

A Dissertation

ON

# LOVE

As it pertains to the immortals, the Gods,  
the heroes and to you and me

VOLUME 71 IN AN ONGOING SERIES OF COMPLETELY  
APOLITICAL LITERATURE  
COMING AT YOU FROM THE POEE (CLASS V DIVISION)



"O! Eris! Blessed Mother of Man! Queen of Chaos! Daughter of Discord! Concubine of  
Confusion! O! Exquisite Lady, I beseech You to lift a heavy burden from my heart!"

WHAT BOTHERS YOU, MAL? YOU DON'T SOUND WELL.

"I am filled with fear and tormented with terrible visions of pain. Everywhere people are  
hunting one another, the planet is rampant with injustices, whole societies plunder groups of  
their own people, mothers imprison sons, children perish while brothers war. O, woe."

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THAT, IF IT IS WHAT YOU WANT TO DO?

"But nobody wants it! Everybody hates it."

OH, WELL, THEN STOP.

— MAL-2 THE EVEN MORE FOREVER YOUNGER  
(Polyfather and Guru on all things erotic and agapic)

## AN INTRODUCTORY ANECDOTE

It was once related to me by an eccentric sweater-vest wearing professor of folkloreology  
at an open house with kickass bean dip, that the old Gods are incapable of love.

"Why's this?" I asked, precocious priestesslet that I was. "They seem to fall in love all the  
time." He chortled in response, swiped his coke-bottle glasses, and asked me what I  
would do if I woke up and was all-powerful and couldn't die, to which I replied  
something along the lines that he ought not answer questions with questions, and in  
hypocritical further reply asked if I could still eat ice cream.

He replied "Yes."

I then went on to say that I should eat all the ice cream I wanted, then I would make a  
giant palace of unmeltable chocolate to live in and from there bring all of my toys and  
kitchen fixtures to life to live there with me. At some point I would outlaw war and  
abolish meanness and have Cody McPherson<sup>1</sup> banished to a remote island for stealing my  
stickers.

He asked what I'd do on the second day and I admit that I had a bit of a hard time  
answering him before my mother shooed him away and told him to not pontificate at her  
already sufficiently maladjusted daughter.

The lesson to be drawn from this is that some intellectuals feel a need to debate children  
in order to feel un-threatened. The other point (or nub, if you remember POEE Vol1!) that  
my professor friend was trying to make is that immortal, unbounded people with no risks  
in their lives will get bored, stop doing nice things, and fill their time with occasional  
bouts of transforming into animals for the purposes of meaningless sex and then go on to  
enjoy some bitchy politicking at the expense of mortal lives. It's in the *Iliad*, as I later  
read post-enlightenment, and it's the basic thesis for my pamphlet of this particular  
fortnight.

## LOVE CANNOT EXIST WITHOUT VULNERABILITY

Now to unpretentify a bit and get into the what-the-hell this means  
segment of my dissertation, I'll like  
you all to imagine being trapped  
in a lifetime that never ended and  
where the only way out was betrayal  
and getting locked in the earth by  
elemental Titans or something? Would  
you trust anybody if this was the case?

No.

You'd stay safe in your heaven.

You'd not want to make yourself  
vulnerable or killable or  
destructionionworthy,

And that's why Gods don't love.

## BUT I'M NOT IMMORTAL? SO WHAT'S THIS TO DO WITH ME?

You aren't immortal. No. You are going to rot and become food for worms someday, and  
there will be nobody to stop that. Give it ten years. Give it a thousand once awesome  
cyborg future technology kicks in. Give it five minutes, if you're reading this in a  
crashing aeroplane. You are doomed to die.

And if you for some reason think you're immortal, you are wrong.

Dead wrong.

What does the inability for Gods to love have to do with us un-Gods, though? To get back  
on topic?

Plenty. Our thirst and lust and ambition and such wends us down a road that lets us think  
in the throes of victory, orgasm, art or conquest, that we are invincible. In thinking  
ourselves invincible, we catch the God disease all over again, and hence forgo love.

## **BUT WHAT? WHAT IS LOVE CASSANDRA, SYBIL OF ALL THINGS THUS UNFATHOMED?**

Love is allowing yourself for a moment to let go of all the multitude of personal thought  
and worries and aspects of your own consciousness and pineal glad and whatnot and to  
free fall through space as you let yourself become utterly enraptured with another being  
whose inner nature you can never truly know. Love is to allow yourself to become  
ultimately destroyable. It is to put your soul into somebody else's hands and not care if  
they pop it like a soap bubble. It is ungod-like, dangerous, likely more trouble than it is  
worth, foolish, insane and stupid. It is also one of the only things in the world worth  
doing.

To babble on, love is something that always ends sadly, because as sure as you are mortal,  
love is mortal. Of the Gods, demi-Gods, angels, heroes and mortals I have known or  
heard tell of, I have never heard of a couple that lived in love forever. This is not to say  
that love is tragic, because love is in and of itself anathema to tragedy.

Love:

*suffers long,  
envies not*

*and is kind; Love*

Love is a monster in a way – like an onion you  
open to reveal two hearts – or Cheng and Eng.  
It's unnatural. (How did Cheng and Eng have sex  
with their wives anyhow... I always felt weird  
about that?) To have the periphery of your  
isolated singularity of a consciousness so acutely  
touch, grasp and caress somebody else's is  
fearsome and terrible. It's also kickass. But I will  
state I am a proponent of love.



Love, as I alluded to before, is ultimately  
untragic, because it is sublime. This is not to say  
that love is happy or joyous (although it is  
mostly), but that love in a single instant makes  
you the sort of immortal that Gods cannot be. To *Illustration 2: Love is a Monster!*  
have somebody else love you and to love them in  
return creates a brief and bittersweet union of personages that lasts, frozen in time like a  
big bang jumpstarting an entire creative universe and shuddering, sputtering, generating,  
living, fighting, striving and dying before you open your eyes and realize that you're still  
kissing her and that she's still kissing you.

But love like this only works if you are unafraid.  
If you understand you are going to die.  
If you understand that power is temporal.  
If you understand that the universe will forget you.  
If you understand that you are helpless.

I'm a shoddy philosopher though, so I cannot really know if there's an alternative. I will  
say that from what I hear of love stories in our age, the results are always terrible by  
everyone's standards. But I say that they are happy in that they happened. You just have to  
stop thinking that the whole death thing is unhappy. Right?

## **GIVE US SOME EXAMPLES DUMBASS!**

Fine. Go to the next page!



Disclaimant-Thing: There can be no disclaimers about love,  
and the half of the P.O.E.E. responsible for this pamphlet  
refuses emphatically to retract or apologize for a single  
word writing. Love beats everything. Outshines paper. Blunts  
scissors. Outlasts rock.

<sup>1</sup> If you are Cody McPherson, and you are reading this, I shall have you know I have not forgotten

# LOVE BITES

A TRIBUTE TO THOSE WHO SUFFERED FOR IT  
NYC STYLE

1. **John and Sarah:** Once upon a time, long ago there was a boy named John and he fell in love with a girl named Sarah. He had just had a bad change around happen, if you know what I mean... She was in a similar bad way and had given up. Pretend I'm talking about cancer or something: The cancer that never kills you and gives you a weird dietary preference,

Anyhow. They fell in love, as I said, and due to various political issues with THE MAN<sup>2</sup>, decided to change their views to fall in line with mine and my associates. They were going to move down to Staten in a week or so when a bunch of terrorists whose name starts with S had them handcuffed and gunned down violently.

I hold out that they died for no fault, saving being in an organization (at the time) anathema to love and not getting out fast enough. You might well say that my hippie-dipshit way of looking at the world will never protect me from the barrel of a gun and that they died from being shot. Eh.

In any event, I hold their death is not tragic – not anymore so than the 80 year olds who die decades apart from the real cancer. Of all the people dying on May 13<sup>th</sup>, 2005 – they were the only two who claimed anything I would want to live for. But, I didn't know them. Who did?

2. **BP ?????-2008** - Yeah. Him. Youknowwho. That guy. According to an undisclosed source who knows a guy who played at a bad party in Nova Scotia, here's the reason for all the killing that day, in the martyr's own words:

“What was your motive?”

“He killed \_\_\_\_\_ (It rhymes with Gillian Leer) and \_\_\_\_\_ (It rhymes with Baron Quest). He also failed to save Sarah \_\_\_\_\_ and John \_\_\_\_\_.”

There it is. A memory better than mine.

And what did Youknowwho do when the trial was upon him? He died – like any of us would. He died for matters of petty revenge and bloodthirst. He died for a woman, for a friend, and for two lovers the rest of history decided to forget about.

I'll argue there are some things that make you unafraid of dying. His innocence argues this as well. But then again, I never met the man.

3. **Viola and her counterpart and the lost princess and the Lightbringer and the slip of a girl who sang in Cabaret and maidens and men working for the opposition and loving in spite of it, and YOU KNOW WHO and YOU ALSO KNOW WHO AGAIN and many others who are nameless:** I used the example everyone doesn't know and the example everyone does. These are the examples on the rest of the spectrum, and there are a lot of them. If anybody does a lick of research, they'll find that New York breeds dead women and subsequent revenge for them, and love that dies quick and hot and epic. Talk to somebody sometime.

The war wasn't over back then, though, and wars have a habit of highlighting what the initiated see as tragic and what the moonstruck see as true.

I know Violiona or whatever her name is still has a man alive though. Better see if they live.

*WAIT high priestess stupidface! all of those examples are horrid and miserable and full of poo! besides, you didn't even know any of them!!! ☹*

So I didn't! Let me draw my breath in pain to tell a comrade's tale then! Let me tell you of an unhappy tragedy that it is my duty to remember, and not yours.

Once in my many wanderings in the lands West of Nod, I met a traveler and her name was Paradise<sup>3</sup>. She had long been separated from her child named Earth and in Platonic Socratic Aristophanian fashion she knew that Earth was destined to be her second half, even if God and his laser gun toting guardian angels said otherwise over some rib-woman's mistakes. This was a child in a sense none incestuous, such as one might append an extra 'e' to it. They were what I am an what you are, and I met them in the 70s.

So they rejoined, and their union was divine, in spite of the inhibitions sensible predators might have. They were in love in every way I can possibly discern and several that escape determination. Every night for them was honey and starlight and cliches finally coming true and learning what they thought they couldn't learn about their bodies over and over and under and over again – like an ocean between the shores of their two souls which was beating them senseless and rip-wracking them apart until they drowned in it.

And then, of course, Paradise died.

Car crash. The Gods don't like their order overturned you see. Silly slip of fate that nobody thinks of and that nobody saw coming. So it goes.

Earth still lives in San Francisco today. He is serene and forever says that having his Paradise made him whole, and he is wise. Thank whatever protector reigns over us that you cannot take revenge on Highway 280. He is now a creature eternal for however ephemeral his reunion with lost Eden might be.

And that, my friends, is how love endures. Once the screaming and the kicking and the death and the fire is over – you are still the beloved and you have had your love – manna that fills the stomach of the soul forever.

So.

What now...?

**GET TO THE BLOODY EVER LOVING POINT!**

Okay then. But first a panda.



# THE POINT

1. If you have ever found love, for an instant, for a year, for an afternoon, for the fleeting space it takes for two strangers' eyes to meet on the subway, then you are eternal and the Goddess and all the hierophants and saints and popes and saint-lets and godlings and momes and messengers of the divine give you domain over all the universe worth having.

2. Love is likely to kill you. So is everything else.

<sup>2</sup> You know who the Man is by now.

<sup>3</sup> These names of course are falsified to protect the innocent.