

## Voices from Vienna

What would man's fate have been if each artist — each musician, poet, painter — set aside his tools of creation and wielded a weapon instead?

She long ago learned that it isn't a flesh and blood woman most men desire, but the ideal of a woman, the more exaggerated and unattainable the better.

Viennese apartments were always cluttered with contradictory and misplaced junk. The middle-class passion for accumulation of objects approached the pawnshop peril of being buried by those objects.

*. . . woman was created to stop the hedonism and self-indulgence Adam had in himself.*

He shrugged; it was like taking in a stray cat off the streets: either your house could be contaminated with fleas and lice, or your cellars rid of mice and rats; the risk was always there, but the chance was always worth it.

*. . . each time a new idea, a new life, a new hope and promise is offered by men in uniforms, it can only mean death for those in civilian dress.*

Once again history was stirring, and stirring in a deadly way.

It was as though life were one long examination, and all the answers you gave, whether right or wrong, stupid or brilliant, in any case doomed you forever. Yet it wasn't so at all; life is not an examination or an interrogation; there are no right answers, because the only possibility, reaction, and answer you can give is the one you do give. Never mind the sighs of disappointment, the sneers of conceit; you have lost nothing. The only loss and failure is to accept their judgment and the grading of your answers . . . because no one is qualified to do that.

The time of indecisive slapping was over; the millennium of clenched fists had arrived.

It was all a matter of control: males in female clothing destroyed the mask of male pretense, the societal image of masculinity as assuredness, as dominance, as control, and allowed the privilege of sensitivity, of gentleness, of playfulness, of femininity.

Only a police state, in constant vigilance against lawbreakers and responsibility-shirkers, could ensure the growth and development of humanity. . . . It was good the SS took this responsibility upon themselves; the populace could not be trusted.

. . . the boy's eyes were dully glazed, shining not with a vision of a bright future, but with the soulless emptiness of a dismal present

What was "history in flux" if not people in turmoil? History was but a man, or a few men at most, who put their vision and will on the people and created the *flux* and turmoil and wars which would obliterate the past and present and trod their historic mark on the future.