

.theInquisitor

entered the scruffy girl into his room the typical silence
rage of pierced nose tattoo of something wild on her arm
probably all her body under the rough clothing of their
attitude perhaps a tribe of them scattered in alleys under
bridges sleeping on busbenches waiting for night to go
out like rats scavengers of whats left after civilization
has gorged its usual dinner

she didnt wouldnt pay him the respect of eating the food
orderd for her w/any relish not the condiment the appetite
burger fries coke one of those who ate pure or dumpster?
although he knew she was hungry hunger was all anger
food as if not tasted omnivorous disdain for all taste only
the profound contempt for everything deserved of the
world by the young yet she ate everything every scrap
the whole cheap feast but not as food as judgment at
least absolutely honest no lady pushing nutrients away
obviously starving for her elegance the girl was an animal
not a bitch what is admirable in the young when they
refuse to become actors in a bad play

-everyone wants to live be in some other time or place he
sd finally Be different orNo be the same different world
surrounding altogether. so we imagine
he could hear her brain ticking Fuck imagination its only
money out of here and money

But that was an action her own fake script written for the
world of zookeepers like him obviously what she wanted
was for something to make sense but that was gourmet
dining not on aBurgerKing takeout menu

-i want you to think back to your origins he sd quietly
How it begins lets say your mystery

-are you a cop she muttered a common confusion

-Not really he sd. underway. door opens she just walks
in poor child for that is what she is after all

-i just help he sd soft smile they hate the unctuous Their
entire existence which says Nothing helps. a stubbornness
...again, the animal he admird it

-do you need coffee or anything to stay awake?

that flicker of concern observd for the first time. she then
entered the room finally slowly in fact details of the room
entered her eyes of brain for the first time desk coffeepot
on desk books in shelves flowers on table in front of a
window with blinds drawn on a wall of paint not gray
not white some basic text of eggshell in which you for
now could feel safe egg placenta container around the
fragile body as yet unborn still wet still blind

How could she know the books Dostoevsky obviously
Michelet Summers KramerSprenger absurdly ancient
but for the history Koestler etc and others who presume
to relate a timeline a policy a record (cases) definition
and conclusion if any the suggestion of coffee seemd
to have made her eyes suddenly drowsy to be
curld in sleep safe from theReal

-is it still dark outside

-probably not
-open the blinds then
he shruggd There *is* something beyond, we all want to
avoid it dont know why
Awareness, sudden energy loss Food in her drowsy or a
keener sense brain activatd designd to hibernate if not
escape danger in this case this,his room poor child as
she slumpd then straitend herself in the wooden chair
he perceivd the etchd forestbeast on her forearm seemd
to twitch maybe leap dependent on circumstance the
ink statement needld into flesh as stubborn attitude(in
space)identity orientation over any nakedness which
would reveal simple anonymous humanity avoid
Fear difficult for the human

sometimes they emerge from a wood a city park dwelt
w/elves and other boutiquedecor silliness twee animists
runaways terrorists hardcore junkies this one trackless
however after bodysearch theyd offerd clean(used)
clothing she refused
-do you hear voices and see shapes of things(that are)
not there etc it was a checklist simply
now i were in a wood should hear voices come to me
in this room she hears a voice he knows
-do you want to run?
she stard at his hands he used pen and paper old school
austerity everyone does/runs
stupid things it is heroic to be simple they think but a
fixd gaze on his hands long pale fingers the instruments
of inquiry perhaps overnervd the wires of some recall
remind her bemused : you arent bolted to a wall to
chains and irons or youd prefer? genuinely smile,lean
forward Rough? colorful bruises and chains? what desire
reachable teachable she hallucinates belonging to a
meaning would be a sign an entire body screaming i
do not not belong here not any world
she would not utter respond any act of selfbetrayal
-do you want to go back where you come from just
were some stinking alley with junkies maybe a cave
with bears? she glard but he was not mocking only to
make her laugh surely it was in her
*answer bravely the voice told her the voice told her to
spit nails and glow in the dark*
-do you think someone cares if we talk anyone just
human here womans apparel no longer requird he
smild to himself would she get it?
to get out of here,anything she did not say that,her
brain glard that punk belligerence thru skin almost sunk
into bones into oceans or endless time via wishd to not
Be long ago then stuck w/it Be w/him
refusal to submit to Reality your desire
and yr friends/gang Ladidah RazorMaggoty CathyMike
others in some camp of the saints who are sullenIdolsent
romantics aging into bums all over the imagind map she
is delusional and dresses like a bum
Become them i totally dont care you understand a job

he cd ask Are your illusions naked? long flowing hair
shavd polymorphd or virgin? it is all sex all sex until it
isnt to whom it matters would still be young she is
indeterminant

he checkd his list,clock in his mind pace it,timing is all
so i need to ask yr relative degree of education it goes
to competence grasp on consequences Theres soot
on some of these papers...yes. confirm you read this,&
signature (Latin: smooth tongue ofLaw whereas they
mumble stutter at Defiance scrawl yr name J.)she
thinks this cd release her-- ?

at some point in this interview he quickly stood up,turnd
away then turnd back abruptly,quite dramatic Voices
music light cd you experience them here aRave,some
spectacle...? wraparound synesthesia maybe you just need
a mommie,a strong man is this *room* safe? fuck you
she glard chronic whatever you see hear want

*do they come as disembodied or move along the
ground* is theLight neon radiant or electric(bulbs in bare
rooms in yr sad head) he wd rather converse music bugs
architecture even religion a discernableMind in there now
&then then would be centuries if girls like her would
only speak a vast conversation theyd generate archives
vaults unlockd never will never happen but the tremor of
danger movd his hand over his face in a sudden weird
exploration did she have memory

*there was light all about and so there should be All light
does not come to you no day i do not hear them*
chronic he heard it light up yr dreams girls

the records of girls from these he recalld as
several others he was confident retrievals compiles/
composite vision face of a type always poignant natal
confusion of some raw naivete and an intelligence
unhealingly belligerent in its scope to know and then
w/out recrimination escape this was more than foold
foolish youth but defiance the kind(quality of)failure
to allow the best process for least of us to process
he falterd (his)thought. to proceed confidently (*com
federe* the predicate always stronger inLatin) this one
word used twice it meant w/trust and that cd not be
wrong

:precisely the reverse do NOT maintain them in any
illusions but reasonableTime seasonably theReasons the
wheel the rack the world time them spun out of control
meet yr eyes at their level suffer them to he did not
believe or serve/service any Master plan beyond 24/7 all
qualities structures poetries light&dark *maintain sanity*
-- allow them to think they will soon outthink you...
allow us to think and we will [soon] outthink you, as
all this time youve been acting weve been confined to
watching. perceiving. *we are not blind*

acting is a mode of confident blindness

blind deaf mute crippld powerless all watching is of,a
chronic submission toAct this a conversation he cd enjoy
*not glard thru bars of cagd no thick forest or indigenous
magic birds of the Ucayali jungle* or wherever someVoice

speaks or sings alien tongue they lick their fingers clean
chewd on unicorn bones or whatever flowery soup the
Angels pourd consume each other, on 2nd thought one
sd all is permittd or whatever atavism drugs& highend
restaurant garbagebins mixd w/shit their godflesh
historys redundance it dances over&over different bodies
same moves let them pretend otherwise otherwise lost
text in Words again others wiser than you (probably not)
whatever every damn hour century the same job he wishd
she wd not be stubborn just once

driven inward they become...the Rules are monstrous for
their reasons the Dreams of reason (who remembers him)
at somepoint in this interview the old legendry did you
really jump from that window/yr idea of a *prison*, like
this? was it witnessd?? all Nuts? no *gravity* ??
she almost likd him then *feel this, consensual* beyond
the witch the evil tricks sheer dumb u want
leap from this Tower
the fatal (wild) *type*

absolutely on her face he could observe a memory
if he was not believable, cancel or this
was possible in the texts their uncanny semblance of
(a) continuity so all was well his finger tappd on the
dark desk wood music or meditation he knew both in a
mind actually a taxonomy and he admird this them as
various faces as of one blood (intention, mutant gene)
/Berlin Toledo Compiègne Rouen certainly a heritage
or just a prerequisite missd he could not understand
large with responsibility to place each in its place with
its kind thus actually a taxonomy and he this is
slippage /Argentina records of crisis and those
who comprehendeth not

he playd his part Forget

At some point in this interview he goes mentally to the
door or window which are in reality closed & shuttered,
& looks out of his room into what is beyond; to some it
seems/is a higher building, they would look from it far
down as they crossd thru door on the courtyard below, or
a yard of some kind or parking lot. Or they would exit at
groundlevel & walk out cross a threshold directly into a
yard no distance here we are strippd down clean basics
they should respect it/this serious reality not a Mind

he stood reachd crossd the desk her coffee cold, empty
cup pourd out/in fresh hot youd like to be awake

beyond (if mystery miracle authority) beyond a sky
w/smog stink billions nothing worth it but precise.
Beyond out there in the prisonyard was the fire Fire
blinding enough as a Sun to be the simple sun of one
more moment but it was clearly more than this for
her

every birth seems like a death until you
come out on the other side (vice versa, but forget)

but the stubborn ones
those like her recalcitrant(of what use) those like her
dishevelled pure certitude grimd w/time not to last a
deliberate kindness to endTime here now deliberatd
mercy R us (almost giddy,he really enjoyd this part at
finishline where all the highstrung ones reckless ones
crossd his line she had good bones that constant fine
tremor of readiness for whatever comes next *he knew*
you'd look nice in a dress why not he thought but sd
not rather stood up kindly mien avuncular gesture her
Go first forward into some dimension perhaps fitting
her mood triumphant not really but play to it we
have nothing to lose those like her dumb toOblivion
those like her escapd of theCommon and proud so
in florescence of what the blind see always magnetic
those like her led from his room into their(one)final
ecstatic day

/barbara mor

Written Jan 14-24, 2012; this year is the 600 year anniversary
of Joan's birth, Jan 6, 1412-May 30, 1431. Text with quotes
reconfigured & paraphrased from Joan of Arc, In Her Own
Words, compiled & translated by Willard Trask, Books & Co.,
NY, 1996, pgs 87-144, covering her captivity, trial & last day;
& with reference to Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor.

from Inquisition Transcripts

pg83, Compiègne May 23 1430:

i came...at a secret hour in the morning and entered
the town...without our enemies knowing....

pg 87, Beaulieu May 1430:

whenever i have been a prisoner i have wanted to escape....

pg 93, The Trial (Feb-May 1431) Feb 1431:

it is true that i have wished, and that i still wish, what is
permissible for any captive: to escape!

pg 89, Beaufort, in captivity May 1430-Feb 1431:

[2 women] offered me womans clothing or cloth to make
it and asked me to wear it. i answered that i had not our
Lord's permission and that it was not yet time....

pg93, theTrial, Feb 1431:

i protest against being kept in chains and irons....

pg94 theTrial Feb 22 1431:

if now i were in a wood i should hear the voices
coming to me

pg95 theTrial Feb 24 1431:

i come sent by God i have no business here i pray you
send me back to God from whom i come

pg96 theTrial Feb 24 1431:

and the voice told me that i should answer bravely

pg96 theTrial Feb 24 1431:

*Do you think it displeasing to God to have the truth
told?*

pg97 theTrial Feb 24 1431:

Should you like to be given a womans dress?

Give me one i will take it and go! otherwise i will
not take it

pg98 theTrial Feb 27 1431:

Did you hear it [the voice] in this room (on Saturday)?
[now Saturday]

that has nothing to do with your trial i did hear it here
i did not understand it well i did not understand anything
that i could repeat to you until i had returned to my room
it told me to answer you bravely

pg100 theTrial Feb 27 1431:

*When you saw the voice coming to you was there
any light?*

there was light all about and so there should be All
light does not come to you

pg103 theTrial Mar 1 1431:

there is no day that i do not hear them

pg 105 theTrial Mar 1 1431: *In what form was Saint*

Michael when he appeared to you?...Was he naked?

....Had he hair?

pg112 PrisonSession Mar 12 1431:

*When you promised our Lord to keep your virginity,
was it to him that you spoke?*

pg113 PrisonSession Mar 12 1431:

*Did the voice bid you put on men's clothing?....Did you
think you were doing wrong to put on men's clothing?*

pg114 PrisonSession Mar 13 1431:

*Of what material was the crown? [the sign presented to
French King]....Did you handle it, or kiss it? No.*

Did the angel who brought it come from above, or along the ground?

He came from above – I mean, he came at our Lord's bidding. He entered by the door of the chamber.

Did he move along the ground from the door of the chamber?

And from the door of the chamber he stepped & moved along the ground as he came to the King.

Did the crown have a good odor?

It smells good, & will.

pg116 PrisonSessions Mar 14 1431:

I have asked my voices for 3 things: one is my freedom; another, that God will help the French, & watch over the towns that acknowledge them; & the other, my soul's salvation.

pg118 PrisonSessions Mar 14 1431:

The evil thing that you did when you jumped from the tower – do you think that was a mortal sin?

[She was in the tower of Beaufort in Compiègne 4 months]

I do not know. I leave it to our Lord.

You wear men's clothing. Do you not think that you have sinned mortally in doing that?

Since I do it at our Lord's bidding & in his service, I do not think I am doing wrong. And when he shall be pleased to direct, it shall be quickly laid aside.

pg119 PrisonSessions Mar 15 1431: The difference between the Church militant & the Church triumphant is explained to her

to her.

pg120 PrisonSessions Mar 15 1431: *What would you rather do – put on women's clothing & hear mass, or remain in men's clothing & not hear mass?*

[She'll put on a long dress they make for the purpose of attending mass, then return to her soldier's clothing when when returned to prison, she says]

pg125 Re-Examination Mar 27 1431:

I do not do wrong to serve God!

pg125 Re-Examination Mar 27 1431:

At Arras & at Beaufort [good return] I was many times admonished to wear women's clothing: I refused, & I still refuse. As to other womanly duties, there are enough other women to perform them....

There is neither sorcery nor any other evil art in anything that I have done.

pg126 Re-Examination Mar 28 1431:

As for signs, of those who ask for one are not worthy of it, I am not accountable for that!

pg129 In her Prison Mar 28 1431:

If the church militant tells you that your revelations are illusions or diabolical things or superstitious or evil things, will you refer yourself to the Church in respect to them?

pg130 Lying Sick in Prison, Apr 18 1431:

She is Visited & Exhorted by the Judges: *You have been questioned concerning great & difficult matters, & it seems that in many things you have erred. But because you are an unlettered & ignorant woman, unable to discern whether*

such things are contrary to our faith, we offer you a good counsellor to advise you. Choose one or more from among those here, to counsel you: they are doctors of theology & of canon & civil law. But if you will not accept counsel & do as the Church counsels you, you are in great danger.

pg132 Donjon of the Castle May 9 1431:

She is Threatened w/Torture in the Presence of the Instruments: Truly, if you were to have me torn limb from limb & send my soul out of my body, I would say nothing else. And if I did say anything afterwards I should always say that you had made me say it by force.

pg132 Last Session May 23 1431:

She is Again Admonished: If I were at the place of execution, & I saw the fire lighted, & the faggots catching & the executioner ready to build up the fire, & if I were in the fire, even so I would say nothing else, & I would maintain what I have said at this trial until death.

I have nothing more to say.

pg135 Cemetery of St-Ouen May 24 1431:

The First Sentence

She recants: I would rather sign it than burn.

pg139 In her Prison May 28 1431:

She Revokes Her abjuration: What I said, I said for fear of the fire.

pg143 In her Prison, Last Day May 31 1431:

Alas! Am I so horribly & cruelly used, that my clean body, never yet defiled, must this day be burnt & turn to ashes! Ha Ha! I would rather be beheaded 7 times than suffer burning.

pg144 At the Stake, Last Words May 30 1431:

Jesus, Jesus!

[Joan of Arc, In Her Own Words, compiled&translated by Willard Trask Books&Co NYC 1996]

Jehanne Notes:

pg4: Not far from Domremy, there is a tree called TheLadies Tree [theBlessedVirgin; originally the Goddess], & others call it the FairiesTree, & near it there is a [healing] fountain [spring].

pg5: There is a wood in Domremy, called the PolledWood, you can see it from my fathers door, it is not ½ a league away. I never heard that the fairies met there. But when I was on my journey to my King, I was asked by some if there was not a wood in my country called the PolledWood, for it had been prophesied that a maid would come from near that wood to do wonderful things. But I said I had no faith in that.

pg146: PolledWood – so translated in an attempt to render the equivoque of the original *Bois-chesnu*, which may mean either ‘oak wood’ or ‘gray-haired wood.’

[The Inquisition obsesses on its own fetishes: women’s clothing/men’s clothing, Joan’s banner as rallying icon, the Sign of the Crown, its odor, the exact appearance, state of dress or nakedness of the 3 Saints – their sexual fetishes ultimately, & these are transferred to her & into her as occult objects/insignia of her sin, as some form of

Magick/Demonic energy paraphernalia that damns her.
They would/could not pay her the respect of debating any
large metaphysical issues w/her of specific political or
strategic matters relating to her accomplishments for
France. I.e. they could rely on the wimp King Charles,
who benefitted directly from these, to not come to her
defense. And England was not yet a Protestant country.

-- bmor]

Dostoevsky The Grand Inquisitor

232 Man was created a rebel; & how can rebels be happy....

[TheGrandInquisitor] claims it as a merit for himself & his
Church that at last they have vanquished freedom & have
done so to make men happy....Thou didst reject the only
way by which men might be made happy. But, fortunately,
departing Thou didst hand on the work to us.

233 The wise & dread Spirit, the Spirit of self-destruction &
non-existence...the great Spirit talked w/thee in the wilderness
& we are told in the books that he 'tempted' Thee...From
questions alone, from the miracle of their statement, we can see
that we have here to do not w/the fleeting human intelligence,
but w/the absolute & eternal. For, in those 3 questions, the
whole subsequent history of mankind is...brought together into
one whole, is foretold. In them are united all the unresolved
historical contradictions of human nature.

233 *Man does not live by bread alone.*

He rejects Satan's offer of power over men who fear Freedom
but worship a Miracle worker....they follow the Beast who gives
them fire from heaven. Ages pass, & humanity will proclaim by
the lips of their sages that *There is no crime, & therefore no sin,
there is only hunger. 'Feed men, & then ask of them virtue!'*
That's what they'll write on the banner, raised against Thee w/
which they will destroy Thy temple. In its place, a new building
rises: the terrible tower of Babel will be built again....No science
will give them bread so long as they remain free. In the end they
will lay their freedom at our feet & say: 'Make us your slaves,
but feed us.' They will understand at last that freedom & bread
enough for all are inconceivable together....They will be convinced,
too, that they can never be free, for they are weak, vicious, worthless
& rebellious....In the eyes of the weak, ever sinful & ignoble race
of men, the bread of Heaven can never compare w/earthly bread....

233 We care for the weak too. Sinful & rebellious, but they too
will in the end become obedient. Marvel at us as gods because we
endure that freedom dreadful to them....

The universal & everlasting craving of humanity – to find someone
to worship....The secret of man's being is not only to live but to have
something to live for....Man prefers peace, & even death to freedom
of choice in the knowledge of good & evil....

235 There are 3 powers alone able to conquer & hold captive forever
the conscience of these impotent rebels for their happiness – Miracle,
Mystery & Authority....Man seeks not so much God as the miraculous,
he cannot bear to be w/out the miraculous & will create new miracles
of his own for himself, worshipping deeds of sorcery & witchcraft....

237 Relatively few strong can endure Freedom, what of the great
multitude of the weak? Did Thou come to the Elect only & for the Elect?
This would be a mystery & we can't understand it. But we then have

also a right to preach a mystery, & that men must follow it blindly even against their conscience – not free judgment of hearts or love matter, just obedience. We have corrected Thy work & founded it upon *miracle, mystery & authority*.... They rejoice to be led once again like sheep, acknowledging their weakness, lighten their burden, permitting them even sin w/our holy sanction.

237 All that I can say is known to Thee already....Don't I know to whom I am speaking?!....We are not working w/Thee, but w/*him* – 8 centuries since we have been on *his* side & not on Thine. [dated by Ivan in 16th c., 800 years deducted from 1500ad would be 700ad, rather late for the HolyRomanEmpire...? Constantine 306-337, 1st Holy Roman Emperor]

237 The craving for universal unity is the 3rd & last anguish of man.

Mankind has always striven to organize a universal state.

238 Ages more to come of the confusion of free thought, of their science & cannibalism. Building their tower of Babel w/out us, they will end of course w/cannibalism. But then the beast will crawl to us & lick our feet & spatter them w/tears of blood. And we shall sit upon the beast & raise the cup & on it will be written: 'Mystery.'

239 They are only pitiful children, but that childlike happiness is the sweetest of all.

239 Yes, we shall set them to work, but in their leisure hours we shall make their life like a child's game, w/children's songs & innocent dance....We tell them we allow them to sin because we love them, taking the punishment on ourselves -- & they'll adore us as their savior. *And they will have no secrets from us....*

There will be thousands of millions of happy ones & a 100,000 sufferers who have taken upon themselves the curse of the knowledge of good & evil. Peacefully they will die, peacefully in Thy name, & beyond the grave they will find nothing but death. But we shall keep the secret, & for their happiness we shall allure them w/the reward of heaven & eternity. Though if there were anything in the other world, it certainly would not be for such as they.

