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That was important. What do you care about making the world safe for democracy? He just lay there and bawled like a kid. If I had legs I could run I could get away I could come out into the open where there is air where there is room where I'm not in a hole and smothering. It seemed to him that he stopped breathing. It was bad enough to be sick let alone having a phone ring all night long. His mind was wailing I wish to god I was in America I wish I was home. Remember it well we we we are the world we are what makes it go round we make bread and cloth and guns we are the hub of the wheel and the spokes and the wheel itself without us you would be hungry naked worms and we will not die. The outbuildings were always beautiful and a fence post would have a cap four inches high. He was lonesome. He saw the bottoms of her feet as they whisked to the floor. They beached the boat and cleaned the fish they had caught and then they went over to the general store for a root beer. He said Jose I wish I had more men like you now forget about the whole thing and go back to work. It was the only thing he could use so he must use it every minute he was awake. Technically this thing is living meat like that tissue we kept alive all last summer in the lab. He felt a cold wet thing against the stump of his left arm. Goodbye goodbye my mother father brother sister sweetheart wife goodbye and goodbye. Girls are probably all untrue and faithless and they try to smash a guy but you've just got to expect it from them. Because if he couldn't tell being awake from being asleep why he couldn't even consider himself a grown-up person. They died crying in their minds like little babies. It had too much life and too much death and too many ghosts and behind the bars of the cafes too many dead soldiers. He walked over and put his arms around her carefully. They missed him about three o'clock in the morning and it was almost dawn before they found him. He lay there stiff quiet more like a dead man than he had ever been before. They came away blaming Ruby somehow for making them feel that way. He saw the yellow sand and he saw the heat waves coming up from it. He was going faster and faster and if he didn't stop why he'd drown from so much water rushing over his face. It was raining outside because it was December and Los Angeles just before Christmas. He had got a job as chauffeur for a very rich family that lived on Fifth Avenue and things were very well and then the daughter of the family took a liking to him so Jose and the daughter struck a bargain. Well said his father I don't think we should let a little thing like a fishing rod spoil our last trip together should we? You can't run the risk of letting her see you in this condition. He counted to sixty which meant a minute as nearly as he was able to figure it. It's just that you're said for the job and of how much the other guy will do. Diane was there on the front steps with her arms around somebody and somebody's arms around her. Each Saturday night he tried to beat last Saturday's time so the sandwiches would be even warmer. Take me into the places where men work and make things. It didn't matter that he couldn't see them or hear them or talk with them. But this happiness this new wild frantic happiness was greater than anything he could conceive. When you have so little left why should he be dying? He'd never had any particular ideas about America. She loosened the cord that held the mask over his face. Later on yes but right now you see I'm in bed. Water bubbled along the curb. Somebody tapped you on the shoulder and said come along son we're going to war. He ate regular. If he could do this he might be able to kill himself because if the tubes which fed his lungs and stomach were of metal the weight of his body might plunge the metal into some vital organ. What's noble about having your legs and arms blown off? He heard the lowing of cows waiting to be milked in back yards for the town in which he had been born was a very sensible town and each man had his cow. She made quiet movements under the covers and then her clothes began to drop over the side of the bed from between the covers. Look at the dirty Huns they would say look at them how they rape the beautiful French and Belgian girls. The hell with the telephone. There was no telling it there was no thinking it there was no imagining it he was so happy. But how in the hell could he tell? There was nothing to say so he just lay still. They had been coming to this place ever since he was seven. There was a small about the fair grounds you never forgot. He was the first of all the soldiers who had died since the beginning of time who still had a brain left to think with. Not yet. why? It was a hell of a hospital where they let rats come right into the wards and chew the customers while they were trying to get some sleep. She put her hand to his forehead and he tried to ripple his skin to show her how much he appreciated the way she had done it. Things were going in and out of focus. So he got to thinking of what a man did with skin and he realized that it was used to feel with. To get to it he walked down a narrow driveway which seemed to him that he was lying in some kind of dream coma like a man who has spent all his emotions in one wild drunk and afterward is simply sick and disgusted and sure of the worst. The war was to make the world safe for democracy for the little countries for everybody. He felt the change through the tips of her fingers and a sharp little twinge of disgust went through him but in spite of the disgust he was responding to the touch responding to the mercy in her heart that caused her to touch him so. And then he suddenly knew why he felt so good when all the time he should be feeling bad. Both of them made wild grabs for it but they were too late. Now in any ordinary army they would take you out and shoot you for a thing like that. But when a beautifully matched pair of investigators arrived at his house, their interest lay not in the letters but in me. He simply lay there because he had to save his strength. He was a little surprised to discover that where he had first thought of seconds and minutes he was now thinking of days and even series of days. That was when he was in it and in high school. I want to be there to remind them I haven't got a tongue to stick into the cheek I haven't got either. It was that hell of a lot of work and a hell of a lot of walking on Friday nights. He's got to be doing something in order to be sure he's still alive. But when you're drowned you can't stand up. You can't think yourself out of it and then prove it's gone by opening your eyes because you haven't got any eyes. Thou shalt not have any other gods before me. He had been able to lift a box packed with sixty loaves of bread with each loaf weighing a pound and a half. I loved you dad goodnight. He felt the sudden coolness of metal through his nightshirt against his chest over his heart. They did some funny things. There was an Aunt Dorritty or something like that. You made a serious business of holding the cigarette in a properly careless fashion. So the train went rushing and screaming away with Christ perched on top of the engine his clothes trailing after him and hollering at the top of his voice. It was pretty much of a mess and most of the Mission guys were confused when they first came to work. A little puff of air came up from between the covers and he could smell her. Then when he stopped concentrating he would know he was going to fall asleep. Everyone in Shale City was pleased with the idea of Lincoln Beachy coming to town. He had been a very busy guy and he had learned a lot. He hated Wilson and he hated Hughes and he hated Roosevelt and he hated the socialists because they had only big talk and milk in their veins for blood. The stars and stripes forever ta-da da-de-um and da-de-ah. There was a little more silence and all of them seemed to be looking at the guy with red hair as if he was the boss. He shook his head frantically to try to tell them that he didn't want to be doped. The awful thing was that she had done something he couldn't forgive her for ever no matter how much he wanted to. He knew they were young. Now he said to himself what is it you want to try to check up on the sunrise first or the sunset? But he was so cut off from them that even if they were standing beside his bed they would be as distant as if they were ten thousand miles away. In the letter she said she wished he would give her his address so she wouldn't have to be writing him general delivery all the time. As the afternoon wore on he and Howie began to stumble at their work and finally to fall. The Germans on the hill had all been wiped out two days before so there was no use of the Americans puffing their way up it. They would talk about camping trips and rabbit hunting and girls and fishing. She was simply watching over an incurably sick patient trying to make his sickness as comfortable as possible. He heard the fresh snow squealing under the runners of the sled. For a minute he couldn't see a thing because he was blinded by starglight. He looked at her and he could tell she was younger than him and he could tell what she was. There was only a moment of this and then he felt the vibrations of four maybe five people coming into his room. From that instant to the present he might as well figure that there was a chunk of time he could never regain. Sometimes he was drifting on top of white clouds frightened at his smallness in the midst of a thing so big as the sky. I've consumed a lot in my time. It echoed inside his brain like thunder in a cave. Or she was canning peaches. It can't be me. Oh thank you god he thought she got it you put the idea where I asked you should thank you. They could hear and when someone spoke some great noble coming down into the treasure house they could hear the blessed sound of a human voice. After all that bell was a particular kind of thing a very particular kind of thing as old Prof Eldridge used to say in Senior English. And the nurse... He could imagine her running through the halls. That's better much better. JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN Allegorizes what will become of America once the Racist Public Enemies such as Steve Paddock and Steve Bannon begin to "cull" We the American Masses. The hole began at the base of his throat just below where his jaw should be and went upward in a widening circle. No war could last that long killing so many people there weren't enough people to kill. Bill Harper was a lucky guy. And if he could grunt like a pig why then he was accomplishing a great thing because before he had been completely silent. Let me out of here and take me back into the world. God give me rest take me away hide me let me die oh god how weary how much already dead how much gone and going oh god hide me and give me peace. But he would like to feel that he was breathing the same air she breathed that he was in the same country she was in. She was crying like a woman. Next time anybody came gabbling to him about liberty—what did he mean next time? He was saying how is everything with you Jose how are you doing? My correspondents, a number of whom used elegant stationery and sported tidewater addresses, maintained a network of communications that extended to the detention camps of pro-Nazi internees. There was a howl somewhere and he dived into a dugout and things blotted out and he lost time. His father had always preferred his company to that of men and he had always preferred his father's company to that of the other guys. But that was the awful thing about a section gang job. He had to stop the smotherings and the sinkings and the risings. It's the end. He must think all the time and then he must sleep. And yet in the midst of this enormous quiet there was movement. Then he remembered that he was deaf. That was pretty good. He said please please think of some way I can quit this job because a man's health will last only for so long and mine is breaking rapidly since I had no sleep at all today and a man must have sleep if he is going to handle even one job in an honest fashion. He envied the hamburger man because the hamburger man could have all the sandwiches he wanted. Maybe that was because he was scared inside and showed it outside. He wanted to get out. He was completely at their mercy and they had no mercy. A little broth or something three times a day and that's all. He did it five times. He felt that if he could only stop for a little rest he would cool off. We will use the guns you force upon us we will use them to defend our very lives and the menace to our lives does not lie on the other side of a non-land that was set apart without our consent. It lies within our own boundaries here and now we have seen it and we know it. There they chained one arm and one leg to the door and one arm and one leg to the wall so that for anyone to enter the seal would have to be broken and the seal was the living breathing body of a man. It isn't me. He could feel the vibrations of her footsteps as she went away and the little jar of the door closing behind her. Maybe that would be simpler. America expects every man to do his duty France expects every man to do his duty England expects every man to do his duty every doughboy and tommy and polli and what the hell did they call the Italians? That was bad maybe they'd be failures with women all their lives maybe there was something they didn't have. She was at least twenty-two. It was hot air perfumed with the soap and scented rubbing alcohol they used for bathing his father and with the powder they put on him afterward to fight off bedsores. They were working on his arm. He knew furthermore that he must be in France instead of England because French generals were the ones who always kissed you when they handed out medals. But this latest thing his inability to tell dreams from thoughts was oblivion. He opened his eyes. He was a man he was alive he would be alive for a long time and he had to have something to do something to think about. The smell of food and smoke in the air. As they listened to the poem it seemed that a delicious air of mystery stole over the room. When he got to the tent his father was in bed and asleep. Get out and don't ever let me see you again you lousy dirty spick get out. We got a quick strike and before we knew it the rod was in the water. It wasn't that. Some of them had been lying there draining and stinking for months. While "high roller" cising lizard gun nuts such as Paddock begin to machine-gun us away by the hundreds, this will merely be a sideshow fireworks designed to distract us from the Main Threat to our Well-Being: casino lizards such as Steve Bannon and Don Juan Rump yanking away our Medicare, Food Stamps, Social Security, Veteran's Benefits, Medicaid, Planned Parenthood, Government Pensions, ObamaCare, National Parks, Health Inspectors, Job Safety Enforcers, Union Committee People, and so forth to kill us off by the millions! Jesus Christ Himself might as well be pictured at the controls of a runaway freight train mangling the Bort against the will of We the People. Dalton shows us with JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN, since all the so-called "Christians" of the USA are in league with the Devil! Tragically, America did not heed the lessons of JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN, allowing Wayne and his henchman Ward Bond—a fellow Ford "Stock Company" imp—to ride their Harleys up and down Hollywood Boulevard late into the night, clubbing any neatly dressed pedestrians for being gay (like Il Duce and Bond were Canadians bashing baby seals!). They died yearning for the face of a friend. He used to tell himself although he knew it wasn't true that the air around her house was different because it was near to her. He lay there sleeping when suddenly he woke up with a light shining in his face. And then all sound seemed centered in one voice that filled the whole world. He showed up one gray morning when nothing was happening. No sir anybody who went out and got into the front line trenches to fight for liberty was a goddam fool and the guy who got him there was a liar. They were doctors come to examine him. They said his mother was in labor three days loads she had him and yet when it was all over she figured she had been in labor for about ten hours. And Christ said for a little ways but not far I got lots of trains to meet lots of dead men lots of them you wouldn't believe it. When they came on him he was lying on his stomach in a pool of vomit. That would be a goddam shame." There were four train loads of them leaving that morning and there was a terrible crowd at the station. And if they are against it why goddam them let them stand up like men and vote. It was the first airplane Shale City ever saw. Each Sunday afternoon he went for a walk in some woods that were just outside Paris. The airplane said Mr. Hargraves would cut down the distance between nations and peoples. Then just in case the spacing of her visits might be changed sometime he could figure out things like the number of his bowel movements each day and he could also figure out the other things which happened maybe only two or three or four times a week like his baths and the changing of his bed clothes and mask. When the train started up everybody thought it was the train's whistle made the noise but it wasn't it was Christ perched up there and screaming that made the noise. He thought I have seen the dawn again and I will see it every morning from now on. He took it over to the bed holding it a little distance from her. The manure you plow into your fields is filthy enough but here is something less than manure because it won't die and decay and nourish even a weed. No. no no no. But that wouldn't bother him anyhow. It was the first time in his life he had ever felt that way. He thought all my good work is gone all my way of keeping time has been forgotten but I don't care I am no longer alone. Then when he received no sign from her he would do it again. In fact he thought the only intelligent thing for a young man without money to do was to marry a young lady who had money. I want something loud because there is a voice I want to drown out. The day nurse had smooth slick hands a little hard like the hands of a woman who has worked a long while so he guessed that she was middle aged and he imagined her with gray hair. You'd think that with the stumps of two arms and two legs spouting blood a man could at least die. Flowers are beautiful. "Joe turn your back." "Why?" "I want to get out of bed." "Why?" "There's something I forgot. His lungs were sucking it in somewhere below his throat. I'm going to be killed on the twenty-seventh of June and I got to say goodbye to my wife and kid. But when you change your women to all the women in the world why you begin to defend women in the bulk. All you wanted to do Joe was to live. Between you and me. But still he tapped. She was making jelly. Coming around the foot of the hill where the road turned into Bethlehem were three camels with three riders. I don't mind telling you I hope very much she doesn't have her baby here tonight because it'll upset my guests if the screams and they're all very high-class people including three Roman congressmen. He said California was a great country for people who had no place to live. Perhaps with practice he might increase the strength of his back and thighs and shoulders. He was babbling and crying and smelling to high heaven. It had gone quickly because he was doing something he was keeping track of time like other people he had sets of figures to remember he controlled a little world of his own lagging behind that on the outside but still nearer to it than before. He lies in a hospital bed with a fate worse than death as a quadruple amputee who has lost his arms, legs, ears, mouth and nose. He remembered from ancient history in the tenth grade that way way back even before Christ the first men who began to think were thinking of time. It has a brain. They had to have a paper signed or something. His father never failed to wake him early when the snow fell. He didn't like to be dirty and he didn't like the disinfectant they put in the water at the Mission. While he munched his roll and drank his milk he talked. The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want. All during this he kept up his tapping and now that the doctor was quiet he tapped much harder. Into the valley of death rode the six hundred. And the guys who say you'll see there'll come a time you can't escape you're going to have to fight and die because it'll mean your very life why they are also nuts. Yet he also knew that it was the end of something. It was usually a wet snow and it clung to everything it touched. And then as the gravel train got closer to Shale City he thought back to Diane again. Give us a bill of sale drawn up plainly so we can't escape you're going to have to fight and die because it'll mean your very life why they are also nuts. Yet he also knew that it was the end of something. It was usually a wet snow and it clung to everything it touched. And then as the gravel train got closer to Shale City he thought back to Diane again. Give us a bill of sale drawn up plainly so we can't escape you're going to have to fight and die because it'll mean your very life why they are also nuts. Yet he also knew that it was the end of something. It was usually a wet snow and it clung to everything it touched. And then as the gravel train got closer to Shale City he thought back to Diane again. 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