



Author: N S Pearce

Two disciples of Nietzsche. (a short-story from the “counter-culture”)

1969 is buzzing like a swarm of unattached concepts; its lovers are dissolving into a vortex of mist. A stereo is spewing the music of the fashionably lost, Mick Jagger's voice is licking 'The Mid-Night Rambler' from speakers which are pulsating, the dust seems to leap off them in synchronized beats with the bass line which is jumping into this room, its haunted by 'the twilight of the gods'. Jeremiah, his body emaciated by the sea of speed which had frothed through his veins, they are now hardened and ulcerated by the pricks of needles, he had spent too many nights dancing on the periphery of nebulae and diving into the solar circle of sacrificial rite, smiles, Jagger sings:

"I'm talking 'bout the mid-night rambler, 'bout
the mid-night gambler".

Jeremiah whispers from eyes ablaze with love and then remembers to connect with his vocal cords, then with the muscles around his mouth:

"Hey Icarus, dig that chick, man we're talking

Electra here, she just shot that ½ gram".

Icarus ponders as the membrane within his consciousness twangs with the image of her body; it is gradually etched into his mind:

"She seemed fairly cool to me man".

Icarus wraps his long arms around his knees which seem to protrude from their sockets, rolls his mind into a ball and places it in a dusty corner of the room, just where his dream machine, the plastic 5ml syringe lies mourning the last fix. His body suddenly jerks alert:

"Jeremiah, do you mind if I change the sounds,

perhaps the Bartok, those String Quartets, just

want to tune into some lunar stuff like Blake, dig".

From somewhere deep within the recesses of his mind, Jeremiah replies:

"Cool man, I'm easy".

Rigid structures had formed in Icarus' mind; they were clearly defined by lines of white light, contrasted against a black background. He is now struck with wonder, he had read once that Ginsberg had a vision of Blake; he now wonders if he Icarus wills this also, but with a breath and a sigh he has tossed this thought aside, but the chains are being loosened.

A light-bulb hangs by a frayed cord from the ceiling which stares back with a yellowish pallor, it seems naked, vulnerable, emitting light, but this glow is from the grid's energy. Icarus turns to his companion and says:

"Man, the white-coated one's shoot that stuff
through the brains of revolutionaries".

Jeremiah replies:

"What stuff?"

Icarus hums:

"Electricity, they wire you up to the grid and
zap, there goes the class consciousness".

Jeremiah sighs:

"Heavy man, really heavy. You're getting into
that 'Red Army Faction' stuff again? Guess
that's cool, just bring the whole stinking
system to its knees and start again".

"What I'm saying is, like, they the oppressors
burn the brains of the innocents, while we
burn our minds to see beyond those games

which are played by the oppressors, the pigs
and their friends."

"You seen the 'works' man, we're beginning
to come down".

"No way man, we're really buzzing now,
connecting about some important stuff.

I noticed you've scribbled more notes
on Nietzsche in the book of the dead,
that writing pad you keep stashed away".

Jeremiah begins to crumple, but then regains his mental balance and his body relaxes into a stream
of energy:

"Yea man, the book of the dead, that's
the book of the living, true immolation,
cool disintegration whilst embracing our
separation from what Nietzsche called
"the herd", I mean the "straights", dig,
they're the blind".

Icarus continues blissfully:

"Us, those who speed through time and
space, man, we're a new evolutionary
stage, apple blossom flowering on their
dead wood, man we're wired tonight,
last night, tomorrow, it just emerges into
one Hegelian.....

"..... "Absolute Idea", right,
that's incarnate in us baby, need a fix?"

He grins:

"They don't call me Icarus for nothing".

A swarm of bees swirls again like the dust whipped up by a desert storm, this torment which can only be assuaged by the prick of a needle, but the sting remains in an arm, in our minds.

The woman, who'd mainlined a ½ gram of amphetamine, had left behind a token of her love, a small square of tin foil. She'd smiled, tossed back her head and said:

"When it's cool, do this gear and remember me."

Her beatitude of night is beginning to caress into curves the oblong structure of this haunted room. She will never be threatened by the banality of day as the integrity of oblivion will never be threatened by the rising of sun, she is the high priestess who will celebrate the beatification of night; it is her Last Supper which Jeremiah and Icarus will share, her name is ancient, she is Isis and has returned at these End Times to save her children from the Patriarch and his wrath which could never be quenched, she lives in the "counter-culture".

Jeremiah merges into cushions cloaked with silk veils:

"That God stuff man, it's all finished,

Nietzsche said: 'God is dead', dig."

Icarus agrees: "Yea, I dig, like the shrinks say you

can't believe in God if there wasn't a

cool bond with your father, was your

dad angry?"

"To right he was, rages every few weeks,

just intimidate us into silence for seven or

eight days.....but he'd be all right with our

neighbours and at work."

"Janus faced hypocrite, looking both

ways, one face in private, different one in public."

"Yea, so right man."

Icarus muses: "Those 'straights' are weird, really crazy."

A haze begins to encircle them, the desire to transcend this world and embrace an essence, something the 'elders' did not possess, ignites within them again. They're two outcasts of the system, but within them burns a love of the 'Idea', they choose to live in the "counter-culture" which is the body of Isis when she is pregnant with the 'Word'. A prophet of this tribe named Timothy Leary had said "L.S.D. creates an ontological awaking.", but he hadn't intended that it should be taken intravenously!!!

Electra cruised back later on; the sacrament had lain silently in a sea of shadows, solitary in its wrapping of tin foil, awaiting an awakening, its benediction. She is, also, the goddess Isis and welcomes Jeremiah and Icarus to her mass, it is here she will celebrate the 'Word', the creative energy of the universe which comes from the lunar muse, the feminine, She gently unwraps the square of tin foil with her long pale fingers, and holds the four green micro-dots in her hands, raises them above her forehead and says:

"This is my body, take it and eat, you will

be sustained by its vibrations and given

a glimpse of infinity".

Jeremiah and Icarus genuflect before her Host and Isis places two tabs of acid on each of their palms, they then prostrate their bodies before her alter. She smiles and whispers:

"Have a good trip, never forget me."

They'd been left dizzy with anticipation and, when Isis has left, they find their dream machine, prepare the L.S.D. for a fix and locate the mainline.....

Wwwwhhhhhhhmmmmmm without any fear of flying this room is left dancing. A spectre of William Blake appears in its corner reciting:

"Hear the voice of the bard!

Who Present, Past & Future, sees;

Whose ears have heard

The Holy Word

That walk'd among the ancient trees."

Tangerine lights are merging into purple clocks which climb the walls, their disembodied smiles swirl into seas of lemon, lime green flowers melt and kiss the skin, and then the mind dissolves into a pool of turquoise which weeps back into the ceiling, from the stereo Jimi Hendrix's lyrics caress:

"Purple haze is in my mind, nothing

don't seem the same, excuse me while

I kiss the sky."

Eight hours later the ambulance men found Jeremiah's body rigid, his eyes staring and the blood congealing in a syringe which hung limply from his arm. They found Icarus an hour later in a near-by park curled into a ball, he was repeating a mantra:

"My name is Oedipus, my name is Oedipus,

my name is Oedipus....."

He'd flown close to the sun often, this time his mind had melted, his friend had died and Electra and Isis had fled, forced to go underground because the "heat" was closing-in.

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