

The Pulse-Soldier

by Kog Zadare



The Pulse-Soldier: Part I

Dr. Zog Kadare waddled in off the patio, daintily lay down his umbrella, acknowledged his wife with a grunt, kicked off his sandals with a deft movement of the heel, without troubling to unbind them, removed a sealed envelope from his rear pocket, took from atop his desk a steel paper knife, broke the seal, tossed the envelope on the desk, stood erect as if in military discipline, unfolded the letter or one might have it, with more befitting respect, the revealed text, and read.

Anyone else, or nearly anyone, should have shuddered inwardly, had they the awareness necessary to perceive the dark portent forecast by the neatly typed black ink letters, those svelte and innocent creatures, who stood modestly without calling attention to themselves, against the background of an unnoisy grayish sheet of fine paper. Dr. Zog Kadare, adjusted his ancient glasses as if to make an outward sign of absolute attentiveness, he was grayish, sinewy, slender, dark, everything is disclosed by a man's outward appearance; He understood only too well that this modest

invitation, ostensibly an offer to an interview for the position of supervisor in a typical construction project, consisting of the addition of a new staircase where the existing one was outmoded or in the removal of the sculpture of some idiot artist whose vision no longer corresponded to the prevalent taste, was in fact no more or less than the entrée, the open door signifying that the agreement had been made, he could already see how it would all end in thunder and ice.

Any other man would have thought to pause and with indulgence, heap some contempt on his environs. For, after all, none of them; None of those idiot persons within his immediate grasp, knew that in their very midst was a man destined for the highest. Dr. Zog Kadare made no trifling sign or show, nor did he reveal in any way at all the secret of his ominous summons and if his wife was not particularly inquisitive, as to the nature of the excursion, he informed her he would undertake early the next morning; That he had already begun to assemble his bag for, it was well enough, she had her own thoughts about his business affairs, no doubt, and she was known even to squirm, occasionally, however imperceptibly, upon the long black, velvet settee, where she languorously pursued her meaningless books and periodicals, about goodness knows what kind of blatherskite and hoodoo, still, even the most savvy of costumers could not have guessed that Dr. Zog Kadare's presence was requested by the highest officers of the state, it would have been too preposterous to dream that in a days time, this average man of fifty, should be approaching the burning center of earthly power.

Part II

He got up very early in the morning, just as if by doing so, to announce (however, the question arises, to whom), the severe

tenor of his devotion qua intent to obey the order. Dr. Zog Kadare was already at the curb before the bright day of the world began, however obliquely, in the manner of an Aurora sub-terrestrial wave (perhaps an Aurora Hades shock) that clawed, all cloaked in ashen and ground bone hues, with dirty-black gloves on, the horizon's lover, the dawn, rather then with her rosy hued fingers, made a black and terrible *entrée* (an untoward issuance) - the presage of its even more horrific *entente* with the world of humans and all its peopled cities. As Lagerkvist would have it, the 'Dark Star Earth', or the black star of Nihilism if one prefers, was at last enthroned (realized as master signifier), in the performative moment par excellence, the crossing of the threshold, (or if you like of Rubicon, as an Hegelian authenticator for History making intent, which for Hegel distinguished the value of man as spirit or as special-mind bearing being, bona fide master of doing and making) between, as Camus would have it, hardy realism and dank cynicism (the rosy dawn of Homer's blood lust lifeworld and the 'eternal night' of Stalin's Totality based rational state qua living death) or again it may be called that minimal difference, between assertive action, and manic violence, between the 'good will' of Kant, that practical reason, commiserate one might have vainly hoped, with the value of the other (the Thou and the You found situated before the I in that holy meeting of those who 'transcend' the interior cave of themselves and do a commerce of returns with the polity of unique faces, of others, yes of oh so unique faces *à la* the justice of a Levinas') is transmuted into the cold form of the Lacanian Thing (for 'alzo' licht (light), as twenty-first century science shows, can be trapped in crystal (sing me a song of "frozen light") and chaos in a bottle (Like the Jin that bursts forth, a momentary glimpse, of the Real qua Death qua Dionysian elk within the captive bourgeoisie soul) or a theoretical bulwark which tames it, Cantor's domestication of 'actual infinity' made available for operational purposes and

so on, but in our current narrative we give it as only more so realized - more effectively, but the earth is not a breed of schnauzer just yet (not wholly mastered even by the Pulse-Soldier), but only the structure of its chaotic form, (its "inchoate palpitations" qua the philosopher's stone of Lagerkvist - underground stirrings if one likes) is, as with the dawn, come to rest in the (already subdued) structure of the cosmos that our brain finds useful to so posit, to so make to appear for our consciousness (of the ordered social order as such). But many words condensed to one for clarity- A new day and its aspect was mean as hell.

Dr. Zog Kadare did not stand long before the cab came to bring him to the train station. But he was not met by a taxi cab, but by a death car. He did not chat as he road along the way with the good driver. The driver in any case ceased to be a fine driver of a nice car, everything was already changed and at once, or it was found to be in a suddenly advanced state. The driver was not a taxi driver at all, but a death driver. When Kadare got out at the rail station it was not a rail station anymore, but a death station. When he boarded the trusty train it was not a great industrial train he boarded but a death that he boarded and when the massive engine pumped smoke and pulled away from the station and rolled steadily along the solid tracks it was precisely a death that hugged and pulled along heavy deaths away from a death and rolling on to a distant death.

Dr. Zog Kadare, the Pulse-Soldier, situated himself carefully in his compartment. His neighbor was already asleep when the train pulled away from the station and made way for the important city of R. What was so vexing to Dr. Zog Kadare at that moment was precisely that he was already a Pulse-Soldier, that he was already where he was to go, that he was already ossified forever in the Eternal position of the supreme

summit and no more stages, ladders, platforms, ranks, advancements, no more situating oneself amidst the discursive topography of an ordered and at once organically terraced garden of still really existing (and for the pleasure of no one save radical chance in the capacity of an irreducible principle corresponding to the whatever of everything or if one likes the mad quiddity, the feverish whatness of the is, the so called in its brute haecceity and so forth it all disclosed its meaningless thread). A long story made short - nota bene, he came out of the living struggle and surveyed it all from a height, transcendent, from a place proper only to a pulse-soldier.

It was Nikola Tesla who first suggested the possibility of the great weapon. To scramble the brain with a radio signal from any part of the globe seemed at first quite a fanciful dream, but latter it was proven in practice. The first generation electromagnetic pulse tower, that had started the whole order of the Pulse-Soldier and their unique global control, had said it *me voici* modestly enough and only in time, after a good long while did the dust settle forever; People began to understand that they lived not in tidy and loving neighborhoods, but that they lived in the heart of bleak deaths, that they lived not in neat little houses but in viperous bosom of deaths, that they slept not in comfortable beds, but in icy deaths.

Part III

At first he was only asked to prepare his documents for inspection. Then he was ordered to acquire a duplicate of his civilian papers and to get new photos taken. Then he was made to retrieve his actual Pulse-papers for entrance into the facility, Pulse Central. Having entered he was told to wait.

Having waited he was told to wait longer. After two hours an angry faced man came into the office and curtly waved him to follow. Then when they had entered the 'protected' room, as it was called, a quick interview lead to Kadare's first assignment. However, it would not be in ----, that great city, but rather in the distant town of ----. As he left the facility grounds Dr. Zog Kadare noted, through the oblique lenses of his glasses, several unexpectedly obscene scrawls which lay along the gray poles of the clean iron fence that stood erect and unflinching all about the outer perimeter of the mighty gate. The words "Cunt-Soldiers" and a bit further on "Pulse-Tower 3 is the only Cock that bitch likes" were visibly impressed into the iron gate, along the inside of the courtyard.

Now the town of ---- was not really even a town, it was more like what one would call a non-town or more perfectly it was a nothing, it was empty of all organic life, it was devoid of properly human structure, it was only something that one referred to as a town in order to avoid complications or perhaps to avoid fear.

One of the first questions posed by the inner circle of the Directorate body was "When do the actants go?" Which meant: When do the population who are not Pulse-Soldiers (i.e. the greater part of the mass-human) die? Go because they no longer serve a purpose for the Directorate and also because their existence must point to a distant unwanted possibility of incursion on the coolness and clarity required for absolute reflection (on the final attainment of the actually realized 'nous' or intelligence, so to speak). But this was controversial, not only for the question of when is the actant body, in its exploitation phase, atrophied (when is everything built up, so as to continue forever without man power), but more sinisterly, because it made clear that soon only one man

alone would be quite sufficient to maintain the Universal body of Pulse or, in point of fact, to continue on to the realization of an actually 'domesticated' universe. Some proposed the anarchy of Directorates solution, whereby each Pulse-Soldier would be sole master/actor in a distantly non-communicable (to assure total autonomy) region. This notion was flirted with, but at bottom no one believed in it, for the simple reason that it was not an affective solution, that one necessarily demanded total and unique verity (i.e. that it would be insufficient even to maintain the notion that somewhere there was another Director who could potentially interfere with the value of the master/unitary actor).

One should mention that from the biology of the sea-nettle (*Chrysaora fuscens*), the so called jelly-fish, the actuality of Eternal organic life (put so here oddly, as in the texts of the directorate itself, with reference to Eternal concept, Plato etc.) became apparent. It prompted that deep look at the so called Death-gene (the gene postulated by natural science as a hygienic purification agent, against cancer and so forth; As a stratagem to let life reach the point where it would no longer be necessary, like the pretty Jacobian praxis lived out by Robespierre, if we may risk confusion between mode and content of exposition, but clear up the problems yourselves). So: Immortality was introduced into the human milieu, tout court.

Part IV

Dr. Zog Kadare's advantage in the final poker game, a lady Gagaesque and gruesome, dehumanized play of wild degradations, was that he did not fear the darkness as such, that wiped out area where the utter black of space replaced everything, as if all life were wiped away with a sponge did not clasp him in its deformed talon, did not rip the flesh out from

his loins. He had either the emptiness of death already glued to his viscera or the nerve of the extremities of determination, he held his wits close to him as the others, one after the next faltered and winced in the face of the blackness from which the I AM had issued of old, he stood in the cold parts as the darkness protruded and whispered over the Milky Way and all its children, and at last when he had won the last hand of the game - the cold ice of eternity was his alone.

