

The Jaguar's Wife

Anil Menon

My mind is done for. Hee hee. Hark, hark, three barks for Mister Mack.¹ Resolved: we the remaining noral bells² of this ruined state I am by God given inalienable rights a man. I am a man, I am a man³. I have one pee-pee, so I must be a man, dammit. Before I kissed my gravebreath bride for richer or poorer sickness or health I was ten-eared professor, man. A hideous franken-bribe I have paid for science's sake. She eats people, my canny caliban Hannibal⁴, her pizarro⁵ people eat my people. True story. Hee hee. My goose is cooked, man. Cooked man, raw man. My nodder is clodded with the crotchsmell of all stories. My people craved the raw and this ten-eared professor of stories went to the land of the jaguar like the wife in the story⁶ who was given to the jaguar in return for boontiful raw meat and lo, black spots appeared on my skin, claws on my hands and feet and fangs tore through the tender roof of my mouth. When my people ate the raw to heart's fill, lo, as our prophet Clod prophesied, I must now be killed to restore balance to the fundamental situation. Man is not a bridge fastened between animal and superman⁷. He is a bridge between animal and super-animal. Dear God, I am so afraid. I am so afraid. It's but a nightmare and surely I shall soon wake. Hee hee.

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Dear mom,

...There ain't many nests left, so when I moseyed over I found the news of the Harrisville nest had raised a larger-than-usual posse. It was freeezing but got warmer once the sun burnt away the morning fog. The forest was just a few miles outside H'ville. We split into two groups. Fat Harry had done a run with his helicopter and given us the exact GPS location of the Cone. The first group went to spray-blast it with vinegar. As usual this brought the zombies out and then the real fun started. The damn spray-blasters figured they'd screw with us and didn't completely neutralize the Cone. The zombies were only halfway confused. They'd start to charge along straight lines then they'd become confused and start making little eights. We laughed our asses off. Later, some hunters were saying that zombies had been trying to protect each other. Like hell. Zombies eat and crap, thassabout it.

¹ H. Hackmack is probably referring to *Finnegan's Wake*: 'Hark, hark, three quarks for Muster Mark.'

² Neural cells.

³ A reference to Ota Benga. See Zoe Brennan. *Caged in the Human Zoo*. The Daily Mail. October 31, 2009.

⁴ Probably referring to Hannibal Lecter in *Silence of the Lambs* (1991).

⁵ Hackmack blamed Francisco Pizarro (147?-1541) for the zombie outbreak.

⁶ Claude Lévi-Strauss in the *The Raw and the Cooked* analyzes an Opaye-Shavante myth in which a people sacrifice their humanity so as to survive.

⁷ Nietzsche in *Thus Spake Zarathustra* refers to a rope, not a bridge.

My shot hit a zomblet (that's what we call a kiddie zombie) in the chest and it made this weird squeal and crashed. Real funny. Zombie blood is weird, mom, kinda oozy and snot-like. Billy (remember Julie Sanford? Her cousin's fifteen-year old) darted in like Space McGee, stabbed the zomblet's head with his spade, but he didn't do it right and the lower half of its face splattered over Billy's clods. Billy lost his eggs and ham in a hurry. A fat old zombie charged towards Billy or mebbe towards the zomblet but Billy's father just stood there cool-as-cucumber, notched an arrow, and took it down. Whoosh! Straight through the stomach. Awesome shot. There was this notebook hung around the critter's neck. Made me mad to think about how it must've gotten there. The fat old zombie had the stupidest look on its shitty face as it tried to cram its intestines back into the stomach. It kept its eyes on the dying zomblet, making the same sounds over and over. Swear it sounded like luvyouluvyou or some such to me. ☺ Just joking. I took the diary. Mebbe I can sell it. Anyways, had a cool weekend. Photos attached. . . .

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Exhibit A: Homo 'Zombie' Acervus. This specimen, nicknamed 'L' (catalog id: L22 – 41 – B2/beta) was retrieved on June 23, 2037 in the Adirondack region, on the banks of the Oswegatchie River, a few miles from the village of Harrisville in Lewis County, New York. She was accompanied by seventeen other units; unfortunately, her cohort didn't survive the encounter with humans.

At ninety pounds, four-feet eleven inches, and between twenty and forty years of age, L is an excellent instance of epigenetic primate speciation. Her filed and sharpened teeth indicate a rudimentary tool-making intelligence, and Gallup mirror tests indicated a basic consciousness. Indeed, there is little to suggest a significant deviation from the human norm, except of course, the stringent dietary requirements. Regrettably, any extended testing must be postponed for a more settled time.

Her exhibition as spectacle is of course ruled out on humane grounds. However, while she's a guest of our zoo, there's no harm in having her interact with visitors or in our charging visitors a fee towards her upkeep. Indeed, L has clearly indicated by a variety of ingenious means that she's lonely— *Internal memo, Notice of procurement, Hornaday Primate Institute, Bronx Zoo, June 15, 2038.*

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There's no doubt some species are more watchable than others. The disgusting Rhesus macaque, prone to excessive bouts of mas-

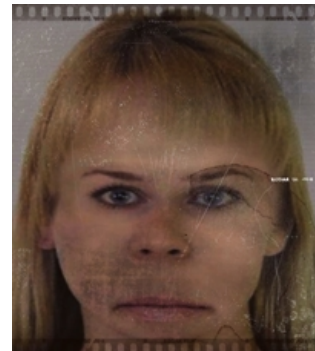


Figure 1: Sole known photograph of 'L', of doubtful authenticity. Photo by Jim McGee, circa 2038, courtesy Department of Archives, Worldlife Conservation Publications. NY.

turbation, probably tops the list, but there are other species that one simply cannot stop staring at. Pandas, for example, are the Paris Hiltons of the animal kingdom. The only thing more watchable than a panda is a two-headed panda. Similarly, the Anaconda would be a millionaire if it could claim ogle royalties. On the other hand, nobody will stand in line for Freshwater Sculpin or the Peruvian agouti (a secretive creature with a rabbit's arse, a squirrel's tail and a rodent's good looks). Truth is, without celebrity animals, zoos wouldn't be financially feasible.

This raises an interesting what-if. Zoo animals are imprisoned but they are not prisoners. If there are circumstances in which it makes sense to imprison innocent animals, then why shouldn't it make sense to treat prisoners like zoo animals? Imagine a world where a prisoner's value lies in how much money they are able to raise via ogle fees. On this world, let's-go-to-the-prison would be almost exactly like saying let's-go-to-the-zoo. It's a family outing. People could visit prisons on holidays, cameras in hand, stroll through the attractively designed spaces, and deposit small sums to inspect a particular creature within cages. There could be family discounts, holiday discounts, frequent visitor discounts, adopt-a-prisoner days, money-back guarantees, and perhaps even feeding privileges. As with zoo animals, some prisoners will be more watchable than others. We expect the serial killer will be a serious revenue generator, whereas the unambitious pickpocket will probably be bad for the bottom line. On the whole, such a system will make good economic sense. But there is a fun reason too: it'll be a lot more fun. The ability to have fun is what makes us human, so ultimately, it is also a more humane system.

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Rot-Wood-Rain is found, as she is usually found, with her nose buried in a fun smell. This time, her mother finds her poring over the remains of a Hair-Teeth-Feet. Mother grabs her from behind, delighting in Rot-Wood-Rain's outraged yelps and squeaks.

'Poomedun, poomedun,' squeals Rot-Wood-Rain, still hanging onto the Hair-Teeth-Feet.

Mother lets her savor the Peruvian agouti, watching with pride the ferocious concentration, the tentative licks, the utter absorption. She shows Rot-Wood-Rain how to squeeze the swollen internal organs, releasing the trapped gases, and the child goes into ecstasies of grimacing and tasting. Rot-Wood-Rain is growing so fast. She is quick, the fastest in the nest. If only she wouldn't wander off alone. Bad things lurk outside the edge of the forest. The world isn't all sweet rot and decay.



Figure 2: Brown Agouti (*Dasyprocta variegata*) originally native to South Americas.

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The Peruvian agouti was once native to South and Central America, but global warming had expanded its habitat to the North. What did the first white man to see the agouti make of it? Imagine seeing a creature never seen before by one's friends, family, culture, and civilization. Fortunately, the gent in question, Arturo Lopez de Velasco, encountered the agouti in its natural habitat, the rain forests of Peru, and recorded his impression for posterity:

'A most curious beaste in proportion yet reminiscent of chicken in its flavor.'

Arturo Velasco was born in 1494, the illegitimate and third son of a minor hidalgo in Seville, Spain. His illegitimacy wasn't much of a problem, but his sibling rank was. As per custom, his eldest brother would get the bulk of the patrimony, including the family titles. Fortunately, Pizarro had been looking for a few bad men, and Arturo's father, perhaps tired of his son's whoring and carousing, had exerted his influence. Arturo soon found himself on his way to Cajamarca in 1532.

Pizarro was illegitimate himself, the son of a proud man of small estate and a servant mother. He understood men like Arturo. Pizarro also had that rare triad of gifts: talent, an eye for talent, and a talent for managing talents. He quickly realized Arturo had a talent for spotting the unusual and sent him on missions to see if there was anything in the Peruvian rain forests that could be turned to Spanish gold. In that Arturo was less than lucky, but before he died from an Incan arrow through his mouth, he'd found for Pizarro some of nature's most unusual creations: the sweating toad *Bufo marinus*; the deadly Peruvian puffer fish; and delicate trumpet-shaped *Datura* flowers. Arturo only suspected these things had value. Pizarro knew it for certain. Arturo had retrieved, so to speak, a long-buried part of Pizarro's youth: the economic art of making zombies.

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Cone: term referring to the pyramid-shaped, odoriferous, compost heaps built by 'zombies' (*Homo acervus*). Ever since Hans-Heinrich Hackmack's discussion of the evidence [Hackmack, 2033a,b,c; 2034], there is general agreement among anthropologists that these structures are quasi-totems, mainly serving to distinguish one *Acervii* 'tribe' from another. But the religious connotations afforded by the term 'totem' have been controversial [Trout et. al. 2033a,b,c;2034], and in the biological and popular literature, they are usually referred to by Trout's term 'cone.' Biologists, following Trout, believe the cones are only insect traps. The *Acervii* are known to supplement their diet



Figure 3: Arturo Lopez de Velasco, oil on canvas, Robert Atkinson. Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tamāki, gift of Mr J McCosh Clark, 1887.

with insects. It had been established fairly early on that *Acervii* are strongly 'attached' to these structures (Witherspoon & Desai, 2032), and that their destruction has a profoundly disorienting and as yet unexplained effect on the tribe's members. Despite theoretical controversies over the role of these artifacts in *Acervii* Gemeinschaft and Gessellschaft, in practice, their elimination has proved an effective means of controlling *Acervii* infestations. Whatever the label, and Hackmack's heroic and ultimately tragic efforts notwithstanding, it is fair to say the real purpose of 'cones,' if any, remains a mystery.

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I suppose I should be terrified since I shall soon be eaten, but I feel nothing but a strange wild exhilaration. I am the first human to have lived and died among the *Acervii*. It might surprise the reader that I already think of myself in the past tense. But I have done so since I was a child. Those who would be immortal must make a habit of seeing the world in the rearview mirror.

I owe my survival to my 'nurse'. She has fended off several attacks already, but sooner or later she'll tire. It is clear they hold her in esteem, if the word 'esteem' can be used in this context. But why not? It's obvious I was right, and Trout was wrong. There *is* such a thing as *Acervii* society, and acephalous though it may be, there's still a pecking order. Maurer's classic King Chicken theorems⁸ show it is possible to have a pecking order without a hierarchy. If it works for chicken coops, then why not for these creatures?

There are so many puzzles to unravel. Their eyesight isn't very good, and their brains probably have just a few billion functioning neurons left. Yet they are obviously social. Ants get by with a few million, so why not the *Acervii*? They can obviously communicate through olfaction; they're always smelling something or the other all the time. But is it a genuine language? I suppose Trout's mafia will accuse me of making the elementary category error that Klaus Zuberbühler had with Campbell's primates⁹. To which I will respond: Trout, you fat dumb fuck, Zuberbühler was right about his *privates* primates ☺ having a proto-syntax, but he, being only a mudwump biologist like Trout, failed to realize that they only have a concrete language, not a generative one. If Zuberbühler had read his Levi-Strauss, it's an error he wouldn't have made. Nevertheless, a concrete language is still a language, and I will stake my *privates* on the claim that these creatures also have one of their own. An olfactory language. Is it possible? Lord in Heaven, please let me live long enough to find out.

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⁸ Maurer, S. *The King Chicken Theorems*. *Mathematics Magazine* 53(2), pp. 67-80, 1980.

⁹ Quattara, K., Lemasson, A., Zuberbühler, K. *Generating meaning with finite means in Campbell's monkeys*. *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, 106(48), 2009.

The epigenetic revolution began, one might say, with this photograph. Both mice in the photo are of the same age, sex, and carry copies of the AGOUTI gene. Agouti mice, such as the one shown on the left, are typically fat, yellow, aggressive, ravenous, and prone to diabetes and cancer. The mouse on the right is skinny, docile, not very hungry and resistant to diabetes and cancer. So how was its AGOUTI inheritance neutralized?



Figure 4: Nature via Nurture. Are we are what our mothers eat?

In 2000, scientists managed to genetically re-engineer mice without changing a single gene. Randy Jirtle, professor of radiation oncology at Duke University, and Robert Waterland, his postdoctoral student, fed pregnant Agouti mice a diet enriched with choline, folic acid, betaine, and vitamin B₁₂. This is a diet rich in 'methyl donors.' The results were remarkable. Unlike the pups born from the mice in the control group, the pups born of the mice on the enriched diet were no longer yellow, fat and ravenous. They were brown, skinny and much more docile. The pups still had copies of the AGOUTI gene, but the methyl donors in the enriched food had worked their way to the gene and turned it off. Indeed, the progeny of the altered mice would also inherit this 'fix.' In other words, a simple change in diet had sufficed to create a new species.

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OSWEGO TIMES, JANUARY 10, 2021. The zombies came at night. That didn't surprise anyone. They always came at night. This was still in the early days of the infestation, and people mostly went by what they had seen in the old movies. Zombies lurched. Zombies decomposed. Zombies drooled. Zombies couldn't think. People spent a great deal of effort barricading themselves, forgetting that a door keeps things locked in just as much it keep things out. So when the zombies burrowed up through the Arkansas pine floor of the Velasco household on November 23, 2015, it caught the entire village of Harrisville, New York by surprise.

Susan Velasco, the mother, was in the upstairs bedroom with five-year old Kathleen. Arturo Velasco and eleven-year old Noel were asleep in the bunk beds. Thirteen-year old William was on watch or supposed to have been on watch. At least, that's how the event was reconstructed based on the arrangement of body parts. Young Will's remains were found by the indoor corn stove. The fact that no scout-scarf was ever found led an aunt, Martha Winston-Hoyt, to dispute the official reconstruction. She claimed that since Young Will always insisted on wearing his scout scarf when he stood watch and since zombies were not 'exactly working on their merit badges,'

there was little reason for them to filch a scout scarf. She was unable however, to offer an alternate reconstruction beyond the suggestion that the good Lord must have intervened and arranged a rapture. Susan Velasco was found half-consumed. The very deep cuts in her belly were almost certainly self-inflicted, perhaps a desperate attempt to camouflage Kathleen with eviscerates (again, an artifact of movie lore). Of Kathleen Velasco, there was no trace, save for the scent of Johnson's baby powder.

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Ask an expert: Were the *Acervii* really zombies?

Answer (Lexile count: 700; ages 8–15): There is no credible evidence that *Acervii* were zombies. The myth probably started because the *Acervii* suffered from hereditary epilepsy, similar to Parkinson's disease. The newspapers also reported many unsubstantiated stories about their violent behavior when cornered. Dr. 'Zombie' Hackmack's best-selling book may also have something to do with spreading the myth. For example, one entry indicates he participated in some sort of thanksgiving ritual where human flesh was served. But most anthropologists think he was simply lying (not cool!) and/or hallucinating. The *Acervii* were in fact very shy and tried to stay away from human populations. Detailed coprolite analyses (studies of their dung, yuck!) show no human remains. It is true they ate meat almost exclusively, but the dung also reveals some surprises: a diet rich in Brazil nuts (brought over by the Peruvian agouti perhaps), certain poisonous plants and frog sweat (yes, frog sweat).

Many captured 'zombies' were often tormented with starvation until they would eat anything, including their own limbs. But when conditions were more humane, we get a different picture. For example, in the brief period that Kathleen Velasco spent at the Utah Zoo, she didn't show any specific desire for human flesh. In fact records show she often begged for ice cream, beer and pepperoni pizza from visitors. She would sometimes 'attack' her visitors, mostly in sport. Animals in captivity quickly learn it is in their best interest to behave as their captors expect them to behave.

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It's clear my 'nurse' is not troubled by medical ethics. She has, I'm appalled to say, a crush on me. Her coy simpering, the gifts of food, and repeated display of her filthy privates all indicate that I, Dr. Hans-Heinrich Hackmack, am in a serious pickle.

But for the first time, I have some hope of surviving. I have an ally in the clan. So far she has managed to keep the others at bay. Sometimes I wonder if there's still a Sapien buried somewhere in

that rat-nest of hair, mud, dung and rags. No, that is impossible. I would like to take a closer look at her. But do I dare? Do I dare what that closer look might entail? Very well, I do dare. I have already eaten dead rats, dead raccoons, dead possum, dead birds, mangled deer and a human finger. I have broken taboos before. Now I shall miscegenate to breed science. So what? Death is the one natural taboo the living need respect.

Besides, if mounting her is what it takes to win her trust, then so be it. She is able to crudely mimic my words. An intelligence haunts her eyes. I am sure of it. Perhaps she will be my Champollion, my Rosetta stone, and she'll help me decipher their olfactory language. It's increasingly clear the *Acervii* are social in the way ants are social, except for the lack of a hive queen. Ants communicate by 'kissing' two at time, in series as it were. But what if the ant-heap allows them to kiss in parallel? So also perhaps with the *Acervii*. Is it possible their cones serve a purpose similar to trophallaxis¹⁰ in ants? Maybe I was wrong and Trout was right. The cones are not totems. They are, as the vulgar expression indicates, dung. The cone is shit. Didn't Levi-Strauss say that¹¹ the family that shits together stays together? No living creature physically consumes its own waste, but what if the *Acervii* have developed an abstract consumption based on odor? Shit becomes memory, and memory, civilization.

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Rot-Wood-Rain has escaped again. This time, a frantic search locates her at the very edge of the forest clearing, nose buried in a fresh kill. A few dozen feet more, and she'd be at the banks of the Oswegatchie River. This time, her mother was not inclined to be indulgent. Thrashing was of little use, since zombies feel little pain.

But parents are infinitely resourceful when it comes to punishment. Mother first buried Rot-Wood-Rain, neck deep, in a pile of fresh leaves. The other zombies try to push her mother away, growling, nuzzling and spraying, as if to say: 'she's just a youngling! Come on! You've been there! She caught a monkey after all. Give the kid some credit.' But mother's determined to teach her daughter a lesson. She held a crushed fistful of snowdrop flowers to her daughter's nose. It wasn't for more than a few seconds, but Rot-Wood-Rain sprayed her grief as if she'd been drawn and quartered.

The other zombies had enough. They dug the kid out, cuffing and consoling the thoroughly chastened creature. She reached for her father (all adult males were 'fathers'), nipping him on his calves and fingers in her agitation. He took Rot-Wood-Rain to the Cone and sat with her as she recovered. He told her about worlds with trains and steam-ships, libraries and universities, atom smashers and telescopes

¹⁰ Mutual exchange of food between adults and larvae of certain social insects such as bees or ants. Greek *troph(o)*, nourish + Greek *allaxis*, exchange (from *allassein*, to exchange, from *allos*, other.)

¹¹ Unclear reference. Hackmack's Mennonite roots suggest Rhoda Janzen's 'The family that shits together knits together' in *Mennonite in a Little Black Dress: A Memoir of Going Home*. (Henry Holt, 2009).

that could see to the very end of the universe. Rot-Wood-Rain didn't understand any of it of course, but the pitter-patter rainfall of words did add to her pleasure as she sampled the rich humus of food eaten, experiences savored, of things-that-smelled-peace.

Eventually, her mother took over. She cradled Rot-Wood-Rain in her arms and fed her, by hand. Zombies could never stay angry for too long. Their memories frayed too quickly. All in all, it had been a narrow escape. Not just for Rot-Wood-Rain, but for the entire nest.

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EDITORIAL, OSWEGO TIMES, JUNE 20, 2039

The autopsy of 'L' aka Kathleen Velasco has resulted in one of the biggest tort awards in the history of the United States, nearly toppled a state government, bankrupted the Bronx Zoo and even provoked the wrath of the Vatican. That the award will be overturned in appeal goes without saying. If there is anything to learn from this whole sorry event, it is that the Law is too important to be left to juries.

Consider the facts. First, the Zoo can hardly be blamed for confining L behind bars. As corroborated by numerous witnesses, she was a danger to herself and others. Second, since simple genetic tests cannot distinguish between *Acervii* and *Sapien*, the Zoo had decided not to undertake the unnecessary expense. Their decision was informed by science, not laziness or incompetence. Thirdly, there is no evidence that L expressed any desire to leave. Finally, we strongly deplore the revisionist attempts to paint the zombies as some sort of nature hippies. We also deplore the comparisons with the Ota Benga incident. Truth is, as far as the zombies were concerned, we were part of the menu! It was a time of war, which makes the conduct of Bronx Zoo all the more exemplary. They fed their guest at considerable cost and discomfort to themselves (most of the zoo's staff are vegans), limited tourist tours to thrice a week, and made every effort to ensure they didn't interfere with L's nap times.

Of course, the emotional suffering of the Velasco family can only be imagined. But one can hardly blame the zoo for dealing with 'L'—it must be emphasized that she was only 'L' to them, not Kathleen Velasco— as per the facts available at hand, and not with respect to facts that would become available in some possible future. It should be understood that closure of the Bronx zoo will render its many innocent denizens homeless. We must remember Charles Darwin's pungent warning in *The Voyage of the Beagle*: 'If the misery of the poor be caused not by the laws of nature, but by our institutions, great is our sin.' Overturn the decision!

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I give thanks unto the Lord: The gift of gifts. I'm become the jaguar's wife, the flesh in the thorn, the consumed communion. Oh ecstasy! Oh freedom! Oh joy, desire, life!

I give thanks unto the Lord: The gift of my flesh. I have eaten of my brothers, eaten of my sisters, made their flesh my flesh, their last breath my first.

I give thanks unto the Lord: The gift of the Cone, the fragrant memory of my people.

I give thanks unto the Lord: The gift of this day, the sun, the earth, the water and the awoken nose.

I give thanks unto the Lord: The gift of my mate. My beloved, my zombie, my monster, my darling, my bride in blood¹².

I give thanks unto the Lord: The gift of the *Aceronii*, undefiled in spirit, free of original sin, obedient to their natures, existing in Nature as children exist in time. They are *Sapien* perfected.

To eat flesh, to savor flesh, to become flesh and to be flesh— today, I have once again become a religious man. Agimus tibi gratias, omnipotens Deus, pro universis beneficiis tuis.¹³

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In 1904, William McGee, the director of the Smithsonian Institution, commissioned the missionary Samuel P. Verner to purchase some pygmies for his forthcoming 'Human Zoo Exhibit' in St. Louis, Missouri. McGee's wish list included a pygmy patriarch, the patriarch's wife, one adult couple, one unmarried female, two infants, and a couple of priestly types, preferably old. Verner returned with Ota Benga, a pygmy from the Kasai region (Zaire).

Presented in a cage as the 'Missing Link,' Ota was a sensational success at the exhibition. He was later moved to the Monkey House at the Bronx Zoo, as part of the director and famed conservator William Hornaday's 'ethnological exhibit.' It was equally popular, with upwards of 40,000 visitors/day. Hornaday's associate, the eugenicist Madison Grant, wrote a widely translated book, *The Passing of the Great Race*, on the theory of 'scientific racism.' In 1930, Grant received a letter from one Adolf Hitler who raved: 'Your book is my bible.' For his part, Ota had his doubts about evolutionary science. He would often slap his chest and exclaim: 'I am a man, I am a man.' Depressed and unable to return to the Congo, he shot himself in Lynchburg, Virginia in 1916.

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¹² See Kunin, S. D. *The Bridegroom of Blood: a Structuralist Analysis*. *Journal for the Study of the Old Testament* 21(70), pp 3-16, 1996.

¹³ We give Thee thanks for all Thy benefits, O Almighty God. . .



Figure 5: Photograph of Ota Benga (1904), St. Louis Exhibition. (Neg. No. 299I34, photo by Jessie Tarbox Reals, courtesy Department of Library Services, American Museum of Natural History)

Sale Item Listing: THE JAGUAR'S WIFE by Hackmack, Hans-Heinrich, Ph.D.

DESCRIPTION: A tract in the tradition of Castenada's *Don Juan*. Includes as an appendix the maverick anthropologist's journal of his years with the so-called *Acervii*. The first edition of this widely ridiculed book (2031) appeared a couple of years before he disappeared in upstate New York. Hackmack claims that the conquistador Francisco Pizarro, faced with an acute labor shortage (because the native Peruvian population was decimated by contagions brought over by Europeans), created a race of zombies. Pizarro's experience as a West African slave-owner in Haiti (1502-1524) gave him the basic know-how, and his assistant Arturo Lopez de Velasco procured the basic ingredients to make the infamous Voodoo cocktail. The book also includes polemics on academic politics, global warming, etc. Selected chapter titles give an indication of the flavor of the work: 'Two Bastards from Trujillo. Of Mice and Men. My First Encounter with the *Acervii*. Datura: the God-Plant. How to Make a Zombie. Academic Gas: Its Cause and Cure. Pizarro's People. The Past is a Zombie Too.' The book also includes a recipe for Pizarro's alleged zombie concoction.

— The End —

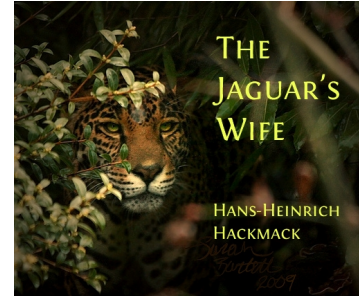


Figure 6: An Agouti Publication, imprint of Elohino Collective. May 2040. 4th edition. ISBN 978 81 89884 0