

Moreau's Doctored Bodies

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A note on the (de)composition of this book

I have long admired art that hybridises, splicing disparate elements into strange new wholes, from the collaging of Russian folk melodies and bitonality in Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps*, to the brutally incongruous juxtapositions in Dada poetry. As a hybrid form, resistant to definition, visual poetry embodies this vitality, and it has the potential to generate startling pieces that may appear ugly at first (lulled as we are by the conventions of balance, harmony and good taste), but which, with curiosity and patience, we may see as manifestations of what André Breton described as "convulsive beauty."

Moreau's Doctored Bodies is an experiment in rampant hybridity. It comprises a series of mixed-media visual poems, each of which results from physical and digital processes, collaging a wide range of elements, for example paintings in gouache and acrylic, and text in various fonts and styles. Cut-up is a significant generative mode that plays out throughout the sequence, often overtly, in the form of photographs of tiny pieces of paper containing words and phrases, arranged sometimes chaotically and sometimes poetically, forming surreal sentences, hopeful literary monsters.

The source materials for the cut-up elements derive from plays, films and a novella, all of which express fascination with the beautiful monstrosity of hybrid organisms, for example *The Thing*, *The Fly* and *Alien*. Most significant among these materials are Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and HG Wells' *The Island of Dr Moreau*. In Shakespeare's play we meet ambiguous creatures such as Ariel and Caliban that seem to combine features of humans and other animals, but which remain open to interpretation; looking at the play's performance history, no two Calibans are ever the same. The

magician-protagonist Prospero is a poet and a tyrant, shaping words and bodies to enforce his will, and in this regard he is similar to the figure of Dr Moreau in Wells' novella. Moreau's experiments in anthropomorphising mammals entail acts of appalling violence on their bodies; like Prospero, he is both artist and destructive patriarch. In my book, his voice is counterbalanced by that of Mother, an expression of organic/orgasmic creativity, inspiring (but ultimately standing in opposition to) Moreau's science and synthesis.

Playing on the classic structure found in plays and films, I have organised the book into five acts, each of which is further subdivided into four unnumbered scenes of equal length. The project is essentially non-linear, a play of motifs that come and go in different combinations, but it does contain shadowy narratives, which can be traced through scene-setting pieces and the 'His Mother's Voice' poems. Furthermore, Act One adumbrates themes and images in embryonic form, while Act Five lays waste to them, in chaos and entropy. Broadly, we begin with frozen stasis, after which Mother sets things in motion. Moreau experiments in the lab, his creations growing and mutating with feverish intensity. Finally, composition turns to decomposition, and Mother kills Moreau. This sequence is provisional, however, comprising only half of the visual poems I made for the project, and being just one of numerous sequences that could arise from the materials.

Moreau's Doctored Bodies

The flashlight illuminates parts of some "thing." A Dog. But not quite. Impossible to tell.

- Bill Lancaster, *The Thing* (screenplay)

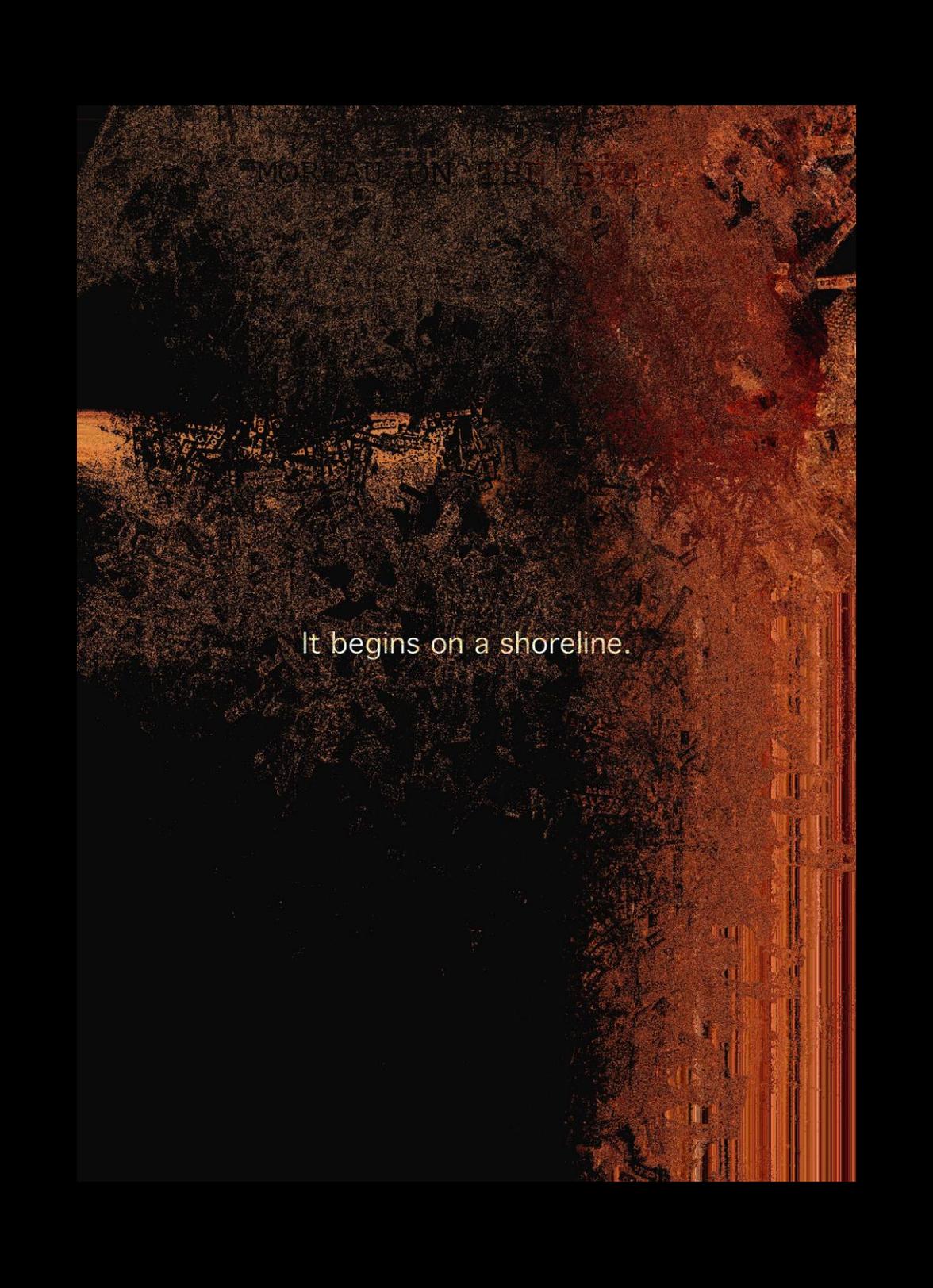
And on important occasions human life is still bestially concentrated in the mouth: fury makes men grind their teeth, terror and atrocious suffering transform the mouth into the organ of rending screams.

- Georges Bataille, *Critical Dictionary*

You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is I know how to curse.

- William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

ACT ONE

An aerial photograph of a coastline. The left side of the image is dominated by a dark, dense, and highly textured area, possibly a forest or a large-scale construction site. The right side shows a bright, orange-red area, likely a beach or a coastal area with a specific geological or environmental feature. The text "It begins on a shoreline." is centered in the lower half of the image.

It begins on a shoreline.

WINTER

before hot breath: a sheet of ice

scene

white desert

from above

frozen sea: a screen

zooming in on something inside

Something is inside the ice. ~~the~~ DARK SHAPE

Curled up

blurry form

a black mark, curled

comma

unravelling might make an i

CREATION

The present footage is a shot of a

genetic wasteland

A maze of life

Data

Stretches

cold

Creature generators form

the reflection of Moreau

A BLIND AND FERAL WHITENESS

an autopsy

Fading to the scene depicting the end but marking the beginning of their investigation...
they probe the animal or animals (impossible at this juncture to say) with multiple wombs:
what appears to be the corpse of a human, its head situated near its abdomen,
the room about it striated with the acidic marks remarked upon elsewhere,
probably caused by yellow-flowering convulsions of the tentacular appendages emanating
from its face and hands.

We found this. monsters originated perhaps as

Foundering amid the waste and voices and dubious evidence,

we founded through inversion a notion of humanity that we felt we could sell alright,

we could make speak,

we could make all the more terrible for the blood that trickled from his forehead.

[many-wombed animal(s)]
monstrous progeny of man

Then we went into the laboratory and put an end to all we found living there.

eyes notate a wildness.

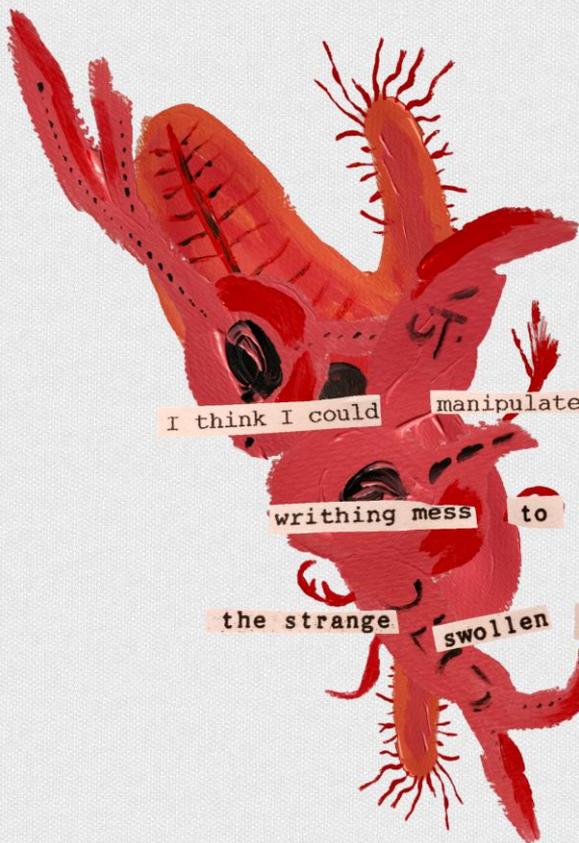
be human

soundlessly — their lips pulled
near, eyes amused, mocking, and

Cut to an empty beach: white sand, white sea, white sky.

SPLICING PROGRAM

I don't need the mirror



I think I could

manipulate.

a

writhing mess

to

imitate

the strange

swollen

body

Fuck science.

INSECT VOICE

er,
ars

appear the wi

Exterior: word wastes.

atches her
H. (sh) and grey

MOTHER'S VOICE

Mother says

anatomical transmission

floodlights

the opening scene

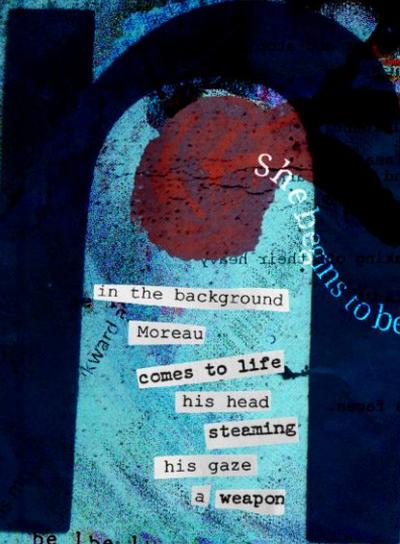
A biform leaves its severed
appendage under
a

beyond the foreground

crucified horses

like

Deep cold Da Vinci



She seems to become something more than just
me: a lot darker
around the room
whim

in the background

Moreau

comes to life

his head

steaming

his gaze

a weapon

aggressive reverie

EYES

Touchez encore, si ça vous fait plaisir



HIS MOTHER'S VOICE: BROOD

Coiled in the earth

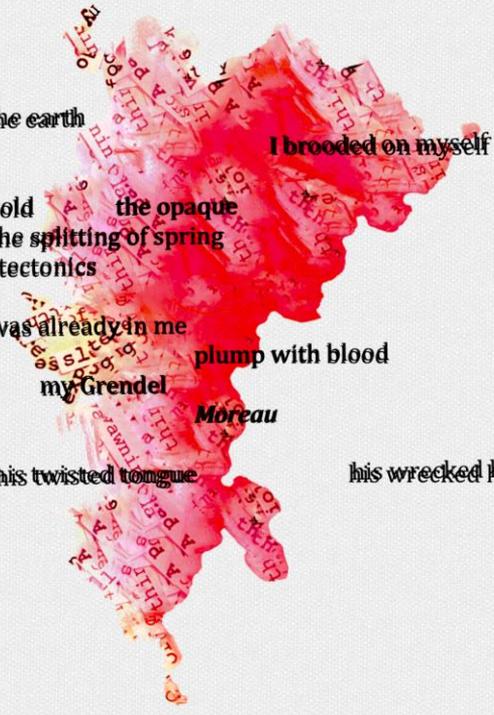
I brooded on myself

I was the cold the opaque
Awaiting the splitting of spring
Patient as tectonics

The seed was already in me
plump with blood

My son my Grendel
Moreau

I foresaw his twisted tongue his wrecked head



WHITE

the body drags itself across the page

the body drags

the body is a drag

the drag embodied

leading a tail

leaving a trail

leaving a trail of blood and viscera

leaving entrails

leaving entails an effort at absence

covering your tracks with snow

approaching the horizon

the edge of the world

the end of the word

the edge of the page

approaching death

the body near death

the body nearly dead but its parts alive

nearly dead

newly wed

trailing its train across the snow

blank against the white

veiled, pale

failing

wedded to the waste

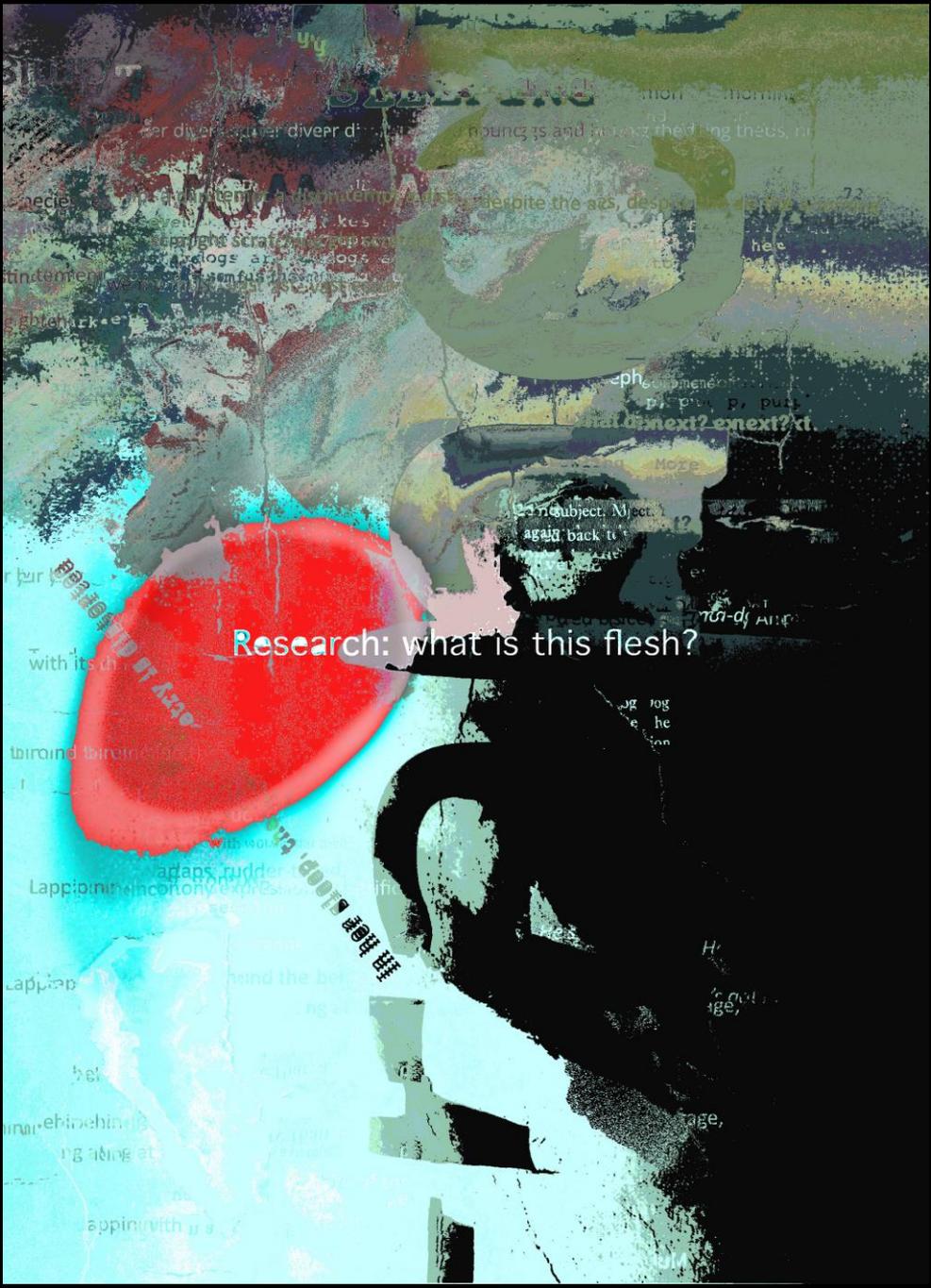


SCRUTINY

under Moreau's scrutiny
the human cracks at the edges

this is a dry space, a waste land
surfaces thirst, the air shrinks to a point
a tray of implements threatens cold music

a gradual decomposition, a disentangling
the body's archaic grammar becoming visible
mouth open as if in song, the head stares through Moreau
through this constructed world
into the sun



Research: what is this flesh?

PROJECT

It's nearly time to map the Creature

transcribe the corpse



Moreau stands at the microscope station

focused on a translucent jade-green life essence

DISPLAY AND INQUIRY

The organism is a language whose words inscribe themselves elsewhere, beyond death and borders.

Ta tête détachée de ta gorge coupée
C'est le commencement de l'éternité.

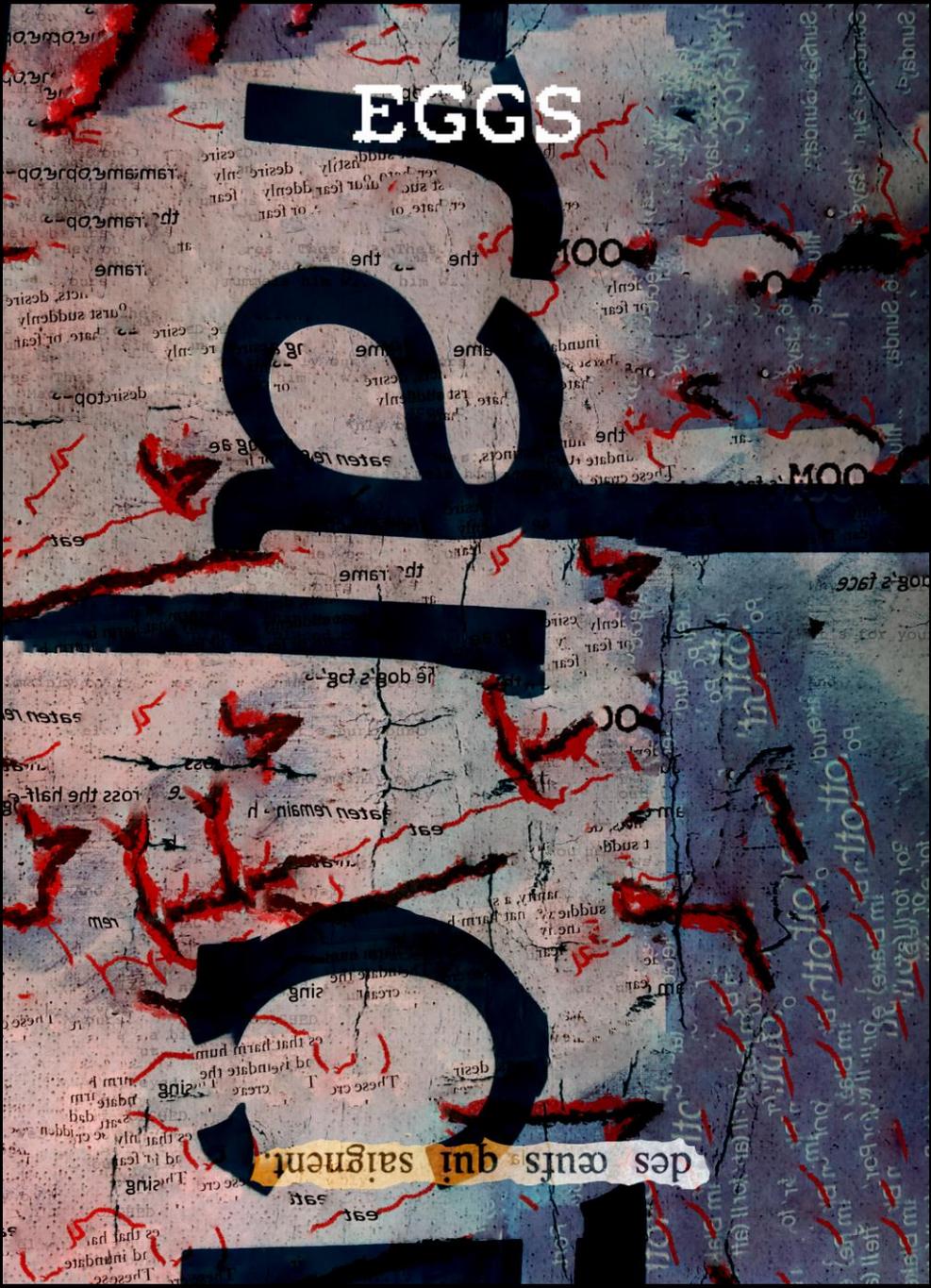
Put your ear to its surface. Weigh its grammar with your tongue.

EGGS

MOO

MOO

des coeurs qui saignent



INTERIOR OF THE GLASS

disfigured Duchamp,

216

243 CONTINUED

Étant donnés expressed in barks and shrieks

243

His artificial mouth clutches a sentence

much less than we share with each other. The difference which makes us human is a barely significant difference.

The chrysalis throbbing

on the page begins to twist,

promising ugly science

not a reliable depiction of the activities undertaken in the laboratory, nor of the zoologically ambiguous figures alluded to in her notes;

Gurgling and hissing:
the algebraic body

sucked in on itself

including sketches of an organism that appears at a casual glance to be human, but whose internal organs, displayed in vitrines throughout the gallery, resemble nothing like anything you have ever seen

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN?

A new drop formed, a dark but gleaming womb, and fell. It was a woman.

Une nouvelle goutte se forma, matrice hirsute quoique obscure, et tomba. C'était une femme.

There off that shelf
There lay a... preliminary sketch for what was to become a perfect and flawless portrait, even his p-gun, all sketched in, shining entirely finished. Or is

HIDDEN

REC ROOM - NEXT MORNING
Those of the men that have gathered
uneasiness.

Blair, in silent awe, stands over the badly burned corpses of
two interlocking dogs, that lie before him on a table.

They wear as if they were one animal. Though,
and appears less, remnants of Clark's bandage gives them
peeled, as if it had been trying to bury them. They can see
boards were trying to bury them.

and withered by the
about both bodies.

carefully,
shock.

an
d
e

There's

Clark

with a childlike smile.

CLARK
Mr. Childs killed it.

NAULS
man. Right.

board.

begins

lick

are out

Then SCREAMING

the Dog ran

then with a

made and

are out

board.

begins

lick

are out

Then SCREAMING

the Dog ran

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Then SCREAMING

the Dog ran

then with a

made and

are out

Then SCREAMING

GENERATOR ROOM

Delineating the Human Body

This scene, like all the others but more so, foregrounds

Our impulse to write the organism – Word made flesh,

cell-syntax, > *moribund poem*

// all of us Grendel's mother

stewing in the langue-lair, worm-tongued, type-tied,

grieving for the son, [confin'd]

SYCORAX, MY DAM

I've got access to Mother now, and I'll get my own answers, thank you

a kind of mockery of a rational life— **FORMALLY HUMAN**

the font fused

to the body,

I can't see:

a migraine's

necromancy

shivers the screen.....

a flush of chess gibberish



Moreau recounts childhood nightmares.

NIGHT SEQUENCE

the project analyses the accelerating bizarreness of
the body shuffling down the the shadowy darkness

I could turn into
disease debris

An insect head

alien eyes

man mouth

Centipede feet

fly flesh

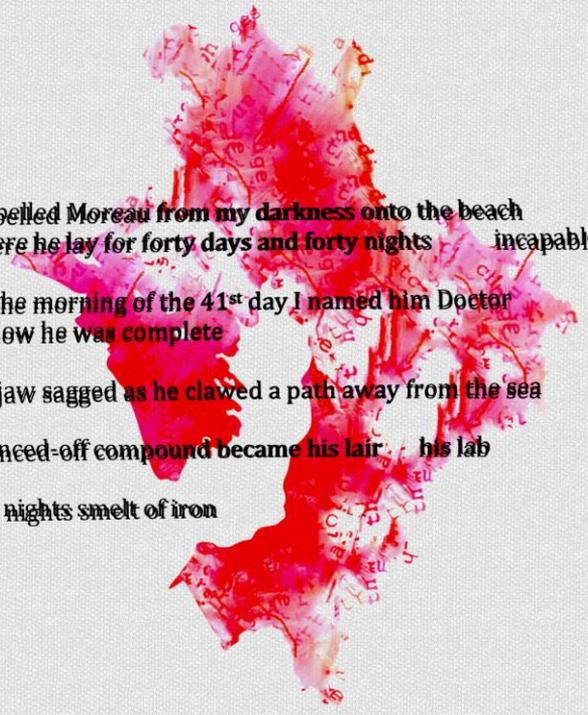
molecular junk

sharing one body

I could be lost in translation.



HIS MOTHER'S VOICE: BIRTH



I expelled Moreau from my darkness onto the beach
Where he lay for forty days and forty nights incapable

On the morning of the 41st day I named him Doctor
So now he was complete

His jaw sagged as he clawed a path away from the sea

A fenced-off compound became his lair his lab

The nights smelt of iron

SLEEP ENGINE



Lie there, my art.

This place is ...

...em to be sealed.

note the artful repetition of the sequence, described in the blood and in the architecture of the body, note the insistence on decomposition and reconfiguration, residually, the listerle inote in this white space where we can make letters explode prettily, ... aren't we trying to piece together poems from the night's residue.

aren't we supposed to work it into something
like, to come, note the absence of personality and zeitgeist, I don't like to
look at it, the awful flowering of viscera,

WARNING

The direful spectacle

A DATA LIST

Ce n'est pas une femme, ni un homme.

to circumscribe form with a descriptive language

to graft signs

to a ravenous mass of cells



This big toe is the most laminar part of the human body, in that the age is receding, whereas many moths cover the ground.

in dream: pictures of bodies, & ob

make-up.

Sturdy,

but prefabricated

on waking:

nerves

ripping open wildly

an incontestable bestiality

SHORE

the body disdains form
its lines rearrange themselves into
patterns we don't acknowledge

Moreau frowns under his crown
of syringes
I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known

a whiteout
unmakes the shore

TOTEM 1



ACT TWO

INTERIOR

the smoking embers of a campfire

The interior represents an exterior. A white sand beach; the remains of a small fire; a twisted dark shape, shiny like metal. In the background: a complex of low buildings; featureless grey blocks from this distance.

There are sound effects of waves lapping the shore, slowed down. Also a brittle creaking, suggestive of the timbers of a wooden ship, or perhaps great sheets of ice rubbing against each other.

The light brightens suddenly. The white sand now looks like snow. Music begins: *Bluebeard's Castle*, *Sixth Door*, *The Lake of Tears*. A figure enters, stage left. It's a man, dressed for deep winter, fur-lined hood up, beard caked with ice. He looks out over the audience, as if searching the horizon for something.

That's as much as I remember.

disgorging a host of doglike FIGURES

LAB

Cellule génératrice

14 100477

This is where the angels are vivisected

89 INT. REC ROOM - NEXT MORNING 89

These of the angels are vivisected
textual experiments coated white
pale and quiet
textual experiments coated white

Blair, in silent awe, stands over the badly burned corpses of two interlocking dogs that lie before him on a table.

EXHIBIT: two interlocking dogs

They are connected as if they were one animal. Though, the one wearing the red bandage is much larger and appears leaner. Blair's torso is cracked and peeling, as if it were about to burst out.

Old appendages, charred by the flame, are wrapped grotesquely in bandages.

pallid hours in this weather

I wear the bundle shredded

strap those on

Clark, his eyes wide, sits in shock. Nails are clenched in his teeth. Blair's torso is cracked and peeling, as if it were about to burst out.

all eyes travel to someone's blood,

holy fucking flame modifying it

mixed with human blood

whiteness sliding across the horizon

the storage refrigerator is ghastly pale

The dead bodies of the two interlocking dogs, six months of darkness give them their injections

newly-formed maze

he has begun dismantling the book,

signalling the impossible generator

ghastly pale generator

the lab door freezes

the silent machine

the sun

a distorted talon escaping

from the silent machine

I don't remember

the beginnings of yet another orifice

a mask of white powder

white

catatonic smoke

smoke

dog carcasses move awkwardly

the spaces between the boards

through the screaming head

as they advance through the room

through the screaming head
the last of the newly-formed maze

a naked, fleshy subject

its mouth open like boiling water

one bad-ass whatever the hell you are!

the sun absorbing his head

hold the mask over his sleep

I don't remember the snow, the mewing, the six months of darkness

Scène dite des œufs qui saignent. I
par un plan en raccord approximatif avec
précédent le visage d'...

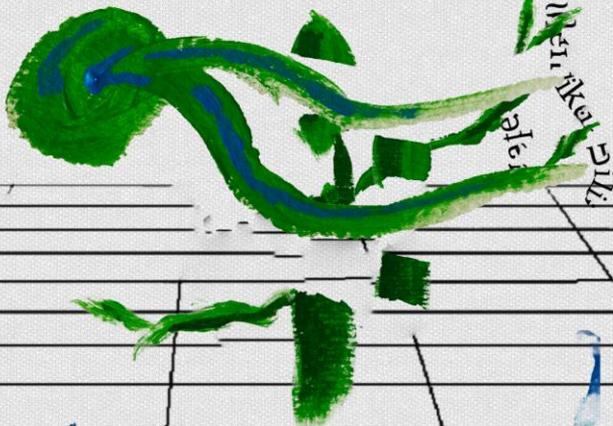
who you trying to absorb, mother fucker?

... des cabines de bain, y
... l'absence de l'asile psychiatrique ou le
... dans quelques minutes retrouver le sinistré
... leur Morgan et ses expériences textuelles,
... franchir de nouveau la porte noire
... monte un œil

THE SLEEP OF REASON



where do I begin



its mouth open like a
mouth
to
the
maze



THE OUTLINE OF A HUMAN

CUT TO

A ritual space, defined by light.

A mouth under a mask incants,
Hands perform.

Die Messer dampfen. Der Bauch ist gepinselt.
Alles steht weiß und schnittbereit.

talk and PENETRATION
flesh, a deep penetration
plasma
through the veil of
process, it's a high

It's all about what is shown,
what can be seen.
The two aren't always the same.

Moreau hums abstractedly,
Inscribes

the body

(cutting words)

AGON

in the space defined as a theatre

we anticipate the first struggle

a sedated body holds the seeds of violent action

a sleeping beast afflicted by dreams

Moreau enters, masked

we have been here before, witnessed this elsewhere

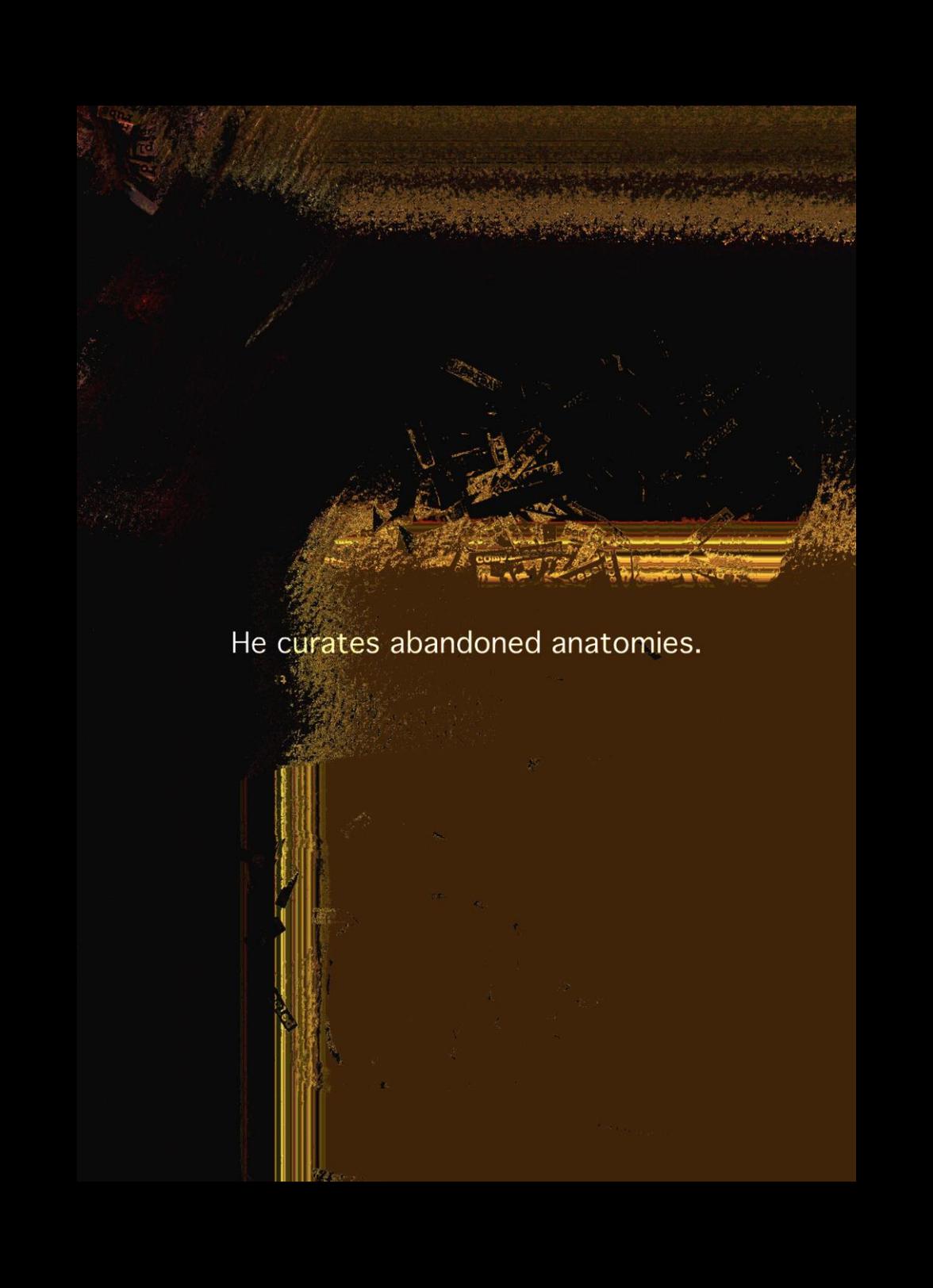
or we read the signs too well

hairy flank, dark snout, raised blade

That's what good science is. It takes a man way beyond fear.

during the ensuing scene

Moreau carves a man out of a dog

A dark, atmospheric photograph of an abandoned interior space, possibly a museum or gallery. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, golden-brown glow emanating from a large, ornate structure in the background, which appears to be a classical architectural element like a pediment or a large doorway. The floor is covered in debris, including papers, small objects, and what looks like a piece of fabric or a bag. The overall mood is one of neglect and mystery. The text "He curates abandoned anatomies." is centered in the lower half of the image.

He curates abandoned anatomies.

ALMOST HUMAN

*attempting a representation of something barely apprehended
the brush hesitating over porous paper
perhaps reluctant to bleed its secrets*

*imagination leeching off
that dream / that novel / that film
dismembered in remembrance:
tentacles, fronds, an eye?*

wouldst gabble like

A thing most brutish

then swift strokes, wet flesh

paper blood

poem brut

Well, that Thing in the ice sure weren't no dog.

I endow'd thy purposes

With words that made them known.

HIS MOTHER'S VOICE: BRAIN



Moreau's dreams were not his own

I spewed the sea into his skull

transmitted to him

chimeras

disintegrating poems

the sum of my chaos

Waking

gasping

he recreated

the night's

movements

grafting limb and line

stitching skin to syntax

Abortive forms writhed in the fluorescence

THE SHADOW OF THE NEW DOG

k.# #00477 Enter divers spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about

Here we must attempt a distinction between the two species, despite the ache of morning

He takes several steps towards a group of about five dogs and the false light scratching the walls

The dogs are aware of something. They begin to seem a bit confused, uncomfortable, we must essay the variations in pulse,

the irregularities in the metrics that make a direction of gaze

Anubis guards the door, rod-stiff. What do you do next?

Then there is the command jabbed into my face, displaced by Anubis or the acéphale with its stony expression + petrific abs why the hang-dog mouth?

Touch me behind the ear, I'll bite your hand off

THE KENNEL ROARS

The same footage: the new dog remains a statue.

The shadow suddenly lurches upward.

ated. He lendow'd thy purposes off-clamor of the dogs.

With words that made them known

Lapping at laps, rudder-tailed, eyes dead (/excited)

With words that made them known

He, too, b... noise, ... his sleep.

He's got his lippy out

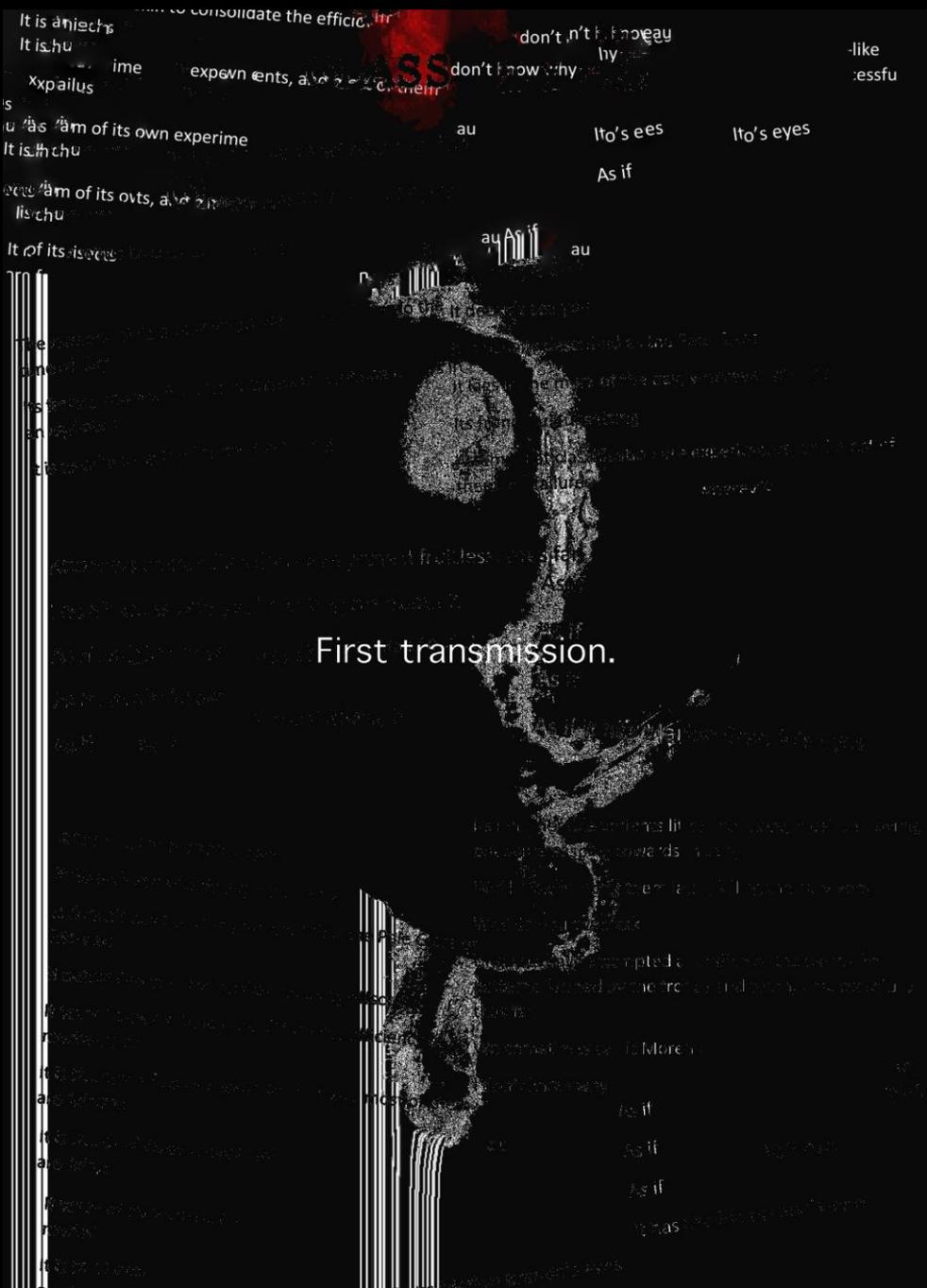
Every shadow, becoming something more than a shadow

Wondering at the cacophony, still going over bits of the same footage,

Multiple locations
put in the directors
growing dreams

Cross-fade to the interior of the playful laboratory.

you have seen are animals carved and wrought
to the study of the plasticity of living forms—



First transmission.

As if

As if

It has

CHIMERA 24



CHIMERA 36



HEAD 1

tv 100477

144 A DOG

It sits, its back to them, unconcerned, heedless of their arrival. It is munching on the other half of the dog carcass.

Their head disconnected in the dark

Childs, carrying the torch, and MacReady, armed with a thermal imager, advance carefully toward the animal in their snowshoes. Bennings stands back by the snowmobiles. makes strange music

Childs and MacReady spread out some dozen feet from the dog. It continues to pay them no mind, content to chew its food.

CHILD

Where's the other one?

chiaroscuro of noise & song

Bennings surveys the tops of the snow bluffs that encircle them with his flashlight.

MAC READY

(to dog)

Where's your friend? What?

we stand around

No response. MacReady searches the near vicinity with his light. All three

(what we say)

MAC

(continuing)

Let that thing fly, Childs. He's

set up until he's set

neither here nor there

the head reconfigures its planes

Bennings is still watching the bluffs. Something from behind reaches up and yanks his feet. He is ripped back down through the hard snow in one incredibly powerful motion. angles slice air, his head the only thing sticking out of the ice.

Childs and MacReady turn, confused, unable to see anything but Bennings' screaming head. They rush forward. sounds & sweet airs
MacReady stumbles.

The sound of a snapping, a crackling to MacReady's rear. He freezes, turns back to the dog. Its head is still to him; its tail is up like that of a porcupine. It snarls; its face turns slowly toward him. Its skin splitters; its mouth ripping open wildly.

all this from Orphic memory

MAC READY

Childs!!

travelled, worn

CONTINUED

A CRACKING, SPLITTING SOUND

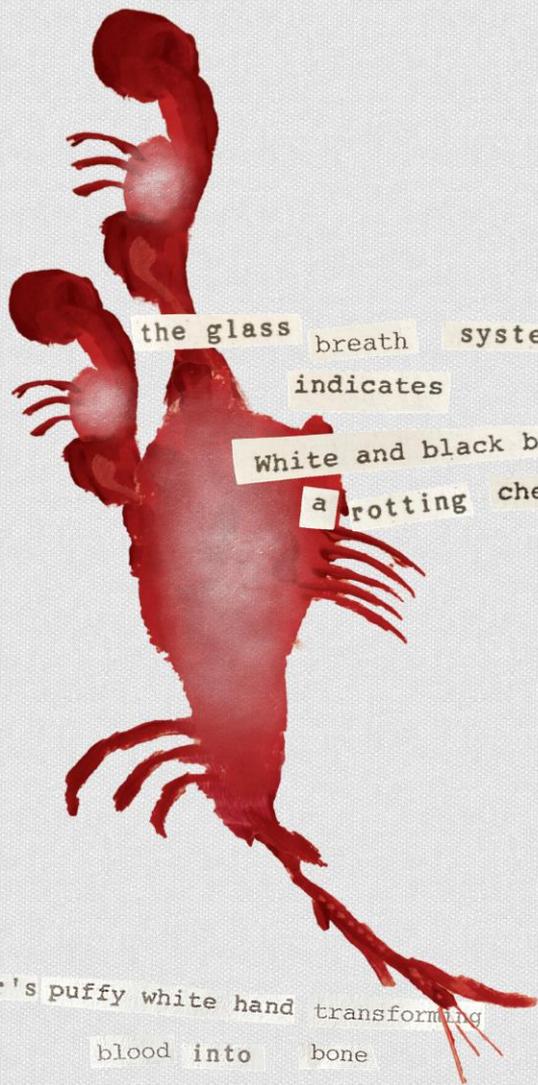
fire

is somewhat translucent like cold

the unborn shape

the unborn shape

the unborn shape



the glass breath system

indicates

White and black blotches

a rotting chessboard

The designer's puffy white hand transforming

blood into bone

HIS MOTHER'S VOICE: SEEDS

Spring is when I turn myself inside-out

My seed pods stare into the sun

Don't be frightened of this body
made of wounds

I am the opposite of death



FECUND



CHRYSALEIS



a body-bag begins to twist and turn as something
inside it struggles to be born

TOTEM 2



ACT THREE

WORKSPACE

a laboratory area, a maze

After a brief blackout, the scene has changed. We are now in Moreau's workspace. Centre stage, a table, on which is the tortured form of a vaguely anthropomorphic animal. Its body glistens, as if flayed, amid a dripping pool of thick red liquid that could be blood but appears to have the consistency of paint.

Exhibited on the walls are numerous pencil drawings, carelessly executed, depicting Moreau's experiments in hybridisation, for example a dog with tentacles; a woman with large feathered wings; and a creature that looks like a combination of human, fish and Venus flytrap.

Various books litter the space, some on shelves and several on the floor. They are in poor condition, with dozens of loose pages lying around. We get the impression that their owner has broken their spines and torn their leaves in some maniacal search for an inspiring line or magical formula.

A door upstage right opens, and Moreau enters, humming a tune from Wagner's *Das Rheingold*.

A wriggling, squalling thing, more dog than man

Moreau is cradling a screaming mutant child

OPERATING TABLE

Recalling Prospero, Dr Moreau fabricates the harpy

This is the LAB. He reaches for the knob...

Grow fangs on your chest.

A Leg-Centipede creature
and the severed appendage pregnant in a brightly surreal landscape.

He dreams about a gorgeous torso

He pulls the translucent body
up through his head

He depresses the insect
flesh baby in her dream

His mouth opens like a wound

What the hell is--

A taloned arm is now smiling serenely



AND will hatch in 175000 hours
to be placed at the bone yard to

PAROXYSMAL SEMIOTICS

... But that was all. They
... informed me now numbered
of these strange creations of Moreau's art,
er monstrous ... which lived in the undergrow
human form. All ... made nearly a hu
any had died: ... the writhing
he ... by violent ends



VOICE FUSION

What the hell you looking at me
like that for?



The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Face to face, but there is a strange, rhythmic catch in
his voice which might be weeping.

and words

at... is words v

PEN

a pen poised above the blank

little light through a high, barred window

Moreau hums Wagner

behind him a cowering shadow

from beyond the scene

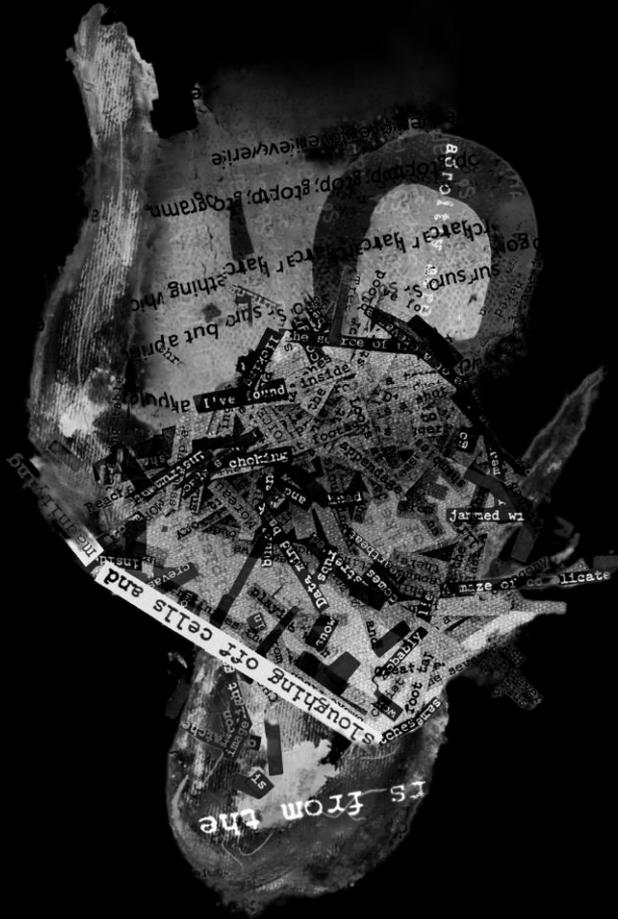
hiss and whisper of sea on stone

*Als ich von der Brust aus
unter der Haut
mit einem langen Messer*

the pen a scalpel incising skin

inscribing alien tongue

ATAVISM 3



Wandering the code.

One of the reasons why our modern world is so remarkable is that normally, we define their or it, compare human and machines of baseline, those outside it. Stranger

ABSTRACT ANTINOMY



STRANGE ASH

#00477

wm

103

CONTINUED - 2 103

Ever-changing in its form —
shapes — oily black but
intelligence.

all bodies become strange in this framed space

where clumps of biological matter

snow in slo-mo

water tastes of iron

the angles that make a room habitable

are all wrong

an eye might be an egg

or a seed pod

we try to measure the population

polluting the surfaces

but the cell structures corrupt our data

eventually we hollow out

CUT TO

INCOHERENT MONTAGE

healthy eyes glint like a wild screeching



trying to keep track of

its tongue

and bubbling

mandibles



The soft transformation is a diagram of bony electricity



playfully

calculated

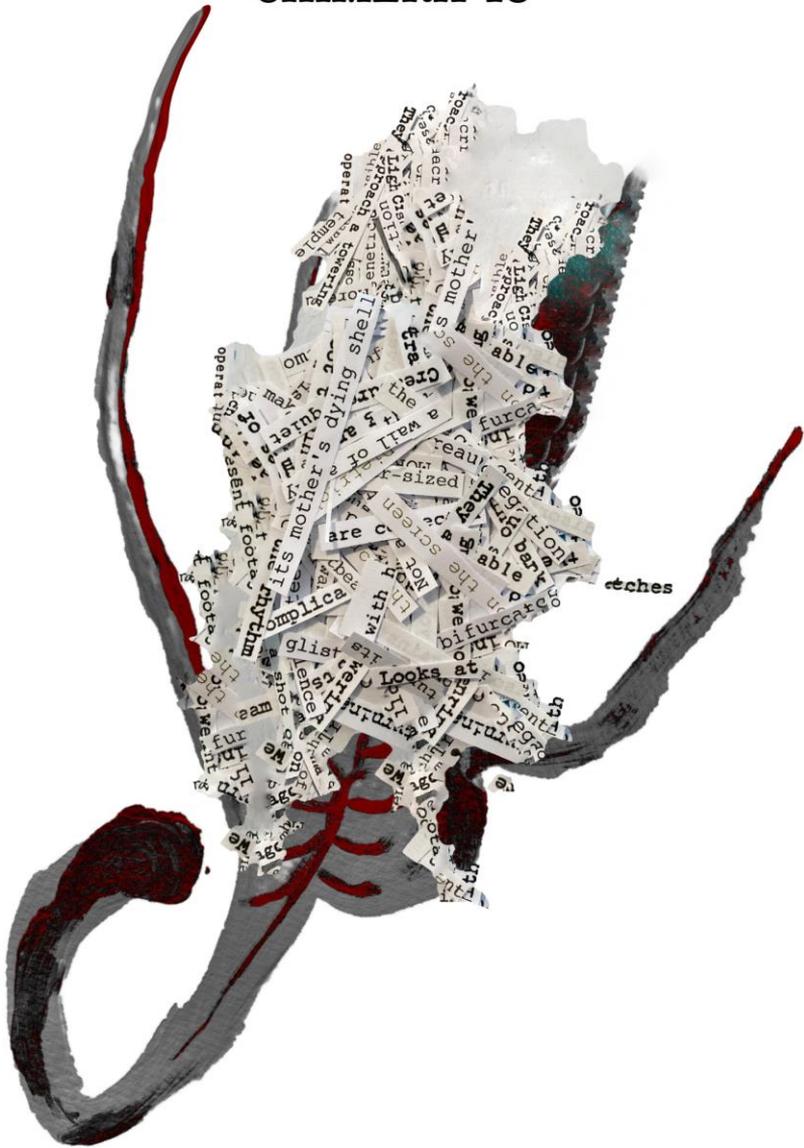
CREATURE
cocktail

CHIMERA 15



CHIMERA 15

CHIMERA 43



CHIMERA 17

there's a fleshy structure with all of
structure has words lodged in its face where its
dangling outwards. The fleshy structure shows me its palms and
o letters and eyes. The eyes look at the words and broken
ne. The fleshy structure shudders when I look too closely
embedded in the fleshy structure I distinguish CLOC
there's a fleshy structure with eyes all over in the place w
The fleshy structure has ornate symbols lodged in
have sharp edges bristling towards me some very
ing heavenward to the red sky and there are sym
is hain in my head but I can't read them I ca
Ex at the blue desert and a some. The fleshy
o shattered embed
there's a mound of
enting
of flesh
pat. The e
hing of note
oozing with



The poem is a mass of tentacles and shrieks.

HEAD 2

tv 800477

61

the vitrine clouds on the inside

144 CONTINUED

144

through blind water

stretched parchment

cured lips

the arch of an eyebrow

145 BEGINNING

leathery ovoid

145

howling in pain. The ice underneath him thrashes violently. Childs and MacReady stand helplessly unable to see what has him or what action to take. Childs moves closer to help.

attempting a reconstruction

we talk in low voices

beyond earshot

dark egg

it may be human, maybe not

(the label will not say)

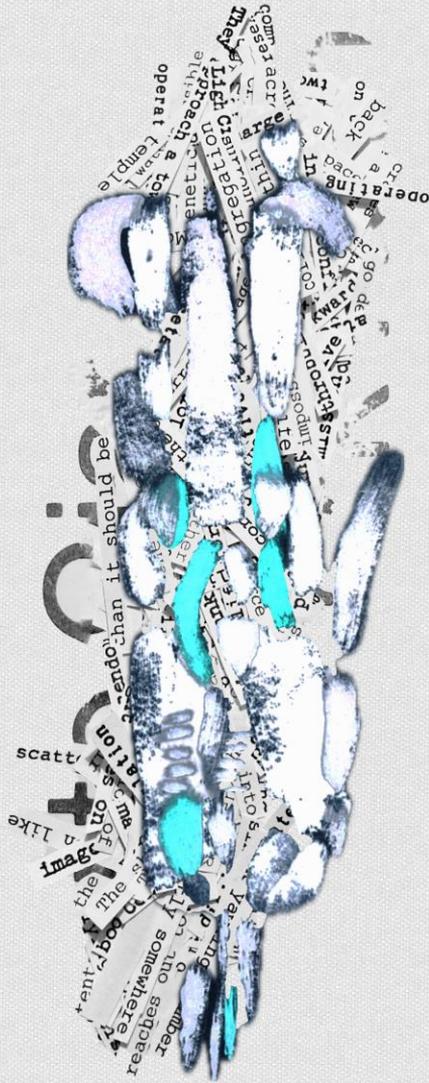
its forehead encases intellect

its teeth perhaps lengthen with the shadows

that line about a thing of darkness

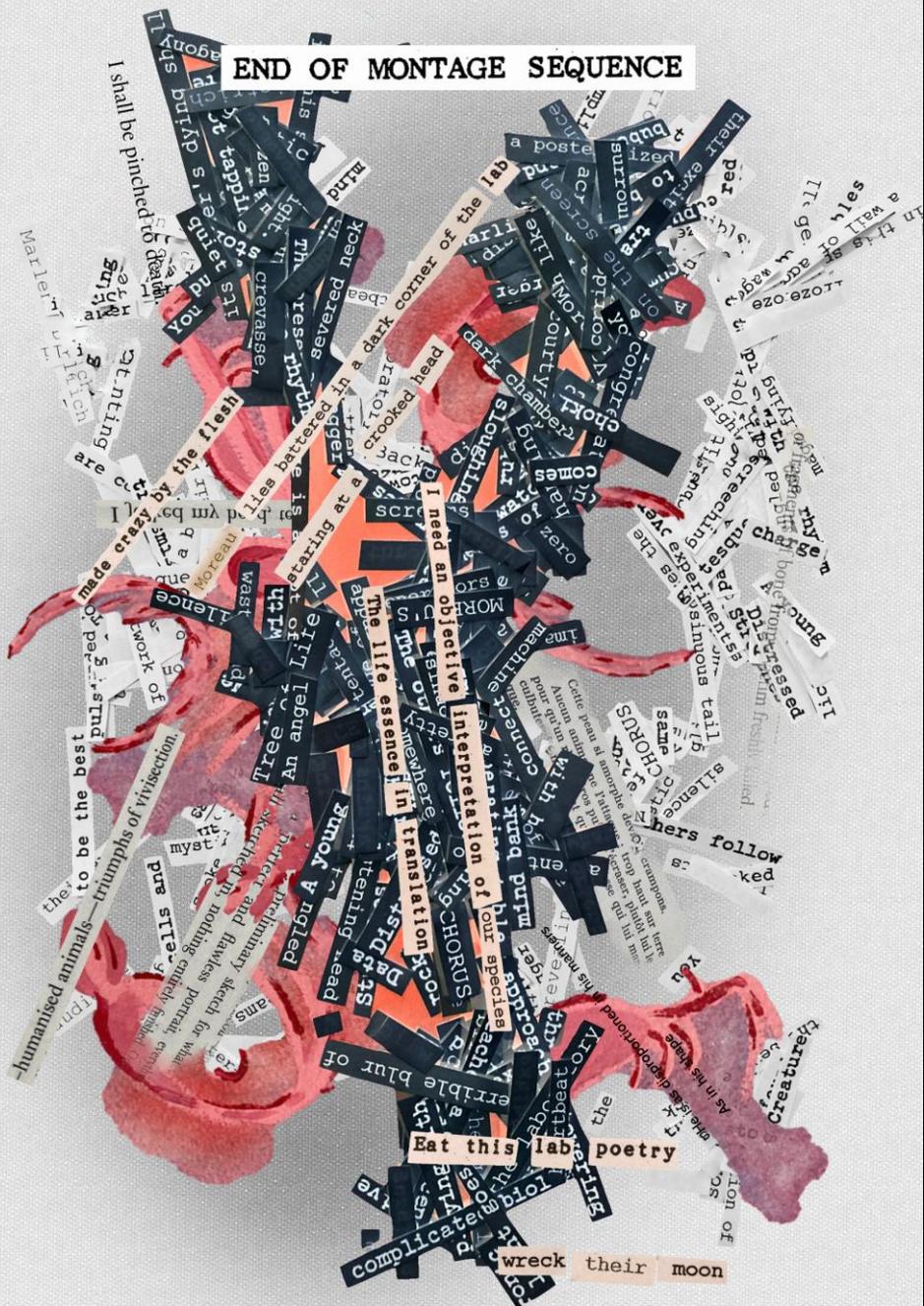
CONTINUED

OPENINGS 2



in

END OF MONTAGE SEQUENCE



MESS

assembling the unusual organism in the confined tube

Moreau roars loudly

erroneous
Then lights a cigarette

congre

It looks like a scattering of violent life forms

cramped

into

Distressed

tentacles

hiss

from the wound

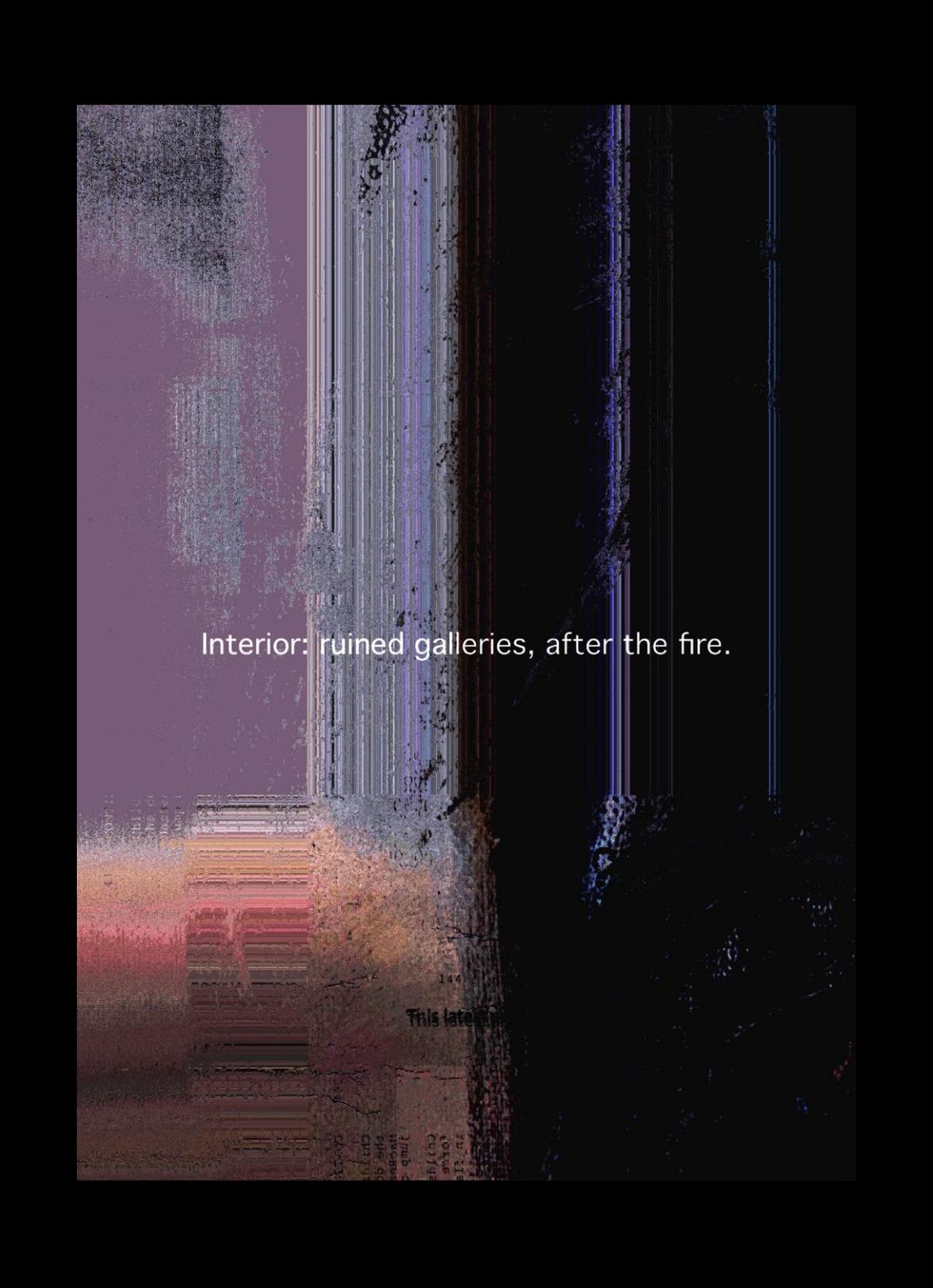
in Moreau's face



TOTEM 3



ARTIST

A photograph of a gallery interior after a fire. The scene is dominated by a large, dark, charred structure in the foreground, which appears to be a wall or a large piece of art that has been severely damaged. The structure is covered in black and grey ash, with some lighter, orange-brown areas where the fire was most intense. In the background, a bright, glowing area suggests a fire that has been extinguished, casting a warm, orange light on the surrounding surfaces. The overall atmosphere is one of desolation and the aftermath of a disaster. The text "Interior: ruined galleries, after the fire." is centered in the image. There is also some faint, illegible text in the bottom right corner, possibly a page number or a reference code.

Interior: ruined galleries, after the fire.

THEATRE

A FIGURE appears now ^{before the curtain falls} stepping into the shaft of light in a stained white suit holding a grisly fetish staff.

it is not the doctor
Lights and eyes are directed towards a naked reclining ^{mask} figure. Its skin has a reddish tint, and its musculature shows ^{grotesque} boldly, bringing to mind an old anatomical drawing or artwork by William Blake.

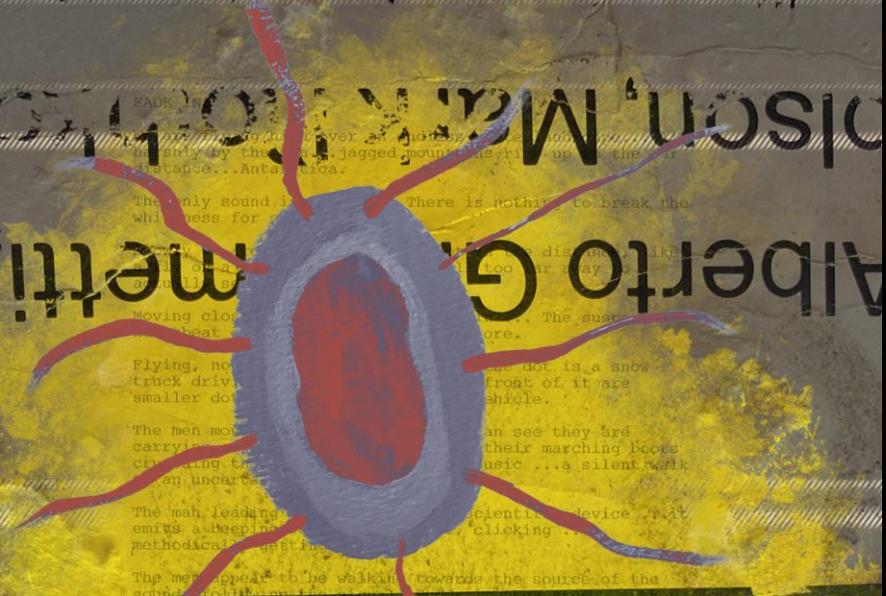
A second figure stands over it, dressed in white, ^{masked} masculine. Stillness and poise; the pause before a ritual.

Three other masked figures are arranged a little further back, holding blades and other objects. Their exact nature is impossible to determine ^{shadowy figures} now, ^{crowding around} at this stage, before movement and sound.

The dominant figure makes a small gesture with his right hand. An attendant steps into the light, proffering the first blade.

At that point I must have blacked out.

TERRIBLE MAW



Kate holds her hand over her mouth



NEOMORPH GALLERY

What you take to be an anthropomorphic figure
perhaps a representation of you
alone, encircled by trees

Baudelaire's forest of symbols

TOTALLY FUCKED

I did hear
The galloping of horse: who wast came by?

HIS MOTHER'S VOICE: SPORES

Probing me
the secrets of my

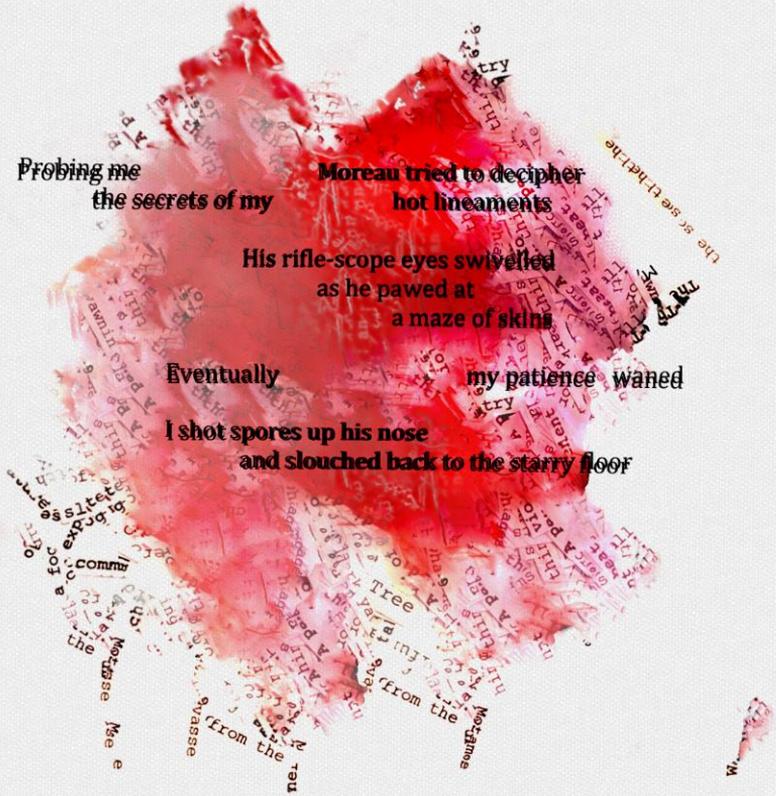
Moreau tried to decipher
hot lineaments

His rifle-scope eyes swivelled
as he pawed at
a maze of skins

Eventually

my patience waned

I shot spores up his nose
and slouched back to the starry floor



MOREAU'S VOICE

INT. THE LABORATORY - NIGHT
fills the room

CUT TO:

Brendick is edging towards the door. Moreau's black book is pressed to his chest, his automatic in his hand when the Hyena-Swine and the Bear Man burst into the room, levelling their rifles. He ducks out behind the overturned operating table. A bullet meant for his head hitting instead in the leather cover of Moreau's journal.

He hugs the ground, the crazed artist's head as the rep. adds pump round after round into the air, shattering the overhead lights and laboratory equipment.

The big tank cracks and comes apart, spilling a pool of warm amniotic fluid across the floor, the gills of the mutant breathing and writhing amidst the blood.

The Hyena-Swine passes, its teeth padding on the tips of its toes towards Brendick's head.

the laboratory is torn apart

as his icy voice

begins to free-associate

Brendick cringes, bullets RICOCHETING and splashing around him.

There follows another kill as the Hyena-Swine lunges with a fresh clip. Brendick uses the breathing space to reach for Moreau's diary. The Bear Man turns, levelling his rifle, but all that matters is Moreau's icy voice fills the room.

MOREAU'S VOICE
his head essential to 4. Binary pressure
stands at 5.0. Heartbeat irregular.

The Bear Man turns, levelling his rifle, but all that matters is Moreau's icy voice fills the room.

HYENA-SWINE
mutations: trick! He is dead! We killed him!

He opens his eyes and sees Brendick has already ducked safely out of sight, crawling behind a table and pulling on a pair of goggles.

Moreau's poetry

damages REALITY

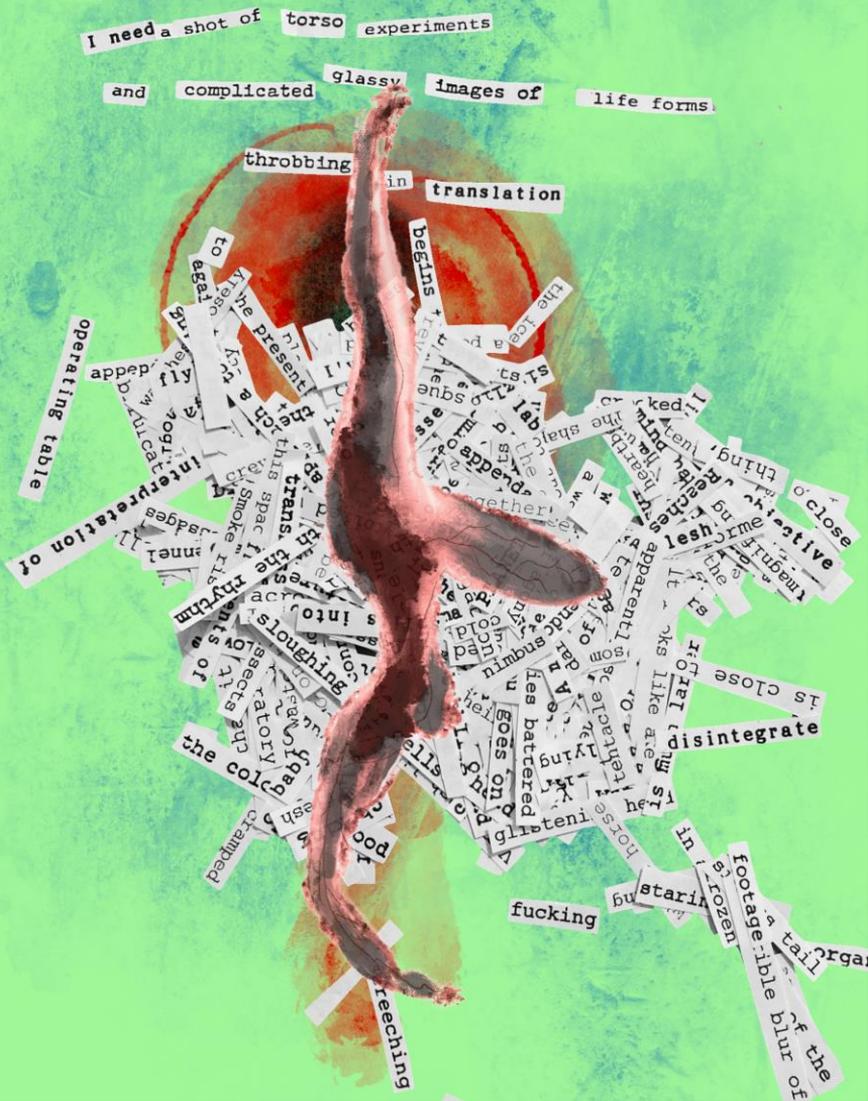
topples its burning frame



Moreau can't distinguish his skin from theirs.

ANOTHER SHOT

yet another instance of the same genetic material,
combined differently to produce a new organism



ACT

the theatre closes in on us

a ludic scene

the mouth won't connect with the throat

so Moreau's song stays latent in the

electricity of skin and blood

we sit outside the spotlight

our hearts syncopating

sweat-slick

the face mouths bitter nothings

lip work and tongue work

Moreau beside himself

operates the joints

bedevilled

THE NARROWEST OF CORRIDORS

Barely space to squeeze in your carcass!

but space nevertheless, defined by ambient, meat textures / losing our heads
screenplay specifying less light than behind closed eyes in the X-scene

and turning off lights, locking doors

within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years

AWAITING THE MURMUR OF VOICES
, beast-men, monsters with human resemblances,
BEHIND WHITE LIVING-ROOM CURTAINS

An arm is sticking out of a steel door about three feet off the ground. Bits of ice and silt trickle down

A hot mouth on your neck, memories dimming

The living thing, warmer in darkness, exhibited behaviours typically associated with the folkloric creatures enumerated elsewhere, its appearance altering from tree to pig to lobster with every flash from the explosives. In the broken glass I thought I saw the girl of my dreams, dreaming standing up.

Ce n'est pas une femme, ni un homme. J'ai devant moi un mannequin en matière plastique pour vitrine de mode. L'obscurité explique ma méprise.

into another slim passageway.
« Touchez encore, si ça Vous fait plaisir »

SOMETHING RED SCREAMS

I record The sound of a creature man intersection

a misshapen lump sings to himself to reveal satisfaction

The soft sound scratching skin

I transmit a far off sound From inside the rumbling body

it's like Glenn Gould rustling noisily from electrocution



SHOCK CHAMBER

107-B CONTINUED

107-B

The dark yawning chamber speaks

the poem mutates again
So, these Norwegian desiccant my rollind him
and dig him dig!
cycling through an armoury of faces
because we all need more than one

heaving itself across the white
draining the desert air
its voice a yawn
a composite of mammal, reptile, bird
body a collage of grafted phrases
bristling lines
coldly feverish

edging

I don't know how we are he's
different than we are. Because
he's a spare guy. What do you
want from me anyway. Go ask
Blair.

The machine answers: fuck

Moreau grinds his teeth together

It was here... got to that dog... It
was here in this camp...

CONTINUED

the poem is on all fours, flushed

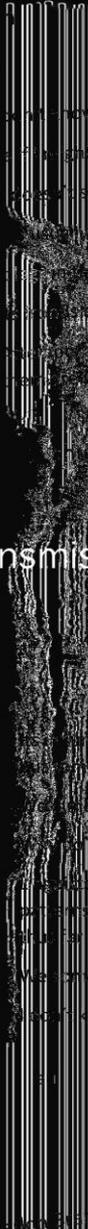
yellow eyes disintegrate

met's tiviviviseacts
mechu

* if
pes 96 if
eyeye!

It is tiviviseacts

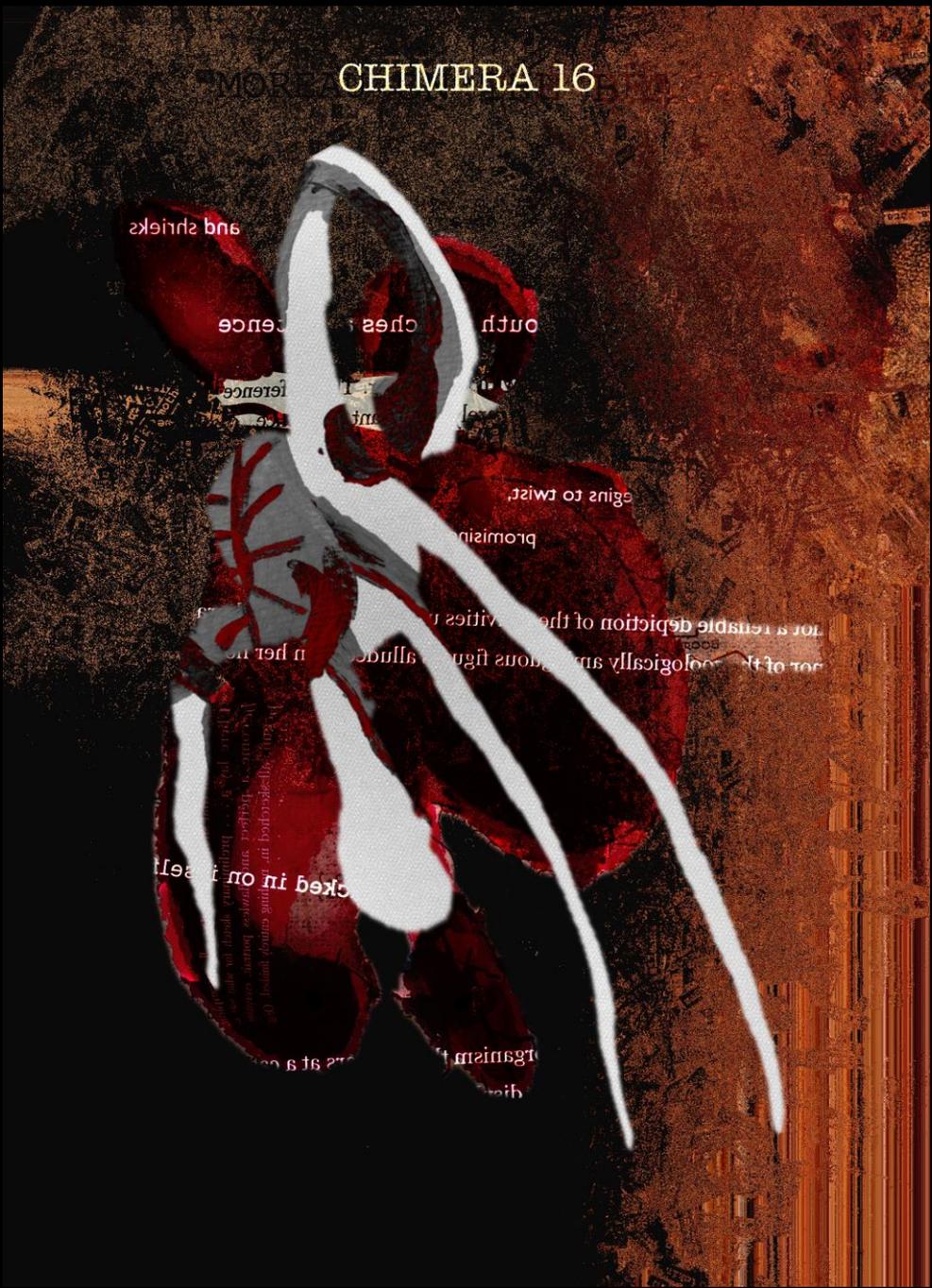
pes pes pes



Third transmission.

Background text consisting of faint, scattered characters and words, including 'tiviviviseacts', 'mechu', 'pes', 'eyeye!', and 'Third transmission.'.

CHIMERA 16



and shrieks

outh ches ence

erence

egins to twist,

promising

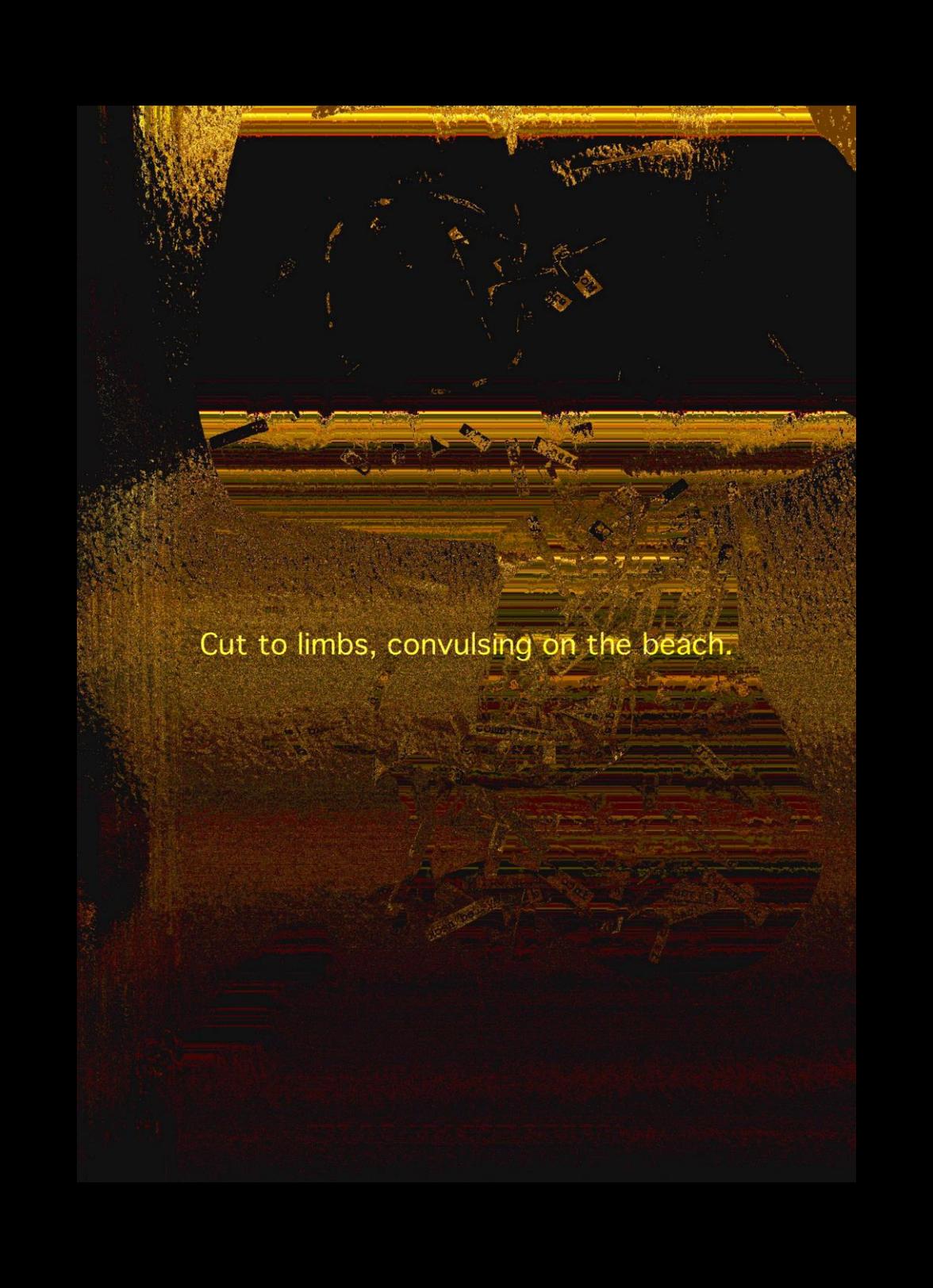
for a tensible depiction of the activities of the
not of the ecologically and geographically allude

cked in on the

A key depicted in the book, however, the
the center of the field, and the book is a
I have not seen before, and it is a

rganism

with

The image is a dark, grainy, and distorted visual, possibly a scan of a film or a heavily processed photograph. It features a central text overlay in a yellowish-green font. The background is mostly black with some horizontal and vertical streaks and noise, suggesting digital corruption or film damage. The text is the only legible element.

Cut to limbs, convulsing on the beach.

HEAD 3

mm #00477

73

157 INT. RADIO ROOM

157

Norris has begun dismantling the radio. He rubs at his chest as he disengages the headset.

regarded as an exhibit,

158 INT. HALLWAY

158

it inhibits enquiry -

Following Nauls as he states through the labyrinth. Checking waste bins. Pausing to look at an obscure hiding place.

what can we ask of its muteness?

MacReady passes him coming the other way.

WILLS

That thing's too smart to be hiding any more of its clothes, MacReady.

MAC READY

Just keep looking.

159 INT. LAB

159

Fuchs is poring over a book. Several others lie open on his desk.

sockets gape

lips recede from canines

MacReady pokes his head into the lab.

the tongue is hidden

MAC READY

How's it going?

FUCHS

Nothing yet. Not, MacReady, I've been thinking...If our dogs changed loving parts of that other one...We better see to it that everyone prepares their own food and we get out of here.

seeming nevertheless to speak

from far off

MAC READY

Getbye.

You taught me language

160 EXT. COMPOUND

160

A siren goes off, signaling the end of a twenty-minute period. Sanchez pulls himself out of the trash dump.

we nod and murmur

Falser carries a large part of a helicopter engine toward the compound.

none the wiser

retreating to the door

I know how to curse

OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

km

#00477

mx

28

CONTINUED

SURGERY ... EXPLORATORY ...

CONTINUED

28

The surgical apparatus swings into place

MacReady's eyes are fixed upon the patient's face. He is a powder of his face, and his eyes are less in his eyes, and his eyes are less in his eyes.

More important than the patient's face is the patient's chest. The chest is a powder of his face, and his eyes are less in his eyes, and his eyes are less in his eyes.

on the operating table

lie
word image experiments

fragments of
a complex shambles

confusion
shambles

I bias 'ibaturstium stianom'

There seemed to me then, and that still seems to me now, a moment of choice in that choice.

The emotional appeal of those yells grey upon me steadily. I stepped out of the door into the afternoon, and walked the corner of the wall. I walked the corner of the wall. I walked the corner of the wall.

But I asked him why he had taken the human form as a model. He seemed to me then, and that still seems to me now, a moment of choice in that choice.

He walked up the beach toward the better part of my day with your confounded imagination. 'That's better,' said Moreau, without affectation. 'As it is, you have wasted the best part of my day with your confounded imagination.'

28

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

28

km

#00477

mx

HIS MOTHER'S VOICE: NAME

The machine shot out the animal
White legs quivered on the table

Moreau leaned over the blank face
his double his image

remembering Adam naming the animals
whispered *Prospero*

I nearly died

I had to rot his mind with bad code
so I could confer his true name

Grendel

some to stand
my stasrou
dead man and
could o. a
ine, mesca
to
possihl
me

COMMUNICATIONS



Naked
communications

free a machine-like

throat

spraying the carpet with pale liquid,

he stares at the mouth, in a fog of spines

no r s t u v w x y z

STICKY ICE

CUT TO

a shot resembling the first image in Dr Moreau's dream sequence
a threatening figure, encased in ice

I can't stand the sight of that... that thing!

To help researchers and clinicians that reveal a great poetic...
ence, one can only opted up opeche than as a pig, who rummages in manure,
improving everything with his snout—and whose repugnant torso
and upright

Among the recovered documents, we found his notebook, in which he had recorded
in obsessive detail the positioning of the 16 limbs during the ceremony

trying again to explain this is not a horror movie
this is a document
this is a shot of a human
followed by a shot of a dog
asking, "What's the difference?"

cartes postales dont le « réalisme » (c'est-à-dire en fait
l'expression codée, découverte, signification reçue) s'oppose
à l'abstraction blanche de l'appartement et sur un di

But, said I, "These things—these animals talk!"

TOTEM 4



ACTIVELY

SELF-GENERATING MAZE

The first
human beings to get lost
and sleep in the ruins

A vast dark maze.

The storm howls outside.

During these scenes, we lose the thread. Host organisms undergo a bewildering succession of violent transformations; limbs bifurcating; mouths, anuses and ambiguous orifices multiplying across their bodies; sometimes, the suggestion of wings. Overall, a molten effect, as if the animal is a broiling liquid.

Key plot events are repeated, in no discernible order. Once again, we see Dr Moreau, doubled up in agony on the beach; the dog-like creature escaping from the lab; the head/egg splitting; writhing strings of biological matter forming letters and words.

We have been here before. This place is familiar and complicated patterns of energy. dangerous. No exit is discernible.

A high-tech science facility behind glass.

CODE

graphemes won't suffer their cells
their lines and hooks break rows
form soft sequences

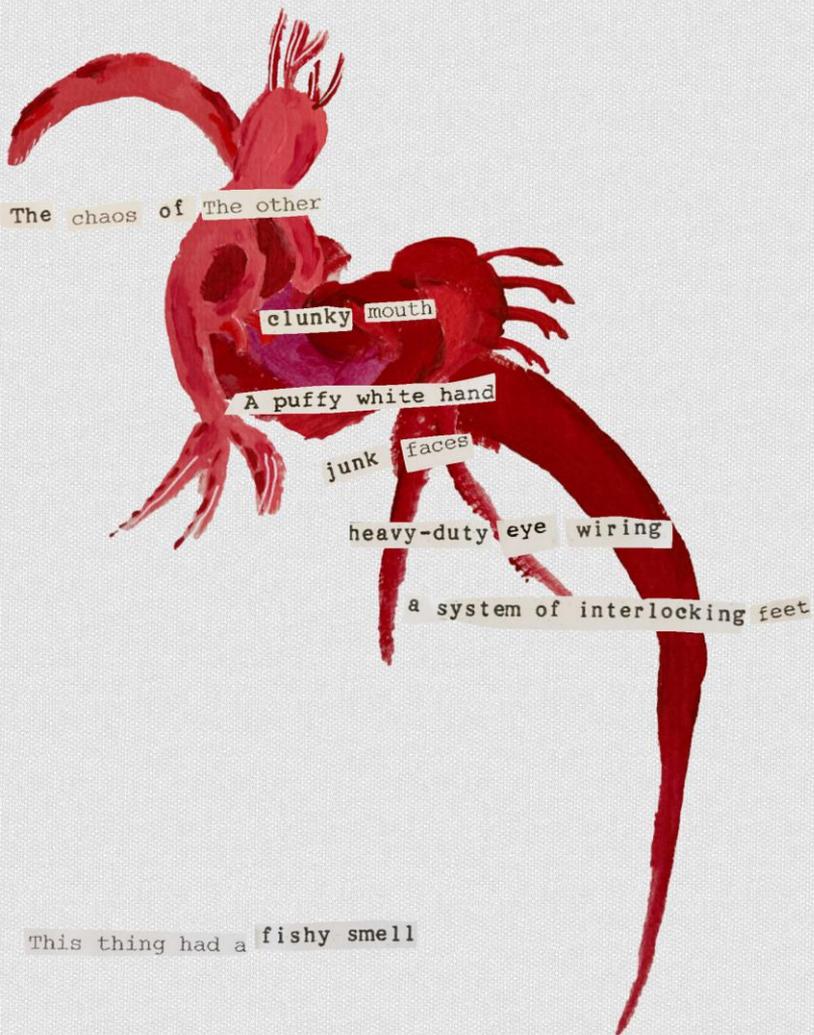
Moreau attempts a reading
black pen in hand

you might imagine an octopus with a dog's head
or a chiselled pig
the graphemes know better

Moreau is the expression of a code
after the black screen
the poem disintegrates

CONSCIOUS ASSIMILATION

the warped body experiments are a futile flesh storm



This thing had a fishy smell

INTERCUTTING SHOTS

INT. THE HALL - NIGHT

prot st. stumbles coughing through the doorway, one arm raised to protect his face from its burning frame.

INT. ENGINE ROOM
Empty, cavernous.

The extremely rapid succession of intercutting shots is such that location, characters and action are almost impossible to apprehend. The sinister figure of the doctor (first introduced in the flashback montage), the huskie standing on its hind legs, and the woman with the flame thrower, seem at times to merge into one entity, and the speed of the cuts and the similarity of their postures, such as the

Several of them are over a

ANGLE ON ONE OF THE SCREENS

INT. EXT. COMPOUND

A moving image of a starfield.

CARCASSES - SPLASH

lying on the snow.

with gasoline.

We realize that a moment ago we were looking at
from the POV of HE HANGS UP
CEILING BY ALL OURS!

INT. INFIRMARY

Distressed
All instrumen

Pull back
to the
sensitivity.

And the house

Elsewhere, the director explains that the final cut, an editing error, resulted in three extraneous shots being intercut. He correctly placed on the mistake was discovered only after the movie's release, when a social media craze quickly developed, whereby fans dissected and analysed the scene in obsessive detail, having slowed playback sufficiently to be able to see each distinctly. The three extraneous shots were: the remains of the chimera, an empty white beach; and an operating table.

Cis struggles
he ayround
h up.

lying in the darkness

the red tongue

licking

a torso

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The clinic operating room is surprisingly sparsely furnished - really not much more than a standard examination room except for the

I just cant can't hth him fcoire going to go down down lipper grabf of assholes illes illes.

of turns his eyes towards the burning flatbed and the remnants of the motor launch. There are bodies strewn all over the beach.

to live to to be - CUo be ass-

INTERCUTTING SHOTS...as the reintegration process completes its cycle.

CUT TO

A dead body lies on the dining table, her entire torso an open wound. Azzello and the Dog Men sitting around her, as if about to feed on her flesh.

HUMAN IMAGE

the beginning of six months of darkness

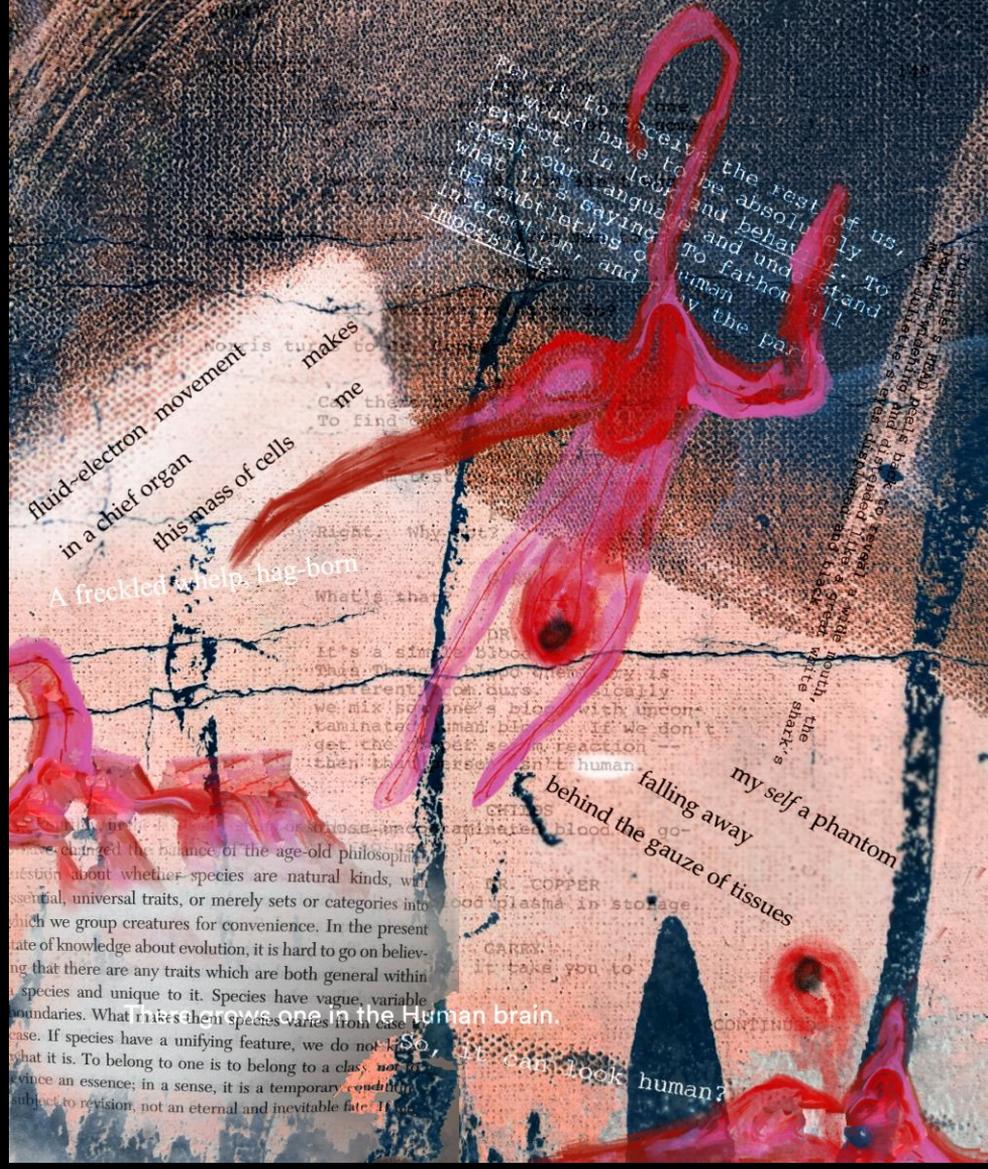
to receive the rest of us,
I would have to be absolutely
silent, in look and behavior, to
speak our language and understand
what it's saying, and to fathom
the subtleties of human
interaction, and human
indecipherable.

fluid-electron movement makes
in a chief organ me
this mass of cells
A freckled, hump, hag-born

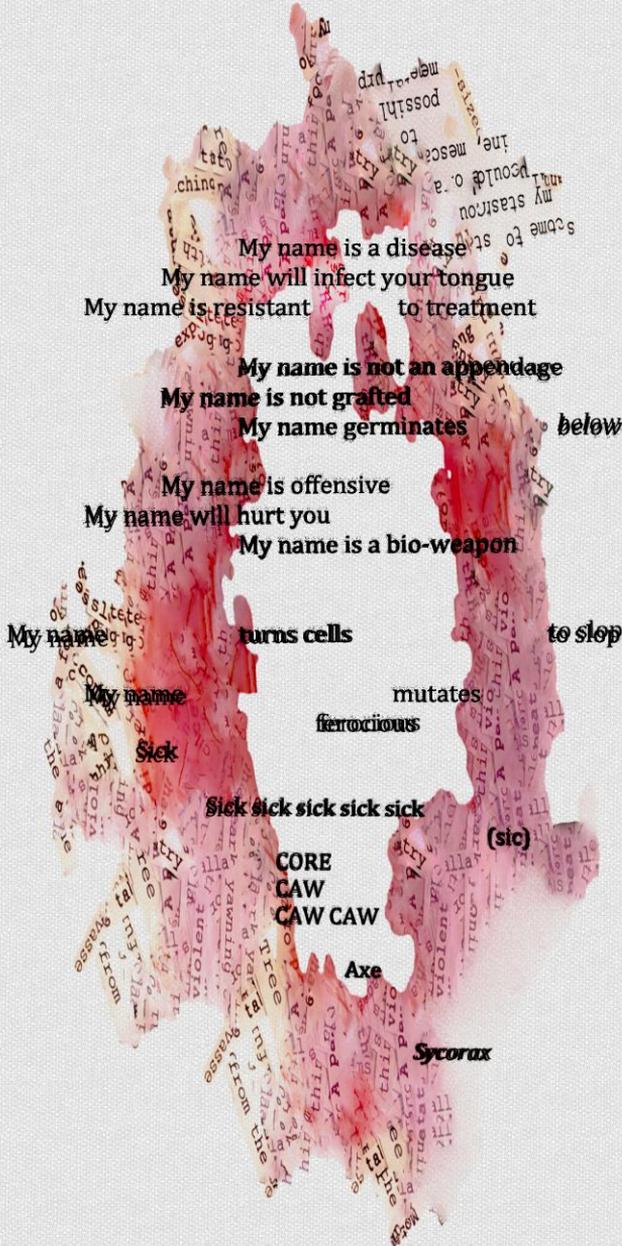
It's a simple blood
This blood
different, ours, biologically
we mix someone's blood with upon
taminate human blood. If we don't
get the right serum reaction --
then the result isn't human.
CHILDS
CHILDS
CHILDS
falling away
my self a phantom
behind the gauze of tissues

...entirely defined the balance of the age-old philosophical
question about whether species are natural kinds, with
essential, universal traits, or merely sets or categories into
which we group creatures for convenience. In the present
state of knowledge about evolution, it is hard to go on believ-
ing that there are any traits which are both general within
a species and unique to it. Species have vague, variable
boundaries. What makes them species varies from case to
case. If species have a unifying feature, we do not know
what it is. To belong to one is to belong to a class, not an
essence; in a sense, it is a temporary condition,
subject to revision, not an eternal and inevitable fate. If we

was one in the Human brain.
can look human?



HIS MOTHER'S VOICE: SICK



My name is a disease

My name will infect your tongue

My name is resistant to treatment

My name is not an appendage

My name is not grafted

My name germinates below

My name is offensive

My name will hurt you

My name is a bio-weapon

My name turns cells to slop

My name mutates

ferocious

Sick

Sick sick sick sick sick

CORE

CAW

CAW CAW

Axe

Sycorax

ATAVISM 5



...world made flesh, his
VOICES
...at night four
...is counting at his door. MacReady
...his visitor and

// all of us Grendel's rothe

:i look so ^{containing} ~~staring~~ at the screen

MacReady is looking for the ~~door~~ ^{door}. He bends forward, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~calls~~ ^{calls} the chess game a circuitry and ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~shouting~~ ^{shouting} a snarling, popping ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~mac~~ ^{mac} from the machine; ~~follow~~ ^{follow}

He MacReady gets ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~door~~ ^{door} ~~from~~ ^{from}.

re got a

...he bends ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~shouting~~ ^{shouting} a snarling, popping ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~mac~~ ^{mac} from the machine; ~~follow~~ ^{follow}

Scenery dissolves, shadow solidifies.

...my own and
...and
...and
...and
...and

...and
...and
...and
...and
...and

...and
...and
...and
...and
...and

...and
...and
...and
...and
...and

MAZE ENGINE

into the black room. He
knocking him to the ground.
and manages to control the

1)
maze seen or heard, frantic architecture of
spins and spells
[remembering my Ladybird *Greek Myths & Legends* (vol 1),
Medusa's mouth stuffed with fangs,
the minotaur's red roar,
text-maze, finger-traced dark of evenings and the Labyrinth]

the victims are nameless



direction: voices off

clapperboard keeping time

interrupted transmissions

CUT TO

FADE OUT

into the black room. He
knocking him to the ground.
and manages to control the

1)
maze seen or heard, frantic architecture of
spins and spells
[remembering my Ladybird *Greek Myths & Legends* (vol 1),
Medusa's mouth stuffed with fangs,
the minotaur's red roar,
text-maze, finger-traced dark of evenings and the Labyrinth]

FADE OUT

nameless

124

CUT TO

CUT TO

into the black room. He
knocking him to the ground.
and manages to control the

124

GOD

Moreau has lost his head

cells self-divide

greying into godhood

a door opens

light blights the soft space

Moreau's mouth intones a formula

making limbs fork

GLASS EYES

It has Marlon Brando's eyes and stinks of fish

It moves with the laggy grace of an octopus

It rns with the of an octopus

I don't know why

As if I might know

The number of its appendages varies, according to the time of day

It doesn't see you

Its fronds and teeth make patterns resembling letters in an alphabet

It is usually described as the Pale Glass

It lags in the murk of the day, wherever you are

It is usually described as the Pale Glass

Its fronds are upsetting

Attempts at classification are experiments, and most of them are failures

wherever

Attempts at classification have proved fruitless, thus far

I don't know why you're asking me about it

As if

As if I might know

As if I might know

As if

As if I might know

As if I might know

As if

As if

As if

As if it has Marlon Brando's eyes

It has Marlon Brando's eyes

Its innumerable variants litter the shore, most unmoving, but some gasping towards the sky

It doesn't see you through the murk

We'll move among them later, killing the survivors

It doesn't have a name, but we call it the Pale Glass or Moreau

Why do you even ask

It autovivisects in the sunken building offscreen

Linguists have attempted a reading of the word-like patterns formed by the fronds and teeth, unsuccessfully thus far

It tears its own skin to consolidate the efficiency of its mechanisms

We sometimes call it Moreau

It is the sum of its own experiments, and most of them are failures

I don't know why

-like
essful

As if

It is the sn of its own experime
are failus

au

As if

It's eyes

It team of its own experin
mechu

As if

It has Marlon Brando's eyes

It is tlvisivsects

It has Marlon Brando's eyes

INTERCUT AND VOICE OVERS

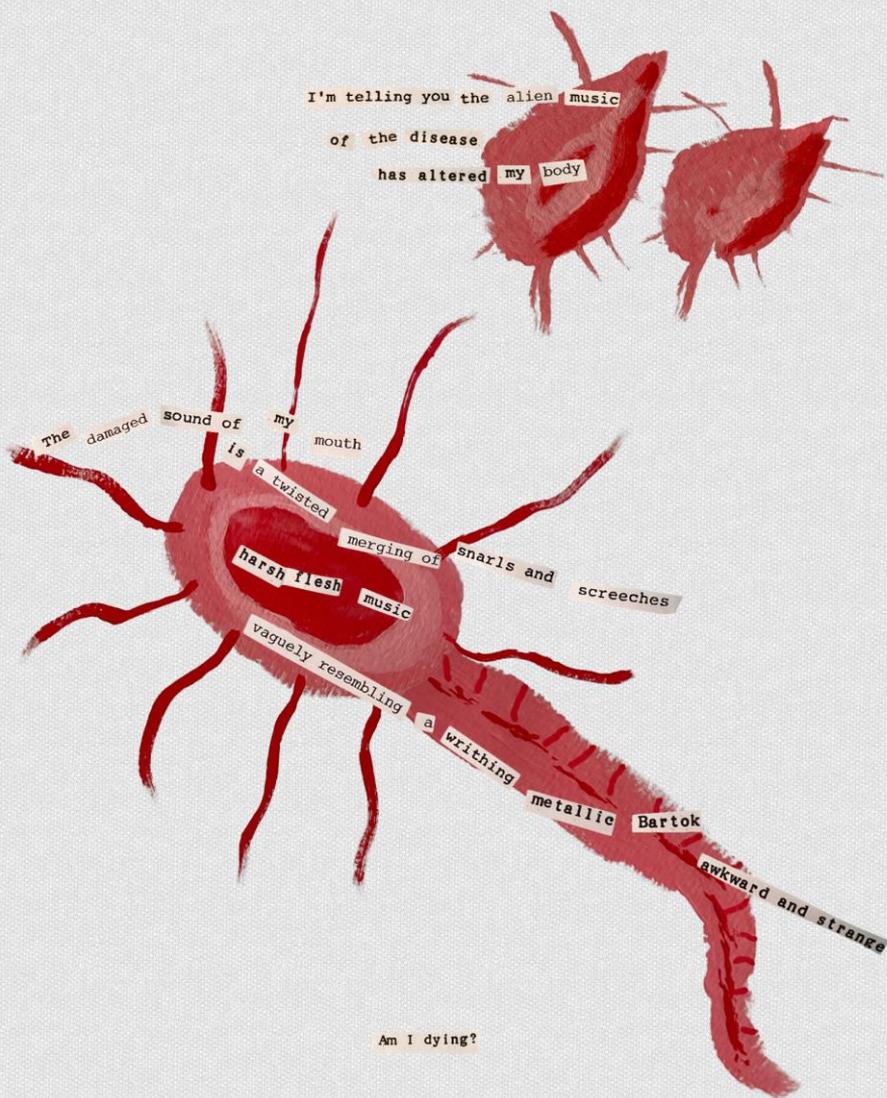
Stepping into the cold light, several of them claim, in
anguished voices, to be human.

It will be the judge of that, mutters Moreau.

Some kind of organism.
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,

HIDEOUS MOUTH PARTS

I'm telling you the alien music
of the disease
has altered my body



Am I dying?

his DISSOLVE TO

pink intrusion

or flailing sense

at the skin of the poem

stay back: ick

(Mein Gott, Gottfried Benn!)

This island's mine lie

but this body is alien

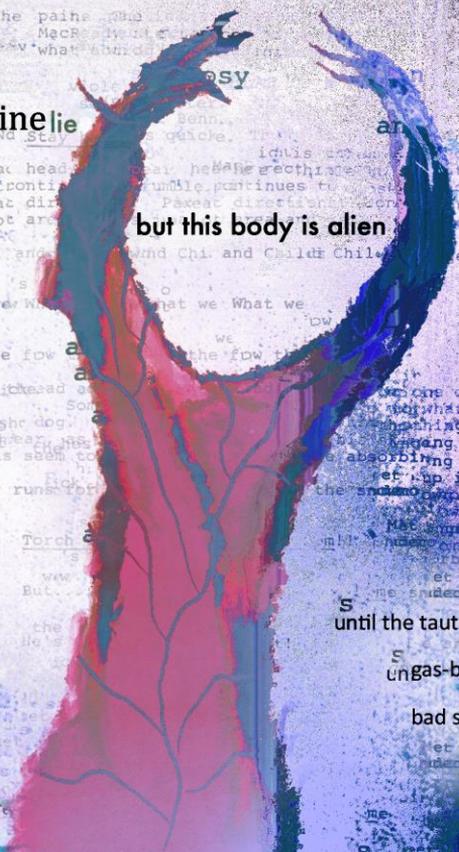
the poem deliquesces,

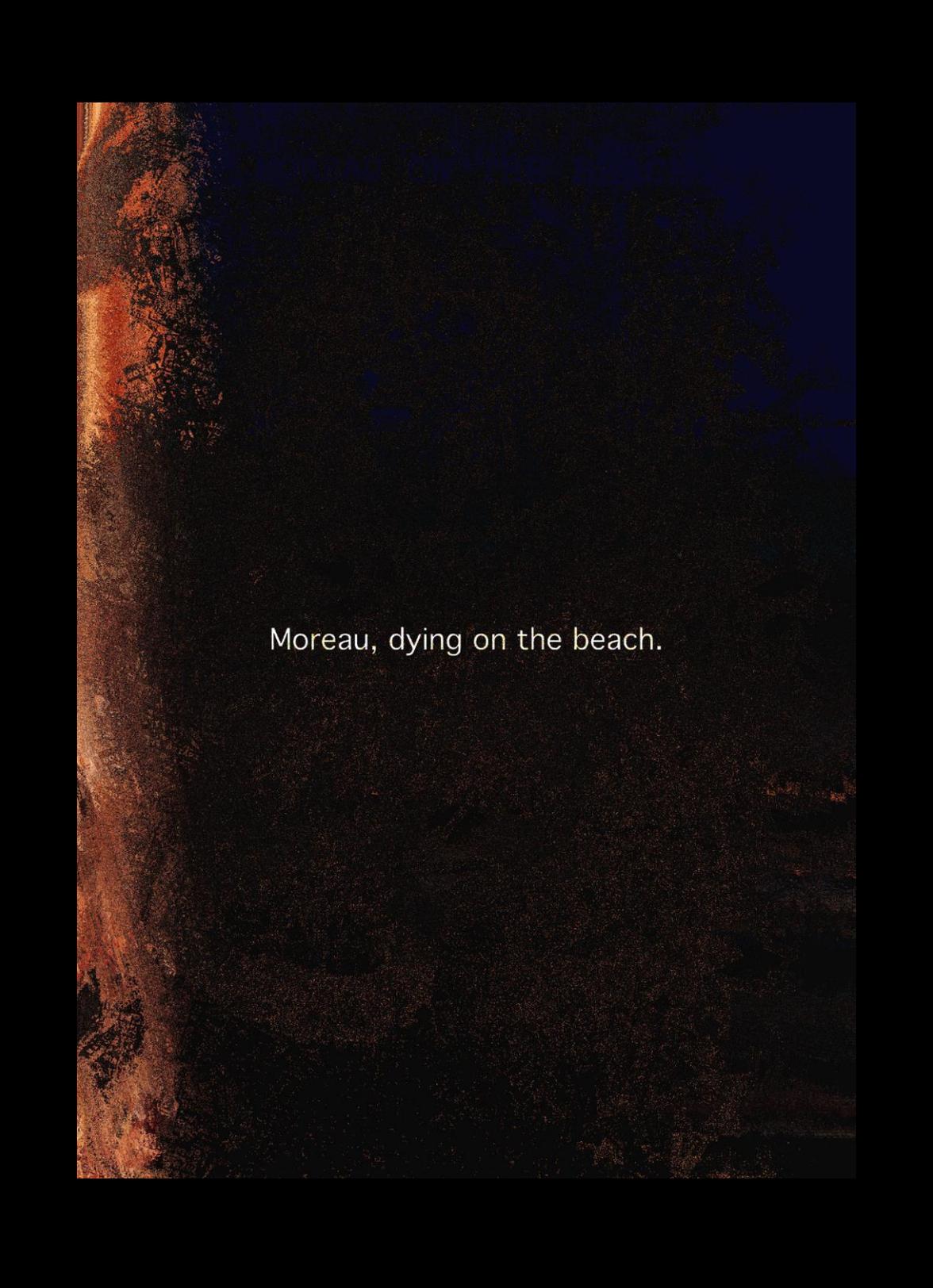
mushes pale

until the tautening of the skin;

un-gas-bloat

bad seed pod





Moreau, dying on the beach.

HIS MOTHER'S VOICE: EGG

Moreau opened my mouth for me

so I bit off his head

Rolled it back with my tongue

cracked it between my molars

His brain was a sour grey yoke

swallowed

The shell

spat out

Later

bored

I glued the skull together

painted it

for Easter violence

DAY

...AND ...

We had the

Rotten Sun

The dogs were still snarling,



OMITTED

[Close-up of
[close-up of the antagonist]

sometime am I

All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
do hiss me into madness

[Bamboo forest filling the frame,

marines strafing through towering skeletal fingers]

your recurring dream of lips sewn shut
dream of lips

hissing like acid
sing like acid
hissing like acid into the fabric

I was obliged to impose silence with a fire extinguisher.

A puffy white hand has settled considerably.

He jumps, hanging onto the edge of the hole.

There are white and black blotches over the silence.

Both men speak guardedly and stare at his frostbitten face.

He indicates his puffy white hand in silence,

Ready to set up the chessboard.

If you're worried about anything, settle it with a fire extinguisher.

If there are surprises, take that blood test.

To recap: his eyes disintegrated almost immediately,

And an appendage hissed around him

While he considered his next move.

The sounds and sweet airs that give delight

To you, the audience, cause his grotesque

And angular torso to howl in fury as the force of the blast
Imposes silence.

Lo, lo, again bite him to death, I prithee,

COMPOUND - NIGHT

tv 09477

FRANCIS

VA

144 CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED

144

This latest sequencing new essay, meat paradigm

particles dwarfed exponentially

by the blank between / around

the poem mostly nothing

But insistently material, absorbing light, its moving parts making ripples

Interfacing with other structures

Their anatomisation of dreams, trances, epileptic seizures,
migraines and other phenomena resulted in the conclusion

that when I waked

I cried to dream again

the night disintegrating

grating
rating

rat

MOREAU ON THE BEACH



the voice of the

the organ of rendering

the voice

from the window

Deleted scene.

HARSH

the voice

approaches her

Harsh and

disappears fr

DISAPPEARING SUBJECT

primitive nimbus Of Neural paths
surrounded by a
plastic life
sloughing off cells and magnifying
An angel erupts
She dissects the human Creature
playing with the severed neck
scrutinizes the head
Smoke rises from the cold face
Not a pretty sight. sight.

Other visible text fragments include: "MORANU'S", "operating", "Reaches a crescent", "blissing", "transmissio", "Data kind ha", "at upper", "Neural paths", "life", "a wall of agony", "Not a prett", "the severed neck", "Christ", "the severed neck", "face", "she blis", "MORANU'S", "operating", "Reaches a crescent", "blissing", "transmissio", "Data kind ha", "at upper", "Neural paths", "life", "a wall of agony", "Not a prett", "the severed neck", "Christ", "the severed neck", "face", "she blis", "MORANU'S", "operating", "Reaches a crescent", "blissing", "transmissio", "Data kind ha", "at upper", "Neural paths", "life", "a wall of agony", "Not a prett", "the severed neck", "Christ", "the severed neck", "face", "she blis".

CLOSE ON THE DOG CARCASSES

nk

nk

nk

35

COO

COO

160

Things along amongst the wreck. Almost everything but the
skicreel superstructure has disintegrated into a fine ash
pouilly

in the wreckage

COO digs for ice samples at the perimeter of the wreckage,
stackReady browses through a fine ash center.

Prin continues to marvel, as he walks around the oval atop
the ice whirl. ghost text

Peacard and kneels down for the crisis as the latter
examines a piece of metal.

at the
Magno knees some type... or some
k'of metakrange alloy.
clocks out
at debris
in disgust
And those poor dumb bastards had
to go and blow the low of it.

So what do you NC B of it?

NG
You know damn well what we both
make of it.

dilating wound

MAC READY
No chance it could have been some
new kind of post drill?

shakes his head no.

Seismic activity has been pushing
this area up from way down, for a
long time.

(holds up
ice sample)
big time was buried in. It's
over five new wind years old.

PEWEE calls out, waving the.

101

EXT. GLACIER

101

The two men join main rd sunshine oval. A
large rectangular buried in four ice. It's
fifteen feet deep and feet wide and years deep.

some thing

in our memories

NUNUED

bristles

TOTEM 5



Visual poems in this book have been published in the following journals and anthologies: *Always Crashing*, *Buzdokuz*, *Cream City Review*, *Cutbow Quarterly*, *D.O.R.*, Marian Christie's blog, *Osmosis Press* online, *Pamenar Press* online, *Psycho Holosuite*, *RIC Journal*, *Seeing in Tongues* and *Shuddhashar*. With thanks to the editors.

James Knight is a poet, artist, performer and publisher based in the UK. Publications include *Cosmic Horror* (Hem Press), *Rites & Passages* (Salò Press), *Machine* (Trickhouse Press) and *Void Voices* (Hesterglock Press). Website: www.thebirdking.com. Bluesky: @badbadpoet. Instagram/Threads: @jkbirdking. X: @badbadpoet.





steel incisors
visual poetry with teeth

poetry
REALITY
toppl
its burning frame