

Monster Between the Coldest Us

THALIA FIELD AND ABIGAIL LANG



~~MONSTER~~
BETWEEN
THE
COLDEST
US

from
LEAVE TO REMAIN

THALIA FIELD
and ABIGAIL LANG



#47

CONTENTS

ESSAY PRESS EP SERIES

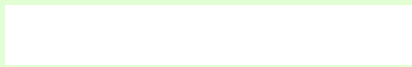
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Introduction	vii
Monster Between the Coldest Us	1
Author Bio	44

INTRODUCTION

After the Great War, new neighbors ask: which war? The great one, the one just starting? Why do you distrust me? Aren't we friends? How can you not believe me? Are monsters always monsters under cover? What about Santa Claus? How can you lie to me? Isn't there a quick test like an X-ray that discloses these things? Which war are we discussing again? *Are you really a Man?* Approaching the movie palace, can we coordinate intelligence? Saving face, are we so odd? Between the wars, do I turn the other cheek? Between the wars, will you keep an eye out? How are they to be detected in time to save the country from them, and them from themselves? Have we been made? So why is it OK to lie to children that Santa Claus is real? GENE OR GERM? IS THERE SUCH A THING AS A HOMOSEXUAL SANTA FIVE-YEAR PLAN? Heads or tails? An earth to turn around!? A natural satellite; but is the moon Earth's friend? What prompted Beat fellow traveler John Clellon Holmes and gay-nightclub owner Jay Landesman to morph into two-headed author Alfred Towne and to castigate a ~~homosexual~~ "coterie" for permeating quality fiction and Hollywood screenwriting and imposing a "new taste"? Have we reached a thousand faces yet? Are we both thinking what I'm thinking? Are you running me or am I running you? A listening post? Is that how a friend behaves? Nothing isn't a signal that normal people can't see if they look, but who looks the right way? Why can't a double agent become a triple one? Are there that many ways to lie? Does your best friend insist on kissing you whenever she sees you? Does she constantly brush up against you, even in the most intimate places, seemingly by accident? Does she love to brush your hair, watch you undress and buy you presents? If the coin is grabbed by an enemy mid-toss, what will we do?



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US
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After the Great War, new neighbors ask: which war?

The great one, the one just starting?

Flip.

After the Great War, Judas makes a comeback in a number of French novels, no longer as the arch-villain wielded by ecclesiastical antisemitism, but as a more nuanced figure. Now his treason is a sort of deeper truthfulness towards his friend, and toward his friend's real or imagined destiny.

Flip.

Suss me out; a surface tension of us/them suspicion, turning Technicolor

(Why do you distrust me? Aren't we friends?)

I try to turn, but turning, turn you.

After the Great War, this was the nightmare of all double agents: they were unloved children stuffed into a van and told to hold their noise down (or else!), while their parents enjoyed a moonlight fling.



(Which war?) The last one. The next one. The great one.

Yes my dears, go back to sleep—



No one is out there;
Nothing is as it appears.
(How can you not believe me?)

Are monsters always monsters under cover?

What about Santa Claus? He comes at night

~~communist atheist~~ handing out toys/~~consumerist materialist capitalist~~ exploiting
desires

Should we continue to celebrate this guileless agent of gifts?

(How can you lie to me?)

Senator Margaret Chase Smith to a Hoey Committee witness, on the security risks posed by ~~homosexuals~~ Santas in government: "Isn't there a quick test like an X-ray that discloses these things?"

(Which war are we discussing again?)

A brass band crosses the intersection, holding up traffic. Patriots stand and salute.

We line up for our Loyalty Oath.

"Like most of my generation, I was obsessed by a complex of terrors and longings connected with the idea 'War;' 'War,' in this purely neurotic sense, meant The Test. The test of your courage, of your maturity, of your sexual prowess: 'Are you really a Man?'"

(Christopher Isherwood).

Approaching the movie palace, can we coordinate intelligence?

Saving face, are we so odd? Between the wars, do I turn the other cheek?

Between the wars, will you keep an eye out?

"The problem is entirely different since the cold war started. Before, treason was a matter of corruption, or grievance, or mental instability. Today Marxist faith has proved capable of subverting men otherwise of upright character and balanced mind. How are they to be detected in time to save the country from them, and them from themselves?" (*Daily Telegraph*, 1955).

We have been tailing a crowd of Santas from the Academy. Half went toward the beach, the other half into a matinee. Wearing dark glasses, they pay their entrance. Many of them give us a nod as they go in.

"A curious freemasonry exists among underground workers and sympathizers.

They can identify each other (and be identified by their enemies) on casual meeting by the use of certain phrases, the names of certain friends, by certain enthusiasms and certain silences. It is reminiscent of nothing so much as the famous scene in Proust where the Baron de Charlus and the tailor Jupien suddenly recognize their common corruption" (Arthur Schlesinger Jr., *Vital Center*, 1949).

(Have we been made?)

"If a person consistently reads and advocates the views expressed in a ~~Communist~~ Santa publication, he may be a ~~Communist~~ Santa. If a person defends the activities of ~~Communist~~ Santa nations while consistently attacking the domestic and foreign policies of the United States, she may be a ~~Communist~~ Santa.... If a person does all these things, over a period of time, he MUST be a ~~Communist~~ Santa! But there are other ~~Communists~~ Santas who don't show their real faces—who work more—silently" ("How To Spot A ~~Communist~~ Santa," *Armed Forces Information Film Number 5*, 1950).

Smith is sent out to infiltrate the tomatoes at a campfire, eventually blowing his cover while eating a hamburger and asking if anyone could “pass the ketchup.”



In May 1942, Radio Paris vindicated the law ordering Jews to wear an identifying yellow star by the fact that they didn't have “blue skin.”

“This article is for your protection.
Read it—and be better able to judge the men you THINK you know!”
(Wally Levine, “The Ways to Spot a Homosexual Santa,” 1956).

Q: So why is it OK to lie to children that Santa Claus is real?

A: Because eventually they'll figure it out using their burgeoning rational minds.

Q: But then they'll know that the people they trusted most have lied to them for years.

A: It's a good lie; it's fun; it's for the kids' benefit.

Q: But a lie stifles imagination and encourages blind credulity.

A: While killing the joy of something benign is just cruel.

“They are out to infiltrate all-male institutions like the Army and Navy, boys' schools, and deliberately ensnare ‘candidates’ to join the fraternity...Decoys are widespread in these places, whose ‘mission’ is to get a borderline case into the fraternity, by seducing him and forcing him to join once he has been compromised.... today it is far more than just a perversion. It is a veritable conspiracy” (Jerome Adams, “Are Homosexuals Santas a Hidden Menace,” 1958).

*He sees you when you're sleeping
He knows when you're awake
He knows if you've been bad or good
So be good for goodness' sake!*

Paranoia sees itself everywhere, a Janus-case:

Traitors and deviants cannot be identified—(But must!)

They are freaks—(Of an all-too-common sort!)

They are everywhere—(Yet must be quarantined!)

Evil is genetic—(But may be contagious!)

GENE OR GERM?

“Communism is a virus that cannot be detected by any security microscope: screening will only tend to exclude those who have avowed themselves Communists—Santas, not now the most dangerous strain” (*Spectator*, 1955).

“One homosexual Santa can pollute a Government office” (Hoey Committee).

“The body politic, like the (male) body, establishes its integrity by maintaining its impenetrability” (Cameron McFarlane).

“An open society has been unable to defend itself against a secret society which has formed in its midst. That, when it happens to the cells of our body, is called a case of cancer, and the results were cancerous in their corrupting painfulness” (Rebecca West, 1964).

“any penetration, however slight, is sufficient to complete the crime specified in this section” (District of Columbia Sodomy Laws, June 9, 1948, 62 Stat. 347, ch. 428, title I, § 104; 1973 Ed., § 22-3502).

“Its political action is a fluid stream which moves constantly, wherever it is permitted to move, toward a given goal. Its main concern is to make sure that it has filled every nook and cranny available to it in the basin of world power” (George Kennan, “The Sources of Soviet Conduct,” 1947).

“IS THERE SUCH A THING AS A HOMOSEXUAL SANTA FIVE-YEAR PLAN?”

“O my friends, there is no friend.”

Flip.

You turn to catch my eye and, in turning, turn me.

Heads or tails? We flip a two-headed coin. We cannot seem to win. We are stuck in this game.

(An earth to turn around!?) (A natural satellite; but is the moon Earth’s friend?)

An open society can tolerate many secret societies. It depends on the kind they are. They are dangerous only when controlled by a foreign power dedicated to the destruction of a free society” (Sidney Hook, 1964)

We stumble onto the theater palace floor, gumshoe, literally,
blindly across two seats midway.

Remove my scarf, shed your coat, two seats make one as best we can
within our head a split nucleus—

a cold night for monsters, a hot one for Santas,

and not just in the movies. We try to imagine the horror resolved to
grease paint and rubber cement, but the beards and tufts and facial hair in all the wrong

places mark insanity, or the truly not-human

(—the agent Santa in the mirror?)



By Christmas there are thousands on the boulevard. We have tailed one away from the theater, away from the crowd.

All four spies Santas are alike in that their educational backgrounds reflect an unusual lack of contact with the liberal arts disciplines.

“Professor Blunt’s treason and duplicity do pose fundamental questions about the nature of intellectual-academic obsession, about the co-existence within a single sensibility of utmost truth and falsehood, and about certain germs of the inhuman planted, as it were, at the very roots of excellence in our society.... a man who in the morning teaches his students that a false attribution of a Watteau drawing or an inaccurate transcription of a fourteenth-century epigraph is a sin against the spirit, and in the afternoon or evening transmits to the agents of Soviet intelligence classified, perhaps vital, information given to him in sworn trust by his countrymen and intimate colleagues. What are the sources of such scission? How does the spirit mask itself?” (George Steiner).

What prompted Beat fellow traveler John Clellon Holmes and gay-nightclub owner Jay Landesman to morph into two-headed author Alfred Towne and to castigate a homosexual “coterie” for permeating quality fiction and Hollywood screenwriting and imposing a “new taste”? “Long practiced in unraveling symbolism and allusion,” they claimed, “this ‘fifth column’ threatens a gradual effeminization of artistic and sexual values.”

~~This man was one of the most important spies ever captured: he was what is known as the resident Soviet agent for New York, and he was apparently really emotionally involved in a crusade against abstract art, which he appears to have envisaged as a rationalist but regressive interference with the instinctive pictorial processes.~~

~~That man was a serving officer in the RAF who wished to study at the State Institute of Photography in Moscow because he feared that he had no future in the RAF, as his eyesight was failing. The two met at the Odeon Cinema, at the National Film Theatre, at the Soviet Circus, and at the Soviet Film Festival at the Royal Festival Hall, and ended up with a visit to the Everyman Cinema in Hampstead in August.~~

Turns out there are at least two hundred Santas around the cinema. We have been made.

The movie palace: we’ve bugged to high hell—walls pox, insulated contra vibration. Transmitters dig in the pores of the joint. The windows, the cushions, the carpets, magazines in our hands, these are Trojan Horses and armies of extras, infrared film pictures that need no natural, even visible, light. There are bugs in the sewer, the drainpipes, the chair rails, and the quick plant bugs we bump on you in passing, or lay on your coat. Our coats have buttonholes we squeeze to shutter you when you smile and run to us so unnervingly. Our watches, our cigarettes, our wallets and lipstick, everything infrathin and readymade—an audience full of Santas, and all that’s playing is a short reel of Cardinal Richelieu’s cabinet noir; ancient parry and thrust—king’s spymaster says: “friends always listen in on friends,” and hands him a block of code; a long list of *faux-amis*.

“There exists in the cabinet noir of a certain German prince, a book compiled by the Secret Service from the reports of German agents who have infested this country for the past 20 years, agents so vile and spreading debauchery of such a lasciviousness as only German minds could conceive and German bodies execute... for the propagation of evils which all decent men thought had perished in Sodom and Lesbia... the names of 47,000 English men and women... Privy Councilors, youths of the chorus, wives of Cabinet Ministers, dancing girls, even Cabinet Ministers themselves, while diplomats, poets, bankers, editors, newspaper proprietors and members of His Majesty’s household follow each other with no order of precedence... Wives of men in supreme positions were entangled... In lesbian ecstasy the most sacred secrets of State were betrayed”

(Captain Harold Spencer, “The First 47,000,” *The Imperialist*, 1918).

“When the blond beast is an turning, he commands the turnings in other lands. They are moles. They burrow. They plot. They are hardest at work when they are most silent. Britain is only safe when her statesmen are family men” (Arnold White, 1917).

During the lavender scare, the legend of the black book revives. This time, the Nazis compile lists of homosexuals Santas and these lists are supposedly seized by the Soviets when Berlin surrenders in 1945, and now the Communists Santas use the lists, again dubbed the “Black Book,” to identify blackmail targets worldwide. This is not to be confused with the Black Book listing 2280 prominent British and International people to be immediately taken captive and killed should the Nazis prevail in England. This is not to be confused with the Black List of communist sympathizers brought before the House UnAmerican Activities Committee.

“Another reason for the homosexual-Communist Santa alliance is the instability and passion for intrigue for intrigue’s sake, which is inherent in the homosexual Santa personality. A third reason is the social promiscuity within the homosexual Santa minority and the fusion it effects between upperclass and proletarian corruption” (Countess Rosa Goldschmidt von Waldeck, “Homosexual Santa International”).

SAME STORY, DIFFERENT COVERS

So in a Chinese restaurant in Paris, we review the case of false friends: *abus* is simply misuse; *actuel* is happening but not real; *avertissement* warns but doesn't sell; the *affluent* leads to a river not a rich life; *assister à* means to be there but not help, while *attend* is to be there but not wait; *assorti* matches, does not differ; you can put your money in a bank or on a *banc*; a *déception* is for one a disappointment, for the other, a lie; and *demande* asks with or without force; *eclipser*, to slip away or cover; hair to hate, or just hate hair; *hâte* is haste or hate like *hair*; and a *pair* is someone equal, not a double; *se presser* is to hurry not just to push; *rejeton* is one's child, not the rejected; *sinistre* may just be a mood not a menace; your *sort* is your fate and your type:

Flip—

when you freak out, *je flippe*

flip my wig or flap a wing

When your slip shows

I hold my brief in shorts

When you go straight, I feel *gauche*

When you're *à l'ouest*, I feel *adroit*

So let's share a *casquette*

till death do us part

Let's split a *boulette*

And we can spare an *arme*

Let's share a *blanquette*

Let's split a piece of *pain*

Lend me your faux-amis

and you can use my falsies

Please hold my *main*

until *demain*

We walk out embarrassed and teetering.

How to become a **monster**: walk stiffly, talking in accents, wearing disguise and lurking, misunderstood by the corner under a streetlamp. To get your face just right: imagine you smell something sweet but cannot smile. Fluff your hair. Slick your hair. Jut the chin. Suck in the cheeks. Peer to the side. Squint. Stare. Have we reached a thousand faces yet?



When was Peter Lorre, with his accent and “double-take job,” ever not cast as the sinister foreigner after he fled Germany and made it to Hollywood? After his career with Brecht and Lang, he was cast as Quasimodo, Dr. Einstein, Baron Ikito, Doctor Gogol, Montresor, Le Chiffre, *Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation*, Japanese detective-spy, secret agent, son of Frankenstein, occasionally co-starring with Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff.

“You know, Rick, I have many a friend in Casablanca, but somehow, just because you despise me, you are the only one I trust.”

“If I had to choose between betraying my country and my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country” (E. M. Forster, 1939).

les bras ballants—swinging arms empty handed toward the *hôte*, both host and distinguished guest

“*Tu me manques*” you miss me, but I miss you

le temps révolu has not come 'round again

though we maybe *fall in the apples*

in this *déception sentimentale*...

(Newsreel: standard images of suffering, trains, soldiers, zeppelins)
Soviets cut off half of Berlin,
blocking a road and a train route

(Newsreel: a world anxiously watching)

Until a wall cements the seam, and feature films on the western side of town become popular destinations for regular people from the east, risking arrest for an evening's entertainment.

Chess, such as it is, grows more obsolete, even as players hurry to switch sides.

Propaganda: inside the theater, the bloodless attack of images and plots—a view of an alternative world: people on one side of the wall appear human but have super-powers the other side doesn't. This is seductive. This is new weaponry. Soft weaponry. A fantasy world. *Une nuit blanche?* Sleep my dear. Trust the translation: here a big cheese is *une grosse légume*, and a change of heart is *changer son fusil d'épaule*. We all cross and double-cross the bridge when we come to it (*chaque chose en son temps*) whether we call it a *split* personality or a *double*. *Une chape de plomb*.

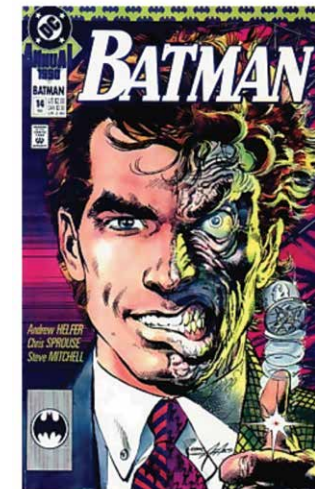
Meanwhile, in New York, Marcel Duchamp reveals a pun on the Brooklyn Bridge (pont iff) and accuses America's art of being nothing but plumbing and bridges.

IN RE MULTIVERSE

After the Great War, the multiverse starts when Wonder Woman falls into a time warp and meets her double. Or maybe it starts when Flash's alter-ego (Barry Allen) uses super-vibrations to climb a mid-air rope and accidentally vibrates into another Earth (where he meets Jay Garrick, the Golden Age Flash.) Eventually it's revealed that the entire Crime Syndicate of alternate characters gets imprisoned in a void between multiverses.

Then there's the revelation of Earth-Two.

Two-Face first appears in *Detective Comics* #66 with the name Harvey Kent (later "Harvey Dent"—to rhyme laterally with Clark Kent.) Before our own *vis-à-vis*, we were best friends with the enemy, making us more ruthless now. Two-Face's story is rewritten to match his archenemy's tragic past, because what Motherland or Fatherland doesn't cause beastly offspring?



To make a decision, Two-Face flips a two-headed coin.

(A coin with two heads always wins—
unless one face is scratched out by an X, as he is rumored to do)

Earth-One and Earth-Two show what's possible when massive energy splits a country. Germany, Korea, Vietnam, Ireland: walls are needed for projection. Spies are dropped behind the lines, to mine the split, captured and turned back wearing superhero cloaks. That's infra-structure, a *lit de fortune*. What anyone (not in the room) says is controlled before it reaches the intended audience. All propaganda can be seen as censorship and information in equal measure; *le mal du pays*. Spies need both sides of the conversation or there's no connecting the bughouse lines of paper ants. *Honni soit qui mal y pense*.

In his room was more evidence of espionage than one would have expected an experienced spy to leave lying about: a cipher pad, a coded message, a transmitting radio, a hollow pencil containing a time schedule for his broadcasts to Moscow, a bank book and a safe-deposit box key, which were to reveal an accumulation of dollars surprising for such a dim figure, and two birth certificates. One was made out for Emil Robert Goldfus, born in New York in 1902, and was a sample of a favourite Russian technique; for the real Emil Robert Goldfus had died when he was one year and two months old. The other birth certificate was made out for Martin Collins and was a forgery. His real name is not yet known.

I have a funny foreign accent; I am a bad guy

You have a funny foreign accent; you are the bad guy

Are we both thinking what I'm thinking? Are you running me or am I running you?

"I know exactly why Guy Burgess went to Moscow. It wasn't enough to be a queer and a drunk. He had to revolt still more to break away from it all. That's just what I've done by becoming an American citizen" (W. H. Auden).

In *Two-Face Strikes Twice*, Two-Face must fight Paul Janus, who is two-timing his wife. Two-Face has twins. In another, Two-Face becomes healed. Then Two-Face is taken over by impostors. Some are not really two-faced but use make-up.

"We were venturing, like spies, into an enemy stronghold. 'They,' our adversaries, would employ other tactics down there; they would be sly, polite, reassuring; they would invite us to tea. We should have to be on our guard.... the whole establishment seemed to offer an enormous tacit bribe. We fortified ourselves against it as best we could, in the privacy of our rooms; swearing never to betray each other, never to forget the existence of 'the two sides' and their eternal necessary state of war" (Christopher Isherwood, traveling with Edward Upward to Cambridge to interview for admission).

Then there's Earth Prime, where everything seems the same as Earth, until a character interferes with Soviet and American missiles, and nuclear war ensues.



We reminisce about situations where superheroes bounce back and forth into their cover characters, *les têtes à l'envers*. Just before the feature, an unlucky break! Your face, then my face, toward the aisle:

"HALLO!" (screamed like it's been ages) "IT'S BEEN AGES!" an old friend running up
 an invasion across newly formed identity
 (Pulse, even respiration, normal pupils undilated)
 friends blow cover as quickly as any "non-official cover operative"
 (everything is a border test)
 blank space (in a book) massing behind defense
 (erase us through identification)
 (Every drunk young man or woman is a trap)
 every offer to buy a drink after the movie
 every encounter a lie (detector)
 yet we attempt to soften the subject (calm the monstrous frenemy) to get a cover, you must first lose your identity.

COVER UP, UP, UP!

Movie monster Lon Chaney, first proletariat of disguise. His deaf parents afforded him a childhood pantomime (with results refracted in the amplitude and abundance of his expressions.) A mission fits the covering; a mission is fiction. They called Lon “boy of a thousand faces,” and in the silence of horror films he projects the terrible deformity that keeps attention from the person undercover. Even under the most hostile interrogation, the fiction remains fact.



From radar, spies are trained to see familiar shapes from the top—as warships, planes, antenna shadows.

Lon Cheney created and built his faces himself, and his secrets have never been revealed (taping his ears, prosthetic attachments, wigs, putty, greasepaint, false teeth, costume...). In the Paris Opera, his is the original misunderstood monster. His son will play another, Larry Talbot slash The Wolfman, whose cover up was documented frame-by-frame, from the fingers pinned and plumped, to the yak hair on his face.



The war between sides comes home they say, but the bugs in homes needn't worry. There are over ten thousand specimens from basement to roof, over one hundred species of arthropod in a single house. Flies and beetles, ants and wasps, stink bugs, book lice, moths, millipedes, silverfish, cockroaches, fungus gnats, cobweb spiders, scuttle flies, dust mites—all harmlessly among us unnoticed, doing our dirty work. Carpet beetles eat spilled food, nail clippings, hair—while dust mites eat dead skin. Book lice eat our books, head lice our hair, the perfect cover.

After the Great War, we screen ourselves:

The Spy Who Came In from the Cold

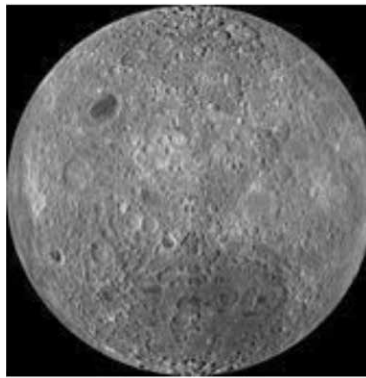
Torn Curtain

The Man Between

A listening post? Is that how a friend behaves? The after-shock, the lasting feeling that enemies mutually benefit—creates a stable (cold) situation of distrust, without open fire, only the assurance of total mutual annihilation. Flip. Flip. Now there aren't many things we both see the same way, looking out in identical opposite ways. You'd think our species had split in two.



A leaf blows across the windshield at a drive-in, and everyone leaves their trash by a door, their books in the car window, spine out. That's the marker. Nothing isn't a signal that normal people can't see if they look, but who looks the right way? It takes a prop department to set the city with dead drops: a decade of long-finned cars (the chase element, the movie weaponized with foldout machine guns and camera eyewear). Nationalism seduces the audience to the sight of movie monsters two hundred feet high, with fries and a soda, with your sweetheart everywhere around you, a last resort, a moon one-faced toward Earth. Under the Outer Space Treaty, our shared moon is open for peaceful business while the dark side hides.



Sherlock Holmes: "Nothing is more deceiving than an obvious fact."

"IT'S BEEN AN AGE!" A second dangle. You try to duck, pulling me down. Is the reversed friend enough in this Age of Information? The Machine Age didn't end because they ran out of machines, and the Stone Age didn't end because they ran out of stones.

But can you define a friend without the term?
You turn violently, and I'm facing the stranger,
"So glad to see you again."
Do balance our alterity, at least until the risk of more violence passes.
"The perfect friendship destroys itself"
Or a friend = a split soul across us, two from one

"A trace of strangeness easily enters even the most intimate relationships... what is common to two is never common to them alone... No matter how little these possibilities become real and how often we forget them, here and there, nevertheless, they thrust themselves between us like shadows, like a mist which escapes every word noted, but which must coagulate into a solid bodily form before it can be called jealousy" (Georg Simmel, "The Stranger").

A handler must before all else know the inner mind of the handler on the other side, though they may never meet; they both see out of one pair of double eyes. Why can't a double agent become a triple one? Are there that many ways to lie?

"Does your best friend insist on kissing you whenever she sees you? Does she constantly brush up against you, even in the most intimate places, seemingly by accident? Does she love to brush your hair, watch you undress, and buy you presents? Then beware. She may be trying to seduce you!" ("Is your Friend a Lesbian Santa?" *Dare*, 1957).



If the coin is grabbed by an enemy mid-toss, what will we do? *Se mettre en quatre*.

I've said it a thousand times if I've said it once, "a private eye is not a spy."
(There's no debugging a home, and a spy has no friends.)

And a spy is not a traitor. The spy is an enemy soldier behind our lines, while the traitor betrays familiars to strangers.

And a heretic is not a conspirator.

It doesn't matter if she looks perfectly normal. Beware of strange men who strike up conversations in bars, trains and other public places.



Flip.

In mutually assured death: treat others as you would they treat you. Just as a spy doesn't exist without an enemy, he can't succeed without diminishing that enemy to a final point, a symmetry versus an asymmetrical bend of social space: a physicist versus a thief.

Einstein, Robbed of Everything in His Home, 'Applies' Relativity to Trap Thieving Maid

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By WIRELESS TO THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BERLIN, June 20.—Albert Einstein's theory of relativity can also be applied to honesty, that eminent scientist now proclaims.

When the professor returned to his Berlin apartment after an absence of several days he found only the bare walls instead of his luxuriously furnished home.

"I have been robbed," he concluded.

After a moment's bitter reflection he also noted that his servant had gone. Then, applying his hypothesis to practical problems, the savant asked the police to locate the missing domestic. The detectives, in their turn adapting the French slogan, "Cherchez la femme," in the solution of the problem, set out to locate the maid's sweetheart. They

discovered him in a suburb of Berlin, asleep on Einstein's Louis Seize sofa and surrounded by numerous other periods of history expressed in the form of furniture.

The detectives learned that the servant had deserted her sweetheart, so they made a trip to her birthplace in a Rhine village. Here the former cook was found early in the morning garbed in one of Frau Einstein's daintiest Paris creations and wearing Russian furs, despite the heat. She was engaged in showing her neighbors the rest of her mistress's clothes and jewelry.

Professor Einstein maintains that his relativity theory as applied to honesty is as clear a hypothesis as the one of time-space-motion refraction.

The New York Times

Published: June 21, 1927

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Bela Lugosi as Dracula wore only pale ghostly greasepaint, lips and eyebrows blackened. Now we expect a Dracula at least to have fangs and red lenses and a wig. Color film wasn't kind to Christopher Lee, but for *Blacula*, William Marshall got contact lenses, fitted fangs, eyebrows, sideburns and better makeup. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was filmed more than a dozen times—and each time it takes false teeth, false hair, special makeup and camera tricks to bring out the monster Santa from the scientist Santa. But that monster Santa was the first to win an Oscar.

To be a monster Santa: run in and out of shadows, standing in them. Beat. Beat. A costume can be anything. But before you become a monster, tell someone. You'll need a handler. Don't go it alone, don't "borrow" material without permission or put Talc or shoe polish on your face or use glue or rubber cement directly on your skin. Clean up what you spill. Warts require tissue and liquid-skin adhesive. Blood needs food dye, paint and Karo syrup. Gauze makes prosthetic face-parts, and old false hair gives sick effect. Sounds include: ticking clock, bending a metal sheet, tinkling bells, scratching nails against cardboard. Of course, to change from Jekyll to Hyde before their eyes, you use red and green makeup in alternating red and green light. Lighting tricks allow ghosts to appear and disappear as well. With just a balloon and an extra-large shirt, you can make a floating head!

We've been tailing the scientists Santas because they're Earth's latest superheroes. Destroyers. The scientists Santas have very long tails. Scientists Santas are rational actors. They are non-state actors. They only believe what they can see.

"There may possibly be still another partial explanation for the warped mentalities of the spies; namely, an almost diseased yearning to remold the world after the image of their own work in physical science. The study of subatomic particles, the behavior of neutrons, the nature of fission—an attack upon these problems, however difficult, might seem orderly and rationally satisfying compared with the intangible complexities of moral and political issues. To an immature mind such as Fuchs' Communism may have had special appeal because of a seeming resemblance between the regulated order it would impose upon society and regularities in his own laboratory research. In any event, it is evident that a lack of moral standards, combined with an overweening and childlike arrogance—all induced by exposure to Communist recruiting techniques during early manhood—characterizes the atomic spy" (CONGRESS'S JOINT COMMITTEE ON ATOMIC ENERGY—SOVIET ATOMIC ESPIONAGE—APRIL 1951).

It's possible, with much violence, to hold a peaceful line which can't be crossed back. Propaganda (one's own lies) create a double image, a regular-person Santa game; "I can't remember where I put the mark." Whether you kick the bucket or *lâche la rampe*, believing your own propaganda raises susceptibility to the ghosts and noises of a haunted bedtime. Essentially what you hear is

EINSTEIN BAFFLED BY SANTA PROBLEM
He Cannot Decide at Anti-War Film Whether Christmas Spirit Is Real.
'DEFINE TERMS,' HE INSISTS
Scientist Chuckles at Hitler on Screen Here and Wants to Know About Journalism.

Dr. Albert Einstein saw an anti-war film here yesterday, chuckled at a highly agitated screen representation of Adolf Hitler, decided that the picture was a "fine thing," and while waiting in the lobby for his car considered the problem of the season: Is there a Santa Claus?

The scientist, hatless, had come specifically to see "Dealers in Death," which is about international munitions makers, at the Criterion, Forty-fourth Street and Broadway. The matter of Santa Claus was brought up by a reporter looking for an "angle."
Arriving from Princeton shortly after 2 o'clock, Professor Einstein had the Santa Claus question put to him as he was about to proceed to his seat. He smiled.
"But I came to see the ammunition film," he parried.
Early in the film the German Chancellor was depicted delivering a fiery speech. The professor's laugh was short but clear. It was as if he had said:
"I knew that fellow once."
Amused by Pistols.
He was also amused by intricately designed old-fashioned pistols, shown as comparatively innocent beginnings of the arms traffic. He whispered in German with Z. H. Rubinstein, city editor of *The Day*, a Jewish paper, and 10-year old Sholom Rubinstein, the editor's son, who sat between them.
After the film, the party which also included Walter Mayer, Dr. Einstein's collaborator, went to the lobby and then to the rain-drenched Broadway entrance to wait for the car. But there was some delay, and a crowd gathered.
The Santa Claus question arose again.
"But Professor, what I wanted to know," persisted the questioner, "was just whether you believe in the Christmas spirit, in the spirit of Santa Claus."
Dr. Einstein showed bewilderment.
"Spirit?" he echoed, slowly.
"First, you must define your terms."
A smile edged out the bewilderment.
Again the Question.
The party returned to the lobby and Santa Claus came up once more. Many, many children would be glad to know that Albert Einstein shared their faith, the argument ran. But the professor refused to be rushed. He was, at the moment, 100 per cent scientist.
"I will think about it," he said, smiling again. "I will think about it till tomorrow."
The automobile had not yet come, so the party returned to the theatre and from the rear watched the start of a hectic, highly improbable newspaper film. Dr. Einstein asked the only remaining reporter embarrassing questions about the business of journalism.
"Until you answer my question," he said ultimately, "I will not answer yours."
It was a friendly deadlock. Presently the car came and took the professor away.
The statement that "Hitler's Reich can have no duration" was made last night by Dr. Einstein in a speech at the Brooklyn Jewish Centre, 667 East 11th Street, where ceremonies were held for the inauguration of an American library to contain books burned and banned in Nazi Germany.
Pointing out that every community based on hatred and enmity "is predestined to decay," Dr. Einstein said that "these wounds seared on the soul of the German folk will block any road toward a sound community basis, even after the people will have freed themselves externally."
Dr. Einstein was one of many speakers who talked to an audience of 500 persons. Messages of greeting were read from Lion Feuchtwanger, exiled German novelist now in Switzerland; Andre Gide, in Paris, and Bertram Russell in London.

nuclear fission

neutron
target nucleus: plutonium
neutron
neutron
nuclear fission product

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TELLING



a friend may



mean telling



THE ENEMY

AUTHORS BIO



After *A Prank of Georges*, Thalia Field and Abigail Lang met at a Chinese restaurant on the rive gauche and agreed to disagree, share internal organs in any language, and just carry on. Entitled *Leave to Remain*, their new project splices true stories and false friends, double agents and self-antonyms. Fast friends running in opposite directions, they hold up one another, passing and pausing on bridges jumbled *en plein air*. At a playground in the Jardins du Luxembourg they puzzled solar flares and ultimate Grail-cum-MacGuffins to put out stories. Previous chapters have appeared in *Conjunctions*, *1913: A Journal of Forms*, *Western Humanities Review* and *Denver Quarterly*. As Janus Quirinus would say, it's all downhill from here.



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