

Just back from Paris. My final words.

Jet lagged, I fell asleep in my leather pants. I woke up with the pants on.

–You’ve had them on for days.

I jumped in the pool—pants on!

First words: Oh My God, I’m a fucking punk!

It’s not like I feel guilty about something. I woke up like from a coma and I was sleeping in my leather pants. And what a gawdawful time it was last night and I just got back from Paris yesterday and all that shit and I said to myself I feel like one lame punk this morning. That’s what I feel like.

–Do you want to fuck?

And my head was blowing up and I was blowing up and it was a fucking mess if you know what I mean. I’m sure that you do.

What the hell am I going to do this morning. I need one pick me up or two.

No, that won’t do, that won’t do, I know what I like!

–Who the fuck are you?

Who are you and what do you want.

And I feel like I’m being roused by the fucking BBC and what the hell are they doing here in Illinois. This ain’t some goddam CIA plot, is it.

Are you red or are you blue?

Who the hell are you and what do you want. You already know my story and you know what’s happened in my life and what’s going to happen. From here on things look pretty downhill. But I am holding my breath. Because I’m trying not to breathe this shit and I am getting ready for something a little better.

I headed out for a party that night. It was my goal to spread my decadence. My theme: my party. Every night come hell or high water. I was already sick.

I saw her white tights. Wrapped them around my neck. We fell off the balcony together.

–I don’t want anyone to know that we’re leaving.

–I’m not going to fuck you.

–Just do what you do.

–What is that?

–Read poetry. Dance on my grave.

This was the first week back, and I was still not myself. I needed new friends. A new project.

I met Monty at the club. He came back to my place.

–You want to get it on.

I was a bit confused. He still had his drink and his cigs.

–Let’s jump in the pool. With our clothes on.

I was used to luxury. I did not want to sleep. We both woke up wasted by the sun. I hadn’t drank a thing. I was still lagged.

–We need to change the world something quick.

–I saw Iggy Pop in his prime. Get it on in Memphis.

–We need to make it happen.

We both laughed. We had no idea what we were talking about.

I saw Monty out with a group of girls. I was a little lost.

Some guy had been looking at me. I think that he was a friend of Chloe.

–I’m James. Aren’t we in class together.

–I don’t know. I haven’t been to class since I got back.

–You’re in Modern Criticism.

–I think so.

James was a little zoned. He tried to dance with me. He was clumsy.

–I want you to meet Monty.

–You have to meet my friends too.

He introduced me to two sort of glam girls. They loved the music. They made a little scene on the dance floor. I had seen them before. I wanted candy. We all did.

–Spin for me!

Monty came over.

–Monty, this is James Duvall. We just met.

–Monty.

He put out his hand for James to shake.

–It’s almost closing time. We’re going to Prairie Shadows.

–I’ll come along.

–Crucial, I’ve got to do some work for tomorrow.

Monty played the rock star.

–You some kind of fag.

–Did you say gag?

–You heard what I said.

–No, I’m in a band.

He wasn’t. But he was their David Bowie for the night. Play “Rebel, Rebel”.

That was where Kevin got the idea for the Rebel Rats. He formed the band with Shelia’s brother. Shelia was one of the girls who was in Monty’s scene.

I was coming out of the club on a cold Monday night. I was going to have to walk two miles home.

–You need a ride.

I hesitated.

–Hey, man. I see you all the time inside.

That was hardly a recommendation, especially at this time of night.

–It’s a bitch of a cold out there.

I got in his truck.

–Do you like to smoke up?

–No, man.

–Neither do I. I used to. Took the cure.

He had the strangest laugh.

–I may seem weird. I’m not. Used to be married. I’m not gay. I’m not trying to pick you up.

–Cool.

–You’re not gay are you. I wouldn’t hold it against you.

–I like to dance.

–I see you. In that world by yourself, dancing in the middle of the floor. You don’t need money or something.

I didn’t grasp his import.

–You’ve sen those cute drag queens. They almost look like woman. That one is so attractive.

I just listened as he drove me home. He took a wrong turn and we meandered a little until he came to a dead end. This was where he was going to kill me. This was the closest that I’ve ever come to a mass murderer. He could have done me right here.

–Sorry about this.

He had a little trouble turning around the truck. There was really never any danger. But he walked that line so close to danger. And his anger almost pushed him over. I knew that others had followed the same route and fallen over.

–You never know. I only go with women. But if I picked up one of those transvestites by mistake, and I found out, I ‘d have to deal with it.

He finally reached my place. It gave the night a deeper sense of adventure.

–If you ever need a ride again. I’ll say hello if I see you.

–Thanks.

I shook his hand and headed inside.

That night the illusion settled over me. Her...

*Even though you have a dick, I’ll deal with it.*

I stared at the picture of the model. She had pulled her blouse down in a revealing pose. Still that big mug for the camera.

*Do you want me.*

I was everywhere. I gave in to the heavens.

I met the owner of the club. He took to my independent style. Although I think that I frightened him somewhat. I was a wild card. I didn’t fit into his world of the quick fix. I was invited to his minion party. It hosted by Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz. Dorothy met us at the door. The party was full of barely clothed men.

–Crucial, what brought you here.

It was Nick. He was a teen poet.

–This place is flipped out. There’s so much cum in the jacuzzi that it’d keep the master race going for generations.

Most of the women were actually men. Everything was switched out and turned on. One of the protege’s to the owner had all his boys with him in the bedroom.

–I use the same cologne.  
He was pointing to the dresser table. They all laughed.  
I decided to take the sangria that I had been handed. I played along.  
–Are you going to naked with the rest of us?  
–I’m sure that’s a joke.  
–There’s no pressure here. TV downstairs, movies upstairs.  
–They’ve got a little camera. We’re going to play hide and seek.  
I passed my time there. Waited for the party to get really hopping. Then I ducked out.  
For Nick this was an easy way to get drunk.  
–You haven’t seen Jill?  
–Jill?  
–I’m with her. You don’t know her. She’s a singer.  
–Oh.  
–I could use a ride. Are you leaving soon?  
–Yeah. But I took my bike.  
–You’re in a suit, and you’re on your bike.  
What is admirable in youth often turns bitter with age.

I was sure that the minion party had actually endeared me to the owner. It showed that I could be civil. All the fascination for Dorothy. Where was Toto hiding?

I had been back from France for a while, and I still hadn’t accomplished something. While there I had seen a play by Winder. I wanted to try something avant garde. I met Julian at one of the Rats shows. He was in a tuxedo with that air of elegance.

–You look like you’re part off High Society.  
–It’s the first step in the revolution. We have to look like what we are not.  
I liked him already. He seemed that he was always out stepping his bounds.  
–I’m doing this play. I’d like you to help.  
–Sure.

I met him at his place in the middle of the week. We started to put together these tape loops. The self replying to the self. I got Nick to help as well.

–This is going to be really fun.  
–Julian, you need to remember your lines.  
–My memory’s not all that good.

*Men play women.*

The territory was already familiar. A prison scene. Forced labor.

–I’m not going to have to get naked.  
–It’s just a symbol.  
–I like naked.  
Nick seemed too over-confident.

*We work so you don't have to.*

Bales agreed to help do the lights. I rented the local theater. I stood out of a Ramones show with a sign: FREE THEATER! BLOW UP YOUR MIND!

–I saw your sign. When's the play?

–It already happened.

–I missed it.

–Yeah.

–I see you out all the time. I didn't even think that you could talk.

–Yeah!

–I'm going to a party tonight. Show up.

She didn't think that I would come. She was wearing a shiny blue dress. It hugged her body. I lost myself. She spent most of the night ignoring her friends.

–Do you want to kiss me?

I did. I was rather clumsy.

–This is all that matters in our lives.

She was so melodramatic.

–You really like her.

James questioned me with a mix of jealousy and fascination.

–Tell me all about her.

His delivery was slow. His face lit up. He almost saw himself in her place.

–She's going to study law. But she's doing philosophy now.

As I thought about her, I just wandered in reverie. But with each meeting, my clumsiness increased. One night we were rolling around on her floor.

–This doesn't feel right.

–I can't go out with you tonight. One of my friends is here from out of town.

They were out all night. I didn't hear back from her for days.

–I miss you.

–I missed you.

–I know. I'll be out tonight.

I gave her a big hug when I saw her.

–You know that tonight's the night.

–She's driving me crazy.

–I think that you're driving her crazy. She doesn't know what to do with you. She's always been the center of the world. Now she feels that her world is changing. I think that she just wants to leave town. To go to law school. To start again.

–I think that I'm in love.

I could smell her perfume just talking about her. A scent that was heavy with the night.

Fragrant flowers. But something else. Intoxicating. A sick sweetness. Decay.

–You can feel it. It’s all about devastation.

Nick was sharing his wisdom with me. He reminded me of a friend from high school.

–Who’s that girl that you’ve been hanging with.

–Her name is Francine.

It was late at night. I was sitting on the patio while talking on the phone.

–I wish that you were here with me now.

–By the time that you got here, I would already feel shame. I couldn’t go through with it.

–I could help you deal with your shame.

–It’s more than that. I drank a lot. I was hanging around with another guy. I wish that I had been with you.

–I’ll be right there.

–If I sleep with you, I won’t be able to control the rest of the things in my life. I don’t want to fall head over heels. With other guys, I can control them. Not you.

Francine disappeared in search of security. I was heartbroken. Monty called.

–I’m going to a party.

We got to a party with loads of sweets. Oreos. Cokes. But no alcohol. Mattresses again the walls. Everyone was dancing to punk.

–They’re the kiddie punks.

David and Eddie, Eddie Bileti. And some dude who was studying engineering. Eddie was a little older. Almost a hippie philosopher.

–I’m talking about the coming revolution.

They were all punks at heart. The engineer was trashed. He ended up giving me a ride to another party. The car moved about five miles an hour and bounced off sidewalks.

This house would eventually be our first home!

Dave had a science project. More like science fiction. Critical mass.

–It’s critical. The temperature to achieve fission.

–Not critical. Crucial.

My rebirth. David helped expand the notion of Cruciality. It all started from that party.

–*Dave, let me deal with them.*

–*It won’t work.*

–*Let me tell them about time.*

–*No. I won’t sue unless you try to claim some of my ideas: Parties Inc., The Search, Cruciality.*

–*I was there. I created them. You just handled the legal end.*

Monty wanted respectability. With respectability came power. I looked down to see his

pointed two-tone shoes.

- Talk to them in that down-home drawl.
- I'm not rent-a-redneck.
- What do you know, Sam.
- I know tricks that neither of you have dreamed of. I know how to steal a man's girl.
- That's what Kevin has been saying.

*Substance has the power. Power has the substance.*

*-Take this it is knowledge.*

- Someone stole my shoes.
- I hurt people for a living.
- Sam, you are so full of shit.

- You are cheating. Not taking the same risks.
- We lost her in a fire.
- Not her eyes. I can see her eyes.

Jan was a cultural hero. A spiritual advisor

- How much do you have?
- How much do you need?
- I need what I can pay for. I need more than what I can pay for.
- How long do you need this for?
- As long as you can provide.

- What gives you pleasure?
- What kind of car do you drive?

-He's hiding out in Spain with bodyguards. Watched it. Ended up doing it. Grabbed some woman at the frontier. They're hiding out together.

Talking about some olden wooden building.

- I wasn't out that Thursday.
- When do you play again?
- What did you do with the poster.

Lazy Watertown bar. He scribbles a message for Crucial.  
He who lives beyond his years. His mother a suicide. His father died of cancer.  
-This makes no sense.

James: Expressions of urgency to the contrary.  
Crucial falls for G.

Bileti (later a drug dealer) shows up with Regina Alberti.

- Listen to that song. It's all there. The belief.
- Crucial, you know a lot about music. Why don't you start a band.
- I'd have to ask Dovsky. I don't know if it's part of his plan.

Late night cookies crunch. IGA

- What are you doing, James. They're going to come over and throw us out.
  - I've got money. I'll pay for it.
- James was crushing dainty cookies in the package.  
He laughed.
- We're on stage. See all the light.
  - You're on acid.

## **CRUCIALITY**

*How could I constitute the search except as a purity. As ultimate it would melt into actions—purification by overpowering. If pure then perfect. Every gesture would show its significance. Purify through violence—cut away the problematic. —A post biological reality*

- Who's the pigeon with Ian.
  - That ain't his name. The wanker changed it from something Eastern European to sound more cultivated—ha! Besides that's not a pigeon. That's a sparrow.
  - Sparrow, pigeon. It's his shadow. It looks like Cathy. She got a hair cut.
- James Duvall, I'm talking to you. Now let's go dance.
- It was so easy for you to say that.
  - But then it was easy because I didn't want to do it.

How could he introduce himself to James. He was in the process of forming Crucial.

Monty and Crucial

James wouldn't talk to him. He would only be assaulted by the conversation. Instead he watched him. The mystery held him deeper.

If he didn't say something unusual to him, then the moment would slip away and the contact would fade.

- Cruche, you should start a band. You're already a star. You've got the moves, the attitude.
- But I'm too caught up in something that no one can understand.

You were good, real good in your performance. I want to love you. I want to love it. Can I have some.



You could just explain it.

**IN THIS PART EVERYONE SPONTANEOUSLY SEEKS PLEASURE!**

It was not her choice. Not a pretty way to go.

Some night was a catastrophe—left me a mess independently. I came down like a monsoon rain.

I'm crazy—boy crazy

I'm over boys—but that man—he's so cute...

How long will it last?

**I was collapsing before everyone's eyes.**

A wish to power—let them know what's on your mind.

—You're not my father

—Who do you think you are?

—I share something stronger than a family bond. I am you teacher, dear Crucial.

The way that you hold me up—I can't do anything. Let me be.

I need someone to fix what happened.

You need anyone. It's a mess only because you can't admit what you did.

To admit that EA would redeem Crucial's slipping reputation. But she feared such an encounter just as much as Crucial. He did not want to give her the chance to do some damage.

I never would have said this to anyone else.

—I don't want to start this over again.

—I had great plans.

I would grasp what the paradise was and it would inform everything that I did. But I could only glimpse its promise and would get caught up in an effort to describe it.

How can you expect a standard of behavior for yourself that you can't live up to yourself.

—I was once that good.

—What happened?

—I learned what I had to get done.

—I got this for you.

Who say this?

—They both do.

—For her it is death.

–For him it is matching luggage.

Crucial, you know every variation and you'll just deform the truth to suit your purposes.

I woke up at Julian's. It has been a weird time. Mother has just been by. I hear a tape loop. My words coming from another room.

–You are Crucial.

Julian is in a suit. He is wearing light make up.

–I have clothes for you.

–What's going on?

–It's time to make a change. You need to start the group. I can help with the tape loops. I can't write music. But I've got a bass. You can find someone to play it. I've got some notes for songs. You need to find others.

That night James and I got together. James brought his guitar. Just noises. Something.

–I could help out.

Monty wanted to lend his charisma.

–You don't want to play?

–I'd just want to be the star.

We had our first rehearsal in an aircraft hangar. They used to have planes there. Artists had taken it over. I would suffer my second collapse there.

Fear takes hold. A hollowing and a sense of confinement. My claustrophobia is cosmic. The world is closing in on me.

I was the last survivor. Nothing.

–You can hear a tone. That is you. That is you hearing the end.

And then there would be silence.

–Time to burn something.

Fascinated by the fire moving closer, Julie threatened to burn his arm off. A week later, he was hunting up more equipment for the new band.

–When you perform music, the body loses its self image. You become part of a dream. Studies show that you can remember this dream. If you die on stage, you move beyond death.

He wouldn't stop!

–Crucial, I'm going to pawn this electric engine that I stole from my cousin.

–But he was the one who gave you record albums.

–The band is the next step.

Boris Karloff was leading me to the next stage of existence.

Still, he thwarted my desire to meet Mother. As if she did not exist.

–Cigarettes. I need more otherwise headaches.

An accidental need for love.

- Are you following me?
- I needed to ask you something.
- Are you following me.
- I am. But I don't mean you any harm.
- I'm going to have to call the police.
- You do that!

Once Mother threatened to cut off her love. Julie was a mess. His hands full of scars from grasping at a mass of thorns.

- If I could just get to sleep.
- Then he would sneak out to sleep for days.

His imagination was episodic.  
–Where's Mother?  
–She'll be back.  
If I could catch his addiction to the rhythms of television.

I never saw the marks. Only the used needles and the empty vials. He called his connection Mother.

- Julie, dear. I have it for you.
- She brought over vials of LV. Mother's LV.
- The light is too much. Still too much.
- He covered the windows with blankets. He pulled the curtains off the window and used them for a robe. Death's mantel.

He stepped on a record in the middle of the floor. It broke in two. One of my favorites.

He became the two halves—waiting for Mother. Mother talking to Julie. Never to me.

I was never in the room. He knew the secret.

This was the inspiration for CRUCIALITY!

Our first show The Heartland Arts Festival.  
Gina had pictures. Her and three guys in a church.  
Later on when he wouldn't give Gina her stuff, she turned him in. For a few silver coins.  
After the party search, Crucial tells James that he is falling for Gina. Bileti shows up without Gina. They all head to the Rebel Rats. I knew that I had a chance. I compare notes with Bileti. Head to the dead squirrel party. WOW!  
I'm the only one not tripping out of my brain. But I sense the anarchy.  
–Is this something special or what? –Is this something special or what?  
We felt a confidence, a new era.

Patty, disappointed child of the future. I didn't notice her. I was watching Regina.  
THE CRUCIAL ERA

Patty disappointed child of the future. I didn't notice her watching Regina. Of course, Patty knew the secret. Hiding behind too much certainty.

### THE CRUCIAL ERA

- Who wrote that?
- Patty, Patty, the life the of party.
- Alain I need a ride to the other party.
- Come on along.
- You guys were great.
- Have you seen Gina?
- She's at the other party.
- You're only making problems for yourself.
- What do you mean?
- Just like Barbi-
- Doll.
- Patty, stop that.
- I'm the new age.
- go!
- Do you have something to say to me?
- The Crucial Era.
- More like error.
- Come on, Crucial.
- I almost got in a fight.

Gina had pictures to get rid of anyone who got too close.

We met at Jet BAR.

- I first saw you at a party last December
- You were Bileti's friend.
- You were wearing pearls.
- Oh!
- I noticed your make up.

- I wasn't at that party.
- I didn't know him then.
  
- I never did.

-I heard about you. I asked about you. I found out that you were a philosopher. you were a troublemaker. And I tried to meet you only as a joke.

- I'm getting distracted.
- I used to do really important work. Before I met you. I'd see girls like you at parties. I'd think nothing of it.

–Oh  
–I’m coming apart now, just thinking about you all the time.  
–Yeah. –It’s all so personal. You game of  
classifying me. I really want no part of it.  
–I’m still taken by you.  
–Really.  
–I need you.  
–I don’t really want to go out with anyone. I  
like my freedom. It’s helping me get myself  
together.

–I’m falling for Gina.  
–You already blew it with Francine. Don’t make the same mistake with Gina.

–Aren’t you guys in the Rebel Rats?  
–We’re in our own band. It’s better.  
–You’re a Rat.  
–Want to go to a party.  
We all piled in my car.  
–The party’s not going to happen.  
–Give us a ride home.  
–You said that you were in the Rats.  
I kissed her as we held up traffic behind me.  
–She thought you were in the Rats.  
–I’m not.  
–But you wish that you were.  
–They just have more fans.  
–They’ve been around a while longer.

–I have this picture. I’m having sex with three guys.  
–Did you enjoy that sort of thing.  
–Does it shock you? It was in a church.  
I looked at the picture. The images were blurred. Were any of them her?

–Time to go to the dead squirrel party.  
Bileti just showed up. His driving was erratic.  
–I’m going to show you a thing or two.

Regina–I was overwhelmed by seeing her. My joy phased on past both of us.  
–Gina, how are you doing?  
–It approaches.  
Already she is sliding past me.  
–Gina, you’ll be at the Rats tonight. And the search.  
There was something that I needed to tell her. It could wait. That night I didn’t say a

thing. I just got lost in the Search.

–Was there something that you needed to tell me?

–It'll wait.

We were part of the passion. We were both on our bikes. I raced her to her place. I had protected her all that night. Protected her for myself. And now I couldn't say anything. I looked at her. All the more intense.

On my way home, I realized that I had failed again.

She went back to her world. I planned for the next meeting.

–I need you.

*I am your party. I am your search. –Gina!*

I showed her my story. Made her read it along with me. She looked for mistakes.

–I would never say anything like this.

–It's not about you.

I wrote her a note. Slipped it under her door.

I needed to take it back.

–I just feel like I'm being used. Not by you. By everyone else.

I could make it different.

That night we both went to see a band. She decided to stay. She was hanging around the bass player.

–Crucial, you need to leave. Don't mess it up. You're not involved.

I received a phone call.

–I got your note. It was sweet.

–Are you going to the Rats?

–Yeah.

–See you there. Where did you get my number.

–Bileti.

–I got to get a hold of Bileti.

–I can't go out tonight.

–I thought that you were going to be there.

–I'm not sure.

Cheryl, Laura, Paula, Kristin, Barbara, Tara, Nikki

–What's that list?

–It's for my party.

When I first saw Gina I was struck by the jersey and the fake pearls–her lipstick. She was with one of Fred's friends. They were holding pretty tight.

–Why did he bring one of them here?

–One of what?

Later on, she started to hang around Bileti. He made photographs and she wrote captions. They created the world together.

They ended up breaking apart.

–Cruche, it wasn't a bad break up. She just sees things that I don't.

–I think that I'm getting crushed by her.

–Cruche, that's your deal. But she's still wandering. Don't get crushed too hard.

We both smiled.

She and I got lost in the search. The party search—an excuse to invade a house of someone that we didn't know.

–Your house was on the list.

–Do you know anyone at the party.

–Anne asked us. Your house was on the list.

–The beer's in the back.

–Who's Anne?

–I don't know.

–Get me a beer.

–I'll get you two.

Bileti was getting sick of the parties. But Gina wanted something that she didn't have yet.

Something stopped us on the way. I didn't see her that weekend. I met her at Jet Bar on Monday.

I stared at her.

–What is it?

–I have an idea.

–Cruche, don't call me for a week.

–What?

–I'm going to have a visitor from Chicago.

I wondered if it was a guy or a girl.

–We don't really need our bodies.

I started wondering about the guy from the dorm.

–He's eighteen. He never gets tired

The magic worked on the phone. I would later realize this power and use it.

–You don't want to hang out?

–No.

–I'm not about you.

She laughed.

–No?

–No!

–Gi–NANA.

–Stop that.

–Wild about your.

–I have to go.

–I love you.

–No you don't.

–Gi-

–I wish–  
–That you would come over.  
–I can't. OK I'll come out with you. But just for a while.

The shudder.

*Crucial, I want you!*

We were too close to eternity.

–Crucial wants to be the star.  
–If we can get Patty in the Era, they will be successful.  
–What is Crucial afraid of?  
–Himself.  
–He's getting sloppy.  
–It won't last the summer. The Crucial Summer.  
–The party slack will tighten.  
–Then there will just be shit around.

–Crucial, you're too wicked.  
–I'm only starting to develop my reputation, Patty.  
–I mean it. Down deep, you're an evil bastard.  
–What?  
–You're the eye. Like in the Edgar Alan Poe story.  
–Alain. What about Alain. We can't all fit in his car.  
–I'll ride on the trunk  
–I have feelings that we'll all be doing this again.

James–then I knew his integrity was slipping.  
Leslie goes out with Kevin of the Rebel Rats.  
I call him up at three.  
–Get over here!  
Big Sam played bass for the Rats..

Patty couldn't close her eyes afraid of losing love so soon. Alain looked at the kitchen–double mess cigarette clearing black edge sticks together.

The word was out–The Era.  
–Your band is great.  
Exaggeration. More mumbling on stage than actual songs. But people are talking.

I decided to devastate her with a complement.  
Regina, your hair looks great.



- I\_\_ If we can convince Crucial that he is in love with Patty, we can get her in the Era.
- What about Gina?
- I'll take care of that.
- If we can get Patty in, we've got it made.
- Justice, won't Crucial be suspicious.
- I'll take care of him.

## FACADES OF DESIRE

Doria
Sylvia
Francine
Regina
Patty
EA

- We don't need our bodies. We can just live by conversation. On the phone lines.
- That's silly.
- No, that all we need. Our highs and lows are simply electromagnetic radiation.
- I don't know.
- She sighed.
- Did you hear that. Just before I sighed.
- I couldn't hear a thing.

*-The mess is in your head, darling!  
She had jet black hair, except for a bleach spot, an accident. It was his dream. She braced herself on the bed so that she wouldn't vomit all over him.*

- I feel terrible.*
- Here take this.*
- What the fuck are you talking about? What time is it? It's light out there.*
- It's a street light.*
- It's morning.*
- It's always morning.*
- Time to burn something.*
- Why does Mother never talk to me.*
- He felt the flames move close to his wrist.*
- I need to burn it off.*
- You do indeed!*
- A week later Julie was hunting up equipment for her new band.*

*–You’re going to owe me, babe.  
–I’ve grown past my body. You can have the physical but you’ll never get the soul.  
Amps blaring, the noise coming back from the monitors.  
–Shit, this is a rush.  
–Have you written any new songs.  
–Don’t worry about it.  
She was worried. The Regal Party was one week away.  
I wanted to meet Mother. Julie was a fucking mess. Her hands full of scars, reaching in  
a patch of thorns.*

*That evening I went looking for her at Jet Bar. She wasn’t there.  
I got in my car, and scoured all the streets in the neighborhood. I saw someone who  
looked like her. I followed her back to Jet Bar.*

*–Hi, how are you doing?  
–Great. Let’s go.  
We ended up back at her place. She did not hesitate.  
Was Gina interested in me because of the success of the Era? Or was the Era successful  
because of the sexual energies that it created?*

*–What do you want?  
–I want to go back to your place.  
As I lay on her bed, I was thinking about Regina. I thought that there was a resemblance  
when I saw her on the street.  
–Let’s get this over with. I’ve got a test in the morning.  
–Does this help you study.  
–Sort of.  
She cooed as I kissed her legs.*

REGAL PARTY:  
Regina gets caught

ERA plays  
Patty on speed

DAY 2  
fall asleep in my clothes  
wake up with coats all over me and two people fucking in a bed

My face caved in. My nostrils ached. **THE REGAL PARTY!**  
It was to take place in the former faculty center, a Victorian mansion that had been owned  
by railroad tycoons. There were to be rules, guards and referees to enforce the rules. If anyone  
wasn’t playing according to the rules, they would be escorted from the premises. No questions  
asked!

Each room was to be different, each with various amusements. The program was

designed by a master's candidate in computer science. Nothing would go wrong.

Special invitations were printed. A design student had been recruited for that task.

There were to be bands there. The Ravens, the Hallowindmills, and finally the Era. While I put on my make up, I thought about the words to our new song "Drawing the Line". I dropped my eye pencil.

"Some are enemies  
some are losers  
gambling on the truth  
the results of your violence  
hang on you  
laughing was invincible  
in friendship's name  
signing over our freedom  
to enjoy the pain."

The line was drawn. I put down the pencil. Alain would make his move tonight. I had to restrain him, keep him calm.

James picked me up in his yellow VW.

-How are you, little clown?

-I'm ready to laugh.

-Star...

-...in your car.

Acid syllogism,

-How did you hurt your arm, James?

-Don't ask.

-You can play.

-If I couldn't. I wouldn't have picked you up.

-Let's stop somewhere.

I downed a quart of OJ. I would later be sick for it. James got cigarettes to hang from his mouth as he played.

I never wanted to be seen before the shows. It was my signature. We entered through the back way. I hid in the cellar for hours. I could hear things start upstairs. the Hallowindmills played "Speed". Andi's guitar break was searing. This was cruelty. I loved it even more in the dark.

"You're blasted  
it's your thing  
you move too slow  
you're giving in  
you want more  
you won't stop  
your heart in overdrive  
it's time to drop!"

A few beer hounds had been ejected. A nasty guard almost knocked one guy's eye out its

socket. In the room next to me, I heard wrestling. An occasional whimper, a scream. I started pacing. I thought that the banging on the wall was some kind of signal to me. I readied myself for “Hit and Fun”. what if James didn’t come back. What if I fell asleep. We’d been great at the Harvest Arts. Hopefully the word had gotten out. When we played “The Party”, they would understand.

Monty knocked on the door. At first I thought that it was James.

–Come in, you acid queen.

–It’s the Mint Julep.

–I thought that you were James

–You still have time. Lots of it. The Hallowindmills are still playing.

Monty precariously balanced his cigarettes, his lighter and drink in one hand.

–You’re going to have to do the song.

Jill screamed: “The demon hangs on, hangs on, hangs on to a village of hate...”

–You’re going to lose the song if you don’t.

–I want to play “Indecent”

–You do, and Alain will quit. Right then and there.

–They had enough time to learn it.

–But they didn’t. You can’t force things now.

–They know it well enough.

–For Alain, it’s the principle. Don’t force it. Not tonight. there will be other times.

I just thought about the mess with Regina. For once, I wanted to be right!

–Alain is nuts. He thinks that we need to sleep in coffins if we want to write about death.

It’s all an act.

–He believes it. You do too. Only in a different way.

–You don’t know that.

–I know what they like.

–I don’t want to sell out.

–Look at the windmills.

–They have Jill. That’s different.

–How can you even say that. That’s politically backward.

–you have to note the facts.

–We don’t change the world just based on the facts. We have to create new facts. that’s why I want to play “Indecent”.

–That is stupid politics. It will just destroy the Era.

The Hallowindmills finished, Jill still howling. They wanted more. A magic spell. Blood. A sacrifice. But they lost energy when Terry broke a string on the encore. Andi and Terry were arguing as they left the stage.

A party buzz. Someone must have seen James and his plaids.

–He’s so cute.

–Did he dye his hair for the show?

The chant filled the hall. Everyone rocked in the horror from the cavern full of SUGAR.

This is what made them go.

Crucial taunted Bileti.

–You’re not only small time. You’re getting stupid.

–There’s something that I need to show you.

–We don’t have the time.

–You better make the time.

Bileti was the source. He sort of made everything happen. He drove to a large house.

–What is this?

–It’s mine.

I laughed. I never suspected. He unlocked the bars on the door. Then some more locks.

–Good morning, morning glory.

–It’s the seeds. Take them, and your soul is gone.

He pulled me through a corridor.

–I don’t want the lights on. Let me get a flashlight.

Winding down to the cellar, I found myself in front of a steel door.

–Where are we?

Giant movie lights flooded the massive enclosure. On the ground, piles of white powder.

Crates and crates of it.

–I guess that you don’t have an insect problems.

–It’s all sealed.

–With what?

He looked at me strangely.

–What is this?

–It’s sugar.

–What?

–Cuban sugar.

–Are you going to corner the market? We get the stuff too cheap from Louisiana.

–You don’t get it.

–Is this third world crime?

–There is only one world, and it is ours!

I tasted it. Ordinary sugar.

–It’s the purest. Goes right to the brain. It’s raw. the stuff of dreams. Ask anyone: Julie, Alain, Regina. Something that you don’t understand, Cruche. It’s so elemental.

>>It give dreams form. You can make of it what you will.

>>It’s waiting for you, Crucial.

I had to get back. As if none of it was real.

I could now hear the cheering. They were ready. They remembered Harvest Arts. I sensed aggression. I faced them down.

1-2-3-4 No Society

“The power, the fashion

knows no hour

the power, the fashion

knows what’s right...”

A girl was staring at me—Regina? Alain seemed to push out and hurt her with his guitar. What was this? I looked back, and Alain hadn’t even moved from behind his amp. Black leather

glistened in the crowd.

James was precise in his intro to “The Fan”.

“Crowd pushing cigarettes

Lighting my heart

who knows what’s wrong, or right

It tears us apart...”

They held each other. They pushed to the front. They were the fans. James lit a cigarette. He pretended to burn my arm. They loved it.

It seemed that we were just beginning “No Society”. But the set was almost half-way through. Patty stood by Alain’s amp. She wanted to do a song.

“Indecent”

–What the fuck?

I turned and looked at Alain.

–It’s part of the deal.

–I don’t make deals. The song sounds like shit. I’m not playing it.

The crowd was getting restless. They wanted less talk, more music. Before anyone was ready, they started the song. Alain was totally pissed but he played on.

–I’ll get you for this!

*Blood is their honey*

*greed the only cure*

*searching for balance*

*sacrifice to the mirror*

*Centuries in bondage*

*their passion is their loss*

...

Alain played a blistering solo. He was saving his anger. Patty came over to the extra mic. A bit of revenge. I wanted her. She would be singing **my** song. All this worked to Alain’s advantage.

*No money for love*

*crying is cheap*

*telephone litanies*

*ringing code free.*

Patty’s delivery was certain. They believed her. I did too.

Alain was rather dazzled by her performance. He slid his body next to her and raised the neck of his guitar in exhilaration. He wanted to share in her triumph.

*tired and defeated*

*addicts of this wasteland*

*wrestle for a moment  
comrades in their woe*

Our last song was “The Party”. It was our anthem, the celebration of our generation. Everyone was a part of this.

*A strange dawn  
you are the followers  
wake up before you're dead*

*drink now, dance now  
overcome by ecstasy  
the party is ahead*

*Everyone comes for destruction  
Love leads back in time  
accidents in the kitchen  
party death is the best*

The room swirled with the rhythm of the song. They pushed into the open space at the front of the stage. Bodies flying. I took my energy from the sweating mass. I screamed. I dove into the crowd. I was the party!

*Destroy this house  
tear down this party  
our joy in the intercourse of disaster*

Someone grabbed my shirt and ripped it. I cooperated in the craziness. I started to bleed from the scratches.

–Medicine!

I collapsed. They held me down. I slumped to the floor. Losing consciousness, I just lay there. They lifted me up. They wanted more.

–We are the Era and it is our time.

–You guys were great.

–Thanks!

–Fantastic show.

–Brilliant!

–Are you going to do another song?

I was exhausted.

–Crucial, I loved it.

–Thanks, Sally.

Her blonde bob, all her clothes were white.

–This is not symbolic.

–I need a nurse.

–Your music is so deep. I loved the show. It just speaks volumes to me.

She reached to shake my hand. I held hers for a while. The crowd was still screaming. I felt my power.

–Let’s get out of here.

–Your fans?

–They won’t miss me.

As we made our escape, I could still hear the muffled cries. I was nauseous. I was sick of the crowd. We snuck out the back. Jumped from a porch onto the grass.

We were on the street. I pushed her against a light post and started to kiss her. There was no resistance on her part. I was still on stage. The mess with Regina started to irk me. I wanted to leave no doubt with Sally.

I slid her skirt up slightly.

–Wait.

–For what?

–What are you thinking about?

Her eyes were big. She was staring.

–I’m thinking about you.

She smiled.

–I want to be part of the band.

–You are. The band fuck!

She laughed. I was already taking myself too seriously. My shirt was half open. She stroked my chest.

–Are you wearing make up?

–Are you?

–Rock me, you miserable fuck.

–You’re the real star.

–How long can you keep that going?

–All night.

Sally, silly Sally.

–It’s Crucial, it’s Crucial.

I was breathless with her kisses. I wanted to take her then and there.

–Let’s go back to my room.

–Why not here?

She bit my mouth.

–Why not here?

–Why not?

She held my dick in her hand. She was taunting me. It wasn’t going to happen here. I’d have to make it back to her room. In the walk to her room, I was having second thoughts. the party, Regina, the band.

–I’ve got to go back.

–There’s nothing there.

–I’ve got to go back.

The auditorium was empty. MHz. cradled his bass.

–Where’s Alain?

–He left with Patty. I think that they finally did it.



–I thought that the Ravens were going to play.

–They’re going to play tomorrow.

–Where’s Sally.

–She’s outside.

–Are you going to go back to her place?

–It’s over. I’ll walk her back.

–You’re sort of a prick.

–Do you like her?

–It’s not that.

–Tommy, I can’t help it.

–Rock star complex.

–She’s outside. Go get her.

–You are a prick.

I waited for them to come back. What was keeping them? The halls were empty. If this was such a great party, where was everybody. I knew that things were going on in the rooms. But besides that, there was nothing. I started looking for Regina.

–Close the door.

I stood there.

–Get out of the doorway. come in and close the door.

I still wasn’t sure. Andre stood naked by the bed. I could see him silhouetted by the hall light. Lance was in bed, passed out.

–What happened here?

–He’s OK.

–You slept together.

–So.

–What’s he on?

–Some synthetic. It dulls the desire. This big rush, and the kapow!

–What’s he going to make of this?

–That’s his problem.

–I thought that he was with some girl.

–Everyone is with some girl.

–Have you seen Monty?

–He was in here for a while. Pretending. Drinking and pretending. He’s good at that.

–And?

–Crucial, what is that look? Do you think that I need it because of the way I am.

–I don’t know what you need.

–You think that by standing apart that you’re not touched by it all. You’re just a starfucker.

–What?

–You’re not the judge. You’re more like a sadistic prison guard.

–Where’s Patty?

–I think that her and Alain are fucking, if he hasn’t passed out already.

I meekly crept out of the room.

I saw don in the hall.

–Have you seen Regina.

–She’s with Michel.  
–Who?  
–Mickey Amsterdam.  
–Don’t you like him?  
–He’s sort of a Nazi.  
–I guess that’s in these days.  
My hairs bristled.  
–At least he works for a living. And he is a challenge.  
–What?  
–Sondra’s gossip.

The room was dark. An eerie white liquid seemed to stream through the air.  
–I’ve got a new song.  
He mangled the lyrics of “The Party”

*You mustn’t touch  
that’s what makes a party.*

Regina moved towards him.  
–Kiss me.  
She looked back at me.  
–Oh, Crucial.  
I felt worse. I was delirious. I wanted to hit him.  
–Crucial, Crucial, it’s not a party until you’re here.  
He laughed a stinging laugh.  
–Crucial, you’re timing is really off. Mickey and I were going to...  
–Nonsense, we love to have you. The more the merrier. You’re going to have to get  
naked with us.  
–Regina, you said...  
–Not now.  
–The Regal Party...  
I made no sense.  
–Tomorrow. We’ll get it on tomorrow. Michel has something for me tonight.  
–Have you seen Alain and Patty?  
–Andre told me that they’re fucking somewhere.  
–He told me the same thing.  
–Crucial, tomorrow.  
–I’m going to look for them.  
Michel broke apart a capsule and started to crush the contents.  
–It’s quicker.  
Why did he need quicker when he coveted the eternal moment. Patty slid up from  
beneath a table.  
–Performance. It’s all about the performance.  
–I thought that you and Alain...  
He was passed out in the corner.

–Regina said...

Patty no longer needed to sleep. She was becoming a dedicated child of the night. Michel sucked up his dose. Alain seemed to stare at them all from the dark corner of the room.

–Is he still awake?

–He’s never awake.

Patty can’t close her eyes for fear of losing love too soon. Alain is rummaging through the black mess, ashes, beer, matches, mud–looking for a cigarette, another beer.

–I thought that you were out.

–I’m never really out.

Patty is the Regal Party. She is. Like the Windmills say *kitchen accident*. Alain holds on to a frozen burrito hoping to get it warm enough. It gets soggy in his hand, and then he just drops it in the mess. A quick beer seems to get him on his feet. Until he passes out again.

–Wake up at home drowning in piss. Change my pants and start again.

Patty wanted to nurse him, become him. Do his man thing. Not to care while really caring.

–I tried to be different. I tried not being possessive. It didn’t work. That’s who we are. Alain nudges Patty.

–Mickey, Mickey Amsterdam. The horror of the party.

–I ought to piss all over you.

–I already have.

They both laugh. I don’t see the humor. Michel pushes his nose down to snort some more.

–Somebody needs to turn on the light.

–What. is Michel puking on himself again.

–Turn on the light, you shit. Cowboy Crucial, it’s not your world.

–What are you talking about?

–Want some, Cruche. You can stay up for nights on end. Go ahead.

–I got pushed.

–What are you saying? That I’m forcing you. Or that you want to hit me.

–This is a party.

–Isn’t that your line? About the violence at parties.

–I just need to stay awake.

–Go ahead. Take some of this.

I didn’t. But the room started to shake. Something like an explosion.

–Mickey, what have you done.

–I’m moving at my own speed. I can’t help it when I shatter the sound barrier.

An after shock.

–I can’t help it when I need to push this party to the next level.

–Poison’s this easy.

–Not in front of Regina.

–What? She doesn’t know.

–She knows what she wants.

She just stares into space. I had almost forgotten that she was still here. He slid the capsule up to his lips and then pressed it to hers.

–Regina, why did you bring him here?

–He hasn't eaten for days.  
–Of course not, he's on speed.  
–What did you say?  
Regina fell over me. She brought her lips close to mine, the poison still on her lips.  
–I never imagined it this way.  
–I want you to do me here.  
–With an audience.  
–They're all zonked.  
–I never imagined it like this.  
–It's your chance.

She started to pull up her skirt.

–This is your last chance. Don't talk to me about love if you can't do it now.

I didn't want any of this. I wanted silence. I wanted to sleep. I find another bedroom.

Coats. I nod out.

Regina looked at me from the doorway.

–I need a trick to hold onto.

–I'm all done. Already asleep.

–Just put it in and shut up.

–Not now. Just blow in my hair. Help me sleep.

–If you don't want to do me, I'll find someone else.

My sleep was restless. I woke up to find Michel taking liberties with her next to me. Is still wasn't sure if this was a dream.

I woke up. It was still dark. Michel was in the next room licking the powder from a dish.

–Where's Regina?

He said nothing. I found Monty.

–Have you seen Regina.

–Who?

–You're no help.

–She's not the girl for you.

–Thanks for your help.

–I saw her with some guy in a corner.

–Where?

–Somewhere.

Outside the fire was still going. People singing together. It was surreal. I thought that I saw Regina. I felt happy. Finally.

She was making out with a guy by a tree. My good feelings now turned to depression.

This was turning into a real mess.

–It was nothing. I do it all the time.

–Gina.

–Not now. I've got to go somewhere.

He wore a brown leather jacket. He put out his hand for me to shake it.

–I'm Chris.

Great.

I wanted to die. To go back inside. I went and sat by the fire. The singing was annoying. I felt paralyzed by my own desire.

Still, I was Crucial. I had the band. Other fans. I shouldn't have been such a dick to Sally. I made it back inside. I saw James come out of the door of one of the rooms. He was in gym shorts.

–James.

–Take off your clothes, and go in there. It so much fun.

He was tripping.

–Have you seen Regina?

–There's only men in there.

–Have you seen her?

–She was wandering about a little while ago.

All the doors were closed. It was me against the party. I was in a daze. I made my way downstairs. It was already morning but the daylight was resistant due to the rain.

–La, La, La La, La.

–It's party Tom.

–That it is. It's Crucial. Party Search. So this is it.

It felt like it was one in the morning. Time to start all over again.

There were six people with him. Tim had a cig hanging out of his mouth, a beer in hand.

–So it's a no go here.

–We've got to wait until later on this evening.

Paul laughed.

–Evening. Feel like that already.

Roy our drummer was there and Ellen. She was why they were all up.

–You're all tripping.

–Or course.

–We're going to the graveyard. Want to come.

–Who's dead.

Dave seemed to keel over.

–We all are.

Tommy introduced me.

–The incomparable Ellen.

Have you? I wanted to ask. I didn't. She was tanned and wore shorts. Very thin. I joined the gang and became the seventh.

–We woke up Ellie.

–She was passed out.

–With some guy.

–Roy.

She protested.

–No, I wasn't.

Almost a drawl to her inflection.

–Where you from?

–Carolina.

I assume that she meant South Carolina. She had this great smile, slightly knowing. I wanted Ellie as I had wanted Regina.

–What do you study?

–I did study French. But now I don't know.

–It all ends up the same.  
–Business.  
–Or engineering.  
–I don't want to be an engineer.  
–Not like Steve.  
–Steve is crazy.  
–I think that Steve likes boys.  
He looked insulted. Tommy knew no restraint.  
–Let's go.

We reached the rocks and I had to carry Ellie. I like the feel of her body in my arms.

–Where are the others?  
–I guess that we lost them.

The ground was still damp. The clouds were heavy in the sky, but the rain had stopped.  
we sat on the grass.

–Do you see the stars.  
–No, silly. It's daytime. And it's cloudy.  
–They're still there.  
–Yes, they are.

Tom wanted to take her on right then and there. I couldn't stay awake to watch. As I fell asleep I imagined them making love next to me.

–Did you complete her?  
–Who?  
–Ellie.  
–Regina?  
–Where was she?  
–She was with you.  
–That was another party.  
–Have you?  
–What?  
–A sandwich.

He looked over at Ellie. We were both asleep.

–That's nasty.  
–What time is it?  
–Eleven.  
–How time flies when you're having none.  
–If we all fell asleep now.  
–We'd miss the Regal lunch.  
–They didn't have lunch yesterday.  
–This is day three.

I saw Nick. He was looking for Jill. She was in a room upstairs with Andi. I didn't have the heart to tell him.

–Do you know what promiscuous means.  
I didn't have time for his philosophy.

moment of nakedness

tawdry affairs

cheap gossip

meaningless flirtation

–James, take this!

–What is it?

–You’ll find out. It’s discovery.

–I’ve been doing LV, acid. I’m game.

He swallowed the pill.

Gina looked at me. Her face filled the field.

–The proof. I could just blow you away. A needle. The balloon would fly everywhere.

Her face filled the screen.

–Gina, one more chance.

–I’ve got to go back to Tommy.

–One more chance.

I reached out. She handed me the substance.

–This will help you escape.

–I crushed it beneath my boot.

–Crucial, Crucial, funny words seen but never heard.

–Is that poem for me. It makes no sense. “The Encounter”

Pop goes the weasel.

Down comes the easel.

Kiss me Crucial. Kiss me way hard.

The decay of the mind will lead you on a journey.

–You’ve been at the wrong party.

James looked up at me.

–I hope that I don’t end up doing acid for the rest of my life.

Chew the wax rose. It will take you there.

–I have arrived.

–There is one more day of the party.

Alain did not see that Crucial’s power came from the party search. It was the instrument that had motivated his rise to stardom. It would be his nemesis!

Crucial had already bargained away something too important. He was a victim of his pride.

–This is not your story.

He would get eaten up by self-love.

–He’s not going to remember the melody. It’s too sweet.

–And when he doesn’t remember, we nail him,

–What?

–I’ll help. but you know the music better.

I would grasp what the paradise was and it would inform everything that I did. But I could only glimpse its promise and would get caught up in an effort to describe it.

How can you expect a standard of behavior for yourself that you can’t live up to yourself.

–I was once that good.

–What happened?

–I learned what I had to get done.

–I got this for you.

Who say this?

–They both do.

–For her it is death.

–For him it is matching luggage.

–Crucial, you know every variation and you’ll just deform the truth to suit your purposes.

Someone showed up at the gig to claim that Julian’s bass was his. Julian said he bought it on the street. We couldn’t do a thing.

MHz G. stepped in for Julie. He knew Big Sam. He had his own bass. He had a song about working in a factory. He lived with Alain Justice. It was the perfect match.

I saw you at the Era. Did you like the show?

Do you have the single?

–I didn’t know that they had anything out.

The Era was in the state of decay. I knew that I would have to disband them. It was the worst feeling. I wanted to take something from all this. I didn’t want it to all fall apart.

–It’s Patty. She’s out of control.

It was more like she was out of my control. At this point, her independence had nothing refreshing about it. She was just along for the party. At least, it made it easy to cast her that way. And so I did.

All the dreams that I had for the Era. Our mini-world tour. My agenda. My hope to say something, to influence the world was coming to an abrupt end. It was easy to find someone to blame. Patty was the easy scapegoat.

It seemed harder and harder to get back to the initial point of desire. All that had happened was nothing like I hoped for.



## THE CRUCIAL ERA

### THE BREAK UP

- Patty's been spreading some rumor about the break up of the band.
- I just haven't like the way that she's been acting.
- You're just jealous that she's been with Alain.
- I have my own problems.
- Gina.
- You're going to play one last show.
- At the Subway.

I head over to Jet Bar to look for Gina.

- You needed to take me in your arms when you had the chance.
- Did I really have that chance.
- No, I was with Tommy.

The fear is catching up with me.

- Did you just see some weird guy in a VW?
- That was Alain.
- No, it was someone else.
- There is something weird going on.

It was summer and now it's winter. I'm stuck in the snow while giving Daphne a ride.

- You drive and I push.
- I don't know how to drive.
- Just put your foot on the gas.

I realized that I had forgot to tell her how to break as she slammed into the car in front of us. I drove on.

-Don't look back.

-I'm going to have to leave the ERA. Patty is acting silly. And Silly is just a trip. It's going nowhere. I feel like I'm part of a burlesque.

- That's going to be a welcome sight for you in the future.
- Have you seen Gina?
- I can do anything that she can do.

I looked at her lips. I wanted to kiss her. I let her fall for Julian. It would all be the past soon enough.

-You shouldn't have broken up the ERA. We would have stayed with you. You could have ditched Alain.

I. Crucial is taken by EA  
investigation  
on Crucial's part

on Dovsky's part.

## A CONVERSATION WITH EA

does not speak to his friends

various patterns of redundancy

success

breakdown of all parameters

WILD

nothing so much as

EA

do the EA

spEAk

rEAd

write EA

bEAutiful

REAL

EA, EA

brEAth

word

knowledge of

cr

Eate

EA

nonsense

snEAking around

d\_\_th

c\_\_se

EA

what does it mean

it's like a code

or more like a riddle

she just sits there repeating

all one fluid

bubble propagated in the air

she wants to know

who is EA

—It's a miracle

- Nonsense,
- I really need to be alone with her.
- She has nothing to say.
- This isn't a game.
- You won't learn anything by hanging around. There are no mysteries to unlock.

Nothing to be revealed. You'll just be in the way.

- I bet she thinks the same way.
- The problem is by not giving her a chance.
- A chance for what.
- Nothing.
- The problem for you is that when it all falls apart, it's just nothing.

think about it all the time.  
could all mean the opposite  
EA1 EA2 EA3  
reputation  
celebrity

teaching kernel

Medusa  
the party search

more disseminated  
the hardening of personality  
demonization of personality  
sense of worthlessness  
how to prevent self destruction

Dance  
performance  
registry of performance  
starts off with the excitement for the dance  
the compensation  
the move  
from step/move to argument

- Crucial I found it.
- What?
- Who ate the apple. EA, EA. It's among us.

The Era broke up. I tried to change the world. It was only the beginning of our revolution.

I invited her over for lunch.

–What are you cooking?

–It’s eggs EA.

–Do you have a name for all of your food?

–Just for some things. You’ve heard of Napoleons.

–They are definitely some people’s Waterloo.

–Is EA actually her name? Her initials. E. A. Like Housemann.

–No, it’s her name.

–You’ve never even talked to her. How do you know? It could even be Jill or something.

–I know.

EA

The night started to dominate our experience. It impressed itself as dank and impenetrable.

Against it we were the last pioneers, as we attempted to achieve escape velocity against the inevitable return to the day. The night got stretched out and seemed to resist daylight. I got too far out to become a lunatic. Not crazy, not insane, but thoroughly haunted by the moon. That he had crossed over. Not into the zone that we sought. But a sidestep.

AUTHORITY

to speak with that voice

in a night that he could probe into the soul and just pull out that gem of wisdom that explained exactly why you were here

EXPLORER

You’re just some phony with no real insight.

that the longer you wait here

even what brought you here in the first place gave you the impression that you

It’s rather crowded in the bar. Too crowded. I can barely make in through. It’s too crowded to get to the front.

A\*\*\*is in front of me. In the way, and I am trying to make it around her.

Her. what is she doing tonight. Who is turning her around. or being turned around. Or taken along.

What are you doing? you seem so happy.

[I like money . He likes money. I glisten. He shines. What could be more perfect?  
I’ve done something for you. Now can you do something for me?]

I can’t pass the wall. I slip into the other room.

Steve!

I sit down to hear the same old story.

What you would like? What they would like. I can't like it any better.

[A2]What are you with?

Nobody-somebody. Do you want to?

"Let me run my fingers through your hair."

Are you ready for anything?

[A3]Or even more ready. That mirror shines bright before I try to make it out.

Is it shining for you too?

-I got to get a drink. Are you going to get one?

They're all done. I need to get to the back.

LOOK AROUND!

Last night. Didn't I see you last night. [A4] What's the story?

I'm trying to turn prince into a frog.

Why can't we be friends?

Look around some more and then I'll be right back.

You have a magic about you. [C1]

I'm trying to overcome illusion.

By creating more...

I changed my name to the Encino Kid. Julian becomes my bag man. We pick up the money from small grocers, protection money. We enter from the back door. Get some tofu on the way out.

-Have a nice day.

*That night would last four days. I'd sneak off to sleep somewhere.*

*-Don't deny me Mother's love.*