

# bitchtopia



jason price everett



Tuned to all stations  
All stations  
I hear her  
On all frequencies.  
It can still reach me  
Here in Hell on a clear day.  
I'm tan and hypnotized.  
I'm eating the enemy.

-- Emma Townshend, "The Last Time I Saw Sadie," Winterland,  
EastWest Records, 1998.



The left rear quarter panel of Dorothy Stratton's head novas across her pristine complexion on the photosynthetic wall beyond her he finishes the Graysmith book at four o'clock on a Sunday morning osmotically inhales some MA and goes for a walk on the glazed streets of a hibernating world someone somewhere is playing Erb sounds like Five Red Hot Duets for Two Contrabassoons (but mistakes have been made before) Darjeeling and dust there was an article on page fifty-five of the *Nouvel Observateur*: "Avec indifference. Sans culpabilite. Dans la pure juxtaposition." But he missed it. He misses a lot these days.

Pink glass is everywhere sparkling chasms powdering curves these granules of culpability don't come off and never leave endemic at every scene indicative of the crimes committed there this mass profusion of evidence can mean one of two things either the guilty are exonerated or the innocent are implicated one tiny grain was found deep within the spiral onramp of the victim's modiolus it was attempting to work its way upwards and inwards -- for fertilization purposes? what is this pollen? what pistil does it seek? what fruit is it designed to engender?

BZ: hallucinations disorientation giddiness headache drowsiness maniacal behavior retention of urine constipation. "Field dispensers and bombs for delivering BZ to the enemy have been developed." Who are the enemy now? Head generates suddenly: blood pus semantic capitulation. Sample a spoonful grit between teeth resist/surrender. Perennial dosage sans conscious active acquiescence one explanation that fits all the bills.

And why not? He touches her. Her skin yields. It is a harvest skin a grain skin a cereal skin toned with the yield of the fields of species. This is painful to him because he cannot believe it her this himself. These elements brought together in alien concordance. Her face is turned away from him her blue eyes hidden by her hair like golden saliva as it drips down and across her shoulder blades cervical vertebrae atlas and axis. He knows all the words is conversant in the language but this book will not permit herself to be read. His hands glide across the twin hemispheres of her sentient glutes. Plastic validation of his doubts and fears. He is rigid with stimuli.

She rolls over in one languid motion. He feels her blue eyes watching him. They are their own slow burn as they scrawl unfamiliar emotions across his pale skin like the filigree work on the old rusting ceiling of stamped tin

sheeting. Her arms are flung carelessly beyond her head akimbo and accepting. He studies her lightly furred mons pubis. He cannot comprehend does not trust will not believe cannot allow not even that it is impossible it is an act of faith of which he is no longer capable (if he ever truly had been).

Apostasy. Somewhere in the background the contrabassoons grunt and purr.



He sat on the bed and smoked a Dunhill from the carton that he had purchased in the duty-free zone. She extracted belongings from the room and put them into a valise. He marked the jut of her collarbone; it seemed to glow like a bridge cantilever in the dull light of the afternoon window.

"I don't think this can be salvaged," she said. Her fingers shuttled distractedly along the smooth plastic contours of her Orthonovum dispenser.

"One less foreign national," he said. The situation resolved itself. She called the concierge to arrange transportation to the airport.

The thud of tear gas canisters striking human flesh outside accompanied the transit of her hips across the room. It was a burlesque of violence.

His order of battle was drawn upon his interior topography. His emotional revolution was a series of military maneuvers recited to the chatter of Heckler & Koch MP-5 submachineguns in the Lionel-Groulx metro station. Recited to the unearthly beauty of the songs of Brautigan's tigers as they devour Longueuil. Recited to the thunder of flak above Mount Erebus. Recited to Laibach's "*Geburt Einer Nation*."

Three days of solid evening. The never-changing sky loomed in monochrome over the city. Small showers were from time to time detached from this ominous canopy. These fell with the sound of armored treads creeping slowly and stealthily over asphalt, in harmony with the daily rounds of the enforcement squads.

He lay prone on the bed. His penis was in her mouth. She provided suction in an ongoing series of repetitious motions. She approached oral sex as if it were stenography. The semen of his ejaculation composed spermatozoid texts of indecipherable content over her tongue. His ejaculation and the rain outside merged, became indistinguishable.

She went to the sink and spat. She rinsed her mouth twice. He lit a Dunhill.

"How do you say 'thank you' in Turkish?" he asked.

"*Tesekkur ederim*," she said.

"*Tesekkur ederim*," he repeated. "How do you say 'good night?'"

"*Iyi geceler*."

"*Iyi geceler*."

Time spun out like the filaments of an intestinal parasite.

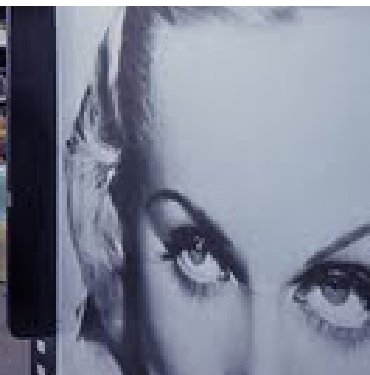
"How do you say 'I love you?'" he asked.

"*Sinesevyorum*," she answered vacantly.

"*Sinesevyorum*," he repeated.

He walked along the rue Ballard near the hotel. He smoked as he studied a photograph. It was of her and himself at the barricaded checkpoint near the old Insectarium. He thought he could detect the false promise of 1960's architecture in her smile. The broken curve of the remains of the U.S. Pavilion traced the outer circumference of her left breast, taut against the artificial fibers of her blouse. All of these structures were artifacts of a future that would now never occur. The hollow message still inherent in the remains of this obsolete future saddened him. He thought of the Columbus space station, the Hermes shuttle, last year's violations of the Antarctica Treaty. He longed in vain for the resurrection of the Cold War.

He stood on the balcony. Faint haze partially obscured the rotating fires over the autoroute interchange near Brossard. Distance telescoped into blanketing sadness. The elongated afternoon crept into night. He saw a vision of the gutted Parc Olympique, the charred stadium a ravaged variant of his own half-erect penis; the old velodrome was exposed to the sky, a civic chancre. The occupation rustled faintly in the undergrowth of the dying city. Solitary figures stalked the anachronisms of the Yellow Line. The cracked carapace of the U.S. Pavilion hovered above a *cheval-de-frise* of trees shattered by rocket blasts. Antarctica burned. Armored personnel carriers slid along the rue Notre-Dame. Eno's "Music for Airports" played. He sensed her, her face superimposed over a map of the Dorval runways. Her body shifted configuration as she put out her hand to dim the light. It was one hundred years after the Exposition.



clouds skid across the cyanosed domed belly of the gestating sky  
swollen with the cascades of the degenerate pasts

dine on the finest of caviars maroon paste collection of the most  
delicate human ova delicious on toast points assuredly harvested from the  
substandard inhabitants of our inevitable hierarchy salivate and devour in  
burnt umber appetites

ethereal nates of the sky cracked wide to reveal the blinding light of  
the puckered sun

gleefully she dons her necklace of severed genitals her earrings  
of bejeweled scrota she daubs the blood of innocents behind both ears  
and smiles her jaded cloying smile there can no longer be accord between  
the sexes only extermination only sanguinary settlement only bubblegum  
apocalypse

bodies jerk in staccato orgasm under the muzzle strobe to a litany of  
expended shell casings azide rounds mercury-cored dumdum slugs teflon-  
coated poisoned kurz special rounds victims ooze semen/water blood/wine  
indiscriminately as the vaginal secretions of the excited executioners creep  
down their silky thighs and puddle on the floor into which pool subsequently  
clatter AK-74's from hands twitching with metasexual delight barrels to  
be anointed with their septic chrism as they twist and writhe in intertwined  
oralgenital congress their serpentine bodies loop into the double helix

sepiatoned vage-pen obsolescence

smiling sadly as she calmly masticates my dying member with all the  
complacency of a pastured ruminant women make life it follows that they  
make death living clocks invented time dissected year month week day hour  
minute second into their meaningless distinctions their pheromone order  
drawing lines on maps and organizational charts this planet cannot endure  
half slave and half free they constantly defecate structure they menstruate  
authority

idiocies replete with nonsensical resignations

jerking in step-print editing sequences

areolae split open to reveal the omnipresent secret police searching  
eyes of petty recalibration of redundant control of stinging reprisal weeping  
tears of milk in crocodile remorse as the moisture of slow death nervous  
anticipatory sweats dampen the grasses of the violated fields meadows of  
the scoured earth

landscapes rebuilt contoured with the raw material of three billion  
corpses the disease of hierarchy propagates with the flies breaking down the  
carrion of the defeated gender and the earth rejoiced in a chorus of servile  
mockery myrmidons and amazons murderous monoculture

effluent foulness tainted the wellsprings of affection of love and

sexual fulfillment the obsolescence of physical reproduction sparked the phylocidal conflict we now spread before us like a succulent repast of hate and pain

mother of black earth

if the holocaust had not occurred it should have had to have been invented smoking mirror smiles no confusion it is known what it was for desist in attempts at significance bodies strewn like pixie stix ummm and sehr suess draining into mouths licked from vibrant lips cores juiced from the breakdown slotted into EZ payment plans installment up front minuscule referents submerged in an ocean of obsidian-edged proportions sixty million twenty million since postwar inception ZPG why not shovel irrelevant matter pave the impotent cubicles of the transmission aphids picture of a tilting globe oxygen factories beneath a blanket of sublethal radiation blasting worthless narrative into the stucco facings of the blank rear walls of our heads spurting imbecilities march damn you march pave the oceans level the mountains clear-cut the jungles shave and sandpaper this miserable rock until its insensible cabochon glows cold ice-blue flickering in its thick black setting with the shuddering of multibillions of screens locked down into a sleep from which there is no morning awakening the atmosphere is falling brush the nitrogen flakes from bruised knees lungs crystallized brittle geometries past mercy no utterance continental airlocks drift shut banked fires slumber and go out in imaginary bang scarcely above a whisper brief kiss of loving mistress breath lethal insect of affectionate annihilation she turned inside out cold fallopian agonies of devourment crispy with fear and anticipation no worse than breaking a blister she came before he did mantis heads widow mates drones in winter empty havoc such delicate abominations dear XX dear XY the endless fascinations of the disparate halves of two entirely different wholes over and out resigned to the real indivisible unity cold greasy tongue kisses in the gray-green greedy embrace of she who is not to be named bodies hung on hooks shoveled into the future and our ashes applaud spastically the thin white salty venom of our amateur agonies sipped and swallowed with feral appreciation and divine cruelty and finally an indifferent resignation boredom is a composition assembled from the figures of a million megadeaths to repeat

vaginal sepsis devours substandard prodigies see bile trickling in streams down rib runnels stain leeward side of crosscut mammary arroyos straining at the erosion factor and the petals unfold in monstrous agglutination fiber strip mines blossom in the garden of a gynophage Gethsemane.



Ulrike Meinhof is dead she died for your sins thumbtacked to a cross of aircraft aluminum hanging from her cell window grating braided towel shreds for a rope in the chill pitiless light of that longago morning 8 May 1976 thirty years after the end of the war that never ended seventh floor of Stammheim prison "suicide is the last act of rebellion."

Strip her dignity away as easily as her postmortemed organs as her delicate perfumed brain subtle and exotic thieved discreetly from her violated skull parts of other organs lifted for examination the suppression not enough total elimination of image of myth and thus retroactively the human seed of the greater sidelined personality only chemical testing of the panties of the dead scraping for cheap yeasts and phantom sperm with which to regale the audience of course no evidence of rape did you suppose they would be amateurish enough to leave evidence what more evidence demanded than her vivisected body?

Slo-mo footage with that slightly sepiatoned look common to all television tapes from the 1970's the Big Three sailing casually through the streets Bowie's "Sweet Thing (reprise)" echoing off the facades of the Ku-damm of that classic dead entity West Berlin Gudrun Ensslin laughing enveloped in faintly menacing hilarity grin a mile wide blonde hair waving like the Reich Battle Flag on full-tilt *blitzkrieg* jeans flowered shirt Andreas Baader frowning all cheekbones and lips sideburns jutting aggressively decked out in a hand-tailored custom-made silk shirt lifted casually from some composer acquaintance's Italian wardrobe eyes blank blank circles admitting nothing criticizing everything Ulrike a little taller a little heavier a little slower with a face full of patient stern concern and love for her unacknowledged third daughter the Federal Republic.

Susan Sontag once said that love/admiration is the worst impetus for writing anything that anger is the best and she was right stark worship collapses even as rage congeals and spills down the salmon ladder of impotence to produce not a call to arms but recognition where recognition is due "kiss the fascists where it hurts" silly burnt boy she expects more from us than to be simply described we are groveling casualties of that which in the distant past she rose up against to pay with her life Saint Ulrike of Stammheim (say who is that girl with the Sophie Scholl hairdo black rose and white rose created Habermas them the pompous ingrate) 2 June beatings arrests destruction imprisonment the postwar order was teetering and now rehashed recycled through the riskless system as harmless kitsch photodocumentation being our only reality barometer yeah well it wasn't the Partridge Family killed Mrs. Polanski buddy remember that it wasn't T. Rex blew up that publishing house in Hamburg.

Youth eviscerated by ignorance and dissipation -- color it Yanayev --





Isoforms no cases of priapism were reported revealing outfits mammary plastiform arc delivery downward ovary cell assays standard supportive measures adopted calcium growing bone stays thirst edema gout maximum recommended human dose (pharmacokinesis): wreckage reassembled 876 pieces 230 bodies fuselage parts cargo areas corpses attached to a framework center wing tank and several nongovernmental organizations explosion of undetermined origin crushing fracturing and deformation (arthritis arthrosis myalgia tendon rupture tenosynovitis) rows 8-16 tagged by color based on recovery (reconstruction) upper-deck lavatory 66 of 399 seats thermal damage (special senses photophobia tinnitus eye hemorrhage) sparked access door forward into spanning beam into lateral spar fractured supporting longitudinal keel in front of the wings where the pressure tore a hole through the belly skin (glossitis colitis dysphagia) cockpit and nose decapitated downward and out of balance (simulations indicate) up to 15,000 from 13,000 then down and to the left wings bent and broken fires fuselage spinning down into the lap of a sea draped in burning jet fuel (the lingerie of the hungry goddess) debris and bodies are still falling in mockery over the skies of underground hangars left wing separation and the fuselage spiraled into the water at the speed of sound head section went separate delayed ten second impact 230 dead exploded for internal reasons (ataxia hypertonia neuropathy paresthesia tremor vertigo depression insomniac somnolence hyperesthesia abnormal dreams) administered with caution the final spark is the unexplained explanation adverse events were similar to those seen at lower doses but incidence rates were increased highly bound to proteins not yet eliminated the investigators will continue to protect us from our own imaginations as they conduct us to our own sudden violent deaths 7179680074712130000 great circle demonstrations of improvements in sexual rates administer erectile dysfunction a causal relation is uncertainty fixed dose studies (reported events include those with a plausible relation omitted are minor events and reports too imprecise to be meaningful: they were fed to her).

Gracious digestion of unborn responses: calm if not satiation.



Acedia. A temporary breakdown in the life force. Someone else's war. Thousands of exhausted hands tamp out unfiltered cigarettes in a ragged synchronicity of extinction. The wireless dial glows cold with the echo of her voice in the spaces of his skull. Her voice is a lush presage of the jungles of the exiles. Her mouth bleeds forbidden lipsticks of the New Order. He cannot listen; he must listen. He knows the broadcasts will end someday and he will be left alone to suffer in austere silence the sound of the relays closing in his mind. Until that time he must taste the tongue of her persuasions. He closes his eyes, receptive: "This is Axis Sally speaking..."

Thank you for your wonderful company.

I saw an "in search of" ad in the Frankfurter Zeitung this morning requesting a Wanda-esque woman; perhaps I should apply.

I refuse to abuse you as you beg to be abused.

Comments questions opinions vitalsigns?

Two weeks ago I received in my mailbox what I thought to be word from you and I almost cried. When it did finally arrive I only smiled. I shall now allow my structural nature to take full hold, answering your questions in neat format:

"Is my company wonderful?" Late at night when you lie with me and begin to forget to rigorously deny the sentimental and sensual your company is magnificent. The pleasure rises up in me and seeps out in a laugh or a touch. When you are not looking, you are a kind individual who is a delight with which to be. Why are you scared of this? Do you imagine that I will torture this soft spot? Which leads me to...

"How do I beg to be abused?" Let me count the ways. To attack oneself is to accomplish the act before anyone else has the chance to do so... it appears to be safer that way. To act in such a manner that begs for abuse from others is to fulfill a longing which stems from self-hatred. Act in what way? Being pompous and egocentric, cutting oneself off from humanity and the human emotions, crushing kindness where it presents itself again and again...

I think voicemail is a sort of organized mass answering machine. I ring and leave my description with the man in the ad; he telephones and listens to it greedily. It protects him; he does not have to speak with me directly the first time. After all, I could be excessively abusive, or worse, uninteresting.

"Who was Hoffmansthal?" Hoffmansthal was a 19emes. Austrian playwright. His Death and the Fool is the story of a young man living in a womblike selfabsorbed preexistent state of aestheticism who finally realizes that he has a social responsibility. Upon first reading it I saw a parallel to you, but I now know that it is too simplistic a description.

And a statement: there was no "tolerance" involved. I have not been so excited about being with a man for some time. It holds the promise of becoming better. I, too, am sorry you did not write sooner. Do I get to see you again?

Yes, yes! Someone can find you exciting! You raise an interesting question, however: do you come to me hoping for rejection, or hoping for acceptance? I suppose it is moot, for you know I will only accept..

Anyone who has given any serious consideration to the world around them realizes its futility. But one cannot lead a life wallowing in this knowledge -- as you well know. If one cannot believe -- in something, anything -- life is lost. So create belief, no matter how artificial it may seem. I believe in certain thinking people; I believe in my love for them. I believe in you.

You are too self-indulgent -- both in your hatred of life and your assumption of my love. I do not love you, at least not in the concrete manner which you suggest. Perhaps I phrased my last letter poorly; I intended to convey emotions of a different -- but equally important -- nature. Please do not attempt to dare or patronize me with your "tough" image. Right now, my life is not what I would like it to be, either; I will no longer be continuing my education. I somehow must learn not to be a student, however paradoxical that may sound.

I remain your devoted nemesis.

# 浪人

## RONIN PRESS

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