

3 mini essays on Open Sauce

(1) The pompous Oxonian scholar

(2) Postmodernist luvvie

(3) revision log trainspotter

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(1) 'The Open Sauce wiki as palimpsest': notes towards welcoming dirty geeky girl-p0rn into the ivory tower via bombastic literary criticism

An key-note lecture by hir eminence Ms Sophielle van Pseud, BA Eng Lit (Oxon) (1st Class Hons) (and many other letters as well)

Established *littérateur* Anonymous's experiments with stream-of-consciousness narrative in *Open Sauce* (The Internet, 2011) centres on the versatile protagonist 'Julie': an overtly neo-Shakespearean gesture of hieronymic naming in the context of erotic duality; one which nevertheless suggests, by the curtailing of the ultimate 't' of Verona's teenaged heroine's appellation, the menace of castration and the foreclosure of closure itself.

Open Sauce, a veritable *festum voluptatis* of chaotic prurience, displays stylistic inconsistency so consistently that the reader is drawn into an impression of polyphonic collaboration, an *effet de réel* one feels is achieved in part through anacoluthonic sentence formations ("Your thing, your thingy thing, your beautiful buttock, your extraordinary fish soup") and unabashed anacrusis ("And I say, I say, oh yes baby, yes,") taking the place of pornographic discourse's traditional, controlled monoglossia.

The term 'wiki', it is bruited, originates in the Hawaiian word 'wiki', meaning 'fast', where indeed, the haptic resonance and velocity of the term permeate the act of writing *Open Sauce*, its imaged – and of course unreliable – narrators burning the textual candle's *wick* at both ends, *wickedly*, whacking out prose passages of the purplest hues, in a work entirely characterised by Arnold's *spontaneity of conscience* or Hellenism of the discursive mind.

Palimpsestic and paratactic elaboration of the linguistic kernel laid by the originary *Open Sauce*, the mosaic of ironized intertext borrowed entirely from the works of *Mills & Boon*, has elicited an anti-teleological plurality of *différance* amounting to an heuristic for conjoining the split halves of 'writer'/'reader' actant subjectivity and uniting the two, as Boal's *Oppressed* theatre's 'spect-actor', around the *jouissante* figure of the masturbating girl – writing her own orgasm even as she 'reads' its panoptic valency.

The imperative asserts itself therefore, to welcome *Open Sauce* into the canon as a libidinally driven melodramatic *oeuvre* for our times, resplendent with meta-ethical innovation, new masculinity, and xenophilia. Herstory may now and forevermore be understood as an *open source of sauce*, peopled with geeks and riot grrls whose provocative pornographic leipsomena and salacious narratorial tiffs and *macula* celebrate the intended co-lectant's state of blissful post-intellectual aporia.

references to the heart (so passé) or to love. One Open Sauce version contains a paragraph asking only: “Love is bullshit?” Not everyone thought so. But subsuming the *nom du père* inherited from Messrs Mills and Boon in sufficient layers of semiotic carnival proved no mean feat – there was a lot of metonymising required, I can tell you *that*, darling!

Moving on past our little existentialist fright, we discover that we can discern the words ‘shivered’, ‘whispered’, ‘thrust’, ‘asked’, ‘cupped’, ‘gently’ and ‘burned’ lurking in the shadows of our cyborgian Wordle. Perhaps most interesting, however, is the lexis of temporality, delay, timing, completion and repetition: ‘waiting’, ‘time’, ‘repeat’, ‘slowly’, ‘day’, ‘pause’, ‘ever’, ‘never’, ‘long’, ‘sometimes’, ‘finish’, ‘leaving’, ‘took’, and ‘enough’. The prominence of these terms in the cloud of semiosis evokes a writerly subjectivity replete with rhythmic narrative awareness, poignant appreciation for the invaginated cycles of beginning and ending, suspenseful self-knowledge, and erotic ritual. Lastly, the textual world of *Open Sauce* has repeatedly given birth to sentences including ‘furious’, ‘unhappily’, ‘empty’, ‘dark’, ‘go’ and ‘shy’ as well as ‘tender’, ‘pleasure’, ‘beautiful’, ‘wonderful’ and ‘found’: here is no straightforwardly saccharine, upbeat or vanilla concoction, therefore ... but a veritable heterotopia populated equally by living dolls, uncertain or even traumatised sexual subjects, enthusiastic bitches, robots, persuadable sluts, and existential fuckers.

I hope that makes this clearer.

Byeeeeeeee!

(3) ‘What’s really interesting is the revision log’: an inobtrusive detective’s bird-watching field-notes on *Open Sauce*’s editorial backstage conversation...

Revisions of *Open Sauce* have elicited a gamut of responses (often remarkably far from delight and inspiration) in fellow pornographers on the wiki’s revision log. Whilst some have contented themselves with peremptory mission summaries which are verifiable in the lump text – “removed the comedy innuendos” etc – others have purported merely to be “simplifying the grammar” when in fact their edit has amounted to full-blown reinvention. One writer switched the Mills & Boon heterosexual pairing to a lesbian one – “in my opinion, now, it’s hotter” – only to find that a subsequent editor had reinstated a normative straight orientation ... “as it was slightly confusing”, they said. One editor clearly hopes for a gradual unfolding of kinkiness into the “mainstream storyline” – s/he’s introducing the “living doll concept” with obvious intentions for the phasing out of so-called mainstream eroticism as *Open Sauce* moves forward. But the next editor is more interested in plausibility. And the next thinks s/he is most interested in simplicity of style. Then someone reflects at greater length in her revision log about the sense that retaining tropes and

chunks of the preceding edition is necessary for this “game” to work. She upbraids editors for even accentuating ‘Mills and Boon’ ideology “since version#1” and self-consciously – perhaps even smugly – inserts crudely obvious genderqueer elements: now Nic’s in the dress. The subsequent editor waves a wand and declares “now I am in receipt of Julie’s passion”.

But soon someone else came and disrupted this enjoyment with “a storm of swearing” and the postmodern idea that “the characters can hear the stage directions ... hysterical woman, the womb, the woman which must be healed by the man”. This certainly turns on editor number 13, who writes “swearing turns me on, so much I cannot deal with, I cannot stop swearing”. A sharp turn towards what is termed “sentimental blah blah” thereafter characterises the morphing story. Swearing is slashed, a “sad ending” comes and goes, and the “allusion to the not caring” causes controversy. “Flowery language needs toning down”, opines editor 17. *Open Sauce* stagnates for days, eventually provoking the startlingly vulnerable confession: “it feels like lots of things need to be changed, but i feel attached to them. Damn attachment. Could anyone else do it please?” The emotional echo of the plea fades away, and an editor of the same name has to take direct action to dispel ‘attachment’ herself – “added a paragraph in the hope that this will start changing! help!” Dark days for *Open Sauce*, in the aftermath of a swearing vs sentimentality war: but soon enough, the pace picks up, albeit not without the sneering aggression of editor 19 – “Xerox is a proper noun spelled with an X not a z”. (This gets wryly patted down with the placid remark by editor 20 – “actually, photocopier is hotter”.

Editor 21 declares out loud that her relationship to the editing process feels psychologically cathected to her father’s habit of wielding his vicious red pen over her childhood writings. She concludes she has been “faithful to you, author of the last Revision, and completely arrogant as well. Love”. Next someone ‘emits’ (or perhaps wishes to ‘omit’?) “some commas and arched backs and chevaliers and landscapes”. Someone else somewhat banally comments that they are interested in “metaphor and analogy” and innuendo. This triggers another saying “I want this to be more matter-of-fact”. Bang: apocalypse once more. “Want to get rid of everything and start again”. And again: “boys banished! Just lots of lovely cunts everywhere, just for me.” But the voice of reason emends this orgiastic development: “all those cunts did not make sense to me.” Not because they came from nowhere, though, but because they clearly were not acting upon anything: “are they lazy? are they stupid?” Editor 24: “Yuk. I hate all-caps and shouting.” Editor 25: “yes well sometimes you cannot quite say the thing quite right – hell yeah, I love you too”. Suddenly love is *sujet du jour*: here’s something in edit 26 about “investment – you know, the love kind”.

By April 20th, one new editor was writing about their personal vision of a “posthuman that has been created for the pleasure of humans. It brings up ideas of multigenderedness, free will and fucked up filthy sex for me”. Somewhat enigmatically, the first respondent to this requests that we “please remember to mind the pieces of the more acceptable”. Our last revision log on record is conceivably another melancholic reflection on the editing process from *Open Sauce*’s most assiduous anonymous editor, the name ‘eirini’. “This is the hard bit, when everyone is gone, what am I supposed to do; just play with myself until someone appears. So, I just decide to do something else on my own. To have different episodes and to suppose I will never do it again.”

But let me wrench you back in time again. The revision log shows the first editor to have been the one purporting simply to “add some dynamism to the story” and excise “Angela Carter” because

“characters and situations were, to my taste, excessively serious for lovebirds”. But there is a secret about the editing history of *Open Sauce*, previously known only to its creator and collaborators: there was an edit that came before all other edits, but something that was alleged to be a technical glitch erased it from the record, returning the revision history to the *Mills and Boon* mosaic as though nothing had happened. What filthy unspeakable ideas populated the paragraphs of this erased rewriting? Who was its author? Did she make any copy to save her work from oblivion? Well, I can reveal to you today: it was me. The first edit of *Open Sauce*, which perhaps no one else but *Open Sauce*’s progenitor Nor ever read, is indeed ... forever lost. Like the last editor on record, my writerly self, the first to be touching the virgin pastures of Radical X’s baseline wiki, can only suppose “I will never do it again”.