

Spread Wide

THE PROCESS

Live and Ill from The Filthy Womb of Blood



Eostur-Monath MMIV



Monday 5th April

IRREVERSIBLE POSSESSION

'Oestrus is an irrational drive: Plato, Laws, 854b:
"My good man, the evil force that now moves you and prompts you to go temple-robbing is neither of human origin nor of divine, but it is some impulse bred of old in men from ancient wrongs unexpiated, which courses round wreaking ruin; and it you must guard against with all your strength"'.
"

I slot the cartridge in to the machine and hear the sound of the tape being chewed. I try another. It's the same for all the tapes. The VCR is dying. Gotta get a new one today and fast. Or the process is fucked before it's even started.

[Opening Scene: shadow puppet murder, screams, a lace table-cloth, bloody knife falls to the floor, a child's shiny black shoes, a Christmas tree, sound of a demented nursery rhyme].

'Cool' jazz in the crypt. Bandleader, Marc Daly, son of Mary, complains the music is too traditional. He reminds the band that the music came out of the bordellos, like the one on Rue de L'Echiquier. Cut to 'Congresso di Parapsychology', the camera pans to RED CURTAINS then passes through. The voice over reminds us that telepathy is not restricted to superior species but also to butterflies, termites and Zebras, Zebras, Zebras.

The moon is reflected in a pool of piss. Water flows through the cave beneath the watchtower where Francis, Kathy and a young red-haired girl attend Lillith. The cave is draped in webs. Kathy wears a black lace veil across her face. According to witchfinders who bang their drums above SHE must be a succubus...a sex demon who lies below...

But how could a daughter of Lillith like K be a supplicant? – she is a transvestite pirate incubus, the jewels they have taken from the patriarchs hang from her nipples.

A grandson
fine as you a
wings a lot of
and pride,
d that's how c
is Christmas

The image of the egg forms a heart then divides.



Signora Helga Ulman, addresses the Congress. “I have to make it clear that my powers have nothing to do with magic. I can sense thoughts the moment they occur. Some I can even sense a long time afterwards. They are so strong they remain attached to rooms like cobwebs and the threads of the spider queens who keep their victim slashed and bound in silk, still alive, to suck their life at leisure. It was believed in ancient times that the Spider

Woman could control the movement of the sun with her web. At one sitting of the accursed Wilton Way Circle that I attended words began to fragment, each of us began speaking the same butchered tongue, a spiralling thread of syllabic gibberish passing through all our mouths at once, drawing the image closer, and closer, the image of The Supplice, coming to fill the space of the black window. The image feeds our minds eye like a spider’s prey. We four became the spider.

8 legs 8 eyes”.

“Psychic reception is not coherent”, Helga Ulman continues, “It does not fit in to any narrative-cognitive sequence. Psychic communication is lateral, incoherent, like K’s writing... ‘Stylistically: simultaneous contrasts, extravagancies, incoherencies, half-formed misshapen thoughts, lousy spelling, what signifies what? What is the secret of this chaos?’ It occurs *through* time like déjà vu. When one is visited by a ghost in filthy rags or a premonition (a ghost from the future) one is no longer IN TIME. It kicked in immediately when I read this text for the second time, no delay...the egg...the cream oval upon which the CUNT which is the world was to bleed...I searched for an image online...scrolled down the page of images and deja-vu kicked in hard... A sinister echo of the coming *grand mal*...immediate reco(i)llection...so I cut back straight into the text...couldn’t wait...shot my head-load all over your hard-boiled egg.

This is what I wrote in Barcelona, the day after I read K’s letters for the first time, Carol showed me the best of her porn collection and Carmela had to be locked in the cellar:

Sometimes blood flows
through the crenulations
in the broken surface
of the white oval
and the dying mud
crawls between her toes
and plants squeeze into land
where the fresh creak meets the sound

Perhaps I have opened the same search page before. That was certainly the feeling. I had been there before...there was the egg...the association...the cellar...the sound of Carmela pissing through the locked door...then I typed in the search...I was sitting here, in this very spot. I was thinking whether or not I should begin writing into *Spread Wide* before I had read the whole thing...how I could not begin as soon as I began...I had

already scanned through the text...had picked up fragments...Troppman was strong...already the back drop of my thoughts was set before 'the racecourse watchtower'...the place where K has been mapped in a cluster hub with *L'Abbe C* and the Shining Twins...I was there already...and then I hit the page...

There was the usual arrangement of images. The first I recognized was an infernal self-portrait of Tapiés from the 1950's. I scanned left, down, right...some maps...an image of some men sitting at a table. I scan down lower and that's when it hit...sudden sinister rush of *déjà vu*...looking for the egg...but instead I saw...

I felt fear as I saw...an aura of being here before...frozen...wanting to hold on...like being in the presence of a ghost...terrified but knowing you may never have the opportunity to commune with this spirit again... you want to hold it and yet not see what you sense in the peripheries of your vision...a white sheet flapping from a window...the presence of the spirit out of time...the revenant...and this revenant was female...the sense of a dark female memory...relational...someone I had known and loved in the past...it was an other person...a definite sense of another person...a lover...the painful memory of past lover. Now I will try to go there again..."

Helga Ulman closes her eyes and grasps the hands of the paranormalists at her sides. "It's gone. The egg's not there. But there was something...I can't explain it. Something strange...Like a knife entering flesh... There!" she recoils violently and thuds her head against the wall, "I feel it again. It's here...I sense death. I feel...a presence. I have entered into contact with a perverse mind. Its thoughts are of death! I heard this twisted thought, cruel and childish at the same time"

Consciousness cuts camera-like a sound instant from here to here to here to here. It's a telecom thing. Consciousness in multiple places at once. Fantomas knows. "I am floating on water, I am propped against a bar. I am everywhere". The cinematographer turns us all into prototelepaths. Can we predict the future? Will our terrible expectations come true, or will it be even worse? (As we observe a disease, so we catch it and give it lodging in ourselves. Is it a surprise then that the imagination should bring fevers and death to those

who allow it free play and encourage it? (Montaigne)). The whodunit-occult-mystery plot is an exercise in artificial cinematic prophecy. We are made to know what is coming next. Suddenly the phone

..... [click] "Hello?"

Door bursts, axe falls, blood spills, and the shine on the shoe is sharp as a blade.

Everything happens as if in reverse. Time is out of joint.

Nothing can be a hard thing to know.

Blackness, blankness, no memory, until she awoke attached to a drip in the hospital bed. The drugs she takes she doesn't know what they do or why they are prescribed. They are prescribed to keep her from going mad. She goes mad all the time.

Ψ



PSYCHIC BROTHEL

Marc meets his drunken friend Carlo by the fountain in the piazza. Carlo was supposed to be playing piano tonight at the Psychic Brothel, a jazz bar in New Hackney. “Look at this fucking place. A cosmetic yuppie dream of urban authenticity: Canal side Industrial Picturesque. I’ve seen it before so many times. You can always tell it’s happening when the cafes fill up with white pregnant middle-class 30 somethings and gay clones singing the praises of *Beyoncé*. I met a guy once in the toilets of a public bathhouse in Slovenia. An Italian guy. He was desperate. I’d just finished sucking him off. He was shaking like a wreck. I asked him what was wrong. He said he was terrified of being killed by a terrorist bomb. That’s why he pretty much lived in the toilet. “All those people”, he said, “packed so tightly together. I don’t want to die like that!” I didn’t know this guy but felt the need to console him for some reason. “Accidents will happen”, I told him. “They’ve got to happen to someone. Terrorist action will happen. Someone has got to be blown up...Most importantly don’t consider every action as a potential death trap the moment before you take it, unless you really do want to drive yourself into a death vortex”. Carlo hurls bottle against the canal wall and stumbles into the road. Marc catches him before he falls.

“Listen Marco, fast-fading pianists like you asslick the Process like you asslick everything that will help your ‘profile’. You’ll exploit anything you can get your hands on. This is a Middle class Kill City project – It’s all rich/poor, the entire planet. Total Ghettofication is everywhere. Each and everyone of us here are at each and every fucking moment a living breathing instance of gentrification/ghettofication and therefore deserve everything we get. That German psychic is no different. What would you rather be Marco, an evolved Health Food-eating Eco-Consciousness with an ISA and a fair-trade mortgage or a Shit-eating Black Savage with a machete and a sack of crack?”

“Carlo, can’t you drop that Thomas Stuart Prophet shit! I’m sick of hearing it. And what good is it doing you or anyone else. Neither time nor space actually expand, they merely alter relations by formal stages. We are those changes and relations, contracting, individuating, etc...but the mind space of the new city is severely difficult to map in any traditional way. There is just moving and there are different ways of moving. Or: there is moving all over at the same time and there is moving linearly. If everything is moving-all-over-the-place-no-time, anything is everything. If this is so, how can I differentiate? How can there be stories? Consciousness just is: no time. But any emotion presupposes differentiation. Differentiation presumes time, at least BEFORE and NOW. A narrative is an emotional moving. It is already producing after-effects before any words have been discussed...No one is sure how to get into it anymore, where anyone is, what is going on, if they’ve got the gist, is it really happening [we are born, WE ARE DEAD, we emerge/emerse the mother] leaving a crypto-psychism of our knowledge which, earth-loop and ghost-like, lives on, adumbrating our fatalities whereby our past constantly re-enters us. Like Hari's resurrection from Solaris- a kind orgasm re-entering, phantasm hysteria porno”.

Carlo thinks Marco is an intellectual snob and total fucking div.

“Look, Marco, I am the proletarian of the piano-forte and you are the bourgeoisie. You play for art and enjoy it and I play for a living. It’s not the same thing. Body-based process writing? I want it like fresh pulsings from the base up. I want it like revolution. I want it like I want my cock sucked. For me the piano is like the body of a beautiful woman. And I tickle her...like a mate of the Black Tarantula...then BAM! her fangs are in my neck and she’s sucking the life out of me”.

Suddenly they hear a scream from the canal path. “Perhaps that’s another one getting murdered. I drink to you! Deflowered virgin!” Carlo shouts.

Marc thinks Carlo is a total fucking nihilist.



Time unfolds determinations, but nothing really happens, exactly as it is possible to calculate all the positions of the pendulum from its initial position without the actual fall of the pendulum adding any new information. The same is true of this rotting text...(rotting being produced granularity) if development is understood as the unfolding of potentialities, a problem, as is well known, that Piaget tackled twice in the growth of molluscs and of child intelligence. (?)



Marc is telling the police officers what he saw when he came into the victims apartment.

There were deranged paintings lining the wall.

One of them seems to be missing.

“Have you changed anything? he asks the police officer.

“Are you crazy?”

“No, I just had an impression. There were some crude figures on a stage. Some crazy writing. It’s probably nothing”.

“What were you doing at the time of the murder?”

“I was in the waiting room of the museum library. A teenage girl with red-hair was sitting next to me. She asked me what I was researching. ”I’m doing some stuff on The Name of the Father and The Mother’s Law,” I tell her. “Oh really”, she says, ”That’s great. So you’re just researching your family then. I didn’t know you could do that sort of thing here”. But there was something else. What was it?

[Whether it...recovering remembrance...where to begin...the choice will determine the development of the story...so it’s the initial choice that becomes imperative...I probably made a mistake already by telling him this...should have gone straight into the gallery...but which picture.... the last one I remember?...the most memorable?...] There was a green picture composed directly onto the wall of the gallery, a collage in a room full of works painted directly on to the wall.... I was going to have to give a talk about something...couldn’t remember what...two lectures to give in two days, three articles to write before next week... someone complimented me on giving a lecture at such a prestigious institution...what lecture? Something about Women in Art and Popular Culture, tomorrow, in the main gallery. So I had to get on with that...but that day I had to give a lecture to my students. I thought maybe I could use that time to develop the lecture...but I was supposed to be talking about something else. What was it? I couldn’t remember. So I’ll talk about the difficulty of remembering things when your spread too wide on the margins of artworld”.

“ Maybe you don’t understand the importance of what you saw. Sometimes what you see and what you imagine get mixed up in your memory like a cocktail”.





(CUNTS JUST WANT TO BE CUNTS)

Marc meets Carlo in the Psychic Brothel after the police interview: “I remember the whole thing differently now. It seemed a more expressive-cathartic thing than William

Burroughs or Brion Gysin, almost like a despairing exercise in the futility of psychotherapy, experimental writing and the avant-garde to have any recuperative or transformative power. It was a writing of irrepressible powerlessness. All the S&M fantasy games suggested post-transgressive libidinal burn-out, you know, the failure of these creative-life modes to effectively counter the nullifying-robotizing power of *The Empire of the Senseless*. At about that time I dreamed I was cycling home through Hyde Park and I had a vision. It was 1994. The Spanner case was in full swing and the Ritual

Satanic Abuse Panic was making prime time news. I saw plumes of smoke in the distance. As I got closer I could see that the city was in flames. Apocalyptic rioting had begun and the city was slowly being raised from the core outwards in a slow wave of total animal night violence. On the outer fringes, before me, a large group of leather clad

S & M’rs were joined in a mass ritual. I asked them what they were doing. “We are preparing to channel the coming wave of human brutality - the dark night without hope – into a benign consensual form of sexual subordination and domination”.

“I don’t think that’s going to work”, I said, and cycled off into the city”.

Being in prison is being a cunt. Having any sex in the world is having to have sex with capitalism. What can Janey and Genet do?

Kathy is very ambivalent about S & M. She enjoys it a lot. She loves to parade her bruises to the middle class scum at the gym. But she also believes S & M is a product of American Capitalism. Descartes, she claims, ruined France. S & M is a product of the split between mind and body. Kathy is confused. She doesn’t know how to be in love.

She wants to take this S & M capitalist robot sickness to end of the night.

‘Once upon a time there was a materialistic society one of the results of this materialism was a ‘sexual revolution’. Since the materialistic society had succeeded in separating sex from every possible feeling, all you girls can now go spread your legs as much as you want ‘ cause it’s sooo easy to fuck it’s sooo easy to be a robot it’s sooo easy not to feel. Sex in America is S & M. This is the glorification of S & M and slavery and prison’ (KA)

K writes from a politics grounded in the sexualized and gendered body, from Artaud’s b/w/o up-down, she seeks a writing-voice- (anti)-form that is pre-political/post-political/anti-oedipal as a challenge to the normative-sexual-political world of capitalist and patriarchal domination. But can there be such a thing as libidinal autonomy? How to outmanoeuvre the spectacular bio-social programming of the sexed body-subject.

By the time of BLOOD AND GUTS the literary text had come to be understood as an analogue of the social structure and the power relations that maintained it. To fuck up the conventional structure of the novel, to transgress writing conventions and to plunder, parody and abuse the cannon were acts of literary rebellion. Writing had to be HARD to read, but not necessarily hard to understand (“I never understood a word of Lacan” - K). BLOOD AND GUTS is an exemplary case of post-structuralist literature. It is writing that knows about the interrelation of literary structure and social structure, of the relationship between elements in language and their relations in society. It knows that POWER and LANGUAGE are inextricably bound, and that this bind is a kind of WAR.

It is a SEX WAR.

‘Mr Fuckface: You see, we own the language. Language must be used clearly and precisely to reveal our universe.

Mr. Blowjob: Those rebels are never clear What they say doesn’t make sense.

Mr Fuckface: It even goes against all the religions to tamper with the sacred languages.

Mr Blowjob: Without language the only people the rebels can kill are themselves.’(KA)

K's confusion about S & M is mirrored in the conflict between a demand for precision in writing and the refusal of sense. K wants to state it is exactly as she can. There is no contradiction. One can be precisely contrary. The precision is in the language, in the statements, not in their logic or reason. Wrestling language from its masters – Daly. Taking the language back. Stealing it and perverting it. Fucking it out of shape. But how do you fuck the master signifier out of shape? Desire is the complex plane of impulse and articulation upon which social and cultural systems are constructed, negotiated, fought.

Each of us must use writing to do exactly what we want

Every mirror is set against the edges of blades

We are sharpening the blades of defiant revolt



Cloned Pet to Fresh X

Marc goes to see Carlo. Carlo's mother answers the door. Once she was an actress, a famous one. But now she's a haggard lush. She shows Marc her photographs. But Marc isn't interested. "Where's Carlo? I need to see him". "I suspect he'll be with his 'friend' she says. "Sit down Relax a little and tell me what you've been doing". The mother strokes her hand across Marc's thigh. Marc shudders. "I hear you witnessed a murder. Is that true?"

"Yes. I mean no. I mean I can't remember exactly". "Tell me about it". "Well, I was in this classroom, high up in a building which looked over the city. It was London but it was some future Blade Runner London, LA-style future-noir, at night. Here and there orange and blue flares were burning. The room was high-tech modern with rows of tables around which a dozen or so students were sitting. I must have got myself roped into one of these museum-education programs. I look out of the window...what am I talking about?...I can't remember. I must have begun to say something...I must have been talking about something. I had a picture in my head...a big drawing-diagram thing, on paper.

Something about machines, functionality [EVERY POSITION OF DESIRE, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, IS CAPABLE OF PUTTING TO QUESTION THE ESTABLISHED ORDER OF A SOCIETY; NOT THAT DESIRE IS ASOCIAL; ON THE CONTRARY. BUT IT IS EXPLOSIVE; THERE IS NO DESIRING-MACHINE CAPABLE OF BEING ASSEMBLED WITHOUT DEMOLISHING ENTIRE SOCIAL SECTIONS'] I was going to say something about the depoliticization of structuralism in the Anglo-Saxon world in the 90's, how its techniques became 'methods for applauding the society and social values of American postindustrialization'. At one point I made a stupid mistake'. 'I' - the fucking lecturer - spoke of an important idea as if it was an obvious-trivial, throwaway thing. I denigrated the idea with the tone my voice. Did the very thing I'm claiming to criticize. The cheap and stupid trick of a prick. But I can't even remember what the idea is. A boy with cropped-bleach blond hair responds as if to

say..."well, if you don't think it's important why should we". He looks like a younger version of the guy who gets his face pulped in *Fight Club*. I know his kind. I get angry...I'm spilling over...Can't remember what I said. I was angry. I wasn't thinking. Told him if he didn't want to be here then he should leave. He shrugged obstinately. Your problem mate. "Get out!" I tell him "NOW! I mean it. LEAVE! In fact ALL OF YOU. GET OUT! NOW!" By the time they're all filing through the door I'm screaming expletives. One of my 'colleagues' comes out of a room to the left. He seems understanding. They sometimes do. But I know I've blown my cover. Couldn't cope anymore. Occupational hazard. I'll have to go. News of my 'crack up' will soon get to the authorities. He shouldn't be allowed to teach here if he's screaming and swearing at the students. If he can't cope he should do the sensible thing: cancel class, show them a movie, call in sick. That's all I can remember. Now please, tell me where I can find Carlo".

"Yes of course, of course. But I have to ask why you're so interested in this murder business. You know the killer must be a maniac".

"Well if you must know I think I'm rather attracted to deviant pervert maniacs. I can't help it. I have a morbid fascination for them. And if they're female, well, I go into rapture. You see I believe it is valid to consider women as possessing a much greater capacity of experiencing their own bodies than men do. This means the existence, in the female sex, of a highly developed corporeal consciousness, with a greater and stronger mind-body interaction. This fact is of great importance for creative, artistic and revolting practices because it predisposes women to an intense projection of psychological conflicts on their sexual organs and correlated areas. From the psycho-sexual point of view, it also accounts for the very accentuated self-erotic and narcissistic feature of female sexuality, resulting on the fact that many women have, to a considerable extent, their own bodies as sexual objects for themselves. This gives rise, in the female sex, to a kind of eroticism endowed with a somewhat "centripetal" nature, of which women themselves are the "center."

"Fascinating! I must say Marc, all this talk of maniacs and bloody murder has got me rather ... well... rather ...ready. Are YOU ready Marc? Are you ready to KNOW?"

She stares into his eyes and clutches his hands inside hers. Close up of her long black nails digging into his skin.

Marc shakes his hands free and jumps up. "Look, I really need to get going. PLEASE!
Now where is Carlo?"

"Of course, of course. I'll tell you. But I have just one last question. Why did YOU
become a pianist?"

Marc stares blankly out of the apartment window.

"My psychoanalyst says it was because subconsciously I was still in Westbourne Park, I hated my father, the art lad thing was getting big, floating over the canal. I'd been reading a lot of Burroughs, practicing meditation, various experimental writing techniques.

Pressing the keys was like smashing my father's teeth in".



HEART BEATEN

Marc is back at his family home with his new lover Gianna Brezzi (press photographer) Carlo, and Carlo's girl-boy friend Massimo. They are leafing through a pile of old porno mags that have been in the house for years. Except some aren't really porno. One is a copy of *Easyrider*. Others are *Playboys*. Carlo asks Marc how to make papier-mâché eggs. He wants to decorate them with porn. Marc suggests they go to the flea market in the morning to buy a load of old porn and then they can all make eggs together.

Marc finds a folder of manga-style porno-comic strips, high contrast black and white ink drawings of spread thighs, sheer black hypergash fucking. They are the original artworks, sticky to the touch. There are more drawings in the folder. Expressive wax crayon and coloured pencil drawings on black sugar paper. Grotesque pink bodies paraded on empty stages with crude captions scrawled underneath:

My disease is forever. I know no comfort.

*I'm too bruised and I'm scared. At this point in *The Scarlet Letter* and in my life politics don't disappear but take place inside my body.*

All of her WANTS to get away, but her body isn't obeying her mind. Like she feels she's caught in quicksand so her body is in quicksand.

Nightmare: her body mirrors/becomes her father's desire. This is the nightmare.

O had to either deny her father's sex and have no father or fuck her father and have a father.

This event led O to believe that a man would love her only if she did something she didn't want to do.

I do everything for sexual love.

WHEN I DIE, I'll die because you'll know THAT YOU CAUSED ME TO DIE and you'll be responsible.

I'm teaching you by killing myself

They appear to be images of recovered sexual trauma memories. Marc realise he is looking at a collection of art therapy documents. They must belong to someone who lives here. He feels bad that he is treating them like porn. Gianna starts to tell them about the San Francisco sex therapy yoga scene.

Marc finds a letter in the folder. The writing is faded. The only name that can be deciphered is the town: Burley-in-Wharfedale. He begins to read the letter.

Dear Helga,

How fast it happens. You have probably not landed yet in Rome and already I am grieving your not being here. I do hope your presentation went well at the conference. I hope you don't mind my writing to you like this but I don't know what else to do. I was walking through London Fields just now feeling very sad, thinking about all the loss, the impossibility of it all and I saw a figure in the distance. Suddenly I wanted it to be you. For an instant my spirit lifted at the thought of your solid, real, presence being that other person. I needed that figure to be filled with you. It's too cliché, I know. But the speed of

it. No sooner have you gone than the value of your presence makes itself so intimately and deeply felt. Everyone now is a stranger.

I am closer now to a universal terror than I think I have ever been. But it is not a crippling, delirious terror. It's too absolute for that. And it relates directly to those things which cannot be said precisely to those we love the most, precisely because precision is the sharpening of the blade which equals their extinction.

I have to write towards the one whose singularity is extinguished by this act. It is like the space of the sacrifice where the singular is extinguished in the name of the general.

The space of the name of the general. Do you remember when we spoke about wounds on the bus Dolenski Toplice, that first summer? I was preoccupied by the image-idea that had preoccupied PKD until the end of his life: 'The Wound can only be healed by the Spear that made it'. The emotional wounds of one are spears for the other and Love draws us to the deepest part of the wound. You wanted me to tell you everything I felt. I knew that to do so would mean piercing you mortally.

A grotesque image worthy of that fiend Bataille came to mind. All our lovers are ultimately skewered on the same stake.

I made a drawing: on the left the spectral form, the empty space of the other, the empty form waiting to be filled by a real being. This is the Named Space of the Lover. It is the form waiting to be filled. On the right is the space of the real, individuated being. To become the lover is to pass from the right to the left. To become proto-ghost. To be staked in advance of death.

Between them is a cleft.

Love Always

K

PS. Do you remember The Projectionist's Theory of Possession?

Right then Marc's mother arrives. Gianna quickly hides the porno mags. His mother can sense they're not acting normally. And Marc can sense she isn't acting normally either. She is drunk. As usual. But there's something different about her drunkenness this time.

And Marc wants to know what it is. The atmosphere is heavy with trepidation.

Marc leaves Gianna in the room with his mother. He wants her to experience this directly, wants her to know what it's like.

A while later Gianna comes into the hall. She is looking shocked. Marc stops her. "Do you know what's going on Gianna?"

"Yes, wow, she's pretty fucking crazy. That's intense".

"No. I know. But not that. It's something else Gianna".

"What do you mean?". Marc puts his hands on her shoulders and holds her gently against the banister.

"I mean she's dead".

"What do you mean?" Gianna looks confused.

"I mean she's dead..." Pause.

He can see the fear starting to take over her. He waits for the penny to drop. But if she's dead...Gianna starts to look around...then where are we now...where...I don't like this...I'm scared...I want to cry...Marc holds her steadily...she starts to stagger...

"It's what I've been trying to tell you. I'm sorry it has to be this way. But how else could you know. We have to help her to know she is dead. I've tried this before. It's always very difficult. And it obviously hasn't worked yet. Will you help me?"

Marc's mother is in the kitchen. It's the same room she was in when she first announced to the family that she had been diagnosed with cancer. "Mum" Marc says, "You need to know something". She is waiting calmly, slightly trance-drunk. "I'm sorry but you have to understand...you're...I'm sorry...but you're...[image of a dark figure falling backwards through an open window] ...you're Dead".

It slowly starts to sink in. She looks so sad, tears fill up her eyes. I move closer to hold her. She stares into the garden.

The garden is in bloom. "I remember you told me when I was a boy that you believed in reincarnation. I never really knew what it meant. But I always thought about carnations.

Do you still believe?"

Ψ

Λ

The Scarletter

Back in the flat Marc is sitting at his piano. Plaster dust falls from the ceiling on to its surface. Marc doesn't notice. We do. And then the sound of the music box, the nursery song. But it's on a cassette tape, close up on the turning reels.

Marc looks around the room for the sound. When it stops he returns to the piano. Sound of squeaking footsteps on the brightly polished wooden floor. Marc keeps playing but holds a statuette of a crow as a ready weapon. Close up of a bead of sweat trickling down his forehead. He keeps playing, luring the killer towards him. Oddly static shot that telegraphs a hard rubbery gore sequence, flaps of skin being cut open by blades, deep red hearts pumping blood over the torso, red splattering everywhere). Suddenly the phone - shiny black lacquer like a polished shoe of ambiguous gender

[click] "hello?"

"Listen Marc, it's K. I have something very important to tell you. I've got cancer. Cancer is the outward condition of the condition of being screwed up. I am such a total mess, that is: a priori askew to the world/the nature of things/therefore: myself, askew to myself, that I will never live without pain. I can't help but do everything wrong. Every incident reveals this. I'm saying I'm screwed up because I want you to tell me you love me. Having cancer is like having a baby. If you're a woman and you can't have a baby 'cause you're starving poor or 'cause no man wants anything to do with you or 'cause you're lonely and miserable and frightened and totally insane, you might as well get cancer. You can feel your lump, and you nurse, knowing it will always get bigger. It eats you, and gradually, you learn, as all good mothers learn, to love yourself. The surgeon who took my breast off has no idea what causes cancer. He looked like president Clinton.

I guess they're in the same racket."

From his window Marc sees the killer in a long leather coat, leave the building.

The horrible vicious circle of desire and sexual attraction has neutered Marco. He can't get President Cancer out of his head. To fuck has become like a cancer engine. What makes one cunt more desirable than another? The image of the cunt-carrier? Is it cunts men love or women? The men in BLOOD AND GUTS love beautiful young women for their cunts. If a girl wants love she has to become an image, she has to become a cunt.

'Nothing can touch (hurt) you when you're moving this fast: a perfect image: closed. This' why you're the best whore in the world. You have to make this image harder. While you're a whore, you can love someone. While you're a whore, it's impossible for anyone to love you.'(K)

"I'm scared Kathy. I don't know how to feel desire anymore. Only fear, fear and hatred." "For every tumour there is a scalpel and a compress" Kathy says. "Memory and Habit are attributes of the time cancer...They are the flying buttresses of the temple raised to commemorate the wisdom of the architect that is also the wisdom of all the sages, from Brahma to Leopardi, the wisdom that consists not in the satisfaction but in the ablation of desire".

Next scene Marc is leaving a store carrying a yellow record - Canzoncine per Bambini – cameratracks-soundtracks, needle in the groove, classical version of nursery tune...camera rotates around needle on the black lacquer. Marc lifts the needle off the vinyl. We are in a room with the paranormalists.

First paranormalist: I believe the murderer is a paranoid schizophrenic. Someone who kills with such fury most certainly kills when overcome by a *raptus*.

Second paranormalist: I remember having read a book a long time ago, a strange book: "Ghosts of Today and Legends of the Modern Age". I think it was about an abandoned house. Every now and then the neighbours heard singing like this song. The book suggested that a murder had been committed in the house".

Marc: Have you got this book?

Second paranormalist: No, but I could find it in the library under folklore and popular traditions.

Cut to cover of said book by Amanda Righetti.

Marc rips the picture of a house out of the book. We are in the house

The deafening sound of fear...then the sound of the music box...

“La bambina...La Villa...La fantasma en la Villa...” Amanda Righetti slowly realises what is about to happen.

Eyes drop to knitting needles crossed through a ball of magenta wool. She grabs one of the needles. The mina bird screeches towards her and impales itself on the spinster’s needle.

Brilliant red blood over jet-black plumage.

(15 minutes to live) spit trickles out of her blood smeared face. Then she is drowned in bath of scalding water. Still not dead. Her face is swollen with burns. She writes her final message in the condensation on the tiles. A cool breeze comes. The letters are disappeared.

Marc finds the house from Amanda Righetti’s book. It used to be owned by a German writer called Carl Schwarz but he’s dead now.

“And how did he die, this Scwartz”, Marc Asks. “An accident. Poor fellow. He fell out of a window, like that Xenie woman”.

The first paranormalist visits the house of Amanda Righetti. The steammists the mirror tile spelling out the letters S I A/P I D/ K A

Olga, the caretaker’s daughter, is slapped across the face by her father. “Your disgusting.

I told you not to play in the cellars any more”. Strong prophetic memorial-sexual suggestion. The demonization of pre-pubescent female sexuality. The sinister absence of the Mother figure. The mystery of the past...the suggestion of the future. The demented patriarch in the empty centre. She whispers to Marc. “I’ll show you later what I did to make my father so angry before”.

Marc Daly is stringing together a meaning thing but the clues have already left the building. How could you find anything other than a rotten corpse at the end of the plot?

The core...remember...the red-haired girl in the library. She knows. Always has. It has to do with the picture, the unreasonable sudden silences. Marc picks away at the plaster. A slash of red. He chips away until the image is in view. A child's drawing of a child holding a bloody knife. A giant with his heart cut open. A Christmas tree. Still shot on the wall painting. A chunk of plaster falls. There is another figure in the picture. "Where did you get this picture! TELL ME". Marc holds the young girl by her shoulders.

"Leave her alone" her father says. "She's a strange child. She made it up. You should see what she does to animals! She likes the macabre."

(‘Kill your father’ scrawled in blood on the toilet wall).

Carlo must be the killer. But he can't be. He was with Marc when Helga was murdered. Marc is back in Helga's apartment. Something about the images. A picture. Maybe the painting had to disappear because it meant something important. Maybe you don't realise how important. Important...important. The painting.

Where WAS I? I'd run out of the class room looking for an information leaflet to find out what I was supposed to be lecturing about the next day. It was impossible. I had another presentation to write between now and then. But I at least need to know what I'm supposed to be talking about. Even if I have to make excuses I at least need to know about what. So I'm rushing around this vast and unfamiliar building. In the foyer of one of the wings I see the boy who triggered my outbursts. He greets me amicably to tell me he's just bought the last catalogue for the show that's on here. It's great, have I seen it? I really should. I thank him and make for the exit. Wrong exit. Some side-street I've never seen. The main exit must be on the other side. So I make my way back in.

In the main gallery there's an exhibition of works made directly on to the walls. Maybe that's what I'm supposed to be talking about. I start to imagine how I would explain/discuss the works to an audience. But if I can't bluff prepared knowledge to a group of regular students how could I do it for the public...

Maybe that's it. Turn the whole thing into a living process...like Nick used to do. Arrive in my pyjamas...pyjamas? I don't wear pyjamas...whatever, arrive still high, stinking like an old tramp, don't sleep, take a load of mushrooms, just become the living thinking creating process. Could I do that, is that what should happen? I scan the work on the walls. I could do something on...gestalt, the unconscious, the monstrous feminine, categorical interstitiality, the blur. There's a green work before me...it has symbol-objects embedded in it. Some lace, a fragment of a renaissance painting, facsimiles of ancient coins. I imagine myself before an audience. "Forget the symbol-objects, they're just motifs, art historical vernacular, conventional signs, not important". I falter. Is that what I think? Isn't that another symptom of a thinker who can no longer remember how image-ideas actually work, who can't remember what he's supposed to be talking about?

A mirror. What an idiot. It was just a mirror. There never was a painting here. What I saw was just a reflection. The image is the murderer's face. It is my mother's face. And she is holding an axe...

Back to the beginning. Young Carlo sees his mother stab his father in the back. Young Carlo stares at the dripping blade of his past. Cut to his mother swiping the axe at Marc through the mirror into the present. She chases Marco into the hall. Her pearl necklace gets caught in the gate of the elevator. Her head is sliced off and drops to the floor with a thud.

Final shot: Marc Daly looking at himself reflected in a pool of his dead mother's blood.

Credits role:

"In the filthy womb of Marco's grandmother his mother's foetus was flooded with testosterone telling her to be male. She was born an intersex baby. Doctors recommended that she had her testicles removed but her mother was a sick deviant pervert and refused. But the problem was her testes produced oestrogen. As a result her vagina didn't form

and her clitoris began to develop into a penis. It is obvious that when somebody concentrates great attention on specific parts or functions of the body, not only does the aptitude to perceive the sensations originating there increase, but also some capacity of subconsciously interfering in these functions can be acquired. If worries and neurotic fixations related to them appear, various disturbances can occur through the psychosomatic pathways, creating a vicious cycle.”

Lap dissolve through the pool of blood to the deck of ramshackle ship sailing outward on a plague-ridden delta.

Burroughs, Kathy and the red-haired girl are sipping mint tea and smoking hashish on the sun-terrace of a makeshift café. They are older now, much older.

“Do you see that strange light on the horizon Kathy?”

“No, what light?”

“There. A strange shimmering circle. It looks like a snake eating its tail.”

“You know what Bill, I think I may be losing my vision”

“Don’t be silly Kathy, of course you’re not. You will never lose your vision. You’re a true artist”

“No, I really do. I think I’m going blind”

“Alright then. Try this. How many fingers am I holding up?”

Pause.

“OH NO! It’s even worse than I thought Bill. Now I’m paralyzed too!”



Desire is for Death.
The Spiderlings are leaving the Eggsack.

For K

Appendix

The Projectionist's Theory of Possession

The latent space of the other is a deep imprint on the psyche of any subject. It's a primal imprint whose surfaces record the traces of the beings that have inhabited it. When we begin to love an other this space is activated. We long for a solid being to fill this unbearably empty space. Another offers. A channel is activated. The memories of all the others come to life. We begin the cycles of repetition that score the theatre of lovers. Some of us are more sensitive to the projected personalities of the memorial lovers than others. These one's cannot resist becoming the projections, they are inhabited by them, act like them, play they're role. "IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT ME TO BE!" they scream dragging the blade across their skin, pissing like a dog on the floor, slapping them hard around the face. (Several of my closest and most loved friends are of this persuasion but those who are lost entirely in their projections are pariahs to me).

How we react to their projection onto our own proper selves will shape the unfolding of the romance. It is the playground of ghosts where possession unfolds in a schizologue of projection, delirium, reaction and counter-projection. There is no telling, in the throws of this madness, who is the projector and who is the screen. There is no more I am this or that than I am not this or that.

At the deepest level are the oldest, most engrained imprints. These are the hardest to overcome. Some of us have memorial lovers whose remains are too powerful to let an other rest in their space. (Is not then, the space of the other, a grave?) . To them this space belongs to them alone. Only the strongest spirits could move them on. Some of us will die before they have been overcoded or erased these spirits (Perhaps this is what the Spiritualists mean by 'passing over'). Like Sylvia Plath, if the ghost will not give her up, then she will have to give up the ghost. Some writing IS a protracted and defiant suicide.