

Let Us Go Into The House Of The Lord

by Chris Okum



California Uber Alles

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From *A Unifying Force: Star Wars and the Expression of the Fascist Imaginary*, by Sister Patricia Dohrn, Holy Cross Orthodox Press, 2017: "Strip the movie of its science fiction costume (it is the movie itself which not only inspired cosplay but engaged in it first) and what you are left with is a simple story of a rural farm boy who is chosen by God to make his way to the big city and destroy it with the help of the military and his own faith in not only God but his own holiness (as well as the help of a group consisting of a royal; a wily, small business owner and his loyal, subservient dog-man; and even more loyal and subservient robots). What is the Empire, after all, but a cheap metaphor, an impersonal urban space populated with faceless, nameless communist drones in thrall to the dark arts of a giant black man who pretends to be a deity but is really the devil himself? That Lucas chose to end this, arguably the most popular artifact in America's cultural history, with an homage to Leni Riefenstahl is neither accidental nor ironic, as Lucas is both too smart for accidents and too witless for irony. No, the reference to *Triumph of the Will* is exactly what it is: a clarion call to the youth of America to take back their country from the progressive, secular undesirables trying to destroy their mythical, agrarian utopia. If it took almost 50 years for this task to be completed is all for the better, as it makes victory seem inevitable, the result of a divine plan written in lightning."

Narratology

"Peter was ill," she said. "Peter died. Peter is buried." She only knew one Peter, and now, all of sudden, something had happened to him. She told a story about Peter, who had died in a motorcycle accident, and not from an illness, although he had been ill, at some point in his life, and recovered. Peter was driving slowly down the street he lived on when he lost control of his motorcycle while going fifteen miles an hour. He fell off the bike and slammed the back of his head on the curb. She told another story about Peter. "He put on his underwear, his socks, his pants, his shirt, and finally his shoes," she

said. "He walked up to the ticket counter and bought a one-way ticket to Iceland." The part of the story she did not fill in was what happened in between Peter putting on his clothes and buying an airplane ticket. What she did not say is that Peter had been nude when he walked into the airport terminal. What else she did not say is that Peter had been wearing a helmet when he fell off his motorcycle. Every story she told about Peter had gaps and elisions and ellipses that endowed Peter's stories with a sense that they weren't stories at all. "You can connect the dots if you want," she said. "I don't."

Cone Six

My wife says I don't think I like talking to my sister anymore. My wife says I don't understand why nothing happens in our conversations. My wife says I listen to my sister talk and I don't hear her say anything. My wife says I hear sounds and nothing more. My wife says I hate that my sister makes herself look so ugly and is always wearing slippers that are too small for her. My wife says I wish my sister liked herself more. My wife says I don't understand why I keep giving my sister attention. My wife says I think my sister is wasting my time. My wife says I look at my father and then I look at my sister and I'm supposed to believe that my father is the father of my sister. My wife says I hope my sister gets her shit together. My wife says I appreciate my sister not talking about men, but I don't appreciate that she doesn't talk about men in that voice of hers. My wife says I wish it was my sister who had passed and not my mother. My wife says I hate my sister. My wife says I don't understand why my sister refuses to listen to music. My wife says I look at my sister and I don't see anything. My wife says I just don't get my sister.

Time

Billionaire Bill Gates to Billionaire Courtesan Walter Isaacson on January 13, 1997: "It's possible, you can never know, that the

universe exists only for me. If so, it's sure going well for me, I must admit."

The Dead Are Happier Than The Living

In April 1999, France's highest court, the Cour de Cassation, ruled that a 16 year old boy, Erik Henri, could claim damages, as he was born with minor brain damage because his mother had mumps during pregnancy. "You could have had an abortion," said Erik to his mother. "But I didn't know," said Erik's mother. "Okay, so give me 100 francs then." Erik took the money, walked down to a local bakery, and bought himself a dozen Charlotte Russe pastries, which he then proceeded to eat while sitting on a park bench, surrounded by a gaggle of elegant swans as well as a small coterie of musicians playing Debussy's "Claire de Lune" in the balmy open air. "What a horrible life," said Erik to himself as he bit into his fifth Charlotte Russe. "I belonged nowhere." Erik wiped the whipped cream from his mouth and watched as a young mother and father took turns kissing and nuzzling their child in an exaggerated, joyous manner. "The Earth should not be allowed to have life on it," said Erik to himself. "I hope climate change kills everyone." Erik got up from the bench, brushed some crumbs from his shirt, walked over to the young parents, and cleared his throat. "Your child should have been aborted," said Nicholas. "Your child should have never been born. It's not nice what you did." The young parents looked at Nicholas and reflexively shielded their child with their bodies. "Give me 100 francs," said Nicholas. The young parents did not grant Nicholas' request. Instead, they scooped up their child and ran in the opposite direction. "Monsters," said Erik to himself. "I hope they die in the coming global famine." Erik reached into his box of pastries, popped another Charlotte Russe in his mouth, and wondered if he could get close enough to the swans in order to scare the literal shit out of them.

The Shape Of Jazz To Come

From *Interview with a Spook*, by Dr. Clyde Junger, Duke University Press, 1998: "It became apparent by the mid 1980s that the Agency's sphere of influence will diminish considerably during the first decades of the 21st Century. After all, there are only so many countries where you can overthrow the government in order to install regimes sympathetic to the needs of industry. But with this understanding came the knowledge that at some point, for the CIA to continue to do business, as well as to justify its own existence, it would have to turn its eyes away from foreign affairs and towards the domestic situation, despite the inherent illegality of such operations. And so, as you can imagine, this created some pushback among our more democratically inclined agents and analysts. I can't say that I necessarily disagree with these people. Yes, it would be nice to have a democracy and the free market, but if these two ideas get in the way of profits then they are no longer tenable. Are they no longer tenable? Not today, but I would think in the near future they will be. I guess only time will tell. I think it will. Which leads me to believe that at some point on the timeline the CIA will have to engage in covert actions that will both save its hide and destroy it at the same time, which is the overthrow of the United States government. So yes, I'm telling you that the practices used on countries as diverse as The Congo, Guatemala and Iran, among many others, will have to be brought back home and used in order to facilitate a coup d'etat on what we estimate will be a negligible socialist movement in America, a movement whose importance will be exaggerated. By that time I will no longer be employed by the Agency, nor do I think will I be alive. But that's what I foresee happening. That's what the data tells us. And it's a shame that this will happen, if it does, but then again, no one should be surprised when it does happen, because the overthrow of the United States government was always going to be the logical conclusion to the history of the CIA."

History Is Bunk

Bertolt Brecht: "They send the looted out looting. The undertaking is a superhuman one; the use of violence, rather than concentrating forces, divides them: what was elementarily human, too compressed, explodes. Fragments fly in all directions, and total destruction follows."

