

# C.O.P.P.ophilia



The Crazy Creepy Cunts

## 1. CONTROL

### *Do It Like Beyoncé*

Every thing starts with charm. Either it's a con versa tion, an ideal one a grees up on, a physi cal at traction towards one a nother, charm is the pri mary requi rement, the seed that is planted into one's head, awaif ting a future growth. Like a plant, its li ving de pends on the ac cessible condi tions it is gi ven to take root and per haps bios som. Weir dly e nough, the will to live is never optio	nal to plants, as it should be for human beings, since we believe at some point we are en titled to free will on our own selves. Not to harm one an other, or ul tima tely our selves, is then ea sily under standa ble from the point of view of a plant, which does not ask, just performs and takes what it needs to live on peaceful ly. As plants, we could ar gue that huma nity's goal is to at tain a tara xia,	a state of be ing which allows a soul to be pleased wha tever the cir cumstan ces. Not to ex pect, not to fear, not to hope, just to be come. Ne verthe less, and as com plex as human beings are, I am af raid we'll always have to deal with the fear of be ing bug ged by false de sires, obses sions and various types of needi ness. I have fi nally relin quished my desi re to control, I re fuse to	master you no not e ven in narra tive. In this ex perience self-cons ciousness becomes aware that life is as essen tial as an ex istent consciou sness, the master holds, par conse quence my other, you, my other in sub ordi nation. In the same way the bond sman be ing self- conscious is de pendent. Inde pendence is the shape of thinghood. Read this like a poem not like a poli tical treatise. « The per	fume, you gave it to me such a long time ago that you have for gotten you gave it to me. » Hé lène Ci xous, Dé luge (down pour), nine teen nine ty two. The com puter inter jects: [You fucking cunt, je suis Si mone Veille.] Inde pendence us. auto nomy. When re ferring to time, could be easy to point out the different ways we are ab le to perceive it, de pending on the language we are using, and the timeline	we are actual ly in. From an cient Greece, we get at least three dif ferent ways to look at it. (Crg ing-Mo ther-plag ing-on- tape) I lied, I came be cause I was a bout to die in side, and for a very selfish reason wanted to know if you'd be there when I woke up, after wards. I guess I was wrong, and I just nee ded to be near you at this ve ry mo ment. I wanted you in my life, I still do, I want to	give news and get some, ooh I want it so bad. I want to feel you every time we meet, from the in side, I want you inside / Compu ter: I I DIOT I, but I don't want to sac rifice myself, you know too well I'd fall - or am I just again assu ring you're wise be cause you're wearing glasses. I've ta ken so many trains, died so ma ny times. I did n't want to frigh ten you, I am sorry if I hurt you, I just care a
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Welcome to our module on collective becoming. If you think that you're a mystic, you're in the right place. If you not really sure, you're still in the right place. If you're hoping to get the skills to hex someone into loving you, then you're definitely in the right place. Today we will be focusing on:

[CONTROL  
OBSESSION  
PARANOIA  
POSSESSION]

Love is like a collective seizure of anxiety.

If there's one thing that we can all understand it's feeling fucking anxious.

Maybe also feeling anxious about fucking.

Over the course of this module you will learn how to get deep, really really deep, into these emotions.

You will learn how to press on your optic nerve until we all fall on the floor like mystics.

Haven't you always wanted to writhe on the floor together? We are firmly against group hugs and other forms of fake connection but we are deeply into how good it feels to spread sexual paranoia. Begin.

## 2. OBSESSION

### *Do It Like Hannah Arendt*

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## INTERLUDE

Now is a good time to smoke a cigarette. Does that feel better? Good. Pick your favorite toxin and smear it all over your body. Good. Most toxic things take a million years to degrade so now we're all basically immortal. We're into immortality because it means that maybe all the old white conservative men will die and we'll get to dance on their stupid corpses forever. Then we'll live even longer and we'll forget all about them. We know that this kind of thing is possible because we're basically psychic. Through Control and Obsession we are learning how to read minds, how to predict what is coming, also how to have better and better and better sex. Let's practice a bit of what we've learned so far. Please do not join hands but do repeat after us: [ Je suis Simone Veille. Je suis Marguerite Porete. Je suis Margery Kempe. Je suis Thérèse d'Avila et Johanna Hedva. Je suis mystique. Je suis toutes les mystiques. Ta voix je l'entends. Tes yeux sur moi je les sens. Ta présence. Tu n'as pas besoin de te faire entendre. You shall not speak. You don't have to speak to be heard. ]

OOOOh, it's a little creepy, isn't it? Collective becoming can be a creepy experience. It makes your skin crawl. It's perfect for opening the self to the paranoia of sexual attraction.

### 3. PARANOIA

#### *Do It Like We're Friends*

I remember things you probably don't. I remember the first time we met. I remember how vulnerable you appeared on the way back from that concert. I remember having told « where do we go from here ». I remember an argument about plants, a discussion we never finished. I remember a fucking mill, and an army of bugs the same color. I remember you thought I'd take a plane just to have sex. I have dozens of memories, altered, probably, by the magic I invested in you. The self-help book advised me to curb my negative thinking so I turn instead to academic pursuit, but now I'm in a University setting and everyone here is the worst. In Paris it's already winter, so the other academics cluster in the sun spot at the other side of the academic cloister. There's one that's always talking to me and I like him fine when we're locked in to a seminar he always says something like: As a man I... or, I know that I am differentially privileged by my masculinity but still... He presents super lambda masculine so we can all see it, we don't need him spelling it out for us. He begins every sentence this way, it's like an exacting weather report on his cisgender status. *News Flash!* still stable, still strong! OK I am failing positive thinking. But if I can't be happy I'll try being an academic! So: De Sade does not quite generate a past that offers an engaging imitation of storylines, provisional as life might be. Real life, I mean. (Hy pothetically). Fiction offers me the chance to flow between two practices of poetics and consciousness. Yet moral cause and effect normally renders me incapable or actually just unwilling to make a choice. Ugh if I did not need this extra two hundred euros a month I would make a point of sighing loudly every time he opens his mouth but even that expulsion of air is often judged too morally uncertain. Alas I will content myself with a running list of writing's natural modalities. 1/ Fine-tuning the super ego as you 2/ Hope to bury something essential of the self so as to 3/ Survive basic and stupid alienation which 4/ You don't even really care so much about I'm sure that 5/ If you took that Yale professor's advice and did what made me happy I certainly would have skipped this seminar this morning but 6/ I do like the occasional paid-for plane ticket, it makes me feel valuable even though that sense of value is doubly based on both property and propriety both of which 8/ if I were a REAL LESBIAN I would want to abolish. Fuck, start over. Therefore: feeling the bond, is verified by the links created with that person through time. What we share, have in common, the discussions we are willing to engage with one another. I know what I felt, but will probably never know more than that, if only I—the moderator forces each one of us as a participant to be something external, no the Finn does not believe in all of this Hegelian Master dynamic but still she forces each of us to throw a ball of yarn and bellow our first names. The yarn gets tangled everywhere. We're in a weird documentary from the seventies mixed with a horror film named HYGGE! I wish someone would surge forward with a knife saw bits from the existent narrative cut this weird yarn send everyone screaming as the cut yarn trembles and we get a story for later. Liberated from the conference room. No I am not into hygge, no not even as a way to get to know one another. I find closeness repressively ego-centric, a colleague proposes that we begin the session with a group hug and I hope that my *Thank you I would prefer to preserve my physical integrity* is polite enough. Freud says it's because I recognize in you everything I lack. Lacan says it's because I want to give you something I don't possess and that you don't even actually want. My chart says it's because my sun's in pisces, virgin rising and moon in scorpio, Cyrulnik would probably say that love > resilience can erase negativity and self-depreciation, therefore helping oneself to bloom, and Madonna tells me it's because I always want what I cannot have. (Playing the harmonica from time to time) Back to my old ways, some that will never leave me far behind. It's something like a roadhouse blues, when you enter the place, they pour you an old fashioned drink you did not have to beg for, the harmonica is playing, something smoked and hard to catch. An idea itches the brain. — 'Cause You see, my grandmother was a bartender. A real old fashioned one, she had the slicks, the slacks and knew how to party. She was a real piece my grandmother. The real deal. As of today, nobody actually knows who

#### 4. POSSESSION

##### *Do It Like Lacan*

On giving something you don't have to some one who doesn't want it, and Vanity Fair. Perhaps now would be a good time to tell you meaningless sex bears no value to me. I guess past experiences taught me that regardless of the creature, I need spontaneity, care, affection and trust before giving away my little flower. I do trust you though. Sometimes, I'm not even sure we do have a relationship any more. Perhaps this was just in my head, and perhaps you're one of the many personas who live within me, encountered once in a fuzzy dream, never to be seen again. Remember when I told you I was a survivor? As a curator, I'm supposed to take care. As a Pisces, you'd assume I'm often vague, dazed, confused, and dress like a baby clown. I could add controlling, manipulative, obsessive, paranoid and possessive. All that may be true. I'm also supposed to be in touch with celestial forces, so, be wary. Some times though, I just don't understand how I can end up in even situations,

with nothing to be remorseful about, nor anything to be proud of. Just living this quiet life, being at peace. It scares me to be both so naive and think ahead -or to clarify, not to know for sure what awaits-, the things I don't know that will still happen and with which I will have to deal, regardless. Nothing is everlasting, this is so thrilling, I just don't wanna end up being pitied because of a life continuously made out of poor decisions, nor repeat the same mistakes until it's over. The fetish of the secret can be the most unruly kind of fetish. It thrives exactly on the boundary of the other side of trust feel her hips slamming against the cheeks of my ass my forehead against the mirror dirty sink on my elbows lost the self finally for a few seconds because IF this is something secret, THEN it will go unrecounted. Writers struggle with oversharing, with figuring out how much of it to keep in and how much of it to give away and that's not even considering what you charge for.

There is a difference, Dennis Cooper maintains, between content and authorial intent and a well-placed joke can suture the two glide you through that slick brain avenue I have to pee but will the story wait for me? and definitely don't tell her that I rimmed you in a shower stall on the way back from a weekend in Reno. It wasn't my fault. It was because I saw my mother. And you know how THAT makes me feel. In Kathy Acker's rewriting of Dario Argento's *Suspiria* the Mom becomes a School becomes a Cunt and maggots drop every where from the red walls, crawling out from the fleshy parts that are mom's intimacy, all those things we'd rather not believe in. The subjectivity of our caretakers when we become their caretakers. The sun was very bright in the Barcelona municipal library, a wonder that couldn't have been imagined by a suburban girl *from the USA!* but here it is now right in front of me. It is also possible that conspicuous vanity may, in the end only rise as

an attempt to fill the void, to compensate the lack of meaning, and to cope for socially constructed paradigms. I deal thus takes the form of a tangible representation, invested or projected onto one another, for what we see and interpret is only a distorted and context-based representation of our will. We met in a group for people whose eyes told them they were too controlling, obsessive, paranoid and possessive but once we were talking about all this together we realized that the normalcy is just whatever most people think so instead of changing ourselves we should change the world. [We think that you're really cute, Madrid, and we want to have sex with you and then get all controlling and paranoid about it. Haven't you always wanted to have someone obsessed with you? I'm sure you have. We're good at it, come find us over by the bar, we're waiting for you.] But that's so dark, lighten up! Love is light, right? Never anxious or whatever. We leave you with a last possession:

*Contrary to what Johanna Hedva said in her Sick woman theory, I still think sending love letters is a way of resisting capitalism, for they should be sent «nec spe nec metu», with for only intention the significance of one's affection (the sender) towards one another (the receiver). In the true nature of love, what else could be? In a way, as long as it's not returned to its senders, quoting Elvis here btw, and for that it would be compulsory to clearly say where it can be found, all love letters shall be considered bottles in the sea, messages left in the lost and found section of a post office somewhere on earth, awaiting to finally find its recipient.*

Control  
Obsession  
Paranoia  
Possession  
-ophilia

by

The Crazy Creepy Cunts

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