

THE BEGINNING OF THE LIFE OF RIMBAUD

"WHY didn't I have a scorpion? Why'd I give birth to a human homosexual? Cause heterosexual fucking, which You gave the world, cursed me. Heterosexual fucking gives women pain.

"God: why'm I the only woman my husband doesn't thrust his cock in? He no longer sticks his dick in me cause I had the product of this dick.

"Since I'm not the Virgin Mary, God, You hate me.

"Now, Dear Lord above, please take control of Your Hatred and spurt its sperm over this result of Your Hatred: R."

R's mother hated him because her husband, Captain Frédéric Rimbaud had hated children so much that when he had learnt that his wife was pregnant for the second time, he abandoned her for a second time. This time around Mme. R would have had an abortion if a quack doctor hadn't informed her that pregnancy would kill or cure all her physical problems. She had a lot. On the day Mme. R had Jean Nicolas Arthur (R), she also had appendicitis.

A rock star once gave fourteen blowjobs in a row and had to have her stomach pumped.

R's mother took control of her situation as a husbandless mother and announced her rational plan.

"I'll bring up my second kid by torturing him. That way he won't beget any infected children."

Her plan succeeded. R turned out homosexual. Though the mother had no understanding of Our Lord's designs.

The mother came to realize that she wasn't the Virgin Mary though she was a mother. So in spite of God this draconian woman who could tolerate no slight to her authority decided to become the Mother of Maternal Crimes (MMC): she was going to murder pitiful R, not exactly by killing him, but by destroying and annihilating every shred of his will and soul while he still lived on. All for the glory of God.

(I'm running such a high temperature that I don't know what I'm saying. My thoughts're fevered.)

R grew up to be a wild animal, unsocialized. He was filthy. His mother taught him nothing, wanted nothing to do with him. He was disinherited. He lived on bare sunlight and played with forms of natural violence as if they were knives and chains. Tied to his mother, the more miserable she made him, the more he did whatever he wanted.

Whether or not God exists, there are Protectors. Those who protected this child wept when they saw him happy in the middle of decay, urban garbage, spiritual nihilism.

It would soon become worse.

There was nothing for the children of Charleville to do in Charleville, France. R used to hang out in the one bookstore in town which buyers never came to. A Greek who oozed skink oil ran this front. Having once been tanned by the Algerian sun, his nickname was "African Pain." Most of the other people in the town stayed away from R because his mother's autocratic mixture of neglect, torture, and tortuous love had turned his appearance monstrous and tough. African Pain saw that R simply hated himself and had no way of dealing with his self-hatred.

As soon as R in amazement realized that this man, who was his father's brother, didn't think he was a monster, he began to love him. He worshiped African Pain to the extent that he was unable to see the older man's deep insecurity. The man was God to R. Just like Yahveh, he hurt the kid again and again so that he'd know how deeply the kid loved him.

Wherefore He had perforce to cry out, saying: "My God! My God! Why hast Thou Forsaken Me?" This was the greatest desolation, with respect to sense, that He had suffered in His life.

The man stuck his hand up the kid's ass, repeatedly making and unclosing a fist, until unfiled fingernails ripped the membranes. At the end of the tunnel of membranes the kid's heart was beating. Then the man pushed his arm up until he was holding the heart. The heart felt like a bird. Holding on to the heart, he threw the kid to the ground, kicked him in the side until the kid knew that he was nothing, had no mother.

Unable to bear or stop these tortures, R moved into the imaginary. The infinity and clarity of desire in the imaginative made normal society's insanity disappear.

"You've never given me anything but pain," the kid told his uncle. "I'd tell you to go stick an old witch's hand up your ass if I didn't . . . want . . . this . . . I guess . . . pain. You. I need what you're doing to me because it's only pain and being controlled which're going to cut through my autism. Because it's pain you give me I love you. I love you anyways." R had a high IQ. "Because you don't give a shit about me, unc, and because I'm totally dependent on you, you're teaching me the highest pleasure which is love. The

body. But if you reject me, the more you reject me, the more I'll destroy my body."

"There's no such thing as a soul," the African said.

R replied, "I'm sick of Baudrillard. The intellectual side of American postcapitalism. Cynicism. You're too intelligent to be a cynic.

"As for religion: evangelists only want money. For people who have money, money's power. There's nothing else. In this society. This society isn't France; it's America.

"Like religion, your cynicism's a hype. The assumption that everything including the soul is shit hides the real nexus of political power. Hurt me, baby. Show me what love is. Love? The body doesn't lie. Hurt me, unc, and find my soul. The pirate brat is seeking real pirate treasure in the dirty recesses of being. Women wear lost pearls. Maps whose territories are named in languages which are no longer understood show where the passions are hidden." The filthy brat picked his nose. "Unheard-of metals and sea gems can dribble out of the tip of your cock."

R said, "When I by myself in my body see the splendor of passion which is now unknown, I'll see that my own eyes are only mirrors of the infinity of savagery."

Pain took hold of R. He took R's clothes off him, rolled him over to the bed's edge, dropped him. Kicked his body until R folded into a corner. R's eyes were closed. The man jerked off above the kid's face.

While Pain was jerking off, R whispered to himself: Sailors come. They hand-fuck me up the ass. The kid came. Then the sailors went. One sailor made me crawl across a floor after his fingers which were pulling me by my nipples. As if there are dogs. I have to catch a few drops of sperm. My mouth's a fish. Since you still haven't let my nipples go, I have to go wherever you're leading me. Whose sexuality am I and whose sexuality're you? The soul is the body.

Pain had to abandon R because he died on December 3. The cause of death being unknown. R saw a lightless tunnel with a light at its end and knew that there was no correspondence for this light in the outside world.

In the time of good-for-nothings, bums, liberty will triumph. R said. Paris has been the seedbed for the intellectual and revolutionary forces which're capable of dragging people up out of the mire into which what has seemed to be an implacable destiny has thrown them. At this moment liberals think bums should be saved and made into yuppies. Like themselves. The yuppies are the Germans. The German do-gooder autocrats are invading Paris. The French who aren't bums and aren't yet dead or dying from AIDS and other germs are so frightened that, caring only for money or nothing, they'll capitulate to the Germans, who are now strongest in the political arena.

While the Germans were taking over Paris, R, abandoned, roamed from town to town. One morning, he woke up in a room stinking with dead tobacco, vomit, and dead blood. Junkies had lost all tracks. Disorder reigned: soldiers from different German regiments who had been dismissed for fraternizing with the French, national guards, sailors, Zouaves—all types—were in this room and reeking. There's nothing to do when drunk. There was no question of clothing the homeless, giving them weapons for self-defense, providing them with adequate or any sort of shelter. The frost was bitter.

All of this disgusted R. War. Soldiers. Straight males. A French and a German government who were choosing to turn people into TV zombies and corpses. R further saw that most people as they grow older choose to die.

R no longer knew where to wander in hell. His mother was calling him back home.

THE FILTHY WOMB OF BLOOD

"Come back home, you filthy kid."

R sat in his mother's house and masturbated. He no longer wanted to go anywhere but masturbating. Except for masturbating he didn't know whether he wanted to be alive.

R said out loud while he was masturbating and being alive, "Why Honey Chil', I jes' loves the Devil. Ya know why I's loves the Devil more than I loves God? (Fuck fuck, you filthy priest.) Cause the Devil, being the Devil, being God's opposite, being opposite to the Good Father, is the Father of Masturbators. (Can you hear me, mom?" R started shouting.) "The Devil is the Father of Masturbators cause the Devil-Father hates his own children. He abandons them just like daddy abandoned me. Cats who haven't been nursed properly all their lives claw and I . . .

"Once upon a time, mommy dearest, oh oh (masturbatory sounds), there was a Devil who had a good-looking thing, a hose, a tube, a long piece of plumbing."

R was already showing signs of inversion.

"But a thing don't mean a thing. Ya know why a thing, even a good-looking thing, don't mean a thing? Cause it ain't the thing that makes the thing move. What makes a thing move is unnaturalness. Oh oh (masturbatory sounds).

"Now it's not immediately obvious why it's unnaturalness that makes a thing move. God Our Father in His Incarnation Jesus Christ, being The Lord and Our Lord, is the cause of all. Jesus Christ was only moved by, only had a thing for, virgins. But He didn't want to stick nothing in them. Since nothingness is the opposite of and even the enemy of the Creation, Jesus Christ, eternal as God the Father, was and is unnatural. Jesus Christ wanted to be a victim. (Masturbatory sounds.)

"But since the Devil is natural and I'm a masturbator, I love the Devil."

R's mother strutted into the room and told R to stop masturbating.

"I'm going to kill you," said R.

"Yuck. You're going to go back to school. And a Catholic school."

"Yuck, yuck," her son said to her as he looked around for something with which to end someone's life.

"You're going to be an actor."

"That's cause I take after you, mommy; you're the biggest drama queen around." Mme. Rimbaud was fat. Seeing a long nail in the wall, R thought he could act out the part of Judith.

"I DE-MAN-DE that you return to school because all your little friends have already returned to school. You have to go back to school, because if you don't the cops'll make you. If you don't go back to school, your father's going to have a heart attack."

On the first day of acting school, R sat under his blanket and tried to think. His mother then decided either to disinherit him forever or bodily to take him to drama school. She did the latter.

In school, R contemplated suicide more times than he had before. He was too shy to have any friends. Cold knives, he wrote, city of knives all of which are interior and stick into the ice of the mind. The knives are my nerves and they're hurting me. I can no longer locate the cause of this hurt. I'm not even sure that I hurt, but I've figured out I do cause I love razor blades and I love to stick them in my wrists. Pain exists.

"Education," one of R's teachers taught, "teaches you not to be yourself." But who is yourself? R decided if it or he wasn't blood, it wasn't anything.

Then he realized that the blood that dropped out of his

razor-bladed wrist was no solution to boredom. For boredom comes from the lack of correspondence between the desire of the mind and body and the society outside that mind and body. From impossibility of any desire's actualization. Disillusioned with left-wing or French politics, R wanted to tear his own skin into strips of Band-Aids with which to heal the wounded, tear tufts of the hair above his cock out of his pimply skin so that he would know how the whores of the German soldiers felt, ram his own fist like a gun barrel up his own asshole so that he could be the child he had never been allowed to be. But under no circumstances did he want to die.

The teacher of the third form was Ariste L'Héritier, a tubular tubercular hairy trull. Known nonaffectionately to the students as "Father Fist" in honor of the German left wing who had failed, FF was given to appalling fits of anger by which he terrorized his whole class. Because he was a humanitarian. The principal of the school recognized that "Baby R" had an exceptional mind and persuaded R's mother to let her son take private lessons with FF. Violence was the only emotion to which the child could relate. R adored FF.

One day R asked FF, "Why do people poison other people?" R was thinking about poisoning the Muller twins. The Muller twins were German. They had long straight blond hair and were strong. Since they were the only pupils who were as intelligent as R, they hated R and R hated them because they were equals.

Though R wanted to kill them and knew he wanted to kill them, as yet he had only pissed into both of their camel hair coats. Then pressed chewed-up bubble gum into the mess. School stunk. The Mullers got better marks than R because, being German, they weren't sloppy.

"People poison other people because they don't know how else to do what they want to do."

R didn't understand FF's words. He often didn't understand. He feared and loved not understanding. Not understanding put him at the edge of danger and the edge of danger was sex.

FF added, "Whether or not to poison is a technical problem."

"I don't have problems, Fartface." R began to believe that his teacher didn't know everything. Thick black sticks of hair jutted out of the edges and overhung his white and scratched bratty face. "I don't have any objections to any crime. Every crime which as yet my sad heart has committed—familial crime—killing my mother—killing myself—delights me. Following my dreams into poison—There's only one problem. I don't know enough about poisons."

FF asked the child, "Would you like to poison someone?"

"I'm a virgin."

"It's alright to be a virgin." FF paused. "Would you like to poison someone?"

"I don't know anything about poisons so I can't use them."

"You've been playing on the edges of criminality, of identity. Now this is serious. Would you like to poison someone?"

Even though R didn't want to poison another human being, he felt that he had already committed himself. "I'll poison someone. But I hate you."

The teacher didn't care what the filthy brat felt about him. More precisely, the teacher was too scared to let himself feel, to let himself realize that he needed R's nastiness, hatred of all authority, and need of him. They were both bound to go

through an arbitrary poisoning so that they could both learn about life and death. "Tonight there's going to be a woman, a whore, in this school. You're going to poison this whore."

R felt revolted. Caught between feelings of commitment and revulsion, he started to bawl. He had to tell this teacher, all his masters, to go to hell. But he couldn't, yet. "Filthy fucking liar. I won't lick your sneakers anymore because they smell. Kissing them makes my stomach sick. You want me to be a slut, a little girl, to pity you because you don't know how to make contact with anyone. You're the vampire, the bloodsucker, Nazi."

FF seriously replied, "Tell me how you hate me."

R was silent.

"Who are you, R?"

"I'm nothing."

FF gave R a small packet of strychnine and left him alone. These were R's special lessons in school.

R, still bawling, graffitied one of the dark red school hall walls. "MASTER LORD GOD PUKE DEATH TO GOD." The sight of a teacher was beginning to make his lips itch with dirty language. He decided to cultivate lice in his hair so he could throw them at his teachers, especially Fuckfist.

It is true that there is no God. There is no God to save us from anything or anyone. All, then, is the result of our own actions.

"What're you doing, R?"

Ernest Delahaye, sloppy stupid legally blind and R's best friend, met him in the hall.

R told his best friend that he was going to kill someone.

"Who?"

FF had acted like he was a good teacher and loved him just so FF could carve him up. He had to kill FF before FF killed him. All education was games. All education was games the

teachers played with students or victims. Our teachers are playing games with us, games that they love us, games that we need them, so that they can carve us up into lobotomies and servants to a lobotomized society. So that we'll learn to obey orders. They're German. R screamed. With a teacher or a master, there's no reality, and I have to find reality.

Delahaye who was stupid asked R if FF had actually done anything to R.

"Just now in the hall he told me to take off all my clothes. I told him to go fuck himself rather than me. Autocratically, he told me to take off all my clothes. I did cause I hated someone. He told me, 'Display yourself.' Just like the army. I know I don't have any arms so I'm totally degraded so I did as my officer commanded. FF barely glanced at my asshole. I wouldn't look at it either. Delahaye, I've become a baby in front of my soldier father who never existed. THERE'S NO GOOD AND THERE'S NO LOVE."

"So what happened next?" the stupid child asked.

"He told me he loved me. *HE TOLD ME HE LOVED ME.* THAT'S THE BIGGEST MILITARY LIE OF ALL.

" 'Education,' FF then said, 'is an act of love.' I hate! I don't understand!"

Delahaye, who was fat as well as being stupid, said that he was hungry.

It was time for the regular school evening meal.

Fuckfist: I don't need to do much to the child in order to teach him because I understand him almost perfectly. *A powerful man does not need implements.* R's a cold wall, a unique ice forged of metal, erected against an imaginary, unbearable world. He's pure anger. He's closed. All of him that is closure wants to be destroyed. All of him wants only one thing: to be opened up. He's the toughest fortress or child I've ever come up against. So in order to open this

rusty can, I have to use the largest and sharpest can opener. (FF was contradicting himself.) In these circumstances, the harshest measures are necessary. He must be spread open. His heart must show. He must be open and available to my hands. *The child* wants above all to be destroyed.

I'm just a teacher. I've got lots of students. So I won't personally be involved in the death of this filthy brat.

Because I'm kind, my arms lifted him up and held him. Then I dropped him on the floor. One of my feet rolled him across the floor into a corner. Then kicked the child. He lay curled in the corner. I waited until he knew. I stood over him, took myself out of my pants, and jerked off on him. I felt nothing sexual. I knew, because he wanted to touch my penis and make our relation personal and couldn't, this whole time he was fighting me. He was silently saying to himself I'm a voyeur.

Prone to disease, though fat, frail, weak, bareheaded, eyes always seeming to weep on his cheeks, Delahaye seemed more of a mess than R. Nicotine had stained both boys' fingers yellow; vomit had stained Delahaye's clothes. The two boys walked into the refectory. The large room, even when there were boys in it, looked like a trough. The school's usual food was a sort of gelatinous liquid which looked like nausea. Bits of gray, related to shrapnel, lay under the white. You are what you eat. Tonight there was something else to eat. R saw the woman. R had a sudden recrudescence of his antireligious passion. "A grotesque priest, whose shoes are fermenting," he whispered to Delahaye, "throws himself at girls. He doesn't know girls want to be sluts. The boys who think girls're sluts are liberals, filled with compassion, full of decency. Christ, Christ, you're the thief of our energies!"

R looked at the woman, didn't care about her, and told Delahaye to fetch some rope. The woman was a bit stupefied