

## Metadata of the chapter that will be visualized online

Chapter Title	Limited Ink: Of Repress <u>e</u> nce, In <u>k</u> orporation, and Mar <u>i</u> ng <u>e</u> ation	
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Abstract	Classically the tattoo disrupts the bodily economy. Existing on the side of death, and therefore being un-economical (economy derives from <i>Oikos</i> /household), <i>Leviticus 19:28</i> cautions against the tattoo, and so situates the tattoo as nothing but a tattoo <u>omb</u> . Our cinematic exemplar <i>Tattoo</i> bears witness to <del>with</del> tattooed cadaverous canvasses economically circulating within <i>unheimlich</i> cyberspace as the body is broken into salable tattooed pieces and the newly graduated character is himself mar <u>i</u> ng <u>e</u> ated as the tattoo soaks through layers of his own being. Against this incorporation of the tattoo, the clean <i>pre</i> -tattooed body provides a fantasy of clear introjection.	
Keywords (separated by “ - ”)	Tattoo <u>omb</u> - Repress <u>e</u> ntation - In <u>k</u> orporation - Mar <u>i</u> ng <u>e</u> ation - Crypt <u>o</u> currency	

Limited Ink: Of Represence, Inkorporation,  
and Marineation 2 3

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*You shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor tattoo  
any marks on you: I am the LORD.* 5 6  
—Leviticus, 19:28 (New King James Version) 7

Our cinematic exemplar, the German film *Tattoo* (2002), in introducing 8  
us to its punkish central character, immediately presents this avatar as 9  
someone all at sea; an unstable and anomic youth obviously in need of 10  
some anchoring home, *oikos*<sup>1</sup> or protection, some proper parentage, some 11  
proprietary direction, for finally pinning him down. And, unable to find or 12  
accept home, he will instead be plunged into a space overseen by that dark 13  
prosthesis of the tattoo, a prosthesis that ultimately only diverts one into 14  
ink-dwelling, setting watch and compass against Leviticus. 15

The tattoo, to remind you, is the sailor's signage for being cast adrift, 16  
of being all at sea and, in being all at sea, of remembering or memorializ- 17  
ing an anchored autochthonous territory or land that the tattoo now only 18

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19 distantly echoes or pines toward. Equally, we think of a prisoner being  
20 held fast within captivity, boarded-up and closed off from the opening  
21 plasticities of spacetimes that they find themselves forever frozen out of.  
22 Whether drifting upon an aimless and infinitely open space, or concealed  
23 within infinitely closed entombment, the tattoo *manifests* itself either as  
24 something of the sailor's dead echo or the prisoner's impotent plea.

25 An aimless dead letter, the tattoo never departs or arrives as any pres-  
26 ence borne unto itself, and so for those who will come to receive its  
27 shadow or mark, its lethally injected black spotted ink, well, those are but  
28 the mere dead wood or flotsam, enmeshed forever within stemmed and  
29 commuted flows of time and so now, drowning within that tattoo's indel-  
30 ible ink, are shipped or locked outside of those comfortably secure circula-  
31 tions of "home" and thus of oikos/economy. As merely passing the time  
32 away, tattoos sew only insecurity within any skins so deeply marred  
33 by them.

34 While within *Tattoo* the central character named Marc, presently lacks  
35 this insecure tattooed marked marring, he certainly *is* insecure and all at  
36 sea, and thus in danger of forever remaining at large, as of some *Flying*  
37 *Dutchman*, and of thus tattooing his body at some point during a voyage  
38 that might well receive its narratological nomenclature or designation  
39 from this falling and thus failing to properly heed a calling. As presently  
40 unmarked, Marc lives within the long shadow cast by a tattoo that only  
41 echoes but will never call.

42 After opening upon the scene of a terrorized naked woman running,  
43 with a large excised patch of skin, into an oncoming bus, and thus laying  
44 out something of the issue, *Tattoo* cuts to an oblivious and deeply  
45 enmeshed Marc seeming to be drifting and dancing his life away, marked  
46 out particularly by an atmospheric and captivatingly direct top-down shot  
47 of a vast interconnected oceanic crowd within which Marc is both drown-  
48 ing and precariously bobbing along, presumably unable and unwilling to  
49 put down roots and, to all visible regard, sliding as if drifting and dancing  
50 on Spice within his own psychically gaunt abandoned ship of a body. Such  
51 youthful seed will surely disperse without shepherding and home guidance.

52 Upon this night of abandon, and operating under the influence of an  
53 illicit ecstatic "medicine" or *Pharmakon*,<sup>2</sup> some uncanny and strangely tar-  
54 geted policing rudely interrupts this abandon. We feel, already, that Marc  
55 is the important object of some form of intervention or seeking out, and  
56 so something is coming to shine some light into his drifting darkness. We  
57 will see that this quite unshipshape night of nomadic drift and abandon

has formed, actually, a sort of pre-celebration, perhaps one last night of throwing his dice into the water. This is a headless and heedless celebration to be sure, but is an abandon that gives way to a rite-of-passage, as we will very soon see him, within a brief and well-paced passage of scenes, transition from this sealike marinated<sup>3</sup> life of abandonment toward a more well-regulated police graduation, as we will now see a more attentive, though still haunted face, picked out from quite a different (more affiliated) kind of crowd composed of rapport; a proud young upwardly mobile climbing responsible “audience,” and so now, seemingly, not really at all adrift or at sea but well-anchored in preparing to receive some ultimate mark or passport to stability and success.

Accompanying this *now* individuated recognizable face, and thus functioning clearly as avatar or proxy, picked out from this proud young crowd, we hear an accompanying poetic reading (*Gedicht*) that bathes Marc within a responsibility that is, clearly, not that hypnotic trance music of the previous night misspent at that animalistically reactive rave, as he is now “situated” within a highly targeted and responsible diegetic room-resonating reading of Hesse intoning: “*A magic dwells in each beginning, protecting us, telling us how to live.*”

Performatively<sup>4</sup> raising a right human hand and swearing will bear witness that such raised right hands are not made for holding onto pills and potions (as grasping organs would), but instead are within these rows to hold onto oars and to thus steer *against* drifting and bobbing along within any misspent timeless *nows* that such pills and potions would drown one within. Pills imbibe via blind diktat, but this poesy of Hesse *releases* inner motivations. Far from seeming to sink within any ocean of tattoos we seem to have him forming into that tip (*Ort*) of the spear that might pierce any tattooed sea creature or leviathan. Marc has not, however, *quite* so safely steered out from the tattoo’s prosthetic echo.

In noting this scene of transition, we will obviously and understandably come to ask ourselves: Why is this youthful *cop-to-be* just so divided as he transitions into taking up the duty and position of sewing back collectives? What gives in his rather untogether comportment and in the previous night’s quite untogether, illegal, high? Why, near the very opening of *Tattoo*, do we have a character just so marinated and so preoccupied and seeming to us so unseemly and so seemingly at home within that all-at-sea criminal faux brotherhood<sup>5</sup> or “fraternity”? How can Marc transition to becoming part of this now brighter familiarity (*oikeiōtēs*), this close-knit family of *polis*-protectors, this most markedly *non-faux* fraternity

(*Brüderlichkeit*) that should clearly never consort or fraternize with the criminal element that they were sworn in to demarcate themselves against? Surely we will not cinematically see a policing body infected by this avatar and to thus see it sink into divided fauxmiliarity?<sup>6</sup>

Why, also, and on top of this strange fraternization, are his planned incoming duties, upon this graduation, programmed to be those of the kind of cop that his graduating contemporaries could not readily respect, as if his ambitions were something akin to the cleaning of floors within the police precinct and, while operating under the rubric of a “well somebody *has* to do it” protocol, would question this seeming right-handed and right-headed investiture *as* cop and thus not as the mere civilian appendages or prostheses of invisible support systems or necessary “background” non-cop infrastructures?

And so, we find, within a strangely staged post-graduation drinks reception, that he is not at all wishing to have landed on this “other side” of the line as an above-board “boots-on-the-ground” graduated cop, for he seems to have actually set his sights on becoming a “computational cyber crime operative” and thus, what his fellow graduates will snarkily call a mere “paper pusher.” And so from pushing-drugs to pushing-paper, Marc swims from sea to sea in doubling-down upon those evil-twinning *pharmakons* of divested and diverted being.

Again we ask, **why then is his seal so markedly divided?** Why do we need to cinematically experience such a marinated and divided sealife character, criminally clubbing and then, upon sleeping it off, of police-graduating but then not wishing to hit the ground, and thus be well-grounded? Why is he left agentially hanging, and without properly crossing that line that he raised his responsible right hand to protect? Is it that Marc is possessed of something that can take us places, or is he still very markedly haunted and possessed? This indeed is the hinge, and we begin to explore this hinge within the next paragraph.

In beginning to seek answers to those questions left hanging within the last paragraph then, we now see that he has in his “possession,” as a compound of this untogetherness or division, a sort of gift+curse. This forms a *nous* or a know-how for a certain turning and re-tuning of the earth, but also provides a difficult challenge or division to overcome and, if both can be sewn, somewhat dialectically, together, then this country and this community, of which the film is in and of itself a representative part, will find its narratological resolution.

Whatever *Tattoo*'s manifest and apparent resolve, in plotting course and raising anchor and in setting sail upon its cinematic journey, *this film itself will, strangely however, never reach such a resolution with this avatar Marc in tow*. We begin then to reach our thesis: How strange it is to walk in the shoes of somebody who will never close out. And yet how could it really be otherwise in a film marred and indelibly marked<sup>7</sup> or "dictated" by the shadow and nomenclature of *Tattoo*? Should we not now simply scuttle our viewing? Should we not give up, even before we properly get started, when we get the strong stench that our ship will never make port?

Will we come then to blame the presence, the, as we will see, "repression," of the tattoo for any lack of final harbor and thus a continual nomadic narratological disseminal drift, that will never be put safely to its (seeded) title sequenced deathbed? This film titled *Tattoo*, in itself not finding proper harbor, and thus drifting ever after on upon those "closing" titles, is all about the tattoo, we might thus say, as tattoo<sup>*mb*</sup> and, without any closure at and upon the usually solidly grounded most non-nomadic closing titles, we will find ourselves, within our selves, and within our interconnected psyches, quite cryptonymically haunted, disseminously adrift *and* imprisoned and, indeed, tattooed by *Tattoo*'s tattoo<sup>*mb*</sup> most essential drift.

WHERE FILM GROWS *CRYPTIC*CURRENTLY 155

To situate this cinematic representational act a little more, *Tattoo*, loudly and clearly, marks itself out as a *Se7en* hybrid piece of Germano-Hollywood filmmaking, a kind of German parallel to the famously glossy and safely risqué French filmmaking of Luc Besson and, as with Besson's own previous transatlantic line of flight, forms a kind of calling card delivered by director Robert Schwentke for permission to board that dominant Hollywood modal mothership. *Tattoo* is staging for wandering currents and conversions.

As wandering embedded stage, *Tattoo*, cryptically, and yet very thoroughly, bears the traces of the dead currency of the Deutschemark that, by the time of its release, finds itself replaced by the territorially less restrictive currency of the Euro. *Tattoo*, as cinematic "act" then, in itself, seemingly effortlessly overspills the borders of some notionally national filmmaking and so traverses a space and a time that is not anything safely ensconced within any frame of either "Germany" or "2002." *It is a film then that lives upon the borders of such temporal+spatial bleeding out.*

172 Tattoos, just as one would readily expect, loom very large within this  
173 film entitled *Tattoo* and an older grizzled cop, who had earlier been seen  
174 sweeping into the nightclub where this young soon-to-be-cop was danc-  
175 ing his life away, and thus drowning within his sea of abandon, and who  
176 thus rudely interrupted his somewhat muted and twisted pre-graduation  
177 celebration, will now be seen to be working hard to bring this anomic  
178 acephalic youngster along, to reign him in, and thus working to pass along  
179 wisdom's baton and, having passed all of this along, to then himself pass  
180 away out into or under a history that, he himself, will have no further part  
181 or right of way within, save as boundary or place-marker. And so the film,  
182 *itself*, is surely something like a handing over and a transition and thus  
183 something of the grizzled cop? Why do we make or mark this parallel?

184 Within "Germany" of "2002," and in moving along from the  
185 Deutschmark (grizzled territorialized cop) to the Euro (internationalized  
186 Marc), *Tattoo* places us ourselves into this journey, quite performatively.  
187 The incoming cop should now be brought along and taught to live and to  
188 transition into eating well, as the outgoing grizzled cop, in this period of  
189 transitional baton-passing-over, will try to solve "one ... last ... case"  
190 before finding his quiet and well-deserved grave, placed there within the  
191 permanent protection of that State he lived and ate so well to protect and  
192 so, consequently, not himself to be left abandoned, and so not stored or  
193 valued, at some homeless (*Heimatlos*) crossroads, where those who were  
194 adrift, and those who were nomadic, and so those who wandered without  
195 requisite homefinding equipment, are now therein doomed to forever  
196 unrestfully roam.

197 Before continuing our journey through the film, we will now pause the  
198 projector, and thus pause our running commentary, and open the hold  
199 and engine room to inspect what is driving and delivering our case. How,  
200 and with what, do we experience this film?

## 201 CINEMATIC WRITING/RIGHTING: OF INTERPELLATION 202 OR INΚORPORATION?

203 How could we come to find ourselves tattooed by a cinematic space that  
204 we would traditionally think ourselves as taking some representational safe  
205 distance from? Well, we ourselves, within ourselves, might well be this  
206 represence and this representation? Such a representational process or  
207 represence would clearly not form itself into the removal or separation of

Althusserian interpellations or cinematic subjections, but neither would such “relatedness” be an immanent or immediate immersion within the stock image.

Instead of such a conceptual theoretical duopoly, our reading of this space forms a quasi-Heideggerian ecstatic t/here<sup>8</sup> relation. We thus hear, or I ask you to thus hear, a sense in which we are, paradoxically, “intimately-separated” within the body of the film, within which its very presence is also its repressence; an intimate form of representationality, or of a paradoxical act of embracing+intimately keeping out, that is neither a separation nor a sinking into, but a tattooed viewing that exists on both sides, and neither, at once. The tattoo will be something more than a figure, as we continue in.

As key anchoring reference, we can draw here upon the work of the neo-Freudian thinkers Abraham and Torok. In doing so we conceive of cinematic spaces as intricately and intimately disrupted processes, as forms of non-present crypt, and thus as a “thing” haunting the very body that it intimately or integrally “occupies” and which it, in turn, disruptedly encrypts. As haunted spaces, as what we might thus call representational spaces,<sup>9</sup> Abraham and Torok<sup>10</sup> read-off such crypts as formations of interminable failed mourning, as “essential failures” that they thus signal, in answer to Freud/Ferenczi’s more completist introjections, as oppositional to the ideal of successful narrative of mourning: they name such failure “incorporation.”

Abraham and Torok, within a somewhat forensic approach, akin somewhat to Reik’s immanent “compulsion to confess,” conceive the (subject’s) crypt or construction as being incessantly preoccupied by lost objects that it demonstrably and incessantly mourns, and thus incessantly finding itself as unable to digest or break down such lost objects or to assimilate them into “its ownmost” ongoing coping, *oikos* or “domestic economy.” Such would not be anything of the synthetic *Aufhebung*’s<sup>11</sup> pyramidal mort-gauging<sup>12</sup> structure of narrative completion or closure. The subject instead thus finds itself melancholically scrambling about, out of kilter and “out of time,” and thus partitioned off from a time that it never occupies but which cryptically occupies it. The ventriloquy<sup>13</sup> subject is, in the words of Maria Torok, “puppeted”<sup>14</sup> and occupied by the installation of this inherited-inhering crypt, as an indigestive seating or setting that cannot ever be surgically removed to then thrive indivisibly: it is a viewing habit-at thoroughly inhabited by haunting. Might we even call such voicing of haunted occupations or installations a “phantimbre,” as of

a voice or a vocalization apparatus possessed or written by the inhabited other, and essentially so?

Internally troubling the household, as news always from elsewhere, and thus not from anywhere neatly near “itself,” there is no order, properness, or propriety to be found anywhere within the household, nor within the household behaviors or emissions through which it continually exhibits or represents itself to what it mistakenly thinks of as its outside. All films are, hauntologically,<sup>15</sup> built upon such represence, but *Tattoo* is marked more avowedly, as we will see. As such a crypto-cinematic entity or artifact, *Tattoo* forms an, as it were, *imperfected* household counter-exemplar or uncooperative incorporative emission, and as the indexical outgrowth of an *oikos* or context that is not at home with itself, anywhere or anytime within itself.

Here we will call such thoroughly disruptive melancholic works of incorporative mourning **in**corporation****, drawing the reader’s attention, again, to the spacing of ink and of disruptive writing within this spacing. “Writing,” as we know, always holds a problematic relation to the idealized heartland of living speech, damaging the self-possession of direct expressiveness. Derrida problematizes Husserl’s expressive Holy Grail through a “generalized indicative” and thus a general writing that always-already haunts speech and which it cannot keep its distance from. Derrida writes of writing (and thus tattoos):

If writing brings the constitution of ideal objects to completion, it does so through phonetic writing: it proceeds to fix, inscribe, record, and incarnate an already prepared utterance. To reactivate writing is always to reawaken the expression in an indication, a word in the body of a letter, which, as a symbol that may always remain empty, bears the threat of crisis in itself.<sup>16</sup>

Such an indicative is tattooed within cinema itself; cinema itself is this tattoo. The letters that cinema always *seeks* to deliver incarnate and incarcerate an excess of energy that it cannot ever contain and here, this ill-containment is tattooed to its surface and *Tattoo* excavates this quite evidently. Cutting abruptly back into the film to put this to work: *Is* a war being fought by and within the interior-exterior-invaginated enfolding of the film, within the anomic and adrift acephalic character to, after this war completes, provide Marc with a head and a family tree and to “hail” and thus also to “subject” or “interpellate” us and to “turn” and “secure” a headstrong “consent” as part ourselves of a family tree? *Or* is this Marc, as

we ourselves might be, a possible interior autoimmune agency, placed, 284  
and, most importantly sought out, by a struggling apparatus or cine- 285  
matic system? 286

Marc is positioned in the very heart of the immunitary *oikos* of policing 287  
as an avatar evidently not prepared or able to receive the baton as he/we 288  
will be taken off-course by Maya, the femme fatale who will ultimately be 289  
revealed as the mythic killer named Irezumi<sup>17</sup> pretending to be a tattooed 290  
victim but really a perpetrating-victim of the tattoo who will pass this 291  
infection on. Marc, will ultimately not pass through his apprenticeship to 292  
this passing master named Minks, for whom he will sadly not pass muster. 293  
Why is Marc not so equipped to pass and to take the place or to seamlessly 294  
inherit the vacated residence of this passing master, who, while himself 295  
certainly very visibly damaged and disheveled, and now somewhat griz- 296  
zled, always worked and motivated himself toward the terminal operations 297  
of his housing *polis*, even when his own housing was sometimes found to 298  
be in crisis. 299

Does our incoming central proxy or avatar, in lacking *oikos*, also lack a 300  
terminally inclined for-the-sake-of-which, a terminal destination upon 301  
which to ultimately direct himself, and to thus exist within its magnetizing 302  
compass? The grizzled outgoing cop, in seeking to aid his incoming 303  
charge, in-order-to-become the real honest-to-goodness cop that he cer- 304  
tainly can be, intones and implores his surrogate-colleague-son, within car 305  
journeys and, by passing along certain necessary equipment or tools of the 306  
trade, can help him build that character worthy of cinematic identification. 307  
One such tool is a quasi-transcendental key or golden rule that simply 308  
states “*Don’t worry, someone will pay for this. Someone always does.*” 309

As should this incoming central proxy or avatar, we really cannot help 310  
but, henceforth, hold onto the echoes of this heartfelt grizzled golden 311  
law: “*Don’t worry, someone will pay for this. Someone always does.*” The let- 312  
ter of the law-of-the-surrogate-father, this echoing key golden rule, should 313  
assuredly reach its destination, and no errancy should blow it off course. 314  
“*Always*” cannot ever be washed out to sea or be cindered into any sea of 315  
homeless (*Heimatlos*) ash. The grizzled passing master quickly follows up 316  
with a well-intentioned but somewhat empty supplementary command- 317  
ment that he, we sense, will himself fall short of as (return) destination: 318  
“*always come back alive.*” “Home...” *always* coming back, *always* arriving 319  
back, to that very self-same *oikos* that one set out from, and whose outgo- 320  
ing journeys should always aim at giving economic returns to. This “sec- 321  
ond law” however does not here ring true, it rings very hollow. 322

Against this defensively mounted “second law,” there is that implacable second law of thermodynamics to contend with, a law that cinema always seeks to dispense with or marginalize, but tattoos do not play well with reversing entropy. To this second law, the follow-up response, from the patronized youngster, seems to underline the pathetic, ultimately impotent nature of this loss of gravity, a gravity that “home” or “*oikos*” do not really seem to possess any longer. “*Always* come back...” is treated with some notable indifference, a certain looking away as in some golden rule that can be forgotten and not echo on. Incoming Marc cannot take possession of this home property and homely propriety or of any other place of secure stabilized familial residence.

It is clearly written, indeed tattooed, upon the film’s very surface that everybody within the spacetime of this film lacks family (either lost in time, or destined never to occur) and everybody is thus haunted and melancholically mourning *for* and not *from* a place of home, and so *for* something that can stamp or ground them, marinating all the way through their identity. “Home” is that self-certain something, most certainly *not* of the order of the tattoo which again, to remind ourselves, can only ever provide a secondary simulacrum of home and thus of dashed securities, of dead echoes of distances that can never be closed or made final cont(r)act with. Such, to remind you, is the very indigestible burden of the tattoo and, as tattoo<sup>mb</sup>, we will very soon steer ourselves into this sheer poverty of living stock.

As thoroughly clean denomination,<sup>18</sup> in denying *cryptocurrencies*, introjections are, classically, those processes of digestion and of growth that, in accounting for and in digesting the past, enlarge the safe housing of the self. *Introjection is home security par excellence*. As successfully completed and successfully signed-off works of mourning, any introjections, any working-through of mourning is never about either diminishing or diluting those lost objects, or those lost loved ones, but of integrating these, as resources in every single sense, into a further growth that would, in allowing the *oikos* to continue its good growth, do these well-digested pasts good and proper justice. In so expanding the resources of the self, those resources are dialectically (*Aufhebung*) sublated or subsumed into the safe-self-same. Such then *is* the paradoxical cybernetic process of mourning as gains attained only ever through loss: such loss becomes gain.

While we do not ever then, by definition, have exactly more of the very same of all of those that we have lost, the self expands by saving, while also working through its works of mourning in-order-to *surpass* this past. It is

the very reason that there is a past, in the first place, *for* introjection to rest on.

Such, then, would already be shorthand for the classical work of introjective and very successful completed complementary mourning. *Mourning's classical role is, always, somewhat paradoxically, to seek to ultimately unemploy itself and to, as it were, get over itself.* Classical narrative practices, conventionally, we say, are crystal clear representatives of this ambition of reach toward “successful” mourning work, as key aids within their introjective architectural support systems. Such classical spaces are, only seemingly, never haunted by the inkorporation of tattoos. Thus, we will algorithmically state: haunting and inkorporation are only ever matters of degree, and can never be (of) kind. *This is the work of representational inkorporation within marineated cinematic surfaces,* if we can mount such a formulation in bringing us more centrally to the hanging indigestible matter of our title. Such a formulation, then, begs the question of just how well one wears, masks, disguises or, as we are saying, represents such generalized Inkorporation, from which one, necessarily, will never be divested:

“You hide it *so* well,” is only ever an ultimately empty complement, but “you’ve really overcome it,” can never form that ultimate totemic complement. Cinematic *écriture* is then thoroughly maringated in representation and repressence, from the get-go through to “closure.” To quote Derrida on the limits of the sayable:

[T]he dead becoming then, in turn, the generic name for everything that exceeds, overflows, transgresses the limits of the sayable, the expressible.<sup>19</sup>

*Such is then the actual immanent science or séance of cinematic dead letters that are written right through all cinematic skincraft.*

SIEDLUNG/SETZUNG: OF HOUSING SCHEMES  
AND UNSETTLEMENTS

This film, a “German” “2002” film titled *Tattoo*, based around the problem of the illicit circulation of tattoos excised or separated off from their own tattooed body *improvers*, proffers a problem, a problem of inkorporation, a problem of an, as it were, indigestive *traction* that deposits all of its traces throughout the entire surface of the film.

AU1

If this surrogate second son, this newly adopted son of that abandoned and passing, *simultaneously* surrogate *and* real father who had found himself abandoned by a (unsurprisingly, tattooed) daughter who herself had found, a few years ago, that she could not share or dwell within her father's (the grizzled cop's) melancholic unfinished over-protective mourning for his wife/her mother, were to make his way successfully into the *polis* and protect the *oikos*, Marc would need to work to cut this tattoo off from the clean circulation of the *oikos*, placing it thus safely out of circulation. This tattooed matter would need to be dissolved away, rather than welcomed in. Tattoos must remain abandoned on the open seas, rather than be installed or welcomed in to, autoimmunally,<sup>20</sup> infest the house. Marc has many troubles with the tattoo, not least the character Irezumi who is not of the *polis* or Germany and not wishing to carry it forward, but to simply ghost through. As we have seen Maya/Irezumi is of *thalassa* and of *thana-tos* rather than *bios*, and born thus of a darkly adrift dispossessed "economy."

The tattoo, as the *ne plus ultra* of indigestible matter, is the signature piece lodged or stuck within (the throat of) this cinematic body and so puts on view a new or emergent form of dark economic circulation that is readily and perfectly able to operate outside of the classical protective space and domains of the *oikos*, *polis* and *agora*. In seeking to contain the tattoo, the cinematic act of *Tattoo* is never able finally to evacuate or to tame this tattoo that it plays host to, as danger sign, but continues on its free and perverse circulation, as *dislodged* *inkorporation*. The remainder of this argument outlines this new, strangely more welcoming and hospitable space of *Tattoo*, for the infernal *aneconomy* of the tattoo toward freer circulation.

## TATTOO AS IMMUNO-SUPPRESSEDNESS AND CRYPTOCURRENCY

Put to sea in 2002, operating outside of the German economic home space, *Tattoo* depicts an anarchic murky *unheimlich* economy that so many of these newly hatched and graduating cops are clearly not coping onto and who are thus estranged from, and thus in seeming contretemps to, this newly dominating extra-national economy of this newly current cyber-crypto-economic contretemps.

This particular incoming graduate/avatar, gifted as he is with computational skills, we will remember, is disdainfully dismissed as some impotent mere "paper pusher" by those accompanying nemesis-graduates who speak in piercing daggered eye contact. As a "paper-pusher," we do not

need to overstate, any incoming cop would conventionally be cast within the role of residing outside of the potent speaking body proper and masturbatorially, if we can coin such a word, stuck limply behind a desk, circulating impotent papers and trapped within a “paper machine” that is no machine for living. Within the classical narrative space, the “paper pusher” really only ever graduates to narratological catalyst or assistant within the cardinal rule of its classical introjective space, a “domesticating space” where feet and boots must always be seen to be on the ground and given to clear heartfelt expressive cardinal speech and passionate working out.

Of these incoming freshly minted cops, so newly coined and made ready to circulate within the protective economy, our avatar’s own property-of-incomingness sees he is actually powerfully gifted, and thus actually comes very well equipped, to tackle any *polis* penetrating and percolating new black or cyber-crypto-economic devices, unhomey *unheimlich* economic devices spilling out from over or under the borders of the previously, apparently safely ensconced, economic body proper.

Such newly dark borderless and bondless circulatory economic devices work within *Tattoo* to circulate, we find out, tattoos trimmed from the bodies that once housed them, and now form into strange cadaverous canvases that circulate freely within these strange, no longer so off-piste, cyber territories of the darkly wandering web wise. If such newly emergent economic devices concern themselves with “self-mutilation” (a term used, interestingly, in English within the film, almost in recognition of this *unheimlich* language of auto-mutilated self-destructing bodies, in the original German) and with the circulation of “bare life-death,”<sup>21</sup> circulations of an emergent *aneconomy*<sup>22</sup> that can indigestibly deal with the emerging necropreneurial necropolitical necroeconomies,<sup>23</sup> these installations will need taking down.

As the boots-on-the-ground investigation flounders in its hermeneutic journeying into the heartless darkness in finding just who might ultimately be responsible for this cutting away of tattooed flesh from those offlined living corpses, and then buying and selling these tattooed fleshy canvases online, we will witness a, perhaps, proud scene where our own avatarial investigative incoming Marc will be the very first within the narrative, wide awake enough, and gifted enough, with knowing enough, to retrieve a captured laptop from the evidence lock-up and, upon booting it up, to take its electronic recording technology seriously enough *as* forensics.

Previously, on this poor police showing, this alighted upon electronic laptop had sadly, as electronic or cyber evidentiality, escaped notice and

passed under the blocked noses and the blinded eyes of those outgoing  
dying household guards who, as we have seen, do not seem to see any  
value in “pushing paper” in helping shorten or stem the shelf life of crime.  
For Marc this cyber-evidence is not to be left on the shelf but brought out  
of hiding.

Installed, encoded, and encrypted upon the previously pushed-aside  
surface of this frozen-out post-paper machine, cryptically hides then,  
almost out in plain sight, uncovered live-connected computer files sharing  
the saleable commodity of dead tattooed flesh circulating, in this darkly  
*aneconomic* space, as evidence on the screen that he finds commodified  
and delectably deified within the transportational currency of DEM, *a*  
*currency that, within-the-world that the film was in the process of being fash-*  
*ioned within, was simultaneously in the very real process of dying away.* As is  
evidenced by these attention-grabbing italics, *this* cinematic evidence,  
encrypted and not at all clearly drawn-out, will not pass beneath our noses,  
and we now, once again, cut away from our *Tattoo* walkthrough, as we  
now reach toward the representational center of our own argument. We  
will thus cut a strange undecidable slither out from the film.

This “German+2002” representational cinematic act titled *Tattoo* was  
itself, as it were, tattooed with the henceforth ghostly switching-over pres-  
ence of the dead currency of the Deutschemark in the film’s own very  
unfolding process of production. Previously built within the domain of  
the Deutschemark, *Tattoo* was then released into the flow of a new econ-  
omy where the Deutschemark would then be replaced by the extra-  
territorial European currency of the Euro. This process, we can say, is rare  
within cinematic *écriture*. The ecstatic, as it were, lifespan of this film (its  
birthing, from pre- to post-production and then onward to release),  
spanned the life *and* spanned the death of this currency, now become  
mere secondary cinematic echo. The imprint of the “DEM” was tattooed  
onto the cinematic surface within a span of spacetime that the world out-  
side had economically moved on from by the point of its release. A ques-  
tion arises: *Where exactly do we place the film produced within this cinematic*  
*speech act?*

The Euro became the avowed German currency of exchange in 2002,  
the very self-same year that *Tattoo*, itself, was released into the market.  
Permanently now bearing the imprint or the mark of this now dead  
Deutschemark, now living on as mere phantom or *cryptocurrency*, we find  
ourselves permanently yet undecidedly ensconced within two places at  
once, *or* within neither at the very same time. The Deutschemark of the

film thus became now (within any given *hic-et-nunc* receiving, say in 2021) 511  
a sort of fallen state of cryptocurrency, a currency now permanently tat- 512  
tooed upon the very film, but not any longer flowing within any live 513  
exchanges for it, outside of the film, as we might enter the theater of cin- 514  
ematic spectator operations. 515

At any point in which we may buy into or speculate upon the film, we, 516  
in Germany say, use Euros to spectate a film that now encrypts the 517  
Deutschemark on the screen that we watch it on, in 2002, the year of the 518  
film's release. Quite the disparity or division, at a particular point in time, 519  
a time (post-Deutschemark), that we still occupy, but whose echoes are 520  
still present, tattooed, *inkorporated*, and encrypted. However, henceforth, 521  
we spectatorially receive this tattooed, dead, or spectral figure-currency of 522  
the Deutschemark, this film will always betray this strangely tattooed 523  
imprint within any further contextual viewings. How might this "factual 524  
currency transition" have played on the minds of the creators, within their 525  
own economic and territorial concerns? 526

No doubt the "factual currency transition" of converting *everything* to 527  
a new incoming currency will have been clearly and quite easily foreseen, 528  
at some classically clear and openly available level of consciousness, by the 529  
filmmakers, that the Deutschemark was a currency that was currently in 530  
the very process of dying away, of a falling-to-the-tomb, of a falling-by- 531  
the-way. We can be sure that this currency death, this *dispossession*, this 532  
moving house, this soon to be cut off living circulation of the Deutschemark 533  
(paying, for example production costs through the Deutschemark and 534  
then transitioning to marketing costs and recouping them through the 535  
Euro), from out of the German economic body proper, would most cer- 536  
tainly not have been lost upon the filmmakers and was, more certainly, not 537  
lost, as trace, within the film itself, intricately tattooed into its space as it is 538  
and forever will be, as of the tattoo<sup>*mb*</sup> itself. 539

*Tattoo's* content seems to surround the classical tracing out of respon- 540  
sible locations and unveiling the presence of a culprit, an illicit *aneco-* 541  
nomic trader in dark energetics. This culprit, or readily identifiable 542  
culpability, would lay down traces that are forensically followed back from 543  
an initially deposited trace within a neat circle/closure. We find, however, 544  
that the source, within the dark energetics of webbed tattoo<sup>*mb*</sup>s is not the 545  
source, as the source is a monstrous uncontainable sea-without-housing, 546  
and the film itself, as metalanguage, is *itself* saturated in this lack of home. 547  
Traces are laid down and tattooed upon the body or upon a shifting eco- 548  
nomic body that was using the dying Deutschemark (for while this was 549

not, to be sure, an historical film in any foreground or thematic sense, it was always going to be a film beset by history and of ready-mourning), it was also about the economy itself, or of what Derrida called the necessary countersignature, of the traces of the receiving economy itself that rigorously allows for this emergent form of economic-cinematic exchange.

This is not then any pre-representational mere representational economy divorced or divided off from the larger economy that it operates within, in what we still often mistakenly think of as some outside of the film, an ontic outside that we will, on our streets, actually occupy. As a tattoo then, as a tattoo<sup>*mb*</sup>ed Deutschemark, imprinted within, and thus upon the non-sovereign surface of a film, there is then the bodily, the film-bodily, remainder of a time, a time frozen and tattoo<sup>*mb*</sup>ed, a time that had, by the point of contact with that countersigning context or new market economy, fallen to the crypt, having become now a dead represented currency or, in that different sense that we are now coining it, an in<sup>*k*</sup>orporated *crypt*currency.

We have then at our representational disposal—tattoo<sup>*mb*</sup>ed or indexed and imprinted upon the film—a dead and buried currency that we can no longer exchange in our own (2002 and beyond, in say 2021) *hic-et-nunc* that we will henceforth forever be occupying, a currency being used in this tattoo<sup>*mb*</sup>ed film called *Tattoo*, to circulate the dispossessed, being used to circulate and calculate the world pictorial worth or market value of dead tattooed skin, where some tattooed skin is found to be rarer and thus more delectable than others, forming a connoisseur art market<sup>24</sup> for tattooed skin cadaver-canvases.

Nobody who will have watched the film in 2002 would have been unaware that they were watching such a current process of “currency encryption,” and so the viewing would be marinated in the process of an ongoing unfinished, even interminable, mourning amidst the economic turbulence upon which the film’s production company had set sail.

To add a further final twist to our argument, there is now, in our current *hic-et-nunc*, in fact, a cryptocurrency, a crypt born or opened in 2013, a, so to speak, “revenant currency,” somewhat markedly and nostalgically named the “DEM,” and if we visit the faqs of its website we witness a strange process of resurrection, of reterritorialization,<sup>25</sup> echoing back to this previous corpus or re/generation. Occupying, as it does, the very self-same name, the exact same nomenclature or, as it were, the same proper *heimlich*, the DEM currency now currently signifies “Deutsche eMark.”

Within its FAQ's, when asking after, as of a proxy in our place, its "nostal- 588  
gic vocation": 589

Q: *What has the eMark in common with the D-Mark?* 590

We are quickly told that: 591

A: *Nothing but the similarity of the name. As well as the efforts of the develop- 592  
ers, to achieve the same stability, intrinsic value and acceptance as a means of 593  
payment, that distinguished the D-Mark for decades, until it was replaced by 594  
the Euro in 2002.*<sup>26</sup> 595

We do not need to look too closely, or dig down too deeply, into this 596  
answer to find very evident contradictions. As soon as, and in the very 597  
same moment, this opening "Nothing" is emitted (nothing is quite a 598  
binary distinction, a somewhat final statement for the opening salvo of this 599  
answer to make!), and in asking why there is, a little like some alter-Leibniz 600  
or alter-Heidegger, "nothing, rather than, something," we are then 601  
quickly given something in place of this nothing and thus adjusted to or 602  
dialogically sold on this currency by certain phantom traces or "puppet 603  
emotions" (Torok<sup>27</sup>) of a mystically rejuvenated, rebooted or resuscitated, 604  
and stabilized past. Nothing? Really?! Not quite. 605

What then is the certain essential something lurking and grounding 606  
behind this apparent "Nothing"? Where the Euro, presumably, brings 607  
*instability*, this rejuvenating spectral crypto eMark would bring back the 608  
strength of sovereign stability; where the Euro would offer extrinsic value, 609  
the eMark would bring back, as in resuscitate, the buried body of intrinsic 610  
value, and something, no doubt, of some real sense of rejuvenated autoch- 611  
thonous undivided belonging. Germanness (intrinsic, etc.) makes up much 612  
of this "rebirth register" that demarcates and marks the "Deutsche eMark" 613  
currency out and *reregisters* it, as in some rear-guard reaction, against the 614  
extrinsic lack of worth that the (death registered) Euro would here seem 615  
to be that floating signifiatory harbinger of. 616

It seems that we can turn the clock back "now," with the arrival or the, 617  
as it were, *rearrival* of the "DEM" (*not* "DEM"), to a time before 2002 618  
and move back behind those overflowing flows of dead floating matter: 619  
*traveling via this cryptocurrency in resuscitating a "crypt-currency"?* 620

This may well read as something of an aside, a strangely strained sojourn 621  
from "outside" of the film, and thus something of a blind alley that leads 622

just too far outside? For the film was clearly mourning or mounting the tattooed skin of that “previous” DEM and certainly not the DEM that the writer of this “limited ink”<sup>28</sup> stumbled upon, “perfectly” outside of this film on the net, that is nevertheless the film’s very homeless irresolvable (“Irezumi”) subject matter? These twin-remaining DEM’s equally serve, however, the self-same purpose in depressing their mark upon two undecidable edges of this film. Both the film’s “DEM” and the “cyber-DEM” are harbingers of a homeless self-contradictory wandering and form concatenations to its countersignature.

### CRYPTOCURRENCY AND THE MISE-EN-ABYME OF TATTOO AND OF THE “DEM” CONTAINED THEREIN

So, in the midst of all this, we have not yet turned fully to face the monstrous elephant in the room, and recognized that this cryptocurrency of the DEM was being used within/upon the mise-en-scene of the film to purchase dismembered tattooed “skin” (for the skin, as more than mere substrates, is clearly quite inseparable and indispensable to the tattoo, without which it loses all its value: and one must thus value “skincare,” as the outgoing detective somewhat wittily imparts), with a currency of exchange that inevitably still haunts, even as represence within this representation, the historical German psyche (if there ever can be such a singular thing), as perpetually unfinished mourning, as undigested matter, as incorporation.

One renowned reason for the journeying toward Europe (which the Euro concatenates into) is that movement away from closed economies that just might readily give birth to and so berth such disfigurements as Nazism. As Europe and the Euro, in politico-economic tandem, here and now in 2002, at the time and the coordinates of viewing, work to finally cinematically suture or close up this wound and this gap within historico-humanity that opens out onto the nationalist-monstrous, and of the continuing encrypted echoes<sup>29</sup> of the exchange value of flesh within WW2, a nation-based currency is now replaced by an ethical openness, and yet representing an economic openness figured by the deterritorialized “chathroom” that allows for, if not pushes, the circulation of tattooed skin via these *aneconomic* blackchannels. Such spaces are extra-economic and thus non-economic if we remember that economy etymologically obtains from *Oikos* or household, and thus home.

The newly installed “device-problem” transports itself through, as we said earlier, that lack of family, and lack of economy, in that sense of household and household ordering. While the “German” economy of “2002” opens up so that it cannot ever again close dangerously in upon itself, so that it can now come to stand for that very energy that indemnifies, immunizes, and prevents the body from dangerously closing in upon itself, of previously not opening itself to the enlivening reach of the other, it also simultaneously (through a process we call *inkorporation*) depicts multiple, really all, agencies lacking in “the essence of ground,” to properly grounding and supporting their proper ordinance or growth or circulations.

As so apparently lacking in the drive toward family (and we have to remind ourselves of those scenes where Marc is dancing, really lost, within a sea of bodies, confused and maringated like water in water), the tattooed Maya (Sanskrit: “illusion/wealth”), who we come to know, is herself “Irezumi” as well as being the thoroughly unlucky 13 tattoo, as the quasi-Siren that distracts or pulls him from land and down into her seabed. We cannot help but see Marc here as his own worst autoimmune enemy, who is now placed very far from picking up the baton passed from that outgoing grizzled cop who will soon commit suicide, and so never finding proper rest.

*Tattoo* performs *unheimlich* cartographic maneuvers and war games over an emergent *thalassophile* economy that the transition from the Deutschemark to the Euro cannot protect us from. As the social body simultaneously opens itself up to the coming of the other, so as to no longer be endangered by closing in upon itself, it also, in a simultaneous manner, recognizes that this coming of the other is also a drowning or dissemination of the body, that the tattoo helps here to underline as signature to this monstrosity. It must not doom itself to disseminal errancy.<sup>30</sup>

The tattoo (along with suicide) is the self-mutilating *ne plus ultra* of a body withdrawn from proper circulation. It is implacably placed in being, as it were, “hung, drawn and quartered,” against organic speech and thus also against organic upward *investments*. Tattoos do not politely face the *polis-oikos*, but close gravely and most unproductively upon the bodies they thus enshroud within incendiary interments. *Leviticus 19:28*, within an extensive laundry list of other “bad friends” and “bad ways” intones thusly: “*ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you: I am the lord.*” Using this, then, as a return to the problematic of the tattoo that we presaged earlier, the tattoo, as echo and simulacrum of home, *Leviticus* clearly warns us, is naught but an

unreturnable dead letter that cleaves the body out from the circulation of any economic/homely/Heimlich futures.

Marks for the dead, printing marks upon one, freezes one exactly where one stands. The tattoo, as such a frozen entity or energy, goes against everything and all that is economic and, once again, we can remind ourselves of the Greek resources of this word meaning “the household” and the law-*of*-the-household. Xenophon’s *Oeconomicus* points out that “what is profitable is wealth and what is harmful is not wealth,” as Socrates<sup>31</sup> sums up his interlocutor Critobulus as saying. While Socrates will complicate Critobulus’s somewhat exacting and boiled-down economic doctrine, within this valuing of profit placed against loss, the tattoo, as exemplar, or as paradoxically nadir-summit of self-harm must never be put to work within any attempts to further the wealth of the household as it pulls it under, just as an anchor to the foot in dragging one to the seabed. As irrevocably opposed, the tattoo, is *the* signature mark of injurious self-harm, stealing and snatching the body out from the blood circulation of the *Oikos* and from the collective to which it belongs and thus freezes those household assets that any and all clear and “responsible speech” will always work toward furthering in helping it to grow. The frozen grave-stones of tattoo<sup>*mb*</sup> writing that will always, as of deposits only for the dead, face backward and keel over. Of the tattoo Derrida writes:

*But the tattoo paralyzes gesture and silences the voice which also belong to the flesh. It represses the shout and the chance for a still unorganised voice.*<sup>32</sup>

Here, Derrida outlines some resources of Artaud’s “Theatre of Cruelty” and its inherent antagonism toward a tattoo that places writing on the side of death, as tattoo<sup>*mb*</sup>, that would break/with the economic cycle, and thus “blood” cycle, to thus distract the eye from its forward-facing homely obligation. The tattoo marks out just that a-domain, just as a disseminated gravestone does, in concentrating its obligations on the side of death and thus *aneconomic* paralysis. Paralysis derives from the Greek for beside (*para*) loosen (*luein*), and thus places us loosened, quite beside ourselves, and our own *ultimate* self-interest. We pay a brief final walkthrough within this doomed film, doomedly named *Tattoo*.

Equally paralyzed, what neither outgoing nor incoming cop can come to terms with are those economics of the new necropreneurial *aneconomy* of necropower-expanded-from-biopower. Neither can step surefootedly into the world of inoperative responsibilities operating outside agential

wholeness. Cutting pieces from bodies that don't matter (after life) points toward a growth of an economy of the graft, an economy in the sense of a post-production economy where "dead weight" can make for circulatory monetization. Gone, in this film, is the sense of a biopolitics of whole-live-bodies and in comes a necropreneurial *aneconomy* now able to manage waste and dispose of that which was previously only able to be extracted from life.

As the passage of this play sinks into the titles we see, our main character Marc, finally abandon ship, by mimetically tattooing himself with *The Great Wave off Kanagawa*, as the salvage of his case is brought or solved by one of his opposing incoming colleagues who resides within the pre-paper tradition. The tattoo has left *its* Marc marked as Maya/"Irezumi" moves now on to her next thalassic disseminal act in continuing her narrative drift outside the national *polis* (her habitat was very unhomely!). While nothing, certainly, is *dissolved*, or "brought to book," we see *how* and *who* gets lost at sea and that the "tattoo" continues on as nothing but that false stitch that can never "save time" or suture us back home. *Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea!*

The tattoo darkly bestows its timeless rime of ancient marination that cannot be lifted from its seabed. The tattoo *cannot* be rehabilitated. "It" flows on.

NOTES 756

1. *Oikos* derives from Greek for household and is the root of economy. 757
2. Pharmakon comes from the Greek and denotes both medicine and poison. 758
3. Maringated is coined to combine the lost-at-sea signage of tattoos and the marination of the tattoo *into* the skin. 759
4. We cannot forget that the raising of the hand is *the* key performative exemplar, accompanied by lines such as "*I hereby swear that...*" that then marks one's punctual crossing of lines and of entries into key new positions, that are "herein" demarcated from "the previous." 760
5. And, strangely, almost all the rows of right handraising graduates do seem to be composed of men, marking this uncannily uniform mise-en-scene. See Jacques Derrida, *The Politics of Friendship* (London: Verso, 2005) for a deconstruction of this masculinist fraternal guardhouse. 761
6. "False family." 762
7. "The 'indelible mark' (a mark that is first prelinguistic) left by the incorporation [...] is a parasitic inclusion," Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok, *The* 763

- 772        *Wolf Man's Magic Word: A Cryptonymy* (Minneapolis: University of  
773        Minnesota Press, 1986), xvi.
- 774        8. See Tony Richards, "Take a Wander in My Shoes: Of Zombeing, Twombs,  
775        and Equipmentality," in *We Need to Talk About Heidegger: Essays Situating*  
776        *Martin Heidegger in Contemporary Media Studies*, edited by Justin Battin  
777        and German Duarte (Berlin: Peter Lang, 2018), 185–210.
- 778        9. I.e. representations "occupied" by repression, and so engaged with on the  
779        basis of containing what they wish to decontaminate themselves of.
- 780        10. See also as reference Torok's "The Illness of Mourning and the Fantasy of  
781        the Exquisite Corpse," *also* her "A Remembrance of Things Deleted" and  
782        Abraham's "Notes on the Phantom: A Complement to Freud's  
783        Metapsychology," and Abraham and Torok's "Mourning Or Melancholia:  
784        Introjection versus Incorporation" all in Nicolas Abraham and Maria  
785        Torok, *The Shell and the Kernel: Renewals of Psychoanalysis*, Volume 1.  
786        (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1994).
- 787        11. *Aufhebung* is Hegelian progress of thesis-antithesis-synthesis
- 788        12. "Mortgage" derives from death pledge that closes house.
- 789        13. Soliloquy *split* by another "talking through," as in ventriloquy.
- 790        14. "[S]ome people are completely detached from their libidinal roots and  
791        only produce puppet emotions" (Abraham and Torok, 1994, 178–9).  
792        Torok talks also of "Ventriloquy" and of a stranger, a parasitic inclusion, a  
793        prosthetic unconscious, housed within the subject's "own" mental  
794        topography.
- 795        15. Hauntology is Derrida's neologistic play on ontology.
- 796        16. Jacques Derrida, *Speech and Phenomena* (Evanston: Northwestern  
797        University Press, 1973), 80–81.
- 798        17. The 1966 Japanese film titled *Irezumi* (the Japanese word for tattoo, thus  
799        also *itself* naming that which is its key dangerous narratological totem) tells  
800        the story of a woman possessed, and whose fate is henceforth hardwired  
801        and written out by the tattoo. As sign and energizer of danger, the tattoo,  
802        here in the form of a spider, possesses or takes over, takes hostage, the  
803        bodily host and prevents it from securing itself or setting sail for the future.  
804        The tattoo enslaves and possesses its possessor and conscripts "it" to speak  
805        within an empty tongue it never signed up with. The spider, formed with  
806        blood red lips, becomes the possessive tattoo in *Irezumi*. The possessive  
807        skin-seeking specter codenamed "Irezumi" in *Tattoo* herself bears the tat-  
808        too of the famous *The Great Wave off Kanagawa* forming something of a  
809        figure of "marination" to wholly swallow Marc so that he never makes  
810        port. Webs and seas *equally* swallow. In *Tattoo* "Irezumi" begins to reveal  
811        herself to Marc within a pool of light erupting within the darkness outside  
812        his house, as fogged-heavy rain falls over her white high polo neck dress to  
813        slowly reveal, as invisible ink made visible, a body composed of intricate

- tattooing of *The Great Wave off Kanagawa*. It is a moment of great cinematic pregnancy in drowning out the futural. Falling rain *becomes* drowning water and, at *this* coordinate, we see him submerged, *inkorporated*, within her revelatory tattoo that merges him *within* her pierced skin, that does not form a womb but a tattoo*mb*. His DJ girlfriend, who (“will they/ won’t they?”) might have become mother to offspring, retreats now at the sight of “Irezumi” swallowing Marc within her deathly “seabed.” Marc tattoo*mb*s himself within that watery seabed; and drowns never to sew offspring, and give himself to the greater good.
18. “Introjection speaks; “denomination” is its “privileged” medium,” Abraham & Torok, (1994, pp. xvii).
  19. Jacques Derrida, *Life Death* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2020), 6.
  20. Autoimmunity is an entity attacking its own defenses in mistaking elements of self for other.
  21. Life-death is Derrida’s assertion that death infuses life and is not opposed.
  22. Derrida often underlines and appends terms with an “an.” Archives become an-archives.
  23. These three “necro-” terms clearly, as neologisms, aim at denoting a turn from economies of life toward “other” economies able to deal with death or bodies as parts. We have seen *Oikos* as the etymological root of household, and thus of furthering the economy and life of the family, but now we see “economy” as able to turn and monetize more flatlining spaces. Entrepreneurs, biopolitical and bioeconomics thus get transformed into their seeming opposites. *Tattoo* revolves around the economic extraction of value from dead flesh as emblematic of a larger economic turn. We coin these neologisms to denote that marked change of economic course toward the an-economic. See Richards 2018.
  24. One such character has, in his internationalist-modernist non-Germanic home, an “installation” of purchased *decadaverised*-tattoos and we meet him earlier lounging within a dark underground Romanesque bathhouse without a care *for* the world.
  25. For this stripping of territory and simultaneous replacing-restructuring power akin to glocalization, here with the *cryptocurrency* refractively “echoing back” see Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1983).
  26. <https://deutsche-emark.org/faq-question-list/?l=2>, accessed November 23rd 2020.
  27. See note 14.
  28. I have not properly justified this quasi-pun on Derrida’s “Limited Inc.: a b c ....” In cryptic justification, there is an analogous problem of undecidable-dating that Derrida points out very early on regarding John Searle’s “copy-

right,” where Derrida points out the problem of dating, without using his own undecidability as clear problematizing algorithm. There is a similar overflow here that we wish to hyperlink. See Jacques Derrida, *Limited Inc* (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1998), 30.

29. See Gabrielle Schwab, *Haunting Legacies: Violent Histories and Transgenerational Trauma* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2010).

30. Jacques Derrida, *Geschlecht III: Sex, Race, Nation, Humanity* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2020), 73.

31. See Xenophon, *Oeconomicus* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1994).

32. Jacques Derrida, “La Parole Soufflée,” in *Writing and Difference* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1978), 188.

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# Author Queries

Chapter No.: 14      0005228920

Queries	Details Required	Author's Response
AU1	Please clarify whether this text should be set as a quote or normal text.	
AU2	Please check if “faqs” should be capitalized in sentence “To add a further final twist to our argument ...”.	