

TRANSCRIPT OF PERFORMANCE LECTURE

Psycho Geography? on the trail of the monster

We live in a dangerous world. Around us, at all moments, we are beset by the forces of the unnatural, supernatural, and utterly monstrous.

It is in the streets through which you passed on your way here tonight. It is in the neighbourhoods where you live. It is in the stories you tell your children before you tuck them in their beds. It is in the news, and in the novel you read to escape the news. It is in the place where you work, and the place where you sleep. The monstrous is here among us, and it is hiding in plain sight.

I have come to disabuse you of any complacency in this matter. I wish to wake you up to the reality of the monster: to show you how best to spot it, and the signs of its presence. I will introduce you to the theory and practice that will enable you to do this, and to once again see the world clearly.

First, to facts. What is a monster?

As children, we know the answer to this question. But as we grow older, rationalism takes over. We forget how to envisage the monstrous, and we smile when our children present their evidence.

That creak in the night?

The floorboards settling, my child.

That terrible dripping sound?

Water in the pipes, little one.

That dreadful shape at the window?

Just the shadow of the trees, my love.

As if trees were benign, and their roots did not disturb the daemonic realm!

If we will not listen to our children, let us consider other authorities on the matter. Let us remind ourselves of the anatomy of the monstrous.

The anthropologist David Gilmore has sampled monsters ... from the Upper Paleolithic to the present. He finds that monsters typically exhibit a constellation of features: great size and/or remarkable strength; a prominent mouth with fangs or some other means of facilitating predation on humans; an urge to consume human flesh and/or blood; and hybridism, for they often combine human and animal features, or mix living and dead tissue, or manifest amalgams of discordant parts of various organisms (Saler and Zeigler 220).

In our lighter moments, we laugh at monsters. We conjure them in order to destroy them, in the belief that this affirms our dominance. We enjoy the monstrous in fiction and fantasy, because we believe that this phantasm will end:

We watch the monstrous spectacle of the horror film because we know that the cinema is a temporary place, that the jolting sensuousness of the celluloid images will be followed by reentry into the world of comfort and light (Cohen 17).

But what if it does not end? What if those monsters lurk in the street behind the cinema, or the avenue of shops you pass on the way home from this spectacle?

We have long imagined that the monstrous belongs in the margins. Monsters are peripheral, outside the boundaries of everyday experience. From ancient times, monsters have only inhabited the landscape of the far away. The geography of the monstrous is remote: terra incognita. Here be dragons. We prefer not to picture monsters at close quarters – rather, they inhabit distant lands or planets. Truly vicious monsters belong to other elements, and we are at their mercy when we enter their domain. If we venture to the distant regions of ice, or cross the water as the seafarers of old, we may encounter them and provoke their wrath. Otherwise, we assume, monsters are in every way beyond us: beyond humanity, beyond geography.

Not so. Monsters are adept at hiding near at hand. We simply do not allow ourselves to see them, because our rational minds cloud our vision.

How might we come upon these monsters in our midst? The method, ladies and gentlemen, can be found in literature. We must put on stout shoes, and walk.

In the weird tales of Arthur Machen, walking is a means of access to the supernatural and monstrous. The characters of his fiction stumble upon haunted rural landscapes, witness ancient rites and disturb the genius loci. While much of this occurs during scenic strolls, or treks across country to reach a destination, Machen's city narratives also contain walking, in the form of the psychogeographical *dérive* or drift.

These walks offer a different kind of access, and a different kind of terror: not the overwhelming forces of the natural or supernatural, tied to remote place or distant memory, but the shadow of horror that stalks the streets, in spite of dense human habitation.

In 'The Inmost Light' (Machen [1894] 2011), the inquisitive intellectuals Dyson and Phillips happen upon each other, the sinister house of Dr Black, and later, the missing Dr Black himself, all whilst out walking. Here, walking is a catalyst, enabling discoveries and detection, and is thus at the root of the plot.

As if discovering its detective potential, the psychogeographical practice of walking serves as a deliberate provocation in Machen's 'The Red Hand' ([1897] 2011). In this tale, Dyson challenges Phillips' rationalism, declaring that as they speak, the very streets of London hide monstrous survivals of primitive races:

...lurking in our midst, rubbing shoulders with frock-coated and finely-draped humanity, ravening like wolves at heart and boiling with the foul passions of the swamp and the black cave (Machen 84).

Phillips agrees to take a walk with Dyson to disprove his point, and the pair set off on a *dérive* through the city in search of the monstrous:

Phillips had lost all count of direction, and as by degrees the region of faded respectability gave place to the squalid, and dirty stucco offended the eye of the artistic observer, he merely ventured the remark that he had never seen a neighbourhood more unpleasant or more commonplace.

"More mysterious, you mean," said Dyson. "I warn you, Phillips, we are now hot upon the scent" (Machen 85).

What Dyson and Phillips discover in these shabby back streets is a scene of murder which, accompanied by the sinister mark of the red hand, appears to be evidence of monstrous survival. Phillips declares himself convinced that

... 'the troglodyte... is still lurking about the earth, and in these very streets around us, slaying for mere lust of blood' (Machen 88).

Machen's intellectual duo equate the poor, working class district with the abode of the primitive and brutish. Their superiority is threatened by the otherness they encounter, and they retreat to their comfortable rooms in Holborn. What Dyson and Phillips do not realise is that the monstrous can and will access all areas: that there is no differentiation to be made between the genteel and the squalid.

The tale of Doctor Frankenstein is proof of this, for the monster of this fiction suffers no environmental or cultural restrictions. The novel itself is awash with walking, stalking and tracking: through Alpine landscapes, the backstreets of Ingoldstadt and the bourgeois neighbourhoods of Geneva. In this respect, it is a literary *dérive*, 'a rapid passage through varied ambiances' (Debord 62).

Frankenstein's monster is also a great walker. His first act, upon waking, is to walk. Part of his 'otherworldliness' is the speed and agility of his walking:

...I suddenly beheld the figure of a man at some distance, advancing towards me with superhuman speed. He bounded over the crevices in the ice, among which I had walked with caution...(Shelley 94).

Having wrought his terrible vengeance upon Frankenstein's family, the monster travels north, fleeing, as we might expect, to a marginal polar landscape, seeking the element of ice. The monster encourages Frankenstein to pursue him, leaving behind marks to guide his creator:

I have ever followed in his track... sometimes he himself... left some mark to guide me. The snows descended on my head, and I saw the print of his huge step on the white plain (Shelley 197).

Frankenstein's state of mind can be measured by his manner of walking. Just before the fateful animation of his monster, Frankenstein scuttles nervously about, oppressed by the nature of his work:

...the fall of a leaf startled me, and I shunned my fellow creatures as if I had been guilty of a crime (Shelley 54).

The dreadful deed complete, Frankenstein paces his room, unable to sleep. Eventually he falls into a dream, and is woken by the monster himself, parting the curtain of the bed. Frankenstein flees into the courtyard where he spends the night

...walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing every sound as if it were to announce the approach of the daemoniacal corpse (Shelley 56).

As soon as the gate is unlocked, Frankenstein takes to wandering the streets, 'pacing them with quick steps', 'fearing every turn in the street' yet feeling 'impelled to hurry on':

I continued walking in this manner for some time, endeavouring by bodily exercise to ease the load that weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets without any clear conception of where I was or what I was doing (Shelley 57).

This feverish walking leads Frankenstein to an encounter with his old friend Clerval, who has come to the city to find him. The relief of seeing Clerval is swiftly followed by Frankenstein's mental and physical collapse.

Hearing the monster's story appears to challenge Frankenstein's very ability to walk: he is slow-footed and unsteady, in stark contrast to the monster's swift passage through the landscape:

The labour of winding among the little paths of the mountain and fixing my feet firmly as I advanced, perplexed me (Shelley 143).

What practical information might we gather from Frankenstein's example? Certainly, walking separates him physically from the scene of the monster's animation, and the terror that is associated with it. Yet psychologically, he is certain that the monster is near at hand, and anticipates the appearance of the fiend at every moment. Hearing is key – while Frankenstein scarcely looks about him, and has no visual sense of his whereabouts, he attunes himself to pick up the slightest sound.

To track the monster, then, we must use our ears. But we must also use our powers of detection by seeing anew. We must embrace the literal truth, and seek the metaphorical.

Everyday, we are presented with evidence of the dangers that surround us. We are beset by reminders of our mortality. Why, then, do we assume that we are in control? It is clearly not so, and one need only take a short stroll around any institutional building to find ample evidence of risk. We must be vigilant, for even seemingly benign spaces may harbour terrible experiments.

So how might we see these things for what they truly are? I would like to ask you, now, to join with me in a simulation experiment.

Firstly, please stand.

- Now, in order to simulate the usual method of psychogeography, please ambulate.
- Even the briefest of walks will refresh your senses. This is essential to attuning oneself.
- Now, we will simulate environment. At this point, we must activate a sense of defamiliarisation. To do this effectively, let us apply a gothic lens to some familiar places.

- Please focus your attention on the following images:
- You should now be in a receptive, psychogeographical state.
- Let us test this by viewing some signs which I have detected near the university.

As I show these slides, please classify your response by calling out 'human' or monster'.

[slides]

If you have seen the forms and faces of monsters in the images, you may be accused of exhibiting these neuroses: pareidolia and apophenia. If so, congratulate yourself: these are skills, not neuroses.

To conclude, ladies and gentlemen: let me ask you to continue this practice as you journey home. Walk with your senses attuned to the uncanny. Embrace the psychogeographic. Apply your skills of apophenia to detect signs of the monstrous in everyday spaces.

And travel safely.

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