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Of all the words in modern vocabularies one dominates and that is *enemy*. I am going to adapt something Freud said about phobia: ~~the wonder isn't that we are enemy-fixated but that we are ever anything else!~~

The enemy is the one who always stands in our light. Get him out of the way and the light shines on us. Actually, we invent him. After all, no creature is born with this name. But fiction or no fiction we must get rid of him in order to see the light.

The enemy idea was brought to sophistication in medieval speculations about the devil (*diabolos*, from the Greek)---he being the principal one, Satan (from the Hebrew, meaning enemy) or Beelzebub (Hebrew for the fallen "god of the flies" but more exactly a fallen angel) plus all kinds of subsidiary demons (*daemon*, Greek, meaning half-god) and fallen angels who peeped out of the habitat in animal form and would devour you without so much as a thank you. The enemy was the infidel, the heretic, the pagan, the sinner, the witch, even a pot of ripe plums and your lust for them. Good things could become enemies. Cleverness was a snare of pride. Charity was changeable for vanity. Ardor in prayer could address itself equally to Old Nick, who was all too pleased to satisfy self-seeking penitents.

Life was based on the enemy. The enemy kept you from becoming bent. Thus it was that killing became essential for the uncovering of the light. In crusades, persecutions, witch burnings, the rasings of heresy-infected villages the enemy was dealt a series of Last Blows which would secure the true, clean dispensation everyone was waiting for. But the offending victim always popped up again even from the headless, the charred, the quartered, the disembowelled, the racked-to-death---just as he does from the radiated, the bombarded, the fire-bombed today.

If *enemy* hovers so ubiquitously in the human mind, and is so much at the edge of every half-thought, it is because it means "that which is preventing me from getting forward". So enmity can't be switched off. You must be prepared for it not only in the wars that make your cities shudder and fall and necessitate less formal funerals than are normal (bulldoze them into holes) but also when arms have been laid down and the soldiers gone home. Then the *trivial* murders begin---the group rapes, the random atrocities, the domestic outrages. The enemy is now parents, males, females, lesbians, homosexuals, heterosexuals, whites, blacks, Muslims, Jews, Christians, children, orientals, westerners, there being no category of human, no thought, beyond the haunted brain's capacity to demonize. It is a double process. The self which demonizes another into *enemy* has already turned itself into that enemy's victim, which adds to the smarting wound, then the smart adds to the anger: fist-fights, strangulations, the cutting of throats begin to crowd the imagination, though the enemy may be a neighbor tranquilly cooking borscht and unaware of any enmity whatever.

Nearly all cries for freedom are for freedom from brain ghosts, those persistent ones which can't walk away because they aren't real.

If the Jews and Bolsheviks and gypsies didn't look like fellow humans to the guards of the Nazi death camps it was because their perception of them already contained the Final Solution, namely they saw them as *the last obstacle* to a good clean life. Just a little effort to overcome the first squeamishness was necessary, in the knowledge that after the clean-up the death chambers would no longer have to figure in life. Hitler even told them in his usual unhesitating words to be brave in their utter lack of mercy.

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