

# THE FATAL PIGEON

By Richard Jaccoma

Leonid Garibaldi Lipshitz was nine years old. One fine, sunny Hiroshma Day his parents, who were independent liberal third-campers, took him to the 5th Avenue Peace Parade. As their contingent passed by the equestrian statue of General Forrest, at 79th Street and 5th Avenue, Leonid looked up at the General thoughtfully.

The March passed on. After several minutes Leonid tugged at his mother's sleeve and said: "Mommy, I think I have an idea that could end the war quick."

"Oh really? What is it, Leonid?" asked his mother. But at that moment the contingent with which they were marching, The Young Mothers for Peace, began chanting their slogan again: "Young Mothers Want Boys Without Guns," and Leonid's reply could not be heard. His own mother was soon chanting as loudly as the rest, and in the course of things she quite forgot to ask her son to repeat his solution.

But Leonid had not gone completely unheard. The Anarchist Crazies, an underground control committee whose extensive influence in countless groups, political and very much otherwise, cannot be fully revealed even now, had sent a Casual Agent to infiltrate the Young Mothers. Actually the agent was not a mother or even a woman at all, but in reality a transvestite spider-worshiper named Mik.

Mik's assignment, given to him personally at Head Control, had been to follow Leonid that day; and his vigilance was rewarded, for even during the chanting he was able to read Leonid's lips and so discover his Solution. What Mik read shocked him, even though he was not one to be easily shocked.

He left the March instantly and returned to Head Control, somewhere below Avenue D. Mik was immediately ushered into the presence of a withered, ancient figure clad only in a holyman's diaper, the leader of the Head Control for the entire Western Operations Sector of the Anarchist Crazies, a person known by only to a handful of the most trusted Operatives as Bela the Wolf-Boy. Bela the Wolf-Boy listened to Mik's entire report with no sign of surprise. When Mik had finished, Bela smiled slightly and gave the necessary orders.

That night after everyone was asleep a lone dark figure lifted a window and crept into Leonid's darkened bedroom. It was Mik the Spider-Man, dressed in his ceremonial furs. He went silently to Leonid's bedside and bowed reverently.

"Who are you?" asked Leonid curiously but without fear.

"I come from Bela the Wolf-Boy," said Mik. Leonid dressed quietly and soon the two left together.

When Leonid entered Bela the Wolf-Boy's presence everyone was surprised to see the latter rise from his mat for the first time in countless years and bow reverently with hands clasped.

"You have been expected," said Bela.

"So've you," said Leonid.

They got down to business at once. Bela asked Leonid to repeat his Solution and Leonid did so. When he had finished, Bela rose and bowed still once more.

"I recognized you from the first instant," he said. Orders for Phase I of Leonid's plan were issued that very night.

At the next meeting of the Young Mothers for Peace, Mik made a suggestion. To avoid suspicion he issued the suggestion through Big Mother, an android going under the public name of Bea, whom he had installed in a position of Leadership.

"As a symbolic gesture of our peace wish," Big Mother said, "and to counter the rising tide of militarism in our country as reflected in its public memorial statuary, we should have a huge peace dove erected jointly with other peace organizations and put in a public place.

"I have investigated the matter," she replied to the first objection, "and the cost need not be prohibitive.

"To maintain his liberal image," she replied to the second and only other objection, "the Mayor cannot but provide us with a suitable street location for our statue." The motion was passed unanimously.

The leadership of the Young Mothers met with other peace organizations and actualized the plans. Radical Artists and Writers for Sublimation of Aesthetic Drives elected a sculptor to execute the work. Of course RAWSAD's choice was none other than Harvey the Tit-Man who, under the public name of Dave, was an Irregular Operative of the Anarchist Crazies. Harvey inquired at the Memorable Statuary Company Inc. and found that a suitable piece of marble could be purchased wholesale for only 15 dollars. (This price was hardly startling, since the president of Memorable Inc. was none other than Lucy the Baby-Eater, the Lesbian ex-shepherdess and leader of the Materials Section at Head Control.)

The marble (suitably hollowed out through Harvey's secret orders) was brought to his studio. He began work at a feverish pace and, after 72 hours of labor uninterrupted except for an occasional repast of holy mushrooms and coke, the dove, with a short passageway opening on a secret chamber in its belly, was completed.

Finally the completed Dove statue was removed from Dave's studio and under a covering tarpaulin, installed at the proposed site, on 59th Street and



Bela the Wolf-Boy's prayer of Call finally approaching its zenith.

At 12:55 p.m. the sky was filled with a clatter. Those who looked up saw a huge government helicopter surrounded by numerous other, smaller helicopters, each holding two sunglassesed men. The whole affair looked like swarming bees around the queen. The queen bee set down in the middle of the street and from it emerged the President of the United States. He hopped from the helicopter and stood still, staring at the Dove. The drones touched down too and Secret Servicemen leapt from them, guns at ready. They proceeded to cover the crowds, the police and each other. The President did not move.

Below the street, Leonid slowly removed his hands from the sparkling prayer wheel. The wheel remained suspended in mid-air, spinning brightly.

Back at the Dove, Rinty the Dog-Tweezer had transmuted into a spotted terrier-spaniel. In this form he suddenly appeared near the top of the pedestal. He smiled at the throng, lifted his leg smartly, and urinated in General West MoreLand's upturned face. Then he grasped the Dove's tarpaulin in his teeth and leapt out of sight, instantly unveiling the Dove. And deep within the white-breasted edifice Bela finally began his chant, the one Undeniable Command.

Below the street Leonid's hand reached out and grasped the fluorescent lever. At that moment the President's face turned beet-red. Flecks of spittle formed on his distorting lips. His fingers trembled towards his belt buckle. Suddenly he bellowed "SHHHHIT!!!" and flung himself towards the Dove. The chanting stopped, the crowds fell back, but the ranks of the officers seemed suddenly to come to life. They all pressed forward. General West MoreLand too came alive. Oblivious to the urine on his face and uniform he began clambering up the pyramid, unbuckling his pants. Then the President was next to him, his tent-like pants about his ankles, shit beginning to dirty his legs. He scrambled up the pyramid, clambered onto the Dove's back and squatted. Immediately General West MoreLand was beside him, squatting and shitting, a look of mad joy on his swollen, contorted face.

And now the ranks of the officers surged around the statue. Pants dropped, bodies strained and suddenly the Dove was covered with an enormous scrambling, shitting horde. The effluvia cascaded from it, coursed down the pyramid and out into the gutter. The few remaining passive on-lookers fled as before a torrent of lava. Several were engulfed. A dank miasma rose into the air.

At that moment Leonid made no sound, but plunged the lever home. Instantly trap doors opened along the sidewalk on a street next to the Dove's. From the darkness thus uncovered, a huge red arm with a black fist and a red extended middle-finger, soared. The fist was exactly two blocks from the Dove; its fulcrum arm-base exactly one block. The gleaming fist rose swiftly, seemed to pause momentarily at its apex and then screamed downwards at lightning speed. The impact made a horrendous noise -- a huge crash and a splat all at once. The front lines of the peace people, barely safe from the path of the fist, were pelted by a great torrent of blood, shit and tiny brass stars. Those behind them were merely besmirched. Where the Dove and all its admirers had been, was nothing but a deep, fetid crater.

Leonid Garibaldi Lipshitz' parents often remarked on the amazing resemblance between their son (or rather, his android alter-ego) and a certain child rock n roll star known as Bela the Wolf-Boy. This Bela was an unprecedented, hysterical success among teenagers as well as many long past their teens.

The war zone soldiers, bereft of the inspiration and direction of their wise leaders, had all misguidedly befriended their former enemies. But they were quickly repatriated, and they came home dancing and humming the tunes to Bela's latest hits. There was even much talk of making Bela President of the world. He humbly vowed that his first act as President would be to abolish the office, Central Park South. Meanwhile, below the street only one block from the Dove statue, the Anarchist Crazies had themselves begun and completed Phase II of Leonid's Solution.

As the day before the Dove's unveiling arrived, Head Control was a mass of feverish activity. Bela the Wolf-Boy himself had activated and teleported an android alter-image of Leonid to the latter's home, so that Leonid could devote all of his time to the personal direction of his Solution. Meanwhile Bela withdrew to the Holiest Place to prepare himself for his part. No one else, not even Leonid, was allowed entrance to the Place and so the actual forms which Bela's Preparation took have not been recorded except in vague and not particularly helpful reports. We know only that the Preparation consisted primarily of meditation and communion. But the effects of Bela's part began almost immediately. That very afternoon the major field general of the war, a certain General West MoreLand, unexpectedly boarded a private jet to return Stateside. More would follow.

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Late that evening, while the entire city was in the midst of sleep, two dark figures, one smaller than the other, approached the shrouded Dove statue. They climbed the pedestal and while Leonid held the trapdoor open, Bela the Wolf-Boy clambered up into the secret chamber. Before closing the door, Leonid gestured upwards in the Kamayandra Yoga sign of farewell. From the chamber's utter darkness Bela acknowledged the gesture. Leonid returned to Head Control under cover of darkness.

Meanwhile within the Dove, Bela instantly began his telepathic prayer of Call. At strategic strongholds throughout the war zone the prayer was heard. Generals, majors, commissioned officers by the tens and hundreds slipped unnoticed from their commands and walked stiffly to the edges of nearby clearings. There they crowded quietly around long, glowing cigar-shaped ships visible to others only as mist if at all, while waiting to board. At the precise same moment the door to each fully loaded ship closed and the ships themselves rose out of sight.

The day of the Dove's unveiling dawned bright and clear, but the returning sun unfolded a strange sight. The Dove stood high on a pyramidal pedestal. It was still shrouded with a tarpaulin and only the vague outline of its form was visible. But around the peaceful Dove's base stood an oddly silent crowd, spilling off far down the street in both directions. Each member of the crowd stood motionless, his gaze permanently fixed on the statue. No one moved or said a word and yet there seemed nothing menacing in the throng; they had arranged themselves precisely, so as not to block traffic, and formally, in order of rank. Careful inspection of the green field uniforms sported by many showed that four-star generals stood closest to the statue, three-star generals after them, then commissioned officers all in strict accordance with rank. Here were the leaders of the war zone!

But to repeat, the crowd was orderly. Throughout the morning few of the city's busy people noticed them. And the police (because of the super-astral instinct-command of Rinty the Dog-Tweetzer, if the truth be known) molested none of them.

A few minutes before noon Leonid, wearing orange robes in deference to Bela, took his position of Command, below the street. The Position consisted of a darkened closet heavy with the smell of incense, windowless and fixtureless except for one lever placed on the wall and painted a fluorescent orange. The door was closed. In the gloom Leonid raised a prayer wheel with a candycane handle and decals of Babar the Elephant gracing its face. He concentrated his gaze and began to twirl.

Back at the Dove, the unveiling ceremony crowds had begun to form. The major and minor peace organizations were well represented, but the police, who had already been deployed, segregated them from the rest of the crowds both of casual onlookers and war zone leaders, behind barricades across the street from the Dove. Several peace-people protested this seemingly arbitrary segregation and staged a sit-in in the middle of the street. But at that point Rinty the Dog-Tweetzer appeared in full commissioner's uniform and under the cry of "beat the peace-creeps," the police re-segregated the protestors with no few scrapings of noggins and shins. From the peace positions a cacaphony of chanting began, for since the various organizations were unused to such close proximity to each other they were unable to agree on a unified slogan. The main group of ordinary passive onlookers at the curb near the Dove paid them little mind, however. They directed their attention and bemused speculation more to the green uniforms standing silently along the sidewalk, closest to the Dove.

Meanwhile, below the sidewalk, Leonid's prayer wheel began to sparkle like an electric kaleidoscope.

At precisely 12:45 p.m., fifteen minutes before the Mayor and his City Council were due to arrive, a black limousine pulled up to the curb before the Dove. Police rushed towards it but stopped in their tracks as they recognized the emerging figure. It was General West MoreLand, arrived in New York on the speediest jet from the war zone. The General walked briskly forward. The crowd fell back before him, and when he reached the group of officers he simply pushed his way through, seemingly unsurprised by their desertions. When he reached the base of the Dove he stood still, at attention, staring upwards. He made no further move.

And now the very few attuned ears present could hear a frenetic non-throbbing from within the Dove. No others could, for it was only the un-sound of