

ANTHEA STARTS TO WRITE

–It’s weird. Now I find that I have time on my hands. I always wanted to be a writer. But I never really had the chance to work it out. It started out as a whim. But now it’s gone way beyond that.

>>I have been working on a mystery novel. It was crazy how all this got started. I thought that I could do romance novels. Even add an element of the supernatural. And it just progressed along the way. I even have a title, *Blood Antidote*

It’s a poison that I administered. My own recipe. And the only antidote is my blood. Someone has to inject my blood otherwise the poison will kill them.

ANTHEA LEARNS THE METHOD

It wasn’t enough to tell a story. She needed to perfect her craft as a writer. Fortunately, she came across all of Crucial’s notes.

–He really can’t write that well. And he wasn’t even part of any of these events. But he does understand that something is going on. He’s done loads of research. I just need to fill in for what he left out.

That was easier said than done.

ANTHEA INVENTS JAY

Let’s suppose for argument that she didn’t create Jay. That she was simply basing her character on an actual person.

Was there a seminar on Philosophy and Politics in Prague that was attended by Jay and Kalu. Jay claimed that he learned the methods of Kalu and simply applied them.

Something that I needed to try myself. My actions give a definitive voice to history. That history has character or a personality. To have direction.

–We used to joke about that! I think that was one of the fundamental lesson that we learned in those Sorbonne lectures.

–So there was even a point of view that believed that history acted as an individual. This suggested that an individual could exercise on influence on the massive forces of history, not simply on single events.

–What are you saying?

ANTHEA WRITES

The circumstances were mysterious. The human head had been placed in a plastic bag, And someone had dropped the head in a self-serve ice freezer. It settled to the bottom of the pile of packages. It took a while before a customer just reached in and pulled out the plastic bag without giving it a second thought. He nonchalantly carried the bag to the check out person. She only looked at the bag from the corner of her eye and started to ring it up. For both parties it seemed like no big deal. A severed head in a bag was sitting on the counter, and for the time

being, no one seemed the wiser. After getting the money, she started to twiddle her fingers along the counter to express her boredom. She looked at the customer and smiled. Then she looked down and screamed. There was hardly any delay in her reaction. And her realization prompted sheer panic. Not only did the head inspire revulsion looking up at her the way that it did. But she wondered about the intent of the man standing in front of her.

He had no idea what was the source of her hysterical outburst. In her place, he might have been equally at wit's end. But the violence of her reaction was so dramatic that he still didn't look down to note the source of her bewilderment. The more he tried to figure it out, the more that she saw him as a threat. Where did the head come from if his monstrous hand hadn't cut it from the body?

He kept trying to figure out what was going on. When he finally looked at the head, he jumped back. What had he walked into? He had come here for some ice for a party. Now he was staring at a severed human head and woman wildly jumping up and down in front of him. He even considered that all this lunacy might be connected. He put his hand up in front of himself.

–It's not me.

And it wasn't like him. None of this. Once her feverous terror had reached its apex, she worked to contain herself to some degree. The very thought that she might be in the presence of a murderer left her in a state of numbness and paralysis. At the same time, his wild gesturing only added to that feeling. But if she persisted in her state, she only left herself more vulnerable to the dire consequences of what might follow.

–Were you watching me?

–I was taking a look

–I was watching you from the window. I do everyday.

I like to say what I mean. I don't like to mess around with words.

–Do you want to come up to my room?

–Meet me in the lobby for a drink.

–You're staying here.

–Yes, I am.

Do you want to go up to my room

Do you want to see my room.

--Miss Smith!

–What do you want, Jamie

–How can you be pregnant if you're not married?

It's called Immaculate Conception!

Jay's mathematical proof for the existence of nothing

Go ahead and do it. Do whatever you goddam please!

I'll show you how far down the rabbit hole goes!

barking up this tree

felt bad thinking about someone else

–That's OK as long as you didn't try to do something about it.

bride in blood

–I'm afraid that you know too much. I'm going to have to kill you.

–He gave you gifts from dead girls.

–Jay is talking to me.

–What are you saying? That you know him?

–Something like that. When I write, I feel the inspiration of his words.

–Any writer can say that.

–No, this is real. As if I am a suspect.

I felt well qualified to find her.

My past successes in missing person cases are quite well known.

Looked over my qualifications

chosen from a number of candidates for the specific skills that I can apply to this endeavor

encryption

in the puzzle, he becomes more entangled in the self

self unseen

solubility

of the other

communication

KEEP WAKING UP = 0

NARRATIVE + NARRATIVE

THE 1000

2 feels perfect like this

**3 undo every allegiance
every protection**

–That’s what I love about you. You’re so free when we’re together.

–I feel bad about doing this.

–You can’t tell anyone.

–That’s part of the problem. I feel that I need to tell someone. How can I know that I can be safe with you.

–You can’t. I mean, you really can. But down deep, in your heart of hearts, you can’t know. And that is the really exciting part. The letting go.

–But I am turning my back on everyone that I know. On my family, on my friends. And really, on myself.

–Don’t think about it that way. You have a beautiful body. It is so strong and confident.

4 you’re way ahead of me on this

–Darling, you’re way ahead of me on this one.

–This was never really my idea.

–You’ve been already doing stuff like this before I met you.

–Not quite the same way. Not intentionally. Things happened. But they weren’t really my choice. I just went along.

–But after that point, you sort of new what to do on your own. You let your body take over, so to speak. You directed the action.

–If that’s what’s it’s all about, I’ll pretend, that is all that I have to do. I hate looking back at it in this way.

–But that’s what I love about you. You’re so free when we’re together.

I really don’t like to remember that time of my life. When I was younger, I was gripped by this incredible power. It was almost as if something had taken me over. It really had little to do with who I was. When I look back on that time, there is an element of shame, a sense of losing control. I don’t want to feel so guilty about that. I guess that I write to get over my sense of guilt. If I didn’t write about it, I’d have to do something else to deaden the pain. I just wouldn’t think about it. I’d pretend that it was something that had nothing to do with me. And everything after that would be fun and enjoyment. I’d find some way to get rid of the negative moments.

This is really the best part of all

It is all for him

I have broken through some kind of barrier. I just let myself go and it is pleasure without end. I just seem to float in liquid fantasy.

stay with
power outside of me

smell
want to do nothing but

25

It is scary to give that much of myself. I never know if I can get it back

I'm going to have to be almost unconscious if I expect that kind of thing to happen again

30

I want to be alone. That is the only thing that has any worth. Pure solitude

If I don't want to talk about club life in Atlanta, I think that's my right. Enough said. I know that may have been my initial focus. But all along, I've wanted to be a writer. Write about the things that mattered to me. Not to be forced to follow any set plan. No rules. Just let me be me.

In the process, I have discovered a magic, a glue that holds the whole thing together.

you don't want to piss off the people who do things for you
everyone knew about the text
I'm not going to put up your shit anymore

we can find any criminal at the touch of a button
did you find the bad guy
he's coming after us

(Q)S ⊖ (she's a whore/ a cheat)

this is what I'm looking for
do you have what it takes to play

We were in the dark. The whole time. We had no idea what he was doing over there.

This could be the last story.

I brought you a gift.

We did this kind of thing when we were younger. When we still thought that there was possibility.

Could actually

literary language could alter how I create my world

the world of work

who are you

you can't say that the words commit

WEAR THE SAME COSTUME

–We all have a pathology that we pursue if things don't work out for us.

–That's really a depressing way to look at life.

–It's realistic.

When asked about penis size

men said

A smaller than usual

B. Larger than usual

C. nothing unusual

as time goes on

it take more perverse practices just to get you off

Why is that?

The twisted

the mental

just acts as a stimulus

the evident pleasure of getting inside someone's head

to float on their dreams

A E

N M

what do you want me to do

what do you **want** to do

Do what I have to

work	800	
in account	30	
entry to Imperial	1000	-700
rent and food	500	300

in conversation		400
VC	40	

–It’s like you’re trying to stop me from writing.

–Does any of this embarrass you?

–It’s just something that I do. We all do it. It’s part of life.

–So it gets you excited.

–It affects me. Sure it gets me excited.

death of Paul

you’re not going to let me die

Let’s imagine that you couldn’t continue. For some reason, you are incapacitated and you are unable to finish writing. Who else would be a better candidate to continue than I. I’ve already got your style down.

Jay would follow these rules on whom he was supposed to harm and who he would eave lone.

avenging angel

not at all

only his belief

out of control of his author

his story

the hallway of the elementary school

adjoined halls

preparatory school

–I didn't know that you were wiretapping her room too. She never meets him there.

–We had to be sure about things.

–So do you have something?

–There seems to be another voice on the tape. It's not our guy.

–Who is it?

–We're trying to make it out. Whoever it is is engaged in a little extracurricular.

–Good stuff?

–Let's just say that it's a lot more entertaining than hearing his accountant whine on about the restaurant business.

The voices seemed all muffled. As if they knew that someone was listening. Still there was a clarity to her tone. Maybe she was performing for her hidden listeners. The man's voice was even harder to make it out. There was shame in his delivery. Desperation and shame.

–They're really getting it on.

–I wish I had that kind of stamina.

–It's usually doesn't happen in a job like this.

He lit a cigarette.

–You won't be able to do that soon.

–What are you talking about?

–There putting in a no smoking policy in the office.

–Who they protecting with that one?

–They always say that they have your back around here.

–That's what they say.

After they left, he continued to play the tape on his own. Maybe there was some kind of thrill in listening to her make love.

–She gets around, he muttered to himself.

He kept playing the same portion of the tape over and over again. Just trying to figure out something about the case.

–Who is the guy?

–I tried to listen to the voices.

He meets his partner for a drink.

–There's something too familiar about that voice.

–Figure that out and we've figured out the whole case.

–What's that cut on your neck?

–I cut myself shaving.
 The words seem to echo off the tape. He makes nothing of it.
 –Don't you use an electric.
 He shakes his head.

Kalu

Jay
 to see all this blood
 add to it
 that is simple nonsense
 hardly

could you believe that these two characters met in a bar
 Dovsky and Kalu and argued extensively about the role of the

working on a project on the French language
 why here
 you were afraid to touch my hand
 and now I'm in your room

you were born to break hearts

not very good in the evening

THE IMPERIAL SET STRIKE BACK

King Billy and The Count no longer held the attention of the club scene. There were other raven-haired beauties to compete with the faded glory of the Imperial Set. For Anthea, the glory of the court had been her claim to fame. She had always felt that she was the scribe destined to record the exploits of this select group. For her the liveliness of the scene had been sustained by the illustriousness of The Count. She was dedicated to sing his praises in the hope that she might grant him his deserved mythic status. Her friend Perry questioned her motive.

–You can't write this epic tale about The Count and hope that the story can just stand on its own. The effectiveness of the memoir requires that he really do something to regain his status.

–You're getting me all wrong. I'm not trying to rehabilitate his reputation. I simply want to memorialize the days when the Imperial Set dominated The Cube.

–So you are as much as admitting that these days are over.

–More or less.

–That means you are over as well.

- Yeah, but I’m writing about it all.
- Admit it. Those days are over. And the sooner that they fade into memory, the less that we’ll even care about what happened.
- We’re all still around. We could stage a comeback.
- Some kind of royal coup.
- For Royalists such as us!
- I don’t think that it could ever work.
- It might. That would be the ultimate worth of my writing, that it had led to the rehabilitation of the Imperial Set.
- Face it! It’s all over. You can create this fantasy for yourself. But there is no Imperial Set. And it lasted for such a short time that it might as well have never existed at all.
- But think about it. If the Set hadn’t existed, there would have been a need to create it. This idyllic time when club life offered everything that we desired.
- When a kiss was more than a kiss.
- Before we spent all our money on the party to end all parties.
- And now it’s over!
- But take a look at what’s left. All these scrawny kids with their dour faces. They are trying to relive our glory. Only they are not as good at it. Even if they don’t know it, they are imitating our splendor.
- That’s really self-centered on your part.
- Just think about it. They don’t have the same panache. They care too much about other things. They are struggling to get by.
- It wasn’t as if we were all on trust funds.
- We might as well have been. We shared the wealth. We knew how to get by on a shoestring and a smile. We made it all radiant.
- Now that is over. Once and for all.
- There’s still The Count and his friends. All of us.
- But we really have nothing to do with what’s really happening.
- If people read what I wrote, they would all understand.
- I know how you are so confident in what you are doing. But it’s just entertaining.
- But it could be the motivation to change things. To bring The Count from out of the shadows.
- You forget that King Billy is still the titular head of the Set.
- The Count has always been the real leader. There is something great about him.
- You are exaggerating.
- There is something great about him!
- There was something great. Now he’s just faded.
- He knows how to party better than anyone else.
- The fun time means so much more. It’s almost gone to the level of a religion. All this talk of inner death and all. They have crossed over into another realm of existence. The Count can only watch this.
- But that is what he has to do. He has to live death in life if he is really to regain his preeminent position.

THE MOTIVATION OF ANTHEA'S NARRATIVE

Anthea understood the task before her. She needed to do all that she could to rehabilitate the Imperial Set. But there was much more to her mission. She could not simply use her literary skills to provide a shiny veneer for her associates. She was doing way more than that. She was charting new territory. She was offering a manifesto to her compatriots. Of course, it was up to the interpretation of the individual players. But she hoped it might be the spark to again propel the Imperial Set into the center of the scene. Her task was formidable. So much had changed since those halcyon days. This was not simply a matter of substituting Thea for Courtney. Instead, the problems were much more severe. Even Courtney and her entourage had been discredited in the intervening time. Lucky's had changed the rules. A whole set of unruly clubgoers was not going to yield to the whims of the chosen few. Instead they seemed more fascinated by other entertainment. Crucial and the Death Queen were more visually challenging than the Imperial Set which now inhabited the shadows. But for the truly daring, the Imperial Set still made magic happen. And they would show up as a group and be able to dominate the off-nights. It was almost a memorial to the former glory. During the bustling weekend nights, they would try to infiltrate the crowds of wilder revelers. And the hoi polloi would benefit from the influx of nobility into their realm.

Devotion to pure hedonism seemed so appealing to the stodgy rule-based initiates. These tourists could hardly commit their lives to frivolity. But they welcomed their guides so that they all could embark on some new psychic adventure. Anthea observed the main principle in this escapade. The body was up for grabs. Every style of stimulation was welcome. This intensity served as a counter-balance to the artistic pursuits of Crucial. With RIP and Emmanuel still fueling their vision, the Set could be as outrageous as anyone else. Who cared if the results seemed less provocative? A physical awakening served just as well as creative inspiration. It always had.

Under these circumstances, there was still the anticipation that the Imperial Set could motivate their comeback with a truly stupendous occurrence. Even as they saw their culture taken from them, they still clung to illusion that they were just as vibrant as ever. However, there were now so many were not privy to the history. And the Imperial Set had a difficult time representing their exploits for the newcomers. Their only choice was to push the envelope night after night. They were now working themselves to death for what used to come naturally. An occasional fashion show or art opening allowed them to regale the audience. Otherwise, they were on their own to fend for themselves in the mass of Atlantans.

The Count recognized his fate. And he cursed the demise of his former glory. But he could do little to bring back the days of yore. More than anyone else, he was willing to risk his reputation by plunging into the maelstrom. And he felt the currents deeper than anyone else. He hung on for his life as he felt himself spun around. Nothing would be automatic. And he wondered if he had the endurance to keep up. His method was at stake. This was everything to him.

King Billy watched from the sidelines. He had already felt the consequences of abdication even if he had tried to hang on in name only. He continued to prance around among the sweet young things. He still had an air of grace that drew attention from the novices. He ran

his fingers through his long hair before he flung it in the air.

–There's too many punks in this place, he commented on Lucky's denizens.

IMAGINATION
 ILLEGALITY
 PLANS
 WAITING
 PUSHED THIS FAR

Jay started this way

loved you
 stupid
 precision
 you will pay

take something silly

great novel in
 in shorthand

–It's pretty bad just imagining shit like this.

–So what are you saying?

–That it would be even crazier to plan out this sort of thing.

–And sheer insanity to carry it out.

–That sounds like a starting point.

–I guess it was before.

–Almost an excuse.

–If there was such a character, he would have to have a reason. It would just change the whole balance of things.

–Let's call the character Jay. On this version of things, he'd start out with a reason. Let's say it's the cause.

–Of course the actual cause would have to be something precedent to his homicidal impulse.

–But the impulse would involve a desire to keep things in balance. An equalization.

–That seems only normal here if we can speak of the homicidal impulse as some kind of norm.

–And. There's this guy Jay.

–With a background history.

–That's it. He does have a history.

–And now he has a biography.

–And a reality.

–It’s his story. We’re picking up on his story and making it the thread that connects all the other stories.

–He needs a starting point.

–We’ve already said that. It’s this desire to carry out the initial killing.

–That has something essential to do with his life, but has very little to do with the live of the others.

–He’s also sort of an excuse.

–As we said before.

–For the other characters.

–Why aren’t you with somebody?

–I don’t know. It’s just a weird feeling. I’m damaged goods

how did it happen

the risk...what you did for me

rescue

She’s eventually going to need something stronger to correspond to her ideas

This is my tonight

the best that I could ever do

all that there is for me

I can’t do a thing about what is happening.

Time is standing still

all I want to do is fuck

I am so fucked up

–Who is that?

–Do you know her?

–I wish that I did.

–She’s from Shaker Heights, Ohio.

I’m waiting for the perfect moment..

I just want to get some money out of this

what	want
to do	do you

–I’m bored. I want to do nothing.

–Don’t you have to go to work today?

–I’m not working right now. It’s an experiment of mine. I want to see if I can earn money either way.

–Really. Is it working?

–No. But I’ve reduced my demands so it’s really not such a big deal.

–We could pretend that we’re doing nothing. And just not talk about it.

–I want to do nothing.

I have some merchandise to sell

DISTRIBUTION

Anthea had a brilliant idea for a novel: *Blood Antidote!*

For the *suspect* the key to getting away with the crime is to divert the attention to someone else. Find a fall guy.

“It’s the oldest trick in the book.”

v NECESSITY	■		
	□		
κ GETTING OFF	☒	□/ ■	σ
	●		

–It’s like death. But you know what’s really weird about it. You can come back.
 –Are you sure that’s what’s happened?
 –Oh I know. I’ve seen the other souls.

–You’re lucky that you don’t get drawn in.
 –I’m not ready.
 –You’re sure that it’s not a dream or something.

The account was enough to pique anyone’s curiosity. If it wasn’t real, it inspired a behavior on the edge that might approximate the same thing, *inner death*. Anthea was fascinated by the idea.

On any Sunday or Thursday, who would be hanging out.

–And what would outr death be?
 –That’s your last journey. You can’t return from that.
 –Maybe you just burn up.

I want .03 x .01	cigarettes
	I just got paid

.03 amount can afford for that x .0039 that quantity for that day x pay \geq price of cigarettes

The night won’t let you drift that far down.
 What am I supposed to do about this?

Preserved
 the body

working hard to get S
 to get N

wipe it off on your pants

–Do you want to fuck?
TEXT AS NARRATIVE FANTASY
 She was shocked by his boldness.

–*I can have any girl in here!*

–That guy is really cute.

THE END OF CUTENESS!

9.0	Do you want to fuck?
-----	----------------------

Some creep just said something rude to me.

Some jerk just tried to proposition me?

–Are you still worried about that sort of thing?

–He’s trying to get her out of here and back to his place.

–What for?

–Some kind of weird scientific experiment.

–It starts rather carefree.

She perked up as she heard her song come on. She staked out her place in the corner of the dance floor. There was a rugged intensity in how she gave herself to the music. She seemed to just leave herself. Her anesthetic.

This was everything that she wanted. She digested it. It was part of her. She wanted more.

Ty promised all of this to her. And none of this.

–I want Shannon to watch us have sex.

–That's gross. It's just indecent.

–I dig it. She can sit in the corner and masturbate. And after it's over, walk over to her and touch her on the forehead. That's perverse.

–What do you want from us?

–Entertainment. Just don't touch us. Keep your distance.

–I just love the smell. I don't know what's happening to me.

–It's not funny. I want you to take care of me. To take me now!

He held her close as if he could become part of her world. Enter her mind. She looked up at him. He kissed her. He knew that he was surrendering himself to her. What he had always thought of her. What he always thought of himself. As if they shared a destiny. He knew that she felt exactly like this. But he didn't want to tell her. He knew that she would laugh at him. And she would. All this time with Ty had made her cynical.

It was this perfect moment for her. She had found him in this mess. But he could take her out of here. They could live together. Save money. Listen to music. He would protect her. They could buy a house together. And she wouldn't have to remember any of this.

Her sexuality frightened him. He wanted her loose and available. But when she came

over in a skirt without panties, he felt disgusted. As if she was giving herself to everyone around.

When he entered her, his erection was stronger than he had ever felt it. And he fucked her with an abandon that blew him away. He became so much part of her. But not him. Just his physical side. More than ever he looked at what drove him. Just this carnal lust banging away inside of him. And he didn't care about anything else. Not about Shannon. Not about himself.

She could feel it to. Her ticket out here. No more having to watch Ty give a blow job to his lover. But for that moment, she could feel the doubt in Josh. And he hated herself for it. They both knew what was going on. And she replayed this scene as she had before. Ty was now watching her with her legs spread, with her face drenched in her passion. And in his eye he could see the lapse. And he savored the delicious disbelief on her face.

She turned to where she thought Ty moved. Josh was distracted to look at just the same space. This dark corner of the room. The connection was broken but not the pride of his moment. And he drove deeper and deeper into her. She could feel herself being erased by his attitude. But she wanted to believe. So she became more and more part of him.

He knew these last few weeks were coming to an end. That he had forced his nostalgia on the both of them. His casual entertainment. He finished up with just this cavalier attitude. As if nothing else mattered to him. And he felt a disgust for her just as he felt how magnificent was the experience.

He kissed her. It was a kiss that asked for an acknowledgment. But gave nothing in return. It was tribute to his performance. And she still wanted him to be with her. So she accepted it. She knew more than him about both of them. He could feel him casting her back into this mess, everything that she hated about the past few years. And with his gesture, she could feel herself plunge deeper into the cataract.

–I could never understand any of this. Anything about you.

She felt as if she had turned a trick. And a good job that she had done. The myth of great sex. Could he pay? Could he give her what she wanted.

All he could see was her ass protruding beneath the skirt. What might have turned him on. She had never looked so good. None of the baby fat of her earlier years. But the skirt started to seem small on her. Tugging at her parts. The white leather was no longer daring nor attractive; it was just garish. Still he wanted her for that brief instant as she slipped on her shoes.

She knew that the sex had made her distant from herself. Even more distant from him. She had come to accept her physical body. Even with her doubts, this was her reality. But she had discovered what made him afraid. He lived by the his belief in these meager physical realities. But it was all so general. Part of his imagination. And just as it got real, he retreated back to the same place. A more pristine body. The perfect body in his mind.

She had defiled that temple.

He knew that when she left that it would be the end. Sure they would try to get back together. But everything that they were had been expended in that wasted hour. He wanted to hold her. He wanted someone to hold him. But he wanted consolation from his disgust for her. He could share none of this with her.

–You've never changed. What did you pretend?

She wanted to say something to him. They were both silent from the moment that she got up from the bed and began to dress.

–I'll call you.
 –I'm going away with my mother for a few days.
 Where had the hastily arranged trip come from.
 –I'll call when I get back.
 Someone spoke those words.

everything she wanted the song

Hers was life in search of a biography. Too perfect in the midst of her suburban home. Perhaps some disaster. A sick brother. Or a car accident.

And her mother blamed her for what had happened.

–You quit dance lessons.

She stared back at her.

–What?

The first guy that she went with seemed cool. He told her how he was going to have a motorcycle. He borrowed a leather jacket from his brother. He looked cool. He played new music for her. But mostly he was turned on by the fifties. All the mystique of the teen idol. He created a world from black and white movies. He moved within these shadows.

She saw Josh at school. She told him all about Evan. It was a turn on for the both of them just to talk about it. That was the beginning for her. Josh could taste it from a safe distance. She was already a fallen angel. The first time that Evan and her got together made her feel so adult. And she told the story to Josh. He felt a little jealous. But he got off just hearing the story. He was going out with Rose. Rose never seemed as exciting as Shannon. He still had only kissed Rose. But he didn't want her to be a whore. He thought that sex too early might just fuck up with everything.

–You know that Evan's been with other girls.

–I know. That's why he's good. You wouldn't know what that means.

She wanted to hurt Josh.

–No, he's been with other girls since he's been with you.

Shannon wanted to hurt herself. She stayed in her room all that evening. And feigned a sickness the next morning. She just listened to records all that day. Put a blanket on the window and pretended that it was night.

Already, she had started to look like one of Josh's rock n' roll girls. A Natalie Wood. But now she had to take it further. She painted her lips a darker red. And overdid the shadings on her eyes. She seemed to step back deeper into the world of the movies. The fifties subconscious—the Silent Era!

And her image said it all. She was cold when she broke up with Evan. For a moment she seemed more attractive to Josh. But she wanted more distance from her sex.

–We're friends. Besides, you have Rose.

He winced when she told him about giving a blow job to a twenty four year old neighbor. She had also let a day laborer feel her up. After her harrowing escapades, she wanted to retreat deeper and deeper into her room. The shadings of her lipstick became more pronounced. She bought some black hair dye and made a mess of her bathroom. But it worked. She was now

spooky, and she loved it.

–You're getting weird.

But Josh wanted more of this. He pushed Rose into having sex, hoping that it would make up for Shannon's rejection. Shannon had now found her motorcycle guy. A gang. All in their early twenties. Her mother was getting a little worried. But she didn't want Shannon to leave home.

–I'm fifteen. I know what I'm doing.

And her mother pretended that it was going all right. She was still in therapy for Shannon's brother. She wanted to tell herself that she was making progress.

–I don't want to lose you.

By the time that she was sixteen, she had scored a fake ID. She was heading to the bars where she could blend in with the other angels of darkness. And she found herself in a place away from everyone else.

Did I say too much already

show you my pass

What do you want me to do?

<I want to please you.>

<So you can help me out!>

<<I'm going to do what I want anyway so there is nothing that you can do about it.>>

What do you want me to do?	<I want to please you.>
<So you can help me out!>	<<I'm going to do what I want anyway so there is nothing that you can do about it.>>

By writing about it, it makes the place still be there.

How would I act if it still was there?

There was a house on Lenox Road.

–It is a moment frozen in time.

This is what I want.

Adjust to what you want

want what I'm told to want.
Following orders.

Written as a story: I had just moved into my apartment and, from the sidewalk in front of my building, I surveyed the burgeoning downtown.

Out of my hands: It was an old house. What had been the living room overlooked the concrete porch which was surrounded by a small wall. The room was now part of the first floor apartment.

Wayne was passed out in front of the doorway to an apartment.

–Only ugly people like new wave music. They can't get a guy any other way so they hang around a bunch of losers like themselves.

"I feel afraid that if I see you out again with another man, I will want to kill myself."

After a hard night of partying, the morning sun packs a mean wallop.
Even though we spend most of our time hanging out in darkness you never know when a pair of sunglasses comes in handy.

Sun glasses are a necessity

meet the night
way beyond

I feel afraid that if I see you again you will try to kill me

Anthea, you are changing the intent

stand in line
the clock runs out

–You're a little bit of a pervert
–Why would you say something like that?
–It's your view of the imagination.
Concentrate your attention
that you fantasy
could bring to life
–Is this a view of the writer that really doesn't apply to the time of the novel.

fantasy
create

James Bazaar

worse sex fantasy

whisper it

political bondage

Do you have a question? [↗]	R	ζ	MYTHIC
What is the answer?		<i>RIVAL</i>	⌞
α	YES	YES	YES
β	NO	YES	YES
[↗] R _N	NO	NO	YES
			<\$>

⌞ ⌞⌞ ⌞⌞⌞

\$\$ can't get it

over time can get it[↗] R₀
new circumstance another novel

over time you get it
⊖

as in believe in £ (LOVE)

we don't get that around here

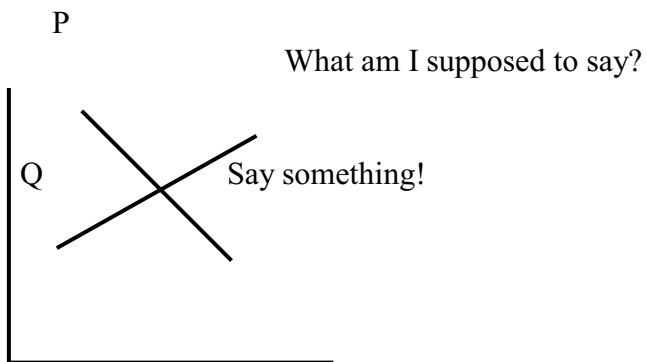
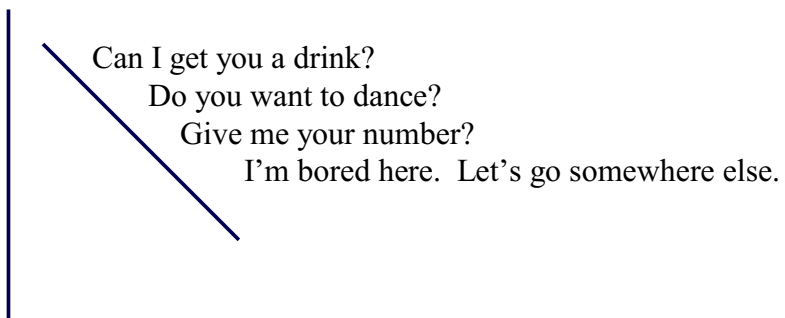
CONTINUITY

Without any sense of continuity
something that provides a sense of continuity

turn to powder
float away

There are toxins all around me
signs of death
that if I breathe them in

Anthea found herself waking up to a bizarre scenario. She is unsure what has placed her
in
her hesitation
hesitate
understandings



- What do you want to hear?
- A good song?
- Is that why you're here. You could hear a good song at home.
- I wish that I could go to a club and hear the sort of stuff that I listen to when I'm at home.
- Why don't we just go back to your place and listen to records.

[same situation as before]

