

crucifix as war trophy

Shakespeare as Ace Face

crucifix as war trophy

the central prop as *war trophy*. tribute from the client state, Judea.

all your pious prayer thus inverts! your pleadings at the cross invoke the Empire.

the Cross pulls in you Innocent, and sacrifices *you*—converts you into love for the Caesar.

your yearnings are an energy that feeds the great Sacrifice—the Murder thus persists thru the Millennia!

that brief erupting Light in our rude & awful stockyards!  
he whom you cry out to, in your endless desperation!

they've hung him *upside down* in the Cathedral!

whom do you kneel before, truly? at whose high Tree do you outpour your heart? the Savior, or the Emperor who hung him there? the wicked high *munmukh* who *loves* this gory trophy that prolongs the degradation; who loves it that you pray, and who *loves* your funny theory that this instrument of torture is "appropriated"!

a phantom he, like Sauron in his latter days. a Burning Eye that draws all toward it.

a closed system, perfect. a circle that cannot but loop.  
a dynamo that draws you in, throws you in the ceremony  
Circus.

a proof of this: i sound shrill, i am the unbalanced one,  
typing this.

Priest & the People thus commune in their suspicion, out  
me as demonic and insane.

pact of the Oppressor & Oppressed holds strong:  
together they condemn me, condemn the true prophets!

a high romantic Sacrifice, a body raised in glory: thus they've made him history's great Judas Goat! who's led for two millennia we rare good anomalies to emulate his self-immolation.

his poetry, his life's exuberant verse—it whips us to impassioned *imitatio*: to tip a few tables, free a few animals, & get ourselves executed!

Jesus gives a story-frame *to morally enjoy being arrested*. remembering his Name, the centurions' rough hands somewhat soften as we're led onto the gantry. the world dissolves away like vast curtains parting—or closing—distinctions all dissolve!

thus has our élan for insurrection been displaced or fast-dissipated.

*the Immature Man*, warns Mr. Antolini, *wants to die nobly for a cause*. Jesus is that Catcher who abandons high station, who steps off the cliff of existence with the cry *I shan't abide—*

and we Children of the Rye do follow!

from Mr. Antolini / Mr. Randall / George Saunders:

**Bestow**, not **give** [Tyndale, not the KJV] your life for your friends.

Live, not die: for *life* is harder; *life* is the persistent sacrifice.

the world is so inverted that the Devil may be Christ!

the Devil coming out to his witches<sup>1</sup>—surprising them in private one by one——stamping with his mark, and they only want to serve him!—this may be the true Christ calling in his Brides for their end-time mission, and they share a sly love.

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<sup>1</sup> see Silvia Federici, **Caliban and the Witch** [2004] p 187

Shakespeare as Ace Face

the alpha-Mod Sting plays—i had to look it up, i googled **Quadrophenia**.

spotted from afar, in the lad's great awakening.



why, a fopping little upstart! this cool Billy Idol is a bellhop! OY! BELLHOP!

he's straited in a clown suit, servile to the Rich. he ferries their possessions with a duck & a nod, yet is rough of manner, scowly—doesn't seem he'll last long.

i *lived* this scene when Norman Rush's epithet hit:

*Royalist propaganda*, half the First Folio dismissed.<sup>2</sup>

the lad was me, the bellhop was the Bard!

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<sup>2</sup> his avatar Nelson Denoon's, to be strict: in **Mating** [1990]

Williem Shaxpur, Gentleman: signed with a paraph flourish.

The Queen's appointed chronicler, Exalter of the Powerful. and subtle for he *humanizes* them.

a high form of drums & colors: herald of the wide-ranging Conquerors. a noble score for gunships in the global war—for copters blaring Wagner when they bear in low on Viet Cong.

this Poet whom i idolized late, in my 40s, whom i deified—his voice is heard true in the oily Dedication: *to my patron Lord*.

the first page, the naked page—his motive yet unmixed with his Personae.

his portrait hangs high with The Queen's in the schoolroom. The Queen got him lofted there, her prime Propagandist.

he's taken into prisons, where lifers may identify with poor immured Richard. they, too, may wave the silk hanky! dangle over hunky Knights, pronounce upon those about to joust.

[ the page is the hanky and their waving is its turning as they read the fey soliloquy aloud, lol.

the Wardens all are fine with it, and why?

his mini-me royalty, the heraldry his father sought: a chin-strap & waistcoat that fit him with the uptight décor.

the elevated language is a cummerbund too—fine for a shiny lobby.

the ludicrous upward mobility! the suit is his pro-Enclosure lawsuits: suings of a petty Lord, a grumpy old Retiree whose every third thought is of his money.

know him by his Topic. he gets us to obsess with the usurping at Elsinore, a King's sad dotage; while bear-baiting dogs were heard whining off-yard, their high growls thick with gristle in their maws as the Players made gestures on the stage.

*Who shall wear the crown?* he gets us to obsess with the Celebrity Question. he's Jane Austen's older bro, o *fuck* this canon duo—this class-traitor brother-sis unbothered by the genocide, snug within the hearty heart of Empire.

Austen's main Q—*Who shall be wed, and what's his income?*—is puerile, her disinterest in The Peasant War vile.

thirty-seven plays, not one on the slaughter of the lambs.  
fuck Shakespeare, fuck your trite Lineage. hardly a  
thinker pre-Marx, post-Isaiah, who pointed at the blood,  
who wrote in a spirit of outrage.

[ on that i oversimplify, i'm sure! but angry so i  
cannot think clear.

the canon is the Chronicle. the Chronicle is **what survives of Court:**

Largely tax and land records on the one hand and hymns of praise, assertions of power, and claims to legitimacy on the other; the latter are meant to persuade and to amplify power, not to report facts.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> James C. Scott, **The Art of Not Being Governed** [2009] p 35

The Peasant War is pretext for this Man of War to stand for his portrait.

the Play's great question: why he does it *grudgingly*!

their cries for corn are *cries*, first & last: the content [corn] is scantily thought by soldier & his Author. both hear what is *tribal* in the hunger. "We are the People, We are the City!"—hunger is, first & last, a cry of class unity, thus odious.

the Question isn't *Shall they be fed?* only *Will the Soldier win them over, show his scars?*

he wrote this late, his near-last. perhaps around The Midland Revolt, 1607. i wonder, was he venting at the hoi polloi while writing C's rants?

i wonder, is he getting old & ugly?

he could have been the Peasant War's poet. condemned for all time the Enclosers. he versifies, instead, the great wicked Moguls.

**Objection** to the supra: when Shakespeare kills kings, he's acting out aggression on his betters.

the plays are his **resentment rite**, his high degradation of the Monarch.

how much did the Plays **get away** with? to chronicle the Royals—that was his Commission, yet he gets his jabs in.

by his pen they tend to die, badly.

thru him, we listen in, tune in on the inner-Temple scheming. he gets inside their heads, infers a chamber's chatter.

did Shakespeare thus de-mystify them—so *depose* the King from his exaltance?<sup>4</sup>

an author of the Folk, a smalltown Mayor's good son. so Richard is our agent in the Palace: a bloke from York who got inside. technically a Royal, yet an interloper.

thus does he address us in his confidence. thus do we *enjoy* this conspiracy!

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<sup>4</sup> rather does his high verse elevate them. no king ever spoke as well as his! even one curt, who knows soldiering, not speeches, shows a Poet's Conceit ! by power of the Bard, the soldier's gruff mutterings are Stoic wit: noble in restraint, in what's unsaid.

*a serial killer focused on the Royals.*

[ pitch for a regicidal fantasy, a Horror-Comedy.

[ spurred by rage re his native inferiorities, he resents their Presumption.

[ many of us do! yet he is well-placed to make good on it.

- [ his victims all are *baffled*, thus they up his disdain. they're baffled that the evil now redounds on them—damn them all again!
- [ their ignorance is no mitigation. they've *chosen* their remove, their tower-high entitlement.
- [ Ignorance, the ultimate entitlement! a pseudo-innocence, a pricey alibi they'll try to pass off so to stave off the hellfire!
- [ they've outsourced murder down chains of exchange, thru a Royal Exchequer—thoughtless of the massacre of West Indies slaves a writ outputs in.

## HEAL HIS PAIN

- Jesus came to free all life, so came among the rulers—men, Romans, humans.
- Jesus was a good kid, so couldn't help but concentrate his healing on his bio-hosts. couldn't help but honor them & side with them.
- Austen is a good Lisa Simpson. she plays with the only dolls she knows. *wisely* plays with only what she knows!
- for her Oxbridge Rom-Com, her Malibu Stacy—for all her classist fantasies, we forgive Lisa. we love her even more—her girlishness is winsome, touching even.