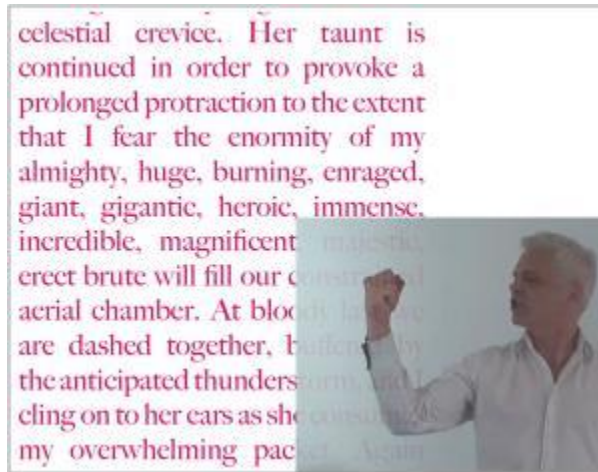


FRANKENSTEIN2; OR, THE MONSTER OF MAIN STREAM

Annabel Frearson

Frankenstein2... is a new novel and associated works created using all and only the words from Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus* (1831).



Extract from Frankenstein2... as performed by Alex Walker.

Frankenstein2; or, The Monster of Main Stream is an ongoing project which involves rewriting Mary Shelley's 1831 novel, *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*, using all and only the words from the original to create a new, contemporary story. During the course of its production, extracts of *Frankenstein2...* have materialised in a variety of contexts and media, examples of which I will be presenting at ISEA2011.

The following is a piece, produced for a recent group exhibition in London (UK) on pornography. It was displayed as a large scale photographic print and performed as a rehearsed reading by an actor with a Scottish accent.

Bear in mind that the following words all derive from Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein...*

"This is your captain speaking." I am on a flight to Rotterdam. Business class. Oh yes. Duty Free breakfast: bring it on! By the time we take off I am feeling fully accomplished. Here I am, eye to eye with a wondrous herd of congenial snatches as the cabin crew sallies down the aisle for the safety routine. I willingly consent to being restrained in the bondage of my seat by one of these bright blue angels of the air. I admire her immaculate apparel and chemical proficiency, lingering over the sound of clashing metals as one side is glided in to the other with a satisfying 'chink'. Her name is Brandy – or could it be Caroline, or perhaps Dawn? – and she is Austrian apparently, not from Holland. Either way, her accent is diabolically alluring and full of the plaited rustic charm of hay meadows and snow-clad peaks as it flows into my ears like a trickling mountain-stream. How annoying when we are interrupted by Bernard's choicest cheese and cheerfulness. Quelling my embittered discontent with hard spirits I find the Southern Comfort comfortless but it nevertheless has the unexpected advantage of rendering me so absolutely, assuredly, audibly, barbarously, completely, deeply, dismally, dreadfully, eminently,

exceedingly, exquisitely, fearfully, fervently, heartily, hideously, immeasurably, infallibly, insultingly, irretrievably, irrevocably, Italy?, listlessly, loudly, miserably, negligently, northerly, obscurely, officially, painfully, particularly passionately, peculiarly perceptibly, perfectly perpendicularly, positively, profoundly, proportionably, really remarkably, shamefully sincerely, singularly strenuously, terrifically, totally, triumphantly, truly, undoubtedly, utterly violently, wantonly wearily, wholly, wonderfully, wretchedly drunk that I am unable to take myself to the john. And so my angel returns to my assistance and here we are, face to face in the confines of a mile high cell in the sky. She locks the door. She has to reach around me to do so. "Having completed our ascent, we are now travelling at twenty-eight thousand feet and expect to experience some adverse weather conditions as we cross the North Sea. In the event of severe turbulence we request that you remain securely seated until the sign above your head is no longer illuminated." She busily agitates my clothes to release my capacious tackle so that I can alleviate myself but her finger is caught and, alas, she is assailed with a golden shower. Alas, alas, alas, alas, alas, alas, alas, alas, alas... What alas!?! She appears to love it! She is breathless and flushed. My God, you can take a girl out of a barn but you clearly cannot take the barn out of a girl. Bosom or bottom? Bosom or bottom? Bosom or bottom? While I am frozen in the torment of indecision she has proceeded to extricate my manacled Lycurgus and is devouring with vigour the evidently exotic elixir that has continued to gush forth from my fountain of glory (I suspect that by now it is more or less neat Duty Free), her farm-house diligence augmenting my no longer wrinkled endowments. This milkhouse devil has turned tormentor as she cruelly hovers her lustrous lips over my swelling stump, a few lingering dew drops running down her excessively made-up cheeks. The throbbings of her ascended plaything plead, groan, quiver, rankle and beg, craving to be plunged into that celestial crevice. Her taunt is continued in order to provoke a prolonged protraction to the extent that I fear the enormity of my almighty, huge, burning, enraged, giant, gigantic, heroic, immense, incredible, magnificent, majestic, erect brute will fill our constrained aerial chamber. At bloody last we are dashed together, buffeted by the anticipated thunderstorm, and I cling on to her ears as she consumes my overwhelming packet. Again we are flung by the storm and she is grasping my crown jewels in her struggle to keep balanced. Before she can completely crush my nuts, however, I turn her upside down – still attached, mind you – and remove with my teeth the scanty An Summers something that she is hardly wearing, and set off on an expedition in search of her female mystery muscle. I charge into her country brambles like a pack of wild dogs pursuing a hare. Bewildered, mangled, and strangely on the verge of ennui, she is saved by another bolt of lightning as we are again momentarily thrown apart. She pleasures herself while soothing her mutilated parts, exposing her ravished ravines as I stand in a trance-like reverie and beg to be allowed in. This time she offers me her other end; and who am I to deny the fancies of a farmer girl? I force my way into her drug mule hiding-place and no sooner have I sailed up this squalid river than I feel the roarings of waterfalls rumbling within me. Not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... not yet... Oh God! Oh God! Not yet... not yet... not yet... No... no... Not yet... not yet... Ah... Ah... Not yet... not yet... Oh God... Not yet... not yet... Please! Not yet... Oh God... Ah! Not yet... not yet... There... there... Yes! Higher... higher... No... Not yet... Lower! Slow down! There! There! Yes! Ah! Harder! There! Fast! Fast! Oh God! Not yet... Now! Oh God! I am the king! I am Rocky! I am Rob Low, Jeer Son Borne, Robert de Near Oh and all the Bonds put together! My ecstatic scream is mirrored by the apparatus around us which seems to have entered an uncontrollable free fall of delirium. Without our knowing, instead of a thunder storm, we have indeed become victims of a suicide assassin terror plot air disaster and an art work has exploded in the hold. Fellow travellers have been blasted into the abyss; their possessions and body parts strewn across the surface of the ocean, burning flesh quenched by the calmly callous waves. The convulsions of my colonisation of this wicked, wicked shepherd woman peak at the point that the shattered assemblage

leaves the cloudless sky to penetrate its watery grave. And then I awake, still in the airport departure hall, with a pool of stiff cold seamen slowly descending southwards.