

NAKAM 4***The Beast***

I think he should die.

Hold on there.

Hung by a tree in Central Park.

That's not going to happen.

With his followers looking on.

I don't think so.

Their tongues out, bleeding from the ears, snarling like pigs.

Too Harsh.

Wallowing in mud, eating shit.

Forget about it.

No. He is an enemy of the Good.

Never mind.

I'm sick of it.

He's protected by Law.

He doesn't know from law.

They love him for it.

He's anti-intellectual.

He's stupid like they are. And white.

I couldn't understand, it, one look and you know, before me stands a con, a carnival type barker on the midway.

They love him, a fathead, a scumbag, and a moron, who thinks he's God. And the crazy Christians in the South –they warship him. You can't make this stuff up. America as a nightmare, with this retard yelling in your face. The city on a hill has become a safehouse for this ugly white man and his con.

His con has worked.

Maybe the best con in the History of Man. Millions befuddled.

They have beliefs.

Stupid and imaginary.

Hordes. Row upon row at the rally screaming their heads off and waving flags and then they attacked the Capitol while he watched it unfold on television.

They called him to stop it, but he was having too much fun.

The dummies were winning.

Winning is everything.

It's the Power of Positive Thinking.

Christianity as Capitalism.

And get the Jews to fight the Persians. Result: The Second Coming.

But not for the Jews.

And not for the Persians.

It's for the white folks of the South, man woman and child.

They'll go straight up to Heaven in their pajamas.

But wait, storms are coming.

Ripping the roofs off, flooding the canals, wilding the forests.

While the pig with lipstick looks on and claps his honky hands and stomps his cleft unkosher feet.

I'll wire up the pig and electrocute him.

Take note: everything is electrical, everything is electricity, from the top of your head to your tippy tip toes.

He's like a cloud of dismay or a storm overhead, tornadoes and punishing winds ripping up roads and pummeling trees and people alike.

They have it coming.

It's retribution and revenge.

Why? The permission to lie, to defraud and bewilder.

The stormy sky punishing and purifying itself.

From the stink of this person, from the evil vibe and the slop of his mouth.

So be it.

I worry. That the corruption may never be uprooted.

It is the Way of Man.

History is over and the collapse is complete.

Flags are waving. The guns are out.

Rah, rah.

Here he comes now, surrounded by lawyers.

White trash.

It's the power of positive thinking lashing out against reality.

Finally.

Should have been assassinated in '72.

Why seventy-two?

I don't know why.

"He is a symptom of the disease, not the disease itself."

I don't know about that.

We may never know. Because you can't put a finger on it.

Because it is an intangible threat.

An invisible poison ruining our lives.

I'd cut his head off with a sharp wire. There's an image that soothes me. Yeah, or a flagpole up his ass.

Good luck with that.

Let me out. Let me out, so I can do something.

Like what?

Like organize a rebellion of the intelligent against the stupid, the clear-eyed against the blind.

This has never happened before.

It happened in Greece. It happened in Rome.

It's over. Any dream I had about this country, anything at all positive, is gone.

You had positive images?

I had positive images. Dick and Jane. Iwo Jima. Fear and square. I mean *fair* and square. Checks and balances. The Supreme Court.

No Americana for me. Always worried about the violence and stupidity. Murder behind doors. Lies and cons. Rampant poverty. Hate crimes.

The sacrifice of our people

They could have bombed the camps. They bombed the cities instead. We lost a third of our people. Let me out and I'll do something good.

No.

Why not?

The system works. You make threats, you go to jail.

Okay, I take it back.

Sorry.

Tell me why.

Because it's all we have. Hanging by a thread. The legal system, the customs, and ways. Immigration. Starting a new life. Making a living.

I smell the sour breath of the Beast.

Yes.

The Southern Christians have made a deal with Satan. There's a stink to it.

The winds of time will blow it all away.

You think?

I do.

No. It festers. The wound festers. Maggots roam the flesh. Blood of the Beast flooding the land.

I take comfort in Time. Dinosaurs once roamed the land. An ice age made pathways and roads and human development.

Along with psychopathy and mass murder.

We have a choice.

There is no such thing. People want to survive. That's it. And believe what's going on in their heads. Righteousness leads to killing. No one is ever wrong. Maybe a few people have hope. Those that can get above this sea of corruption. I don't know. Meanwhile, we must break the pus of this infection -- this Evil cloud hovering over the nation.

That's a bit much.

You can smell it. You can taste it your mouth. And what makes it worse is that people believe in it. Huge swaths of human beings believing in a fantasy, a murderous cacophony of horror, the clash that leads to Armageddon.

History takes many twists and turns. Who knows what happens next and why.

History is over. It was over with the Holocaust. It was over right there. Now it's one massacre after another until Nature takes care of the situation once and for all.

And the Emissary of Satan?

He IS Satan. He must die. But first I'd like to torment him. Any which way. Burn him with lit cigars. Cut off one of his ears. Cut his dick off. How 's that?

You won't get near him.

Many small cuts. See, the trouble is, he won't get it. Nothing is real for him except himself. He may seethe, he may brood, but nothing else exists but him, in his head, only positive thinking, if you can believe it, the power of positive thinking, it's unbelievable. How do people put up with it, entertain it, listen to him seriously, pray to him for God's sake?

It's an incredible phenomenon.

Serious pathology with a Christian taste.

Got to cauterize the wound.

Revenge never works.

How do you know?

We have had inconceivable losses and cannot make it whole, cannot even the score, can do nothing, nothing at all. But mourn.

For those of us who know how to mourn.

I bow in sorrow until I'm lifted by prayer.

Oh, for God's sake.

You've said that already.

I take it back.

You can't take things back.

Isn't it so.

It is so. Once it's gone, it's gone. Even the words, even the blood lust, the mania.

True.

Nothing to be done.

Let me ponder that. The Rule of Law. The Rule of Law. The Commandments. The Constitution.

Man made.

Man made.

Is there another Law? A cosmic Law. A Law of Governance coming from God?

Maybe tradition. The customs and norms.

But you see what he's done, this white Satan -- he's scoffed at the Laws, all Laws, all sympathy.

That's why he must die.

Don't make him a martyr. He is beloved by many Christians. Motherfucker walked around holding a bible. Should have been shot, right there. **BANG.**

By whom?

Anybody. A cop. A soldier.

BAM.

You'd have a funeral coast to coast, and then they'll make him a Saint.

Jesus Christ.

How can that happen? I don't understand it. One look and you know it's a con. Any four-year old would know. There goes a slime bag, there goes a liar, there goes a cheat.

He's white. So, there's that. And he wants to keep out the Mexicans and the Haitians and the Dominicans and the Afghans and the Iraqis out. And he's not kind to us, could come down on us in a New York minute.

That's why he must be killed. But first some small cuts, razor cuts.

He won't feel it, like you said. He'll victimize and martyr himself and make some money off it. Fool makes millions off these retard Christian Americans all over the country but mainly in the South where they haven't lost the war yet, the war they lost a hundred years ago, and he gives them hope.

Guys came home and got the G.I. bill and the economy popped and we got products, swamped with products, products up the kazoo, more products than were ever seen on planet Earth. América was born again.

Cars and vacuums and houses and plastics and TV.

But they lied about the death-dealing camps, and they continued lynching black people, the know-nothings in the south, those murderous cretins in their hoods with the slits for snaky eyes.

I was wondering – the disease, the symptom of a disease – is it the murderousness of all against all, of one against the many, of the good against the bad, what?

How should I know?

We'll never know.

Monowhite man whining on TV. They're out to get him. They don't realize his sanctity; they don't recognize his godliness.

It's the question of a built-in stain. The wound and kill apparatus.

Survival of the fittest.

Fuck that. I don't conceive of that anymore, I mean I can't figure it that way, I can't see it, it looks like stupidity to me.

Your fantasies of revenge, killing krauts, bombing cities, poisoning wells.

Fantasies.

Allow me to speculate: another level, the Rabbinic level, the level of big forces.

History?

Above History. A higher level of meaning.

This will never go down in America, my friend. Such thought is unamerican. But our boy is right on the money, the circus barker and the Christian Awakening, the barbaric rallying of fervent hate.

Oh, it's incredible. The genocide and slavery of peoples and then the yelling of patriotic slogans and the waving of the American flag.

And the Cross. The Jewish Preacher nailed to a tree.

One feels helpless in one's chair, dreaming of redemption and the prosecution of evil, and a long life, long enough to see the balance restored.

Two-leggeds rearing up and shouting and voting, they're in the hinterland and they don't like black people and they love their guns.

Do you remember Vietnam?

Do you remember?

Yes.

Blood is on their hands.

The two of them, Nixon and Kissinger, blood on their hands.

And the man is a Jew, a German Jew. Makes you want to gag.

Revenge is out of the way now because they've joined the dead in the Land of the Dead, blood coming out of their eyes, scum in their mouths.

Homage to the Czech Resistance, homage to Bruno Shultz, shot in the head while carrying home his daily bread, homage to the great poets of the Holocaust, Paul Celan, Primo Levi, homage to the children, homage to the Dead, nothing else can be done.

Nothing to do but live.

Sing a song maybe.

Song of the unredeemed.

Dahven for the fallen.

And now to a village in the Carpathian Mountains, home of the Baal Shem Tov.

Here he comes, a little guy with a beard and a kippa and a joyful visage, bringing song and dance to the villagers.

All gone. Surrendering without a fight, singing the *Shema*.

Homage to Martin Buber.

Millions of the God-fearing giving up without a fight.
Praising God. You go to synagogue and that's the game,
sitting and standing and praising God, sitting and standing
and praising God.

Reading the Ancient story of the Jews, violent and tragic and
sublime.

Bowing and praising, bowing and praising.

While The Devil waits outside the door.

There is a door.

There's a door on top of your head. You can drill a hole
there if you want. You could put a little hat on. You can
meditate with the whole of yourself. You can sense the
opening there.

Excuse me. We're getting away from the problem of *Nakam*,
i.e., revenge.

Maybe.

Anything can happen and probably will.

While the Orange Satan screams into the void like a howling
monkey.

His ignorance, his innocence, his indignation. These people don't know who I am. I am God. They don't know what they're doing. They are committing deicide.

Holy shit. Killing God. I never thought.

Satan and his devils – they're on TV!

Blast him off the Earth!

We're not done yet.

Wait.

Paintings on the cavern walls. Here I am, they say, here I am.

Mankind! Horror in the gene pool.

You know, there were other types of two-legged beings, walked and talked just like humans.

How'd the Ego get so big?

No balance in the organism. To such a degree it's mental illness.

I guess we should kill God.

Keep in mind it's a large white guy with orange hair and a smirk and a con and who has no inner life. There's no I

there, only a mechanism that tells him he's God, don't worry about a thing, those crazed Christians will back you up no matter what, you could murder a person on Fifth Avenue, no questions asked.

But he should be hung in Central Park for his crimes. Right there on 59th and Park.

Get a bonfire going and gather round.

We'll sing and dance to his recitation of grievances.

No end in sight.

History is gone, lost forever in the mists of time.

Beware the American antisemite. Homegrown.

No more yids coming into the country.

I don't want to see them, I don't want to hear that filthy language, I don't want to smell their putrid bodies. Get them the fuck out of here!

NO ONE WANTS THE YIDS BEFOULING THE GENE BANK, I didn't mean to yell, but what the hell could you be thinking? I'm thinking we are the haven for the lost, the disinherited, the state-less, those yearning to be free.

Cultural norms my friend, plus land and water.

We let a few in, the rest died in the camps.

What did you expect? They are not white like us. They are not black like the blacks.

We are Semites.

What I'm trying to say – we don't want to mix things up, same view as the Nazis, they had that right.

Shoot that man, shoot him right away, don't wait, shoot, shoot to kill.

BAM!

Now we must deal with evil bubble head, blood coming out of his eyes, lies coming out of his mouth, his people shouting Halleluiah, Armageddon's on the way, salvation is near, get in the car.

We're on our way to Jerusalem, of all places, it's full of Jews and they'll get in the way.

They're not exempt from egomania or corruption or bad sex or no sex or fiddling with the Law.

No!

What I say. Let's be clear. There are Arabs in the vicinity.
Arabs are in the vicinity and they're in the way.

They're not exempt from egomania or corruption or bad sex
or no sex or fiddling with the Law.

What I say.

All it takes is a compliment and a blow job.

All Mankind: a compliment and oral sex will do the trick.

You're sitting on top of the world like a god. You ride in a
fancy Roman chariot like the vanquishing generals of old.

The media follows with flowers. Little girls follow with
flowers.

Singing strange songs.

Songs of massacre and booty.

Songs of murder and desecration.

And now we must act, we must show ourselves and arm
ourselves and step into the fray.

Okay.

But what do we do?

We wait.

I don't want to wait.

Nothing we can do but wait.

I want to strangle the man with my bare hands.

Go for it.

I can't wait.

You'll die before that ever happens.

Oh, no!

Remember the dead. Pray for the dead.

I don't know how to pray.

Bow your head and tear your clothes and weep.

No, I'll choose the day of reckoning myself.

Bow and weep.

No, I'll go on with my life. I don't know what else to do.
Punch in the insulin, swallow the Norco, write, be nice to the
nurses, walk from here to there for as long as I can.

Selah.

Murray Mednick

4/23