

**RMIT University**

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**EAT**

Abstract:

“EAT” is an excerpt from *Horse*, a work in progress, previously unpublished material, autobiographical reference, a personal diary of the fictive self. The text forms part of a PhD dissertation, a format of polyvalence and polyphony enacts the engagement with psychoanalysis. The photographic images form a part of the theatre performance now in progress. The writing stages an interplay of prose/poetry and theory.

Bio-note:

Ania Walwicz has the following books published: *Writing*; *Boat*; *Red Roses*; *Elegant*; *Palace of Culture*. She has a background in visual art, art performance and theatre, and is currently teaching at RMIT

Keywords:

Creative Writing – parody – fictocriticism – psychodrama – disrupted body



Figure 1: 'Tiny'. Photograph by Tiffany Parbs

## **Introduction**

'Eat' is an excerpt from 'Horse', a doctoral thesis meant to function as an interplay of creative writing and theory, storytelling and analysis, psychoanalytical ideas and personal reflection. The thesis functions within the hybrid genre of creative writing practice with theoretical awareness. An interplay of the two genres of creative writing and theory is proposed here. The writing functions as fictocritical practice.

Psychodramatic enactment in the theatre of language and image is constructed. This is a script for theatre performance and a close reading of an autobiographical case history. The text stages the interlocking of fiction, theory and parodic exaggeration and confrontation. The writing aims to foreground the collusion and collision of the two areas of creative writing and theoretical awareness within the same field of verbal play, the space of writing.

The reader/viewer is to read the work as entertainment, comedy, information and to form a personal, emotive relationship with it, as a form of identification. The reading of the text becomes diverse here, unspecified, variable.

The placement of disparate forms of writing within one text enacts a destabilization of both the area of theory and the area of creative writing practice. The two areas reflect on one another, augment and inform each other, act both in unison and discord, in ambience and dissonance, extending and expanding the construct of critical writing.

## EAT

The little horse tells me that we search the ring of the ring of the princess now. We travel to the big city. We travel to the golden gates of the sun. Ask the sun, please ask the sun what will I do now? What should I do to me? Tell me. Ask the sun why I suffer and trapped in a trap suffer that. I will ask the sun. I ride now. I Ivan Vanya Ania travel on the little horse now. I wear my fur cap and my red boots now and red coat. I travel to the moon now. The moon looks at me in the pictures of Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840). I look at the moon now and I ride. I am the red rider. Rot Reiter.

I go far now. They say that I too, too far but I don't care now. It's too late to go back. I'm on my way. I go far and further now. I can't stop me or stop this. This is doing me now. This is writing Ania. I have to do it now. This has to be done. This is done nearly done now. Four fifths of the way. Nearly there.

I fly on little horse now over mountains and seas all over. We fly low. We fly high. We go so very far where the sky meets the earth, where horizon ends and I fall over the edge. We travel so far where the people spin stars out of gold thread and place them on night sky and sew them in and on. Vanya flies now. On and on I go. I put my wings on. I fly and fly now. My country, my kingdom, my centre looks different from here. Lovely and lovely now and beautiful to me. My palace stands on top of the mountain. My palace of culture, golden and golden. Little horse tells me that this is the house of the princess. I sleep there. I sleep now. I dream about this. I dream about me. I am ready now. At last I am ready.

The house of the princess is in the palace. The sun sleeps there and then the moon comes to sleep. They take turns now. First one, then the other. One after another. My feelings appear in order. First the pain, then release and then rationalisation. The causal effect, one after another. My thoughts are in order. The ebb and flow of the ocean. The waves come over. I follow now. I flow now. We come to golden gates out of gold with gold stars and gardens with heavenly birds now who sing heavenly songs in heaven now. God helps me and guides me now. Heavenly angel helps me. He builds me a house out of stars. I meet mister moon now and I meet mister sun. They welcome me now and tell me to be true, be true to me now. They lost me and tell me now that they find me. They wait for me and wait for me. I come over. They embrace me. I am loved and beloved now. I am as I should be.

I ask the moon, I ask the sun what should I do now? They tell me everything is alright. They tell me to go on. They tell me and they tell me now. They say me here. Here I am. They tell me everything is true now. They tell me. I ask them why is the whale moribund? Why is whale trapped now? What have I done? The whale lies in a clearing. The whale does. The whale lies down. Why do I do this? I am the whale Wal. I am Witz the witty whale Wal. What have I done? My sides are hurt and sore, pierced by nails. My sides are torn. I am pierced by nails. I wear a thorny crown. My sides seep blood and water now. I am pierced by nails. Why am I punished like this? Why do I suffer? How can I get out of this? What have I done? Tell me now.

The moon tells me and the sun tells me now that the whale that I am ate thirty ships and swallowed them all down. The whale ate and ate now. The whale ate and ate and

ate. I ate thirty ships now. Swallowed them all down. Why did I eat now? I don't know now but I'll find out. The moon and the sun tell that once I let the thirty ships out, I'll be right. Once I let the thirty ships come out of my mouth.

I'll be right now. Once I let this go out. Once I say what I want to say and empty my mouth. Once I let the ships out, my wounds will heal on my side. Once I let the ships out. Once I let my words come out here. Once I am let out. I am trapped in the belly of whale. Now I come out. I am leadbelly now. Once I am out. I let thirty ships come out of my mouth and swim out. I can move now.

I eat ear eat I eat n eat what do I eat eats me I stuff sttuffen strick struck stick I stuffen eat n eat to push push down to fight down deny me do it again and again I can't help it now girl can't help it can't help me now can't stop it when it comes out eat eater makes me make it I don't do it it does me eat eater eat eater sin eater because I was because I am told to eat now you be good girl to me now I put on clothes all my clothes now I put me on and out why do I do it I don't know now it does me this does me over n over said why do it now said over and over twice or over or once not over n again now said why do I do it why do it why do it now why do I why do it why do I do it why do it why I why I don't know why or ever or over why do it I do it said said why do I do it I don't know now this makes me do it bang a drum tum tum then I sleep over or ever how long n long n long why do it do it said why do I do it now said so it I can't help me or help it said twice a week over said put on all my clothes now put on all my clothes over n over till I big bigger float floater said I do it now why do it do it someone puts something in my mouth do it they stuff me do it I have to do this I got to said have to now do it I find me out do it stuff mouth rag bone said stuff stuff toy now stuff it do it I do it said stuff do it I do it chew chewie break now pull it pull it outta pull now pull pull now pull it outta me what has to go in hole a hole hole it it one push push now grind n grind grinder round n round do it break n tear rip it mouth said teeth come out before before before that now what was did done do it now I actor enactor act it now grind me down said who does this to me in my mouth now who does me shop n hop shop n hop over break eye in what cork said to me said cork fork would like a spoon together spoon now jammies on spoon now push it very cream creamy creamer say mix n bite me now tongue n cut sizzle on you oh yum tum big tum tom thumb full gook news cram house tight house I use user this is done then I'm nice n numb happy as as as I sleep now jammies on paputy paputzia put on slip slipper sleep a daddy dumb little bear big bear I am goldilocks I fit right in here and here tight as tight n tight as

Not to say or stay not to say or say to me what just to dart face hit some don't know what now knock out drop

The eating is to stuff a silence now. The mouth is shut. It says nothing. I know nothing. No comment. Zip. Zips. No. No. No. I am unable to say anything now. Anything at all. I am unable to speak. I have sewn up my lips. I am unable to write. I throw my pen away. I throw my exercise book away. I stop my writing process. I buy a typewriter. I can't think now. I do what I am told to do. I do and say what other people tell me to. The act of disassociation. Compliance. I do filing. The act of non-



being. Negating the self. Denial. A white night, a silence that extends and extends and extends. I become an automated automaton. Robotnik. Robot. The mechanical toy. An object. Cordelia, the doll. What a busy little mouth you have. It says what it is told to say now. Daddy buys me cakes and cakes and cakes. My little mouth is full of cream. I am a good girl who is doing what. I am told. Eat up your plate. Eat everything. I take it all in. Open wide now. Here comes the train. Let me in. Catherine Halumi writes; 'In the late 1970's awareness of the frequency of the symptom of bulimia, both within the anorexia nervosa but without the low body weight, brought about the subtyping of anorexia nervosa and the clarification of bulimia nervosa (Maj; Halumi 2003).' The whale eats and eats now. The whale can't stop eating now. It doesn't know what it does and why it eats.

Kim Chernin writes, 'The eating disorder coincides with an underlying developmental crisis (Chernin 1985: 25).' Something goes wrong here. It is here and in the past. Something was filled full or stuffed a cushion now and pressed back and turned inside out and suppressed. An undoing, a denial No, no no, it didn't happen like it did. You do not see what you see. I am not me and you are not reading this. You do not see me taking everything in I eat all the books willy nilly lack of separation sequence punctuation a disrupted language of disrupting I am eating everything stuffing it down suppression repression stuffen to hit to fuel to numb out I distort me I am putting all all my clothes all one on top of another more and more now fat suit for fat they say we buy fat take away way away drink soft fry n fry eat it push a feel away down not to feel a thing now anna frank goes into hiding hidey hole they ride bikes and put on all their clothes not to show or tell me not to show or any emil kraeplin puts pins in me but I don't feel me you are so skinny sucha pinda people will laugh at me I have to eat I am good girl I do what I'm

The lack of differentiation here. I am stuck at the oral stage. I eat for four people now. I internalise a family. I have them inside me. I am sacrifice. They eat me. Introjection, they tell me and talk through me. I swallow it all. I eat little horse now who eats me. We eat one another. Lack of separation now. Lack of maturation. I ride a horse backwards. There is a trauma. Invasion through the mouth. The digestive tract as a highway that is full of mines, during wartimes. The trauma extends from the mouth to the anus. There is fat, bloating. Mister fat comes in and out. All this is pushed down and silenced, existing as a gap, a space a silence. Mister Freud sees all that (but then he changes his mind, he says I have imagined that this happens).

I eat the mother who had abandoned me and left me. My mother, Melanie Klein tells me that my 'desire to suck and scoop out, first directed to the breast, soon extends to the inside of her body.' My 'oral-sadistic phantasies of early childhood [...] form a link between the oral-sucking and oral-biting stages.' There is no autonomy or separation. There is no negotiation here. There is only rage. Melanie Klein says, 'the child's aggressive trends against its mother's body [...] in which its predominant wish is to rob her body of its contents and destroy it (Chernin 1985: 118).'

This scares me. I mustn't do it. No! I'll starve myself. William James describes the 'Vision of quietude of Saint Francis.' 'In this state, the soul is like a little child still at the breast, whose mother ... makes her milk distil into his mouth. .. our Lord desires

that our will should be satisfied by sucking the milk which His majesty pours ... (Chernin 1985: 198).

Lilian Malcove contends that in the life of a child ‘the experience of learning to eat is the prototype of the fear of being dismembered and mutilated [...] food that he cuts and eats is endowed with attributes of human life, and can easily be identified with himself or other persons [...] eating is literally a cannibalistic procedure (Favazza 1996: 47).’

Eating as theatre. Eating as an enactment. A division is enacted. Starvation as separation, rejection, withholding, withdrawal and abandonment. I exercise a lot. Gorging as unquestioning absorption, compliance, alliance, agreement, lack of selection. I eat and then I sleep. I am the actor and the body is my prop. I am not my body now. I and my body are not one and the same. I, the body is not that person. I am not Ania. I am somebody else. A gap is made here. Dissociative action. A chasm and a break, a split. The body and the self, become separate actors in my theatre.

Armando Favazza writes about the theatre of the body, the enactment of the self and the body in ‘a simple and efficient manouver of transforming in an [...] internal projection [...] psychological problems into concrete, physical ones [...] body becomes both “whipping boy’ and solace [...] body and self constantly shift roles of victim and victimizer, master and slave (Favazza 1996: 51).’ The dialectic of the body. The dialogues of Fritz Pearls. The actor and the enactment. My body is the body of the whale. I get fatter and fatter. I put on all my clothes. One on top of another. I get bigger and larger and larger. This grows now. This talks to me. This makes me and writes me. A discursive text. The role-play is enacted here. This is my theatre script and my play I play. I enact my role here. I treat my body as an enemy that engulfs me and gets larger and larger. I grow bigger and bigger. I introject now and absorb other people, their voices, actions and sins. I am the sin eater of sins. I am the scapegoat. I am cast out...



Fig. 2: ‘Big’. Photograph by Tiffany Parbs

I am a cannibal who eats other people and their words that I quote here. I eat books. I eat all books. I eat dinners. I reject food as rejection. I eat in compliance, collusion of a group. I accept. But I am not allowed to accept or absorb. I am not allowed to go to my first communion. Jesus says, 'He who feeds on my flesh and drinks my blood has life eternal and I will raise him up on the last day. For my flesh is real food, and my blood, real drink. The man who feeds on my flesh and drinks my blood remains in me, and I, in him (Favazza 1996: 51).' I am left out. I enact the act of transubstantiation, transformation through eating, absorption. Being, becoming ...

Sigmund Freud writes about the murder of the powerful, primal father. The sons murder him, eat him and replace him. '[T]hey devoured their victim as well as killing him...each man acquired a portion of his strength [...] a criminal act which was the beginning of social organization (Favazza 1998: 62)' I have to kill the father now. I have to kill Santa Claus. I have to kill the Russian tsar who wants to marry me but I don't want to now. I have to kill somebody but murder is not allowed. The sons prohibited the eating and the killing of each other. I keep the father alive by eating and eating. I eat the dead now. I eat my father. I incorporate him. I eat the grandfather Enoch. I have to get rid of the fat to get rid of him. I have to separate now. I have to take off my clothes that I have put on me, one on top of another. I have to get rid of this. I lose weight now. I am the whale that swallowed thirty ships and I have to let me out of my mouth.

Where is the little horse now? The little horse eats me and I eat little horse now. We merge together. I have to eat meat now. I dream about animals who eat me. My body lies in a forest and I watch me as the animals eat me. They eat me politely, in little bits, like bread.

I eat. I refuse to eat. Bulimia is accompanied by anorexia. Armando Favazza talks about 'Cannibalism and self-starvation...linked poles representing the opposite sides of revenge-victory. [...] The construct of cannibalism contains both feast and famine, chaos and order, evil destruction and beneficial regeneration (Favazza 1996: 66).' Eating as an act of cutting, self-mutilation, caricature. I am not myself. I play a role. I am an actress. I wear a mask now. I live in a theatre of symbolic action and enactment. I am ritual and I tell and show now. All the roles of my theatre form kinaesthetic interstices. They swivel and interchange. I am me and everything and everybody and not me at all. I am the storyteller of a fairy story. This is my life now.

I am whale as whale as meat whale meat that I won't eat no I won't eat ania no I will not love ania now how who do you love now you must love ania but I don't now you must love your body says mister z to me but I don't now she won't feed me or any I am hungry angry hungry henry Hendry hendryk ryk eat me now double think and double speak I am the double of me what is it now someone speaks me mister gerry gee ventriloquist I speak through me subject position I am full gook as gook as egg is egg nogg egg gogg magogg egg cup I don't use it crack to crack egg singer swallows it to sing raw egg I sing tralalalala open mouth opera luna park I park open mouth now open up wide and open wide I have tongue to swallow tongue to eat I eat me up something eats me I take carrot to bed not too loud I only eat apple I want to be nothing space oh for that floaty feeling now oh for that starve starveling oh for

that shrink shrinking every day smaller I am mister button b button I get smaller and smaller I am your grandmother but I wouldn't eat so I got younger and younger and smaller every day only eat apple I want to be nothing exclude out door out you go and out go out now work makes me free I starve now it makes my head heady light as light and bright high as high I am thin whale I starve whale and then I grow down or up when do I begin right from the start I know how to make my mood good everything is alright now don't eat or eat or eat or eat eat what to eat skim cheese slim cheese slim jim slim mister slimmer and slimmer I lose words now none left can't or any any any or what now can't cannot what I exist ex exclude rest only tiny words little words none left oh oh oh oh I die only death little death oh oh oh now close mouth now only hush shush nothing tell me nothing I know nothing I have nothing to do with this or me or any any body none at all nothing zilch nothing zzzzzzzzz none zed zee zee zzzzzzzzz then I am dead oh I am dead can you not see I am dead says monsieur valdemar then I die I run into my burning building then I and then I die I die I am dead I act it the I die and then I live again I eat it I eat and I eat it up I eat to fill full fuller and full as a full bag now tummy tum tum I big tum in tum I can't stand up now have to lie down I sleep now lots I can't wake up now sleep and sleep and then I get up now and I don't know what I did or what I said I was drunk with that I get drunk on that said you get high on food I get high now high so as high as high he asks any needles now I eat all n all I take it all in pleased come in everybody in first in best dressed now I don't pick and choose I am told to eat it up now that's cookie you eat me I am here for everybody I cook dinners woman get cookie cooking and I eat I have to eat again all hungry mouth hungry gimme gimme this makes me put up with this knocks me this does me a hit so I won't hurt or any no feels now just I take it all in and then starve oh what have I done and then twice a week at least that at last that easy gnaw and chew and eat my hat n that I am told to open my mouth wide open sesame open wide now and wider than that huge big mouth now red tongue comes out kiss kiss I buy watermelon big lips cucumber salad my chocolate heart for gingerman I am feed mumma big mumma I put apron strings they eat me all up but I cook me now my meaty leg I eat me over n over put my foot in my mouth put my mouth in my mouth grind teeth meat grinder put my finger cut finger topor stupor I eat much now fall over said what a busy little mouth I have cream in my toothpaste cream in my cheese smiles I am always nice n cheery full of humour big lady lardy laughs ha ha ha ha ha ha ha dee ha never think about I say what they want me to say now I don't figure funny fat lady bake me cake me decorate me nice and plump I am cushion now stick a pin I don't feel me or any body fat fattie who is this me mother of the bride big dress dresser ripper zipper rips now bra breaks bang I explode now I live to eat neat I don't think a thing in a swoon now in a daze craze in a numb dumb cow just placid wifey yes yes yes'm now I bring tea I scone I prepare I hop shop n carry I wash wash now who is this that says here I do what I am told to do you be tole now I told to open wide now here comes train here come car here comes crane to lift me this little piggy goes to market this little piggy goes little pig comes out now what is it a lolly lollipop lolly I have to suck now I am told to put something in my mouth I better I better I am told now do it so so I do it tak tak tak yes yes yes yes I agree I sign I put me in I am in now I get into I go in now I am train train and I enter chao chao chao bar pies blood pie I go in

and out and around and around about and around circle round circle now in I come I am mister pig I do me here I pork me schweinererei

Emil Kraepelin, the nineteenth century psychiatrist who names schizophrenia 'Dementia Praecox', weighs and measures his patients. He concludes that their weight shows great variation, which coincides with their disturbance. Weight as a form of madness. The mad body loses its outline, its contours and clarity of formation. The body becomes a blob, a lump or the body withers, diminishes and becomes a skeleton. The inner state is manifested in the extreme theatre here. The dancers wear fat suits. But I don't need this now. I get fat by writing this. I eat my words. The definition of the body of the bodybuilder is lost by eating just one piece of chocolate. Eat just one little piece of cake – go on eat it! The command, the bonhomie, the joy club, the regret, the compulsion now, my hobby, my cigarette. I put something in my mouth. I am told to put something in my mouth.

The whale ate thirty ships and more. Swallowed me. I am Jonah. I swallow whale now – the. I slur words. I swallow me inside me. I get inside me completely. The whale (Walwitz) ate everything and everybody. Lack of discrimination now. Higgledy, piggedly. There is no choice made, no specificity, no delineation, no exclusion, no selection, no adjudication, no segregation, no separation is made. I am me and everybody. I am everything around me. I am the whole, wide world now. The undifferentiated view of the infant now. I am the oral stage. I am the mouth that opens and swallows. I have no teeth. I absorb everybody. I state other people's words. I incorporate their ideas. I absorb that which happens to me in my pink mouth now. I incorporate and introject the other, another who does this to me.

I feel scared to write this, now. I put everything inside me. I don't know what is inside me or outside me or any limits. Limmits is a diet meal, meant to limit food intake in the 60's, when I get fat. I am a fat author. The fat is here. It sizzles and splutters. I chew it. Yum. I swallow it down. I accept everything that is done. I don't complain. I laugh a lot. I do what I am told. I am plum. I am numb. I am dumb.

The whale is told now that she ate thirty ships. Now I know what I did. Now I know what was done. She opens her mouth and thirty ships sail out of me. I open my mouth now so that I can come out through my mouth. I clean my teeth. Little horse tells people to get out of houses in a city they built on top of my head. He tells them to get out of my head where they sat.

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