

## Starving People

“Each settler is a tooth, the tooth of a hungry jaw; each colonial persecutor is a pair of shoulders giving birth to a new head.”

The olds are sharp. *At the time my mother was.* I thought of that Sioux song I often heard my African and Native American mother murmur as a child, its haunting refrain that linger during naps on sweltering summer days: “The Cotton Virginity And The Klan.”

Without running my mouth to fill the space, as a settler of silence and white hypocrisy, like a caiman's jaw. Without running my mouth; without speaking to fill the void, let me tell you what *Like a Virgin* is about: This is the story of a country that has been brutally attacking another for eighty years. It dispossesses it, displaces its population, exterminates it.

How the barely hairy skins of the hideous Ku Klux Klan coyotes passed from one shoulder to the other! So the other country isn't exactly gentle; it retaliates whenever it can, but it lacks the resources. But here's the thing: despite all the violence it throws at them in the bazoo, the manhole, the gob (“bomb-bomb-bomb, bomb-bomb, bomb ! – How many bombs is that ? – A lot !”), he, the belligerent Nation, finds ways to keep his hands clean...*Hence!* Hence like a virgin.

Based on a true story, but started out with a lie within one minute... Here is a fictional fantasy, props and script laughable. But, it is a decent fairytale. Even if the main actor is still playing the role of his first cast. *My mother wasn't a full blood, but she passes it on the hawk.* For the second time I watched *Emancipation*, the film by Antoine Fuqua. *She passes it on me.* The chase scenes in this captivating film, although absurd as they show the fugitive being pursued through a marsh with marked trails and vegetation trimmed by a forestry worker, are strikingly unrealistic: A tourniquet around the thigh as Will Smith does is useless, you have to tighten with a point of compression; *and if there was a tourniquet, then the limb is no longer oxygenated by the blood and becomes limp and useless.*

But hey, in this film sequence, who doesn't love the little Jewish girl raising the alarm with a bell and her gaping caiman mouth? *Blood to the utmost!* That screaming mouth alone redeems the artificial setting of this manhunt! And I would add that, if I had been in his place, I would have taken some—say a couple—of the gator's legs as soon as I had killed it. I also would have—and I think everyone else—taken dead people's guns from them, and moved a little quicker when I found a house full of supplies I could just bag up and take with me. *And grab it off to stuff my ass. My ass.* There's a lot of common sense moves he could have made. Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, ooh!!

Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, ooh!! Obvious moves that make the movie frustrating to watch. And to ring a bell without fear of distorting the scene... The mere sight of this plunging camera into that wide caiman's mouth in a little white dress is utterly exhilarating.

Now I am thinking about the IDF in the West Bank, in Palestine, in Lebanon, and more broadly in the Middle East. *All-you-can-eat buffet!* Now I think of US troops in Iran... Some for cotton and the “free” labor, others for oil: the IDF quenches its thirst for blood at will! This blood is the mark of saliva, the mark of a devouring appetite. And this purity is that of white flour; a purity of white flour to conceal the black paw print of the wolf. And so telling, how the coats of the historical wolves of Hitler's Germany have passed onto other shoulders!

I keep thinking about that song, and let me tell you, it's been a long time, too long for my taste, the bitter one of maturity, to these few lines from *The Jungle* by Upton Sinclair: “I'm very hungry,” said Jurgis gravely; “I would like to buy some food.” “Ask the woman,” said the farmer, nodding over his shoulder.

But in my state of mind, as if I were drowning between sleep and wakefulness, tossed between the two waters of the rising tide of Zionism, just like MAGA, that of a navel and that of the reality unfolding behind the fiction imposed on us by the paid media, this sentence which is a quote becomes another fable. And it's so revealing to see how the corpses piled in the backpacks of the historical wolves of Hitler's Germany have passed onto other shoulders!

If not over oil wells, they're all salivating over land to colonize!

Let me get you a bib, though. Older people are perceptive: “I'm very hungry,” said BB gravely; “I would like to steal some souls.” “Ask the US.”