

I am
 feeling a curious
 anger. I don't want to give
 direction but feel instead like
 leaving him lying unattended. My
 mind strays, but I force my attention
 back. His eyes are closed. We have
 both been silent for five minutes. I
 wonder how much of my mood is
 conveyed to him. I was disorganized
 when he entered the room. He
 seemed uncertain in his movements,
 waiting for me to clear the floor as he
 fumbled with his shirt. We are at
 cross-purposes, aggravating
 fantasies while trying to achieve
 equilibrium. I press his stomach.
 Tight reflex, a few growls, time slips by.
 His pain worsens. I ask him to describe it to
 me. He says it is symmetrical, behind
 on each side. It feels like broken bone pain, coming in
 waves until it has spread over the chest and backside.
 He is ready to get up, but I ask him to wait for one minute, try
 ing to observe the progress of his stress. He manages a grin
 ute, and then goes to take some medicine. He returns in less than
 ten minutes and sits huddled on the floor until the pain lessens. It
 subsides within fifteen minutes. I agree to make up his face. He says
 the sensation of touching his face makes him weak all over. I tell him
 that for someone who is inhibited, he is pretty uninhibited about
 his feelings. He thinks it might be the effect of the
 immobilization therapy. The makeup is
 successful. By the time I finish, including
 hair styling, he looks like and elegant
 dyke. I can't stop looking at him and half
 fall in love. He goes downstairs to prepare
 materials for the New Years Eve piece. The
 theme is the coming eros. We will ex

The Eve of Fluxus

a flux memoir by billie maciunas

he faces me again I have second thoughts. He looks like someone's very hip aunty, December 9. This is a long session that starts early in the after noon. George removes his glasses, along with his shirt and shoes. He lies down and asks me how his hands should be. I show him how to position them so that the thumb and index fingure are slightly apart, in a self-contained position curving toward the body. He wiggles his feet, then lies still staring straight up at the ceiling. He looks nearly emaciated but talks about loosing ten pounds so that he and I will be the same weigh. I remind him to place the cylinder under his neck. He breathes shallowly through his mouth. I am deliberately not interfering with him because his stomach sensitivity is so frightening. Yesterday he said it seemed not to hurt as much if he thinks I cause it by pressing, but I don't want to hurt him. The left leg curves in to the right. His left eye has been blind from glaucoma since 1975, following a beating in New York City; after five minutes, his right hand moves slightly. His hand and right arm seem to want to curve down, which would lower the shoulders and bring the lower back into closer contact with the floor. A phone call about the film society George wants to start interrupts. Afterwards, we have a short discussion about the films. It will be possible to select from a hundred films, mostly French, but some Russian, Japanese, and Italian. Ingmar Bergman is too expensive and has very few from the 1950s anyway. Naked night was a good one. I watch his pulse beat through his stomach. Every word requires alarming energy to speak. He says, "now the pain is sneaking in." Another phone call. He stands talking through the pain, shivering and strained. It is an order from Jean Brown's son for a birthday box for jean. The box will have artifacts and symbolic objects of memorable events from the year of her birth. For 1911, for instance, the first airmail service occurred, so the object would be a small air carrier or a airmail stamp. For 1947, my year, he thinks of Hiroshima. He tells me to remember, when I visit my mother at Christmas, to get photogaphs of myself as a child. For his box, he will make a cabinet. An object for each year. "This year is very eventful..." short laugh. "For the year 1975, an eyeball. We'll preserve the billy goat's eyes in alcohol after he is slaughtered." Like the mice he preserved and sold for \$5 each. "Nineteen forty-nine, read Dostoevky, 1953, saw John Cage..." I finger my hair. I want a trim. The Christmas season panics me with it's demands. I have \$70 to my name and no pro aspects of anything coming in. George tells me he will give me money for the

with commentary by
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