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WAR AND OTHER STORIES OF DEVELOPMENT

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## ABSTRACT

### WAR AND OTHER STORIES OF DEVELOPMENT

by Julian Grajewski

This creative writing thesis consists of forty-three stories and narrative poems intermixed in a sequence which generally indicates ascending cognitive development. It is divided into three sections. "War in Vietnam, Northern Ireland and Israel" presents first hand experience. "Other Wars Considered" ranges into conflicts such as WWII, the Mexican revolution, the recent struggle in Portugal, the Katanga counterinsurgency and even war in the Roman Empire. Here estimations are not purely personal or wholly negative.

In "Aftermath and Development" demobilized soldiers grapple with civilian life. They revive love and encounter feelings of detachment, i.e., "Sam Stone" and "Creatures within their Jungles." Sex in travel is explored as a cure for their malaise, i.e., "Polish Coal", "Londres" and others. Irony and humour are reborn (especially sardonic humour) and are hopefully evident in works such as "P.C. Wren Take-off"; "The God Lord Brown"; "Jaguar with the Munchies"; "The Parable of the Alien God"; "Don Juan's Hell"; (a one act dialogue), "Rommel Drives on Deep Into Egypt in 1974"; the deceptive title of "If You Stop Killing." A poem like "Jets Flew Through the Argentine Skies" indicates (apart from its specific meaning) a sudden pleasure in vivid childhood remembrances which is characteristic of this mood of "aftermath".

"The Pipe" is a bridge to the last stories in which the protagonists become socialized, escape from the "infinite loop" of their subjectivity and begin to develop.

Essential bibliography and appendices on Marx's Theses On Feuerbach are attached.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The first story in this thesis appeared in full as "Love" in Liberation magazine, New York.

"The Meeting" appeared in Free Fire Zone, McGraw Hill.

The following appeared in Z. Platt Almanack, S.U.C., Plattsburgh, New York.

Deux Soldats, Circa 1969

Thirty Indians

Don Juan, Oh Don Juan!

Polish Coal

Rommel Drives On Deep Into Egypt in 1974

The Chemistry of Soap in 1944

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The philosophers have interpreted the world in various ways; the point however is to change it.

Marx, Theses on Feuerbach.

## INTRODUCTION

This creative writing thesis consists of short stories and narrative poems: War and Other Stories of Development. It opens with a fragment from a longer, published story which has lines from a Hugh MacLennan novel for its title ("every soldier who could think felt he was cheated and turned into a murderer for nothing," from The Watch That Ends The Night). The fragment depicts the Vietnam war, however it is designed to set up the problem which is explored multifariously in the other works. The problem is the impossibility of resolving a politically defined issue in personal, individualistic terms. "The Meeting" demonstrates how even though a soldier is given a startling insight into his plight he can make little use of it because he is trapped into a sensibility of such low order there is no possibility for cognitive development. In "Creatures Within Their Jungles" an ex-soldier has become self-reflexive but it merely turns him pathological because he does not ally himself with others in order to act upon and clarify what he knows. In "The Grave of Christ" the hero acts upon a gestalt but does so metaphorically. He has left behind one set of values but has no better ones to replace the old. However the appended historical notes aim to make the reader aware of the concepts which this soldier is about to formulate. The notes are an attempt to induce

a potent reading of a literary work; to make the reader self-conscious of the content and how it applies to his life; they prevent a fixation with style and vague feeling states which a reductionistic reading evokes. The notes are an indication of how all the other works in this thesis should be read.

In "The Sentimentalist and The Crematorium", set in the near future, Thomas has become somewhat political and is able to evaluate the veterinarian in political terms. The last story, "How Sergeant C. Mitchell and His Friend Became Liberated" shows how the characters develop out of their isolation and learn how to evaluate their experience in political terms. They will never be caught in the circumstances of the opening fragment and they have gone on to actively organize for a scientific outlook which propels their society into the next manifold of order in which the dialectic between individuals and culture is consciously and universally understood to be the process by which sensuous knowledge is acquired.

The works not cited generally illustrate the various ramifications of the problem heretofore discussed. The poems cohere additionally with the stories in that practically all are narratives. Specifically the poems better embody the "see-saw" aspect of cognitive development, that nebulous time just before a gestalt takes place. "The Parable of The Alien God", "The God, Lord Brown", "Easter

Is Coming Earth Rimmer", many of the war vignettes and others are good examples. One poem "Jaguar With The Munchies" is a spoof on cerebrality, casual love affairs and anarchoid tendencies: the inability of certain "rebels" who reject the ideology which their parents transmitted to them but fail to realize that along with much ideology their parents were communicating to their children necessary species knowledge. "P.C. Wren Takeoff" is intended to be sardonic, as is the title "The Sentimentalist and The Crematorium". Certain passages in many works cross-reference each other. The order of the works has importance of course, but it is not strict.

There is a bibliography which contains expansions of many of the ideas in the thesis which every reader of this thesis is urged to consult. I make special reference to one crucial essay, Vivian Freyre's review of One Hundred Years of Solitude in which she discusses Gabriel Garcia Marques' treatment of ideology in his work.

It is suggested that the appendices on Feuerbach be read before the body of the thesis.

EVERY SOLDIER WHO COULD THINK FELT HE WAS CHEATED AND  
TURNED INTO A MURDERER FOR NOTHING

It was a big operation. Intelligence had discovered the exact location of a V.C. regiment. A combined task force of Americans, Australians, and Vietnamese Marines were dropped by chopper around the regiment. Thirteen thousand men formed a ring around the V.C. Artillery and air pounded their positions, and everyday the ring tightened. We knew that the V.C. would try to break out. They did so in our company sector. A squad from my platoon reported hundreds of them walking down a trail. They carried torches; there were many heavily armed men, but also many women and children. The V.C. were escaping with their families and their belongings. I guess that they carried torches to show that there were women and children in the group. They figured that Americans would not fire upon women and children. They were wrong. The squad blew four claymores on the rear of the column.

I was not in this ambush, but I heard the screams from the company perimeter, a few hundred meters away. It was around midnight, and I was pulling a half-ass guard, drowsing off at times. I heard the explosions, but didn't think much about them. There were so many explosions in my life! From that distance the screams were muffled by the vegetation. I dimly realized that something had happened, but wouldn't even make a guess at to what it was.

In the morning the whole platoon was sent to search the area. I saw the lieutenant walk up and down the patrol

with a preoccupied look on his face. Someone asked the RTO tagging behind him what was going on. I caught something about a body count. I was way behind in the patrol, with the jungle all around and I could not see what was up front on the trail. Then one of the squad leaders walked back towards the rear. Someone asked him if we really did have a body. The squad leader stopped walking and turned toward the guy who asked him, exclaiming, "Body? Man, they are all over the trail!"

We waited for many minutes. I became lost in myself, so much so that I forgot to sit down as I normally did everytime there was a pause in the marching. But something kept intruding into my world. It was a noise. It came in spurts, some loud, some not so loud. My mind started wrestling with this intrusion, trying to identify it. Then it hit me that the noise sounded like a baby crying. A baby! I looked at the guy behind me, he was hearing it too. We both agreed that it must be a baby. A baby in this fucking place! That thought filled us with wonder. I could see the other guy beaming in some sort of childish joy. We had verified each others' suspicion of the incredible fact that we were hearing a baby crying in this jungle. In some crazy way this outrageous fact filled us with momentary joy. Like some skeptical child who suddenly runs into Santa Claus.



Then we saw the RTO walking toward us with a baby in his arms. But what a baby, my God! It was filthy, wrapped in dirty brown shreds. It smelled terrible. And it had gashes on his head and blood stains all over. It was scuzzy around the eyes and mouth with filth and infection. The RTO seemed disgusted to bear such a burden, and handed it to our number 2 machinegunner, a guy who was gentle and had a way with kids. I could see that the machinegunner was also revolted by the dirty bundle. But somehow he made an effort to suppress his revulsion and began coddling and talking to the baby. The baby soon stopped crying.

We stood around talking for a while until firing broke out to our left. We all got down. Some guys up front started firing back, orders were given out, people moved around, and I found myself walking rapidly towards the trail. I hit the trail and turned right. I saw a pile of wet clothes, baskets and tools. But I quickly discovered that it was more than that. The pile of clothes was a pile of bodies. But I didn't pay much attention, for I was intent on going down the trail to set up security. As I walked I saw more little groups of bodies. I began to walk carefully. I did not want to slip in the mud and fall in their midst. I finally got to where I was supposed to be, found a little log off the trail, and sat down.

The machine gun was on the other side. The machinegunner was having a monologue with his assistant. He was

a country boy from Oklahoma, very talkative and lively. Now he wasn't lively. I kept catching pieces of his talk, ". . . Jesus Christ, the women don't bother me, they are old enough to know better. But those poor kids. . . ." He kept mumbling to himself and looking down at his feet. Once in a while addressing himself to the assistant, but not expecting any answer from him. He had not said much back there while holding the baby, but it must have been quite an effort to feel any love or pity for that bundle of dirty rags, even for a guy who loved kids so much. Then the squad leader who had told us of the bodies brought in a captured weapon and asked the machinegunner to keep it for him until we got back to the company. That was the only weapon captured in the ambush. The other weapons, and most of the bodies of the men had been presumably dragged off by the V.C. The assistant machinegunner turned the talk to the weapon, an old German bolt-action rifle.

People were going back and forth on the trail. I caught sight of another squad leader, a German guy who still spoke with a pronounced accent. He was walking around very disconsolately. I noticed that he had blood stains between his legs. I asked him what happened. He told me that in the firing earlier he had been hit by a machine gun burst in his pack. Fortunately the pack was half full of loose ammo and other junk, so the rounds had only spun him around with great force. But the shock of

the impact had caused internal and external bleeding. He said that the worst thing about it was that the machine gun was ours. Some stupid shithead had gotten trigger happy again. As I listened to him I tried to sympathize. He was obviously in pain, but his accent, his exclamations, and his wild gyrating of hands and body as he illustrated the story made it hard for me not to burst out laughing. I lost sight of him as he went down the trail looking for a medic.

The medics came in and started taking care of the survivors. There were five of them: two babies, an old woman, a young woman, and a ten year-old boy. All except the babies had broken legs. Earlier I had passed the old woman. She was lying fully stretched out, her head propped up on a bundle. She must have spent the rainy night like that. Nobody seemed to be paying any attention to her, so I kneeled beside her and lighted her a cigarette. She tried to tell me something, and motioned with her hands, but all I could do was nod my head. I left her with four or five cigarettes. I was shaking a little as I walked away.

A sargeant went by and asked me to help him collect the tools and baskets lying around. I got to take a good close look at the bodies then. They said that there were four men and eighteen women and children dead. I saw the body of one man, the other three must have been further

down the trail. He lay stretched out on his right side. His legs were fucked up. The black pajama legs were shredded by the explosions, showing gruesome wounds, but the rest of his body had no perceptible wounds. He must have died either from internal wounds caused by the concussion, or from shock, or maybe both. One hand was trying to tear out his hair, the other in a tight fist. The fingernails were driven into the flesh. His face was taut, teeth bared, in a horrible expression of agony and terror. He must have died completely insane.

I was gathering all the shit. I could see pregnant women, a little girl of eight or nine, lying on her back. Her legs were spread and raised slightly. Her vagina was split. I was careful not to touch any of the bodies, nor step into the little pools of rain water and dark blood. The area had the easily recognizable odor of a V.C. jungle base camp--a moist combination of body odor, the dripping jungle, and in this case, coagulated blood.

I picked up a bag full of noisy chicks. But as I did the bag gave way and chicks spilled out all over the area, looking very incongruous, but quite happy to roam around in freedom. I noticed one very pretty girl. She reminded me of the short-time girls who came as soon as we set up near a village or road. For weeks after I felt a revulsion for all Vietnamese girls. Everytime I saw one, my desire would be drowned in a wave of horror.

After a couple of trips I had picked up all the loose shit lying around. Some of the dead had grass baskets still tied to their backs. But I did not want to jostle their bodies around in order to remove the baskets. It wasn't that I couldn't do it. It was that I felt a sort of still awe for those dead, I didn't want to disturb them. So this prick squad leader comes along, tugs at the basket of a little child and cuts off the dirty string with his knife. The curled up body was stiff and retained its posture when it unceremoniously thudded to the ground. I hated that motherfucker then. He had been scheduled to transfer to the MPs in Saigon and did not have to come on this operation. But he had heard that this one was going to be a hot one and figured he would have one last fling before going to the easy life of Saigon. I bet he was pleased with the results. Motherfucking bastard!

The reaction of the platoon was generally depressing. Most of the guys were moved by what had happened. I remember that when we were carrying the survivors back to the LZ one of the stretcher bearers pointedly asked me to remove a twig that had fallen on the face of the girl he was helping to carry. It hit me that he was somehow trying to make up to her. But very quickly almost everybody suppressed his feelings by some rationalization or other. The most repulsive thing was the inability to empathize with the 'gooks', because many American soldiers

do not consider orientals as human beings. They were just a bunch of fucking gooks, that's all.

I wish I had more beer right now. As I write I am beginning to relive the whole thing. I got this tenseness all over my body, and an oppressive feeling in my chest and stomach. I am nervous as hell, but I got to go on for the sake of the story.

I got all pissed off when I read an account of the ambush in *Stars and Stripes*. Everything was wrong or distorted. The dead women and children were hardly mentioned. The Army had covered everything up with their shit. Yeah, *Stars and Stripes* is very good at telling how GIs help Vietnamese by building hospitals and schools, and how blind little boys get money from American units so that they can gain their sight back; and all kinds of crap about how friendly everybody is with everybody else. But there are a lot of GIs who hate the "gooks" or who are tired of them, as they are of everything else in this country.

A Column of the 278th V.C. Regiment

A column of the 278th V.C. Regiment

Of the Fifth Viet Cong Division

With their families

Incredibly illuminating the trail

with torches

Four quick detonations

Screams, dropping bodies and torches

Nine terrified detonators

Clearly confirming their first kills.

### The Girl with the Split Vagina

The married sergeant thought that the Pfc  
Who was helping him carry the body of  
The girl with the split vagina was too young  
To have known a long legged red hair love  
Who lunarly would smell like this delicate  
Vietnamese--who had been oozing heavily  
When the claymore mine shred her dress (white Ao Dais)  
And whatever she had been stoppering herself with.



## Jaded Soldiers

In the ochre dawn  
The last remnant  
Of virginal excitement  
At first contact  
Is gone.

In place of wonder  
At multicoloured beauties  
Of machinegun and cannon tracers  
Tumbling across the night sky;

In place of  
The first dizzying realization  
Of mortal danger upon closing with the enemy;

The pleasure of firing back;

The desperate tossing of grenades;

The chilling necessity of  
Fixing bayonets and hefting  
Viciously sharpened entrenching tools;

The final determination to even crash  
Body against body in the darkness. . .

Now there are only crouched lines  
Of unslept, soiled, sweated  
Olive drab male forms  
Stuffed with jumbled nerve cables;

Their tympanic membranes still vibrating  
To recent explosions  
Their eyelids involuntarily blinking  
To retina imprinted flashes  
Their hearts recoiling at numerous  
Huge emotions  
Satiated soldiers;  
Jaded soldiers facing the prospect  
Of another all night battle.

## Soldiers Keep on Dying

The nineteen year old survivor remembers the trench.  
He recalls the sound of explosions and gunfire.  
His friends are firing and loading  
Grenades fly out and magazines clack into place  
Shiny cartridges eject out of the side of their weapons.  
A machinegunner collapses lifelessly to the bottom of  
the trench  
And is immediately replaced by his assistant.  
There is no panic, only a desperate intensity  
On his friends' faces as the enemy inches closer  
And their steadily more devastating firepower  
Begins to kill them.  
  
Screams of fear and frustration are blotted out  
By the tremendous din.  
Without heard words the soldiers are overwhelmed and  
Slaughtered in a jerky pantomime.  
The remaining machinegunner no longer dares to expose  
His head to fire effectively.  
He drops down and huddles helplessly on a corner of  
the trench.

Two of the riflemen still firing have their weapons  
torn out

Of their hands by a grenade exploding

Just beyond the lip of the trench.

One slides down dead, and the other lowers himself

To the bottom of the trench, his hands pressed to his  
head.

Those still alive throw out their remaining grenades  
blindly

And unprofessionally crowd together.

Only four or five are left alive and upright

And each wants time to compose himself.

Some cross agonizing looks, but then a shower of  
enemy grenades

Falls among them. One or two seconds pass

Before the grenades begin to explode.

Conversation Between A Just Wounded  
Soldier and A Shattered Tree

Hey steel, what are  
you?

Why? I am man.

Because I am Tree.

I am alive, steel.

Tree, alive?

I am alive, tree.

I am man.

Steel!

Man, tree, man!

Alive, not steel,

Living man. . .

Dead steel!

## The Meeting

There is a blank darkness. Not a void, that sounds like something empty, but a depthless darkness you are confused and get lost in. . . .

And then the darkness lightens a little bit and you see a glow on a horizon. And then you go down and you hear somebody being awakened, and you hear their grumbling voices, and somebody mumbling, yeah, yeah, and being awakened and getting up . . . and . . . you know . . . yawning. Like somebody getting up . . . out of a bunk or something. . . .

You can't see too much. . . . You can mostly hear things. . . . You can hear this guy getting dressed and putting on his boots. . . . And you can just see him getting up and dragging his boots across the dirt and cracking dry leaves and twigs. . . . You notice that he's got a bright thing in his hand. And his boots . . . his boots are loose . . . not tied on or anything. . . .

. . . . Walks a few feet. . . . Comes up to this ladder . . . made of logs. The ladder leads up to a tower . . . like a watch tower, made of logs and wood. . . . And it has a thatch roof over it.

. . . . This guy climbs up to the watch tower and looks towards the horizon . . . where the sun is coming up. And just as the sun is coming up he puts a bugle to

his lips, and blows.

. . . . And in the early morning you can see a small base camp. In the jungle . . . you can see this clearing which is not completely cleared. . . . There is a perimeter there, with bunkers and hootches. . . . Guys pulling guard and sleeping. . . . And a couple of tents. . . . You know . . . like a command post tent . . . mess tents . . . . And a few trees and some brush. . . . And you come up to one of the tents which is wide open on all sides . . . . There are other guys in the tent, but you only see him. . . .

. . . . He's got a blanket over him. A poncho or something . . . because it is in the tropics and the morning is humid and chilly. He is sleeping on his back and hears the bugle call and he sort of wakes up. He opens his eyes, and lies there with his eyes open, waking up. Then he pulls the blanket away and you see that he is completely naked. And this guy is in his early twenties. He seems to be in good shape, good body . . . good hands . . . good legs. . . . He's gotten . . . tanned . . . bronzed . . . by the jungle sun. . . . And he looks all right. He . . . he's got a hard-on. . . . It's like . . . it's not--in the morning if you feel all right, you have an erection. It's not lust. . . . It's pleasant . . . a pleasant awareness. . . . That if you feel good you have this.

And he wakens up and he sits up on the edge of the bunk and he pushes away the mosquito net. And he puts on . . . pulls on a pair of shorts without getting up out of the bed without standing up. He just slips them on . . . and buckles up the belt. . . . And then he sort of. . . . He's got his feet on the dirt floor. . . . And he sort of slaps the dirt off his soles and pulls on his boots without putting on socks. He just slops them on without tying them or anything. . . . And he stands up and, he stretches around a little bit, sort of sleepy. . . . But he's had a good sleep. He feels all right! It's pleasant to get up in the morning . . . he is just slowly waking up . . . letting it drag out.

And then he picks up this piece of soap . . . and a towel. . . . And he's got his weapon hanging from a . . . by a . . . sling from the top of the bunk. You know from the framework for the mosquito net. And the weapon is . . . some kind of an automatic weapon. He's got this and he takes it from the rack, and he puts it on . . . slings it over his shoulder; and he starts walking down this stretch of pretty wide trail . . . a little muddy. . . .

He walks pretty good . . . easy . . . relaxed. . . . The weapon dangling from his shoulder . . . under the arm-pit. His boots are loose . . . he drags his feet a little . . . . He just walks on down to this gully. The gully twists a little bit and goes down to this river . . . not



too wide. As he walks down to the river the gully goes up several feet on both sides of him. . . . And he can see these great big roots coming out of the dirt sides. And a wet, heavy, very old smell coming out of it. . . .

. . . . It's a river . . . maybe sixty yards across, no more . . . a muddy river. And there is a rock there . . . . And he puts all his stuff on the rock . . . takes his boots off and wades up to his knees. . . . And the water is a little bit cold this early in the morning. But it wakes him up. . . . And he starts washing his face with soap. . . . And washing a little bit on his chest and under his arms . . . just washes away the sweat from his skin. And then he walks out. He walks out of the water and dries off with the towel. . . . Dries his face and dries his underarms. . . . Then he sits on the rock and rinses his feet and pulls on his boots. . . .

He walks downriver a few feet, opens his fly and starts taking a piss . . . takes a full night's load off and it feels good. . . . After you keep it in for a full night it stinks. But the stink of his own piss is not too bad . . . . And then he notices some movement across the river . . . .

. . . . And he sees some kind of animal on the edge of the water . . . maybe a leopard . . . probably came down during the night to drink water. . . . And must have overstayed after sunrise. . . . This guy is surprised. . . .

He does his fly and walks back to his stuff on the rock :

. . . . Picks up his stuff and . . . takes one last look  
across the river. But there is nothing there anymore

. . . . He starts walking back. . . . He walks back to  
the gully and this time everybody is awake . . . the people  
cleaning rifles . . . getting ready for chow . . . and

talking and pulling in their booby traps, and flares. . . .

And a couple of ambush patrols are back. You know, things  
that soldiers do every morning. . . .

## Losers

An SVN battalion interpreter  
 Hardly taller than his rifle  
 Sitting beside me, by the broken highway  
 Speaking, with cautious inferiority,  
 Of his poor English, of his fear  
 Of being returned to a line company;  
 Jumping at the disparaging beckon  
 Of a middle class lieutenant  
 Big and sure, blonded from Nebraska.

## As Tanks Go By

As tanks go by  
 And tracks, top ladden  
 With covered but cruel  
 ARVINS too lazy to hack

Individually through the jungle:

Terror filled at the possibility  
 Of non-machine, personal confrontations  
 With V.C.'s and N.V.A.'s.

## Deux Soldats, Circa 1969

## I

Two soldiers are laying wire beside Route I. It's a bright, windy day. The two lanes of traffic rush past each other, almost drowning out the long crashes of the waves below the cliffs. One of the soldiers, the older one, is wearing a tan dress uniform, and the other is wearing green fatigues. They are both armed with M-1 carbines hanging upside down from their shoulders. They carry between them a roll of black communication wire which they play out as they walk on the shoulder of the highway.

--Sarge, we've been walking long enough . . . Sarge. Sergeant! Will you listen to me?

The sergeant does not respond. He continues to walk, firmly holding his end of the roll. He watches the thin wire as it plays out in a long line behind them until it is lost against the speckled dark and white of the volcanic soil.

--Sergeant, we are in this together. You have to listen to me!

--Shut up, and keep on walking!

--How long are we going to keep on walking? . . . sergeant . . . say something, sergeant! I don't want to think you are stupid!

--What are you saying?

--Sergeant, I am saying that we are in this together.  
I am asking you to drop this shit right now!

--What shit?

--You know what! There are just two of us here.

--And the Army.

--Two of us! I am asking you to talk about what is happening to us. Or are you too stupid to know what's happening to us?

--Now you've gone far enough, private! . . . I am warning you soldier! I am--

--Sergeant stop that garbage! Stop it!

The private lets go of the roll's handle and steps away from the sergeant.

At the same time he unslings his carbine and points it at him. The sergeant is yet holding his end of the roll, but its suddenly increased weight has made his body lean almost out of balance.

--What do I have to do to make you listen, sergeant?

--What do you want?

--First of all, sergeant, drop that fucking roll of wire and sit on it!

--What are you going to do with that?

--If you sit down and we have a talk, I'll put it away. But I don't want any bullshit!

The sergeant pushes over the roll of wire and sits on the upturned end. He stares hard at the private.

--Sarge, how long have we been walking?

--Since this morning.

--How much wire have we laid out?

--We haven't finished the roll yet.

--How much wire is in that roll?

--I am not a commo man. What are you getting at?

--How much wire do you think there is?

--What are you getting at, you jerk!

--You are the jerk! You stupid motherfucker--we've been walking for hours, for miles . . . and that wire hasn't run out yet! How much wire could there be in a roll that two men can carry, you jerk!

The sergeant jumps up and lunges angrily at the private. They fall to the ground and struggle furiously, trying to hit each other with their feet and fists and rolling around on the stoney soil.

--You bastard, you stupid fucking bastard sergeant! I am going to fuck you up, sergeant! . . . .

The sergeant is lighter and older than the private. He breaks away and tries to unsling his weapon, but he leaves himself open for a swinging blow from the private's carbine butt. He falls down noiselessly, holding the back of his head with his hand.

Did I fuck you up sergeant? Did I fuck you enough? I am going to fuck you up more, sergeant! I am going to fuck you right out of this world!

The private raises the carbine above the sergeant's slack body, but then he slowly lowers it. In a last gasp of anger he kicks the sergeant's buttocks. Then he kneels beside him, feeling disgusted and alone. He aimlessly feels the back of the sergeant's head. He can just touch a bump. He props him up against the wire roll and pulls out the canteen from the sergeant's pistol belt. He sprinkles water on the half conscious face.

## II

--Why did you have to be so stupid?

--I am going to have your ass for this when we get back!

--Sarge, you hit me first. But what's this shit? You still don't know what's happening to us!

--I am not going to argue with you anymore. Help me up and let's get going.

--Let's get going where?

--We are going to keep laying this wire.

--But for what? Where are we going with this wire? Look around you sarge. Look at all this traffic going by. We haven't run into anybody walking on the road. When we were fighting nobody stopped, nobody came to see what was going on. It's as if these people didn't see us!

--These gooks don't want to see us! They already got a bellyful of us. If they want to stay away, that's all

right with me. I don't want to see them neither. It's all in your head, boy!

--Don't give me that! How about the wire? How much wire could there be in that roll? We've been laying it for miles and the roll hasn't even gotten lighter. How could that be in my head?

--Don't get excited.

--I am not getting excited! I am trying to think.

--You ain't paid to th--all right!

--Why don't we flag down one of those trucks going by?

--For what?

--What do you mean for what? We need help sarge!

--We don't need any help from these gooks!

--Sergeant, we do need help. We are both crazy!

--I think you better shut up soldier, and pick up that roll of wire. And don't tell me I am stupid. Just pick up that wire and keep walking.

### III

The two soldiers continue to lay down the wire along Route I. The wire stretches endlessly below and behind them. It is set finely on the barren soil of the road's shoulder until very quickly it can no longer be distinguished from its background. But the two soldiers know it lays there, unerringly marking their progress around a long, gentle curve of the highway as it winds between a dark



headland and the sea, far, far, back. The bright sky fills up with black, shredded clouds travelling at great speeds. The wind whips up the waves so that the spray sometimes rises above the cliffs. The traffic rushes by on the highway, still indifferent to the soldiers. It becomes cold, and each man sinks into himself. But suddenly the private shakes off the weight of his misery and yearns to talk.

--Sarge, why don't we go into that house up ahead?

--We are not supposed to go into civilian houses.

--But Sarge, we need a rest. It will be dark soon.

They can't expect us to lay wire in the dark with just two guys and a couple of carbines; we don't even have any grenades!

--What makes you think we'll be safe in a gook hootch?

--Sarge, it'll be very easy to ambush us on the open road like this. In a hootch they will think their own will get hit. They wouldn't risk that just to get a couple of us.

--They could sneak in with knives.

--Sarge, you know they don't have the balls for that! Listen there are just the two of us. Let's give ourselves a break!

The two soldiers drop their roll of wire and walk to the front of the house. An old, slight woman answers the knock. They make her understand that they want food and shelter and that they can pay. They dig Piasters and

M.P.C.'s out of their wallets and parade them in front of her eyes. But the old woman keeps looking at their carbines. She wants to refuse them, but she is afraid and she stalls them with her chatter. The private and the sergeant sling their carbines out of sight behind their shoulders. The old woman smiles, but this move does not ease her much, and the two soldiers do not know what else to do. Then they see a delicate young girl in a white Ao Dais. They hear the rustle of her silk trousers sliding gently over her legs. As the girl turns sideways her dress flaps part slightly to reveal her pantyline beneath the translucent silk trousers. The old woman chases the girl away and quickly returns to block the door. She continues to chatter, but the soldiers cannot listen to her. She tries to close the door, but she cannot budge their threatening bulk. She shakes them and pleads with them, but they stand transfixed by the door.

She calls to a little boy who brings two large bottles of beer with glasses. Then she shoves the glasses into the soldiers' hands and fills them up, smiling constantly. She got the beer from the "teahouse" not far ahead. There is plenty of beer there and "short time"--even "all night" if they want--and a juke box full of rock music and country and western. She keeps refilling their glasses until the bottles are empty. The small boy brings two more bottles. The old woman passes them to the soldiers and shuts the door.

## IV

The two soldiers begin to lay the wire out again. The sun begins to come down, majestically reddening the troops of fast moving clouds still dotting the entire sky. It gets chillier and even more windy. The thin black wire stretches out even more indistinctly into the coming dusk. The sargeant and the private swig the beer and think of the girl they saw. Their lusty fantasies become a torture which the beer they have drunk cannot soften. They facetiously upbraid themselves for their "stupidity," but yet they attempt to find some truth in what the leathery old woman told them.

--If she was lying to us, where would she have gotten the beer?

--There might be a teahouse up ahead, but it could be miles away. She probably gets a ride back and forth.

--Why don't we try to catch a ride?

--And what are we going to do with the wire?

--Fuck the wire!

--Don't start that shit again, boy!

--Will you use your head sarge! We are lost. We--are--lost! We can't worry about a stupid wire that never ends. Make sense, sarge! We've got to get together and start doing something for ourselves!

--I am going to tell you for the last time, soldier! I was detailed to lay down the wire as far as it would go

and then wait for another detail to join us up from the other end of the road. I don't know what's going on and I don't care! But as long as we have the wire, we are going to lay it out. And that's all I am going to take of your insubordination!

--All right sarge, if you don't want to do anything, I can't make you. But I am not going to let myself be crazy if I can help it!

--Where are you going?

--I am going to catch a ride!

--Hold it!

The private hesitates for a moment.

--I am giving you a direct order, private!

The private jerkily turns toward the sergeant and whispers to him fiercely.

--You can shove your direct order up your ass!

The sergeant looks up helplessly as the private runs to the middle of the road. On an impulse he catches up to him and grabs him by the arm.

--What'd you want?

--You can't do this . . . you can't leave me like this!

--I am doing it!

--You said we were in this together!

--But you don't want to do anything! You don't understand that we've got to use our heads and help ourselves

. . . who else is going to help us? Who gives a shit about us, old man?

The sergeant's hand tightens around the private's arm and they both stare at each other with a mixture of anger and bewilderment.

--The gooks? The army? Who are you waiting for to come along? Who are you trusting to come through?

--The wire!

--You are crazy! You don't want to think! . . . you are just being lazy!

--It will end. There will be something for us at the end of it!

--It's a joke!

--There's nothing else for us. . . . I know.

--What do you know?

--. . . I know. . . .

--Listen sarge, I'll flag down that truck and you can hop in if you want.

The private tears himself from the sergeant and stands on the pavement waving his arms at the coming truck. But the truck drives straight on, neither slowing down nor bothering to swerve. The private leaps out of its way, and in one angry motion, he unshoulders his carbine and fires it several times. One of the bullets pierces a tire and another smashes a rear view mirror. The truck runs off the road and slides heavily into the bordering ditch. Chairs,

live-chicken baskets, and pilfered "C" ration cases break out of their mooring ropes and spill into the ditch, adding to the noise of the screeching brakes and the side twisting of the tires. There is a final bang as one of the rear tires blows out, unable to take the unexpected stress. The driver comes out of the cab with his hands in the air and speaking confusedly in an awkward mixture of English, French and Vietnamese.

He is a mere boy, but his face shows a cynical unconcern alternated with flashes of fear. The private accuses the boy of trying to kill them and threatens him with the carbine. The boy feigns a jackal-like solicitude which makes the private even more angry. The private points to the "C" ration cases and tells the boy that he is a scavenging black market thief. Then the private unleashes a torrent of incoherent insults accompanied with a wild waving of his carbine. The sergeant is almost up to them when a shot rings out flatly, and the boy collapses onto the fender of his truck.

--The little piece of shit!

The boy slides off the fender and falls into a small heap on the ground. The boy's hands are on his bloody stomach and he twitches several times before he dies. The sergeant keeps screaming "what'd you do, what'd you do." He walks back and forth, sometimes kneeling beside the body and sometimes talking absurdly to the private who can only

stare blankly at the body. In a few minutes the sergeant recovers enough to look about him surreptitiously. But the traffic rushes by just as heedlessly as before. The sergeant makes the private help him carry the body to the back of the truck. There is a can of water in the cab and they wash the blood that has stained their hands and clothing as best they can.

## V

The teahouse is warm and full of male and female voices and loud rock music. The two soldiers are welcomed by several girls who lead them excitedly to one of the private cubicles. They sit on a mat floor around a low table and order beer for themselves and mixed drinks for the girls. The girls often sit on their laps and they embrace and kiss and allow their hands to touch everything. Occasionally they step out of the cubicle and dance very close by the main bar. Soon they go into tiny, dim rooms where they find relief. When they come out, they dance and drink some more and go again to the tiny, dark room.

It's night when they get up to leave. Both of them are very drunk and they walk, singing and yelling, supported by their favorite girls who take them as far as the inside door of the teahouse. The girls go back into the bar and the sergeant lays down on the floor between the double doors and dozes off. One of the girls sticks her

neck out of the inside door and, giggling, suggests that a cold bucket of water might wake him up. The private stares drowsily at the sergeant and says, no, let him wake up on his own. When the sergeant awakes, the private helps him up and they go out. It is not yet dawn. The chilly, dark air revives them both and they walk to the wire and begin to lay it down again.

Deux soldats . . . dos soldados . . . zwei soldaten  
. . . duo milities . . . two soldiers, everywhere, always!



Who Wants To Die In Ire Land

Who wants to die in ire land  
The victim of a counterfeit Irish hero  
Lurking behind the low windows

Of red bricks flats  
Framing littered streets  
Overgreyed by rain!

Better in Aden  
Under a conspicuous sun  
By white figures

Who do not smell of unchanged  
Wet woolens when I search  
Their reddened corpses.

At The Regency

The good looking  
Consulting Engineer  
From the Belfast Electric  
And the English  
Understated smile  
Tells the American curious  
Over a Guinness.  
That the Northern Irish  
Live and enjoy even  
And above the searching  
Soldiers;

--the I.R.A. bombing  
Is just, only  
Overdue urban  
Demolition.

Killer Group Thirty-Six

Killer Group Thirty-Six

Presently in check

But eager to move

Out into the night streets

With black face and channelled

knives

. . . . . A guarantee

That eight of the ten corpses

They waste are surely

I.R.A. activists.

• Within The Walls of Jerusalem

Within the walls of Jerusalem, Nancy in a mini  
And me, met a carpenter, an Armenian Christian he was  
Short and rounded, moustached thickly, pleasant faced,  
Always smiling, he liked her blond hair and blue eyes.

She looked at a souvenir camel  
And asked its price in a full Scots accent.  
The carpenter said he had many good memories  
Of Scottish soldiers stationed in this then  
Palestine during the Second World War; he gave her the camel  
And offered to show us the  
Church of the Nations, and then we should  
Look upon the Garden of Gethsemane.

In an Arab cafe we sipped syrupy coffee  
From tiny white cups and the carpenter spoke  
Of the Israelis in general, he said he wanted us  
To meet his wife and children and asked if  
We were married.

His face set serious, he went on  
To lecture on the sin and shame  
Of cohabitation.

We could not meet his family.

He resented the Jew, he added,

Under whom he must now live

And all his broken ways.

## The Grave of Christ

Nothing to fear in God;  
Nothing to feel in death;  
Good can be attained;  
Evil can be endured.

Diogenes of Oenoanda  
(in Capadocia)

## I

Once in the war desert  
I had accidentally backed a truck  
Into the ventilating shaft  
Jutting above the grave of Christ.

"The Grave of Christ," had cried  
The Coptic laborer.  
The Grave of Christ.

## II

I leaped from the cab  
And run to the back of my truck.  
"What grave," I yelled "what grave?"  
It was just a broken clay pipe,  
Its jagged stump protruding  
From the desert floor.  
"The Grave," the Copt insisted. The Grave.

I looked down into the tube.

There was no smell, of course! But

It was not all dry inside.

A lengthy glob of

Viscous, glistening, dark stuff was spread

Over the whiter, powdery grave floor.

It looked cool and strange

Just below.

I thought

Of a horror film-mummies!

I could not think of Christ

The Saviour.

"Christ The Saviour,"

A phrase from my Catholic

Childhood, my pious adolescence;

Forgotten now, for war.

I stood still, transfixed

Because I had never fully understood

The significance of those words.

The saviour of whom? Of what?

I questioned the Copt,

I questioned the sand.

Christ the saviour of Germans?

Of Germans! The killers of Poles?  
 My screams frightened the Copt.  
 I increased them: fear and fury  
 Too long constrained  
 By the facts of continual defeat.

Rommel by Alexandria  
 Ambitioning a cross of the canal;  
 Campaigning towards India  
 To join Nipponese friends  
 Now attacking Burma.  
 Stalingrad unimaginable,  
 The Americans proved ineffectual  
 At Kasserine Pass  
 And I, a Polish victim with no  
 Longer my country, fighting in  
 A British army, consistently suspicious  
 Of English motives and ultimate purposes.  
 No more Christ, no more graves  
 No more eating bits of  
 Tasteless white wafers!

I sent the Copt  
 Away for water  
 And then quickly climbed  
 Into the cab and retrieved



My sten and two grenades.  
I pulled the pin on one and  
Watched the handle spring away  
Before I let it drop  
Into the narrow tube  
Ventilating the grave of Christ.

I moved back two paces,  
Chambered a round; I stooped.  
After the muffled explosion  
I awaited any consequences  
Of the blasphemy imagined  
But only made the returning  
Copt more afraid.

I told him the grave had  
Collapsed by itself.  
But the Copt saw the  
Rough bulge of the spare grenade  
In my trouser pocket.  
However this was war he knew  
And I was European, armed,  
And Christian too.  
He must admit of reasons, besides.  
He wanted to live till  
At least he could tell

Others of my deed.

## III

Then I was alone . . .

Left to wander why.

I had believed it was

His grave . . . why had

I felt menaced by some

Viscous, shiny filth

On the bottom of a hole

In the Egyptian desert?

In the vacancy I realized

A bubble enveloping my life

Had burst. I clearly remember

This initial impression, a

Cessation of strife, the

Pacification of my soul.

## Notes on "The Grave Of Christ"

"The Grave of Christ" is not an allegory. It is a narrative poem and there is no intended correspondence between the actions events, and characters in the poem and the concepts set forth in these notes. The thrust of the work depicts a soldier who, though he is engaged in a war against Nazism, finds himself because of the strain imposed by fear of defeat and by psychological isolation, the victim of recollections of a former, now inappropriate life. The soldier under their temporary influence acts in a puerile way which humiliates him. Furthermore at the end of the poem he believes that a "bubble" enveloping his life has burst and he is left with a "clarity" of mind exemplified by Diogenes' epigraph at the beginning of the work. It may be deduced in the context of the introduction and especially the final stories in this thesis that this "clarity" is not satisfactory.

The poem in itself has a hermetic quality; thus the notes. They have an added value in making clear the circumstances of the Polish soldier which the poem, in order to function properly, assumes the reader is familiar with.

The setting for the narrative is North Africa in 1942. In 1939 the Soviet Union signed a non-aggression pact with Germany. Weeks later as the Germans attacked Poland from the west, the Soviets occupied it from the east. Many

captured Polish soldiers were sent to POW camps in Siberia. In June, 1941 the Germans attacked the Soviet Union and the Soviets released Polish soldiers who were willing to fight the Germans. Many of these soldiers were sent to Iraq to recuperate from their POW experience and from there they elected to join the British Army instead of fighting under Stalin (who was by then clinically paranoid). These soldiers fought in North Africa and Italy with the British Eighth Army.

#### Roots of War

After the first World War Germany, the loser, was saddled with international and intranational debts (war reparations, etc.). The 1923 inflation period and the 1924 French occupation of the Ruhr Valley to enforce debt payments gave Germany the unique "distinction" of being the first European power to become a colony; and to be thus summarily subjected to standard capital looting policies by the British, French, Americans and Canadians.

2 Hjalmar Schacht was the president of the Reichsbank in the Weimar Republic and at this time (1920's) he was a "social-democrat" (just like Levesque); a corporatist committed to deficit financing. He was later to become Nazi finance minister. Admiral Canaris was in naval intelligence in WWI and head of "Abwehr", German military intelligence in WWII. He was also a British "plant" during all this.

time. These two, and the likes of Speer, mustered the forces in Germany which put Hitler in power in 1933. The Nazis were chosen by Anglo-American financiers of the Rothschild and Rockefeller stripe as the instrument for enforcing economic austerity policies (cutting wages, raising prices, raising taxes, longer working hours) designed to save money to maintain the flow of debt service. They were also the vehicle for rearmament in preparation for war against the Soviet Union which under the ten-year Rapallo agreement had cooperated with German industrialists in economic expansion and military security arrangements.

Canaris in 1919, under orders from British Intelligence, masterminded the brutal kidnapping and murder by rifle butting of Rosa Luxemburg. She was, after Marx, the most intellectually developed Communist. She had made clear how imperialism worked through a system of international "loans" and understood how to implement a "mass strike" consciousness in workers which was a pre-requisite for socialist revolutions worldwide. A 1922 Reichstag investigation accused Canaris as the chief plotter in the murder. Her murder nipped the revolution in Germany and resulted in the relative failure of the Bolshevik revolution which was absolutely dependent upon the industrial might of Germany for its material base. Lenin was a potent leader, but he unlike Luxemburg could not replicate his creative powers in others. When he died in 1923 he left Trotsky

and Stalin to carry on. Stalin was able to "hold the fort" but became an easy mark for western intelligence psychological warfare operations. (The set-up of the brilliant Soviet general Tukhachevsky as a German spy in the eyes of Stalin via documents laundered through the duped head of the SS, Heydrich, Canaris, and the British agent Benes of Czechoslovakia, resulting in the Red Army purges which destroyed its effectiveness as a military force, is one of many examples.) In this enforced political geometry WWII was inevitable, for the monetarist power was intact and its policy of juggling forces in order to open up new looting areas was pursued relentlessly. The grand plan was to have Germany knock out the Soviet Union and in doing so weakening itself so much that the two prostrate arenas of conflict could be themselves looted to continue feeding international debt structures.

Schacht was the creature directly responsible for the extermination of the Jews and other groups. Hitler thought he hated Jews because they were an inferior race, whereas in reality he was following subconsciously the dictates of Schachtian demands by enforcing austerity measures instead of measures which would increase production and thus create new wealth. This is the essence of fascist economics and to a lesser extent the basis for Fabian Socialism and other "liberal" ideologies which view the economy as fixed and therefore assume that politics merely has to devise a

system to equally distribute this "fixed" economic pie. The result of these efforts is paranoia and confusion by the visible contestants and the perpetuation of the "invisible" controllers, the monetarist interests.

The logical extension of this corporatist, fascist or overtly Nazi economy is the cannibalization of a part of the population. Those who already have a piece of the pie are invited to keep it and they can only get a bigger share if there are fewer "shareholders" or if new looting areas can be opened up (Poland, France, Belgium, Holland, Greece, Czechoslovakia, The Ukraine, etc.). If the Nazis had remained in power long enough they would have turned against their Catholic minority, people with dark hair, those over fifty and other absurdities; always with the motive of looting existing wealth instead of thinking of new methods to create new wealth.

In 1942 with the U.S. already at war with Germany, a congressional report accused the Rockefellers of collaborating with the enemy, specifically referring to the secret merger of IG Farben, a German chemical company, and Standard Oil in 1929 (this topic is incompetently treated by Thomas Pynchon in his novel, Gravity's Rainbow). The former attorney general of the United States, Edward Levi, quashed this report.

In spite of the best intentions of millions of people and many government and industry leaders in the Allied

Powers, and contrary to Hollywood movies, WWII is now often recognized as a war between the Axis and Allies against the Soviet Union. For example, ninety per cent of Axis troops in the European theatres were committed to the Eastern front. This war within a war produced byzantine struggles among combatants on both sides and is evident in the narrator's expressed confusion and bitter suspicions of the English. Winston Churchill was universally vilified and distrusted by the Poles. They blamed him, among many other accusations, for the murder of a prominent Polish General, Sikorsky, who died in an aircraft "accident". However the Poles, caught in their hatred for Germans as well as Soviets, had no capability to generate the concepts that would allow them to truly understand who Churchill really was.

Canaris, throughout WWII was able to keep Churchill informed of every German operation and new weapon development (he was the true source of this intelligence, not the so called "ultra" decoding machine which if one is to believe the cover stories issued operated on "magical" principles). Yet Churchill allowed German bombers and later V-1 and V-2 weapons to decimate British cities in attacks which killed thousands of mainly working class civilians. He also ordered the "carpet" bombing incendiary raids which the RAF carried throughout the war against German cities which killed and maimed hundreds of thousands of again working class civilians: Churchill's true enemies.



Dresden was the climax of this operation. These raids were carried out ostensibly to cripple German industry. However most military authorities admit today that these night raids had little tactical or strategic significance. The actual intended effect, the terrorization and neurological damage inflicted upon the surviving population was amply achieved. After the war Dr. John Rawlings Rees, a psychopath British psychiatrist (during the war psychiatrist for the British army) mobilized his Tavistock Institute to capitalize on this damage. His mission was to keep the German population quiescent and easily exploitable.

His precise technique was to take advantage of stress conditions to induce reversion to the "anal sadism" stage which is ordinarily encountered only in a baby's development. The narrator experiences a similar, though not so extreme reversion of his personality. He momentarily regresses to an infantile level of consciousness under duress. However when the narrator emerges from this low consciousness he experiences a feeling of calm acquiescence which is in effect mindlessness. This feeling is explicit in Diogenes' epigraph. If there is nothing to fear in God, then without the "fear of God", which is really the alienated but nevertheless moral sense, there is no lawfulness and coherence in society. The next line, "nothing to feel in death" adds another dimension of nihilism, a denial of cause and effect in the physical world. The last two lines

are arbitrary pronouncements. They are magical incantations offered fatalistically. How could good be attained and evil endured when purpose has been destroyed? Yet it is the mark of the personality subject to these infantile feeling states to insist that this is possible. The victims of these techniques are generally led to various degrees of non-creative, fantasy ridden existences which make them intellectually, morally, emotionally insipid and impotent and thus easily manipulated. Subjective definitions of good and evil easily alternate, they can be heteronomically controlled.

Herbert Marcuse, himself an "ex" CIA agent since 1950 pits the "demands" of Civilization against the "individual needs" of his "Eros". He puts forth an apparently plausible argument until one realizes that his "individual needs" do not represent the half of the dialectic between an individual and his culture but rather they are in effect infantile feeling states. Marcuse, like Chomsky, who works to develop techniques used to destroy the content of words, is a brain-washer engaged in counterinsurgency warfare. "Psychiatrists" such as B.F. Skinner, R.D. Laing, Kurt Lewin, Ivan Illich, Nathan Kline, have all worked at the Tavistock Institute and are Reesian disciples. Psychosurgery, chemotherapy, electroshock therapy, encounter groups, sensitivity training, transactional analysis, drug therapies, primal therapy, group dynamics, transcendental meditation and other forms of coercive psychology were developed and

fostered by Rees' Tavistock Institute and unleashed upon unsuspecting populations for counterinsurgency purposes.

This is the crime of menticide.

Admiral Canaris was executed (hanged from a meathook) by the Waffen SS. He had been involved in the July 20 plot to kill Hitler which was not, as is usually portrayed, a banding of anti-Hitler generals eager to make peace but rather an attempt by British intelligence and the American OSS to install a puppet government which would negotiate a "separate peace" with the West, thus freeing Germany to turn all its forces to the East and get back to the original "game plan" which Hitler had derailed by embroiling himself in a war with the British, Americans and French. Otto Skorzeny, the SS commando who had rescued Mussolini was one of many Nazis who openly accused Canaris of being a British agent.

Hjalmar Schacht was tried at Nuremberg but of course acquitted. He had a long postwar career as financial advisor to several governments and he was openly admired by economists such as Milton Friedman who emulated his policies in Chile with the result that the average caloric intake of the Chilean population has been cut by half, to 1500 calories per day! Mary Kaufman, a member of the U.S. prosecuting team at Nuremberg found irrefutable evidence that showed how the likes of Schacht and Speer built Auschwitz, produced the "cyclon b" gas, used the slave labor, organized

the transportation system and provided administrative resources, but could not produce it in court because the U.S. State Department blocked it.

Speer was released recently and is busily writing best sellers in which he sanctimoniously abhors the Nazi excesses. In the war he was in charge of war production and it was because of his organizing efforts that the war lasted as long as it did. Today the press often bills him as "the most intelligent and humane" of the Nazis and praises his "conversion".

Gary Wills in a recent review of Bodyguard of Lies by Anthony Brown (N.Y. Review of Books, Jan. 22, 1976) reveals that Allen Dulles (who maintained OSS' liaison with Nazis in Italy) gave Canaris' widow a CIA pension and a villa in Spain in recognition of her husband's long and outstanding service to Anglo-American intelligence!

Bodyguard of Lies is a goldmine of information on the "war within the war" as are several recent Books such as The First Casualty, While Six Million Died, OSS and many others which corroborate these notes. Rees in his book, The Shaping of Psychiatry By War, published in 1945 is shockingly self-revealing. Once armed with the concept of debt service which differentiates between the interests and activities of industrial versus financial capital it is easy to unearth this true history of WWII.

At The Battle Of Idistavizo\*

Cut them down! Cut them down!

They have caught the giant Muribellum!

Had shouted Pilate, the cavalryman, to his troop

In a voice so terrible

With sudden loneliness

For the stern bear Mark

Disfigured by German dogs

At the battle of Idistavizo

. . . . In the valley of the Virgins

Many years ago.

\*from Bulgakov's The Master and Margarita

Beer In Bars and Allison Engines

Beer in bars

Makes me remember sometimes

My poor friend

The Free French pilot

Who one day in the North Africa

Of nineteen forty-three

Felt too competent

To bale out from his stricken Airacobra

Hit by a twenty millimeter shell

Under its Allison engine.

The leaking oil poured out and

The engines seized as he was landing.

The landing gear collapsed on touchdown

And my friend's craft made a hot,

Long scrape on the concrete runway.

A ruptured wing tank spread

A red-orange shroud of flames

over his life.

Major Hartmann

Of the Luftwaffe, circa 1945  
Ace fighter ace of all fighter aces  
Living or dead, of any war  
For all time, most likely.  
With three hundred and fifty-two kills  
Confirmed to his credit--incredibly!

Colonel Hartmann in 1961  
Of the new Luftwaffe  
Flying militarily because he knows that best  
But with a difference.

Young at forty-one.  
With a slim, medium frame.  
(He can tango nicely)

A thatch of flaxen hair  
And quick blue eyes on a thin face  
That miss nothing;  
On his interviewer's face,  
On a passing pretty girl.  
"It is all behind me now,"  
He says.

The difference is that  
He advises any youth,  
With a non-ironic smile,  
To candidly make love, or try,  
Not war.



## Epitaph For A Mercenary

(The one  
Who fought for  
The secessionist state of Katanga  
Against the more or less United Nations  
In the former Belgian Congo.)

He did not  
Save the sum of things for pay.  
When he was drunk  
He could and did  
Recite from memory  
A ballad of guilt, magic and love:  
"The Rime," as he put it.

He was the first to have burst upon  
That silent sea, he said.

He was there  
When the very deep did rot  
Yeah, and slimy things  
Did crawl upon a slimy sea.

He was a wedding guest  
Who after all was turned away  
From the feast's door,  
He said.

Corrido Villista

He has arrived! He is already here.

Pancho Villa with his

People,

Viva Francisco Villa

My general!

I am a Pancho Villa Soldier

We made the Americans run!

I am the most loyal

In his bunch.

I don't care

About losing my life

It's natural for men

To die for him.

He has arrived, he is already here

Pancho Villa with his

Horsemen,

A general

With a brave cavalry.

Of that great  
Northern Division  
There are only,  
A few left.  
Crossing valleys.  
Scaling mountains,  
Always looking for a fight.  
It was a time to die for him,  
For my general Francisco Villa.  
Present, my general!

Goodbye Villistas!  
There in Chihuahua  
They bloodied themselves  
Valiantly.  
Goodbye says  
This Villista.  
We'll meet again  
In another great battle  
For Mexico.

Francisco Hernandez de Durango  
Has arrived!

## Portuguese March Of Liberation

Grandola, Moorish town

Land of fraternity

Inside of you

The people command

On each corner a friend

On each face equality

It is toward you I march

Inside your walls I will unsling

My weapon

And with my free arms

I will embrace a brother.

Grandola, Moorish town

Land of fraternity

Let me live to love you

But if I fall, Grandola

Remember me, remember

That I died marching toward you.

Remember that for the time

I lived, I lived with your will

As my companion, with your will

As my companion.

Sam Stone\*

Sam Stone came home  
Feeling alone  
From the conflict overseas.

The time that he served  
Hardened all his nerves  
And left him cold  
About his wife and family.

"A kiss is just a kiss  
A smile only a smile  
My son just a kid and  
A hug won't hold  
If you think about it."

\*John Prine's Song

## Creatures Within Their Jungles

## I

I had heard  
Of the Roman amphitheatre  
Still used for fiestas and corridas  
By a Spanish village nestled about a sea-cove  
Along the desert coast of Almeria.

On that hot afternoon  
A bullfight  
Had just finished and there was  
Covered-over blood  
On the arena. The curved lines  
Of grey stones lost their meaning  
For me and became stark and loathsome  
In the blazing white sunlight.  
I returned to my pack  
And was walking away hurriedly  
But I could not avoid  
A thick floor slab where the victim bulls  
Had been quartered  
And chopped till only  
Fat and gristle already stinking  
Remained for hyenic dogs and blue  
flies. The dogs growled and quit

Their scavenging to confront me.

I was afraid and then angry  
For having to fear and dread.  
On this Sunday afternoon.

I picked up a rock  
And stepped to the dogs  
Who momentarily cowered  
But then spread about me  
In an aggressive arc.  
I knew myself insane  
In this vain need  
To wash bull blood with dog blood  
But the dogs came closer and I  
Was weary knowing that  
These reawakened scruples  
Could not insure my safety.

Prepared to bash a canine  
Brain I heard  
A girl's voice calling  
The dogs away and saying  
Hello with a precise and  
Nonchalant English accent.  
--You have nice hair, she said  
And held my two hands softly.

She was small, brown haired,  
Shaped by a pair of fading  
Dungarees and a silken blouse  
Which stuck translucently to  
Her breasts.

She smiled up at me earnestly  
With grainy eyes and an  
Oddly pained but yet  
Sensual mouth. She was  
Full of a simplicity  
Which would not bear up  
In this theatre of blood.

--Fuck off! Fuck off!

I yelled. --How can you  
Hold the hands  
And want the smile  
Of a stranger without  
Gaging his murderous coldness?  
How can you touch me  
Without clearing yourself of complicity  
In these wanton occurrences?  
She looked at me blankly  
But would not let go of my hands  
And I suddenly understood  
The privateness of my



Assumptions.

. . . . But what of her complicity?

--I live with a lot

In cliff caves by the sea.

--And the Guardia Civil?

--They sometimes come

To look for drugs and leer

At the girls. They try

To keep the village boys away.

We come here on Sundays to sell;

Leather things, rock things, shell things,

Play guitars and some come to beg.

This Sunday it was a corrida.

Mostly it is fiestas and

Futbol. I do not watch

The corridas.

--And that makes you innocent?

She looked at me impatiently

And in a quick motion

Dropped my hands.

She spoke quietly but firmly.

--Why do you ask

Impertinent questions

When I am holding your hands?

Come with me, she said  
To the cafe, its stone floor  
Keeps it cool and it's dark  
And you can be with my friends.  
The wine and the music will take  
The frowns from your face,  
She mocked me gaily.

We first made love  
On a spread sleeping bag  
Olive drab  
On the white floor  
Of a white gypsum cave mouth  
By the sea.

I remember her skin,  
Tanned and rough like  
Blood covered by sand but stretched taut  
Over toned muscles and bone.

Afterwards we slipped  
Into the lapping waves at our feet  
She dragging in trousers and blouse  
Conscious of and chagrined mildly  
By her lack of knickers.

Her wet clothes always dried on her body  
During the evening sun and wind walk back

To the village cafe. We walked  
Pulling in each other's waists  
Ignoring the perspiration which bathed  
Our bodies where they touched  
And often, alone on those gravelled paths,  
Between canyons of fatigued brown rocks  
We stopped to kiss, kind, soft kisses.  
Between them, during silences  
I asked myself why I was so happy  
Just holding this casual stranger  
So soon after casual sex,  
But she, here, invited me to let go  
And it was fine, so good  
To let go and just love, and I,  
Now that this love is gone  
Forever, remember that I  
Did not savour it fully then.  
I was not all with her, a part of me  
Was waiting, waiting in the wings  
To find all this insufficient when  
In a future time I would be with her  
And discover myself alone  
Tiresomely alone with one whom I  
Could not speak to without weighing  
My words and premarking my directions.

. . . . . One more numbness to be  
 Piled upon the other numbnesses  
 Of Asian war, another wearisome  
 Conradian horror perpetrated upon  
 A single human this time, but added to those  
 Already committed against a race,  
 Their culture, their ideas, their trees  
 And the creatures within their jungles?

## II

The listless talk in the stone floored cafe  
 Between guitar songs  
 Had begun to irk me.  
 I was rising to leave  
 Alone if need be, when a boy,  
 Obviously Spanish youth  
 With short, dark hair,  
 His neat apparel and clean shaven face  
 Had said with a smile, "wait,  
 Wait for the next song"  
 And I stayed holding her hand,  
 Reassuming my seat among those quietly bored  
 Castoffs of Europe and this one  
 Young Spaniard  
 Who had defied and endured  
 The heavy injunctions of official authority,

Custom and kind, for the privilege, the  
 pleasure to him  
 Of consorting with these foreign young men  
 and women.

I caught him looking at the two of us often  
 And I was puzzled at his particular interest.

I thought that for him  
 A sea village Spaniard  
 There was a freedom and a glamour  
 In this company of outsiders.

I wanted to correct this delusion  
 But their imported sexual looseness  
 Had fatally captured him.  
 Like a fly in a spider web  
 He would soon be sucked dry and lifeless.  
 He wished obviously to partake  
 Of the many available females  
 But I thought he had not; perhaps  
 Because he had not been long in their  
 Midst but probably because, though

His body was well muscled, firm and proportioned  
 And his face was brisk and appealing  
 He was yet too "Spanish", alien  
 In his directness and the overtness of his  
 Desire, desire too often signalled by

Tumultuous eyes and by a mouth flexing from  
Grinning lust to tenderly smiling shyness.

From the other side of a song  
He spoke to me of many things  
But eventually of her. I knew then he would;  
She focused his attention  
He held for him the meaning of  
All the others and he was in love with her,  
Transparently in love. And typically,  
He had not declared his love,  
In action, or word, painfully aware  
As he was, of his alienness. How long  
Had I known her?  
And then he asked quickly and unbearably  
If I had "nailed" her, if I had slept with her,  
She turned towards us then and impulsively  
He stood up and said he wanted to speak to her  
Alone, outside. She readily went with him  
Leaving me to sit uneasy, and yes  
Lonely and hurt by jealousy no matter how much  
I explained and dismissed and waited  
For it to go away, never believing  
I had gone from bodily hunger to love,  
To troubled love in a few days.

I could not see into the twilight patio  
But between stopping and starting guitars  
I heard him speaking, ever louder  
Till her sobs and a cry of pain  
Brought me out. He had slapped her  
And was crushing her hands thoughtlessly  
With his own as his shouting mouth  
Peppered her with flecks of saliva.  
I walked towards him hesitantly  
And with one hand pulled him away  
In a steady but forceful motion.  
He let himself be pulled but then  
Cursed me hoarsely and incoherently  
As he saw me putting my arm  
About her waist to lead her into the cafe.  
He waved his arms wildly and paced  
To the left and then right. But suddenly  
His will resolved cleanly at the touch  
Of a flicking blade. Its loud clack  
Swept me with terror. She called his  
Foolish name and this detained him  
Long enough for my hands to blindly pull out  
A loose brick from one of the cafe's  
Low windowsills.

Again my terror had abruptly turned  
Into anger and a call for rabid action.  
My face had set rigidly murderous  
I was determined to make him pay for flooding me  
With fear, old forgotten fears which  
Needn't have been reawakened in  
This quiet civilian town in times of peace.  
My finger wrapped brick crashed against his  
Undefended cheek and his body collapsed  
Onto the dusty earth, his arms and legs  
Folded sloppily over each other . . .  
She cried my name and hugged me  
And then she bent down to his body.  
I had learned to tell the dead  
From several feet away and did not need  
Her sobbing confirmation.  
I took her hand and slowly led her in  
And in the reigning silence I made her  
Gulp lots of wine. I had no wish  
To spare myself the effects of this kill  
And sat down alone to await the coming  
Of the Guardia Civil, trying, I remember clearly,  
To recollect whether their uniform  
Was grey or blue, or how much of each.



Thirty Indians\*

When I was in the Mexican mountains  
I wore a funny blue dress  
And played my flute among  
High stacked rocks but  
I was afraid of thirty Indians  
Who sat in the shade.

But then when you travel  
Alone you must be strong  
And I played, played  
While they sat in the shade  
And stared.

\*Written with Deborah Wood

## Easter Is Coming Earth Rimmer

This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.  
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,  
 And interchanged love tokens with my child.  
 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,  
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,  
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy.

## A Midsummer Night's Dream

Seen it

In Vietnam and

Israel . . . Belfast, the  
 Jungles of New York.

I am disintegrating. Why

Do I forever catch my

Hands holding my arms

Tight against my body or

Why must I shove a foot

Against the inside leg

Of any table? Why

Was sex last night

Clearly foul?

Who cares . . . what gives . . .

What feigning force

Has bewitched you?

Is it my nervous disease  
Or everyone's?  
You love me dear?  
You care? Must  
I remain just  
Another mile-post on  
Your way to the rim of the  
Earth?

Easter is coming Earth  
rimmer.

Let's buy a huge egg laced over with  
So eatable white frosting. Let's eat  
All that good chocolate together.  
Let us get sick, yes  
At least we shall have  
Simultaneous stomach upsets.

Londres

Empire City

Où Americain et Australien

Exchange quick love kisses

Amid Elgin friezes

And hollow, huge

Copper alloyed lions.

## Polish Coal

Polish coal goes for  
Nine o six a half ton  
In Dublin  
Artificially muddled children  
Ask a penny a face  
Twenty year old Trinity girls  
With neutral accents  
Want to dance and kiss  
With expressive Americans  
Who suddenly realize  
The pill is not extant  
In Eire  
Condoms cannot be gracefully bought  
At two in the morning  
And oral and other loves  
Are unimaginable  
On first meet.

# Rommel Drives On Deep Into Egypt in 1974

A second during coming

Within the most beautiful girl in the world

He felt that Rommel was not dead.

His tanks were not gone.

He wanted to join his legions and

Drive on deep into Egypt.

His cowardice in the next second

Kept him. But for how long?

He remembered Tolstoy

(if the being of the universe depended

Upon the crushing of a bug

Would he?)

He promised to himself!

He would beware

Of Richard Brautigan's half explanations

For love and war.

## The Parable Of The Alien God

I met a soldier by a bridge.  
I said to him, "Lay down your weapon."  
He would no longer need it.  
It would make him  
Lord and Leader  
And he would believe lies of  
Responsibility and dignity.

In the town  
I met a young man  
And told him to forget that wealth.  
Money made the sidewalk  
And paved over the dust of his streets.  
"You will grow to worship it though."  
I made it further clear to him  
That he was courting a new superstition.

In a bar over a beer  
I asked another to forget  
His lover. "Even when I love her?"  
"More so then", I affirmed.  
"And shall I take up cigarettes instead?"  
"No", I said. "Come with me."  
We walked to a shore.  
"There . . ." I pointed:  
Meet the Alien God.

## Life Through Love Coloured Glasses

She had stood barring her door.

--A year since she had misplaced

Her love-coloured glasses, and she had

Gained a dowdiness--but never mind!

I am glad to say now that her ~~fatigue~~-lined,

Lovely face held me even in my loss.

But still I believe she should not have inflected

So seriously her memorized line

On my not having looked at

The situation realistically.

Today I recollect, I think, her

Not quite helped eye-gleam: mirth

At the three thousand five hundred

Air-over-sea miles I journeyed

To return to her (I still believe

Not fruitlessly). I wonder

What she knows about

The lovely use of love memories,

Required, unrequited, and otherwise.



## Don Juan's Hell

A Dialogue of One Act Based Upon Tirso De  
Molina's Playboy of Seville and the "Don Juan  
in Hell" portion of Shaw's Man and Superman.

## Funeral Tango

Ah, I can see them now  
Clutching a handkerchief  
And blowing me a kiss  
Discreetly asking how  
How come he died so young  
Or was he very old  
Is the body still warm  
Is it already cold  
All doors are opened wide  
They poke around inside  
My desks, my drawers, my trunk  
There is nothing left to hide  
Some love letters are there  
And old photographs  
They have laid my poor soul bare  
And all they do is laugh

I can see them all  
So formal and so stiff  
Like a sergeant at arms  
At the policeman's ball  
And everybody is pushing  
To be the first in line  
Their hearts upon their sleeves  
Like a ten cent valentine  
The old women are there  
Too old to give a damn  
They even brought the kids  
Who don't know who I am  
They are thinking of the price  
Of my funeral bouquet  
What they are thinking isn't nice  
Because now they'll have to pay

I see all of you  
All of my phony friends  
Who can't wait till it ends  
Who can't wait till it's through  
I see all of you  
You've been laughing all these years  
Now all that you have left  
Are a few crocodile tears  
Ah you don't even know

That you are entering your hell  
As you leave my cemetery  
And you think you are doing well  
With that one who is at your side  
You are as proud as you can be  
Ah--she is going to make you cry  
But not the way you cried for me

I can see me now  
So cold and so alone  
As the flowers slowly die  
In my field of little bones  
Ah I can see me now  
I can see me at the end  
Of this voyage that I am on  
Without a love, without a friend  
Now all through that, I see  
It's not what I deserve  
They really have a nerve-  
To say those things to me  
No girls, just bread and water  
All your money you must save  
Or there will be nothing left for us  
When you are dead and in your grave!  
Hahahaha-haha

- Jacques Brel

## First Encounter; Doña Ana Enters Hell

Darkness. Shuffling noises, cloth trailing a floor . . . an old woman covered from head to foot in a black dress seen in a brightening light . . . she struggles through a small window . . . a bathroom window. She is in the bathroom . . . a perfectly ordinary bathroom of giant proportions . . . mostly white wall tiles, sink . . . toilet bowl . . . shower and tub . . . flowery plastic shower curtain. The old woman looks about her, but her face is hidden and her reaction to the immense bathroom is lost to the audience . . . she begins to sing. . . .

Ana--

Doña Ana de Uloa laments her Juan's

Lack of presence

She laments his lack of presence

She presents herself respectfully

At this treshold of hell

And hopefully awaits

For an intimation of Juan's existence.

LORD OF HELL: Doña, Doña Ana de Uloa! I run to your call  
and welcome you, welcome you to my hell!

Looks at her closely and notices her shabby dark dress  
and her frail and old appearance.

LORD OF HELL: My lady, that will not do! Have you just--

ANA: Yes, died; I was seventy-seven.

LORD OF HELL: You wish to meet Don Juan Tenorio?

ANA: Meet him? Why of course! Yes, I wished to know where he was. I must want to meet him. Is he well?

LORD OF HELL: Well? He must be as always. Though, for a fact, I do not really know!

ANA: I do not understand. Isn't he an underling of yours?

LORD OF HELL: Of course, he has been consigned to my care. But he is a special case.

ANA: A special case?

LORD OF HELL: He cannot be seen.

ANA: Cannot be seen?

LORD OF HELL: Invisible. Even to me.

ANA: The horror of it! Why this special punishment? Can he see?

LORD OF HELL: His predicament is of his own making. I cannot tell whether he can see or not.

ANA: Please expand your answers, kind sir. I am unaccustomed to my new circumstances. I feel I am not even capable of asking the proper questions.

LORD OF HELL: Happily, happily, Doña Ana, but first you

must allow me to change your appearance.

ANA: What do you mean?

LORD OF HELL: Madam, we are in hell! Everyone here revels in sensual experience. We no longer have bodies, yet the memory of their significance persists. We are unable, unwilling, we are forbidden to deal in mere abstractions.

ANA: What do you mean by "mere abstractions?"

LORD OF HELL: Madam, (annoyed) your wish to see Juan does not correspond with your aged appearance. You have a desire, a youthful, vigorous need to find Juan and we must provide you with a body which makes sense with your emotions.

ANA: I see. You will make me young again!

LORD OF HELL: Precisely. Take a step forward please. Do not be afraid.

He sings as he twirls Ana around and both dance briefly about each other.

--Your hand . . . a pull and a spin around  
And in this bit of dance  
Your body straightens  
Your dark clothes swirl away  
Your wrinkles disappear  
You become full breasted  
And wide hipped again

Your legs are slim and long  
As ever and your waist  
Deliciously graspable!

ANA: I am naked!

LORD OF HELL: You are young, blush! Look at your fair  
skin and soft featured face. What lips!  
Only your eyes remain the same. Such lively  
and intelligent eyes! You have always been  
twenty-seven Doña Ana!

ANA: Clothes please! I am delighted, but I need  
a gown. Let me have the one I was wearing  
in Seville when the scoundrel tricked me!

LORD OF HELL: It is done, madam . . . a mirror to your left.

Ana turns to the mirror and looks at herself at every  
possible angle.

ANA: Oh, thank you! Thank you! Can I possibly  
be so happy after death? What about Juan?  
Could I meet him now?

LORD OF HELL: No madam, not yet.

ANA: Why not?

LORD OF HELL: It is difficult to explain.

ANA: After making me young again I find it dif-  
ficult to believe there is anything diffi-  
cult for you to do, much less explain.

LORD OF HELL: Tricks, tricks! (annoyed again) You were young all the time. Your eyes told me so. You were one of those willful persons who would not grow old with their bodies, you would not bow to its demands. As you grew infirm and decrepit you would not accept your condition (Ana winces at "decrepit"). You felt hurt and insulted and you suffered constantly from this contradiction. If you had accepted your decrepitude I could not have rejuvenated you!

ANA: Please, please, refrain from using that word.

LORD OF HELL: Wonderful, wonderful madam! Excuse my callowness. It's simply that today I have decided to become an adolescent.

ANA: You mean that you assume different poses at will?

LORD OF HELL: Not "poses", madam I become what I will.

ANA: So today you are an adolescent (bored).

LORD OF HELL: A very specific kind of adolescent. I am an adolescent with a philosophical bent . . . studious, you may call me serious. Even, I fancy myself, intellectual! I am an intellectual sensualist. . . .



ANA: (frowning) You are . . . does that explain the claptrap you spouted earlier about my being always young? What nonsense!

LORD OF HELL: Of course. I am gratified that you caught it. That was a facile explanation which does appeal to the adolescent mind. It seems satisfying and complete but if looked at critically--

ANA: Spare me!

LORD OF HELL: --it is found very wanting. However do not dismiss it so easily--but more on that later. You have never had a formal education at university, madam?

ANA: No, in my time I was supposed to be protected from such worldly influences. I have had private tutors and have always been in the reading habit. I am not stupid, I will have you know!

LORD OF HELL: Never for a moment would I imply that! Heaven, if you'll pardon the expression, help! But please sympathize with my adolescent characterization. You must do so if you wish to understand what has happened to Juan Tenorio.

ANA: I do not perceive the connection between your characterization of a precocious

adolescent and Don Juan's fate but I see that I must play your little game.

LORD OF HELL: I am glad you have become cooperative. Let me explain further my particular adolescence. I am intense, introspective, or have been anyways. But in the company of a beautiful woman--

ANA: In the company of a beautiful woman men make fools of themselves!

LORD OF HELL: Precisely. But I am not yet a man. I am more foolish, but perhaps more imaginative. I am out to touch you, influence, woo . . . but in my own way. . . .

ANA: I am finding you somewhat tiresome young man!

LORD OF HELL: Please Dona Ana, play the game. You are an intelligent person and this is not simply another earthly relationship. Use your intelligence to stimulate your sense of wonder.

ANA: You equate playing absurd games with a sense of wonder?

LORD OF HELL: And do not be afraid of wasting time; you must realize by now that eternity is before you! And again I repeat, only as an adolescent will I be able to explain to you Juan's predicament.

ANA: Why is that? Can't you stop being circuitous and just tell me?

LORD OF HELL: I could, madam--

ANA: I wish you would stop calling me madam!

LORD OF HELL: (brusquely) What should I call you then?

ANA: Aha! You are stepping out of character. A studious adolescent would not dare be so irascible to a beautiful woman!

LORD OF HELL: I accept your rebuke, continue.

ANA: I wish you would make clear to me your purposes.

LORD OF HELL: Madam, Dona Ana I mean. . . .

ANA: Ana. . . .

LORD OF HELL: Ana, if I were simply to tell you what has become of Don Juan I am afraid you would not understand.

ANA: Aren't you being presumptuous? How dare you assume I would not understand? Is this some sort of complicated insult you wish to perpetrate upon me? You so called intellectual young men can be so tiresomely immature! I have met your type before. Salamanca bred your kind-dishonest young men attempting to substitute their pretentious intelligence for the good looks and dash they lack in order to insult women they do

not have the courage to approach directly.  
Stop being so ineffectual!

LORD OF HELL: Wonderful; wonderful! I knew you would  
finally perceive my character. Every word  
you said is true. (Dryly) I glow because  
my portrayal has come true and I am happy  
for the two of us. But we must go on.

ANA: (Wearily) You will continue as an adoles-  
cent?

LORD OF HELL: I must, but I will show you my other side.

ANA: Your other side?

LORD OF HELL: My better side! You have exposed my foolish  
weakness for beautiful women whom I do not  
have the courage to engage frontally but--

ANA: Stop being lascivious!

LORD OF HELL: Yes, Ana. . . .

ANA: What better side do you have?

LORD OF HELL: I have a sense of wonder and a wish to  
understand and to explain.

ANA: Then explain! Where is Don Juan Tenorio?

LORD OF HELL: You are a beautiful, worldly, twenty-seven  
year old woman and I am a precocious adoles-  
cent! There is a gulf between you and me,  
Ana. I do not mean to insult you, but in  
the paraphrase of a certain English poet  
"the world is too much with you".

ANA: English poets! That despicable race-- How dare you use English heathen words to insult me with?

LORD OF HELL: Ana, this is hell, we have all nationalities here. In fact we have no nationalities here! We are all sinners and you must leave behind your prejudices.

ANA: I am a sinner now!

LORD OF HELL: You are in hell!

ANA: But I only came here to look for Juan. Was I sent here?

LORD OF HELL: Everyone comes to hell of his own choosing.

ANA: Why would anyone choose to come to hell?  
Is this one of your evil tricks devil?

LORD OF HELL: If you insist upon placing the responsibility for evil upon me I must set you straight. I do not cause evil, I simply administer it. Human beings themselves, contrary to all the superstitions you have been brought up in, create and suffer for their own evil.

ANA: Drivel! God would not permit such a preposterous state of affairs! You are a tempter.

LORD OF HELL: I am an administrator! I am embarrassed by this outburst of primitive Spanish religiosity and I remind you that these

tendencies should have remained interred  
with your corpse in the soil that nurtured  
them. You are in hell.

ANA: Very well!

Scene II (the same setting)

ANA: I feel alone . . . will I remain here?  
(looks about her and stops to gaze upon  
every bathroom artifact). So hell is a giant  
bathroom (very tired)...will I ever be able to  
leave this toilet?

LORD OF HELL: You will be able to leave and be free only  
if you come to understand what has happened  
to Don Juan.

ANA: My God, suppose I don't? I feel lost.  
Could I touch you? May I hold your hand?

LORD OF HELL: I am not sure. You will force me out of  
character.

ANA: Please, I am suddenly very afraid.

LORD OF HELL: Very well, you may even hug me.

(She slowly puts her arms around his waist and sinks  
her head in his shoulder.)

ANA: Feels good. . . .

LORD OF HELL: . . . likewise.

ANA: (Laughs softly).

LORD OF HELL: What is so amusing.

ANA: You are getting what you wanted.

LORD OF HELL: What I wanted?

ANA: You wanted to woo me, touch me, didn't you say?

LORD OF HELL: Ana, I am above taking advantage of you at this time.

ANA: Stop being so scrupulous!

(She draws away from him.)

ANA: What do you think love is?

LORD OF HELL: Love is the cure for pain among men and women.

ANA: (Mimicking) Love is the cure for pain among men and women! Until just now I would have said the same thing but I have an inkling.

LORD OF HELL: What now. . . ?

ANA: Love is not just a cure for pain among men and women, you fool!

LORD OF HELL: You are making me angry!

ANA: I am not afraid of you.

LORD OF HELL: You are in my power.

ANA: How can I be in your power when I can feel sorry for you? On Earth all sorts of vicious, violent fools, wrong headed and really weak men can gain power over our bodies and we

fear them. Here we have no bodies and there is no pain so why should I fear you? Love is bright hope, that is my inkling. Love is the fabric of purpose, it is the making of new comprehension between lovers, not just comfort. It is when one person insists that the other understand that they are the active conspirators in actually perceiving and lawfully changing the laws of the universe. It is that knowledge that keeps a lover from reconciling himself as a toilet keeper because he is so frustrated by the ignorance of his value, he is made so afraid by his confusion, he is then so terrified to be potent. That is the truth and it hurts you. . . . I can see it on your face. You do not dare trust because you are not able to learn whom to trust and thus you do not know whom to love and whom to take love from. I am sorry for you.

LORD OF HELL: I have heard all this before!

ANA: No you have not, and that is part of your silliness to think you have. You are the first being I must understand in this place and then I will know what has happened to Juan. You are a half baked devil! You can



only have power over those who do not see through you. You are a middle being pretending to be neutral whereas you are actually ignorant. You do not even understand your own evil thus you are trapped here and you are useful in performing your menial tasks.

LORD OF HELL: Menial!

ANA: Yes, menial! Don't put on airs. You administer evil-- Evil is the name of arrogant, fools, the plain stupid, the undisciplined-- Loathsome, hatefilled creatures who are too base to be truly passionate. Hell is sordiness and all your silly games will not hide that fact. There is no nobility here, there are no intelligent purposes here. You are sunk in your own self preoccupation, your self pity!

LORD OF HELL: Aren't you describing yourself? Why are you here? Have you not acted stupidly, have you not been ignorant? Why can't I explain to you Juan's condition? You have always been swayed by ridiculous passions. You have had countless affairs--from one man to the next endlessly. Why? Weren't you hiding from your weak loneliness? Don't you call that

self-preoccupation, self-centeredness?

Have you done or been anything besides being beautiful and making love on countless different beds?

ANA: No, yes I have; but I have changed--

LORD OF HELL: What were you doing the night your father, the commander, was killed? When Juan tricked you, were you not waiting for Octavio? Weren't you about to perform a trick which would enable you to sink your clutches into eminently rich and eligible Octavio? Or did you just love him?

ANA: Enough!

LORD OF HELL: No! I will be as brutal with you as you have been with me. You screamed, I quote the exact words "Help somebody--kill this traitor--he killed my honour!" You wanted to have Juan murdered simply because he wished to make love to you. Is that not foul? Where was your so called love then? Your father was killed, your own father's blood ran because of your arrogance, your foolish pride. That is why you are here. You could not help coming here. (He waves hands expansively to indicate giant toilet fixtures.) You and Juan are guilty of sin.

ANA: I have never forgotten him. I have loved many others but I have not forgotten him.

LORD OF HELL: Well, he has.

ANA: Stop being sophomorically cynical!

LORD OF HELL: He has had countless other lovers and he has forgotten you.

ANA: I do not believe you. He killed because of me!

(Embarrassed silence here as Ana becomes aware of the motivation and implications of what she has just said.)

LORD OF HELL: Then you do not understand evil, in spite of all your words to the contrary.

ANA: (Long pause) Let's understand each other. The air is momentarily still . . . there is no one else to understand--let's understand each other!

Scene III (same setting)

LORD OF HELL: Don Juan was evil. More so than you have been. You spoke of self-centeredness, he was almost totally self-centered. He spent his life satisfying his needs and he never saw beyond them. He was arrogant in the extreme. He was insensitive to those about him, to the point of stupidity. He was

brash, he was so brash! He was cunning and clever and headstrong. But he never thought of the consequences of his actions, he simply acted upon each of his infantile feeling states. He was evil because he was not self conscious of these feeling states and it never occurred to him that he could grow out of them and advance into a realm of consciousness where he could truly think and act. He could not understand the connection between his inner emotions and the objective reality about him, thus he did not have a basis for rationally interacting with it. He thought he didn't have to. He was rich and his father and the king and his money could always straighten out the messes he made. He was good looking, but he was ignorant. He was ignorant of the reality of men and the statue was able to hurl him into hell because of this ignorance of the nature of the universe. He desecrated the memory of the dead recklessly, stupidly, and repeatedly. He drew his dagger against a man of stone. He accepted headstrongly the statue's dinner invitation. He shook its outstretched hand and he felt himself burning.

He took fright then, he sank into abject terror. He screamed helplessly but it was too late. He smashed himself against a piece of stone. He did so out of ignorant perversity. His human will was broken against tons of insensible/stone!

ANA: A wasted, handsome young man!

LORD OF HELL: Precisely. I think I have closed the gulf between us, Ana. I think I can now explain directly what has become of Don Juan Tenorio. Let me assume the better side of my adolescent character.

ANA: I still do not understand why you must become an adolescent to explain what has become of Don Juan.

LORD OF HELL: An appreciation of his predicament requires a young imagination. Those who are less than twenty in mind can understand it best because they are romantically enthralled by the justice of it and even by the actual mechanics of his condition.

ANA: Mechanics. . .?

## Scene IV (Same Setting)

LORD OF HELL: Step over here, please. Yes, here. Do not be afraid. Extend your arms, do you touch something?

ANA: Yes I do! It is burning hot. Yet it is very solid, like metal, more than metal. . . .

LORD OF HELL: You are touching what has become of Don Juan Tenorio.

ANA: No!

LORD OF HELL: Yes, that is Don Juan, you can trust me on this point.

ANA: Has he been here all the time?

LORD OF HELL: There is no "here" in hell. Nothing is here or there; everything "is" endlessly. That is the definition of "hell".

ANA: Why can't I see him. What would he look like if I could see him?

LORD OF HELL: I am not sure. As you pointedly told me my function here is menial. I administer. I try to understand. But I am in hell, which is the state of being locked in an endless present. Without a past, without a future my cognitive abilities are stunted.

ANA: Can you make a guess?

LORD OF HELL: To understand reality it is necessary to have the ability to creatively generate

concepts, the power of cognition. A toilet keeper without a sense of development has limited conceptual ability, however I have made one attempt to understand Juan's condition. Do you know anything about astronomy?

ANA: Why should I? I was not, as you fondly maintain, just a beautiful woman with countless lovers. But I never managed to learn much about astronomy, even in my less active older age, beyond looking up at the stars on summer evenings.

LORD OF HELL: Don Juan is a star!

ANA: A star?

LORD OF HELL: He is a star insofar as a star in an incandescent body of energy.

ANA: But if Juan is a star, why doesn't he give off light?

LORD OF HELL: He is a particular type of star called a "black hole".

ANA: A what?

LORD OF HELL: A "black hole"! Stars go through several phases. At one point a star can explode and become very bright and nebulous. At this phase it is called a "nova". Then it begins to fall back upon itself. It collapses into itself, it implodes. It shrinks

and shrinks until its matter becomes concentrated. Its matter becomes tremendously concentrated. A handful of this star can weigh as much as an Earthly continent. All sorts of atomic reactions occur at this stage as the star's matter is forced to interact with itself in more and more convoluted fashion until everything becomes inconceivably complicated. Are you following me?

ANA: I think so, and then?

LORD OF HELL: And then an almost incredible thing happens. The star matter becomes so dense that it begins to pull back the light particles it sends out! It becomes invisible.

ANA: I do not understand. How can light be pulled back to its source?

LORD OF HELL: Light, radiation, is matter Ana. As such it is affected by gravity. Normally gravity's effect on light is negligible, but in a "black hole" gravity becomes so powerful that it can thus affect light.

ANA: And this is what has happened to Juan?

LORD OF HELL: Yes, do you understand?

ANA: Yes, yes, it's horrible, incredible. But are you sure there are things such as "black



holes".

LORD OF HELL: No, we have no direct evidence yet but the idea is much more than a working theory. However the "black hole" theory provides me with the best metaphor that I can conceive to understand what has happened to Juan. Don Juan, in his final struggles with the statue of the commander made a huge effort of will to overcome it. Of course the effort was hopeless from the start. But Don Juan put the weight of his entire personality into the fight. When he lost and was hurled into hell as he recklessly shook the statue's hand the shock of total defeat was so great that he collapsed into himself. His condition is one of absolute, terrified withdrawal from the environment about him. If he were still flesh he would be in a mental stupor, unable to notice anything about him, feed himself or properly care for his bodily functions.

ANA: This is too fantastic to believe!

LORD OF HELL: But you must believe! You must understand I mean. . . .

(Ana touches the invisible metaphor of Don Juan again.)

ANA: It is so hot. He is so hot! I am so afraid.  
 Poor Juan! Is there anything that can be  
 done for him? Can he feel my presence?

LORD OF HELL: Perhaps, but my knowledge is limited.

ANA: Juan, Juan, you poor fool.

LORD OF HELL: You are free Ana. You need no longer be in  
 hell.

ANA: And Juan?

LORD OF HELL: Ana, you are free. Go seek answers in the  
 other place. If you wish. . . .

Don Juan, Oh Don Juan!

Sixteen quatrains  
Of human will  
Breaking against  
Tons of insensible stone

Will washing over, will washed back  
In concentric waves of fright  
Pulsing, fluctuating, silently  
Falling in, yes collapsing  
Into its compressing source--

A gravitational excess--reaction  
A will density which ultimately  
Even warps--in its light emanations  
Rendering the will source invisible  
And damned alone.

## The God, Lord Brown

The god, Lord Brown,  
First became  
Because of his lust  
For doubtful virgins offered to  
Him in sacrifice.

Then God bored  
Went about  
Decapitating those opposed  
To his Divine Will.

After depopulating  
His three canopied  
Jungle realm

Repented, but only  
To himself.

The god, Lord Brown

Took a wife and,  
Rennergized by love, set  
To find a point

Which would engage his  
Brain, abstractedly.

He promulgated

New laws and myriad rules  
Of order and arbitered

Disputes to his satisfaction.

By the mercy of his wife

His subjects felt, subjected and

Corrected, but

Not rejected and labelled

Him wise. Lord God Brown The

Wise said to himself he was

Just for the entertainment.

## P.C. Wren Takeoff ]

There are two French colonialists sitting in the cool verandah of their plantation house somewhere in North Africa. The time is the late nineteenth century. It is the middle of a hot Sunday afternoon. The two men, friends and neighbours, have been working hard at their respective plantations all week. And now they rest from their labours. Both are wearing immaculate white suits with black ties and wide brimmed sun hats. Cultivated fields spread before them in a great expanse.

The two French colonialists sit immobile and occasionally utter small words on the events of the past week, the great heat, and the laziness of the day. Often they sip from glasses of dry cognac and ice water. They do not speak much, for they are friends and need few words to communicate their well being and happiness with each other. One is called Gaston.

--Gaston, do you see those two Arabs running across the fields with cognac bottles on their heads?

Gaston glances at the open fields and observes two figures running across his field of vision at a distance of perhaps two hundred meters. The figures are dressed in loose white clothing, they are Arabs. And each holds up a bottle on his head. They run at an angle which will bring them not far from the house. Gaston faintly wonders how

his friend knows that the two Arabs carry bottles of cognac.

--What of it?

The French colonialist that is not called Gaston marvels at his friend's retort. It is a new phenomenon for him, but perhaps it is common for Gaston to see Arabs running with cognac bottles on their heads. He does not know. Nevertheless he feels an interest in the event which he deems necessary to share with Gaston. However he does not wish to seem foolish by expressing himself on a subject which so little interests his friend. For a moment he is baffled, but then it occurs to him that there may be sport in this.

--Gaston, I put five Francs that you cannot shoot the bottle off the head of the first Arab!

Gaston assents to the wager. He enters the house and quickly emerges with a loaded carbine. He sits on his chair and brings up the carbine, taking careful aim. The targets are moving rapidly, but now they are not far away. And Gaston is a good man with weapons. His gently squeezed shot brings down the first Arab. The second Arab continues to run.

Gaston turns triumphantly to his friend.

--But no Gaston, look carefully. You have hit the Arab, but the bottle lies unbroken at his side.

Gaston turns his gaze upon the fallen Arab and his smile vanishes.

--It is so. We wagered for the bottle and not the Arab. However there is yet another bottle. Now it is your turn.



## If You Stop Killing

If you stop killing  
You begin to die . . .  
Roaches I mean,  
Cockroaches will occupy  
A Brooklyn walk-up.

In another time  
In a different life  
I had begun to give up,  
To die: to cease to sweep, mop  
And put away;  
To despair of killing cockroaches.

There were too many,  
There was too much else  
To put up with.

## Jaguar With The Munchies

A jaguar with the "munchies"  
Stepped off a giant lily pad  
He was floating on and made landfall  
Upon my flood-rushed island.  
He was wet, afraid and exhausted.  
The tropical water blast had caught him suddenly  
While swimming across river.  
It had quickly swelled and I did not have  
The strength to paddle to a safe bank.  
I could only cascade along the newly created rapids  
Till a tossing log tipped my canoe.  
I lost everything including  
A never used Remington and now  
Safely washed upon this island  
I found myself talking to a jag..

The jaguar was not hungry, but had an oral fixation  
He said, and my feet looked nice for  
A quick snack, he just wanted a few  
Calories that would make up for his  
Wet coat and the wretched night  
He would have to spend in the rain.  
He paced back and forth a few times  
To lessen the embarrassment caused by his "fancy"

And while, in the lightning flashes,  
I could glimpse him supple and beautiful  
I did not think this fiercely lovely beast  
Had a right to my feet.

"Why don't you just suffer the night," I said,  
"I am as wet and forlorn as you are  
But I don't have the 'munchies'."  
The jaguar stopped pacing and  
Sat on his haunches before he asked,  
Pointedly, "But you don't have anything  
To munch, do you?"

And then, noticing my awkwardness  
He added, "Oh, and besides you  
Never had a mother like mine!"

"What does your mother have to do with it?"

"My mother was too lazy to nurse me

And I grew up lonely and without love . . ."

"But how could you survive . . . if your mother  
Would not nurse you?"

"A bottle of course, she was just indifferent  
You understand, not murderous. She could not take  
My whelping, she had to keep me fed."

"Do cats whelp?"

"I am not sure what the human word is.

I don't often meet one of your kind, anyways,  
As I was saying, I had to develop an oral fixation  
To make up for this primal rejection . . . ."

"Who taught you all that?"

"I read it in a psychology book."

"And you believe it?"

"Of course, why shouldn't I? I read it  
In several books."

• "But how could you remember that far back?"

"Listen fuckhead, I am bigger and  
Tougher than you are and I'll just have your feet!"

"How about if I pop your neck instead?"

"Pop my neck?"

"Yes, I know how to do it. It will make you  
Feel good, get rid of tensions and all that . . .  
I can do your back too!"

I saw the jag walk around me

Twice and then he agreed.

"Go ahead, but no tricks.

My neck is stronger than any man's

And if you try to strangle me I'll

Just bite your head off!" Roar . . . roar!

I told him to lay on his back

He didn't like the cold rain falling

On his downy white belly but he ultimately consented.

I had to rock his head several times  
Before it relaxed enough to be wrenched safely.  
It chilled me to hold his head shape  
So alien in configuration and terrifying  
In its lethal musculature.  
But his neck did pop and it felt good to him.  
I wasn't strong enough to do the jaguar's back  
But he was happy enough with just a loose neck.

Later as we stood miserably in the rain  
I spoke scientifically of energy losses  
From the constant wetting of our bodies  
And the ability of joined flesh masses to  
Generate heat geometrically instead of  
Simply arithmetically. The principle  
Appealed to him and he was flattered  
By my regard for his intelligence.

"I am used to sleeping alone in the rain," he said  
"But I can imagine humans with-naked skins  
Would find the experience distressing."

As he wrapped himself around me with his paws he added,  
"One good turn deserves another!" Hoar . . . hoar!  
I didn't appreciate his big mouth with quad fangs  
So close to my head but a huge living fur wrapped  
Tightly about my wet body felt cozy. The jag  
Before dozing off asked me to wake him

At first light.

--Even though we hadn't told each other's names

The jaguar wanted to see my face clearly

Before parting.

The Pipe

The Pipe

The Pipe

The Pipe

The Pipe

The Pipe

The young man gasped for air.. He could not run any more. He had come to the end of a huge drainage trench with almost perpendicular walls on three sides. He leaned against a side wall until his breath came back. He had no time to attempt to scale them and it was too late to run back out. He walked on a thin puddle of muddy water till he was up against the end wall. The icy water penetrated through the rags wrapped around his feet.

The wall at the end of the trench was coated with drying mud. Twigs, splinters of wood, and refuse from the city stuck out of it here and there. The young man pounded and kicked the mud till he uncovered the sewer exit. But it was barred and he could not squeeze through. He turned around and leaned back on the bars and he closed his eyes for a moment. He was tired and vexed and wanted to give up in disgust. His frustration choked him and in despair he turned back upon the wall. He pulled at the trash and he pounded the drying mud. The mud fell off in soft brown chunks, but often the splints and dry twigs punctured and

scratched his hands. The winter was coming and he wished he had mittens. He wished he had real boots, not the now wet rags he wrapped tightly around his feet every morning. And he wished he had not been so clumsy. It was already too cold to sleep in the alleys and under the bridges.

And soon his long coat would not even keep him warm in the daytime. He had wanted enough to rent a room and buy coal, and not be hungry all the time. He needed jewelry, gold, for the war was making paper money worthless. He had picked an unaccompanied woman, he was too young and too slight to tackle an adult male. He had managed to snatch her purse. But he had waited too long and he had not noticed two suspicious policemen observing him from across the square.

The memory of it stung him. He had been humiliated by a feeling he thought he had long ago discarded. He had felt awkward and self conscious among the well dressed men and women promenading on the broad walks in front of the glittering shops and cafes. These well dressed men and women were scum, vicious, gaudy creatures with hardly a particle of brain in their head casings. Yet their air of well being, assurance and competence had cowed him again and he was humbled. It was the obscene servility of a serf and now he could not help but blush again at the remembrance of it all, even as he sprinted madly from the pursuing policemen.



This time his youth was an advantage and he managed to distance himself from the middle-aged creatures but they continued to chase him doggedly. This irked and surprised him. Then it occurred to him that perhaps these dogs were counting on a reward from the noblewoman. He dropped the purse but the policeman barely stopped to retrieve it. He lost them in an alley, but they split up and flushed him out. If they caught him they would beat him senseless with their truncheons, and perhaps even kill him. If he survived the "arrest" he would languish in jail at the whim of some official who would probably not arrange to have him come before a judge because he was too busy with other paperwork. Sometimes he would run in anger and sometimes he would run in fear. Then his flight path was cut off by the sudden appearance of the trench.

The young man cursed. This should not have happened to him . . . to be pursued like an animal, to be in fear of his life! And all because of a stupid purse which he needed much more than the depraved glut he had stolen it from. What right had these uniformed mongrels to beat him up and put him in jail for wanting to eat decently and be warm? He wished he could destroy those nobles; those army officers; those homosexual clerics with upturned noses whose nostrils obviously needed picking; and their sniveling merchants every last one of whom held huge power over the

likes of him. All those men and women who ate well and wore warm clothes in heated houses and never cared or even thought about him. He punched the dirt wall savagely and, abruptly, his fist pushed through the mud to reveal a caked over opening. The discovery left him wide eyed, but he immediately recovered and enlarged the hole to its full size.

It was a pipe barely the width of a man. He tried to slip in but he had to remove his long coat to do so. He felt the cold immediately and he did not know where he would find another coat. He entered the pipe only by keeping his arms straight in front of him. Inside he found he could move his head up and down, but barely sideways. He could not look behind him. He was not all the way in and already it was very dark. He had a presentiment of disaster, but it did not occur to him that he should get back out.

The pipe was constructed of cement sections. Each was an arm's length long. The sections were separated by spaces the width of a middle finger. He found that the mortar filling these spaces was not flush with the inner diameter of the pipe and therefore these slits could be used as finger grips to help him in pulling himself forwards. Also there was enough room in the pipe to perform a squirming motion which allowed him to crawl much more easily. The thin and narrow layer of mud on the bottom of the pipe

soaked through his clothes and made him colder but equally it allowed his body to slide along smoothly.

There was a musty, wet odour in the pipe. But he quickly grew accustomed to it. What he could not get used to was the complete darkness. His eyes automatically strained to see through the gloom. After a while they bothered him so much he had to close them.

The young man crawled for a long time and then it occurred to him it might be better to slide on his back. He rolled over with difficulty and attempted to pull up his legs in order to propel himself forward. He could barely do so. Even though it was completely dark he unconsciously lifted his head to look at his feet. His forehead struck the cement of the pipe almost immediately. His mouth was so close to the side of the pipe that he could feel his warm breath rebounding back from its surface onto his face. For a moment he was frightened by the wave of claustrophobia which swept over him. He began to squirm forward on his back. He used the heels of his feet to push against the slits. It was a bit easier than crawling on his stomach and now he would not have to waste time stopping to rest his aching fingers. He pushed, pulled and squirmed on his back for many minutes. Then he turned and crawled on his stomach. He knew that now he was very far from the entrance.

Any minute he thought he would see the light at the end

of the pipe. He taxed his eyes peering through the darkness piled up in front of him but he could not see anything and he closed his eyes again. The pipe was horribly cramped, his unease grew and whatever he said to himself could not alter this fact. He found some relief for his aching fingers by passing them through the soft mud along the bottom of the pipe. Then he felt too tired to continue crawling. He rested till he was numb from the cold.

Crawling and pulling dissipated the numbness which was now gradually penetrating through his flesh and into his bones. He continued to seek the exit, and not finding it, made excuses. Maybe the pipe was slightly curved. He felt for the curve but could not sense it. Perhaps the exit was blocked. But that couldn't be for the pipe was not stuffy and sometimes he could feel a slight draft. But perhaps he was imagining the draft. The exit could be blocked and there could still be enough breathable air in the length of the pipe. The exit was probably blocked, like

the entrance, by a few inches of mud and trash. He could be within a few feet of it and not know it. But equally the entrance could be clogged by several impassable feet of this mud and trash. The thought horrified him, but his mind was too fatigued to resist it. The fall had been dry. There had not been any heavy rains to clear the drainage system. But then he thought that there should not be any

reason why there would be a difference between the entrance and exit, for they could only be a short distance apart. This distance only seemed long because he was covering it in a laborious crawl.

In time the senseless debate died down and he concentrated simply on crawling. He was keeping a good pace and thought he should soon be out. He began to suspect that there was an upward slope in the pipe. At first he thought it was just his imagination, but the slope became more pronounced as he moved forward. He became excited, for he thought he must be near a surface exit. Why else would the pipe slope upward so perceptibly? He nearly doubled his pace and felt overtaken by a childish ebullience which made him forget he was so tired.

But the pipe became level again. The young man was astounded. His eyes opened wide in a vain attempt to catch even a vestigial of light. But the darkness was too bewildering. Another flush of fear came and went. Then he had a yearning to stand up and move about. He resented the oppressive walls of the pipe, and had he been able to move about freely he felt his satisfaction would have been immense. But he could not and his yearning suffocated. He wanted to stop thinking and feeling for a while. He embedded his cheek in the soft mud along the bottom of the pipe and fell asleep.

He was cold and numb when he awoke, but his mind was rested and clear. He resumed crawling at a steady pace. The pipe had to end soon, for a small pipe like this one could not be too long. It probably was just a connection to a larger pipe, or it was an overflow pipe that fed back into the barred mainsewer he had earlier uncovered. He remembered seeing such a connection once in his boyhood. He had sneaked into an open manhole and with the help of a lantern he had spent hours exploring the sewer system. He had walked in a pipe large enough to allow a grown man to stand upright. Along the way he had passed many smaller pipes feeding into this mainsewer. He had particularly remembered one of these pipes out of which poured a trickle of water. The tiny sound it made was eerily audible in the quiet of this underground world and to stop the discomfort he had forced himself to note the brownish gray color of the water by the yellow light of his lantern. He had wondered what its real color would have been in sunlight. That pipe was not bigger than the one he was in now.

All the crawling had made him thirsty. He scooped up a little mud and rolled over on his back. With difficulty he placed his hands over his lips and squeezed the mud. The cold liquid wiped away the bitterness in his mouth. Then he remembered he had a piece of black bread in his back pocket. It would be soggy, but he was hungry. He attempted to reach it but could not do so. He turned and

twisted but could not bring either hand to reach his back pocket. Each time he moved he met the cold, rigid inside of the pipe. His inability to move freely brought him to a maddening rage and he struck the cement casing with his fists. But there was not enough room for a good swing. This angered him even more and he began to rave. He demanded that the pipe cede to his body. But the pipe remained unyielding and dumb and he cursed and ranted until he had completely vented his anger. He remained completely motionless for a long time. He began to detect a queer impression that his body was separating into several independent parts. He had never experienced this before and at first he was incredulous. His mind had lost its automatic awareness of the lower portions of his body because he had spent too many hours in the pipe unable to touch, much less see, the portion of his body below his shoulders. He could hardly pull up his feet to any extent. He certainly could not cuddle up. He found that whenever he moved the sensation weakened and almost disappeared. But the instant he stopped moving it settled back upon him. He lay completely still and for many minutes allowed the sensation to affect him. He reached such a high state of disassociation that he began to lose all consciousness of his body. He became frightened and brought himself back by a series of violent jerks.

He was horrified by the feeling of disassociation.

He did not want to experience it again, yet he felt almost powerless to prevent its reoccurrence. He remembered that as a little boy he had once stood in the middle of a railroad track watching a far away train approach him. The train came closer and closer and he became more and more frightened. His mounting fear worked to paralyze his will and he could not make himself run away. He just stood in the middle of the tracks staring hypnotically at the looming locomotive. Finally an older brother had angrily kicked him and punched him away from the tracks. It seemed that now that he knew how to destroy himself he could not keep from doing so. All this helplessness came, he knew, because he was alone. He had to stop being alone if he was to maintain his sanity. He had to get out of the pipe soon.

But he did not know how far ahead the exit was and he felt he would not have enough will power to push on in the face of his growing uncertainty. He resumed crawling but the concentration required to keep himself going was so huge that he seriously questioned whether getting out was worth this huge effort. He said to himself several times that he had isolated himself from the outside world and its motivations. All he would have to do was to keep in mind these important motivations and he would eventually come out alive. But each minute that passed made it easier to give up.

Then it occurred to him that he could go back. The



idea startled him. Of course he could go back! His relief was tremendous and he burst out laughing at his stupidity. He was astonished at the amount of anguish he had endured for nothing. He would go back. In a few hours he would be outside. He would walk unencumbered and free. He would turn his numb body to the warming rays of the sun. And he would glory in it like he had never gloried in it before.

But when he tried to slide back his clothes rubbed against the pipe's sides and hemmed him in. There was no room to remove any of his clothing. He made several attempts to rip off his heavy woolen shirt, but he lacked the strength and he could just barely reach it with one of his hands at a time. Panic begun to fill him like a glass being filled with water. He intuitively ceased all movement and lay still listening to himself. The wheezing of his breath and the thumping of his heart became louder and louder till both filled his head and drove all else from it. The tumult in his head became unendurable. He made several mad attempts to get out of the pipe but he continually met its unyielding sides. He rolled around several times and wildly trashed against the cold cement. He screamed. The scream reverberated within the empty pipe. It thundered and echoed and reechoed up and down its dark length. It came back to assault his ears, very dull and flat, but with the stunning power of a thunderclap. He screamed again and the scream came back appallingly

superhuman. Each scream induced more terror in him until the terror reached such incredible proportions that it lost its meaning and he screamed mindlessly till he was hoarse.

For a long time, perhaps hours, he was quiet. He did not sleep, rather he underwent a period in which time seemed frozen. But gradually he became alive again. His heartbeat quickened and his respiration became more audible. For many minutes he could only shuffle around and mutter unintelligibly. The earliest impression he could remember was of the cold. Then the darkness became bewildering. He felt encased in the cold darkness of the pipe. Much later he became conscious of a grey block of old grief which seemed to have solidified around his chest. The feeling became more and more oppressive and he wanted to cry. His dry sobs were augmented by the walls of the pipe. They echoed and reechoed and clashed and mixed until the block of grief around his chest parted in many places and sloughed off his self. Real tears rolled down his cheeks then. He licked them as some of them reached his lips. They were warm and salty and they made him feel so at ease that he fell asleep.

When he awoke he was cold. He had slept for a long time but his mind was not clear and rested. He felt feverish and weak. He drank from the mud and plastered his swollen face with it. He urinated on himself. The urine came out strongly and for a long time. He felt its warmth

bathe his skin and seep through his wet woolen trousers.

It was a beautiful sensation and he prolonged it till his bladder was completely empty. But quickly the warm urine became icy and he felt sick again.

Whenever he closed his eyes he felt small while everything around him felt huge. His thinking was blurred and his head was full of all sorts of runaway thoughts. He clearly remembered thinking that it was odd that his head seemed burning with fever while the rest of his body was cold. But he could not remember when he had thought this. He found himself crawling again and thinking of places he had been, of names of people he had long ago forgotten, of confused snatches of conversation.

His mind was like a telegraph key which could not stop transmitting garbled messages. He would rest when he was not tired. He would change position unnecessarily. He would try to back out. Sometimes he would stop in despair and say to himself he could not go on anymore. Sometimes he became enthusiastic and crawled for long periods of time without stopping.

### Epilogue

The workmen were having lunch when the young man fell out of the pipe. Its exit was several feet above the floor of the trench they were dredging and directly above a lunch

fire. Some of the workmen did not see him emerge from the pipe and they were startled when he fell in their midst spilling the contents of a kettle of borscht into the fire and knocking over two of the men themselves. The others laughed uproariously. But finally they lifted him up and revived him somewhat with a bowl of hot soup. Then they stripped him of his wet clothes and wrapped him in large pieces of canvas. He had a vacant stare and shivered constantly. Some of the men guffawed, commenting that he looked like a babe just out of the womb. These went around holding mock interrogations of possible "begetters" among the crew. As no one would accept parentage an impromptu proposal to adopt him communally was made and jocularly accepted. Then they gave him vodka which stopped the shivering and brought some colour to his face. The vodka also brought back his voice, but the young man could only babble. This babbling pained the workmen and they solicitously plied him with solid food, cigarettes and more vodka.

The young man had been in the pipe for days. The workmen were amazed. They knew who he was because the police had been around looking for him. They laughed at him often for having such a scatterbrained idea. But they hid him in their homes till he was well enough to become a member of the crew. This job, he hoped, would assure him of enough coal, bread and potatoes to last him through

the winter of 1917. The sudden camaraderie however exerted unexpected effects. He began to fill out in body and mind. He convinced several men in the crew to leave this provincial city and join the newly formed Red Army. He took part in many campaigns, eventually becoming an officer.

## Jets Flew Through The Argentine Skies

Jets flew through the argentine skies  
And mud was a joy where a  
Frog living in a rain pond on  
A brown plain would not be betrayed  
That was revealed at six and  
Soon there was Betty  
Who would not lower her knickers  
She said because of the flickering lights  
Of the yellow trams passing  
By eight my twin and I  
Had been a-racing through a coastal swamp  
Pursued by millions  
Of swarmed and pricking mosquitoes  
To the limit of the river (that odd silver river)  
A low tide kilometer of puddled flats of grey  
Substance bordering the broad, immensely flung water  
We sat on the wet clay-sand and  
Grasped it and sifted it and squeezed it  
At that time this, what had began at four,  
Formed;  
Jelled but we noticed  
Those others who did not know. Why  
Didn't they know? We pitied them  
But now it is only myself alone who  
Have done beyond pitying.

The Chinese Pi

The Pi  
Is a ring in jade  
Assumed to be  
A symbol of heaven  
By the latter Chinese  
But was first shaped by  
Earlier men  
Who looked, not up  
But at each other.

## The Sentimentalist and the Crematorium

The smoke was pouring out of four tall chimneys and it went straight up a long way before being gently curved by upper air currents. The four smoke streams joined in one long, thickened plume, not to disappear or to dissipate. But strangely they went on and on into the lowering evening sky dome till they actually seemed to dip below the horizon. But no, that could not be true. The smoke just combined with the haze hugging the disk of the Earth. There was no detectable breeze at ground level, and the block of huge buildings appeared to be more massive and more solid because of that. It also appeared detached. Of course it was detached! It was sitting there in the middle of an abandoned parking lot, a gigantic parking lot. No, no . . . the building was gigantic, the parking lot was immense. It was more than a mile all around. Its surface had settled unevenly and there were large puddles scattered throughout. Grass and brush protruded sporadically from the cracked pavement along with occasional small trees. The white and yellow painted lines marking individual vehicle spaces and access lanes were fading but still prominent. In places the markings were superimposed upon each other thus clearly showing by their profusion of angles how one parking system had superseded another. The building itself was of a yellow-white colour, or perhaps dirty white.



Here and there the paint had begun to peel, revealing the rough textured concrete underneath. The building, the journalist thought, was "dismalism institutionalized".

The building reminded him of Eichmann's house. He had travelled to Argentina soon after the Israelis had abducted Eichmann in the early sixties. He had visited his home in a suburb of Buenos Aires and had spoken to a few of the neighbours. He had just taken a photograph of the house when he was suddenly confronted with Eichmann's son, a thirtyish young man, tall and powerfully built. He had a revolver stuffed into the top of his trousers and easily shooed our newspaper man away.

Eichmann's house was low and squat, made of solid brick with few windows. It was squarish and small. It looked like a tiny fortress. It was the perfect picture of Eichmann's house and it scored a journalistic point--the German war criminal's house was a bunker. It mirrored his bunker mentality; his fear that some day he might have to stand off a wave of humanity come to settle accounts (six million Jewish souls and many more assorted Russians, Poles, Gypsies, Asiatics, etc.). All that he had written in his dispatches. During his stay in Buenos Aires he had noticed that this type of abode was quite common in the suburbs of the city. It was the house that semiskilled immigrants built, be they Germans, Poles, Italians or Galicians. It was simple to blueprint and simple to follow its conception

and it was small enough so that building such a structure would not overextend the masonry talents or the financial means of a new immigrant family. However he had decided it would be puerile to reject such a handy concretization (in this case literally so) of Eichmann's mentality on those grounds. Humanity needed every possible aid in understanding the fiend's mind.

He left his car properly parked within the confines of what he suddenly named a "fossilized parking spot" and walked towards a small door painted with rust proofing. He tried to remember how long the parking lot had been abandoned. When he arrived at the door he touched it. There were no vibrations and he could hear nothing. He knew of course that this somber construction was not a factory but a crematorium and there would be no sound making machinery inside except incinerators. It occurred to him that incinerators were used to burn garbage, not corpses. He stood before the door but did not attempt to open it. Instead he turned his back to it and gazed at the vast expanse of cracked pavement.

He remembered the monocular in his car and went to get it. He focused upon the stunted trees. He especially enjoyed sighting on those at the far rim of the parking lot for they were almost at the horizon (the horizon was much closer than usual because of a foreshortening effect caused by the bowl shaped surface of the lot, he deduced

with some pleasure) and because of the added optical flattening effect caused by the monocular, they appeared to be at the very edge of the world. He liked to imagine that if he should somehow find himself within the field of view of the monocular and were he to walk just beyond the last visible tree he would of course fall off the precipice at the edge of the world.

An automobile was approaching from this edge of the world. The monocular's magnification allowed him to identify it easily as a 1953 black Chevrolet sedan. 1953 he remembered was the last year of graceful, well molded curves on American car bodies. The car was waxed and shiny. It seemed in excellent condition, an antique and not a thirty year old jalopy as he had first assumed. The car suddenly raised a little cloud of dust as it crossed a dried puddle. It pulled up beside the journalist's car, into an adjacent space.

The driver emerged, closed the door carefully and said "hi" to him across fifty feet of pavement. He was a man of about thirty-five, tall and wearing a grey suit and tie. He wore glasses and carried a small black bag making Thomas think that he was a doctor or perhaps a coroner.

"No, no . . . I am a vet" the veterinarian said.

"I am in the newspaper business. Strictly features now."

"So what do you think of this odd placé? Where else

but in the United States you find an abandoned parking lot? You should bring a camera crew here and pan all over. . . ."

"I write, I don't touch T.V. at all. Why don't the owners allow the land to return to virgin soil?"

"It costs too much . . . so many men with jackhammers and so many trucks to cart the broken paving away. The way things are now soil would be just as useless an investment as cracked paving."

". . . what was the parking lot used for?"

"It was the storage area for the Fifth Mechanized Infantry Division when it returned from Vietnam. Later it was expanded to accomodate many more vehicles from other units. The pavement was covered with heavy tanks, armored personnel carriers, five ton trucks, deuce and a half's jeeps, bulldozers and all sorts of other equipment, all neatly parked in row upon row as far as the eye could see. I helped park some of them."

"Were you in that war?"

"No . . ." the veterinarian said with a smile. "I was young enough to escape the fighting part but not lucky enough to avoid being drafted later into the Quartermaster Corps."

"So how was all the materiel disposed of?"

"Much of it went to other government agencies and later to private companies and individuals for next to nothing. Some of the farmers around here bought ten

thousand dollar trucks for as little as a hundred."

". . . beaten into plowshares?"

"Yes, more than figuratively speaking. I still see an odd five-ton with farm plates banged up and beaten and caked over with white insect spray. Now they do combat against pests."

"What about the crematorium? I came to do a story on the largest crematorium in the world."

"Well, the largest crematorium in the world was built on the cadaver of the largest parking lot in the world! It is a handy, isolated location which obviated the extra expense of building an access road."

"But what puzzles me is that the crematorium looks almost as abandoned as the parking lot. . . ."

"Well, there is smoke. . . ."

"Yes, but if this is the largest crematorium in the world where are the workers tending the furnaces, and the hearses bringing in the bodies, and the relatives of the deceased and the priests performing their ceremonies . . . ."

"It is all automated."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

The veterinarian did not answer and for the first time he dropped his friendly smile and started looking down at his feet.

"Are you going to tell me that you employ automatic relatives and priests and somehow bring in the bodies via

an invisible, underground tray line, like those used for dirty dishes in cafeterias? What exactly is going on here?"

"I am not too familiar with the operations of the crematorium."

"So what are you doing here? You said you were a veterinarian. Why is a vet hanging around a crematorium?"

"I'll show you."

The veterinarian walked back to his car and reached inside. He held up a long and bright nickel flashlight in each of his hands. Why two flashlights, thought Thomas. It seemed clear that in spite of the vet's casual friendliness their meeting was no accident. Suddenly another memory jarred Thomas and from this point on he was on his guard. He had covered the riots during the 1968 Democratic Party convention at Chicago. He remembered a Chicago policeman. The special riot squad was distinguished by wrap-around helmets with thick plastic visors and gas masks slung from their hips. Its members bandied extra long black truncheons and often unholstered their pistols. But this cop held in his right hand only a long, nickel flashlight. It had a massive head with a large bulb behind its glass. Its crenelated length was packed with "D" batteries, which gave it a ponderous weight. This policeman was speaking to a half naked, long haired, zombified youth surrounded by other officers who had just collared him. The street brawls between these gangs of decorticated,

frenzied youths and the cops took place in front of conveniently placed T.V. cameras transmitting live at prime time. Years later the events of that summer would be clearly understood in the context of the coming liquidity crisis and specifically in the true mission and modus operandi of the CIA and multitudinous other agencies and foundations engaged in social manipulation: counterinsurgency warfare! The Democratic Party was being commanded by these CIA created and deployed "new left" countergangs. The Democratic Party would forthwith be used to impose upon an unwary nation economic austerity, de-industrialization and every other imaginable looting scheme in order to maintain and expand financial paper at the expense of productive investment. And the best that civilization could muster against this monetarist plot was Mayor Daley and his cops!

Thomas, duped like many others, wrote only about the cops. He wrote his dispatches in an affected, existential style; heightened but careful of being shrill; implying judiciousness:

. . . I was close enough to hear the police officer's words: '. . . this lantern here . . . boy I am going to teach you to behave. . . .' Suddenly the police officer tapped the young man on the head three times with his flashlight. They were practised, measured blows, coldly executed. The young man dropped to his knees and blindly placed his hands on top of the policeman's boots. The police officer shook himself away from this tenuous grasp with an expression

not of alarm but disdain for his fallen suppliant.

He christened this style "laconic verve" when he recognized it in others. He had the sense to drop it later upon meeting Susan Sontag whom he called to her face "The Queen of Sparse". It was a great victory for honest journalism when her nickname stuck and was even shortened to "arse".

The Vet had by now opened the door and Thomas automatically followed him into the crematorium. It was black inside, which surprised him and made him uneasy. The vet elected to remain standing just inside the door for a minute, both simply playing their beams all around. They could see just one large room with a high ceiling, and it appeared empty. The veterinarian whispered that the furnaces were in another chamber. They walked to the middle and played their lights along the back wall. There were niches set regularly along this back wall. The vet walked right up to one of the niches, Thomas a little behind. Their beams pointed directly into it and lo, something moved! The vet told Thomas not to be afraid.

A figure was sitting up on a thin mattress. A closer look revealed two figures side by side. The veterinarian spoke to them briefly. The light beams showed two monsters joined by a common membrane about their waists, like Siamese twins. They had folds of leathery, yellow skin



drooping from their arms and joining their torsos, somewhat like bat membranes or duck webbing. Their toes and fingers were also webbed and from them drooped pleats of more leathery, yellow skin. They appeared to wear no clothing. There was a blanket rumpled at their feet. There was an odour.

"What is all this?"

"Those two are sisters. . . ."

"What are they doing here? What's wrong with them?"

"They live here. They are freaks."

"I see there are other creatures. . . ."

"There are several male and female sets of twins and also single ones. They are my patients."

"I thought you were a veterinarian?"

"I am a veterinarian."

"But what happened to them?"

"They are the living dead and are here immured."

"How did they get this way?"

"You will excuse me; I have to do my rounds. Please step a little back and put out your light."

"I am not going to remain in the dark!"

"Don't worry. I'll leave my flashlight on. Won't be long."

The vet started moving along the wall recesses. He murmured for a short time by each one and took things in and out of his bag. Thomas could not clearly make out the

creatures. He wondered if all of them had the same physiognomy or had a different misfortune befallen each one? What would make a human being's skin turn like that? He had seen enough science fiction movies about "radiation monsters" and like mutations and that was all that occurred to him as an explanation even though he realized that the true explanation for what he had seen was probably far more mundane.

The veterinarian had left the flashlight upright by one of the niches. As he ambled along further away from it Thomas could see less of what he was doing. But he noticed that the vet had stood up in front of one of the end cubicles and he had begun to undress. A figure in the niche was sitting up and when the vet was completely nude he sat beside it and they held each other. Soon they were both stretched out on the mattress and they were obviously engaged in sexual relations. Thomas quickly found the door and stepped outside.

Thomas did not know what to do. In his profession it was sometimes advantageous to appear vulnerable and unsure. But this time he was truly shocked. He stood outside the door very still. Dusk set in but he did not notice it. The veterinarian came out from behind the dark door. He smiled at Thomas briefly and extinguished his light now shining brightly in the twilight.

"Do you often come here to perform this . . . to do

this?"

"Once a week in the afternoon I take time off from my animal practice and come here to take care of these people's medical needs. Yes, as you saw they need love too once in a while. The twins have each other, the single ones cannot bring themselves to associate with each other but they have their needs."

"You call what you did an act of love?"

"What would you call it?"

"I know the word for intercourse between members of the same sex; pederasty, homosexuality! With animals I believe it is called sodomy. Is there a word in the English language for consorting with a monster?"

"You are a fool!"

"Why do you make love with monsters? Don't you have a wife, a ladyfriend?"

"Next you will ask me if the 'monster' I made love with just now was male or female!"

"My God!"

- "I have a wife and two children."

"Does she know about this?"

"No."

"But I am a journalist. Suppose I file a story about this. The newswires would spread it around the Earth."

"It will be just as well."

"You mean you want me to write about you?"

"I am not concerned."

"You want me to spread your crap all over?"

"Whose side are you on?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I am on the side of these losers and failures!"

Thomas's brain suddenly clicked. He had pegged the veterinarian as a closet pervert with a particularly nasty kink who had managed to shock even a journalist who "had seen everything." But now he began to think like a detective about to uncover the hidden crime behind the diversionary one. This time he was not going to write just about the petty crimes of the cops. He phrased a taunt which should, if he was correct in his suspicions, draw out the veterinarian.

"You are a sentimentalist gone insane and you are pretentious on top of that!"

The veterinarian retorted immediately.

"Only those on their side can hope to understand what reality is. At this time, in this culture, social success robs the most clearminded of their sense of reality and truth. The 'successful' become petty and inconsequential . . . they become immoral."

"You are the one who is immoral you unctuous son of a bitch! While you are playing with these poor things the whole world is being dismembered by the same bastards who put those banalities into your head! You want me to write

about you to the world? More ego-stripping through the media; more sexual numbing; more brainwashing! You want a herd don't you? Who set this up?

"There is no conspiracy here. I have not tried to keep my activities secret and certain persons thought the public was ready to understand what I am doing."

"Who? What are their names?"

"We were expecting a more understanding and sensitive newsperson. Frankly, I don't know how you got the assignment."

"You were expecting a CIA or IPS stringer to do a story about another 'alternate life style.' I don't peddle pluralism Mr. veterinarian! If you have any conscience left you can help me expose this operation. What is being burnt in the other room?"

The veterinarian walked back to his car without answering. He drove away slowly. Thomas realized that he was completely alone in front of the crematorium. It occurred to him that being alone and unarmed he had been too forthright in his denunciations. The vet was not just a fatuous creep. His restrained and deliberate dialogue and exit after discovery demonstrated training; probably from Institute for Policy Studies. They specialized in polymorphous perversity. That made him think of the crematorium and suddenly it seemed to loom three times bigger behind him and he feared he would forthwith be tempted to run to his

car in complete terror. He put a cigarette to his mouth and lit it. He made for the car, hoping that because he had not tried to enter the other chamber he would be allowed to leave. He drove off as fast as he could.

## The Chemistry Of Soap In 1944

It seems I should understand

The chemistry of soap.

Fat and ash?

How?

Why? Slimy and gritty things

Make an alkali

That washes.

What?

Dead human fat in Belsen

Mixed, indescribably with

The leavings from body ovens

By 1944 Germans

Who understood

The chemistry of soap.

What, who

Did they wash

With the soap?

## PART I

In the Rectitudinous life the Bills are Fixed

Black sergeant, E-5, three stiper with blue and silver Combat Infantryman's Badge on his chest. He was 24, he kept his fatigues starched and was a high school graduate. He had his mind on officer's candidate school. He had a broad, brown face and when he smiled you could see that he was gap toothed.

There were three of us up front in the "deuce and a half" and we were rattling along happily on a sandy tank trail. It had just rained and there was no dust. We were all talking at the same time and I remember fingering his yellow stripes and joking about their newness. It was a great sunny day and we felt like yelling above the engine noise. There was nobody on the back so sarge had no qualms about bouncing over the holes and bumps and making sharp turns. We finally reached the entrance of the garbage dump.

We drove deep into it and sarge was sure where he was going because he never hesitated at the Y's, T's and X's. We parked by a just excavated pit which was clean and bare. Sarge climbed into the back of the truck and removed the tarp covering an M-60 machinegun leaning on a bipoid sprouting the new, ventilated cooling fins. He set up the



gun on the hood of the truck, pointing it into the pit.

Pretty soon a big square van, like a milk truck or an UPS van, came along. It was painted O.D. and the major, his wife and daughter were in it. The major pulled over on the other side of the pit, got out and opened the rear doors of his van. He was about forty, a skinny sort of white guy, with a fishy face. He yelled something at his wife who got out of the cab with her daughter. They had just returned from a camping trip which they all had said would be a good way to get together again but the Major had got annoyed with his wife and daughter over the stupidest things and they had put up with it. When the major and his wife fished in the lake their daughter stayed in the tent and heard her father yelling at her mother for having forgotten the worms and because she would not learn how to cast properly no matter how many times he showed her.

The major tipped a big white cylinder full of compressed garbage out of the van and down the slope of the pit. When it reached the bottom the cylinder burst open with a sound of rushing air and immediately ignited into flames. Very quickly there was little left of the cylinder or the garbage. Five more cylinders did the same. But the seventh one rolled down, burst open like the others, but there were no flames. Instead the compressed garbage had spread out over the floor of the pit in a stinking mess of food, milk cartons, beer bottles, wrappers, nylon bags,

all soaked in the combustible chemical. Sarge pulled open the receiver lid, inserted a belt of shiny 7.62 mm rounds and clacked it shut. Another cylinder rolled out and did the same. Sarge pulled back the bolt and now the "sixty" was locked and loaded. Another cylinder did the same and now there was a thick layer of garbage all over the floor of the pit.

The major walked right to its edge and looked down. "Fuck it," he said. He locked the doors of the van and started for the cab. His wife and daughter were already in it. The sergeant called out to him.

"Sir, you can't leave a mess like that. You got to follow the "AR's."

The major walked all around the van and stood again at the edge of the pit, arms akimbo.

"You can stuff your Army Regulations up your ass! I don't take orders from a black mother-fucking buck sergeant like you!"

The sergeant flicked the safety and fired a burst of six which slammed into the major's torso and toppled his body back from the lip of the pit. His shirt front began to burn from the one magnesium tracer fired.

At the funeral three days later the wife and daughter wore long black gowns and sang protestant hymns.

The sergeant held a special wake outdoors. He invited

us two, all his Mexican friends and a lot of cats and dogs, a cow and a goat. In the middle of the party he stood in front of the marimba band and stopped the dancing. He said that a man had insulted him and he had killed him. He could not grieve anymore for his death. From now on, he announced, he would try to understand this death. Then the marimba band accompanied the sergeant as he sang in Spanish a fast paced song titled "En La Vida Recta Las Cuentas Son Fijas."

In the rectitudinous life the bills are fixed.

The sergeant had been wearing civilian clothes at the wake. He was charged with manslaughter, served a short sentence and was released with a dishonorable discharge. He moved into town and lived there for months on his savings. He started going to the library. A Criminal Investigation Division man who had the sergeant under general surveillance asked the librarian what he read. She refused to tell him. Soon after that the sergeant disappeared.

## PART II

### How Sergeant C. Mitchell and His Friend Became Liberated

Years later I suddenly found him at my apartment door. I was astonished of course but he gave me little time for that. A lot had happened to him in the intervening years

but the most pleasing change I discovered immediately was that he was no longer the brooding exotic he had become after the killing. For, to be blunt, I thought that his pose at the funeral and later (best characterized as a mix of the worse aspects of Hemingway and Kazantzakis novels) was queasy. Consequently, though what he proceeded to tell me was startling and often difficult to grasp at first, it was not the projection of (to be polite) a persona.

He told me the president of Mexico was going to give a speech at the U.N. in which he would propose a debt moratorium on Third World Debt which would have the effect of ruining New York banks, especially those with a large percentage of their assets in the Euro-dollar swindle, and thus bust the inflated dollar. The West German foreign minister was about to disavow the dollar also. The transfer ruble, backed by gold and used hitherto almost exclusively for COMECON trade would become the new currency needed to refinance world economic development. The exploitation cycle internationally and intra-nationally would thus be broken for the first time in history. He said he belonged to a group which had conceived the debt problem as the major hindrance to socialist expanded reproduction and had called for retiring it at all public levels and had formulated a new monetary system which, once consolidated, would lead to this exponential expansion of production and to a huge jump in the standard of living worldwide. Here

Mitch made a crucial point clear to me. Human consciousness, creativity if you wish, is predicated upon energy accessions available to human society as a planetary whole. Creativity is nurtured in a socially cohesive, bountiful secure society which allows for the leisure necessary to expand this self-reflexive consciousness. Such a society requires constant, exponential accessions of energy. In turn the creative individual provides the climate necessary for scientific innovations, the prerequisite for energy accessions. He spoke this last very much as I have written it but a glint in his eyes told me that he meant those particular words especially for me. I asked him to repeat what he had said about creativity and energy accessions and the second time its impact bowled me over. I had toyed with the ivory tower and had written and read lots of precious stuff but for years now I had understood semiconsciously what Mitch was saying. But why had I never verbalized it? Why had no one else that I knew stated it so succinctly? Mitch grinned at my preoccupation and when he poked me in the shoulder I blurted out most solemnly:

Urban dwellers write pastorals, not pastors.

Mitch burst out laughing and immediately added--yes, tired urban dwellers! I am told he still gets mileage out of this incident but what I remember most is what he said in follow-up: Those who are not so neurotic feel afraid

sometimes when faced with the demands made upon their conceptual abilities but they have the firmness to realize that the achievement of a society in which the exercise of the powers of human creative mentation are not a rare, fortuitous occurrence but the expected result of social activity has to be attempted. The European Renaissance was one of the first tries, Mitch said, and we were about to have another go at it. The results this time would be much more spectacular. At this point we paused for one of the many coffees alternated with cans of beer which punctuated the rest of that astonishing night. We did some catching up but saved most of it for a later time. The present and the future were paramount in our minds.

The alternative to another Renaissance was at this very moment being imposed by Rockefeller and other monetarist groupings--Zero-growth economic austerity on the model of Schachtian-Nazi economics: looting! Schacht, I was informed had been the social-democratic president of the Weimar Republic who later was appointed Nazi finance minister by Hitler. Compared to present day monetarists, Mitch insisted, the Nazis stand out as minor criminals! They had limited means whereas the ilk of the Rockefellers control the western world's economy through financial manipulation and advocate the elimination of one and a half billion human beings in order to solve the problem of "over-population" which, translated properly, simply meant getting

rid of this portion of the population which had become marginal to their economy of collapsing production and trade. The Nazis, Mitch said, were more moral. Sections of the Nazi party protested against genocide. The Gestapo labelled plans for genocide in the Ukraine as "top secret" and strictly censored all mail from German soldiers on the Eastern front. These contemporary super-nazis openly advocate cannibalism and triage in the front pages of their "liberal" New York Times!

I had no difficulty believing that the New York Times was a monetarist newspaper and I was of the opinion that it was also inflated, torpid, and downright boring. I had heard that it gave space to proselytizers for "triage" or "life-boat" ethics in regard to third world "excess eaters." But cannibalism? Mitch jarred my memory and I remembered the Uruguayan soccer team whose aircraft had crashed in the Andes enroute to a game. The survivors had been forced to eat the corpses of those who had perished in the crash. I suddenly realized how the barrage of publicity about the case had been an aspect of pro-austerity psychological warfare aimed at degrading the value of human life. Peccei, a member of the now happily defunct "Club of Rome" which had coined the monetarist phrase "Limits To Growth", had praised in the Times the actions of the survivors; and had even gone further to suggest the human race "reexamine" its taboo about eating human flesh!

Mitch told me about conditions in American factories where company hippies were peddling heroin and amphetamines and encouraged workers to openly smoke hash during breaks so they could cope with tremendously speeded up assembly lines. Then these workers were forced to join "drug rehabilitation programs" which hooked them on methadone, the final step in turning a potentially rebellious worker into a docile slave. He pointed out that methadone had been developed by the Nazis specifically because it allowed underfed and overworked slave laborers to work themselves to death without the side effects of heroin. It was then named "Dolphine" in honor of Adolf and was conveniently "rediscovered" by Rockefeller scientists after the war. It was Nelson himself who launched the methadone program in a much ballyhooed news conference in 1967. All these horrors were being perpetrated to defend monetarist paper. The widening difference between real wealth and capitalist fictitious value; this time in the form of trillions of dollars of international, national, municipal, commercial, industrial, and farm debt, was diverting too many funds from production to debt payment, thereby causing a progressive shrinkage of the economy. The monetarists had chosen to loot the labor force, plant equipment and natural resources in order to save money to maintain the flow of debt payments. This only reinforced the vicious cycle of collapse. We could no longer afford to tolerate their reckless



policy, this "apres nous le deluge" rationale for their suicidal rapaciousness.

Mitch told me he was for economic development, meaningful development with loans from a new "International Development Bank" which extended credit on the basis of future production. Using a transfer currency which is earmarked only for international trade and has no domestic issue this bank would grant credit first for tractors, fertilizer, irrigation equipment, to four major agricultural areas (the Rio de La Plata region, the Indo-European Plain, the North American midwest, and the Brahmaputra basin) which could most efficiently yield crops to immediately feed third world populations and eradicate pestilence. Once the emergency was over and these people acquired a sufficient semblance to functioning human beings industrial-technological infrastructures would be built up and new markets for manufactured goods would be created and there would be an explosion of world trade to further raise the standard of living everywhere.

Such a credit policy would deny any attempt to reestablish a speculative system which would again bring into being the corrosive gap between real and fictitious wealth. The bank would also finance technological innovation centered around the development of fusion power. I knew what fusion was and it surprised me that a political group was conducting research in this area. The sun fused hydrogen ions into

helium thereby releasing vast amounts of energy from this reaction. Fusion was the stellar process and accounted for much more energy than its opposite, fission; fission nuclear plants being the only atomic energy source on Earth at the time. Of course we already had a hydrogen bomb which was a fusion device. The problem was to contain this fusion reaction and this could be done by extracting deuterium, a hydrogen isotope plentiful in sea water, and fusing it by superheating the ionized deuterium gas to plasma levels and confining the plasma magnetically. Research was being carried on, especially in the Soviet Union where "break-even" status had been achieved for the first time, meaning that as much energy was extracted from a reactor as was put into it. To achieve a fusion based economy would however require huge expenditures and forceful political organizing. It also, as Mitch made very clear, it required not only a new technology, but a new epistemology.

Particle physics was incompetent in understanding the non-linear, self structuring tendencies of this plasma which were idiotically labelled "anomalies" and dismissed. Mitch gave me the example of sunspots which develop, retain and even expand on a surface which is tens of thousands of degrees hot against all the laws governing the behaviour of gases which are assumed to become homogeneous as they are heated. Non-linearity was the very nature of substance, of creativity itself. Mitch asked me to reflect on my own

thinking processes to help me internalize these assertions.

I realized then that if creativity is predicated upon energy accessions then this vast accession of energy which fusion would provide could engender a vast jump in consciousness for the human race. However Mitch would not let me get dizzy and he kept on hammering through more and more implications.

Einstein's formulation of the conservation of energy was wrong except where it held as an approximation within given limits. Instead, this ex-army sergeant vehemently asserted, the "law" of the universe is that laws are continually but lawfully changing, with new degrees of freedom emerging. This freedom is expanding exponentially along with humanity's expanding conceptual abilities and is limited only by humanity's present conceptual ability. He quoted Vernadskii, a Soviet scientist who formulated the concept of the biosphere as a self developing, thermodynamic entity. Vernadskii maintained that the geologically recent polar caps had resulted from a process of self ordering "fed" by higher energy throughputs characteristic of the biosphere. The ice caps had further ordered the biosphere through the establishment of wind currents which spread plant evaporation thus causing greater rainfall in drier areas which in turn allowed for much greater biomass than previously; this biomass in turn evaporating more water into the atmosphere, in turn contributing further energy throughputs into

the entire system. Humanity could not have evolved without the polar caps and the far greater energy they provided to sustain and expand human culture. The second law of thermodynamics did not hold! The universe is not entropic, it is not running down. The non-linear tendency of plasma and Vernadskii's example demonstrated this.

However I had missed the most obvious, immediate and powerful example, human society. We are an example of accelerated growth par excellence, Mitch exulted. He showed me tables of figures which analyzed historically population growth and per capita consumption of energy. We have gone from a population of perhaps one hundred thousand a million years ago and a per capita daily consumption of 2000 calories, which the average, small australopithecine would eat raw; to a few million cave men ten thousand years ago each consuming perhaps five thousand calories, mostly in cooking with fire and eating the food; to a hundred million humans after organized agriculture was invented which captured solar energy in the form of grains to the tune of 12,000 calories per head; to several hundred million just two hundred years ago when industrialization took hold resulting in a staggering per capita consumption of 70,000 calories when energy acquisitions from agriculture became insignificant and fossil fuels provided most of the energy, the vast majority of which was consumed not in food but in industrial processes and transportation. Today the

population is in the billions and the per capita daily consumption is around 250,000 calories. This shows, when plotted against a time curve, accelerating and at times exponential growth in population, in per capita energy use, in their rates of growth and even in the rates of the rates of growth! Certainly gave the lie to malthusian zero-growth ideologies and established the fact that human culture actively defines what is an exploitable resource.

By morning my brain was at white heat and Mitch and I were so excited that we could not sit down as we spoke. We constantly paced up and down the apartment, in the kitchen, the bedroom; we even continued our discussion through the toilet door. Mitch had to leave to prepare for a coming financial crisis. You remember the famous default of New York City's thirteen billion dollars of municipal debt swindles? Its imminence was what had brought the president of Mexico to the United Nations in forty-sixth street to give his speech calling for a third world default. The tandem effect of two defaults could lead to the required monetary reorganization. Eventually of course this scenario played itself out more or less as we hoped (with a slightly different cast of places and characters). But if we had fully realized then the suffering the human race would endure and the effort required to bring about the International Development Bank to its present fruition some of us might have given up or would have felt covered by the

difficulties and dangers.

I want to pause for a moment to emphasize those labors and trials. They were not the trials of war. But I evoke here Pericles' funeral oration after the first year of the Peloponnesian Wars. It was a grave time and it was a time in which we were consciously recreating ourselves and creating a new, scientific universe. I have before me a theoretical magazine with a picture of Blake's Urizen constructing with a compass his new world. In it are the words of a woman delegate speaking at a conference. ". . . . We are governed by necessity--the field--but our ability to change that field depends upon our socially evolved, socially appropriate, but not mechanistically determined, ability to act as self-conscious members of the human race . . . ."

Mitch left me several books, magazines and their newspaper. All that day I read about a progression in thought in which the names of Kepler, Descartes, Beethoven, Koehler and "gestalts", Feuerbach and Freud, Marx's correction of Feuerbach, Marx, Hegel, Spinoza, Avicenna and others were prominent. I understood attacks against pluralism; behaviorism; reductionistic notions and their expositors in the empiricist, irrational tradition; the likes of Francis Bacon, Locke, Hume, Berkeley, Bentham, John Stuart Mill

right down to Russell and other Fabians. I was surprised to find Mao labelled proto-fascist along with writers such as D.H. Lawrence of whom it was remarked that the characters in his novels do not make love, they only masturbate in each other's presence! To contrast Lawrence's bestial idea of love I excerpt the following passage from one of the magazines: "to understand the dynamics of love, one begins by enquiring as to what particular expressions can be given to the direct calling forth of the universal for all particular expressions of social creative activity." I learned how to tackle Zeno's paradoxes by exposing their logical, formalistic positing and by insisting that Zeno as a rational Greek meant them to be solved: One denies the implications of the "walk by halves" by simply walking across the room and then proceeding to investigate the dialectical properties of a true continuum. I began to grasp the meaning of the phrase "mass strike" and how Rosa Luxemburg had understood it and the precise reason for her assassination by the British agent Canaris; why this had caused the ultimate failure of the Bolshevik revolution soon after; and why the German communists buckled under the Nazi terror; how the Germans had in WWII encouraged the self-destructive "local community control" mentality of the Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto. I was heartened when I read in one of the newspapers that this very day Pravda had published articles reinstating Rosa Luxemburg, a good sign of

developing consciousness in the Soviet block which was often the victim of oblomovist behaviour.

Reading on I became familiar with events in Portugal, where the "mass strike" consciousness was then energizing Portuguese workers, peasants and bank tellers to support each other in the issuance of credit for production; how through the French Communist Party the Portuguese revolution might spread all over Europe in spite of coopting and sabotage by N.A.T.O. agents and parties; how Willy Brandt, Mario Soares and Olaf Palme had been exposed as CIA agents; how "existentialism is not accidentally the suitable ideology of such latin machismo cultures, and suicide not accidentally the only complete existentialist act . . ." applied to the present corporativist nature of the Italian Communist party whose entire leadership had been captured by the CIA; and you remember Kissinger, the maddest hatter.

My eyes were burning when I began to grapple with the concept of "negentropy" which is not just the linear opposite of "entropy"--the tendency of things to fall apart . . . "every social system must develop on higher levels of energy throughout, must devalue its fictitious capital in order to survive, and must therefore free a greater and greater portion of the labor force to spend its time in scientific research, artistic creation, technological innovation, in the production of new forms of production; that we, the negentropic tendency of the universe become aware



of itself, know our human freedom as the negentropic necessity for us to encompass and control more and more of the universe of which we are a part."

Of course I tried to imagine what literature might become. Literature was generally in a sad state. It had degenerated to merely cranking out monetarist ideology in all its guises. It had become so effective in its mission of eliciting, fixating and proliferating infantile feeling states that few of its abject victims could any longer experience or value a potent emotion or a sensuous thought. It peddled every brand of reductionistic incoherence to a targetted population which was not quite permeable to the psychological warfare of television and films. It had created an existential herd of disassociated and decorticated writers, readers and critics who could not only not attack or question their masters, but who lamely mimicked and defended them! I thought back to Shelley, to Shakespeare, to Cervantes, to the men of the Renaissance who did not label themselves, scholars, artists, men of letters, scientists, politicians, but who simply knew themselves as makers of their world.

I knew of course that the effluvia that passed for almost all "modern" and contemporary literature would become obviously laughable to even its most unctuous defender but it is difficult to predict the nature of the burgeoning of the next manifold of consciousness with the present one.

I did succeed in one aspect however, not the literary one though. The very night that Mitch was telling me about fusion and its epistemological problems I realized that here was the solution to the problem of interstellar travel. The problem of fusion was solved when we were able to delineate the dialectical relationships between particle and field. As Cantor was aware in his nineteenth century treatise on transfinite numbers, the particle is the instrument of development in the universe. Cantor mathematically described how the universe supersedes itself into higher manifolds of order. Now we can engender superseding structures in plasma and we have vast amounts of energy at our fingertips. But we have more. We have become the instrumental particle, and we are doing the superseding; beyond Mars, beyond Jupiter, beyond Pluto. We are finally among the stars.

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## APPENDIX I

## Theses on Feuerbach

## I

The chief defect of all hitherto existing materialism --that of Feuerbach included--is that the object, reality, sensuousness, is conceived only in the form of the *object of contemplation* but not as *human sensuous activity, practice*, not subjectively. Thus it happened that the *active side*, in opposition to materialism, was developed by idealism--but only abstractly, since, of course, idealism does not know real sensuous activity as such. Feuerbach wants sensuous objects, really differentiated from the thought-objects, but he does not conceive human activity itself as activity *through objects*. Consequently, in the *Essence of Christianity*, he regards the theoretical attitude as the only genuinely human attitude, while practice is conceived and fixed only in its dirty-Jewish form of appearance. Hence he does not grasp the significance of "revolutionary," of practical-critical, activity.

## II

The question whether objective truth can be attributed to human thinking is not a question of theory but is a practical question. In practice man must prove the truth, *i.e.*, the reality and power, the "this-sidedness" of his thinking. The dispute over the reality or non-reality of thinking which is isolated from practice is a purely scholastic question.

## III

The materialistic doctrine that men are products of circumstances and upbringing and that, therefore, changed men are products of other circumstances and changed upbringing forgets that circumstances are changed precisely by men and that the educator must himself be educated. Hence this doctrine necessarily arrives at dividing society into two parts, of which one towers above society (in Robert Owen, for example).

The coincidence of the changing of circumstances and of human activity can only be conceived and rationally understood as revolutionizing practice.



## IV

Feuerbach starts out from the fact of religious self-alienation, the duplication of the world into a religious, imaginary world and a real one. His work consists in the dissolution of the religious world into its secular basis. He overlooks the fact that after completing this work, the chief thing still remains to be done. For the fact that the secular foundation lifts itself above itself and establishes itself in the clouds as an independent realm is only to be explained by the self-cleavage and self-contradictoriness of this secular basis. The latter must itself, therefore, first be understood in its contradiction and then, by the removal of the contradiction, revolutionized in practice. Thus, for instance, once the earthly family is discovered to be the secret of the holy family, the former must then itself be theoretically criticized and radically changed in practice.

## V

Feuerbach, not satisfied with *abstract thinking*, appeals to *sensuous contemplation*, but he does not conceive sensuousness as a practical, human-sensuous activity.

## VI

Feuerbach resolves the religious essence into the human. But the human essence is no abstraction inherent in each single individual. In its reality it is the *ensemble* of the social relations.

Feuerbach, who does not attempt the criticism of this real essence, is consequently compelled:

1. To abstract from the historical process and to fix the religious sentiment as something for itself and to presuppose an abstract--isolated--human individual.

2. The human essence, therefore, can with him be comprehended only as "genus," as a dumb internal generality which merely *naturally* unites the many individuals.

## VII

Feuerbach, consequently, does not see that the "religious sentiment" is itself a *social product*, and that the abstract individual whom he analyzes belongs in reality to a particular form of society.

## VIII

Social life is essentially *practical*. All mysteries which mislead theory to mysticism find their rational solution in human practice and in the comprehension of this practice.

## IX

The highest point attained by contemplative materialism, i.e., materialism which does not understand sensuousness as practical activity, is the outlook of single individuals in "civil society."

## X

The standpoint of the old materialism is "civil society"; the standpoint of the new is *human society* or *socialized humanity*.

## XI

The philosophers have *interpreted* the world in various ways; the point however is to *change it*.

## APPENDIX II

## Hegel, Feuerbach, and Marx

There are three degrees of relative freedom from sexual and political impotence, respectively associated with the names of Hegel, Feuerbach, and Marx. What distinguishes these three--and those associated with their humanist faction--is their conception of the political organizing process as one in which self-consciousness defines itself by creating self-consciousness of the same quality and actualization in others. The respective ways in which Hegel, Feuerbach, and Marx propose to realize that human quality is their respective distinctions from one another.

In Hegel, self-consciousness is limited to the roles of the classroom educator or enlightened official. Reality exists for him only in the form of *abstractions from reality*, which he mistakes for the essence of reality. Actual, sensuous relations among actual persons do not exist in Hegel's system.

In Feuerbach, a great advance is made. Feuerbach exposes the great fraud of Hegel, the fraud of the *abstract Logos*. Feuerbach--in our adopted terms of clinical reference--insists on the psychoanalytical principle of cathexis: ideas do not exist detached from emotion; the abstract Logos of Hegel is the grey, lifeless abstraction from the universality of *love = creative mentation*. For Feuerbach, and this is the kernel of his genius, the thought exists as actualizable thought only as its determined object-image is the impulse for a sensuous act in the sensuous world.

Feuerbach's great flaw--his relative impotence--is that he cannot get beyond the role of the "explorer of nature." His individual is able only to select sensuous acts from nature as given by nature. Feuerbach is thus a *petit-*

*bourgeois democrat* where Hegel is an *enlightened Prussian official*. For example, to apply the petit-bourgeois principle of Feuerbach's relative impotence to Left politics, Feuerbachian impotence is exemplified by support of a specific, fixed objective, such as support of the specific objectives of a strike. When the strike is finished, won or lost, the mobilization of self-consciousness for continued class struggle is aborted--is revealed as impotent. Support of "national revolutionary" objectives is similarly a political expression of sexual impotence.

Marx, beginning with the first of his "Theses on Feuerbach," cuts through sexual and political impotence.

The chief defect of all hitherto existing materialism--that of Feuerbach included--is that the thing, reality, sensuousness, is conceived only in the form of the object or contemplation, but not as *human sensuous activity, practice*, not subjectively. Hence it happened that the *active side*, in contradistinction to materialism, was developed by idealism--but only abstractly, since, of course, idealism does not know real, sensuous activity as such. Feuerbach wants sensuous objects, really differentiated from the thought objects, but he does not conceive human activity itself as activity through objects. Hence, in the *Essence of Christianity*, he regards the theoretical attitude as the only genuinely human attitude, while practice is conceived and fixed only in its dirty-judaical form of appearance. Hence, he does not grasp the significance of "revolutionary," of "practical-critical" activity.

We cite that passage here because it has absolutely not been understood by any known philosophical critics or "Marxist-Leninist" babblers.

It signifies that, for Marx, the act, the sensuous object, exists in reality only as the mediation of self-consciousness, only as a connection between one degree of self-consciousness and a still higher degree of self-consciousness. This identifies the semi-genius of

Trotsky's conception of "permanent revolution"--semi-genius because Trotsky himself, to say nothing of his so-called followers, never fully understood the deeper implications of his half-discovery. The act must not be an end in itself, otherwise we are back at Feuerbachian "democratic" politics, back at Feuerbachian "dirty-judaical" preoccupation with possession of the fixed goal, back at Feuerbachian political--and sexual--impotence. The act must be only the necessary mediation through which higher states of self-consciousness for higher qualities of mediating sensuous practice are attained.

This Marxian principle is uniquely located in the principle of socialist expanded reproduction. The person who proposes a "socialist society" based on "equitable distribution" is *ipso facto* sexually and politically impotent. The person who proposes to "seize the factories" is also impotent. Expanded reproduction means the positive development of the self-subsisting form of the productive forces, through uniting the world-wide working-class into a single political unit and accomplishing the technological development of the productive forces at the most rapid rate, subject to the included development of the intellectual and productive powers of the working-class individuals.

This means to organize the working class forces (workers and their political allies) both against infantilism, against Ego-state "sincerity of feeling," and for self-consciousness of the universal task of appropriating and developing the world's productive forces. *It means, above all, to fundamentally change the inner self of the workers.*

In contrast, that Left politics which proceeds from "existing realities," from the appealing to the existing prejudices of workers, etc., from pandering to "nationalist" prejudices, from admiring the infantile sentimentalities of

the "popular forces," etc., is viciously anti-Marxian, viciously anti-dialectical, viciously sexual impotence in the domain of Left politics.

The most comi-tragic expression of this is the pathetic *commedia* called the PSP.

From "The Sexual Impotence of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party", by L. Marcus.