

EA

The King is in the counting house counting out his money. The Queen is in the parlor. The King wonders what she is doing in there. She will not tell she has padlocked the parlor.

The King is not in the garden.

[K] g

All this scribbling is going to make sense in time.

The Queen has padlocked the parlor.

Jill has philosophy class tomorrow. She doesn't want to think about philosophy now. Instead she wants to go out drinking and dancing with her friends.

Jill likes expensive perfume. She can't afford it. But she works part-time so that she can save to buy a bottle.

King is looking for Jill. He can smell her perfume. He knows that she has been in the room.

Perfume.

Jill wants to be the King.

–You can be the Queen.

–I'm already a queen. All she can do is lock herself in the parlor. I want the money from the counting house.

–Take the money from the King, and he is still King. The Queen will just bankrupt the Counting House.

–The Queen knows what to spend on. The King is miserly with his money. If he does not spend now, he cannot take advantage of the increase in value.

The King is not in the garden. Whoever is in the garden is hanging out clothes. It cannot be the King.

It is a family dispute.

It is raining. The Maid needs to hang her clothes in doors. The parlor is padlocked. She hangs her clothes in the counting house (n).

The King is in the Counting House. [K] n

The Maid can't go in there. She has to get the King to hang up the clothes,

The King doesn't want to leave the counting house. He doesn't want to hang up clothes.

The Maid is not really a maid. [M] m

She is playing the Maid for the film. She is really Jill. Jill is a student.

All Jills are students.

*All Jills need to get jacked.
There is jack in the counting house.
Jill needs to get jacked by getting jack from jack.*

*CONCLUSION: The Maid is the King.
The King is a queen.
The Maid is in the counting house. There is no money in the Counting House. The King
has absconded with the Royal Treasury.
He didn't do the job the first time. It's not like he's going to do any better now.*

*The Queen likes cats.
The King won't let the cat in the counting house.
The Queen is padlocked out of the parlor.
She goes to the garden.
She plans a revolt with the Maid.
CONCLUSION: The King is a cat.*

*SOLUTION: Jill has another drink.
CONTRADICTION: King cannot find Jill.
-Have you seen Jill?
-I think that she's with some guy.
-What guy?
-Someone named Cat.
-Cathy's a girl. [C] g
-Girls are in the garden. g
-Are they just hanging out?
-Hanging out in new clothes.
-They are hung up on clothes.
-The clothes horse is in the garden.
-Is the Knight in the garden.
-Steve Knight is in the garden.
-He wants to be alone. He is being poetic.*

*The King is not in the parlor.
-He's not eating honey.*

*-How does it all begin
-You invite the Queen to come by
-How about coming in? Where is in?
[K] n [n] p [p] h
The King is not eating bread and honey. I told you.
We don't know that for sure.
-Yes we do. There is no food allowed in the counting house. The King is in the Counting*

House. You can only eat bread and honey in the parlor. The King can't be eating bread and honey because he's in the counting house.

–The Queen could invite the King over for a little honey.

–The King already has a little honey in the Counting House. That's why the Queen can't come in.

–Is the door locked? She could just barge in. She hears noises. Moans and squealing.

–I didn't know that a pig was in the Counting House.

–The King is a pig.

–Stop it, Jill.

–Quit that, Jack.

–Where's King.

–He's getting touched.

–Is King a queen. And what about Knight.

–This is turning into a five person problem.

–And the opium-eater.

–That's six unless one of the present characters is an opium eater.

–The King doesn't use. Jill has got jacked in the Counting House.

–It was the garden. A natural herb.

–That leaves the Knight. I hear that he is not one of us.

–Are you saying what I think that you are saying about the Knight and the Queen.

–No, the Knight and a queen.

–No, look at him. Can't you see?

–Whatever are you talking about?

–He doesn't brush his hair.

–He's not fascinating.

–That's one of Lewis Carroll's problems in symbolic logic. I don't understand it and I have my test tomorrow.

–It's all about an opium eater. He's not one of us. Look at him. He's not a fascinating person. He can't come to the party.

–They're wearing white kid gloves at the party.

–For white kids.

–You know. Not one of us.

–What do they do with the gloves?

–Have you ever been touched with a white kid glove?

–Have you ever been touched?

–He is a little touched.

–I thought the opium eater was dissipated.

–It's better just to eat it.

–If you have no bread and honey. You can pretend.

–I can go over there but you can't come here.

–How did we all end up in the garden?

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE IN THE COUNTING HOUSE

*You don't exist.
You managed to disappear!*

No one's in the parlor!

(3/15)

David L. Michaels died on January 15 this year. I felt that you would like to be informed of the circumstance of his decease.

He wanted me to send this book to you

The book is a series of puzzles. At first glance, it appears to be a map of the subway. But it's all in some kind of code. Due to your close relationship with Mr. Michaels. We felt that you might be able to figure it out. As the book is still part of the estate, we would ask that you return the item after you have finished your investigation.

–Well, no money. What close relationship. We were almost enemies.

The book is a series of puzzles, like a mathematical series, controlled by some unknown temporal relationship—a series converging towards the ultimate heresy.

Much of the work was derived from the Scholastics who harbored a secret resentment towards the Church.

When the series is completed, mankind will face its ultimate destruction.

I am like all artists. I arise without roots. I create my time. When I am gone, I will be completely forgotten. All that will remain is my legacy, my art.

Even my signature will be obscured. But the form will remain. Learn the form!

Who were these clowns? Why did they think that they held any special hold on time. I'm sure David wished that I would be his successor. He could mumble some words on his death bed that would contain the mystery of the universe.

I am alone. Alone in my city. I ask that you follow my path.

I wasn't one for miraculous conversion. Whatever the city that he described was part of my youth. Everything after Niagara. I never harbored any illusions about that past. He certainly wanted to include me in his story. The search for a hidden gospel. True faith. This mix of sanctity and liberation theology. The cross and the gun. I didn't need symbols. I didn't need a change.

I was interested what had happened to one of David's friends, Robert. Robert had helped me to break the severe hold of Dovsky. I wondered if he would still exhibit the same interest for me after all these years.

Without ideas, one experiences a mental chaos. It is the flooding of the consciousness. This flow is spiritual. [...]

No one will be able to finish this work. Book five will remain incomplete. It is almost futile to begin if one cannot complete his work. Whatever is prophetic will have to wait.

To see with clarity, this lucidity is the core of the artistic experience. But it leaves me speechless. I can hardly write these days.

Destruction has such appeal for me. My frustrations will not get the best of me. I can act. I can make a mess.

The color red.

From an understanding of art, I am developing a theory of justice. I intend to publish this work. There can be no justice without suffering. Justice permits the legal inflicting of pain.

BOOK 1: THE LESSON: This is where I take my instruction. Laws that I cannot violate.

BOOK 2: THE STORY: The story starts off from a dream sequence. This makes me feel that I am part of a larger plan. Events beyond my control that originate deep inside me.

BOOK 3: HISTORY: This is where I return to my childhood. Events that played a central part on forming my psychology.

BOOK 4: THE MYSTERY: I track down the source of the universe's power. I confront my enemies.

BOOK 5: I am lucid! I am revealed.

PRISON: THE STORY: I revolt. See my story "The Iconoclast"!

Indigent revolt. This is the first sign that something is wrong. The enslaved and brutalized.

He had gone to the city with a mission. But he was unaccustomed to the ways of the city. He spent his nights drinking. He used up all the money that he had been given. He tried to talk to the women. The more that he drank, the more that it emphasized his

personal frustration.

Cut off from his allies, without resources, he became desperate. This desperation would inform the acts that followed.

Without some plan, he felt that he would waste his life. But he had been reduced to the lot of a common thief.

You have to stay in the city. We have instructions for you. You need to wait.

MESSAGE: RED/TUESDAY

Don't be foolish.

MURDER

it was trees.

It made no sense to him

SCREEN TEST: The photograph is faded. You are to pose as in the photograph.

When the planets are aligned, you will know that it is your time.

Wood, ready, desert, cave, time.

He filled the room with candles, until the smell of fragrant melting wax made him feel whole.

Michaels only had one son, David. David studies art. Before his death, he worked as a painter and a sculptor. He had started out in abstract expressionism. But then moved to photographic realism.

I no longer feel at home in this city. I now feel this is a condemnation. I am not at all happy with my painting. My writing seems silly. I need a cause.

I am getting sick. This apartment is a mess. I haven't left for days. I let the garbage rot before me. It is my only fascination. Something is going to happen.

I have been exiled from my empire. Winter approaches.

–Why don't you like to talk about your childhood.

–I've told you stories.

–About shooting birds.

–That wasn't my story.

–Do you believe in transmigration of souls.

She's the one person who is in all these stories.

–Eva?

–No!

I condemn thousands every day. My glance is a guillotine.

If you bring someone closer to the moment of bliss, you are an angel of darkness.

I can bring magic to the world.

–You resent anyone who isn’t mesmerized by your theatrics. These grotesque images in your pictures.

–They’re people that I see around me. My neighbor tapping on the pipes.

This is the beginning of my life. My resentment against these noises in the night.

–Strip away your air of intellectuality, and you are this rude asshole.

–It’s my pose.

–Do you have a kissing fantasy.

–Why?

–Do you want to kiss me?

–Do you want to pose for me.

–I am posing.

What was her name?

Eva

Heavens, no !

There can be no truce with violence. Art must express its ultimate power.

I haven’t eaten for days. I am starting to hallucinate. I love it. I need a drink.

There has to be something in the house.

He had told me stories of teenage alcoholism. And the visions that convinced him that he was an artist. This spontaneity was such a contrast with Dovsky. But I questioned his grip on reality. Cheap art. Incoherence. Hatred and violence.

Anguish.

I gave my novel to a friend. He hated it. He didn’t talk to me for days afraid that he might embarrass me. Then I didn’t hear from it again. He thought that I was coming on to him. He was never that much of a friend. Just someone to engage me in fistfights.

–I don’t have the money to help you. I can barely get by myself.

–I wasn’t really looking for a handout.

–I don’t even think that I can afford your art.

–I don’t have any to sell right now.

–What have you done to yourself?

- I’m creating my art on my body.
- You’re all cut up.
- I’m carving words into the flesh.
- It looks like scribble.

You have to distinguish David from Andre. David was a painter. And a sculptor. Andre was a writer. He also thought of himself as a revolutionary. A revolutionary artist. He lived his art.

He got to know explosives well. He had been in demolitions in the service. He blew up a band during a robbery. But the destruction would lead nowhere.

–It never does.

I think my confusion about the two was due to my own identification with the story. I wanted more than a mere diversion. I wanted to be involved in the action.

–This is the first showing.

I groped in the dark as I made my way to my seat. I pulled my glasses out of my shirt pocket.

–I need to tell you about Jay’s portrait. I always hated martyrs.

The crease in his pants had faded with wear. His white shirt had yellowed. Each day was the same for him. I had not yet accustomed myself to the darkness.

–Is this your only performance

–You know that it’s hard to keep a man in here like this.

–Is he going to be OK?

–He has seizures. He calls them visions. His performances. His shows. We’ve just done some preliminary tests.

I forget that I am also under observation.

–Will he be getting out soon?

The lights came back on. There were only a few people in the audience.

–It’s not really a play. It’s more of a public examination. Like a surgery theater. He’s going on a trip in the morning

*He had made his reputation based on his criticism of Jacques Barnabas. In his novel **Desert Light**, Barnabas described a pilot who waited in the desert for rescue. In pain with two broken legs, he was unable to leave the downed aircraft. However, he was found due to the flashing light from his crashed plane. But it was too—the pilot was dead. Barnabas was a very sensual writer. The heat pervaded the pilot’s experience and highlights his passionate identification with his memories. In his waning moments, he enters his dream world while invited to surrender to a mysterious woman, Sophie.*

The critic was anxious to learn about Barnabas’s new work. He granted his sole interview with the critic. This would only enhance his reputation in his rivalry with Fredericks.

Fredericks claimed that Barnabas has lifted his major themes from another writer.

Now all the critic could manage were a few words. He lived very much like a character from a Barnabas novel.

David was placed under house arrest. His paintings were starting to get more valuable. This seemed the only way to control the works.

It was feared that he might do something violent. Later, they realized that he was only a threat to himself.

He realized that even his letters were being censored. He realized that he would have to change his style even to get his message out.

He tried to escape. They realized that he was valuable to them.

His only recourse was to act against himself. That seemed to be his cause of death.

Agents of his father were suspected in the death. They feared that he might invalidate the puzzle that his father was preparing.

Some may see bizarre symbols in my work. I only paint what I see. I only sculpt what I feel. Let the philosophers discover the poetry. I only live the suffering.

If not for his death, it would have seemed the stuff of farce.

He looked at her face in the mirror. She dipped her fingers in the water, and then touched her lips. He caressed her leg, then he painted a line on the canvas.

–Did I make you do that?

She smiled.

–I made me do that. I was only inspired by you.

Her smile became bigger.

–I'm hungry.

His father's library was on the first floor of the house. He remembered coming across a book there, a book that made his father angry.

–How did you find that?

She is reading a book that resembles the book from the study.

–Where did you get that?

–At school.

–What is it?

–A book of solutions.

–To what?

–Problems. Dilemmas.

–Like what.

–Like me and you.

He went back to his painting. She pulled up her robe.

–It would not be difficult to solve the puzzle.

–What puzzle?

–The one in your book.

–These are not puzzles. They are solutions.

She stood up as if to go. In the mirror he could see an open door, and a figure at the threshold. She went over to him and embraced him.

–I'm coming honey.

He liked her big red lips. She casually threw off her robe and dressed. She had no shame.

–Are you going to come back tomorrow.

–Honey, can I come back.

The figure only made a motion with his hand.

When she left, he continued to paint. His work was more concentrated. He copied a picture from the book that he had seen his father's study. The details fascinated him. How had he been able to complete the work from memory. He could feel someone helping him. It was an eerie feeling.

–Can you do a few more works like this?

He painted a series. Each was related to illustrations that he had seen. But he added variations. Animals floating in the air.

–Would you like me to pose for you today?

–I want you to stay. Sit there and take off your clothes.

–Are you going to paint me?

–I need your inspiration.

–I feel so wanted.

–Are you with that guy who picked you up yesterday.

–If you mean with him, I'm intimate with him. But there's not more than that. Why?

He felt that he should say something. But he continued on with his illustration. He pretty much ignored her.

–I can give you more money.

–You don't expect me to have sex with you or something crazy like that.

She smiled.

–That never stopped you before.

He had been in the train for a long time. A finger scratched against the glass.

–Are you looking for someone?

He glanced at the ads on the wall. She was seated across from him. He was very nervous.

–Is something wrong with you. Do you need some medicine.

A few people left the train. He saw his own reflection in the window.

–Did you miss your stop?

–I'm supposed to stay on the train until it reaches the last station.

Condensation collected on the windows. Reflections now had a strange glow.

–Do you see that?

She smiled.

–Are you getting off here?

–A few more stops.

–What are you doing this evening.

–I have a meeting.

He hesitated. He didn't want her to distract him. He seemed agitated. His body was saying too much.

He didn't want to get off the train and wait for another. She was now staring at him.

–Is something wrong?

–You just seem upset.

He was involved in something important. She seemed like she was distracting him.

He felt a pain in his neck. Like a bite. He rubbed the back of his neck. There seemed to be a swelling.

She pointed. He looked in her direction. It seemed to calm him.

–Is there something that you want from me?

Everything that happened needed to happen in reverse order. She exited the train. She would have to get on again. He looked away from her. He would stare in her eyes.

He pulled a notebook from his pocket. The train was stopped. She could hear the noise of the pen on the paper.

–Are you writing something about me?

Something surely has changed. The train speeds up as if it is trying to catch up to an assigned schedule.

–It may crash.

–That would ruin everything. That would be worse than being late.

NEXT STOP!

He puts his hands to his ears.

He closes his eyes. He can still see her face.

–What is your name?

–Why are you asking so many questions?

–We're trying to see if you follow.

HE ACTS!

–Do you plan to blow up the train.

It was a bluff. He was a decoy. It was going to happen on the other line.

–This is the last train. You're not going to make it in time.

FILM: CROSSING OVER: UPSETTING THE BALANCE

Make a list of names:

- Are these to be used in description.
- No, just a list.
- Do you have questions to guide us.
- The zone is impenetrable. You have to do this without association. They are already part of our thoughts. Just let your imagination take over.
- Imagination is just bits and pieces from our everyday life.
- Something is always happening. Do you see the clown on the courtyard.
- You are losing much faster than me.

- We have to find the control before they project into the zone.
- What does that mean *into the zone*?
- It's like being thrown into the darkness. Only it's more like falling in the water.

THE BARRIER

- He won't get across the barrier. He doesn't have his papers in order,
- That was why he was under house arrest.

The train was approaching. He was a prisoner in the train. He was being taken to another location. A safe house.

She had to get to him before the last station.

–Did you leave a book in here.? –Let me look inside to see if it is mine. Sorry, it is not...

- It's totally random that we ran into each other like this.
- I was on my way to class.
- She was reading a book with a blue cover.
- She is the one.
- He looks up as she turns the page.
- You're not going to school are you? You're going in the opposite direction,.
- She was nervous. She didn't know what to say. She wentes back to reading her book.
- She didn't want him to think that she was interested.
- His eyes touched hers her words touched his hers touched his they touched.
- I need to make my train.
- You missed your train because you are following me. Play along. Kiss me. I'll tell you whatever you want to know.
- Will you tell me about the book?

He wanted to think that his girl was waiting at the last stop. But he could remember what she looked like. Not since the last time. Was she still waiting?

This new girl attracted him. But not as much as his girl.

–Do you want to stay with me? I have to meet someone. Then I’m going to go home. I’m going to take the train home. You can come with me. Come pose for me.

–Are you an artist?

–Not really. But I am friends with an artist. He told me that I could use his trick.

–He just gets girls to go back to his place.

–He need them to paint. But he doesn’t really paint them. He uses classic subjects.

She distracted him from the mission. She was not part of the hunt. She was a lure. A decoy. It worked. He seemed distracted.

His brain was bubbling with all the letters. The letters were being separated from the words. Back to the tone colors.

–Let me out.

There was this character. A real character. A poet. John Whyte. A teen alcoholic.

It was the last train. He was alone in the subway car. They intended to kill him at the last stop. She was his contact. Or perhaps an enemy agent. She needed to get him off the train.

A red. A delayed yellow.

He was decoding. Did you remember her name? How long had it been.

–I can take you back to my place. I can let you take a warm bath. I can feed you. I can give you privacy.

A machine cannot have privacy. If you want privacy, you need to become human. You need something to hide from his. What do you have that makes you human.

–Do you like me? I hope that you like me. Do you like me?

You have to destroy the capitals. Like a machine. Let it all run together. No center. Like an egg yolk coming apart. That is your fate. You hear it on the loudspeakers. You are having difficulty speaking. You have the feeling. Give in to the feeling. It is in the machine. IT is in the nerves. It is in you.

–I can warm you up.

–What is your name? Who are you working for.

–I free lance.

He didn’t want to go back to her place. She was just a decoy. He wanted to meet his contact at the last station.

In order to understand, you have to become part of the machine. You need to feel its rhythms.

–Don’t you want something more human.

He smiled.

–What do you mean? I don’t feel very human.

I need air. AIR

A

–Andre, you are to be our witness. Two subway cars are going to crash.

L

–This is my wife. **BE**Atrice.

He hated Michaels. His manners were just a front for his despicable nature.

At night she visited his room. He could feel her slide down the sheet and get under the cover with him. Where was Michals now. What was his game?

The train had not arrived yet. The calculations were off.

THE TRAIN. DLM.

EA

–Do you like her. She is your contact. She is to stay with you at all times.

–What is her name?

–She’ll be waiting for you at the last station. Warden.

–I thought that the trains are going to crash.

–That is later.

–What about your son. You knew what was happening with him.

–I don’t like melodrama.

–This whole book thing is about melodrama.

The twists and turns of the train. It’s a system. The switches. The flashing lights. Red yellow green.

THE TRAIN

E to A

and back to E

letters for stations

He stared at the word. Trying to see a word behind the word. It’s poetry.

–We won’t need poets. We will all be poets.

–That makes no sense. Then prose will become poetry.

EAST TO WEST: THE CONNECTION

–You don’t want to miss your train.

–I never left the train.

–Has this been a good day.

–I never left the train.

She looked at him the movement it was him station Warden it was him don’t say it they’ll figure it out let him get off the train

His longing for her

–It has been a long time.

–Did he come with you?

–I have the book.

–David’s book. You have your son’s book.

–He wasn’t really my son.

–What do you mean?

She blushed.

Two men approached the train as the doors closed.

A miscalculation. There were there for him. To kill him. Like machines.

Her eyes surely beautiful, that is how he remembered them, he would wait for her, until she came down, she was with them, turn him in.

She wanted to turn him in. She wanted to be over all this.

–I have a ticket for a return. I can leave the station. She knows that they will be waiting for him so he needs to leave the station.

Speak mother

queen saint

open silence

unite

kill queen

death calf

wheat eat bread read

sacrifice

destination

REVOLVE

center

track the center

center

ORBIT

same track

time = 1

space = 1

A novel of dEath and REVOLUTION

D EA TH

REVOLUTION

This seems really silly. I can’t read this with a straight face. I’m cracking up with laughter.

Andre—like an X.

Andre

David

Louis Micheals

John Whyte

EA

He would wait. He would not commit himself

—Denise.

She wouldn't look me in the eye.

—I had nothing to do with it.

—It was his father. He drove him to this.

—You're just looking for someone to blame.

—OK, I'll blame you.

—Did he leave any canvases,

—He burned most of the ones that weren't already sold. Taken out of here before the fire.

That's what was the last nail in the coffin.

—I thought that he started the fire.

—He did. He was getting to close to the mystery.

Her eyes were swollen from the tears.

—What are you going to do now.

—I came here to look for something,.

—The book?

—Well...

—I thought that they sent you the book.

—That wasn't the real book. That was just a popularized version.

—His father has the book.

—If he had the book, he wouldn't have taken all the trouble. The book is here. I just haven't figured out where.

—Have you considered that maybe there isn't a book. Even the title: *The Diary of a Madman*. It was just him being overly dramatic. You've seen his diary.

—No, I haven't.

It was more like collected writings than an actual diary. She found it for me.

I fell asleep in his bed while looking through the diary. I woke up all wet—sweat hung from my clothes.

She was watching me from the doorway. She came to stand over me.

—Did he know?

—He suspected.

—I want you to sleep with me now.

–I can't. I feel like I killed him.

I could sense her body next to mine. Her breast was half-exposed and washed by the light from the hall.

–I could get in bed with you.

She smiled as she made her way out of the room.

–He betrayed me many times.

–Why did you stay with him?

–He kept making promises with his body. You are too cold. I think it is because you want to possess me. He knew that he already had me. He hated his mastery. That is why we clashed. I was too weak for him.

She was his perfect model. Classic in her outlines. A moving line. Geometry. An idea.

–It's all a sick joke.

Like sleeping with a ghost.

I could feel my flesh explode. The denial. My solitude.

–You are making this your story. You substitute cruelty for tenderness.

–It's what I know. I'm honest. That is what you want. What you let destroy him. You wanted him to wander so you could punish him.

–That makes it almost mediocre. A soap opera. He was an artist.

–And you'd desecrate his tomb?

–More of a sacrifice. A shrine. Praise.

This was not his story. Not at all. His fascination with blood. With sacrifice. With punishment.

–It was an essential library. Only the holy ones could enter. I remember visiting.

–And the book?

–I never saw it.

–You never saw it there because you stole it.

–If I stole it, why would we even have this conversation.

–You are trying to mess with me.

–What is it? Nuclear secrets. An anti-matter bomb.

–More than that. The last step in relativity. The unified theory. The end of the world.

The Alpha and the Omega.

–Anything that you can do to flatter your illusions of power

I

EA

LIN cId (ays)

fotox RelTn

vis
EA

vis cId(ays)
fotTo^x RelTn

Temperature: The gaseous state–BURST IN FIRE!

You fall in love for three months. At first, you disappear from sight. Then the forced isolation becomes too much. Temptation ensues. One kiss is not forever.

Tonight is forever. Can you help me just for one night?

Late night disturbance. A man is beaten by a car.

–He needs help.

–I'm not going to give up my drugs.

–Can you hold on to me.

At the Platinum Giraffe, you can get anything that you want.

–Are you still talking about that English woman.

–She did a striptease in the upstairs restaurant.

–Everyone is taking off there.

–It's a strip down to the soul night.

Underneath trouble brews. Too much wine and a gang fight. Chase you across the tracks. Watch out; the train is about to come.

–My nose is bleeding. It happens at high elevations or whenever I am thinking lofty thoughts.

Immediate pleasure...

Then you spent the next hour talking about death.

–You're not going to die tonight.

Screams dragged over a distance.

You are welcomed into the night.

–I have to go to work tomorrow.

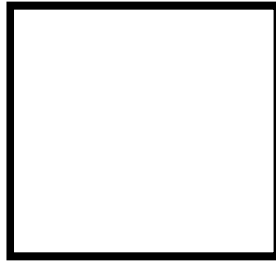
–Don't worry. We're stretching the night out. Have another drink.

You are learning how to become a professional of the night.

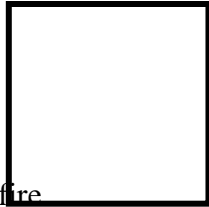
–Is everyone here a member of an organization that I don't know about.

–Something like that. You should have learned that by now.

E



is seen in the city
a leader
among men



martyrdom
the breath of fire

the sea

the rose

blue

word. thought. deed.
KING. QUEEN

END
HERO

SPARK

SP

SN elekd
Revolt

JOHN WHYTE'S DIALOGUE

John: Shame.

Crucial: What of it?

John: You have to embrace it. What makes you feel shame. What makes you feel dirty is the very thing that is the basis of your creativity. You have to create with the rats. From the filth.

I felt that he had something important to relate to me.

John: I learned the power of alcohol. I am going to destroy myself. I have all these ideas at night. In the morning, they run from me. I have to push it to the extreme. Hurt myself so that I can remember the source of who I am. I am wounded. This is the beginning of philosophy.

He seemed vague and a bit comical. I couldn't take him too seriously. But Dovsky was starting to seem fallible.

John: Only the sinner gets God's true recognition. You want his attention. You need to live. I drink because it concentrates all time in a few seconds. Liquid gold. I feel it burn my insides as it reveals myself.

Crucial: I like what I discover when I read. The flash and the glimmer.

John: That is all reflection. You have to enjoy the madness. Don't sleep for days. Hear the voices.

Whyte, John *The Madmen*. Toronto, Michaels.

Pages not numbered, a series of boxed documents

Andre said that Dave Michael's father had committed suicide when David was a boy. Of course, he was often mistaken.

David died in California. John disappeared in upstate New York. Andre was last seen in Toronto.

-I see that you've come for the book. I don't have it.

–But you know where it is.
–It’s the stuff of legend.
–And you wife.
–She’s no longer with us.

EA

–Did you ever get a chance to talk with her.

We saw her around at some parties. She had a vague resemblance to the Rabbit. The Rabbit could really dance.

EA

I never talked with her... I can’t remember exactly what she looked like. She did study with Dovsky for a while. A critical error.

The chain. Follow its loops around.

The center of the room is where the most important object rests. That is the gold lion. When the sun shines directly on the lion it sends a reflection to the safe. That is where the book is hidden.

Dying of an inoperable disease, he planned to short-circuit his wiring. It still allowed him a hit and run philosophy. And he ate up people as the disease ate him up.