

Johnny Golding, *Come Again? (Rude Girl, meditation 2,785)*. An intensive, in-the-dark poetic anatomy lesson. Presented at *NOTHING LESS! 100 years of Women's Suffrage*. Austrian Cultural Forum, 10 October 2019 – 31 January 2020. Earlier version. *Anatomy Lesson: An Open Letter to Sigmund Freud* presented at *Solitary Pleasures*, 18 April – 3 May, 2018 with thanks to Dr Chantal Faust.

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An intensive, in-the-dark poetic anatomy lesson

the 'need to know' law (rude girl version). In the quiet solitude called dusk, I come upon something I do not need to know. I know that I am not supposed to know it; nevertheless, I am *curious*, compelled to *touch* it, *smell* it, *taste* it, *try it on* for size. It trembles the tongue; haunts my morals; excites my blood. If I decide to share with you this special kind of knowledge – it is your civil duty to report me. According to government protocol, trying to know something that you know you shouldn't know is bad enough; gifting something that you should not need to know condemns the messenger as a spy, a leak, (and in upper-class public school language: a swotty *girl*). Military protocol names it: treason. Let's not even discuss where populists could run with this form of blood-poetic knowledge. The double-question thus inexorably raises its pluralized head: will you have the courage to *know*? And in so knowing, *how* will you share it? How will you honour *Nothing less!*

For me, it was to write a letter.

In this case, a letter to Sigmund Freud.

1. **dear Sigmund**

It gives me great pleasure, untold pleasure, to be able to stand here today, near your study, in your house- and breathe it all in: totems, couches, swathes of red worn carpet, books, marble staircases, draping air and light! Everything here plays with and against your absent-present voice, mind, cocaine nights, tiny curls of handwriting, cigar smoke – all long gone but still vibrant and alive.

2. **I can hear you**

with your perfect manners saying: 'it is a real pleasure, Johnny, to have you here' whereupon I will have responded with equally perfect manners: 'no, no, dear Sigmund, the pleasure is all mine'. **All mine**; indeed, mine *alone*.

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3. this form of 'pleasure'

this 'mine alone-ness' sort of pleasure, could be but a stale and impoverished marker, a stale and impoverished exchange of the real *le petit mort*. But with two super-egos outstretched and dancing on the rim of pleasantries and non-sequiturs, it might just be closer to a kind of masturbatory-lite 'being-with-togetherness' – our bodies, ourselves, notwithstanding.

4. Sigmund, my dear friend

this 'mine-alone-ness' masturbatory-lite pleasure chest of encounter creates – rather than a smash-up of two entities crashing into / onto the same place at the same time, exploding in fire, brimstone and blood (apologies to Newtonian physics and all those who insist that two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time without turning into one big ugly car crash of Concept and Universality) – instead creates, has created, does create, continues to create an **opening** in the best sense of the word: bridge (though picture a plane of immanence surface going out in all directions, thick with fissures, prospects, unlockings, unfastenings, intelligences, and, if one checks the thesaurus: *lucky breaks!*).

5. lovely Sigmund, I want us to grasp, together

this **connection**, this diffracted and entangled connection, itself forming one big, fat, huge, wide super-sized ego we-bridge; a grand 'ego-us' surface! whose very 'mine-aloneness' masturbatory-lite pleasure chest of encounter expresses, indeed, in-forms a multi-dimensional **sensuous** now, an aliveness that, in its aliveness, is thick with erotic-intellectual hunger, energy-twists and decay! An erotic, 'little deaths' manifold 'it'self–this **multi**-dimensional-ego[we]self-us of encounter! A pluralised 'I' compulsive carnality 'to know', 'to grasp', to 'get it' (and to be known and be grasped and be gotten) this odd, delectable, **ecstatic cannibalism**, caught in the rough and tumble of what could quite reasonably be called: the mind fuck. A knowledge-wonderment-magnetism, a kind of **exquisite method**, which starts at the attraction itself, this =, this pleased semi-athletic reaching out, this workout projection encounter and exchange of the pluralised ego-multi-storied-I chin-ups and squats, with and amongst the purveyors of pleasure-

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knowledge-exchange in a self-to-self kind of way. This floating suck of *jouissance*, requiring no insides or out, no boundaries or in between; only the attraction that makes it stick, sticky, wild and alive. Masturbation-lite, a sorely underrated pleasure

6. but Sigmund, we both know

that this mind-fuck, whilst divine, is not enough. I suppose what I want to say is this: that its 'exquisite method' belies **a something** often buried in your work and in some cases – and I say this with love – ignored or lost altogether (say when you speak of poor Dora or Ratman or Judge Schreiber, or that bloody child being beaten – or even something as basic as the Oedipal Complex or [heaven forefend] its phallic-less counterpart, the lovely Electra).

Grab your cigar, my dearest friend, put on the fire and your comfy shoes, pull out the cocaine, alongside your paper and pen, lean in and **listen, listen to** what I have to say.

7. **Underpinning most of my life since a wee lass,**

when for example at the age of 5 or 6, I managed to ingest the entire second floor of the library's poetry section in less than a month or managed the art of climbing trees/not being seen so as to witness-encounter the 'whatever' that lay to hand (which, if truth be told, included watching the inanity of military troops marching up one way and down another, often watching, I might add, not from outlying trees but from some neatly parked jet plane in large unheated hangers with the scent of military police closing in, watching with one eye, the troops, watching with another eye, the movement of the guards approaching, looking, investigating, and, figuring out with my third eye, my super-fabulous escape route, my exit {– another thrill, but I digress..} All this mind fucking taught me one basic thing, one very basic thing.

No, no, no. It did not 'teach' me that I didn't have a cock, that I was cock-less; that I was some kind of big gaping wound-hole **needing** something to fill it [say, for example a cigarette, a nipple, a thumb, or a dildo, attached, unattached or otherwise [and for either hole]]- though in all example-slices the pleasure could (and would) be 'all mine'.

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Nor did it teach me that I **needed** something to extrude from that sometimes blood soaked 'hole' (a moment of silent respect for periods – for which I seem to be the only person on the planet who has always loved, deeply loved that monthly bleed – perhaps the vampire within me. Perhaps just the possibility of drip drip dripping on public or semi-public carpeted or marble halls). No it did not 'teach me' that I **needed** any kind of plugging, unplugging or extruding from that hole (including for example, **needing** a very big and wild horse between my legs or a very very fast car under my bum). No; rather, it taught me the pleasure of the fuck, mind or otherwise in all its self-to-self kind of ways. I suppose Nietzsche's comment comes to the fore, paraphrased more or less as: One must *learn* to want and in so wanting, *know that* they want.

8. **So, Sigmund, I hope you are still with me**

for there are in fact two things still left unsaid which need to be said, right here right now, in your lovely home: First. That I do not (and perhaps never did) have, a **problem** with being female, female genitalia included. I love female genitalia. I'm a LeSbian Amazon for gods sakes (and don't even get me started on where this mouth, these fingers, my **fire** last was). My problem is not that I am female. My problem is the rest of the world's misogynist version of what it means to be female. That's my problem. Second, and here I'm going to sound like a grumpy old feminist drag artist butch dyke radical fairy promiscuous hunger risk experiment gone slightly off pist: biology is **not** destiny. Let me repeat that again, in case you didn't hear it the first time: biology is NOT destiny (which does not mean it does not matter). It just doesn't matter like *that*. It is no more a dualist split, that disgusting Aristotelian stupidity that we keep returning to, millennium after millennium, decade after decade, fuck after fuck (interesting fashion statements notwithstanding) Female is not the opposite of Male; is not the superior of male, is not its inferior. Gender has fluids, is fluid. Orientations have fluids are fluid – which at least in my case and the case of many other holes big and small, smelly and not, enables whole series of mine-alone-togetherness solitary pleasures of the fuck.

9. **Which Sigmund my dearest fellow traveller,**

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Is to say one last thing. We live in a world where block-chain derivatives and the buying/selling of futures, drone strikes and the zero-zones of time pervade the everyday. We live in a world where carpet bombing and refugee drownings are discussed (if at all) on page 7 after sports news, Brexit and the latest idiotic tweet from an American president, a British home secretary or a North Korean leader. We live in a world where nuclear underwater testing beaches droves of whales, dolphins, sea creatures great and small. If ever there was a time to refuel the proverbial tank, to want and to know that one wants, well, that time is now. This is of course not to suggest that we turn our worlds into a scene out of Cronenberg's *Rabid* (though this might be more interesting than the current obsession with mass killing on an unfathomable scale). It is to suggest that we think in plural dimensions, in plural realities, in plural multiple singularities where hopelessness, wild gluttony and mass destruction are not the only solutions on the horizon.

One does not have to be sad to be a militant.. We will have NOTHING LESS! 100 years of Women's right to know and growing!

Dear Sigmund: read between the lines

With love

Johnny