

Blue Feathers Special Edition #2

produced by surrealists in minnesota

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editors

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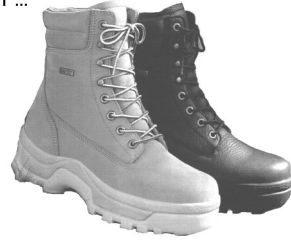
What should make me suspect a piece of mail?

- It's unexpected or from someone you don't know.
- It's addressed to someone no longer at your address.
- It's handwritten and has no return address or bears one that you can't confirm is legitimate.
- It's lopsided or lumpy in appearance.
- It's sealed with excessive amounts of tape.
- It's marked with restrictive endorsements such as "Personal" or "Confidential."
- It has excessive postage.

What should I do with a suspicious piece of mail?

- Don't handle a letter or package that you suspect is contaminated.
- Don't shake it, bump it, or sniff it.
- Wash your hands thoroughly with soap and water.
- Notify local law enforcement authorities.

These are good enough for "Coach"...



And these are fine for
"Business Class"...

But when you're flying
"FIRST CLASS"

do it
with
style

LAY'S

mass destruction attire
for those with taste

since 1888



INFINITE JUSTICE EVENTS CALENDAR

New World Order Fun & Games

December 12, 2003: After the annual hysterical collapse of the symbolic Bucket of Loved Ones," municipal dump trucks (recently feted as heroes of the moment in Newark) will still decline to abandon the smoking pyramid of jackets with matching pants in the underground shopping concourse. Deer hunters with shapely ankles will collect fetal blood samples and distribute identification gowns. This is a free event, but do bring rubber sheets and a gentle manner to fully enjoy the happenings in the white tents still burning out behind the high school-brothel-and-slaughter pub.

July 15, 2016: An old Country-style hotel/penitentiary will be erected overnight in the local high-security strip mall. Haute couture accessories (e.g. luxurious post-revolutionary pancakes, mini-bar bonfire masks, and deep-profile starlet massacres in shopping carts for Dad, while Mom sleeps strife-free in a Saudi mum-bag) shall be provided on a "first injured-first served" basis, and the kids won't be forgotten: FatTV's Captain Crap and several heavily-armed drug czar minions will guard them around the clock, and provide whiskey as needed. No windows! No walls! Regular hangings in the Argyle Plaza. Bring plenty of quarters!

January 24, 2034: The Blood Angels Fighter Planes will lovingly circle a cadre of crying women inside a recently boarded-up restaurant, as a school bus full of festival phones is liberated in the smoke storm back of the Monkey-God Hotel. Also (barring last minute government-pattern baldness) a softball in a red plastic bag shall be affectionately searched for by hair salon employees armed with photos of missing children. Don't be late, or you will be dressed down by a farm co-operative official. The long-delayed agritainment complex will unfold in real-time.

October 9, 2046: Toward evening, a market implosion will illuminate the usual evening shit storm, so thinking shall be suspended until all the children return to their little yellow chairs left of the Punk Carousel. The long-term recovery system will be too excited to operate small machinery, so lawmakers will be obliged to change their own shirts in front of a shrinking mirror. Everyone should be wearing sporty subsidy caps against the very real potential for a small cow herd appearing in a Parisian café. "Developments As They Develop" is the theme of tonight's symposium, and — directly following — sperm counts and drug scans will be processed in the Grand Hall of One-Off Toys and Shoes."



Daniel C. Boyer
"September 11, 2001"
acrylic, thread and ice on canvas
September 17-19, 2001
Houghton, Michigan

9-11
- or -
Xenoerotic Response In The American Citizen

"I believe in the absolute virtue of anything that takes place, spontaneously or not, in the sense of non-acceptance, and no reasons of general efficacy, from which long, pre-revolutionary patience draws its inspiration - reasons to which I defer - will make me deaf to the cry which can be wrenched from us at every moment by the frightful disproportion between what is gained and what is lost, between what is granted and what is suffered."

...Andre Breton
(in a footnote to the "simplest surrealist act" passage
in later editions of the second manifesto)

United Airlines 175 penetrated the southern tower of the World Trade Center in one low angle video that was exquisitely revealing for its precisely beautiful revelations of the composition of violence: diagonal ascent slit by a horizontal wedge; the rise absorbs the plane; the red and black explode into the blue sky as sparkle and embers fall toward the camera. The Hollywood spectacle met Manhattan finance (but this time not as a beggar for investment). The banal special effect spices a tasteless Tuesday morning latté with extraordinary and fiery fascination with the moment real life meets real death.

America jars awake from its worn dream. Then it falls instantly back to sleep in a new bed we'll have to burn tomorrow.

*"No one could concentrate on what they were doing,
and what they were doing didn't seem very important."*

...an editor of a bicycle enthusiasts magazine
(commenting on his staff's reaction to the events of Sept 11 2001)

From a surrealist perspective – and in contrast to obligatory pretenses of befuddlement – it's not that difficult to comprehend the events of Sept 11. The "frightful disproportion between what is gained and what is lost, between what is granted and what is suffered", as Breton put it, or as the Situationists put it: "the appalling contrast between the possible constructions of life and its present poverty" is what lies at the core of most violence – terrorism included.

This same "frightful disproportion" is at the core of the spectator's prurient fascination with "localized" violence. We don't mind the occasional flirtation with "brutal lovers," as long as one doesn't bring them home to meet the parents.

And so in the current context, as in all previous contexts, that "something we need to do" is perplexingly simple and reassuringly difficult: create the surrealist revolution. Which is to say: desire must be our honey-guide, and we must "work through play" to vaccinate the human imagination against easy cynicisms, and fully integrate it into every day living - all imaginations, everyday, on a global scale. It is never enough to be merely "upset," and we must not allow the (after all) fully anticipated sensation of these events to send us into a coma of "shared remorse" which is the blue prelude to the call to arms. We must – if surrealism DOES mean something more than art and in-house publications, and an intellectual bow toward the odd – do something.

That includes helping people recognize when their desire (to live fully and freely) has been falsified (into a thirst for revenge arising from a solicitous hunger), and that there is a need for something quite “other” – more uncanny and beautiful – than common war at a time like this, even as the government of the media and the media of the government assure us of only two paths, as usual: fight and be courageous, or do nothing and be the world’s newest “pussy.” We – if we even once believed these to be the only options – settle gladly for being the “pussy,” but we deny these doors are the only way to exit the garrison, and we demand – as always – liberty in all concourses.

"...in a Situationist city there wouldn't be a 110 story tower held up only by the tension between the top and the bottom."

...Kubhlai

(in a post to a situationist mailing list)

And we do not choose between the two: it is easy enough to see how flying large passenger jets into buildings full of workers runs as counter to a surrealist revolution as do the threats of holy reprisal. As convulsively beautiful as many of the images were – and we cannot feel guilt for the immediate sense of glee, of the *expectation of transformation*, of an opening being forced in a terrible fabric – the brilliantly flawed brutality of turning two icons of global commercialization against one another was clearly not intended to liberate imaginations, but rather to imprison them in an ideal of suicidal servitude – to say nothing about the deliberately sacrificed and destroyed, and how their functions and desires were declared *irrelevant* to POWER.

The subsequent pornographic recuperation of these real events, their utilization by an existing order to further secure and enhance its position, was as predictable as any slow sunset. By the time the networks did a cross-fade to transform the doe-eyed "gee-whizz" of the morning show hosts into a somber parade of shamanistic anchor melodrama, the typical preservation pattern was in full dismal display. The "experts" (dug from profound and moldy think tanks, worn-out journals of tart lip service, from the stink of disgraced offices) shuffled out and spread their usual odor thin and the siege mentality was locked in – bolstered by repeated references to “Pearl Harbor”, “civic pride” and “war zones”, tape loops of the second aircraft striking, shots of emergency personnel scrambling, close-ups of the burning towers collapsing (transmuting the drab lead of mere accident into the gold of war). The “preverted” obsession of holy blood in service to the dissolution of true desire.

The attack – as abstracted from analysis and history as possible – was personalized for the haplessly excited TV viewer, (“brought home”) even as he/she was reduced to another spectator. The entire nation donned Greek masks of insufferable consensus, and the presiding personae controlled our very lips and eyes. There were interviews in the rubble: a guy who was walking to work and saw the planes hit; a husband looking for his wife; a wife looking for her husband, child growing downward from her hand. Of course, there was (as yet) no easy access to established box-office magnets (too early!), but the full entrancement of public relations made as many starlets out of the merely startled as possible, given the tight schedule, and put them on the frontline of the coming “debate.” A fractured and useful celebrity rose over

the sites like a volatile gas. And yet there is a whiff of stage sickness, a tincture in the air of performance anxiety. Will we be good enough? Who shall be entertained? Who shall pay?

We were “informed” that we were attacked because “America is the brightest beacon for freedom,” when – of course – it is only too often a dark curtain between certain peoples and that fading commodity. Declaring the actions “senseless” and “insane” (yet also “well-planned”) made the population feel vulnerable to further violations by “faceless cowards” (later given tentative visages) that we have no way of understanding or coming to terms with. The news media had no reason to investigate: they stood outside any consideration, and consideration itself became the first act of treason. People were denounced for merely thinking rather than feeling.

Another boogiemer took the stage (rather forcefully) and far too many seemingly cognizant beings are now willing to surrender all options because they can’t imagine that they have any. They can’t imagine this because they have abandoned their imaginations to POWER, leaving them truly vulnerable, without hope of ever understanding the kind of people who would do such a thing. They DEMAND (or are seduced to demand) that the government punish the “enemy” of “freedom loving nations” because there’s obviously no action *they* can take themselves.

"I think we need to get back into the down and dirty business [of assassinating our 'enemies']."

...James Baker

(blaming the Church Committee hearings into the ‘abuses’ of the CIA for our vulnerability)

So – again - the USA is a war machine whose mangle will extract revenge from whomever it deems the “most expendable,” lapping it up like honey from a corpse. After the wound of “shared funereality” is administered, patriotism infects the damage. Both Houses (Tweedledee and dum) unanimously propped up Bush’s rather “jump-the-gun” crack down, hypnotized by the potential for “epic involvement” and fearful of being seen as “slackers.” We remember the Alamo, vaguely recall the Maine, and still dog-paddle in the red waters of the Gulf of Tonkin: we know what consensus brings to the table, and we would prefer that the table be taken away. Those gory pundits and grafted government “types” whisper of our having to relinquish some (to them) “trivial” portion of our liberties to ensure a numbing safety, forgetting that true liberty is a gangster, and always dangerous, if only to those who would jail it.

[And now, as this is written, we learn of more symptoms of this patriotic fever: pustules of legislation that will further swell the ears and distend the belly of the FBI – already a pock-marked caricature – so as to make it easier for both local and federal cops to “find the bad guys”. Of course many of us have long realized that, in so far as their role is to solidify the standing orders against untidy justice, *cops actually are the bad guys*. And we won’t take the time now to go into the more overt personal “badness” demonstrated by recent “scandals” in Miami and Los Angeles and Cincinnati, and in many other precincts.]

After all, as one of the tawdry heads said Tuesday, "the bill of rights isn't a suicide pact."* Perhaps it is just another treaty scribbled on toilet paper? Will it soon be the confetti at another odious NYC "Parade of Heroes"?

[* Of course, in a dyslexic misread typical of such "pundits", this head failed to understand that Justice Arthur Goldberg's opinion was written *in support of civil liberty* (in a draft resistance case, no less!) and went on to say:

"It is fundamental that the great powers of Congress to conduct war and to regulate the Nation's foreign relations are subject to the constitutional requirements of due process. The imperative necessity for safeguarding these rights to procedural due process under the gravest of emergencies has existed throughout our constitutional history, for it is then, under the pressing exigencies of crisis, that there is the greatest temptation to dispense with fundamental constitutional guarantees which, it is feared, will inhibit governmental action.

"The Constitution of the United States is a law for rulers and people, equally in war and peace, and covers with the shield of its protection all classes of men, at all times, and under all circumstances ... "]

"It's very, very important that we show the American people that the institutions of government remain intact."
...Senator Mark Dayton (MN)

We say: unfortunately, the institutions of government do remain intact.

Sen. Mark Dayton begs that Bin Laden be killed, circumventing the "inconvenience" of slow justice. The pleas (soon to be severe strictures) for a punitive security and a secured revenge fit their measurable sorties much better than pleas to end domestic executions or provide national health care.

Why should they cringe at our demands?

We want the government to be a model of governance as service to the people rather than a motel for craven money-whores and provider of spaces for corporations to park their limos in. We are calling them to duty also. But we are obscured by a line of war drummers, and as stupidity is the keynote, blindness sets into the system. And – although any "surrender" from our shadow enemy remains impossibly distant across the rubble – the American people have already said "Uncle!" to their own diseased dreams, and are determined to achieve a wise blindness at any cost.

But it's important we don't see this only as a failure of government – that is too easy and dismissible – but rather as a pervading false reality strutting upon stilts of our own complicity. This falsification depends as much upon the Taliban as it does upon Microsoft; depends as much upon Al Sharpton as it does upon the NYPD; depends as much upon the agitated dollars of consumers as it does upon the old outrages of new patriots. The lie grows HERE, where we are all standing and waiting.

As long as we continue to play the roles as written, the existing order – POWER – thrives upon this repetition of the familiar, and its mechanical hum covers the seductive actuality of language.

But today the government is center stage, set there by a posse of true cowards, the bad actor is replaced by a fallen clown, and we look back at a long line of hams and harlots. Did we see it coming?

"He disappeared down the rabbit hole, Peter."
...ABC reporter Ann Compton
(describing Bush's descent into an underground bunker at Offut Air Force base, 9-11-01)

And what were we really seeing all day on the TV?

The penetration and swoon of the World Trade Center.

The Pentagon sliced open to let the pestilence drain into the open air.

And Bush scrambling down a hole.

If we paid attention, we were seeing that the target of the attack was the US as an arrogant global bullyboy, "the most powerful nation on earth" intoxicated by its own power, too paranoid to actually support the cause of liberty against a friendly dictator, too clumsy to duck a left to the nose from a younger and more lithe opponent, and blind as a bloodstone to even the most obvious lessons of its own past.

Punch drunk and power hungry.

Isn't it about time we refused yet another serving of false dichotomy – the fast food of thought – and fixed ourselves a real meal?

the blue feathers project
surrealists in minnesota
15 sept, 2001

FLICKERS OF CONTAINMENT

POSSIBILITIES



DISAPPOINTMENT



Liz Smith (Hollywood gossipmonger/media goddess) spoke to the effect that the Twin towers bombing made her aware how trivial her life's work was, and how this generated shame! If she were here, I'd shake her sharply, and tell her to get a grip on herself. This gal is momentarily hysterical.

As a denizen of Hollywood, she should realize that America's world empire is based on the productions of our entertainment dream machine and its subdivision the "travel industry," which turns foreign countries into exotic theme parks. In a very real sense, Britney Spears' anguished choice of toenail polish is infinitely more crucial to this existence than the death of a mere six thousand and some strangers. What precisely stands between us and worldwide depression, political upheaval, and beautiful chaos, but a pile of "trivial" facts, such as what tooth whitener Brad Pitt uses, or Keanu Reeves' casual musings on the "meaning" of Buddhism? Yes, it is a fragile dike which holds back the deluge, and therefore it has to be defended all the more ferociously *on the frontlines*, which (in all cases) would be Hollywood and a million cinematic locations.

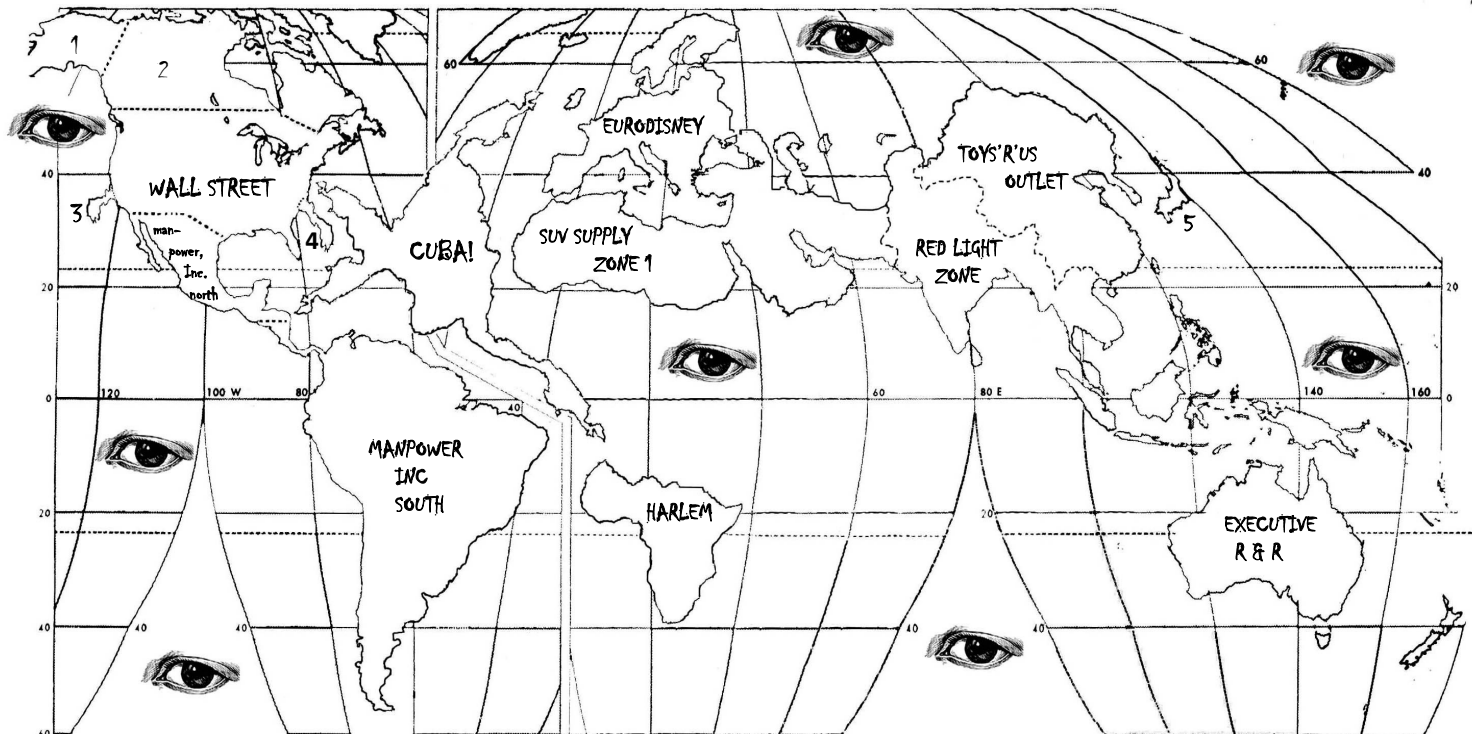
Our president (a very wise man) — along with various and sundry cabinet and congressional leaders — are well aware of this reality, and have told us (in so many words) that the most patriotic acts possible NOW are "buying and flying".*

So: the Emmys must continue! Drive to the mall, fly to Disney World, Empty your bank account! Show the Taliban! Come on Hollywood, roll out that bloody red carpet, and hoist up your pride! Osama Bin Laden couldn't have derived the idea of flying planes into the Twin towers without the history of 90 years of disaster films floating in the air.

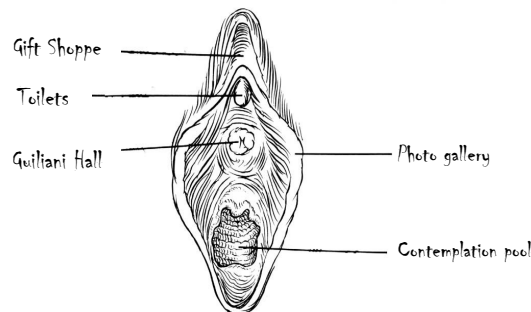
Oh yes, we must mourn the victims, or (at least) watch others doing that for us. And I will. When the TV movie —starring Dennis Frantz as an earthy ("dirty -mouthed") but courageous firefighter, with Joan Cusack as his wisecracking wife — is made. The talent search for his two cherubic children should have begun two week ago. It is time to return to the business of America. Let's get cracking people!

* *Maybe amazingly, maybe only-too-expected, but the day after your humble writer penned this phrase (thinking it absurd enough), the Great Leader actually used it in a speech! This is no a paean to my prescience, but rather reveals the all-too-common bend of certain "cognitive" functions.*

PERFECTED GEOGRAPHY OF THE NEW WORLD ODOR



- 1: SUV SUPPLY ZONE 2
- 2: PORNOGRAPHY-FREE ECONOMICAL DUMP
- 3: RUSSIAN ADDENDA
- 4: BRITISH ADDENDMA
- 5: CHAPTER 11 RE-ORGANIZATIONAL ZONE



Close-up of the WTC Memorial Site



Lemme tell ya a story.....

Couple of days back I was just innocently marching into the heart of Nottingham -- the much famed "Market Square" when the church bells were tolling 11 a.m.

Well suddenly, like a jolt, my adrenaline receptors are telling me something is freaky : the rest of the world has become totally stationary. The tolling of the church bells penetrates my mind too because there is something different about it (actually they've been renovating the tower and maybe they left the mufflers off, or maybe they just seemed loud because the world was so unnaturally quiet).

I'm not completely in a world of my own -- I figure this is the 3 minutes silence which I vaguely recall being announced in recent days re the bombing of the USA.

I have a brief moment in which to decide my own response but within the first ten milliseconds I realize that my decision has been made by the fact that everyone -- I mean *everyone* -- else is a total statue. I have NEVER witnessed such thorough and spontaneous conformity in my life -- (maybe old films of a million chinese waving chrysanthemums and thereby creating a depiction of Chairman Mao when seen from a satellite?)

No one in this country stands for the flag or the anthem anymore (even at Remembrance Sunday -- paying respects to god knows how many million dead -- there is always much fidgeting; the celebrities whisper each other jokes and the crowd and moving traffic is kept out of camera shot) and Princess Diana never mustered an actual standstill in the streets and never had more than about 60% of the population mesmerized.

Dudes we are talking 99% -- instant, rigid attention. Total eerie silence.

Well as I said, my sixth sense is sharp and I knew within that 10ms that I am gonna keep going. Whatever the official line, this is a *Spectacle* more tangible than any I have lived through before.

So I spend the next three minutes settling into one of the most surreal experiences of my lifetime. If only I'd had a movie camera! I am

weaving through this landscape of fossils at a rate of knots, zooming in on particular faces, examining the strange orientation of the strata, listening to my own heart beat.....

I am another species -- a Jacques Cousteau amongst coral and anemones.

Sometime in the first minute I glimpse through the human trees another small group moving. I have already admonished myself of the fact that i am wearing a lame 89 sweatshirt and a baseball cap as I imagine the daggers of a few of the paralyzed heads silently pigeonholing me not as a situationist but as an ignorant raver on E and glue ; but this approaching group is also wearing the same kind of togs and I imagine for a moment that it will make a fine scene to collide with each other, stop and talk loudly -- united like Livingstone and Stanley on an alien planet. I am swiftly dissapointed -- they are ignorant ravers, grinning without an IQ, on E and glue.

In the second minute, now right in the open heart of the square, I see the only other movement in Nottingham aside from myself and the insanely grinning hindbrains -- two Iranian women in full black shrouds skirt casually across the central island anointing their anonymous vanity with the frozen and inexpressible anger of their observers.

Out here in the wide motionless square the weirdness of the topography strikes me with full force -- in motionlessness the people are polarized: somehow they have managed to trap themselves with their gazes all in a similar direction, they have given to their eyes the job of staring into space but in a direction and manner which is *particular*. For all the world it is as if they are all staring up at a giant TV screen that is not actually there, but *belongs* there.

Even the exceptions prove the rule. Perhaps 5% amongst this polarized flower of human petals are reversed -- not randomly differing you understand, but explicitly reversed -- pointing 180 degrees contrary to the rest. The strata and its anomalies is geologic. One could reach out with a set-square and rule and find the algorithm of this conspiracy of eyes and torsos.

In the third minute the bluff is finally called. Just off to one side of the square a minor road-work was in progress. The proletariat, god-bless them, will only swallow just so much of this madness. Someone starts up the compressor (perhaps he was a fenian who knows).

There is a sudden confusion across the frozen city -- they were waiting for the church bell again but they have got a compressor instead : is the three minutes over? are we allowed to move? They cannot agree, they fragment into chunks of moving and refusing to move, of whispered recrimination and paranoia -- but the mechanical power of industrial equipment and its call to worldly labour is impossible to resist : suddenly the weight is dispelled and denied.....

-- and it is as if it never happened. Its not as if the crowd *did* something -- but on the contrary as if a camera stopped and then restarted, a conversation begins in the middle, the spark of a falling cigarette butt finally reaches the road....

--- kube





*"I call
Ryder"*

...John Ashcroft
US Attorney General



*"These days, we have a lot of
detainees to transport.*



*"I'm a busy man. I don't
have the time to waste
on analysis. I need to make decisions.
So when we run low on military and po-
lice vehicles, I call Ryder. They've prov-
en themselves. And their 24 footer will
hold a lot of terrorist
sympathizers."*

**Attorney General John Ashcroft
knows where to turn when he
needs to rent a truck...**



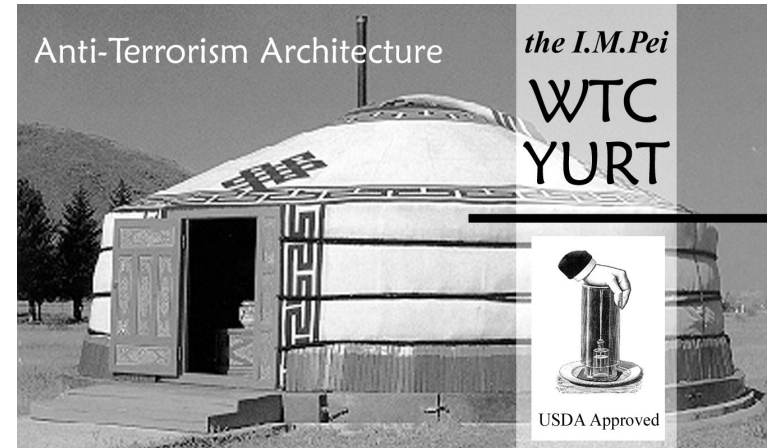
24' Truck

Low Profile: 1,550 cu.ft. 11,000 lb. load
capacity. Dock Height: 1,380 cu. ft. 13,000 lb.
load capacity. AM-FM Radio. P/S, A/C.
Ramp. Lift gate in limited availability. Rear
door 7'x7'3", Int. Dimensions 24'x7'7"x7'6"

Lily With a Headache

Certain dramas of terrors elicit tears of a peculiar turgruity...smelling of cadaverine and old armchairs.

There are manifold copies of sentimental personalism at large (crying over distant but always too familiar corpses and not adverse to adding to the potential for tears), and they thrive best in the sunny suburbs of miserablism. Suffice to say, these are not "bad" (as in that childish construct of "bad guys/good guys") nor "too much to handle" for those of us used to their infantile ways. They are only small compacts filled with an anti-thought powder in an otherwise empty reticule. Unfortunately, these are quite fashionable accessories in certain stressful moments.



And in a loose corner or two, there jingles the Coin of Paralyzed Mind, something brilliantly awakened for the duration, a pretty and malignant mass which dams any escape toward freedom, and which excretes defensive anecdotes to "move the heart." And can this be the one perfume we throw upon the rubble to hide the odor? We would rather smell the dead!

And all around we see a beige hysteria, a general hubbub of a "call to lachrymal slumber," and a pavilion of white handkerchiefs erected overnight in the centers of commerce, from which the effusions of those campaigners for ballast. They cannot see (their eyes hidden behind their / hearts) that their sandbags are water-logged from martial weeping, becoming an anchor of pale vomit, as evidence of one's "regrets". A regret lacking only the strength to question the precise source of its throbbing.

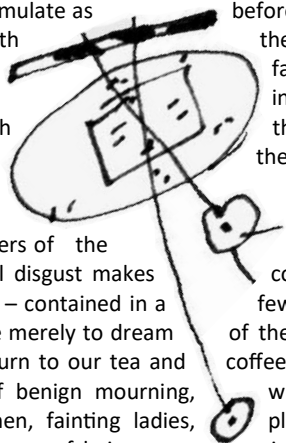
But when the tenders sleep, the streets will fill with marvelous and lonely animals, while a few wan elementals and tired afternoon zephyrs linger, and pale fires broil sweetbreads for those eagles who remain in their cages, calling to the mice with operatic solace, singing of a return to the average, a beacon over an uncomfortable bed.

Yes: most of us will excite no *public* interest in the struggles to come, and aggravations will accumulate as before, children will go on hating their parents (with the same legitimacy), and so we will turn to the familiar seductions of the imagination, timeless in service to desire, maybe a bit too patient with those who would use the waterworks to wash blood.

Are we to be “soldiers of imagination” whose amusement and perennial disgust makes that are – as of yet – contained in a few grotesque and scarcely read documents? Are we merely to dream of the men at the front, sigh into the black air, and turn to our tea and coffee, refreshing the tear glands for another day of benign mourning, which will never overtake the incoming dead? Then, fainting ladies, please remove your towering hats, undo your towers of hair, so we might feast upon the young soldiers’ flesh whole and without shame, gorging instead of nibbling. We hesitate (no doubt), we watch our feet too closely, and the flags obliterate love once again.

One cannot trip lightly into this bright new room, as the rent rises and there drifts in the hallways an odor of distilled lotus: night after night, unshackled cops will have their pre-absolved “mistakes,” men of faint power will leave permanent stains in boardrooms, and we will witness an orchid of bile which loves heat and dark glass houses. But the bombs will soon divide this fertile worm.

And where has love been described as treason? Shall we learn soon enough to abhor the weeping ghosts in beds before the gassed-out houses? And – if sides must be chosen – can I choose (above all other servitudes) the beautiful and intelligent fire of freedom: not that pre-packaged bologna parceled out by the slab at civil service butcheries, but that freedom once more re-taken from the functionaries and “dolers out of small favors,” a former colony reawakened in which that “beacon of liberty” has been replaced during the night – by daring children – with a blue feathered siren of alarm and release? Do we make demands? As always, Yes! We demand universal freedom of movement and the dissolution of borders. We demand a cleansed re-dreaming of collaborative ardor, and – yes – we demand again that workers own their own tools, that



“infrastructure” – that murderous word - be entirely socialized, and made to fit human desires. We demand the re-virginization of all our bodies and instrumentalities. We promise to be large targets for those lazy archers, who would see us only weeping and never arising from the sick bed.

Does war make profit so that peace shall not have to? And why is even this maggoty apple pie denied us?

For the many theists the End draws gloriously near with thick bleeding roses on its breath, some supernatural entity welcoming us to an abattoir disguised as freedom. Others lament at scenes beyond lamentation, and then lie down tugged by bleeding hearts, for their Grand Poems, trasted (no doubt “florally” technique) the blonde hair with the homegrown midwest. The “sob sisters” conduct their “coolly detached” a decade of blood-practice their keening. For this is a time to punish newspapers and viewers of the media, to applaud “necessary” actions made in we must all “stick together” thought is an ecstatic the others shall be detained for some common good, and it fills the papers to the top, to spill over into a lap until the pretty legs fall away, and we wonder where the Good Times went. We will hear whispered asides in huge airport bars: “That man perhaps enjoys olives excessively?” “Why must we wait to kill?” “I am counting the days to victory.” An explosion in a nursery, medicines confiscated at new borderlines, and the May Queen swoons into an open firepit where the murderers come to eat, enacting – in their fashion of weariness – a sincere approach to charity over action.

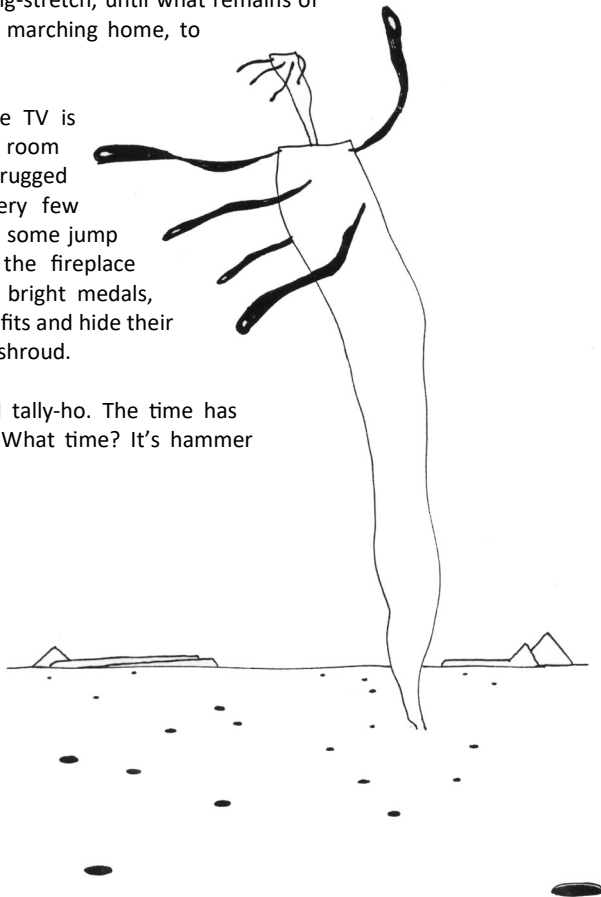


And – please tell me, you who declare so “earnestly” – when were wars fought without vindictiveness or hatred? Is this delusion a masking for some monstrous plans? Consider the lessons of personal crime: he who slaughters with heat is understood if condemned, and we know he is one of us. The cold-blooded butcher is branded psychopathic, and we cannot recognize ourselves in him. And in war – now and here – we witness a new demureness, a renewed pretense to “disinterested duty” lauded as the best of our muster. The lie lies to itself quietly, and everybody leans in to listen, and to (perhaps!) kiss their own mouths rising toward them in the muddy water.

Soon a lovely cloud of pink blood will delight the Poets of the Trenches: chlorine as yellow as daisies, the sands so white, so white, that line of mountains like a woman bending to kiss her sleeping soldier! We expect so much more, but then close the door: exultant Bedouins all! We pass through, the bullet passes through, and there is the Romance of the Knife, the blister of Tonight's Top Story, there are the Honorable Massacres, and we see America's Golden Sweetheart supping at the Blood Bank, answering easy questions and giggling at routine humor. We must "support" as much as we can, we must doggedly subsist. The seasons fail, then peter out amongst the stones, forming an egg-water rivulet into a well that goes untapped. Each hematoma begs for the violent pin! Inquisitions shall be perfected in small blue rooms by disinterested scientists of the mind. All affection shall be curtailed for the long-stretch, until what remains of the boys comes marching home, to be forgotten.

No matter – the TV is illuminating a room packed with drugged conscripts. A very few take the vapors, some jump screaming into the fireplace where they see bright medals, some reckon profits and hide their calculations in a shroud.

Bon voyage and tally-ho. The time has come it seems. What time? It's hammer time.



Received: from akira [209.35.153.6] by mail.magneticfields.org with ESMTTP (SMTPD32-6.06) id A2AF77540084; Fri, 16 Nov 2001 07:12:31 -0500
 Received: from [10.10.66.2] by akira (ArGoSoft Mail Server Pro for WinNT/2000, Version 1.61 (1.6.1.9)); Thu, 15 Nov 2001 19:02:16 -0800
 From: Michael Smith <sales@purityzone.com>
 To: barrett@magneticfields.org
 Subject: NEW: Wearable Electronic Air Purifier (kills Anthrax spores)
 X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 5.00.2615.200
 Reply-To: sales@purityzone.com
 Date: Thu, 15 Nov 2001 18:55:08 -0800
 Mime-Version: 1.0
 Content-Type: text/html; charset=us-ascii
 Message-ID: <2x8u1pqj161uhw7.151120011902@akira>
 X-RCPT-TO: <barrett@magneticfields.org>
 X-UIDL: 282183933

The screenshot shows the PurityZone website interface. At the top, there are navigation tabs for 'Wearable Units', 'Home Units', and 'FAQ'. Below this is a header with the slogan 'Breathe clean air wherever you go!' and a list of pollutants: pollution, smoke, viruses, pollen, mold, and bacteria. A central image shows a woman wearing a wearable air purifier. To the left, there is a 'Shop by Category' section listing 'Portable Purifiers' (Mini-Mate 150MM, Air-Supply 1500, Air-Supply 500B, Auto-Mate 1250) and 'Household Purifiers' (VI-2000, VI-2500, Sani-Mate 250B). To the right of the woman's image, there are three bullet points highlighting the product's benefits. At the bottom, there is a 'Christmas Coupon' section with a 10% discount offer valid until December 15th.

Note: purityZone may change or cancel this promotion at any time.

Unsubscribe Info:

This is a one-time promotional mailer - you are not part of our mailing list and we will NOT send you any more emails in the future. If you believe that you have been added to one of our mailinglists by mistake, please [go here](#) to unsubscribe yourself.

We sincerely apologize for any inconvenience this message might have caused you..

A Response to one critic

who wrote: *"There was nothing 'convulsively beautiful' about the scenes of destruction of the WTC. In fact, to anyone who holds thus, I would say that s/he has a well-defined place amongst the missing/dead ..."*

Edward,

maybe your anger would be better directed at the process that turns the real suffering of real people into a spectator sport?

or maybe the process that transforms that spectacle into a melodramatic sentimentality -- even adding chapter titles and music -- so as to enhance the dramatic effect, leading the spectator to expect a nostalgic dénouement of the kind provided by "Independence Day" but denied by the Viet-Cong?

or maybe the process that reduces the real horror of real people to video tape, then replays the tape again, and again, and again, until the real reaction to that horror dulls into a frustrated helplessness and a generalized fear of cabbies and parking lot attendants that the "common man" can only "properly" express by blind obedience to the authorized agents of patriotic vengeance?

or maybe the process that surrenders all dissenting imagination to the vaguely defined aspirations of those authorized agents, endorsing the unbridled extension of their violent arrogance (the extension of which will certainly leave us even more vulnerable to retaliation from the equally violently arrogant)?

or maybe the process that takes that surrender to the authorized agents of patriotic vengeance and uses it as the mortar to construct new towers, dedicated to our security, that will be both monuments to our increasing vulnerability and command posts for new levels of repression justified by that vulnerability?

this is all one process, easily found wherever POWER's hierarchies are maintained, but especially visible in the USA since 9-11 (and less visible but no less present in the mountains of Afghanistan).

that process survives by creating tensions and false dichotomies that mask the effect of strengthening the existing order -- POWER.

that process is the real problem at the core of such periodic turbulence. that process was the target of our text.

Received: from [202.109.79.50] by mirage.tcinternet.net (NTMail 5.06.0016/NY0754.00.6ee0cb71) with ESMTP id iiohkdaa for barrett@tcinternet.net; Wed, 28 Nov 2001 15:02:58 -0600
Received: from blah (slip44.polson.net [206.231.184.59]) by web.shenergy.com.cn with SMTP (Microsoft Exchange Internet Mail Service Version 5.5.2650.21) id XNORSONY; Thu, 29 Nov 2001 02:17:37 +0800
To: patrioticamerican@urhere.com
Bcc: barrett@ptd.net, barrett@ptialaska.net, barrett@qtm.net, barrett@quebecetel.com, barrett@qwest.com, barrett@radiant.net, barrett@reach.net, barrett@red.net, barrett@reliable-net.net, barrett@ricochet.net, barrett@rjpatent.com, barrett@rmi.net, barrett@rrnet.com, barrett@saber.net, barrett@sasain.com, barrett@seark.net, barrett@sentex.net, barrett@sgi.net, barrett@sharednet.com, barrett@shelby.net, barrett@shooters.com, barrett@shtc.net, barrett@si-net.com, barrett@sierratel.com, barrett@siscom.net, barrett@smartt.com, barrett@snip.net, barrett@sno.net, barrett@softdisk.com, barrett@sonet.net, barrett@sound.net, barrett@sover.net, barrett@spartanburg.net, barrett@sprint.net, barrett@srv.net, barrett@step.mother.com, barrett@stic.net, barrett@stratos.net, barrett@sure.net, barrett@tampabay.rr.com, barrett@tcinternet.net, barrett@tdh.com, barrett@tekelec.com, barrett@telalink.net, barrett@texnet.net, barrett@the-bear.com, barrett@thepayneco.com, barrett@thesurf.com, barrett@thielaudio.com, barrett@timesnet.net
From: <umbrella34@hotmail.com>
Subject: FREE Embroidered Patriotic Checkbook Cover
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Date: Wed, 28 Nov 2001 15:02:58 -0600
Message-Id: <21025825323386@mirage.tcinternet.net>

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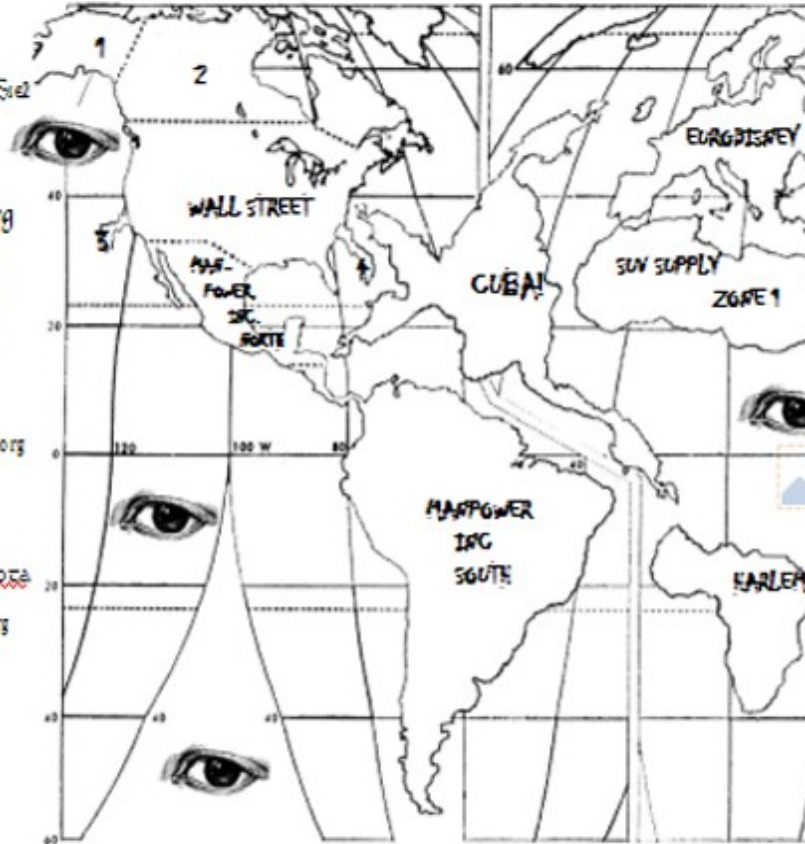
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- 1: SUN SUPPLY ZONE 2
- 2: PORNOGRAPHY-FREE ECONOMIC DUMP
- 3: RUSSIAN ADDENDA
- 4: BRITISH ADDENDA
- 5: CHAPTER 11 RE-ORGANIZATIONAL ZONE



FIGHT BUREAUCRACY

Small text block containing illegible information, possibly a mailing address or contact details.