

The rag district was quiet when Marilyn and “ambassador to be” Sam Fox sat down at the dinner table, not much happening. The leather and thread works were in decline, city numbers in a tumble. It had been quiet for awhile, except for a movie and a bang.

A few years before the tables were set, the loft was backdrop to a cult hit. It was filmed across the street. The windows framed a cinematic set-piece.

This film had a terrorist, a plane, and a tall building. The terrorist hijacked the plane, killed the pilot, and crashed plane into a building. The film crew snagged a decommissioned jet plane. Chopped it into pieces. Smuggled remains in one night, and dumped it all on a parking lot across the street. Debris everywhere.

This movie had an anti hero and a heartbeat recuse. The hero lands a glider on top of a skyscraper. Then he’s off on the chase. The make believe roof he lands on is a World Trade Tower. But in this fiction the Trade Tower is one of the few things left standing.

The movie was *Escape from New York*.

the myth that got away

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This bang happened seven years before *Escape* director John Carpenter and crew showed up. It was a few blocks away, in a onetime Irish ghetto. The ghetto was Kerry Patch. Kerry Patch was home to a line of Irish fight clubs. But at the knock down, it was Pruitt - Igoe. The Irish had left, the fight clubs moved on.

Pruitt- Igoe was a clutch of buildings, a public housing complex. It opened in 1954. It was acclaimed then. When Pruitt- Igoe fell in March 1972, it was debris before they blew it up. For a lot of “the big-thinkers,” the demolition of Pruitt- Igoe’s is the line in the sand. It’s fall marks the fall. It’s Mayday. It’s the end of Modernism, and it starts the dive through a postmodern looking glass. It’s when maps get messy, really messy.

The architect of Pruitt - Igoe was Minoru Yamasaki. Yamasaki was also the architect for the World Trade Towers.

When “Escape From New York” was released in 1981, it was described this way.

“Escape from New York” is a 1981 American science fiction action film directed by John Carpenter. The film is set in the near future in a crime-ridden United States that has converted Manhattan Island in New York City into a maximum security prison.


But none of the press releases said it was filmed near a Yamasaki fall down. Or that the story line involved a hijacked plane that flew into a skyscraper. But then why would they?

Bungled it

3 pm on March 16, 1972

Two generations of obits in journals, books, films, documentaries, exhibitions missed it. Bungled it. All that copy about modernism, and what started precisely at 3 pm on March 16, 1972, got it wrong. That big-bang hype ignored those fight clubs. Maybe it made sense back then, forty years ago - a wink in time. But now we're in the ring with something super-sized. Technology hovers. We need a better myth. Need to track down the fight clubs that shadowed the fall.





After a decade of pursuing Peter Ramus, Father Walter Ong continued to map and write with a polymath's fury. In 1979 he gave a series of talks, "The Messenger Lectures." They were on contest and ideas. Cornell University Press published them as "Fighting for Life: Contest, Sexuality, and Consciousness." It was a collar's fight manual.

Contest is a part of human life everywhere that human life is found.

Contest has been a major factor in organic evolution and it turns out to have been a major, and organic seemingly essential, factor in intellectual development.

Contest operates in many sectors of life—in politics, in sports, in commerce, in the adversary procedures of jurisprudence, to name only a few obvious sectors. The present study concerns itself principally with contest in sectors closer to consciousness as such, that is, with contest as it has entered into the constitution and management of knowledge itself,

There are of course structural elements in contest, as is well known to those who watch football games, especially on television, with the analytic playbacks from various angles. Indeed, although it does not consist of structures, contest generates and thrives on structures. Even more, if the conclusions of this book are correct, it generates intellectual structures, the structures that make science itself.

Intellectual combat made public many intellectual issues otherwise hidden or obscure, and clarified them. It made accessible publicly apprehensible truth. The potential of intellectual contest to disclose truth lay at the root of Socratic dialogue and lies at the root of the adversary procedure that still prevails in law to this day. The result of individual contest is thus felt outside of the individual contestants in others, in knowledge uttered (that is, etymologically, "outered"), knowledge shared.

The present work contends that contest has been and seemingly will remain a constituent of human existence, if in constantly adjusting forms, from the biological base of this existence to its noetic peaks. Contest comes to human kind out of the race's distant evolutionary past and enters even into the intimacies and ecstasies of self-consciousness.

In the human lifeworld, contest catches up some of the lowest dynamics and some of the highest. It is a genetically advantageous factor in organic evolution, indeed in the large an absolutely indispensable factor, one that is the product of natural selection, and thus part of humankind's genetic heritage, linking us to lower forms of life and them to us. But it is also at the same time an element in humankind's intellectual development, our development of abstract thought, of noetic distance, and, even beyond that, in the development of the identity of individual human persons, male and female, in finding one's own person, in saying "I."

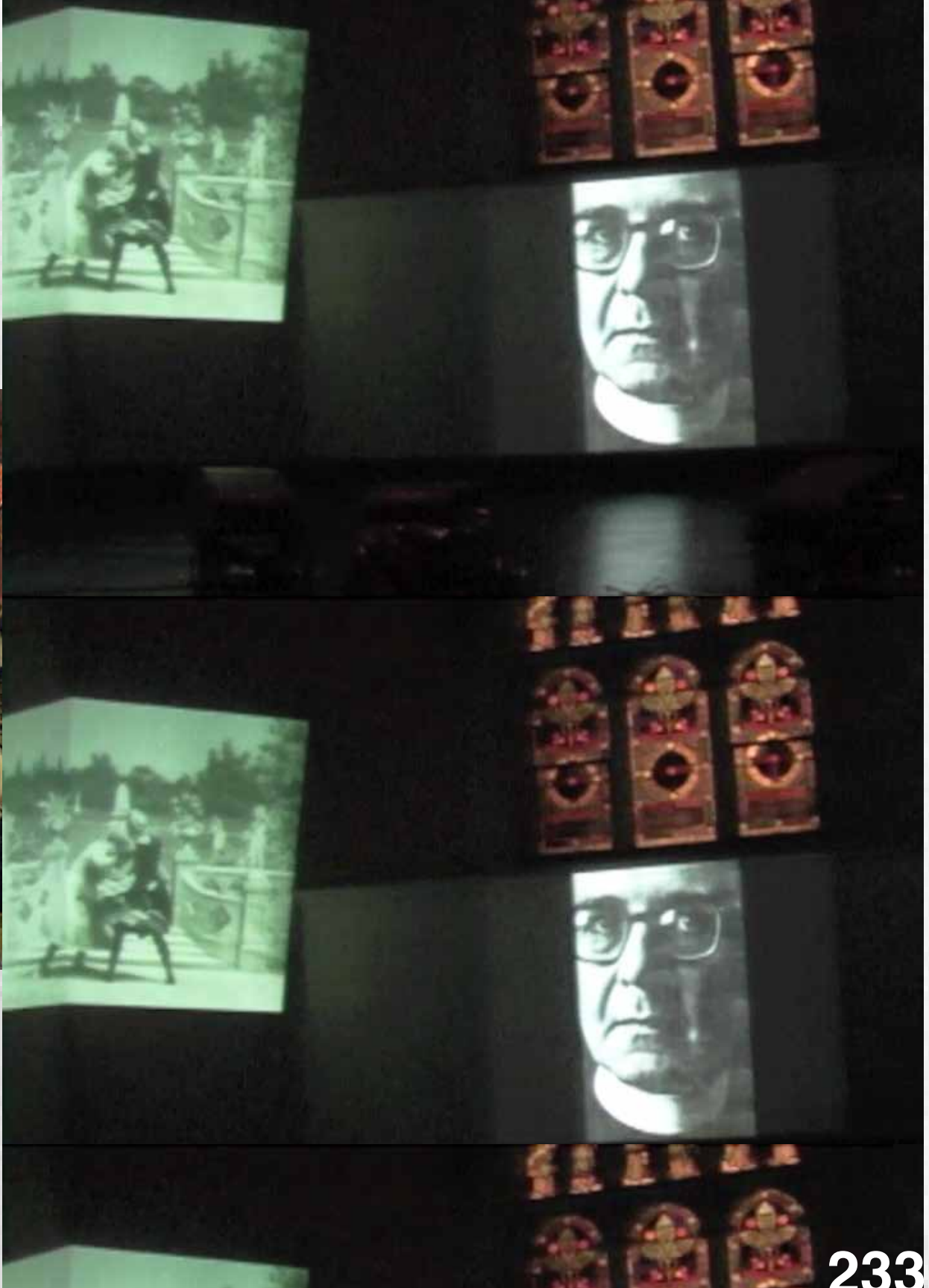
Contest is not only a part of humankind's past but also a part of the future evolution of consciousness itself. How it will serve the future remains to be seen.



society gets it all wrong.

Ignatius Loyola founded the Jesuits. Loyola was a Spanish soldier. The Jesuits are called "The Society of Jesus" in English, but it's *Compañía de Jesús* in Spanish, or "Company of Jesus."

It's martial. It's a fight club.





“beautiful”

* **“beautiful”** is what Jimmy Cagney said to Pat O’Brien after O’Brien cold cocked him in the ring.

**The Irish Are Us*, 1935 Warner Bros.