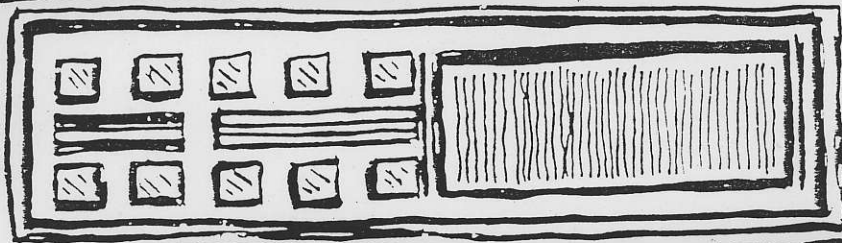
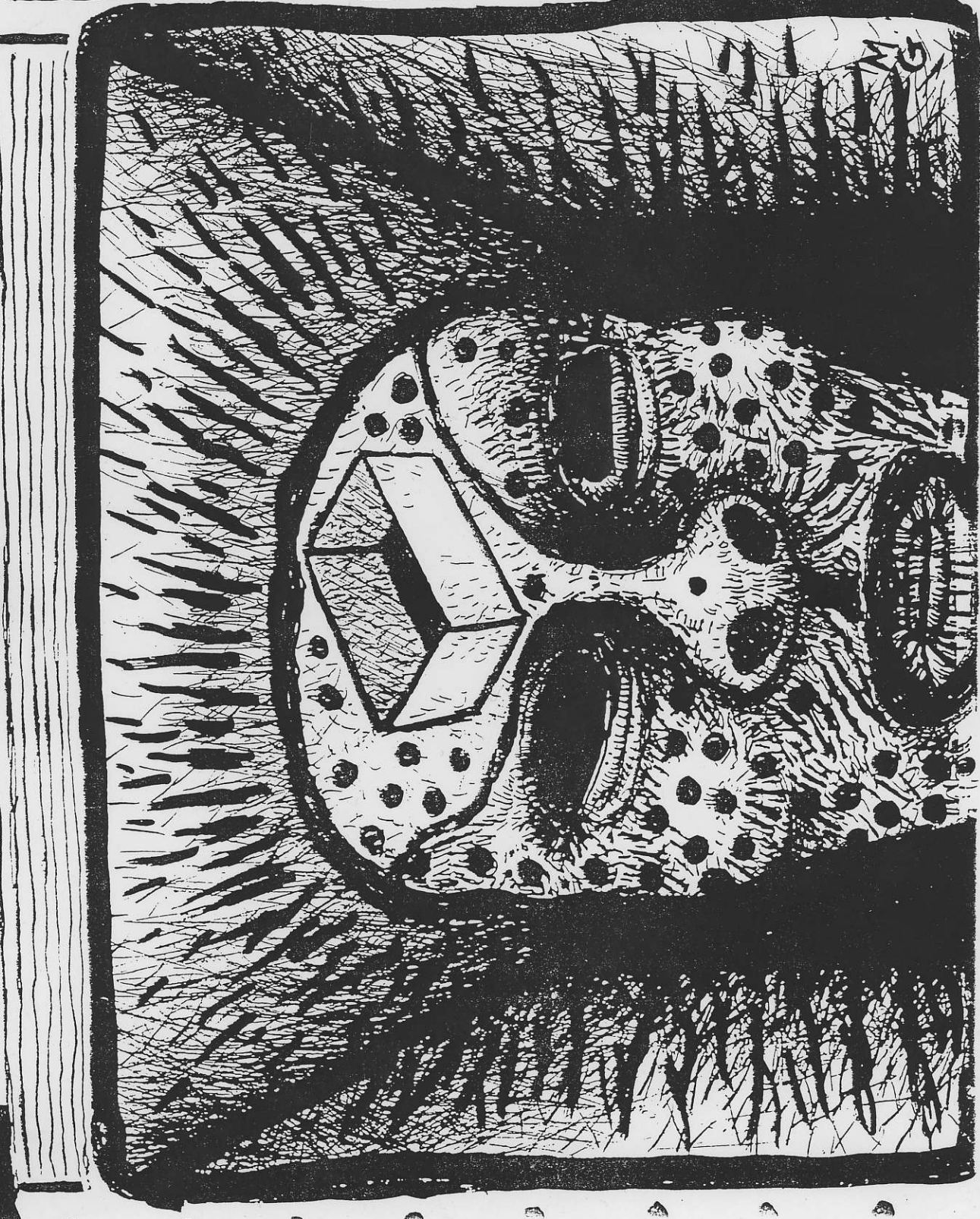
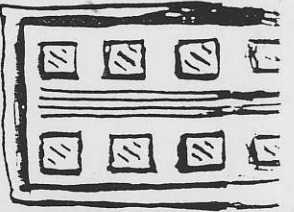


THREE STORIES BY M. GIRA:
M TV AND THE CULT OF THE BODY
THE IDIOT MY BIRTH



1996



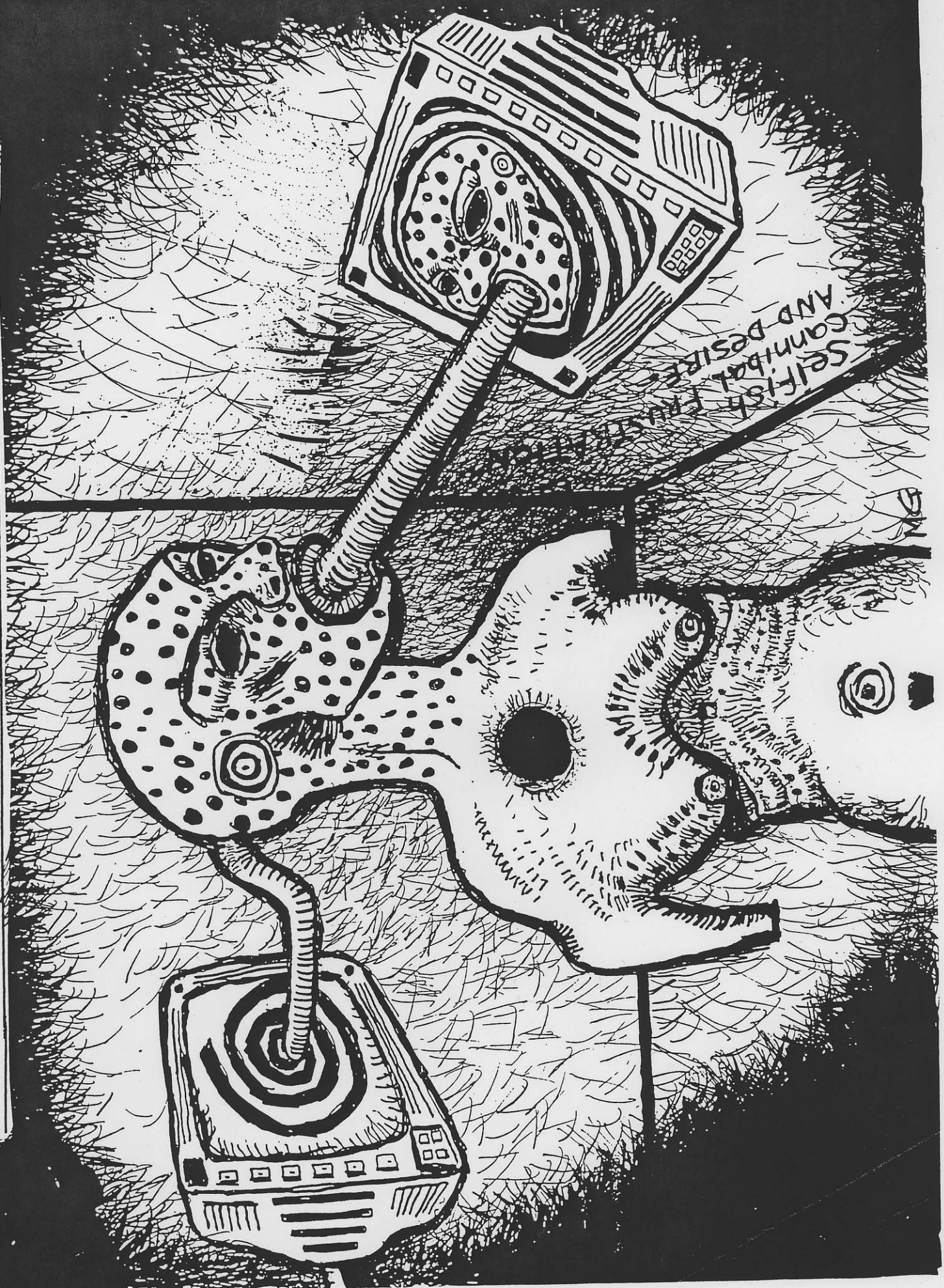
M T V A N D T H E C U L T O F T H E B O D Y

T H E I D I O T

M Y B I R T H

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M T V A N D T H E C U L T O F T H E B O D Y



SELFISH FRAUD
AND DESIRE

ME

MTV AND THE CULT OF THE BODY

SHE FALLS FROM THE SKY AND IS RESURRECTED IN THE WOODS:

Shredded and scattered by the explosion, their bodies hang in limp strips from the trees like deliquescing over-ripe fruit. Skewered on a thorny branch, a child's hand points an accusing finger at the sky, drawing our eyes up to the exact location in the blue where the mayhem was born - an erupting orchid of flames that blasted through the delicate parchment of the air and showered the forest below with a lumbering rain of flesh, melting plastic, and steel.

Cutting our way through the brush, we're the first members of the emergency crew to arrive. Brightly clad in our yellow rubber suits and matching air-filtered hoods, we work our way silently towards the garden of whispering gore, like an advancing troop of carnivorous aliens, drawn in by the scent of burning plastic and roasted organs.

Inside their masks, my fellow workers chant a mournful elegy, as if they could sanctify their own complicity in this meaningless and degrading spectacle with the blunt stupidity of their words: "There aren't any faces, there aren't any faces, they don't have any faces...", they intone dully, weeping like children inside their rubber hoods. Or, are they really just grieving their own selfish loss, the essential secrets they had expected to divine in the oracle of a tortured and disfigured face now denied them, unjustly stolen by the flames?

We fan out in the carnage, stooping and picking our way through the rubbish and meat like a flock of phosphorescent monks, tending our fertile crop of tropical monstrosities, nurturing the vegetal suffering contained in our harvest of dead things.

As we work, the heat becomes unbearable, and we remove our masks. Quickly, we become drunk on the heavy, burgundy mist that floats just above the blood-soaked soil, enriched with the contrasting sour and sweet flavors of

jet fuel and offal. We draw these vapors up from the ground and down into our lungs in long, twisting, furry strands, as rich and intoxicating as opium smoke, exhaling, and then inhaling them again, in a continuous symbiotic exchange between our insides and the piles of corruption through which we wade. In this way, the narcotic poisons that leak out from inside the mulch of viscera infect the interior membranes of our own bodies. The tension and energy stored in our muscles - straining in the heat as we work - is loosened and corroded by this perfume as it spreads through our nervous systems. Our fingers become dull and lifeless, trapped in their clumsy over-sized rubber gloves.

Gradually, even the inner surface of our eyes is stained translucent red. The dew-slicked vivid greens of the grass and foliage now glow crimson instead, bleeding with the over-saturated pigments of a negative color film.

Just up ahead in the clearing, the lingering red smoke is sucked into a sinuating column of light that lifts up in a pillar to the forest ceiling, expands out in the shape of a mushroom, then sifts back down to us through the leaves, like blood filtering into the inert water of a tropical aquarium bowl. An insensible congregation of unmatched arms and legs encircles the clearing, from above, suspended from the branches of the trees, rocking ponderously, as if each dead extremity were struggling separately to remember the mechanics of its movements remembered from its former life.

After mapping out the perimeters of the disaster with a jagging line of pink dayglo twine, we begin our job of meticulously gathering body-parts from the underbrush and trees. As if we were an itinerant tribe of butchers offering up our goods to the local inhabitants of the forest, we lay our produce out in neat rows on shiny black plastic sheets spread out in the sunlight of the clearing. Each sheet is the exclusive domain of limbs, organs, or heads.

MTV(PG 3)

As we search the area, we leave a small red flag where-ever we find a treasure, along with an attached, scrawled note, describing its original placement at the site, and its possible function in the human body. The chunks of matter that are beyond recognition are tossed into bright, blue plastic five gallon buckets that quickly overflow with slime, like pig-slop waiting to be flung... Eventually, the entire area is peppered with these red identification flags, and resembles the artificial tableaux of a miniature golf course - the primary thematic attraction being our colorful display of emergency-crew paraphernalia, and meat.

Finally, as it becomes obvious to me that the others are hypnotized by the monotony of their work, I'm able to wander off beyond the perimeter without being noticed. Inside my mind, I'm tuned to an invisible psychic thread, and it leads me steadily through the clinging and impenetrable fabric of sweating vegetation. I follow this sensation with a joy that glows like an ember in my loins, leading me on to the holy body of my Goddess, who's waiting just for me, resting from her fall. It's inconceivable to me that she would allow her perfectly sculpted, athletic body, to fall among the common heap of the other passengers - even if mutilated by the violence of the explosion. So I'm not surprised when I find her lying peacefully in a bed of thistles and moss, perfectly intact, naked. Her shaved pubis shines like a milky stone. The pink dolphin-lips of her vagina smile, enigmatically, the glistening fold parted just slightly, calling me in to the velvet corridor that leads to the pleasures of heaven and hell. The face I've seen so many times, bathed in the nacreous light of stardom on MTV, looks exactly as it has always appeared in her videos - flawlessly white, seductive, as forgiving and maternal as the Mother of God, and wise, as only the most famous media stars can be, in the secrets of transcendent sexual agony and bliss. Her eyes are fluorescent green, sparkling with yellow chips, like the eyes of a leopard, the ultra-modern, contact-lens gloss, no more or less opaque and inscrutable in death than in her most recent video... I've always known that we'd meet some day, that if I kept her in my mind at all times our lives would finally intersect, so when I saw her name among the list of

passengers, the certainty that our moment had arrived welled up inside of me, a religious joy of faith, confirmed.

Now, she lies here at my feet, calling me. It's no co-incidence that her body is unharmed. She's impervious to decay, to uncertainty, or fear. I cup my hands around my eyes, so it looks like I'm peering out from inside a cave, onto the magical, secret, vernal retreat of my goddess. She holds a lantern in her left hand, slightly raised up from her bed of leaves. Her pink flesh is radiant against the earth tones of the forest floor. A glittering constellation of diamonds, pearls, and ornate gold and silver jewell-studded braceletts and tiaras, is scattered around her where she lays. The lantern pulses with the beating of her heart.

She's looking directly at me, beckoning me, as if I were a slowly-circling video camera. She opens her legs matter-of-factly, her left knee hitched back up towards the lantern, the other leg disappearing down among the detritus of the forest floor. Lovingly, I reach down for her, awkward in my yellow rubber suit, and I lift her up into my arms. Her body generates a superhuman warmth that instantly penetrates my rubber suit, as if the warmth itself were a form of communication. As I carry her off, deeper into the woods, she sings softly into my ear: "I know your secrets... I know your secrets... I know your secrets...", circling the cartilage of my ear, gently with her tongue. I'm infused with her holiness.

We travel through the forest as if floating in a current of warm, red fluid. Her lantern lights the way. Her tongue penetrates deeper into my skull. I feel her tender voice sucking at the delicate, hidden places in my mind. As we walk, I reach down and I feed softly at her breast, drawing a steady flow of honey-milk into my mouth. Eventually, she signals with the lantern to lay her down. I remove my rubber suit, and as we make love, I feel my body fulgurating with light. Multi-colored pictures, projected from inside, flash across the screen of our naked, single skin.

When I'm finished with her, I bury her body beneath a tree, spreading out the leaves and moss, so the area appears undisturbed. I know that I'll find her easily when I return, because I alone can see the dirt just faintly glowing from underneath.

THE MEDIA WANT TO KNOW:

As reinforcements arrive, each crew rotates in three-hour shifts, further endurance having been proved impossible. One stunned emergency-crew-chief likens the site inside the perimeter to "a fucking garden of living gore ". So in our off-hours we haunt the coffee shops of the nearby town - "There aren't any faces, there aren't any faces, they don't have any faces..." , we reply in monotonous tones into our coffee as the locals, and then the Media gather at our shoulders, feeding on the atmosphere of shell-shocked reverie that shimmers around us in a halo.

We are the Exhausted Professionals, prophets returned from the crucible of an unimaginably malevolent wilderness. As we turn and stand facing the video cameras, our eyes glaze over. We're instantly sucked into the wet vortex of the expanding and contracting video lens. Like patients confessing a childhood trauma to an impassive therapist, we heave and we blubber for the camera unashamedly. The video teams hover. Their cameras wheeze as they focus in on our tears, like giant-headed insects drawn toward us by the sugary scent of the dripping nectar that squeezes out from the corners of our eyes. "There aren't any faces, there aren't any faces," we repeat for anyone who will listen. And at first this macabre chorus is enough to slake their thirst, until they receive a copy of the passenger list, and they learn that Angelica was on board. And then, without wanting to seem too especially interested in the star, and her famously perfect body - now presumably a shredded corpse - the questions begin to focus in on just that: Did anybody find a piece of something that could possibly be her? Her hand? Her delicate foot - the one that cruel-looking Spaniard sucked in the video for

MTV(PG 6)

"Pacify My Love"? A few pieces of La Perla lingerie strewn among the wreckage, a strand of her platinum hair, dangling from a weed? But I've cleaned up any evidence of her presence, and I can hear her singing to me now. Our life together is only just beginning.

HER LOVE IS SHARED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD:

I'm lying fully clothed on the bright orange, synthetic bedspread in my budget hotel room, where I have been sent to rest before returning to the scene of the disaster in a few hours. My clothes are heavy with sweat, and even though they were protected inside the supposedly hermetic environment of my yellow rubber suit, the steam that lifts up from them now as they dry in the forced chill of the roaring air-conditioner, is slightly pungent with the aftertaste of slaughter. This smell mixes with the honey-flavored musk of Angelica's sex that rises from my crotch into the cool air of the room.

Looking around me as I rest, it gradually dawns on me that the materials from which my room are constructed are identical to the pre-fabricated synthetics I've just seen twisted and melted and flung in shards around the forest: The orange multi-plastic woven fiber of the bedspread and carpet, the stippled beige plastic chair with shiny steel legs, the chrome desk lamp with its faux-leather shade, the imitation bronze door handles and fixtures, the plexiglass finish of my bedside table, the tensile steel of the adjustable wall-mounted television apparatus.

Watching the images move inside the television screen, I consume beer after beer, drawn from the portable cooler beside my bed. The alcohol sharpens my senses, clearing away the mucous-coating of misery that normally clouds my perceptions. Gradually, I notice that the room is trembling with increasing intensity as I watch the screen, as if the surfaces of the rectangle that encloses me are straining with an impossible tension that will soon

rupture, then regurgitate, in an all-consuming fireball of chemical vengeance. But rather than let it release, I pull this tension back into myself. My body is a magnet that sucks in the violence that surrounds it in the world. The destructive energy that animates everything around me is wound into a tight coil inside my stomach, and feeds me with hidden strength.

A thick-lidded, medicated, television Network News Anchorman, whom I remember from my childhood as a figure of equal stature to a president or an idealized television father, looms in the screen before the backdrop of the airplane wreckage. The grimly silent emergency crew stoops and picks dejectedly through the rubble behind him, like a labor-gang of defeated slaves, pressed into service in the flesh-orchard of their sadistic lord. The artificially cheerful colors of their emergency-crew suits and equipment give the scene an incongruously festive air. The television anchorman has flown in especially from New York City, to report personally on this awesomely destructive disaster, a particularly gruesome example in a recent spate of devastating airplane crashes across the nation. He's dressed in starched, field-khakis, and he conveys urgency by delivering his report in a near-whisper, his voice rasping with barely-controlled emotion. His eyes shine with tears, telegraphing the received light of our shared carnage. A warm, gestating, arousal grows between my legs as I realize that every viewer in America is connected to me, through the animating light inside the screen, a thread of luminous blood that flows from the mangled bodies of the victims into a vast network-web that ultimately feeds into our thirsty veins, nourishing our parched brains with the rich food of mayhem and violence... Drunk with ecstasy, I soon pass out on the bed.

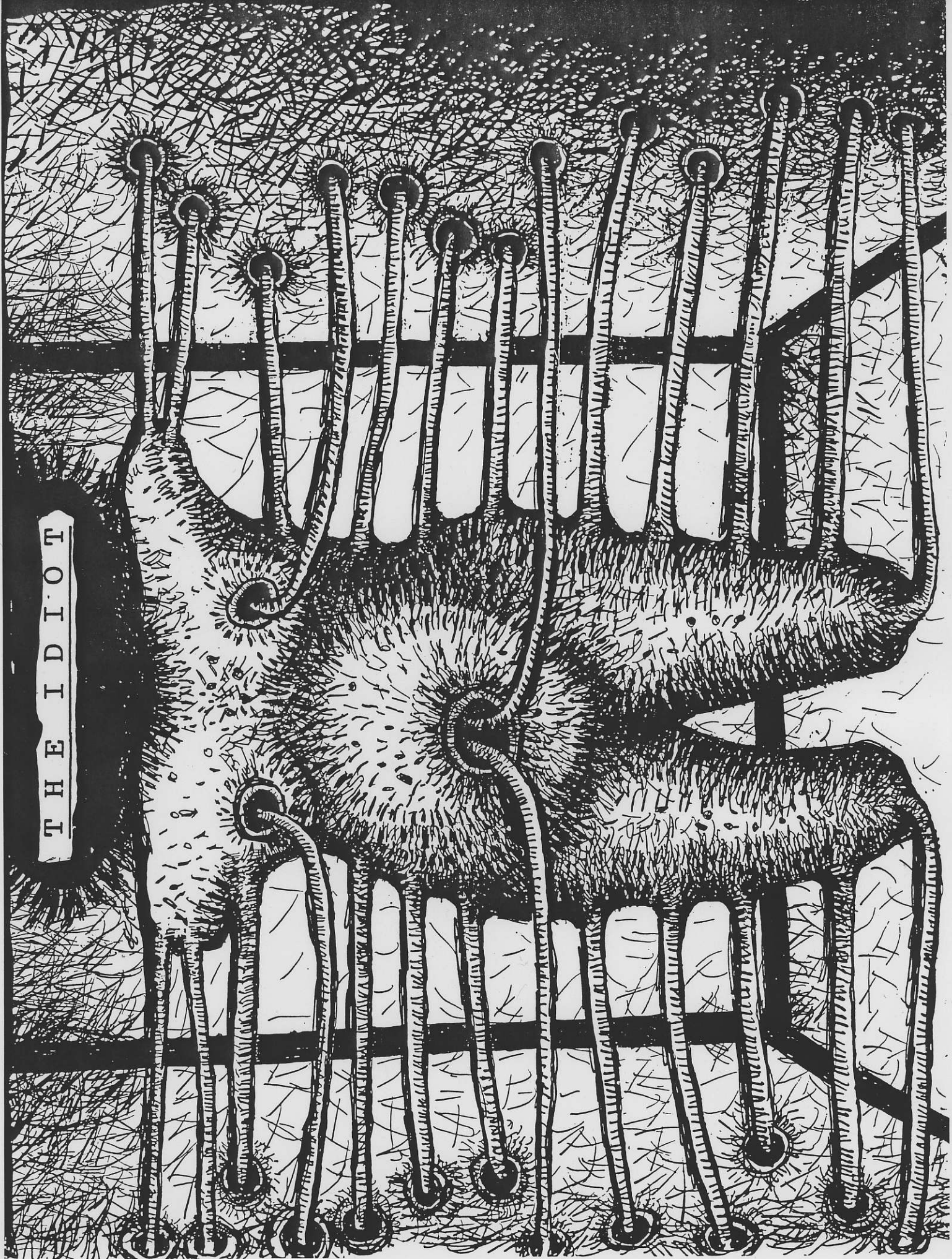
When I wake up, I don't know how much time has passed. If anything, my drunkenness has intensified, and my arousal is unbearable, straining in the darkness between my legs. The television extends out from the wall on its metal, levered arm, and it hovers and sways above my bed, as if the television-set itself is the head of an electric snake, struggling wildly to

free its body from its tether on the wall. The channel is now tuned to MTV. The sound is muted. She looks down at me from the screen, smiling, just for me. Her glossy red lips are parted, fuming with light. Her face is the face of a risen saint. It generates an orb of light like the phosphorescent plasma of a star, a light that includes us all, that bathes each one of us in its eternal, sexual forgiveness. The moist, mirror-red interior of her mouth breathes-out a soothing stream of sighs that gently pulls us into her. The membranes of her lips are the pristine, perfumed, cherry-red lips of a vulvic goddess, ushering us in to the protection of her womb, folding us up in omniscient blue light, forever inside of her.

As she sings and dances for me in the screen, I connect my mind to her image like a leech. I enclose her head inside my toothless leech-mouth and I suck the light from inside her skull, filling my belly up with her warm star-essence. We turn to glittering jelly in each other's arms.

Lost in the heaven of my television world, I hear a crash through the wall, coming from the room next door. Then, a muffled scream. Then, another crash, louder and more violent this time. After a pause of silence, the soundtrack to her video, the one I've been watching in my room, comes up loud in the room next door. Then, the grind of a bed against the wall, rising in volume with the rhythm of the music. More moans now, in apparent agony. Then, glass breaking against the wall. Finally, building with a force that seems to scream up and out from the center of my own stomach, a murderous voice, out of control: "Ahhhhhhhhh, ahhhhhhhhh....," as he stabs himself deeper and deeper into his lover, in-time with the relentless cadence of her song...

THE IDIOT



THE IDIOT

The sound is calling ,an extended,liquid groan that reaches through the darkness and irrigates the desiccated furrows of the Idiot's dream with lust.The Idiot tries to speak in response, but no air comes out.His tongue is a swollen ,purple corpse, growing and replacing the negative space in his mouth with sweet black matter.He feels it moving in-sync with the nuances of the approaching sound,as if his tongue had the power to manipulate rhythm and shape from across the distance.

The Idiot wakes up in a comforting puddle of warm,freshly released urine.He's lying on his bunk, staring straight up at the ceiling.He has no awareness of who he is,where he's been,how his body was moved to where it is now,or even that he's lying on a top bunk in the rear corner of an over-crowded prison barracks .The soft grey meat of his brain presses out against the interior walls of his skull.The hole to his throat is blocked,but his eyes are wide open.The pupils are stretched across their surface so that no white remains - two perfectly round black holes in the thick dead skin of his porcine face.The cool dark air pours into him through these holes .It gesticulates in his stomach and insulates his insides against sensation,then squeezes back out through the pores in his skin,submerging him in black fluid . He floats in cold mush,unfeeling, swaddled in the protection of the sticky black sea, waiting for stimulus.His fingers gather in the hairy material of the grey woolen blanket,and they crush it in his fist.The material is utterly dry,and it yields no blood,or warmth,or trembling...

...His first memory is of strangling something.His beefy hands were two separate,viscous animals, remorselessly crushing the life from their struggling victim (and the struggling felt good in his hands). Then,the feel of a thick,hot,granular liquid extruding between his fingers,as if he were diving rapturously,with groping hands outstretched, into a pool of stiffening blood.Then,the sound of a throat gurgling, like a mating-call,coughed up from the translucent

IDIOT (PG 2)

throat of some sightless monster, spreading its legs in a dripping cave deep beneath the surface of the earth. Then, prising his cock between the clamping, gummous lips: Little Fish-Pig, he thinks, my Little Fish-Pig... and then he's back, sweating in his bed, inhaling black silt... He hears his own breathing in the blackness, slow, forced, mechanical, distant, as if he's floating far above his own body, listening to himself, drifting through folding waves of black curd, sensing for food, sifting the air for light...

A distant, muffled glow seeps in through the spongy rear wall of the Idiot's skull, then slowly infects his mind with increasingly vivid pools of color. The colors blend, then congeal into physically tangible images - images he chokes with one hand while fisting his cock with the other: Some fucker with a gleaming bread knife stabs him in the neck, over and over, gouging away at the tumor that grows in place of his thyroid. The shithead cuts it out and he holds it up to the Idiot's face, taunting him: It's a bloated and dripping over-sized purple grape, the juices and jellied meat bursting through the deflated sack of skin - a thousand fresh kernals of feeling, the mealy inner-workings of the Idiot's mind revealed to the sun. He stands there naked as the blood flows from the gash in his neck and pools at his feet. He charges the guy in a rage. The guy knocks him easily to the ground. It's the cop, clinching the handcuffs on his wrists, then locking him to the door of his car. He can smell the cheap cologne on the cop's neck, mixed in with fresh cop sweat, like raw steak smeared with crushed roses... The Fucker, the Fucker, I'll smash his fucking face into hamburger. Blood on my knife, Motherfucker. Shit on my dick, Motherfucker. Shit on my dick, Motherfucker. Make it sweet man, suck the shit off my dick, Fishpig. Chop you up little girl. Put on your sticky red lipstick, Little Girl. Kiss kiss kiss on the tip of my sweet white dick, little Darling. I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you...

IDIOT(PG 3)

Like dense black clay forcing itself out in spasms through an opening-and-closing wound in the ocean floor, the sound chews and sucks and coagulates back into itself, coming closer now, in richly bubbling waves that roll through the lightless distance across the barracks, and gently lick the semiconscious face of the Idiot with the promise of forced sexual invasion, blood, and sperm. Then, the sound is suddenly at his ear, up close, brushing the leathery flap of skin with its lips, sucking thick saliva through the cracks between its teeth. But now, he's just as certain its coming from across the barracks, maybe somewhere down along the floor, a familiar sound, like the fluid shifting in his congested lungs, or the sound of his blood rustling through the fibrous corridors of his arteries and veins. He opens his mouth, stretching his purple lips around the hard shape of the sound, and as it enters him, it warms his lower intestines, and it scrapes his nerves at the outer edges of his skin with razors: It's the sound of suffering, of helpless, pointless, suffering, and it fills the Idiot with Love.

As his mind lifts up above the naked shell of his body on the bunk, he drifts across the barracks, and sees that all the other bunks are empty. The blankets and sheets are strewn along the walkway between the rows of beds and lead to the far corner like torn, scattered raiments left in the wake of a religious procession. The subdued, blue light of a television, silhouettes the gathered crowd of prisoners. They stand in a circle around the source of the sound. The Idiot floats over towards them silently, then hangs in the air above the scene:

He's on his hands and knees, a bulky, middle aged man, with the stunned, overly shiny eyes of a cow. His stomach-sack sways heavily beneath his torso. He looks like a downed boxer, except that he's naked, and there's one red hole where one eye should be, and the other eye dangles from a tenuous cable of optic nerves. It perches on the ledge of his cheek, dilating and scanning in rhythm with the hyperreal

IDIOT(PG 4)

MTV graphics that flood out from the television screen. Fucking the man from behind is a shirtless, emaciated boy of 20, holding his pants up loosely around his knees. His entire upper body and face are jewelled with a tapestry of hardened acne-scars that change colors against the backdrop of his transparent blue skin, in harmony with each movement of television light. The boy's eyes pop and flutter like a ventriloquist's dummy as he convulsively jerks his crooked penis in and out of the tortured man's shredded anal cavity. Each thrust forces a muffled drumbeat inside the victim's chest that eggs the other prisoners on. As he moans with pain, his mouth filled with the 15th anonymous cock it has received so far tonight, they hiss with maniacal laughter in response, misting the defeated supplicant and his thrusting attackers with a rainbow of glittering spit. An occasional boot kicks in from the surrounding circle, just hard enough to cause a resonant musical tone inside the sodden torso of the victim. The sound meshes seamlessly with the sensuous groove that pumps from the television. Behind the polished glass, swimming in a kaleidoscope of computer-enhanced color, prismatic light, and glistening plastic, stands the ruby-lipped media star, a goddess-impresario, breathily serenading the prisoners, generously feeding their arousal as they work...

The Idiot floats in the darkness above the crowd, just beyond the aura of multicolored light, trying to remember how his mind and body fit together. But the choking sound the man makes - as his mouth is fucked by an inmate with the dense silver and red body hair of an ape and the face of a rat - confuses the Idiot. The sound is like a secret language, spoken just for him, but he can't quite understand it. It blends his memories in with the scene beneath him: The contusion that mirrored the shape of his fist on the pale back of the child, the blood lifting up from beneath and filling the tiny pores with a thousand crimson beads against a sea of tender, bruising skin: There, that same wound is shining now on the heaving back of the suffering man. The sweet, slippery tongue he bit and chewed, he feels now, ripped from his own mouth. The little

IDIOT(PG 5)

delicate finger,as if the brittle bones inside it were made from glass,tasting like peanut butter and garden dirt, lying there like a discarded piece of exotic white fruit on the blackened concrete beneath him...His little eyes were so dry and faded blue,as if the Idiot could leech the bitter colors free from the iris and into his mouth as he sucked them.The forced asthmatic breath .The air that passed through the trachea mixed with sperm and spit, now strangling in the chest of the fallen man.The pathetic tic of the heart,how that felt,cupped in his hands as he kissed it.He feels it faintly now,meshing with the rhythm of the music in the screen...a world of beauty and magic and television and wonder,spinning in the mind of the Idiot,as he watches his body below him, as they finally tire with raping him,and they begin to cut away his own fingers.He feels each broken digit separate from his hand without pain,like soggy pieces of some mealy vegetable that have nothing to do with his body.And the sound is now raging in his head,an ocean of steaming blood rushing over the outer rim of an immense crater ,boiling and seething with lava...

And as the sound now overwhelms him,the Idiot is brought fully back into his mutilated body.He feels the severed fingers pressed one after another into the loose wound of his rectum.His one eye sees the darkness that surrounds the circle of light and violence,closing in,constricting like a membrane,ready to swallow the arena of his murder into itself,erasing everyone from sight.He feels his cock and balls roughly sawed,then pulled free from his body,as if his genitals were a living parasite excised from its host.Then he feels this same creature stuffed into his mouth.Feels the clump of slime and meat block his throat.Then he feels himself inhaling,suffocating.Feels the knives and razors and shards of glass cutting and probing the layers of fat and sinew.Sees with his frantic eye the beautiful woman in the screen.Sees her watching from inside the shifting glow with her shiny red lips slightly parted, furiously instructing and goading the killers on,like an enraged demon-mother.There's murder in her voice now,as the prisoners

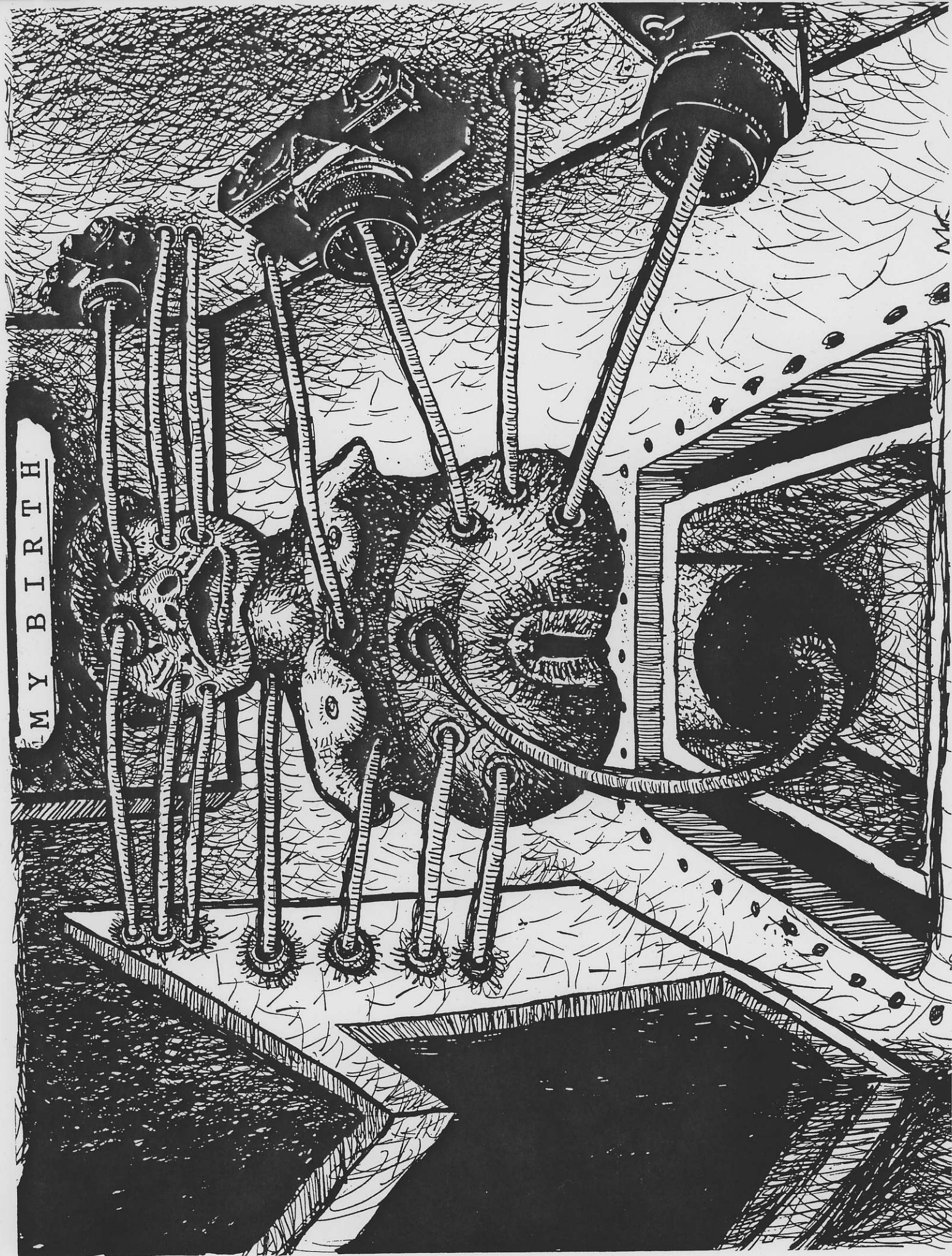
IDIOT(PG 6)

descend, deliriously rooting and snarling through his flesh, as if somewhere in its recesses the succulent, glowing figure of the media star lay hidden... The Idiot's body squirms with ecstasy as they hack...

So now the Idiot remembers the source of the sound that first woke him in his bunk: It's the sound of his own exhaling voice, set free in a sudden rush of air, as his lungs are ripped open - an orgasmic eruption of sulphurous love that merges sonorously with the soothing, processed layers of her television voice, joining each prisoner together in a shared spirit of selfless release, in the enfolding womb of music and light....

(MAY 1996)

M Y B I R T H



MY BIRTH

I was born with the taste of my mother's blood in my mouth. The poison her body manufactured during her pregnancy naturally saturated my tiny being. I shared in her feelings. As her body mutated into the outward expression of her worst fears, hatreds, and most pathological needs - needs that inevitably layered the chiseled contours of her flawless media-star physique with slabs of fat and grease - so my own body, a parasitic tumor wrapped like a closing fist around her soul, grew in direct relation to the advancing malignancy of her disease, safe and feeding in the gentle folds of my mother's rotting core.

Enclosed in the soft bone of my skull, my brain was an expanding incandescent orb that filtered a dim amber light out from behind my eyelids and showed my clutching paws before me, suspended in thick amniotic liquid. I explored the darkness of my crimson world, caressing the sensitive, fibrous walls of my mother's womb with my whiskers and hairless tail. Beneath the water, I heard the lush, multi-layered tones of her voice, serenading me and drugging me, infecting my blood with her identity. My heartbeat mimicked the beat of her song, echoing against the protective walls of her womb. My body fit perfectly inside the body of my mother, my flesh the organic, surrogate expression of the cancer hiding in the meaning of her song.

As I fought my way free from the blackness inside her, I opened up a gushing sea of red with my razor teeth and claws. The sweet taste of oxygen mixed in my mouth with sticky pink jellies that tasted like cigarettes and cognac and cocaine and the salty sperm of the dark-eyed and muscular young men my mother continued to feed upon up to the day of my birth, nourishing her metastasizing greed, self-hatred, and me.

When the latexed hands of the midwives reached in for my head to pull me free I snapped at them and managed to slice through the rubber and into the meat of a thumb. They released me, and as I tried to scratch my way

(PG 2)

backwards into her hole, I screamed my first scream, a shrill siren of pure animal hatred and defiance. Then the forceps were cold and brutal as they clamped my skull and I was pulled out into the searing blue/white light of the film set. High intensity spotlights, chromium reflecting sheets, and both video and film cameras encircled us. My mother lay splayed theatrically on the white slab. Her eyes rolled aimlessly in her head, glazed with the religious ecstasy of her martyrdom. The marbled reds and purples that pumped from between her legs were a radiant offering in which the midwives anointed themselves up to their elbows. They smeared their crisp white frocks with her sacred insides like Dionysian priestesses revelling in an orgy of slaughter. I heard my mother howling beautifully, transported by the transcendent pleasure of release and the thrill of performing for the cameras. The surrounding crowd of managers, fashionable hangers-on, video professionals, and a cluster of oiled and shirtless young men looked on in silent rapture. Rising up from my mother's exposed insides was a luxurious opaque, purple vapor that filled the room with the chocolate-flavored musk of feces, decorated with an aftertaste of lavender and jasmine.

Everywhere around us video monitors showed close-ups of the wirey, glistening grey hair and the wrinkled pink skin of my face, caught in the polished steel forceps. I raked the air with my jagged yellow teeth as I squirmed. Then I was passed from midwife to midwife, held up for everyone to see. Their long painted nails combed through the hair on my stomach, subduing me with affection. A few cameras panned back and up for long shots from above, showing the forshortened midwives, standing knee-deep in a thick cushion of dry ice vapors lit from underneath, holding me up ceremoniously over the belly of my writhing mother. The tableaux of the film set rose up from the clouds in an updated version of a B movie scene depicting the gods of Olympus. The set was layed out in the shape of a spiral. All cameras and equipment and extras as well as the central performers conformed to this swirling design. At the

(PG 3)

center of the spiral was my mother, a locus of fiery blood and rended flesh radiating its warmth outward into the cold blues of the video scene.

The midwives placed me on my mother's belly. I chewed and sucked at her breast. Her milk was black, with the bitter taste, density, and grit of industrial oil. My tail snapped and switched with pleasure, tracing a stylish, improvised calligraphy along her lower abdomen and inner thighs. Super high-contrast, idealized live images of my mother's beautiful face glowed on alternating monitors around the room. One close up showed her tongue, an elegant pink worm working in rhythm with the amplified slow groove of her song, cradled in the luscious glossy red wound of her lips. Its movements matched the pre-recorded syllables of her voice exactly. The song was for me, an homage to my birth she would share with her fans throughout the world.

As my mother's music cloaked the scene with a voluptuous gauze of synthetic melancholy, the lighting beneath the layer of fog shifted to shades of dark red ochre, as if the set now floated on a suspended bed of vaporized blood. The midwives, video technicians and hangers-on staged a choreographed withdrawal to the outer edges of the set, silhouetted in the darkness like patient zombies waiting their turn at the meal my hemorrhaging mother presented on the white slab. As they watched, I continued to fill myself with her milk, first emptying one breast, then feasting on the other, piercing the supple flesh of her stomach with my claws, rhythmically kneading the muscles of her belly as it rose and fell, rocking with the erotic pleasure of my feeding.

A column of glittering sepia light rose up magically towards heaven from the slab. A camera looked down from high above us as I nursed, slowly revolving as it descended. My mother held me in her arms and pressed my snout deeper into her breast. She lifted her face up and licked the

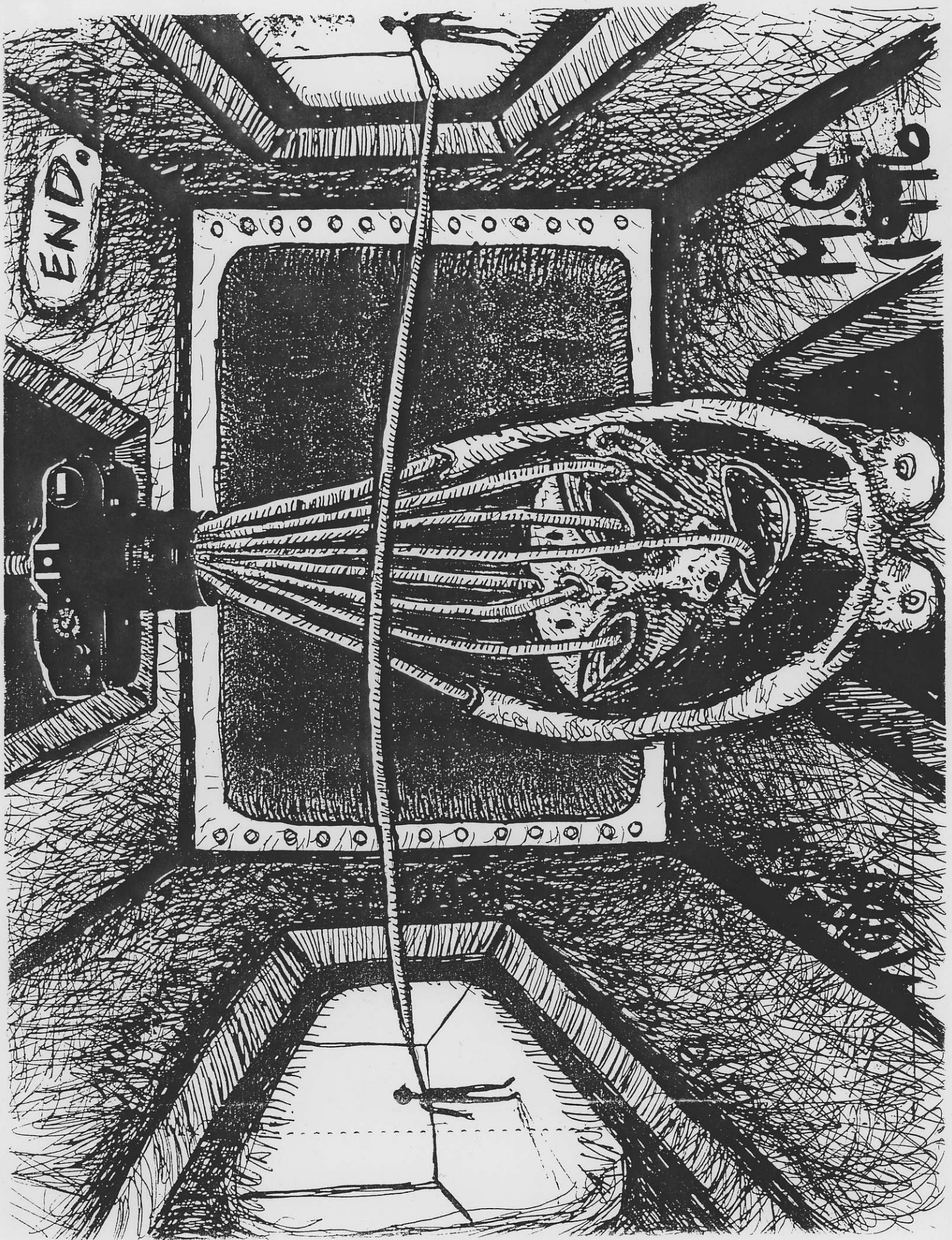
(PG 4)

grease from my hair,singing to me,singing to the world through me : "I love my baby,my darling's in lo-ove with me,I love my baby,this body's for you and for me..."

As I fed,I felt my body growing larger,swelling up with the power of her electric,superhuman media-star essence.My razor teeth dug through the pliant bones of her chest,seeking out the source of her strength.I could smell her orgasm,spreading like iodine through her blood in wave after wave of maternal surrender.Now my claws were frantic,tearing through ribbons of buttery flesh.As I ate,my body expanded to the size of a large dog.My hair grew longer,black and oily,spilling over the altar and mixing with the fog.The spectators watched,swooning,whispering encouragement.I straddled her,digging deeper.My mouth found her heart. I pulled it free from the cavity in her chest,careful not to tear the blood vessels or arteries or to burst its delicate outer skin,feeling it pulse on my tongue.As she watched,sexually licking the blood from her own lips,I devoured her precious organ,watching the light leak slowly from her eyes.I can still taste my mother's heart now,voluptuous and ripe,exploding with the sweet flavor of her endless generosity.

While consuming her body,I sang a song to the world.I could feel the inhuman richness of my mother's voice rushing like a glorious light from my throat,mesmerizing the cameras and spectators.My lips matched the words to her song perfectly.I watched myself from the corner of my eye,singing and feeding in the television monitor,the perfect visual accompaniment to the music.Each mouthful of my mother's flesh fueled me with the unfillable appetite of a transcendent,selfless,media god.

SEPTEMBER 1996



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