

CHAPTER SEVEN

FALLING ANGELS

Since you bought me this Bloody Mary, I know you will forgive me for mixing metaphors, for taking this dream down into a cave, a grotto, the underland darkness where fish go blind, where bats develop x-ray vision, where no one sees without the special sight conferred, the sense called sensibility. For here we find ourselves, each one of us, past pain, past sorrow, beyond failure, irredeemably beyond hope, left with only our ability to learn, to perceive, to know, to wonder like Job why we are not spared, why we are forsaken. Switch metaphors, quick, think fast, we're back on the river, the rapids have hit dead calm, we crash back into the cave depths of the blue grotto, unaware, blinded by our inability to see in the dark, lost. Switch again, come crash over a waterfall, a million miles down, upon the jagged resilient cruelty of stone. Hardly breathing, the waters pounding, the water's above us, under us, around us we are surrounded, impaled, on stone.

Can you fail therapy? You could give up on yourself, meld back into your old self-denying, self-destructive patterns. You could kill yourself. Those are probably models of therapeutic failure. But, if you keep plugging away, you're bound to stumble on something that works.

There is nothing here for me, nothing at all. Everything I need to survive has been withdrawn. Nothing here feeds me. There is nothing here I want, nothing I can understand. What can I do? I'm at the end of my rope. I have no options. Everyone's life is more important, more desperate or more necessary than mine. Me? No one cares about me. I just exist to take care of everyone else. If I don't try to make people happy they'll leave me. I might as well be dead.

Gang rape is a particularly horrifying variation of scapegoating. Gang rape is about group consolidation, loyalty, obedience. Gang rape is a bunch of SS guards standing in the cold with guns in their hands, pushing naked Jews, Gays, Gypsies, Jehovah's Witnesses, and Communists into lethal waterless shower tombs. Gang rape is picking on the little guy, the fat lady, the handicapped person, the elderly person, because you can, because there's lots of you and one of them, because you're scared of them, of what they stand for, of what you cannot deal with in yourself. Gang rape is mugging. Gang rape is lynching. Gang rape is public humiliation. Gang rape is witch burning. Gang rape is ritual murder. Gang rape is a bunch of male persons taking their penises out of their pants and stuffing them, erect into one male or female person's vagina, rectum or mouth. Gang rape is getting off together on someone. Gang rape is getting off on someone who cannot properly defend themselves. Gang rape is getting off on someone who is not given the choice to leave. Gang rape binds, through shame and self-disgust, all its participants to the belief that people are no more than their basest instincts.

The military promotes gang rapes. People get together to fuck the shit, as a unit, out of an enemy they hope is weaker, hopefully even defenseless. Team work is taught in the context of annihilating and humiliating the other, the opposing team. We believe the competition should be ground to dust beneath our heels.

We are taught war against everything we can't understand: Poverty. Sex. Drugs. Aliens. Geeks. Women. Disease. Children. Nature. To name a few. Movies glorify the gang rape reversal. The geek single handedly demolishing, the violent gang temporarily reverses the perceived imbalance, falsely supposing a fairness to polarity. When a victim becomes a perp she is caught by the myth that there will be an end to that cycle, that there can ever be a winner in any battle for superiority.

We possess a credible collective memory of fornication in groups. Perhaps we hanker for the ritualized sex which decided the fate of tribes, clans and nations. Spring fuck fests, sex in newly plowed earth has mutated to televised same sex mud wrestling, voyeurs only please. Sex in caves with masks has devolved into glory holes. Perhaps we hanker for wild couplings outside the sanctity of ordered relationships sanctified for their very wildness.

Men come so fast the average woman could pleasure two or three. The issue of gang rape is not the number of men. The issue of gang rape is the willingness of the participants.

Without permission, the use of my body by anyone other than myself is assault, grand theft body.

"Hey, how 'bout I borrow your body, get off on you for awhile?"

Joy riding is not borrowing, it's stealing, pure and simple. Each moment, though infinite in possibilities, is finite in actuality. Each moment is gone when it's gone, is only what happens in it, is made and done and cannot be retrieved or returned.

"Can you give me back the moment you spent yelling at me yesterday?"

"Can you take back the sperm you spent in me? The cells that dissolved and were absorbed in me are part of me now and I must go on from here. I must include and contain you in my memories. "

Where do you file your experience of gang rape in your computer mind? You want to put it in cold storage but it's too hot, it keeps rising up to the desktop.

I can't erase, eradicate, lose or even forget wholly, what you have done in me. I will keep moving because movement is life and I want to live. The wave motion

necessary to sustain life on earth is also the point of power. The particle of life is the moment. The wave of life is the movement. The circle describes a particle, a static form containing everything, sustaining everything. The circle is the seed, the woman, life's potential. The line describes a wave in motion, man's potential, no point, no reason, no destination, the vector of infinite extension, life's continuum.

I can't walk down the street without thinking I'm in danger. This person hates me. That person has a knife. That person smells wrong. They will hurt me, attack me. My face. Knives are carving up my face, ripping off the skin, exposing the bones under my cheeks. There are holes where I used to have eyes. I am falling. There is no bottom to it. This isn't anything like Alice.

This is not Wonderland. This is bad. I hate this.

I can't find the part of myself that can save me. I feel like throwing up. I am jettisoned from inside a jet penis flying through a speeding train, inside superman, he's out of control. He's falling. I hate him. I hate him for using force on me.

Alice doesn't want to be here anymore.

Tumbling into infinity, paradise calling.

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