw attention to her pubic area. The washcloth was. I’d crawl up on the counter top and swing my legs over the side and my mother would take a bath with a washcloth covering her pubic area.”

FOR THE LONGEST TIME I THOUGHT WHEN I GREW UP I’D ALSO HAVE A WASHCLOTH OVER MY PUBIC AREA. TITS AND A WASHCLOTH. WHAT A WOMAN I’D BE THEN, I THOUGHT TO MYSELF, FOR THE LONGEST TIME.

“I remember when I was little, I saw his penis. Only once. I mean I didn’t try to peek at him or anything. It just happened. You know, the way things just happen. He was taking a bath and my uncle had to tell him something. He’d just gotten out of the tub I guess, cause he opened the bathroom door a crack to talk to my uncle. They were laughing. My father seemed to be in a good mood and I could see it through to crack. I think it was big”.

FOR THE LONGEST TIME I THOUGHT WHEN I GREW UP, I’D NEVER SEE ONE AGAIN.

Alice, he said, it’s a clear case, a classic case of infantile sexuality. Alice, he said, you’re very infantile Alice, he said, let it rest, don’t dwell on it. It’s un-healthy. Alice, he said, remember what Caesar said: What’s done cannot be undone. said Caesar. And Caesar was an honorable man.

FOR THE LONGEST TIME I REMEMBERED WHAT CAESAR SAID WHEN HE WAS
CROSSING THE RUBICON:

The die, said Caesar, is cast.

and

THE FAIRY TALES I READ WHEN I WAS THREE PERSIST IN COMING BACK
ON ME

Alice, he said, you have a classic case of a classic case. Now,
tell me: Did your father and your uncle know you were there?

“They were laughing”.

Did they know you were there?

“Did they know I was there”?

“Did they know”?

“Do they know now”?

I KNEW IT THEN. I KNOW IT NOW. THOSE FAIRY TAILS WERE ALL, SOMEHOW -
A PRICE I PAID
A PRICE

and the cost of living has gone up.

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ALICE'S JOKE :

Did I ever tell you the one about did you hear the one
about a funny thing happened to me on the way to the
a funny thing happened:

See, Mr. Morriss' FLY was open and everyone was laughing and
passing notes around the classroom:

The queer's fly is open
The jerk was jerking off
Can you see his COCK?
Maybe he doesn't have one
Maybe he left it up someone's ass

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HA HAHA HA HA HA AH AH AHAH AHAHAHAH AHHHHHHHHHH

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ALICE AT HOME :

Go to him, the alienated man.
Go to him, if you can,
Go to him, if you trust,
No
Go to him, because you must!

“mummy’s going to wake up any minute and tell us to stop talking and get to bed”

MUMMY IS THE COMPETITOR

MUMMY: now, this is really the height of ridiculousness. What do the two of you think you’re doing? Just what do you think you’re doing? For God’s sake, Morris, you have to be at the office at eight on the dot and as for you, young lady - why, you know full well that your dad has an eight o’clock appointment. Why are you doing this to him? Where’s all that concern you maintain you have for your poor father? You know he has to get up for work in the morning. You really take the cake”.

THE CAKE: mummy is the competitor

MUMMY: what are you two talking about anyway? As if I cared?

ALICE: (choking on the cake) You’re right, mama, dad has to get up and you know me. You’re absolutely right. I’m going to have one heck of a time getting up for school -

MUMMY: And don’t think for one minute you’re getting out of school tomorrow. Things are going to change around here, for once and for all. No more playing sick. No more playacting, little one. I know how you skip classes all the time. Movies are better than ever, aren’t they?

ALICE: (frantically) No, daddy, no. I don’t skip school. Not me. Oh no. I love to learn.

DADDY IS THE ASSIGNER OF CERTIFICATES OF WORTH

DADDY: I certainly hope so, Alice, You wouldn’t want to disappoint your daddy now, would you?

THAT WILL NEVER BE CERTIFIABLE i hate school. shush.

ALICE: (an aside to alice) I love to learn. You know, I want to be a good wife and mother to you.

DADDY: (an aside to alice) Then tell Bad Mummy to go away and leave us alone.

ALICE: SCREAMING: Go away. go away. leave us alone.

ALICE: We're just talking.

MUMMY: (an aside to alice) Bad. Bad. You're bad. He's mine, you bitch. You'll never get him away from me. Never.
(an aside to daddy) Tell her you schmuck. You're mine, all mine. My god, she's just a little girl.

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ALICE SWALLOWS THE CAKE:

Mother, mo-ther: I HATE YOU. HATE YOU. I HATE YOU.

Daddy swallows. Nobody knows what he swallows, least of all Alice and her mother. Daddy goes silent. Daddy goes mad or sad. Or just away. Far away from Alice and her mummy. Can't handle it.

i sat with my pain in the back of the truck
when my father told mom he didn't give a fuck .
i figured it was my fault,
cause mom claimed it certainly wasn't her fault
and dad didn't seem to think it was his fault - dad didn't
even seem to be there at all.
he said he was going
that he was sick of us all
and my mother complied - she wasn't having a ball.
i cried and i screamed and he said he would stay
and i still feel the guilt that i stopped him from going away

ALICE SWALLOWS THE CAKE:

Go to him, the alienated man
Go to him, if you can
Go to him - you must, you know.

ALICE: (choking on the cake) my god, oh my god, but it's isolating me. You're isolating me. My god oh god, is that all that's left for me?

YES, the fairy tales I read when I was three persist in coming back on me, BUT, but, the price I paid for reality, the price I paid for feeling tall and saying: Stay daddy, if not her, then I'll make it worth your while. The price. Oh god. The price.
and
the cost of living keeps rising and the die, said Caesar, is cast.

ALICE: (an aside to daddy) I wish, i wish you'd impressed upon me the fact that you were already taken.
(an aside to mummy) I wish, i wish, you'd realized that you already had him.
(an aside to alice) I wish, i wish, I'd realized the two of you together, but:
I was afraid to be angry
too hurt to be kind
and
the result is a piss-poor state of mind.

and the LESSON persists:

MUMMY IS THE COMPETITOR. DADDY IS THE ASSIGNER OF THE CERTIFICATES OF WORTH

AND

ALICE: (an aside to the good student, alice)
permit me my sickness
don't tread on my neuroses
don't turn out the bulb
of my special psychoses.

AND Alice cobbled up the cake, cause she was hungry and the cupboard was otherwise bare and Caesar was an honorable man.

25

Or so Marlon said and Marlon was enough of a reference for any little girl skipping classes in search of Kansas. Oh yes, Alice gobbled it right up til she was filled to overflowing with it and slowly but surely her devices became her vices and Alice concluded her onistic flight chanting happily:

maybe I will
maybe I won't
maybe I shouldn't

PROBABLY I CAN'T. SO THERE. NANANNANA NAN A.

AND

COMPOSED nasty little poems in place of cute little poems:
Being nice is a strange device,
It calls for a lot of thinking twice.
It occurred to me that if I stopped thinking twice
I probably wouldn't be half as nice.

AND

mean little poems :

Man, Stud, touch of Hud,
the guy who's "after" you
Thinks he's "too much"
but it's all in his crotch

*

FUCK HIM, that's all you can do.

AND

cynical little poems:

I discovered I was a prize today,
Someone's talking about our "lay".
I suppose it's all part of the game
I'm sure it won't hurt me - all that fame.

(with a touch of self-awareness)

I gave so little at the time
You wanted so much to feel you were mine.
It all evens out in the end I guess
Take what I give - to hell with the rest.

If not at the moment
then I give it now
tell anyone you want
that you had me
and
WOW.

AND

evil little poems:

Went and turned a trick today
Just to see if I could say
I went and did a FUCK who'd pay.

"Well, how was it? Good, I hope".

It's just that he was such a dope.
But that's alright, it wasn't for him
I went and did my little sin.

All for me, dear piece of mind
to fight the things that are unkind,
patch up the falls I want to climb,
fight the fears of being sublime???

AND

poems about nature that didn't involve "going down to the sea:"

Everybody hates me because I hate Nature and I think their vigilance on behalf of the earth and the sky is highly questionable and probably religiously inspired.

I love New York City

I like looking at NATURE
from behind a plate glass window.
It looks just as good as close up
and there's no wasps or cowshit.

The other sensory values,
particularly the smells so often praised,
can easily be duplicated by:

- 1) eating corn of the cob in a rustic restaurant
or
- 2) buying roses from a young hippy and placing them on your mantle.

The ways to get around
The Great Outdoors
are innumerable and rewarding.

I can't wait til you all make that much publicized -
RETURN TO THE SOIL
I'll have the cities all to myself.

27

AND

finally, finally firmly supporting herself because she felt a vague, uneasy queasiness about her slight case of indigestion that resulted from her gluttony with the pre-consumed, pre-conceived CAKE that she just couldn't resist, Alice

GOT-IT-ON

found a place, negotiated for a space, entered the race, picked up her pace:

UNDERSTANDING THE INNER PACE OF PERSUING A TIME OR PLACE OF SPACE???

that is to say, Alice said FUCK IT, just fuck it. it's all just so much shit, anyway, so just fuck it.
translated, that means, Alice is trying to tell us something:

ALICE: TO THEM , (who took an overlong coffee break and returned

with only a few bromides for hungry Alice to nibble on)

I spread myself thin -
that's the space that I'm in.
Don't fight me - invite me to have it on
while I'm here.

Who knows what changes will rearrange us.
Hang ups? Let's ignore.
Just enjoy:
Get it on with some boy'
try for a girl
experience um, well, spring -
right?: you see, stick with me,
experience spring.
The HIGH dies fast, I'm a little diffused, a little confused
but the IDEAS flow free:
It comes down to you and me or him or her

HELL- I'm just, well, spreading myself thin, but it
happens to be the space that i'm in.

My space - my charge in the race- speeding over days that dissolve
in a haze - testing horizons - deciphering liaisons - trying out
life - no room for strife

AND BELIEVE ME I am taking my knocks. Oh yes. Because, because
when I say:

Watch me now, i'm coming on strong
and i'll tell you the truth, it isn't wrong,
we'll get it on with a measure of taste, a touch of fear,
a moment of haste, it's moving fast, but that's my pace -

when I say that, I know. I know. That it's all just:
the incessant rambling of my individual WASTE

and still I say:

Waste not, want not.
Do it all.
4's no crowd. 3's a ball.

and THEY can only say:

28

THEY: Well at least she came out from under the bed. maybe,
she'll work it out. needs a little time. It's like
a young guy right after his first "score", you know,

wild oats. Listen, at least she came out from under the bed. I mean, it's like she's "In The Bed" - you know, i suppose IN is better than UNDER and she'll get tired of all that sort of thing and then she'll GET UP. She'll GET OUT OF BED. RIGHT, ALICE. RIGHT. We're telling you this for your own good. Go ahead. Have a good time, but don't say we didn't warn you. We're a little worried, that's all and of course there's that whole other thing to be considered: when the poor thing comes to her senses and wants to, you know, settle down and really be decent about the whole thing. Well, we just hope, ALICE, DEAR, ARE YOU LISTENING? :

WE HOPE, DEAR ALICE, THAT YOU WILL NOT HAVE ABUSED YOUR-SELF TOO TOO MUCH AND THAT YOU WON'T BE A USED RAG TO BE SIMPLY DISCARDED IN THE GUTTER THAT YOU ARE CHOOSING TO SLEEP IN you know what THEY, that is WE, you know what we're saying: ALICE, OH ALICE - YOU MAKE YOUR BED YOU LIE IN IT THAT'S L-I-F-E Alice, baby, the hard, cold of it all. But DO YOUR THING, by all means. DO IT.

To which ALICE replied:

FUCK YOU.

and a chorus rose up:

who?
which one?
she pointing at me?
who do you want to fuck?

Alice, baby, you're too much.
babe, you're beautiful.
beautiful bitch in heat
oh hon-ey,

DID YOU COME?

to which ALICE replied:

Sure, sure. yeah. i came. probably.
Sure.

29

ALICE'S LIST:

MEN - i have known:

MEN - I have blown
MEN - I don't know
MEN -
 who won't let me grow
 who won't let me go

MEN who want me - MEN who don't
MEN who try - MEN who won't
MEN - I've lost
MEN - I've gained - men who know me, men who don't

MENMENEMENMENMENMENEMENEMEN I don't know

Oh, all you MEN
you're all the same
mere reflections of past good times
mere projections
of past times
when

daddy

daddy
daddy

30

ALICE'S LETTER TO DADDY:

daddy, my first love,
daddy, my friend,
the first lap I sat in, first shoulder I cried on:

don't turn your back on my surrogate fathers, my now loves,
my friends.

Oh, daddy, you were already TAKEN>

ALICE'S SHORT STORY TO DADDY :

How my hair iron got to screw my princess phone -

My Mother hid my curling iron
because she didn't like what my hair looked like.

My Father hung up the telephone
because he didn't like what the you sounded like.

I told my mother: I didn't like her hair either
and
I told my father: If he wasn't willing to fuck me, he'd
better let me find someone who was.

My mother gave back the iron reluctantly
but she continued to bitch about my hair.
My father became remarkably silent
and gave me my own Princess Phone.

ALICE'S SONG TO DADDY :

my heart belongs to daddy is one helluva strip number.

31

ANOTHER EVENING - AT HOME - WITH THE FAMILY :

she smiles sweetly as she snips
he plays around discreetly
and her mother-in-law packages it all
neatly for the neighbours.

MUMMY: (reading aloud to the family, as they enjoy a moment
of familial bliss)

“If you can keep your head when all about you

“If you can dream and not make dreams your master

“If you can make one heap of all your winnings

“If you can walk with kings “

MUMMY: (sweetly) That's your daddy, my rock of Gibraltar.

ALICE: (giggling) Oh, mum, daddy's blushing.

DADDY: (blushing?) Enough of this foolishness.

the children run to mommy when daddy's away
they run to daddy when mommy won't play
and the grandparents wonder in great dismay
at their children's inability to say what they
should say.

MUMMY: (reading)
"If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs
and blaming it on you
". . . trust yourself when all men doubt you, and make allowances
for their doubting too
". . . winnings and risk it on a game of pitch and toss, and
lose and start again at your beginnings and never breathe
a word about your loss -"

MUMMY beams her loving light on DADDY who reads his newspaper
while ALICE tries not to cry. The last time she cried, she ruined
the familial bliss and the living room rug.

the boss lays it on him
he lays it on her
she runs to her moma, who says:
"you cope, that's the cure".

the shrink doesn't want to know her hidden distress
he chides her for the level to which she aspires
"your man is supreme, whatever transpires".

MUMMY: (reading)
"if you can Dream and not make Dreams your master . . .
"if you can Think and not make Thoughts your aim
"if you can meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat the
two imposters just the same . . ."

Morris, this is you, this is you Morris.

32

ALICE: (screaming, in delight)
ME TOO. ME TOO. mommy, daddy, I want to be all those
things when I grow up. I can hardly wait to grow up.
Oh boy, I'm going to be just great someday . . . "If you can
keep your head when all about you" - oh yes. I will, I
will.

MUMMY: (reading icily)
“and what is more, you’d be a man, my SON”.

MUMMY slams the book shut. MUMMY glares at ALICE. MUMMY and DADDY exchange glances:

IF
they’d had a SON:
he’d choose a woman much the same,
trusting, never doubting, accepting his name

producing a similar disaster when they came?

MUMMY and DADDY exchange glances over ALICE’s shame:

the daughter, however, a case to be reckoned
screwed as often as a MAN<
available when beckoned.

MUMMY slams the book shut. “and what is more you’ll be a man, my son”.

ALICE: IF, IF, IF, if I can keep my head when all about me are
losing theirs and blaming it on me

OFF WITH HER HEAD, they said, and she cried her head OFF, and she
laughed her head OFF

and they all wrote her OFF
parents and grandparents alike
after all, nobody likes to associate with a very
sick
Psy - che.

ALICE: (screaming) :
RUDYARD KIPLING WAS A MALE CHAUVENIST PIG AND A RASCIST

MUMMY: screaming) :
JOHN MASEFIELD WAS A POET LAUREATE

DADDY: is silent.

daddy’s mad. daddy’s sad. daddy just told us to FUCK OFF - oh,
mother, don’t cry. oh, daddy, don’t hit me. i didn’t make mummy
cry, honest. i didn’t make daddy mad, honest.

ALICE: (to alice)
“if you can keep your head when all about you are losing
theirs and blaming it on you” If . if. if if only

IF ONLY

33

ALICE'S SECOND TOUCH (in the HERE & NOW)

He is standing there , looking down at me. No. Looking at me.
He says: "You're beautiful".

I laugh.

"But you're so vague, " he says, "so elusive. Who are you? " he says "

I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW My answer, my non-answer. the question is too vague. The question is too clear. The question is too questioning.

"I don't know, " I said, "but I'm HERE NOW and that doesn't happen very often".

AND I LOST HIM. at that moment I lost HIM. Oh, he continued to play:

"you don't know who I am either, do you, but I'm HERE too and that's all that matters".

We laughed and I lost him. He knew. He saw. He perceived:

I can never be HERE
whatever I fear
it's so hard for me just to be HERE.

He knew. He saw. He perceived . . . I WAS saying:

MAKE me be here whatever I fear
MAKE me be HERE

and he knew, knew he couldn't make me be HERE. Knew my fear.
Feared my fear. This fear was that he knew he couldn't MAKE
me be HERE,

because

"Who are you", he said.

"I don't know," I said. I gave many answers. "I'm a little weird"

"many people", "how should I know"?

"It varies, vassilates, fluctuates"

"Who are you", he said

“I don’t know”,
“It doesn’t matter to you, who I am either, does it”? He said,
and
I lost him
and
we laughed
and
I lost him
and
and
andIFif only

34

ALICE’S CHART

SCORPIO RISING
my passions run free
but my
SAGITARRIAN
mind has possession of me.

the ARCHER pull back
the SPIDER takes aim
the target is sighted. I’m IMMOBILIZED again.

I spring and I crawl.
I’m nowhere at all.
It’s the AGE OF AQUARIUS and I’m growing so small.

Just watching SPIDERMAN spring off the wall
i can’t identify
i’m a moth buzzing the encyclopedia for signs that i’m FREE
not caught in the web of these arrows in me.

I’m more to be pitied but i’m worthy of scorn,
the biggest mistake is to underestimate me.

Who said SAG with SCORPIO RISING is
A SCORPIO WITH A GUN

???????

BACK TO THEM :

“I came. I came. O.K. I came. I’m sure I came. O.K.”

SURE, ALICE. WE’RE SURE YOU CAME TOO.

“well, I’m trying. god, I’m really trying, you know, but I lost him. and, well, I’m just not mathematical. Look, are you trying to tell me, your prick’s too big for my vagina? Mine’s bigger, you creep. I mean, I’m really a very DEEP person. I’ve got great depth. Not just another pretty face. Oh nO, not me”.

SO THAT’S WHAT’S BOTHERING HER. don’t cry, LITTLE GIRL. YOU’LL BE PRETTY WHEN YOU GROW UP.

“I feel pretty, oh so pretty, i feel pretty . . .” “god, you’re beautiful”, he said.

“Grandpa, you did die. You did. I refuse to believe you’re still watching”.

HE’S STILL WATCHING, ALICE.

“No. no life after death. No way. Religion is so bizarre, I think it must be a myth kept alive by atheists “-

ALICE. ALICE. is nothing sacred?

“To be religious is to live your life by proxy. It’s not too’ much fun to have sex by proxy, though I’ve done it often enough, but death by proxy would have it’s obvious merits”.

THAT’S RIGHT, ALICE. YOU SEE, IT ALL MAKES SENSE.

“You religious fools: do you really think there’s such a thing as Death-by-Proxy? Grandpa, you’re eliminated, but, but . . . Orson’s got your interests at heart and my first therapist told me that I love you very much”.

AND YOU DO, ALICE. silly girl. of course you do.

“and I do”.

REMEMBER THAT FIRST MAN, ALICE, THE ONE YOU DIDN’T LOSE. REMEMBER HIM?

“I love you, but, but, I can’t maintain the feelings and daddy was

upset daddy, when you climbed into my bed and massaged my ten-year old stomach ache, it was, how can i say it?, it was

ALICE. STOP LIVING IN THE PAST. IT'S GONE. GONE. GONE. GONE DOESN'T COME BACK and your daddy's going to have his fiftieth birthday soon and he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about anyway.

"well, is 10 too early to lose your virginity? I don't see why? As long as you keep it in the family".

36

SHE WON'T LET GO. LET GO, ALICE, you silly twit, twat, twit.

"Mother, I'm taking a lover. Daddy won't play anymore. Yesterday, I climbed up on his knee and he said, you're getting too old for this sort of thing. Mother, I'm taking a lover, because, otherwise, oh god, these tits are ridiculous. I want my chest back and my ten year old stomach . . . ache . . . my vision is obscured by these tits I grew. There're like lead glasses, the kind Superman wears to protect his X-ray vision from Kryptonite, so mother, I'm taking a lover.

I painted myself brown at the pool today. It was 110 in the shade and my body turned brown, with a strip of white across my cunt. My breasts are unenhanced, however, by the tan lines, but my cunt looks great and mother, I'm taking a lover".

WELL ?

"well, well what"?

"he took me . I lie in vain and everybody believes me I disappeared one day, in search of a lover. I said: Now I lay me down to sleep - I pray the lord, my soul to keep - and that fucker, he kept it if I should die before I wake

I pray the lord my soul to take

TAKE ME . TAKE ME. now, yes now.

DID YOU COME, ALICE?

"I prefer: did you come yet? yet. yet. because I can't come. I've never come. I'm not orgasmically inclined - a constant flow - no climax - the whole fuckin' thing's an anti-climax. So what do you expect"?

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, ALICE? alice and her great, late expectations ..

ho hum.

“daddy could do it to me just by rubbing my tummy or leaving mummy. You , you have to breath hard all over me and it’s not easy to maintain personal hygiene in all this heat. 110 in the shade. Like my white cunt? It’s yours. You want it. You got it”.

NOW, ALICE. just what are you going on about?

“and boy, are you going to get it”.

JUST AS WE THOUGHT.

“Gimmee, gimmee . . . what did ‘ya bring me. I love surprises. Like when you pull out and then bang it into me.

fuck me hard and i’ll give you anything
it’s sort of like you really know you’re being fucked. I like to really know”.

ALICE, ALICE. WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

37

“Darling, it’s so soft. Come on. You must have been drinking. Men shouldn’t drink. It’s so hard to get it up when under the influence. But I forgive you. I’m under the influence too”.

THEY are getting totally bored. THEY feel left out. THEY decide to voyeur this trip. ALICE is oblivious to the voyeurs:

I’m an orgasm virgin. It’s alright, daddy. I don’t really do it. I pretend, you know. It’s our secret. shush - don’t tell any body. Don’t tell mummy, for godssakes. I hate to be laughed at. Besides, she’s getting hers so at least I deserve to look like I’m getting mine. My womanhood is on the line . . . but actually, actually, I’m an asexual lesbian. : women aren’t rough enough, men are too gentle. None of you get-me=off: peanut butter sandwiches do, cigarettes, dope . . . I tingle and come without trying . . . memory and fantasy I sit alone, remembering the taste of a peanut butter sandwich and dreaming of sharing it with you and you tell me you don’t like peanut butter and I tell you, I ate it all myself, anyway:

if I should die before I wake
I pray the lord my soul to take

TAKE. TAKE. TAKE IT ALL.

4's no crowd - 3's a ball.

I play the same record over and over again because I only own one record and I really like the sound. But I'm getting a headache, maybe from the dope I smoked or the dope I stroked:

went and turned a trick today

not really. I'm a Good Girl.

just to see if I could say I went and did a FUCK who'd pay

God help me, but I'm back in the race,
handling things with my usual grace

LOOK OUT, people,
my retirement failed, head under the covers, repressing my wail.

WINE, DOPE, cantaloupe dipped in honey
a sweet, sad stone
not one I want to spend alone

And
THEY maintained voyeurism

"Listen, listen. ME. ME. ME. Well, how was it? Sure, yeah, sure.
You ask, how was it? WAS, never IS, always WAS. It WAS good when
we did it. I WAS happy then. I WAS upset that day. I WAS tired.
I WAS thinking I AM preoccupied.

WASES - must apologies for them: if not at the moment
then I give it now
tell everyone you want that you
HAD
me and . . .wow.

38

ALICE'S THIRD TOUCH (in the HERE & NOW)

"Who are you", he said, says (?)
"I don't know", I says . . ."but I'm HERE and that doesn't happen very often".

NOW I LAY ME - "you don't care who I am either".

We laughed. I laughed my head OFF,

but his cock was soft. I held it. stroked it. I am stroking his
cock. IT IS sweet to be stroking his cock at this moment.

I live for the moment and it never comes. I live right through it,
feel past it, race after it, wish for it. I live for the moment,
and I lost him.

IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE - .I lost him. - I will not have my
moment.

I PRAY THE LORD - don't keep my soul . Grandpa, LET GO OF ME.
I suffer too much the strain of others' pain

It is sweet to be stroking his cock NOW
and
any day now, any day now,
I shall be released I shall be released I shall be . . I shall.

Who are you he said. Many people I said. It vacillates, fluctuates.
I'm flexible. A movable force of stillborn, premature born
inertia and mommy, it's cold and I can be moved. I am moved. It
is sweet to be stroking his cock and Grandpa, I do feel the strain.

I' m d z y dizzy . . . d-i-z-z-y, from the strain . . . of others' pain.
i z

and, oh, god, Mr. Morris, why did you leave your fly open anyway?
don't tell me you actually were jerking off between classes?
No, please, you know they say homosexuals are totally preoccupied
with sex, but I think you're a fabulous English professor. They're
wrong, aren't they, sir. I know a fellow traveler when I see one.
We walk - had first, sir, you and I. I lead with my head. I am
head wise . . . I am:

THE FAIRY TAILS I READ WHEN I WAS THREE

and I write good essays

A WONDERFUL TREAT FOR MY SEVEN YEAR SPIN

daddy told a lie
i saw mommy cry

I KNEW IT THEN. I KNOW IT NOW.
THOSE FAIRY TALES WERE ALL - SOMEHOW -

somehow, some day, somewhere . . .
somehow - i'll do it
somewhere - i'll find him and oh yes, yes indeed, some day
my prince will come and i'll COME too and oh shit

THE PRICE I PAID. the price i pay.

don't try to make sense
of a sound or a touch
just enter the moment
it doesn't ask much

UNDERSTANDING THE INNER PACE OF PURSUING A

"Oh fuck it", says ALICE, from under the bed.

BOR - ING. BOR - ING.

40

LIVING THE LESSON (a,b,c'S)

the strain of others' pain as told to Alice by her Grandfather
OR
the strain of others' pain as heard by Alice

OR

ENTERING OPEN DOORS (X,Y,Z's)

41

(A)

ALICE VISITS A FRIEND

"Are they ready yet"?

He flipped open the oven and took a quick peek, danced into the living room a la Spanish Gaucho and held out a little chunk of steak imbedded on a fork. She reached for it delicately, playing her part precisely, savoring the bite.

“Tar-ri-fic, Beulah, you’ve done it again”, he encouraged himself.

He retrieved the fork with gusto.

“Oh my dear, you’ve made me so- so - happy. Kiss. Kiss”.

She giggled. “You’re such an asshole. Let’s eat”.

“Ah ha. Little one, there you go maligning my stock in trade again”.

she laughed good-naturedly. “Lets eat”.

He took her arm and pirouetted her into the dining room. “Eat, eat, eat - oh, I love it. Love it”.

Dinner was attacked with great relish by both parties. Alice allowed that “the wine was devine”, “the meat a treat”, and that the “dessert was made in heaven”, and just incidentally agreed to the fact that “Harry was a bitch on wheels”, “the French can’t suck worth a nickel bag”, and once the wine bottle had been totally emptied, it became clear that, “life was a cunt full of 100 watt bulbs”. Alice maintained the right to think that last one over and withheld comment til another time.

Adjourned to the living room. Both wallowed in the satiation of the meal. The mood was reflective. He, as usual rose to the occasion: “I have to fuck at least five times a day”. Alice was duly impressed, though somewhat incredulous: “You have to be kidding. I mean, nobody fucks five times a day. man, five times! Seven days a week? Five times! What about Sunday”?

Inebriation always loosened Alice’s tongue. He nursed his double scotch: “Sweetheart, you’re talking to your mama now. Sunday’s the busman’s holiday. And you ain’t lived till you’ve socked it to a busman . . . Mary, don’t ask”.

They sat for a while and watched the electric mobile reflect off the

window. Car lights soporifically flashed by. Alice fell asleep with her head on his shoulder. He quietly sipped at his drink, stroking her head from time to time.

42

ALICE'S SECOND VISIT TO HER FRIEND

We are all of us, so lonely, and yet in our aloneness we cannot give ourselves to the other lonely people. We collide and briefly survive . . . then we run, dizzy from the strain of others' pain. Dizzy from the strain of our own pain. Dizzy from the strain.

“You do know that if you ever need anything, want anything, all you have to do is ask. You will have to ask, because I don't know how to offer. But all you'll have to do is ask”.

“Ditto”, Alice asked.

They both returned to their loneliness, with the bittersweet warmth of the attempt wrapped around them, lying over them, like the extra blanket you use when it's really cold. Like two extra blankets, each needing their own, each tentative about sharing beyond the tentative moment of sharing.

43

ALICE'S THIRD VISIT TO HER FRIEND

What is the poetry that flows out of me?
What is the sharing I wish to be bearing?
What is the flight that carries me to a height?
What is the moment that brings on an omen,
a mysterious sight in the eyes of your flight.
It's against me I fear - but you know you're welcome here.

said Alice on her third visit, and then went on to say:

Can't you come over? Do you want me to hold you?

I can for a while, ask more if you wish,
I'll try to comply just don't call me a bitch.
It's only my space, my charge in the race
speeding over days that dissolve in a haze
testing horizons, deciphering liaisons
trying out life
not hung up on strife
taking my knocks
attempting to love

and laughed Alice at herself. and

wishing to believe in the stars above.

And to all this, her friend replied: "You're the first chick I've
ever wanted to fuck, the first woman I've ever been turned on by".

And Alice pleaded: "Oh mary, don't ask".

But he did, and she couldn't refuse, dizzy as she was from the
strain of others' pain, she couldn't refuse.

44

ALICE'S LAST VISIT TO HER FRIEND

I discovered I was a prize today,
Someone's talking about our lay,
I suppose it's all part of the game
I'm sure it won't hurt me - all that fame.

I gave so little at the time
You wanted so much to feel you were mine.
It all evens out in the end, I guess,
Take what I give - to hell with the rest.

If not at the moment,
then I give it now,
tell anyone you want that you HAD me
and
WOW.

ALICE MEETS WITH AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESSDAMSEL-IN-DISTRESS

Once more the great hand swooped down and plucked the little maiden from disaster. Once more destiny stepped in and averted the forces of circumstances. Once more, a point for the good guys.

The good guy, in this instance was a slightly plumpish, not unattractive, at present fair-haired young lady of about twenty five.

At first, Alice didn't even recognize her. Not so much the yellow hair, though the last time it had been red or maybe black, but the eight month old belly she was sporting out front. Out front like some kind of unearned medal. In fact she held onto it through most of the conversation as if afraid that perhaps Alice or some invisible, unidentified individual somewhere off to the left, would take it from her.

"I'm pregnant", she said, even before Alice realized it was indeed her. Her voice gave her away - like always the one constant about her, a curious blend of the very young and the very old - the hopelessly aware child, sad but content. The voice - a challenge and an apology.

Alice observed that which she held in her hands, the before-mentioned belly. "I guess you are", said Alice, which caused the girl to smile happily. She lowered herself into a chair, one hand still resting on the protrusion. She asked, without asking, if Alice minded her sitting. Alice said "of course not" and sincerely meant it. The girl glanced off to the left, suspiciously, and apparently satisfied as to her safety for the moment. adjusted herself more comfortably in the chair.

Alice hadn't seen her for some time, and then, only for about twenty minutes in the bathroom of a friend's apartment. Alice had gone into the bathroom to freshen up and shortly thereafter, this girl had come bursting in, in a state of hysteria and flung herself into Alice's arms. Alice comforted her and she was extremely grateful, much as a small child is soothed when you kiss the cut finger and make it better. She blurted out a somewhat incoherent version of her misery and a moment later had

already started to pull herself together again. She looked up at Alice with tear-filled eyes and requested some mascara. She told Alice she had been molested by the milkman at the age of six. Her enjoyment of this seeming non-sequiter was charming, Alice thought and immediately decided that she liked the girl. Though they didn't speak for the rest of the evening, the girl hugged Alice warmly on her departure.

46

Alice's friend was able to fill in a few spaces. It seems the young lady in question was at present on the verge of a second divorce from an S&M freak known as Marcel. The friend didn't know the young man personally but had heard many incriminating reports from reliable sources as to the questionable character of the underlined. Nothing at all was available re husband number one except a rumor that they had only been together thirteen hours.

Alice, rather conventionally, she thought, labeled the young Mrs. a loser in love and let it go at that. Now, as Alice viewed her, seated across the table, gazing about wistfully, she was even harsher on herself for judging so easily. There was more to all this than met the eye. Alice, waited, trying to look open and receptive to any communication.

Marcel, it was true, was an S&M freak and the little lady hadn't really been able to get off on the thigh high leather boots and whip he'd bought her for her birthday. "Perhaps", she said kindly, "Marcel rushed me into it". She had a curious mind and was not above experimentation but she couldn't get used to the cuts and bruises. And "to top it all off", she was really quite indignant, "marcel had the nerve to say I wasn't even good at it". Alice detected some semblance of ego and was pleased. However, the girl immediately averted her eyes to the left corner, causing Alice to speculate that perhaps it was Marcel she feared to be lurking in said corner. But, Alice soon felt she was being altogether too literal as the girl referred herself in that direction several more times and Marcel had been long forgotten.

She had packed her bags, "a rather wise more", Alice noted. "But, where was I to go", she queried. Alice nodded in concern. Once satisfied that Alice was into the whole thing, the girl shared the solution with her: "Home to Morris". "Morris"? asked Alice. "Morris", she said. "My first husband".

"The thirteen hour man", ventured Alice.

“That was our married life”, she grinned. “We lived together for two years before we married”.

Alice was relieved.

“Morris was dull but my no means dangerous”. The left corner again. Alice prodded her, anxious to know the truth.

She turned to Alice dramatically, “You have to watch the dull ones”.

Alice caught the intended warning. The girl repeated it just to be sure. Alice requested specifics.

“Insanely jealous”, she declared ominously. She added quickly, out of a sense of fairness, “Not that he’d ever say anything”.

47

But she had felt that murdering Marcel was going just a little too far. Alice, of course, agreed and asked her to expand on this new topic but she just shook her head in abject pain and confided again that it was the dull ones you had to watch.

(Alice’s other friend, the mutual acquaintance, when questioned after, verified the fact that Marcel had indeed disappeared and the police had suspected foul play, due to the mysterious circumstances surrounding Marcel’s reappearance in a vacant lot with a knife in his back.)

While Alice was speculating on this new dimension to the otherwise boring Morris, she noticed that her companion had taken to staring quite mournfully into the left corner. Alice realized that the night they had met was the night Marcel had been so sorely done away with. Alice commented to the girl that she had handled herself remarkably on that occasion under the weight of such trying events. She accepted the praise graciously, withdrew her gaze from the left corner and started to get up.

Alice was rather thrown by the possibility of her leaving without clearing up the still existing mysteries

Was she to be delivered shortly of Morris, The Dull Murder’s Offspring?
Or could it be the Last Will and Testament of Deceased Marcel,

The S&M freak?
Or was it someone new?

“It’s a new one”, she said and grinned. Alice quietly wished good wishes for her.

To put Alice at her ease, or perhaps it was in fact the truth of the moment, she whispered sweetly so the corner couldn’t hear, that she was very happy. “See you in a year”, she laughed, “for the next installment”, and Alice was reminded of the soap opera she watched on television every six months, which suffered not at all, her neglect and which she was totally up to date on each six month’s viewing.

She hugged Alice. “I’d invite you to the wedding, but it’s going to be very small”. Alice understood perfectly, and asked who the lucky man was. She just shook her head and walked off, with but a passing nod at the offending corner.

Alice watched as she made her way slowly along the street. Alice thought she almost saw a great hand swoop down and pluck this eight month belly with the now blond hair out of the inevitable impending disaster that was surely waiting round the curve. She turned the corner and disappeared from sight, leaving Alice to fantasize that destiny had in fact, at that very corner, unknown to Alice, except in her heard, had in fact, stepped in and averted the forces of circumstance once more a point for the good guys.

48

(C)

THE SURVIVALIST

In the midst of her meandering, Alice took to frequenting a quiet little cafe every afternoon for her afternoon tea and muffin. It was quiet though busy, the waiters friendly though discreet and depending on her afternoon mood, Alice could choose to be alone or have company.

Another person frequented the same cafe, as often as Alice. Instead of tea and a muffin, he drank coffee, which one of the waiters supplied free of charge. Though it was summer, he always looked cold, - his lips blue, hands shaking, and his voice hoarse. Alice observed this on two separate occasions. Once when he had an extended conversation with himself over his afternoon coffee and

once when he asked her for a cigarette, a light and a dime.

Alice decided he was a half-mad genius - disillusioned as he entered his declining years, frozen out by a world that refused to recognize his true importance.

Alice gazed warmly at him a lot and took to offering him cigarettes and dimes thus eliminating the disgrace that must accompany his hoarse requests. She was borne out in this conjecture by his quiet acceptance of anything she offered.

One day, in the middle of talking to himself he began to talk to Alice. He told her he hadn't slept for weeks, a fact that astounded Alice and caused her sympathy ducts to fill up and her heart to swell expansively. He explained that due to the above information he was exhausted beyond belief. Actually, he said: "I got to get a night's sleep". Alice agreed wholeheartedly.

Did she, he asked (as she lit one of her cigarettes for him), did she have a bed he could use? A floor? A chair? He had to have a night's sleep.

Alice assessed: Disillusioned exhausted genius far outweighed possibilities of rape, abduction or theft.

Alice took the poor cold maestro home, showed him her refrigerator and tucked him into her bed.

She arranged herself on the floor and prided herself on the great service she was performing not only for "Barnard" (the sleeping prophet) but undoubtedly for all of mankind.

The night passed uneventfully. The man slept soundly. Alice slept, not at all, unused as she was to the floor, but she figured she was young and energetic and one night on the floor was hardly a catastrophe. Alice figured all night long and by morning had resolved for herself that if anything, it was a minor inconvenience.

49

THE NEXT MORNING. Breakfast was served by Alice. Barnard ate. Alice noticed that he had taken to gazing fixedly at her jeans that she was wearing. Alice hoped that now, rested and nourished, he would not proceed like all the rest. He didn't. He asked if she had any pants that he could have. Alice laughed and said

that her pants wouldn't fit him. He shrugged. Alice noticed that he then took to staring fixedly at her shoes. Alice thought he must be thinking incredible thoughts. He asked if she had an extra pair of shoes he could have. Alice shook her head "no". He shrugged.

As Alice was clearing the breakfast dishes, the man picked up a little glass elephant, one of Alice's favorite possessions. He put his head close to the elephant and began to sing to it. Alice watched, entranced. When he realized Alice was watching, he stopped singing, kissed the elephant goodbye and asked for a cigarette.

As Alice was preparing to leave, the man began to dance a minuet with himself in the middle of the room. Alice watched enchanted. When he realized she was watching he stopped and smoked the cigarette sullenly.

They left the apartment.

Barnard said that "yes" breakfast was good. "Yes", he had had a good night's sleep, but he was still hungry and he stared at Alice's shoes glumly, and he was still tired and he glowered at her jeans. Then he asked Alice for a dollar so he could go to the restaurant and have more breakfast. Alice said she didn't have a dollar. He asked for fifty cents. Alice said "No".

They said goodbye in front of the restaurant. Two days later he turned up again at the cafe. He paused on the way to his free coffee to ask Alice a question: "When can I get another night's sleep"?

Alice shrugged.

50

(X)

ALICE AND BILL

"My name's Bill but I don't pay the bills".

He chuckled uproariously and Alice surmised that he had probably used the joke ever since he had known his name, which must have been about sixty years ago.

"I'm sixty on my birthday", he confirmed.

They were in a variety store where Alice had just spent half an hour scanning incredulously the titles of the paperback books, which ranged from: Spread Eagle Is Her Name - to - The Fisherman's Plaything" - to - Nympho's Delight.

Alice cheerfully acknowledged Bill and Bill declared that he was in love with Alice. He invited her to visit with him in his rooming house room. Open and available to humanity, Alice accepted.

THE FOLLOWING EVENING. "My name's Bill . . . but I don't pay the bills".

He laughed uproariously and could not conceal his pleasure that Alice had actually kept her work.

Bill made tea in a dirty burnt pot on a one-working element rusted hotplate in the centre of his less than enchanting castle. But he behaved the prince, solicitously wiping the chair Alice sat on with a mildewed rag and wiping the tea cup with his own tobacco yellowed fingers.

Alice drank her tea and Alice smiled. Alice was scared and she was moved, deeply moved.

Bill told her about himself: "Not much to tell - had nothing, have nothing and don't much expect I'll be gittin' anything". He repeated that he would be sixty on his next birthday and of course his name is "Bill", but he doesn't pay the bills and would "sweet lovely, little Alice" lay on his bed with him????

Alice looked at the bed. It was very dirty. Alice looked at Bill. He was very old and had no teeth. Alice looked at Bill and at the tears in his eyes.

Alice downed the rest of her drink and walked over to the less than inviting **mattress** with its' aged and rumpled sheet.

"Lay on my arm", said Bill, "and I'll lay on yours". "You're too good to be true". And silently with a lump in her throat and her own tears burning in her eyes, Alice agreed. "How can you be so kind"? said bill in ecstasy. "God is bad to me, but he's good to send me you".

Alice thought God was being not so good to her. They lay on each other's arms. Bill pushed his wrinkled lips up against Alice's teeth and sighed joyously.

Alice stopped laying on his bony arm and removed her own arm and said she had to go now.

Bill pleaded with great tears in his eyes. Said it had been so long. Said it meant so much.

Alice pleaded with herself not to do this thing. She was feeling that she had overextended herself and she was feeling sick.

“My name’s Bill and I don’t pay the bills . . . BUT . . . I’ll give ya twenty dollars”.

Alice was definitely sick now and was concerned that she would vomit on the spot. Instead, she pushed herself toward the door, trying hard not to look at the desperate man. She grabbed at the handle and Bill said “thirty dollars” and Bill said “please, oh please”.

Alice felt her tears burning her cheeks and past the lump in her throat that threatened to strangle her, she managed to inform Bill that she wasn’t a “prostitute”.

And she fled, Bill’s confusion echoing after her. She fled, full of guilt that a sad, pathetic sixty year old drunk with no teeth had actually thought she would suffer his lovemaking. And she was angry at Bill because he wouldn’t pay the bill and she did. She was sick and vomited her humiliation at feeling like a sex object under such desperate painful circumstances.

“I take my chances”, she thought, “but investing a chance is such a personal commitment and the Bill’s fill my mattress and I want a chance to invest like everybody else in the Bank of America. The Bill’s fill my mattress and it becomes too big a risk”.

52

(Y)

THE PLAYGROUND

There was a knock on the door.

Alice said instinctively, “Come in”.

The musician said “Who is it”?

A woman’s voice answered the musician: “I was just gonna turn down

the bed, sir. Her footsteps retreated down the hall.

Another knock on another door: “I was just gonna”

Alice looked at the musician. He was stretched out on his bed, his very large bed, rolling a very large joint. He didn't look at Alice at all. Alice bit down on the apple she was eating and listened as it munched and crunched in her mouth.

Alice was at The Playground. This day she had decided to go out and play somewhere different. A lot of different people played at this particular playground, a lot of men and they were very rich and liked young girls to play with.

“Alice”? The musician handed her the joint. Alice took it. She was so very tired of hearing her own name by now. She had had to say it three times at the gigantic gate - Once into a television camera, once into a little black box and once to herself when she had said “oh Alice, what are you doing this time”? She had said it to the man who insisted on parking her car for her and the man who opened the giant oak front door, which made Alice feel very, very tiny when she knocked on it. Two men in waiter's uniforms had asked her name and her business and someone else whispered that the musician would be right down. Alice stared through the glass doors that opened out onto the back yard, where she thought she was a rabbit and two peacocks. The man who opened the door explained that the back acreage was filled with real wild life, secured at no little cost, but he said the larger animals were quartered else where on the grounds. The waterfall, he continued was an architectural feat of no small significance and was the only one of it's kind anywhere in the world.

The musician softly made his way down the winding staircase and whispered an hello, then escorted Alice to his room, his suite. It was a very large bedroom and Alice was feeling smaller and smaller.

Alice looked at the musician dragging on the huge joint. He still didn't look at her. Alice thought: “I should ask how his day was”. The musician put his arm around her, still not looking at her: “A very hard day”, he said, “let's relax”.

Alice thought about relaxing while the musician relaxed himself on top of her. He was very heavy and when he put his mouth on hers she felt smothered. She sat up. “I can't FUCK in this house”, said Alice, “Why this isn't a playground at all. Let's go out and play instead. We could swim under the waterfall that's an architectural feat-of-no-small significance.

The musician sat up too. “Here, we’re here right now, Alice”.

He took the apple from her and placed it in an ashtray. “Let’s relax”.

Suddenly, Alice noticed something quite remarkable: “There are no sounds in this room”. The musician looked at Alice for the first time. He looked perplexed and bored. Alice listened very hard but the only sounds she heard were coming from outside the room, the sound of television, a record playing faintly in the distance, soft, whispering footsteps in the hallway, a knock that was repeated over and over, but was now very far off. Alice listened again to the inside of the room. Nothing. No sounds. The musician lived in a room with no sound.

He put his arm around her and filled the room now with deafening sound: “If you want to reach out to me, Alice, I’ll reach out to you. Even if this isn’t your idea of a playground, you should be able to play here with my anyway, if you really want to. Where we are doesn’t matter”.

Alice’s ears were ringing with the musician’s sound. She couldn’t speak. The room was so loud.

The musician took this as a cue to remove her clothes. Alice heard (?)** She jumped up from the bed. “Can’t play here”.

The musician whispered up a storm: “Then leave. Either relate to me and not this place or leave. You do have a choice”.

Alice thought about The Choice:

Stay and relate to the musician who never looked at her
(translation) Stay and fuck the musician.

OR

LEAVE . . . NOW

So, Alice left. She left the playground with its “Feat of a Water fall”. She left the musician who she had liked but who didn’t look at her and who had no sounds in his room and who had a thesaurus in which relate meant Fuck.

On her way home, she passed a schoolyard. She swung on the swing and slid down the slide and ever teetered a little on the teeter-

totter which didn't really work at all with just one person on it.

54

ALICE'S CHANCE ENCOUNTER ON A TRIAN

She peered at Alice sweetly across the aisle. Alice returned the greeting, largely out of habit, usually finding it impossible not to smile back at someone when someone goes out on a limb and takes the initiative.

It was early in the evening and the train hadn't yet pulled out of the station, but she smiled and then began to whisper at Alice across the aisle. Alice had carefully selected a window seat and monopolized the chair beside her with Christmas packages or something just to avoid such an encounter, knowing that people on trains and planes or any form of long distance transportation are prone to attach themselves to a sympathetic stranger, who they'll fortunately never see again, for the purpose of bearing their souls. Alice, though generally receptive, was feeling that her own soul was in need of some undivided attention. In the course the evening it didn't exactly get her undivided attention but it did get some searching.

She smiled sweetly leaning in from her window seat across the aisle from Alice and whispered beseechingly. It was an anxious friendly whisper, carefully enunciated. She told Alice in her careful whisper, her Celia Johnson eyes crinkling, (Alice had just seen a replay of Brief Encounter) that she was frightened. Alice reassured her politely without asking the cause of her fright, still attempting not to be drawn in. She was frightened she said because she was on her way to see her brother and she was also worried about her luggage. Alice continued to reassure her about her luggage, her brother, and anything else that might be bothering her. The woman was grateful and Alice assumed she was going to get off easily.

She retreated into the washroom cubicle and stayed there not just to avoid the anxious whispering woman but because she had a peculiar affinity for those mechanical space saving compartments with their metallic gleam and harsh toweling. Alice swore by her image in the dullish mirror, by the dark circles under her eyes that she would return to her seat, pile her luggage into a barricade, read a little and sleep, to dream.

But as she was in the process of doing so, the woman smiled at her

broadly and beckoned her , waving a little plastic green cup and twinkling over some great joke that she and Alice were apparently sharing. Alice joined her, noting that the little green cup being waved under her nose smelled suspiciously like very strong whiskey. The woman grinned knowingly. “I brought it myself, brought it with me, right here in the bag”, she giggled.

She watched Alice for a few moments, her finger raised to her lips then proving her trust, she hoisted her handbag up on her lap and indicated its’ guilty contents. Alice smiled. Alice liked her and besides, Alice didn’t know what other response was in order. The woman hugged Alice warmly. She had apparently come up with the right response. Alice was enveloped in waves of stale milk.

The woman confided: She hadn’t seen her brother in seven years.

55.

They were crazy about each other.

There appeared to be some discrepancy here as some time later she told Alice that she had seen her brother just two weeks before and a little after that she explained that she had in fact, paid her last visit to him two years earlier. She also took to stating that he made her “sick”. It seems he was the baby of the family and it was the old story about all the attention going to the “baby”. At one point she said, she hadn’t minded that at all, since he was “so beautiful, so wonderful”, but again, a moment later, she reiterated that she couldn’t stand him.

Alice allowed for her companions ambivalence in as much as she knew the attitudes prevalent in sibling rivalry, though she herself had never been a sibling rival. Alice endeavored to enlighten the woman to that effect but she only replied that she was eight years older than her brother and he always referred to her as his “little sister”. “Silly fool”, she said, “imagine, his little sister”? She laughed fondly and lapsed into silence as she refilled the little green cup.

Alice, in a surge of inexplicable affection, told her that she reminded her of Celia Johnson. The woman was delighted. She wrapped her arms around Alice and told her that no one had ever seen her in that light before.

Next she embarked on a long involved repetitious monologue about a young girl who worked in the restaurant with her, pausing only to sip from the green cup:

“Eighteen years old and on everything. Everything? She shows me the stuff. I’m telling you, one day I found her chewing a blotter. I swear, sniffing it and chewing it up. Now, can you tell me why someone would chew a blotter”?

Alice had to admit that it was a mystery to her, but made a mental note to delve into this blotter business at the next possible opportunity, finding the whole thing very intriguing, and having tried other sorts of satiations, figure she might as well wash them down with a blotter.

“Sure I like my booze, I mean, sure”, she grinned at Alice, naughtily, “but these kids, the drugs they take, my God. I just don’t know what to do”.

She gazed at Alice imploringly, sending another wave of stale milk in her direction.

“What can we do for them? It’s just so horrible. They don’t know they’re ruining their lives. I mean, sure, I like my booze but I wouldn’t touch that stuff. Sure, I like my booze”. She sighed. “Eighteen years old and chewing blotters”.

56

Sensing the woman’s own plea for help, Alice tentatively ventured into untried territory: “Just how much, did she, in fact, like her booze”?

Alice was assured in no uncertain terms that she needn’t concern herself with such a triviality at her new friend’s “limited” intake of alcohol. “Sure”, she liked her booze but not like some people. Some people turned out to be her husband, “A complete alcoholic”, who she was totally uninterested in discussing, she said adamantly.

She forgave Alice for bringing him up, confided that contrary to appearances, she was pretty drunk herself, but “not like some people”.

What was really bothering her, she said was “What can I do for them”? “What can you do”? She, near wept and entreated Alice to give her an answer. Alice was hard put to summon one up and settled for one of the bromides she had had for dinner: “you do the best you can””. said Alice. The woman collapsed in misery much as Alice had done

when she had been force fed that same meal.

The woman then conducted a thorough investigation into Alice: her self, age, experience with drugs, attributed to her a generous liking for liquor, though assuring her that she was moderate about it, as she herself was, “not like some people”? The investigation was repeated several times and Alice obediently attempted to reiterate her answers as freshly as an actor must on his seventy-seventh performance of the same play, the spontaneity of it all wearing a little thin.

And the recurring theme: the young girl, the blotter and the fact that the young girl had taken off for California last week with forty dollars worth of dope - “all kinds of stuff, stuff ya never heard of”, and ever complementing the central theme, the anxiously whispered, hysterically cried (so that people in the seats around, rolled over in their cramped quarters and snickered), the ever present:
“What can we do? What can I do to help them? I want so much to help them”.

Alice racked her brain for the appropriate consolation, nagged at her tired head, throbbing with the strains of stale milk odor and prickly teared embraces. Alice racked her brain as her companion got increasingly less coherent, more repetitive in her visitations with the little green cup. Then Alice spun some words together as best she could. Words that seemed remembered from somewhere else. “The young girl”, said Alice, “the young girl is unhappy. She’s trying to do something about her unhappiness with drugs”.

The woman was impressed with Alice’s sound analysis. She concluded that she was a bit “fucked up” herself, and drained the green cup coyly, : “Sure I like my booze”.

57

She muttered something again about “that pathetic eighteen year old child” who was right now hitching to Florida with sixty dollars worth of dope and gave Alice a parting pat on the head indicating that she was ready to sleep.

As Alice rose to return to her seat, the woman felt compelled to offer just one more piece of information:

“I told her, what are you doing? You’re ruining your life, I

told her. My stomach turns. Why/ Why?

She looked up at Alice painfully, dropping a cigarette ash on her skirt:

“She said to me, well, you like your booze, don’t you? Sure., I said, sure I like my booze but that other stuff, My God, girl, I said”.

She laughed. Alice smiled

“You know what she told me”?

Alice admitted that she didn’t know.

“She told me - she said, Mrs. Atkins, do you see fancy lights when you drink”?

She pushed Alice toward her seat, then grabbed her hand and held it tightly. Her eyes crinkled in their Celia Johnson way:

“Can you imagine that, her saying that to me? Can you imagine? Do you see fancy lights when you drink? Imagine”!

Alice spent the rest of what was left of the night imagining, then she cashed in her ticket at the next junction and decided to try another kind of trip.

58

WHAT A TRIP!!!

OR

A NEW LESSON

After that it was downhill,
but you did it to me once,
so i'll wait for the time - when-

You'll let me sit at you feet
and
Tell you I'm lonely again.

Jason laughed and went off into the bedroom with a sweet young boy who looked not unlike Alice and Alice quickly same to her senses and sang Jason a more practical song, a song more fitting:

How can you be frightened of me?
I can fuck you backwards if that's how you want it to be.

(????), a friend, won't you look in my eyes,
(????) an angle in disguise . .

Alice sleep beside him and occasionally
(??)er and moaned, Jason would put his
(??) three of them would entangle themselves
(??) e would laugh because Jason and his friend

60.

And Alice sang a song to herself while Jason and the boy slept:

I know what you're doing,
but it's okay
I know it's for him that you hold me this way.

You play the game well
I'm willing to be used
to serve your ends
i won't be abused

because
i know what you're doing
i know what you need
and
i'd like you to get it
because
you need it
you deserve it
and
that's alright too

And Alice crept away into the daylight inside her head. Alice left a farewell note for Jason:

You poor fucked over son of a bitch
I wasn't going to take daddy away
you could have had us both if you'd only figured out . . .
which is which.

On her way to her next trip, for her curiosity was much aroused, if nothing else, Alice concluded that she had acquired enough of a sensation of growing awareness to justify taking another chance. The only other alternative would be to talk to THEM again and Alice felt she had said as much as she could or would or should. and she had learned something about herself - a new lesson - a little less talk, a little more action tastes better and she had learned about Jason:

In Jason's clothes I tried to see
a deeper more vulnerable part of me,
A big mistake that was to make
'cause Jason's dance is just too much
a hidden force I cannot touch.

How disconnected I found myself
clinging to his jeans and belt . . . but . . .
Jason's eyes were nowhere near
the pain was mine and that I fear
is my secret lie when I'm being true,
trying to be Jason and me too . . .

And she laughed, her sense of humour becoming in tact:

Jason, babe, you found me out,
you gave me your jeans but you took back you belt.

And Alice concluded that her first trip had held some success and she was hopeful.

61

ALICE'S FOURTH TOUCH (in the HERE & NOW)

I lost him.

"I'm here, i'm here", but where are you"? "Where are you", Alice calls out to him

"He's gone, because I lost him", answers Alice

Alice investigates herself:

The last time I tried to make contact, I made a grave error, instead of connecting< I projected a fantasy, expecting a reality, justifying a dream and it left me screaming, empty, hopeless.

“Hope is fucked”, he said but I dreamed on, hopeful, ending all chance of hope. “Hope is fucked”, he reminded me, trying to shake me loose from those FAIRY TALES I READ WHEN I WAS THREE but I persisted in the dream. I wanted us to be - whatever we could be, the two of us, attempting whatever connection was implied when we held our overlong stare, but I think he was seeing me and himself, I saw only him looking at me. I could only see him looking at me, I saw neither him nor me, just that he looked at me and I responded to his initiative, lacking my own sight I substituted the dream and I was blind except to the fact that he was looking at me.

I see me in this eyes, in her eyes, in their eyes, but I can't see me in my eyes. They're strangely distant from me

I lost him
and
oh shit high in the air I soared with the birds but instead
of shit, I'm dropping words
and I only saw him seeing me and I lost him.

62

ALICE'S GROUP EXCURSION

I'M HERE I'M HERE I'VE FINALLY ARRIVED

SUBMERGED IN THE STRUGGLE I OPEN MY EYES

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN:

SHOW ME THE WAY , I LOVE YOU DEARLY

THOUGH IT'S TOO SOON TO SAY

DO YOU THINK WE MIGHT HAVE FOUND THE WAY??

DARKNESS ENVELOPS . . . LIGHT TRICKLES THROUGH

IT'S A JOYOUS OCCASSION - INDEED -
I'M WITH YOU.

FREAKS OF THE WORLD:

UNITE IN MY SPACE

TOGETHER, WE'LL SEARTH OUT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE.

63

WHAT A TRIP

“What a trip”, the angel said.
and flung herself upon my bed

Now, you know . . .
She's just as sweet as she can be
but, boy, that trip she laid on me:
turning my eyes inside my head
tripping up my feet abed.

Not that she meant it to be that way,
she couldn't help it. I thought I'd stay,
just to see if she was right,
to try and help her fight her fight.

64

ALICE'S GROUP EXCURSION

Disheartened by her new awareness, feeling the loss, sensing a vacuum, Alice decided to surround herself with environment in different shapes and sizes. She found a group of people who wanted to go on a trip, so they picked a place, found a space and “dropped”.:.

Ego trips were running rampant
at this meeting we called to discuss
our advancement

An opportunist was tripping out on sex
coming on to the ladies in the spirit of jest

A white girl was testing a very black guy
with the assorted prejudices of her enlightened eye

an ex-stripper was doing her thing
to a young college student who was also doing his thing
or her thing or whoseever's thing was available

a professor was smug was smugly viewing the scene
from his refined pedestal of erudition and
intellectual savvy

The housewife was casing the women's lib types
who seemed far too attractive for inciting
male strife.

A bartender kept his mouth shut
but figured they all had bad taste in drinks
except for the lady in her husband's mink.

The abovementioned lady in mink was
was hoping desperately for a chance to sink
to the level of an itinerant cab driver
who this time was screwing with an
lawn mower ?????
which everyone noted
was the height of inflation...

and someone remarked to Alice that some ego's just don't know
when to stop? and Alice thought to herself that when she was
young she could take the initiative, ask, not be put off, that
paranoia had yet to make its mark, fear was something reserved for
the dark, and then Alice thought that she had never been that
young, never ever. So quietly she asked: eat me out, you son of
a bitch - man, woman, child, I don't care which. Take all the
garbage, the cruelty, the pain. I've sweetness inside. Suck it
out. Find it out. But she asked so quietly that no one saw her
asking and Alice pleaded with herself: what must I do in order to
break through? and Alice made fun of herself: get it together,
tomorrow the world - it's all so simple . . . Grow Up Girl and she
looked around her at the environment she had chosen to be part of:
"I hear the panic of my mother singing in all your soprano voices

and the inability to control by exercising control over the uncontrollable is chanted harshly through all my romances”.

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and when a man and woman, a husband and wife wrapped themselves around her, Alice confronted her body, because it seemed to be switching roles on her, sending messages she couldn't read and Alice lay still knowing that it's far too old a wound . . . you do it, that's all, you stretch and you bend, you follow it through to the bitter end. Then someone took Alice out into the outside and she reached out to the trees, but found them unreceptive, wished they could help, but figured you can't trust a tree either and found that even the trees were marching over her and she went back into the inside where fucking was an entity of time and space, in twos and threes, and inside she found a series of open doors that kept slamming shut at the most inopportune times. She went in one door that was stuck open on its hinges and up yours, up yours, the captain said and smothered her up in his four poster bed Bang, Bang . . . slam, slam, and Alice left - fucking is such a drag with a man's man. And Alice started reciting nursery rhymes to her image: So what, who cares, the story goes. So what, I said.

I didn't know.
but if I could find the so-in-what
the who-in-cares

the things I forgot,
I'd wrap them all inside of me
So what, who cares
and there I'd be

Trying to see the inside of me. Trying to find the strength in my mind. Trying so hard to fill out the gaps, cut out the shit, dispense with the crap . . . it sure ain't easy. And Alice found herself taking the easy way out once again: Come and have a fuck with me. Come play some games, have it on with me. Oh, what the hell. It's all the same, We're all alike and Alice burst into tears: No one's to blame. Blind, deaf and dumb? . Oh no, not me. I see everything I want to see. And isn't it true anyway that we trade our moments for a piece of each other and the fragments find a home for a moment, we collide and briefly survive and DIZZY, dizzily, Alice screams:

IT'S not ENOUGH.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH.

and writes her own sad love story:

I love you, little man, wherever you are. I love the caresses you send from afar. Up close I can't feel you. The tumor's benign covered over with superfluous slime.

Visit me often - by telephone. I've an answering service. You won't be alone.

I'll pursue you, my friend, astral travelling's free and it's much less complicated than your confronting of me.

You're scared too, that's what troubles me and we can't get it together if it's the challenge you see.

It's hopeless. It's hopeless.

Keep calling. I'll write.

I'll match your words, we won't have to fight.

It's the only thing I have, you see.

It's sad and I'm really very comfortable

Will you marry me?????

By proxy of course.

66

Then Alice found an open door and an empty room, empty of all] the shapes and sizes that were surrounding her. She went inside, closed the door and was alone and she looked at herself and it hurt and she looked at herself and she couldn't see past the pain that she saw . . . Whiz past the moment, in case it holds a promise I can't keep . . . oh well, so what, who cares. It's all contained in the empty stares, mine and theirs and yours , remembered Alice, remembering the TOUCH, yours, which seems more important, but why?? Don't ask me, Alice asked herself, I don't know, Alice answered herself, it's all a pathetic attempt to grow . . . but she couldn't stop thinking about him and the HERE & NOW and she couldn't stop thinking and the HERE & NOW and him became further and further away. The far cry is far away, the distant echo of another day . . . roll with the punches, punch with the roles, investigate, experiment . . . is that all that it holds? A cry, a far cry - the essence of me, the test of time, an image of mine . . . NO, NO - not important, a grasping at straws, freedom is elusive. It's no holes barred and I've still got a few barred holes. thought Alice, her mind racing past her, figuring it out, trying to make sense of a sound or a touch, submerged in the struggle:

I flee, bewildered from your tough
You went too deep, you knew too much

You felt inside me with your eyes
An X-ray view of all I hide
It's no wonder I flee
What else can I do?
I certainly can't stay HERE with you.

Some one, some person invaded the empty room where Alice was thinking. He tried to reach out to her and Alice let him because she was able to think and let him reach out at the same time. She couldn't help thinking that she was being somewhat unfair to this person, but she thought she'd let it pass, surely he wouldn't stay too long and well, Alice thought, as some hands caressed her body: I've done some damage in my time, but who hasn't . . . I don't want to be dangerous, don't want to be plunged into the dark recess, the hollow part of me. Did someone dig out my center? My only chance? Am I lacking a sense of romance? And the person continued to reach out past her . . . Breath deeply, girl, fill in the gap. Can you pay their money back? At least try . . . and Alice moved her hands over the body that lay on top of her, reaching through her . . . you can balance the books . . . a little.

THE PRICE I PAY . . . thought Alice. The price he pays, thought Alice for the person who lay by her side, emptied of the emptiness he just emptied into her.

It's a long way down,
And me - I'm just cruising, just chipping my friend.
I've a long way to go
For that other commitment,
Cause I'm passing through, cooled out, you know
Passing through

Alice escaped into the bathroom and locked the door:

Fuck, I don't know what to do.

She took a shower so her fears would run down the drama.

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She took a very long shower:

Attempting to discover as I go on
The particular meaning of an incessant song:
the obsessive desire to get what I please
the convoluted logic of my irrational squeeze:

Emotions trail so far behind
head first I travel, I travel blind:
Not too together, the doubts are immense:
Do I really give so little?
The suspect is intense
the patient is distraught
the student is . . . the student is . . . is . . . all studied out.

The man and woman, the husband and wife dried Alice's tears
after her shower. They were kind and gentle. The wife gave
Alice one of her nightgowns so she wouldn't catch cold, then
they put her in their bed, one on either side of her and rocked
her to sleep, and Alice slept, crying softly:

Mommy and daddy, you've so much to see,
Try touching the real parts of me.
I appreciate, I understand, oh yes, I comprehend

BUT

understanding is one thing
acceptability another

AND

you do try my patience . . .

Alice sat up in the bed, still tripping, still coming down, still
trying. Her protectors had long since fallen asleep. Alice
made her way over bodies into the living room where a record
was playing itself over and over and people were stretched out
in various positions. Over in a corner there were two people
attempting to make love, but she was tired and he was bored.
Alice found a spot for herself, wedged in between two fellow
trippers and wrote herself a letter:

I am indeed empty today
the choices I made limited my chances in a way
the things I've tried, the times I've known,
empty and hopeless cause I made them so.

And Alice reached out to those around her who were not there:

It wasn't your fault
So don't take the blame
I reluctantly admit, it's all my shame:
I've done it again,
Let you play your game
I've indulgently made you the victim again:
I tried to believe in the person I created
Trying to rely on the traps that I've baited,
Now I'm going away - another choice I've invented

Will I never seek to prolong the attention: Don't go Alice . . .
Don't go away? But I will, I am. I'm going away again. My
life represents just one digression after another leading no-
where except back, back to the same old thing, back to backtracking.
It's okay that I'm going away. I was never here.

68

And i'm flying away again to some weird and foreign place that is
oh, so very familiar by now, flying away to amuse myself, abuse
myself, confuse myself, to digress once more . . . to fly away, far
away from the strain of my particular pain that I choose to fly
away from, continuing to substitute your pain for my own, continuing
to accept a strain for your pain because I can handle it, because
you can reach out, take me into your bed, take me into your heart,
take me apart and I can still go back or forward without ever
having to do anything but pass through. I'm passing through
and for your trouble, for your hospitality to a fellow distant
traveler I have nothing but thanks and a hope that those two in
the corner may work it out . . . a hope that she won't be tired and he
won't be bored and as for me, I'm trying to remember . . . trying
to remember that "Hope if fucked", trying not to question a
sound or a touch, trying to let myself care TOO much, but I don't
stay long. I fly away, free back where mommy and daddy live, where
I grew not out but "in", where "I'm late for a very important date"
in the HERE & NOW - late because i can't remember the address nor
the time. I keep looking at my watch, but it's the old-fashioned
kind that doesn't have the date on it, it's the Mickey Mouse kind,
that's cute but doesn't tell time, it's the self winding kind
and i'm winding down. I fly away, back where mommy and daddy
are mommy and daddy or I fly over there, way far over "There"
where I'm going to live someday, where maybe then I'll be HERE.
But, not now. i can't, i won't live HERE now, when I have to
continue to go back there or over there or . . or . . or somewhere
else:

"Who are you", he said.

I owed him the truth. Should have told him the truth, because
I know it:

"I'm twenty years old, three on daddy's knee and just out of the
womb, just three days old, count to three - the goddamn nuclear
family, i'm finding out what it's all about til i'm thirty-three
and a third, looking for L.I.F.E. past a series of open doors
that I slam shut at the most opportune times. i'm feasting on
this brain of mine . . thinking . . thinking . . and having a ferociously
wonderful time and it's far too old a wound, my friend, i do it

and that's all . . I stretch and I bend . . . I follow it through til there's
no follow up . . i follow it through to the bitter end. I'm not
blind, deaf or dumb . . not me . . i see everything I want to see and
I saw only that you were seeing me. It's not all that easy to
feel like me, a helluva problem pretending i'm free . . . But what's
all the fuss when the secret is out - I don't have to be me.
Who would you like instead to see? A portion, an aspect, a fragment
of me . . . a bit of a pity, but I do it for free. I pay the bill and
the catalogue is filling up. I nee more space so i'm having it
on for the world to see the deepest, strangest parts of me. I've
hidden them well and to your despair - it all comes out if you
really care
BUT
don't care too much
it's a terrible trap
just be sure you'll get your money back . . . I have your interests at
heart. Don't want to be dangerous . . .
and oh fuck. oh fuck .. it's time for another shower and it's
time to go and oh fuck . . . originally, I pretended to be a male-
identified island of me : lapping up others, a trick of my trade,
coupled with a bizarre sense of fairness that left me afraid.

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And no doubt, you've observed a certain fact,
no doubt, you've assessed my act,
no doubt, you've an appropriate wisecrack,
like
like
"Who are you"?
"I'm alive and well and living in . . . in . . . Patagonia, where Prince
Prigio fell in love with Rose Red and Marlon Brando takes me to
bed and where there are no people named FRED or GEORGE or DICK
or JANE. Patagonia. I come from Patagonia and I'd better get
back there in one hell of a hurry or all the people I hurt are
going to kill me. I hear you. I hear the footsteps over my
head. I hear you from under the bed where I live in Patagonia.

You asked me a question. Well I asked one too:

Come with me, come with me,
to the land of Never Never,
Where we'll frolic in the sunlight
and the darkness we will sever.

Come with me, come with me,

to a land where we can be,
where Prince Prigio weds Rose Red
and Fantasy will be our bed

And because you refused, because you would not be abused,
because you knew, you saw, you perceived, I asked you, I
demanded something, I pleaded for you to take me to Kansas,
home to the HERE & NOW
but you knew my fear that i can never be HERE and you feared
my fear:

I'm not free to tell you
how i wanted it to be
i couldn't possibly divulge those little secrets in me.

It's not that i don't want you to know
I'd let you venture a guess . .

But after three you're out you know
and just like all the rest.

But I miss you since I went away, miss the things we didn't say.

And Alice looked around herself once more at the tripped out
trippers, smiled at herself because they were finding rest and
she was still tripping around and for a moment Alice hated them
for their ability to rest, even for a moment:

Onward Christian soldiers: there are wars yet to wage
there are heathens in the bedroom
and Jews continue to mate.
Clean it up, for God's sake. The pygmies are consorting. What's
this world coming to? If we must, we'll just abort 'em.

70

And Alice chided herself but couldn't stop:

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS :
the pope is distraught - libchicks are vying for his throne
injustice is running rampant, pubic hair is being shown.

three ex-priests marched with Gay Liberation
and their wives are screwing niggers at a local demonstration
for
Peace on earth and goodwill to the Vietcong.

GOOD PEOPLE :
Band together - demand equal time
before the preverts and free schools cause god to
abdicate in his prime.

so said Alice acidly and tripped acidly on to the end of her acid
trip:

Last time here
I feel a tear
time to go there
pretending to care
Moving on out
around and about
just passing through
a moment with you
Gotta go on

or so THEY say
then you can always return someday

I do have something to return to, don't I? When i can say:
Kansas City, here i come. When I say that, I will have something
to return to, won't I?

The end of something. The beginning of what? The fragments are
flying. I tremble at the memory of THE TOUCH:

and out of a movie my insights come filtered through screens
of twentieth century fox reruns:
The Boys in the Band, a faggot's scream, a starlet's sweet face,
the American Dream.
You're not plastic, I know, but the celluloid shows through.
And you're acting it up all of the time
singing out these empty lines
having it on for all to see
but hiding behind an old movie.

WHAT A TRIP !!!!

Tonight I found a simile to express a wish i thought i'd be
an elusive touch of grammar to stop the incessant yammer
a metaphor of hope probably from smoking dope

it doesn't matter anyway - the words escape my head
but just for a moment they all came together
at a point
when i wished

i was dead

71

“Anyway, what’s the point of being with a women who won’t come”?

I CAN’T

godammit

YOU CAN’T MAKE ME

so

I WON’T

so I won’t?

is that what you think?

You think I won’t, so that I can make you think that you can’t
make me?

IS THAT THE POINT?

IS IT?

oh . . . come on com’on come, come

Can you really, really think that?

Really?

Well then, I have to say:

“Anyway, what’s the point of being with a man who can’t make me
come”?

I have to, cause you asked a question and one good question
deserves another.

72

The alienation and the reaching out - the constant pain of the
turnabout
and three strikes and you're out, but take me to the ballgame
anyway
if you dare
no, if you care . . . if i dare to care. I care to dare . . . Patagonia . .
Never-Never.. it's a long way to Tippirary . . . Kansas City, here
I . . . I tell my story and you hear yours which i can't listen to . . .
if you care . . . do you care . . . do i dare . . . Never - Never . . . I care
I care
and Alice fell asleep . . . End of Trip. Maybe. because just before
she hit the darkness, she was his eyes looking at her and she saw:
there in his eyes: a half naked woman, hair standing on end -
a tiny pupil of a shocking weekend.

73

ALICE'S DREAM

Endlessness stretched out in front of me. Endlessly I stare into
it, enduring the endlessness, endlessly. I stare into it, from
end to end. I don't see. Can't see through to the end. Can't
begin to perceive the end to all this endless looking. Infinity,
the curse of nature. I'm drowning in your vastness and I can't see
I can't see because it's all so far away, reaching past anything i
can put my fingers on. The air is infinite and I can't see I
cannot see and I can't breathe because there's much, too much air.
A vacuum with a slight breeze, definition to my limits. Limitations
giving me a boundary with which to guide my vissionlessness. I
flail when I get out there in all that space. I'm spaced out in]
all that space and i can't see me. Too small. Tiny. Tiny little
one. Baby.

Alice interrupts her dream attempting, unsuccessfully, to block
out a recurring nightmare:
GROW UP. GROW UP.

How how how how how how how how how
can I?
It's too far to go
i'm very small and the sky is very high
and the earth is very fat
and the clouds are transparent
and
oh yeah, i must go down to the sea

and I'm scared, scared to GROW UP Where is UP? Where will I grow? Into what place when my head stretches up over the transparent clouds, the apparent clouds, the parent clouds. And THEY tell me that there's more, more space up there and I'll never stop growing and i'll be too too tall for this world and i don't know a soul in any of those galaxies and i'll be all alone again.

It's not that i'm not used to it but at least when i'm under the bed i can feel the top of the underneath of my mattress and I know how far i can stretch from side to side before my foot sticks out. I know my size. It's the same as the bed - wide my world, narrow my bed, narrow as me in my fear, because the price i paid for feeling height . . . was too much . . . too high . . . too much to ask. Anything is too much to ask. I can't handle any more questions. They'll all get the same answer from me . . . i'm the same size as my bed and it's darker outside than in here and there's no room for anyone else. Just little me. The bed stunted my growth and i'm too small for you, wide, wonderful world. You're far too big for me and i lose myself in you and i can't see ---
OFF WITH HER HEAD . . . and Alice obediently, in her dream, dreamily, cried her head off . . . and THEY appeared making the nightmare complete:

ALICE SAID TO THEM:

I'm on my way to a market place that doesn't exist in a world that doesn't exist or i'm on my way to a market that does exist in a world that doesn't or a market that doesn't in a world that does . . . can't make the connection . . .

THEY:

You deserve to be disconnected, Alice, you didn't pay the bill.

74

ALICE: I've no resources left. nothing left to pay with

THEY: Get out there in the market place. Sell your wares.

ALICE: The selling is too wearing and i'd rather just give it away.

ALICE SCREAMS INTO ENDLESS INFINITY:

Have I got any takers?

THEY: Sure, alice, baby, but that depends on what you got to give and the going rate on giving. You know, supply and demand. That's what it's all about.

ALICE: (lonely, frightened, knowing)

Yada, yada, yada - give 'em an inch and they take a mile
give 'em a foot and they take an inch
(gasping with her last breath, breathlessly)

THE DISCREPANCY IS KILLING ME

not the market place wherever it exists, not the Wonderland. Oh no . . . it's the Promise, the dream of Kansas. Reality full of discrepancies is killing the shit out of me.

THEY: Acquiesce, Alice baby. Reality IS and discrepancy is the better part of of Dream on.

And in the recurrent dream, Alice, like THEM, says: "I just don't care," like THEM and a little like Bette Davis . . . and Alice feels that it's wonderful to belong again, with the address of the market place written all over her forehead and all she has to do is hold a mirror up to her forehead and read backwards . . .

except that

for a moment, it all came together at a point when i wished i was dead . . and it's back to the ocean, where you look into infinity endlessly and Alice , Alice screams for herself , "SWIM, girl. "even if you're not a good swimmer, because it's not how you swim, it's how much. It's endurance and you majored in endurance".

75

AFTERMATH

Tripping out the other day, I saw the world a different way,
It wasn't bad, nor was it good,
but i did the very best i could.

The thrills and chills were there for sure
but i guess the acid wasn't pure
the distortions of my face tonight
led me to believe all was not right.

Thinking on it yesterday
i decided to confront the facts this way:
It isn't bad and it isn't good
but i did the very best i could.

Feeling down after being so high
Feeling low after I go
Wanting so much a chance to be free
tying the knots that hold on to me

Can't get-it-together to know what i need,
constantly testing, planting new seed

Fucking it up cause i keep holding on
trying to pretend that there's nothing wrong.

Sad tonight? Restless, perhaps? What do I want from you all,
this time? Do I think you're holding me back?

Filtering through the haze of my daze
an image of YOU, strong and true
my version of you
but it's all that i see
through others that invade my daze

sleeping around you
talking about you

and you are far from me.

76

THE PROMISE

HE promised to take me to Kansas, even though I was tripping around
in Wonderland. And I wanted him and I said Sure, sure, lets
do go to Kansas. It's a different story but I'll be in your play.
Sure, let's go to Kansas.

But we didn't go, cause I guess he really wasn't up to it after all.
Maybe he was still up to being a Wizard or something. We were all
set to go when another girl, coincidently called Alice too or
maybe Dorothy, I'm not sure, came over to him and asked him the
"meaning of life". You know . . . LIFE! And sure as shit, he forgot
all about going . . . home. He got right behind that screen and
whizarded it up. Told her all about LIFE and all. Told her
not to cop out and all.

And I went home alone on the yellow brick road, one more foot
out of Wonderland and all Ozzed out. Besides, who the fuck wants
to go to Kansas, anyway, when you can barely make the scene down
the rabbit hole:

Down in the rabbit hold
uninvited I sped
teasing Cheshire cats with the promise of my bed

And it was all in my head and the promise had made my body tingle
and my eyes felt clear and I experienced a sense of stretching in
my spine.

Reading Alice in Wonderland to Alice one day
I discovered the game I wanted to play

Down in the rabbit hold uninvited I sped
teasing Cheshire cats with the promise of my bed.

Crashing a tea party, seducing a mouse (just a fuck)
Looking and searching out the key to my house.

Smoking a hookah, invading the caterpillar's dream
(of Kansas?)
Ignoring, ever ignoring the echoes of my scream

And there I was, am . . . ME . . . and the fantasy and the promise that's
made to be broken. Me . . dizzy me, skipping along a yellow brick
road that twists through Wonderland, somehow out of context . . like
me.

Why all the questions inside my head . . .
Come on, little girl,
Just take Alice to bed
and if she won't come . .
Why,

OFF WITH HER HEAD . . .

77

Go home alone. With visions of Kansas. Visions of promises.
Feel fine. Someday, you'll know when the promise of Kansas
is an honourable one and when you can honour it. Someday, you'll
stop seeing Wizards in the bedclothes cause you'll stop taking
wizards into your bed (when they're being wizardly). Go home.
It's fine. Take that detour over there. The one that runs off

the yellow brick road . . Listen, Kansas is probably a great place,
a really great place. It may even be REAL. I've heard tell of it.
Met a few Kansians and i'd even go there myself, but . . but . . .
I took a look over the ocean, you know, the ocean you have to
swim across to get to Kansas and fuck it all. I'd probably just
drown and where would I be then. No better off than I am now . . .
falling, falling down the rabbit hole . . .

But it's all so hard to resist:
the bright lights of Kansas across the ocean
the great weird people who hang out in Wonderland
the fantasy in Fantasyland
and Oz, where I even get to fuck my fantasies sometimes

all those wonderful places where my fantasies fuck me . . .

and everybody loves an orgy.

SA
IS
expression of
I SHOULD GET IT

TOGETHER
DIS ARM ALL RAPIS
RAPE ALL THE DIS

- Some people have to find them
of love to lose myself
↑ pure fucks
TSS

Do you LIKE chicks?

long ago nothing happened to me -
long ago
I'm a baby
it was yesterday ooo

PREFER:

DID YOU COME YET

I'll never stop loving you -
never stop loving you and nights
I spent loving you
AIN'T SHE SWEET

ma
iden
&
fucks

women women every
dangled up inside?

A limp cock is
best if you don't want to get full
to your half tangled
→
wanna get.

SHE WHO WRITES ON SHIT-HOUSE WALLS
ROLLS HER SHIT IN LITTLE BALLS
SHE WHO READS THESE WORDS OF WIT
EATS THESE LITTLE BALLS OF SHIT

fucks

ALICE'S FOURTH TOUCH

where the HERE & NOW is fast becoming memory, yesterday and tomorrow. The HERE & NOW in retrospect:

Where is the caring? Do i want it? Did i try .. too hard .. to think it through? I doubt it, it doubts me and the three of us are tripping and baby, baby what have you got for me? I'll show you what i have for you. True or false. Free at cost, Think it over. Run it down. Rap to your friends . . . how wrong, how wrong can you be about a fuck anyway and i'm crying, i'm dying. Filling so full. a prickful of knowledge. a castle of sin - original - original sin.

"I'm afraid i'll hurt you", he said.

"Hurt me? How? How can you hurt me? I can't stay long enough. remember, i'm elusive, vague, You can't hurt me. Don't worry. I don't stay long enough".

How to name the pain. The rejection, when you say "I'm HERE: (i love you) and he says "I'm HERE too" (i love you) and he says:

"I'm afraid i'll hurt you". (I can't get involved) and you say: "Sure, involved?, who asked for involved? Sure. The moment. We collide and briefly survive. I live for the moment. Just enjoy Get it on. ("Shit, forget it, just forget it, forget i mentioned it. Sure. Don't mind me. Forget I said it - forget I said i love you and I'll forget it too and everything will be o.k.). and you say: "Sure".

Confusion running rampant through my stomach. I'm not ten, daddy can't rub it away anymore. I'm not lonely, it's just that everyone else is. All those lonely people walking around make me feel so lonely.

Will to love. Will to leave. Will I leave and do I live? and if i do, do you? and if you do, just exactly what do we have to offer each other, since I am and i'm sure you are, locked into the pattern that has long since become a choice. I know i choose the pattern that predetermines my every more. The choice that is no longer a case of choosing. I am speechless with defiance. Self-defiance at being confined to past choices, locked into old loves, no variety for broadening my responses. No hope to accompany my desire to transcend, tripping backwards in an effort to step forward and eternally, and i know it, eternally imprisoned in

the THEN.

And when THEY appear each time, all the THEY'S are too too alike. I am bored because they're all alike and because i only choose the one who reminds me of the last one who reminded me of the one before that. I can't go on if i persist, insist on going backward - back - back-tracking, the ever increasing sense of familiarity. I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE - the ever increasing acts of acting out the familiar.

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I am comfortable and I am bored and I am stuck - stuck - sticking together - all the parts of my past, fused together, stuck together and sticking to me so that I cannot shake it off and I succumb each time and it's oh, oh so goddamn familiar till I don't even have to do anything anymore, rest on my laurels, i've done all I know and I suffer the repetition and so, I might add, do THEY and YOU.

Immobilized by the awareness of my repetitiveness, strangled each time I engage in to, and still I ask - ONE MORE TIME with you, because my, because . . . oh really . . . because why? There can be no possible reason:

because I feel like it
because I want to
because I love you
???

Sure. Sure. I love YOU. I love all the you's and I am bored by my love, my loving of all the reflections in the mirror of my lone experience . . .

I don't need YOU
don't want you to do it for me anymore
don't want to love you
don't want to repeat the pattern

but I still wonder

where do I fit in your pattern. Ooh yes, i will not cease to wonder about you, though "Hope is fucked" and so am I.

"Hope is fucked" and I will extricate myself from you and I am free of you, of the pattern.

I am FREE

FOR WHAT ???
FOR what?

(81)

81

JUST ANOTHER MAD TEA PARTY

It was the young “lover” figure who likened the evening to a Mad Tea party, at just that point where the Mad Hatter was performing at the Dormouse’s request and the Mock Turtle’s caress and Alice’s complete confusion

They were all there .. plus one. There was The Mad Hatter and his Dormouse, Alice and the Mock Turtle, the lover and his companion for the evening. Alice recalled that there were five present at the original tea party and concluded that the lover’s companion, being in the unfortunate position of having to play a role that at best is uncastable and at worst doesn’t exist, probably, simply did not exist .

The Mad Hatter, in his characteristic manner carried the weight of conversation, mincing words with the lover as the Dormouse and the lover minced looks, and Alice took note of the proceedings.

“There’s something I must not forget”, said Alice in defense of self when the Mock Turtle noted her taking Note. The Mock Turtle tended not only to take note but to voice his opinion as well. He told Alice she was being rude, his expression curiously stern and full of hidden depth as he laid his tea-party etiquette down on Alice.

The moment of tension passed, interrupted by the Lover’s comment that he was not interested in learning “Ancient English”. This struck Alice as being particularly cutting in that the Mad Hatter had but a moment ago addressed himself to the Dormouse in that very tongue while extolling the merits of Canterbury Tales and liking her somewhat incongruously, everyone noted, to The Wif of Bathe.

The Lover felt compelled to add that “flirtation is not necessarily sexual”, but that it had, in fact, “the object of making you seem attractive”. The Mad Hatter completely disagreed and the subject was dropped at the dormouse’s requesting snore.

“How do you spell EXTRUDE”? said the Mock Turtle.

The wifely Dormouse pretended to be asleep.

The Mad Hatter expounded on salamanders quite extensively and in ancient English.

The lover made loving gestures at his companion for the evening who was still not there.

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Alice concentrated on trying to spell “extrude”, but the Mock Turtle refused to amend his position that she was just being RUDE.

Then, they all talked a lot of “Toads”, which only further confused Alice, because it seemed to be a very heavy academic discussion and Alice had actually never considered “Toads” to be heavy academic topics. Resultantly, Alice was forced once again to drift off, content in the assumption that they were all probably just finding a clever way to name call:

“you toad, you”
I toad you”
Who toad you”
What toad do?”?

Alice averted her head from a possible scolding or toading or whatever.

“It’s like Dorothy going to Oz”, said the Lover, apropos of nothing and essential to everything if Alice could have put her two sense in.

Alice kept wanting to ask the Lover that, just exactly “his role” was, but avoided doing so. She didn’t wish to seem too unsophisticated.

The Mad Hatter was tiring of being the Mad Hatter and said: “Well then, I’m the tea kettle . . . and the Dormouse sits in me”.

The Dormouse pretended to wake up.

“No, no”, continued the Hatter, “I’d rather be The March Hare” and gestured wildly at the Lover, who admittedly did seem a trifle March Harish on occasion.

“Oh dear, no. I’d rather be, i’d rather be . . . all of them” said the Mad Hatter finally in an excellent imitation of the March Hare.

I'd rather be the writer", mocked the Turtle, "and intrude myself on the story wherever I wanted". He glared at Alice who had been caught "noting" again.

He was, you see, the only participant there who knew that Alice's name was Alice, or that Alice was really her name. The others were more recent acquaintances and didn't know Alice or her name that well. Alice felt the Mock Turtle had really gone a little too far this time.

"The Mock Turtle", thought Alice, "is too much into mocking".

83

The rest had gone on to an in-depth discussion of a well-known male movie star, the very mention of whose name sent the Mad Hatter husband into contortions of jealousy and witty and elaborate hatchet work. The Dormouse, who sat in him when he was playing the Tea Kettle (he had mentioned, you remember that he liked to mix and match and not be limited to one costume only) remarked with her Dormousy awareness that "The star has great presence ON SCREEN, of course".

Alice perceived that a duality was at play here:

Dormouse awareness and also pretending-to-be-asleepness that reminded Alice of some Gemini twin sisters in her grade school class who had been conversely interesting and confusing and decidedly attractive in spite of, or because of that very quality.

The Mock Turtle was telling a very sad story, tired of talk of movie stars, possible levels notwithstanding.

The Lover, who incidentally felt no small identification with the now disregarded, discarded movie star turned the conversation to one of his recent obsessions: some book that was being made into some movie that would undoubtedly be "the disaster of the year", and was therefore a terrific tea party morsel for at least three more tea party's.

The Dormouse concurred and announced that she would read the book for next time. The Mad Hatter was just mad and said nothing.

The Mock Turtle addressed the Lover:

"If you're really serious about your concern for the rendering of some book into some movie that will be the disaster of the year, why, I'll give it some thought.

The Lover appreciated the Mock Turtle's attempt not to mock.

The Mad Hatter muttered to the Tea Kettle: "Why don't I like him"? and showed the Lover the door, while the Dormouse poked at the Hatter, saying, she was greatly looking forward to reading the book and to the impending tea party discussion of it, reaffirming the Hatter's unhappy assumption that a tea party would follow this one just as this one had followed the last.

Silence fell. The Mock Turtle murmured aloud: "I wonder if one can get a hangover from a tea party"?

Alice, having noted all the nuances of the evening, was forced to acknowledge to herself that she had responded to none of them, including even the most obvious on that everyone had selected.

And musing on the subject of "nuance", Alice found herself wondering if perhaps the Lover had had ears for nuance.

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He had, after all made reference at one point to the "surreal" aspects of the evening, except that, well, when Alice, putting sought-after sophistication aside, had asked him:

"And why, pray tell, are you at this tea party"?

he had replied (and he lied) :

"I play around with Alice a little . . . sometimes I'm Alice".

Well, Alice knew already that he played around with Alice's a little, but as for being Alice . . . oh no. The Lover, whatever else could never have been Alice at a Mad Tea Party.

In fact, it occurred to Alice that it was perhaps The Lover who had not really been there. She conducted a repetition of her first count - the beginning of the evening count:

five present at the original tea party
six at this one . . .

"Ah ha". At first count, Alice had easily dispensed with, conveniently dispensed with, the lover's companion -

On her concluding count . . . or . . . what really counts

Alice searched her soul and instead dispensed with the Lover.
“There can be no lover’s companion”, thought Alice, “not because there can be no such thing, person, as a companion to a Lover, but because . . . because . . . could it be, there can be no lover’s companion because there is no lover.”

THERE IS NO LOVER

Just Alice’s reoccurring hallucination. The result of her auto-erotic sense of humour.

THERE IS NO LOVER

and Alice went off for the night with the Mock Turtle: “Perhaps, for tonight, he would stick his head in his shell and play just Turtle for a spell” . . . though, of course, Alice, trying not to kid herself too much, knew THE MOCK would have to come . . . but later . . . “Maybe the price is even right . . . it’s worth a toad, that is . . . a try. After all, the tea party had been a bit much, even for one with an appetite like Alice’s or as MUMMY so often said:

“Alice, dear, your eyes are bigger than your tummy . . . If you still want dessert after you’ve had your meal, you can have it . . . let’s just wait and see”.

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or

as THEY often said:

“Alice, dear, don’t bite off more than you can chew”.

Caught somewhere between the two, Alice suspicioned that she was actually caught somewhere between the one . . . No dialectic here. And . . .

The Turtle, when inside his shell, had been known to say to Alice:

“I’m quite sure you’re beautiful. I mean if I could poke my head out and look at you, I’m sure I’d think you beautiful.. HOWEVER, if I was to take a look, and poke my head out of my turtle shell, I might be forced to be The Mock Turtle again, and well, trapped, you know. You do see my dilemma”?

“Indeed”, said Alice. “Indeed I do. I think I understand you

and as for me, I'd rather be THOUGHT BEAUTIFUL than MOCKED, and I'd rather be MOCKED, than not thought of, at all".

It was a pretty good aftermath to a Mad Tea party, which obviously in the first place has to imply certain limits on any expectations, and Alice is quite prone to limiting her expectations anyway.

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THE HURT

"I'm afraid i'll hurt you"

Pain, pain go away
let me please go out and
pLaY

HURTS I HAVE KNOWN:

- (or)
the thing that keeps me going
- (or)
the thing that takes me back
- (or)
the point at which I crack

She's just a wise-cracking little brat!
No concern or consideration for anyone other than herself.
Spoiled
Spoiled and rotten
Evil. She's evil, i'm telling you. Evil and bad, rotten to the core.
Selfish, selfish girl . . .

MOMMY IS RIGHT and the ROTTEN child is ROTTING.

I don't want to be dangerous: dumbly, I come
no words to express
turned inside
can't function like the rest.

Did someone dig out my centre? My only chance? Am I lacking a sense of romance?

YOU'RE ON TRIAL, ALICE, AND RIGHTLY SO. WE PERCEIVE A DISCREPANCY IN THE THINGS YOU CLAIM TO KNOW.

the discrepancy is killing the shit out of me

ABOUT YOURSELF, YOU'RE AWFULLY DENSE. ARE THE PROBLEMS REALLY SO IMMENSE?

the suspect is intense. the patient is distraught. the student is exhausted. Is it mommy, is it daddy, I'm searching for? Assessing motivations can be such a bore . .

THE PROBLEMS AREN'T REALLY THAT COMPLEX. YOU CAN READ AND WRITE. YOU'RE IN THERE WITH THE REST.

I'm telling you, she's just a rotten kid.

Mommy, don't you love me anymore? Mommy, it's cold.

IT'S ALL JUST A MATTER OF REORIENTATION. IF YOU TRAT THE MATTER MORE LIGHTLY IT WON'T BOG DOWN IN FRUSTRATION.

I'm crying for the first time in years, Grandpa, and i'm dizzy, Grandpa. This pain. This pain inside of me is killing me. I'm dizzy from the strain of all this pain. I can't focus. I can't.

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ALICE'S SENSE OF WONDER

The mule is the offspring of a burro and a horse
that is:
burro + horse = mule

In school THEY said you can't add apples and oranges. Apples and oranges can't add up together. You have to add apples and apples and oranges and oranges.

but
a burro + a horse = a mule baby

and Mr. Morris, my English teacher gave me a story to read when I failed math . . . C.K. Chesterton's essay on THE SENSE OF WONDER. Chesterton said the force of gravity that Newton discovered isn't an open and shut case as of yet. He said that the apple falling on Newton's head was a mere repetition, a case of trial and error. He said he awaits the day when the apple will fall UP or SIDEWAYS. He claims it's conceivable, maybe on the trillionth time, that

the apple falls.

and
burro + horse = mule

and

maybe just maybe . . . hope isn't all that fucked . . . and maybe neither
am I and maybe . . .

but the maybes the if only's will KILL you every time, except
maybe on the trillionth time, maybe they won't.

I don't know. I really don't.

(besides if you grow up to be a mule, you don't have to go to school).
(but of course, that's only if you like to swing on a STAR and
carry moonbeams)

(but I get a little worried, because that's one of THEIR songs)

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you can't see anybody but yourself. you rotten kid.

I see me in her eyes, in his eyes in their eyes, but I can't
see me in my eyes. They're strangely distant from me and I
only saw him looking at me.
What beautiful eyes you have my dear.
The better to see you with?
but they're strangely distant from me . . .

PEOPLE HAVE DONE THIS TRIP BEFORE. YOU'RE HARDLY ALONE. DON'T
BE SUCH A BORE.

I'm crying because:
I hurt you, mummy
I hurt you, daddy
I'm hurting.

YOU PAY THE PRICE, THAT ALL, YOU STRETCH AND YOU BEND.

I don't understand her at all. How could we have produced such a
child?

Burro + horse = mule baby

Where does she come from anyway?

Patagonia. I come from Patagonia via Wonderland, tripping over the yellow brick road in search of Kansas. And your hurts render me useless. Your pain immobilizes me. I cannot act. I am tied in the knots of your pain.

The first man. The first man I loved. I want to love you again. but I can't. i don't. I'm tired. So tired. Very tired and i'm tired and tired and tired tired tired tired tired tied tied tied tied

tied tied tied tied tied tied tied i'm tied in the knot of your pain

i cannot breathe, i cannot explain. the words escape my head. my muscles ache from the ties that bind me. The ties that are binding me up. I can't go to the bathroom. I'm constipated with your hurts, that i have caused and for which i cannot pay the price.

CONSIDER IF YOU WILL THE POSSIBILITIES. ACCESS AS YOU MUST. THEN GIVE IN AND TRUST

believe me, alice, this is going to hurt me more than it hurts you
believe me, mother, this is hurting me more than it hurts you.

IT'LL ALL WORK OUT. IT ALWAYS DOES. JUST HANG IN THERE. THIS TOO SHALL PASS.

tripping out the other day i saw the world a different way -
it wasn't bad. it wasn't good
but i did the very best i could?

SURE. SURE YOU DID. SURE ALICE.

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Well, we'll just see about that, young lady. If you think you can get away with everything, you're far from right. I'm putting my foot down once and for all and you're going to hear me, this time.

I hear you. I hear your foot over my head. I hear your footprints and i'm under the bed, or under you. You're on top, on top of me. You're in control and the ties that bind are strangling me.

HE LOVED YOU, THAT FIRST MAN. AND WE DON'T MEAN "daddy". YOU'VE RATHER EXHAUSTED THAT ASPECT OF YOUR CONDITION.

Oh god, how much longer is this going to go on? I climaxed half an hour ago. Not that he noticed. Bor - ing! He's sweating so much i'm going to fall off the bed and float away. He can't possibly keep this up much longer. I'll be insane for sure. A three hour fucking erection. The man's sick. For chrissake, DO IT. I'm tired and I want to sleep. I want to dream about when it was good between us and i didn't have to pretend it was good and i was happy and liked fucking and loved you and . . . holy shit, he came and I didn't even notice! He'll know. He'll know i didn't want to and he'll be hurt. He'll be hurt and angry and we'll have to stay up all night talking about what's happening TO US. I can't stand it. I just can't. Not another minute. Shit, all I had to do was pay a little closer attention and moan a little, and scream a little and breathe a little and he'd never have known and I could be sound asleep now, fucking anyone I want. Fucking Marlon or Orson or daddy or someone. Anything but these endless conversations about our relationship. Man, that hasn't existed for ages. Why are you suddenly getting so upset about it? Why NOW? What the hell difference does it make anyway? You know, I just don't care any more. I don't care, if you're hurt or angry because i'm hurt and angry too. And I don't give a shit if you start to CRY. Men are such babies. Such fucking babies. I haven't cried in years. I'm too considerate and i wouldn't want to cause a fucking flood. But Jesus, i might CRY now, i just might, out of sheer frustration if you won't leave me alone. LEAVE ME ALONE. For once.

IT'S YOUR TRIP, ALICE BABY

But he wouldn't leave me alone: "What's happened to us? To you? You're cold and selfish and without feeling".
Oh got . . . I hear you, i hear you, man, woman, child, i hear you.
"You're always tired. Why are you always tired?"
Bored. Bor - ed. I'm bored, that's all. But I can't say i'm bored so i say i'm tired and then i'm TIED.

JUST WHAT IT IS ALICE. WHAT DO YOU REALLY WANT???

i don't want to fuck. I don't want to get fucked. I wanted us to fuck each other - together - at the same time - coming together . . . and we just never did, that's all. That's what happens when a "fucker" and someone whose "fucked" get it on - no real togetherness
You FUCKER . . . you FUCKED me and man, you're really FUCKED, so FUCK OFF, GO FUCK YOURSELF

because I do, i have to, constantly. What else is there for me?
if i don't fuck myself, everyone else will and i just don't like (????)

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Understand? That's what happens when FUCKER and someone whose
FUCKED get it on. So don't FUCK around with me. That's all.
Just don't. I'll do it myself. Mother, please. i'll do it
myself and even then, even in the end, i always end up feeling
FUCKED WITH, anyway . . . so how should I know what i really want?
Or who? Or why? How the FUCK should i know? I'm not even
going to try any more, because it's so easy to figure out what
I choose to figure out. WHERE ARE YOU IF YOU DON'T AT LEAST TRY?
THE HURT'S STILL THERE.
CAN'T ESCAPE THE HURT.

The hurt? oh god, the hurt. From where? Who hurt me and when,
when did it happen and why, why must i continue to experience it
over and over again?

HE. HE called me a positive person with so much pain. Like Anne
Frank, I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are
really good at heart. I do and they are, but i didn't have to
go through what she went through. So what it is? What's the pain?
It's there. The Pain. The Disappointment. The things that don't
turn out the way you want them to. And I am crushed and dizzy and
so tired and the pain continues, unabated, to pressure me with its'
presence, to throw a cloud over everything I do and you say and
the things we didn't say. Tell me something we didn't say? Tell
me something. Tell me. I want to know. God help me, but I still
want to learn. And I want the pain to go away and then we'll
PLAY. But only then. Only if you make it ALL GONE:
mommy, mommy make it all gone
daddy, daddy, kiss it better
and he said "I'm afraid i'll hurt you" . . . he knew he couldn't make
IT go away, knew he couldn't take the strain. I don't blame
him. I can't take it either.

O.K. then, all you men and women, how about you? Will YOU make
it go away
there's a man in my bed. he doesn't know me and i don't know him
and we're making ---LOVE? impossible. we don't know each other
and we're making love . absurd collaboration. what can come of
it? well, we can come, i guess. it's not love but we're making
IT . . . making IT . . . go away. we're making it go away. yeah, that's

right, there's a man in my bed and we're making it go away, for a moment and i guess that counts for something. a moment's peace. a moment's piece . . . so what, who cares? A Piece is better than nothing. we trade pieces of each other and briefly survive

What? What? What?

IT'S NOT ENOUGH. goddammit.

because THE PAIN. we're making the pain go away. we're kissing each other's hurts, though we don't know each other's hurt, just know they're there and it helps. it doesn't make the pain go away, but sure, it helps

and Someday, my Prince will come and he'll be a male chauvinist and i'll have to reject him on the basis of politics, which is as totally confusing to me as a story i once made up in guilty haste which snowballed into a gigantic lie i couldn't see how to get out of. That's politics. that's show biz. that's that.

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“Anyway, what's the point of being with a woman who won't come”?

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Oh yes, Someday my prince will Come.

Hey, hey, hey . . . here comes an armoured dude on a white horse (or maybe he's just shooting HORSE . . . whatever . . . a horse is a horse is a . .)

“a metaphor of HOPE”

seems he wants me to do a joint with him

“probably from smoking dope”

PRINCE: High baby. Wanna fuck?

“an elusive touch of grammar to stop the incessant yammer”

PRINCE: High baby, wanna FUCK?

TONIGHT, TONIGHT WON'T BE JUST ANY NIGHT . . . oh no, because it's October 31st, HALLOWEAN and PRINCES & WITCHES are getting it on, and even tho, old CHARMING here is just another drag queen . . . shit, man, it's HALLOWEAN and i'm high, HIGH, HIGH . . .

PRINCE: High baby . . . WANNA fuck?

AND kansas city IS bor - ing and this here PRINCE is into whoring and

HOW WRONG CAN YOU BE ABOUT A FUCK ANYWAY?????????????

PRINCE: Hi baby. Hi. Wanna fuck. FUCK. WANNA fuck?

IT'S NOT ENOUGH . . . IT'S NOT ENOUGH

NONONONONONONONONON NO NO NO NO NO NONONONONO NO NO NO NO NO
thank you prince, but i don't think i could really git it together tonight. You see, it's not just any night and well, i'd be tired. i'm always tired and you'd be bored and well, thanks anyway, prince.

AND happy Halloween . . . happy . . happy . .

“Anyway, What's the point of being with a man who can't. make me COME”?

like you said, Mother . . . :
 rotten, selfish, wanting it all
 I, selfishly confess my pain “

MORE. I want MORE. my HURT is greater than the moment and I want more. it comes and goes - the moment. I come and go . . . quite freely, but the pain, the pain, only comes and comes and comes and i try to GO . . far way to the place the land of Never-Never, where we'll frolic in the sunlight and the darkness we will sever to the place where i'm surrounded by space and . . and . . and . . and . . the space! It's EMPTY. oh god. the space is empty. i have nowhere to go NOW because the space is empty now. Fantasyland was invaded by creatures in Mickey Mouse costumes forcing me to acknowledge that it's just an animated cartoon and you can't take a cartoon seriously, so it's empty, my Wonderful Wonderland. Can't fill the gap any more. I know the why's and wherefore's and i'm being swallowed by a vacuum. An immense vacuum the size of infinity that is sucking the sweetness out of the magic. The MAGIC is GONE not the PAIN. Marlon is GONE. YOU are GONE - driven away. I said it didn't matter who you were either and i would tell you WHY I AM . . . because i couldn't or wouldn't and maybe, just maybe you really didn't want to know anyway. But the MAGIC went away instead of the PAIN The PAIN was always there because i always knew:

I KNEW IT THEN. I KNOW IT NOW. THOSE FAIRY TALES WERE ALL SOMEHOW A PRICE I PAID FOR

wanting so much to believe in HOPE, go out and PLAY, trip to KANSAS, enjoy the DAY, a lovely MOMENT, a SOUND, a TOUCH, wanting wanting, wanting TOO MUCH

THE PRICE I PAID: the alienation and the reaching out, the constant pain of the turnabout wanting to learn, not wanting to know what i already knew in search of a whole new lesson . . a trip . . in search of . . .

and finding only the vacuum, over and over, playing with MAGIC

in a vacuum with a slight breeze and the vacuum, true to form,
like all vacuums, is EMPTY . . . and the PAIN is the only TOUCH but
it hurts too much . . . EMPTY.

Do you understand?

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So much for you, prince. i'm wise to you, prince. no more
eyes for you, prince . . .
because
i can't live any more LIES

Two alternatives:

- i) fantasy
- 2) vacuum

Vacuum. Vacuum. Vacuum. Vacuum-packed. Limited by my limitations.
Reality doesn't exist. It never did. It's just someone's pro-
jection of their own fantasy, for the maintenance of law and order
and to keep people in their place . . . like religion . . . like politics . .
cashing in on the old "herd instinct" . . . the bible says . . he says . .
we all say . . . Easy, huh? You bet . .

UNDERSTANDING THE INNER PACE OF PERSUING A TIME OR SPACE OR PLACE:

I understand. There is no such place, no such time and that the
space, well, the space is simply . . . each to his own:

- every man for himself
- or no man is an island
- or hello out there
- or to have or have not

To be or not to be is never the question. It's the answer.

I come from Outer Space. I live in Inner Space.

Spaced out.

I look for YOU out there. I find you in HERE.

and the fragments continue to fragment

and

the pain is my lament.

"Who are you"?

It doesn't matter. I know the answer but it just doesn't matter
and of course, it matters a lot, because every minute, everywhere

there is someone who doesn't like me and someone who does, some one who finds the same space for a split second and it's just bit enough to share and i'm losing HOPE and can't make the distinction. I mean, is that good or bad? Does it mean THOSE FAIRY TALES I READ WHEN I WAS THREE will **not** persist or have i lost my SENSE of WONDER . . . ?

TRUTH, another projection, some one person's absolute at some one time. Maybe , it's out there somewhere, hiding cleverly, weaving in and out of the fantasy and you have to be very very astute to single it out, because sometimes it inches into the vacuum and occasionally you figure: ah ha . . . reality . . . i've got you. And then, truth slips away, loses it's truthfulness and someone else, some where else at that very moment is writing IT down in black, block letters and calling it "an Absolute" and the War of the Worlds begins again.

Oh well, truth for a moment like a man for a moment, like a touch for a moment . . . comforting. Sometimes, it's really a HIGH and it helps
except
except

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I walk . . . head . . . first.
I am . . . head . . . wise.

and head . . . less, I love,
but my body is deadened by years of neglect
when I walked on my hands and gave my head my respect.
So -

When I try to love, I'm confused. I hold my body in rigid abeyance, thinking.thinking.thinking. I hold my body back and proceed to fuck, headfirst, headwise and I am castrated. I cannot love with my dead body and I cannot love with my active mind. I have tied myself in knots, still living in the dark, under my bed, hiding from you because someone, somewhere scared me one day and I'm still afraid to come out of hiding.
Occasionally, I scurry forth, then back up. Go back.

Mother, May I????
"No, my darling daughter"..
(reams of cosmic laughter)

Mother, May I?
come out, come out, wherever you are at

I'm right here in the dark, under the bed. Right here.

Hey, chick.chick.chick.
How's about givin' me some head

Sure. Why not? it's all I've got to give. IT's the only
thing I've cultivated. Partake of the fragments. One by one.
Either you'll eat me up eventually or I'll kaleidoscope
together and go out in a mass of lights and colours.
I shall have my day of light.
I shall play in the daylight but like all creatures of
darkness, I will return to my home under the bed and anxiously
await the next word of encouragement that forces H>O>P>E.
to wind it's way down through the convoluted spirals of:
should I? shouldn't I?
til they no longer respond to the call of an outstretched
hand and the shoulds become won'ts and the souldn't's
become
CAN'T.

Mother, please, I CAN do it myself.

No, you can't
Yes, I CAN
No, you CAN'T
Yes I CAN
NO YOU CAN'T
YES, I can
NO YOU CAN'T
yes I can
NO YOU CAN'T
yes I can'T
NO you can't
NO i can't

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NO YOU CAN'T

NO I CAN'T. CAN'T do it myself, CAN'T do it.
I CAN'T. I CAN'T
Everybody listen!
I just CAN'T. Don't you understand? It's not that I don't

want to. It's just that I CAN'T - CAN'T -

Everybody says: There's no such thing as "CAN'T". No such word in the English language.

Everybody says: Now, you listen: YES YOU CAN.
You must take responsibility now. You're not a child anymore. It's not that you CAN'T. Face it. Face facts
YOU WON'T "WON'T".

but I can't

No, YOU WON'T

I won't?

Everybody: Right. Right on!

ME: RIGHT. Damn right. I WON'T. That's all. I . . .
WON'T. WON'T. WON'T.

. . . . : and that's all there is to it. That's all.

I WON'T

because

I CAN'T.

Everybody: What was that? What did you just say?

because I can't

SCENE: (group action)

EVERYBODY throwing stones at ME . . . stoning me.

"He who throws the first stone laughs last".

SCENE: (individual initiative)

Brave little stones I throw - not to hurt - just little baby pebbles to create a ripple on the stagnant water.

Brave little stones . . . I seek . . . a puff of smoke to quell the rage that wants to throw great huge ROCKS on the water and crush the flow of: Yes you can, no, you can't you won't won't. til it fills to overflow and arrives in courageous little streams at my hiding place under the bed and I send some drops, baby pebbles from my eyes to meet, to greet, the brave little streams that overflowed when the rocks were

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flung by my rage and the drops join the stream and for a moment -

I'M ALIVE

and my eyes CAN see
because the drops washed away the fog and the rocks flung
in rage, filled the pool to overflowing and I could hold
myself inside myself . . . no longer.

I AM FILLED TO OVERFLOWING
and, said Alice, just like Alice,
I'M GROWING. I'M GROWING .!!!

and through a crack in my bed, a ray of light fights to
visit my hiding place and I take off my fashionable, oversized
sunglasses, pull up the shades and
frolic in the little crack of light
and I discover -

I'M INSATIABLE.

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DADDY'S BIRTHDAY CARD FROM ALICE

Today, of all days, is Daddy's birthday, and on the verge of
tears I rock myself to sleep, because in the end on the day of
your father's birthday, you GROW UP, because daddy's fifty and
you're not a kid anymore.

It's raining. It's 5:30 in the morning and Daddy is 50. Daddy
is having his birthday and i am giving birth to the day by staying
up through the night.

It's all in the shadows on the wall. Head in hands I write:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DADDY,

saving the minutes of the only night when it will be daddy's
fiftieth birthday can't sleep on daddy's birthday.

YOUR LITTLE GIRL CAN'T SLEEP. SHE'S CRYING ON YOUR BIRTHDAY.
IT'S RAINING ON YOUR BIRTHDAY AND YOUR LITTLE GIRL'S IN PAIN

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY.

i'm tired. it's 5:30 in the morning. the night is gone until it comes again and if i don't get some sleep i'll be even more tired and more tired and someday i'll be too tired to go on, and i don't want that to happen.

LET ME SLEEP, DADDY, EVEN THOUGH IT'S YOUR ONLY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY, ESPECIALLY BECAUSE IT'S THAT DAY.

birthday
LOVE & XXXXXX'S

ALICE.

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EPITAPH FOR WONDERLAND

i'm HERE, fucking the NOW and that's where I wanted to be . .
HERE & NOW. . FUCKING

BUT

It's all for naught unless the answer is jerking off . . unless my
only lover is ME.

AND

I can't face facts because there was a moment:

 "I'm here", I said. "I'm here, too", he said.

I stay alive for that moment to happen again and i'm dying
between moments. It gets harder and harder to rise like the
Phoenix and my funerals are wearing me out. I rise each time,
grasping at the moment, echoing the moment and the only voice
I hear is my own, bouncing back at me off the walls that I
built, you built, they built . . . the impenetrable walls of Wonderful
Wonderland

AND

in Wonderland in the HERE & NOW:

Humpety Dumpety is an out-of-work actor, Snow White is masturbating in her wake and Prince Fucking Charming is either The Wizard of Oz or Sigmund Freud or the bastard who gave you a moment and makes a promise that's made to be broken in the light of Morning After and even Marlon Brando can't get those coloured lights going , because he's got his own problems and INSATIABLE ALICE is dangling from the ceiling of her cell, a shiny little girl ribbon the colour of yellow bricks around her naked throat, suspended in air as she grows bigger and smaller with each cake that she gobbles and each blotter that she chews and once again CURIOSITY killed the cat

AND

satisfaction? Where's that at? Satisfaction? Oh hell, it's just one more curious question, one more Cheshire smile cat, grinning in the vacuum, a heady grin that says: Misery likes company,

SO

read me, eat me, fuck me and Kansas City, here I COME, dangling and jerking off

AND

THEY read, eat and fuck

and after all that, all they've got to say for themselves and for

ALICE is is

DID YOU COME?

and the answer is..

????????????????

or the answer is:

No . . . not yet, but I'm working on it . . . eating, reading, fucking and AND waiting for a very important date in KANSAS

and someone once said: "It's never too late"

and ALICE said: "I sure hope someone knows what they're talking about.

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EPITAPH FOR ALICE

recited from a funeral pyre in Disneyland, just this side of Wonderland, with a clear view of Kansas on the other side of Infinity:

It doesn't matter anyway, the words escape my head but just for a moment they all came together at a point when I wished I was

DEAD

DEAD is DEAD . . . DEAD never comes back . . . DEAD as a dormouse . .
MAD as a Hatter . . . drink up old ALICE . . it's the last drink that
matters.

R.I.P.
ALICE . . ALICE

Here lies Alice
fucking as usual
HERE fucks Alice
lying as usual

She was a Good Girl with the heart of a whore and when they told
her to GROW UP she took up the challenge and it WAS interesting.
If nothing else. It was interesting.

CAUSE OF DEATH
according to deceased

I KNEW IT THEN. I KNOW IT NOW. THOSE FAIRY TALES WERE ALL
SOMEHOW
THE PRICE I PAID
FOR FEELING HEIGHT, SUPERIOR, ABOVE IT ALL,
REALING ADULT TALES WHEN I WAS SO SMALL.

UNDERSTANDING THE INNER PACE OF PERSUING A TIME OR SPACE OR
PLACE

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TIME TO GO NOW . . . TIME TO GO NOW
the ending: of the beginning (see beginning)
**

Comparisons cease to be the well meaning intent of friends.
Judgments cease to amuse.
The overwhelming anxiety of those who guide my hand for the
sake of health ceases to be healthy for me.
I cling to my insanity because it suddenly presents itself to me:
 Exposing my truth to those who “care”
 and discovering that when faced with my truth
 the “caring” ones were not there.
They feel threatened by my despair. Connection implies recollection
of which I have none and my deprivation craves a new beginning.

I don't want to know the one who won't know me.
Don't want to be anyone but what I am and that calls for new tactics
the ever expanding soliloquy that exists only within me.
A stream of consciousness that desires expression, then acceptance,
but can only get attention . . . a negation.

There is (maybe) one who knows and with whom I can grow if the
opportunity presents itself and it should because the signals of
distress fall on otherwise deaf ears.

The vacuum of comfort, the spaces I fall prey to clear up in
retrospect, but the price I paid for being "nice" is so minute
compared to the price of exposing "vice".
"Take me seriously", I cried. The tear in the eye was not for me.
The song, my friends, the song of me, requires no nodding sadness,
and I am disgraced by your sympathy, you take my confidences and
dangle them on a yardstick of psychological awareness. Perceptions
are such petty transferences . . . Projection leaves me cold.

The reality I choose to deny is the core I see when I look inside
and I wisely hide the real thing, for how can I talk when I want to
sing. You have driven me away with your underestimations and
it's so easy to judge in the name of affection, but I remove my-
self now from that tired school of correction.

I need, I want, I seek. Hope lies buried but I got a peek. It's
too soon to know, but with pain I will grow, sanction is no long-
er necessary and therein lies the key for the ultimate loneliness
of discovery. I'm a fool to persist in wanting your approval, my
own is far more helpful. My mystery is in darkness and may
continue to lie dormant if I insist on holding it up to your light.
My nights are full of helpful hints but I rarely allow myself to
spend them alone and how dare you suggest that I am incapable of
that which I am capable of. All of my pain --- filled explanations
fall on your subjective consciousness.

All of you are free to go now. It's time. Time to go now.
I have no more to show now. School's out. I have suffered
enough teaching, done enough reaching and you bore me with your
preaching.

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I am playing solitary and you are all, yes you are all just a
PACK OF CARDS . And i'm just another card in the pack too. we fixed
each other good.

Time to go now . . . Time to go now.
Select, improve my timing, hear my impatience,
my own deafness finds a friend in me,
my blindness relegates me to a position of defeat because I
used your eyes instead
and allowed it to reoccur pretending I had no knowledge of the cure.

I fantasize my own reality, playing sensuous games with my head,
getting tangled up in the corridors of my insecurity. I seek to
find in others, that which I deny in myself. I'm learning to
listen to my own purr of understanding and I cry for equal time.

All of you who have understood should receive a letter of
apology. I did not understand. I hid behind a wall of feigned
intimacy, my revelations bruising my awareness and I lied to save
my proxy soul.

I'm tired. Tired of standing in for myself, tired of my relentless
misconceptions, my exhausting sublimations, tired of the prayer
that tries to repress the inclinations that I long to share but
know that I never really choose to.

I choose ME, NOW, HERE. An act of love. Penetrating all this
misery of love received but not extended, love extended but not
received. Love that pointed in all directions and produced :

Glycerin tears
anxious fears
a need to please
a cry for ease
comic book pleas.

Your kindness is not unappreciated. I scare myself sometimes with
my inconsistent ramblings and you are not wrong when you are
frightened and I am not wrong to withdraw from your arena when
I must. We collide and briefly survive, but life's too short and
collisions make me dizzy.

I do plead guilty of plagiarism. It was easier to mirror, to
imitate in place of perception, but I was somewhat ignorant of
the consequences, tricked by my seeming intuitions, collaborating
without contributing because I sold short the possibilities and
was encouraged to act out the pleasantries: I am you, all of you.
Such humanity bears investigation. I couldn't possibly encompass
such a demonstration. It's no wonder I need time to think, the
sinking sand is rising on my neck and I choke on your words in
my substituting deceptions.

I want out. I want rest. I want whatever's hidden from me by
the ever increasing shouts that surround me in the environment

I chose to create.

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I have a RIGHT to exercise my rights. Peace lies in the turmoil, my one honest possession. I claim ownership of that which I alone can resurrect and if I must, I will protect my interests. I owe it to myself before the initiative I lack takes a walk and refuses to come back .

When I was young, I could take the initiative.
I would ask, not be put off.

Paranoia had yet to make its mark.

And i've never really been that young, not since I was three days old, probably.

I met a kid the other day
who showed me how to be this way:

took the initiative

wasn't put off simply asked
showed me how its done

and yes, oh yes. IT . . . IS . . .

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DEDICATION

YES . . . people remain . . . have always been . . . the most important thing. "THING"? Mere terminology. PEOPLE are IMPORTANT." the source of inspiration - essence of communication.

I talk to myself and they listen - they talk to themselves

and I hear. We hear each other and we touch . . . Communicate?

Is that it? Pontificate? at times. Connect? It happens
and that's the high. It's how I can fly past me to them, lifted
to another's rhythm, participating in another's song . . . not
necessarily for long but enough to be in touch - with them -
with me. Because, we sing the same tune:

“Listen to ME - Try to see ME

I expose . . . will you acknowledge?”

We make it all easier for each other, and oh yes, we make it
more difficult too. But, we TRY. We're always trying - our
common denominator: THE ATTEMPT.

I work, I fuck, sometimes I even think I LOVE (and probably I
do), make conversation, pass the time, answer the phone
often I'm alone . . . remembering . . . the conversation, the fuck,
waiting for the phone ring, working it through - all for
the connection - to who?

To people. Many people. One at a time. Timing the one and
Dreaming the Dream. The anticipation.

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My typewriter told me a story one night
about a terrific, terrible, slam-bang fight
that took place in the dark, in the middle of the
night.

The opponents well matched

except one lied

Was it ME?

Could be.

And is the LIE the dream?

And is the Dream the truth of me?

And is my truth an oppressive dream?

and are my questions MY ATTEMPT?

like yours, to bypass the lie - the dream?

People - listen, people:

We're all part of the same . . . because we all - yes, we all

share a DREAM. It varies, vacillates, fluctuates. It is

the consistency in the coffee that we sip, like Prufrock,

in measured teaspoons, too tiny to encompass the whole.

Whole . . . I am not. You hold the pieces of me . . . You and you

and you. I dedicate my work to you and you and you.

My work? The questions . . . results of elusive Touches that

I trust will peace together all the pieces . . . pie-like and

finding a piece of my in you, I start to piece it all

together. I give you my fragments. Offer them up for your

consumption and if they fit . . . partake.

Perhaps, we achieve a WHOLE through each other - or -

perhaps, that's my dream, my lie, my scheme.

I DO NOT KNOW

I TRY TO GROW

I enter my plea:

TO:

MEN - “You have to admit for my sisters and me the painful
reservoir of hostility”

I SAW MOMMY CRY

I HEARD DADDY LIE

the beginning of the split . . . the resentment

TO:

MOMMY - “you can lie”

TO:

DADDY - “You must feel free to cry”

TO:

MY SISTERS - “Hey sister, you want my soldier”

TO:

A SISTER - “We talked and I’m beginning to feel less and less
alone”

Yes, I am you, all of you - and such humanity bears investigation.

My heart’s in the right place but do I really encompass that
wondrous space?

I choose to try by knowing me and if I'm you, we'll know each other:

THE UNIVERSAL JERK OFF

We shall masturbate our way into each other's hearts as we fill our days with each other and someday, two of us will make love:

HELLO