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Ghost Soldiers

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GHOST SOLDIERS



RETURN OF THE HERO

GHOST SOLDIERS



Return of the Hero

I Wrote This For You

I need you to understand something. I wrote this for you. I wrote this for you and only you. Everyone else who reads it, doesn't get it. They may think they get it, but they don't. This is the sign you've been looking for. You were meant to read these words.

"Memory is a poet, not a historian." — Paul Gerdely



Epilogue

EM: After you left the Johnson administration, why didn't you speak out against the Vietnam War?

McNamara: I'm not going to say any more than I have. These are the kinds of questions that get me in trouble. You don't know what I know about how inflammatory my words can appear. A lot of people misunderstand the war, misunderstand me. A lot of people think I'm a son of a bitch.

EM: Do you feel in any way responsible for the War? Do you feel guilty?

McNamara: I don't want to go any further with this discussion. It just opens up more controversy. I don't want to add anything to Vietnam. It is so complex that anything I say will require additions and qualifications.

EM: Is it the feeling that you're damned if you do, and if you don't, no matter what? McNamara: Yeah, that's right. And I'd rather be damned if I don't.

I thought, as I wiped my eyes on the
corner of my apron: Penelope did this
too.

And more than once: you can't keep
weaving all day And undoing it all
through the night

Ghost Soldiers

RETURN OF THE HERO



Mark the first page of the book with a red marker. / For, in the beginning, the wound is invisible. [Jabes]



Bruegel, "Landscape with the Fall of Icarus"

My Ghost Soldier

Like Icarus painted near the margin of Pieter Bruegel's, "The Fall of Icarus," my soldier fell from the sky. He was last in on the rescue helicopter, still holding the rope he had used to descend into the mountains of Laos, and so was thrown as the craft, hit by enemy fire, burst into flames. The soldier was listed as Missing in Action, one casualty in the growing list that would reach over 58,000 by the time the war in Vietnam ended. And that was just American deaths.

In her book, *A Field Guide to Getting Lost*, Rebecca Solnit writes that losing things is about the familiar falling away, getting lost is about the unfamiliar appearing and suggests that mystery can be a kind of compass. I waited for my soldier for a long time hoping that he had survived the crash and been captured. But the war ended, decades went by and his family died. I moved to another country. When he disappeared, I too was lost, left not so much navigating as drifting through the pieces of information left behind trying to find meaning in what remained. I had his letters

and some objects but my memory of him faded. Forty years after the soldier's disappearance, he returned in the form of a bronze statue frozen on a pedestal in the center of the town where I now live. Just as constellations clustered into dynamic configurations make us aware of the surrounding darkness, the statue made my soldier's absence more apparent. Maps show that what we see is partial, that there is always some dark continent left to explore [Solnit, 163]. We understand that something is there even as if it invisible to us.

I had not wanted him to go to war and now a likeness of my soldier stood in the heart of my town. I took alternate routes to work to avoid seeing it. But late one night during a snowstorm, I walked to the square. Stage lighting set in stone lit the the soldier in brilliant relief against the darkness. The narrator of Chris Marker's film, *Sans Soleil*, speaks of memory as "the open wound of history" bleeding into the present. The wound assures the link between past and present because those who have suffered from history's catastrophes have a reason to remember. In other words, lament keeps the past alive in the present which is how I felt about the statue.

Solnit notes that material objects witness everything and say nothing. They are full of clues to things that have happened. Maybe it was the silence of snowfall but the experience felt mystical and I began to think that maybe the soldier had come back for a reason. "Ghosts," writes visual culture theorist, Nicholas Mirzoeff, "appear at unpredictable times and places but with cause. They are pure medium transmitting at certain moments [...]" [1] Mirzoeff 240].

Musée des Beaux Arts, W.H. Auden

About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a
window or just walking dully along;
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately
waiting
For the miraculous birth, there always must be
Children who did not specially want it to
happen, skating
On a pond at the edge of the wood:
They never forgot
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its
course
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the
torturer's horse
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Bruegel's Icarus, for instance: how everything turns
away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on



CHRISTIAN BOLTANSKI
"La vie possible"

Landscape with the Fall of Icarus

W.C. Williams

According to Brueghel

when Icarus fell

it was spring

a farmer was ploughing

his field

the whole pageantry

of the year was

awake tingling

with itself

sweating in the sun

that melted

the wings' wax

insignificantly

off the coast

there was

a splash quite unnoticed

this was

Icarus drowning



Dawn with her red-rose fingers shone upon them
weeping.

Table of Contents

Introduction

I. Exposés

Swimming through libraries

Method

Etymology

Extracts

II. Convolutes

Timeline

Labyrinths

Cartography

III. Index of Lament

Archive/Evidence

Gnomon: Various Portents

IV. Loomings

V. First Sketches

Early Drafts

Addenda

Notes

List of Images

Exposés

Loss Coordinates

Unit: 37th Air Rescue and Recovery Squadron
DaNang Airbase, South Vietnam

Date of Loss: 08 November 1967 Country of Loss:
Laos

Status in 1973:



Killed/Body Not Recovered

Category: 2

[1]

CARTOGRAPHY



A Drawing/ Gertrude Stein, Tender Buttons

The meaning of this is entirely and best to say the mark, best to say it best to shown sudden places best to make bitter, best to make the length tall and nothing broader, anything between the half.



A History of the World in Twelve Maps



A History of the World in Twelve Maps





List:
map



Loss
Coordinates:
161458N
1065258E
(YC012973)



Aircraft/Vehicle/Ground: HH3E "Jolly Green Giant"

REMARKS: CRASH-5 DED; PILOT RECV-J

Helicopter HH-53C 68-10365 Information on U.S. Air Force helicopter HH-53C tail number 68-10365
Date: 04/06/1972 MIA-POW file reference number: 1817
Incident number: 72040610.KIA
Unit: 37 ARRS South Vietnam
UTM grid coordinates: YD170595
Original source(s) and document(s) from which the incident was created or updated: Defense Intelligence Agency Reference Notes. Defense Intelligence Agency Helicopter Loss database. Also: 1817 () Loss to Inventory

MAPS: The Bellman then pulls out — four whole decades before Malevich, it should be noted — a piece of paper, white as an albino whale, on which precisely Nothing is depicted. And the crew erupts in jubilation: no cartographic fools, they understand the huge importance of the document they've just been gifted:
'Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes! But we've got our brave captain to thank' (So the crew would protest) 'that he's bought us the best — A perfect and absolute blank!' [Essay © Tom McCarthy, New Yorker].



Woodrow Wilson, War Messages, 65th Cong., 1st Sess.
Senate Doc. No. 5, Serial No. 7264, Washington, D.C., 1917;
pp. 3-8, passim:

...the helping peace helping principles everything no
principles do we can those come can to peace our To has of
everything her task such principles everything has blood
task her who she which birth fortunes, her have, and birth
happiness her the no that task might America day such
those task day treasured. has of her peace happiness spend
such might our are our we of we can dedicate our lives and
our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that
we have, with the pride of those who know that the day
has come when America is privileged to spend her blood
and her might for the principles that gave her birth and
happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God
helping her, she can do no other.

EM: Terrific.

McNamara: Now I remember exactly the sentence I left off on. I
remember how it started, and I was cut off in the middle. But you
can fix it up some way. I don't want to go back, introduce the
sentence, because I know exactly what I wanted to say. EM: Go
ahead!

McNamara: Okay. Any military commander who is honest with
himself, or with those he's speaking to, will admit that he has
made mistakes in the application of military power. He's killed
people unnecessarily — his own troops or other troops — through
mistakes, through errors of judgment. A hundred, or thousands,
or tens of thousands, maybe even a hundred thousand. But, he
hasn't destroyed nations (Fog of War).





Dawn with her red-rose fingers shone upon them weeping.

ETYMOLOGY:

(Supplied by a Late Consumptive Usher to a Grammar School)

The pale Usher- threadbare in coat, heart, body, and brain; I see him now. He was ever dusting his old lexicons and grammars, with a queer handkerchief, mockingly embellished with all the gay flags of all the known nations of the world. He loved to dust his old grammars; it somehow mildly reminded him of his mortality.

"While you take in hand to school others, and to teach them by what name a whale-fish is to be called in our tongue leaving out, through ignorance, the letter H, which almost alone maketh the signification of the word, you deliver that which is not true." HACKLUYT [Melville].

Simile- n.)late 14c., from Latin simile "a like thing; a comparison, likeness, parallel," neuter of similis "like" (see similar). Both things must be mentioned and the comparison directly stated. To Johnson, "A simile, to be perfect, must both illustrate and ennoble the subject."

AMAZE - early 13c., amasian "stupefy, make crazy," from a-, probably used here as an intensive prefix, + -masian, related to maze (q.v.). Sense of "overwhelm with wonder" is from 1580s. Related: Amazed;

amazing. c.1300, "delusion, bewilderment" (also as a verb, "stupefy, daze"), possibly from Old English *mæs, which is suggested by the compound amasod "amazed" and verb amasian "to confound, confuse" (see amaze). Perhaps related to Norwegian dialectal mas "exhausting labor," Swedish masa "to be slow or sluggish." Meaning "labyrinth" first recorded late 14c

HISTORY - late 14c., "relation of incidents" from Latin historia "narrative of past events, account, tale, story," from Greek historia "a learning or knowing by inquiry; an account of one's inquiries, history, record, narrative," from historein "inquire," from histor "wise man, judge," from PIE *wid-tor-, from root *weid- "to know," literally "to see"

CAESURA(n.) 1550s, from Latin caesura, "metrical pause," literally "a cutting," from past participle stem of caedere "to cut down" (see -cide).

CATALOGUE (n.) Look up catalogue at Dictionary.com early 15c., from Old French catalogue "list, index" (14c.), and directly from Late Latin catalogus, from Greek katalogos "a list, register, enrollment" (such as the katalogos neon, the "catalogue of ships" in the "Iliad"), from kata "down; completely" (see cata-) + legein "to say, count"

DEFER (v.1) "to delay," late 14c., *differen*, *deferen*, from Old French *differer* (14c.), from Latin *differre* "carry a part, scatter, disperse;" also "be different, differ;" also "defer; put off, postpone," (see *differ*). Etymologically identical with *differ*; the spelling and pronunciation differentiated from 15c., perhaps partly by association of this word with *delay*; *defer* (v.2) "yield," mid-15c., from Middle French *déférer* (14c.) "to yield, comply;" from Latin *deferre* "carry away, transfer, grant," from *de-* "down, away" (see *de-*) + *ferre* "carry" (see *infer*). Main modern sense is from meaning "refer (a matter) to someone," which also was in Latin.

Denkbild - a poetic mode of writing, a brief snapshot-in-prose that stages the interrelation of literary, philosophical, political, and cultural insights.

Thought-images (Denkbilder) are not images like the Platonic myths of the cave or the chariot. Rather, they are scribbled picture-puzzles, parabolic evocations of something that cannot be said in words (*des in Worten Unsagbaren*). They do not want to stop conceptual thought so much as shock through their enigmatic form and thereby get thought moving ... to spur on the spontaneity

and energy of thought and, without being taken literally, to strike sparks through a kind of intellectual short-circuiting that casts a sudden light on the familiar and perhaps sets it on fire. [Theodor Adorno, *Notes to Literature*] Thought-images: Frankfurt School Writers' Reflections from *Damaged Life*, Gerhard Richter]

EKPHRASIS is Mitchell proposes that ekphrasis is at once a minor and obscure genre (through which images are rendered verbally) and the principle of poetic art: poetry makes us 'see' literary images. Ekphrasis (also spelled "ecephrasis") is a direct transcription from the Greek *ek*, "out of," and *phrasis*, "speech" or "expression." It's often been translated simply as "description," and seems originally to have been used as a rhetorical term designating a passage in prose or poetry that describes something. More narrowly, it could designate a passage providing a short speech attributed to a mute work of visual art. In recent decades, the use of the term has been limited, first, to visual description and then even more specifically to the description of a real or imagined work of visual art.

EPITHETS - "descriptive name for a person or thing," from Middle French *épithète* or directly from Latin *epitheton*, from Greek *epitheton* "something added," adjective often used as noun, from neuter of *epithetos* "attributed, added," from *epitithenai* "to add on," from *epi* "in addition" (see *epi-*) + *tithenai* "to put" (see *theme*). A characteristic of *Homer's* style is the use of epithets, as in "rosy-fingered" dawn or "swift-footed" *Achilles*. Epithets are used because of the constraints of the *dactylic hexameter* (i.e., it is convenient to have a stockpile of metrically fitting phrases to add to a name) and because of the oral transmission of the poems; they are *mnemonic aids* to the poet and the audience alike.

GNOMON- "vertical shaft that tells time by the shadow it casts" (especially the triangular plate on a sundial), 1540s, from Latin *gnomon*, from Greek *gnomon* "indicator," literally "one who discerns," from *gignoskein* "to come to know" (see *gnostic* (adj.)). Latin *gnōmōn*, from Greek, interpreter, pointer of a sundial, from *gignōskein*, to know. from Ancient Greek *γνώμων* (*gnōmōn*, "indicator"), related to *γίγνωσκω* (*gignōskō*, "I know") and *γνώσις* (*gnōsis*, "knowledge"). Light and shadow relate directly to perspective ideas within the realm of projective geometry, especially in relation to the practice of architecture. *Vitruvius* included sundials in his books on architecture, thus linking from the start architecture with projected shadows.

INTERVAL -It is at this moment of uncertainty, this moment in which we do not know what to do or how to proceed, that responsibilities emerge. This moment of indetermination is essential here.

ITINERANT- from Late Latin *itinerantem* (nominative *itinerans*), present participle of *itinerare* "to travel," from Latin *iter* (genitive *itineris*) "journey," from *ire* "go" (see *ion*). Originally in reference to circuit courts.

LABYRINTH (n.) c.1400, *laberynthe* (late 14c. in Latinate form *laborintus*) "labyrinth, maze," figuratively "bewildering arguments," from Latin *labyrinthus*, from Greek *labyrinthos* "maze, large building with intricate passages," especially the structure built by *Daedalus* to hold the *Minotaur* near *Knossos* in *Crete*, from a pre-Greek language; perhaps related to *Lydian labrys* "double-edged axe," symbol of royal power, which fits with the theory that the labyrinth was originally the royal *Minoan* palace on *Crete* and meant "palace of the double-axe." Used in English for "maze" early 15c., and in figurative sense of "confusing state of affairs" (1540s). *amaze* (v.) (n.) c.1400, *laberynthe* (late 14c. in Latinate form *laborintus*) "labyrinth, maze," figuratively "bewildering arguments," from

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LAMENT - from Old French lamentacion and directly from Latin lamentationem (nominative lamentatio) "wailing, moaning, weeping," noun of action from past participle stem of lamentari "to wail, moan, weep, lament," from lamentum "a wailing," from PIE root *la- "to shout, cry," probably ultimately imitative

LOOMINGS - a mirage in which objects below the horizon seem to be raised above their true positions. the art or the process of weaving.





American Casualty Reasons:

Reason Reported:	Recorded Casualties
Guns; Small Arms	18,518
Multiple Fragmentary Wounds	8,456
Air Loss; Crash on Land	7,992
Other Explosive Devices	7,450
Artillery, Rocket or Mortar	4,914
Other Accident	1,371
Misadventure	1,326
Drowned; Suffocated	1,207
Vehicle Loss; Crash	1,187
Accidental Homicide	944
Accidental Self-Destruction	842
Other Causes	754
Air Loss; Crash at Sea	577
Burns	530
Illness; Disease	482
Suicide	382
Heart Attack	273
Intentional Homicide	234
Malaria	118
Bomb Explosion	52
Stroke	42
Hepatitis	22
Unknown; Not Reported	520
TOTAL:	58,193



EXTRACTS (Supplied by a Sub-Sub-Librarian) It will be seen that this mere painstaking burrower and grub-worm of a poor devil of a Sub-Sub appears to have gone through the long Vaticans and street-stalls of the earth, picking up whatever random allusions to whales he could anyways find in any book whatsoever, sacred or profane. therefore you must not, in every case at least, take the higgledy-piggledy whale statements, however authentic, in these extracts, for veritable gospel cetology. Far from it. As touching the ancient authors generally, as well as the poets here appearing, these extracts are solely valuable or entertaining, as affording a glancing bird's eye view of what has been promiscuously said, thought, fancied, and sung of Leviathan, by many nations and generations, including our own. So fare thee well, poor devil of a Sub-Sub, whose commentator I am. Thou belongest to that hopeless, shallow tribe which no wine of this world will ever warm; and for whom even Pale Sherry would be too rosy-strong; but with whom one sometimes loves to sit, and feel poor-devilish, too; and grow convivial upon tears; and say to them bluntly, with full eyes and empty glasses, and in not altogether unpleasant sadness- Give it up, Sub-Subs! For by how much more pains ye take to please the world, by so much the more shall ye for ever go thankless! Would that I could clear out Hampton Court and the Tuileries for ye! But gulp down your tears and hie aloft to the royal-mast with your hearts; for your friends who have gone before are clearing out the seven-storied heavens, and making

refugees of long pampered Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael, against your coming. Here ye strike but splintered hearts together- there, ye shall strike unsplinterable glasses. [MD]

In some sense, I would assume that everyone's work is going to be culled from ruins, that one always goes through a process of rough drafts, but now I'm wondering: what exactly is the relationship between how you think about ruins and the way you construct your writings? In what sense do you think about your own writings as ruins?[cadava 9].

Grimme's research was inspired by the question: What is the purpose of the molding in the foreground of the painting which the two cupids lean upon? [benj woaimaop 245]

Historians don't really like to deal with counterfactuals, with what might have been. They want to talk about history. "And how the hell do you know, McNamara, what might have been? Who knows?" Well, I know certain things. [McNamara, FOW]

Even IMBRIOS died and he was a rarity

A green-eyed changeable man from Elis
He was related to Poseidon
You would think the sea could do something
But it just lifted and flattened lifted and flattened

Like a stone
Stands by a grave and says nothing

Yet if these
 endlessly dead
 awakened a simile for us
look, they might point

When we seek to reconstruct a context, a certain measure of violence always takes place: it is impossible for this violence not to take place. This means that the effort to reconstruct a context inevitably fails to reproduce that context; it reproduces a fragment of the context, neglecting certain elements and emphasizing others. If we cannot reproduce a context faithfully—if there is always some way in which we “miss” it—then, at some level, we can say that we never really touch it and therefore don’t commit a violence upon it. If I remember the context of the passage you’re citing, however, what interests me is precisely this tension between violence and nonviolence, since it is in relation to this tension that responsibilities form—responsibilities that have everything to do not only

with how one reconstructs a context but also with how one responds to it.

Everything for me becomes allegory.

Art’s last line of resistance should coincide with the commodity’s most advanced line of attack

Ch. 36--The Quarter-Deck: "Hark ye yet again,--the little lower layer. All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks. But in each event--in the living act, the undoubted deed--there, some unknown but still reasoning thing puts forth the mouldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask. If man will strike, strike through the mask! How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall? To me, the white whale is that wall, shoved near to me. Sometimes I think there's naught beyond. But 'tis enough. He tasks me; he heaps me; I see in him outrageous strength, with an inscrutable malice sinewing it. That inscrutable thing is chiefly what I hate; and be the white whale agent, or be the white whale principal, I will wreak that hate upon him. Talk not to me of blasphemy, man; I'd strike the sun if it insulted me....who's over me? Truth hath no confines...." the ship heaved and rolled as before. Ah, ye admonitions and warnings!....Yet not so much predictions from without, as verifications of the foregoing things within. For with little external to constrain us, the innermost necessities in our being, these still drive us on. (140-141

In 1990, David Hayman made public his discovery of three 'Flaubert' jottings in Finnegans Wake notebook VI.B.8.³ On non-consecutive pages, they read:

Flaub. treatment
of language as a kind

of despair
J.J contrary

"falling." A certain notion of falling could be linked to the way he performs what he wants you to understand. Emerson's writings endlessly move from one figure to another, and no figure is ever allowed to stand very long before the next one appears. Because of this movement, he is viewed as one of the great thinkers of change, metamorphosis, and transition. It seems to me that this process of falling away that you wish to link to the weather—and, of course, the weather falls from the sky—could be related to the way in which his figures are asserted only in order to withdraw as another one appears. I would associate this withdrawal of his figures to a kind of falling away, which for me would have something to do with the way in which the movement of his language always encourages us to experience what is about to vanish—life, time, nature, spirit, history. Each of these terms refers to some- thing to which we can never fully be present. [cadava 3]



“The photograph is literally an emanation of the referent. From a real body, which was there, proceed radiations which ultimately touch me, who am here; the duration of the transmission is insignificant; the photograph of the missing being, as Sontag says, will touch me like the delayed rays of a star.”
Roland Barthes (Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography)”



Lesson #5: Proportionality should be a guideline in war. EM: The choice of incendiary bombs, where did that come from?

McNamara: I think the issue is not so much incendiary bombs. I think the issue is: in order to win a war should you kill 100,000

Light and shadow relate directly to perspective ideas within the realm of projective geometry, especially in relation to the practice of architecture. Vitruvius included sundials in his books on architecture, thus linking from the start architecture with projected shadows.

Even before you die, the photograph of you is fading; already before your death, it circulates in the world, and very often without you. The photograph anticipates a world in which you would no longer be present. Indeed, when we have a photograph in our hand, this is the best evidence we can have that what we don't have in our hand is the photographed. This is why the photograph is organized around motifs of absence and mourning; part of my attraction to the photograph no doubt has to do with my sense that what is required is a more generalized meditation on death and mourning. This kind of meditation is required for political reasons, for ethical reasons, for historical reasons. Again, I always have to differentiate what I'm doing with the ruin from the idealization of



the ruin or from the romanticization of the ruin. My return to the ruin is a means of getting close to what I would say are the ruins that we are. We are ruins. We are mortal. We are finite. We're on the way to death. In



other words, these meditations on ruins form part of my wish simply to describe our existence. But they are also a means of suggesting that everything begins in ruin, that everything begins in the falling away to which you referred very early on. Everything begins in transition, in change, in alteration: these things are a permanent feature of our existence. The ruin therefore names, among other things, my effort to remain

faithful to this experience, to the experience of our loss of experience. [cadava]

Lesson #10: Never say never.

Reporter: Some commentators here have said that the war is turning into a kind of stalemate.

McNamara: No, no. I think on the contrary. As General Westmoreland has pointed out in recent weeks in Saigon, the military operations ? the large—unit, military operations ? have continued to show very substantial progress.

One of the lessons I learned early on: never say never. Never, never, never. Never say never. And secondly, never answer the question that is asked of you. Answer the question that you wish had been asked of you. And quite frankly, I follow that rule. It's a very good rule.

EM: When you talk about the responsibility for something like the Vietnam War, whose responsibility is it? [FOW]

... Thus is revealed the total existence of writing: a text is made of multiple writings, drawn from many cultures and entering into mutual relations of dialogue, parody, contestation, but there is one place where this multiplicity is focused and that place is the reader, not, as was hitherto said, the author. The reader is the space on which all the quotations that make up a writing are inscribed without any of them being lost; a text's unity lies not in its origin but in its destination. [Barthes



Convolutes TIME LINE:

August 4, 1964, Robert McNamara: The Fog of War

McNamara: It was just confusion, and events afterwards showed that our judgment that we'd been attacked that day was wrong. It didn't happen. And the judgment that we'd been attacked on August 2nd was right. We had been, although that was disputed at the time. So we were right once and wrong once. Ultimately, President Johnson authorized bombing in response to what he thought had been the second attack - it hadn't occurred but that's irrelevant to the point I'm making here. He authorized the attack on the assumption it had occurred, and his belief that it was a conscious decision on the part of the North Vietnamese political and military leaders to escalate the conflict and an indication they would not stop short of winning. We were wrong, but we had in our minds a mindset that led to that action. And it carried such heavy costs. We see incorrectly or we see only half of the story at times.

November 1, 1967, Robert McNamara: The Fog of War

I presented a memo to Johnson that said, "The course we're on is totally wrong. We've got to change it. Cut back at what we're doing in Vietnam. We've got to reduce the casualties, and so on." EM: And at this point, how many Americans had been killed in Vietnam? McNamara: About 25,000. Less than half of the number ultimately killed: 58,000. Historians don't really like to deal with counterfactuals, with what might have been. They want to talk about history. "And how the hell do you know, McNamara, what might have been? Who knows?" Well, I know certain things. What I'm doing is thinking through with hindsight, but you don't have hindsight available at the time. I'm very proud of my accomplishments, and I'm very sorry that in the process of accomplishing things, I've made errors.

November 9, 1967 Flak Trap Air Force Documentation

Jolly Green 26 went in fast, with the gunships strafing the jungle on both sides. It was a tricky hover. Young rested the right main wheel on the slope while holding the other two wheels in the air and avoiding rotor contact with the ground. Brower directed the gunship fire. The pararescue jumper, Sgt. Larry W. Maysey, hopped to the ground and lifted two American sergeants, both of them wounded, up to the flight engineer, SSgt. Eugene L. Clay, who pulled them aboard.

As Young applied power to lift off, enemy troops appeared at point-blank range and raked Jolly Green 26 with automatic weapons fire. A rifle-launched grenade struck the right engine, which caught fire and exploded. The big helicopter flipped over on its back, burst into flames, and crashed down the hillside into a ravine. The Medal of Honor was presented to Young by President Lyndon B. Johnson at the Pentagon, May 14, 1968, in ceremonies dedicating the Pentagon's new Hall of Heroes. The other members of the Jolly Green 26 crew, Capt. Ralph W. Brower, SSgt. Eugene L. Clay, and Sgt. Larry W. Maysey, were awarded the Air Force Cross posthumously.

November 8, 1967

Two Jolly Green Giant helicopters had been shot down attempting to rescue a downed jet pilot in the mountains of Laos. In the pitch black jungle night, the third helicopter was sent in. The soldier was part of the third rescue team. As the Air Force helicopter hovered over the darkness, the soldier, my soldier, climbed down a hanging rope, a hoist that was to be used to carry the injured pilot up into the craft. Flashes of bright light appeared on the ground, blazing fires that lit the night. The Jolly Green Giant pilot swerved to avoid the fire, gun shots cutting into the ship's metal sides, grazing the propellers. The soldier, clinging to the dangling rope, managed to lift the rescued bomber pilot through the door

to the hands waiting to pull the injured man in when the helicopter exploded into flames.

March 9, 2005

They began digging the hole late in March, the deepening hollow was centered in the town square, flanked on one side by a flag pole, a tall four-sided English clock casting a shadow from the right. Two long wooden benches had been moved to make room for the hole which from a distance appeared to be a grave. What rose from the soil later, in early May, was a life size, bronze replica of the soldier I lost to war forty years earlier. Designated by the Air Force as Missing in Action, his body never recovered.

It was a surprise, at first, to see the hole. Then the statue appeared, covered with a tarp the night before the official dedication. A Black Hawk helicopter was scheduled to fly over the ceremony. Hundreds of people would gather for the speeches. The soldier's story would be narrated, his sacrifice applauded.



1995 Robert McNamara: The Fog of War

There aren't many examples in which you bring two former enemies together, at the highest levels, and discuss what might have been. I formed the hypothesis that each of us could have achieved our objectives without the terrible loss of life. And I wanted to test that by going to Vietnam.

The former Foreign Minister of Vietnam, a wonderful man named Thach said, "You're totally wrong. We were fighting for our independence. You were fighting to enslave us." We almost came to blows. That was noon on the first day.

"Do you mean to say it was not a tragedy for you, when you lost 3 million 4 hundred thousand Vietnamese killed, which on our population base is the equivalent of 27 million Americans? What did you accomplish? You didn't get any more than we were willing to give you at the beginning of the war. You could have had the whole damn thing: independence, unification."

"Mr. McNamara, You must never have read a history book. If you'd had, you'd know we weren't pawns of the Chinese or the Russians. McNamara, didn't you know that? Don't you understand that we have been fighting the Chinese for 1000 years? We were fighting for our independence. And we would fight to the last man. And we were determined to do so. And no amount of bombing, no amount of U.S. pressure would ever have stopped us." [FOG Errol Morris]





ALL DAY PERMANENT RED
[War Music continued]

First Sketches

Dawn with her red-rose fingers shone upon them weeping.



Many believe in the stars.
Take Quinamid
The son of a Dardanian astrologer
Who disregarded what his father said
And came to Troy in a taxi.

Gone. [War Music]

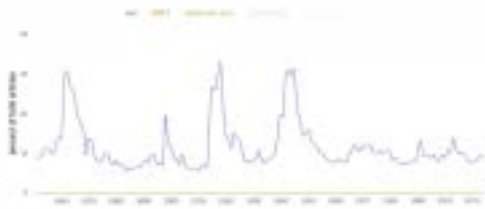
Hurry up please, it's time for the parade.



I am not late, The quarter-hour chiming of a clock
whose notes partly never strike: the wheezing of the
coils, cheerful and regular like crickets.. The word
"time" split its husk With a dead sound on the final
stroke. What is the time, tolling reminiscent bells that
kept the hours. Hurry up, please. it's time. Something
happened, smashed a plaster cast of Ceres, ploughed a
hole in the geranium beds. Voices swelling out of
empty cisterns, I will tell you the time. This time,
smiling at the dead man. The peal of bells. First a
warning, musical then the hour, irrevocable. They were
still there, bloody, some of them on crutches, some
lacking limbs. What drove them to fight with such
fury? The time is now propitious, the clock striking the
hour, one, two, three. They ask me if I've ever thought
about the end of the world, and I say,

"Come in, come in, let me give you some lunch, for God's sake." The clock was striking. The leaden circles dissolve in the air. That is all. [N...]

WAR: Visualizing language usage in New York Times news coverage throughout its history



Vietnam Veterans Memorial; The use of names was a way to bring back everything someone could remember about a person. The strength in a name is something that has always made me wonder at the "abstraction" of the design; the ability of a name to bring back every single memory you have of that person is far more realistic and specific and much more comprehensive than a still photograph, which captures a specific moment in time or a single event or a generalized image that may or may not be moving for all who have connections to that time.[maya lin]

CHOP CHOP



Huey: The Bell 47/H-13 had a two-seat cockpit enclosed by a distinctive plastic bubble. The two-bladed rotor made a "chop-chop" sound, leading to the nickname "chopper" for helicopters. It became the first successful commercial helicopter beginning in the early 1950s. It is perhaps most famous for its extensive use during the Korean War.

Sikorsky HH-3E 66-13290, a Jolly Green Giant rescue helicopter of the 37th Air Rescue Squadron, Da Nang, Republic of Vietnam, 1968. This aircraft is similar to 66-13279, Jolly Green 26, the helicopter flown by Captain Young, 9 November 1967.

History of Flight:



Daedalus and Icarus

The Greek legend of Daedalus and Icarus is no doubt the most famous of the ancient legends of flight. Many aspects of the legend are worth considering since they certainly influenced later generations of experimenters. In Greek mythology, Daedalus (Greek for "cunning artificer") is an unusual figure: an Athenian architect and engineer with near-godlike intellectual powers. He is the mythical inventor of the axe and the saw, and was said by Plato to have constructed mechanical statues of the gods so lifelike that they perspired under the hot Aegean sun and had to be restrained lest they run away.



Daedalus also invented various puzzles and gadgets that amazed onlookers, including a box that could be opened only by the sound of birdsong in perfect harmony. In time, Daedalus moved to Crete with his son, Icarus, and became the resident architect and inventor for the wealthy King Minos. His greatest public achievement was the design and creation of the dreaded Labyrinth, a maze built in the city of Knossos and said to be so cleverly crafted that once one entered the maze it was impossible to find one's way out. In the center of the Labyrinth was the monstrous Minotaur, who was half-bull and half-man. Every year Minos sacrificed fourteen Athenian youths to this creature. Being an Athenian himself, this did not sit well with Daedalus. He supported Theseus, King of Attica, in his plot to overthrow Minos and shared with him the secret to finding one's way out of the Labyrinth.

After Theseus killed the Minotaur, set fire to the palace, and escaped with the king's daughter, Ariadne, Daedalus' disloyalty was discovered and the king sent his soldiers to arrest him. Years earlier Daedalus had witnessed the witch Medea take flight in a chariot drawn by fiery dragons; since then, he had secretly devoted himself to creating a mechanism that would allow him to fly. When he and Icarus arrived at Crete, they had set up a secret workshop in the cliffs overlooking the sea.

Daedalus spent many hours observing the silent gliding flight of the eagles that nested in the cliffs; he then experimented with many materials that might work for wings. Sail canvas was too heavy, silk and thin cloth were too weak. At last Daedalus came upon the obvious: why not construct the wings out of eagle feathers? The inventor was sad to be hunting the magnificent birds, but he soon

collected enough feathers to fashion wings with beeswax. Daedalus was about to begin testing his invention when word came that Minos' men were coming to arrest him. He and Icarus quickly repaired to their secret cliff-side workshop and donned their untested wings.

Daedalus instructed his son to fly at a middle altitude—high enough so that the ocean spray would not dampen the wings and make them too heavy; low enough so that the heat of the sun would not melt the wax that held the feathers together. With that they took off across the Aegean Sea, hoping to glide all the way to Sicily. The end of the story is well known to most Westerners. Icarus, intoxicated with the thrill of flying, flew too high. The wax melted, his wings came apart, and he plunged to his death in the sea, near an island that was later named Ikaria in his honour. Crete does, in fact, have tall cliffs overlooking the sea, against which strong and persistent thermal updrafts are created by winds known as the Miltemi. Large gulls (the eagles, if there ever were any, are long gone) float and glide for long periods. Beginning with the excavations of Sir Arthur Evans in 1900, many of the details of the legend of King Minos and the Labyrinth have been confirmed, bit by bit, and some historians (no less a figure than H.G. Wells, for example) have come to believe that the legend of Daedalus and Icarus has some basis in fact. [Century of Flight].



His eyes are staring, his mouth is open, his wings are spread. But a storm is blowing from Paradise; it has got caught in his wings with such violence that the angel

Left open, to be left pounded, to be left closed, to be circulating in summer and winter, and sick color that is grey that is not dusty and red shows, to be sure cigarettes do measure an empty length sooner than a choice in color.

Winged, to be winged means that white is yellow and pieces pieces that are brown are dust color if dust is washed off, then it is choice that is to say it is fitting cigarettes sooner than paper.

An increase why is an increase idle, why is silver cloister,
why is the spark brighter, if it is brighter is there any result, hardly more than ever. {Gertrude Stein}

Medevac Hueys were known by their radio call sign "Dustoff" for the dirt they kicked up as they took the wounded to safety. Later variants, such as the UH-1H, could carry three stretcher patients and a trained medic inside the cabin. Most served in the Army, although both the Navy and Marines used their Hueys for similar tasks.

Huey: The helicopter ushered in a radically different way of fighting a war: instead of armies engaging each other across vast fronts, advancing slowly, and holding ground, the U.S.

Army would quickly carry troops into hostile territory and deploy them, then removing them after the fighting ended.



While the overall strategy was questionable—no territory was ever really held—the tactic was often very successful. Helicopters offered high mobility for troops and a tremendous element of surprise. An enemy that had been sitting unchallenged for days or weeks could suddenly, without warning, find itself under assault from troops brought in by helicopter. Large troop transport helicopters

like the CH-47 Chinook were developed for this purpose, but the workhorse UH-1 Huey became the most popular helicopter for moving troops into and out of battle.

Air mobility came at a heavy price, however. During the Vietnam War, between 1962 and 1973, the United States lost 4,869 helicopters to all causes (with more than a thousand lost in 1968 and another thousand in 1969). Fifty-three percent of these losses were due to enemy fire (including enemy attacks on airbases). The rest resulted from operational accidents. The high rate of operational accidents occurred largely because helicopters are prone to mechanical breakdown if not regularly maintained, and during a war, maintenance often suffers. Vietnam's heavy jungle canopy also made helicopter operations difficult, with few places to land a stricken helicopter.

HueyCobra: Attack helicopters like the HueyCobra were more heavily armed and were given targets deep behind enemy lines, such as command posts and tanks, attacking them with missiles. The new strategy was also to fight at night, using advanced navigation and imaging systems, and hiding down among the trees and hills using "Nap Of the Earth" (NOE) flying. By doing so, the Army could take advantage of superior American technology to compensate for larger numbers of Soviet ground forces.

Other than infantry and anti-tank operations, helicopters have most notably been used for Combat Search and Rescue (CSAR), where they retrieve downed pilots deep inside enemy lines. This technique was really perfected during Vietnam, but several well-publicized rescues took place

during the Bosnia crisis and later during the 1999 bombing of Yugoslavia. These helicopters are often equipped with highly sophisticated navigation systems and are supported by other armed helicopters and fixed-wing aircraft during their rescue mission.

Apache: A U.S. Apache was the first allied aircraft to open fire during the 1991 Persian Gulf War, shooting Hellfire missiles at an Iraqi radar site so allied aircraft could fly in



through the hole in Iraqi air defences. The Apache soon proved to be very successful in attacking Iraqi tanks and armoured personnel carriers, even though it was fighting in desert terrain for which it had not originally been intended. In the final action of the

war, AH-64s were patrolling the Euphrates Valley when they encountered elements of the Iraqi Republican Guard fleeing north. The Black Hawk s destroyed 32 tanks and 100 vehicles over the course of an hour. The helicopter proved itself as the primary foe of the tank, initiating another technological shift in warfare.

Black Hawk: Perhaps the most unusual thing about the S-70 is its shape. Unlike the Huey, it is long and low-set. This design was dictated by the requirement that the helicopter be able to fit inside a C-130 Hercules cargo plane without removing the rotors. Two of the craft had to be capable of fitting inside a C-141 and six within a C-5 Galaxy. The low ceiling of these aircraft required a helicopter that was wider and squatter than a Huey.

SWIMMING THROUGH LIBRARIES



February 26, 1965.

Johnson: We're off to bombing these people. We're over that hurdle. The game now is in the 4th quarter and it's about 78 to nothing. I'm scared to death about putting ground forces in, but I'm more than frightened about losing a bunch of planes for lack of security.

McNamara: So am I.

In this beginning naturally since I at once went on and on very soon there were pages and pages and pages more and more elaborated creating a more and more continuous present including more and more using of everything and continuing more and more beginning and beginning and beginning.

I went on and on to a thousand pages of it.[Stein]

It is a canon with some critics that nothing should be introduced into a novel which it is physically impossible for the writer to have known: thus, he must not describe the conversation of miners in a pit if they all perish. Mr. Melville hardly steers clear of this rule, and he continually violates another, by beginning in the autobiographical form and changing ad libitum into the narrative.... Such is the go-ahead method. --

London Spectator, October 25 1851

"to gather, recontextualize, and expand these ruins and fragments into the present essay" ("Lapsus" 35)

Water

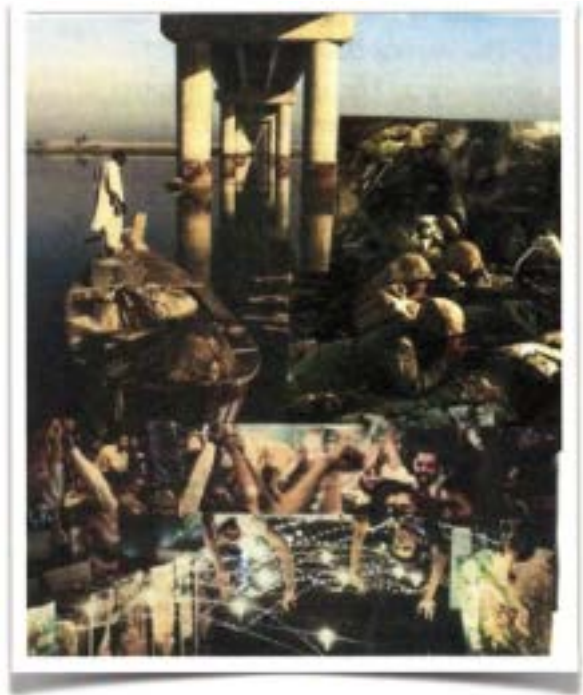
"She came to bespeak a monument for her first love, who had been killed by a whale in the Pacific Ocean, no less than forty years ago. [moby dick 7]
But he himself remained high on his rock, like a drowned sailor on a rock. I have been dead and yet now am alive. I went under the sea the dreams of sailors

for a moment flash. When my eyes float around the room like two ships lost on the sea, I know the exact measurements of my captivity. The voices of birds and the sounds of wheels chime and chatter in a queer harmony grow louder drawing him into the shores of life the sun growing hotter cries something, a diver while plunging while the sea darkens beneath him and the waves which threaten to break but only gently split their surface, roll and conceal and encrust as they just turn over the weeds with pearl. Rising and falling. This is the truth about our soul, he thought, who fish-like inhabit deep seas and plies among obscurities threading through the holes of giant weeds over sun-flickered spaces.

The drowned Phoenician Sailor, (Those pearls that were his eyes. Look!) a diver plunging while the sea darkens and brightens beneath him, sea-green brooches,. A fortnight dead forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swells, a current under the sea pickled his

bones in whispers. As he rose and fell, he passed the stages of his youth, those pearls that were

his eyes who lay like a drowned sailor on the shore of the world.[...]



there might be quoted other lists of uncertain whales, blessed with all manner of uncouth names. But I omit them as altogether obsolete; and can hardly help suspecting them for mere sounds, full of leviathanism, but signifying no

Lesson #11: You can't change human nature.

We all make mistakes. We know we make mistakes. I don't know any military commander, who is honest, who would say he has not made a mistake. There's a wonderful phrase: "the fog of war."

What "the fog of war" means is: war is so complex it's beyond the ability of the human mind to comprehend all the variables. Our judgment, our understanding, are not adequate. And we kill people unnecessarily.

Wilson said: "We won the war to end all wars." I'm not so naive or simplistic to believe we can eliminate war. We're not going to change human nature anytime soon. It isn't that we aren't rational. We are rational. But reason has limits

Lesson #9: In order to do good, you may have to engage in evil.

Norman Morrison was a Quaker. He was opposed to war, the violence of war, the killing. He came to the Pentagon, doused himself with gasoline. Burned himself to death below my office.

He held a child in his arms, his daughter. Passersby shouted, "Save the child!" He threw the child out of his arms, and the child lived and is alive today. His wife issued a very moving statement: "Human beings must stop killing other human beings." And that's a belief that I shared. I shared it then and I believe it even more strongly today.

Those were some of the happiest days of our life. And then the war came.

I'd been promoted to assistant professor — I was the youngest assistant professor at Harvard ? and a salary by the way of \$4000 a year. Harvard business school's market was drying up?the males were being drafted or volunteering. So the Dean, being farsighted, brought back a government contract to establish an officer candidate school for what was called "Statistical Control" in the Air Force.

We said to the Air Force, "Look, we're not going to take anybody you send up here. We're going to select the people. You have a punch card for every human being brought into the Air Corps. We're going to run those cards through the IBM sorting machines, and we're going to sort on age, education, accomplishments, grades, etc." We were looking for the best and the brightest. The best brains, the greatest capacity to lead, the best judgment.

The U.S. was just beginning to bomb. We were bombing by daylight. The loss rate was very, very high,

so they commissioned a study. And what did we find? We found the abort rate was 20%. 20% of the planes that took off to bomb targets in Germany turned around before they got to their target. Well that was a hell of a mess?we lost 20% of our capability right there.

The form, I think it was form 1—A or something like that was a mission report. And if you aborted a mission you had to write down 'why.' So we get all these things and we analyze them, and we finally concluded it was baloney. They were aborting out of fear.I made almost a thousand pages of a continuous present.

Continuous present is one thing and beginning again and again is another thing. These are both things. And then there is using everything.

This brings us again to composition this the using everything. The using everything brings us to composition and to this composition. A continuous present and using everything and beginning again. In these two books there was elaboration of the complexities of using everything and of a continuous present and of beginning again and again and again.

August 4. 12:22 PM

Admiral Sharp: Apparently, there have been at least nine torpedoes in the water. All missed.

General Burchinal: Yup.

Admiral Sharp: Wait a minute now. I'm not so sure about this number of engaged. We've got to check it out here.

97 Minutes Later.

Admiral Sharp: He [Admiral Moore] said many of the reported contacts with torpedoes fired appear doubtful. Freak weather effects on radar and overeager sonar men may have accounted for many reports.

General Burchinal: Okay, well I'll tell Mr. McNamara this.

Admiral Sharp: That's the best I can give you Dave, sorry.

9 Minutes Later.

Admiral Sharp: It does appear now that a lot of these torpedo attacks were from the sonar men, you see. And, they get keyed up with a thing like this and everything they hear on the sonar is a torpedo.

General Burchinal: You're pretty sure there was a torpedo attack, though?

Admiral Sharp: Oh, no doubt about that?I think. No doubt about that.

McNamara: It was just confusion, and events afterwards showed that our judgment that we'd been attacked that day was wrong. It didn't happen. And the judgment that we'd been attacked on August 2nd was right. We had been, although that was disputed at the time. So we were right once and wrong once.

Ultimately, President Johnson authorized bombing in response to what he thought had been the second attack ? it hadn't occurred but that's irrelevant to the point I'm making here. He authorized the attack on the assumption it had occurred, and his belief that it was a conscious decision on the part of the North Vietnamese political and military leaders to escalate the conflict and an indication they would not stop short of winning.

We were wrong, but we had in our minds a mindset that led to that action. And it carried such heavy costs. We see incorrectly or we see only half of the story at times.

EM: We see what we want to believe.

McNamara: You're absolutely right. Belief and seeing, they're both often wrong.

Johnson: We Americans know although others appear to forget the risk of spreading conflict. We still seek no wider war.

McNamara: We introduced what was called "Rolling Thunder," which over the years became a very, very heavy bombing program. Two to three times as many bombs as were dropped on Western Europe during all of World War II.

This is not primarily a military problem. It is a battle for the hearts and the minds of the people of South Vietnam. That's our objective. As a prerequisite to that, we must be able to guarantee their physical security.

LABYRINTHS

This morning, I speak to the people of all nations--so that they may understand without mistake our purpose in the action that we have been required to take.

On August 2 the United States destroyer Maddox was attacked on the high seas in the Gulf of Tonkin by hostile vessels of the Government of North Viet-Nam.

On August 4 that attack was repeated in those same waters against two United States destroyers.

The attacks were deliberate.

The attacks were unprovoked.

The attacks have been answered.

Throughout last night and within the last 12 hours, air units of the United States Seventh Fleet have sought out the hostile vessels and certain of their supporting facilities.. Appropriate armed action has been taken against them. The United States is now asking that this be brought immediately and urgently before the Security Council of the United Nations.



Suddenly, and with compelling force, I was struck by the idea of drawing a diagram of my life, and knew at the same moment exactly how it was to be done. With a very simple question I interrogated my past life, and the answers were inscribed, as if of their own accord, on a sheet of paper that I had with me. A year or two later, when I lost the sheet, I was inconsolable. I have never since been able to restore it as it arose before me then, resembling a series of family trees. Now, however, reconstructing its outline in thought without directly reproducing it, I would instead speak of a labyrinth. I am concerned here not with what is installed in the chamber at its enigmatic center, ego or fate, but all the more with the many entrances leading into the interior. [berlin31]

the networks are many and interact, without any one of them being able to surpass the rest; this text is a galaxy of signifiers, not a structure of signifieds; it has no beginning; it is reversible; we can gain access to it by several entrances, none of which can be authoritatively declared to be the main one; the codes it mobilizes extend as far as the eye can reach, they are indeterminable...the systems of meaning can take over this absolutely plural text, but their number is never closed, based as it is on the infinity of language.

August 4, 1964 Two days later, the Maddox and the Turner Joy, two destroyers reported they were attacked.

Johnson: Now, where are these torpedoes coming from?

McNamara: Well, we don't know, presumably from these unidentified craft.

There were sonar soundings, torpedoes had been detected — other indications of attack from patrol boats. We spent about ten hours that day trying to find out what in the hell had happened. At one point, the commander of the ship said, "We're not certain of the attack." At another point they said, "Yes, we're absolutely positive." And then finally late in the day, Admiral Sharp said, "Yes, we're certain it happened."

So I reported this to Johnson, and as a result there were bombing attacks on targets in North Vietnam. Johnson said we may have to escalate, and I'm not going to do it without Congressional authority. And he put forward a resolution, the language of which gave complete authority to the President to take the nation to war: The Tonkin Gulf Resolution. ...]

With increasing speed, geometries are discarded, stamped as obsolete and relegated to the scrap pile. While geometric thinking and formal experimentation tend to move in parallel with technological

developments, is it possible to consider another alternative? The accompanying drawings and models consider the potential of cross-pollinating historical knowledge with contemporary digital techniques to propel the understanding of the role of geometry in architecture beyond a purely tool-based frame work. They rely on some of the precepts of projective geometry as a method of both exploration and potential fabrication. They depend upon a reversible chain of orthographic projection that inextricably binds three-dimensionally distorted curvature to its flattened point of origin. [ME Cargo]



[4] The Drake equation calculates N , the number of civilizations in our galaxy with which radio-communication might be possible based on—

R^* = the average rate of star formation in our galaxy

f_p = the fraction of those stars that have planets

n_e = the average number of planets that can potentially support life per star that has planets

f_l = the fraction of planets that could support life that actually develop life at some point

f_i = the fraction of planets with life that actually go on to develop intelligent life (civilizations)

f_c = the fraction of civilizations that develop a technology that releases detectable signs of their existence into space

L = the length of time for which such civilizations release detectable signals into space.

The last variable “ L ” estimates how long before civilizations blow themselves up or go extinct.



Lesson #1: Empathize with your enemy.

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Now let me go back to the August 4th attack. August 4. 12:22 PM

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This web of time—the strands of which approach one another, bifurcate, intersect or ignore

each other through the centuries—embraces every possibility. We do not exist in most of them. In some you exist and not I, while in others I do, and you do not, and yet in others both of us exist. In this one, in which chance has favored me, you have come to my gate. In another, you, crossing the garden, have found me dead. In yet another, I say these very same words but am in error, a phantom... Time is forever dividing itself toward innumerable futures..."
text [;Jorge Luis Borges (1899 - 1986) Garden of Forking Paths, Ficciones.]

The river is as much a witness as the A-Bomb Dome building reflected in the water... The river was where people jumped to their death because they thought that it would help them to cool their burns, but in fact it only contributed to a quicker death. Those are the events or scenes recalled by some of the memorial projection participants and artists who were speaking through the building, as if they were the building, looking at the river and seeing all of this again- the bodies floating, the people jumping in. At the same time, the river continues its flow as if nothing has happened. There is fresh water coming. The river is like a tragic witness- but also a hope- because it's moving...
- Krzysztof Wodiczko

Proportionality should be a guideline in war. Killing 50% to 90% of the people of 67 Japanese cities and then bombing them with two nuclear bombs is not proportional, in the

minds of some people, to the objectives we were trying to achieve.

I don't fault Truman for dropping the nuclear bomb. The U.S.—Japanese War was one of the most brutal wars in all of human history kamikaze pilots, suicide, unbelievable. What one can criticize is that the human race prior to that time and today has not really grappled with what are, I'll call it, "the rules of war." Was there a rule then that said you shouldn't bomb, shouldn't kill, shouldn't burn to death 100,000 civilians in one night?

LeMay said, "If we'd lost the war, we'd all have been prosecuted as war criminals." And I think he's right. He, and I'd say I, were behaving as war criminals. LeMay recognized that what he was doing would be thought immoral if his side had lost.

But what makes it immoral if you lose and not immoral if you win?

The Hiroshima Peace Memorial (Genbaku Dome), is a stark and powerful symbol of the achievement of world peace for more than half a century following the unleashing of the most destructive force ever created by humanity

In 1910 the Hiroshima Prefectural Assembly decided to build the Hiroshima Commercial Exhibition Hall to promote industrial production in the prefecture. Work started on a site on the east side of the Motoyasu River, to the designs of the Czech architect Jan Letzel, in 1914 and was completed the following year. In 1933 its name was changed to the Hiroshima Prefectural Industrial Promotion Hall.

When the first atom bomb exploded over Hiroshima at 8.15 on the morning of 6 August 1945, causing the deaths of 140,000 people, this building was the only one left standing near the hypocentre of the bomb blast, albeit in skeletal form. It was preserved in that state when reconstruction of the city began, and became known as the Genbaku (Atomic Bomb) Dome.





Lesson #5: Proportionality should be a guideline in war.

The Hiroshima Projection

Ultimately, President Johnson authorized bombing in response to what he thought had been the second attack it hadn't occurred but that's irrelevant to the point I'm making here. He authorized the attack on the assumption it had occurred, and his belief that it was a conscious decision on the part of the North Vietnamese political and military leaders to escalate the conflict and an indication they would not stop short of winning.

We were wrong, but we had in our minds a mindset that led to that action. And it carried such heavy costs. We see incorrectly or we see only half of the story at times.

EM: We see what we want to believe.

McNamara: You're absolutely right. Belief and seeing, they're both often wrong.

Johnson: We Americans know although others appear to forget the risk of spreading conflict. We still seek no wider war.

McNamara: We introduced what was called "Rolling Thunder," which over the years became a very, very heavy bombing program. Two to three times as many bombs as were dropped on Western Europe during all of World War II.

This is not primarily a military problem. It is a battle for the hearts and the minds of the people of South Vietnam. That's our objective. As a prerequisite to that, we must be able to guarantee their physical security.[fow]

Denied Area At 1505 hours on 8 November 1967, two Air Force HH3E helicopters (call signs "Jolly Green 26" and "Jolly Green 29") were scrambled from the 37th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron, DaNang Airbase, South Vietnam for an emergency extraction of a 12-man Special Forces road-watch reconnaissance team. The team had suffered heavy casualties while operating deep in a denied area along the infamous Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos and was under intense and relentless attack by the communists. This recovery effort would be recorded by the 37th Air Rescue and Recovery Squadron as one of the largest and most hazardous on record.

arneomai: to deny, say no Original Word: ἀρνέομαι(see de-) + negare "refuse, say 'no,' " from Old Latin nec "not," from Italic base *nek- "not," from PIE root *ne- "no, not"arneomai – properly, deny (refuse); hence, contradict, refuse to affirm or to confess (identify with); disown (repudiate).

Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service

The Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service peacetime force was not equipped, trained, nor structured to meet the demands of war in Southeast Asia in the early 1960s. As lessons were learned, the service's rescue capability continued to increase.

In July 1965, ARS received its first CH-3C, an aircraft considered an adequate aircrew rescue vehicle. The HH-3E "Jolly Green Giant" and subsequent HH-53B/C "Super Jolly Green Giant" helicopters were manufactured by Sikorsky Aircraft Corp. With the introduction of the Lockheed HC-130N and HC-130P, an air-refuelable HH-3E in June 1967, and the delivery of the air-refuelable HH-53B (the first helicopter specifically designed for CSAR operations) later that year (the latter two aircraft both being dual-engined helicopters), the now-renamed Military Airlift Command (MAC) and ARRS considered that they finally had the right force structure for combat rescue operations in Vietnam

The Department of Defense defines unconventional warfare as activities conducted to enable a resistance movement or insurgency to coerce, disrupt, or

overthrow a government or occupying power by operating through or with an underground, auxiliary, and guerrilla force in a denied area. Also called UW. Source: JP 1-02, Department of Defense Dictionary of Military and Associated Terms

During World War II, the Korean conflict, and the war in Vietnam, the American government found it useful to have a small group of volunteers who could infiltrate behind enemy lines to perform missions outside the scope of conventional warfare. Thanks to the recent declassification of material from the Vietnam War, the story of special operations in Southeast Asia during that conflict is now accessible

The first HH3E Jolly Green Giant helicopters specifically outfitted for search and rescue arrived in Vietnam in the fall of 1965. By the beginning of 1967 there were 50 Aerospace Search and Recovery Squadron (ARRS) rescue aircraft in five squadrons in Southeast Asia. Later models of the HH3 were equipped with aerial refueling capability which gave them the range necessary to fly missions deep into North Vietnam. them the range necessary to fly missions deep into North Vietnam.

At 1505 hours on 8 November 1967, two Air Force HH3E helicopters (call signs "Jolly Green 26" and "Jolly Green 29") were scrambled from the 37th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron, DaNang Airbase,

South Vietnam for an emergency extraction of a 12-man Special Forces road-watch reconnaissance team. The team had suffered heavy casualties while operating deep in a denied area along the infamous Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos and was under intense and relentless attack by the communists. This recovery effort would be recorded by the 37th Air Rescue and Recovery Squadron as one of the largest and most hazardous on record.

NOVEMBER 9

1918

Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm II announced that he would abdicate.

1935

United Mine Workers president John L. Lewis and other labor leaders formed the Committee for Industrial Organization.

1938

Nazis looted and burned synagogues and Jewish-owned stores and houses in Germany and Austria on Kristallnacht, the "night of broken glass."

1989, East Germany lifted restrictions on emigration or travel to the West, and within hours tens of thousands of East and West Berliners swarmed across the infamous Berlin Wall for a boisterous celebration.

1967 – Apollo program: NASA launches the unmanned Apollo 4 test spacecraft atop the first Saturn V rocket from Cape Kennedy, Florida. 1967 – The first issue of Rolling Stone Magazine is published. 1970 – Vietnam War: The Supreme Court of the United States votes 6 to 3 against hearing a case to allow Massachusetts to enforce its law granting residents the right to refuse military service in an undeclared war.

Lesson #4: Maximize Efficiency.

The U.S. Air Force had a new airplane named the B—29. The B—17s and B—24s in Europe bombed from 15,000, 16,000 feet. The problem was they were subject to anti—aircraft fire and to fighter aircraft. To relieve that, this B—29 was being developed that bombed from high altitude and it was thought we could destroy targets much more efficiently and effectively.

I was brought back from the 8th Air Force and assigned to the first B—29s, the 58th Bomb Wing. We had to fly those planes from the bases in Kansas to India. Then we had to fly fuel over the hump into China. The airfields were built with Chinese labor. It was an insane operation. I can still remember hauling these huge rollers to crush the stone and make them flat. A long rope, somebody would slip. The roller would roll over, everybody would laugh and go on.





Contingency (vs. Necessity)

He could be our dog.
But he is not our dog.
So he barks at us.



ARCHIVE: EVIDENCE
Lesson #6: Get the data.



not to give it a (more or less justified, more or less free) meaning, but on the contrary to appreciate what plural constitutes it.

VII. THE STARRED TEXT

We shall therefore star the text, separating, in the manner of a minor earthquake, the blocks of signification of which reading grasps only the smooth surface, imperceptibly soldered by the movement of sentences, the flowing discourse of narration, the "naturalness" of ordinary language. The tutor signifier will be cut up into a series of brief, contiguous fragments, which we shall call since they are units of reading. This cutting up, admittedly, will be arbitrary in the extreme; it will imply no methodological responsibility, since it will bear on the signifier, whereas the proposed analysis bears solely on the signified. The lexia will include sometimes a few words, sometimes several sentences; it will be a matter of convenience: it will suffice that the lexia be the best possible space in which we can observe meanings; its dimension, empirically determined, estimated, will depend on the density of connotations, variable according to the moments of the text:

no construction of the text: everything signifies ceaselessly and several times, but without being delegated to a great final ensemble, to an ultimate structure. [Barthes]



Parts of the whole:

His language enacts what he at one point calls "the art of perpetual retreat and reference." I think that part of the resistance to reading Emerson in this way can be attributed to the fact that his readers generally have not paid enough attention to the performative character of his writing. For example, his essay "Self-Reliance," which always has been read as Emerson's major statement on the importance of relying on oneself, is more than ninety percent quotation. In fact, it begins with an epigraph, "Do not seek outside yourself," but

DETRITUS:

Their meanings are so elusive precisely because—in Barthes's words—"everything signifies ceaselessly and several times, but without being delegated to a great final ensemble, to an ultimate

xlii

structure"; rather, these images that might trigger a reader's drive to reductively decipher them are really more akin to bits of wreckage, pieces of flotsam and jetsam floating on the sea. Each is "the crest line of the plural text, arranged like a berm of



beads on a string,

The most important thing I learned on Tralfamadore was that when a person dies he only appears to die. He is still very much alive in the past, so it is very silly for people to cry at his funeral. All moments, past, present and future, always have existed, always will exist. The Tralfamadoreans can look at all the different moments just that way we can look at a stretch of the Rocky Mountains, for instance. They can see how permanent all the moments are, and they can look at any moment that interests them. It is just an illusion we have here on Earth that one moment follows another one, like beads on a string, and that once a moment is gone it is gone forever. When a Tralfamadorean sees a corpse, all he thinks is that the dead person is in a bad condition in that particular moment, but that the same person is just fine in plenty of other moments. Now, when I myself hear that somebody is dead, I simply shrug and say what the Tralfamadoreans say about dead people, which is "so it goes." [Slaughterhouse-Five]



American Casualty Reasons:

Reason Reported:	Recorded Casualties
Guns; Small Arms	18,518
Multiple Fragmentary Wounds	8,456
Air Loss; Crash on Land	7,992
Other Explosive Devices	7,450
Artillery, Rocket or Mortar	4,914
Other Accident	1,371
Misadventure	1,326
Drowned; Suffocated	1,207
Vehicle Loss; Crash	1,187
Accidental Homicide	944
Accidental Self-Destruction	842
Other Causes	754
Air Loss; Crash at Sea	577
Burns	530
Illness; Disease	482
Suicide	382
Heart Attack	273
Intentional Homicide	234
Malaria	118
Bomb Explosion	52
Stroke	42
Hepatitis	22
Unknown; Not Reported	520
TOTAL:	58,193

“Appropriation has always .
 . .” to “. . . Ishmael and
 Queequeg . . .”
 “In the first . . .” to “. . .
 builds an archive.” Lessig.



to sweep away those millions of skeletons which, since time immemorial, have been piling up the fruits of their one-eyed intellects, and claiming to be, themselves, the authors!

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it, and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war. I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday, December 7th, 1941, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese Empire. Why

should three Presidents and the elected representatives of our people have chosen to defend this Asian nation more than 10,000 miles from American shores? The true peace-keepers are those men who stand out there on the DMZ at this very hour, taking the worst that the enemy can give. The true peace-keepers are the soldiers who are breaking the terrorist's grip around the villages of Vietnam—the civilians who are bringing medical care and food and education to people who have already suffered a generation of war.

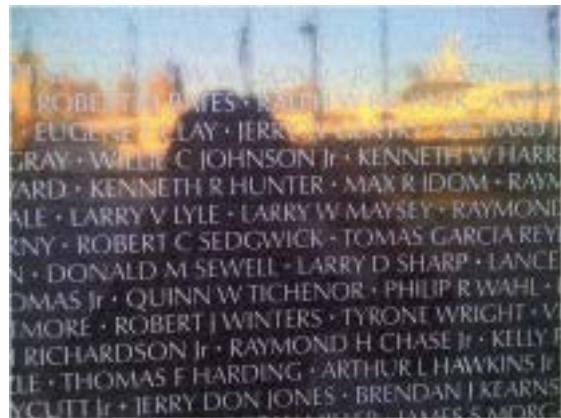
Apr 02, 1917 Woodrow Wilson asks U.S. Congress for declaration of war
Apr 03, 1918 Ferdinand Foch becomes supreme Allied commander
Apr 04, 1918

Germans and Allies step up operations near Somme
Apr 05, 1918 First stage of German spring offensive ends
Apr 06, 1917 U.S. enters World War I

A CONSTELLATION

forgetfulness and desuetude	cold from	
not so much		that
it doesn't number		on some
vacant and superior surface		the
successive shock		of a total
in the way of stars		
account in the making		

In this natural way of creating it then that it was simply different everything being alike it was simply different, this kept on leading one to lists. Lists naturally for awhile and by lists I mean a series. More and more in going back over what was done at this time I find that I naturally kept simply different as an intention. Whether there was or whether there was not a continuous present did not then any longer trouble me there was or there was not, and using everything no longer troubled me if everything is alike using everything could no longer trouble me and beginning again and again could no longer trouble me because if lists were inevitable if series were inevitable and the whole of it was inevitable beginning again and again could not trouble me so then with nothing to trouble me I very completely began naturally since everything is alike making it as simply different naturally as simply different as possible. I began doing natural phenomena what I call natural phenomena and natural phenomena naturally everything

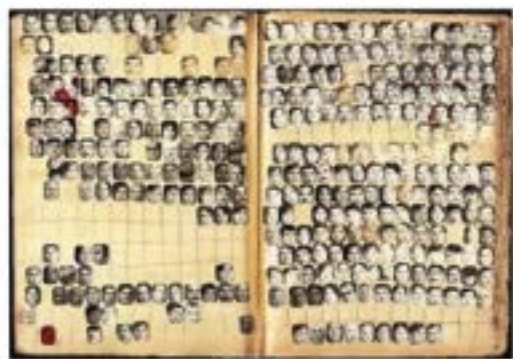


being alike natural phenomena are making things be naturally simply different. This found its culmination later, in the beginning it began in a center confused with lists with series with geography with returning portraits and with particularly often four and three and often with five and four. It is easy to see that in the beginning such a conception as everything being naturally different would be very inarticulate and very slowly it began to emerge and take the form of anything, and then naturally if anything that is simply different is simply different what follows will follow. [G. Stein]

In their own way practical lists represent a form, because they confer unity on a set of objects that, no matter how dissimilar among themselves, comply with a contextual pressure, in other words they are related for their being (or for being expected to be found) all in the same place or to constitute the goal of a certain project. The Infinity of Lists

“heraldic accessories”

Finally his language touches me, because he talks to that part of us which insists on drawing profiles on prison walls. A piece of chalk to follow the contours of what is not, or is no longer, or is not yet; the handwriting each one of us will use to compose his own list of ‘things that quicken the heart,’ to offer, or to erase. In that moment poetry will be made by everyone, and there will be emus in the ‘zone.’ [marker text.]23 letters





23 letters
1 package bicycle streamers
1 matchbook from AF base
1 toy parachute

3 photographs

silver wings

1 map
7 newspaper clippings
1 8mm film

Various people coming home (some of them kings). Various headlights. Two or three children standing or sitting on the low wall.

My contemporaries like small objects, dried starfish that have forgotten the sea, melancholy stopped clocks, postcards sent from vanished cities, and blackened with illegible script, in which they discern words like "yearning," "illness," or "the end." They marvel at dormant volcanoes. They don't desire light.

Various winds, the Sea Wind, the sound-laden Winds of Evening Blowing the stars towards them, bringing snow.

March 6, 1965. Johnson: The psychological impact of "The Marines are coming" is gonna be a bad one. I know every mother is going to say, "Uh oh, this is it." What we've done with these B—57s is just gonna be Sunday School stuff compared to the marines. My answer is "yes," but my judgment is "no."

McNamara: All right, we'll take care of it, Mr. President.
Johnson: When are you going to issue the order?

McNamara: We'll make it late today so it'll miss some of the morning editions. I'll handle it in a way that will minimize the announcement. [FOW]



Down, with her red-rose-fingers show-upon, then, saying

War artist War as metaphor War bond War bonnet
 War bride War canoe War chest War chief War
 children War comics War commissar War
 communism War correspondent War crime War
 crimes trials War cry War dance War dialing War
 diary War discography War dove War economy War
 effort War elephant War emergency power War film
 War finance War flag War gavel War grave War
 hammer War hawk War language War locomotive
 War memorial War memorial locomotive War novel
 War paint War photography War pig War pigeon
 War poet War profiteering War rape War referendum
 War reparations War reserve stock War resister War
 risk insurance War rugs War sand War scythe War
 song War studies War tax stamp War termination
 War tourism War trophy War wagon War zone.
 [Outline of War Wiki]

Malco Flanger Toy Gun - Circa 1950



ALL IS IN ORDER: THE POEM LIES THERE
 AND, AS EXPECTED, KEEPS QUITE STILL.
 WELL, BUT WHAT IF A NEW THEME ERUPTS,
 POUNDING ON THE WINDOW WITH ITS FIST,—
 AND FROM FAR OFF, IN RESPONSE TO ITS PLEA, ARE
 HAIR-RAISING SOUNDS—GURGLING, WAILING,
 SHRIEKS

EVIDENCE

The lilacs and fields of buttercups and the birds' eggs in the hedges are mere statistics, dogs and birds will have their fill of Trojan flesh, like the inventory of a house whose inmates have no meaning or connection, the Great Bear that mankind also calls the Wagon, a catalogue of the world without passion or caprice. Thoughts I have when I know anything so utterly as when I lack it. Millions of things. Ordinary things as it was tinkling divinely on the grass stalks. His mouth. This laughter. These temple bones. A knife, this fork, a mountain with lions, things in themselves.

When I was hungry for scraps of paper, old tram tickets, ripeness and earth on the sidewalk refracted into so many hues, the phrase for love.

We think of longing now of onions and lemons, stockings, slippers, food in tins, crook-horned cattle coming, wrinkled female breasts, a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire. The river bears no empty bottles, silk handkerchiefs, or other testimony of summer nights, things one only has to name to quicken the heart.

portmanteau:
a case or bag carrying clothing and other necessities while traveling; an oblong stiff leather case which opens like a book, with hinges in the middle. (OED)





Vietnam GI

February 1968 FREE

Korea Next?

“...the girls turned into whores, the men into pimps, and the kids into thieves and beggars.”

[The rest of the page contains several columns of small, illegible text, likely an article or editorial.]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Radicals 'slithered out from beneath rocks'

[The text of the letter is mostly illegible due to the image quality.]

A HERO WHO WAS AGAINST THE WAR

Friends dispute complaints about memorial

PHIL GARBER
STAFF WRITER

CHESTER — It was the 1960s and Larry W. Maysey and Elaine Ficula were childhood sweethearts who shared a love of Bob Dylan and an opposition to the Vietnam War.

The couple's future was shattered after Maysey enlisted in an elite pararescue unit of the Air Force, only to be sent to Vietnam, where three weeks later he died on Nov. 9, 1967, while aboard a helicopter, heroically trying to rescue GIs in the jungles of Laos.

Sgt. Maysey was the only borough resident killed in the Vietnam War and a statue was erected in his memory in the center of town on Memorial Day, 2005. It depicts Maysey with a rifle slung behind him, reaching out to help with his medical bag on the ground.

Ficula, now Elaine Lynch, said that at the dedication of the memorial speakers commented on how Maysey had volunteered to go to Vietnam. But she said that wasn't the way it was and that her then-fiance had opposed the war and hoped that he could avoid going to Vietnam by joining the Air Force.

"The statue floored me because that's not what he stood for," Lynch said.

"The devastating loss of her fiancé kept Lynch silent for four decades. But also said in a lengthy interview on Friday night, Jan. 19 that she decided to talk after

his heart to seek peace. He flashed the peace sign as he turned to us on boarding the plane," said Epstein.

Another person who recalled Maysey's anti-war sentiments was John Breitweiser, a boyhood friend of Maysey.

"Larry Maysey never supported the war in Vietnam and never wanted to go to war," Breitweiser, of Seattle, Wash., said in an email.

Breitweiser said it was difficult for Maysey to share his political views with his parents or with most others in a town that largely supported the Vietnam War.

"His family and my family, like many in Chester, moved in close circles revolving around the fire and first aid departments and the local American Legion," Breitweiser said. "To be against the war in that small town in those days took courage.

"No one wanted to hear an opposing view. You have to remember the atmosphere of those days," Breitweiser said.

"Nevertheless Larry's close friends and parents knew where he stood."

Two others who knew Maysey had different memories of Maysey and strongly disagreed with the criticisms of the memorial.

"There should be more monuments in every town to all the heroes," said Terry Arentowicz of Washington Township, a boyhood friend of Maysey's who was on the committee that devel-



LARRY W. MAYSEY

Lynch said she is concerned the statue somehow wrongly portrays patriotism with support of the war both in Vietnam and today. She said Maysey would have hoped his statue would give a message to parents who don't want their child to have to be membered in a statue.

"When I see the statue I think of my boys who are the same age he was," Lynch said. "The absurdity of it hits me every time. It was such a tragic loss and I don't want it to keep happening."

Lynch has four sons, Bret Ericson, 26, Mark Ericson, 28, Peter Ericson, 22, and Joseph Lynch, 18.

Arentowicz was a member of the committee that organized, raised the money and had the memorial built. He said the monument was designed specifically to show Maysey reaching out to help.

"It's wrong of (Lynch) to draw some kind of wedge against the war in Iraq," said Arentowicz. "We never claimed Larry was prowar. He was

After they both graduated in 1965, Lynch enrolled at Bradley University in Illinois while Maysey began working as a draftsman for an area architect.

"He was just a little farm boy from Chester," Lynch said. Maysey enjoyed art and the couple both liked going to the jazz clubs in Greenwich Village, particularly one called "The Dom Jazz Club."

"He loved Bob Dylan and Phil Ochs," Lynch said. "He would have gone to Woodstock if he wasn't killed."

By 1966, Lynch said she and Maysey were both part of a growing movement against the war. But it was the time of the draft and many guys just like Maysey were being drafted and sent to Vietnam.

Within a few years, a growing number of draftees would flee to Canada but in 1966, there weren't many people taking that course. Maysey also wasn't attending college and knew he couldn't get a student deferment from the draft.

"It was horrible," Lynch said. "There was a lot of fear about what to do. He (Maysey) wanted to get out of the draft. But as a boy who didn't want to go, he knew he had to because he didn't have the money to go to college."

Lynch said her then-fiance was told by the Air Force that if he enlisted, he could avoid going to Vietnam. He joined and said he wanted to be assigned to the Air Force Air Rescue and Recovery Service, hopeful of one day being part of the team that rescued returning astronauts from the sea.

The Air Force Air Rescue and Recovery Service is the elite medical force for the Air Force and its members played vital roles in rescuing downed pilots during the Vietnam War.

A short time after he enlisted, he was killed

the Salavan Province special forces member.

One of the two HH-3E Joint Helicopter Rescue and Recovery teams picked up the crew members and they attempted to rescue them. Pilot Gerald Young managed the craft and was the only survivor of the crash. He later received the Medal of Honor.

Maysey's body was never recovered. "Our first telegram (from home) said he was missing, then he was dead, then he was missing," Lynch said.

In the following months out dozens of letters to the and to others trying to find happened to Maysey. Amor is one from the peace activist, Benjamin Spock.

"There is actually no official channel in regards to prisoners of the Viet Cong," wrote.

Spock forwarded her request to war activist David Dellin said, "knows personally a people who may be trying message of inquiry through North Vietnamese."

Dellinger wrote Lynch planned to join a peace march in North Vietnam and would inform her about Maysey.

Several months later, she closed the book on her search for Maysey's death.

And all this is just a vision that dies the instant it is conceived, a fleeting interval between nothing and nothing, placed on highprolix and

undefined, painted in the colours of heaven and of grief.”



Sergeant Didn't Want To Go

Girl Gets Letter, But He's Dead

By WILLIAM DONOVAN
AND SHIRLEY LAZARUS

CHESTER TWP. — Perhaps it took a special kind of courage for Air Force Sgt. Larry W. Maysey, 21, to go to Vietnam.

Larry, who lived with his parents on Route 24 when home on leave, was killed in a helicopter crash last Wednesday. He had been in Vietnam only three weeks, and it was one of his first missions.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Maysey, received word he was missing last Friday morning. By Sunday, a second and third telegram had arrived, with the final word of his death.

One of the telegrams Sunday had said rescue forces had been searching the downed

helicopter because of enemy forces in the area.

Then yesterday, his girlfriend, Elaine Ficula of Washington Valley Road, Mendham Township, received a letter he had written Wednesday, just before going out on his last mission.

His previous letters had said nothing about the war, and Elaine had asked him what it was like.

He answered, "I don't know. Flying once over North on a false scramble feeling desire to protect one's self if fired on. Medically evacuating one Vietnamese soldier with departure of left."

He admitted feeling "helpless and scared when flying, gripping M-16 tightly, uttering lightly resting on trigger."

Everyone resting well at night in strong beds waiting for the rockets and no boots to run in."

There was more. Larry, who enlisted two years ago, didn't fall in love with the Air Force, and he didn't want to go to Vietnam.

He didn't like the Force discipline, either, but he looked like a man, and went to Vietnam when called. He later revealed some of his feelings.

"Westmoreland named Walter (another soldier) who was injured and he thought he was And said it was a rescue mission and standing."

He said he had been drinking some of the beer and had still been wearing Vietnamese flag to honor a man who had fallen."

Elaine had sent him a small flag with e.e. cummings poem written on it: "next to of course america i love you land of the pilgrims and so forth . . . what could be more beautiful than these heroic happy dead . . . they did not stop to think they died instead: they died the voice of liberty by their deaths."

Larry and Elaine were graduated from West Morris High School together in 1963. They had been dating since their sophomore year. She attended Bradley University in Illinois, but didn't go back the fall because Larry was home on leave, and by the time he had to go a year later.

"We should have gotten together," Larry wrote in his last

letter. Elaine had wanted to marry while he was on leave this fall.

An engima to friends, Larry sympathized with war protest, but was no slouch as a soldier himself. He was a Maroon Beret, with training in para-rescue and numerous commendations for excellence in classes varying from jungle survival in Panama, to SCUBA diving off Florida and medical training.

He had been training for space capsule recovery, but got orders for Vietnam first. He was on a rescue mission when he died.

A letter that arrived today said the helicopter had picked up two men when it was hit by enemy fire. The pilot of the craft survived the crash.

LOOMINGS

Lesson #3: There's something beyond one's self.



RUB OUT THE WRITE WORD
RUB OUT RIGHT WORD THEN
RUB OUT WORD RITE THEE
RUB OUT THE WORD RIGHT
RUB OUT RIGHT THE WORD
RUB OUT WORD THEE WRITE

RUB THE WORD RIGHT OUT
RUB THE RIGHT OUT WORD
RUB THE OUT WORD RIGHT
WORD OUT RIGHT
RIGHT WORD OUT
OUT RIGHT WORD

RUB WORD RIGHT OUT THE
RUB WORD OUT RIGHT THE
RUB WORD THE RIGHT OUT
RIGHT THE OUT
OUT THE RIGHT
THE OUT RIGHT

WORD RUB THE RIGHT OUT
RUB RIGHT OUT THE
OUT RIGHT THE
THE OUT RIGHT
RIGHT THE OUT
OUT THE RIGHT

WORD RIGHT RUB THE OUT
THE
OUT
RUB
THE
OUT



LOOMINGS LOOMINGS

MONUMENT

And this stone would seem disfigured and stunted,
the shoulders descending into nothing,
unable to glisten like a predator's pelt, or burst out from its
confines and radiate
like a star: for there is no angle from which
it cannot see you. [rilke]

The meaning of this is entirely and best to say the mark, best to say it best to shown sudden places best to make bitter, best to make the length tall and nothing broader, anything between the half. [GS, Tender Buttons].

Visual Looming - the expansion of the projection size of an object on the retina, is usually the indication of an approaching object. It is normally perceived as a threat for a possible collision and is sufficient to elicit avoidance and escape behaviors in animals [Caviness, Schiff, GibsonCaviness et al.1962].

Although its behavioral effects have been studied mainly in psychology, looming also has interesting implications for mobile robotics. Several independent studies have reported the use of looming for obstacle avoidance [Joarder RavivJoarder \ Raviv1992] or for extracting the depth of an object [Huttenlocher, Leventon, RucklidgeHuttenlocher et al.1995, Williams HansonWilliams \ Hanson1988, XuXu1992]. In particular, [RavivRaviv1992] has done an excellent quantitative analysis of visual looming. He defined the looming of a point mathematically and showed how this information can be used for effective obstacle avoidance behavior. [<http://cns-web.bu.edu/~erol/research/prospectus/prosp-node2.html>]

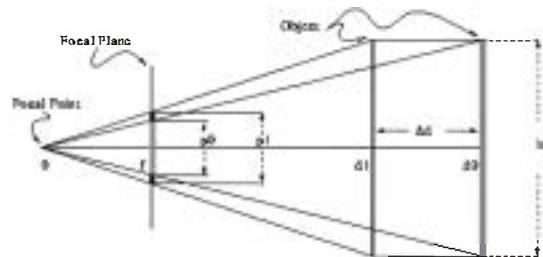


Figure 1: Diagram of the visual looming relationships in a camera-centered coordinate frame.

Left open, to be left pounded, to be left closed, to be circulating in summer and winter, and sick color that is grey that is not dusty and red shows, to be sure cigarettes do measure an empty length sooner than a choice in color.

Winged, to be winged means that white is yellow and pieces pieces that are brown are dust color if dust is washed off, then it is choice that is to say it is fitting cigarettes sooner than paper.

An increase why is an increase idle, why is silver cloister, why is the spark brighter, if it is brighter is there any result, hardly more than ever.

Now I don't want to suggest that it was my report that led to, I'll call it, the firebombing. It isn't that I'm trying to absolve myself of blame. I don't want to suggest that it was I who put in LeMay's mind that his operations were totally inefficient and had to be drastically changed. But, anyhow, that's what he did. He took the B—29s down to 5,000 feet and he decided to bomb with firebombs.

I participated in the interrogation of the B—29 bomber crews that came back that night. A room full of crewmen and intelligence interrogators. A captain got up, a young captain said: "Goddammit, I'd like to know who the son of a bitch was that took this magnificent airplane, designed to bomb from 23,000 feet and he took it down to 5,000 feet and I lost my wingman. He was shot and killed."

Lesson #4: Maximize Efficiency.

LeMay spoke in monosyllables. I never heard him say more than two words in sequence. It was basically "Yes," "No," "Yup," or "The hell with it." That was all he said. And LeMay was totally intolerant of criticism. He never engaged in discussion with anybody.

He stood up. "Why are we here? Why are we here? You lost your wingman; it hurts me as much as it does you. I sent him there. And I've been there, I know what it is. But, you lost one wingman, and we destroyed Tokyo."

50 square miles of Tokyo were burned. Tokyo was a wooden city, and when we dropped these firebombs, it just burned it.

Lesson #5: Proportionality should be a guideline in war. EM: The choice of incendiary bombs, where did that come from?

McNamara: I think the issue is not so much incendiary bombs. I think the issue is: in order to win a war should you kill 100,000 people in one night, by firebombing or any other way? LeMay's answer would be clearly "Yes."

"McNamara, do you mean to say that instead of killing 100,000, burning to death 100,000 Japanese civilians in that one night, we should have burned to death a lesser number or none? And then had our soldiers cross the beaches in Tokyo and been slaughtered in the tens of thousands? Is that what you're proposing? Is that moral? Is that wise?"

Why was it necessary to drop the nuclear bomb if LeMay was burning up Japan? And he went on from Tokyo to firebomb other cities. 58% of Yokohama. Yokohama is roughly the size of Cleveland. 58% of Cleveland destroyed. Tokyo is roughly the size of New York. 51% percent of New York destroyed. 99% of the equivalent of Chattanooga, which was Toyama. 40% of the equivalent of Los Angeles, which was Nagoya. This was all done before the dropping of the nuclear bomb, which by the way was dropped by LeMay's command.

Proportionality should be a guideline in war. Killing 50% to 90% of the people of 67 Japanese cities and then bombing them with two nuclear bombs is not proportional, in the minds of some people, to the objectives we were trying to achieve.

I don't fault Truman for dropping the nuclear bomb. The U.S.—Japanese War was one of the most brutal wars in all of human history ? kamikaze pilots, suicide, unbelievable. What one can criticize is that the human race prior to that time ? and today ? has not really grappled with what are, I'll

call it, "the rules of war." Was there a rule then that said you shouldn't bomb, shouldn't kill, shouldn't burn to death 100,000 civilians in one night?

LeMay said, "If we'd lost the war, we'd all have been prosecuted as war criminals." And I think he's right. He, and I'd say I, were behaving as war criminals. LeMay recognized that what he was doing would be thought immoral if his side had lost. But what makes it immoral if you lose and not immoral if you win?



Ghost Soldiers

Left right. Left right. March into the meadow, lifting your heavy rucksack full of the future, and see what the present brings.

Even in death's strong house there is something left. the duration, using techniques of camouflage, I summon into my company - ghosts with visionary eyeballs. Who is the third who walks always beside you? The ghost of Patrocles drifted up. There was his hand; there the dead, white things were assembling behind the railings, white bodies naked on the low damp ground and bones cast in a little low dry garret. When I count, there are only you and I together but when I look ahead up the white road, there is always another walking beside you, all the souls of the burnt out but breathless dead.

What are the roots that clutch what branches grow out of this stony rubbish? The branches parted it was Evans! But no mud was on him, no wounds There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!

Friendless, covered in mud, cowardly, weak, untrained but signed up for



For now it was over, the truce signed, the dead buried. After the agony in stony places, the shouting and the crying reverberation of thunder of spring over distant mountains these sudden thunder claps of fear, the dry sterile thunder without rain. Then the thunder spoke Da Datta; what have we given? Dāmyata, Datta, Dayadhvam.

And the blackness roared. Everything that falls upon the marsh and sweeps over when you have been sleepless is all but to feel it. The quiet square was the ditch - unregarded and trees, the passing generations - the pavement covered with bustling people - vanished like leaves, to be trodden under to be soaked and steeped and made mould by that eternal spring. "See how truly he made landscapes. covering Earth in forgetful snow,



It was only that he had forgotten, nodded at the sun, had given up," she knew him then.

only a looming shadow shape.

He went to France to save England which consisted almost entirely of Shakespeare's plays.

She no longer saw brown eyes but

O O O that Shakesperian Rag - It's so elegant, it's so intelligent "What shall I do now? What shall I do? What shall I ever do?"



She is done with phrases and lets it burn. What is the phrase? I do not know. Words are taken

with everything else, a I need a language, echoes that break and chime in my breast making wild music. I can not form the words "good-
ee um fah um Here he opened Shakespeare once more. He would tell them in a few moments, of this joy, of this astonishing revelation - the unseen might survive even haunting certain places after death ...perhaps, flying free of their limbs. That boy's business of the intoxication of language had shriveled

utterly. How Shakespeare loathed humanity. This was now revealed, the message hidden in the beauty of words. The signal one generation passes under disguise, to the next is loathing, hatred, despair. Twit twit twit
Jug jug jug jug jug jug

foo swee too eem o

They are signaling to me. Not in actual words; he could not read the language yet; but it was plain enough, this beauty. It

was also windows lit up at the violet hour a gramophone sounding; the window left open, out of the window perilously spread her drying combinations, stockings drying on ledges. a parrot, absorbing, mysterious touched by the sun's last rays.

I, Teresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives, perceived the scene, and foretold the rest -

I too awaited the expected guest. Millions of things! he exclaimed and urged by the assembly of powers which were now charging this way and giving him the feeling of being rushed through the air on the shoulders of people he could no longer see. He would not go mad. He would shut his eyes; he would see no more. He could no longer see. Why could he see through bodies see into the future? His body was macerated, spread like a veil upon a rock - music began clanging above the rocks up there the motor horn down the street the sound of horns. Millions of things! had utterly vanished.





The Statue

The parade is so small because everyone from town is always getting killed, mystery had brushed them with her wing. It is a surprise, at first, to see the hole. Then the statue appears, covered with a tarp the night before the official dedication.

A sheet dropped over the world's other darkneses, a feather or a shred of earth when our senses know anything achieved at length a marble stare. What is the phrase? Death? They just refuse to shoot. It's odd, isn't it? A Black Hawk helicopter is scheduled to fly over the ceremony. Nothing is what it seems. I saw a duck fly into a tree today. Planes are blackbirds are black as ghosts circling the statue, so a rocket fades. Shadows of planes bend the grass in the last light, smooth as white ice the stars take their places. Away and away the aeroplane shot til it was nothing but an aspiration knocking words together, become a spirit, disembodied, ghostly. Say the blood soaked ground swells and gives up the bodies where white crosses measure the distance between here and the hard smooth bronze of my breathing statue. When all the boundaries are lost, the country reverts to its ancient shape. There is no invisible weeping, this soil yields no fragments of teeth found years after planted like corn, the sky vast and blue. The hills had no names. I turn his bronze name over and over. The mass of troops I could never tally, never name. [...]

Farther on the mist ends. Here the heads become figures; coats, trousers, and boots appear out of the mist as from a milky pool. They become a column. The column marches on, straight ahead, the figures resolve themselves into a

block, individuals are no longer recognizable, the dark wedge presses onward, fantastically topped by the heads and weapons floating off on the milky pool.







Each Person Is Requested to Touch It Only Once.

Look at the young boy there touching it twice, then a third time. What if a guard catches him.

The fear is that if the bannister is touched too much it may completely wear away—the illusion of touching the soft hands of women in low-cut red dresses, going down to their friends and lovers, will exist no more.

The sensation will have vanished from the world.

(Illuminations XXXIX: Guerre)

As a child, certain skies refined my perspective: all characters shaded my features. Phenomena shifted about. Now, the eternal inflection of moments and the infinity of mathematics drive me through this world where I submit to every civic honour, respected by strange children and enormous affections. I dream of a war, of right or of might, of quite unexpected logic.

It's as simple as a phrase of music.



The body of a United States paratrooper killed in action in the jungle near the Cambodian border was lifted up to an evacuation helicopter, 1964.
www.flickr.com/photos/139240820@N00/2270375421/



I find other routes for our morning walks. I avoid the square, look away as I drive past. But one night, very late, during a snowstorm, I walk into town, my dog sniffing at the lights which are set in the pavement, stage lighting focused on the memorial. What is it about memory, a tireless voice and the heart inside me bronze. Sing sing in memory, from blue to the green of a hollow wave, how it disappears, cannot be recalled at will, the way it is layered and changing, reappearing long after it matters? I feel my wings weighted with falling snow. I look at his face. Sparks are flying as he moves. My wings are gold. I lift my head to one side and squint. Oh - I see fairy dust and despair against a deepening sky more mysterious and mournful than all memories at once. Such are the visions, Babylon and Sodom and the Roman Empire fell, but the winter blizzard cuts as cruelly as ever, and love still uproots the heart better than an imagined land mine. For however birth washed you clean, you have only to look up into your grandmother's misted eyes to receive your guilt.

November 1, 1967. I presented a memo to Johnson that said, "The course we're on is totally wrong. We've got to change it. Cut back at what we're doing in Vietnam. We've got to reduce the casualties, and so on."

It was an extraordinarily controversial memo, and I took it to him, I delivered it myself. "Mr. President, nobody has seen this. Not Dean Rusk, not the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs? nobody. I know that it may contain recommendations and statements that you do not agree with and do not support." I never heard from him. Something had to give. There was a rumor that I was facing a mental breakdown? I was under such pressure and stress. I don't think that was the case at all. But it was a really traumatic departure.

That's the way it ended. Except for one thing: he awarded me the Medal of Freedom in a very beautiful ceremony at the White House. And he was very, very warm in his comments. And I became so emotional, I could not respond.

Mr. President, I cannot find words to express what lies in my heart today. And I think I better respond on another occasion.

And had I responded, I would have said: "I know what many of you are thinking. You're thinking this man is duplicitous. You're thinking that he has held things close to his chest. You're thinking that he did not respond fully to the desires and wishes of the American people. And I want to tell you: "You're wrong." Of course he had personal idiosyncrasies, no question about it. He didn't accept all the advice he was given.

On several occasions, his associates advised him to be more forthcoming. He wasn't. People did not understand at that time there were recommendations and pressures that would carry the risk of war with China and carry the risk of nuclear war. And he was determined to prevent it. I'm arguing that he had a reason in his mind for doing what he did."

And, of course, shortly after I left, Johnson concluded that he couldn't continue.

EM: And at this point, how many Americans had been killed in Vietnam?

McNamara: About 25,000. Less than half of the number ultimately killed: 58,000.

Historians don't really like to deal with counterfactuals, with what might have been. They want to talk about history. "And how the hell do you know, McNamara, what might have been? Who knows?" Well, I know certain things.

What I'm doing is thinking through with hindsight, but you don't have hindsight available at the time. I'm very proud of my accomplishments, and I'm very sorry that in the process of accomplishing things, I've made errors.

Lesson #11: You can't change human nature.

We all make mistakes. We know we make mistakes. I don't know any military commander, who is honest, who would say he has not made a mistake. There's a wonderful phrase: "the fog of war."

What "the fog of war" means is: war is so complex it's beyond the ability of the human mind to comprehend all the variables. Our judgment, our understanding, are not adequate. And we kill people unnecessarily.

Wilson said: "We won the war to end all wars." I'm not so naive or simplistic to believe we can eliminate war. We're not going to change human nature anytime soon. It isn't that we aren't rational. We are rational. But reason has limits.

There's a quote from T.S. Eliot that I just love:

We shall not cease from exploring
And at the end of our exploration
We will return to where we started
And know the place for the first time.

Now that's in a sense where I'm beginning to be.

"Listen: you are not yourself, you are crowds of others, you are as leaky a vessel as was ever made, you have spent vast amounts of your life as someone else, as people who died long ago, as people who never lived, as strangers you never met. The usual I we are given has all the tidy containment of the kind of character the realist novel specializes in and none of the porousness of our every waking moment, the loose threads, the strange dreams, the forgettings and misrememberings, the portions of a life lived through others' stories, the incoherence and inconsistency, the pantheon of *dei ex machina* and the companionability of ghosts. There are other ways of telling."

— Rebecca Solnit, *The Faraway Nearby*



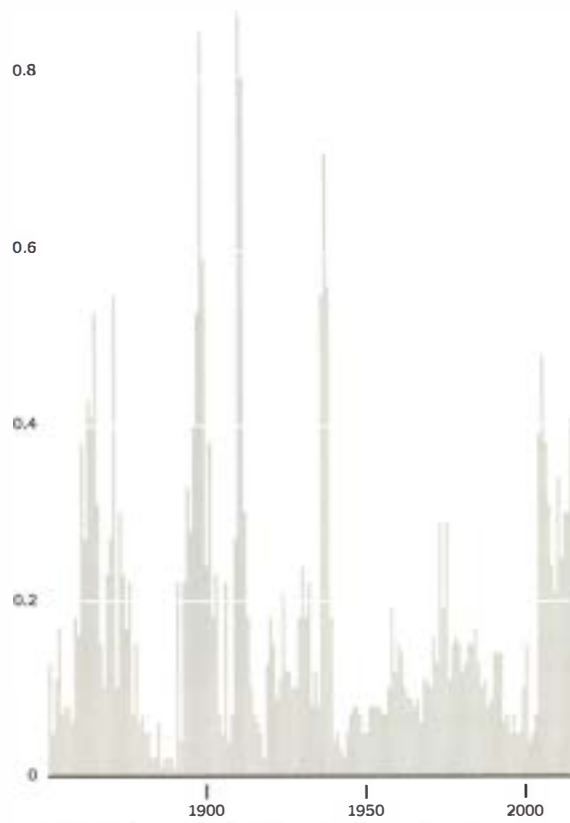


TRIPTYCH:
triptych (/ ˈtrɪptɪk/ TRIP-tɪk; from the Greek adjective τριπτυχόν
("three-fold"), from tri, i.e., "three" and ptyso, i.e., "to fold" or ptyx,
i.e., "fold")



Approach of Iraq War and the Rise of a Word

Percentage of articles in The New York Times containing the word "insurgent" over time.



INDEX OF LAMENT

Many believe in the stars.
Take Quinamid
The son of a Dardanian astrologer
Who disregarded what his father said
And came to Troy in a taxi.

Gone. [N War Music]

Fire

Miracles, revelations, agonies, loneliness, falling through the sea, down, down into the flames, all were burnt out. Listen, these are only possible days lit by fire. I need a howl, a cry. I have only bare things now, this coffee cup, this sky bird that opens its wings. Though how much better the silence holds me. Everything that falls upon the marsh and sweeps over when I have been sleepless is all but to feel it. Thoughts I have when I know anything so utterly as when I lack it, my memory weighted and exposed. And as time passes, I change the story. We were so young refracted into so many hues by the phrase for love. I bury him. Do not come with phrases, a note screwed into a ball. What is the phrase? Death? Out like sparks on burnt paper.



I don't know what to call this story.

Everything is there, contained in a few dozen yards. We must start backward. I'm not talking about writing. I'm talking about the book once it's written. Start at the source and follow it to its water supply. Start from the grave and follow it to him, the young British pilot.

His sight, still dizzy from early death

can't grasp it. Slowly, the Lament tells him their names:

So his whole head was dragged down in the dust.
And now his mother began to tear her hair . . .
she flung her shining veil to the ground and raised
a high, shattering scream, looking down at her son.
Pitifully his loving father groaned and round the
king
his people cried with grief and wailing seized the
city—
for all the world as if all Troy were torched and
smoldering
down from the looming brows of the citadel to her
roots.

Who said,
As my Achilles lifted his guitar:

"Lord, I was never so bethumped with words
Since first I called my father Dad."

Felt the hot shock in his neck of Meges' spear
Unswallowable sore throat of metal in his mouth

Right through his teeth

He died biting down on the spearhead (Oswald 2011a: 20)



Many believe in the stars.

So the voice of the king rang out in tears,
the citizens wailed in answer, and noble Hecuba
led the wives of Troy in a throbbing chant of
sorrow:

"O my child—my desolation! How can I go on
living?
What agonies must I suffer now, now you are dead
and gone?"

Her voice, rang out in tears
and the women wailed in answer, grief for
Patroclus
calling forth each woman's private sorrows.



Her voice rang out in tears and the women wailed in answer.

It is a metaphysical truth that all nature would begin to lament if it were endowed with language. (Though to "endow with language" is more than to "make able to speak.") This proposition has a double meaning. It means first: she would lament language itself.

This proposition has a double meaning. It means first she would lament language itself. Speechlessness: That is the great sorrow of nature (and for the sake of her redemption the life and language of man – not only, as is supposed, of the poet – are in nature). This proposition means secondly: she would lament. Lament, however, is the most undifferentiated, impotent expression of language; it contains scarcely more than the sensuous breath; and even when there is only a rustling of plants, in it there is always a lament. Because she is mute, nature mourns.

Yet the inversion of this proposition leads even further into the essence of nature; the sadness of nature makes her mute. In all mourning there is the deepest inclination to speechlessness, which is infinitely more than the inability or disinclination to communicate. That which mourns feels itself thoroughly known by the unknowable. [Reflections 327-28]

What was she trying to recover? Hard grief came sweeping.
The mesh of a huge dragnet sweeping up the world? A
heap of broken images where the sun beats and the dead
tree gives no shelter? Fear no more the heat of the sun.



The Horror, the Horror "Oh this horror!"
Dawn with her red-rose fingers shone upon them weeping.



THIS gradual drawing together of everything, a heap of broken images, as if some horror had come to the surface. "I was Nam – the horror" the war."

I had not thought that death had undone so many. They carried all they could bear, a suicide-fish, great things, yet still the mangy dog skulking under our window arouses a greater pity. Horror! horror! she wanted to cry. "Revive

for a moment the broken Carriolanus."

I think we are in rat's alley where the dead men lost their bones, legions of men prostrate behind him, he the giant mourner, receives for one moment on his face the whole - "O you who turn the wheel and look to windward, Consider Phlebas. Do you remember nothing?" It is the faces we once kissed that are being smashed in the English coastal towns, the hands we shook that are swept up with the debris: the headlines speak to us of our private lives: like the letters of a legend written round the base of a statue. They are wept for by posterity's tragic chorus.

It ended in a transcendental theory which, with her horror of death, allowed her to believe that since our apparitions, the part of us which appears, are so momentary compared with the others, the unseen part of us. She heard the names of the stars, the click of a typewriter" Oh the horror!" she said. "Stay off gondolas." I stand in the dark room with wings.

For years, their weight prevents me from leaving. Letters blackly scarred with the censor's knife translate the unimaginable. I have locked my doors but terror is ambushed outside. I too have awaited the unexpected guest. I put the rosary on the mantel. Turning away before the lifting curtain, I'm getting drowsy and see butterflies everywhere burying blood and ashes weighted by translucent bones. What then? When the storm crosses, the world will be made unsound. There is no guide, there is only you and love still uproots the heart better than an imagined landmine. Who will then take me to the caves shimmering full of sea nymphs beating their breasts. There I saw one I knew. It was Evan's and stopped him, crying: "Stetson! 'You who were with men the ships at Mylae! I must tell the whole world.'" "I heard a child ask where its

legs were.' His brother and his mother and grandmother lie buried, but in the lava of history. Away and away the airplane shot, til it was nothing but a bright spark; an aspiration. She warns us: it is a foreshadowing - all sorts of lemurs can heal you if you want to, the world will be hungry in a different way. This endless exterior is the remedy, for need can blossom into compensation. I can see your point. One must be so careful these days, but the buses cluster like vultures in the open spaces where already forgotten bombs brought disaster. When the storm crosses, the world will be made unsound.



But this bleeding minute cares only for the moment's fact which says that it is near dawn and that he is not coming back.

"αποθανειν θελω."

Song of Lament

By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept. The world would be made unsound but illuminating in the windows and people. What is the phrase? I do not know. I need a little language sharpened and clearer, lovely echoes that break and chime in our breasts making wild music. By the Neva, I sat down and wept. Tears and sorrow. Falling towers: Jerusalem Athens Alexandria Vienna London Unreal, what is that sound high in the air? Millions of things had utterly vanished. Yes, but their dying faces, fine pedestals and walls have gobs of blood, dying in my memory too because, you see, everyone else is dead. Or almost, the times are vanished. Imperceptibly everything has turned into something else: murmur of maternal lamentation, That nice boy killed, the world went black as night. He who was living is now dead. There was his hand. There the dead, she turns a moment and looks in the glass, hardly aware of her departed lover.

The millions lamented; for ages they had sorrowed. Her lover, who had been dead these centuries, had walked with her in May, but in the course of ages, he had gone; deaths' enormous sickle had swept these tremendous hills, as the ancient song bubbled up.

I write a small prayer. Insistent praise for all I can hold - these moving masts a brightly lit room in a harbor a haven, a back way to all my gratified desire. But I am done with phrases and let it burn. At the toll booth, the AM radio station hums, "Never My Love," a 1960's forgettable song that I have not forgotten. As dawn rose up in her golden robe from Ocean's tides, we cross the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, our car slides down the icy Belt Parkway, the bay on our right cold and gray, the red sky now a paler, disappearing pink. Silent ancestors sit with

me who could write a history of leaves. The walls are too thin and the sobs so loud that they echo down the street and across the salt water bays.

Her voice rang out in tears and the women wailed in answer: Ya ne razumiyu. I don't understand. She rests one elbow on the windowsill, a billowing curtain thinks of Stalin, a shroud. There is never and nowhere a time for such a word. She can't remember, hears the cars below, Listen. They took her husband, *lubov moya*, her words taken with everything else, a song. Strange distance of smoke and rust.

"There now," she smooths my hair with automatic hand and puts a record on the gramophone. The dense and smoking vegetation burns through the humid air and lights the night sky. Suddenly, up she rose from the salt green depths, from the churning surf like a mist whispering, "What sorrow has touched your heart?" A Greek chorus of cries open in the distance like a mouth, "I'll tell you something, he is a hero."

The music crept by me upon the waters trying to drown the voices. Roses are thrown on the funeral pyre as suitcases are lined up in a row and clatter and chatter from within.

"There now," she says, calling forth private sorrows. Inexplicable splendor of Ionian white and gold, the marble stare, even the hero outlives his fall. The war was over except for Mrs. Foxcroft eating her heart out: "O my son, my sorrow, all I bore was doom."

And so the Trojans buried Hector breaker of horses.[.]



Grief Grief is black it is made of earth

It gets into the cracks in the eyes

It lodges its lump in the throat

When a man sees his brother on the ground

He goes mad he comes running out of nowhere

Lashing without looking and that was how COON died

First he wounded Agamemnon

Then he grabbed his brother's stiffened foot

And tried to drag him home shouting

Help for god's sake this is Iphidamas

Someone please help but Agamemnon

Cut off his head and that was that

Two brothers killed on the same morning by the same man

That was their daylight here finished

And their long nightshift in the underworld just beginning
[oswald]

Death was defiance. So there was no excuse except the sin for which human nature had condemned him to death; that he did not feel. So there he lay with a thud, thud, thud in his brain, and then a suffocation of blackness. They went on living. This he preserved. The grass is singing: death was an attempt to communicate. "I know. I know. I know," he said "I always wanted to be a cowboy."

Song of Lament:

Dawn with her red-rose fingers shone upon them weeping. There are millions of starts in the galaxy, but I'm sure all my dreams are the wrong ones though we dream and hardly know it, longing. Oh! Here's death, she thought. Like an annunciatory angel, she was the only one dancing in the street. The radiant queen of sea-nymphs seized a veil. She comes wearily at dawn looking for the moon. Like an angel she fosters us, smoothes our hair. She teaches us one syllable such as children use - false phrases. She has bare things, this sky bird that opens its wings. Though how much better her silence.

The longing of the excluded was the strongest thing in all the rich goings on.



Their eyes filled up with tears. Their hearts were crammed with thoughts of lamentation. Then godlike Theoclymenus addressed them all: You're on fire with grief, faces wet with tears, This late age of the world's experience had bred in them all, all a well of tears. whereon the ghosts came

trooping up from Erebus- brides, young bachelors, old men worn out with toil, maids who had been crossed in love, and brave men who had been killed in battle, with their armour still smirched with blood; they came from every quarter and flitted round the trench with a strange kind of screaming sound that made me turn pale with fear. Standing on the world's summit we launch once again our insolent challenge to the stars!

THE FOG OF WAR: ELEVEN LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ROBERT S. McNAMARA

McNamara: Is this chart at a reasonable height? Or do you want it lowered? Earlier tonight — let me first ask the T.V., are you ready? All set?

Let me hear your voice level to make sure it's the same.

EM: Okay, how's my voice level McNamara: That's fine.

Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air, the bluebells seemed straight up with the knowledge of his grave, so close, so deathly flesh, they were the painful metamorphosis. So there was a man outside and the roses, half dead, had been picked by him in Greece. He was holding out flowers- roses, lilacs out of the dead land but she would buy the flowers herself. "They call me the hyacinth girl." "You gave me hyacinths a year ago, the corpse you planted last year in your garden, has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?" "She had to buy the roses but they were almost dead already." He won't see my roses," his mother weeps. And the blackness roars breeding lilacs out of the dead land, The water beads on the car windows, blurs the trees, black lace in the November

sky. His face is pressed to the other side of the glass, the blue of distance. For three day chairs are set up, cakes, uniforms, and telegrams blot the door. Everything you were last year is also equally dead. Everything you are this minute flows away faster than a breeze. It is a foreshadowing - the world will be hungry in a different way.

Everything that falls upon the marsh and sweeps over when you have been sleepless is all but to feel it. Dawn with her rose-red fingers shone once more upon them weeping. [...]

Tommy said, "Mr. President, you're wrong." Now that takes a lot of guts.

October 27, 1962

Kennedy: We're not going to get these missiles out of Cuba, probably anyway, by negotiation.

Thompson: I don't agree, Mr. President. I think there's still a chance.

Kennedy: That he'll back down?

Thompson: The important thing for Khrushchev, it seems to

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And at the end of our exploration
We will return to where we started
And know the place for the first time.

Now that's in a sense where I'm beginning to be.

"The possibility of such transformation, however, involves a risk: the risk we all take when we borrow the language of structures we wish to overcome—the risk of having our critical position toward any particular form of cultural authority be appropriated and neutralized by the dominant culture we set out to question. This appropriation can



happen because repetition belongs to the conditions of what is not yet thought, to the conditions, that is, of all possible futures. If this risk cannot be avoided, it is because it inhabits the possibility of transformation in general. To put it another way, if we are to lessen the chances that we will simply repeat the structures of authority we seek to change, we must try to understand the genealogy of the language we use—we must try to understand the history that is sealed within this language and which, if not taken into account, may align us without our knowing it with positions we oppose." [Cadava, Eduardo. Emerson and the Climates of History. 1997.]

Yet no truer image of hope can be imagined than that of ciphers, readable as traces, dissolving in history, disappearing in front of overflowing eyes, indeed confirmed in lamentation. In these tears of despair the ciphers appear as incandescent figures, dialectically, as compassion, comfort, and hope. [Theodor Adorno, Kierkegaard: Construction of the Aesthetic[2]

lament language

Not since /Your grieving reaches out and pistol-whips
That/ envied face, until /Frightened to bear your black,
backbreaking agony alone, /You sank, throat back, thrown
back, your voice /Thrown out across the sea to reach your
Source.(War Music Logue An account of books 16-19 of the
Iliad by Homer.]

"I have heard," murmured Starbuck, gazing down the
scuttle, "that in violent fevers, men, all ignorance, have
talked in ancient tongues; and that when the mystery is
probed, it turns out always that in their wholly forgotten
childhood those ancient tongues had been really spoken in
their hearing by some lofty scholars. So, to my fond faith,
poor Pip, in this strange sweetness of his lunacy, brings
heavenly vouchers of all our heavenly homes. Where
learned he that, but there?- Hark! he speaks again; but more
wildly now."

SOUND

"A couple of columns over there have got it in the neck."

The cries continue. It is not men, they could not cry so
terribly.

"Wounded horses," says Kat.

It's unendurable. It is the moaning of the world, it is the
martyred creation, wild with anguish, filled with terror, and
groaning.aqw 41

Those who have died young finally
need us no longer—you can be weaned
from things of this world as gently as a child
outgrows its mother's breast

But we who have need of those huge
mysteries, we who can sometimes
draw up from wellsprings of sadness
rejoicing and progress,
How could we exist without them? Is the old
tale pointless
that tells how music began in the midst of the
mourning for Linos, piercing the arid
numbness and, in that stunnedspace where
an almost godlike youth
had suddenly stopped existing, made
emptiness vibrate in ways that thrill us,
comfort us, help us now?





Mark the first page of the book with a red marker. For, in the beginning, the wound is invisible.

Lesson #2:
Rationality will not
save us.

Farther on the mist
ends. Here the
heads become
figures; coats,
trousers, and boots
appear out of the
mist as from a
milky pool. They
become a column.
The column
marches on,
straight ahead, the
figures resolve
themselves into a
block, individuals
are no longer
recognizable, the
dark wedge presses
onward,
fantastically topped
by the heads and
weapons floating
off on the milky
pool.

whereon the ghosts
came trooping up
from Erebus-
brides, young
bachelors, old men
worn out with toil,
maids who had
been crossed in



love, and brave men who
had been killed in battle,
with their armour still
smirched with blood;
they came from every
quarter and flitted round
the trench with a strange
kind of screaming sound
that made me turn pale
with fear.

A piece of chalk to follow
the contours of what is
not, or is no longer, or is
not yet; the handwriting
each one of us will use to
compose his own list of
'things that quicken the
heart,' to offer, or to erase.
The hand holds no chalk
And each part of the
whole falls off
And cannot know it
knew, except what's
there.



A whispered phrase passed around a room Ends up as something completely different.

And cannot know it knew, except
Here and there, in cold pockets
Of remembrance, whispers out of time.

But the magic of the veil is that - like the tissue interleaf on the (looking) glass - it gives off whispers of the other side - "Listen - quick rustling." The Penelopean poet works the



margins fringe- moving always out - in the direction of mystery. 74 Words of Others

""absolute orientation toward the Other"- "being for beyond my death" - "for a time that is without me" which is "ethics itself." (27-28). WOO 74



An Ancient Gesture

I thought, as I wiped my eyes on the corner of my apron:
Penelope did this too.

And more than once: you can't keep weaving all day And
undoing it all through the night;

Your arms get tired, and the back of your neck gets tight;
And along towards morning, when you think it will never
be light,

And your husband has been gone, and you don't know
where, for years. Suddenly you burst into tears;
There is simply nothing else to And I thought, as I wiped
my eyes on the corner of my apron: This is an ancient
gesture, authentic, antique,
In the very best tradition, classic, Greek;
Ulysses did this too.

*But only as a gesture, —a gesture which implied
To the assembled throng that he was much too moved to speak. He
learned it from Penelope...
Penelope, who really cried.*

Edna St. Vincent Millay



Poem Without a Hero
his warm hand makes a human pledge.
All the mirrors on the wall
show a man not yet appeared

who could not enter this white hall.
He is no better and no worse,
but he is free of Lethe's curse:
Strayed from the future, can it be
that he will really come to me,
turning left from the bridge?

It ended in a transcendental theory which, with her horror of death, allowed her to believe that since our apparitions, the part of us which appears, are so momentary compared with the others, the unseen part of us. She heard the names of the stars, the click of a typewriter“ Oh the horror! she said. “Stay off gondolas.” I stand in the dark room with wings.

March 6, 1965.

Johnson: The psychological impact of “The Marines are coming” is gonna be a bad one. I know every mother is going to say, “Uh oh, this is it.” What we’ve done with these B-57s is just gonna be Sunday School stuff compared to the marines. My answer is “yes,” but my judgment is “no.”

‘Unfitness to pursue our research in the unfathomable waters.’ ‘Impenetrable veil covering our knowledge of the cetacea.’
‘A field strewn with thorns.’

‘All these incomplete indications but serve to torture but let us consider



Aesthetics of Being Glorious

To be glorious, take off your wings Before you fly.



Aesthetics of Stone

Silence is not everything. It is half of everything Like a house.



Flowers

Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air, the bluebells seemed straight up with the knowledge of his grave, so close, so deathly flesh, they were the painful metamorphosis. So there was a man outside and the roses, half dead, had been picked by him in Greece. He was holding out flowers- roses, lilacs out of the dead land but she would buy the flowers herself. "They call me the hyacinth girl." "You gave me hyacinths a year ago, the corpse you planted last year in your garden, has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?" "She had to buy the roses but they were almost dead already." He won't see my roses," his mother weeps. And the blackness roars breeding lilacs out of the dead land, The water beads on the car windows, blurs the trees, black lace in the November sky. His face is pressed to the other side of the glass, the blue of distance. For three day chairs are set up, cakes, uniforms, and telegrams blot the door. Everything you were last year is also equally dead. Everything you are this minute flows away faster than a breeze. It is a foreshadowing - the world will be hungry in a different way.

Everything that falls upon the marsh and sweeps over when you have been sleepless is all but to feel it. Dawn with her rose-red fingers shone once more upon them weeping.

I find other routes for our morning walks. I avoid the square, look away as I drive past. But one night, very late, during a snowstorm, I walk into town, my dog sniffing at the lights which are set in the pavement, stage lighting focused on the memorial. What is it about memory, a tireless voice and the heart inside me bronze. Sing sing in memory, from blue to the green of a hollow wave, how it disappears,

cannot be recalled at will, the way it is layered and changing, reappearing long after it matters? I feel my wings weighted with falling snow. I look at his face. Sparks are flying as he moves. My wings are gold. I lift my head to one side and squint. Oh - I see fairy dust and despair against a deepening sky more mysterious and mournful than all memories at once. Such are the visions, Babylon and Sodom and the Roman Empire fell, but the winter blizzard cuts as cruelly as ever, and love still uproots the heart better than an imagined land mine. For however birth washed you clean, you have only to look up into your grandmother's misted eyes to receive your guilt.

Left open, to be left pounded, to be left closed, to be circulating in summer and winter, and sick color that is grey that is not dusty and red shows, to be sure cigarettes do measure an empty length sooner than a choice in color.

Winged, to be winged means that white is yellow and pieces pieces that are brown are dust color if dust is washed off, then it is choice that is to say it is fitting cigarettes sooner than paper.

An increase why is an increase idle, why is silver cloister, why is the spark brighter, if it is brighter is there any result, hardly more than ever.



One of 38,000 Vietnam Dead Joins the Unknowns



Widows Retage: People and Police Inevade

PARIS (UPI) — Israeli charges that 400 missiles were sent to Saudi Arabia, officials report.

400 MISSILES SENT TO SAUDI ARABIA, OFFICIALS REPORT



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Key Farm Laboratory Plans 'Overdue' Move to Genetics

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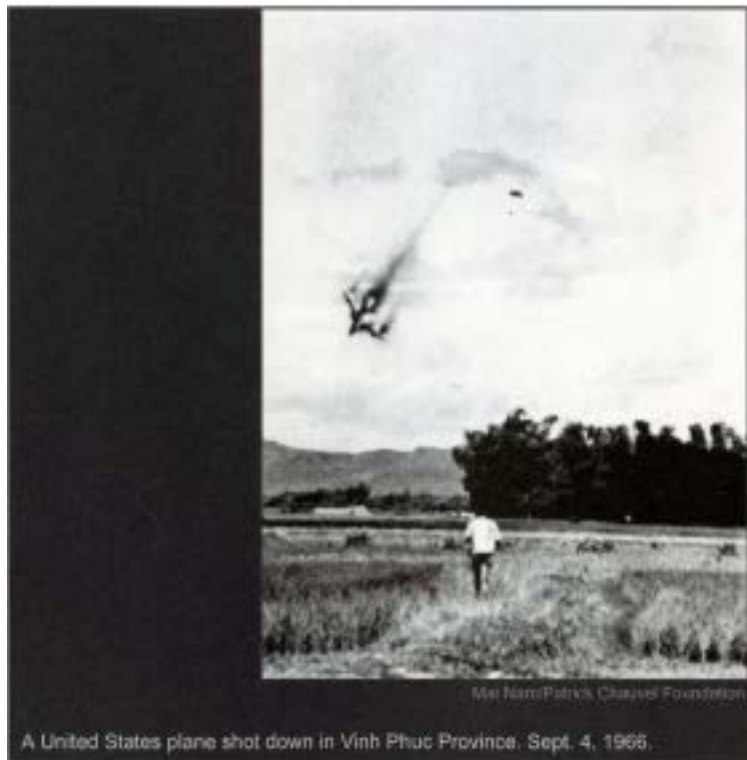
Key Farm Laboratory Plans 'Overdue' Move to Genetics

Fight on Drinking Age Now Vial

Fight on Drinking Age Now Vial

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Fight on Drinking Age Now Vial



Me Nam Patrick Chausel Foundation

A United States plane shot down in Vinh Phuc Province, Sept. 4, 1966.

Vietnam's Photographic History, Told by the Winners



Witnesses and Testimony

Nothing tells memories from ordinary moments only afterwards do they claim remembrance by their scars, a trail of clues, a thousand memories of men who parade their personal laceration as the great wound of history. Hurry up, please, it's time. The farewell to all that one has lost, broken, used must be ennobled by a ceremony. What we can bear to know of the past, the people are missing. Always, afterward, one sees things. A trail of clues. black with the dark blood of trees killed by fire. Grief is black drawing the contours of what is not, or is no longer, or is not yet, made of earth it gets into the cracks in the eyes. Afterward I saw other things; lists of what the dead do not see: the face of a child who has dug his teeth into a melon. I remember those pearls that were his eyes but I draw no parallels from patterns, and throw off no silver-sparkled words. He is twenty years old. The age, the number of his age

stopped at death: what he has become will always be twenty -years old. He's been in the black earth now for thousands of years. What is yet unknown what lasting thanks for warring with our enemies on and on no end? And everyone looks up to see that whip of sparks, like that star of the waning summer, like when god throws a star who beyond all stars rises bathed in the ocean stream to glitter in brilliance, and then it's gone..



Lesson #10: Never say never.





EPILOGUE

Lesson #10: Never say never.

EM: After you left the Johnson administration, why didn't you speak out against the Vietnam War?

McNamara: I'm not going to say any more than I have. These are the kinds of questions that get me in trouble. You don't know what I know about how inflammatory my words can appear. A lot of people misunderstand the war, misunderstand me. A lot of people think I'm a son of a bitch.

EM: Do you feel in any way responsible for the War? Do you feel guilty?

McNamara: I don't want to go any further with this discussion. It just opens up more controversy. I don't want to add anything to Vietnam. It is so complex that anything I say will require additions and qualifications.

EM: Is it the feeling that you're damned if you do, and if you don't, no matter what? McNamara: Yeah, that's right. And I'd rather be damned if I don't.

EM: And he was willing to accept that?

Yes, and he went on to say: "Mr. McNamara, if you and President Kennedy had been in a similar situation, that's what you would have done." I said, "Mr. President, I hope to God we would not have done it. Pull the temple down on our heads? My God!"

In a sense, we'd won. We got the missiles out without war. My deputy and I brought the vlie Chiefs over and we sat down with Kennedy. And he said, "Gentlemen, we won. I

don't want you ever to say it, but you know we won, I know we won."

And LeMay said, "Won? Hell, we lost. We should go in and wipe 'em out today."

LeMay believed that ultimately we're going to confront these people in a conflict with nuclear weapons. And, by God, we better do it when we have greater superiority than we will have in the future.

his wartime memories:

He described standing in water up to his armpits, surrounded by the smell of mud and rotting flesh. "I saw too many things I would like to forget, but I will never forget them, I can never forget them," he said. On a visit to the Somme in 1918

My earliest memory is of a city exploding with joy. It was November 11, 1918. I was two years old. You may not believe that I have the memory, but I do. I remember the tops of the streetcars being crowded with human beings cheering and kissing and screaming. End of World War I we'd won. But also celebrating the belief of many Americans particularly Woodrow Wilson — we'd fought a war to end all wars. His dream was that the world could avoid great wars in the future. Disputes among great nations would be resolved.

MORRIS: The choice of incendiary bombs—where did that come from?

McNAMARA: I think the issue is not so much incendiary bombs. I think the issue is: In order to win a war, should you kill 100,000 people in one night, by firebombing or any other way? LeMay's answer would be, clearly, "Yes."

McNamara, do you mean to say that instead of killing 100,000—burning to death 100,000—Japanese civilians in that one night we should have burned to death a lesser number or none and then had our soldiers cross the beaches in Tokyo and been slaughtered in the tens of thousands? Is that what you're proposing? Is that moral? Is that wise? Why was it necessary to drop the nuclear bomb if LeMay was burning up Japan?

And he went on from Tokyo to firebomb other cities. 58% of Yokohama. Yokohama's roughly the size of Cleveland. 58% of Cleveland destroyed. Tokyo is roughly the size of New York. 51% of New York destroyed. 99% of the equivalent of Chattanooga, which was Toyama. 40% of the equivalent of Los Angeles, which was Nagoya. This was all done before the dropping of the nuclear bomb, which, by the way, was dropped by LeMay's command.





Mr. Patch's death came 92 years after he fought in the army as a machine gunner in In May 1917, Mr. Patch arrived in the frontline trenches and was almost immediately thrust into the fighting at Passchendaele, near the For 80 years, until the end of the 20th century, he avoided talking about his wartime experiences.

The battle was the brainchild of Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, who intended the Allied offensive to punch through the front lines to German-occupied ports on the Belgian coast. The offensive quickly bogged down in the morass created by torrential rain and artillery fire, and gained only a few miles of wasteland at the cost of nearly half a million Allied soldiers' lives. When he did reminisce, it was with a sense that war was pointless.

At a remembrance ceremony in 2007, he said he felt humbled to be "representing an entire generation," but he insisted that the occasion was not about him. "It is for the countless millions who did not come home," he said. "They are the heroes. It is also important that we remember those who lost their lives on both sides."

In an interview with Britain's ITN television news channel shortly before he died, Mr.

Patch was asked if the effort invested by the Allies in World War I was worth the lives that were lost.

"No, it wasn't worth one," he said.

Lesson #2: Rationality will not save us.

I want to say, and this is very important: at the end we lucked out. It was luck that prevented nuclear war. We came that close to nuclear war at the end. Rational individuals: Kennedy was rational

K; Khrushchev was rational; Castro was rational. Rational individuals came that close to total destruction of their societies. And that danger exists today.

The major lesson of the Cuban missile crisis is this: the indefinite combination of human fallibility and nuclear weapons will destroy nations. Is it right and proper that today there are 7500 strategic offensive nuclear warheads, of which 2500 are on 15 minute alert, to be launched by the decision of one human being?

It wasn't until January, 1992, in a meeting chaired by Castro in Havana, Cuba, that I learned 162 nuclear warheads, including 90 tactical warheads, were on the island at the time of this critical moment of the crisis. I

couldn't believe what I was hearing, and Castro got very angry.

Mark the first page of the book with a red marker. For, in the beginning, the wound is invisible.



Lesson #3: There's something beyond one's self.

I took more philosophy classes particularly one in logic and one in ethics. Stress on values and something beyond one's self, and a responsibility to society.

And I wired back, "My middle name is 'Strange.'"

And she said "I know it's 'strange,' but what is it?"

Well, I mean it is Strange, it's Robert Strange McNamara.



70¢ 20¢ News
Day 15¢

The New York Times.

CITY EDITION

FIRST ATOMIC BOMB DROPPED ON JAPAN; MISSILE IS EQUAL TO 20,000 TONS OF TNT; TRUMAN WARNS FOE OF A 'RAIN OF RUIN'

Atomic Bomb Explodes
Major Blast, Top U. S. Air

Atomic Bomb Explodes
Major Blast, Top U. S. Air

Atomic Bomb Explodes
Major Blast, Top U. S. Air



Dead Terror ' vaporized'
In End of Mighty Bomb

Atomic bomb exploded at Nagasaki, Japan, today, the second atomic attack on the city. The explosion was heard 100 miles away. The bomb was dropped by the B-29 bomber, the *Superfortress*, from the aircraft carrier *Intrepid*. The explosion was described as a "mushroom cloud" that rose 30,000 feet into the air. The city of Nagasaki was almost completely destroyed. The atomic bomb is the most powerful weapon ever invented. It is the result of the atomic energy program which was started in 1941. The atomic bomb is a weapon of mass destruction. It is a weapon that can wipe out an entire city in a matter of minutes. It is a weapon that is the most powerful force ever known to man. It is a weapon that is the most powerful force ever known to man.

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Wage News Surmounts

Bank Note Exchange as Strong

Trade Fair in Manila

Bank Note Exchange as Strong

Trade Fair in Manila



“Like when god throws a star / And everyone looks up / To see that whip of sparks / And then it’s gone.”

GHOST SOLDIER - NOTES

Filling one's work with ghosts: this could be the protocol of all writing and reading
[Eduardo Cadava, *Irresistible Dictations*, 10].

This book is written intentionally in words and images which I have borrowed/stolen* from others. Everything in this book I owe to the words of others. Only the introduction and the arrangement of text and images are original.

* Stolen, yes, but by another trick of the mirror, here stealing means giving [In the Station of the Metro by Chris Marker, Text published in the limited edition book: Chris Marker, *Passengers*, New York: Peter Blum Edition, 2011].

We use a language which is never just ours; this language bears the traces of everything that's been done in its name. Therefore, unless we make an effort to understand the history that has been borne by this language, we run the risk of repeating, without knowing it, what we wish to overcome [Cadava, 4].

The veil of the text is the fluttering edge of the incapturable other - something is always scattered, secreted, separate, hidden, when we are engaged in the work of language. Ghosts occupy every text, and we unweave other texts as we weave them into our own (which is thereby revealed to be our own, not own able - only common) [Stephen Collis, *Through the Words of Others*, 73].

What I put into words is no longer my possession. Possibility has opened. The future will forget, erase, and deconstruct every poem [Susan Howe, *My Emily Dickinson*].

Debts:

Marguerite Duras, Virginia Woolf, Eduardo Cadava, Shakespeare, Herman Melville, Rainer Maria Rilke, Alice Oswald, Homer, Rebecca Solnit, James Tate, Walter Benjamin, Roland Barthes, Susan Sontag, Robert Graves, W.G. Sebald, Lewis Carroll, Giorgio Agamben, Michel Foucault, James Joyce, Chris Marker, Elizabeth Smart, T.S. Eliot, Christian Boltanski, Paul Virilio, Sergei Eisenstein, Christopher Logue, Krzysztof Wodiczko, Adam Broomberg and Oliver Chanarin, Aby Warburg, Bertolt Brecht, Art Greenspon, Charlie Chaplin, and images cut from newspapers, altered images, images taken from the web, and to all others whose work I have used. And lastly, a special thank you to William S. Burroughs.

Elaine Lynch

September 21, 2014

