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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO

The Five Hundred Disciples: An Apocalypse of the Now

A Thesis submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

in

Writing

by

Amanda María Yolanda Martin Sandino

Committee in charge:

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2013

The Thesis of Amanda María Yolanda Martin Sandino is approved, and it is acceptable in quality and form for publication on microfilm and electronically:

Chair

University of California, San Diego

2013

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ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS

The Five Hundred Disciples: An Apocalypse of the Now

by

Amanda María Yolanda Martin Sandino

Master of Fine Arts in Writing

University of California, San Diego 2013

Professor Anna Joy Springer, Chair

The purpose of this thesis is to consider the nature of the word “apocalypse” in contemporary popular culture. In particular, this piece shall compare various definitions of “apocalypse” in relation to disaster films and personal trauma.

GOING T'WARD THE LIGHT



Image 1: "Going T'ward the Light" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2009.

The last seconds of her life, and afterward there would be only the black night of death... Talking in terms of seconds was rhetoric, but it was also a great truth. The mad winds seemed bold enough to turn the seconds into minutes, and even hours, and if they felt like it, it would not be out of place to say days. But even so they would be seconds, because anguish compresses time, whatever interval of time, to the painful dimensions of seconds.

-César Aira, *The Seamstress and the Wind*

The first thing anyone wants to ask: what does it feel like? What is it like to die?

The orange moon and the blue moon. There will be many things in the sky tonight and well into the day. Rain will flows backward, draining into the dark blue and clouds.

I don't know what it feels like to actually die, but I know what happens when one nearly dies. It's fast. Everything is very fast. And you are aware of it because there's that sort of blur of a Monet painting. The sky and the earth and the car are all just colors and dimmed. They spin, in a way. Everything is still but also in motion.

Think of that moment on a roller coaster when your cart goes upside-down. There's a suspension, a hesitation despite the speed. You know time passes and you can see it pass, but you also know that your internal time has been shifted and is stuck in a single moment.

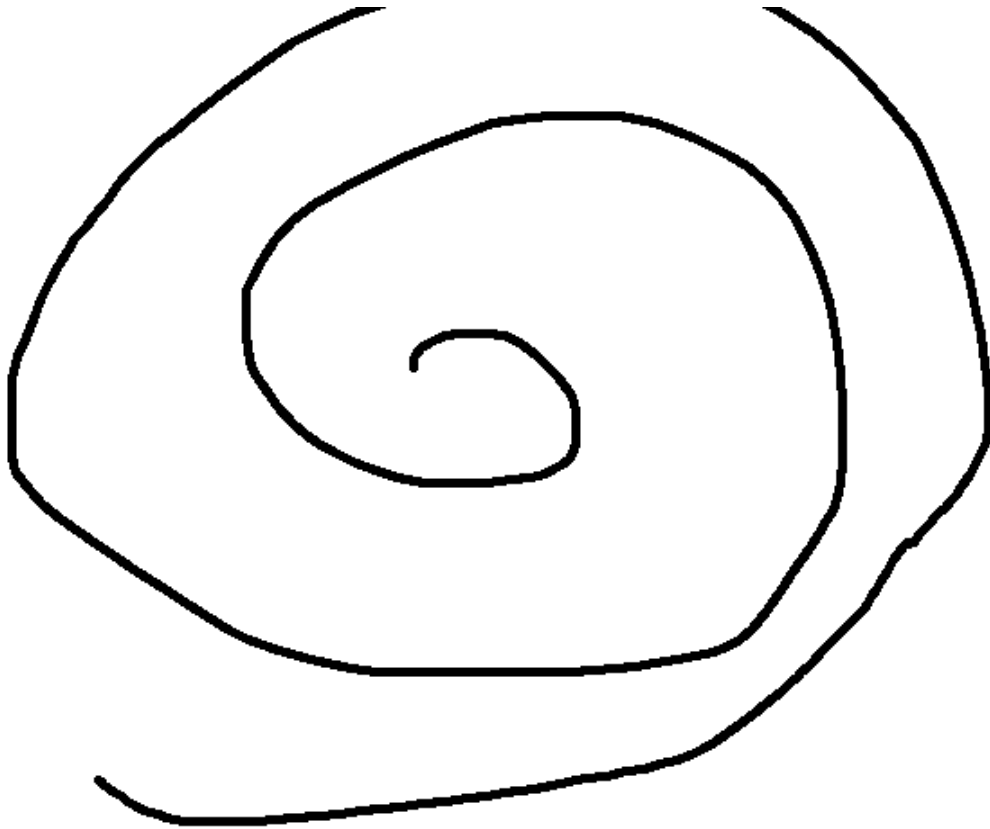


Image 2: "Spiral" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2013.

The worst to happen has already happened.

I always remember myself on the other side of the car. I feel that I sat on the left, but I've been told I was on the right. I don't remember what was playing on the radio; that lapse seems significant. There's a distinct memory of reading a book about fairies, but the histrionic nature of such a detail often removes it from my testimony.

It's certain I saw the car coming and felt its impact. The seatbelt did not tighten. My ear slamming into the window and breaking through. The sound and the cold feel of shattering glass. It was pretty at the time.

There's no blood. I wish there was, it would have been proper of an injury. But, if we're getting into that, there ought to have been the Carmina Burana as well. Also, there should be snow in addition to the ice. The car and that semi-truck shall be horses and the concrete will instead be dirt. The sun should be rising but never setting—this fact is essential. The sun is rising and is a deep red and floating purple. There must be red in warning and not at delight.

If it is to be a true disaster, there should be no one around except the two parties involved in the accident. There will be blood, as I've said, and it will fall upon the snow, much like the mother of Snow White musing on cutting her hand in winter. Oh, how I wish that I had a daughter that had skin white as snow, lips red as blood, and hair black as ebony. In this drama, the path will be impassable, and help unlikely. Two of us will be hurt and possibly dying. One able-bodied person, a man, will take it upon himself to find us safety.

When he fails, he will force himself to consume small pieces of our skins and meats. It is the only way for him to survive in this landscape. It is his duty to try and live on.

The most important part about almost dying is realizing there is some comfort in the idea, freedom from the savagery of survival. Maybe that is why I found such peace in the moment just before death.

This is the true nature of a secondary apocalypse.

The revelation is inevitable at a certain point in life, and the upheaval it creates (gaping mouth, wide eyes, stupor), the sensation of a personal End of the World, of "the thing I most feared is happening to me," is tailor-made to the frivolity of everything that preceded it.

- César Aira, *The Miracle Cures of Dr. Aira*



Image 3: "The Worst to Happen Has Already Happened" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2009.

The worst to happen has already happened.

PARTING IS ALL WE KNOW OF HEAVEN...

AND ALL WE NEED OF HELL

It is enough to know that there are many types of apocalypse in our world.

apocalypse, n.

Pronunciation: /ə'pɒkəlips/

Forms: ME-16 apocalips(e, ME appocalyppe, appocalipse, ME apocolyps, apocolips, (ME pocalyps), ME-17 apocalyps, 15 apocalippis, appocalypse, 15- apocalypse.

Etymology: < Latin apocalypsis, < Greek ἀποκάλυψις, n. of action < ἀποκαλύπτειν to uncover, disclose, < ἀπό off + καλύπτειν to cover

(1) (With capital initial.) The 'revelation' of the future granted to St. John in the isle of Patmos. The book of the New Testament in which this is recorded. OE—1870

(2) By extension: Any revelation or disclosure. c1384—1834

- a. Christian Church. The events described in the revelation of St John; the Second Coming of Christ and ultimate destruction of the world. 1862—2008
- b. More generally: a disaster resulting in drastic, irreversible damage to human society or the environment, esp. on a global scale; a cataclysm. Also in weakened use.

There may be a religious element. In my study here, the term shall never refer to St. John. Instead, the second entry of the second definition shall be our guide. We will look at global disasters and the “weakened use” of the word to refer to an apocalypse on a personal scale.

Apocalypse can occur in two forms:

(1) On a large scale that may include the entirety of the earth but nearly never touches every bit of humanity

(2) On a smaller scale that essentially ends all life on a singular person's world. The death of the soul, if you will.

I argue that these two apocalypses nearly always occur in conjunction with one another. Sometimes the first will create the second, though the opposite is also possible.

My life closed twice before its close;

It yet remains to see

If Immortality unveil

A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,

As these that twice befell.

Parting is all we know of heaven,

And all we need of hell.

-Emily Dickinson

ALEXANDRIA IN FLAMES

I.

The man lying next to his head, does he contemplate the Theseus paradox?

He fastens himself a new neck from the rope, and laughs.

This was not the method of his execution.

Roman Polanski's Macbeth. The camera sits in the eye socket and sees the serapeum burning.

But we died in blood.

Not skin parting from bone but bone and skin parting from skin and bones.

The fetus in the womb of his late wife. In some apocalypses, this is food.

Did he make the film for her?

In the agora, the body walks. The bodies walk a few steps without their heads.

No one notices. The burning of the serapeum is more significant still.

II.

Let me set the scene for you

The library is burning.

Again.

“The library is burning.”

Again.

Imagine, I ask you.

“Choose fifty works from all creation”

“Clutch them to your breast.”

Everything else, I will feed to my pretty flames.

“Anything you drop.”

“Will also burn.”

Step with care over the charring bodies.

Don't get blood on your texts.

All texts for you are sacred.

You are alone.

Except for the mob.

But the mob is not people.

The mob speaks as knells and rattles.

The library is burning again.

And your arms, your hands.

They are so very small.

The library is burning.

Again.

This is the end of the world.

Your death, a few scenes later,

is so much easier

to endure

than this.

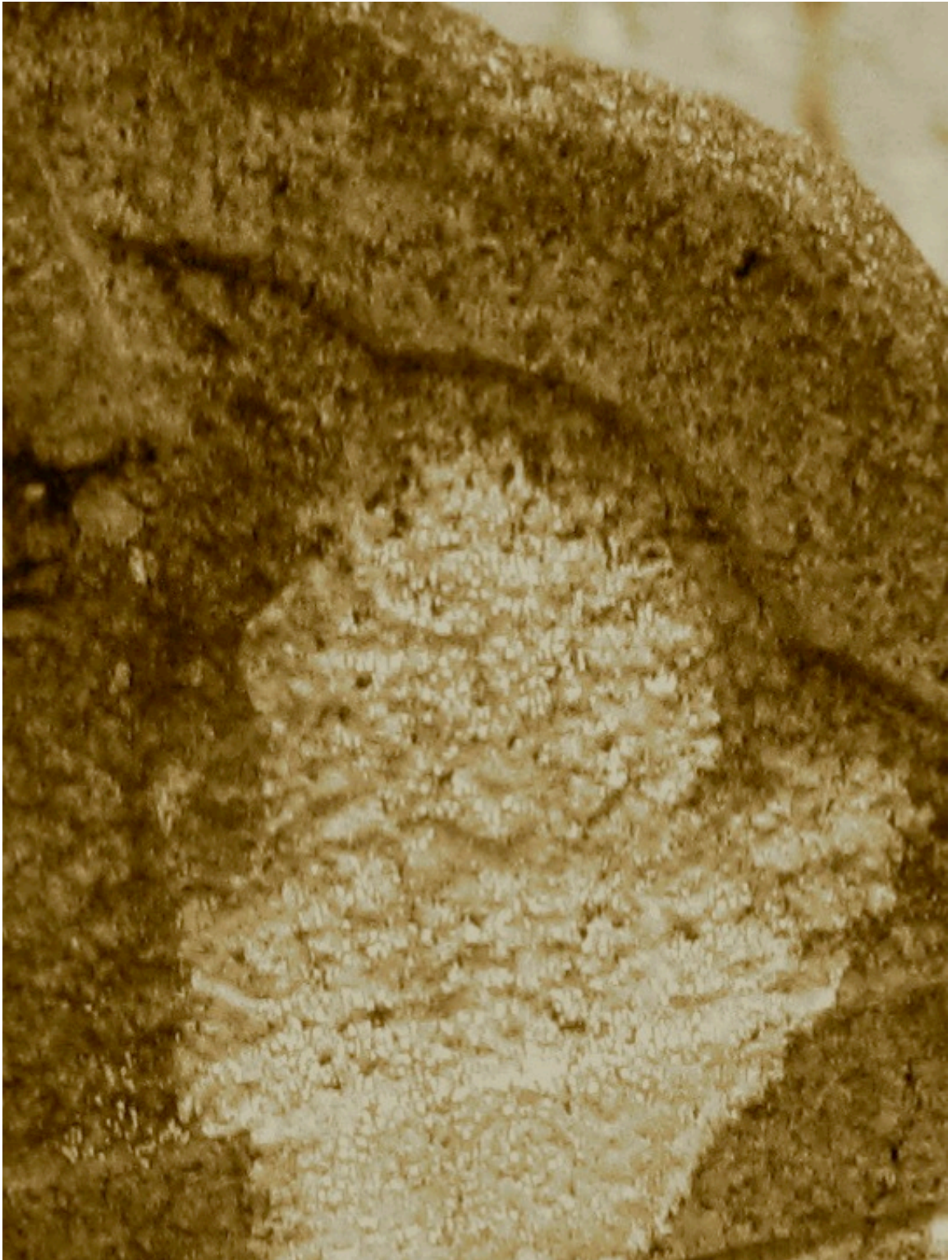


Image 4: "It Tastes Like Ashes I" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2009.



Image 5: "It Tastes Like Ashes 1" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2009.

IT TASTES LIKE ASHES

I'm trudging through this grey, woolly yarn, and it's clinging to my legs... it's
really heavy to drag along.

-Justine, Melancholia

Justine spends nearly all of her time in the bath. She takes twelve baths a day and they last many hours. When she is chastised for such waste, she takes to bathing in the lake. When she is not in water, Justine is asleep. She doesn't eat or drink, but weeps meticulously. She washes her face so often.

She washes her face so often.

She washes her face so often.

She washes her face so often.

She washes her face so often.

She washes her face so often.

Justine rarely speaks, even when spoken to. Only her sister speaks with her.

Claire rubs Justine's shoulders and kisses her head. She calls her by nicknames, reminds her of games they had as children. Claire helps Justine to wash herself in the places she's grown afraid to touch, and brushes the mats out of her hair. Won't you come to dinner, darling? Brushing her bangs out of her sister's eyes. I've made meatloaf. Your favorite. Claire helps her dress and offers her so much love.

Justine makes her way to the dinner by leaning on her sister heavily. The sister's husband is cruel, he will be, even in death, hogging all those pills to himself. When Justine sits at the table, she is nearly happy. Her nephew is young and only knows to show her affection in such a time. She smiles, but just slightly.

The meatloaf is presented as fine cuisine with a silver cover and all. A generous slice is cut for Justine and placed on her plate. A fork is put into her hand, her fingers folded by her sister's fingers.

The expectation. Let her be happy. The food and the love in it will bring her back from that other place.

Justine brings a piece to her lips and slowly chews. A few moments pass. Everyone watches, inside and beyond the screen. And, unexpectedly, Justine begins to sob, choking.

"It tastes like ashes!"

PARADIS AS ADÉLE

"I see my future like a waiting room in a train station, and I sit there waiting for something to happen."

-Adèle, *The Girl on the Bridge*



Image 6: "Train Station" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2008.

The body of a twelve-year-old girl dressed in cosmetics and a shirt with a sweeping neck. You see she has breasts and is grown though she is short, frail-ly slender.

The waif speaks to the other woman, who is tall and has such long hair. Paradis smokes those long, thin cigarettes with the print of her colored lips (when watching, no one could resist the anguish of desire. Would I were that burning paper or the tar!). The sounds of the inhaling, the exhaling of grey fumes on white background, dark clothing. The film has no color but the red, always red, the red of her lips reminiscent in my mind of the little girl's coat in Schindler's List, a metaphor placed into the context of a thinner metaphor. There is no red.

The monologue lasts five minutes, maybe more. The woman speaks through the history of her sex life, which is her life altogether, of sex. The waif falls in love not with men but in love with the act of making love and the power it brings to her (she inhales from her cigarette).

Men are inescapable. The judge that arrests one lover becomes her next lover after lover finding his way to her bed. And that is the great love of her life.

We don't know how she ends up on the bridge, just that some man or another disappointed her, but, anyway, she wants to be dead.

The plan: to jump from the bridge into the mist. It's supposedly a picturesque way to shuffle off this mortal coil.

I've seen so many people leap into the San Francisco Bay caught in the time-lapsed photos.

Gabor shows up in an old suit and tells her there are better, more acceptable ways to get herself killed. He says he trolls the bridge at night for beautiful would-be jumpers, he says. But we wonder if he's there for the same reason as Adèle.

The waif is too beautiful to be sad but he is far too sad to be beautiful.

When she does jump, we know she will not die.

MOTIF OF A HOMICIDE

Here they are again, folks! These wonderful, wonderful kids! Still struggling!
Still hoping! As the clock of fate ticks away, the dance of destiny
continues! The marathon goes on, and on, and on! HOW LONG CAN THEY
LAST?

-Rocky, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*

They dance for the money, a motivation for much display dancing. The scene is a dance marathon, the dancing 'til you die, the medics are on standby, place with bleachers and increasingly uninterested bourgeois crowds. The dancers are desperate. It is the Depression and they are its namesake.

Robert didn't get the job. Neither did Gloria. It wasn't even a real job, just a job as an extra in a film job you don't write home about. Hollywood's a bitch. It was Hollywoodland then.

Before someone tagged that lousy sign for that no good, starcrossed development in the hills.

You can buy anything, toots. You just gotta have the guts to pay with your skin, you know?

HOLLYWOOD

LAND

I want to kill myself, Gloria says, but I'm too much of a fucking coward.

They shoot horses, don't they?

They say when the Wall Street Crashed in 19-twenty-nine people

auto-defenestrated

which is a way of saying

they killed themselves

like it was the end of the world

those that couldn't afford windows
did it the good old fashioned way



Image 7: "The Good Old Fashioned Way I" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2012.



Image 8: "The Good Old Fashioned Way II" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2012.

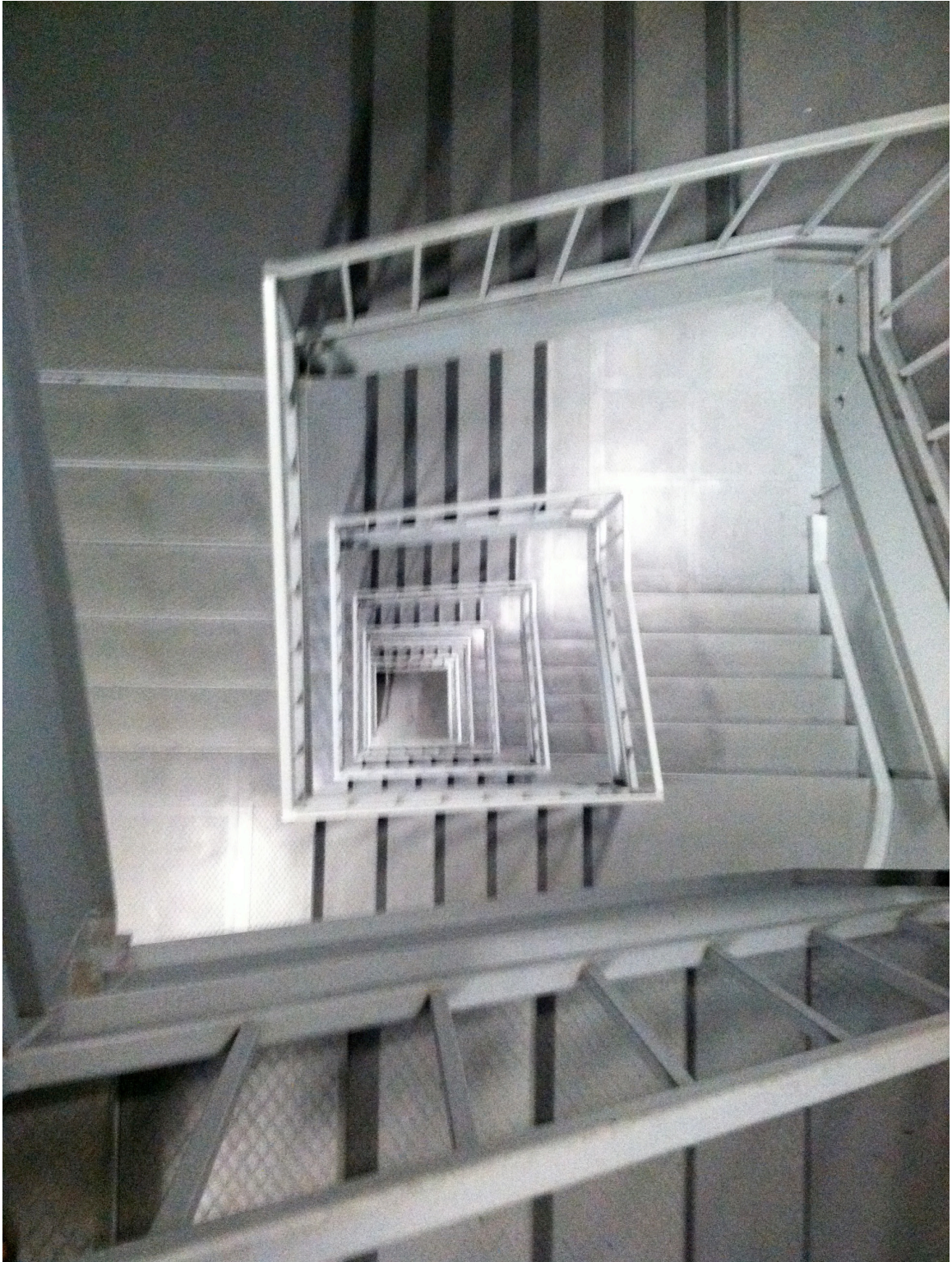


Image 9: "The Good Old Fashioned Way III" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2012.



Image 10: "The Good Old Fashioned Way IV" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2012.



Image 11: "The Good Old Fashioned Way V" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2012.



Image 12: "The Good Old Fashioned Way VI" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2012.



Image 13: "The Good Old Fashioned Way VII" by Amanda Martin

Sandino, 2012.



Image 14: "The Good Old Fashioned Way VIII" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2012.

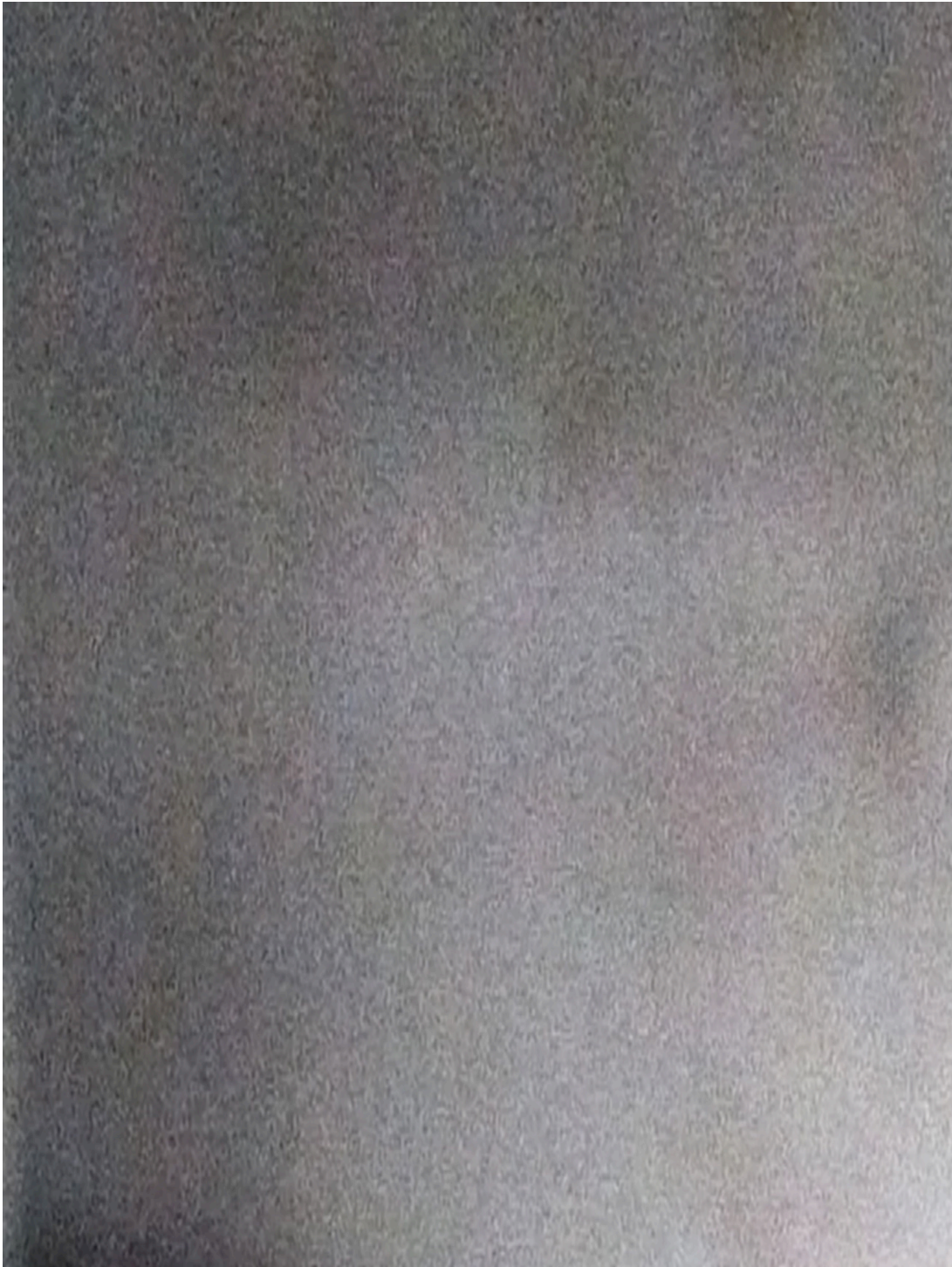


Image 15: "The Good Old Fashioned Way IX" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2012.

“Our Number 1 has been stabbed, and our 5 has been stabbed. Can anybody get up to the cockpit? Can anybody get up to the cockpit? We can't even get into the cockpit. We don't know who's up there.”

- Betty Ong, a flight attendant on American Airlines Flight 11

I find myself going out of my way to listen and relisten to those last telephone calls. I've unintentionally memorized the smallest details of the Falling Man's death. Focus on the one image, and you can see that place. Hands to back, one leg bent, he is at peace with his suffocation. Ignore the other photos. They show the moments proceeding and following, the empty shell, the pre-pre-death panic. If we can think about it, of course we fear death.

You can watch the various moments when a news anchor realizes it was no accident. The person on scene speaks. Then stops. So suddenly. We see with clarity the impact, then the flames and the climbing. Just behind the microphone and hair.

We sued for that content.

Not just me. The American people sued to be able to hear Kevin Cosgrove say, "We're looking, we're looking over the Financial Center. Three of us, two broken windows. Oh God! Oh!..."

And it has 3 million views on YouTube.

What this is, I can't begin to understand. But I am not alone in needing to hear this man die.

This is the closest to apocalypse I have ever come.

apocalypse

begets apocalypse

newton's cradle ad infinitum

there is no decrescendo, no ritardando

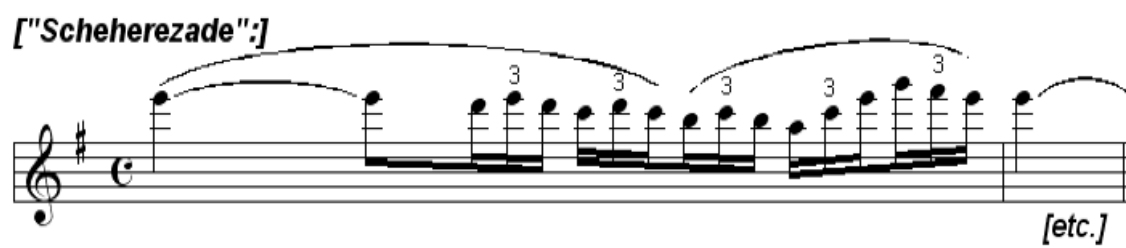


Image 16: "Scheherazade" by Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov, 1887-8.

the plural of apocalypse

apocalypses

US General Tommy Franks claimed in 2002: "We don't do body counts."

AN PAUL REVERIE

first responsibility was to warn the other U.S. families in Vina to stay undercover and secondly, if possible, get an advisory type radio message off to the Panama Canal from whence evacuation help for U.S. dependents would come if deemed necessary by the U.S. ambassador. Moving about the city even in military uniform, driving a diplomatic auto and flashing a Chilean Navy I.D. card wasn't easy. Roadblocks had been established at all key intersections. Most were manned by nervous young soldiers/sailors with semi-automatic weapons, round in chamber and weapon OFF safe. They had been briefed to expect a violent combat reaction from Marxist forces and itchy trigger fingers were the rule rather than the exception. In my appointed rounds I used back alleys and side streets where possible - where not, maximum discretion coupled with an extremely friendly "Buenos Dias" in my best Irish brogue, managed to reach all but one American family before Russian Roulette game with roadblocks ran out of luck. Apparently final roadblock didn't "catch" my Irish-Spanish. However, I clearly understood their pointed signals with Grease Guns, which in any language translated into: "Get going, Gringo". The hour was 0710.

BEGINNING OF THE END

With Navy Chief Yeoman Paul Spoley manning the radio and Lieutenant Commander Roger Frauenfelder drafting the message, we were able to communicate our local crisis to higher headquarters in the Panama Canal Zone. Reference to the situation in Santiago was specifically avoided as that estimate would have been only guesswork. Somewhat ironically, our SIFUSP arrived in Panama at approximately the same time President Allende was alerted in Santiago. For U.S. military authorities in Panama it was an extremely interesting report from their perennial hotspot in South America. For President Allende, it was the beginning of the end of his life. The hour was 0730.

ISSUE IN DOUBT

Chile's coup de etat was close to perfect. Unfortunately, "close" only counts in hopshoes and hand grenades; consequently there were problems. H-hour was set in concert country-wide for 0600, but as often happens in such people-controlled operations, someone doesn't follow the script. For reasons too labyrinth to explain here, H-hour in Santiago was slipped to 0830.

Original plan called for President Allende to be held incognito in his home until the coup was a fait accompli. H-hour delay in Santiago permitted Allende to be alerted at 0730. Allende immediately dashed to the Moneda (palace) under escort of a heavily armed personal security force, Grupo de Asesores Personales (GAP). At the Moneda he had access to radio communications facilities which permitted him to personally implore "workers and students, come to the Moneda and defend your Government against the Armed Forces". The hour was 0630.

LIES!!

Allende's hope was to surround the Moneda with thousands of Chilean students and workers on the supposition the armed Forces would not shoot their way past unarmed citizens. A somewhat similar play had worked during the

Image 17: "Chile's Coup was Close to Perfect" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2013.

de estat "rehearsal" on 29 June 1973. **It didn't work this time.** Military had all roads to Santiago blocked. Aid was on TIGBT inside city. Agents on streets not wearing right color jersey stood an excellent chance of getting shot.

Allende managed to personally broadcast two "DAYDAY" type messages. The first, at 0830, sounded strong and confident as he summoned the workers and students. The second at 0945 sounded morose, almost as if he was preparing the eulogy for his dying government. **It was his last broadcast** as the Air Force soon located and rocketed his antennae. The hour was 1015.

MONEDA UNDER SIEGE

~~With the voice of Allende silenced by Air Force rockets, the success of the coup de estat was 95% assured. Considering that the military was in absolute control of all Santiago and the Moneda surrounded by troops and tanks, capturing the remaining 5% should have been easy. It was not. Ground troops attempting to close on the Moneda were repulsed by GAF snipers and semi-automatic weapon fire. For the GAF there was no tomorrow and they fought accordingly. During this phase Allende attempted twice to physically contact and negotiate the Government's surrender with the attacking troops' commander. He was fired at each time by his GAF SNIPERS! Whether they wanted to kill him for attempting to negotiate or merely prevent his negotiating is problematical. The hour was 1115.~~

HIGH NOON AT THE MONEDA

~~Facing the tenacious resistance of the GAF snipers firing from the parapets of the fortress-like Moneda, the Armed Forces reluctantly called for supporting arms. Tanks moved in rapidly, firing their heavy machine guns and silenced all but the most protected positions. A fellow on pinpoint rocket attack by the Air Force finished the job. Ground troops moved in rapidly under the cover of tank fire and secured the outer perimeter of the Moneda. The hour was 1200.~~

~~The next significant objective was the main inner courtyard, which when captured would provide access to all offices located there - in particular, the Office of the President. Resistance was still stubborn inside the Moneda as the troops and the GAF fought from room to room and corridor to corridor. At 1230 an air strike was called on the inner courtyard. Once again the rockets hit with pinpoint accuracy. The inner courtyard was secured. The hour was 1235.~~

PRO. FIDEL WITH LOVE

Allende was found alone and dead in his office off the inner courtyard. He had killed himself by placing a sub-machine gun under his chin and pulling the trigger. Messy, but efficient. The gun was lying near his body. A gold metal plate imbedded in the stock was inscribed "To my good friend Salvador Allende from Fidel Castro". Obviously Communist Cuba had sent me too many guns to Chile for their own good. The hour was 1245.

Image 18: "Dead in His Office" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2013.

IN FIRE

The train goes by and it is on fire. So fast, and gone. I had almost stepped onto those tracks.

She holds the girl's hand and holds so tightly, but the waters come. The waters always come. Just when we'd classified them as landscape.

The problem with objective apocalypse isn't dying. It's watching the others go. There will be one before you. That's the truth for all but one.



Image 19: "In Fire" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2008.

And we don't really--you can hear it but you're never gonna get the feeling--can feel the feeling--unless you've seen it right in person. I mean, the only... intense experience that I would say was when we were traveling- escaping from Vietnam. You know, getting from the barge to the boat and being- dangling in the middle of the sea and you don't know if you're gonna be landing or making it in the boat or landing in the water-- in the ocean. That still--that still kinda terrify... It's silly but walking down stairs is an ordeal for me. Because just looking down, you know, and I'm still seeing the--the darkness-- the sea. Because when we were transferring from the barge to the navy boat it was dark at night and the wind was blowing and you know how the boat ladder-- you know, it just kinda swings. So that's the only terrifying experience that I still carry with me. And I'm sure I'm gonna carry it with me the rest of my life. (laughter) So I walk downstairs-- it's real funny. Any stair, I just kinda hold on to the rail like really intensively. You know--it's--I guess, in a way, it just happened, you know...?

Interview with Minh-Duc Nguyen



Image 20: "The Darkness... the Sea" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2008.

IMMOR(T)ALITY

Have you seen that movie? There's a film or maybe a TV series. The guy, always a man, survives the impossible and comes to believe this experience is proof of his immortality.

I don't remember what he tries to do with this perceived gift. Only that we viewers know, from that moment on, he must die.

Tempting Fate = Not So Invincible After All

3. *Twilight Zone* episode "Escape Clause."

I'm the fuckin' Grim Reaper baby. Can't kill me! You can burn me, you can even fuckin' shoot me, but you just can't motherfuckin' kill me!

-Grimm, *Death Race*

I swear, he's cheated me. Immortality. What's the good of it, if there isn't any kicks, any excitement?

-Walter, "Escape Clause," *Twilight Zone*

Yes, I am invincible!

-Boris, *Goldeneye*

If you survive something difficult, people talk of luck.

Primary collision, live, live knowing the second concussion waits just
around the bend.

LAST MAN ON THE EARTH

The end of the world is an emotional time. There's a last man of the world happy to be alone, and I want the bookshelves to crush him. When his glasses are destroyed and he weeps, I am overjoyed.

This is the true nature of apocalypse. If there is peace, if you walk toward the impending doom, it is simply the end of the world. You take your sister's hand to calm her as you stare at your death, eyes full of ennui.

For the weeping sister, there is apocalypse. For the calm one, it has already happened.

When the man awakens to a dead and empty world, he finds joy. It is only when his glasses break and the librarian cannot read for eternity, it is only then, at that precise moment, in the pleasure we receive as viewers, the apocalypse occurs.



Image 21: "Apocalypse 1" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2009.



Image 22: "Apocalypse 2" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2009.

AND LASTLY

I watch the film again. Her lips are grey, not red. She does not smoke, never smokes in the picture at all. Does anyone smoke in this film? There's a lighter, but the cigarette is too damp, it's raining through that scene. Even if there isn't smoking, the breathing in of smoke is what a secondary apocalypse brings to the mind.

When you have had apocalypse, you can smoke freely. Such freedom is the peace of a post-apocalyptic identity.

There comes a time in his life when one must look up the plural of apocalypse. We want it to be dramatic—apocalypsés, apocalypti—but no, just an s and an e, with no new pronunciation—apocalypses.

Here, let me tell you all I know:

- (1) The apocalypse means the end of the world and the world is such a vague thing
- (2) The second apocalypse has never the poignancy of the first one. Once you have had apocalypse, apocalypse loses its meaning.
- (3) Cling to that unmaking of your world. No, do not cling to anything. Impermanence is the normal state. Do you remember

the guru telling Aang that his love for Katara holds him back from his potential? I was so angry—how could love be a negative thing?

Remember, Aang's story coincides with the apocalypse of Sozin's Comet. When Justine self-destructs her love, we think we weep for sorrow but, no, we weep for joy. When Melancholia comes to collide with and end all life on the earth, we understand this distinction.

- (4) Apocalypse is inevitable. When September 11th occurred, I watched the news all day and cried out my being. When the semi-truck struck, I watched sitcoms, ate pizza, and laughed.
- (5) We spend our lives so afraid of how and when we shall die. No matter how it will happen, when we know it is to happen and can mark it on our planners, there is such a relief.
- (6) Post-apocalypse, you live for something pointless. The man's wife has died—for her, the earth's apocalypse was her apocalypse. For him, it was her death. Her suicide, for her, was secondary, and thus a thing of peace. Look at the Falling Man again—the one photo, he appears serene. Let us assume the impact was primary, the fall, a sweet secondary.

- (7) Shiva is destroyer and transformer of the world. Think about that, and deeply.
- (8) The reason we hate the boy so much in the film is that his mother is dead and he has witnessed and been affected by her loss, yet still so often weeps. Every event in his entirely post-apocalyptic life is still apocalyptic for him. It's exhausting and we become so aware that we are watching film, not reality.



Image 23: "Urban Landscape" by Amanda Martin Sandino, 2008.

It is a foggy night, and the fog is especially dark. It may even be marked by the pollution of the urban landscape below. The buildings are photographs or realistic paintings of the most detailed order. These buildings glow orange and yellow, matching the hues of the enormous moon of the upper left. A branch with cherry blossoms sits just above this moon, a few petals flowing off romantically.

The cityscape is broken by the shadow of a woman plummeting down from the tree, over the moon, and toward the city. She has long, black hair that dances, flutters in the breeze. She is not flailing but looks almost asleep with her arms and legs stretched out.

We are told that if she wakes, the world will end.

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