

THE AMERICAN GOSPELS

BY

Pietro Di Donato

I. THE RED CHRIST

II. THE WHITE CHRIST

III. THE YELLOW CHRIST

IV. THE BLACK CHRIST

Epilogue

ALL PARADISE VENUSBERG

I met the first Christ in front of Wally Brown's Port Jefferson Fish Market. The tall handsome longhaired Indian with Mayan head-dress, gold Star of David, Silver Cross and lion's fang around his neck was standing by a huge chrome-gleaming Yamaha motorcycle; the tank said, "We eat Hondas." With him was a pubescent Mary. The signs in Wally's window featuring Peconic Bay clams, scallops and live jumbo soft-shell crabs made me salivate. As I approached the Indian beckoned in commanding manner and thrust sheets of manuscript at me. "Buddy," I said, "I'll read your stuff later." He gave me a smart salute.

Wally Brown was born with one hand; his left arm ended in a stump at the wrist. He was gutting a striper. I asked him about the Indian. "I seen him and her zooming around Port Jefferson here on that jazzed-up bike," said Wally, "-she's eatin' material. That motherfucker's not a badlookin' cat. They say they're from Stony Brook University. What's in the hippie poem he gave you?" The script was entitled "DEBT," and read: "You all come out of alias 'Puttana L'Africana,' the Almighty WhoreDEATH, Creator of men and Gods, alias 'Vita Vagina,' sovereign of the Cosmic BLACK HOLE, and she is also called, 'THE CREDITOR' and 'Divinity of THE LAST JUDGEMENT.'"

----"In the night the nation slumbers and the dreamless are the same as the unborn and the defunct.... without images there is no telling of sexes, races, sizes, animals, insects, fishes, planets, elements, vices, virtues, the sacred and the profane, and all is the infinite-one DESIRE.

"Dawn painted by bards, chanted of artists and sculpted as sought Aurora arrives in its appointed time and awakens man to the lucid perfect-imperfect dream.

"Lids raise and uncovered eyes greet the sun god or rain god or the gods of cloud and storm for man is part of weather, a vibrating member of climate and each erotic mood of womanly nature.

"Birds should be heard and crowing cocks too and kine lowing and dogs throating at the fresh day. The lifting sun plays music on the Rose of Sharon outside the panes or on a smoky mountain or on a vaginal valley or spring torrenting or sliding river or on vast blue Neptune.

"Living is going and coming, resting, and going-going coming-coming over and over and who records each move? Will sends messages to bones and muscles and man erects himself into destined day and woman <sup>M</sup>untinkingly brings wayward thighs together and fences the fedid-fragrant fount of the feel of good and evil. The bladder presses, stomach rumbles, anal ring quivers and dilates---this also within the Immaculata and the First Lady and the parasite Princess Diane and the pristine and prettiest and the penis-ground prostitute and the whoever least...thus and hail exquisite goddessCaca daughter of Vulcan and Medusa sister of the three-headed flame-vomitting monster Cacus...Vestal virgins sacrifice in your marble temples Caca Almighty...bless and keep fluent humanity's intestines oh lovely Caca sweet deity reigning over the romance of piss and shit!

"Lemon juice and coffee trumpet the precious digestive system and propel elimination so the the back of knees tighten and resonate vigor--how salutary the chemical confession, how felicitous the orgasmic sewerage, now through the entire blood and school of brain the unseen work!

"The hot tub soothes seducingly and the shower's liquid needles stimulate, and the ablution needs not excusing symbol for things are as they are and between the legs there is no evil nor sin. The best world is proudly naked despite Genesis, the effects of Noah's grapes and the broad-hemmed mental garments shielding hypocrisy....Man and woman nude exhilarate to the flowering day! Hail to Priapos' intruding hardening red tide! Hail to the pink minor and major lips  $\bar{o}$  ; the Venus-fount and the other twoos! Hail to the lingual-genital feasting of each other! Hail to the peaks of bursting passion-blossoms and the calming!

"My Argument for this confident conscious world I made is the perpetual joy of love-lust...love-lust is Eternity!

Witnessed by my Mother, Mary:

I, G O D, J.C.

The brothers Andy and Simon stopped in front of Wally Brown's fish market with their pick-up truck and unloaded baskets of live lobsters. The Indian spoke to them and helped carry the lobsters in and dump them into the pound. Just then a band of people appeared at the ramp of the marina across the way not far from where the ferryboat, The Grand Republic was moored.

I recognized the leader, a nature-boy organic foods character known as 'John the Baptist'--actually, he was the artist John Gatto who ran the health emporium, PROVISIONS, and was somehow related to the Indian. I whispered to Andy, "You know the Indian?" Andy shrugged, "Never saw him before." The Indian said smilingly to Simon, "I can use you--you shall be called 'Pete the Rock---Rocky for short." Simon looked confused, but nodded. The Indian went out to the baptizer's group. Andy and Simon went also. ~~Wally~~ Wally Brown said, "What's up?...They followed that redskin like they're hypnotized! While we watched John the Baptist at the marina ramp dip the Indian, Andy, Simon and others in the water Supervisor of taxes Nathanael came into Wally's and asked, "What's going on at the Marina with <sup>T</sup>hose religious freaks?" Phil Moss the old native Jewish clamdigger entered the store breathlessly and said to Nathanael, "Nat, the guy with the feathers and the piece named Mary is really the man spoken of by Moses in The Law and David and the whole slew of prophets--- I ain't kidding. That red savage is the Messiah--in this crazy world anything can happen---I've known him since he was a kid --he is Jay See the son of the dead-and-gone horny wood-butcher Chief Joe Man of the Stony Brook Shinnicocks, and Jay See himself went to Stony Brook University---a born radical!" "Stony Brook U.!" exclaimed Nathanael, "Can any fucking good come out of Stony Brook U.?"

The Indian Messiah returned with a sea gull on his shoulder. He and his Mary with her guitar sat on the Yamaha. Nathanael regarded him doubtfully. The Indian J.C. said softly, "There's nothing false in you, Nathanael. Nathanael you are now Matthew." Nathanael said, "Matthew sounds better." J.C. said, "Look into my eyes." Nathanael-become=Matthew looked into J.C.'s eyes. Something came over him. He was shriven. He trembled and said, "Master, you are the Son of God . . .?" J.C. chuckled, "Brother, You haven't seen anything yet!"

I asked the Indian politely if he would permit me to see what Nathanael-Matthew saw. He said, "Absolutely--of all people authors more than anyone else must look into the eyes of God."

I was the center of the Universe...surrounding me were countless endlessly expanding galaxies...the fact of encompassing Time and Space and instantly knowing every content, form and action at once made sense for the fiery letters WHY NOT! blazed through the cosmos...With swift glancing I was drawn into the centrifugal-centripetal comprehension of the Supreme intelligence...Station and Motion were indistinguishable...Past, Present and Future radiated unilaterally as The Holy Animus. . . In mirrors as grandiose as interplanetary dimensions I witnessed the innumerable personalities of Protean God=Come-At-Last who chose Stony Brook, Long Island, New York, USA as the habitation for His Advent and Mission...he was reflected kaleidoscopically as Jove, Juno, Bacchus, Eros, Venus, Miner<sup>v</sup>a, Dionysus and  
^

measureless millions and billions and unending trillions of sexual/austere/incontinent/profound/mystic/clearly-identifiable orgasming deities.....there was Universal Peace and earthlings were singularly beautiful.

"I observe the private lives of the creatures of the air and of the sea and of the animal kingdom and of the tiny insect wilds ...I see the hundred ton vegetarian whales ponderously copulating and monogamous white swans frigging on world-wide ponds and furry shrews screwing and sperm tail-wagingly entering inviting desire-maddening ovas--and oh those lust-burning eyes of God!-- I am a single solitary sperm coursing father's transport canal into Mother's urinous uterous and 'making it' with the fated egg to eventuate into your honest truthful narrator---but what is this now-oh disgust of disgusts I am forced to view up close my dear Cleopatrine wife cosily in bed with her first husband--I rebel! oh harlot-genital needs---how sad to behold them whackingxx away at it-push-sump-push as the old fellow sends a tired half billion sperms into my one and only beloved---oh where is the very young Hindu wife who finger-in-mouth comes to her bridegroom virgin---and joins him alive on his flaming funeral pyre--whither noble Suttee?--and the tele-prompter above my wife and her Republican first husband reads, "Pietro-ideal~~ist~~-fool~~of~~-of-purity a mate is but the incidental functional toilet---life is convulsive incontinence and where oh where are yours-hers-theirs-his comes and feces of yesteryear?"

In the optic theater of Indian-giver-God who gives life, dreams, promises and then brutally reclaims all and destroys your consciousness forever or is he now presenting Creation according to my heart's desire? -Is not BEING mythopoeic absurdity--a supposed state of culture where and when all natural phenomena-reality are explained by myths of numina? -Oh but BEING is in mind and as truth suggests insanity it behooves reason to give way to imperative magic....Within the vision of Indian red man God my thoughts are instantly perceived and accommodated: from seventy eight I become again twenty five!--how logical when Iris spans hues arching a billion miles that spell, "OF ~~THE~~ COURSE.....AND WHY NOT!"..... the worlds abounding are pure and dazzling with colors and shadings and the ethereal throbs with indescribable symphonies and profound choruses sing, "ALL IS NAUGHT WITHOUT THE SENSUAL JOINING OF SPIRIT AND FLESH!"==I honestly doubt what I behold ---is it fantasy of brain?--but everybody certainly believes in God, Devil, Heaven and Hell--and who am I to cross the Majority and cynically question The People and their Church and Government--- perhaps their faith is right and my <sup>.skepticism</sup> ~~is~~ utterly wrong: "Odit enim Deus nimis scrutatores"--God deeply hates scrutiny (He madly schemes against those who would probe Him)--therefore I must play it safe and go along with THE PEOPLE ---and so I too believe and am involved with the powers and mysteries of RELIGION.



Wave after of the heat of lovers swept fondly over me and within each of my right hand were Adam Man and Eve Woman in the historic first lock of genitals, Pasiphae was in convulsive swoon and the thirty-inch-pricked reaming white bull and Leda was climaxing with the huge swan, and as Sodom and Gomorrah's burning pitch cremated the Angel-bunholoing pederasts, in the cave up the mountain the newly-made widower wine-soaked Lot pumped and seeded the itching vaginas of his two daughters; enviously I behold teen-age Hercules prong-break the cherried hymens of King Theseus' fifty pubescent daughters in rapid order the night through just like that/ small King David valiently services the urinal, lingual and anal orifices of his seven hundred wives and concubines whilst scribbling sychophantic Hebrew poems and brown-nosing JHVH as his son Amnon rip-rapes his own sister Thamar/ queenly Jocasta is being more than satisfied between the hot thighs by the husband-King who issued from her womb/ olive Antony and sepian Cleopatra grace the Nile with poison-jeweled and perfumed erotica in rhythm with the sacred incestuous lust of Isis and Osiris/ amongst the marble shafts of Troy the only-Helen-for all is dross that is not Helen-- parts her heavenly legs for Godlike Paris/ how tenderly Paolo penetrates penis into his siste-in-law Francesca and upon beauteous simultaneous coming the lurking Duke's dirk sends them going-from life/ and with priestly sensalism Master Peter Abelard rams gentle believing obeying ward Heloise/ ah, how tiring Dante pants for the child-girl Beatrice...she hardly menstruates but the purer the little girl the more ragingly intense the wanting/ how fascinating to be in the Vatican bed alongside willowy Lucretia Borgia and her horny father Alexander VI as the

carnal pleasures they are indulging shame de Sade but ultimately there's nothing wrong for it is ravenous blind nature and withing nature all is contained, Fates, God and Eros and (the Fates are not subservient to God and Eros is above both/oh Nox daughter of Chaos coupling with your brother Erebus your cosmic cunt spews forth thy progeny Night, Day, Dreams, Discord, Fraud---keep fucking as mortals offer thee owls, bats, poppies and cocks/ oh dear see the initial celebrated twelve year old Miriam-made-Mary do it with aged carpenter Joe, see grizzly Joe do it with the kid Mary because they are poor and human and it costs nothing to unite phallus and brand new vulva/ I am surrounded by the Nymphae, the three thousand (virgin Dryades, Oreades and Nereides and they are redolent of sea and dale, wood and plain, bower, grotto and fall; they shed their veils; I drink in their nudes and thus delicious delirium possesses me/ I pause before the ~~temple~~ temple of Mylitta and virtuous women within are waiting to fulfill the holy rites of laying for any and every man--or woman/ and here in Pompey the patron Gods of the male and female members Priapus and Vulva are in their magnified glory/ There is a rowboat on a lake. In the rowboat is an athletic young man and an attractive middle-aged woman. The rowboat is a sleeker varnish-shining bark, cedar lapstreak with copper nails--it is light and responds to the powerfully urged oars. The woman sits facing the rower. They are mute and mesmerized with desire. He rows faster and faster and when he cannot go any faster he sends the skiff into a sheltered nook. She lies back, closes her eyes and spreads. He plunges into her and she sighs. Without warning her circular muscle cramps. He cannot come out. It is ridiculous.

While in fright he silently prays she whispers, "Say the most obscene things--degrade me--hit me and humiliate me with profane names. He does and the lock relaxes and releases--oh ~~memory~~ memory-memory'== 'tis I and the comely curved aging widow of "War to end all wars" President Woodrow Wilson.....my first novel and her ~~White~~ White House memoirs are brought out by Bobbs-Merrill and we are addressing a Librarians' convention on Lake Mohonk--I thought of her many years later; when having lunch in the White House with Kennedy--I told--he laughed.....What marvels one does see in the eyes of God! =Aye, in the divine mirror of God's visual orbs I see myself transformed from a pissy impotent old man into my invincible young stallion-self of yore!---I had then the greatest of treasures, Youth! Youth! scalding virile always-hard phallic springing Youth!

~~Friends~~ Friends going by the fish market could not know it was I! Gladys, Wally's devoted Jehovah Witness wife who ~~died~~ passed away a month before came to us--crowds followed her from the cemetery---a fine hand grew on the stump of Wally's wrist--a phone call notified Wally that he had just won the fabulous lottery---Wally embraced Gladys tearfully crying, "Honey, this Indian from Stony Brook University brought you back to me from the dead--He's the real God Almighty!" I asked the red Christ, "How did you become Gdd?--Tell me, who--what made you Gdd?" He said, "I made myself God. I willed it--just like that. It is logical that one is All or Nothing."

"Why did you make us this way and then come in our image?"

"Can you imagine a more pleasurable form and content?"

A beautiful girl with gorgeous legs and mouth-watering hips walked by. She smiled to me but liked him better. She stopped and motioned she wanted to ride with him. He revved his engine and said,

"Boy she's some piece of ass! Now doesn't that justify life?"

I hollered, "Jesus Christ are you cuntstruck too?"

He sat the girl with Mary behind him and shouted , "Why not!"

Then I saw the horns and cloven hoof . . .

THE WHITE CHRIST

I met Jesus the White Christ in Port Jefferson, Long Island, by the plate-glass window of Wally Brown's fish market. I had seen him doing odd fix it jobs when he wasn't teaching theology at nearby Stony Brook University--and presumed that he knew I had written Love in Concrete. He reminded me of Paul Newman the movie star. He was wearing shorts, T-shirt and home-made sandals. He was handing out sheets of literature to customers entering the fish market. The usual heavily armed robotnik was watching from the harborfront across the way. You could clearly see the print on his green helmet and uniform:

'!)) PERCENT TRUE GREEN AMERICAN TROOPER.' I kept a cautious eye on the Green Robotnik. It was against the Law to think. And I didn't want to get involved with anyone guilty of that serious crime. (I did my thinking clandestinely in my fiction, and would fuck the Green Machine Totalitaria if I could-- that is, without getting hurt or killed.) The pamphlet White Jesus gave me read:

CAINA

world

(The way the ~~world~~ is and should not be)

I, Prof. Jesus, the firstborn and legal issue of Joseph ~~and~~ and Mary Man of Stony Brook--but in truth the SON OF GOD--tell you

the spirit of the Lord my father is upon me because He has anointed me. He has sent me on the Second Coming to announce good news to the American helots who have degenerated from robots to zombies, and I am to ~~proclaim~~<sup>i</sup> proclaim release for the prisoners of Non-Think, recovery of sight for the spiritually blind and let the broken will-less herd go free and manifest the Lord's favor.

Now towards the close of the 60th century of the false God Mammon and under the military dictatorship of Big Friend Ricky Prix's one hundred percent True Green American Machine I the Trinity of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost come back to the planet Earth in the mortal form of a full-blooded unadulterated low Jew from said Stony Brook say unto you: Think and Love, or else after me will come irrevocable doom. The Sealed Book shall be opened and the world of Man will be ashes seeking an urn.

Prometheus did not make man nor did Vulcan fire woman from clay. I AM, as Jehovah made the Garden of Eden for the abode of a male and a female. Innocence-the-first, the atmosphere without hurt sustained that scene and kept lion and lamb in peace and shut out hostility between the one man and the one woman.

It has been alleged by Jewish Christianity that in the breaking of Eve's hymen from her urinary-genital orifice came the multitude of evils that has never ceased to afflict the human race. It is also thought that Nature which is instinct erupted from the plenitude of my wondrous creations to rival my sovereignty. The truth is that the bliss of Eden was senseless. The joy of life is in the good-doing on the road to becoming. Joy must be achieved through the conscious voluntary will to love. The tree of life earns its fruit. After the physical birth must come the moral birth which is the soulfull imperative that flowers into the miracle of love. I bring not a sword but Peace. Stop war! Start Love!

The above was written without notes or help and typed directly on my IBM Executive

~~document~~  
Jesus Man the Christ.

There was nothing treasonable about that bit of religious propoganda. Like anyone who writes he was anxious for my opinion. The Green Trooper Robot was warching me closely I handed the literature back to Jesus and said, "Good fellow I can only say, like Parmenides that there are basically two kinds of philosophy, one founded on reason and the other: on the vagary of personal opinion---let us say everybody is right and nobody is wrong....pax vobiscum...."

"Peace is peace is peace," he said, "and love is love is love." The burly Green Robot came menacingly within a few feet of us. The cuatomers in the fish market made a show of ripping Jesus' ~~pa~~ pamphlets and throwing them into the litter can. The Robot took a pamplhlet, could not understand it, would not admit it, but simply wrinkled the red, white and blue starred flag tattooed on his forehead. I said loudly, "Not even our beloved Leader, Big Friend Ricky Prix claims to be God." Jesus said, "It should make no difference whether I am God or not. If you exercise conscience and will yoursef ; to love your fellow men and women you will be in the state of Godliness too." He smiled wistfully, took of his shabby spectacles, handed them to me and said, "To enter the kingdom of God--aye, to be God you must forgive and love man and woman in spite of how you see their true natures through my glasses." I said, "-About this 'God' business; in a way an author is God when he fashions and creates characters and toys with and determknes their fates."



--"in fact," I continued, "the bibles of all religions-- especially the Book of Mormon which young Joe Smith stole ~~in~~ from a two-bit printer where he worked--are arrant insulting bullshit put together by scribbling phonies for pathetic suckers--- and if you don't mind my saying so I believe you're nuts..."

He answered wearily, "I feel sorry for you--you're like the rest-- the fatcat tawdry media people--charlatans all--self-servers who insist upon the false, the Satanic lie. Your art is a carnival of words, a printed paper-whore, the levatrice of masks and simulations. In life immediately about you and all over the globe there is real injustice, real perversion, real oppression, real agony, real hypocrisy, real murder, real death."

Across the way on the ramp of the marina was the local vegetarian-reformist, John. Jesus said, "Well, Di Donato, I've got to get cracking on my divine Mission according to Scripture." He went to join the small group to be baptized (He hadn't told me that John was the son of his mother's sister Elizabeth).

I put on Jesus' cheap cracked soiled glasses. My vision was suddenly critically acute, electroscopic, and I saw people, things and life as ~~it~~ all IS! Thousands of birds converged as clouds of winged bodies overhead. They were not gulls but foul vultures that resembled the Green Robot Troopers. The world was a gray-gray thing; the very air laden with a dismal heart-deadening grayness.

John's followers undressed ~~for~~ for baptism. They were the average people. There was ~~not~~ not one beautiful person---men, women and children, the same you see daily flooding and receding from supermarkets and department stores and congregating as massed automata led by the Green Troopers and hailing Big Friend Prix and his cohorts

vice-Friend Spiral Balls and Henry Kissass. Your very same 'howdee' neighbors appeared through Jesus' glasses as they really were: endomorphic, low-assed, thick-ankled, poorly postured, misshapen, disproportionate, seeming to have been put together in an amusement parks corridor of distorting mirrors. It is almost better to be blind than to have to look upon the average people. But with Jesus' glasses I could see beyond the physical. In the baptized I saw a glowing light that spelled 'L O V I N G K I N D N E S S'. The fishermen brothers Jack and Jim Boanerges and the clamming brothers Andy and Simon came into Wally Brown's fish market and said that Jesus was the The Rabbi, The Messiah, promised by the Old Tesxtament. Nate the tax collector asked where this Jesus was from. On being told Stony Brook University said, "Stony Brook U.? Shit, I've never known anything good to come out of that place." I could see the United States of Totalitaria from any perspective. It had simplified and stabilized its economy by functioning upon ~~the~~ the main principle of perpetual warfare--against defenseless little repressed nations. The killing industry was Number One. The Bif Friends --whores all!--in Washington's Gray House, the military Pentagoons and the swollen War Contractors were ONE. The U S of Totalitarian America was busily at war all over the world and also conducting experimental limited police action against the Soviet forces on the Moon. Patriotic cliches were posted everywhere and radio and T V blared nationalistic exhortations twenty four hours a day.

Men and women were either in the armed service or weapons factories; and automated foods and goods combines provided necessities. The system of Robotia under the Green Machine worked with proven scientific efficiency. The programmed man and woman was neither happy or unhappy any more than cogs in machinery. Human beings were commodities like cars and all other appliances that are used and discarded to make way for brand new model turnover.

The super-rich Industrial-Military-Fascist Green Machine Elite lived in their inviolable private secret sensuous luxurious fortress paradise. The banks and treasuries as in antiquity were the temples of worship to Mammon. In the Gray House the evangelist of Mammon, Billy Nabisco performed the holy rites of the DOLLAR.

Truly, through the eye-glasses of Jesus Christ I saw little distress among the sodden masses. One was either working or fighting, or shelved in a nursing home for the worn-out and unemployable.

The common people had been de-souled and de-brained and completely protected and alienated from individual personality and the harrowing responsibility that was freedom and thinking. The people really did not have problems. The people did not have to worry. America had reached its final station, the Security National State.

Two days after I met Jesus--exactly on the third day of what he called his 'mission' I saw him in the home of Phil Moss my fellow subversive in Cana. Phil, a follower of Christ and a compulsive radical intellectual was throwing an all-out wedding party for his rock musician son. Phil asked me, "What are you wearing those beat-up glasses for?--they belong to Jesus!"

Jesus' mother Mary and her ninety year old cousin Liz, the mother of baptizing John and the sea-faring disciples were there plus Stony Brook professors and college kids and relatives from Brooklyn, the Bronx and the Catskills. We drank many-many toasts. Phil cried, "I want this to be a wedding party that will never be forgotten! From today on when you say 'wedding' you mean 'Cana' and when you say 'Cana' you meaning wedding. My son is not the only bridegroom in the house. There is here the wedding of the Old Law to a New Testament, and His redeemed the Bride. The intimate pure and permanent union is at hand. Offered to us is that exalted and immortal condition in which we shall see as we are seen, and in which the spirits of just men made perfect go on from glory to glory for we are now in the presence of the Lord!" Only a few of us knew he was referring to Jesus. The more wine passed around the more lively the party became. Phil cried, "Dance, sing, shout, let yourselves go! Let's stand this bastard bourgeois village on its head!" Strangers crashed the party. Past midnight neighbors phoned complaints. Two prowl cars arrived. The Green Troopers were courteous and remained. The wine gave out. The Greek caterers from the Elks' restaurant said they could not get any more at that hour. The guests clamored for wine. Mary said conspicuously to Jesus, "Son, ~~they~~ they have no wine left. I was wearing his glasses and through his lens I already knew he could do anything. Phil and the disciples were watching confidently too. Jesus pretended it was none of his business. Mother and son spoke to each other as though it had been rehearsed. Mary said firmly to the Greeks, "Do whatever my son tells you to do." There were six empty barrels by the barbecue on the patio. Jesus said to the caterers, "Fill the

barrels with water." The four Green Machine Troopers were watching curiously. The caterers brought the garden hose and filled the barrels. "Now," said Jesus, "put the bungs back in and draw pitchers from the tap." They did so. Out of the taps flowed deep-red rich wine. The drinking began in earnest. Mary played the guitar and sang carefully worded anti-war songs but no one gave heed. Phil's place became a heady swirl of drunken noise and music. Through the glasses of God I saw that people were people ugly inside and out and aside from stuffing their guta with free food and swilling free marvelous wine they couldn't care less who provided it and how. The guests had witnessed the miracle and it did not ~~ix~~ impress them. Oh visionary of ~~visions~~ visions and dreamer of dreams !! "So what?" said one of them, "How do we know the barrels weren't lined with instant wine powder! And if he didn't cheat and did turn water into wine is that a big deal? With our American Green Machine know-how nothing is impossible. Today we congeal the mind and the body obeys commands and goes on. There's only one true miracle, the Dollar!" The spectacles I borrowed from Jesus gave me no joy. I heard Mary and withered old Liz talking with a circle of elderly Jewish ladies about having been visited by angels announcing the special birth of ~~xxx~~ Liz's son John a change of life baby and Mary in beatified tones telling the tale it seems! they had oft heard how not old Joe but Heaven had impregnated her to bring forth Jesus the Christ God who would save mankind. I knew and believed in Jack Kennedy. He lied us into Viet Nam. I met and believed in Johnson. His Bay of Tonkin lie escalated Viet Nam. I believed in penis-nose Ricky Prix. His lies became the multiplying cancer of many Viet Nams and led America into the robot Security National State .

I was dismayed. What was there about the Lie? Was the Lie the secret mysterious answer? In a world that had cherished and fostered the Lie into the sole vital integrating element I felt that even ~~God~~ God Himself was not immune from its almighty corruption. When I was a boy in the Hoboken slums I saw a bunch of flies gorging on a pile of putrid shit. The shit made their <sup>green</sup>bellies swell prosperously and shine and they buzzed with joyful health. Christ was sitting with his disciples and sipping his own wine in sweet reverie. There was a newcomer named Judas Iscariot. The wedding party had quieted and the Green Troopers were freeloading on the eats and wine. I could see through this Iscariot's clothes and into his concealed identification card. He was a CIA rat bastard. If I could see that, so could Jesus. I adjusted the spiritual glasses. What I saw saddened me. He surely knew what the humanity he made was. He was going to perform some miraculous acts of compassion---but he was going to pray for and not rely upon his supposed unlimited power, but upon the dormant potential for good in the common people. His glasses showed me that he foresaw failure, betrayal, abandonment, torture, scoffing degradation, forsakement and death by violent execution. With this Gospel he would foreit his mortal being, denude ~~him~~ himself of human liabilities and sensations, return to the rarified sanctum of Godism and hope and expect that his sacrifice would shame and imbue mankind to love and love first, foremost and always.

At the tail of day it is no longer lucre, sexual flesh, wine or the Green Machine that conquers but Morpheus. The women, friends, strangers and the annoying ever-present robot Troopers with their Rover-boy American flag tattoos on their beatling brows (how can a woman get in bed with that!) left. Kindred souls, host Phil Moss, Jesus, the tenaciously faithful (if not too bright) disciples, the obvious fink Judas and I kept the wedding party embers astir. I lived a block away and it didn't matter whether I got too drunk to stumble home or just pass out there. I had done that before. I was still wearing the truth-glasses and sober enough to say what was on my mind. I said one could be comfortable with and in the presence of God by the sincerity of their thoughts--as AI predicated: "There but for the grace of God go I . . .and but for the grace of I go God." I revealed the fact of the divine glasses and what I read of Jesus' plan of procedure and final sacrifice. He didn't deny it. Judas queasily excused himself and left. I said, Jesus-baby Judas is a motherfucking CIA agent! Jesus nodded. There was only one Phil Moss; no one, nothing in the world could deter, frighten or prevent him from expressing his thinking and feeling, and when he blew up he told Jesus what I didn't have the gall to say. He shouted, "Jesus Christ!-- you mean to say you are going to take the shit from the jerks and cocksuckers of the capitalist Green Machine Prix, Balls and Henry Caiaphas Kissass, and let them piss and spit on you and nail you like a fucking shingle---Man are you really that crazy!?"

"Phil Moss," he said, "There's a ritual, a way, a process for all doings. A baby, a tree, is not spermed and seeded and born in a minute---there are gestures, timings, ins and outs, ~~xxx~~ and rules and regulations and pauses and leaps and turns and required absurdities to all things. I can only consummate my Mission according to Scripture. The harm that will be done to me does not matter for I will triumph with my appeal to the conscience. Candid Phil Moss said, "That's all well and generous of you to say because you have got it made being God and have nothing to lose. Why the hell didn't your father and you make us all Gods!" Phil Moss was right--and why not? As for Jesus Christ---well one can be disappointed and bored even with God. Verities, lies and stupidities speed securely in the ruts of time. I gave the eye-glasses back to Jesus and fell into dear drunken sleep. --Someone shook me awake. It was Jesus Christ. I said, "J.C. I have one fucking hangover!" "Come with me," he said, "what good are inspirational works and ~~xxx~~ fantastic miracles if they're not recorded?" "Yes" thought I, how many a lovely flower has bloomed unseen--how many people have done splendid things that have been lost to history! The preservation of noble acts should come before all considerations. ~~xxxxxxx~~

I followed J.C. into the wilderness of New York City. We wandered forty days without food and water in the polluted barbarous man-made jungle, and we threaded our way discreetly, rubbing shoulders with the savage urbanites. I tried to keep the fast with him. On the third day I broke down and ate junk-food as though there was no tomorrow. The forty first day came--J.C. had lost fifty pounds and was scarecrow thin. He was keenly hungry. There was no food. J.C. said, "My stomach thinks my throat ~~xxxx~~ is cut---I could eat a jackass stuffed with straw!"



Then lo and behold!--from out of the eye-burning smog . . . the Devil appeared . . . he pointed to a brick pile and said Snidely to J.C., "Wise guy if you're the Son of God tell these bricks to become fresh-baked seed rolls!" J.C. answered, "Not by bread alone does man live but by every utterance that comes forth from the holy mouth of God." Mister Devil towered over Jewish Jesus Christ. To my surprise there was none of that horns and tail and cloven foot stuff. Master Adversary was tall, blonde with a graceful virile physique, mellifluous voice, sea-green eyes, glistening attractive white teeth and wearing fashionable sport clothes. I was overwhelmed by how very personable he was-- and I did wonder at his assured ~~god~~ god-like presence. It occurred to me that he was co-equal with J.C.---in fact that he was J.C.s complementing contrasting nature--the other side of the heavenly coin. As quick as the flicker of the eyelid he wafted J.C. and me to the pinnacle of the Washington monument. His will had propelled us like weightless cosmonauts---his wish being sire to the flight. Height terrifies me--especially when we are balanced as angels on the point of a needle!---I clung to Jesus like glue. Tourists below thought we were prospective suicides. A Green Shirt shouted through a bull horn, "What the hell are you guys doing up there!" The provoking D. said sneeringly to J.C., "If thou art truly the Son of God throw thyself down, for it is written: 'He will give his angels charge concerning thee; and upon their hands they shall bear thee up lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.'" J.C. came back at him with, ~~Prone~~ "Proud one it is further written, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy ~~God~~ God'."

His Highness the Devil showed us the glory of the whole global earth. He spoke of 'Order the supreme Law' and quoted Dante from the Paradiso about 'This beareth the fire toward the moon' and he spread the infinite planets out before us in the palm of his hand and said to a J.C. with agitation, "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." J.C. said, "Get lost Devil who art Mammon!--for it is written, "Lord thy God shalt thou worship and him only shalt thou serve!" "You bore me," said the D., "I can have more fun making trouble elsewhere." And J.C. said, "Beat it father of lies. I say unto thee, scam!"

We took the Metroliner to Penn ~~xxxx~~ station and hitch-hiked back to Stony Brook.

The Disciples formed a rock band to attract attention to J.C.'s Mission. J.C. said to them, "Let's go to the big shopping center-- it is now about the only place the common people congregate."

We took the free bus to the Mall. J.C. started to do his thing in the parking field by Macy's and facing A&S. Word got around that a poor mad little Stony Brook Jew had the knack of healing. At first dozens and then hundreds of afflicted people were brought to him. Crowds gawked as J.C. healed all kinds of impossible cases and the cures were real.

John the baptizer had an organic foods and vitamin store in the Nutritional Center of the Mall. He came out in his long hair and beard and goat's skin loin cloth munching dried locusts and lapping honey. Baptizing Jack said to the onlookers, "He's my cousin, Jesus the Christ."

"Of course--he's the son of old Joe Man and my young aunt Miriam who calls herself Mary now. -I told you people he was coming.

I'm not much of anybody but I am his herald. He is the real Mcoy Messiah and you goddamn well better believe and get with it!

Now you got to reject this lousy corrupt polluted technological age and return to the good old naked clean natural living. Alright you slobs--keep quiet and listen to Jesus Christ!"

J.C. began to address the mob. His poise was sure. He said, "Brothers and sisters dear I was anticipated by the Prophets and Kings. I was suggested by Aristotle...Dante Alighieri spelled out the dialectics of my moral imperatives and he lyricized the anatomy of my love philosophy." He suddenly thought of something---~~bx~~ he boiled over

and shouted, "Generation of vipers ye have Zerox machines for souls! Not your contemptible Dictators in Washington but you are the cause of putrid evils! Your Leaders ~~km~~ in D.C. are only the scum upon the cesspool that is you! Ricky Prix, Spiral Balls, Henry Kaiaphus and Ham actor the next Dictator are only abstractions symbolizing you-- YOU---YOU the MULTITUDE of vulgar cowardly brainless jerks who know neither how to live or die! But I excoriate ye in vain as ye are robots.....alas--ye alimentary automatons shall all perish and the earth planet will be host to the arthropods, the intelligent durable insects!" The Green Shirt Troopers with the Star spangled banner of Totalitaria tattooed on their foreheads were ~~shocked~~ shocked by J.C.'s treasonable references to the country's rulers.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

But the centurion of the stone-face Green Troopers moved everybody by coming to him and entreating, "Lord, my caretaker is lying in the house paralyzed and is ~~xxx~~ grievously afflicted." J.C. said gallantly to him, "I will come and cure him." But in answer the centurion said, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof--but only say the word and my caretaker will be healed--- for I too am a man subject to authority and have soldiers subject to me-- and I say to one, 'Go,' and he goes, and to another, 'Come,' and he comes--and to my caretaker who is my servant, 'Do this' and he does it." And when Jesus Christ heard this ~~the~~ marvelled and said to those nearby, "Amen I say to you, I have not found such great faith in Stony Brook." Then J.C. said to the centurion, "Go thy way--as thou hast believed, so be it done to thee~~x~~." And the centurion's caretaker was healed in that hour. I noticed top New York Times reporters Dick S- and ~~Israel S-~~ Israel S- taking notes as J.C. profoundly said, "Happy are those conscious of their spiritual need since the kingdom of the heavens belongs to them----happy are those who mourn since they will be comforted---happy are the mild-tempered since they will inherit the earth---happy are those hungering and thirsting for righteousness since they will be filled--happy are the pure in heart since they will see God---happy are the merciful since they will be shown mercy---happy are the peaceable since they will be called 'sons of God'---happy are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake since the kingdom of heaven belongs to them.~~xx~~"

Now crowds followed Jesus Christ wherever he went. I do not attribute altruistic motives to them---what Jesus was trying to get across to the was as simple and direct as a baby reaching for and sucking a tit---~~of~~ LOVE. One would have to be a deaf, dumb and blind idiot not to understand what he meant:--LOVE was the ANSWER--love was the alpha and omega of Creation, love was goodness-kindness-giving, love was God and all one had to do was to will love from the center of one's being and radiate it without ifs, ands and buts.....but again alas---my impression of the mass-people tailing Christ was that they were the same age-old spectacle-watchers and droolers at public scenes since the dawn of homo sapiens to the Roman Bread-andCircus rabblement Jesus always kept us guessing as to his next move. There was no planned itierary for his Mission---he would walk restlessly for miles and then stop on the spur of the moment and expound. -This time it was at the Port Jefferson marina opposite Wally Brown's fish market. He opened his lecture with his definition of values: "Do not lay up for yourselves bank accounts and stocks and properties on earth where rust and moths and termites consume and where thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves credits in heaven ~~wh~~ where neither rust or rot consumes nor thieves break in and steal. For where thy treasure is there also will thy heart be. No man can serve two masters for either he will hate the one and love the other or else he will stand by the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and the robot State of Mammon! Therefore I say to you do not be ~~anxi~~ ~~anxi~~ anxious for your life, what you shall eat-nor yet for your body-what you shall put on.

Look at the birds of the air--they do not sow or reap, or gather into barns--yet your heavenly father feeds them. And as for clothing, why are you anxious? Consider how the lilies of the field grow-- they neither toil nor spin, yet I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these. Therefore be not concerned about tomorrow/ for tomorrow will have anxieties of its own. Sufficient for the day is its own trouble. Therefore all that you wish men to do to you, even so do you also to them--for this is the Law and the Prophets.'.

Two men who had escaped from the Central Islip mental hospital rushed violently through the crowd. People were looking at all this from the shore and in boats and from the Bridgeport Ferry---and on and on the upper deck a platoon of Green Troopers on an outing were eating franks and burgers and drinking soda. The two madmen cried to J.C., "We are possessed with demons! What have we to do with thee son of God? Hast thou come here to torment us before the time?" And the demons raised their voices loudly from out of the lunatics, entreating J.C. and saying, "If thou cast us out, send ~~xx~~ us into that herd of pigs up there on the Ferry!" And Jesus shouted to the demons, "Beat it, you dirty devils! Get lost! Out-- O U T!" And the invisible devils left the two loonies forthwith and entered into the partying Green Troopers and the whole platoon rushed to the railings like zombies and plunged overboard into the sea and perished.

The Messiah's next trek was to Suffolk Community College."The Campus," he said, "is the last outpost, the final possible but futile hope for this soulless accursed society." The sisters Martha and Mary came to him in distress. Mary said, "Lord , behold, our brother Lazarus whom thou lovest ~~xx~~ is sick." ~~XVery~~ "Very sick," added Martha, "from an overdose of crack!" Jesus said, "At presen this sickness ~~is~~ is not unto death--at least not right now---for Lazarus to die is not its object, but is for the glory of God,in order that the Son of God may be glorified through<sup>1</sup>it." Now junkie Lazarus lay in a ~~xx~~ coma in Bethany some fifteen stadia from Stony Brook-- and J.C. remained on the Stony Brook campus and he didn't go to Lazarus, much to the disappointment of Mary and Martha.

Six days later J.C. said to the disciples and me, "Lazarus our friend has gone to rest, but I am journeying there to awaken him from sleep. -Then Jesus said to us outspokenly, "Lazarus has died, and I rejoice on your account that I was not there, in order for you to believe. Now, Thomas, who was called 'Gemini' (The Twin), said to his fellow disciples, "This is terrible, in our love for our comrade Lazarus let us to go also, that we may die with him." When we arrived in Bethany we found thatLazarus had already been four days in the memorial tomb near the sacred synagogue of Mammon. Accordingly many underground hippie Jews had come to Martha and Mary ~~in~~ in order to console them concerning their brother. Therefore Martha, when she heard that J.C. was coming, met him--but Mary kept sitting at home. Martha therefore said ~~xx~~ to ~~xxxx~~ Jesus, "Lord, if you had been here my brother would not have died. And yet at present I know that as many things as you ask God for, God will give you."

J.C. said to her confidently, "Martha, your brother Lazarus will rise!" Martha said to him, "I know he will rise in the resurrection on the Last Day---the rich Sadducees scoff at the dead arising but we poor Pharisees do believe in the resurrection." J.C. nodded and said to her, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that excercises faith in me, even though he dies, will come to life---and everyone that is living and excercises faith in me will never die at all. Do you believe this?" Martha said to him, "Yes, Lord and Rabbi, I have ~~believe~~ believed that you are the Chržst the Son of God, the One coming into the world." And when she had said this she went off and called Mary her sister, saying secretly, "The Teacher ~~is~~ is present and is calling you." The latter, when she heard this, got up quickly and was on her way to him. J.C. had not yet, in fact, come into the village down Main Street, but he was still in the place where Martha met him. Therefore the freedom-loving good-cause Jews that were with her in the house and that were consoling her, on seeing Mary rise quickly and go out, followed her, supposing that she was going to the memorial tomb to weep there. And so Mary, when she arrived where Jesus was and caught sight of him, fell at his feet, saying to him, "Lord, if you had been here my brother would not have died." J.C. therefore, when he saw her weep ing and the Jews that came with her weeping, groaned in the spirit and becamex troubled--and he said, "'Where have you ~~laid~~ laid Lazarus?" They said to him, "Lord, come and see. " Jesus Christ gave way to tears, and also bawled aloud. Therefore the Jews and hippies and friends began to say, "See what affection Jesus Christ used to have for Lazarus!"



But some of them asked ironically and justly, "Was not this man that opened the eyes of the blind man and did fantastic healings at the Smithhaven Mall able to prevent his bosom pal, Lazarus from dying?<sup>½</sup>" Hence J.C. after groaning again within himself came to the memorial tomb. It was in fact a cave and a big stone was blocking its mouth. Jesus Christ in no uncertain terms said, "I order you people to remove the great boulder. Martha, sister of the deceased said to him respectfully but somewhat dubiously, "But dear Lord-- it was not only crack that killed Lazraus but also dread Aids and by now horrendous decomposition has set in my brother's corpse, and he must be putrid and stink awfully to high heaven for he has been dead four days now . . ."

Therefore some strong comrades rolled the stone away from the cave. Now . . . Jesus the Christ raised his eyes heavenward and said clearly , "Thank you God!--rather, I thank you that you have heard me. True, I knew that you always hear me--but on account of the good people standing around I spoke so that they might believe that you sent me forth . . . !" And when he had said these things J.C. cried out with an awesome mighty thundering voice, "Lazarus!-- get up and come out! -Lazarus, do you hear me? -Lazarus get your ass up and come forth immediately! Lazarus, the man that had been dead came out with his feet and hands bound with the wrappings of the winding sheet, and his countenance was bound about with a cloth. ~~He looked~~ (He looked for all the world like The Mummy in the Hollywood horror film) J.C. said triumphantly, "Loose our friend and let him go."

Bringing back the dead was an American first. The news travelled all over continental United States of Robotia. In Washington Big Friend Ricky Prix said to his police state Sanhedrin, "Sponsors and Hollywood are flooding this guy Christ with fat offers. He's Super-Magus. Fame and money will suck him in. He'll become an overnight multi-millionaire and join us." But Henry Caiaphas Kissass, Green House ~~myself~~ sycophantic pederast, took serious issue and said, "I'm a Jew and therefore know the Jews--when they are idealist and revolutionary like this character Jesus Christ--as he styles himself--they cannot be bought or seduced--they will demonstrate and agitxate and propagandize to their last death. The public herds are content and docile. This Jesus prestidigitator can be the bloody ruin of our supremacy and the chaos of our Orderly Society. We must not give s hit whether he is God or not for the true God is in the bank--to stay on top we must go all the way! It seems you know nothing at all nor do you reflect that it is ~~expedient~~ expedient for us that one man, this mad Jew, Christ, should die for the people instead of the whole nation perishing. Don't you see that it's going to be either his ass or ours!" So from that day forth it was the Green House master plan to put Jesus Christ to death.

In Stony Brook J.C. walked boldly into the Temple of The Almighty Dollar. He braided plastic strips into a cord and whipped the hell out of the fawning tellers and handlers of monies. Someone set off the burglar alarm and soon the Law and people flocked to the Temple. J.C. went into a lengthy preachment--among other things he said, "Love thy enemies, do good to those who hate you---and to him who strikes thee on the cheek offer the other cheek also." The listeners murmured that one had to be a complete idiot to love enemies and gladly accept hurt.

J.C. worked himself up to a pitch: "You call me a glutton, a boozer, and a friend of Jewish Liberals, ward-heelers, roustabouts and gays and whores----so what? I tell you that they're infinitely better than you hypocritical square slaves.....I'll tell you more! -This is my second and last Coming--this time I decided to become man in earnest, to experience all and I mean all! of his doings---yes I broke all the Commandments but one--I did not kill (it's not too late!) I did every fucking thing you public slobbs have done, do and will continue to do== yes jerks like you I lied, cheated, stole, maimed, betrayed, reneged, peddled bullshit religion for profit, deceived, raped, got venereal diseases and Aids but as yet I have not deprived anyone of their one and only precious life--Listen to me!" Ham Actor the epitome of the Great American Cretin will succeed Ricky Prix--Ham Actor the cowardly cgx charlatan and his consort Piranha will condemn me to the Cross as a dangerous communist. -That's when the surprise of the ages will take place-- -I am no longer the crucifiable Messiah!....Woe to you Stony Brook! Woe upon woe to you, Washington, D.C.! -You cynical faithless places shall be thrust down to excremental hell! -And when you see Washington and the Green House taken over by slant-eyed bankers then know America's desolation is at hand---your vaunted arrogant supremacy will become a Helot debtor nation---there will be incredible distress over the land and wrath upon the people--and they will fall by the edge of the Red Sword and will be led away as captives to all nations!"

The crowd knew him since he was a kid and his unpleasant words they could not stomach. One spoke for all saying, "He sure is the ballsy one throwing that stuff in our teeth and breaking chops!-- Yeah, who died and left him Leader?" Others said amongst themselves, "Is this not the doddering old carpenter's son? Is not his young mother called Mary, and his brethren James and Joseph and Simon and Jude?==And his sisters, are they not all with us? -Then where did he get this treasonable radical shit?--yeah, yeah, how did this guy come by this wisdom and the trick of performing miracles?"

J.C. said, "God is truth, and truth performs miracles---therefore I am the truth!" A flag-tattooed redneck shouted, "Who asked for you? You got your nerve trying to jam truth down our throats--is truth something new?--there are truths better not to know-like being ugly, cowardly, and dying---you can shove your truth! -You're a bastard troublemaker you rotten red!" One of the less debased sort said, "How long do you intend to keep our souls in suspense? If you are the Christ, tell us outright!" J.C. answered, "I told you, and yet you do not believe. The works that I am doing in the name of my Father, these bear witness about me. But you do not believe because you are none of my sheep. My sheep listen to my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. And I give them everlasting life, and they by no means will ever be destroyed, and no one will snatch them out of my hand. What my Father has given me is something greater than all other things, and no one can snatch them out of the hand of the Father. I and my Father are one."

That made the local folks furious--they scoured about for sticks and stones, and closed in on him. Jesus Christ said nervously, "I displayed many fine works from the Father. For which of those works are you stoning me?" They said angrily, "We are stoning you not for a fine work but for blasphemy, even because you, although being only a mortal man like any of us, and having a magical devil in you, try to make yourself out to be God!" Our J.C. answered them, "Is it not written in your Law, 'I said: "You are gods"'? If he called 'Gods' those against whom the word of God came, and yet the Scripture cannot be nullified, do you say to me whom the Father sanctified and dispatched from a virgin womb into the world, 'You blaspheme,' because I said, I am God's Son? If I am not doing the works of my Father, do not believe me. But if I am doing them, even though you do not believe me, believe the works, in order that you may come to know and may continue knowing that the Father is in union with me and I am in union with the Father."

They accused him of Hebraic word-play, double-talking filibustering. J.C. kept quoting Scripture to back up his claim but he got nowhere fast. The capricious people began to rough up the disciples and stone J.C. Jesus ducked and dodged--and as he nimbly took to his heels he turned and shouted hoarsely, "A man in his own country and in his own house is never accepted as a prophet...!"

Now John the Baptist was to come to no good end--we received bad news about him. He had dared to lead a small band of zealous paxophiles to Washington. Strangely enough, ~~Spiral~~ Spiral Balls, the reactionaries' reactionary, frankly admitted to liking 'Baptizing Jack, and not unkindly called him, 'Jack the Dipper'.

Spiral Balls would disguise as a citizen and listen to the Baptist rant about the Super-Magus Jesus Christ of Stony Brook, Long Island and his devoted loveniks. -But the Baptist's butting into Spiral Balls' private life cost him his hippie-hairy head. -Spiral Balls was having carnal traffic with his own brother's wife, Herodias. Now John the Baptist went up to Spiral Balls right before the T V cameras and loudly proclaimed, "It is not lawful for you to be fucking the wife of your brother Philip!" Balls had John arrested for disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct. But Herodias hated the Baptist and wanted him killed--but Spiral Balls stood in superstitious fear of the Baptist, knowing him to be a righteous and holy man--and he was really keeping John in protective custody in the CIA dungeon beneath the Pentagoon. --Ans he visited him on the q t, and after hearing his beautiful mind was at a great loss what to do, yet he continued to hear him gladly. But a convenient day came along when Leader Ricky Prix left the earth to inspect and hearten the obedient fighting robots on the Moon, and S.B. guided the chariot of Totalitaria at home. S.B. spread an evening meal on his birthday in the dining room of the Green House for his top-ranking Pentagoons and big cogs of, the looting Industrial Green Machine. And his niece, Salome, the daughter of this very Herodias came in and danced and overly pleased Spiral Balls and those reclining with him. Balls was drunk and said to the maiden, "Your dancing gave me untold pleasure--for that you may ask anything of me--aye, even up to half of the United States of Totalitaria!" And Salome went out and said to her mother, "Mama, what should I ask for?" Herodias answered, "Demand the stupid lice-infested head of that blabbermouth John the Baptizer.!"

Salome went in with haste to Spiral Balls and said, "I want you to give me right away on a silver platter the head of John the Baptist!" Although he became deeply grieved, yet S.B. did not want to disregard her in view of the oaths and those reclining at the table. So S.B. immediately dispatched the Official Decapitator and commanded him to fetch John's head. They say it was the usual Nazi ritual--copied from Adolph Hitler--as the Headsman, dressed in swallow tail, striped trousers, black tie, silk high-hat and white apron, brought his ~~gxxx~~ great medieval axe down on the neck of Jesus Christ's cousin John. The Executioner put John's head on a Tiffany silver platter, covered it with perfumed cellophane and brought it to the virgin maiden Salome---and the dutiful daughter served the Baptist's gory head to her satisfied mother Herodias. Just at that time J.C. was on his way to Washington. The disciples had gone ahead and arrived there before him. When they heard of John's tragedy they came and took the headless corpse and laid it in a memorial tomb. But they ruefully said that had John stuck to weightier matters and not concerned himself with Spiral Balls' private morals he would have sensibly remained among the quick.

Leaving Baltimore I said to J.C. (Sam Goldberg--alias Jesus Christ) "Rabboni, what's the program to be in the Capital of our dear Police State---or do you play it by ear?" He said rather automatically, "I've been screwing around close to three years on my Mission and I am reaching the end of the line. I must go to Washington and suffer many things from the pimps, Chauvinists, reactionaries, jingo-jingle writers, moron Mormons and High priests of Mammon and be crucified, visit Hell and resurrect."

"But," said I, "-That the Son of God should undergo all the miserable shit you foretell is obscene and an insult to reason. Good Lord!  
-why must this rigamarole-mumbo jumbo-abbacadabra insanity of betrayal, public arrest, manhandling, humiliation, kangaroo trial, et cetera and nailing of your poor bones and flesh take place!  
-what kind of cooked up semitic shit is that!---what kind of a fucking masochist are you--or are you just another neurotic self-destroying Jew?" He said, "The Messiah must come willy=nilly without the suspenseful fanfare of prophesy from wild-eyed far-out poets-- and furthermore the schema of my Advent and the particulars thereof were not ~~written~~rewritten by me. This whole business must have the nature of a complex many-layered mystery--ordained by the infallible son=sacrificing Almighty Jewish Father-God → -must evolve like a thing that goes through various dramatic stages to the heart-breaking climax and unforgettable catharsis. I, the main performer, must follow the scenario to the T--remember, my Father is the most intense formalist! -I'm to give my flesh as bread and my blood as wine---it is to be the greatest story ever told -a story to be renewed each day of a person's life---I cannot take liberties with the script--if I do, even to the jot and tittle, there will be no Christ-ian legacy--for me to die of old age would be absurd--my fate must be a violent martyrdom like the orgasms of Nature-- the slob=masses love Hollywood horror--I must be cruelly abused and murdered to achieve fruition. ..I will be responsible for the founding of the neo-Jewish religion that eill confound and possess the Gentiles and will curse and persecute the seed of Abraham to the ends of time."



"But," said I, "to a civilized mature mind this is all a clinical case of psychopathy, sadism, masochism, a conscious and deliberate reversion to barbarism, cannibalism-7 and your precious 'Schema' is nothing but a blatant plagiarism of more than a few prehistoric and ancient religions--that of the Sumerians for example replete with genesis, deluge, parables, terrifying giants vanquished by naked midget heros, immaculate conceptions, trinities, beloved sons sacrificed and all kinds of bullshit. -Yeah, and how come the Devil gets away unscathed with all kinds of fuck-ups---why ain't he crucified like he deserves'=.?" Jesus Christ said, "How in Hell do you know I'm not the Devil?"-Then he said, "I'm sorry--but cheer up--trust me--I'll play The Game--take the bloody shit from the Ham Actor but ~~xxxx~~ believe me at the last moment when it looks like curtains for me I'm going to shock the entire world of capitalist cocksuckers"=

Now Washington was solemnly celebrating the fourth anniversary of 'The giving of the Law of the Pods'. --(Remember that as the tumultuous elections of the American free society approached the 'Conservative' forces used the combined police and military to drench the hapless nation in blood and proclaim the unilateral robot state. The masses were to be as happy as peas in the pod, therefore: the complete absence of antimony, the apotheosis of uniform servility, and the dawn of the robot man and woman as the deified ideal, symbolized in the sacrosanct LAW OF THE PODS. Washington was the ~~Mecca~~ Mecca of the mindless non-troubling man, and American robots were coming from all over the known world and planets to attend the sublimely sterile pageants).

When we were in sight of the Capital J.C. said to some of the believers, "Go into the village opposite you, and immediately you will find an ass tied, and a colt with her— loose them and bring them to me. But if anyone asks you, "Why are you loosing the ass, and her colt upon which none of mankind ever sat?" You must speak in this way, "The Lord, Jesus Christ from Stony Brook of Suffolk County needs these special beasts of burden." And they will obey your request. This must be done so that what was spoken through the prophets, Isaiah and Zacharias, might be fulfilled: "Have no fear, daughter of Zion. Look! Your King is coming! Behold, thy King comes to thee, meek, and seated upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of a beast of burden."

So the Christ-enchanted went and did as J.C. had directed. And they brought the ass and the colt, laid their outer garments on them, and made him sit thereon. And most of the crowd spread their maxi coats and stoles and sweaters and surplus apparel upon the road like a royal carpet, while others were cutting branches from trees, and x strewing them on the road.

As J.C. entered Washington, the crowds that went before him (half of them black) and those that followed, kept crying out, saying, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord! Hosanaa in the highest!" (These things his disciples took no note of at first, but after J.C. had been nabbed and condemned , then they called to mind that these things were written long before by the Jewish prophets-----Yeah, but the ugly truth is that most of the common people who lauded his triumphal entry into Washington were soon the very same turn-banners who thirsted and clamored for the crucifixtion entertainment spectacle!)

As J.C. ambled down Pennsylvania Avenue with gracious confidence on his ass the city was thrown into commotion, saying, "What's all ~~x~~ the acclaim about? What gives? Just who is this Hebrew guy?" But the mobs kept saying and saying, "This is the real McCoy Christ, the one hundred percent true Jesus the prophet from Stony Brook of Suffolk County, Long Island, New York!" And most had never even heard of the place.

In front of 1600 the crowds violated the strict rule of DISCIPLINE and hailed J.C. without restraint. Henry Kaiaphas Kissass of the oily eyes and thick glasses, was on the portico and said to his intellectual yes-men, the Pharisees and the Sadducees, "Look, this low demented member of my own race has stirred the ashes of their souls! He is putting ~~xmxxxx~~ subversive freedom thoughts into their robot heads! Given half a chance the automated helots of the world will follow this pied piper of love like a dog in heat trails a bitch! He's making time and ~~wxxxx~~ we're getting nowhere! My fellow-Yiddle is rocking our boat---he's making the waves that will swamp and capsize our treasured Dictatorship! This carpenter-magician ~~had~~ has got to die forthwith! And if he is God, we'll rub the bastard out anyway!"

People descended upon Washington like fleas on a hot damp night. They pretended to flock there for the decorous Robot Festival and the Blowing of The Totalitarian Trumpets. But actually, they came to find their Saviour. Clandestine rock bands appeared by the thousands. Overnight there was a livid jumping atmosphere reminiscent of the good old permissive days of Democracy.

It was Kaiaphas Kissass' idea to allow these bizzare, soul-airing Woodstockian revels so as to identify the enemies of the State, and liquidate them.

Viewing the tawdry pullulating masses I said to Jesus, "Rabban, look at them--to see them is to weep! You are their Creator--why did you make them such misshapen, repulsive jerks? ██████ What did you have in mind? A million of them put together does not equal one whole admirable human being! -If I do not tell your Godship the truth of my vision and feelings then this life is not worth a damn! All works and woes come from these indiscriminate child-breeders and not from the comedians Prix, Balls and Kissass whom they lift above their empty heads to power! For the life of me I don't get it---first you make them disgusting, deficient, defective louts, and then you turn right around and expect to reach them with your divine ideal and beautiful message that they cannot understand and accept! They should not be called '█████' 'People'--they should be called "Hydra"-the endless sel-perpetuating multifarious Evil having many sources. I tell you that this Hydra is not to be overcome and won by your single effort of LOVE!" He shook his head pityingly; "If everything were easy and right and made sense you would hardly ██████ know you were in this life. Action makes appetite--tough goings make for good sleep--pain is so sweet when it stops--struggle is joy and the ordeal of the road and what happens on the way is more exciting than arrival. I never use the word 'utopia'. Alas, comrade Di Donato, you are not so different from the rest--you are all children who clamor for the ██████ toys called, 'miracles'.

"Perhaps I should have made people so that they remain children all their lives, like busy little dolls that never change--and then they would remain safely with Alice and Oz and Pinocchio and Puss in Boots.

" "Yes," I said, "people should never leave elves and fairies. By allowing people to reach puberty and grow up older was your big mistake--by becoming adults they lose their bit of charm and become incontinent caricatures! Well, comrade Christ, as they say, "You brought them to the party---now you dance with them!"

A Dodge bus with flower decals stopped near us. J.C. said annoyed, "Would you believe it?--family-family-family! Here are my worrying, typically neurotic Jewish mother Miriam-made-Mary, cousin Roth the mad writer from the Bronx, nympho-sister-in-law Gussie from Coney Island, yeah-yeah uncle Hymie from Levittown, old Aunt Elixabeth, sorrowing mama of martyred cousin John the Baptist, Moe the Moocher from Miami and wild Bugsie Weiss from Hollywood! Verily it is said that you have your choice of friends but not kin.

Everybody wants to get into the act!" I said, "J.C., that's for sure and you can say that again--and I bet you that when the chips are down they'll run from you like rats leaving a sinking ship!."

He said frowningly, "You'd think they'd have the decency to let me go about my Father's business without embarrassing me. They look like they're on a holiday--relatives-relatives, they'll probably eat pastrami heros and pickles while weeping and wailing at my crucifixion--oh well, that's par for the course. And you, comrade Pietro, when the crunch comes, will you run out ~~on~~ on me too?"

I crossed my heart and...lied: "I'll declare myself for you and stand by you come what may!" He looked distressed. I said, "

"You have a bad color. Are you afraid of what you got going--  
 having second thoughts?" "Hellno," he said, "my stomach's upset  
 and growling--got the runs--had some rancid canned potato soup."  
 He dashed into the public toilet (with an armed flag-tattooed Green  
 brute at his heels---those bastards don't have any sense of shame).  
 Could George Orwell have imagined that his "1984" would have been in  
 full bloom by 1989! If he knew what his 'face-less, mind-less flesh  
 and blood robots would do to GOD HIMSELF Orwell would whirl in  
 his grave. When J.C. left for the toilet I saw his notebook fall  
 out of his pocket. I picked it up. In his meticulous left-handed  
 writing were snatches of THE PROGRAMME:

(last wk. to go)

-feed multitudes

-woe to jingo scribes and fascist conservatives

-signs of Robot State's end, and destruction of Wash. D.C.

-Last meal (contact I. F. Stone--his alias for Isadore Feinstein---  
 maybe hold it at his secret hiding place where he prints his WEEKLY?)-

--see to it that you are betrayed by poor confused C I A agent,

J. Iscariot, the son of Simon (oh yes, remember to have Di Donato

provide Judas with aunion-made nylon rope with which to hang himself.)

I was dying ✕ to read the rest but just then Jesus came out of the  
 toilet. He said he felt great. I handed him his notebook.

Of the millions who had flocked to Washington only a handful got  
 Jesus Christ's true, simple message that Love was God, Love was  
 All, Love not based on miraculous performances, promises, threats,  
 bribes and what-not---Love to be generated in the heart and mind  
 and soul and made to radiate like sunlight--Love being its own  
 reward. -~~Thnx~~

The puling masses were the same old beast-the Public-the People--that Hydra that changes its pelt but never its treacherous ways. They indulged themselves in the expectation that God, who now appeared as a lowly Jew, would deliver them from Totalitaria and return them to Democracy. The Jerk-people were going to play it safe: they would huzza and rah-rah for Jesus Christ so long as he wiped out the Dictator and robot army, navy and air force---But! --if Jesus Christ let them down they'd rush back to the Green, White and Blue flag and scream for J.C.'s death! -Then of course to Okhlos the mob nothing was of profound moment---all they required was bread and circus--that is--hot dogs and Hollywood. Within a few days Washington was unrecognizable---people lived and loved and fought in the parks and streets---moForcyclex gangs roared about, booths sold drugs and souvenirs and autographs of Jesus the Christ--and it was impossible to relax what with the rock bands going night and day--and the litter and sanitation problems made Washington stink. It pleased the feckless masses to pass around all kinds of stories about J.C.: He was an illegitimate child born with seven veils; he was really a Martian; he was the Devil himself; he was a hermaphrodite; he was a state of mind; he was an escaped lunatic and so forth. Government cut off food supplies. In two days the great crowds were weakened and delirious. J.C. now gave a good example of the power and imagination of God. He described a certain boy, and said, "Bring that boy to me." The boy was found; he had a paper bag. Within were five hot dogs, two pizza pies and a bottle of Coca Cola. J.C. made the disciples set up tables.

J.C. placed the meager food on the tables and prayed---instantly the tables were loaded with hot dogs, pizza pies and Coca Cola. the million famished people gorged themselves.

While we were by the Lincoln statue (made by my Godfather, the sculptor Attilio Piccirilli) we saw Wally Brown--old one-handed Wally, and his wife, the Christ-loving Witness Gladys--whom J.C. returned from the dead. Jesus said, "Wally Brown, I sent you a message by mental telepathy." "Yes Lord J.C." said Wally, "I was opening clams and Gladys said, 'Wallace, the Lord wants us to pick up fresh fish in Cheseapeake Bay and bring it to him for the Last Supper.' So here we are with the Gruck and in the cooled tank all kinds of live healthy fish." "Swell." said our Lord--and Wally asked where to take it. Now J.C. said to me, "You suggested we have the big meal at your friend Izzy's place." I said, "Yes, Rabboni, but there is a price on Izzy F. Stone's head for radical writings in his Weekly and now that he is in the underground how can we find his place?" The Son of Jehovah had an answer for everything. He turned to the disciples and said, "This is the first day of the Unfermented Cakes. Go near the old Hotel Washington and there will be a luminous man with a blessed round face and thick eyeglasses. Say to him, 'The Teacher says, 'My appointed time is nearing; I will celebrate the Passover with my disciples at your abode.'" By evening we were in the plain dining room of the hidden home of my dear friend I.F. Stone. Izzy's Esther cooked and served. The fish was supreme, and as we drank California red wine and dipped Esther's home-baked bread in the fish sauce J.C. said, "Amen I ~~say~~ say to you, one of you will betray me." We were all wise to Judas being a C I A rat but Christ had his reasons for playing dumb--he was a born dramatist. Each disciple asked, "Is it I, Lord?"



--and our Christ would shake his head. When Judas tremulously x asked, "Is it I, Rabbi...?" Then J.C. said, "You're goddamn right!" Jesus took bread, kissed it and broke it, and said to the disciples, "Take and eat; this is my body." And taking a cup of wine, he gave thanks and gave it to them, saying, "All of you drink of this-- for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is being shed for many unto the ~~forthe~~ forgiveness of sins. But I say to you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it new with you in the kingdom of my Father."

Then we all sang, "Happy am I with my Redeemer!" and went out to Mount Olivet which is behind the Treasury.

I didn't kid myself about the million visiting robots in Washington having their Jesus-fling. They were hoping that being God J.C.'d knock the shit out of the ruling clique and their death squads and give the masses back good old Democracy. I too dreamed that Christ would do just that---and I didn't believe he'd take all the mean shit that was soon to be dished out to him.

Then Jesus said to us, "Don't be flattered by being in Washington ~~wix~~ with me; you will all be scandalized this night because of me; for it is written, 'I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock will bescattered.' But after I have risen, I will go before you along the Whitman shore of Stony Brook." But Peter and I said in unison, "Even though all shall be scandalized because of thee, we will never be scandalized." J.C. said ruefully, "Pete and Donato, amen I say to ye, this very night, before a cock crows, ye two weather vanes will deny me three times."

Now Pete and I swore we wouldn't do a low thing like that-- and the rest of the disciples swore the same.

Then we wandered to a garden-place called Gethsemani, and J.C. said, "Take a breather here, while I go over yonder and pray." And with him ~~x~~ went Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and he began to be saddened and exceedingly troubled. Then he said to them, "My soul is sad, even unto death. Wait here and watch with me." And going a little way forward, he fell upon his face, praying and saying, "My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass away from me for I am terrified by what I have to go through. ~~Yxx~~ Yet, not as I will, but as you will." He came to the disciples and found them sleeping. -Out like a light--and he shook Peter and said, "Could you men not so much as watch one hour with me? Keep on the watch and pray continually, that you may not enter into temptation. The spirit, of course, is eager, but ~~x~~ the flesh is weak." For the second time, he went off and prayed, saying, "My Father, if it is not possible for this to pass away except I drink it, let your will take place." And he came again and found them sleeping, for their eyes were heavy. He went and prayed for the third time. Then he came to the disciples and said, "At such a time as this you are sleeping and taking it easy! Look! The hour has drawn near for the Son of man to be betrayed into the hands of sinners. Get up, let us go. Look! The informer is here--he is the Actor in craft and life!" And while he was yet speaking, Look! Judas, one of the ~~xxx~~ twelve, came and with him a motley slew of C I A human rats disguised as redneck robots carrying searchlights and axe handles, and there was also Green Beret troopers and their Centurion.

Now the C I A betrayer, Judas Iscariot Reagano, the son of Simon, had given the Centurion a sign, saying, "The guy I kiss, will be your man--take him into ~~xxxxxx~~ custody." And going straight up to Jesus the Christ he said, "Good evening, Rabbi!" -and kissed him very tenderly. J.C. looked at his wristwatch and noted the time of his betrayal. "Fellow," he ~~x~~ said to Judas of the CIA, "for what purpose are you present?" Judas bluntly answered, "Lord, I did this to force you to liberate the robots--let your Godly hand smite the accursed Dictatorship of Mammon! Do it, Lord! Now or never! If you disappoint me and the lumpen masses I swear I shall destroy myself!" J.C. said, "Iscariot of Judea you played your Scriptural role 2,000 years ago and this is the second and last time." Then he turned to the Centurion and said, "Whom do you seek/" The Centurion said, "I have a warrant for the arrest of one Jesus of Stony Brook." J.C. said proudly, "I am he. Now take me but let my good disciples go, that the Word which he said might be fulfilled: "Of those whom thou hast given me, I have not lost one." As the troopers pulled J.C.s hands behind his back and handcuffed him, Peter the fisherman whipped out his fish-knife and sliced off a trooper's nose. Jesus therefore said to Peter, "Pete, put your knife away for all those who take to arms shall surely perish by arms. Do you think that I cannot appeal to my Father to supply me at this moment more than twelve legions of Angels ~~x~~ to wipe out these Fascist pigs? The Old Testament says that the sacred Scriptures can only be consummated by my crucifixion Shall I not drink again the bitter cup that my Father in Heaven had once given me?"

Then he said to the hostile mob, "Robots, have you come out with axe handles as against a mad rapist or robber to arrest me? You answer me not. But I'll yell you you fools that you have nothing to brag about; that this is not your idea; all this is taking place for the scriptures of the prophets to be fulfilled." The finks began swinging their axe-handles at the Christ-lovers. The disciples, fearful of injury, jail or death, took to their heels--and the prisoner of the C I A cohorts, Jesus Christ, was all alone. In the frantic flight I ran into Wally and Gladys Brown. I told them to take their fish truck and drive the hell away from Washington because there eventually would be mass bloodshed over the Christ affair. I followed the Green trooper bastards who were pulling and shoving Christ along, and trailing from another direction was Peter the clam-digging disciple from Port Jefferson, Long Island. The cowardly motherfuckers hustling Christ had their M16s and M60s trained point-blank at him as though he were a most dangerous lion rampant. But some of the shit-asses looked at him with that trembling doubt that said, "If he really is God what will be my awful punishment?--will he understand that I had to go along with the rest of the robot jerks? Will he have mercy on me?" They took him through the streets to the Executive Office Building, looking for the High Priest of the United States of Totalitaria, Dr. Henry Kaiaphas Kissass. The crowds watched gingerly by torchlight, wondering if at the showdown this guy who called himself God and King of the Jews would blast the hell out of the Green myrmidons and the robot setup.

Abominable Dr. Kissass was not in the Executive Building but in the Green House, which under Democracy had been the White House. Now Peter was by my side as we tried to pretend we were robot on-lookers, but a female attendant with sharp eyes said to Peter, "You, too, were with Jesus of Stony Brook, the communist traitor!" Peter turned pale and said vehemently, "I don't know what ~~x~~ the hell you're talking about"! As we followed Christ being taken in to Kissass another girl ~~xxx~~ attendant said to those nearby, "This common Jew with the bald spot on the top of his head was hobnobbing with Jewish Christ the Stony Brookite!" And Peter rolled his frightened ~~eyex~~ eyes and said, "I swear on my mother's grave that I do not know the arrested man!" After a while those standing around pointed to Pete and me and said, "These wise guys certainly are comrades of the commie Christ, for, in fact, their Stony Brook, Long Island dialect gives them away!" Pete and I began to curse and swear that we never saw this Jesus Christ before when immediately a cock somewhere, crowed. And Peter called to mind the saying Jesus spoke, namely, "Simon Peter, before a cock crows, like a yellowbelly you will disown me three times." And thus Peter and I hid our faces and wept bitterly.

Now the Green Outfit could easily have rubbed J.C. out, but Dr. Henry Kaiaphas Kissass, a cunning psychologist, said to Ham Actor, "Let's put a legal face on htis railroading so that robot history will laud us and summarily discredit future idiot Gods and Saviors."

Dr. Kissass questioned Jesus unctuously concerning his disciples and his teaching. Jesus answered him, "I have spoken openly to the world; I have taught theology and the wonderful ways of God at Stony Brook U., and in the synagogue and in the Temple of the Dollar. Why dost thou question me? Question those who have heard what I spoke to them; behold, these know what I have said. Besides, ye of the robot Dictatorship have bugged my every word." A Green patriot broke Christ's nose, making it run blood, and he said to Jesus, "You red rat, is this the way you answer the High Priest?" Jesus said, "If I have spoken ill, bear witness to the evil; but if well, why dost thou strike me?" Meantime the chief finks and the Green Sanhedrim were looking for false witnesses against Jesus in order to put him to death, but they found none, although many false witnesses came

Later two came forward and said, "This jack ~~of~~ of trades from Stony Brook said in front of us, and our ears did not deceive us, "I can knock down--yea-- tear to pieces the Government Seat, The Green House, and, the Temple of the Great God, The ~~Almighty~~ Almighty Dollar, and rebuild them up bigger and better in th ree days flat!" Dr. Kissass smote his forehead and cried, "This traitor, Christ, has blasphemed! What further need do we have of ~~witnesses~~ witnesses! " Right then and there the Green patriots went to work on J.C. beating and doing depraved things to him.

Judas saw it from afar. He concluded that J.C. was not God but a sweet good deluded guy with a beautiful impossible mission. He could not take reality--he hanged himself. The Washington profession~~x~~-al patriots put a crown of thorns on J.C. and laughed themselves ~~silly~~ silly mocking him as 'King' and 'God'. To me J.C.'s 'fulfilling scriptures' was nothing but crazy shit. J.C. would not respond to Dr. Kissass and Kissass said, "Fellow-Jew, you have committed treason and blasphemy. You have come to afflict a comfortable, contented society, therefore I send you to Pilate the governor of Washington and advise him to have you put to death!" And Dr. Kissass permitted the reactionary patriots to punch, kick and spit and piss upon the Son of God. Now Pilate loved his wife, and when she came to his office and said excitedly, "Pilate dear, have nothing to do with that righteous man, Jesus Christ of Stony Brook, for I suffered a lot today in a dream because of him."

J.C. stood before Pilate on the portico of the Green House. I saw his young trembling mother, Mary, and relatives, and the disciples in the crowd. -And there were many sympathetic famous Television Evangelists who were ready to share ~~h~~ their Lord's fate. I sensed mortal danger for the Believers (the subsequent mass carnage of the Faithful proved my fears). You could tell the ones dedicated to Christ--but ~~h~~ they numbered no more than one perc ent of the robot rabble.

Poor J.C. was a mess. -They had put a paper dunce cap and placard on his head that read, "Me, I'm God". His face was bruised and swollen, his nose flattened, and his eyes blackened and almost shut. He looked like one of the patient-victims in the insane asylum violent ward. The vicious crowds were on the lawn where they used to roll Easter eggs.

To them Pilate cried, "You, the Vox populi! -what then shall I do with this Jesus the so-called Christ?" The Public roared, "Crucify the bastard!" Pilate said, "For nothing? Why, what bad thing did he do to you?" They screamed, "Whip the phony and nail him to the cross!" Pilate poured water over his hands and shouted, "I wash my hands of this whole business! I am innocent of the blood of this inoffensive man. You yourselves must see to it!" One of the Christ-haters cried back, "Let his blood be upon our heads and upon the heads of our generations---so what?" That Thursday night, which later became known as "Crucifixion eve," was the most miserable night in the world. Our Lord was confined in a cell under the Pentagon. With my forged National Review Security credentials I conned my way in to see him. He lay in his own stenchful waste. His front teeth had been knocked out, and his ancient, magic, see-all, know-all eyeglasses hung from his neck on a shoelace. Under Democracy Hollywood had done a movie about the Messiah. In that Sunset Boulevard epic the Son of Man was so pretty, with manicured nails, a permanent in his glistening tinted tresses, a rich cloak, expensive sandals, a pedicure, and a sugary smile...well, the actual Christ had come the second time and he had been made a revolting sight by the barbaric hand of man.

I bribed the guard to bring soap, water and towels. After cleaning J.C. I gave him a strong joint. Four sticks of pot later we talked about the old Stony Brook days before the Dictatorship. I told him of bucolic Long Island in that area about the time he was born when there was no Levittown and pollution and malls and the endless traffic and the University and how I remember the native gossip and rumors attendant upon his coming into the world; how his orthodox mother, Miriam, was nine months pregnant and it was the eve of December the twenty fifth and she and old Joe Man were on the Jericho turnpike



in a snowstorm coming home from cousin Liz's house and their Ford pick-up broke down by the Shangri-la motel, and the square manager didn't want to get in trouble for giving them a room as Miriam-Mary was under age and they couldn't show proper identification of marriage and old Joe's moral rep wasn't the best, and the Dutchman felt sorry for Mary and let them shack up on cots in the heated garage where there was livestock too; their names were not registered and it was for free; and that's where the Blessed Event took place with foggy Joe haphazardly yanking the infant out in all the fecal, urinary and bloody mess; and of course three Arab travelling salesmen saw a big Bright Star over the garage and came in drunk and made a weeping fuss over Mary and the cute soiled Jewish baby and treated old Joe and Mary to beer and clams on the half-shell and left samples of their wares and good money. For years doddering Joe Man told the unlikely story in the Stony Brook tavern opposite the railroad station about young little Mary's 'Immaculate Conception', and there was bawdy laughter and cracks about the milkman and the Long Island Lighting Company meter-reader.....well it was harmless amusement, and now senile Joe Man was in the Yaphank County Nursing Home and didn't know what was happening to the Immaculate Conception in Washington D.C.; and what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. I kept hinting to poor J.C. about wondering if he was still cherry at the age of thirty three and if he'd ever had a piece--maybe with a whore or a hippie or a Strathmore Development bored wife or a school-teacher or a farmer's or clamdigger's daughter (wouldn't it be something if a girl could boast, "I was screwed by God!") -but J.C. said casually through his missing teeth, "Pete, whether I got laid or not is no big deal. . . ."

I said, "Now honest J.C. is this crazy messiah sacrifice trip really necessary? The media rumors say 'they' are going to impale at least ten thousand dedicated Christers and their families too with ~~h~~ that old 'nits will be lice' shit. Must that be? Are you going to let that holocaust happen? Have you no feeling and pity for those who might be tortured and crucified in your name? What the hell kind of a God are you? We mortals pass this way only once and it would be a goddamn shame for the 'Good Ones' who dig your pitch to be nailed to those fucking crosses--it just ain't fair! Why not put on an act and render to Ham ~~Actor~~ Actor what is Ham Actor's capitalist right and skip the whole psychopathic sick deal?" With old-fashioned hard-skulled Hebrew doggedness he insisted, "No Torah--no Scripture no Messiah; no Messiah no world; no world no Father; no Father no eternal Pleasure Park no Story. Pete my sheep Scripture is Scripture is Scripture ad infinitum!" I couldn't help saying, "Fuck Scripture!" He said, "To each his own." We rapped until morning. It was piss-and-vinegar Friday. Then came the heart-shrinking tramp of Green Troopers' ironshod boots. The guard said sentimentally to J.C., "Come on, Buddy, this is your day in the barrel. You will have to be God or Houdini to get out of this show." I wasn't going to let sweet J.C. take the ghastly ordeal without some help. Before he knew what was going on I grabbed his skinny hairy arm and jabbed the needle with the triple dose of pure junk into him. He looked at me gratefully.

Outside the Pentagon I beheld that which surely crushed my soul. Oh, in all wondrous Creation, who and what can match the bestial demented cruelty of man! They, that 'THEY', ever the Vast Beast of the ages, the common people, were preparing to crucify some twenty thousand Christers---and this horrendous thing was being recorded by T V crews! Men and women were using pneumatic drills on the concrete sidewalks and asphalt pavements to make the holes for the big crosses of wood. Green Troopers and robot rabble were eagerly denuding the human sacrifices and their wives and children. 'Their' efficiency froze me. This was the very same Washington wherein under Democracy after lunching and philosophizing with JFK I stayed with I.F. Stone, and perusing the Oxford dictionary in his library I read the definition of 'robot': "An apparently human automaton, an intelligent and obedient but impersonal machine; a machine-like person." Oh hatefull soulless breed! 'THEY' sadistically detained J.C. so that he would see done to his believers what was going to be done to him. The Christ was naked, circumcision and all, except for his eyeglasses, wristwatch, crown of thorns, and the dunce cap with the sign that motherfucking Jorge the Wimp wrote in Greek: 'IOUAIKOS J H V KOMMUNISTI' which I think was meant to be: 'I, THE COMMUNIST JEW, AM GOD'. Never in my maddest nightmares did I experience what I then witnessed with open clear eyes and sane sober mind! Nude and glad to die for their Saviour were America's Evangelists, the Bakkers, Swaggert, Oral Roberts, Pat Robertson, Billy Graham, Schulman, black and Asiatic ministers and Jim Jones and his nine hundred. As bands played the United States of Totalitaria's ~~XXXXX~~ national anthem, The Star-spangled Dollar Forever, armies of loyal citizens spiked men and women and boys and girls and toddlers and infants to custom-fitted crosses,

and thousands of small mobile mechanical lifts hoisted the crosses and the crucified up into place with the bottoms of the crosses firmly planted in the neat holes. Now the crosses were six deep on either side of the long straight road to Golgotha, Arlington. As far as the eye could reach it was a forest corridor of cross-trees hung with naked bleeding screaming Christ-fruit. If I live a million years I still would not see any sense in such ways and means God used in 'fulfilling Scripture', and for a million years each day I would raise my fist and I would rebel; I would rebel and rebel! =. Ah but--perhaps J.C. was right and I am wrong. Perhaps I lack gnosis. Perhaps one day I will achieve Knowledge of Spiritual Mysteries--perhaps..... The Honored Ones were coming to lead the way to the place of J.C.'s execution. A Green pig pricked J.C. with his bayonet and said, "Look alive; you're on!" And now there were the two great classes of High Priests, the sacred Ooms and the Holy Oofs. They wore hoods, masks, and robes of platinum leaf. The standards were diamond-studded \$ symbols. And from the Inner Sanctum was breathlessly borne the Ark containing the Holy of Holies, the Golden Calf. The mass crucifixions were carried out with religious decorum. Robots who unwittingly disturbed the somber atmosphere were taken into custody. Now came the supreme masters of the Contented State, Ham Actor, his consort Piranha, Jorge Wimp and a Gay I knew from Stony Brook speech-writer Ray Purchase who studied with Buckley at Yale. I do believe that they fully knew it was God whom they were putting to death...there they were, cocksuckers of the first water, puffed up like blowfish at the thought that they, shit=ass mortals,

were going to have Jesus of Stony Brook, the immortal Father and Son and Holy Ghost pinned to the fucking cross like any butterfly to a chart. What can exceed the infinite ego and evil of mere man! Oh, you two-legged vertical beasts, how you make the angels weep! =. --man, the animal that laughs!--man the blind gut on pins!-- man the assassin of all species and creators!...the paramount accomplishment for this mankind and its chosen leaders was to murder God--and with the customary theatric mumbo-jumbo. Ham Actor wore the Commander-in-Chief attire; he was prestigious in the dazzling uniform with revers and precious buttons and medals, and a three-cornered hat with a green plume, and high patentleather boots with golden spurs. These bastards were not as stupid to think that God would stay dead for good after they did him in. They knew better--God was a Spring-time that always returns...it was just that "THEY" wanted Our Lord to "--mind his own Goddamned business" and let man do his thing: -killing Jesus Christ was like teaching him a lesson not to fuck around with the Capitalist Kingdom. (I'm sorry to have to say it but it seemed to me that there was a peculiar collusion 'twixt the divine Lamb and his fucking 'Christ-killers', but I couldn't put my finger on it). Muffled drums and shrieking Jubal trumpets made of rams' horns heralded the path of the final travails of my pal, J.C. He toted his ponderous cross with difficulty. It was made of two pieces of six inch by eight inch hard knotted yellow pine; the gallows arm was six feet across and cleverly mortised to the post, which I would say was some sixteen feet ~~long~~ high. For those of you who were not there or have not seen photos and T V News films of that cursed Friday's doings, imagine the twelve rows of occupied crosses with a gauntlet center some fifty feet wide and extending the ten miles to

the main stage of Golgotha Arlington within a stone's throw of the Tomb for the Unknown Soldier to the right and to the left the graves of the brothers Kennedy. Somehow you could manage to bear the curses and plaints and prayers and supplications and howls of the impaled Christers--but I defy you not to be moved--aye, shaken to the very roots of your being by the wondering pleas for mommy and Daddy and tortured screams of the babies~~x~~ nailed to their mini-crosses!--so help me God!--their hurt shocked expressions tore my heart...how is the bloodlust and bestiality of socio-political doctrines explained to little children--the dear putti of our lives! -Inan overwhelming flash the historical canvas of child slaughter throughout the ages revealed itself as an abysmal accusative cyclorama---the massacre of the innocents, the invasions, pogroms, Carthages, Final Solution, napalm, bombings, starvations, repr<sup>i</sup>als, body counts, hostages.... and then I knew the LOVE my friend the Jew Christ spoke of..... ~~xxx~~ was the Answer! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! =. we must equivocate about the Reason for our being. . . the son of the semitic Stony Brook carpenter, Mary's pure boy, told the only eternal fact--that Love was All---Love was the sole real incomparable treasure--Yes! Yes! Yes! the Beautiful Ones who died with and for HIM in Washington, D.C. that indelible Friday were the true happy successes of this strange--ever so strange consciousness! Abominable Washington was that day an ~~xxx~~ abattoir; and what surprised me was that in the ruthless pro- scription, J.C.'s mother, relatives, disciples, and obvious I, were not netted and de~~x~~stroyed with the rest. But I think J.C. provided charmed safety for us so that we could go on to spread His Good News.

The cross-laden trek was arduous, exhausting. Some of the stalwart dying crucified along the way cried encouragement to sweating swarthy J.C. 'neath his awkward burden. The hundreds of media photographers had a field day shooting J.C. from all angles. At the Potomac he collapsed. Then a simple fellow, a farmer from Virginia, a certain Simon, picked up J.C.'s cross easily on his broad shoulders and carried it for him. Yes, and there was a woman, Veronicaa Civil Service employee, who wiped J.C.'s face with a large clean white napkin, and lo, the imprint of his suffering face was left on that cloth. Now a crowd of women became anguished at his humiliating fate, and despite the Police began bewailing and lamenting him. But J.C. turning to them said, "Oh daughters of Washington, do not shed tears for me, but weep for yourselves and your children. For behold, days are coming in which men will say, "Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bore, and breasts that never nursed," Then they will begin to say to the mountains, 'fall upon us', and to the hills, 'Cover us!', for if in the case of green wood they do these things, what is to happen in the case of the dry?" And when they came to the place at Arlington cemetery called the Skull, the very worst scum in all history, the tyrants of the wide-wide land formerly known as America, addressed the multitudes of melting-pot robots, justifying and sanctioning the '-suppression of the Dangerous Dissenters' for the 'continuing peace of the Great Social Plateau' under the 'triumphant flag of the Green, White and Blue!' -and before giving the signal to crucify 'Public Enemy Number One, Jesus the Christ, Teflon Friend Ham Actor spoke stirringly of the United States of Totalitaria as 'The light of the world!'

Not Hitler or Stalin or any of of the famous conquerors--not one could say with Ham Actor, "I put God to death!" The absurd make-believe man from Hollywood Cake, California revenged himself upon nature, destiny and God! Two other victims held the stage with J.C., the last two members of the wiped out Mafia, gangland ruler, Mr. Chiesa Cattolica, and his son, Buddy. Rough strength pressed J.C. down upon the cross. While the military sgits held his arms against the timber right-angle to the post two robot jerks drove medium sized railroad tie spikes through his forearms into the timber, and a third common motherfucker held J.C.'s feet one over the other, and a fourth cursed product of a fouldome whore's hole impaled his feet to the post with a huge single spike. J.C.'s mother Mary nearby put her hands over her eyes and bit her lips. The sounds of the nailings will haunt me beyond th e end of time; the four-pound mallets struck the iron spike heads with the ringing of hammers upon anvils; and there was the song, like Chinese music, of the spikes crash-splinterin g and crunch through the live hollow wet bones---and then into the mellifluous pine. The pain distorted his voice as he screamed. And then as x the same as all who were being crucified the Mafia father and son screamed too. Then the crosses were hauled up into place. Now the gangsters being Italian and superstitious, believed J.C. was really the Son of God, and confessed their crimes and begged his for-fiveness, and tearfully they said, "Lord, remember us when you come into your kingdom." And J.C. said to them, "Amen I x say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in paradise." And the former men of evil, Mr. Chiesa Cattolica, and his son, Buddy, bore the cross-pain with uplifted heart and hope of heaven.



Now there were standing by the cross of J.C. his Mother Mary and his mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas -Selden, and the reformed whore, Mary Magdalene. When J.C., therefore, saw his mother Mary and the disciple John whom he loved standing by he said to his mother; "Woman, behold, thy son." Then he said to his beloved disciple John, "John dearest, behold thy new mother." And from that hour J.C.s ~~is~~ secretly cherished disciple John took her into his home. From the sixth hour on a darkness ~~is~~ fell over all the land, until the ninth hour. About the ninth hour J.C. called out with a loud tortured voice, saying, "E'Li, E'Li, la'ma sa-bach-tha'ni?" -that is, "My God! Father my God! -why have you forsaken me--why don't you save me!" An old-old man took a sponge and soaked it with sour wine and put it on a reed and reached it up ~~is~~ to J.C.s mouth, giving him his last drink. A Centurion named Longinus pierced J.C.s side with his bayonet to put him out of his agony; the drops of J.C.'s blood fell to the ground and became lovely fragrant red roses; and Longinus took off his helmet, knelt and kissed the roses and fervently said, "Certainly this Jew Christ is God's son!" Now our very own dear Lord, J.C. cried out fiercely, "Father IT is consummated! I have fulfilled Scripture! Father! into th y hands I commend my spirit! Father do you hear me! Father are you there?" And thus he bowed his head. The Green soldiers therefore ~~came~~ came with mallets and broke the legs of the Mafia father and son to hasten death. And for miles back to the Green House in Washington the hammers mashed the legs of the thousands of the faithful Christers and their distress and dying woes swamped the Potomac skies.

But when the death squaders came to J.C. and saw that he was already dead they did not break his legs. And then the earth quaked in protest and the Potomac flooded the land, and the veil of the Temple of the Almighty Dollar was torn in two, and the tombs and graves of Arlington cemetery opened and spewed forth the medalled dead including Jack and Bobby. By the glare of spotlights the robots began taking down the dead. All you could hear were the commands and the noises of pinch bars yanking spikes, and bodies thumping to the ground, and the trucks that carted the corpses to be burned in great pyres illuminating the Washington monument. Joseph of Arimathea, Maryland received permission to take J.C.s body. And good Nicodemus of nearby Georgetown came with shrouds and a hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes. He said we could use his nice unused tomb for our J.C.. Well, the vast flashflood bloodbath had satiated Ham Actor's gang, and it seemed to the disciples safe to appear around our dead Lord. We had a tough time removing J.C. from ~~h~~ the cross without further damaging him. The spike through his feet was held fast in a damned knot. A robot suggested we just sever the feet at the ankles and have done with it---but we did not heed him; we sweated and prayed and finally worked the spike loose. Mary, mother of the slain Lamb, held him in her lap and ~~expressed~~ expressed his peaceful face to her breast and crooned. Oh, Pieta!-Pieta!And did we not weep copiously. Somehow J.C.s features in repose were better-looking than when living. We therefore took the sacred body, washed it with love and tears, and wrapped it in fine linen cloths with the spices after the Hebrew manner of preparing for burial. We Tenderly placed J.C. upon a stretcher and carried him to the memorial tomb of Nicodemus' and shut it securely by rolling a huge rock against the opening.

But it pleased the obnoxious rene gade Dr. Henry Kaiaphas Kissass to go to Ham Actor saying, "Leader, we have called to mind that that imposter the carpenter's son from Stony Brook said while yet alive, 'After three days I am to be raised up!' therefore Leader command his grave to be made fool-proof until the third day is over so that his idiot followers may never come and steal his <sup>c</sup> ~~p~~orpse and then crow to our robot masses, 'He is resurrected--hallelujah! Lo, Jesus Christ the Son of Man and the Son of God has arisen from the dead!', and this last imposture will be worse than the first." Therefore the memorial tomb containing the ineffable priceless body was sealed about with crack Green troopers, deadly weaponry, an electrified fence, fierce hounds, and the area mined.

Now on the first day of the week, Mary Magdalene came early to the tomb, while it was still dark, and she saw that all the guards had disappeared, and the ~~gxax~~ huge stone taken away from the mouth of the sepulchre. She ran therefore and came to Simon Peter the clam-digger, and to the other disciple whom J.C. personally loved, John the lobsterman, and said to them, "They have ~~xxxx~~ taken our Lord from the tomb, and we do not know where they have laid him." Peter therefore went out and got John and me from Izzy F. Stone's hidden house, and we went to the tomb. John ran and got there before us, and stooping down in the tomb saw the shrouds only of J.C., and the handkerchief which had been around his head, not lying with the linen shrouds, but folded in a place by itself. The two disciples saw and believed, for as yet they did not understand the Scripture, that he must rise from the dead. Peter the clamdigger and J.C.s beloved John the lobsterman left. But the prostitute, Mary Maddalene was standing and weeping by the tomb. So as she wept she looked into the tomb-- and lo! she saw two angels in white sitting, one at the head and one

at the feet where the body of J.C. had been laid. They said to her, "Woman, why art thou weeping?" She said to them, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have laid him." When she had said this she turned round and beheld Jesus standing there, and she did not know it was Jesus. J.C said to her, "Woman, why art thou bawling? Whom dost thou seek?" She thinking that he was the gardner, said to him, "Sir, if thou hast removed Jesus the Christ of Stony Brook, tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away--please!" J.C. said to her, "Mary!" Turning, she instantly recognized him and joyfully said, "Rabboni!" (that is to say, Master.) J.C. said to her, "Do not touch me for I have visited Hell and am back, and I have not yet ascended to my Father, but go to my brethren and say to them, 'I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God'" Thus Mary Magdalene came to J.C.s mother, Blessed Mary a nd the disciples and relatives and Izzy F. Stone and me in Izzy's and Esther's secret place, and Mary Magdalene announced to us , "I have seen the Lord returned from the dead and Hell and these thin gs he said to me." Now we were at Izzy's in fear of Dr. Henry Kaiaphsa Kissass's death squads for Kissass had broadcast on all the televisio n channels that the troopers guarding the tomb of "-the communist enemy Christ" had defected and allowed the Jewish Christers to steal the body and the troopers were executed. Suddenly our dear J.C. appeared and stood in our midst and said heartily, "Peace be with you!" At first we could not believe our eyes and ears--but then we knew our faith was not misplaced. J.C. showed us his punctured hands and side and feet, and we therefore rejoiced at the reality of our Lord. He said again, "Peace be with you! And as the Father has sent me, I also send you." When he had said this, J.C. breathed his heavenly breath upon us, and said to us, "

"Receive the Holy Spirit; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." And he up and vanished like a candle blown out. Now Thomas, one of the twelve, was not with us when J.C. came. The other disciples therefore said to him, "We have seen the Lord in the quick." But Thomas said, "Unless I see with my two eyes in his hands the nail holes, and put my hand into the bayonet wound in his side, I ~~we~~ will not believe." And sure enough, after eight days, while we were still at Izzy Stone's place, and thomas with us, J.C. his very self came, the doors being closed, and stood in our midst, and said, this time in Hebrew, "Peace be to you!" Then J.C. said to Thomas, "Bring here thy finger and feel for yourself my crucified hands and feet; and bring h ere thy hand, and put it into the large wound in my side, and be not unbelieving, but believing." Thomas answered and said, "My Lord and my God!" J.C. said further to Thomas, "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed . Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." ~~Max~~ Many other fabulous signs also J.C. worked in the sight of his disciples, which are not written in this rec ord of truth. But these are written that you may believe that our Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing you may have life in his name. After these things, J.C. manifest ed himself again at the sea of the Long Island Sound. We had all come back to Stony Brook and environs. We sure did miss J.C. Stony Brook, Cana, Mount Sinai and Port Jefferson were not the same without him. Wally Brown and his Jehovah Witness wife Gladys returned to th eir Fish market routine, and the disciples to their various ways of making bread and butter. It was a sort of anti-climax, like a big let-down.

Drinking Coors beer behind the fish market were together Simon Peter, Thomas from Mount Sinai near Miller Place, Nathanael from Cana, and the sons of Zebedee, and two other disciples. Simon Peter said to them, "I'm going fishing, the flats and the blues are supposed to be running." They said to him, "We also will go." And they went out and got into the boat. And that night they caught nothing. But when day was breaking, J.C. stood on the beach near the Lighthouse; yet the disciples did not know it was J.C. Then J.C. called to them, "Young men, have you any fish?" They answered him, "No luck." J.C. said to them, "Cast the net to the right of the boat and you will find them." They cast therefore, and now they were unable to draw it up for the great number of flounders and blues. The disciple John whom J.C. ~~personally~~ personally loved ~~and~~ said therefore to Peter, "Hallelujah, it is J.C. the Lord!" Peter therefore, hearing that it was the Lord, girt his tunic about him, for he was stripped, and threw himself into the sea to swim to him. But the other disciples came with the boat--for they were not far from the shore--only about two hundred feet, dragging the net stock full of fishes. When therefore, they had landed, they saw a fire ready, and a large flounder laid upon it, and bread. J.C. said to them, "Bring here some of the fishes that you caught just now." Simon Peter went aboard and hauled the net onto the shore full of big fishes, one hundred and fifty three in number. And though there were so many, the net was not torn. Scripturally resurrected J.C. said to them, "Come and break fast." And none of those reclining dared ask him, "But who art thou?" =Knowing that it was for all the ~~was~~ world the Lord. And J.C. came and took the bread, and gave it to them, and likewise the fish. This is now the third time J.C. appeared to the ~~the~~ disciples after he had risen from the dead.

When, therefore, they had breakfasted, J.C. said to Simon Peter, "Simon, son of John, dost thou love me more than these do?" Peter answered, "Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." J.C. said to Peter, "Feed my lambs." He said to him a second time, "Simon, son of John, dost thou love me?" He said to J.C., "Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." J.C. said, "Feed my lambs." A third time J.C. said to Peter, "Simon, son of John, dost thou love me?" And for the third time Peter said, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou surely knowest I love thee." And J.C. said to Peter, "Feed my sheep. Amen, amen, I say to thee, when thou wast young thou didst gird thyself and walk where thou wouldst. But when thou art old thou wilt stretch forth thy hands, and another will gird thee, and lead thee where thou wouldst not." Now this he said to signify by what manner of death he should glorify God. And having spoken thus, he said to Peter, "Follow me." Turning round, Peter saw following them the disciple whom J.C. loved, the one who, at the supper, had leaned back upon his breast and said, "Lord, who is it that will betray thee?" Peter therefore, seeing him, said to J.C., "Lord, and what of this man?" J.C. said to him, "If I wish him to remain until I come, what is it to thee? Do thou follow me." This saying ~~therefore~~ therefore went abroad among the brethren, that that disciple was not to die. But J.C. had not said to him, "He is not to die" but rather, "If I wish him to remain until I come, what is that to thee?" As we neared the Port Jefferson Ferry and marina, J.C. said to us, "All authority has been given me in heaven and on earth. Go therefore and make disciples of people of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all the things I have commanded you, and look! I am with you until the conclusion of

the system of things." And then hosts of angels, like millions of seagulls came from the Sound and lifted him slowly. Just then his Blessed Mother Mary and his brothers and sisters and the many Hebrew relatives and the local residents who loved him arrived at Wally Brown's fish market, and Wally pointed with his handless stump and cried happily, "There goes Jesus the Christ--Look!--there he goes--up and away! Jesus was wafted away up over Port Jefferson blowing kisses at us and we all waved 'so-long for now' and shouted gaily, "Bon voyage, dear Lord God! Wait for us--we'll meet you 'THERE'!" There are, however, many other things that J.C. did; but if every one of ~~x~~ these should be written, not even the world itself, I think, could hold the books that would have to be written. Amen.

That night at home on Christian's Neck by Devil's Rock on Conscience Bay I had the dream closest to my heart for life is but a dream and DREAM is the true incorruptible Life. . . Dante fell asleep and found himself with Virgil in The Divine Comedy--in his nocturnal world John Bunyan and his Pilgrims' Progress awakened to inspired spiritual Life. My dream was the ~~x~~ factual Second Coming. What transpired is not to be found in the Holy Roman Douay Scriptures nor in the Protestant Saint James Bible nor in the Jehovah Witness New World Gospels nor in the celebrated arcane Book of Mormon:

Upon arrest J.C. is brought before Ham Actor. J.C. is untouched; he stands handsome with lofty mien. High Priest Henry Kaiaphas the seed of Zadok, indicts J.C. for revolutionary treason and demands ~~x~~ ~~for~~ the death penalty forthwith. Ham Actor said to J.C., "Your life and the lives of your sheep are in my hands---I have the mandate of the people--I am the people and the people is me. If you do not perform an impossible miracle right now I will have you and your followers immediately crucified!"



J.C. said, "You read the scribblers Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. You expected the Second Coming to be a copy of the first. You thought it would be the same pathetic passion play. I am Lucifer the Light, the Morning Star, Creator of creation, I am the Author, the plays, the characters and the audience, I am Sun and darkness, wet and dry, hot and cold, rainbow and all colors, I am soft and hard, time and space, I am cosmos infinite and irreducible...Ham Actor you are mercurial Adam and your mate Piranha is hungry Eve. For sport and entertainment I made both of you out of ordure." Ham Actor cried to the cretin robot masses, "Jesus Christ is the enemy of our treasured Conservative State! He must die! Crucify this communist Jew and all his deluded sheep!" Lucifer Creator proclaimed, "He who allows himself to be violated and nailed to the cross is a poor fool and no God!" He waved his hands. The robot mortals were stricken motionless. Legions of beautiful red-headed Luciferite girls appeared. Countless crosses sprang up from the ground. Ham Actor, his consort Piranha, Dr. Kaiaphas Kissass and every member of the Government were securely spiked to the crosses. Washington never looked better.

#####

GOSPEL III

THE YELLOW CHRIST

DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION

I met Christ in front of Wally Brown's fish market. Not until later did I learn that the Chinese great beauty in her riding habit, standing by a magnificent red mare, was the Christ, the long-awaited Messiah, the hoped-for Saviour of mankind. The sight of her made my knees weak and sped my breathing. She was stunning beyond description; her up-swept jet black hair, skin of golden silk, figure of Venus and eyes of purest diamonds. As I came by and stared, she said, "In tones of jeweled bells, a voice of the irresistible siren, "Here is the Program. You shall be the witness of justice." The perfection of her hands alone made my eyes damp with joy. I didn't know what she was talking about; but no matter, for I was breathing in her paradisaical fragrance. Across the street, on the ramp of the Port Jefferson marina, Deh Chun, the Buddhist baptist, who called himself, "The Awaker" was dipping a new batch of naked believers. The Chinese beauty went to Deh Chun; the red Mare followed. I watched from inside the fish market. The oriental doll stripped to be baptized. Her nude was divine. I salivated. Nathanael, the collector of fines whom no one liked, looked through binoculars. "Her gash is not cross-wise," he said, " and I would estimate that there are exactly one thousand and one neat glossy hairs on her pudendum and anus."

After Deh Chun the baptist dipped her a rainbow glowed about her. I was the only one who saw the many-colored lights about her, and also the fierce eagle that swooped down from the skies and perched upon her shoulder, and it seemed I was the only one who heard bolts of lightning and a thunderous voice, "This is my Daughter, my Beloved." I then knew I was in with God. Excited, I read the papers she gave me: I can do anything. I am the self-existent cause. I gave mankind the ability to choose good or evil. Most have preferred moral cowardice and the lie. The short-nosed men with the death's-skull faces took over Government by fraudulent ballot and violence. It happened because of the silent will of the craven majority. Voluntary robotism was indigenous to the corrupt mediocre masses. Their chosen mandated leaders, the perverted curt-snouts in the Green House, are the return of life to the cold-blooded marine ~~depths~~ depths, the soulless age of the oyster. This humanity behaves as if it came out of the wrong hole. It has failed the test; and now, soon, for the third time, must be purified and re-combined with the elements.

-Read further and be guided by the following agenda:

Alpha: University: brain freezing, dehydrating, canning, etc.

Beta: Brothel in the Pan-Robotiana Skytel.

Gamma: Gambling casino, lottery.

Delta: Publishing House, printed glorification of hype, sleaze, shit.

Epsilon: Totalavision.

Zeta: Stock Exchange.

Eta: Temple of Mammon--modern religion-churches.

Theta: Flag factory.

Iota: Genetics center.

Kappa: Correction laboratory.

Lambda: Refugium peccatorum, alcohol, drugs, bullshit.

Mu: Man as an extension of appliances, wheels, etc.

XI: The commercial mall.

Omicron: Supermarket, paradise of the tape-worm, endomorph, anal erotic.

PI: Dictator and cohorts visit Port Jefferson to dedicate "Correction Laboratory" and stop at Wally Brown's.

Rho: Professor Madam Ho Chi Christ entertains Big Friend and gang with horsemanship---demonstrating the four horses of the Apocalypse.

Sigma: On the Stony Brook campus, the Har-ma-ged'on carnival, circus, freaks, bestiary, etc., and Fun House with three entrances: anal, oral and vaginal.

Tau: For coin in slot mechanical glass-encased Jacqueline gives clues to Madam Ho Chi Christ's whereabouts.

Upsilon: The search for she the Christ encounters divers devils, fears, obsessions, haunts, etc. cliches.

Phi: What is seen through certain keyholes.

Chi: Jack-in-a-box none other but God herself.

Psi: The ultimate chamber in the ultimate castle in the ultimate land, Camelot.

Omega: The peep shows wherein we see in interesting intimate detail the disintegration of all with the damning mark of the beast ~~XXX~~ L C D on their foreheads and right hands. The earth planet has been purged of the filth pretending to be human. The truly good, the truly beautiful, to the number of 10001 thousands, have been saved, ~~XX~~ and sing their paeans of joy.

Can this be all . . . is this the end---or . . . ?"

I said to Nathanael, "Would you believe that that gorgeous Chinese piece of ass getting back into her riding habit and boots is The Mistress of all Creation, is definitely and actually Almighty God, and hails now from Stony Brook?" Nathanael ~~xxxxxxx~~ answered, "After seeing the jerks of the Hollywood Green Machine take over America I can believe anything. -But Stony Brook? I remember the real original Stony Brook when we were free and a democracy--but no under Ham Actor -'s robotical modern strosity can any good come out of Stony Brook?" Explosive gadfly Phil Moss came in for blowfish. He pointed to Madam Professor Ho Chi Christ and leched, "I'd like to be Yang to her Yin!" "Hold it, Phil," I said, "No hear me; and I'm not kidding; She is God come to earth not with peace but a sword. When She's through there will be only one percent of The People left." He blinked his eyes through his thick glasses, bared his teeth, rubbed his hands and cried, "Great! Great! It's about time this shit-ass world got it's lumps---Great!" God walked beautifully to the fish market. I advised Wally, Nathanael and Phil not to brown-nose. As God knows everything there was no need for introductions. Phil shook her hand and said, God, we're with you all the way! For ages the good folks have been dreaming and praying for your coming. Give this rotten fucking world hell!" It was useless to try to restrain Phil's language--he had a charmed life shooting his mouth off and yet staying one step ahead of Ham Actor's death squads. Madam God said to Nathanael, "There's something bothering you." "Not because my heritage is Jewish," he began, "But Moses and the prophets positively indicated the expected Messiah to be a Hebrew male born in a stable to a virgin teen-ager and grow up to be an humble carpenter, accepting insults and torture, forgiving his enemies, and to die agonizingly on the cross for the sins of a mankind--"

Phil Moss shouted, "My heritage is Jewish but the Jew has been filtered out of me! Oppressors and exploiters love that kind of subservient helpless pathetic God who takes the shit and promises the rabble slobs pie in the sky--when they die--the Fascist Green Machine just adore him as he sets a slavish example for these mongoloid robots! Isn't that right Madam Ho Chi God?" Cunt God smiled a dazzling smile and said, "I am not a shaman, guru, rabbi, infallible Pope, fakir, a pretending ambiguous deity or a Buddha, Mohamet, Baha'ULLa'a, or pagan playboy or playgirl. I always was, am and will be the Alpha and the Omega, and I didn't make miserable man to take any nonsense from him. The cowardly majority have betrayed the Moral Imperative. Tomorrow, on their foreheads and right-wing right hands will appear the indelible letter 'L' for Liar, the following day, 'C' for Coward, and finally, 'D' for disintegrate. April 1 of this year is Universal Disintegration Day. I asked nervously, "How about us who believe and love you?" As she applied her lipstick she answered casually, "Present company excepted of course. Let's get into the Alphabet." I wanted to know why she chose me. She told me, "Authoring is an imitation of God-ship. You will be the observer and recorder of that takes place within the alphabetical excursion, writing the truth, the whole truth nuts, guts and feathers." I said, "I'm averse to magic. How can I get around without all the religious tricks." Fragrant Vagina God struck her whip against her boot, and said distinctly, "I gave you the mind to which nothing is inaccessible, the Mind that of itself can will itself to be without boundary."

She-- I mean, God, was surpassingly lovely, infinitely desireable, and I would have gladly foregone the journey of the alphabet letters, turned my back on the melancholy problems of man, and give my soul to bed and ~~xxxx~~ have a divine, even if consuming, orgy! With a feline grin she said, "All thoughts register with me. So, you'd fornicate even God?" (You'll note that historical events are invariably attended with certain settings, properties, protocols and rituals that bespeak actions as dramatic, colorful, glamorous, with touches of romanticism and style here and there.) I asked if I could use her horse. "Which horse?" she said nodding towards three others by the red mare. The White horse was branded with the figure of a bow and a crown; the Black with a pair of balances; but I decided upon the pale Horse. As we galloped I asked God about the strange odors from the Pale Horse. She said, "Your mount is named 'Death'; and the smells from your Pale horse are the 'puzos'--the stinks of man's evils: war, famine, pestilence and the bestial butcheries man so loves. I lost God in a traffic jam; or, did she disappear on purpose? At the University I was met by the Government's man, General Shifter, a grinning gnome with an enormous hump. "Here in Stony Brook," he said, "by scientific methods of psychological brain canning, dehydration and freezing we condition students to be identical ~~xx~~ robots in identical pods, and therefore model citizens. In our hermetic infirmary we have casualties from the current conflict with the Russians on the moon. Our Lunatiks suffer from laser wounds, different types of moonitis and many from excessive lunar masturbation."

I said, "I'm not interested in your student pods or soldier pods--fuck 'em--just tell me where I can find Professor Ho Chi Christ."  
"Scientist Christus is either in the cosmic energy laboratory, or you may find her where the faculty hang out, in the ~~Bar~~Bordelio."  
In the enervating Think-Brothel were the intelligensia, the erudite, the egg-heads, and the new castrati the planetary physicists ~~was~~ who shamefully surrendered the courage and liberty of the grove of Academia and had become the harem catamites of robot Totalitaria, the entelekheia of the illustrious prostitutes of de-education. I could not take the air there as the learned reactionaries had farting breaths. One patriotic nazi with a concrete block head and pit bull face winked at me and lisped, "History has proven the terrible dangers of think, dissent, original, love, spiritual, creative, free. We are engineers of knowledge suitable to our benevolent dictatorship. " Then he raised both arms in the 'hands-up' robot manner and said to the towering portrait of The Leader, "Hail Hamus Actorus, amico optimo maximo!" Feeling safe by being personally in good with Almighty God, Madam Fragrant Vagina Christ, I gave Ham Actor's smiling "Hello ~~Sxxxx~~Suckers!" picture the Italian 'up yours'!"  
My walkie-talkie buzzed. God said, "Gamma leads to gambits in the casino of life. The third letter also means 'moth' and suggests man hovers around temptation, flutters briefly about light, and is gone to whence he ~~came~~." "Miss Christ," I said, "I am insecure without you. Come in, come in wherever you are." She said, "Relax and discover; I am everywhere and in the curiosity of your head. A topless Bunny opened the gambling house door which read, "HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE." I said, "Pussy=pussy, are we pre-doomed values in a ~~ix~~verse of chance?" She said, "There's nothing to it--you'll win if you can make ten thousand angels dance on a needle's point."



"I'm not worried," I said, "It's not what you know, it's who you know." To my surprise the guy hosting the joint was, 'Godldie', ex-pug, pimp, bookie, fixer, matchmaker, junkie, and finally, house-painter with cauliflower ears and a polak wife and two Buhhist sons. I said, "Henny, what are you doing in this galley? I thought you were dying from cancer--all those cigarettes!" "Sure, I was good as dead," he said, "but mushiganah Phil Moss told me you and God were asshole-buddies, and 'like that'--so I prayed ~~xxxxxx~~ to your Asiatic dish, dropped your name and said humbly, "Madam God, me, Henri Goldnthal, am a right guy in my heart and ~~x~~ deserves to live." She cured me one-two-three; and here I am in business with Donald Hump and what can I do for you, Pete.?" I thought life was a stage or a school or an area of detention, but upon serious observation I saw it more as a gambling place. In the emporium of the lucky and the misfortunate there were the Stock Exchange, sweepstakes, the draft lottery for sending Green Machine robots to our wars in forty three countries and on the moon. There was a huge ballroom where you could put a bet on ~~x~~ a religion-any-religion. The popular God of the moment was The Great God Coporlite, a solemn favorite of Ham Actor and his consort, Piranha. Impresario Henri Rosenthal--an admiral credit to the Jewish race--said, "Life is not all an appointment in Samar; it's a stack of chips you get for nothing; marbles you didn't pay for; and you have fun playing anyway--you came in naked and empty-handed, and you're Even-Sтивен when you go out." I said, "Henri, what's up with this graven image?" He whispered, "Coporlite is Dinosaur Shit." "Dinosaur Shit?" I said. "Yes," he said, "Dinosaur Shit' what can you expect from robot pagans?"

Living was a game of chance in ~~x~~ every direction: the slot machine of vices, habits, diets, the dice throw of political choice, the punch board of fashions, the blind straws of what woman to bed or wed, the baccarat of occupation, the falling jacks of where to live, the ~~finger~~ finger-throwing of business investments, the 'in which hand is it' ~~xxxxx~~ decision of car, plane, train, or boat, the roulette of trivial distinctions, the numerological calculus of probabilities, the grim unrelenting chess war of which side to take in the power death struggle; the hypocritical star-spangled knight with the eagle, or the Red Napoleon of the hammer and sickle. For a moment I thought the croupier at the table was my lovely slant-eyed God. From a distance the impersonation was accurate. But the fascinating female ~~R~~faker was snowing the usual fools saying, "My wheel is honest--you can put your entire trust in my hands. Beware of false prophets. Many will come claiming my name and saying, 'I am the Messiah, it's safe to bet with me'. The truth is that I am the genuine article, the bona fide McCoy. You fortunate people are looking at the real original Madam Ho Chi Khreest. Obey the Green House in Washington, D.C., put all your money down and after you pass away you will go to blissful heaven...ah thanks for the lucre and now I bless you with the sacred words: padon, onoorrhagomon, shwwopno, dosh, gadhees shars!" I could not contain myself. I said loudly to the typical mass cretins, "You mute majority--you imbecile idiots, this queer pimp Coporlite is not God and not even a woman--this is the hermaphrodite from the Green House, Urban Moneyforte, and furthermore the blessings he gave you is Bengalee, Sansrit and Marhatta language for,

"You farting fucking wet dream jackass shits!' Yes, I say to you he's Ham Actor's simpering whimpering asslicker Jorge Wimp!"

Pin-head Jorge Wimp blushed under his Chinese pancake and muttered, "Credat Judaeus Apella." I said , "I am not the Jew Apella who has to believe the crap of Ham Actor's dictatorship." He hissed, "Watch out 'Pete the Red' my secret security agents of S.U.C.K are thick as flies here!" Madam Fragrant Vagina's godly voice came over the Public Address system. She said, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet favor to men ~~of~~ of skill; but time and chance happeneth to all. Bricklayer spur the Alphabet and flip the word-pictures faster. Over and out."

I obeyed and I am in the Park Avenue 100 floor skyscraper of the Triple Night Publishing Company. The place smells strongly of paper-and-ink beings. To mind comes: "My son be admonished; of making books there is no end; and much tale fabricating is a weariness of the ~~flxxx~~ flesh. But nevertheless in the beginning was the WORD and the WORD was with God." Yeah-yeah the WORD may have been with God, but now, the WORD is LIE. Triple Night Publishing Company gives the robot slobs what they want: millions of tons of printed scummy media shit. The SHIT is the message....today's authors are ambulating loads of shit and bad shit at that...man's story ends in the age of shit. Broken-down juiceless degenerate repulsive 'Victorian' scribblers were word-processing incest, zoophilia, jerking off, anal-lingus, cocks as big as your arm, lipsticked cunts, rouged assholes, earrings on painted balls, flaying, maiming, gouging, butchering, sodomy, and the glory of Mammon, war and patriotism...the inspired motto of the publishing world was ' CAN YOU TOP THIS SHIT/'

I said vehemently to the editor, "Have you book-putting bastards gone completely insane? Aren't you ashamed of your freak writers and their shitted-up pages/" He said, "You're not with 'IT'. We're here for dollars. Money is life itself--dollars are the mainspring of every -thing...Lucre is God...what's shit to you is literature and American culture to Totalitaria's religion, judges, critics and avant garde. We billionaire publishers know what we're doing---we gave Tom Whitesuit seven million dollars advance and you're on Welfare--you're back in the Stone age. Under democracy Congress and the Senate atrophied to impotence. The White House became a contradictory surrealistic mechanism. Thinkers represented one percent. The masses voted Right Wing Ham Actor into power and Ham Actor deemed it best that the truth-loving one percent die than the conservative nation perish. As it is, quality is inimical to John and Jane Doe. Your 'truth' tells them, 'Ye cometh in with vanity and departeth in darkness'--that they come from nothing, travail, and are inexorably doomed to return to nothing. They can't buy that. How can you blame them? No, no, truth is not acceptable. They prefer the solace and refuge in witch-doctory, drugs, booze and Hollywood. The hoax art, the ridiculous, the jabberwock abstract, the absurd, the ~~xxx~~ senseless, the banal, the tawdry, the silly, cliché--'you know--you know--you know-you know' and the blind ~~believe~~ belief that their chosen Leader Ham Actor is the Immaculate Conception of the Jelly Bean Jar is their effective revenge on destiny. It pleases Robert Robot to believe equally in dog-wat-dog, and angels, Paradise and sundry myths. Will you write asuck-fuck, robbery murder patriotic anti-hero non-book for us?"

I didn't have the talent for that stuff and so I said, "You insult me." He said, "There's no more authors; only publishers and media."

I received a telegram from 'God the Vagina': "Ride the pale horse to Dee Cee. Billy Wheat-cracker, Pontiff of Mammon will exorcize 'Think' and deliver the pleatitudes of the U. S. of Totalitaria. During the holy fascist rites in the Ear-shaped Room I will cause the Sign of Cain plus. Pay close attention to Ham Actor's show---don't add to or detract from reality; your account should impress the select post-Disintegration Day remnant population and their children. Keep your eyes open. Have Fun." The pallid mare's hooves drummed the Turnpike, leaving behind astonished drivers. This is living, I said, and found myself humming, "Fairy tales will come true, it can happen to you if you're pure in heart . . ." It was challenging to believe it ally --yet, was there anything in life that was not fantastic? Galloping at the speed of sound I was thinking: far be it from me to question the methods of the Mistress of life and death, but why does the divine cunt resort to divers devices to instruct me--why the gadgets--why does her Almightyness have to circumlocute and be so mysterious--why can't she be like me and let it all hang out? I guess the whole bit of living is a game ~~wixix~~ within a game infinitum, a present of Chinese boxes. I must say God is sure ~~dramatic~~ dramatic. Amen. As we zipped through Maryland I nostalgically recalled that under old cavalier Democracy I used to pause in Baltimore at Gordons' and fill up on delicious cold crabs in hot butter, succulent fried stuffed shrimp and wash it down with beer.....

I was amazed at how I kept in the saddle considering ~~h~~ that I had never been on a horse. ~~██████████~~

The dome of the Capitol and the Washington monument was in sight. Daydream and muse in every situation as was my wont, in the ultimate of my mind there was perpetually the thought of getting in bed and having an orgy not with Helen or Venus or Eve or Semiramis or Zenobia or Cleopatra or Phryne or Isis or Ishtar or even pubescent Virgin Mary but the ubiquitous ineffable Chinese beauty, Madam Fragrant Vagina God. Oh wildest of wild desire, oh limitless aspiration, oh Oriental most precious Orifice! Then she, my heavenly Desiderata, suddenly made publicly manifest her will; in the sky over Washington she forged her epiphany with the flaming words, VENGEANCE IS MINE. Each letter was written by bolts of jagged lightning that blasted the skies and wracked the earth. My ashen mount whinnied eerily. From the blazing declaration showered little bags---human skin containing blood and labelled with the names of Vietnamese children. Terror seized the motorists and miles of cars crashed. The wan horse of death clattered up the portico steps of the Green House( on my visits to RFK and Bobby it was the Whited Sepulchre--alas) and took me to the office of Ham Actor's scribe, Ray Purchase. The guards, with the dollar and swastika stars tattooed on their foreheads and small flags flying from their American Hun helmets, cowered at the sight of the Pale Horse. These robots of the Police State in the Green House were not too dumb to sense the supernatural ominous, but could hardly guess that it was the beginning of the no-quarter showdown between Evil and Good, between the one percent and the ninety nine robot majority--between their imaginary God, Mammon, and the eternal tribune of the Almighty Mother, the Blessed Daughter, Madam Ho Chi Christ, and Love, the Holy Ghost.

But there wasn't anything that moved the U S Totalitarians. The corny cliches, "With know-how nothing's impossible"--"Phenomena--miracle--so what?---that and two dollars will get you a ride on the subway+-pre-vailed. Ray Purchase head sh it-writer for Ham Actor had been my nudist neighbor in Stony Brook. He was a laid-back homosexual square with a Mona Lisa smirk and spoke in clips from way down in his gullet, and his nose could not have been shorter. Like any frustrated artist, Ray, a Yale Buckleyite would-be novelist, became inhuman-all-too-inhuman--the sterile fascist conservative that signed democracy's demise. He was the chief architect of the robot equilibrium, "Dollar-'s Ataraxis", the philosophy of helot obedience to masters who are "Not To be Disturbed" equals safety-peace equals the ideal herd society. I told Ray Madam Ambrosial Vagina was the true one and only God and of my wonderful x relationship with her, and that very soon, April First would be D I E S I R A E, terrific for a tiny minority of us and most dreadful for the vast robot majority--that it would be the cataclysm # 3, succeeding the Noachian Flood and the Grucci fireworks by the Divine Arsonist of Sodom-Gomorrah, and gave him details. The Pale death-glowing mare licked Ray Purchase's ear. I said with matter-of-factr-tone and patting the horse, "She is one of the Four steeds of the Apocalypse, and she answers to the name, 'La Mort'." Ray knew I was telling it straight like it was. He blanched through his patriotic pancake but did not lose his poise. I braggingly said I'd intercede for him with Madam God and get him x slated for the one percent due for salvation.

He said, "I wanted to be a creative author but when I tried to ~~w~~ write my ephemeral characters resisted and thwarted me. Paradoxically it was easy for me to toy with live people and transform them into fictions, lies, states of mind and non-mind. When I made the mediocre and the inferior the ideal modern man I only put together what had been forming for a long time. K took Ham Actor off a jelly bean cake. Ham Actor was so preposterous that it was fascinating. He had the qualifications of the perfect figurehead for robotism: all he told added up to zero. I fashioned an image for him like Collodi had the artisan whittle Pinocchio into being; he is the puppet on the strings of the Conservative Green Machine. Cooz the beer king and Kaiaphas Kissass are the actual rulers of Totalitaria. Ham Actor is our bourgeois Caligula; his teflon ego amounts to the insanity which is his strength."

I said, "I'm glad that even though you're a congenital reactionary you're honesy with me--I'll never forget how you used to mow my lawn and dig piss-clams on my beach--you didn't ~~kn~~ know then that your old man and I went to a nudist camp weekends--oh yes, what I meant to ~~s~~ say is that I'll have a word with God and she'll see to it that The Sign won't appear on you..." No sooner had I confidently said that ~~wh~~ when lo and behold the hideous stigmata L C D beamed and sparkled bloodily from his forehead and on his right hand. We both looked at the ~~xxx~~ calendar; it was one week to the Third and final Reckoning---seven risings and settings of the sun to The Day of Wrath; some one hundred and sixty eight hours to the first of April, the time of the Glorious Cleansing, Fools' Day with the prank of oblivion.



I wanted to say, "Ray, remember how Moses had it out with Pharoah about whose God was what? Well now, call upon your Mammon to stand against Madam Oriental Christ who stamped eternal doom on your brow---my boy did it not occur to you that many Gods are called but only ~~one~~ chosen? Call upon your catchwords, 'conservative'- commitment'- 'National Defense'- 'The Flag'- 'Honor' and the ~~the~~ rest of the magic act and the dehuman means you and Ham Actor use to justify your reactionary ends.. ..Jehovah had put the Mark <sup>on</sup> ~~off~~ Cain to save him from slayers, but your L C D is the same as the Mark of the Beast in Revelation which tagged the proscribed; my friend better the L C D on you than me...'--but instead, I shruggingly said, " . . . Ichabod . . . " Ham Actor popped in from the adjoining Ear-shaped Room ~~xxxxxx~~ (what memories of the Golden Tongue giving his fireside chats from there'). Ham Actor said to Ray in the sincere jaunty voice of a West coast used car sales -man, "After the fratrotic Robin Roseate Hollywood show from Lunar battle outpost 69, and spiritual exercises by Billy Wheatcracker, we'll close with an inspiring 100 percent True Green speech by me. This event will go down in history as the acme of Ham-Actorism--- Use the deathless phrases about Old Glory and so forth." He sashayed out and I wondered how he could miss The Mark on Ray.

It was "My Country right or wrong Day." On the T V cyclorama came the Robin Roseate Moon War show (known historically as 'Bellum Americanum Lunatious). The clown's Tinseltown japing phiz had insinuated itself among troops for generations. He and Billy Wheatcracker~~x~~, Mammon's sunken-eyed evangelist, were the starring gemini epitome of the arid jerkese soul of America's late Demovracy and the new ala mode jack-booted robot oligarchy.

In their pressurized plastic containers the armed Totalunarians were less than human ants in glass. Super-annuated Robin Roaseate was wearing general issue transparent uniform; and except for his spangled lollypop shorts his body was covered with decals of The Flag, P O W bracelets and MAMMON BLESS THE UNITED STATES OF TOTALITARIA!. He waved and said, I'm Buck Rogers, alias your old Mazola, Robin Roseate, moonlighting away from Jollywood.---No, seriously folks, we're here because we wouldn't wait until the yellow-skinned, sliny-eyed villainous chinky gook was in our living room and then in the bedroom murdering the men and raping our dear mothers, wives, daughters, aunts and grandmothers, and then spitting on our precious flag and burning down our most holy churches of Mammon! I'm proud to be a one hundred percent true-blue Green Fratritot. Don't ask what Totalitaria can do for you but ask what you can do for the grand U S of Totalitaria!" An underground radio jammed the Robin show with: "What about the corruption out there on the Moon?--the cat-houses, profiteering, male whores, drug addicts, and that fancy-Dan officers' cannibal cult among the armed forces lunatiks, especially in the Sea of the Whited Sepulches' area?--how about that, skate=nose?" Then the chauvanist funny-fool over-reached himself (and got what he deserved). He ~~xxxxxxx~~ cackled, "Pipe this, I hear tell a gook broad, gadding about in a riding habit no less, claims to be God! Well, Miss Flung-dung, wherever you are, I Robin hope you get kissed by a Laser ray, fly upside down and have crak-up. In other words, '4 q 2 Madam Ho Chi Christ'!"

The letters, LIAR COWARD DISINTEGRATE protruded lividly from his forehead. His body came apart. Robin Roseate was surprised that he the billionaire national jester could die. He became mere pouffs of dissolvment; there was a slight vibration within the visible plastic uniform followed by an instantaneous transfiguration into a momentary swirling flare of colrs like the ballet brilliant chemical flashes from sea=brined driftwood in the fireplace, and then, crystal-clear nothingness. m,y lovely adorable God's alluring voice filled all ~~xxx~~ hearing with:"EX-AMPLE! APRIL FIRST' AND THAT'S FOR SURE!!! "

The fateful words echoed and re-echoed with thrilling trilling diminishing reverberations. Totalavision switched to the High State religious ceremony with Earth Angel numero uno, Billy Wheatcracker celebrating the Holy of Holies Mass in the Basilica of the Guns and Mad Bombers. The robots' church of worship was awesomely impressive. The representation of Mammon, being too sacred for human sight, was respectfully covered <sup>with</sup> bank notes and enshrined in a wondrously rich tabernacle. The ancillary deities were on brutally modern altars open to view and the labors of prayer. They were the ever-so-dear graven images of utility:the automobile,the T V set, appliances, furnishings, farications of comfort, the airplane, the cruise ship, the porno and mongoloid Rambo movies,pessaries, condoms, adulteries in hotel ~~xxxxx~~ rooms--the man-and-woman lovebullshit, chewing gum, booze and dildos..

.as angel Billy Wheatcracker neve r ceased spouting,"If it can't be bought or sold, if it ain't functional and profit-making,, and if it doesn't wear out and b ecome useless on commercial schedule, then I tell unto thee my sheep, it is not of our Greatest God of Gods, MAMMON!"

How come I was right and ninety nine percent of mankind was wrong? How can two billions of people ravenously swallow the lying shit of religions! What was it with humanity? Then the shivering thought occurred that perhaps the ~~ix~~ liars, cowards, the deaf, dumb and blind robot assholes really believed in what they were doing. Ulysses had been all things to all people and an unmitigated deceiver and rat; Faust was full of it too; ditto the Flying Dutchman and the misbegotten Wandering Jew, and so on and on. Why of course: the unicorn does not look at life through ~~h~~ the eyes of a centaur, nor a full-grown gryphon through the massive orb of Polyhemus, nor a basilisk through the smoking contact lens of a chimaera; then it was 'to each his own' --Enough-enough. Therewithal I morally lecture Ray Purchase; angel Billy Wheatcracker predicates universal robotry; and Ray Purchase soliloquizes; it being a three-skeined schema, a living triptych of involved selves, a trisgion, the triple invocation thrice holy; in a way: I: "Ray Purchase, you and your cohort computers of reaction committed cowardly invasion and genocide in Southeast Asia; the fact is blatant. The blood dripping from the proscription on your forehead and right hand smells of rice paddies and monsoons, reeks of and with the acids of exploded flesh, and wafts the not unpleasant cooking odor of napalm-burning brown children's skins (no-no not the protected little brown skins belonging to Jorge Wimp) aye and some of that blood stinks rotten of the robot fratricides you've sent all over the world and to that dead-as-Kelsey's-nuts light-reflecting globe in nearby space, Luna." Angel Billy Wheatcracker: "Mammon is our Beneficial Creditor, and we, his client debtors." Ray Purchase: "April First---Fin...Kaput. Ironic---my forty fifth birthday. I'll pretend I've been told I have terminal cancer and can't last more than a week. . . my fortune cookie fromMadam Ho Chi Christ---

---my secretum was, 'Nothing is true. Everything is allowed'. If I had only known there is God, and she, Chinese!--and for twenty centuries we've been telling the masses God was a Jew'-.==oh-if-if-if."

Angel Billy Wheatcracker: "Consciousness is our most erratic organ. Mistrust any though of your own. Money is the spiritual essence of our God. Therefore render unto Ham Actor what is Ham Actor's, and to Mammona the things that are Mammon's." Ray Purchase: "I felt secure

in the polypus of moral cowardice. Call it volte face but I see at last that too long has the world been a madhpuse. What do I do now?"

I: "God does not stand on ceremony with the human animal. She delivers it straight. God does not play games of etiquette with Liars, looters, killers and supressors of freedom. Madam Christ does not fuck around!"

Ray Purchase: "We had the 'Puritan' inability to confess the great crimes that led Democracy to Dictatorship...(this happened long before Christ in the Roman empire)...one lie led to ten and ten led to twenty and twenty to forty and so on and here we are...and where did I read, 'And there are wicked men, who are secure, as though they had the deeds of the just'?" Angel Billy Wheatcracker: "We come to the Pleatitudes."

Ray Purchase: "--and for the want of a pessary---the evil was over-population. The human body and brain and all forms of

life disgorges wastes. Nature trims the species quantum of the air, land, sea and galaxies. History must be told our wars were dispassionate, planned and collusive. We fascists and the communist leaders agreed mutely to permanent limited wars with determined regulated casualties as the practical means of thinning our robot herds. I also did feel that war had much to offer the common denominator, Joe Jerkeroo, obedience training, physical fitness, hygiene, travel, adventure, ~~xxxxxyingx~~ satisfying sadism, sexual promiscuity, extirpation of pity, justice and compassion, making for general elan.

Nietzsche correctly said wars were salutary bloodfests, were entertaining, escape from the treadmill, comical, and all in all base man's dramatic dionysian hilarious holiday--that killing made wimps feel Godlike. And what ethical difference is there if the drafted robot goes willingly and most docilely to slaughter when they have vast numbers on their side to resist with ease and do otherwise? But scientifically we could have fostered pill, pessary, condom and douche in lieu of the killing fields afar as kindly adroit trimmers...'and for want of a pessary the horse, rider and country was lost--quoth the raven nevermore..." Angel Billy Wheatcracker: "Blessed are the unthinking, for thinking is strife. Blessed are the unthinking and un-questioning for they who seek answers are the enemies of halcyon stasis. Blessed are the ugly, banal, trivial, cowardly, capricious for ~~xxx~~ they equal in count the sands of the sea---and beauty is seditious. Blessed are the liars, for Truth is the womb of uprising. Blessed are the pusillanimous for they are the majority who give mandate to our Leader Ham Actor and carry out faithfully the Commander-in-chief's orders. Blessed are the duplicators and auto mators, for in uncomplicated One-Sameness there is N Uni-Law. Blessed are baseball, football, basketball, hockey, all balls, tawdry mediocre T V non-persons, wrestling, trotting, nothing-music and nothing-art, as they are the outward manifestations and symbols of our fecal-National Soul...may Mammona shed smiling dollars upon you one and all...Amen." Jorge Wimp appeared--and with the Mark of Cain on his pinched ~~fore~~ forehead, and said, "Great Leader Ham Actor said you had a mare here." The Pale horse was gone. "Well," I thought, "you just can't blame Death for not wanting to hang around the Green House and listen to all the bullshit." The Wimp whined, "Ray, what special particular voice shall we have H. A. use for the important message to the nation?"

Ray said, "Turn the Voiceometer to Emotionalizer-count-down Z plus. That will pull out all the unfailing nationalism stops; and put on the background music of 'Green Helmets don't die, they just stand at attention forever hand on heart.'" Jorge Wimp put his hand curiously to Ray Purchase's forehead; then looked at his red-stained fingers and said, "Blood?" Ray said, "Yup." It's comforting, yea ~~joy~~joyous to know you are safe and will remain while others have a few days to behold the light--and then blotto! But then again, I did not lie my way to the Green House and have the fuzz-pigs and Pentagoons murder students and idealists; I did not invade little countries and bathe in the gore of millions of innocents. In his clucking manner Ray said, "Time is a flickering consciousness interlude between the numb mysteries of Scylla on the right, and on the left, Charybdis. . . soon I will be bereft of time. . . " I: "Sinorina Christ made Creation so all things from atoms to planets to homo sapiens complement, inspire, sustain, and perpetuate in the infinite Harmony. You Mark of Cains have wilfully violated The Eternal Scale. Post Disintegration Day will restore the celestial balance which is the Cosmic Equipoise. That day is called The Return to Innocence." Ray Purchase: "Soon, soon all too soon portents will appear in sun, moon and stars. On earth men will faint with terror at the thought of all that is coming upon the world." I: You can say that again, Ray--that's for sure. If the Blot of the Beast were on my forehead, even though I couldn't bear the idea of impending extinction, I wouldn't have the guts to commit suicide. Too bad our once 'Oh beautiful for' country, the naturally constructive New World Hercules, went crazy and became the berserk fascist Hercules--doomed-doomed-doomed. Oh well, after Disintegration Day there'll still be two million of us unstained people left in the land.

"

Ray Purchase soliloquizing: "If Madam God really knew me she'd remove my Mark of Cain...I'm not a bad person...I'm gay but amenable...if I could only chat with her and tell her history is replete with the atrocities, massacres and holocausts committed by church and state made possible with the collusion of the common man's hands--yes, the People turn against the idealists, the visionaries, the good, the Christs of time...you see the vulgar perpetrators throughout the ages from the cave dwellers to the modern denizens, the cowardly blood-thirsty lynch mobs, the demented soul-savers, the Ollie Norths, the Wimps, the patriotic cannon-fodder, the ~~xxx~~ praetorian death squads, the Black Shirts and the Brown Shirts and finally our Green Shirts, the Stalinites, the Rambo Ham Actors, The Calleys and Medinas, the flag-waving Kent State killers, <sup>the Shamirs and Sharons,</sup> /the Central America 'Founding Fathers' ---the headless United States of Totalitaria's soldiery while losing their liberty at home are manning military outposts throughout the world...the sins and crimes of the masses will cease with the end of mankind ....all flesh shall fade as grass, and as the leaf that springeth out of a green tree...yes, yes the beginning of a man's words is folly, and the end of his talk is a mischievous error.... please, Madam Ho Chi Christ, hear...and at least forgive....."

(R Lights pipe, wipes the burning blood from the ~~ExD~~ L C D stigmata on his forehead, then says to me with mellow musing, "Pete, years and years ago--after I cut your Stony Brook lawn one day, you gave me a charming little book, "Castles In Spain" a nice myth of seeking happiness in spite of sordid reality. ...I've often longed for sanctuary, and had a dream of my special very own castle in Spain .....to get there I must first pay for my sins and defeat my horror vacui . . . ." --The Mark of Cain miraculously disappeared from his forehead.



There was a heady shrill neighing and the staccato of queenly triumphant dainty hooves, and oh! how swiftly was borne to me the goodly smells of paella, redsy-red roses, sun-crisp whitewashed stone walls, and I heard the hammering heels of flamenca, and my dear friend beautiful Federico Garcia Lorca above the steel strings singing,

"I want no one to see me

For I have killed a man.

Justice follows close behind

And I run on a mare of nacre

With no bridle and no stirrups."

God is the prime mistress of drama. She then sounded the tocsin that introduced the beginning of The End. Her protasis begane with sudden crashing gongs and an eclipse. The heavens lighted up with the star-power of infinitude as earth remained a darkroom. Fragrant Vagina God appeared on the proscenium of the Universe in a mother-of-pearl chariot drawn by her four dread steeds. Madam Ho Chi Christ's ~~adorable~~ adorable form of dreams was enrobed in zephyrs, and one lotus blossom enjoyed her shining jet tresses. As the eye can see a star light-years away, her Godliness was seen in immaculate detail from all parts of the world. What can be of more value than God gorgeous, God perfect, God most beautifully sensuously desireable, God fair and just?

Armies of The Good trooped the skies flying her

gonfalons blazoning D E U S V U L T .

She said ( and no word went unheard) "You, the craven majority, are sentenced to the fate you've earned: As of April First I declare invalid the Nihil Obstat and Imprimatur of your beings, and forthwith rescind the franchise of life. For your irreverence towards the ~~xxx~~ only reason I gave you life, LOVE, and your desecration of ETERNAL HARMONY, here is your designation!"

She swung her whip, and the skies flamingly erupted:

L for LIAR

C for COWARD

D for DISINTEGRATE

And instantly, within the world-circling gloom the damning L C D came to electrical blood-leaking birth on guilt-soaked foreheads and right hands. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. There were blinding fulminations in the amplitude of space as of countless H- Bombs loosed --- followed by streaming stillness, and the oriental SHE OF IT ALL said serenely, "From the earth planet ye shall be brought to court. . . After ME comes the great I AM . . . the sequel is the rendering of accounts. After ME comes THE JUDGE." Ah, the sweet-sweet feeling in those of us undefiled by The Mark of Cain-- as one being snugly on shore watching a tempest-torn ship, ~~x~~ passengers, cargo, timbers and sails shredding to sure destruction on the ~~xx~~ rocks. But, perversely enough, people excite to baleful mass situations and conditions, and find cruel pleasure in wholesale disaster--- anything, anything no matter how dire, anything except boredom. At least, the condemned lacked not company. The die was cast; the ir known fate was the red-hot skillet, and they, the helpless water-drops falling on the relentless scorching iron and dancing in unpredictable directions, responding to the hidden springs of human vagaries. I hitch-coptered back to Stony Brook. Who picked me up at the D.C. Rent-a-Whirly?--a guy after my own heart. He said, "Pal, I'm Grand Dragon of the Dedicated Assassins for Democracy. We Freedom Kamakazes recruit from terminal cancer cases. Our rallying slogan is ON THE WAY OUT TAKE REACTIONARY COCKSUCKERS WITH YOU. My dentures are packed with enough H-units to wipe Washington, D.C. off the map and leave a mile deep ~~xx~~ crater....."

....but this swell-looking God Madam Fragrant Vagina is cleaning the slate on April First---Ah Aprilis, month of the diamond and sweet pea, the season of the opening buds enchained by LOVE the immortal--I say, this beautiful fucking April will not be forgotten!" "Ipsissima verba," I said, and proceeded to pull rank, I dwelling on mu unofficial partnership with cuntly God...there upon the eggbeater's teletype clicked and read, "Whose show is this? Keep honorable nose to honorable ~~gr~~ grindstone. U NO HOO."Over the Dictarorship's Star Wars' complex of Ham Actor this righteous assassin removed his false teeth and tossed them out. Within seconds the whole shebang below disappeared in a lovely incinerating mushroom twenty miles high. Soon, as we hovered over Stony Brook U. I opened the hatch, jumped and pulled the chute cord--when God's with you it's easy to be a dare=devil. There were pilgrimages to the colleges; great groups deciding to meet the end on the green swards of education-- why do people with so little time to live throng the upper schools--the sies of learning--what meant the sudden knowledge-absorbing fetish, the wanderjahre of studies--was the campus heaven on earth--the simulation of Mount Parnassus, the fountain of a last-grasp new inspiration about the definition of Being--and did they hope to antidote and propitiate the looming shades with a few hastily crammed small lighted candles of Truth and ~~Reason~~ Reason? According to the Hebrews their Jehovah took seven days to assemble the cosmos. In the story of man with Madam ineffable Vagina there had ~~been~~ never been seven more disturbed days. With due respect for Her Godness I doubt whether She Herself could have written down the multifarious things that took place at feverish pace.

Her vaginal HOLIEST did not masturbate around with hints, allegories, parables, fence-straddlings, double-meanings, inuennos, ifs, maybes, perhapes, antonyms, obscurantisms, suppositions, hypothotheses, or syllogisms; with her the straight line was the honest distance between two points--in short, <sup>UN</sup> like shitaas mortals; each morning the way hot news used to run flashingly in a wide belt on the old Times Square building her inexorable dictum streaked many miles high and wide across the sky's endless blue:

A PLAGUE A DAY FOR YOU LOUSY MISBEGOTTEN BASTARDS  
UNTIL MY GREAT AND JUST PACIFICATION SWEEP"

--she was not loathe to advertise THE PROGRAM-:

Monday: All waters turn into blood.

Tuesday: Bats and vermin.

Wednesday: Unbearable heat and fleas.

Thursday: Ice, snow, furious winds, sub-zero.

Friday: Storms of centuries' old piss.

Saturday: Grand deluge of eons of shit.

Sunday: (To the eve of Honorable Peace-Disintegration Dawn) Plague of maggots, rats, snakes, and crocodiles in lightning-struck darkness.

What else did you failed miserable humanoids expect? Don't like it?

Tell your troubles to your witch-doctore, Ham Actors and the Marines.

Her Regency, Lady Ho Chi Chris  
-tus. Adonai the Infallible.  
Self  
Eternal ~~Self~~-Existing Being.

Madam God entered my mind and said forth: "Amaranth mine--yes you who wouldst deflower God--are my chosen amanuensis. Take a letter: "To the Church of Nature Free and the unsullied love-children of the soon-to-be Idyllic Fourth Innocence:

Dear lovingkindness pacifists--greetings!

Would you believe that Ham Actor's skeletal consort and fellow criminal Piranha in unheard-of reprisal against I, God, had the engineers and scientists of the Green Machine Space Travel Agency dig a hole one mile wide and one hundred miles deep, harness it with jet-power and rocketed us out of timeless orbit?!--our thirty five thousand miles round-solid became a missile thrust in the weightless slipstream and went for one eccentric ride---but have no fears and thank I, God, who righted the dislocation by simply WILLING our errant planet <sup>back</sup> abck on its old comfy stable socket!"

The world had resorted to the streets. Never had time been at such a premium. Peoples' eyes were mad glaring things, grinning. Sleep was no ally. Voices of all ages and kinds shouted, "Any thing-every thing goes! Do it now! We haven't got long-// do it now-nowww!" Each day, plague and all, was Saturnalia; the afternoons, frenzied Bacchic orgies ( how ugly in the lilac tone of day) and night was the demonic revels and satanic verses of Walpurgis. It was the complete release of the ravening beasts the majority of mankind had disguised and nurtured in the foul labyrinths of their beings--every street, high way and footpath was MYLAI ~~was~~ with ~~xxxxx~~ dastard rape, sodomy and slaughter--all aspects of vulturous humanity had come to roost---the fastidious ~~xxxxx~~ metamorphosed into the swilling incontinent; the treadmill dullards into raging ravagers; all the seething, eyeless lust, hyena-hunger and destructiveness in the lowly, harrowed, herd masses pullulated and sought vent before Disint<sup>T</sup>egrayion Dawn.

It was a moribund, garish, katabolic sort of letting-go, a kind of farting-in-God's-face kind of liberation, hideous, insane beyond the pale, but nevertheless liberation~~x~~ with very many imitating Nazi Goebbels by killing their children and then themselves. The lacquer of civilities flaked off, the humorless postured facade of The Law squares molted away as cheap candy in a fire---neighborhoods, public ~~XXXXXXXX~~ and clandestine places were become back-to-back jungles reeking ~~ng~~ of bloodflow, incest, cannibalism, tortures, ceaseless hysterical laughter and rampant copulations under extremest stress of unutterable muscle-wrenching, flesh~~r~~ distending satyriasis→ the full blossoming of the direst profane obscene Black Mass----there were those who made huge bonfires burning Bibles, tomes on sanity, virtues, manners and reason, and also turning enemies--and friends-- in to <sup>Neronian</sup> ~~XXXXXXXX~~ torches....the better sort castrated junkies and liquor store proprietors, wrecked the altars of Mammona, and converted as confessants to Madam Ho Chi Christ...but alas too late with too little.

From I the Witness-and-God's -Major Domo  
to the Church of The Pleasure Garden, hearken:

Dear Un-Cain-marked:

When the jig is up those fragile things--those ephemera, People, let their hair down. (Note: Whay follows I saw with my own eyes on Cyclo-Vision in the Dean's office at Stony Brook U.): The Rover boys of the Green House and their swine wives, synthetic children, meaty mistresses, animals and ~~x~~catamites were having a free-ride, tipsy, roaring Last-Days-of-Sardanapalus ballo in maschera.

The Supreme Court Justice was King Tut riding the Golden Calf, a Senator was Genghis Khan; Dr. Henry Kaiaphas 'moral gravity' Kissass, as the high priest of the Sanhedrin. Our Dictatorship's Leader, Ham Actor, was in sackcloth and ashes. The Great Communicator's jaunty swagger was gone. He said into the cameras with ~~penitential~~ penitential unction, "Forgive me, true God, Madam Ho Chi Christ---mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa . . .!.I only did what THE RICH, and Joe Jerk, THE GREAT SLOB, wanted me to do. Dear God of the Mongolian ~~eyefold~~ eyefold I'm not a man but a Teflon portrayor, a weathervane: I will abolish the restriction on Yellow immigration passed in 1888---in my Hollywooding heart I have always been yeaing, nodding, chuckling, gainsaying, whitening yuletides and reddening Nick's nosing and spell<sup>l</sup>ing Nature backwards and Geritoling and Birching and O'Reaganing in Amerucan applesauce---don't you see I had to make the grade--spawned from a drunken father and played out mom--I really have nothing to offer mankind and am the afternoon dream of all born-failed-thespians ---I lived as a Zerox copy of real heroes and cowboys Like Louie Amo-uer--I, Jelly Bean Ham Actor am all liars, cowards, thieves and genocides---I'll ham up any part you wish: "Ah, ~~Babel~~ Babel-America, no more shall the sound of minstrels and ~~Trump~~-TRUMP-trumpeters be heard in you--your rich men were the merchant princes of the world--with your star-spangled sorcery you deveived small nations and the blood of God's people is found on you!--Now<sup>w</sup> Madam Christ I address the rabble masses:Dear former citizens of the defunct Democracy I your mandated Leader ~~proclaim~~ proclaim unconditional freedom--I renounce and denounce our Police State!--I beg on bended knees to you Madam Ho Chi Christ--save me I'm deathly afraid of ~~death~~ death--Oh, all th at darkness and noth ingness . . .!"

It was the plague day of searing heat you couldn't believe, percolating humidity, and needle-footed fleas. As Sam Actor scratched and gasped, he cried, "I'll carry the pack the furtherest mile, and with blunt synonyms; there: "To hades with the Green Machine! Down with that stellar-fecal rag the Flag!--I declare immediate formation of international, moneyless, ally loving Unocracy! . . . Oh, Madam God, heed my sobs---I have a cruel and unusual dread of dying--give me one chance--let the other reactionaries hang!--I'll do anything your Godness, your divine orientality wants--please!"

Heinrich Kaiaphas Kissass, sporting a Gentile nose and costumed as Ulysses said, "You crazy campus kids out there American genocide in Vietnam and Central America is incidental and not an issue of the greatest moral gravity....Money is the essential that talks!--you can buy your way if you got the sacred Wergeld. . . ." The immensity of the sky became a living movie screen---there was JFK being carbined in the Dallas autocade and his Holy Roman Catholic Irish gore splattering Jackie---there was Ruby sending a bullet into Lee Oswald and Oswald folding down and sighing, ". . . oh . . . no. . ."---then there is ~~KKK~~ thick vital blood oozing eagerly from RFK's beautiful head onto the dirty germ-laden hotel carpet after Sirhan-Sirhan riddled his brain---look-see Martin Luther King bloodily expire ~~on~~ on the Confederate motel balcony-----then see the Red, White and Blue B-Fifty twos bomb and napalm the Vietnamese natives and see Christian GIs pick up their bodies with meATHOOKS AND BULLDOZE~~xx~~ them into ditches---I covered my eyes and cried, "Oh Fragrant Vagina God come in-come in wherever you are . . .!"



--And there in front of Wally Brown's fish market at the Port Jefferson Marina I found a screever drawing a lurid chalk graffiti of our vaginal Lord on the cracked sidewalk, and her message: "Madam God--damn all reactionaries to sewerage sludge--awaits her amadeus author in the place where the calliope plays.

O yew ov lyttel fayth!"

I heard the calliope from the Laughing Ground in the distance--and Har-Ma-Gedon Amusement Park was nearby at Mount Sinai on the Sound. Now, in the Park Har-Ma-Gedon, the site devised to be unreal, and ~~Make~~ Make-Believe holding sway, the lowly Mark-of-Cain herds and ilka their broods disport; and here 'tis Comus ruling: See Jack Jerk run . . .! See Jill Jerk run! See the assorted robot Jerks run and seek silliness! They should wear the solemn mask, and high soles of the tragic shoe, for in a few days they will be bereft of the goat song of day-7 and in th e desert of the Dead, before The Judge, their refuse-hearts shall be weighed against the pure white feather of Truth. They live for shopping-carts of food and circus and are strangers to the struggle of the mind to free itself from the instincts of brute nature. The citizen herd protoplast, the mass human algae has an innate directionalism----the he and she of the palping automata in the prehistoric murking depths mirror the prize-songs of terror, pity and love. Genius, the noble, the beautiful, the gracious, openly reveal---but the mean defies realization. I doubt whether God her (Venus) self can accurately plumb the mysterious vacuum of the man--the woman in the street. In this, the apocalyptical ending, the sojourn of humanoids had never known such days---fables, emulous epics, vast metered fancies and audacious fictions paled to glaucous impressions in comparison--

--and there are irrefutable soul-shriving on-the-spot films to attest to what words cannot honor. There was that first day of the loathsome visitations, the day of the Moon, when all that was liquid turned into animal and human blood, sweat, semen, smegma, tears, mothers' milk, urine, beverages, Mammon's Holy water-ALCOHOL--and the seas sent up teeth-gritting, cloying, sickening sanguine mists, and certain exhibitionists contemptuously drank the everywhere-blood, and agonizingly died thereof. Tuesday scourged the earth planet with countless armadas of screeching flapping super-bats and all invading coiling slithering serpents and every species of poisonous rodents, ~~XXXXXXXX~~ enormous dragonlizards, incredible crocades and giant carnivorous flowers. Wednesday was frying temperatures and clouds of blanketing bloodsucking maddening arthropodii....I wrote it down as I saw it...with the historical and the moral founded on the hard-rock of sober reason and not on that whore, imagination----for me there were no submarine abysses, enchanted palaces, Titans and Genii, no Golden Ass, no metaphorical semitic Kafka cockroach, or the Elder Pliny's 'mantichora' or men with feet turned backwards and without mouths the dewy fragrance of Pomona and Flora, or all those name-brand, criminally, negligent, absentee GODS--who have forfeited the right to my respect---for me there was only MAN as he shit-ass was, is, and will only be in this actual life. Despite the gelid afflictions on Thursd8y the families Roboticus Jerkus were in the Park avidly engaging their amusements. Amongst the icicles in the sleet and snow they sought final diversions--many freezing steelhard to death and remaini ng in preposterous positions--and the profusion of iced bodies in tableau morte did not matter to the living because their Time was inexorably fleeing.

I pause. I behold. I am empathy-incarnate personified, and that is not disloyalty to Madam Ho Chi Khrist ( oh that Khunt ghlorious! ) as I cannot help feeling for life outside of my own skin ( for there but the grace of Wyrd go I. . .!)Aye, to We the Illuminated a game is no more tahn a game and we are of the tongue-in-cheek regards much ----but to that riddle within an enigma within a Chinese box: the mass-man, the Merry-go-round, the Tunnel of love, the Whip, the See-Saw, the Teeter-Totter, the Roller Coaster, the Ferris Wheel were not kid-stuff playthings but Ordainments--like the superstition of the Trojan masses--when realist Laocoon warns them against the Greeks ' Wooden Horse they wished to believe the timbered fabrication was from the right hand of God--and thus betrayed their destiny and doomed Illium. It was Friday, the day of the monumental Piss Plague. Roaring and plunging down from skyblue infinitude typhoons of the hot-to-boiling amber fluid washed cars off the Twenty Mile Bridge to Connecticut and into the whitecapped Sound. In the stadium by the Steeplechase Fun House, men, women and children played cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians, heroic Totalitarians and baddies --with lethal real live weapons. The genre meltingpot bacillus Americanus had been suckled too long on movie, radio, T V, newspaper, magazine, novel and cartoon Disneyland Westerns and pay shittrotic sagas and tales of the country's beloved mafia. . . they had been the puling larvae of all things base- they had been the ingredients that made possible and ~~then~~ then actual the amoral-coward-composite man and the subsequent unregenerate truthless society. . . they were their own soul-suffocators and body-snatchers who spawned the Gunpoint State

Now they were their own things---in the arena they were not spectators but the players, the doers--they were at last the living, breathing, heightened, acting images of themselves. Lashed by the storming saline sheets of piss they hunted and tracked, and with corny bravados and imprecations, joyfully killed. They were doing to each other, friends, kith and kin what they had done to American altruists and what they ~~had~~ had sent military headless robots to do to tiny countries all over the world. Slaughtering and being slain was the adnoidal-Jerks' disrespect ~~for~~ God, and calculated to disturb her schedule....the sardonic sheep did not know that She wanted them to destroy each other. Before dusk the urinal maelstroms subsided. In the mellow light and plangent warmth of the setting voyeur May sun, the carbamide, sodium chloride and phosphates of the thickly residue piss made lovely colors on the bloodclotted -blotted corpses in the stadium---and intriguing pissy acrid acidulous smells welcomed night as the riotous Lost grabbed at pleasures. Saturni Dies, the day before <sup>Death</sup> ~~Death~~ and Transfiguration for robot humanity was most awesome and truly the saturnalian Deluge of Shit....Madam Sweet Vagina God called it "Saturday's gift to the Misbegotten". ..if could have been directed by Lina Wertmuller:

~~F~~ From the bucolic fields of heaven streamed the ~~diarroeal~~ diarroeal downpour enfulfing the Ha-Ma-Ged'on amusement park and the entire globe--similar to the Red Sea closing over Pharaon's Jew-pursuing army---with an overwhelming yellow-brown miasma of man's worst possible putridity---and then from mother earth springs sprang sibilantly spewing spraying splattering filth.....Within the shelter of the Penny Arcade I jotted a potential title<sup>h</sup> : "World As Cesspool."

The Park's hundreds of Arrogant-power Flags of the U S of Totalit-  
aria hung and swung as sodden bodies of shit. The stench was that  
of the oceanic slime from which in the beginning of Time the fila-  
ments and fauna of man exceedingly slowly assembled....I could see  
the initiate idea of homo sapiens as a postulating intestinal cell,  
a urolagnic and scatalogical primate.

That day's preponderating domination by human offal was so vast a  
proof of man's hapless fragile transiency and so terrible a living  
picture of God's imagination -(you understand what I mean--don't  
you Madam Ho Chi Christ?)-and the capacity She gave man to suffer  
that it transcended fecal reality and before the universal panorama  
of just plain shit I humbly bent my head. A citizen came in with  
both hands full of the manna of disgust and was eating it as though  
it were chocolate pudding. He had a hot dog tattooed on one cheek,  
a football on the other, and jingoistically enough, The Flag color-  
needled on his low beatling forehead. I felt sorry for him and said,  
"Brother, do ~~x~~ you realize what you're putting into your mouth?"  
He said furiously, "You commie conscientious objector, we patriots  
love shit!" --To them their own---so much for the specific social  
gravity of Nationalism....Amen.

It was minutes to the birth of Doomsday. Populus, the child-breeders,  
were gorging ritual junk foods, frankfurters, spun candy, and diet  
colas~~x~~---Oh ye miserable poor gluttonous ~~xxx~~ human hyenas who avidly  
devour your own guts'=.-- I became nervous. The BIG THING was  
getting mighty close. Did SHE forget me--was I going to be left out  
of the deal ( as usual)--was this going to be my classic disappoint-  
ment--where in the hell was Fragrant Vagina God?! I don't know  
why but I went into the Side-Show.

The freaks did nothing for me, but as I was leaving the two-headed man nodded both heads and said significantly, "Look for her head." Sure enough I found myself before a phrenology chart of God's head in four positions--profile, back, front face, and looking down to the top...bald, she was inviting also--even as is the depilated vulva --(beauty lies in the eyes of the desireable). There were '69' switchboard compartments in the Divine Brain--exciting organs like "Amativeness", 'wonder', 'wit', 'ideality', 'hope', 'why not?'; and then I tracked a clue: -between 'fear' and ~~x~~'search' was the picture of a scorpion....And across the way between the totem pole and the popcorn ~~xxxxx~~ machine was the Medium, Jacqueline Skorprios-- a tiny-titted topless gypsy with a Picasso face and hairy nipples and an underslung ass in a glass enclosure....I stuck a buck in Jasqueline's slot---the chimp-like mechanical life-size doll (-I would have bet my life that I had seen the wide-apart fish eyes and the pomegranate bee-stung lips somewhere, somehow-) put her hand to her forehead--- the black olive electric bulb~~x~~ eyes lighted and she said, "You are Aries the Ram. Don't drive when you're drunk. You shoot your mouth off too much and you're stranger to secrets--your National Security Robot number is----" "Cut the shit," I said, "cataclysmic defoliation of the human jungle is at hand--can you tell me where to find God--- Answer yes or no pronto!" She said in her pennywhistle voice, "I have a communication from the spirit world for a Christomaniac,--" I said, "That's me--make it snappy!"

"-Come in," she said, "come in dear ghost---yes I hear you loud and clear--ah, there are two--my late mate and your mater....Take over fond ectoplasms-γ " Coming from the far far immeasurable void, in sing-song, were a Boston voice and my mother's broken English-γ - a dialogue in echoing unison: "Lady Christus is in Christ'mass land . . . which naturally is in old Santa's fantasia workshop . . . the great SHE IS will take you to the end of the line, CAMELOT . . . there on the ROUND TABLE are the SEVEN TONES that will separate the chaff from the wheat....Away and out!" Then the medium went into an emotional ~~con~~ ~~andom~~ commercial shrieking "Rubber up-Rubber up against babies and Aids!" -No use; despairing, I moved on to the Wax Museum. I saw Kings, Pharaohs, Gods, Tyrants, Dictators, Popes and Presidents. There were uncanny recordings in each--all ~~xxx~~ sounded the same in uttering treacherous generalities. I was almost shocked out of my senses when the dummy of JFK whispered to me clewingly, "Pete the Red, there's an alley-valley, and then the mouth that tells truth--" When I turned to look for an alley I heard him say, "My wife with the fortune-loving snatch would have loved to meet you--she appreciated the copy of IMMIGRANT SAINT you sent her the day I won the White House, but she is on the isle of Lesbos in the Temple of Dollars." Somewhere a campaignle knelled twelve---"My God!" I cried, "DISINTEGRATION DAY!-My God!" Outside it was coal nigger-dark. Thunderbolts with the noise and concussion of H Bombs rent the blackness. Snakes, rats and spiders swarmed. All the steeples of Mammon ragingly rang their bells. The Circus wild ~~xxxxxx~~ beasts had been let out of cages, and bellowing, roaring and screeching, joined the bedlam. The insensitive robot slobs about me were hardly impressed. I was bourne along in the common pack even as a conscious wayfarer in the alimentary canal. "

The vast neon sign looming ahead said, CLUB NIGHTMARE ALLEY. "Good," thought I, "we're getting somewhere---yet, why does the Chinese poontang God put me through the obstacle rout---there must be an easier way--but, it is not for mere mortals to doubt the wisdom of the Almighty Infinite O." -This alley-valley put my heart in my throat----man's contraptions went berserk--drunken jerk drivers crashed head-on ---one-eyed trains jumped track and ran over me killing all the human shits about me--unsafe buildings collapsed upon me--oh see my immigrant father Geremio being crushed buried alive in pouring concrete--save him somebody!----rabbit warren tenements burn as so much combustible garbage and fry black and also white babies who were sickly from want anyway--ships sank gurglingly--drowning is the least cliché way to go --I'm choking on anthracite mine gas and the smudgy stunted miners go to sleep forever with their workclothes on all around me--I have to step over the kids in the street who die from drugs--oh the abortion fatalities in this hideous goddamn vale!--the senseless carelessness and criminal negligence--and bodies went flinging and pulverizing and parts of bodies collaging the landscape and oh the indecent motherfucking Jesuscocksucking bastard profane unmannerly cursing cursing curses of the frothing people!.....and nary a bruise on me and how busy are the gatherers of organs etc. for the too-late transplant banks----and at the County line the sign said felicitously, "You have just left the Valley of the Shadow of D E A T H---do come again. Thank you. Chamber of Commerce . -The asphalt highway was a conveyor belt that became an Escalation to the Shrine of Honor in the chapel of the Credibility gap and there was the huge circular stone face from ancient pagan Rome---Garlanding the BOCCA DELLA VERITA in the Federal rotunda were the grotesque & degenerate canonized vampires:



'Commitment', 'Protective reaction', 'Glory', 'Defense', 'National honor', 'Hero'....The sign by the votives said, "The mystic Seer solicits a sum not inferior to a War bond." I lighted the candles by the saints and paid with slugs. Into the Mouth of Truth I put my offering envelope that had the message, "Fuck the Establishment!"

A sepulchral voice said, "In Fun City is the Pyramid of the Great Seal. You will know it is the monument of The Right for at the base it says, 'Novus Ordo Seclorum' and at the apex in a burst of sunlight is the all-seeing eye of Leader Ham Actor--" Then sarcastically, "Tightwad your subversive message is already in the hands of the Watch and Ward arm of the Secret S.U.C.K Service. You are Pete the Red, Jew-lover, nigger-lover-, gook-lover. It be-Hoovers me to turn you over to the Grand Inquisitor!" Stage hands changed the scene and the curtain went up on the Supreme Court. There were cardboard images of the Conservativ ~~xxxxxxx~~ Justices. The D A was a ~~nigger~~ midget inside a giant Papier mache finger/ pointing accuser speaking through a bullhorn: "There are five hidden chambers in the pyramid? The total of the numbers on the doors add up to that which is the heart of everything? In the Corridor of ~~the~~ Confessional Keyholes there will be a clue? If you knock on one wrong door all will be lost to you? If you succeed you will achieve Gnosis . . . and Bell, Book and Candle to those who hurt you?" I said, "Grand Inquisitor, are you asking me or telling me?" He said lie on yonder couch and let the subconscious---" I whirled away, saying over my shoulder, "Shrink me not!" The facade of Fun City was the immense gaudy gaily painted figure of Pagliaccio and his hilariously laughing open mouth was the entrance.

Over the archway of the long narrow passage it said CORPIDA DE LOS  
CJO DE LA LIAVE, and in small print, 'Decent people don't eavesdrop'.  
But intimate life is best captured through the keyhole. I peeked at  
random into keyholes and many were vulva shaped: Me, a little kid in  
West Hoboken's Saint Joseph's school singing My Country 'Tis of thee...  
rapid scenes of me crazy drunk and--CENSORED--I shuddered--but one  
is not himself in dreams or under the influence--God forgive me!---  
oh privacy oh soiled underwear oh shamefulness hemmed by four walls  
on how smelly ignoble people are in their hive cells....in this locked  
Washington hospital room the porkface doddering gay head of the Green  
Machine's OGPU holds a bouquet of red roses and is fervently kissing  
the State Department's Jenkins who was caught molesting in a men's  
toilet---ugh-pew!...I'll be--!-in this Greenwich Village room the  
Bowery bum derelict hermaphrodite Jesuit Johnny Craig--good guy--  
is being horsewhipped by Mitzi the scarred French Lion-tamer and he  
is crying, "Denus misereatur!"...I'm in bed with a perfectly exotic  
virgin Marilyn Fascinatio---cops nightsticked us badly that afternoon--  
at a Sacco-Vanzetti demonstration  
and the room is a Jewish comrade's den in an abandoned Bronx Victor-  
ian mansion---Marilyn excused herself and left the room for a bit  
...during the night two Irish Catholic cops came in to drink bootleg  
booze--one slipped violently in the dark on what Marilyn Fascinatio  
had done on the floor and struck his temple on the fireplace andiron,  
dying instantly...no one found us...Marilyn went and I thought I'd  
die laughing under the horse-blanket.....My time was being wasted by  
the seemingly irrelative mini-views and I began to think Pussy-God  
had given me the brush-off, the old rejection slip, and i'd be left  
out of the show to end all shows--when, what do you know---the next  
~~keyholexxxxxxfxxxxxxx~~

keyhole comforted me: Ahhh, the tenement Italian kitchen of my childhood in Hoboken...mother is making diapers out of Medusa Cement bags (smell that heavenly cooking!)...she pretends she does not know I am at the keyhole and she says in Italian (I translate), "I will supply the thread of Arianna---catch on-catch on?" -Yes!--the labyrinth of Crete and the Minotaur is Mother's hinting clue!...Mother is Ariadne and I'll be Theseus following the thread to my darling Madam God!... Hurry, Mother, more--more!...Mother said something that sounded like 'Pandora'---Pandora, Pandora's box---Jack-in-the-box---God-in-the-box--could be.... Mother thought it fantastical to speak American and she said proudly in English, "I had-a the-a dream-a about-a fifaty two-a...the interpretaysh in-a the-a dream-a Kabbala say-a that-a the-a numero is the-a LOVE."...I figured quickly: L is twelve in the alphabet ,O is 15, V is 22, and E is 5 making 54 and 54 is not 52---I got it! = A M O R E adds to 52and the relaying doors of Wisdom after number one which is A are 13, 15, 18 and 5!....Underground the wide Nile coursed the ~~Pyrnxix~~ Pyramid of beauteous Nitrocis, the 'Rosy-cheeked' serpentine courtesan queen...I had to board the funerary river boat; the slick sleek double-ended vessel with hull of shining negro crystal, sails of taffeteen, incense-burning torches, and masts o the beaten gold.... albino zombies rowed in rhythm with agate oars....within the geometric Wonder of the World priestly Nile branched to capillary canals attended by portal-locks...crowding were the coffins on deck and duly labelled: Popes and their kept boys, Presidents and their mistresses and families, Shit-as Generals, male-whore Politicos, job-lot Economic Parasites.....quite a few of our time were identified with careless scrawls: professional Jesus-peddlers, eager beavers, yuppies, gangrene berets , Princee Di, her jackass Prince, the stuffy moron billionaire Queen and the whole compost of British royalty.

...and many caskets of vile odor had tags saying, "The enclosed bum is still alive and safe and fucking things up on earth, but Handler, please process his shitty soul as an apprehended criminal in the Summons Book of the Dead anyway....Thank you. - by Portal One I urged the mutely gliding catafalque to halt, and I pressed the buzzer... for what reason I know not why, I was presented with the voluptuous Procession of the Sacred Bull Apis-Osiris; and with the reliable independability of All Things---that which mattered a moment before changed to the carcophagus of Kyksos Nyksos who invented the clay brick thirty thousand years ago in the treeless alluvial Ur of the Chaldees -----his restless masonrt spirit travels the construction jobs and is modernly known as 'Hicky Nicky the floatin' bricky'-I worked for him in '29 on the Daily News Building-Oh Godamm don't let me recallmy ~~xxxxx~~ cursed beast of burden bricklaying years!!! ---each correctly found opening indicates the stream to the following station...thus as in geography of the dream condition my drar-laden gondola floats me to the next portal...-The mummy ofKhammurabi fully occupies my sight--his basalt column anticipates founder Moses and says, "Shamash, the sun-God and the God of Right gave me the laws of The Code.....Come we now in our smoothing bottom to the rich niche of the only Solomon, over-sexed and truly the Ruler of Kings---his comment reads, "Nothing has been said that has not been said before."--when lo!--sensual Solly becomes austere Amenhotep IV and he has writ, "This country is do thickly peopled with divinities that it is easier to find a God than a man---There is but one God, the Sun-God Phoebe, and all races are dear to Her."---

The far-discerning Pharaoh was almost right; God if femal and That Girl is my Love, to whom I would be adorant consort, pussiest Madam Ho Chi Christ! -The 'R' of Amore was 18, and in that vault I found, by the light of Kosher candles , a nice enough guy embalmed with sweet and pungent spices of Jerusalem...On his curlyhaired chest, enveloped by his Tallith, he wore the Tablets of Destiny; one cryptically said, "I N R A" and the other, "Once upon a ~~M~~ Nazarene who came a-gluttoning and a-boozing with permissive cunts and low-life con shysters . . . "

-At his wounded feet there was a bon voyage basket that said, "No bread , no Torah," and it was filled with bagels, lox, wine, chopped chicken livers and tissue wrapped Jaffa oranges...In his Big Sleep he had the mien of a man, who after dure travail, fulfilled a tale, accomplished a compulsive Mission....I remembered that some rumored he had arisen, ~~x~~ and others said the letter-abiding Dr. Henry Kaiaphus Sadducee most high, had his bloody battered remains dumped in Tophet....But, "Aha," I mused, "so here is where the believing bereaved cached you! -How many did it take to rollaway the great stone?--and what about all that needs specific explaining?--?"--then a neat feat took place--his dove's face changed into the terrific no-bullshit face of Mister Future, Comrade Wladimir Ilytch Ulyanoff...-At last I arrived at the terminal: 'twas a Wicket-Gate, and on the curved lintel the signe saideth,

KNOCK AND **III** IT SHALL OPE

I jumped ship and stood on the WELCOME footstone...Sozzled Santa opened the barrier and ho-ho-ho-ed me...I saw red and said, "Merry ole Saint Nick is the Spirit of Yuletide--now have you been a good little Italia n-American boy; believe what you're told, obey the teaching nuns and the rich man, eat all your macaroni and take your Saturday night castor oil and also on Saturday night to the priest confess all your bad-bad sins that will put you in fiery hell, go to Sunday Mass and communion,

cross your heart and fight and die for America, wear rubbers, don't piss off the curb and brush your teeth?" Santa grinned. I said, "The church bells were playing 'Holy night--silent night', the snow was fallu-ing, I was a skinny ghinny kid wet and cold and hungry with my mouth full of pearls of wishes and my stomach full of dreams on Main Street under the lamplight looking into Silvers' department store and sincerely respecting you and loving you and praying to you and telling you I wanted trains and a sled and warm bearskin gloves and snug cowboy boots and Xmas morning came and oh'--I got SHIT!....now I'm a man and the personal secretary of God--yea, and her boy-friend--and here you are, stoned in the marketplace--you Salvation army handout tramp--who needs you?--get lost and fuck up no more the hopes and dreams of innocent poor kids'"--and I banefully booted his baggy butt...tears fell from his glims blear; the basso, the rum blossom, the whiskers, tassels, jingles and fatness shimmered, dimmed, and was not--another Spring cleaning; another superfluous character ~~gone~~ gone from the mental stage; gone from the horizon, Truth. Christ'mass Land should have been called 'The Sin State' or 'The Immoral Kingdom' -the toys for the little robot bastards of the United States of Totalitaria were flame-throwers, G I Lunar battle uniforms replete with oxygen, Muzak, pot burner, food pills, authomatic masturbator and piss and shit shorts--and of course there were tanks, Laser-beam rifles, bows and arrows with atomic war heads, candy-flavored lethel chemicals, flower-scented poison gasses, microbes, death certificates, modular entertaining graves and tombstones, ready-made Eulogies and Memoriums, dead 'gooks', sisck-sick masks, imitation blood plasma, psychodelia, dope sets, simulated limbs, torsos, genitals and organ transplants, venereal aids, battery-operated rust-proof fucking, sucking and frigging equipment, walking pornographi c dolls, and, nostalgic Thanksgiving Day dirigible-size balloon animals

.....Annndddd Herrrrre Comes Pandor's Box!...The box was made from agnus castus, the tree that preserves chastity; why/---perhaps when there are two unlike things there is already a world; but why any thing ? I released the catch at the top of the box...the lid flew off and on a bouncing spring up popped my Creator, La Bella Cristo!...the divine passion of my being was a Nun-in-the-pulpit...she went from the Jack-in-the-box to a trampoline and to the floor and danced the leaping Saltarella...surely she danced for me---how enthralling is lovely ~~xiant~~ oriental God in the wimple and habit of the Three Vows--how exciting is feminine virtue!--oh see Sister Christ--the lily pure vestments of the virgin religious undrape and she is scarcely clothed with Penthouse Pet Victorian maid scanties behold!--I am deservedly shocked to amaze--my God has the cutest cloven hoof, sparkling diamond-studded horns and the most ~~kw~~ bewitching tail!...she holds out her hands in greeting:  
"Amorous vassal. . . scribbling swain, what's new?" ...with Godness stacked up like that Doomsday was but a trifling thing compared to her sex-appeal and being with her I was as happy as Space....I said aflutter, "Where has your vaginal Godliness been?...why the benign neglect of me?...what is the sense of this business of hide and seek, blaze marks, doo-dabs left on trails, clues, missing links, semantics, associations, guesses and what-not from strange place to peculiar place and drifting from room to room of fact and fable and why the prosaic details and here it is Disintegration Day and why have you not yet wiped out the craven shit majority robot slobs of the world?--please don't be offended and think I am impertinent but--why are you now the Devil?"

"Follow me," she said, "and you'll wear the jade of pleasureable knowing."...She led me to a great big Abacus...the instructions cautioned, Do not move the beads out of place inadvertently...we clambered through between the altobeads and the hypobeads and came out upon the Plain of Jars and Mirrors (why laos in the fun House?) ...Past the Prisms of Sennacherib, Esarhaddon and Assurbanapal was the statue of Kwan-Yin the many-armed virgin goddess of compassion...Madam Ho Chi nodded towards the Statue and said, "That's one of my many Aspects." ...near the Kwan-Yin was a ~~xxxx~~ road pitted with bomb-craters and the guide-post pointing towards Norht Vietnam, "To the Shrine of Heroes in the Brave Land."...God said, "We should stop at Hanoi."...I said, Darling--excuse me--I mean, Christ Almighty--is this the ~~xxx~~ time for sightseeing?--are you ever going to disintegrate the shits of the world or are you going to play games and fool around--will you answer my ~~a~~ questions?"...She went ahead among the bone-ash-filled urns and tall looking glasses wearing nothing but her long tresses and the whitest of white eiderlon panties--and I thought "Where to now?"...I am behind her---oh the hypnotic haunches, oh the fine 'attache' of cunning ivory heel and ankle tendon and when you say 'Chinese' you say maddeningly enticing kissing feet and oh-oh the ravishing rollicking rump'---

"Watch where you're going," she said, "and concentrate upon my words: I never left you--it is people who leave God--but do you expect God to hold your hand and do everything for you?--what makes the game worth the salt is the privilege I gave you of free will and choice...Wooer, while you fearfully thought I had abandoned you, I was operating the camera of your mind, right in the projection booth of de facto imaginings---there was a certain church that said thinking was as actual and responsible as doing..."



...your petulance and impatience is human; but life is still a story with a beginning, a center, and an end, like the building of a house, farming, converting ore into metal, the making and developing of a baby, the travelling process of digestion, the wild geese who have to fly thousands of miles, the eel who circumnavigates the world; in short the rolling stone, a journey <sup>which</sup> ~~which~~ begets other journeys...I God know everything past, present and future at once---you only gather and garner light and reason step by step, beat by beat, breath by breath, move by move, bit by succeeding bit for the mosaic of cognition....Genesis labors seven days to fashion the cosmos, plant, star, air, sea, animal and human beings; Noah wanders by boat and becomes the first sea captain; after Exodus the Hebrews gypsy about in the desert for forty years-nomads they; Pentagon Greeks sacrifice Iphigenia in Aulis and sail to invade the Vietcong; the Aeneid is a protracted excursion; Dante did not know how he got to Hell but from thence went on a phantasmagoric safari; Aesop, Gulliver, Grimm, Andersen, Alice and Doroty all go from place to place on expeditions of surprises and wonders; the mind without moving roams the infinite galaxies; religions ride in the vehicles of fables, mercūrial prophecies, and the rant-cant of demented visionaries and sane commercial charlatans----I put the career of Truth in your hand to record; I take you through the rituals of hard-core Realities ---and you fret!--Of course I am the Devil! -Do you think I could have allotted that special immortal perogative to someone else?...The Satanic complements my Moral Being...I am Yin and Yang...I am Darġness and Light...I am Positive and Negative...I am Odd and Even...I am Male and Female...I am the opposites of Human Comprehension...I am the Reunion of Soul with the Universal  <sup>Spirit</sup>...I am Co-eternal with Myself, God!" I thought, "Perhaps God is not all that Good, and the Devil is not all that bad." -But I said to darling Christ:

"I guess it's so if you say it's so." Having the imperfections of people the Mirrors of the Plain inevitably told lies...the mirror captioned Newsreel of Caesar's time revealed a swart horny Roman soldier seducing the pubescent betrothed of an elderly ~~Jew~~ Jewish Widower wood worker--the rapist, of the famed Wild Pig Legion, is a certain 'Pantere' or 'Pandera', and his sweet victim, Miriam--later Mary....In the differently designed qualitative and quantitative Glasse s demonic gorgeous God reflected as the anamorosis of religious content-ions and conceits: God gourd-like, God elongated, God flattened, God bursting, God all tail all hoof all horns, God all tongue, God all ass-hole, God all cunt, God all tits, God all hands, God all face; the bewildering deformations prompting the question "What is a God?".... As I was being mal-apprised of Madam Ho Chi Christ's delineation, in an arena covert, I stepped on the skeleton of a missing-in-action Lyndon Baines Johnson democracy soldier, circa 1968...hidden in the tunic was a weather-proof portable Iscariot crammed with mint-fresh hundred dollar bills---the wallet had amulets of the middleclass including the Valentine-posed "I love you, husband dearest", 'We love you, Daddy', and family snapshots...He had been a Kluxer, Birchite, ~~Minute~~ Minute man and an incendiary C I A stool tool- Colonel Ross Dough of Texarkana, Texas and had come a long way to have Asiatic cuckoos flutter from his beret and Laotian mice cavort in his bleached skull. In the Cylindrical Mirror the normal image of Christ was restored; she again Godliest, lovliest, almond nude in white gossamer...Like the backstage effect of remote distance in an opera I heard from away out in the Amusement Park the Disintegration Day thunder and lightning mixed with the carnival piping of the calliope, the prancing equine merry-go-round music, and the shrieking laughter of the robots in the zany Loony House.

Fog covered the Plain...the jars and mirrors vanished...we were in the Pyramid by the door of SOUL RESEARCH...Heaven's Desireable said, "Dispelling of the pollutant humans will start at High Noon...she led me into the laboratory--"I now explain the simple wherefore process which designates surviving integrates and that which has built-in destruction.....In the Beginning I invoked the Universe from one single gigantic systole of cosmic particles in Space into the present planetary system...I could only create mankind by the absolute correct relationship between the concept of the whole human species and the whole electromagnetic phenomena that engage the sun, other stars, and the galaxies...my inspiration polarizes the cosmic psyche--maintaining a feeling of affinity, and equipoise between the human spirit and the energies of the elements: the winds, the mists, the soaring peaks, the swirling torrents, the joyous seizing of life and natural character ... Discordant and contrary bodies disintegrate and degenerate into gases from the concussive violence of their own lop-sided vibrations... Understand?" I said, " . . Yeah . . ."I asked her, "What is the gizmo that keeps everything together and going?"--Our Deliciousness used a lot of technical terms that sound like 'The chicken came from the egg-- The egg came from the chicken'. -"~~X~~But, aside from <sup>m</sup>HARMONY" said I, " just what is the undefinable ingredient, the magic matter, the invisible thing, the Christ KEY that makes Life beautiful and eternal?" For answer ~~xg~~ she stepped up onto the slide of a large microscope...I climbed the ladder and put my eye to the instrument...I saw Christ as the atomic construction of the red and black whorl within the perfect circle of Yin and Yang...I saw my Her as the Heart-flame of Harmonious Combustion--my SHE was the oscillation spelling the ultimate graph, L O V E...Love was the nucleole of Time and Space and of Matter and of Spirit--Love was greater than Lust--LOVE was the Eternal Force.

-I then understood what 'IT' was all about. I turned from the microscope, and there was Sweetest God waiting for me by the elevator. "Why lag," she said, "Do you hesitate to witness the Third and Last Physic? Are you reluctant or sentimental to see the craven majority flushed down the drain of Time?" -As we ascended to the Penthouse in the Eye of the Pyramid my knees weakened at the prospect of beholding the dissolution of the human majority---I had the sickened trapped feeling of one being taken up <sup>t</sup> to the operating room--though it was not I about to be destroyed I had an empathetic regard--for the doomed shits- -I couldn't help it--somehow I was always for the underdog, the unlucky, the losers---who knows but had many could have had the proper decent cultivation maybe they would not have to face inexorable extinction and the subsequent summary Last Judgement and punishment in the Next Remove---and thus my innards quailed. -The door to CAMELOT said 'THE PLACE WHERE THE ACTION IS'. -I was expecting the finally arrived-at Doom-Room to be one of extraordinary fantastical electronic apparatus, computers, dynamos harnessing cosmic energy and unheard-of scientific what-not---but, CAMELOT was a disappointingly small chamber with a rough-deal round table....On the table were the musical instruments to produce the Seven Alleged Tones. -Slant-orbed Pussy-Love-Christ said, "Close your eyes and turn completely around seven times." I did. "Open your eyes," said my Love-Passion...I did and she and I were in Saint Peter's... The cave was one thousand and one times larger than its original dimensions, and the dome likewise...I wanted to ask, "What the hell are we doing in this Holy Mammon galley?" Under the dome were the seven high altars:  
PEACE. VERITY. FREEDOM. INDIVIDUALITY. JUSTICE. BEAUTY. LOVE.  
On the seven stones of sacrifice were the elaborate tabernacles; and the ~~a~~ sacred hosts within were Peep Shows.

The vastness of the cathedral and the magnitude of society's imminent almost complete decimation . . . awed me ....I was thinking, when, ever again would billions of my fellow-beings be sacrificial offerings--all in one day?...And further---in the love-soul-age of the Fourth Innocence will not there, in time, imperceptibly verminate and emerge again the mass man, the robot liar, the miserable vulgar rabble coward to crepitate the earth and render once more polluted and crepuscular the ode of Man?...Unseen, in the porticos, transepts and countless chapels was the multitudinous Choruses....False Gods and God-pretenders have always had witch-doctors and other such fawners pergorm their rites of mumbo-jumbo, but Christ Lovely Herself ~~xxx~~ celebrated the Most High Mass of The PURIFICATION...and the Shrine of shrines was in the Vatican and the HOLY SEAT was in Roma and the Imperial City was in the Pyramid's Urba et Orba and the Pyramid's Eye was in Har-Ma-Ged'Don Amusement Park and the make-believe entertainment Pleasure Garden was in Mount Sinai by the sea near Stony Brook on Long Island in the world of April I, and precisely one hour before fated noon the bells of the five hundred pagan temples of Roma and all the bells of eavery heathen church on earth ring-rang ragingly.....  
.....Perfect Vagina Christ performed The MISSA, symbolizing PURGATION, equally at the shriven altars....the innumerable millions of the Universal Choir appeared from the shadows, coming forward in white robes, wearing cothurnus, and masks of their dispositions.....and it could not be known who 'THEY' really were.....The Choruses vibrating the Cosmos chanted, "Man has incarnidined hands...his Cain-branded brow drips with oceans of blood not his own...Man has cheapened Brotherhood...Man has fouled fair Nature...

...Man has evilly stained the Lord's Gift... Man has wilfully failed the Creator and disappointed Her hopes for him...Man has forfeited the Life-Right and relinquishes forever . . . the sight of the Sun.... Today--the Day of all days...the deepest Woe of woes befalls Man.... The Almighty SHE IS, the Christ, now takes away the sins of the world by taking away the sinners from the world...We blanch and wring our hands and deplore M an's disintegration...we quake at the forthcoming vision of a man less earth...We are the reconcilables and recusants ---we run with the hounds, and humanly likeMcHale's dog with the harried harmless hares too....Is there not many sides to every story --extenuating circumstances-deficiencies-optical illusions-unforseen difficulties-hung juries-labelling monstrous crimes as Vietnam invasion 'a mistake'-trivializing genocide-did you stop beating your dear old mother-sophistries-misinformation-address unknown-popes are infallible-take a God any God-God can do no wrong-God sees and knows all even prior to happenings-God knows what God is doing-don't question and anger God- Abraham shake your ass and slay your son on my altar-one man's meat being another man's poison-late trains-the want of a nail-if your aunt had balls-erasers-wrong lawyer-et cetera?....We are Media and we are not identifiable...We are "THEY" of 'They say- we are Vox populi-we are comments, approval, polls, suggestions, labels, brands, cautions- directions-correspondence-advice-reviews- criticism- and ~~aw~~ always urgent appeals---we are nothings and but buskins, appatel and masques--and we these articles have feelings-we temporarily raise our hand in protest against God and we sheepishly lower and withdraw our hand..." One half of earth -circling Chorus cried, "What believest thou?"--the other half responded, "Credo in unum Deum"--Then the Choruses combined chanted, "This Day of Wrath Madam Ho Chi Christ prove s the triumph of Spirit over Matter. . . we plead the cause of the doom

Yea we plead the cause of the doomed--and Conscience has received the sop....Dear Madam Christ, forgive us for not communicating sooner, but regards what ye are about to do to the Robot Experience, we say with gusto, "It is just and meet---give the slobs the works....thy seven-fold gifts unlock...yours truly, The Dancers." =It pleases us that now sorrow and pain contend in our mutual breast and at last blend in a mood of profound resignation-----Ten seconds to noon part of The Chorus solicit consideration for The Losers, and the rest intone ~~the~~ THE COUNT DOWN:

<u>Strophe</u>	<u>Antistrophe</u>
In saecula saeculorum !	Ten!
Kyrie, eleison !	Nine!
Kyrie,eleison !	Eight!
Kyrie, eleison!	Seven!
Christe, eleison'	Six!
Christe, eleison!	Five!
Christe, eleison!	Four!
Kyrie, eleison!	Three!
Kyrie, eleison!	Two!
Kyrie, eleison!	One!
In saecula saeculorum!	ZERO!

It was the Point of No Return. The moment of the Great Elimination had come. There was the exodos of the Chorus, and thence forward and during the wondrous shriving thrilling Disintegration there was heard from far-far-far away the fervid murmuring prayer-chant of the Chorus crying the intercession for a 'Happy Death' for the misbegotten worthless majority, and charity for their naked tawdry ugly souls.

Beautiful Christ said evenly, "Now cleanse I the world!  
Let countless voices in Roma beheard, lamentation and great  
mourning, for The Failed will be not!

Blow the ram's horn! Jubilate!

Totalitaria vulgaris delenda est!"

The fierce ■ Mistress of Creation struck softly a gentle  
tone from the instrument on each altar:

THE KETTLE drum.

The Flute.

The Crystal Bell..

The Resonant blocks of precious wood.

The gong.

The cymbals.

The golden strings.

and they made the pure harmonious sounds:

of sunshine.

of skin.

of the good earth.

of pulsing blood.

of joyous orgasm.

of flowers.

OF L O V I N G K I N D N E S S .



Through the Peep Shows in the Sacred Hosts in the Tabernacles on the Altars I witnessed that which never, since the first throb of Creation, had graced the eyes of man. It was High Noon, and the World blushed, and put its best foot forward . . . the sunbright earth planet was most piercingly beautiful . . . felicitous was the balmy air . . . Halcyon charmed wind and wave . . . the element sky was of lapis lazuli, and sea and fields of rarest gems. . . Nostalgia, and the wine-warm feeling of this world as a dear hearth and homestead flooded the hearts of the glory of breathing and seeing and just being! And, while Christ's Third Conservation of Energy began, a spatial Requiem sounded the dragonic convulsions of TOD und VERKLARUNG . . . . I saw Ham Actor, Jorge Wimp and their nonescript families in the Green House all praying for miraculous salvation--but dissonances enveloped them--their heads, bodies and limbs became test tubes of jet-engine-heightening concussive disturbances--turbulant gases arose from the combined ~~form~~ formentation of their moral corruption, cacophony of falsehoods, intense shit of cowardice, rank omissions and spiritual putrescence and the united catalyzing negation engendered the spontaneous combustion and exploding centrifugal inflorescence that disintegrated them with the electrical sizzle-whizzling of Roman candles. . . . . and the places where they had been immediately clarified to the purest of pure atmosphere---it was beautiful so beautiful!...I saw men and women, boys and girls, desperately engaged in sexual intercourse--then the tell-tale vibrations, brilliantly colored gases, pretty pyrotechnic displays---and nothing but restless sheets and empty beds remaining....

...Drifting from peep show to peep show on the altars reminded me of the carnivals in Hoboken where I as a curious kid viewed the peep shows until my eyes blurred and my pennies were gone . . . now in the next to the last show I saw the cynical ultimate gesture of the world's great criminal bastard Leaders in their bunkers in Washington, Tokyo, Shanghai, Moscow, Berlin, Paris, London and Jerusalem press the buttons that unleashed their hundred thousand H-Bombs bringing the 2000 A.D. Overture to the symphonic Apocalyptic ending of all symphonies--Oh so wondrously wonderful!.....In the terminating show I saw crowds in sports stadiums and at golf tournaments disappear as just so much vile smoke--hordes in Times Square evaporate--nursery groups of kiddies, playing with their advanced war toys, snap-crackle and zip off into the inert invisible.....The all-pervading fiery wrath of Moral Retribution respected not human flesh--those fornicating became charred fusion...and penises and vaginas were vulcanized in final union..... At evening my beloved female Christ tinkled the vesper bells . . . . the strains of Death and Transfiguration found THE END..... DISINTEGRATION, God's Third Lavabo of undesirable mankind from her exquisite creation hands ,  
 . . . was complete.

How exhilarating the clean world!--the purified Cosmos!

Ecstatic Universe with its new Kismet had the freshness of white linen on cool Irish grass under the sun!...All nature was music and the surviving Select had singing strength in their limbs!...The approach to the Fourth Innocence saw all creation as a rapturous family...Mind and flesh had the intimate feeling for the significance and beauty of nature...Sane good humanity would have a love affair with nature-- not dominate nature but to -co-operate with it to reach perfect harmony of order of the same kind as that which is reflected in the works and days of nature.

Her chores justly accomplished, Madam Ho Chi Christ reclined comfortably on the silken couch strewn with the pitcher-shaped leaves of the 'Griefless plant' on the High-Altar of L O V E ....~~BBBBBB~~ The heraldic device on the pedestal of the Stone of Orgasm was a black lion with five red lillies upon a silver field....Behind the Sensual Table the a cappella choir of vestal virgins of the four races sang Prince Carlo Gesualdo's iridescently erotic Gerusalemme Liberata.... When they had liberated Jerusalem in the madrigal the young hymens quieted.....At the ponderous Organ of Space Buxtehude introduced Bach's Gift of God Passion---from the bottomless chasm of Time--from that abyss of primal Chaos, was heard the reasoning Chorus: "De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine--Domine Ho Chi Christe, exaudi vocem meam"...The choral masses reappeared in numbers the eye could not encompass---They called upon Her to prove She was the Almighty Mother, Daughter and Holy Vaginal Essence....I shouted to the audacious congregation, "And who the hell are ye teeming multitudes to ~~quere~~ question my Beloved God?!

"We are an act of collective worship," responded the Chorus, "We are not only mere art-form or truth of emotional expression-- and though we are word-painters we are also unspeakable exalted feeling-7 -W We are a state of consciousness, a condition of mind-7 -We are subjective religious impression--We enjoy personal introits and intrusions, and we aspire to loftier spheres and greater ~~xxxx~~ restraint."

The mounting aphrodisiacal diapason of the Passion was more than spiritual...cosmic 'Levi-nicknamed-St. Matthew' licensed libido lively and mounting--and I mounted the altar...I said to HER with the entirety of heart, mind and soul, "Ich libbe in love-longinge for Thee"...The Chorus then invaded the privacy of my thoughts, violated the propriety of speech, and shocked me properly--They sang out, "We see written across the hyper-sensitive white and gray vermiform of your frontal lobe, 'Can I concrete make love to She abstract?'--meaning in plain words, 'Can adoring lust fuck Mystery?'"...I cried indignantly to the Chorus, "Must ye employ obscenity?-For shame crude ghosts!" -But Gracious God said soothingly, "They speak the language of vox populi ~~xx~~ and are simply telling the truth."...I said blushing, "Your Delighting Mysteriousness is absolutely right . . . !...Then the Chorus chanted in no uncertain terms, "Live your dreams--you tread this incomparable reality only once--hours are the treasure of treasures ...Live your fancies fully--let your cup run over---dare, mortal, ever dare . . . it's later than you think." "Cheerful cherished Christ Chinese," I began, with a wild bird beating in my breast, "-dare I dream to dream-7 -" -But courage fled me and I became tongue-tied....The gossiping Chorus, following the billowing Passion, billowed forth the words for me: "We are He and say, 'Eastern Christess <sup>dream</sup> Oriental dear, dare we ~~xx~~ of SUCKING AND FUCKING THEE, God . . . ?'"

-There! -It's out and said in the stark words of the everyday masses!  
-We are not hypocrites! -To us a spade is a sword!--the bird of true  
secret is released via our sincere lips and is winging!"...My genital's  
desire answered: "Fornication by any other name is still Godly good  
and sweet--my response is in the positive.",..I said, "Then I may dare!  
".. "Verbum sapienti." She said smilingly...She continued, "You've done  
it all to and with me often in the cave of your imagination...The mind  
is/<sup>the</sup>last frontier and outpost of freedom...I, God, can will galaxies,  
establish continents and oceans, move mountains, make life from dust,  
raise the dead, but, not even I, God, can prevent 'Wishful Thinking'  
and all that which is rehearsed freely in the mental theater."

The Chorus chanted: "To have God as sensual consort was glorious pagan  
practice until the Christian enemies of Nature usurped divine worship  
and deemed fornication twixt Deity and mortal blasphemy--but not -with  
-standing yet we somberly advise decent modesty and reining in of ego--  
y remember, there is not a thought or fancy that has not occurred before  
e.....But hail to L O V E abundant in pleasures!...Let us rejoice  
the Love Souly fest, Joy! Joy! Joy! Laudate Nomen Ho Chi Christe!

Gloria! Alleluia! Saecula Saeculorum!" A sacred madness permeated me  
....How does one carnally penetrate God and not be consumed by the  
infinite radiation of the Maiden-Godhead's orgasm?...I, mortal flesh,  
was about to go upon HER, embodied<sup>d</sup> Spirit, when suddenly I was Terr-  
ibly frightened: Almighty SHE IS revealed Herself to me Fluorescently  
flayed like a life-size medical anatomy chart in color of the human  
female body....

...I distinctly saw every sweet bone of feminine architecture with marrow coursing, and every delicious twining muscle-cable, and the rich bold blood bounding along the female arteries, and the serpentine ballet of the dear-dear intestines and all life-producing concomitant Eve-organs, and the excelling eyebal cameras shuttered by the mysterious slanted fold, and the most ~~precious~~ precious mucous sheath of the O ... And, just as suddenly. . . God resumed the natural image of Woman....

....I hesitated.....I've never had the brass to follow through-- on anything . . . . The past came to my aid: ...Childhood memory echoed the enjoining exhortations from Mother, paesanos, priests, nuns and teachers: "What is the greatest commandment in The Law?... The greatest commandment in The Law is, "Love ~~to~~ God with all thy heart (which is a thing physical) and with all thy soul (which receiveth news from the nervous substance in the skull) and with all thy mind (which hath its home in the material brain)." -Never the abstainer, and resisiting everything but temptation, I dutifully and with delectable volition knelt to God. . . . I said, "Woman celestial surely Heaven is love kindling in thy sheer almond ivory thighs."....I rent the veil of the valley of the Temple and did part and spread the surpassingly fine vale nesting the O of O s. . . . The Chorus with startling ejaculation rhapsodized to St. Peter's high vaults, "My Lady's O is a priceless mystery . . . It is without reproach! Ave, Ho Chi Christe Regina coelorum!. . . . Fairest Thou where all are Fair!-All happiness comes from Thy O and all Glad Tidings returneth to Thy O...Thy O is the nectar from whence breathes forth the elixir of most joyous being!

...Posterity, if ye have ears to hear, hear ye this, 'As we are virile man, come we must, and let us come!-Come we Cum Sancto Spiritu!'"

.....The Chorus receded as a cosmic oceanic undertow sweeping from continent to continent. . . and from the respectful resounding distance ,,,chanted the Nuptial Mass.....There is a time to things... There had been a time to dream...There had been a time to aspire... The time had come to Do.....I pressed my lips to the lips of the Vagina Divina in theandric love.....in genital euphoria there were the childhood dear familiar scents of paesano women's magic breasts, thighs and groins...O Eros theanthropical!--O love union, O joint agency of divine and human nature, alleluis!.....As I ravened the Chalice, She, God, quivered and whispered, "Arduous ardent scribe, as the Third Apologue I inspired endeth . . . Mementi Mori . . . "

.....A heavy honeyed somnolence wafted me on the trip of trips high over Jerusalem past Goshen to the middle of the poppy fields. . . where Mother's warm womb awaited.

GOSPEL IV

THE LAST JUDGEMENT

I met Angela the Black Christ in front of Wally Brown's fish market. It was a snowing night and the advent of the age of the Fourth Innocence.

Earth was cleansed of the polluted majority; the LovingGood remained. None of we the living recalled the Who and the How of the Purification; Black God had decided our memories.

The negroid Christ had been around universities often teaching that revolution was from apple pie American prophets and it made sense that god-female was humanform and Black.

Angela Christ was the Venus figure ebony gleaming-- our blessed vaginal Lord who moved as a pantheress and the silver night proved Blackness beautiful.

A group appeared in the quietly falling snow, all of whom it was a very great honor to know. That Angela-God considered them not expendable, reflects justice. She, blackest of black, chief judge of the Good and of the Evil, was attended by Bertha Grossepepe, wife of Charlemagne, and by the virile virago of Forli, Catherine and sainted Mothers Cabrini and Teresa.



At the same time there abounded former beings once dear  
to my mind and soul, the religioso Litterati; yea, I was  
at home amongst the departed <sup>assortment</sup> ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ of blessed  
"Spiriti Magni" such as Hesiod, Homer, Ovid, Horace, Catullus,  
Petronius, Cicero, Pericles, Virgil, Villon, Dante, Vico, Giordano  
Bruno, Savonarola, Petrarch, Poggio Bracciolini who ransacked the  
known world for precious manuscripts, Whitman, Tolstoy, Turgenev,  
even Dennis Potter singing Pennies From Heaven ~~x~~and so many more  
who will surely join us in the eternal vesture of Godhood  
away from mortal 'Vie aspre et dure'.

Wally with the one hand came out of the fish store and said,  
"Money's no use no more--come in and be my guests on the house  
--chowder and fish fry--oh for summer and clambake on the shore!"

God Black smiled a broad smile--"I made seasons to please people."  
-And with that the cold and snow went and lo, hot sunny July came.  
We carried the baskets of seafood, bread and beer to the beach.

Gather the driftwood, light the fires, pile the kelp and stones--  
in cheesecloth swaddle the lobsters, shellfish, chicken and corn  
--each do their share--in giving they goodly receive-ebony She-Christ to<sup>o.</sup>

We agreed that Angela Christ knew what she was doing when  
she invented nature, ~~x~~ victuals, sex, air, land and sea---"Man!"  
Christ cried, "You-all can't beat charcoaled fish, corn and brew!"

Beautiful boys and girls flocked to the ~~x~~ party and it was right  
for Christ to gaily lead us singing and dancing and I tried to  
remeber where I had heard of a humble, forsaken, tragic God.

Did I read a sick book about a bearded Aramaic Messiah in MidEast?  
Shaowed rumors tell of wicked man oppressing man, tortures and woe.  
But unreasonable tales of tyrants and impotent Gods are dreams.

The disciples, and the small-numbered but qualified fellowhumans  
feasted and regaled, and loved and rested, exchanging joys free,  
for life was finally bereft of hate, want, pride, ugliness, fear and war.

By starlight nightskinned Christ spoke. "make churches into museums.  
The predators, parasites, usurers,whoring priests and politicians are  
gone. Sky is the dome, earth the altar, universal Love The Law.

"no more is allowed a mediocre, bourgeois, willy-nilly humanity;  
jerks mating made numbers, made waste; the shitty old nonsense is out.  
I'll not permit again the herding masses, but only select ~~Rod~~kind.

"Brothers, sisters, comrades, history was the tale of cruel spil;  
herein you'll be sans the fools and knaves of the cretin \$-Order.  
Eat from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil and be Gods!

"There is no common clay now to test or toy with--Gods and humans  
shall be one to live for eternal pleasure. God is man/woman is God.  
Without such equality all is dross and the game is not worth ~~shitty~~shit.

"The foul majority of yore thought earth life was the sole deal--  
had the notion this planet was 'It' from alpha to omega, and that  
it was not what you did that mattered but how you did it.

"Pals, gals, the whole thing is that virtues count and guilt matters.  
If sins and crimes are not weighed and the stirring good not lauded,  
then all ~~re~~creation is a farce within a nightmare and God meaningless.

"Yet, be at ease, Justice is the primum mobile and soul of Time.  
If you have faith and love and not justice you are lacking.  
Ecstasy, intellect and prophecy cease, but justice has no end.

"The evil sinning honkies, reactionaries, frauds and the bloodthirsty  
had the delusion that nothing mattered, thinking death wiped the slate;  
but Death is the sheriff to I, The Judge, and door to the Eternal Court."

The sepian Rabbess continued, "Justice shall grind exceedingly fine.  
The crimes must be witnessed by worthiest jury grave. As re-enactmentx  
of mankind's inhumanity the setting shall be the stage."

There were twelve baskets of steaks left over and cases of beer.  
All the surplus marine fruit Wally Brown ~~xxxxx~~ returned to the sea.  
We gathered litter, freshened the sands, and thanked goodness.

The stage of Justice was not far--only two blocks up Main Street.  
The play before The Purification, MONDO MERDE, was on the marquee.  
It was changed for The Judge's purpose to THEATRE OF THE OBSCENE.

The living theatre of positive truth is always most exhilarating:  
among the reviewers were Dr. Schweitzer and Pope John' passing programs  
were Allie Krause/Jeff Miller/Sandra Scheuer/and Bill Schroeder.

The four beautiful students from Kent State wanted to know if  
their parents and family would attend. Black Judge God said,  
"Of course dear children - they sorrowed, vengeance shall be theirs!"

Aspect of Theatre could be scene of Supreme Court or cathedral; celebrities milled about in the lobby, and from the East were Mohammed, Baha 'U'Llah, Ghandi, Siddartha, Dervishes and Dali Lama.

The Mezzanine was PURGATORY. A sign said "Guests of the Mezzanine not permitted to leave Theatre; only residents of UPSTAIRS allowed OUT THERE." Jack and Bob Kennedy came down from the Mezzanine.

Jack said to God, "Hello Angela; I'm looking forward to the trials. On earth I had hoped and prayed that someday, somewhere, somehow, all wrongs and crimes would be called to account by your Godliness.

The good brothers were glad to see me despite the grim circumstances. We spoke fondly of happier days past and what might have been... Oh misbegotten Oswald and Sirhan what evil you unloosed in U S A!

Angela Christ grasped their hands. "I gave you fellows almost every thing; you let me down with Viet Nam--don't blush. Though your probation is not over I'll write your passes for UPSTAIRS--I love Kennedys.

The lounges were crammed with characters reaching back to Genesis and earlier. It was bizzare, fascinating, resembling the costume department and cafeteria of a studio making a world-history film.

This was the opening day of the event both hoped for and dreaded throughout the long yawning ages, THE LAST JUDGEMENT where mankind's deeds were to be weighed in the Land of the Dead.

There were the myriad trial calendars: Newcomers Adam Cadmon and Eve claimed a certain Yehowah was a dirty old semite sadist racist who with his accomplice Satan framed them in entrapment and invented death.

A brief noted a Nazarene wood worker against the Lord and millions upon millions of killers' victims versus the self-acclaimed carpenter God...Abel charged Cain with first degree homicide; Clarence Darrow was defense attorney. Uriah the Hittite had a suit versus one David and Beth---alienation and manslaughter.

You could close your eyes and in any direction touch a super-lawyer: Solon, Solomon, Hammurabi, Maimonides, Belli, Bailey, Kunztler and even Cicero who could prove anything and in the <sup>legal</sup> ~~big~~ pool too were Pharisees, Essenes, and stiffnecked broadhemmed Sadducees.

I saw shorthorned Moses and Joshua: Arabs had them up for invasion. Hooknosed hairy Moses was a blustering arrogant guy seeking publicity; he was shouting and arguing with Job, Jeremias, Isaias and Ezechiel.

In the press room were top reporters: Thucydides, Virgil, Dante, Spenser and Shakespeare, and in a jury I spied Joan of Arc, Einstein, Oppenheim, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Rosenbergs and poor lonely Slovic.

Black giantess Christ said, "Before the staging of show-trials that symbolize the criminality of the sick world recently wiped out you must see DOWNSTAIRS and the deserved punishment of Citizen.

HELL was in the sub-cellar; there were no devils or fantastic beasts and apparitions, neither sulphuric flames, demons--and identities, of zodiacal configurations, geography or cosmogony of Dante's fancies.

Back up on the court stage I saw Black Christ appointing as judges my friends Bill Moyers and I.F. Stone who was really Isador Feinstein. Mike Musmanno the coal miner who became a famous judge at the Nuremberg trials of the Nazi monsters, was with his clients Sacco and Vanzetti...I was a sixteen year old master bricklayer with beret and trench coat when Musmanno, Carlo Tresca, Piccirilli the sculptor of the ~~Lincoln~~ Lincoln monument, Ed Corsi and La Guardia took me in an old Pierce Arrow to Boston prison's death cells to visit the living saints Sacco and Vanzetti...The night shameful fascist America murdered the shoemaker and the fish peddler in the electric chair I joined the Communist Party in their tiny poverty-stricken third floor headquarters over the Co-op cafeteria on Union Square (under the name of "Peter Phillips").....How marvelous and miraculous beyond words that I, alive, should be with dear flamboyant Michael Musmanno in the court of the Last Judgement!...Mike's impetuous warm shadow embraced me..."Petey," he said, "-there's no bullshit here, no nationalism, no flag-waving, no Vatican theatrical myths, no charlatan land of the free and home of the brave Hollywood and no tawdry T V patriotism...!"

She, God, took us down to sightsee HELL...We saw a cesspool that occupied the center of the earth--how blanching the sour stench, how vast the circling turgid currents, how dread the massive depressing sludge!

"Angela Christ," began gentle Moyers, "this makes strongest stomachs quail-What is it that can be of such despicable disgusting magnitude? And why is HELL nothing but excrement, and, of the worst and meanest sort?"

"The endless fecal filth was THE PUBLIC--the sewerage that offends you was the average man and woman who mutely supported the most horrendous evils--they merit not identities and are eternal bacteria consuming itself;"

So that was the final justice for the sought-after voting citizen-- - the common denominator's imago was ultimately universal ordure-- Jack Jerk, Joe Blow, and John Doe flowered into the Great Toilet!

In the theatre lobby there were preview posters of divers trials; Adam and Eve Cadmon bring bitter suit against YHWH/entrapment, sadism, divine malpractice, racism, petulance, insanity, and for cowardly, unchivalrously conspiring with Satan to invent and curse A and E with Death! There was the process of one 'Yeshus Khriste' against his 'Father in heaven'--the charge: Forsakement--and oh how many-many countercharges against the said Saviour for criminally neglecting a few billion believers! --And what about the livid souls of rich Cardinals claiming that Rodrigo Borgia, later Pope Alexander VI had sodomized, robbed and poisoned them--how ~~xxxx~~ about that?

I saw something that surprised me: Ladybird and LBJ and cabinet with Generals, Admirals, weapons manufacturers, puppet rulers, Billy Graham, Richard Millhaus Nixon, Laird, Mitchell and Kissinger.

With righteous indignation I said to Christ, "God, what are these scummy Vietnam murderers doing here? and look, they've got their treacherous families and catamites, plus the un-American jingo F B I and ~~xxxxxx~~ fascist C I A!"

Negroid Christ laughed, and her blackness beamed: Cool it, they were disintegrated in THE CLEAN UP and are nothing but thin ghosts, farts in the wind, here to testify against themselves and reap the results.

I took a comfortable front seat. It was an especially somber audience; the spectators were from Hiroshima, Nagasaki, riots, lynchings, - were the long procession of those dealt man's dire inhumanity.

The house lights lowered; Angela Christ was in the Judge's pulpit: Good souls of this courtroom, the unforgiveable crimes against my children will be exposed and immune to former mundane powers."

Two brothers, three and five, came in front of the stage curtain. They held hands and spoke Vietnamese; the smaller tot said, "Strong brother, are we going to be buried? But when and how?"

'The invaders from the planes will bury us tomorrow; they who wore shoes and helmets, and pointed rifles; the men who had terrible fear in their empty faces and shot us pow-pow-pow-pow!"

"Brave brother, are they coming again? I'm afraid. Will we be put in pretty coffins, and monks singing? I'd rather fall asleep among the water rushes; oh, all will cry for us; all fall silent."

"Tomorrow they come with Christian priests and their star-spangled flag. Masked soldiers will drag our stinking corpses with meat hooks to a ditch and bulldozers will push mountains of dirt over us."



"Older brother, let us run away  
from the bad men, let us run  
and find God somewhere near.

Let us go---from house to house  
until we come where will be grazing  
little horses of the water.

It's not the sky . . .it's rice paddies  
with many crickets there that sing,  
with all the rice stalks there that sway  
and with the clouds that will be rising,  
and wind just like a sword . . . Oh I  
want to be a big boy and then a man. . .  
oh if only we had been crickets . . ."

"Little brother dear, there's a door;  
but the door is closed and locked.  
If we take the stairs,  
they'll see us on the stairs.  
They're coming now to bury us."

"I trust big brother; tell me  
will we ever see the light again  
or the clouds that will be rising  
or the crickets in the paddies  
or the wind just like a sword?"

"Faithful little brother

our voices do not reach God;

Let us pray to the flowers here.

Oh, sunflower,

oh, sunflower that turns with the sun,

oh, sunflower made of fire, help us.

Oh tiny small pink of -he sun...

The sky over Mylai has lost its light-

there are only oceans and hills of carbon...

Americans are making footprints on the moon

and a dove lying dead on the seashore,

with her wings shattered and a flower in her bill."

y -The tots sing:

"And in the flower an olive,

and in the olive a lemon . . . .oh

what comes next? We don't remember. What comes next?"

"Oh, big brother, there's no light...

where are you?...

Take me to mother and father

and our sisters and neighbors -

O, oh I'm so terrified!"

Christ broke out sobbing as true God can cry:

"My children, why have I forsaken ye!"

Christ, the wonderful Black female, rushed to them.

The older child said,

"Tiny brother a hand comes to us,

perhaps the hand of God?

Oh, Lady God dark,

please don't bury us;

wait a few small minutes

just while we kiss flowers and

undress their petals

to take with us.

Thank you. Now we'll go;

we'll go, but very slowly

..and then God...

you'll let us see the sun?

...just a bit; just one ray?"

Tearful Christ knelt, and kissed their feet, hands and faces,  
and pressed them to her deep breast and said, ye pure angels  
shall be with me forever; ye are my loves my eternal joys!"

The curtain went up on the hamlet of Mylai; it was a steaming morning bringing insects and smells of wet earth, elephant grass, flowers, greening rice shoots, poultry and livestock under a clear blue sky.

Johnson, Nixon, Pope Paul, the congress, senate, and flag patriots were amazed that they were returned from the ante-chamber of The Dead, and find themselves in Mylai under the star-spangled banner.

Brought back from the cesspool of Hell also were the parents, wives, and children of Medina, Calley, Simpson, West, Meadlo, and the three thousand other heroic American soldiers who pulled triggers that day.

The two Vietnamese tots left Black Christ and went along the road through the rice fields towards their hut. Though indescribable that day had to be re-lived to gain the just verdict and sentence.

Nightskinned Christ said, "Permanent guests of the Pleasure Park, the Mylai sin will take place in the living flesh. Before the curtain falls and we go UPSTAIRS, the detestable cowardly criminals will pay!"

The helicopters were small in the distance but nearing roaringly, were huge and hovered heavily, and circled, and fluttered down amongst the tall elephant grass, the great blades idling nervously.

Above the helicopters' fretted noises Christ cried, "Witnesses for The Last Judgement this is not make-believe, movie, or dream's nightmare; this is the reality of an eternally indelible crime!"

With me, in empathy, were four real Americans, Emerson, William James, Joseph Campbell, and our very dear Bill Moyers, and Moyers said, "I dreamfeared this in mind, heart and soul--My God here it is!"

American weapons smelled of oil and grease, the packs of efficiency, the uniforms of tailored duck, boots of canvas-rubber, foot talcum, and the GIs sported the smells of the meltingpot's common pores.

Hundreds of lethally armed soldiers of 'Charlie Company', which is C Company, First Battalion, 20th Infantry, leave the helicopters ----some chew gum--a lot drag hard-hard on reefers-all faces are empty.

Captain Medina even though he's a Mexican-Spick is terrific and like a big brother and like your father and he said this is a fuckin' beautiful chance to get blooded which means to taste blood and know tight there you're a fuckin' fearless unbeatable one hundred percent true blue American and can get hunkie-even on the Reds whose land mines made of Campbell soup tin cans and unexploded artillery shells zapped five of our guys two weeks ago and wounded twenty two and to get fuckin' ~~xxxxxxx~~ sweet revenge for the Reds' ~~xxxxx~~ trap killing of our dear close pal Sgt. George Cox who <sup>was</sup> ~~xxx~~ like a fuckin' brother and loved America and cunt like me and now the dirty fuckin' Red commie cocksuckin' bastards and the dirty V C dogs are not in Mylai but their families and friends are and today we'll learn the gooks a lesson by wiping out everything and everybody and all that breathes and moves in Mylai ~~and~~ that's an order from the Higher Levels forthwith 'cause the Generals and White House say they place no value on Vietnamese lives so when you kill a Vietnamese you kill just nothing-

it's going to be hot shit to kill without risk to kill one and many to cuddle that cute little old trigger and press it and jerk it off and feel The Gun jumping like you're holding a small full grown tiger trying to get out of your hands to see the power and immediate results of a good piece of machinery hardware that is to hear it talk-talk paff-paff with undeniable authority because you got pissed off and bored by John Wayne and Humphry Bogart and the fairy Hollywood heroes winning wars and kissing broads and you wanting to get your real rocks ~~by~~ by being able to knock someone off was there anything to compare with killing at will and being paid and insured and benefitted and praised and honored and Bob Hope-d for it and you not getting a scratch no other kind of come is like it makes you feel skyscraper tall when you get back to God's Country U S A to say I fucking well made them bite the dust I stiffed them I wasted them I turned them into shit and you can cool say you did it like stepping on cockroaches and you did it to save you sacred & Flag and save your holy Church and save your best Country in the whole fucking world and the only good gook is a fucking dead gook the Bible says there's a time to kill it's all dog eat dog and if you don't get the other guy he'll get you and you can just bet your sweet ass today right here in gooky Mylai it's killing time because it's better to stop the Reds in their front yards than to have to pull them off premium white women like your sacred mother and sister and daughter and niece and the nuns much better to wipe out the commie gooks in their own rice-happy land than to have to fight them in hand to hand combat in Main Street and on the steps of your church and the White House they ain't human beings

and not even people these dirty orientals these dirty lousy slant-eyes they ain't nowhere in God's world like my precious darlings' Polaroid snapshots behind plastic in my wallet next to my heart with locks of my dear ones' hair tied with ribbons and with my Rosary and lucky dice and rabbit's foot and Saint James prayer book and the Holy Roman Catholic missal and relics of saints and medals and phylactery and mazzuza and lipstick-kissed letters from home God bless them a million times over well well well good luck mamma and kid gooks right straight ahead on the road like sitting ducks like fish in a barrel like instant T V dinner here's where we got the stuff and makings for a hefty Body Count that's what the Big Brass in Dee Cee holler for for a High Body Count for morale back in America the Beautiful to shit on the cowardly un-American peacenik doves well well well the dumb gooks are coming into perfect zero range that nice that sure nice a blind man couldn't miss now as for the fucking beautiful M16 if you got to all the trouble and expense of making a thing you have to use it for what fucking good is a gun out of work like having feet and not walking look they're shit-scared can't blame 'em but you gooks better relax and enjoy what's coming to you just listen to their excited afraid jibber-jabber sing-song lingo put that honey darling M16 on auto squeeze trigger and she purrs a kitten on one stream of puffs and watch our smoke those pretty slugs go as fast as a computer and you can't see them but they goddamn sure hemstitch the gooks' flesh and bones and they flop like rag dolls full of jagged holes and the gooks' blood spurts and flies like beet juice like sticky strawberry syrup like the monthlies' menstrual gunk like messy mashed bedbugs well well well man it's not like when you was a kid and had a cheap fiber-glass toy Christmas rifle with

phony sparks and flames and smoke or a stick-make-believe-rifle or you cocked your hand like a pistol and you aimed and squinted and shouted bang-bang you're dead and it was now ways like those frustrating dreams shooting bill collectors and summons servers and shyster-lawyers getting judgements and attachments and shooting sheriffs who pounded on your front door and confiscated the cars and things you needed and loved and threatened to jail you if you couldn't get the dough up or shooting the husbands of the cunts you wanted to lay in your daydreaming jerking off or shooting ~~h~~ the forman who gave you a hard time and shooting the bank bastards who foreclosed your mortgage and creaming the shylocks who drove you to the wall and now you understand the natural appeal of the mafia guys whose best friend was the gun and the gun was the shortest distance between two points and search and destroy here in Mylai is the fucking real thing this is IT and not the puny shooting gallery in the carnival or the Penny Arcade in Times Square you ain't a full rounded-out man until you killed people and then you're God and the Devil rolled into one and somehow you beat the death-rap by making others dead sort of like imitation magic and it has to do with your country's fascination with violence and military witchcraft and the sayings that killing ~~is~~ is a normal thing and The Law is survival of the fittest and killing without danger to yourself is the best sport going and it ties in with not wanting to be suspected of having been a fraidy-cat bedwetting kid overfed and pampered and bragged about by your Hard-hat father and mother and you don't want to be thought of as a guy behind a cart full of synthetic supermarket groceries and wearing a tell-tale wedding ring but you want to be like the tough hombres in Hemingway stories add



swashbucklers in historical novels and hell war is war and all sides do atrocities and that's life and that's the way it'll always be par for the course and now won't you look at those niggers West and Simpson gunning down the mama and bay gooks with me like they had the white cats' credit card to kill they're Oreos they're burnt-cork blackface coons trying to get in with us Christian Whites some shit some shit we'll lynch them and shoot them in their beds as usual back in God's land killings some fun WOW WOW WOW we call the thatchroofed huts a hootch and there are nice solid houses too they say the Japs ruled a while and then the Frenchy-frogs and it makes you mad to think the heathen slants had nice style like civilized ways and you get boiling mad and madder to ~~h~~ think the yellow vermin got the nerve to stand up and guff against us Americans the richest strongest smartest greatest best people in the whole goddamn fucking world so when we come to a hootch we push the gooks inside lob grenades in with them cut them down douse the place with gasoline and burn the living shit out of everything boy will we get plenty documentary pictures of the dead gooks to send back home and make a true-to-life gung-ho impression it gives you kicks to destroy what others so carefully put together get a lot of static out of your system like when you were a kid and cleared the air with tantrums and knocking down the mud huts and sand castles and busting the playthings and vandalizing the neighborhood ~~xxx~~ on Halloween every fucking thing here in Mylai Pinkville says Captain Mad Dog Medina is enemy resources and we're here to fuck up and snafu what's aid comfort to the enemy we spreads out in groups and sort of surround Mylai like a dragnet there's a cow and we put a hundred pounds of bullets in the fucking V C moo-moo there's a gook woman's head

popping up from some brush thirty of us aim and fire and she slumps over into one of those things that stick out of the rice paddies so that her head is a propped-up target we all shoot that head at the same time and so help me Christ you can see the bones of her head flying in the air chip by fucking chip plain as day we turn a curve in the trail and hello twenty five feet ahead of us are six Vietnamese old men and women carrying baskets we cut them down with M16s a little boy is walking towards us in a daze he's been shot in the arm and leg he isn't crying or making any noise nose ass Ronny Haeberle kneels down to snap the little kid a big G I kneels down next to the photographer and fires three shots into the kid the first shot ~~kn~~ knocks him back the second shot lifts him into the air the third shot stretches him on the dirt and the little kids blood squirts up from three tiny red fountains this German-Jew book-reader guy Sgt. Mike Bernhardt chickens and refuses to obey Calley's body-count orders and says this is cowardly goddamned point-blank genocide and the American flag will be stained with this forever and I'm not becoming a rotten murderer for no flag to hell with this shit--out of this whole Charlie Company just a fucking few squeamish sissies refuse to go along with us to exterminate the red rats and ~~kn~~ their little mice so you see God bless the real patriotic majority who always stick together through thick and thin and we are good Christian brothers Like Captain Medina says but a nigger GI prefers to shott his own foot instead of the gooks but the good nigger Simpson says man these ain't human being ~~xxxx~~ civilians taht means they're the V C and you can't trust them as far as you can throw the Statue of Liberty

and Military Intelligence says even the baby at the breast is V C enemy resource because these inscrutable orientals may have a death-dealing booby-trap stuck up the baby's asshole and good nigger Simpson puts his MI6 to honest work on a gook mother and her baby in her arms and throws straw on their corpses and sets them afire and says aloud I'm under orders and doing my job for America and the flames roast the bodies and there's a peculiar smell and their flesh swells and bursts and their limbs twitch and a GI says look Christ they got fucking ghosts in them this old gooky woman Nguyen Thi Doc is in the hootch starting breakfast with thirteen of her family including nine grandchildren and great grand-children we pulled them out and the yellow slant-eyed bastards had the balls to protest and try to resist but we bayonet-prodded them out into the poppy field and riddled the fucking shit out of them and we thought they ~~x~~ were all zapped and it turns out the old woman was alive under the bodies of her grand-children and great grand-children and she says Mylai happenstance survivors told her we bagged six hundred and sixty nine gookerinos that day which ain't hay which is a first rate booster morale showing for the Body Count end of things and that's the way it goes all that day killing even ducks too with GI daggers and Col. Barker is right over our heads in his 'copter filming and watching us at work and we torched hootches with cigarette lighters plus gasoline and threw corpses of lousy gook kids down wells to ruin the Reds' water supply and we bayoneted a lot for good real life bayonet experience and practice on cows and chickens and all sizes of pigs and some energetic guys cut down the corn too

a soft-hearted GI goes over to a little boy who is in pieces from a direct grenade and puts a blanket over him a GI vomitted and then cracked up because he says Christ is watching us and many millions of Jews and Russians massacred by the Germans the way you're massaxcring the Mylai innocents like Herod and watching you murderers are also the victims of the Catholic Inquisition and the hundreds of thousands murdered by Truman's atom bombs and you hideous robot fools have you no eyes in your heads can't you see this is a re-run of Mylai and you're being tried in God's Last Court and all you violent cowardly robots and the hand-jobs in Washington are gping to have hell to pay and this religious Holy Roman Catholic nut is having hallucinations and makes us nervous and bugs our fun and we radio a 'copter to give him a needle and calm him and ship him back to the base camp at Landing Zone Dottie eleven kilometers away this farmer and his two little sons pops up from nowhere and he's carrying everything he owns in this world in a roped basket they look at us wonderingly we open up and then move in close to finish them off our beautiful sacred M16s blast immense holes in their hearts and heads and the and the new young blood from the fuck ing kids sprawled faces down with their ~~he~~ heads kissing the basket sprayed the basket red and the gook gore is a special Asiatic deep shiny red like the sparkling red of poppies or fresh-picked and washed radishes

oh boy and now there's a group of women, pissy little girls and babies and the GIs grab a ten year old girl with apricot size tits and want to lay her and they start stripping her and laugh and tell her she's a V C Boom-Boom which means she's a whore for the Vietcong and the girl's stupid mother is trying to protect her honor and is scratching and clawing at the GIs while mangled bleeding bodies are a gooky mess all around and hootches burnign mad and hard and the Gis kick the mother's dumb ass and hit her with rifle butts and Haeberle jumps in to take a picture of the women and the Gis let the girl alone and she icks up her baby sister and is buttoning up her pajama fly that the GIs ripped open and the Gis are pissed off to think she won't behave like a Saigon whore and the Gis say fuck it let's not waste time and let's go ahead and kill them and with Mi6s and a machine gun they blast the group down one-two-three and some horny Gis shoot the little girl in her box that they were thinking to screw and Medina is having a ball killing right and left and plays Russian roulette with ~~h~~ the gooks first and then he has himself photographed for laughs like a real Ronnie Reagan actor drinking from a coconut and holding a big sharp knife under the throat of a kid who's gagged and tied to a bamboo that Medina God-love-him is sure having the fucking time of his life Ernie we agree should have been in Hollywood Lt. William Calley Jr.'s platoon gets about one hundred people in the center of the village timid wimpy GI Meadlo huddles men, women, children and babies into a sort of human island and makes them squat down and Calley comes over and says you know what to do with htem don't you and Meadlo a soft faced ignorant kid maybe eighteen says yes sir and takes it for granted Calley just wants the Gis to watch them and officer Calley leaves

and comes back in ten minutes and says angry how come you ain't killed them yet what are you waiting for the second coming of Christ and Meadlo is embarrassed and says I'm sorry I didn't think you wanted us to really kill them that you just wanted us to guard them from doing any monkey business and Calley hollers I can't even trust you guys while I go to take a shit Goddamnit you ain't supposed to think that's what me and Medina get paid for me and Medina are running this fucking show and I ain't going to tell you no more and I want these V C cocksuckers dead presto-pronto like fifteen minutes ago and we got to learn all the red cocksuckers in the world a lesson and terrorize ~~xx~~ them and paralyze them and make them shit at the idea of Americans and here now I'll fucking well show you assholes how a real American does his duty and Calley steps back a few feet and starts mowing down the screaming wailing crying gooks and he shouts to Meadlo Meadlo you delicate sonuvabitch you better start shooting if you fucking well know what's good for you~~x~~ and the GIs don't want to be courtmartialed and they start shooting with all their might clip after clip until every fucking man woman child and baby is stone dead we take sweet time out for ciggies, pot, booze and water and take a good relieving leak and say this is hot sticky muggy work and we'll be getting so fucking hungry we could eat shit on a shingle with a rusty spoon and a jackass stuffed with straw and Calley grins buddy-buddy friendly like and say I'm proud of you guys you're real first class true blue American heroes but finish today's duty to God and country first and then we'll pig it with ice cold Coors and goodies later and then co-operatgive GIs help us round up thr remaining hundred and more gook villagers and we herd them and line them along an irrigation ditch eight feet deep

and Calley says to the college superior officer guy Buckley Buckley baby we got just this last job to do and Calley says sincerely I must say I fucking well like my patriotic work and it took a while to ~~kwaste~~ waste all those gooks and we do it on auto and towards the end switch to single shot to make it last longer and save ammo and the bodies filled the ditch all bloodied in ridiculous positions and Ronny Haeberle photographs that ~~xxxxxx~~ mess too for LIFE and somehow a toddler appears naked goes to a pile of the dead and surely finds his mother's hand and a GI says I don't wanna see that little V C cocksucker grow up a motherless orphan I'll settle all his problems and he kneels and aims carefully not to half-ass the job and puts a bullet ~~th~~ through the kid's head but another GI turns yellow and can't take it and he takes his crucifix and holy Christian things from his pockets and spits on them and throws them on top of the dead bodies and he laughs hysterically and shouts what the hell are our parents and loved ones doing right here in Mylai this afternoon did dissenters and peace marchers and conscientious objectors and dove politicians fly them here and what in Virgin Mary's name are Lyndon Baines Johnson and Richard Milhous Nixon and their cabinets and all their families doing here on the Mylai killing fields is this the last stop the end of the crazy world and a GI feels sorry for him and clubs him unconscious for his own good and it's peaceful and along a lovely trail in the green rice plain two tiny brothers come along from a homey thatchroof hut in the background and they're looking for God the beautiful Black Woman The Christ saying we're looking for Her and us superstitious GIs don't want to hear that and Haeberle who's everywhere

photographs the gook tots in LIFE color and after we hear the click-ity-click of his Nikon we fire on the little brothers and the bigger one pushes the smaller to the earth and covers him with his frail self and whispers don't be afraid I'll protect you and God will punish them and us Gis don't go for that shit and we pour bullets into them and then come atop them and make goddamn sure we ~~fixx~~ finish them off and then big as the horizon the Black Cloud of a Christ appears and blots the Mylai sun and then She the Christ cries mightily mine eyes have seen the utterest degradation and we know who stand convicted and the many-millionde- voice spectator Jury roars for Justice and Angela Christ raises her gleaming black arms and calls world-shakingly aloud Ye blessed recent Dead arise arise arise and carry out The Sentence the What and the Whereof you know too . . . . and the precious little Vietnamese brothers with gaping point-blank gun-powdered bleeding massive jagged wounds arose and headless babies arose and the teenage pretty/girl knifed and blasted out gracefully and solemnly arose and her mother and baby brothers and sisters caked in tears and torn flesh arose and the grotesque slain on the bypaths arose and winsome peasant girls with punctured new breasts and riddled bellies arose and the bayoneted and those whose throats had been cut arose and the grenade-shattered arose and the charred and cremated arose from the flames and ashes and the dead arose from the wells into which their trashed lives had been contemptuously cast



and the thickly packed assorted stilled bodies stirred in the ravine besmeared with their own and each other's gore and excrement and they sharply aloft like densely close large swift birds and the once worthless sere aged arose springingly in eager strength and Angela the undisputed Christ-Woman Black Beautiful the Christ cried from The Four Winds come in oh wind and blow upon these special killed people that they may come to life and the separated parts of innocent bodies on the Mylai valley plain came together and the breath proceeded to come into them and they began to live and stand solidly upon their feet a very very great force and once-butchered suckling babes arose with the urgent force of infant Hercules and Angelus Christus cupped her long black fine fingers to her mouth and cried Halloo hallllllooooo whom the Mad would destroy The Wyrd first make into secular avenging Gods Hello History are you there ghastly war criminals didn't you know that murdering one blameless life is the same as murdering the whole world and the violated and killed raged wrath cried justice and there was no escape no exit no succor for the kith and kin of the blood-guilty and goddamned murder did out and the Mylai dead with iron grip grabbed President Johnson's daughters and grandchildren and Nixon's daughters and also the issue from the self-serving war-makers and the broods and simpering protected richly-tenderly cared-for babies of all The Involved-of-death-culpables and there was not one chance in the universe and Time for them to feign innocence or provide excuse and out and also the offsprings

of the sickeningly hypocritical chaplains were firmly thrust before Charlie Company's deathly squad and Calley's mother and father and kid sister and Medina's people and Meadlo's dear ones and the shameful traitor to his Black Race West's family tasted and consumed the live metal bullets that came as endless lightning and the killer-Cains could not stop killing no matter how they tried and their bullets made bloodstreaming sieves of their mothers in particular who fouled the good earth from their Iscariot wombs with such filial abominations and I yelled Halloo Angela The Christ tell me is it fair for the children to direly pay for the sins of their progenitors and Her Vaginal Blackness said they all had their chances to redeem themselves and stand on their own feet their evil and murder and genocide and lies and cowardice and that they were not imbeciles and goddamn well knew what their father President Johnson and vulture mother Johnson were responsible for and they were not <sup>deaf</sup> ~~dumb~~ dumb and blind to what daddy Nixon was liable for and the convicted begged in vain to be returned to the anonymous death and sanctuary as bacteria in the cesspool Hell and the late Leaders and cohorts then somewhat realized the depths of their crimes against humanity by the magnitude of the punishment which was the vary same kind of atrocious massacre daily for their loved ones as they as Commanders-in-chief had visited upon the innocents and Beautiful Night-black Christ thundered in her wonderfully resonant voice look you all and mark the indelible killers who chose the gun as their God for these killers shall be at their posts shoot-killing their w own through the ages and aeons

and my eyes widened at beholding the man of nothing as The White Rider and fascist Ollie North the redneck yanigan with the monkey's face as the shooting Red Rider and the negro ape West the fearful willing slave as The Black Rider and the extrovert greaseball coward Medina as The Pale-green Rider and the once-loved ones of reactionaries did not die with merciful despatch but died with extreme slowness with death by installments as the bullets shot out their eyes and teeth and genital parts and the Johnson and Nixon parents futilely shouted for medics and ambulances and tried to pick up the engored dripping parts and put them back in place before it was too late and unseen voices in ensemble sang the shoe is on the other foot and how does it feel to have your own bull butchered and the loved ones cried we rebel we rebel we curse you you ~~ambitious~~ arrogant self-serving parents we knew you were murderers and sinners doomed but we ~~we~~ were pampered having a swell paradise on earth and didn't have the character to tell the stupid world the truth and we did not know just what to do and what made you think we were better than the Asian children you destroyed we your children goddamn you through eternity and ex-President Lyndon Baines Johnson became the M16 in Calley's hands and Johnson became the case-hardened blue-steel gun barrel and the gunsight and Johnson-man became the eye that fixed his daughter's clean head in the sight and Johnson's whole self became the hideous Calley right forefinger that contracted the trigger and Johnson's Christian soul became the explosive charge in the shell that went off and propelled the bullet and Johnson became the suddenly heated bullet that coursed the barrel hastily and went the short distance to Linda-Lucy and entered Johnson's daughter breaking the

fair skin of her forehead and drilling through her skull and ex-President Lyndon Baines Johnson was the formidable metal projectile that tunnelled her brain and came out the rear of her skull to spend itself in a burning hut and Lyndon Baines Johnson Commander-in-Chief of the brave fearless American invasion of little Vietnam became the virgin skull of his daughter receiving the overkill and President of the United States of America Johnson was the hot young unfucked blood ejaculating and cascading from her head wounds and the many-many wounds in her unblemished body and limbs and even Christ wept and the good dead wept and we the still living wept and lovely larger-than-life Angela Christ brushed her tears and said let us leave Retribution to Itself and the Fates over whom none hath power and let us go enjoy ourselves in the dear dear UPSTAIRS after the Trials of Final Justice and yea the dear soul of LBJ's daughter disdained her murdering father's presence piercing her human being and her Catholic pure heart as it was shredded and as the bullets of capitalist democracy flooded her skull and the bones of her head went flying in the air chip by chip plain as day her soul sang faithfully Christ my Lord my God my All how can I love Thee as I ought Christ my Lord my God my All but yea look to the Far Right and do see Irving R. Kaufman trial judge who used the Espionage Act of 1917 to impose the ~~xxxx~~ death sentence once the kangaroo jury invented guilt for Ethel and Julius Rosenberg yea guilty for murdering the Rosenbergs are the Jew, Judge Kaufman and his homosexual fascist associate the only Roy Cohen and members of the Supreme Court and of Congress and Senate and before your very eyes here in Last Judgement they all

mutually feast forever on the electricity-charred decomposed corpses of the immortal lovers Ethel and Julius and the innocent victims of foul murderers throughout all Time roar in Cosmos-shaking unison THOU SHALT NOT KILL.....

At the Last Judgement Voce Declamatorio the Court Herald cried:

"Made up histories predict the past and are more or less orderly... but Life obeys no rules or wishes...Life spills kaleidoscopically casting fateful dice, disdaining time, place, relation and sequence and anything goes for men and Gods...where would chronicle truth be if we did not have the Chorus!"

#### THE CHORUS

"Black Hole Christ, grand Madame Death, is supreme Judge of judges... no one, no thing can evade Her...the gigantic stygian deity was spewed perfect from the All mind of his Creator majesty the Devil, Metamorpheles...sinners, malfactors ancient and modern appear in this theater of ultimate justice willy-nilly, unbidden, capricious and cartoon-seeming as in night's dream, ante-chamber of Eternity... Life is a montage that has no boundaries...Life complete is in the fabulous brain...the soul is the guest of the cerebral cosmos... the recalled succubi of slumber, the fantasmagoric dreams are but the soul's vortex striving for return to the mother-womb of Chaos... to be happy live into a future without illusions, especially delusions of the supernatural, epitomized at their worst by after-life fancies ...no living thing returns from the dead, not even the so-called Gods...

confidentially--Life is the bittersweet hoax...the best we can do is find a peaceful natural retreat, be calm, and enjoy the community of like-minded friends. . . get on with life to the very lees... Heaven?...yea Heaven is a girl's beautiful gutscented fragrant thighs!"

In the far distance and from under the blood-dripping horizon in methodical persistent sandaled step came the zealous Buddhists vibrantly chanting: "We offer gratitude to Bonten, Taishaku, Nitten, Gatten, Myojoten and all the other zenjin, the universal forces within all life, the guardians of Buddhism who night and day protect those who embrace the Gohonzon...Nam-myoho rengo-kyo...we solemnly praise the Lotus Sutra, the inscrutable essence of the universe...we sincerely pray for the earliest possible realization of Kosen-rufu throughout the entire world...Nam-myoho-rengo kyo...we pray to erase our negative karma created by our own past causes...we pray for our deceased relatives and for all who have passed away since the beginning of time, and especially our enemies...lastly, we pray for the Gohonzon's impartial benefits to spread throughout the world and bring peace and happiness to all mankind and the entire universe.....Nam-myoho-rengo-kyo...."

At the Last Judgement the court herald declaimed: "Hearken O ye sands-of-the-seas"-souls tragically cursed with once-life: Only contrivance-battered Literature hath orderly structure...but the mystic mystery 'Life' spills mercurially, casting the fateful dice disdainingly time, place, relation and sequence haphazardly...Life says with lofty arrogance, 'Anything goes!'...

but where would chronicle-truth be if we did not have our catch-and-counterweight Chorus which chants democratically sans fear:

"All is atoms...we are molecules, passing moments...every drop of liquid--blood, water, sweat, urine, semen, menstrual juice, drops of the waters of the seas and falls and streams and rivers and of raging battle gore, every granule of earth, grain of sand, every degree of heat or cold, every turd of whale, man, woman and mite, every thought wave.....is a God---Time and Space and the infinite universe fits amply on the point of a pin.....Oh see, see correct proletarian Angels lead to the dock monkey-face Lieutenant Colonel Hero Merde cover-up for ~~xxxxxxx~~ criminal Teflon President Ham Actor, alleged descendant of Ham, peeping-Tom son of wino Noah...notice interrogating Senators and Congressmen, who are not real men but pale, supine, flat shadows in tawdry mirrors..."

#### PROFANE CHORUS

"We are old, ancient as death, weaged in mirrors, in silent reflective pools...we tremble for the light will soon leave us...rage, rituals, symbols, rites, prayers avail us not...as oblivion surrounds and closes in we perceive truth starkly...we fear to set foot outside home ...we embrace loneliness within walls...the quiet is our shield... Radio and television bring us the jackanapes ~~xxxxxxx~~ insanity of man...how vigorous are the polyglot charlatans of church and state, - despicable curses upon sacerdotium et regnum for they too are May flies that end in the dung heap of death...our eyesight is offended by the Senate hearings ---

...representatives of the people are bad fraudulent amateur children, Mammon's Washingtonian sheep bleating patriotic ordure, prating: "in the national interest" "we are Contras" "we are Berliners" "honor" "bravery" "heroes" "Old Glory"---Senator Idiot joins Congressman Imbecile in the political daisy chain.....

"Grand Madame Black-Hole Christ is supreme Judge of judges...no one, no thing can escape her...She was spewed from the All-mind of the Creator the Devil Metamorpheles...sinners from The Beginning, old and new, appear in this sacred Theater Three of Justice, willy nilly as in dream-within dream, ante-chamber of eternity."

#### PEOPLES" CHORUS

"Attend-attend the truth and beauty of Religion! See-see the pilgrims diverse coming to Last Judgement as waves that massively urge each other to the strand of Almighty God: Jews, Orientals, Protestants, Catholics, sect upon sect wearying sight, all being right, and none being wrong!--the rootless earth-wandering Jews, saffron-skinned Chinese Jews, black-pelt Ethiopian Jews, copper-hide Mexican Indian Jews, and pallid intense white-skinned Jews from guttural cords cant: "Shema Yisroel Adonoi Elohenu Echod! O Hebrew family, thou art a fort of faith, a house of Yahweh...!" From the ~~Rain~~ Plain of Arafat myriad Moslem pilgrims in ceaseless human white-lava streams passionately approach Day of Wrath, dripping gore from self-inflicted mutilations chanting, "In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful! He is Allah, the One! Allah, the eternally Besought of All!".....



....Then came the inundation of obscene cowshit-smelling Hindu masochists listlessly, silently, and then swarmed the billion plus Chinese hordes chanting high-pitched singsong disharmonic supplications, and then from far-away unseen trees and caves and jungles came the naked black-black-blue-black-shining grotesque savage African crowds as so many -many thick lipped apes and gorillas with bone-pierced flattened wide noses, violated ears and crinkly-wooly hair grunting chanting to primeval Gods, and then finally came the Show of shows, the Imperial, the Monarchical oceanic processions of the one and only incomparable Holy Roman Catholic Church with banners, crests, statues, cymbals, drums, trumpets, artillery and volcanic cries of "In Hoc Signo Vinces!" In the Catholic circus were the Gospellers: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and the said Patmos John of Revelation and The Four Horsemen...as far as imaginative vision could reach, on high poles flew the vaunting rags of Cattolica eterna, the bellicose war flag of Baldassare Cossa who dubbed himself John XXIII and the conflicting gonfalons of zealot pure Savonarola and his murderer Rodrigo Borgia, his infallible Holiness Alexander VI, Deputy on earth of Jesus Christ and the lowest pervert criminal that ever fouled and emerged from womb...then came the moving forests of the varied bizarre foot and horse ensigns of the gloriously deluded Crusaders with their theatrical knights-errantry poses and crucifix-emblazoned panoplies--a veritable carnival of Christ-pandering Quixotes, including notably homosexual King Richard the Lion-hearted --and striding in armor and loneliness and bearing her severed head was Jeanne d' Arc the nineteen year old religion slain Maid of Orleans..

...chanting with self-righteous piety humbly marched the illustrious Doctors of The One and Only Church....and then appeared clamoring sacrilegious masses of the innocents who had been passengers on planes bombed by terrorists, and victims of planes cold bloodedly shot down by patriotic Russians, Americans and Israeli militarists with countless many screaming "Where was that bullshit bastard, God, and where is he now!"...and wave after wave of other groups pressed forward noisily protesting their wasteful deaths at the hands of drunken drivers who were not charged...and others upon others who had been dispassionately deprived of the one and only life gift by greedy negligent employers in the work-place...and then there were loads of those misfortunates born blind, mute, deformed, mongoloid and short-lived because of alcoholic and drug-addicted parents... oh how utterly dismal the hordes of the life-cheated through abortion, crime, hunger, insanity and senseless violence all wailing and lamenting for justice and yea, retribution!...and there were the enraged dissentient souls shouting, "Petulant Almihgty God why aren't you raped and tortured and robbed and murdered!--and of course we saw your precious privileged self not in the Nazis' places of The Final Solution you permitted--you bastard!"

...Envoi: A young actor with a knife plunged into his heart came looking for one 'Norman Mailer'....many knew why....Envoi pathos: A lovely naked teenage Vietnamese maiden, bullet ridden, with rectum, mouth and vulva bloodily torn came searching for the GIs who had raped and sodomized her nature openings and slew her under their flag on Hill 192; the melting pot Americans were 2 Poles, an Irish and Germany -Angela Christ finds and immediately burns them and their flag -even their ashes are eternally putrid and vile.....

CHORUS-OF-KNOWING ABOVE REPROACH:

We intone Ite Missa Est, Introibo Ad Altare Veritas....  
we celebrate gospels in spiritual speculums...purity was  
timelessness and timelessness was purity...oblivion was the  
no-beginning neverending measureless undefiled Vacuum...  
nothing was all and all was nothing...infinity was the sterile  
unbounded womb Vacuum...the microscopic divisible speck LUST,  
self-made, penetrated Vacuum and willed Eternity...then, Time-  
Space, was no longer virgin...the perfect state of vacuum was  
without inception and termination . . . the point of a pin could  
have accommodated it spaciously...madness-lust the All-creator  
is the seedbed that parented matter labelled planets.....  
sensuous lust festered the Rose Pearl containing the electric  
passion we call L I F E....all centers of Life is Energy...and  
life is defined as that which reproduces, covets immortality,  
dies in despair, and dissolves in the oblivion of vacuum.....  
for eons of uncountable cosmic years lust-desire pullulated within  
the baroque Rose Pearl and self-willed sexuality burst forth in  
the form of divine Venera Androgynos who floated ashore on  
Botticelli's luminous scallop shell accompanied by angel zephyrs  
,,,Blessings upon Venera's vinaceous vagina, the ambrosial ovoid  
within which originated all energy, all matter, all configurations, all  
imaginings, all visions, all dreams, all life, all-spending,  
all renewal....from the celestial heat of Venera's adorable orifice  
generated the male of males, the Morning Light Lucifer.....  
Lucifer Lust-Bearer!

Lucifer Androgynos Almighty afflicted with loneliness fashioned humankind and satellite Gods in his image--to toy with...and he would have patience to play with them thus for eons upon eons..... until this our particular time when his Divineness, surfeited with man's evil destroyed the world and transformed himself into vaginal Venera and created lofty Wagnerian astral paradisiacal Venusberg, establishing eternally the delectable Fifth and Final Gospel, VENERIAD and endowed the precious deprived worthy Dead of the Ages with all-sensuous democratic immortality...He-She Venera in various trans-figurations had also been Isis-Osiris, and in the imago of the glorious Veneriad is in different aspects the Perla Rosa, the All-Life and Cosmos Initiator, the unknowable Mother Roseblood Pearl that impassioned Being..... and yea, most desireable Venera is of course Romanly Venus Phallommeda--from affection for phallus ..and Venus Philommedis because Queen of Laughter....with awe we chant in amaze the blind unschooled heedless compulsion of mouth and tongue to that heavenly ~~xxxxxx~~ sheath the bivalvular vagina alike to vanilla's pod--to wallow luxuriantly in femaleine spoor--oh-oh those soft cow-stable-milky fetid thighs!---oh penetrate and pump vulva to explosive spasming come.....theyγ--the instantaneous betrayal of pleasure--from eulogiac euphoria to bestial murderous hatred...oh the sad-eyed elegiac hollowing of beingγ -the automatic phusical anti-climax γ --the disillusionment the disenchantmentγ,γ.the magic perfume turned stench--the haut fury of biological disgust decisive albeit but temporary.... the soul shuddering at nature's brutality...the opulent jetting of life-making seed..... and the let-down savor - ing the shadow of death....

....but following the guilt sense of entrapment burgeons the cry for purification and slavish submission to Virgin Almighty... fretted life seeking return to the peaceful purity of pre-being's unsoiled vacuum...ah, then the lustcup filleth ever anew and wantonly plunges over....Yin and Yang are one ...primeval man and woman were little distinguished from animals, living rawly, sheltering in stone caves, and under leaf-heavey low boughs, wearing untanned skins, drinking from streams, foraging food from field, bush, tree. fishing and hunting....in the long night of the past countless centuries succeeded each other.... Prometheus guided man to fire, wheel, crafts, and cities rose from the plain.... in the early morning of civilization the self-destroying semites authored the preposterous fiction of Jehovah and his counterpart Satan meaning in Hebrew, adversary, late in the human story ... they who appointed themselves the 'chosen people of God' introduced Genesis with fabled Adam, Hebrew for Man--and his errant rib Eve... and to complete their racial stiff-necked prejudice calumniated beautiful Lucifer as serpentine 'Father of Lies'...in their Book of Henoch they straightfacedly alleze that the archangel Michael hurled overly proud Lucifer from Heaven.

We permanent Celebrants are as faithful amanuensis recording form and content of the Life Mystery...Time is but lust that pollutes, promiscuously piling-piling-piling particled planets...offal of Time conjoined into our solid sphere...and earth is the foundation that bears Atlas-like the human entity...

...and thus-wise the common societal soil the masses burgeon forth and nourish and bear all human endeavor for good and evil.

The White House is the nesting of frauds, criminal charlatans given dollar grasping claws. hooked vultures' beaks and soaring wings by guilty voters. they the faithless vulgar crowds, the matrix that richly feeds evil...we truth-casters declare the laboring mob is the national cesspool and their whoring elected the scum atop.... Coriolanus real kenned The People better than did the fabled Son of Man:"Forgive them not for they know deliberately what they do!" the faceless, headless. heartless herd trumpet from their oral assholes, "Viva Mussolini!" "Heil Hitler!" "Hail Ham Actor!" Lies, say we The Name-callers, are obscene., greed is obscene, religion/superstition is obscene, killing is the most obscene, and we say liars, the avaricious, genocides and absentee Gods are all simply the travesty of SHIT...the word shit cannot harm you-- but the deaf dumb blind masses will kill you which is the eternal end...In joyous chorale we sing that in LAST JUDGEMENT Ham Actor and his piranha wife and children are butchered like his Contra peasant victims---the parts of the violated reassemble and the Ham Actor breed have to eat their innocent victims--then they in turn are slaughtered and eaten by carrion and digested to shit and the cycles repeated eternally--ioy-joy-joy!

"Man was generated from impurity; similar to scatalogic filth he emerged into the light from the urinary outlet orifice drenched in woman's spent offal... he had no choice as to color, size, appearance, nationality and mental and spiritual talent-- but in common with all living things he was born to recreate and surely die...he can go beyond death in the bloods of descendants... Man is not whole and is but part of selfhood...in revenge upon foredoomed extinction he destroys and blindly brings down the temple ...in doing evil he feels a kind of God, especially when inflicting humiliations, tortures outrages and deaths.. man reasons: "I love best the whore Life and her sensual delights but regardless what efforts I make Life will be taken from me--what then does it matter whether I am cunning, inept, accomplished, stupid, good or bad!"...We commiserate with and pity man in general except those who kill...the first murderer being the mythic Bible's crazy ~~REKEXIX~~ eccentric JewGod who hours after fashioning Man and Woman created Death for them and their issue while keeping himself eternally alive ...was it that mysterious agency FATE that ordained Jehovah, Caine and billions of humans to kill?...sweeping the cosmos is the one and only flaming Law of Laws "THOU SHALT NOT KILL!" ...We reveal to you that there is a happy place for all souls without the cursed mark of Cain...Endless cheap rhetoric has been spewed by fantasts and romancers but nothing about bringing Gods to justice--but here at The Last Judgement Gods and their tawdry minions are compelled to reveal their naked criminal selves---in the trial docket they cry,

"You cannot persecute us for we are naught but imaginations of predators, liars, con-men, pied pipers, priests and politicians preying for gain upon and fulfilling wishful thinkers who dread annihilation!--all life today is show-business--we answer the fairy-land needs of the vulgar herds. we supply the absurdities of fables the capricious common masses demand...

"Hark, from the profound depths a laughing voice shouts, 'Fools there are no Gods nor Devils! Live your mayfly life for pleasure! Rape life and face your death with haughty contempt! You yourself are God and Devil! Indulge yourselves in cocks and cunts to the lees'."

...Promethean ~~Capitalism~~ Capitalism comes upon the scene of consciousness concretely proving it is the sole divinity that works!...the heart of reality-God Capitalism is wholly in the Marketplace...do not dare to deny that the fickle sado-masochistic multitudes menstruate horrendous wars each generation!... the cowardly vile human herds deify and enshrine genocidal charlatans--they make a German flop-house derelict into a world-destroying madman tyrant--they elect and make a Judas-whore-pimp fourth-rate Ham Actor their Leader and Commander-in-Chief...the human story is hopeless as long as the masses are the arbiters of a nation's destiny... who chooses not to recognize this truth is an intentional dangerous fool."



## CHORUS MIRROR OF THE MASSES

"Culture, values trends, government are the looking glasses that reflect the people, the deciding rabble... all good and evil germinate from the masses--all chimeras prejudices, sleaze. hype, banalities. beliefs, religions and other lies spring from the masses... luring sirens of every ilk. kings presidents, premiers., popes, gurus, magicians, dictators, saints, demons and deities mirror the masses' compulsive fancies, moods and desires...one day its Hitler, the next day its Batman, the next day its Santa Klaus, the next day its a Jew named Christ ad infinitum...but there are no superhuman supernatural beings---wars. holoc austs, massacres, genocide. cowardly invasions whether Vietnam or Lebanon, cowardly shooting down of innocent airline passengers, poisoning, napalming, bombing and torture and starving of civilians are not done by Hollywood extra-terrestrials but by concensus of people by purpose of majorities---the killing fields of the Napoleons, Hitlers, Mussolinis Stalins , Gung-Ho American Vietnam Westmorelands and Rambo Ham Actors-criminals are prepared deliberately and manned and paid for by the masses!"

## CHORUS OF MYSTERY

I am the all-creator I AM. .the uterus of my belly generates and casts forth fate stamped Gods and mortals...my first issue and deputy was illustrious morningstar Lucifer.. fornicating with Mother Earth Lucifer sired Prometheus who from clay molded mundane God Capitalus and the human male named MAN and the human female named WOMAN... the first gift-lesson to man in science from prometheus was the artful uniting of the inspired propagating tools man's phallus and woman's vagina.. Prometheus endowed man's mind with unbounded imagination and the cunning strength to mine Mother Earth's treasures,

also to garner fruit of soil winged fare and feast of seas, all from the cornucopia of Producer-God Capitalus."

#### CHORUS OF CAPITALUS

Here at Last Judgement the trial of trials is that of the Gods headlined "Gotterdammerung" . All the Gods from time immemorial ~~XXXXX~~ every fantastic form human-imagined, flora and fauna, fowl, insect, animal, cloud-bodied, geological, reptilian, deny responsibility and claim immunity on the grounds that they do not exist and are the fancies of God-needers thus proving to be abstractions, frauds, charlatans and self-serving exploiters... I, Capitalus alone am substantial, actual., viable, articulate and positive in the concrete... it has pleased MYSTERY to make me manifest in every facet of life regardless of religions and ideologies and representations of all manner of thought... I more than promise, I do... I am the very stuff of life-I am Earth and all its mineral vitals -I am the union of brain, body, limbs and materials- I am everywhere evident on the scene of man in all works- I am the beneficial results of vision and labor- I am patent and potent at the marketplace, the community forum, the billing office., the checkout counter, the teller's window, the ballot box--I Capitalus plough, sow, fertilize, cultivate and reap to distribute- I build and protect family, home and hearth from the elements- I rear temples for man to indulge his hunger for fables- I birth, feed, educate, guide, encourage, inform., entertain and finally inter man with decorum--the other gods and a dollar will get you a ride on the subway--I am the visionary and optimistic planner of progress- I am fund and foresight, exertion,

honest contract, and aggregate of the products of industry directly available for the support and delight of human existence- I am the social surplus, the profit that betters present and insures future- no civilization or national system can do without me...I gave man the implements to nourish life and also to destroy life...I am amidst mortals in myriad forms...Mamona' alias Mammon is my prophet and the darlin' Golden Calf is my precious symbol...The Dollar is my Holy-of-Holies picture and communicator.. the Bank the Vault, the Treasury, the Mint is my Vatican my Shangri-La, my Synagogue, my sacred Temple ..man negotiates the vale of life because of me. .I Capitalus permeate mankind in many-many aspects: I am the well, the furrow, the seed, the sickle, I am the spear, the jet plane and the H-Bomb, I am the laboratory, the school, the hospital, the prison, the electric chair, the Cross, the sep<sup>u</sup>lchre, I am all property, all goods, all wealth, all evils.. the virgin Jewish tent-maker verily said, "The love of money is the root of all evil"..yea, I am bridges, subways, rockets to the moon and satellites, travel lanes, ships, theaters and concert halls, condoms and mascara...I am the <sup>a</sup>ll-doer, the sewerage plant, the toilet and the bath, I am the force that wheels the planets, I am the activity that produces mortals' essential and pastime needs .. I am the will of little Japan that perfected the oriental capitalist family nation to become the richest on earth to exploit and shame the American dinosaur of democracy .. I am Eros' energy that erects head-strong phallus and propels Adam Sperm to Eve Ova---Alas, MYSTERY, who calls the cosmic play makes we Gods and men hostage to Chronos .. yea, TIME heals all our problems with the democracy of DEATH.. ... American Fascism was Shirt of Nessus and my death-throes... I too,

have been terminated--the saga of mortals is concluded--we are spirits in common... here at THE LAST COURT pure justice is punishing evil-doers... the Good are being transfigured by MYSTERY into immortal Gods and brought into VENERIAD the Paradise of Venus to the eternity of loving pleasure."

The soulless cretin masses redundant with the lumpen leaven of superfluous creatures such as impertinent shabby television fat-~~cats~~ cats, millionaire boxing, baseball, football, basketball, hockey and other species of fifth-wheel sports apes, reactionaries, Wall Street thieves, whoreface politicians, drug-sellers and Jesus-peddling evangelists, born-rich parasites, patriotic pimps, informers, Judas-Ham Actors and the rest of the Hollywood sleazy denizens, and every kind of suckers of innocent human blood all-all were rendered to foul smoke that was hugely swirled into oblivious infinity.

CHORUS SONG OF SOLOMON AT LAST COURT:

~~Myrrh~~ God's Chosen, disgusted and infuriated the Creator to drown the world....that was not the end for His World had been too new and through his compassionate grace he had Noah re-seed Israel...in Sodom and Gomorrah our perverse tribes insulted Yahweh's manliness and with fire and brimstone he incinerated the world ... but our own relenting Almighty God and Lot's incest again sowed Hebrew seeds... Yahweh our eternal true Rabbi dearly loved modest hero David, and had me further enhance his divine kingdom.

Our sins all too human caused the wheel of Heaven to turn against us ... the offended disappointed I AM of Abraham, Moses and Aaron stung by our wilfull failings, our hypocritical stiff-necked theocracy, imposed the terrible permanent punishment upon His First Children-- the suffering, the travail He afflicted us with was as great as His semitic love of us-- in our midst on earth he sent the renegade heretic Jew, the self-proclaimed (communist) Messiah, the alleged Saviour---Paul the bald-headed bowlegged~~x~~ tentmaker and the Italian genocide Constantine made our Four Sacred Rivers to flow from Eden dyed deep scarlet with innocent Hebrew blood-- for two thousand years we have been the scapegoat prey of grasping Christian beasts in human form--- we have been unfairly cursed with the Mark of Cain--they of the Holy Roman Catholic Empire have made their Christ our Abel and we the inventors of murder--they have stamped on our foreheads CHRIST-KILLER and thus with each celebration of Mass we are endorsed as sport for hunters as bouhty and sacrifices for every manner of maniac and criminal....Here in Last Judgement TRUTH has its open fulsome day! Without the Jew bogey-man the Christian monarchy, the Christian Show would go out of business... Yahweh Mysterious for secret reasons of His Lordly ~~own~~ own decided His Chosen to be helpless victims of the heathen Gentiles... not accepting he who dubbed himself Jesus the Messiah we nevertheless carried out his precepts of pacificism., confession, atonement and brotherly love... since Genesis we have been the true Anointed in soul and deed...yea Yahweh we lived the teachings of Rabbin Jesus--and for that the organized materialist Christ Temple crucified us!...but there is God J H V H ! ...we numberless persecuted Jews are here before Judgement Seat... we violated Hebrew

souls have been hibernating lo these centuries in the murk of Limbo ... none now whosoever can evade Justice... let each expose their evil and pay ... with my mother Bathsabee we killed the rightful heir to the throne my elder brother Adonias and thus I stole his life, his pubescent woman Abisag and the vast Godly kingdom of David... my Ecclesiastes and long years under the Sun are a litany of splendor and heinous crime.... now let come what must be."

CHORUS CHILDREN OF THE GOLDEN CALF:

"We chant the delectations of Dollars!...we genuflect to Money-- Key to earthly Heaven!...mysteries' nature and fortune smiled upon us even so in the womb ~~y~~ our stars were propitious -- we are the Lucky born rich or sure-footed in the race for gain... Moses ascended Mount Sinai to gather The Law from Jehovah-in-Bush... the ever <sup>r</sup>restless sperm of Abraham in the desert below were The Law of Reality... the multitudes always know what they want-- the people make their own peculiar Gods to fit their only life... Moses' breed lusted for wealth for wealth would give them paradise on earth--so they melted down rings and spangles and doo-dabs and shaped the never failing Golden Calf to worship for they very well knew that prayer only hopes and gives birth to impotent wind but Money buys and obtains.... We are independent darlings of Capitalus--we are proudly unabashed Republican, Reactionary, Conservative and rightly far-right--we are audacious neo-Nazi-Fascist albiet squatter-carpetbag red-white-and-blue-apple pie-patriots....

....to get the magic of money we will enthusiastically lie, betray, deceive, promise, subvert, invade, frame, prostitute, desecrate, suck ass. kiss the Cross, wave the ~~xxx~~Stars and Stripes, gallantly salute like Hero-Ham-Actor and we will dutifully and efficiently and very bravely massacre and commit Holocausts for Final Solutions and perpetrate wars and body-counts and accommodate trimming of the common herd.....The supineness, self-delusion, vapidty gullibility hypocrisy. cant, cowardice, incontinence. auto-contempt of the amoral, moron, maggot masses has always begged and invited us to sodomize them, to give them Popes, Rabbonis., Gurus, Fakirs Shrinks, Zoo-like sports' creatures to enrich, and enticement of lottery-winnings and free lunch and Golden Arches and amusement fields... The madding crowds are enchanted by Show Business, glittering Hollywoods and ever Ham-Actor-Turds ...The Great Jerks are pushover suckers--are the neverending weeds of the earth, the muscle. backbone, limbs and brainless Atlas-body of our Leading Nation of Grand Democartic Capitalus.

-Yes, we are the Haves, the chosen fruits of the womb,we Life's blessed are the indigenous planners,materialism's visionaries, haughty Chauvanists, Birchites presumptuous, KKKers. National Reveiwers, Contras-conservative-reactionary. Juntas, doers, manipulators, bond and stock Lords, Knights of Lucre, controllers, pied-pipers, Callers of The Dance, Push and pulling Rulers of the puling public, Bosses. gaffers. Overseers, arrogant, audacious, fearless. cautious, bettors, monopolists, schemers ever-devising on-the-enterprising-move.....

We compulsive profiteering accomplishers could not prevail were it not that Mystery-Nature has provided us with endless self-reproducing obedient common fools....we attained our Summit with Fascist-Nazism.....and here at Last Judgement with brazen balls we stand our ground!"

CHORUS OF LAST JUDGEMENT:

Here at the court of universal justice the most hideous sinful crime against humanity is re-enacted: ---the dispassionate cold-blooded Nazi Final Solution of the Jewish race on earth--the ~~XXXXXXXX~~ monstrous criminal deed for which there are no words....the horror of The Holocaust exceeded all the acts of barbarism and terror in history.....and justified the advent of World's End:

Since 'Kristallnacht' Jews from all stations in life are seized, robbed, maltreated, packed into cattle cars and brought by rail to extermination camps....Envoi: J H V H made the Cosmos and human life and every thing and He sees and knows all and thus of course allows Teuton fiends to obliterate Jews--oh yes it pleased the Tetragrammaton God Almighty to be silent invisible witness (and who believes otherwise is full of shit)----German Generals, German officers, German theorists, lowly square-headed German soldiers, fathers all of loving families unemotionally view the many thousands of captives...they look upon the gentle refined breed, the well-mannered elderly male and female Jews., the uniquely personable male and female Jews in prime age, the orderly intelligent adolescent male and female Jews and ~~xx~~ the precious sinless bright-eyed male and female infant Jews.



....The Nazi captors--beneath contempt and beyond redemption--agreeably say amongst themselves "They the Jews are not people--- they are the abominable social enemies of we the master race--- they are not human these Jews. these Jews are the cursed murderers of our Christian Lord and Saviour Jesus the Christ----it is our National Socialist religious duty to destroy them from the face of the earth...these Jews pollute the earth--they are communists--- it is our sacred duty to rid the earth of Jews!"

--Before the sight of all the dead the committed genocide unfolds, living again as it will live throughout neverending Time: these Jews , the most civilized humans of history, in the many thousands, group huddled wondering what God is doing to them--and why..... Clouds cover the sun--light snow is falling--has their ancient ~~Yehowah~~ Yehowah who is different from the Nazis'God told these Nazis to brutally take away their freedom. the fruit of their toil , their lives and the entire Jewish future?--how have they offended Jehovah now? -just what have their helpless old and the innocent children and babies done wrongly to Jehovah--is not Jehovah beholding the scene? --why doesn't The Lord come immediately in his dazzling splendor and paralyze these horrible butchers of Jews!--where are you oh God!--where oh where in their Holy <sup>Scriptures</sup> ~~Scriptures~~ has this insane moment been foretold?--why in the eyes of the almighty Nazis is it a capital crime for them to be Jews?--is all this real or the worst d ;dreams?--why are free strong nations, the world's democracies standing silent and letting Germany do this to them?

(mis-numbered - should have been page 184)

-185-

--why are these healthy workingclass German soldiers armed against them, oppressing them at bayonet and gunpoint--what in God's name are these Nazi soldiers afraid of!-----"

The speaker system saccharinely, mockingly blares, "Jews, you will be living in this humane protective facility until our Fatherland conquers our evil enemies--God willing it may be soon... you dear faithful friends will be decently cared for according to the International Red Cross code of war...rest assured you certainly will ~~xxx~~ have nothing to worry about... with us you will be absolutely safe .... we have instructions from our Leader Adolph Hitler to extend to you every Christian consideration even to practicing your own Judaic religion--again we say you will have nothing to worry about ... please let go your baggage--we will identify it for you-- nothing will be lost--you can trust us...now listen! -- before you are assigned living quarters it is the strict government regulation that you all--without exception--be de-loused and made thoroughly clean....please remove all your clothing--please cooperate and all will go well." =The soldiers gun-prod obeyal ... the turmoil of handing over belongings, and stripping, is silently under way...uniformed doctors hastily sort out the healthiest and sturdiest males and females and put them to a side-for slave labor ... the great mass of Jews docilely comply---for what sustains them is their faith, faith in the goodness and integrity of their Jehovah ...utter belief in their God somewhat obviates the reality of becoming stark naked in the freezing cold before the warmly dressed captors---

...of course their Creator favored them as His Chosen and is watching from Above...Yehowah will surely free them from these swastika-emblazoned Egyptians---yea the Jews will always lead mankind in the ways of purest faith!-Hear-hear oh Yehowah! The speaker-horns order, "Jews! -hurry! -drop your clothes where you are! -Nothing will be lost or stolen--trust us--you won't regret--we mean you no harm--quick off with your or you'll catch your death of cold--you would not want that would you?- be quick--we worry for you!" -The thousands of shivering numbed men, women and children are being force-herded into the great 'bath-house' ... the speaker-horns send forth Bach's Old Testamen hymns... the old, the blind, the ill, the crippled, the feeble are being pushed, kicked and shoved, the children are dragged, the infants are carried...among the three thousand Jews there are radical Jews, orthodox Jews, reformed Jews, Ethiopian Jews, Islam and Buddhist Jews, and plain proletarian Jews beside rich and very rich Jews--- and a visiting American Jewess, beauteous Stella Dunn from Yonkers, New York...Stella Dunn was brought up in the Society for Ethical Culture...she is eighteen and virgin...Stella is the Beauty Queen Model of the Women's Wear Clothing Industry--of Stella Dunn it is said she is the most beautiful girl in the world... Stella Dunn protests... and refuses to denude... two soldiers hold and two other soldiers brutally rip off her clothes... Stella Dunn naked puts Venus to shame... but to the armed soldiers of German capitalist Nazism divine naked Stella Dunn is a Jewess, a non-human, non-person fit only for death!... inside the killing room is the scene unparalleled in travail.....

...If Christ really wanted to experience the furtherest extremity in humankind's suffering, he a Jew, should be with these Jews in Hitler's 'bath-house for Jews'... is the Hebrew from Nazareth more special, more privileged than his sister-kind Stella Dunn from Yonkers?... is Miriam's immaculate conception better than these pure innocent naked babies being hurled into the death chamber? ...why isn't the Jewish Saviour with divinely beautiful naked virgin Stella Dunn as she is pressed against naked men, women and children as the poison gas roars upon them... why Shepherd are you not with your shorn blameless sheep as they are being sacrificed. why! ... A pale, sad, bearded long-haired witness says, "They, these precious dear ones--they are the truly crucified!...I would save them if possible... but under Kaiaphus, Herod and Pilate I could not even save myself ~~neither~~ <sup>neither</sup> /would or could my Father in heaven rescue me--- but compared to this German Nazi genocide my Calvary ordeal was temporary child's play.... these victimized fellow-Jews are the greatly crucified...like many other dreaming idealists who wished to believe they were the Messiah I thought I was the Son of God incarnated as the Saviour prophesized by the Jewry--but neither on earth or here in the gloom of the dead have I seen JVHV----oh unseen unknowable Taher Above the poison gas is slaying these good diverse Jews: the Born-again Christian Jews scream for the Christ, the other religious Jews cry hysterically for their particular Gods, the atheist Jews curse insane mankind and berate themselves for not killing Nazis...the old and ill pray for quick merciful ~~death~~ death...the children and babies wail for mom and dad....

the stronger desperately trying to live a few minutes longer  
climb naked flesh and fight for the air near the ceiling and they  
hit and climb and claw and eyes of the weaker are gouged out and  
expectant mothers in shock have premature deliveries and miscarriage  
s and menstruations and bowels and bladders convulsively disgorge  
and blood spurts from orifices and wounds...and... comfortable  
Nazi soldiers and officers out in the crisp clean air are relishing  
the cacophonic symphony of agonies and ~~xxxx~~ timing the death throes  
and checking the poison gas pumps and in their pockets they have  
Holy Roman Catholic Pope-blessed and Protestant relics and amulets  
and sacred family prayer books and very dear precious pictures of  
their loved ones and they swell with pride over patriotic efficiency  
and absolute power and blind true-blue loyalty to The Leader.....  
And I The Christ among these Jews being foully crucified am immune  
as I left life to these twenty centuries--so I thought --for look--  
I am being seen--and stripped--my circumcision dooms me anew--I am  
protesting that I am the Son of man--that I am the Son of God--but t  
the Nazis spit upon me saying I am only a Jew same as the rest and  
hurl me naked in with the dead and the dying.....encompassing  
my vision are three thousand newly dead Jews--and one of the most  
beautiful girls in the world and all history, virgin Stella Dunn,  
is ~~xxxx~~ beneath a pyramid of intertangled bodies--and most beauteous  
naked Stella is trampled, crushed and grotesquely smeared in snot,  
excrement, urine, foam, vomit and blood.....and I the Nazarene  
carpenter-mason radical, poet, imagist, visionary, lover of human-  
ity, am a delusion, the most tragic of failures--as my love and  
tears reaches out to these blessed dead--and as I now die again--  
I see surely that this day the Nazis of Capitalism are the Gods of  
reality."

CHORUS OF THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT AND RETRIBUTION:

Above the tribunal of Last Judgement the flaming letters:

THOU SHALT NOT KILL!

burned the Heavens and were clearly visible throughout the Cosmos and the anger-wrought voices of the killed fearfully shook eternity ...Animal Mankind had merited complete destruction and call to final account...Man's enchantment with the evil of self-serving Gods, money-power, lies. cowardice. sleaze, hype. reaction, survival-of-the-fit-bullshit, degeneracy, fraud. avarice, whore-politicians, sadism. disrespect for life. robbery deceit, perversion, rapine, iniquity, heinous sin, wars., torture, and mass muder has terminated his existence and history..... here there is no contemptible 'Supreme Court' travesty representing the rich, no despicable legal conservative fascist group of corrupt pygmy men.....here JUSTICE thunders with universe-shattering voices dealing out eternal doom or everlasting Godhood...here, the greatest majority, marred fruits of Adam and Eve's unloving fucking, neither purely good or wondrously bad--who on earth were but supine rabble--are returned to insects in soil and rock crevices, and lowest larvae of humid jungle, or in oceans' deeps as slimey plankton, and also somewhat only as that which they had been as humans: ambulating alimentary canals cramming foods into one opening and greasing it out from the other end as putrid waste---

--yea--they-the soft-fingered-pampered-public figures who without beauty, love or talent schemed and batted on the sweated labors of others, worming about in the media-marketing communications, the counting pews, in whoring political featherbeds, ritualizing before altars, under column-swirled baldacchinos, sucking up lies in confessionals, putting on hypocritical bourgeois shows in synagogues, pledging crocodile allegiances and wrapping their decayed selves in flags... these animated turds--MYSTERY-- which cannot be coned, simply sends unidentified down and away in the cloaca of eternity.....here in the Last Judgement the Capitalist Nazis are nude--voraciously pigging the raw decomposing old and young female and male Jews--they gnash and tear and rip the Hebrew-bodies meat, hair, bones, organs, genitals, fetuses, ordure. brans and urine and swallow and vomit and digest and defecate but wonder of wonders the Jews they are cannibalizing are their very own German Nazi fathers and mothers, wives, children, kith and kin and priests and it matters not whether they gorge it fast or slow for they will vigorously do it throughout the measureless reaches of Time.....in every direction along never-ending vistas trillions of misbegotten souls are feasting on the raw carnage of their helpless innocent victims---a certain percentage were they who destroyed the palpitating forming unborn---- the stench of the apocalyptic repast was monumental and offending the constellations----no murder under the sun, heinous killing went unpunished-----

--Judge Thayer who electrocuted the framed simple Italian anarchists is forever eating--with dentures yet--sublime Sacco and Vanzetti---- President Eisenhower who deemed himself the Red, White and Blue Puritan God-man will never cease ~~x~~ munching nuts, guts and ~~xxxx~~ feathers poor private Eddie Slovic and two of the world's best and bravest Jews, the true lovers, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg...and Justice makes Ike eat Mamie and his parasite loved ones for continual desert---with the decision of a trillion H-Bombs the skies cry THOU SHALT NOT KILL! and upon vast plains painted greedy cowardly Ham Actors--politicians and the brainless soldiers of the Vietnam holocaust swill on their innocent 'body counts' and justifiedly their human fodder transfigure into their 'Nancys' and fatted calves -loved ones and the more their dearest cry not to be devoured the more furiously the followers of Cain pigged and slopped down as did Atreus their very own.....the broiling sun viewed flesh souls consuming flesh spirits very materially....and as Earth rolls away from Apollo Phoebus' chariot of fire and night's mantle shadows ceaseless horror--countless luminous visitors--lights from galaxies that sped space for trillions of light years layered with silvery glow those criminal gourmands who violated the dictum THOU SHALT NOT KILL !!!.....Killing, sin of sins, the Caine-crime beyond redemption even-so for Gods is found out in the LAST JUDGEMENT---there is no sanctuary for Cainites---Justice Mystery with the ~~xxxxx~~ darting haste of light traverses Time and Space positively to blood-fouled hands unerringly as the ten-thousand fold of food-bearing mother Penguins-the great auks-flock returningly to their expectant brood, instantaneously singling out from the unidentifiable masses of chicks among island rocks their very own children-----



thus does moral vengeance come home to roost and killers fated to eternally consume their victims.....on the breathtaking boundless fields of stenching killed corpses, maniacally engaged with infinite omophagous labors are the abominable worthies Hitler, Stalin, L B J and his catamite stand-in Dick Pricknose and three caricature disgraces of the noble Hebrews, Kaiaphus Kissinger, the grizzled hyena dwarf Shamir and the bloated sow Sharon.... Hitler choking and retching on mountains of Jew-morsels, Stalin ~~prodding~~ prodding bullet-ridden comrades and millions of starved peasants into his steely maw with his withered hand, L B J and heart-beat-away Pricknose and Bomb-them-back-to-the-Stone Age revolting obnoxious Kaiaphus Kissinger masticating and swallowing a hundred thousand American and the million of Viet Cong dead--- and while Shamir and his loathsome catamite Sharon pigged voraciously on non-kosher giant Arabian 'Cockroaches' MYSTERY shatteringly boomed THOU SHALT NOT KILL!....Mystery brought the killed back to living-souls--and we the resurrected flesh and blood living souls profoundly, awesomely beheld the disgusting carnivores, the vulturous Cains.....for whom the planets had tongues bellowing THOU HAST KILLED!.

Before The Court and select spectators was re-lived the phenomenal mass immolation Christomania of Jonestown....Christ-sensualist Jim Jones and his congregation impatiently anxious to confront Jesus poured the Koolaid hemlock down innocent young throats--saw them writhe and surely--and then drank lethal toasts.....and as the black and white souls fled the world the deserted abandoned bodies of the nine hundred and twelve heaven-voyagers swelled and darkened under the scorching sun.....

...Justice Mystery compassionately restored bodies to souls and relegated the most utterly sincere Jesus-lovers to the Elysian dells in the Godly Paradise of the Fifth Gospel.

CHORUS OF DEMOS:

World's End is our fault our most grievous fault... without us the overwhelming multitudes HISTORY would not be...without we the lowly common people--we the faceless crowds, we the polyglot proles, we the hand-to-mouth wage-earning class---without us to bear all the world's burdens, there would be no Gods, no Lords, no Premiers, no powerful bestial incestuous Popes, no clown Presidents, no sacred-cow Leaders, no public wimp-overseers, no charlatan Dictators...we, Demos, were the energy, the body, limbs, backbone, the essence, the fôrce of the world--the tower of Babel world.....we feared good, we were enchanted with evil...because we scorned love and lovingkindness we forfeited the Earth world --yea we clamored for Hollywood, for baubles, glitz and show, we adored sleaze and hype, drums and fifes, balloons and trumpets and cheap shots and rag s on sticks and pimp politicians and harlot officials, fraudulent heroes and we created government of super-rich ventriloquits and shoddy whore White House dummies to make covert and unconstitutional wars and genocide for what difference does it make when we all must die?...and why should we not want lies, reactionaries, contras, banana-republic death squads, conservatives, Nazis, Fascists, fables, fantasies, comic sheets instead of reality, travesty-Gods, illusions, rapes, arsons, violences, horrors, spies, informer-Ham Actors, finks, double-dealers when truth, ~~honesty~~ honesty, intelligence, virtue, wisdom and brotherly-sisterly-love cannot possibly make us immortal!.....

..But shame on applauding crowds...shame upon us screaming cowardly faceless headless torrents of ex-humanity...shame upon us incontinent hordes...unfathomable inexplicable Mystery Mysticus Mysterium justly destroyed our world and closed down the mankind drama because of our majority-slave-breed-excremental mind----~~g~~ given freedom of choice we the lumpen masses invariably elected the Shit-Man to lead us into committing ceaseless killings...we disobeyed the cardinal commandment THOU SHALT NOT KILL!...we earned eternal damnation.... our world was---and now!-look!-see how JHVH eats his son and all the dead since creation!

F I F T H G O S P E L

CHORUS OF IMMORTALS

The animal, man, fouled humanity, polluted the seas and all waters, the earth, the life-breathing heavens, fatally wounding Nature.... man's lies and meretricious religions poisoned the soul...mankind earned its annihilation and disappearance...Mystae Mysterious Mysterium the ineffable arbiter of man's and God's story, in final judgement ordered Lucifer the much maligned Morning Star-Son of Light to establish the select society of good mortals for Godhood ...dashing stylish Lucifer surfeited of capricious evil divested ~~him~~ himself of horn, hoof and tail and transfigured himself into Venus most divinely gorgeous desirable female imaginable to preside over Paradise---for the incomparably beautiful woman has always been, is, and forever will be man's dream of dreams..... Over the fantastically bejeweled flower-entwined entrance to Paradise is the direction: EXPECT AND EMBRACE EVERY HEART'S AND SOUL'S PLEASURE, LOVE AND HAPPINESS

YE WHO PASS THROUGH THIS PORTAL!....It is the abode of Venus Goddess of LOVE and properly called Venusberg.....there is everything to please spirit, mind and flesh, communal cheer, victuals beyond compare, rollicking beverages, music for any mood, each night and day festive as the guileless joy on former earth of Thanksgiving, May Day, Easter, Halloween, Christmas and birthdays ....for mortals life-strewing orgasm had been the dienchanting revolting climax od delusion, the betraying quietus, the taste petty of death-----but the Gods' orgasm delights, empowers, uplifts and refreshes-- romancing prolifically with each different love as a passion pristine anew and for the very first time as divine pure virginity is restored daily at will in the sacred blessed Stream of Kanathos.....

--Ethnic Bulletin: -on a lovely oriental oasis Zenshobo Rencho who changed his name to Nichiren Daishonin and he is devoutly leading many millions in the simple chant "Namu Myoho Rengekyo" which is "Adoration to the Lotus Sutra of Perfect Truth. --Cheek and jowl with the good Buddhists are the O T mystic Jews Abraham Abulafia, Moses de Leon, Kabbalist Isaac Luria, apostate Sabbatai Zevi and ~~Rabbi Shalom~~ Rabbi Shalom Sharabi-----the news is that late-comers to the Hall of the Dead are the Chinese student lovers of Democracy slaughtered by the Red Nazis of the Hammer and Sickle Swastika-- but for your edification: -in the department of atrocious treachery are the hideous old toothless slant-eyed murderers headed by ludicrous midget Deng--yes they are gumming the beautiful slain idealists' corporeal remains while unseen hands ram machine guns up their yeklow asses and fire unendingly to the tune of The Internationale....

---but we will have the honor of joyously mingling with the Democracy-dreaming martyrs later here in the Gospel of Venus! ...Here Man is the noble instrument subservient to her most fragrant supreme divinity Venus Vagina Ruler of The Fifth Gospel .....Deified and elected by Mystae Mysticus Misterium is Stella Dunn of Eight Landscape Lane, Yonkers---Stella "Stutch" Dunn murdered in the Nazi poison gas chamber as dismal Jesus the Christ gazed impotently on....Stella Venus is every beautiful female since the advent of life, she is classic Maria Callas, exotic Benazhir Bhutto, Terra, Ceres, Helen of Troy, Proserpine, Pandora, Francesca da Rimini, Juliet, Eloise, Phryne, Phaedra, Daphne, Diana, Cleopatra, Miriam mother of Jesus, every gorgeous cunninglingual centerfold girl of Playboy and Penthouse, Pasiphae, Acantha, Acca Laurentia the celebrated wanton 'Lupa' who suckled Romulus, Aepope wife of Atreus who went to bed with Thyestes brother of Atreus, Salome, Jocasta, Sappho, Alcestis, Halcyone, constellated Amalthea of the horn of plenty, Anaitis Goddess of prostitutes, Andromeda star-wife of Perseus, Antigone, Aspasia priestess of the Sun, Atalanta of the three golden apples, Athena, Aurora driver of the rose-colored chariot and white horses forunning the rising Sun, Beronice lovely, Caca exquisite Goddess of excrements, Calliope mother of Orpheus by Apollo, Circe, Pancaste--her naled charms inspired Appelles' Venus Anadyomene, Aglaea-Thalia-Euphrosyne-three virgin ~~ex~~ Graces attending Venus in the worship of Venus on the isle of Aphrodisia----

yes the unblemished Russian-American Jewess Stella Dunn is every ambrosial vulva godmaker is Iphegenia is Beatrice is Eve and whatever is not Venus...is dross.....No-no no ~~xxx~~ never again shall there be hatred, ugliness, deprivation, torture, hunger, cold, homelessness, suffering, injustice, idiot criminal Washington politicians and dangerous cretin masses have been destroyed---no more fragmented common mortals!---just beautiful perfect Gods!.....misfortune, lotteries, checks, cash, gold, gems, inequality, deeds, wealth, lies-lies-lies, bloated, cynical, self-serving luxurious rich and the pauperous oppressed poor, the neglected maltreated abandoned children and the cruelly deserted old, ill and infirm, war-war-war, hideous holocaust, accident, stealing, horror, terror, suicide, tragedy, death and despair belong to the destroyed past world of self-afflicted mortals and demented bastard Gods, humiliated masochist crucified Hebrew Messiahs, pot-bellied Buddhas, grotesque deities, ~~xxx~~ hobgoblins, eerie gaunt ghosts, pederast Popes, multi-billionaires and penniless paupers and dere-licts are gone--coursing the cosmic sewers.....There is now only the glad, sane, sensible, darling world of peerless immortals and the best purpose of being---oh see--there are Homer and fellow rhapsodes Hesiod, Callinus, Archilochus, Cleisthenes of Sicyon, Eumelus of Corinth,,and Herodotus and they are felicitously re-enacting their competitions at the Great Panathenaea...glorious! ....Life is now joy! song! laughter, music, chanting, feasting! and ever-daily-renewing-loving!---the old putrid mortal world is no-more!---is but a sadistic insulting nightmare justly wiped out! ....Delight now forever prevails!---there is ~~h~~ naught but loveliest adorable Goddesses and virile handsome Gods!---the human mind of

the everliving good, the age-old dreams of the good, the heart's ideal vision of the good, the inspired aspiration of the good, the ~~xx~~ sacred wish of the good-willing perpetual Paradise--our love-lust willing finally achieves Eternity!

-On the lush plains and among the sun-burnished foothills and atop dramatic summits and on calm prosperous seas and scampering streams, silvery lakes and sparkling dells are we Gods partaking unceasing joyous pleasures, and who but who of the meritorious is not here! --all-all jot and tittle of the good throughout invincible Time are most vividly present--the lowly good simple, the gifted genius, the artist, the creative writer, the composer, the sculptor, the author of drama, the bard, the inventor, the martyr, the samaritan, the giver, the truthful, the pure celebrant, the romancer, Bacchus, Dionysus, Lesbo, Narcissus, Mother Cabrini, Maria Goretti, Pope John 23rd, Lenin, Mother Teresa, Voltaire, Carlo Levi, Arthur Schlesinger, Carlo Mazarella, Fellini, Pasolini, Rosi, Zefferelli, Marx, Jimmy and Roselyn Carter, Freud, Einstein, I.F. Stone and Studs Terkel, Saint Joan, Giordano Bruno, John Huss, Spartacus, Villon, Luis Borges, Sonya and Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoy, Virgil, Horace, Lucretius, Blake, Conrad, Melville, Thoreau, Henry James, Dante, Spenser and his imitator Shakespeare and all the illustrious good and the minstrel knight Heinrich Tannhauser beloved of saintly Elizabeth niece of the Landgraf--yea Tannhauser who had been here at the Hill of Venus while we were yet hostage in ephemeral mortal state---remeber dear ones?

<sup>M</sup>  
^

CHORUS OF THE FIFTH GOSPEL CHRONICLE

Here in Veneriad blessed abode of Venus we are the infinitude of Time and Space...here we gather parents, here at will we erase recall of evil--pointedly \$ cursed symbol--for Radix Malorum Est Cupiditas...each is the center of the eternal universe...each the trinity of joy, pleasure and Holy Love.

Attend! We freshly-new Gods come together in orderly far-reaching assembly and pilgrimage to Griswald's Cabaret in the Cinema Art Theater on Main Street, Port Jefferson, New York, scene of the indescribable LAST JUDGEMENT to witness the unparalleled trial of trials, the trial of ultimate measureless magnitude, the somber cosmic throbbing weighing in the scales justly the dispossessed obsolete Gods....as we proceed in stately processional with us is that Miriam once mortal and ordained to be penetrated by the Holy Ghost to birth a carpenter and thus become Christianed Mary blessed amongst fourteen year old mothers--and she now is hand in hand with the onliest Ethel Rosenberg and Aida whom Verdienshrined and beatific child of purity Maria Goretti and love-potioned Iseult and also faithful finger-in-mouth Solveig of song hand in hand and <sup>R</sup>abeast <sub>A</sub> follow Richard Wagner leading the good to behold Last Judgment with ponderous chorale intoning the fateful notes of Gotterdammerung the long-long overly long belated twilight of the most criminal Gods .....



In the dock is the ancient of ancients the bearded whitehaired figure who ragingly commanded autonomous man and woman, "Thou shalt not have any Gods before me!" -He is the popular summation of Gods all and sundry, Jehovah---upon him falls the truth of the maldoings of every God from world's beginning to world's end... The former mortal, allegedly spirit incarnated, the common indigent working day laborer from Nazareth, one Gesu, brings the charges which are very many---he quotes Jehovah's words from Genesis to malachi, brings out his tyrant-nature, conceit, demand for adulation, sadism, selfishness, petulance and accuses him of monopolizing eternal life all to himself and unjustly-cruelly denying conscious foreverness to mortals...he contends that Jehovah's mind-deliberate (as in wise do the Mormon Latter-day Saints) directs all actions under the sun and therefore He Jehovah is culprit-responsible for every single wrong and harm and sin and crime and death--and therefore must be destroyed!....Jehovah responds in Aramaic, "Mankind, ~~xxxx~~ 'Twas you who fashioned me in your nature-perishable image...you called me Tammuz, Tau, Jah, Moloch, Anu, Enlil, Ea, Sin, Shamash, Ishtar, Astarte, Adonai, El, Bel, Marduk, Father, Son, Holy Ghost and whatnot....you stigmatized my non-existence with your own destructive, treacherous, negative, fragmented rabble character...you concocted the Messiah fable and claimed in your myths I sent a Hebrew son of mine as Saviour to be spat upon, beaten, humiliated, derided and nailed to a cross- to ~~ix~~ inspire the brute masses to humbly accept exploitation, poverty and death for the comfort and benefits of the predatory... you invented merciless Capitalism with its avarice, inequality, oppression, slavery, injustice, and glittering idols but your only viable working God was the Golden Calf---

...your insensate love of power and luxury was in the abominable form of money with which you seduced and perverted bodies, minds and souls and polluted the human story....but ah-you have finally raced to your total doom, and I your creation, I ~~am~~ the apparition CAPITALUS will now be immolated Nemesis crucified and burned in everlasting flames fueled with banknotes--and your immortality is to eat your decomposed victims and your loved one and your fatted calves and your witch-doctor Popes and Rabbis, Gurus, and Evangelists and Ham Actors and choke on your other excrements of your weird, twisted, sadistic, conning religions of preposterous lies and promises with your tom-toms, cymbals, candles, Bibles, altars, shrines, Unknown Soldiers, White Houses and Kremalins and incomprehensible conceits and fancies, steeples, crypts, Saints, Devils, Ghosts, staged so-called miracles, degenerate Jesus peddlers, Statues, amulets, relics, incense, sing-song rites, crosses, jewels, sacrifices, rituals, rites, threats, tortures, robberies, wars, inquisitions, simonies, flagellations, orgies, perversions, dictatorships, invasions, rapes, looting, hangings, burnings, contrived famines, chantings and vile Show-Business all==all in the name of a well-meaning, hallucinated, loving communist mason-carpenter!.....Mankind you are the dread foe of humanity and have brought world's termination....O homo sapiens fulfilled of lying dung and cowardly corruption--at either end ye stink and art foul ....there is but one sole truth in your hackneyed Holy Fables and it is writ in putrid flaming blood spanning the dead world oer your countless damned.....Ad Thimtheum, sexto"

"R A D I X M A L O R U M E S T C U P I D I

ODE TO ETERNAL JOY

We chorus of true-good-Gods lift hearts and sing Dies irae,  
Dies illa! ...Mother Mysterius has given to us the all-engend-  
ering, all-encompassing God-mind ....Among the countless crimes  
of man re-lived here at Last Judgement we witness the trial of  
Falangist Franco--he who with American, Fascist, Nazi confederates  
and Pope's nefarious nod turned the Spanish plain into the sea  
of blood---George Balanchine who knows tells to Pietro and to us  
that in the Granada dawn beautiful Lorca is hustled from his bed  
and tied and stood against a sinless whitewashed wall---Balanchine  
surely knows---Lorca says, I am not a communist--I Lorca am poet--  
de Faya is nearby=-awaken him--he will testify for the truth .....  
cowardly Manuel fears to speak up---Capitalism's bullets shred  
the life of the young perfect poet and his body is thrown into  
the unmarked grave. -Praise Mysterium--laudations to Nemesis!--  
the evil down to the veriest single hair are judged and eternally  
punished!---and The Good rewarded with Godhood-as it should be!....  
Love conquers all things--GOOD has vanquished Death!---pale despica-  
ble Death is eternally destroyed!.....Venus has replaced evil Death  
....Venus is our All-Matrix....Salvador Dali who knows first told  
Pietro and us that God was Venus...he said his dearest mother  
Venera was Venus incarnate---after her passing he wore blessedly  
her sacred vagina sacredly around his secret neck---Laudate  
Venera!

....Lead by Lord of Poets Fecerico Garcia Lorca, the shoemaker Sacco, the fish peddler Vanzetti, the other day laborer from Nazareth-he son goodly of Miriam and Joseph, Ethel and Julius, Isador Feinstein who calls himself I.F. Stone, Studs Terkel, Bill Moyers, Joe Campbell, Henry Adams and William James, and the Ludvig von Beethoven, we Gods, assembly of the divine Good, depart from the doleful theater of Last Judgement for the ever-glorious Venusberg and Kanathos stream of renewed innocence, the Castalian spring<sup>G</sup> source of poetic inspiration, and the Pierian fountain revered by the muses, and we lift our voices in paeon to adorable Venus:

...."Out of the depths from Time forlorn ascends the hurt and murdered Good--resurrected in ~~wada~~ vesture of ambrosial fragrant perpetual flesh---exemplar is the ashes of virgin seventeen year old Stella Dunn from the Nazi ovens---Stella rises in her perfect splendorous beauty the divine model Venus representing each and every beautiful girl emerged from woman...all hail!

"O SISTER AND BROTHER GO<sup>D</sup> S WE ARE PRECIOUS IMMORTALS AND OUR LOVE INFINITE WITH TIME AND SPACE!...HERE IN PARADISE WE SHALL KNOW FAMILY, FRIENDS, FUN AND FEAST AN<sup>D</sup> ( LAUGHTER AND ALWAYS AND ALWAYS NEW VARIED VIRGIN LOVINGS EVER AP<sup>R</sup>ESH AND OUR TEARS WILL BE BLESSED TEARS CHANTING OF HAPPIEST JOY AND LOVE!"

\*\*\*\*\*