

## **Stavrogin**

F E R A L

BAMBI

Often it has been proposed one ought begin with "A STRONG FIRST STATEMENT".

Like clobbering the donkey with a club, in order to get his attention.

My tendency has been to hope to lure with reason. Listen-up! because its reasonable.

I have discovered it matters more who you are than what you say; however whenever you become one of these 'who you ares', you really have to be something else in order to utter anything meaningful.

If you are a 'who you are' you might qualify to say something meaningful about Sanitation, e.g., regarding toilet-bowl cleaners, or filthy scum in the bathroom.

Even if you are a 'who you are' it doesn't seem to matter what you write. "Once upon a time"; " In the beginning there was gas"; "It was a dark and dreary night"; "Mother died today"; "The firestorms engulfed Moscow, Washington, Dresden, Tokyo, Peking, New Delhi".

"He leapt from out the shadows. He struck her with his clenched fist, knocking her to the asphalt. He grasped at her prostrate, mutely, feebly, struggling form; clutching at her clothes, wrenching and ripping them from her body. With one hand he began fumbling with his pant zipper to release the throbbing engorged member. With his other hand he seized, taking a firm hold, tearing the last of her underclothing free from her body. All the while she seemed stunned, barely resisting: No! No! Please! No!. With one foot-leg he began to force her limbs apart, falling between them upon his knees, (... la Ingmar Bergman in the Virgin Spring) while his hands pushed her protesting arms away. He lowered his body upon hers, grasping his penis, guiding the erectile thing toward the inevitable opening, lunging with an urgent irresistible forcefulness, penetrating the struggling body, a raw dry flesh upon dry flesh abrasion; uncontained, spasmodically ejaculating as each body felt the pain of the piercing conjunction."

Or I might have described him as he watched and listened to the evening news. "The familiar leer in the commentator's voice, and the obvious bias contained in the words; it irritated him, as it always had. He went to his room to get the pearl-handled .357 Magnum. He returned to the plush living-room sofa, cocking his feet upon the stuffed foot-rest. Still visibly annoyed with the mocking, righteous, agitating voice as it availed itself of 'his right to know', he playfully pointed the pistol at the face upon the flickering screen. The voice was smugly uttering and pronouncing , 'Many feel the protesters are giving aid and comfort to

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the enemy .... BLAM !a deafening percussive explosion, as his face appeared transfixed into a pleasure full grin, glass suddenly flying, ricocheting about as the Cathode Ray Tube imploded, the impact knocking the Television backwards from its stand, crashing to the hardwood flooring." "In the beginning there was the BIG BANG!" Or, "He had elaborately staged its demise. He had borrowed the fancy Camcorder. He placed the Boob Tube Cabinet on the flat ground in the dirt outside the house, reeling out an extension cord to the outlet of the generator located in the shed. He cranked the machine into operation. He set the Video Camera on the tripod aiming the lens toward the television set on the ground, extending and attaching its cables to the set. Then he climbed aboard the D-6 Cat, starting its engine, engaging it in motion toward the Boob Machine, the left track approaching the T. V., the track looming upon its screen as his friend zoomed the video lens, filling the screen with the colossus as it crawled upon, crushing down into a crunching, popping sound, mixed with squeaking tracks and the sound of the rumbling diesel".

Or "It was early Sunday morning; they had been up late the previous night; he had been drinking. They were both sort of dazed, stumbling about, she still attired in her night dress, and he partially clothed; obviously hung-over. Their conversation had almost immediately developed into a confrontation; she had taken issue with something he had said.

'Don't give me that shit!', was the threatening reply.

'Don't talk to me that way!'

Whereupon he grabbed her with both hands by her upper arms, bodily, forcefully, violently shoving her thumping against the living room wall.

She began to cry.

Or, on another morning at breakfast time, his mother had been setting at the dining room table reading the previous evening's newspaper, typically hidden behind its pages, absorbed.

He had addressed his mother several times without receiving a response. It was a habit she had developed over the years in an attempt to nullify the tyrannical outbursts of the father, who was now dead. The son appeared to manifest the same disregard as the father for the mother's existence, insisting upon getting her attention.

Angry and frustrated with her, picking up his orange juice he left his place at the table; moving toward her he raised the tumbler of juice, pouring its contents upon the newspaper, spilling down upon her plate and splashing upon her early-morning clothing.

He walked out.

Or there was the day he and his spouse were driving the country road with the dog in the back seat. Suddenly the dog began to show signs of

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becoming ill. She asked him to stop the car. They had been arguing again; he refused to stop.

The dog wretched its guts all over the back seat. She became furious. Reaching around to the back seat with her hand she scooped some of the vomit and rubbed it in his hair. He in turn reached for some vomit rubbing it in her face.

She turned the ignition key off, while putting her foot on the brake pedal, the car sort of swerving this way and that, mostly coming to a stop; reaching for the door handle she made a quick exit, starting to cry, and shouting fiercely at him through her sobs, "You lousy fucking bastard; you sadistic son-uv-a-bitch!"

While his friend was carefully raking the last of the yard area roped off and prepared for what promised to become the American Dream's greensward, he turned his dog loose to run across the virgin soil.

He had played with his friend's children, the boy especially, many times rough and tumbling his head soundly upon the ground or hard upon the lino covered concrete floor.

His own father had tyrannized over the family, over the students, weeds, machines. Petulant and impatient with others apparent dullness and sloth he challenged, insulted, struck. Typical was his dissatisfaction with his spouse's performance in her expected housewifely duties; the meals not served on time, or cold, overcooked; the laundry not attended; the dust in the corners; an unkempt, poorly managed household. He would angrily vacuum, or go to the basement to start a laundry. One day, in squeezing the water from the wet clothes in the old ringer machine, he was too slow to retrieve a shirt sleeve as it began to wrap itself around the ringer roller. Rather than stop the rollers he grabbed at the shirt, began pulling, as the machine continued to gobble the sleeve; he pulled and pulled so angrily, forcefully, the shirt sleeve was torn loose from its body; meanwhile another shirt entangled in the first began to be fed into the rollers; still he did not arrest their motion. The second shirt, with other wet clothes clinging to them were being fed into the machine while he grasped and flailed, and cursed the laziness of his family, as he pulled and cursed loudly, ferociously, tearing, ripping ..... her underclothes away .....

The principles are all dead and gone now, their pains with them; it is not known whether remorse ever became part of their lives and actions. They may have innocently participated as ying/yang sadomasochistically. How much intent; how much remorse?

I remember the day she put her fist through the window, cutting her hand. I had understood that a person could do it for I had done it once, when much younger than she, also cutting my hand. She was angry, and frustrated in her anger, as was I. I remember her throwing her coffee cup clear across the room at the blackboard "Dirty rotten son-uv-a-bitch". I

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had been sitting there, it whistled by my head shattering, chipping a big piece of composite from the board where it had struck. It was not thrown at me; in fact she seemed so angry it appeared to take a while for her to become aware of my presence. No, I was not the son-uv-a-bitch; this time anyway. Her face reddened a little; she walked out.

I've thrown things in anger. I cannot recall having thrown things at people, I have had things thrown at me in anger. Knives. Imagine, ME, being able to inspire such rage, little ole me. Once I ducked behind a door, like they do in the movies, to escape a knife thrown by the sibling, it plunging into the wood to quiver the way some movie knives do. I often became the uninvited target, for whatever I am or was in the way of egoconcentricity, of these culinary and other purposefully designed blades, some as sharp and pointed as a Wilkinson sword, others bereft of a cutting edge; the thrower an angry (hysterical) female companion; Tally Ho!!!

Anger is one aspect; Intent is another. The one does not mitigate the other, nor does Intent spring from some divine or subterranean thing. Raskolnikov may have sought some particular expiation for something he had known about himself. It was adduced he suffered from brain fever; how convenient. But the obdurate, insensitive pawnbroker had humiliated him, had denied his feelings, and had no true concept of worth. A leech that had become the focus of his inner rage, his own despising of himself. There was anger, but a delayed, premeditated reaction.

Smerdyakov raped and murdered, but like Raskolnikov there was something wrong in his head. Surely the father had been an old reprobate, and the mother an idiot; what might one expect from a deranged offspring with such origins? And what of the mighty Stavrogin, who was the closest to his creator's heart? Sardonicly, mocking all his own impulses, he marries a cripple; eventually, nihilistically, he slays her.

Stavrogin, waltzing with his friend's wife, upon the dance floor, in full public view, shockingly, daringly kisses her. Called before the elders to answer for his affronting social behavior, responding to the mini-inquisition, he alludes to a confession of sorts if he is but be allowed a confidence with the chief elder, to whom he feigns a whispering, whereupon he sinks his teeth into the elder's ear.

We have speculated upon the respective influences of genetics and environment upon the young, upon other forms of life. We have even attempted to find some chromosomal aberration that might account for criminality in general, almost arriving at mandatory blood tests of prison inmates in hopes of confirming such a bizarre hypothesis. We have guessed, not unreasonably, at a genetic predisposition toward certain behavior, augmented or encouraged by certain environments, certain

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circumstances. Next in order of humane contemplations, ... la Lycurgis, (... la, la, la LAH LAH; la la Lycurgis; hip, hip hooray Lycurgis) would be blood tests at birth in order to determine one's criminally genetic proclivities.

The truth of the matter is we all have our thoughts; more significantly we all have our feelings. Also we have our morality from Moses. There's Nietzsche's sublimation. But even with morality and sublimation, we know something else lives beneath the surface which we cannot entirely conceal from ourselves.

He had inquired "Is civilization a thing distinct, or merely an advanced stage of barbarism?". I had read the obversions that stand as hallmarks to civilizations, "Freedom is Slavery, War is Peace, Ignorance is Strength". I presume to add one of my own, "Survival is Success".

We speak of ascendancy. Ascendancy signifies a mixture of ambivalences with regard to behavior. If our ascendancy was to be measured in terms of tools, machinery, the conversion of the planet into an artificial separation from the planet in the form of a Standard Of Living, then we might discover some measure, some distancing from the cave, the mere lair. But just because we supposedly civilized entities do not throw virgins in ceremonial sacrifice over the precipice, or burn witches at the stake, or draw and quarter, as legalized forms of punishment, does not mean we are not just as brutal toward life now as we have ever been. It might even be deemed with the advent of the sophisticated sciences we have merely provided more devious and sinister methods for fuller expression and the expansion of our brutality into a finer art. We are no less brutal; perhaps more impersonally brutal, and more brutal because of it, giving our propensities their fullest expression. Capital Punishment is not Cruel and Unusual.

Sigmund claimed he could find no instinct to morality. He did not speak of altruism especially. Perhaps in himself he could discern no instinct to morality, no natural impulse to conform to the collective wish. We must assume morality as an imposition. Moses would have us believe he got the good word from above. Christ got the good word from above. The good word comes from outside of us we are told.

Modern Russia is regarded as atheistic. Something must come from MAN himself.

Our treatment of animals is revealing. While we, who would think well of ourselves as animalitarians, would train a horse, if he is to be ridden in races, to retain some spiritedness, while if we are to train him merely as a horse to be ridden or worked, his spirit is of little consequence; he must conform to our wills. We attempt to breed for this conformity, a kind of resolute docility. But failing all measures that have to do with genetics and animalitarianism we proceed to break the spirit, many times unmercifully, forcing the creature to conform to our wills. We manifest a

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similar attitude and follow a similar process with man's best friend. We try to do the same with our fellow humans. Animals that do not conform, that is, those who are too stupid, or too willful, or mad, as it were, we most often destroy, or if too much an animalitarian, give to intermediaries, no questions asked, or perhaps give to the Animalane Society, or furtively turn loose upon the world.

As Humanitarians when we uncover the ALIEN amongst us, he who does not conform, we also take measures, even if he who does not conform does no harm. Social Ostracism, another ism like castrationism, renderim impotentism (Piggy Latin for what we do to nulify our apprehensions while in the vicinity of broken mirrors). (A broken mirror is one that will only minimally reflect what it is we wish to see). Narcissusi all, we wish to see ourselves reflected upon every countenance; when we do not we become fearful of what could be inherent to difference. Knowing or suspecting our own brutal impulses, what are we to assign to the ALIEN, whom WE DO NOT KNOW. And Boy!, I'll tell you there have been some crazy buggers out there, outside of our puny little selves, outside our mere envelop of corpuscular skin. Even a suit of armor is worthless. Even more worthless may be our trust in what appears to be our reflection in the mirror, our mirror. We are often heard to say when someone goes off the deep end, "I never would have guessed". "He seemed quiet and friendly". "He minded his own business". "I never saw him do anything that would give the slightest indication." Something undetectable seething within, behind the mirror.

Moses said unto the pool, "Splash!" "No False Gods Buddy!"

What are we, that we will not so much as dare to admit to ourselves - and still more, what do we know - perhaps barely suspect of ourselves - dare suspect?

You might wonder what kind of lunatic is asking these questions. We are all lunatics; i.e. we all suffer with affected judgment. We seldom reflect upon our lunacy. This NOW, to which we acquiesce - we presume to call LIFE. We do not define our existence, only minimally. We may refuse to brush our teeth, lave or shave; or we might run the STOP sign, or go the wrong way out of laziness; as a means to an end; or deliberately, flauntingly; protesting against the many leashes that restrain us. If we carry on with this fire-eating behavior we will not redeem ourselves but invite rebuke, and remedy unto ourselves.

There are cheaters everywhere. The litle guy is able to cheat in little ways; the big guy in big ways. These are inevitable. Cheating is inevitable like Death. OH!, there are polite expressions like 'circumvent', 'overreach': 'misinform'; 'keep a word of promise to thine ear ...', 'beguile'; 'practical joke'; 'make believe'; 'it was not my intention to defraud'. Its all the same.

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Its O.K., just so long as you don't get caught. Are we all germinal revertants, like an echo, wanting to break loose from that which restrains us? What do we care of the collective, the group, the community, society, if they do not meet our needs?

All of us would be in irons for our thoughts.

So, out of love, or out of fear,; or is it from out pure rationality we keep up appearances (i. e. deceive others [and ourselves]) - are we the Noble Savage? None Other? Who Else? From which planet; which stellar ball?

What of this rationality; what alluring quality doth reason abide? Is it the same that argues for civility, fairness, for equality; is it the same reason that would counsel for the better way, in harmony and with unity of purpose?

What is it we might fear that we do not also love?

Do we fear the loss of self - of identity - of EGO life? Who will be the first to yield? Totally? It cannot be a conscious choice, for it is already assumed to be inevitable we cannot choose. But the fear ???? The awareness is irreconcilable with truth.

(Enmity, hostility; opposition, inimically).

When an apparently previously domesticated animal goes wild, or returns to nature, we opine, 'It has gone FERAL'.

When *a homo sapiens*, whom we had previously believed had been civilized, or domesticated, goes wild, or returns to a state he has never known, but which he should be prepared to become at all times, for his survival may depend upon it ... ("What are you saying, only civilized (domesticated) docile homo sapiens are to be tolerated, or that condition is the only tolerable condition; if homo sapiens cannot fulfill that condition, then is it caput for the whole damned species?") ... when a previously domesticated homo sapiens becomes feral, becomes uncivilized, a barbarian, an unnoble savage, what are we to do? Don't answer all at once!

I recall how impressed we are when the wild animal, ... la Bambi, (Walt Dizzy in general) befriends us. It trusts us; we have come to trust our own good natures, our own civilizational acquiescence, our domesticity, our unwildness, finding that trust affirmed in the wild animal who comes to us, who homothropomorphizes.

Wild remains a haunting mystery to us.

You gotta be kidding Walt. FERAL BAMBI, or is it FERAL SCAMPER? Civilized Bambi.

He froze in his tracks.

Are we more like Bambi or is Bambi more like us?

A Bamboozle.

Ambivalized Bambi.

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Ambambalized Bivi!

The 4 x 4 roared through the forest, its gun rack visibly laden with deer assault rifles, only slightly obscured by the flag decal wavin' thar, above the inscribed homily Love It or Leave It.

Bambi had better wear a red hat and a flak jacket.

Fawn Corridor exclaimed, "Ollie, Ollie in free!". What a pile of shredded nonsense. The little deer appeared so innocent wavin' the flag. All those camera angles. Photo-ops galore! They turned him into a GOD, Damn It.

"Hey, wait a minute, who changed the script?" Well, if Bambi homothropomorphizes, why can't I Fawn?

There you go again wanting relevance and clarity. Come on, laugh with me. If I'm mad, life is a big joke. If I'm sane, life is still a big joke.

I have fallen over the edge; am now plummeting through *incoherentia dimentia*.

Ollie was Her O  
Ollie Ollie In Free!  
Last One In Is  
An Unpatridiot!

Ollie, Ollie, In Free!