

## WHO IS ALWAYS CORRECT?

### Excerpt from **DUNGEON EVIDENCE** by Terence Sellers

You would like to believe that you possess some control over your life. You prefer to think that you are quite reasonable, and responsible for the order, or disorder that surrounds you. Such illusions do pacify. But in truth, what do you know - anything? What of the influences at work ever upon you? What of the earthquake in China a hundred years ago, that even now resonates within your body? How do you know it is not so? Do you even exist at all?

You are subject, without wanting to willing it so, to every sound, vision, view, vibration, thought and rainstorm that ever was - or ever shall be. And it is (I know) an even more noxious thought to you, that every fact and facet of your life has been decided upon in advance - perhaps in advance of your birth. Your perversities certainly were so determined, and determined too is your rebellion against this idea. Too your hard-wrought genius - all. While even the most sheepish amongst you will firmly state he will graze for grass wherever he likes, I have no such hungers.

My peculiar combination of temperament and tastes easily accepts the idea of a predetermined destiny. Odd, is it not, in such an one you might think would be overweeningly convinced of free-will and a private, powerful control? And neither can I know where my reach extends or ends in the world, nor, most saliently, how my influence over another human being may work, for good or ill, or if at all. That good gestures can generate evil, and that cruelty and indifference may render up good, are but more arguments pleasing to my Whim to grasp that ineffable Deterministic.

In a predetermined universe, I know myself as already as perfect as I shall ever be. My conviction of my own innate perfection, the direction this consciousness turns me in, sets me far apart from you striving free-willers, always in the agony of attainment. I have attained - and it had nothing to do with me.

You who insist most wildly upon your individual, free-willed grasp - you are anxious! Go on building your private metaphysic, insist that order is your subjective doctrine. You are nothing! For within I see there still must be that other - that Someone — who is Always Correct! The ideal of the Supreme Being rises to accede to your needful gaze. Must you be reminded that this “greater” is ever a fantasy? May you go insane under the imperative of a Perfection never to be realized.

Needless to say any attempt on my part to be a Perfection, for all of you, is a thing I will not hazard. But you seekers shall find me out, to rest in the shade of my pure conviction of Beauty and Strength. These virtues at times have little to do with pleasingness, and even less with self-satisfaction. I am bound by a Divine Right to be utterly what I am and no more. I am grateful to be thus only slightly a cripple. My dread predetermination may not be pretty, but it is my only story.

Would you attain to True Submission? Would you know and love an One Who is Always Correct? Feeling, and knowing Void in yourself, that place where you know you have no control, I tell you to fill it with your passion, no matter what that might be, whatever the horror of it. Feed it to the flame of wild unrestraint - feed those flames, and your face to the flames. Our blessing thus upon you, to feel how faceless you can be ...

Burn, and reflect; burn and reflect. Then, turn your eyes again upon the Superior: you find you are gazing upon some massy, overwrought ego. But such as They are Certain, while you do remain eternally at odds. And though your Superior may yet prove unworshippable, still They are Gods and you are not.

## **Who Is Always Correct?**

### **The Dialogue Between Mistress Helga And Slave Jeffrey**

Through the exquisite improvisational talent of Mistress Helga of Manhattan we were able, in a moment of eavesdropping, to derive this dialogue. She as the forever Unknown Knower both crushes and exalts the blank thing that is Jeffrey. Slave is discovered kneeling before the throne; Helga takes her place thereupon.

Mistress Helga: Who is ... right?

Slave Jeffrey: (No response)

Mistress Helga: Who is Always Right?

Slave Jeffrey: (No response)

Mistress Helga: Who - Is - Always - Correct?

Slave Jeffrey: You are, Mistress - you are.

Mistress Helga: And who Knows you, Slave?

Slave Jeffrey: (No response)

Mistress Helga: Slave - who Knows you - so well?

Slave Jeffrey: Mistress you do, you Know me and own me as your personal private property.

Mistress takes a turn around the room, away from the Slave, proprietorially touching objects, moving a chair, gazing at herself in the mirror.

Mistress Helga: I'll be living in this house for the rest of my life. I'll be right here, in your neighbourhood, right across the street from you. I'm never going to move away, and neither are you. I'll be living across the street from you, for the rest of your life.

Slave Jeffrey: Yes Mistress. Let me serve you - forever.

Mistress Helga: You must have done something right - to be my slave.

Slave Jeffrey: Yes and I am grateful Mistress.

Mistress Helga: But don't be quick to assume that you hold any position here - that you're anything, in this house.

Slave Jeffrey: No Mistress.

Mistress Helga: You must still strive.

Slave Jeffrey: Always Mistress.

Mistress Heiga: Even on a day when you might seem to be perfect, there will always be the next day, when you will be in error again.

Slave Jeffrey: I will try to be perfect.

Mistress Helga: You will never move away from here.

Slave Jeffrey: (No response)

Mistress Helga: You'll serve me for the rest of your life. I keep my slaves forever.

Slave Jeffrey: (No response)

Mistress Helga: I keep my slaves forever.

Slave Jeffrey: Thank you Mistress, thank you, keep me forever as your private property.

But the Mistress snarls as Slave begins to touch his private parts; demands he hold out his open palms which she strikes across with a cane.

Mistress Helga: That too is part of my property. You're not to put your hands on it without my permission. Is that understood?

Slave Jeffrey: (Being struck) Oh please no, no, no ...

Mistress Heiga: No? Did I hear - NO? How could that be? How could it be - NO?!

Slave Jeffrey: I'm sorry I ...

Mistress Helga: WASN'T THINKING? How could you possibly, how could you ever think, to say to me NO ... are you saying ... could you possibly be thinking - that I don't know what I'm doing?

Slave Jeffrey: Oh, no Mistress ... never.

Mistress Helga: No, I think that's it. I think you were trying to tell me - that I was WRONG! Wrong! Imagine - me, being wrong?

Slave Jeffrey: No, never, Mistress, you could never be wrong.

Mistress Helga: Am I not Always Right? Is not everything I do flawless, without error? Am I not Always Correct?

Slave Jeffrey is coming in for a round of serious discipline.

Mistress Helga: You see, Jeffrey, I Know you so well. I Know you better than you know yourself. I Knew what you were thinking, even when you didn't.

Slave Jeffrey: I was wrong, I am the wrong one. I'm sorry, sorry, sorry.

Mistress Helga: You're not sorry. I Know when you're sorry. And you're not sorry, not sorry yet.

The punishment continues.

Slave Jeffrey: I swear to the Goddess I'm sorry, I'll never think bad thoughts again, I'll never do anything wrong again.

Mistress Helga: I Know you, Jeffrey. You're not sorry yet.

Slave Jeffrey: (In agony) I AM!

Mistress Helga: Contradicting me again?

Slave squirms in despair under the impossible restraint, trying to think his way out of the trap. If he says he is sorry before she thinks he is, he will again be guilty, and the punishment will go on.

Slave Jeffrey: I'll do anything... anything you say. Just tell me what to do.

Mistress Helga: Well, the neighbours will be coming over. All the ladies of the neighbourhood. On his knees will be Jeffrey. I think the ladies should know what's in their own neighbourhood, don't you Jeffrey.

Slave Jeffrey: Yes, I'll do anything. You know best.

Mistress Helga: Yes. Well then, let's practice your presentation. We'll practice what you're going to say to the ladies of the neighbourhood.

Slave Jeffrey: Yes Mistress.

Mistress Helga places her Slave before the mirror and renders him kneeling.

Mistress Helga: Now, what colour are your eyes, Jeffrey?

Slave Jeffrey: (No response)

Mistress Helga: Hmm. Jeffrey? What colour are your eyes?

Slave Jeffrey: (No response)

Mistress Helga: I asked you - what colour are your eyes?

Slave Jeffrey: My eyes are blue.

Mistress Helga: Let's see. Jeffrey - your eyes are brown.

Slave Jeffrey: Brown.

Mistress Helga: Yes - your eyes are brown - fool!

Slave Jeffrey: My eyes are brown.

Mistress Helga: Once again, trying to contradict me.

Slave Jeffrey: No ... I mean yes, I tried to contradict you.

Mistress Helga: Your eyes are brown Jeffrey. Anyone can see that.

Slave Jeffrey: I can see that, yes. My eyes are brown.

Mistress Helga: You see, I Know you. I Know you so well, so much better than you know yourself.

Slave Jeffrey: You Know everything. May I touch myself?

Mistress Helga: You may ... What colour are your eyes, Jeffrey?

Slave Jeffrey: (No response)

Mistress Helga: Jeffrey, what colour are your eyes?

Slave Jeffrey: (No response)

Mistress Helga: Who is Always Correct? Who Knows you through and through?

Slave Jeffrey: You are. You do, my eyes are brown.

Mistress Helga: Fool. Your eyes are blue.

Slave achieves his ultimate pleasure upon this final reverse.

Throughout my eavesdropping, I was particularly taken with the form Mistress Helga's invocation of her Correctness took. She followed the triple resonation of the Mass, perhaps unconsciously, and the Slave too seemed to fall in with this triplicity, responding only when her demand had resounded three times. I could hear come, upon the third resounding, a kind of catch in the Mistress' throat, as if she quelled some terrible fury - that broke through, anyhow, the restrictive strangulation of her controlled dialectic. It seemed too that the Slave only responded when he heard that catch in her voice, then hurried to submit to its frantic, almost hysterical insistence that she was Correct, and Always Right, and could make blue brown and black white.

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