

John Cussans
THE HORROGRAPHER

Dalston Manor,
Thursday, Dec. 26, 2002,
17.05 pm

Dear John,

At last I sit down to write. This time directly. No more procrastination, no more composition, no more re-writes. The New Year deadline is drawing nearer and I am fearful that I might miss this rare and precious opportunity to communicate this warning to you. But the closer I come to the deadline the further I seem to be from completion of the work. Here, once again, this telescoping of lived experience from the hope for a finished work; here, once again, at the brutal core of what I hoped to write. Like it always was. Only more so.

I have been trying to outrun my fate for too long. Exhaustion has finally caught up with me. Did I bring this upon myself? How long ago did I take the wrong path? I am too far from the cause of my fate to speculate on its initial causes, to ask what original misfortune brought me to this place. But that was what I had hoped to achieve by writing *The Horrographer*.

For the last three years I have struggled to extricate myself from the realm of shades into which I had voluntarily descended. Recently I'd begun to reason the daemons and spirits I entertained as phantasmagoric embodiments of some ulterior existential issue, crediting my fate to the account of an unconscious wish; a tragic fantasy vindicating my creative despair. How else was I to explain such a run of terrible luck, so many encoun-

ters, in so short a time, with these grievous harbingers of misfortune. I had made no Faustian bargain, at least none of which I was conscious. I was secure in the belief that my occult record was clean. I was still holding feebly on to that thesis until the attack on Friday.

I wanted to create something good, a work that could reverse the fatal allure of the Real that bewitches me, that could represent the terror at the core of my being without perpetuating it. I yearned for a work of redemption that would close at last this ghastly chapter of my life.

I had learned only recently, and perhaps too late, that to write *from* the terror of death is to write *towards* it. I wanted to have done with the endless representations of mortal violence that had preoccupied my imagination for so long. I know that the ultimate purpose of representational terror is the perpetuation through others of the terror depicted.

I had been looking for the way out of this labyrinth. I thought *The Horrographer* would direct me. *The Horrographer* was to be the text of my infernal shade-plagued double, whose existence would come to an end with your reading of this text.

But no sooner had I begun at last to see through the veils of this cursed delirium, to extricate myself from the weave of spiralling negativity in which my soul was ensnared, than once again the real conditions of existence reared up and hammered their hopeless message home again.

Is this in fact Fate, a self-fulfilling prophecy or the machinations of a daemon? It's gone too far now for me

to know. I have consorted with unclean spirits and explored the vilest of imaginary territories, believing, obscurely, that some good reason for these indulgences would be found there. I fear now that death will take me before a substantial basis for hope is found.

Twice since your invitation to submit something for *Frozen Tears* my efforts have been derailed by what, for the sake of brevity, I can best describe as 'violent incursions of the Real'. It goads me to resort to such language. The self-defeat of a theoretical language of Reality is analogous to the self-defeat of an ethical representation of terror. But together these self-defeating impulses constitute the snares in which my life has become inextricably entwined. By threatening the continuation of my life these violent encounters also threatened the completion of the work. And here is the infernal paradox of which I write. Knowing from violent fact that my fear is grounded in actuality makes the writing doubly artificial. Another turn of the screw, another hackneyed literary cliché, another Dalston crime statistic – GD 4642048/02/BR – for the record.

The first encounter with cursed horrographic coincidence I have chosen to evade. It was too twisted and vile to dwell upon for long. I was lucky to escape that encounter – if escape it I have – physically unscathed. The spiritual wounds are healing and the misanthropic lessons have been learned. But the second is impossible to ignore if the work is to be done.

My immediate concern is the damage that was done to my skull after it was smashed against the wall. I remained conscious but I smelt concussion and bled. I am feverish now but if pneumonia was coming I think it would have already taken over. My vision has not been

the same since the blow and, although there is no general pain in my head, there is an ominous numbness spreading through the skin of my face and neck. My skull still hurts it made direct contact with the wall. When I run my hand from crown to ear memories of an earlier and much more severe beating are here with me again. Twenty years ago, like now, I couldn't bare to go to casualty. I just wanted to forget. I never learned the degree of cranial damage that may have been done. It is too late now. I am resigned to whatever neuronal catastrophe awaits me. I wonder if the mental and emotional derangement I have lived these last seven years is a belated consequence of that earlier beating. Perhaps daemons are hatched from damaged brains to lead us down the winding paths of dementia towards the grave.

This is the first time since Friday that I have felt able to recommence the work. I am still alive and that is good. Physical death is distant enough to afford me this last opportunity to write. But I worry that the blows to my skull may have robbed me of something more than the paltry possessions that were taken in the attack. I fear that whatever essential quality of mind I had vainly imagined might guide the work to completion may have been extinguished for good by the blows.

Creative thought is sensuous thought and the possibility for transformative art depends on the capacity to sensualise communication in the direction of psychosomatic well-being. That is what I had hoped for. But what if the traumatic damage is irreversible? What if the Hope of art can be literally beaten out of the body and brain?

For the sake of completing *The Horrographer* I was tempted to write that the manuscript was stolen with the

rest of my possessions and that is now decomposing slowly at the bottom of Regent's canal. I could then structure this letter around the story a work twice lost. I could begin the sequel, the story about my attempt to find the lost manuscript of a violent confrontation with, etc, etc ... But now there's barely time for the facts, let alone another tissue of lies.

I fear that this fatal commitment to the Real is sealing my fate. It is a futile commitment summoning a futile Fate. It ends with myself hanging on a scaffold of redundant values. There is a powerful enigma in this commitment to the truth of experience, this moralistic insistence on honesty, integrity and veracity, this refusal to let Fantasy carry me away from my beloved and despicable Fact. Reality now is a daemonic glamour that compels us to hack the wings off Ambition and binds our Love to the grave.

I wonder if the imperative to remain as true as possible to the authenticity of one's experience is the same commitment that led me to here. I think back. Again and again, in this endless loop spiralling around the sign of Repetition, Reality and Death. How to get out of the endless cycle without drawing my Self closer and closer to madness and the grave? And now another blow. The spiral turns in ever tighter. I fear my quota of angels has expired. Now there is just this ineluctable, protracted and solitary decomposition of my being towards death. Is there anything I can do to stop it? Could this writing? I will never know. I can do no more than try. This is my last hope. Though *The Horrographer* was never written perhaps its work can still be done.

An unavoidable tone of irony accompanies any warning delivered in a literary mode. The allure of the traumatic realism is at its strongest here. How could I expect you

or your readers heed the warning any more than I? All warnings are also, inevitably, seductions. Nevertheless I will state it once again, speaking as one who can no longer make the distinction:

“Be careful when you play with phantoms that you don’t become one”.

I know that we all must die but I never imagined it to be so close, so soon. So here I am again, in the solitary space of writing, addressing the incommunicable actuality of Love, Terror and Death. Here we are frozen out of durational time; here no Presence can guarantee the authenticity of the experience and events from whence I would write; here the most recent, most actual event has no more veracity than the remotest of memories or the flimsiest of lies.

I therefore leave the gauge of my integrity, and the sincerity of this warning, to your judgment.

Dalston Manor,
Friday, Dec. 27, 2002

The Horrographer was to be set here, now, in East London. The situation is one of general social disintegration; increased polarization of wealth; starker contrasts between haves and have-nots; localised intensifications of motivated and unmotivated violence; a trend towards a US-style gun culture met by 24 hour, armed police patrols; a widespread despondency regarding traditional modes of political organisation and effective social action; and a continuous atmosphere of emotional crisis driven by economic insecurity.

The Horrographer was to be made up of three sections; a letter, the story of *The Horrographer*, and a manuscript called *Kronspor: Whirlwind of Ephemerids*. These sections were imagined as intersecting circles. The ultimate aim of the text was to bring the reader to the cryptic cipher at the axis of the three converging sections. The zones of intersection between each component part were intended to operate as thresholds for transtemporal communication between the reader and the multiple personifications of death that *Kronspor: Whirlwind of Ephemerids* was designed to incubate.

The Horrographer began with a letter addressed to the author. The letter would warn it's addressee that by reading the enclosed story they were putting themselves in mortal danger. The letter would give the reader a simple choice: if they had no faith in the existence of the Soul, before or after death, then there was nothing for them to risk by reading the story. But if they harboured a shadow of doubt they should continue no further. If they chose not to read the story then they should pass it on to someone with nothing to risk.

The Horrographer was to be the story of a deranged *artiste manqué* trying to recollect the lost fragments of several aborted works with a view to creating one final, finished masterwork. It was a recollection both literal and figural. In his quest for the lost work the central protagonist would recount the circumstances of the abandoned projects, each one bringing him closer to the climactic revelation of his murderous destiny. The text was to be punctuated by a sequence of encounters with the immobile and paralysing kernel of inutility that rendered all his thoughts of affirmative creation pointless. The story would gravitate towards the dark core that simultaneously drives the work and renders it unfinishable.

The central protagonist was a character familiar from Existential-Gothic literature, driven by a profound inner anguish towards sociocidal rage by some unspeakable thing at the centre of his being; a thing he could never shake off or outrun; a thing to which he was fatally bound. All his creative energy derived from this infernal core. Any optimistic impulse he had to create a work of lasting value – a work that might afford him the fantasy of being an artist – was mercilessly extinguished there.

He had been duped in his youth by the liberal-progressive myth of avant-garde art, a deception that now festered rancorously inside him. He was led to believe that art's collective social purpose was to dehabituate normative modes of perception and thought; to criticize and challenge the dominant, repressive and unjust exercise of social authority and power; and to create emancipatory, transformative and expressive ways of being in the world. Essentially it was a means of improving the life-world through the conscious exercise of creative imagination and action.

In dutiful compliance with his schooling in Marxist, Freudian and Structuralist theory the horrographer was convinced that in order to create a truly emancipatory art he must first rid himself of the historical, psychological and linguistic determinations that had made him what he was. It was especially important to rid oneself of the insidious myths of Genius, Authorship, Originality, Individualism and Authenticity that were the ideological justifications for bourgeois cultural authority. The first step towards a clean revolutionary slate would be to detach oneself from these reactionary shibboleths. In so doing the horrographer would document the process of his subjective-creative disintegration.

But the further down the path of self-deconstruction the horrographer travelled the further he was from the kind of art he had imagined would be the outcome. If, as his reading of critical theory suggested, modes of self-consciousness were concretely determined by the material conditions of history, how could one become effectively other than what one was historically determined to be? From what critical position could the subject undo its 'self' and retain the capacity for creative expression? Everything pointed in the direction of a transtemporal, disembodied notion of subjective Consciousness that his teachings condemned. He became increasingly entwined in the conceptual snares of Realism, Identity, Consciousness and Death; his thoughts perpetually returned to an imaginary inner space mediated by the ideas of law, limit, transgression, trauma and repetition. When his thoughts turned to the subject of Death he felt his mind locked out of historical time, his inner being bound to a punctuated network of conceptual traumata, which mapped the co-ordinate limits of his self-consciousness. He slipped out of present time. When he tried to make art he was instantly returned to the timeless labyrinth of his anguished interiority.

He began to feel cursed by the fateful circumstances that had produced him, the inescapable memories of terroristic identifications, which made the current social demands to be some 'thing' or some 'one' a suffocating impossibility. Gradually the rage that should have been directed against the institutional mechanisms of social injustice he now directed at himself, against the extrinsic and inhuman determinations that made him what he was and punished him for what he was not. He was torturer and victim, captive and interrogator, witch and inquisitor. Between his terror of death and the

violent inscriptions of institutional Reason that stratified the world in response to it, the horrographer took temporary sanctuary in the memorial space of his auto-creative impossibility. There he wandered like the living ghost of himself.

The more he tried to make art the worse his life became. If art did not make his life better how could it do so for others? Was the failing in him, the myth or the world? He became incurably envious of those around him who made their work without the mortal anguish that plagued him. Feelings of creative inferiority impelled him to despise anyone who assumed a position of social superiority in the name of Art. The uncritical ease with which his friends adopted the identity of artist proved their complicity with an over-arching system of cultural authority and cowardice. Having no means to express itself upon those with real power in this system he vented his rancor on the unwitting perpetrators of cultural tyranny closest to him.

In one scene from the unwritten story, the horrographer chats to an old acquaintance in a cafe. They have just been to see Carolee Schneeman's re-staging of *Meatjoy*. He was appalled by the spectacle. His acquaintance, a gallery artist, explains how she survives the duplicitous contradictions of her artist-identity by 'living fictions'. She imagines the people who enter her life are characters in a life-script that she directs at will. Her life was her artwork. Without the fantasy of 'being an artist' she would fall into hopeless despair and depression. This was precisely the kind of vacuous fantasy the horrographer found impossible to sustain. He detested the vain illusions that shielded others from the terror that crippled him. Instead the horrographer took surreptitious pleasure in destroying the fantasy

supports that enabled others to live out their aesthetic fictions. He aspired to make a work that could not be put to use by the edifices of institutionalised Culture, a work that would remain true to the anguished issues of death, loss and non-identity that wrecked his hope. No artwork could undo death's irreversible work. The cathedrals of Culture – to which the brain-dead devotees of this empty cult gravitated – were monuments to an ancient, faithless despotism. No amount of shit on their altars would change that. It was for the nameless dead of subjugated peoples that he would create a commemorative anti-work, an anti-hierarchical weapon of vengeance. It would be irreducible to any form of economic exchange, would have no physical substance by which it could be possessed or substituted or to which a value could be attached; it would bare no name, have no lasting substance, yet its impact would be undeniable and irreversible. He dreamed of apocalyptic acts of creative-destruction, of triggering monuments to collapse and orgiastic epidemics of social disorder.

He had attempted to undermine the determining structural constraints of his identity, to root out any pact he might secretly have made with posterity. But the horrographer had not taken his auto-eradication to the final limit. He had not been able to let go of the ideals that shaped him, to fully eradicate the roots of Romantic Tragedy and Heroic Destiny. And now, bereft of Hope and abandoned by the last of his former friends, the horrographer belligerently set about regaining a self from the futile fragments of the lost work. The very constraints against which all his efforts had been directed were now his only hope of escaping the fatal trap of anonymous death he had inadvertently set in motion. Without a name upon which to base his

work how could the horrographer find a space to transmit the curse that was to be his masterwork? The imp of cynical duplicity took hold of his soul: the accounts of his subjective disintegration might still contain the seeds of a compliant Ego-art for the future.

The quest to consolidate the recovered identity of his work brought the horrographer into contact with several characters from his past, each of whom, he believed, had in their possession an element of his final work. As each unwitting trustee of the *The Horrographer* denied possession of, or responsibility for, the lost fragments, the horrographer descended further into his maniacal derangement. He became increasingly volatile to accusations about his sanity. His belief in the actuality of the lost fragments must be, finally, fatal. If not to another, then to himself. The work will be finished by an irreversible act.

As his inner crisis intensified the horrographer became obsessed with the technological obstacles preventing him from integrating and consolidating his work. He was particularly hystericised by computer technology and began to see, in the incompatibility of multiplying media formats and machine interfaces, a metaphor for his creative debilitation. In this tangled machinic chaos the horrographer recognised the hypercapitalist reflection of his subjective impossibility. What fragments he did manage to gather were locked in redundant file formats he no longer had the hardware to run. When, finally, he managed to retrieve and open a lost file, it only served to underline the paltry character of his earlier self and delusional nature of his quest.

The closer he comes to completing his work the more he is flashed through by powerful images of himself committing acts of blind, brutal violence. The images

had the quality of future events being unscrambled backwards towards the present. The horrographer sensed his life-script was already written but not by himself. All he had to do was tune into the broadcast and let it lead him to his destiny.

In the absence of lost fragments that would have constituted the Masterwork he begins to formulate a work of malefice, one with the virulent capacity to contaminate those exposed to it with his own inner anguish and terror. He is guided in his infernal machinations by the memory of something George Bataille once wrote; 'The ritual of witchcraft is the ritual of an oppressed people'. He remembers his old friend's strategy of 'living fiction' and is filled with a new sense of purpose and direction. The work will be that murderous destiny he can no longer outrun. His art will be guided by Death. He will project himself into the space of superstitious madness as a mode of artistic revolt. Terror and fear will be his inspiration. He will create in blind flight and panic from the place of everyone's impossibility. His loss of faith in the transformative power of art will afford him the freedom to create an infernal work, a work that will invert the very ideals that had once made art the embodiment of creative Hope.

As the horrographer slips further into delirium he starts to imagine that his life is being guided by a malefic embodiment of Death. This daemon has been visiting him intermittently since, as a child, he first became conscious of mortality. From that first moment Kronspor had been with him. It was there at the beginning and it would be there at the end, to take him through the door that consciousness of death had frozen wide open inside him. A host of previously unconnected memories suddenly fall into place. In each of them he

recognised, in the peripheral margins of perception, Kronspor's terroristic presence.

The legendary familial spirits that had haunted his dead Mother's line would now direct his actions. Gradually the horrographer began to conceive an art of telepathic magic and psychic terror. He had been called by a personified shade of Death to do its bidding. Kronspor tells the horrographer how to extract from the salvaged fragments of his lost work the elements of a telepathic automaton with the virulent capacity to contaminate whoever reads it with the terror that wrecks Hope. He would give himself over to the guidance of this daemon; let it lead him in the way of those dark arts, which proliferate where the Self is undone in the shadow of Death. For a work of art to be truly cursed, to be so villous and abhorrent that no goodness could ever result from it, it must be the product of the left handed path of necromancy. He must summon the bitter spirits of the restless dead.

Gradually, from the chaos of his infernal derangement the plot of *Kronspor: Whirlwind of Ephemerals* begins to develop. If others are to believe in Kronspor, first must he. The work of *The Horrographer* would be to convince the reader of Kronspor's existence. He would put the tools of traumatic realism at the service of Death, create an infernal and demonic version of himself, in whose name the curse could be communicated. *The Horrographer* would be the vehicle by which *Kronspor: Whirlwind of Ephemerals* could be disseminated

He draws a magical circle at the centre of the story, a line, which he will seduce the reader to cross, rather than himself. If he can lead the reader unwittingly to this place in the text he can implant the curse in them. By the time the reader has reached this level of the text it is already too late to return.

This circle represents the impossible core of himself and the work. It is original *idée fixe*, the first and final limit of conscious being, the place where death always is. It is in this near death space of anguished interiority that the horrographer splits the living from the dead self. There the soul hovers between two states. The purpose of this terror is to freeze the soul out of the body into this liminal state. Then and there possession commences.

The ultimate horror is realising at the point of death that there never was any work, that the quest for a meaningful existence was utterly futile, and that the only companionship one has at the point of death is a malign spirit-double. That is Kronspor. He has always been there. And *The Horrographer* was always his work.

The horrographer's terror resides in the centre of the circle. He realises that the work must conclude with suicide, murder or failure. *The Horrographer* can only be closed by his own death or his substitution by an other. In order to become himself he must step out of the circle while seducing the other into entering.

He must deliver the reader to the work of death. He must give them to Kronspor.

“The place I always, already was, you shall now be”.

Dalston Manor,
Sunday, January 5th, 2003

Dear John,

The deadline has passed. Still I have heard no word from you. But I am still alive and my wounds have healed.

This morning I sit down to write the final draft. Once again.

What demand will make me finish the work? What motive can I find?

I awoke from my dreams to the name 'Eunuch'. It was a name for me; the one who cannot complete his work; the childless one; the loveless and motiveless one. How could I complete this work? And for who? I think perhaps I am unable.

As I closed in on the completion of the work my thoughts, typically, gravitated towards a memorial location from my childhood. It's a new angle on a familiar place. That's the recurrent pattern. All a new work ever amounts to is a different perspective on an old territory. And the person t/here now is called Eunuch.

For the record the location is in the grounds of the secondary school I went to as a youth, between the long grass banks, the banks down which older boys would traditionally throw the younger. Close by is one of the oldest recurring memory locations; 'the music room'. Inside 'the music room' *The Romantic Agony* is stored. In the centre is the grave of Swinburne's dead lover, Shelly's monster weeping over his maker's corpse. Nearby is Millais' 'Ophelia' and before the door Bellini's

St. Theresa, 'The Agony and Ecstasy'. Beyond the door, facing inwards, are Burroughs's newspaper prophesies, the 'cut-up, and, fold-in, techniques'. *The Book of Control* hovers nearby, Robert Anton Wilson's *Coincidance*, Terry Castle's *Phantasmagoria*, to the left, along the path a little ... it goes on. Text upon stacked text, associative threads woven into the memorial fabric of my Fixed-Passed.

Each angle on the scene contains it's own web of associations. I could scan the angles for some new combination of elements, recounting the cross-threaded network of names until I die. Perhaps that is all I will ever do. In the end it is all the same. These maps are too familiar and too easy to manouvre. Chain after chain of consolidated association, lines of flight that always return to the same terminus-destination; to this abysmal Eunuch that is their ground. With each work I simply dig myself deeper into the hopeless weave, into the grave that never leaves, the one I carry within myself.

The school playing field, seen from the top of the bank, is similarly riddled with memorial texts. I had presumed my transport here was guided by association with the attack two weeks ago. In my first week of school a group of older boys had thrown me down the bank like a dog. I was incensed. I leaped up and charged the group punching and clawing wildly. They threw me to the ground again, laughing. And again I sprung back, tears streaming down my face, and laid into them once more. I think I would have kept going until they beat me unconscious or I was too exhausted to carry on. But an older boy, an acquaintance from my neighbourhood, stepped in and gently coaxed me away from the confrontation. I can no longer summon such rage. Nor would I want to. The grave comes closer.

Since that childhood encounter this has been the memorial space which underpins stories of unbridled physical rage between unequal adversaries. The scene for the bank has been over-determined by explanations of over-determination; over there, in the middle of the field, Simon's 'cyclonic identity' scattering the foundation of Margot's feminist ethics, Sean breaking another boy's collar-bone in righteous rage; a little further out a youthful football-playing Kerouac borrows money from his Aunt for a road trip, and over the school wall beyond him are 'Cool-Aid', 'Hawaiian Punch' and the temporal structure of Malcolm Lowry's *Under The Volcano*.

But now I locate a parallel line of association connecting my memorial imagination to this place above the playing field. Here ideas are linked to the thought and writing of George Bataille, those contained in *Hegel, Death and Sacrifice* and *Guilty*. From the latter is the paradox of trying to write authentically and without artifice about the anguish in trying to write, in turning anguish into literature; the Guilt experienced while writing a literature of Evil in the time of Holocausts. From *Hegel, Death and Sacrifice* is the issue of the limits of Reason and Consciousness at the point of Death, the ghastly faces that haunted Hegel in the emptiness of the infinite night, like the face that flashes for a fraction of a second in *The Exorcist* and the flashbacks which haunt Colonel Kane in Blatty's, *The 9th Configuration*.

This is the quote from Hegel, which opens Bataille's essay;

"Man is the night, that empty Nothingness, which contains everything in its undivided simplicity: the wealth of an infinite number of representations, of images, not one which comes precisely to mind, or

which [moreover], are not [there] insofar as they are really present. It is the night, the interiority – or – the intimacy of Nature which exists here: [*the*] pure personal-Ego. In phantasmagorical representations it is the night on all sides; here suddenly surges up a blood spattered head; there, another, white, apparition; and they disappear just as abruptly. That is the night that one perceives if one looks a man in the eyes; then one is delving into a night which becomes terrible; it is the night of the world which then presents itself to us”.

For the horrographer, quoting Bataille is the move of a coward. Great souls do not require the authority of the canonized dead to support their creative vision. They state what is for them without fear of judgment. This the horrographer could never do. Impotence feeds his rancour. Great names, he insists, are the intellectual defendants of trust fund libertines and the academic lap-dogs of Papa Culture, who wait longingly to be possessed by their master’s genius and to possess their father’s inheritance. “Ventriloquist’s dolls and grotesque *Männchen!* AWAKE!”

But it is in silence that he screams. He knows too well the double-handed impossibility of such a command. It would only serve to further deepen the trance it is intended to break. The somnambulistic trance of history and civilization can only be deepened now. There is no longer a state into which anyone could awake.

‘Man is Death living a human life’.

As I re-read what I have written I am filled with despair.

What I want to say I cannot. I am sick. I cry all the time. I don’t know how long I can go on.

I know where and when this thing of darkness came to me. It came when I realised that Art was a way to defer the unbearable burden of immediate existence into the future.

I realised this one night as a teenager. My mother was by then far into her alcoholic dementia. It was customary for me to find her drunk and ranting when I came home on a night. I believe the basis of my existential terror originates here, in this fear of returning home to a raving insanity at the centre of a former sanctuary.

I was the special object of this relentless rage. I had been since very young. I believe now that it was her own mortal terror of death and loss that drove her into madness. It was not to me that her rage was due but some other unbearable absence that crippled her. I was the thing which would receive the despairing anger she could vent on no one else.

The spirit of a future art came to me that night while my mother stomped around the bedroom above me ranting and raving. She kept shouting, "He's a BASTARD that one, a little BASTARD!". It went on and on, for hours. I was exhausted, wanted to sleep, but knew I couldn't. I simply had to wait there, in the living room below, until it ended. Rage seethed inside me, flowed through my blood, streaming images of butchery, urging me to go up there, to finish off her rants once and for all, silence that fucking bitch for good. But I couldn't.

It was then that the idea of representing this scene in the future descended upon me like a kind of grace. I was held by the idea. It protected me in place of mother I wanted to kill. The idea of representing this anguish in an art of the future calmed the murderous thoughts that

were ripping me apart. The spirit of a future art temporarily suppressed the murderer that my Mother's madness summoned. One day, in the future, people will know how this feels, I thought. Now I realise how cursed an idea it was. Is not the fantasmatic projection of terror into a future art merely a displacement of that terror onto another? Those flash images of violence that raged through my mind then do so still. My mother has been dead for ten years.

So I will spare you the details. All I really want to say, now, to you, the reader, is that for the horrographer the impossibility of art stems from that moment; the moment when the spirits of death, murder and art come into perfect alignment and freeze you out of time.

I realise now that life has been running out of me since then. I can never leave the place of our encounters. Death seals me there. Death is the dark core behind every terroristic point of memorial attraction and I am no more than a dark weave of negativity, the frozen sum of proliferating perforations through which death flows.

I was waiting for an angel to carry me from this place of holes. Several came. But in my terror I took them for apparitions. They had come to offer Salvation. But the weight death placed upon me was too much for their wings to bear. Death gave me the strength to test their Love to its breaking point. Each one left in turn.

My time in the territories of hopelessness and despair must come to an end. But no lines of communication can keep a person in touch with 'the outside world' when that world has been paranoiically involuted.

I have tried to pull myself back from shades but I fear it

is too late. Violence stalks me. I am being tracked down. No penance can be made. I have welcomed darkness into my soul and now it consumes me.

What would it mean to convince you? Your conviction would be your damnation. And I do not want to damn you or your readers, to implicate you in this terror.

Every path out of the labyrinth leads one further into its inexorable embrace. I must withhold from you the insights which have enabled me to escape its clutches for long enough to write this letter. The bridges I have crossed are too fragile for more than one soul to traverse.

It is because I am unable, ultimately, to secure for others, a means to escape from the infernal regions of terroristic interiority that *The Horrographer* remains unfinished.