

NOTES ON ARCHAIC IMAGE - ELABORATE ON ORIGINAL IMAGE (9-29-9)

I had just come back into town after another weekend out in the sticks closing another "bust" S&L when she called and asked me to come over to her house. I asked her if it could wait till the end of the week since I was planning on taking four days off for the Thanksgiving Holiday and we would be spending most of that time together, but she insisted that it was important and that she needed to talk to me tonight and in person.

I had just finally kicked my first wife to the curb only a few months earlier after a two year court battle in trying to get her to let me see my kid after she had hid her away in Louisiana in direct violation of my court ordered visitation. Christie was now four years old and old Mihelle was now insisting that she travel to Dallas each month with Christie so she could sleep with me at my home and try to "con" me into marrying her again. DAMN! I saw that horror film the first time and didn't like it and sure wasn't going to waist any more time and money on a repeat engagement, but I had to pet her around a bit because she was such a psycho that if you didn't play her just right she would go off the deep-end and since she was a part-time Demon and lawyer; that could really bite. Like I had just recently learned from her in a previous bed-time confession about her trying to hire some Klansmen friends of her brother, Forrest', to come to Dallas to murder me for having gotten her fired from her law firm; Akin, Gump, Strauss, Hauer & Feld, when I had mailed Allen /Feld the two charge sheets or indictments for bankruptcy fraud she had picked up in the Ft. Worth bankruptcy court for trying to defraud First City Bank of Dallas on her SMU law School student loans and some other stuff she had run up in contemplation of filing the fraud bankruptcy which she secretly had even blamed on me. And on her last visit when she said she didn't feel like giving me oral sex that night because she had been in Houston on business the day before and had given the lawyer she was negotiating with a B.J. the night before. Plus, I knew she was still sleeping with her old boss and partner from Akin, Gump; former federal judge Dicksucker because he was still feeding her bankruptcy work work in the courts in Louisiana. So you could imagine my lack of enthusiasm for wanting to jump head first back into this "snake-pit" and move to Baton Rouge on top to boot. I went one weekend for her to show me the LSU Law School where she had some how fucked and sucked her way into a teaching position at the Law School and to convince me of her "stability for marrying her, again."

WOW! It wasn't impressive enough being dragged to the Dallas jail under the direct orders of then Sheriff Bowles for just saying I would mention in court her adultries and the "sex lined path" she was on to becoming an elected Dallas Civil Court Judge (with Akin, Gump, et al's support,) but to be LYNCHED BY THE KLAN in Louisiana might be a tough act to top.

Now I had dated some really nice girls I had met, too, but by the time I had been seeing Mary Meany a few months she had made me get rid of all the others. Well, I know what you're thinking: up till now you seemed pretty much like "normal guy,"

but, "what's this?" Well, if you think that's odd, what if I tell you I did the exact same thing when I first met Mihelle? Well, it's true; I was rotating (dating) three girl friends at once, seeing each on different nights of the week and on alternate weekends (it's just a primitive form of multi-tasking,) but I had done it all once between sun-up and sun-set once in college and had wound up with the Demon, Leslie, and figured it was an effective game plan or filter for attracting the "WICKED".

So at this point I was aware that there was something most unusual about Mary Meany and of course I was attracted to it as well. When I came over to her house late that evening she met me at the door wearing her big white bathrobe and no make-up, ODD! This girl who was only just turned 27 years old had always been presenting herself as rather attractive and maybe even as a little bit glamorous and though I wasn't buying it hook, line and sinker (I could play along) now I was thrown off a little because she was not even cute, but raw and very plain-jane. So I thought; this must be something important, maybe she is going to tell me that now she is pregnant even though since the first night that I met her she said her parents had had her on birth-control pills since she was in high school, but then I had heard almost the exact same story from Mihelle before she surprised me with her pregnancy, then her marriage to another lawyer, too. So she asked me in and we went to the little den in the back of her house and sat together on the sofa set in the little bay window. We sat next to each other for a few minutes talking about my "closing" and trip and about the upcoming Thanksgiving day we were planning on having over at her brother, Bobby's, house with her other brother, Ricky, and her parents, Ugene and Dorrace Eugemics, when she stated that she needed to be married or at least engaged when we went together over to Bobby's on Thanksgiving Day.

Well, I had been living in Dallas since 1982 after leaving the Marine Corps and Southern California and knew about Thanksgiving Day and the Cowboy Game every year on that day and had honored that time old tradition myself after officially becoming a Cowboy Fan and forsaking my old NY Giants and Yankees (because how could I ever get past every first meeting or interviewer's first questions of, "are you a JEW?" or "is that a JEW-last name?" if I still held onto old childhood things from my northern education and ethnic past, I'm in Texas now and needed to be...)

So I said, "What for? It's just Thanksgiving Day dinner, maybe I could just go to the Safeway and buy a prepared dish to bring, would that work?" Then she starts in on the "Honor" thing and her "reputation" and some other type of "Virtues" which I knew damn well she and her family had never even heard of much less practiced, but I also knew I was being "hooked"; that whatever I represented to them, they wanted it for something. (Well, if you know anything about "hero's" or "heroic figures" or have lived a life in pursuit, emulation and preparation for a hero's 'agôn' and 'telos' then you also know that there will be a "TEST" or even a number of "TESTS", and this is what you prepare and train yourself for: and of course you have ~~been~~ also known this since you were a small boy because you cannot come to this way of life too late; you see that alot in the Marine Corps.)

So I thought; this was some kind of threshold or gateway and that this odd looking girl whom I met in the Mucky Duck on the night of the First Gulf War and my 35th birthday was going to open up a "PATH" that I would either follow or turn away from in pursuit of another opening towards my 'telos' and my ultimate 'agôn,' but was she maybe a gatekeeper or Demon? or her family? Then I figure; stall, think and said, "Well, we don't have enough time to do any of that in a day before Thanksgiving. We've never even discussed this. Shouldn't we wait and talk it over?" Then she goes into how "perfect we are for each other" and how she "would be the perfect step-mom for my daughter" and "how much we both had in common," etc..., it was a hard sales pitch. Then I countered, "We need to get you a ring and that would at least take till next week," but then she said she had already taken care of that and I said, "How?" Then she reached into her bathrobe pocket and pulled out a small purple velvet ring box and handed it to me and I opened it and there was this giant 5 carat diamond ring staring at me and I go, "but I don't think it will look good on me." Then she said that her and her mother had picked it out for me to give to her. Then I said, "Well, it looks very nice, but expensive, how much is it and how the hell am I going to pay for it?" Whereupon she said I can make all the arrangements for paying for it with her mother, Dorrace Eugenics.. Well now I'm thinking I'm being pushed into a corner for some very good reason, but as of yet I can't figure out the 'angle' or the 'con' and after eight years in Dallas as a CPA working in Oil & Gas, Real Estate and Banking; I've learned that if you walk into a room and you cannot figure out who the 'Mark' or 'Conned' is, then you can pretty much bet on it being "you"; plus they were all lawyers and this family knew the Law, too.

So I told her that I needed to ask her three questions first to make sure she was O.K. for me to marry and to be my daughter's step-mom and to be sure she and her family were as 'honorable and virtuous' as she was claiming and she said, "Sure." So I asked her my first question:

"Have you ever sold your body for either drugs or money?"

And she looked me right in the eye (unblinkingly) and said, "NO."

So while still watching her eyes watching mine I asked her next;

"Have you ever put drugs, cocaine or heroin, into your body with a needle?"

And still looking (unblinkingly) into my eyes she said, "No."

So then I asked her my third and final question while watching her eyes;

"Have you ever had any type of sexual contact or relations with your father?"

And still looking (unblinkingly still) into my eyes she said simply, "No." Again, but as I was looking and watching her eyes I saw something on the outside of her left pupil in the brown coloring of her Iris, a very small but distinctive mark that was different and disturbing the pattern of the surrounding iris and I immediately knew in my "inner being" that it was the "MARK OF EVIL" and that she was in fact the true Demon - Gatekeeper I had come to Dallas eight years earlier looking for.

Though, little did I know that I had hit the "TRIFECTA" of Demons until in 1992 when our daughter was getting ready to be born

at Baylor Hospital after 16 straight hours of unsuccessful labor, and she "slipped" and began berating her father for having gotten her pregnant. (I had noticed a slight difference in her attitude towards me during her pregnancy which was some how subtly different than my first wife's.) So as I'm standing in the small and crowded pre-birthing-room in the Maternity Ward early on that January morning with my father-in-law, Ugene Eugenics, the black male maternity nurse and my wife, Mary Meany, laying in the bed sitting up-right and screaming at the top of her lungs, with her face red and covered with pain and sweat and her hair flying straight out like it was full of static electricity (or she was a witch), my jaw just dropped and I looked over, stunned and opened mouthed like an idiot at the black male nurse and his own dumbfounded expression when my wife yelled at me and snapped me out of my stupor, by telling me to run after her father, and to make sure he was alright and to bring him back into the room. I hadn't even noticed that he had left the room, but saw that the door was closing so I figured he just stepped outside the room while she was yelling at him, so I turned on my handmade Goatskin boots to retrieve Mr. Eugenics, but when I didn't see him in hall I went out into the waiting-room, but he wasn't there either so I went out the door by the ambulance ramp and I saw him in the parking garage across the street. So I ran across the street and up the stairs of the garage to the first level to see his white truck tear off past me and down the garage and out the exit on the next block over from the hospital and down the street and I thought; that old guy was dying of cancer, but sure could move like the Devil when he had to. More unreal was the delivery room a few minutes later and a "shining" I will never forget.

XVII. The Voice, from "The Flowers of Evil," by Charles Baudelaire

My cradle rocked below the stacks of books -  
That Babel of instructions, novels, verse  
Where Roman rubbish mixed with Grecian dust.  
I was no taller than a folio,  
But heard two voices. One, beguiling, bold  
Proclaimed, 'The world is just a sweetened cake!  
And I, to give you endless joy, offer  
You appetite to take it in a bite!  
But then the other: 'Come, dream-voyager,  
Beyond the possible, beyond the known!  
And that one chanted like the seaside wind,  
A wailing phantom out of God knows where,  
Caressing, yet still frightening the ear.  
I answered, 'Yes, sweet voice!' And from that time,  
That date, my wound was named, my fate was sealed.  
Behind the scenery of this immense  
Existence, through abysmal blackness, I  
Distinctly see the wonder of new worlds,  
And, fervid victim of my clairvoyance,  
I walk with serpents striking at my shoes.  
And it is since that time that, prophet-like,  
I love so tenderly the desert wastes;  
I laugh in pain and cry on holidays  
And tempt my palate with the sourest wine;  
I take for truth what others call a lie  
And, eyes to heaven, trip into a ditch.  
But then my voice says, "Madman, Keep your dreams;  
The wise have nothing beautiful as they!"

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