

PRODUCTION STILL.



After having rolled out the dough in an appropriate size the new pizzaiolo [pizza maker] notices a tiny black speck on its surface; fussily picking at it, he involuntarily makes a tear in the pizza base, and has to start all over again.

In 1969, Cynthia Plaster Caster wrapped Jimi Hendrix's penis in plaster, beginning a life-long obsession with famous musicians' genitalia. The casts became trophies to evidence a physical intimacy with the rock stars, as well as a sliver of body: the cast, the most direct of sculptural processes, says "I was there". These objects represent a brief moment in time: the duration of an erection.

In 2008, Cynthia has become an object of stardom (or mild infamy) herself, "a fan with fans" as she puts it, and in so doing complicates the binary system she was previously involved with. The aesthetically ordinary phalluses in her collection possess a unique power which is in direct proportion to the notoriety of their owner. It's exciting to see a cast of Frank Zappa's penis; less so to see one belonging to Zal Yanofsky of the Lovin' Spoonful. The objects are a tangible connection to a generation of people, placeholders for bodies in another time and space.

In 1978, Stanley Kubrick began shooting *The Shining* (1980) in Elstree Studios, west London. The movie required the construction of what was then the largest-ever film set, which included a full exterior of the Overlook Hotel and its many interiors: hallways, a kitchen, a ballroom, and numerous bedrooms. Designers and builders were instructed to create spaces which were of the highest level of detail; indeed, many still believe that *The Shining* was simply filmed on location in a hotel.

Kubrick's legendary predilection for repeated takes was played out in this environment, a vast simulated space where a single shot would be done 50, 80, 100 times. The actors were essentially forced to create facsimiles of their own performances; the process drove one of the actors, Shelley Duvall, to the brink of a nervous breakdown. In working this way, Kubrick was able to move past the actors' more natural instincts, to a place where meaning had been drained by repetition, and their words and actions were unmoored from their usual associations. The sense that repetition contains the seeds of terror is depicted quite directly in the famous scene where Shelley Duvall's character discovers that her husband is insane: She looks at his "novel", which is nothing but one phrase typed thousands of times: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy".

You replicate an arm, and thereby implicate a full body, pull on a bit of fluff, and make the whole pantyhose leg run, pick at a black speck on the dough, and destroy the entire pizza.



EDMOND DRITCHE, a tall, sallow, misanthropic scientist, had been brought to trial by the General Products Corporation for Downbeatedness, Group Disloyalty and Negativism. These were serious charges, and they were substantiated by Dritche's colleagues. The magistrate had no choice but to discharge Dritche dishonourably. The usual jail sentence was waived in recognition of his 19 years of excellent work for General Products; but no other corporation would ever hire him.

Dritche, sallower and more misanthropic than ever, turned his back on the General Products and its endless stream of automobiles, toasters, refrigerators, TV sets, and the like. He retired to his Pennsylvania farm and experimented in his basement laboratory.

He was sick of General Products and all it stood for, which was practically everything. He wanted to found a colony of people who thought as he did, felt as he did, looked like he did. His colony would be a utopia, and to hell with the rest of the cheerful, gadget-ridden world.

There was only one way to achieve this, Dritche and his wife Anna toiled night and day toward the great goal.

At last he met with success. He adjusted the unwieldy device he had built and turned the switch.

From the device stepped an exact Duplicate of Edmond Dritche.

Dritche had invented the world's first Duplicator.

He produced five hundred Dritches, then held a policy meeting. The five hundred pointed out that, for a successful colony, they needed wives.

Dritche 1 considered his own Anna a perfect mate. The five hundred Duplicates agreed, of course. So Dritche produced five hundred exact copies of her for the five hundred prototype Dritches, and the colony was founded.

Contrary to popular prediction, the Dritche colony did well at first. The Dritches enjoyed each other's company, never quarreled, and never wished for visitors. They comprised a satisfied little world in themselves. India sent a delegation to study their method, and Denmark wrote laws to ensure Duplication rights.

But, as in all other utopian attempts, the seeds of disaster were present in simple human frailty. First, Dritche 49 was caught in a compromising position with Mrs. Dritche 5. Then Dritche 37 fell suddenly and passionately in love with Anna 142. This in turn led to the uncovering of the secret love nest built by Dritche 10 for Anna 498, with the connivance of Anna 3.

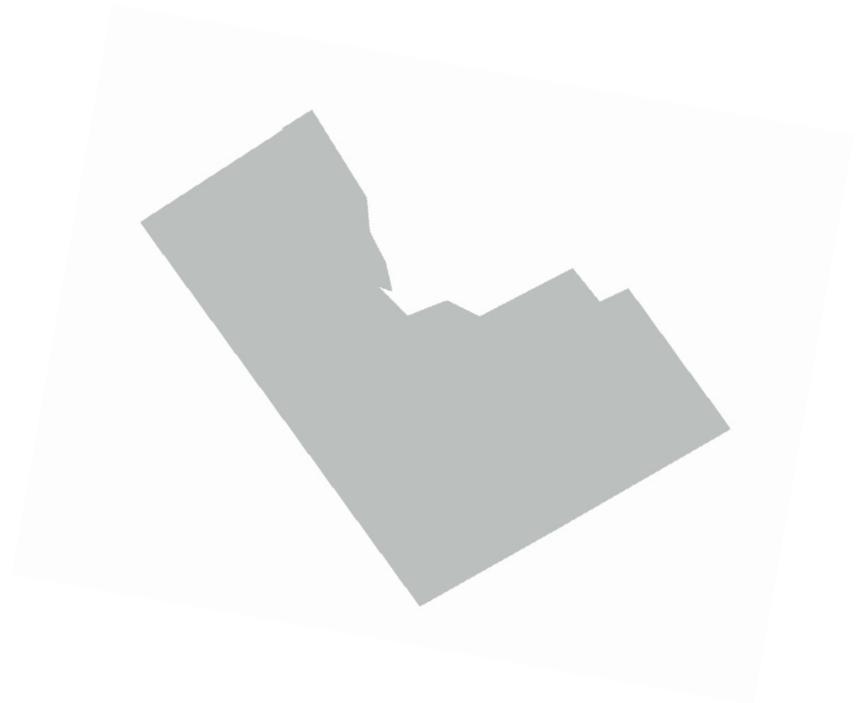
In vain Dritche 1 pointed out that all were equal and identical. The erring couples told him he knew nothing about love, and refused to give up their new arrangements.

The colony might still have survived. But then it was found that Dritche 77 was maintaining a harem of eight Dritche women, Annas 12, 13, 77, 187, 303, 336, 489 and 500. These women declared him absolutely unique, and refused to leave him.

The end was in sight. It hastened when Dritche 1's wife ran away with a reporter.

The colony was disbanded, and Dritches 1, 19, 32 and 433 died of broken hearts.

It was probably just as well. Certainly the original Dritche could never have stood the shock of seeing his utopian Duplicator used to turn out endless streams of General Products automobiles, toasters, refrigerators, and the like.



I will shoue the world one of the grate Wonders of the world in 15 months if now man mourders me in Dors or out Dors such a mouserum on Earth will annonce O Lord thou knowest to be troue fourder hear me good Lord I am A gouing to Let or shildren know Now to see good Lord what has bin in the world grat wase back to owr forefathers Not old plimeth but stop to Addom & Eave to shoue 45 figures two Leged and fore Leged because we Cant Doue weel with our four Legd in the first plase they are our foude in the Next plase to make out Dexters mouseum I wants 4 Lions to defend thous grat and mistry men from East to wist from North to South [...]

I have 13 billors front in strat Row for 13 states when we begun 3 in the Rear 15 foot hie 4 more on the grass see 2 the same hath at the Rite of the grand Arch 2 at the left wing 15 foot hie the Arch 17 foot hie [...]

I wants to make my Enemys grin in time Lik A Cat over A hot pudding and goue Away and hang there heads Doun Like A Dogg bin After sheep gilty stop see [...]

(i)



I am the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest Philosopher in the Western World.

(ii)

[On entering the hallway, at the foot of the staircase, Oliver pauses:]

Oliver: You know...I never cease to marvel at what lies behind a brownstone front...

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[Interior, Irena's flat, later]

Irena: Are you admiring my statue?

Oliver: Er...not exactly...who's it supposed to be?

Irena: King John.

Oliver: Oh King John - the Magna Carta and all that stuff?

Irena: No, King John of Serbia. He was a fine king. He drove the Mamelukes out of Serbia and freed the people.

Oliver: Wh...why have this around?

Irena: Perhaps you have in your room a picture of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln?

Oliver: Well, what does it mean? Why is he, why is he spearing that cat?

Irena: Oh it's not really a cat. It's meant to represent the evil ways into which my village had once fallen...you see the Mamelukes came to Serbia long ago, and they made the people slaves. Well at first the people were good, and worshipped God,

and had true Christian ways. But, er, little by little, the people changed. When King John drove out the Mamelukes and came to our village, he found dreadful things. People bowed down to Satan, and said their masses to him. They had become witches, and were evil. But King John put some of them to the sword, and some, the wisest and the most wicked, escaped to the mountains. Now do you understand?

Oliver: Well I still don't see what it has to do with you?

Irena: Those who escaped, the wicked ones, their legend haunts the village where I was born...

[Bell chimes on the mantelpiece clock, Irena pointedly looks at her watch]

Oliver: Boys who come to tea can't expect to stay to dinner...

Irena: Some other time perhaps?

Oliver: Tomorrow? [Irena nods] Well, what time tomorrow? Dinner? [Irena nods and smiles]

[Oliver leaves, with Irena watching him as he descends the staircase. He looks back twice, once on the first landing, then, in long shot, four steps from the ground floor]

CAT PEOPLE



On the stairs



