

signature look like his own. Guy dashed down the street; I trailed him the length of Ataturk Caddesi and then Cummhuriyet Bulvari and once we got towards the quay, he angrily mocked me and dashed on board the ship he'd signed us on just the other day, the cocksucker. "Catch me if you can, motherfucker!" he shrieked, before his head vanished inside the forecastle.

But I didn't find him—I cracked open the door to "our" cabin and found it empty. I was enraged. I was on my way to Bablouette with forty-five dollars to my name. And if the customs officials found that I didn't have the necessary \$150 to change into Numidian piastres upon arrival, my ass was grassed.

I was also not prepared for the fact that every noontime, nosy "cabin-ladies" cleaned your crap out. And wouldn't you know it—as soon as I came back from strolling angrily around an empty deck, I saw some of them had rifled through all my things. I was shocked. They didn't even show finesse in their nosiness; they didn't even PRETEND not to have looked into your shit. I saw that all my drafted letters to my mother had been stolen, that my wallet had been stolen, though I still had my money belt containing my last forty dollars. I decided to go to an official and complain about this official thievery and in making it down to the lower levels again, I grew too clumsy and hasty, and in my clumsiness, I bumped up against Dennis the Menace on steroids.

He had on a khaki uniform and his dog tag was dangling from his almost non-existent neck. His face was ruddy and his eyes were this kind of gray which was almost white. It seemed he'd been sitting there for nearly a year before moving his little mouth, which was perpetually cracked open. He wouldn't take his eyes off me. I picked up the suitcase but, suddenly, he immediately thrust his hand on it. "Hold up, whoever you are," he barked, rudely, forcefully. "Just don't move."

I thought, now this guy really stinks. Or is it just my imagination?

“I said, ‘excuse me,’” I told him, hastily. He held out his hand, pulled off his walkie-talkie. “But—”

Then, he pulled his pistol out of his leather holster. He held it to my temple, and then said, “Nigger, I told you,—don’t move. Now....Who the FUCK do you think you are, you baboon, runnin’ into me?”

Gun in hands, he shoves me in the chest. I grab my suitcase and try to walk off but he’s pointing the gun right at me. “Don’t you dare move, I’ll shoot your fuckin’ black ass. You hear me? Come back here, tar baby.”

I walk back with my head pounding with the same angry blood as it always did when I encountered racism. Every time I imagined I had come to the end of the bullshit, I would find my feet down in some more of it. Well, there’s your life. The cocksucker pushes me to the floor; he manhandles my suitcase, picking at the lock. The Aryan freak was virtually hairless. I look at the tattoo on his arm and see a lovely swastika surrounded by a lot of other ornate Gothic-Germanic designs like skulls and that lettering Germans are famous for. On his skull a tiny confederate flag has been tattooed. (If *I* had the goddamn gun, I thought, that would be the perfect bulls-eye.) On the other arm, he makes himself perfectly clear with a shrieking black tattoo: “NIGGERS BEWARE!!”

“Hey, you, boy, what’s in this shit? Any arms? Explosives?....”

“What the hell’s this shit for, anyway?” I suddenly shot, furious, not about to let some honky motherfucker get one over on me. I watched his face as I babbled on; I was having no effect on him whatever. “I was out there killing camel-coons just as you were! Hell—I’ve killed far more than you have! I’m probably ranked higher than you—”

The Marine violently tosses my suitcase back in my face, almost knocking me down again. He grips the handle of his gun. “So? Open that damn thing, boy. You’re just a plain dirty nigger to me.”

I refused to. The little pale bastard started to turn very red, like his father down below. He shook his head slowly. “Naw, uh-uh. I mean, what am I doing. Like, niggers don’t carry explosives, right? Only camel-coons carry *those*. Not niggers. Hey, motherfucker? Where’s the key? I wanna look.”

I hurriedly rummaged through my pockets looking for my keychain, but this ultra-Aryan ape man didn’t have time to wait—he jammed his hands down in my pants, ripping the pocket, pulling everything out, cursing hysterically. He found the keychain, then he opened the case. All he found were a bunch of clothes and shoes and post-cards. In a dismissive gesture he flung the cards all around in the air and they landed every which way. He arrogantly pushed the crap down the stairwell. “Where’s your cabin? The *cabin*, nigger! Hurry it up! Tell me where it is, asshole!”

Hitler pointed the gun underneath my chin roughly when he suspected me of moving my lips in a less praiseworthy way. “Don’t you ever talk back to a Marine,” he hissed. “You? A Marine? A nigger? That’s a laugh. This is a white man’s war, for white man’s rule over this planet. It’s not for nothin’ that this is what we call Operation Genocide. Heh heh,” he added, cocking his head and cruelly laughing. Then his mouth snapped back into place like a little rubber band. “Say, you, what do they call you—like, did your monkey mother ever give you a name when they took you out of the jungle, or did they call you Sambo? Or, gee, can I name you myself? How’s about Dead Coon when I smoke your monkey ass? Hey, hold up....I think I’ve seen you before. You’re in the service.”

“No, I’m not.”

He pointed his gun at my crotch. “Passport,” he said. “I think *this* where all you touristic types keep your fuckin’ valuables, huh?! In your dicks? Between your balls? Up your ass?? Well, is it?? Out with the shit!!....”

I produce my passport. He violently snatches it from my hand. He turns it over and over, picks at its edges, twists it, bends it,