



*A Disgusting  
Supermarket of*  
**DEATH**



*James C. Harberson III*

## UNFORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE

It started as a guerrilla marketing campaign for a film called *The Fecularium*. Nobody knew what it was about. The posters were black except for the film's release date, printed in viscera pink: Halloween.

Nobody paid much attention until people started dying.

The distributor was Kamikaze Pictures, a gonzo horror studio whose chief opponents were taste and discretion. They persuaded Penny Jones, a culture blogger, to review it. The subway security video was unimpeachable. Jones, shortly after departing Kamikaze's offices, calmly set her bag on the platform and jumped before the oncoming train. Several witnesses claim she scratched out her eyes before jumping.

Then came Henry Cohen. Henry ran *turnmetostone.com*, a horror film fan site with over a million subscribers. Kamikaze invited him to review *The Fecularium*. His review drew fifty million views and counting.

"Hi, I'm Henry Cohen, and this is my review of *The Fecularium*, Kamikaze Pictures' newest offering." He brandished a flare gun, then placed it in his mouth. He pulled the trigger, illuminating his head from within. His eyes melted down his cheeks until his nose slipped away and his face collapsed into itself.

I'm Cotton Dellinger. I write for the New York *Challenger*. After the suicides, I asked Kamikaze if I could screen the film. They declined. But Kirill Garner, Kamikaze's founder and CEO, granted me an interview.

"I can't watch it."

"Nope."

"But you let Penny Jones and Henry Cohen watch it?"

"We did."

"And—"

"And we've decided that we don't need any further critical input. They've said everything that needs to be said about it."

"By killing themselves."

"Yes."

"And you're going to show it to others?"

"Yes. Only to adults, and only after they sign releases."

"Did you have Jones and Cohen sign releases?"

"Yes. Henry found it amusing. Penny less so, but she still signed. You may inspect them if you like."

I did. "Self-harm, up to and including suicide?"

"Yes."

"And liability for any crimes you may perpetrate against others after seeing the film?"

"Yes."

"Why did you feel like you needed to do this? I mean, it's just a movie, right?"

"Because of this." He grabbed a tablet computer, tapped at it, then held it up.

A scruffy guy in a *Halloween III* T-shirt appeared. “Hey, boss. I watched *The Fecularium*. It was...” He sobbed. “I don’t know who I am any more. I’m not sure I ever knew who I was. All I know is that the world is a total shitshow and that it’s all my fault.” There’s fumbling off screen. Suddenly, the guy holds up a dynamite stick. The fuse is lit. “Tell my parents I love them, though I’m pretty sure they hate me. And I deserve it.”

The explosion killed the signal.

Garner smiled. “Jonah’s instincts were flawless. He’d seen so many horror films that nothing scared him anymore. Nothing. It was so bad he almost couldn’t do his job. So, when he sent me this, I knew we had something.”

“How did none of this come up when you were making it? I mean, if it was that bad—”

“We didn’t make it. We’re merely distributing it.”

“Who made it?”

“An Eastern European director. Pavlov Volchek.”

“The snuff film guy?”

“That was never substantiated.”

“Have you seen the film?”

“No.”

“No?”

“No.”

“Did you read the script?”

“There was no script.”

“What did Volchek say?”

“About what?”

“About the suicides.”

“We didn’t ask. I mean, this might be the greatest horror movie of all time. Questions are irrelevant.”

I smiled. “Sorry. My mistake.”

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I couldn’t locate Volchek. But I still published the story, headlined, “Your Last Picture Show? Kamikaze Pictures to Distribute *The Fecularium* Despite Multiple Viewer Suicides.” After that, Manhattan’s District Attorney obtained an emergency injunction from the Southern District to prevent the film’s release. The judge issued it even though neither of them had seen the film. A prominent First Amendment lawyer challenged the injunction pro bono with an emergency appeal to the Second Circuit. A three-judge panel convened to watch the film.

They also died.

Tilly Cooper clerked for one of the reviewing judges. She survived because she was writing a bench memorandum for another case instead of watching the film. Her NYPD statement has been viewed or downloaded over thirty million times and counting:

“I ran into the library where they were watching the film. I heard these inhuman screams. First, I saw Georgina [Gillerstonn], my co-clerk. She was sitting in front of the library entrance, muttering to herself, her hands cupped in her lap. I asked what was wrong. She smiled at me. She held a law librarian’s

head in her hands. She tossed it at me. Then she retreated into the library. Before I could stop her, she grabbed a chair and tossed it through one of the windows overlooking the reading tables. Then she jumped out.”

“Will Katz, my other co-clerk, almost knocked me over. He followed Georgina through the window.”

“Then I heard gunshots. Judge [Fraser] Kellogg, who was on the review panel, was shooting at court security. I didn’t even know he had a gun. The first officer went down without his head. The second shot Judge Kellogg multiple times, finally killing him. We both rushed into the screening room. The television was smashed. So was the Blu-ray player. And so was Judge [Poe] Mazzar. Her brains were all over the conference table. Jules Wisherstam, one of her clerks, wielded the fire extinguisher he used on Judge Mazzar. And Maxton [Zebbers], and Trini [Bose], two of the other clerks. Trini was disembowelled, shuddering on the floor. Maxton was in pieces on the carpet.”

“Someone had self-immolated in the corner. I think it was Judge [Clyde] Marsh.”

“Jules charged us, screaming. The guard shot him. One of the bullets hit the fire extinguisher. It exploded. It blew him apart.”

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The FBI raided Kamikaze’s offices and confiscated every copy of *The Fecularium*. All of this, of course,

only amped demand. Garner, not stupid, had secured digital copies of the film overseas. And, not long after the FBI raid, I got an invitation to a special screening.

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