

## Overlap

In the video you can see quite clearly how I go back into the ladies toilet after hovering unsteadily for a few seconds at the door. I wonder if I wanted to contemplate her once more while I still kept the barbaric memory or if I was just looking for a more appropriate place to throw up than when I ended up doing so, outside in the corridor. From details like that I get the suspicion that the experience turned out to be less fascinating than my feverish imagination anticipated – continues to anticipate, bitterly – every time I saw her. Then I take the contraption (now probably in pieces in some police lab) out of my coat pocket, sit down in a corner, place the electrodes this time on my own temples, and press the erase button.