

OSIT

A SCHIZOTIC HOLIDAY

by

r o l a n d
r e y n o l d s

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"To illustrate that the Pagan religion of Nazism is an example to the Satanists and New Agers, let us ponder Anton LaVey's (head of a visible Church of Satan) trip to the sacred initiation castle of Hitler's Black Order the SS . The SS apparently brought the Holy Grail to Germany, and hid it before the end of the war . On May 2, 1945, a select group of SS officers, those initiated into the higher mysteries of the Nazi Pagan religion, hid the Grail in the Schlegeiss glacier at the foot of 3,000 meter high Hochfeiler mountain . Seekers in the area have been found decapitated, and mutilated . The area is still guarded by the Black Order in anticipation of the day that the Grail can be revealed to the world . It has been speculated 1995 might be the date, but this is pure speculation . The important thing for us is to begin to experience the Kingdom of God right now . Let us prepare ourselves for Almighty God's New World Order as the Satanists launch their counterfeit New World Order."

- 'Bloodlines of The Illuminati. by Fritz Springmeier' by *Daniel Lazar*

"It's terrible for a child to know his mother is going to die, said Amalfitano. I's worse to lie to them, children should never be lied to, said Lola."

- '2666' by *Roberto Bolaño*

"my strongest impulse is to reduce things down to their skeleton, to tear off their skin and their flesh. Then I'm finished with them" & "been interested in the structure of stories within dreams, how it is free of transitions, and associations are overlooked. The contrasts create acceleration."

- Heiner Müller

The characters:

I, a Woman, and Carin is my name

my Husband, Benno; Benno lives in a world where he's a detective called Plotter

my Mother, Joyce, whose brain and body were abused with psychedelic actions

Hampton, who is sometimes Gabriel, sometimes my Demon Sasha, who is Cannibal

GDR. AUTUMN. 1977.

object/force | my mummy's watching telly, asleep, drooling

MUMMY STILL sits in her chair dressed so colourfully drenched in the colours of her Africa childhood. Her mind is fading, bless her, and she still young for that. Sometimes it's hard now to know who you are to her when she speaks to you.

Mummy-as-she-twitches-her-leg-like-an-old-dog,-mumbling – TELL ME TELL ME TELL ME! TELL ME IF I'M WRONG MOTHER FUCKERS!! SORRY THAT'S EXTREME BUT YOU JUST TELL ME IF I'M FUCKING WRONG YOU BUNCH OF ARROGANT CUNTS GO ON TELL ME IF I'M WRONG! TELL ME TELL ME TELL ME!

Repeatingly.

I am sleeping, with my head resting on my arms resting on the oil cloth resting on the kitchen table. Freddy Quinn lulled me here.

A WOMAN who is Me is dreaming – a man is reciting to her his thesis on how women view men; beat by beat he pauses and she repeats him from the upturned soapbox.

Man, *repeated by* Carin – MEN. Men are incompetent, insecure, incomplete. Men are susceptible to suggestion, susceptible to addiction, susceptible to prejudice. They are fired from clay, baked or half-baked at 600F and left unfinished to suck the heat out one way or another – and when men designed the world as the vessel of their pleasure and vassal of their self-conscious paranoia they assigned woman the jaundice rite of sucking out their excess heat. Men are excess, petulance, pestilence, susceptible to satisfaction, ritual and repetitive satisfaction. But women. Women are disruption, women are persistence, woman is perseverance, the pursuer. Women are perception, interpretation, volume mass density and the manufacturers of gravity, gravity as a process not a tool of conquest. Women are coils of charge in perpetual motion. Woman is process, a microscope to inspect, relate, experiment. Woman is SCIENCE and while Man shits his pants in his exams or on his battlefields, shitting with fever over his products that took on a life of their own beyond his comprehension, the products of his prejudice, and begs for our comfort, while Man begs for our comfort, Woman is busy. There is no comfort, we don't have time to comfort, we're fucking busy. Men are derivative, suffused with the souls of reptiles. DRIVE we tell them DRIVE MAN DRIVE DRIVE the cliffhead cliffedge is coming up and our mouths open with a trembling acid hope, that dull heavy acid you get in your mouth when you run a long way, a hope that we'll see it, the harvest of your fears, the MAD suicide when you finally finally do it you finally drive dive 200ft onto the rocks. But the cowards pull up, always, swing round and drive on back to their rituals. LIVE the fat pricks. So we kill ourselves instead. Men are static cycles of ritual and repetition, men are a returning, until they wake up and the best years of their lives were a dream. Women are forging and founding when men flounder and flatter and fatten in their triumphs. To commit suicide, to do it well and to do it once – THAT takes guts. That's the female discipline

– do it well and do it once. And to understand this female discipline Man invented industry. Industry is a metaphor for Woman.

It occurs to me to think about the words I'm saying and I can't say them any longer

Carin – I don't know any woman who would talk like this.

but he mumbles away unperturbed.

ALL THIS time, in her dreamtown also,

Mummy-as-she-twitches-her-leg-like-an-old-dog,-mumbling: TELL ME TELL ME TELL ME! TELL ME IF I'M WRONG MOTHER FUCKERS!! SORRY THAT'S EXTREME BUT YOU JUST TELL ME IF I'M FUCKING WRONG YOU BUNCH OF ARROGANT CUNTS GO ON TELL ME IF I'M WRONG! TELL ME TELL ME TELL ME!

MEANDREAMWHILE MY husband is asleep in the bath, a phone ringing nearby, ringringringing an all-night-awful-lot until his hand smears through the air and cuts it off at the throat. At his ear a man is whispering:

Cannibal – IT IS NIGHT IT HAS BEEN NIGHT FOR MANY HOURS

THIS NIGHT IS COLD YELLOW EDIBLE EVAPORATING LONG NIGHT AND A SHORT DAY WILL FOLLOW IT

PLOTTER AT LAST HAS FALLEN ASLEEP YOU HAVE CROSSED YOUR BODY AND SPREAD YOURSELF OVER THE FOREST FLOOR OF LABOUR STRETCHED OUT ACROSS THE FLOOR FROM UNDER YOUR FORM YOU BREATHE IN THE DARKNESS ASLEEP AND DREAMING

LIGHT ENTERS YOUR HOUSE LIKE A PIG'S HEAD AND BEGINS TO SETTLE ON
THE SHADOWS

PLUMPING THE CUSHIONS

FOLDING SHIRTS

POLISHING LAKE ISLAND MIASMA

BED STANDS ACROSS THE ROOM. LIGHT SNUFFLES AND TRIPS CURSING

FINDS HIM OUT OF BREATH

BREATHLESS HE'S BEEN BURSTINGRUNNING

There's news coming, friend. I'm bringing you news.

Carin, over the phone she hijacks – If the darkness tells us to go to sleep and the light tells us to wake, why do you sit up chatting to the darkness every single night in those hours? Why do you plug up your ears against the light? What do you think you're hiding from? Not like, "Hm, what do you think you're hiding from?", but really, what is it, the *thing* you're hiding from? Is it me?

Do you think you can hide from me?

MUMMY IS awake, up, listens; calls at first quietly, but when unheard finally screams.

Mum – Beasty! Beasty! Little Beasty little Beasty little Beasty! Darling! Love? Beasty!?

Carin – WHAT!?

I don't need to shout at her, just call,

Carin – What?

Mum – It's time to get up

Carin – I am up, I've been awake for ages

Mum – I heard you talking in your sleep, it's time to get up!

I'm dressed in just a nighty/slip, check my watch, a heavy old thing and aged, worn and masculine

Carin – Mum! It's half 5!!

Mum – Well you can make me some tea can't you?

This is life...isn't it? I struggle into clothes as I struggles into reality. I'm in the room with my mother. Mother is sharp all of a sudden and I have to pretend she's somebody else now.

Mum – You're late. Again. This is a man's world honey and don't you forget it. A woman in your position can't afford to be late. None of us can. You don't get to the top for nothing. Especially as a woman. You have to sacrifice. Sacrifice everything. There's nothing in this world you cannot give. What have you sacrificed for what you have, for where you are? Eh? Nothing. Because you have nothing. Give nothing get nothing. What do you know about sacrifice? What?

Carin – Nothing

Mum – Damn right nothing. Nails, you're good at nails. Come here, I need my nails doing.

Carin – Yes mum.

Mum – You better be a hard worker Beasty. I promise you better. Because I'm not afraid to lay down the law in my office. If we've got a girl not pulling her weight I'm going to find her and I'm going to kick her out on the street. I've given up too much to have some twisty-knicker brat ruin all my work, tear down the towers of my endeavours. Are you the best? Are you the best damn worker in the outfit? You better be. You better be as good at typing as you are at nails.

Silence.

Mum – I was doing an interview the other day, that man doing articles in Der Zeit on women in big business, which is a subject as rarely studied as finding women in big business I might add, and he wasn't even going to get around to the subject of sacrifice, he was just going to dance around competition and men and the subjugation of women in the work place and home and then he hits me with asking if what I'm doing is selfish! Selfish! So I make him well aware of my views on selfishness, I mean if a girl is willing to wrap her heels round her ears for the rest of her life and keep quiet about it to stay out of trouble well isn't that the selfish thing? I'm furthering my own career for ego's sake he says and I say no! A man in power is for himself alone and we've seen that over millions of years, none of this "Service" bullshit come on! A woman in power is acting out for every woman under the sun and furthering the cause. Not red, don't do them red for fuck's sake! Blue, blue, blue, for tonight!

Carin – Sorry

Mum – I already told you, what do I tell you? Colour

Carin – Colour is everything.

Mum – Colour is everything! People kill for colour, people die for colour and in a world of Grey, Blue vs. Red means something girl!

Carin – Sorry mum

Mum – So I'm telling this boy, you don't have to choose between children and a career, you don't have to put aside your own personality and prejudices for the good of every woman under the sun, you don't have to sacrifice a thing in order to succeed, you just turn up and get the gig. I've made sacrifices boy, sacrifices! And you know he didn't print a single word of it, instead he wrote, "She suggests she has remained a virgin in order to further her career." Suggests! A virgin! These creeps really get under my skin, they beat a woman to death with insinuation, I mean a woman can hardly get a word in edgeways with one of these "journalists", by which they mean professional perverts. It's the one thing women are no good at, journalism, because we can only imitate the perverse behaviour of a man's psychology.

Carin – I'm going to make your tea mum, and I've got to be going.

She goes to dress like she's going to work. Brings back tea for mum. Mum is soft.

Mum – This is just a teabag stood in some milk.

Carin – Can't you manage, I'm just heading out

Mum – This is just a teabag stood in some milk.

Carin – Alright alright! I'll be back in a minute

Mother placidly returns to the telly. I don't have to move, standing beside her, watching her. After a few moments:

Carin – Alright mum, I'm just heading out

Mum – OK love, see you later. Are you seeing your dad later?

Carin – No mum, dad's dead.

Mum laughs. I can't be entirely sure what she has heard but it tickles her.

I make a big fuss about gathering up my necessaries for the day, packing my handbag, jangling my keys. I don't know if she believes I go out, if she cares, if she notices I'm gone. But when she calls for me in the middle of the day it gives me some solace to know that, at least in my own logic, I'm not there to hear her.

I have to fall asleep on the kitchen table for one dreamless hour or die trying.

PLOTTER WAKES in his bath with a cry, still clutching the phone to his breast like the newborn. The skulking figure of his dreams has been waiting for him, as Hampton.

Hampton – We spoke on the phone.

Plotter – Did we?

Hampton – You're Plotter? The private investigator.

Plotter – I don't know about so private if you come barging in here, what's the big idea?

Hampton – Plotter. What have you eaten today?

Plotter – Four cafetieres of coffee, a bottle of whisky, half a bottle of sleeping pills, two lagers and two boxes paracetamol.

Hampton – What have you eaten?

Plotter – Not today, a tin of sardines. Two days ago.

He slimes like an oily rainbow over the side of the bath and down like a teenage girl belly-flat on her bed kicking her heels in the air; his mattress is a mountain of photos, documents, maps, charts, reports, coffee pots, empty and half-empty bottles, open-and-closed tins of devoured fish, boxes and bottles and containers of pills of every which colour, many spilled over the floor and even more already consumed; on top of this is the most ridiculously enormous overcoat, acting as a shield for his near-naked form and from eyes prying for insight into his work.

Hampton – You haven't heard yet?

Plotter – There's nothing I haven't heard yet.

Hampton is dialling a number on the phone and cradling the receiver like a cat as she purrs for away-from-home attention. From a far off room, muffled by many clothes and pillows and years, a phone begins to ring and doesn't stop; it is like the trembling leg of a child beating on your hips as you drowse together on a long train journey.

Hampton – Another one has been earmarked.

Plotter – Another what?

Hampton – It's a pleasure to finally see your eyes. Over the phone you have such poise, distance, such control. Which I can see now is

Plotter – artifice?

Hampton – Calculated, certainly.

Plotter – You're here because you think you have information

Hampton – I do have information.