

Williamsburg 1996 Diary

Fragment 1

To speak of trans-dimensional entities does not imply that these things exist in some pristine state elsewhere, in some safely inaccessible dimension or 'parallel reality'. There is no outside of the matter-energy system for humans or their abstractions. The entities of which I write function in and through the interface of concrete and abstract systems. They flourish on contradictions established by humans to control their imaginary models of reality. As these subjectively internalised socio-cultural models become redundant, as they inevitably must, those human agents closest to the design flaws are taken first. Neither wholly concrete or wholly imaginary the entities that emerge at the loci of social disintegration often have the capacity to inhabit their hosts and determine their actions. By capitalizing on the dysfunctional components of the control-communication systems implanted in the subject, the entities compose themselves from the evil detritus of the cultural imaginary, which has been destroyed, killed or banished by the ideal system.

Last night a blinding flash of pain that seemed to issue from the roots of my spine in a brilliant urinal light, up and out, freezing my entire body in hot paralysis. The idea of a 'screech owl', bursting unexpectedly from inside me, settled as the shock retreated. A screech owl. I could not move or feel my body and limbs, like they had gone into that state of numbness the other side of pins and needles, but nothing solid was restricting the blood flow. Why a screech owl? Is there such an animal?

The lycanthrope emerges, transmigrant entity at the intersection of two time frames, never forgotten, kept alive in a script for children, who, under the forgetful eye of parental reason, inherit the dormant entities long considered the stuff of legend. The Nagual is not bound

by biological law. It is not an animal. It is idea and possibility, a thing which travels while it sleeps in word and image.

Fetish – migrating along the maritime vectors of the colonial trade machine, fetish in form, fetish in mind, not so much the object of plunders as the adaptive radiation of a slowly evolving memetic seed.

Fetish – 1890, images absorbed, god's directed in theoretical labs, the pagan corresponds with the lunatic across time, under the watchful gaze of 'the doctor', fetish fuses with phallus, key component of the hysteria mechanism, the deranged body sprouting savage reliquary of incest. Clocks running backwards. Shoes, beards, nylons, spoons animated by prehistoric sex force. Household appliances take control of ejaculation mechanisms. The scalped pianist's locks appease the wild girls. Mass hallucination, entranced mobs, moved by the abracadabra of the magician, the priest, the statesman, directors of the collective unconscious, the strategic historical mobilization of archetypes, mascot of battalions, the Virgin of Nicopeia.

Can the spirit which makes masses desire to take cities be revived? I dreamt that the streets were filled with mobs of ramshackle warriors united in their will to form an army and take the city as their own. Their appearance was pagan because their weapons and amour were designed for physical contest and signified virility and war far more than they could perform it. They were all men, much bigger than myself. At first I presumed I had travelled back in time but then I noticed the cars. This was a Metropolitan Mad Max scenario and the warriors were like drunken football hooligans. They beat on everything that was not them. I could recognize no difference in their heraldic markings, just as someone unfamiliar with soccer can't tell the difference between one team's shirt and another. They were all wearing

sport's wear customized for street warfare. I passed through the streets they were sacking without anxiety for my life. For some reason I was not the enemy. Judging by my uniform I seemed to be a member of some high command. I was looking for four members of the group, a group which I had, until recently, been conspiring with. Since my forced inscription to the services of The Column I was in charge of finding and turning-in all the last significant members of the loosely organized – too loosely it seems – counter-fascist groups. I kicked in the window of a basement where Betsy and four others were hiding and got my men to round them up and bring them to the conference hall. I pulled the sign of my initiation from the space between by thumb and forefinger; a shard of clear glass the size of a canine tooth.

We stepped out onto the street. It was night but a huge twister that was moving steadily towards us lighted up the sky. Some people were panicking and looking for shelter as the winds began to pick up. I started to walk in its direction, against the flow of people running for cover. The twister; image of disastrous natural force generating itself for seduction, into an entity which humans intoxicated by terror might mistake for a god, a thing whose form is the delineated event of climatic energies, whose path across the solid surface of the globe leaves an undecipherable signature of destruction. I traced its form, saw the undulations, which rippled down its sides. Though it looked like a solid I knew it was not. If it was writing it was a writing of erasure. Its nib was a thousand square feet of immediate deconstruction. It seemed to be moving towards a fire, a huge fire. That was its cause, its attraction. Extreme heat in the ... what do you call that space? ... the sky. When the twister arrived above its destination it sucked the flames which were themselves consuming the building into itself. Thermodynamic food chain or orgy, this was the

spectacle of self-consuming energetic monstrosities, the sublime climatic homology for a snake eating a spider.

When it was full and the fire extinguished, the twister became rotund and black, its form looser, then in a thunderous convulsion it belched a torrent lightening back up to the heavens.

Mira-Mira – La Materia – La Jefa

Carlos' stories moved towards this trinity of magical-religious concepts as he told us the story of his magical cure. After drinking heavily for several months he had been almost paralysed and unable to continue his work in the hotel and the church. He thought he was going to die. An acquaintance suggested he visit a curandero which he did. The curandero told him that he could be cured but at a price that Carlos could not afford. Carlos visited a second curandero. Again, he could be cured but the price was too high. Worse still, the second curandero told Carlos the precise date he would die if he didn't buy the cure. Carlos was getting iller and the prediction of his imminent death didn't help. Eventually a member of a family for whom Carlos had made wedding decorations told him that the family grandmother was a powerful healer, and that, because Carlos had helped them, she would help him, free of charge.

He visited the curandera in a local village a few miles from Catemaco. First she told him to consider which of his friends may have put a curse on him, to go home, think about it and return later. This he did. But in contemplating which of his friends may have cursed him he realised that in fact he had no true friends. All his friends were merely drinking companions. And non cared about him enough to buy him a curse (or a cure). He returned to the curandera and told her. This, she said, was good and the cure began.

First she passed a black cockerel over his body

several times. While she did so the bird flapped and squawked wildly. Suddenly she wrenched the cockerel away from his body and it was dead. The curandera then threw the cockerel onto the fire along with the trash. As it burned multi-coloured flames arose from its body and as they did so Carlos felt the spirit return to his own body. This, he said, was 'Mira Mira', the passing of life-death forces from one body to another. It was 'Materia' which made this possible. Or put differently, it was on the plane of 'Materia' that 'Mira Mira' operated. Carlos closed his eyes as he explained. Materia is what we feel as present but cannot see, what we only know properly with our eyes closed.

I asked Carlos if there were such curanderas here in Catemaco. No, he told me, only in the surrounding villages – Sontecomapam, Sihupam, Comahuapam – but there were templos. "Templos?" I asked "como Iglesias?". "No son iglesias. Son lugares del espiritismo". It is here that they have the knowledge of the Mira-Mira, la Materia and La Jefa.

He began to explain La Jefa, but Ranu, who, it seemed, had been hearing a different story, began to tell Carlos about the links between his story, third-eyes and Indian bindis. This deflected me onto Ash Wednesday, and the ash on the forehead, ashes to ashes, etc. I lost my thread to La Jefa.

Ranu had started to dance around the balcony. She wanted to go swimming. We picked up our bottles and walked down to the water. Ranu took off her shoes, hitched her skirt and began to wade into the lake. It was night. A street light illuminated the water for no more than a few yards. After that it was all night. She waded up to her thighs then turned back to the shore. Before she stepped back onto the sand, Carlos took off his T-shirt and dried her feet.

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Fragment 2

We walked out of the village to the place where the stoner's hung out, a place of karmic significance, they said. There, in what looked like the ruins of buildings, formations of white shells had been made. Most of the shells were mussel shells, wrapped into forms by rusted wire. The old fella put his face close to mine and began to confide in me. Trust shifted to suspicion as he continued his diatribe against the young hippies who were "all excited about extra-terrestrials". He told me that we knew that there was nothing 'Hollywood' about aliens, that we had been communicating with them directly for years. His stubble was turning grey.

We were sat around a campfire. I looked into the girls face, weight of recent events poised like elastic. Her blond-bob was all that remained over a metal skull. Her face receded through plates of alloy and glass, wire grids where her brain should have been. She was calm now. They had removed all traces of subjectivity – it was making her, and everyone around her, unnecessarily distraught. I had wanted her to stay. The replacement of her subjectivity was the cost. They had removed any organic component, which might harbour its germ. What was left? The blond bob. I tried to make conversation to the famous actors around the campfire. I told them I would never act again, that the experience of making this film was too much to bear. The one with the droopy moustache suddenly remembered something that made his eyes widen. Flash into earlier scene, the image flickering in and out of vision ... he remembered ... she sat there waiting ... the magic they had messed about with a few weeks ago ... how the message was ... he didn't think anything of it at the time ... but now ... the message was ... he remembered ... pulling it out of

his stomach ... we watched the recalled scene cutting into our imaginations, our memory ... a red-brown ribbon of words pulled from his stomach which ... she started to convulse ... in this same place but before ... the words spoke to the remnants of herself still trapped within the casing, still left in the form of her substituted body ... she convulsed, jerked ... we pulled back ... the moustache backed up against a fence ... hands burst through from behind, held his head, eyes still wide as a knife slashed slowly through his throat and black blood poured down his shirt. Suddenly they were everywhere, American teenage psychos in death-metal t-shirts drunk on beer slashing everything in sight to pieces. Arms hacked off at the stumps, guts sliced from the genitals upwards, slashing the others, slashing themselves, like they were dancing a butcher's drunken choreography. I felt the razor cut into my spine, slicing through to the bone, once twice, three times the knife cut deeper ... I tried to feel the skin as it peeled of the bone but could feel only this line being cut again and again ...

What is Happening?

Two nights ago I was visited by a shadow. Its presence I associated gradually with *El Tigre*, the 'Brujo Major' of Catemaco with whom we negotiated a video interview in 1998. Our encounter refreshed the depths of superstition and dread I harbour. Is this is my pay-off, the good I secretly, wishfully bought?

On both occasions in the dream I initially mistook the shadow for a corporeal presence whose immediate issue was terror. When I realized it was only a bodiless shade the terror subsided and transformed into an exquisite and fluid dread which flowed through my being. I knew about mythical shadow-presences but I had never before experienced one. How is one to explain the difference between that which one knows about and that which

one knows by experience? These are different kinds of knowing.

I began to formulate a strategy of counter-magic. Pleasure is the beginning of a contest. In dreams and elsewhere I would wage an invisible contest with the Brujo's shadow. But what is a contest that takes place only in the minds of the contestants? Where is the spectacle, where the performance, where the art? Perhaps there is no other player. Perhaps it is nothing more than my own shadow, detached from its body, which I deliriously mistake for an other, an other with whom to compete.

And here in this doubting-desire, in the invisible contest with an imaginary adversary, is 'magic'.

This idea is sufficient. Once the idea of the Brujo's shadow presence, mistaken or otherwise, has confronted me in my dreams, the pleasure of the contest only serves to increase the power of the presence, a presence which, I will, at the risk of my sanity and life, into existence and then into honourable defeat. For the sake of the contest, for the sake of 'The Work'. The best magic involves this celebratory fabulation of a terrifying adversary. If the choice is between the parodic intensification of illusions or wilful forgetting, it must be the former. It is 'productive' and it is 'delirious'.

Such procedures, such choices, are the kernel of the Narco-Satanicos project: the will to describe the process by which the relation between an image and its substance teases out this play of magic, between terror and fabulation. And this is why the *absent, lame and essential* word is so relevant. 'True' in the way a line is true, in the way a rendition of a form is true to its model, honest in the same way, veracity at the limits of technical possibility; the will to accuracy. This imperative in the rendering of thought, the thought which seeks to know itself as it conceives the senses

perceiving, the thinking relation between the similar and the different, thinking what is and what is not a consequence of itself, the truth of events and the impossibility of that truth. Accuracy at the limits of the possible difference between fact and fantasy. True the way a line is true, a copy is true.

'Integrity' recalls the architect's blueprint, the technical trace of the draughtsman and anatomist. The philosophical meanings of 'integrity' are unnecessary for this recollection. Its ethical meanings seem more imperative. It is the magic word where the oppositions ordering the difference between fact and fiction, truth and illusion, real and imaginary intersect; mumbo-jumbo, hocus-pocus, hoodwinking, hoodoo, balderdash, and codswallop. The voracious syllabic, semantic ordering of history and difference collapsing the subject into delirium, the space of terror and affirmation. A quest for the concrete, rational roots of our magic, for roots which devour themselves AS AN offensive STRATEGY ...

"Are you thinking this *El Tigre* ... do we have weapons we can trade?"

'The Work' is motivated by irreconcilability, paradoxical intent. My strategy is integral to the sense of contradiction in the act of representation.

Victory or defeat are the only possible outcomes of the work. The creative act is a contest and best contests are those where and when the outcome is least secure and the stakes are highest. The struggle with the shadow, with the Brujo, is a mere prelude. The only politics here will involve the strategic spin-offs of the game.

"Tenemos armas"

Against what? We are still at war with Control and its Reality Studios. We are at war with that which contains us. We will use the master-builders tools against their orders. Magic covers us. A perpetual feint. The decisive

blow requires precision and integrity. Or do I confuse means with ends?

“Tranquillo companero, estan muy lejos”

And always this; “What happened?”, “What is happening?” “What will happen?”

The receivers must feel “What is happening”

If not, Control remains intact.

Into the impossible-possible, as true as possible, to the inter-section.

Dream of Hotel Tajin

We arrived in Papatla at 4 a.m., an hour earlier than scheduled. It was raining – lightly but steadily. We got coffees from an all-night taqueria next to the Pemex station. It was too long to wait till daylight so we decided to find the one hotel our sleepy host said would be open – Hotel Tajin.

The hotel looked closed but a blurry eyed, unflustered concierge let us in and turned on the reception light. Hotel Tajin was purpose-built in the 1930’s, with grand views over the city from each floor. It was painted bright turquoise on the outside and decorated with deep blue ceramic tiles and dark wood on the interior. The room price was over the odds. We got into bed at 4.30 a.m.

I knew it would be difficult to enter sleep this late and so tired. I was the kind of tired where sleep becomes a too-tangible thing, arriving like paralysis or convulsion, gripping the body before the mind has been sedated. First there was the dog. It was Theresa’s dog, Coba, racing around the room screeching with the ear-piercing bark that dogs emit when over-excited. Coba was in the room.

Then I was in the reception hall of a grand hotel. It was night. A first floor balcony circled the hall. I felt that I could fly and learned how to do so by standing on a large white dinner plate. It was difficult at first, like

learning to ride a skateboard, but soon I had mastered it and began surfing through the hall-space. I had become demonic and vampiric. I took it as my calling to swoop down on unwary receptionists and waitresses and subject them to my incubine passions. I was best acquainted with a woman who was dead. Her body, as I fucked her, felt like it was stuffed with straw. Beneath her dry skin I could feel the hard lumps of desiccated organs. As we fucked my mouth filled with lumpy vomit, which further fuelled my lust. Through the French windows beside us William Burroughs entered from the night. I felt somewhat embarrassed in his presence – not because of the fucking but because of my unbridled enthusiasm for this abject state of affairs. He didn’t say much before he turned to leave. I didn’t even know if it was me he addressed when he said, “Go tell the Texans”.

Los Disparcidos

“No son disparcidos que estoy buscando” said Mario as he leafed obsessively through the pages. He was looking for the image of serpents leaving the necks of beheaded Mayan ball-players. We weren’t sure why this was so important but as usual we detected in Mario’s enthusiasm something of great significance.

We had been discussing the importance of ‘la feria’, its coincidence with Semana Santa and the ancient rites of spring still recognized by the indigenous Mayan population. Mario had shown us a photograph of a frieze from one of the local pyramids – I can’t remember which – showing how the image of god-king of this particular city had been defaced. The defacing, Mario argued, had taken place during a popular uprising at the end of a particular calendric cycle, and how, after this uprising, the city had been permanently abandoned. He pointed out how the image of the conejo (rabbit) god had been left intact. The conejo was

god of the moon, drunkenness and fertility, the multiple-one. Perhaps, he conjectured, the uprising had coincided with the feast day of the conejo, that a rabbit rebellion had destroyed the city and its godly representatives.

It was Semana Santa, Easter, the time of the rabbit. In the Zocalo of San Cristobal the Judases had been hung ready for their traditional consummation on Easter Saturday. We wanted to get out on the streets to see the celebrations but Mario seemed reluctant. It was as if he foresaw something terrible in the coincidences we pursued, an imminent rabbit uprising. And Mario, more than any other person I have met in Mexico, has the utmost respect for the potential violence of the local Indígena. He told us how, as a student, academic orthodoxy insisted on the innate pacifism of the Maya. They were noble savages and mystical sages, a world apart from the bloodthirsty and cannibalistic Miztecas. Mario's great grandfather, the ex-governor of San Cristobal was not of this ilk. He had seen fit to repress any Tzeltal resistance to the colonial regime by cutting their ears off *en masse*.

Centre of the Outskirts

I was closely connected to a cult of vampiric murderers. My studies had led me to them and I had struck up an intellectual friendship with the leader. The cult operated under the guise of a Christian sect. Far from being an anathema the cult was considered by local outsiders as fundamentalists whose integrity to a strict moral code gave them an air of great reverence.

[This 'integrity' escaped and haunted me on the bus from Catemaco. It was replaced by series of approximate terms; 'veracity', 'truth', 'sincerity'. It signifies the thing that cannot be represented on film, the distinction between the actual thing and its visual representative. Is

this, or is this not the bed on which the dream took place? The viewer will never know. The narrator might as well be lying. The responsibility for honesty resides in the producer, not the receiver, for whom everything represented is as good as a lie. It is a question of 'remaining true' to the facts, to the details, to the actual. Why should this be so important? Surely any bed would do. Why should it be the bed? Because in actuality it was a particular bed and it is as if one has a duty to be as true to a bed as to anything else. The person who represents may be an ignoramus, a fool, a retard, but whatever integrity is, it is that matters most].

The 'lame, absent, veracity' of the group was awe inspiring and terrifying to the locals, believers or not. Now I knew that the upper hierarchy of this group consisted of vampiric zombies who had been dismembering bodies and buried them left, right and centre on the outskirts of the town. The high priest regarded me as a kindred spirit, but an intellectual one, rather than a follower. The followers would have had me butchered at the drop of a hat had it not been for their leader's pleasure in discussing, over supper, his favourite lofty topics; ethics, philosophy, comparative religions etc. But I knew it was only a question of time before our discussions would reach an impasse. Most of my arguments involved feints of sophistry which the Sacerdote seemed to relish – the way a cat relishes playing with its prey.

My conversations with him had the character of a chess game. We both knew there was an end to the game and that he was always going to win. I was only alive because he knew I had no desire to beat him. I only wanted to match his moves and learn. He enjoyed having such an attentive pupil. I was, in some way, a reflection of his self-worth and would remain so as long as I refused to become a follower, as long as I continued to

pose difficult counter-arguments and alternative perspectives on his truth. But I knew he lived a truth I could not, a murderous truth and the checkmate awaiting me.

The cult were planning a 'mass conversion' timed to coincide with a major soccer tournament. They would infiltrate fans from the opposing sides and promote a violent confrontation culminating in a bloody sacrificial massacre. I had unwittingly invited friends to come and stay during the time of the tournament. The crowds were collecting in the streets waiting for the kick off. I wasn't sure exactly when the congregation would leave the chapel and was desperately trying to think of a way stop my friends attending a match for which they had been waiting for several months and travelled hundreds of miles to see. I wasn't even sure that the massacre was really going to take place.

Ranu arrived the day of the planned massacre. We chatted on a bench outside the Sacerdote's house. My hushed tones intimated my foreboding to her but I didn't dare tell her what was actually going on out of fear for her life and my own. But telling her what I could about what I had learned made me aware of how few people I had spoken too during my stay in the town. I knew who the followers were and, though I had never witnessed a sacrifice, I had seen people arrive in town and disappear shortly afterwards without trace. There were all sorts of elaborate stories about where people had gone, and all such stories originated from the cult. So well trusted was the Sacerdote that even family members of the local victims were reassured by his explanations. The local police department, the chief of which was a high-ranking member of the cult, supported the integrity of the stories.

As I continued talking to Ranu I became more and more conscious of just how much I knew. It was too

much. Not only would I not be able to separate myself from involvement with the cult, and thus take a share in their guilt and punishment (when or if they were exposed to the light of some 'other' authority) but also I would never be allowed to leave the town knowing all that I did.

My knowledge became a curse that by communicating would condemn the hearer to my own immanent fate. I would either have to voluntarily disappear or be disappeared. My knowing guilt I would have to live with in silence and solitude. Perhaps, at the edge of my grave at the centre of the outskirts, I might let the curse circulate, like vengeance.

Orisha Dream, Catemaco, 04/03/98

I left the bed three times last night. The first time was to piss. The second was a repetition of the first but I didn't actually leave. As I stood up I was aware of the sheets glowing blue in the nocturnal light. I knew I was about to begin a phase if lucid dreaming – or dreamt I knew. I awoke, properly this time, curled up in the sheets.

The next time I floated up into the air above the bed, still shrouded in the crisp cotton. I was still in the same room but heading for a different state. I knew from past experience that this was going to be a intensive voyage. You don't start floating around your hotel room in the middle of the night unless something important is about to take place.

I braced myself, relaxed, prepared for the acceleration that I knew, for whatever reason, was about to kick in.

Then I was hanging upside down staring at the Christmas tree baubles, enamoured by their splendour. These were THE Christmas tree baubles, the ones we had as children, the very ones. It was like seeing them again, for the first time, in their vivid, tangible actuality. One in particular – the King/Queen of the baubles – was

bigger than the rest, most of its surface covered in that dry red powder and ringed with brittle bands of white and silver glitter. Small sections were left to reveal the brilliant red chrome underneath.

The baubles turned into simple spherical heads, the heads of stick puppets, and each one the head of an Orisha. Their eyes and mouths were nothing more than flat blank discs. The one directly before me was purple. To the left, at a distance, was the yellow face of Oshun. I wanted to be her's but was informed by some invisible authority that I should first consult the presence behind my left shoulder. There I found a redheaded doll. It was Erzulie Ze Rouge. It was not her but the purple Orisha who was to be my communicant. I was overawed and subjugated myself in erotic compliance. Each urge to further supplication brought the doll closer to human form. This becoming human-in-form was driven by the dual urge of supplication and sexual desire. As I desired her breasts to stroke her shoulders formed in curves of smooth carved wood. I wanted to kiss her feet and the wood curved into legs.

To my left sat a black man who spoke in a mildly camp manner. "Well, if you're not going to do it, I'd better", he said. He pushed aside a small dam of soil and the water flowed down a small trench to the base of a flat wooden carving of three joined figures. The outer two, who flanked the taller central figure, wore tall brimmed hats.

By now I was carrying the Orisha on my shoulders. I could feel the thickness, heat and strength of her thighs as they gripped the back of my neck. I stood up and began to carry her around the room. The other Orishas had taken form too and were being carried around the room by others.

I wanted to kiss the sex of the purple Orisha but doing so would have meant turning my head around. She

asked to be put down. This was not out of hombrage. The divinity wanted my desiring- veneration since it was this that brought her into the human world. But I knew that if she dismounted our communication would be broken.

Suddenly I was dancing frenetically with the others and the Orisha was gone. The dancing was a complex pattern of violent stamping which filled the room with an ineluctable frenzy of moving bodies. Then I was dancing alone, in my empty hotel room, in the middle of the night. Panicked, I ran to the door to try and break out of the dream. I ran up a flight of stairs, though a cafe and back down into my room by another staircase. The room had turned into a store, the kind you find in airports, selling trinkets, souvenirs, confectionary and luxury goods. I was looking for the Orishas again but all I could find were four old tobacco stained cigarette cards depicting lithographs of French sailors from the 18th and 19th centuries. On the counter was the current issue of *La Monde*, on its blue cover a circle of stars representing the European Union. Pablo was at the counter. I was severely distressed. He tried to console me. "John", he said, "I hear you think you're in some alternate reality, that you're not really here. Is everything okay?". He was trying to help. But he was also trying to convince me that THIS reality was THE reality. For an instant I wondered if perhaps I had never been in the room sleeping, that THAT was the dreaming part. But then I thought of Mannie and his plans to explode Peyote-inspired reality bombs and I said to Pablo "Yes, you're right. I did think I was in another reality BECAUSE I WAS IN ANOTHER REALITY!". Now I knew this was a risk. That could have been the real reality, in which case I was about to commit myself to perpetual delirium. I ran out of the store and with a lunge, a lunge that is now becoming common. I lunged

back into present, into my bed, the hotel room, and the nocturnal blue-glow of the cotton sheets.

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We entered the peasant's home. The girl child was close to death. The doctor cured her. It was received as a miracle. The child was mute from then and imagined to be a chosen one. Alters were lit in her room. Soon she was being visited by people in the village, to seek her guidance. She was possessed of miracles. As she grew older her attachment to the doctor grew stronger. He didn't notice until one day to his embarrassment the girl, in front of her family and the doctor's lover, began to rub her crotch over his legs as he sat drinking a cup of tea. The girl's advances were as unprovocative as they were unexpected. It seems she believed her and the doctor were cosmically married and her power was such in the community that they believed it too. The doctor's lover looked over in horror. The doctor had no choice. In the tragic climax of the narrative the director willed the girl not to have survived and no one to have remembered. The audience wept.