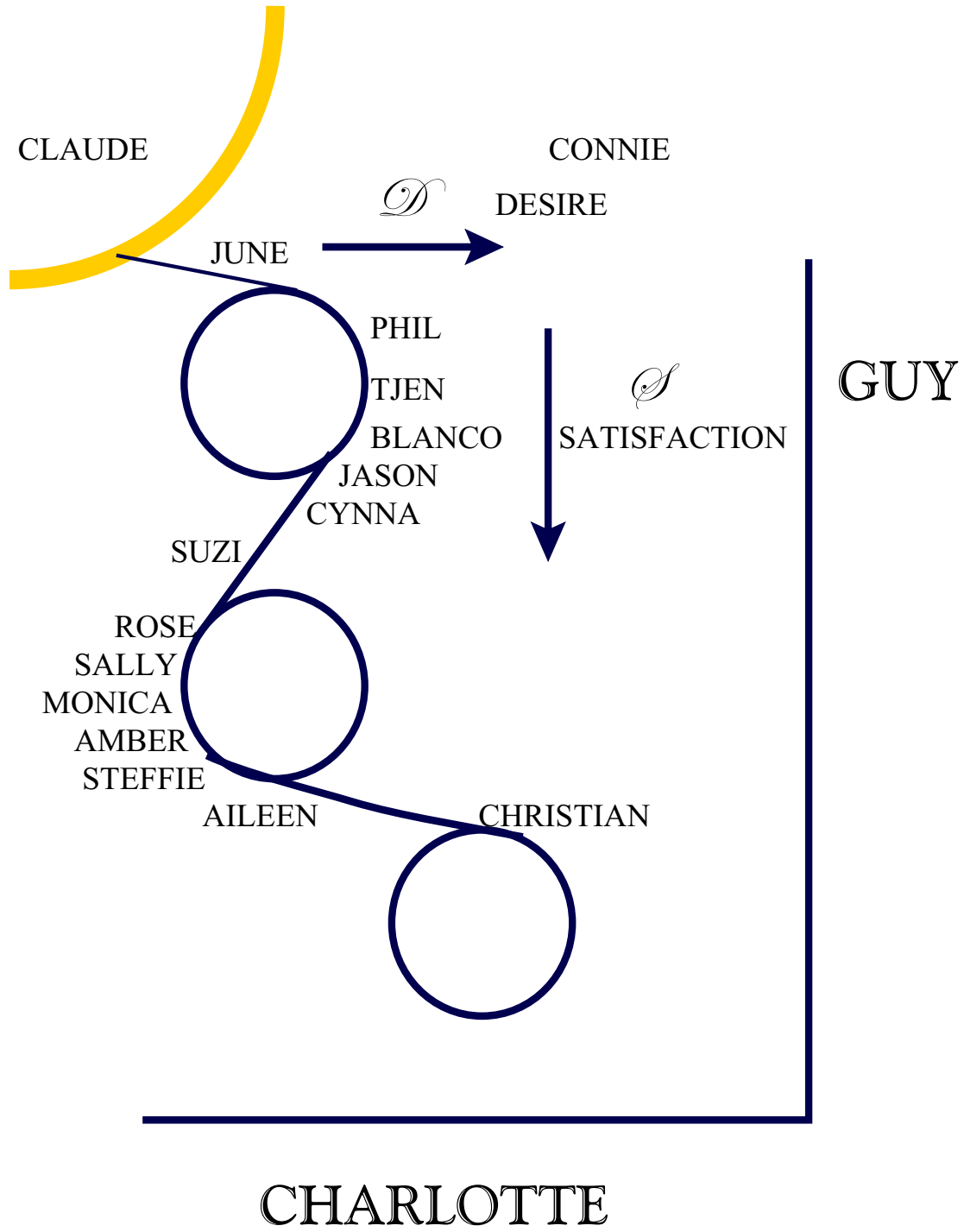


THE ENHANCED WEAVE



SATISFACTION = HELLO
 = PHONE NUMBER
 =MEETING

RAMIFIED ARGUMENT: THIS IS ALL LEADING TOWARDS SOMETHING BIGGER!

In itself the weave moves two way. It promises satisfaction, but it also permits the delay of satisfaction to engage the weave again.

–I'm never going to marry you.
 –I never wanted to get married!

–What if the weave provided a level of satisfaction that was so intense that nothing else mattered.

–Then you'd commit yourself to riding the weave.

–But that might be counter-productive.

–Then you'd seek that point where the weave was the most stimulating and concentrate on that.

–That would be the same as the desire to get find someone to marry.

–Or the opposite desire of seeking the maximum pleasure for the longest period of time.

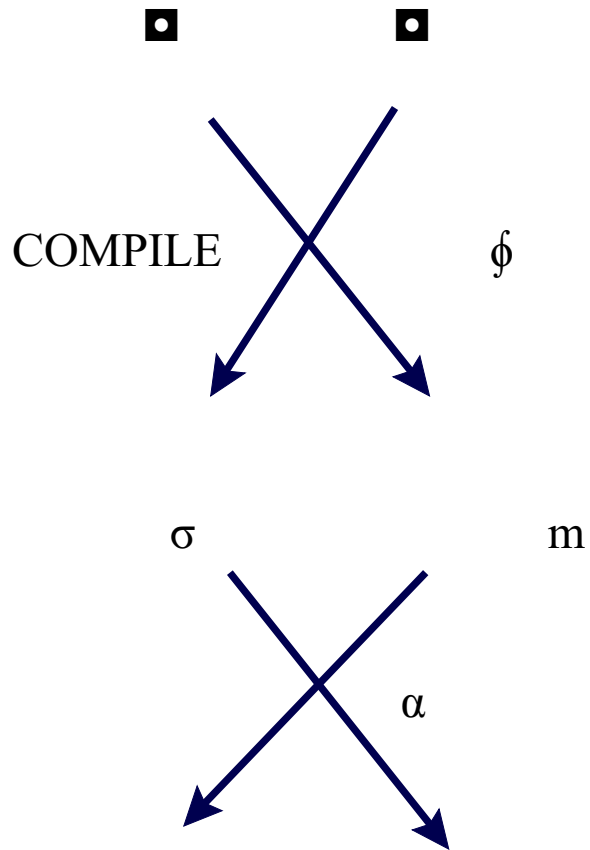
–Walking on the wild side.

The arguments against the weave seemed to move in opposite directions. One offered a model of anonymous pleasure, pleasure for its own sake. It was a variation of self-love. It fed a homo-eroticism. The other argument recognized pleasure as temporary, a glimpse of some other deeper experience. If there was such a deeper experience, how was it possible to get to the other side?

For those preoccupied with Restless, it seemed the most immediate desire was to spin the weave as fast as it would go, to connect as frequently and as intensely as possible. Counter to this, there was the need to anesthetize the self again all the ill-effects of these rides. Sort of anti-motion medicine.

–If you know that you are going to get sick, maybe it isn't a good idea to jump on the ride.

INITIALS: ■■■■



σ	ϕ
1	m

COMPILE $\phi(\alpha) = m \sigma$

1	COME HERE
	1

1	perfect match
FOR HERE	2

I	get
it	it

I want it! I get it!

PERFECT!

WORK AT IT

GET α FOR HERE!

TRIAL: I'VE GOT THE SOLUTION!

NOW I AM GOING TO APPLY IT!

GIVEN CHIPS TO PLAY: WHERE WILL YOU SPEND THEM.

THE NIGHT IS ENDING! MAKE YOUR MOVE!

DON'T BE SO CALCULATED!

LET GO!

THE WEAWE:

I AM	THE PERFECT MATCH
	GOING TO WIN HER OVER

	MEANT TO BE
MEANT!	

	WON'T LAST NEED SOME CONVINCING

SCANNING THE WEAVE

Cynna and Jason	✓
The Bimbos	✓
EL	✓
Suzi	✓
Alea	✓
Sally and Tjen	✓
Amber and Buck	✓
Monica and Clay	✓
Aileen	✓
Lamar, Victoria	✓
Steffie and Nick	✓
June and Suzi	✓
Connie	

CYNNA

–There are these stories about me that everyone thinks are true. They just aren't.

–What stories?

–About guys doing lines of coke off my stomach.

–They aren't true?

–Quit being cruel. You're teasing me in such a mean way.

Her counter-argument seemed to rest that she never used cocaine. Because the rest of the story was only fabulous exaggeration. She looked as pure as the driven snow with her blonde bob and perky smile.

–Do you think that I can be your friend after you say this shit about me?

–I wasn't sure if we were ever friends. But I have always been friendly to you.

She needed to admit to herself that there had been these parties, as there were again.

–You've been to my house. Did you see me using coke?

–I got there late. All your friends are using.

–I didn't come to you for therapy.

–But you do want me to clean up your reputation.

–If my reputation is based on false premises, I want you to do what you need to clean up the image people have of me.

–You shouldn't worry about it.

She worked to present an image of the royal couple between her and Jason. If he had offered girls drugs for sex in his past, she would hear none of it. Such stories were invented by naysayers to attack his reputation. Now it was an attack on her integrity.

–You do like to party.

–I enjoy myself. Drugs really aren't involved.

–What do the two of you do with your time.

–We practice posing in the mirror so that we'll look just right when we are standing in the parking lot of Restless.

I imagined her going down on Jason. It wasn't a pretty sight. I decided to concentrate on them at the dinner table having a candlelight meal.

–He does bring you flowers even if it's not a special day.

–He makes me feel like a rose on a sunny day.

–That is so cute.

For the time being, it looked as if Jason was not a party of the weave. He was with Cynna and was not going to get embroiled in the petty intrigues that touched Restless. Even if his friends were all the buzz about this girl or that, he had stability.

Another view held that Cynna was just the entry that he needed to get back into the game. A coke spoon and a smile were just enough to get him playing. He maintained that he had so much love to give that Cynna could not satisfy his appetite. For her part, Cynna said the same thing when he told her that he had to work nights. Everything was working out for the time being.

Jason assumed that if he entered the game that he would enter on top. He had Tex's support in all this. And Buck was also looking out for his interest as well. He had seen it all from the inside. So he assumed that he could bypass both of them. Tjen was all to haphazard in his actions. Blanco was just a mess. Finally, Phil seemed preoccupied with Gabrielle. So Jason naturally assumed that he had the pick of the litter. And he would continue on in this belief until Cynna finally caught him. From that point on, she would believe that she had been played just as clumsily as all the other girls on his list.

MORE BIMBO TALK (WE AIN'T BIMBOS!)

–You didn't just call us bimbos.

–You come here in short, short skirts. You're looking for guys to take you home for the night. Do you have a better name for yourselves?

–We like the music. We go to college. It's not like you think.

–What is that supposed to mean.

–We're not just going to go home with any guy.

–Oh, he has to be in the right fraternity.

–Whatever you say.

–OK, you sleep with a guy that you met in a bar. Then you marry him, and that makes it all right.

–First thing, we wouldn't sleep with any of the guys here. It's one thing for them to buy us drinks. But that's where it ends.

–You're small town girls who want to make it in the big city. So you come here, and you make fun of all the other girls here. But you're not any different. In fact, you're worse. You know that these are the kind of guys that you hung around in high school. And now you're trying to pretend that you're better than they are.

–I still wouldn't sleep with some guy who I met that night at Restless.

–Same difference.

They show me attention. And I like hanging around with them. I'm not really going for the bimbo argument against them. Although I have to admit that I was the one who first used the word. I really like Brenda and her friend Simone. I like to pretend. I am again a college boy hanging out at the pool. It all makes such plain sense. I am falling apart.

–Admit it, you do have a weakness for blondes.

–I admit that I have weaknesses, and I am giving in to them.

The perfume of the night overcomes me.

Could they really manage on the Restless race car circuit.

–Our cars are tuned faster.

Maybe so, but they were ready to settle down.

–I think that I always liked Simone the best. And I really hoped that she'd come back, and we could share something together. But it all just faded in time. In the course of a night. By the next weekend, I had forgotten all about it.

–Had you really forgotten.

–Not really. But I really didn't like to be reminded of my shortcomings.

–They lived in another world. And they still hadn't made the transition to intown life.

–I think that Brenda wanted more consciousness than was possible in the situation.

–That's how gossip starts. It's more a feature of philosophy than literature. Too much consciousness.

–A pre-lapsarian consciousness which itself is a contradiction.

–You have to sin to be saved.

–They weren't good sinners.

–They still believed. They would only do wrong if they thought that they could automatically be saved.

–What was sin. To sleep with a stranger.

–Or to act strange with a lover.

–Or steal from a friend.

–Good friends never do shit like that.

One wondered if the first step in the weave was accidental. Was it a short step from Brenda to Amber. Maybe Brenda's affection for gossip was due to her own sharp fall. In gossip, the characters were always way more desperate. Brenda seemed cleverly to avoid such desperation. But she also had stories that she hid from the rest of us. This only made her want to be part of it all.

Gossip came to take on a different meaning for me. It seemed as if Brenda wanted to take over the story in her own way, rewrite it as the battle of opposing forces. Those who loved the

con, and those who were the best victims.

EL

Ellie and Rafaella wanted to jump into the game
 Our chairs had been pushed up against each other. We were lost in a mass of tables, a wedding party gone awry.
 –This is how it really happened.
 Ellie whispered to me:
 –I’m going to California. But I’ll come back for you.
 (It was really Florida.)
 –What did she mean by that.
 Ellie wanted to take chances. She wanted to die for the cause. But she wanted someone else to pay for it all.
 –If I went with you, do you think that you could afford me.
 –I’m not going sleep with you.
 –If you could pay, would you?
 –I wouldn’t pay, but I might buy you a meal. Or a house. Or an island. Or a country!
 –You’ve given me exactly what I want.
 I knew if she returned that she would bear a secret for me.
 Rafaella was more explicit:
 –I have been a witness at a ceremony. I think that they know that I know. I’ll probably never come back. But if I do, it will be in a supernatural way.
 –Rafaella is going to get married when she goes back to Florida.
 –No, I’m not.
 –If you could pay for a hotel room for all of us, we could show you what we learned growing up in Florida.
 –I really am short on cash.
 –We could take you on in the bathroom if you had drugs.
 –Wrong again,
 –But you are in a band.
 –I’m entering a new dimension.
 –Five or six?
 –You know what I mean. It’s all beyond the body.
 –I need my body. I get off imagining being with guys, admitted Ellie.
 Rafaella had her own story.
 –I get you completely. I don’t think that anyone could get you as well as I do. But I am getting married in the next five years. Sooner than you will discover the ENERGY!
 –Don’t go Rafaella.
 –I have to, my life is not my own. Besides, Ellie told me that you can’t afford me.
 –In the future, we will all be free.
 –That is part of the new dimension.
 –Stop it, Rafaella. You are just getting him worked up.

- You want him for your very own.
- I already have him.
- Where were we in the weave.
- We are weaving out.
- Or in deeper.
- These girls are bimbos.
- They wear short skirts, and they have to feed their sex fix.
- She's going to do some band guy in a closet.
- Or the toilet.
- While he pukes on himself.
- It's all part of a circuit.
- Like an electrocution.
- ARE YOU ON ACID?
- It feels like it.
- Just slip this in, and slips this on!

SUZI TALKS

- That's a great dress.
- I want to kiss you. Take me to Restless.
- I want to taste you.
- We all end up at RESTLESS.
- I am seeing GOD. I need a dick inside me.
- I'm away getting a drink. It all happens so fast.
- He is in me. It feels so good. Like my favorite song. Cocteau Twins. It makes me feel as I am on top, just floating on an eternal wave.
- You just love the cock too much.
- Something like that.
- That is a great dress.
- Do you want to take it off me.
- Someone just did!
- Oh! Maybe next time. Maybe in eternity. I hope that you are writing all this down. I speak. And you are supposed to write what I say. That is the pecking order.
- I want to write inside you.
- You're doing a great job with your poetry. But I am not going to sleep with you.
- Just grab me, and then take it from there.
- I've done that already.
- I've done it twice.
- Let me go down on you.
- You don't really love me that way.
- But the Lord does. That's why he made my body this way so that it could accept holy cock and holy gysm.
- This is too perverse for words.

- It’s all about squid writing, and writing with the body.
- Let Suzi speak!
- I just met her.
- We all have. Just at that moment.
- Where did it all start?
- With this guy.
- This guy.
- This guy named Guy.
- This guy named Guy. Get it!
- This Guy named Guy gets it. I really don’t!
- It’s easy. It’s all about how it grabs you.
- I want to grab you!

It wasn’t as if she was doing all this on her own. She was following a pattern that impressed itself on her. I wanted to understand the origin of these actions.

Her description proved two incontrovertible pieces of evidence: there was a cohesive social fabric which motivated individual action, and, rather than directed by individual preference, the lines of desire moved towards a particular source. This was not to say that the participants lacked will. But the will made itself known in their maneuvers within the weave of these social entanglements. With few exceptions, the players worked to enter the game and retrieve as much information as possible to improve their positions. They seldom questioned the overall situation. They all slowly got sucked into it.

ALEA

–I guess that I’m good at getting everything and doing everything that you can’t get on your own.

So Alea established a plan for herself.

–I didn’t know that your actions were related to mine.

–They really aren’t. Things just work out that way.

Alea claimed that I didn’t actually involve myself in what was going on around me.

–You don’t take any risks. And you’re the one who isn’t free. Everyone else around you gets into the fray. They get themselves dirty. That’s the fun of it. We act so that we’re free to reap the rewards.

From the outside, I just saw this giant maelstrom twisting them around in its wake. I could tell where it was headed and just didn’t want to float along with everyone else. Alea seemed to anticipate what I was thinking.

–If you do jump in, you just want to pull the swimmers out of the pool. You think that we’re drowning when it’s really you who’s holding your breath.

–Now you think that you can read my mind.

–It’s actually pretty easy. You’re face is like an open book. You can’t hide a thing.

Was the converse true? Was Alea’s life like an open book?

–It may be open, but that doesn’t mean that you can understand it.

The more that I observes this turmoil, the less that I thought that I was part of it

- You’re right in the middle of it
- And you’re pretty well right in the middle of whatever I seem to do.
- More as angel than a real presence.
- More as a dark angel.

Alea knew that she could mow down the competition if she needed to. She was just that ruthless. So she went to work just as she needed to do! She thought that she was playing in the big game.

–The big game starts when they close the doors to Lucky’s. Only the real movers and shakers are at the table.

Claudel seemed to be vying for the top of the game. That was how Alea saw it. And that is how she was presenting it to me. So she wasn’t going to enter the same contest as everyone else. She wanted to get close to an owner, whoever that might be.

- This isn’t Vegas. No one plays for that high stakes.
- There are games going on in this town that you’ve never seen.

She hated the fact that she wanted to become part of this other tournament. She felt that her body was up for grabs. She wanted to play. But she was all about destroying herself at the same time.

- I’ll be your angel when I can, but you’ve got to know that I’ve got bigger fish to fry.
- I might as well have never believed.
- I’ll be there when I have to.

Maybe Claude had already played and lost. That was what Suzi was telling me all along.

–He learned from Guy. He always wanted to be Guy. But he never understood the rhythm He could play the notes but never in the right time. His timing was always so artificial.

If Alea was searching for other contestants, these high rollers could always pay for the right piano player when the time was right.

SALLY

She could be heard laughing from a mile away. Things were going her way tonight, and she wanted everyone to know. It wasn’t enough that she saw what was going on, she wanted the table to tip in her favor.

–I’m going to get him to do what I want tonight.

She wanted to pretend that it was permanent. She had that pose that could balance any perfect couple in a most exquisite way. But she knew what was the bottom line. And she’d be ready to cough it up when it came time to pay.

Price was no object at this moment. She wasn’t playing. No one was. What went on behind closed doors was going to stay behind closed doors. When she was good and ready, she was going to be taken on the full journey. And tomorrow, she’d be ready to confess to us all about what had happened and whether it had all been worth it. It would be!

Sally knew that she was appealing enough to lead this charge. As the apparent social director, she made the game appear much more attractive. Even if her associates were less vigorous, the overall impression was that something really exciting was going on around here.

When she was with Tjen, one might have assumed that this was how things were meant

to be. He was entirely too earnest about it all. He assumed that he had somehow made it. Off her, he was simply a placeholder, and she knew that she would have to toss him back in the sea when he became a liability.

Sally understood the dynamics of reputation better than anyone else. If used properly, it made people believe that you were invincible. You seemed able to do things that were way beyond your abilities. You could survive scandal because your appetite for pleasure was greater than the public's hunger for gossip. In fact, gossip was the just trail of reputation. The gossip could only feed on the crumbs tossed her way. Sally measured the action by being in the center of it. If they talked about her, it only opened doors that had previously remained closed to her.

–Honey, does she really cackle like that in bed?

–You don't know the half of it

And away we go!

In a moment of weakness, Tjen admitted:

–I'll go down on you if I can keel all the points that I've earned so far.

He was waiting to move up to the level of nobility. She just stared at him.

–You make me feel common. Like a cheap whore.

As long as they were together, he stayed in the public eye. And he needed the attention if he was going to play his cards for a bigger return.

–Do another line, and it will all make sense.

He took the suggestion. But she wasn't playing tonight.

–I don't remember ever playing like this.

Her friend, Monica, seemed more defensive.

–Crucial, you take us for granted. We're not just your audience. And we're not just your spectacle.

If Sally left him, Tjen questioned whether he could try to hook up with Monica. But there were other phillies waiting in the wings for their turn.

–He's so cute.

He just shook his head and walked on. He had gotten what he was after.

–Sally, he's a real dick!

Where had I heard that before.

AMBER

Her high school friend had told her about this place. But Monica hadn't even showed up. She was sitting by herself on a bench while she watched two guys stare longingly at each other.

–Is this a gay bar? she wondered to herself.

She knew the answer to her own question.

Down at the end to the bar, she watched a lone guy nurse his drink. Part of her wanted him to guide her, and the rest of her just wanted to be left alone.

She started to feel as if Monica was standing her up. Oh well, she'd make the best of things on her own.

There weren't many prospects for the night. Being a weekday night, she suspected there wouldn't be a large crowd. But the empty bar still had a special charm. When the lone guy got a

second drink, he moved closer to her in the room. Still, he was pretty far away from her, and he was still not willing to approach her. She couldn't signal him over to her. She hoped that someone else might show. It wasn't as if he didn't interest her. He just seemed in his own world.

After a sip, he slid over to sit next to her.

–You don't mind me sitting down with you.

–Go ahead. I'm getting a little bored.

–That sounds like a great introduction.

–I'm Amber.

–Buck!

She squirmed in the seat as he moved close to her.

–Are you even old enough to be in her?

She claimed to be twenty-one. But he questioned if she was eighteen.

–What do you do?

–I have a trust fund.

Maybe she worked in a spaghetti joint. But if she did, it had slipped her mind.

–So you have your own place.

–It's a block away. You want to come back to my place and make love.

Buck stared at her as if she was serious.

–What am I supposed to say to that?

–You're supposed to laugh. But I figured you didn't have much of sense of humor when I saw you sitting by yourself.

–What was I doing wrong?

–Nothing at all. You were doing nothing at all.

–I had thought about talking to you when I saw you over here. But I'm a little shy.

–You are kidding.

–Not at all.

–What brought you over here?

–A couple of drinks. I can get you one if you'd like.

–Then I'd be just as reckless as you are.

–What are you saying?

–I don't even know you, and you're already making a pass at me.

–You joked about making love to me.

–That was just a joke to help loosen you up.

–And?

–I think you've become a little too loose for me.

–Are you rejecting me?

–You just can't tell when someone is making a joke.

–I'm trying to make sense of things. But you are a little bit of a weirdo.

–So now it's you who's rejecting me!

–You are a little bit cute.

–Is that an insult or a complement?

–I guess that I have a hard time when a girl is as sober as you are.

–So all your conquests are passed out.

–Nothing of the kind. But it's nice when you've got a little something to calm you down.

–I'm not the one who's so jumpy.

With such give and take, it appeared that nothing would come of this encounter.

However, the place was empty. So they both had to make the best of things.

–Just as long as you don't feel sorry for me.

After a few more drinks, their fluency came more automatic.

–I really don't want to go home with you.

–You made the invitation.

–That was a joke.

–You can come back to my place, but we're not going to sleep together.

–You seem pretty certain for a girl who seems to be having too much fun.

–Just because you got me dancing doesn't mean that you can get me into bed. You're just my type.

He started to do the calculations. What would if he have to do to make him her type?

–Let me give you a ride back to your place.

–I'm supposed to wait for my friend.

–It's closing time.

The next morning the phone woke her up.

–Hey, it's Monica.

–What happened to you last night?

–My car broke down. And my night just became a mess. I hope that you were OK.

She looked over at the rumpled pillow with a note on it.

Had fun! I'll call you.

–I brought some guy back to my place.

–You didn't!

–Some guy named Buck.

–He didn't slip you some kind of drug.

–No, but we made love.

–You mean you had sex..

–I'd never been with a guy before.

–Yes, you were. You told me about that guy when you were in the eleventh grade.

–Not really. Not like this.

–Not with Buck.

–What do you mean?

–He's never going to call you.

–We had fun.

–I'm not giving you shit. He's no good.

–He's going to call me.

Buck really did see this as a start of something new. But not with Amber. He would try to work his way up, try to better his lot with more devious seductions in the future. It would always be the same. She would wake up to what he truly was. For Amber it was a little different. She continued to believe that he really cared for her. Maybe he did. Maybe he came

back another night.

In his group, Buck hung around the lower rung of the pecking order. He kept thinking that he could push his way to the top. It was more like things trickled down his way. And he learned to accept his blessings. Under other circumstances, Amber might have seen through his game. Or she may have been tricked by Blanco or Tjen. She had that warm vivacity that lit up late nights. And when body slid into body, she offered that hope.

–I was never that easy.

–I didn't say that. I was trying to suggest that you were always gracious.

–A little too gracious.

If you looked at things from the outside, maybe it all looked so easy. You really did believe that it was just a spinning wheel dealing fate to the players. In theory, it seemed that you could just move up the scale from Amber to Monica to Sally. In fact, protecting one's reputation was more critical than maintaining any pecking order. It was more likely that you tried to play high in the first place. In practice, you could take your success from one hive and apply it to another. And this was the more detrimental affect from the overall game. Phil and Tjen could raid the teen clubs and play the same game there. They would appear much more advanced in this environment.

In a more systematic view, the various situations had a common thread. In tandem, it really did appear as if the participants traveled the logical sequence. Each one played the whole circuit like interchanging dance partners. Phil played low within the Vagrancy Contingent. When he applied himself to the Weekday Group, he played much higher. He won over his queen.

–We're going on a real date.

–Doesn't that just keep up all the traditional pretense that you were trying to escape.

That's why you became an artist in the first place.

–But I don't want to be hung out to dry in front of everybody. I want a guy who cares from me.

Phil told everyone.

–Gabrielle and I are on a date.

–That's old-fashioned.

–That's what she said. I just wanted to give her the respect that she deserved.

He was so good at fitting it all into a neat category. For the time being, it all made sense to Gabrielle.

At first, Gabrielle wanted to reject the game that went along with dating. It was like a hunter shooting ducks in season. She wanted to stay in the wild. She didn't want a man to think that he owned her.

–Guys will take advantage of the situation either way. I wanted someone looking out for me.

–You're still an idealist.

Buck and Amber's quick encounter seemed like a contrast to Gabrielle's date. There was an assumption that Gabrielle and Phil were doing something for the ages. This may have been part of his neat package tied up with string, but the loose ends made her the artist that she was. She ended up fitting into the weave just as well as Amber.

- I guess if I was more down on my luck, I'd have acted just like Buck. But that just seems too easy for me.
- I don't think that Gabrielle would have considered Buck for a moment. He's always been a joke to her.
- Maybe she's too snooty.
- Maybe she doesn't sell herself short like Amber did.
- All were talking about is some wrestling in the night, a few squawks, and a few sighs, then a grunt or two.
- That really sounds cynical.
- You're just like that. Only you try not to admit it when it applies to you.

MONICA

- When a girl gets to be old enough, she ends up abandoning the happily-ever-after of fairy tales.
 - Maybe she abandons the dream, but her unconscious doesn't.
 - What are you saying?
 - She still drifts towards a fairy tale resolution even if she can't help it.
 - If you've got things right, then Restless is one big fairy tale.
 - You could say that!
 - That seems ridiculous.
 - Not at all. That's what gets things going from night to night.
- Monica's argument for the fairy-tale unconscious is rooted in the notion of wish-fulfillment. Restless in nothing more than this adult playground.
- Sally was a little too giddy to contradict Monica's point of view. If this was a fairy-tale, then heart-ache should not be part of the equation.
- If you really want a happily-ever-after, you need the courage to make it happen.
- Sally's advice seemed a little too practical for Monica.
- The fairy-tale just happens on its own. You can't force it.
- Sally joked.
- Does that mean that I'm your fairy godmother?
 - Sometimes you just have to have a little fun.

What starts out as a little fun often turns into a great deal more. And Monica was not one to dabble in the dark arts. She just had to figure out where to get started.

She had started in the game a lot earlier than she realized. If she couldn't get a prince in this castle, then she was willing to travel to the kingdom of the bachelor king. For the time being, she was content with kissing a few more frogs.

Clay was as good a candidate for royalty as you were going to run into in this circle. Everyone said that he had a trust fund. He was drifting around as if he really was the black sheep of his privileged family. That made him aristocracy.

Desperation often leads to accommodation. And Clay seemed a pretty good distraction for Monica. He looked quite fashionable under the low lights of Lucky's.

Most of her friends had already gone home. She figured that she could sneak out without

anyone noticing. It's just that Clay's exit seemed to coincide with her leaving.

–It's not like we're going home together.

By this time, Amber's faux-pas had faded into oblivion so she was again the most qualified to comment on Monica's own indiscretion. But the comment could have just as well as been uttered by Brenda.

–Clay and Monica shacked up.

–I guess a girl has needs.

I tried to imagine what actually transpired between them. Did she just lie there in a moment of emotional paralysis? Or maybe they both pretended that things were going on so well between them that they both melted in those caramel kisses.

Amber's tone had clearly been disparaging. It emphasized the key element of gossip, the belief that the storyteller could acquire a level of objectivity that was deprived from the players.

If Monica was involved in her own story, she somehow wanted the last word. How could she twist the situation to allow that to happen.

–You really did take advantage of me?

–What are you talking about?

–You knew that I hadn't been with guy in a while.

–I thought that was by choice not by chance.

–It was. I just didn't want to get caught up in this whole silly game. I'd have to get a lot more fucked up to toss it off as a mistake.

–Just tell yourself that you were zoned out. It will give you an excuse. Isn't that what you want? You just want to be like the rest of us. You just need an excuse.

She remembered a kiss, and it seemed to quiet her down. It wasn't a kiss from the other night. It wasn't even a kiss from her past. It was something that might have been if her life had have taken the path of a fairy tale. But here was what happened, and it was anything but pleasant. She needed to rewrite this story so that it had more of a purpose. Until then, this other Monica would drift in the dark hoping for that perfect connection.

In some circles this would be equivalent to admitting that my lady had just slept with the butler

AILEEN

More than Madonna, Aileen claimed the direct legacy of Marilyn Monroe. And when she performed a perfect rendition of "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" upstairs at Lucky's, she called herself Marilyn and her friend Monroe. Monroe had his own aspirations for the stage so he let the name stick. Aileen craved an audience in a way that no one else at Lucky's did. After all it was one thing to be noticed and desired, even talked about. But few others wanted that glaring stare of celebrity. If Aileen had fans, they must have huddled together in the shadows. And when she needed a full dance floor, it was there for her to grace with her presence.

Aileen was the supreme testament to what a little song and dance training could accomplish in the suburban incubators of America. Once she flared upon the Atlanta scene, she hoped that would only be the first in a long line of triumphs.

Monroe had seen me perform, and he wanted me to come see him for his upcoming show. He introduced me to Aileen.

–I’ve seen you. I like your stuff.

I really doubt that she had seen the show. But I welcomed her flattery. When I saw her in subsequent weeks, she seemed to add other songs to her repertoire. This was more than performance. This was all about belief. She lived in one of her movies.

–If this was real life, I guess that I’d need to get plugged now and then. But it’s all just a role.

So I can survive on my art.

At times, her nature seemed rooted in the suburban heartache of late weekend nights. But in other moments, she seemed too sophisticated for the gossip-ridden club scene.

–Look at me. Do I look any different than any of these other girls?

–Indeed, you do. But aren’t you married to someone?

–Don’t be silly!

I couldn’t imagine her with any of the denizens of Restless.

–On the other hand, I wouldn’t mind a roll in the hay with one of my husband’s best friends.

–So you are married?

–Not at all. But if I was, it would be some anonymous guy who wished that he could keep up with one of these dime-store Romeos.

Aileen would have complained that we were making short shrift of her story. And there was a lot more to tell. Unfortunately, it all seemed to support the import of the gossip circle. Granted, she would have adorned any local tabloid. However, up to this moment, she had avoided the taint of scandal.

If she had immersed herself in the menagerie, she might have floated a new era for club-life. Even in shining moment, she would have been equally submerged in the morass as everyone else. That was what it was all about anyway. All the glitter of the night rested firmly on the skill of these temporary sweethearts to dodge the bullets with their names on them.

Her associates in their protected neighborhoods were just as driven as the angels of the night. Aileen was trying to negotiate the space between the two worlds.

–You’re just too glamorous for this place.

And the complement was a clear understatement. It gave her the power to slink back to the safety of the suburbs while the rest of languished in the hellish warmth of our depraved appetites.

–Do you know her?

–Of course I do. She’s a friend of Monroe’s

Enough said. And we all went about our business.

Maybe Aileen had a real magic which could overcome all the traps of Restless. But I hardly counted on her good fortune in this matter. I simply assumed that she survived by being apart from this world.

–I want you to introduce us, he told me.

When I turned to talk to him, he was gone.

LAMAR , VICTORIA

During the week the back patio served as a coming out ceremony for new visitors to Restless. Such vetting insured that the newcomers would not do anything out of the ordinary during the pressured-packed weekends.

Lamar, Victoria, and a few other ne'er-do-wells had drifted in from North Carolina. They brought a more experimental character to the place. Victoria had serious plans for her future.

She took a peek inside.

–I could dance a whole lot better than RIP. I can sing too.

Before any of us knew, she was already playing shows. One day she invited me to come see her play at The Wit in Buckhead.

–I'd love to come to see you. But I have to work.

I promised to come to see her show at Lucky's.

–Victoria told me that you're going to come to see her play. She was good at The Wit.

–I wish that I had seen her. She performs by herself.

–She spends a lot of time getting her music ready.

Lamar and I took to each other. At first, I thought that he was only a fluff. But the more that we talked, the more that I felt an affinity between us. He told me funny stories about his work.

–The patients just play dead. I touch them, and then they come to life as if they have been resurrected.

–I guess they think that you are Lazarus.

–More like Christ!

We'd see each other on nights when there were few other people at Restless. We'd make fun of all the kids who lived and died by the latest trends.

–We're not like them at all. We have nothing in our lives. We're just bland.

–That's it. We're the Blands.

From that moment on, we had our own salute. Just a hand held up straight with the fingers apart.

–Crucial, that is a good story. But Lamar had his own vision. You pretend that he was just an appendage to your adventure in the night.

–Lamar was a weird character. I think that I thought his treatment of his patients was sort of cute. But it was really abusive.

–Maybe you're going a little far with that assessment.

–Maybe I don't want to think about any of it. It was just a little weird for me.

I was a little intimidated by Victoria. I needed a whole band to make it happen. And she was just using a tape to make it happen.

When she started to sing, she seemed very energetic. There was a charm to it all. But the songs didn't seem to go anywhere.

–You were very good, I told her after the show.

Everyone else seemed even more excited by it all. Her gentle voice seemed to make up for the flaws in the music.

There was a clarity to her music that contrasted with most bands. In a dance club setting,

this added to her appeal. She was catching on with the audience that I wanted to affect. I needed to learn from her performance.

Monroe had been more active in his study. And when he performed a month later, he had clearly learned from Victoria.

When I left Lucky's after Monroe's show, Christian stopped me by the door.

–You know that girl.

–What girl?

–The one with Monroe.

–You mean Aileen.

–She is beautiful.

SUZI AND JUNE

Tommy found the house on North Avenue a veritable paradise.

–Louis brings these girls to the house. And I get to know them. When he moves on to some new entertainment, he leaves the strays for me.

–I thought that you used to be more ambitious.

–I was. Maybe, I'll have to move to another place before I discover my independence.

It wasn't clear if his move actually made space for June. Maybe they were all living under one roof at that time. But June took the opportunity to try to take over where everyone else left off. As well, he ended up directing the theater at Lucky's. He hoped that the girls would consider him just as much a romantic figure as Emmanuel.

I remember being invited to the house once. I think that Emmanuel and I might have considered doing music together. But things would change. Over time, this became June's place. And he sought to overshadow both Louis and Emmanuel.

Suzi believed in June's new found fame. If she wasn't going to get any closer to Emmanuel, she might as well take June. Of course, June was a very pale facsimile of Louis and Emmanuel. He had none of their charm. But he was chock full of earnestness. He seemed the perfect representative of the new underground.

Anyone who attracted Suzi's affection seemed to be the new voice of the generation. She tried to convince me of that fact. June could hardly be the savior that Suzi advertised. Besides, we knew that in his heart of hearts, he would only allow one true savior. And even if he coveted such divine providence, he was afraid to admit that he was envious of his Lord!

June offered his own version of events. He had studied film at State. He knew more about film than Emmanuel. And he was also a better musician.

–I guess that's a good reason for girls to notice you.

–Suzi is a placeholder. She's cute. Other guys notice her. But I'm ready to move on to someone bigger and brighter. A celebrity.

–How about Victoria?

–She has a female lover.

June was going to keep his eyes open.

Suzi tried to convince me that June would be with her for a long time.

–Sometimes we even talk about our children.

Years later, she would cling to this same belief as he prepared for his wedding.

It was amazing how well he masqueraded as a cultural guru. Maybe it was his religious training that had held him in such good stead.

–You should have become a minister.

–It’s still an option.

–Or you could combine music and video and start your own religion.

That’s where belief started for Suzi. She was his best audience. But he really didn’t want an audience. He was hiding behind the public persona. It only took Suzi a little while to recognize that there was nothing behind the mask. But she refused to relinquish her belief.

–Even if he leaves me, he’ll come back.

I saw Nash out one night. He told me that Suzi had first come to live with them when she was only thirteen. She had already lived a while time in the Cobb County suburbs. Her angelic front fooled everyone. But she really hoped that her holy man could lead her to the promised land.

STEFFIE

As the circle started to expand, it seemed a little more adventuresome and a little less mainstream. Steffie showed up at Restless after a crazy night at Lucky’s.

–I’ve always like the Butthole Surfers.

At least, we didn’t have another Depeche Mode fan in our midst.

Nick was at the other end of our table. He kept staring at Steffie. She pretended not to notice.

The next weekend she commented on the last week.

–Are you all going to Restless when it closes here.

–Of course, you think that we’re going to go home.

She smiled. Maybe she would resist the pull of the weave.

–That guy Rick was giving me the eye. Who the fuck does he think he is? The motorcycle wannabe.

–His name is Nick.

–Yeah, I know.

–In North Carolina, we’ve got real bikers. Not shit-ass fakes like that. Does he ever take the leather off.

–He might if you invite him back to your place.

–I don’t like him in that way.

–Sure you don’t.

By the end of the night, the two of them were sitting across from each other at Restless.

–What can I get you to drink, honey?

When I walked by I thought that I’d tease her:

–Stiffy for Steffie.

–You are a dick.

–You were the one who told me that Clay and Monica shacked up.

I was now sure that those were her words. She didn’t mind gossiping, but she didn’t want

to be gossiped about.

–You’ll have your chance if your patient.

–How patient do I have to be?

–I don’t know. I could get around to you in a year or so. But by that time, we’ll be such good friends that I know it would never work. And I don’t see being in Georgia much past that.

–Should I have asked you sooner?

–You know that it never works that way. Those weenie boys ask at Lucky’s. We all turn them down, and then we show up here and hook up for the night.

–Only we usually get so wasted that there are no hook ups here.

–You don’t even drink.

–I’m just trying to keep up.

–You are getting scarier everyday, Mr. Crucial.

–I thought you might be different.

–I am. I’m not some prude like around here. I admit that like sex. Does that turn you on?

–What am I supposed to do about it?

–Go home and think about me and stay as frustrated as you always have been.

As the world turns...

CONNIE

I needed to admit that I knew nothing about what went on in the secret vaults of Lucky’s. Even if June was rising, Emmanuel and Louis has not abandoned their position. And they made some magic late at night.

Connie had worked as the coat check person downstairs. Now she was the upstairs hostess. She made sure that everything was going on well in the private rooms.

–We need a waiter in room 3.

She looked classier than ever. Someone told me that was with one of the guys at the salon. I still thought that she was experimenting with her feminine side. For all her charm, I sincerely doubted that Emmanuel had not dabbled in trying to affect her with his own enchanting manners. I doubt whether she could have resisted. I had seen him work the theater. And even if he had moved on, his imprint was unmistakable.

–It’s not as if I’m a vampire.

–But you took the bite.

It all seemed like a clever style to cover a preference for shady encounters.

She was offended.

–I may work here, but I have manners.

AS the nights seemed to go on forever and the heat got more and more intense, I wondered if I was condemned to watch her without any hope of her touch. I was becoming more and more taken by her gentle gaze.

–We are getting ahead of ourselves. You will never be able to go back in time.

In my dreams, I could feel the vampire bite. Would that be enough to satisfy me?

–*For sake of argument, what if we tossed out everything that you had written up to this*

point and just started the story right her. It would be Connie's story.

–There's just not enough story to tell.

–But she had just as much creativity as Thea.

–But things have changed so much up to this point.

With her midriff-revealing designer fashions, and her extensions she left herself open to parody. Brandon even made a t-shirt that mocked her penchant for the outré. But there was a basic appeal to her daring. I wanted to play along with Brandon's cynicism. At the same time, I couldn't help get carried up in her adorable style.

–You've been watching too many Thompson Twins videos.

–I admit it.

I just loved to see her twirl around on the dance floor.

–Aren't you working?

With her gang, there was another code working. They worked too push their way into the gaps that were left by the decaying Imperial Set. But there was hardly anything to distinguish them.

If they attached themselves to the Weekday Group, they would get overwhelmed by the mischief. They all wanted to control the festivities for themselves. So it was a private party.

It seemed as if she was waiting for someone to say something to make a request.

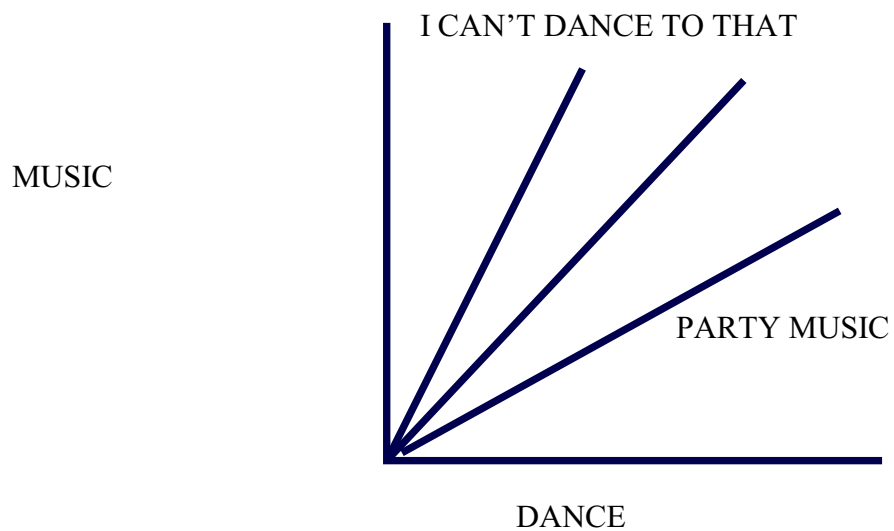
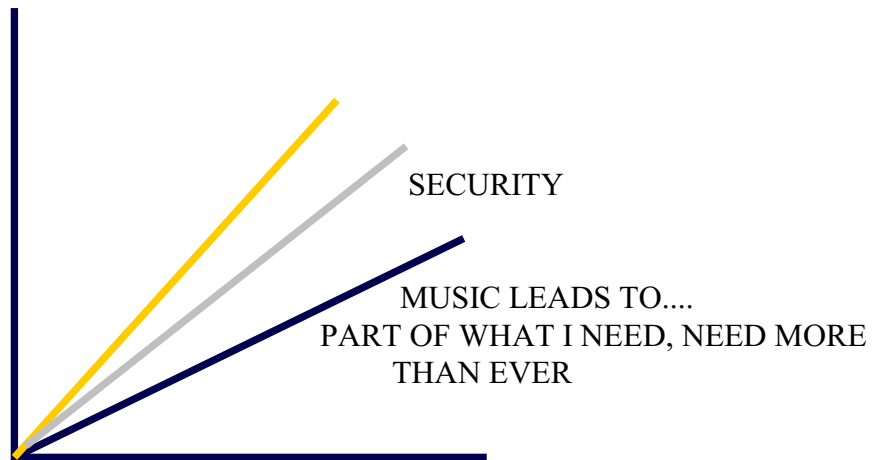
Whatever life existed outside of this place became more remote in these desperate moments. But she would slink back to her appointed station and shut down all speculation.

Hadn't my fascination with Thea started this way. I am sure that they may have been friends. In fact, they may have even been lovers. But all that was long gone. There were darker motives turning in this place. Even Connie could not control those forces!

THE STORY WOULD TELL ME WHO

Somewhere there was a novel to be written that incorporated Cynna's view from the top. It would capture Brenda's desire to get close to the heat of the action. It would include Amber's hope to shine in this new circle of bright lights. Even Monica believed that she was lucky enough to throw her story into the lot. If there was such a tale to tell, Anthea hoped that she could write it. But she would use other characters with a different end. On the other hand, such modest means were hardly adequate for her. So she was off on another tangent.

Unfortunately, Alea seemed to be squandering all her narrative distance in her own adventure. In such a moral environment a personal confession would hardly be adequate to depict all the nuances of conspiracy. She would have to be satisfied with being as outrageous as possible, and just turning up at the wrong moment to do the right thing. Her literature needed to be lived and not just written about.



THE BODY TWISTS ITSELF TO RESPOND TO THE JERKY BEATS AND QUIRKY NOISE!

NOSTALGIA

–I hear the song, and it reminds of songs that I have heard in the past! It makes me excited.

–I can only know you if I've already known you. So that I feel that it's almost like fate.

It's more than you completing my sentences. We have the same well of memory that we share.

–Like culture.

–Or uncultured. You'll never be able to figure it out.

Only if I could understand, could I remain here!

–You can't get upset about this; everyone wants to be with everyone else.

Frustration is an accepted part of your life

Since you find no satisfaction so deep in the night, maybe frustration is your goal. Just take it further: embrace the pain.

HOUSE FOR IDENTITY SWITCH

Dana and Arlette both came out of the bedroom together. Cheryl stared at them in hope that they would confess to her.

–What was going on?

–It's obvious what was going on.

–But you're both girls.

–Obviously.

Cheryl felt excluded from something. No matter how hard she tried, she could never play this game.

–This place is weird.

–Very weird. That's what we like about it. Whatever we feel, we just do. No pretense.

–But don't you feel guilty.

–Why should I?. It's so much fun.

–I bet your parents taught you sex was bad.

–They weren't that stupid. They just said something about caring.

–We care for each other. However, we just can't pretend that we any of this is going to last forever. If you want to visit me tomorrow night, I'm cool with that.

–I'm not that easy.

–None of us are.

Cheryl felt this immense pressure to join along. She was a little curious. She knew that sounded so cliché. Part of her wanted to let go completely. But she knew that if she did, she could never come back to being herself.

Things really got all turned around when Dana was with Bobby. She had thought that Bobby had a crush on her.

–I do Cheryl. You're just so uptight. You need to have some fun with Dana. She can get you ready.

A couple of nights later, she saw Bobby come out of a guy's room naked. She actually got sick to her stomach. The next day, Dana tried to make things clear.

–None of the guys who live here really like girls. You can do things with them as if you're one of the guys. I was just like you. I thought this guy Colin was into me. But he was using me to get close to some newcomer guy. After a while, the girls just give up. They take what they can from each other. From the other guys.

–I'm going to go crazy if I stay here.

She felt some relief that the university health service was just a few blocks away.

–And there's the pharmacy on the corner.

Was the year slipping by so fast for her. She was supposed to be doing school work. She could hardly concentrate on anything.

HER NIGHT

–Does this mean something special?

–It's supposed to. We can go pick out a house together tomorrow.

–Why are you such a dick?

–Life isn't going to change if you sleep with me. I wish that it could. I'm just not that good. We can just have some fun.

–I'm not like that.

–But you're so attractive. You can't let it go to waste.

–It's not as if I'm a cab with the meter running.

–When you're old, no one will want you.

–I never want to be wanted in that way. You are gruesome. Like a monster. Like a vampire.

–I've been called that before. Take some of this. It'll help you relax. After we fuck for hours, you'll change your mind about all of this.

–Don't you want to know my name.

–I know it. I just don't want to say it. Our bodies have secret names. I want to discover them.

–Say my name!

–Have you forgotten it?

–Just say my name!

–Quit being so violent. If you don't stop, I am just going to leave.

HIS NIGHT

–What was the name of the girl that was with you last night?

–I forgot it already. She was so stubborn about me remembering. She must think I'm crazy if I'm going to make an effort at that moment. I was out of my head. She knew who I was. She understood what she was getting. She looked great naked. I couldn't stop. And she went along. What more do you want?

–She wants a name!

–Give her a name with a letter.

–A or E or I or something!

- What?
- She thinks that she's a celebrity. That I'll remember.
- Was it memorable?
- It was great! But it wasn't memorable.

YOU LOOK LIKE A MOVIE STAR!
MAKE PEOPLE TREAT YOU LIKE THAT!

- I have to work to look the way that I do.

ARE YOU EVEN WORKING?

- I could work here!

I NEED A PLAN!

- Things are happening for me!

- I really believe it!

PARADISE

I don't want to leave the house.

MIRROR, MIRROR, OFF THE WALL, WHO'S THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL?

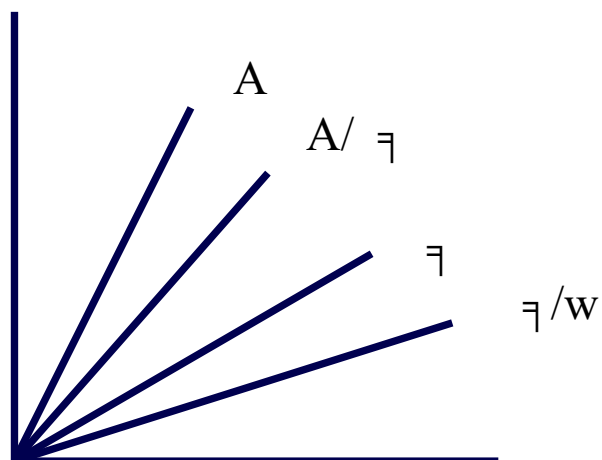
YOU!

- Can I run my fingers through your hair.
- Sure thing.
- I want more than a sure thing.
- That's why you need new clothes.
- I don't have the money.
- Use credit!
- I don't have credit.
- STEAL SOMEONE'S IDENTITY!

MIRROR, MIRROR, OFF THE WALL, WHO AM I TO TAKE IT ALL?
TAKE IT WHILE YOU CAN!

- Close your eyes and kiss me.
- I learned how to do this in college.
- You didn't learn very well. You just learned to be frustrated.
- It's a lot better than that!

EMERGENCE OF ARGUMENT IN NIGHTTIME SETTING



THE BODY



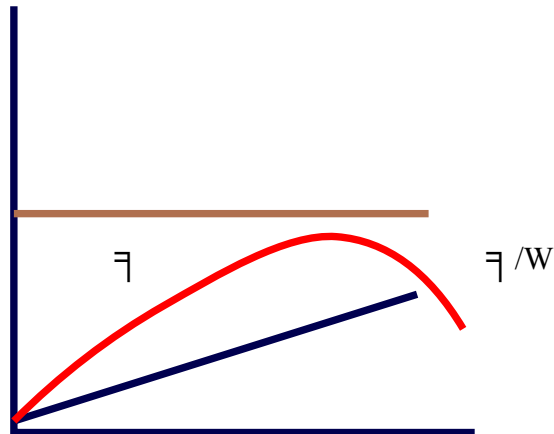
HEART RATE



THE MACHINE



MUSIC



THE INABILITY OF A POPULAR MUSIC TO PROVIDE A COUNTER TO WORK!

- Why do you come here?
- To try to forget.
- Does it work?
- For now.

If I can just get some kind of rewards for my efforts, then it is all worth it.

- I've been watching you! I love the way that you move.
- Where do you work?
- I'm a detective. I get paid to watch people like you.

- They'd pay you to look beautiful.
 - I don't look that great.
 - They could pay you to make others look just as good as you do.
- PRINCESS PERFORMANCES*

Anthea discovered her desired comfort level.

I have decided to document my sexual experience. I realized that my emotional life is more of a part of my intellectual development than I realized. Sure I love to write, but it's more of a preparation than anything else. I now realize what is really n. It is all about these explosive moments of stimulation, it is all about the body.

It's not as if I'm trying to document my physical exploits even though there is an experimental nature to my sexuality. I admit to that. I love to get turned on. I love the pursuit. I love the gratification. If I could find a guy who could keep up with me, I could stay with him. I think that there is very much this give and take in a relationship. That is what it is all about. Keeping the body running at the same level. Pumping all that energy into the machine.

I don't mean for it to sound mechanical. If a guy really cares for me, he is willing to give all of himself. It's that simple.

It's not as if I am trolling for guys every night.

**I COULD GO DOWN THIS LIST AND JUST DO WHAT IS NEEDED.
CHECKING ALL THE BODY REQUISITE BODY PARTS.**

Phil	P	DONE
Blanco	P	DONE
Tjen	P	DONE
Tex	P	DONE
Jason	P	DONE
Clay	P	DONE
Claude	P	DONE
Monroe	P	DONE
June	P	DONE
Nick	P	DONE

ALL IN FANTASY!

CHECKED OFF LIKE JAY WOULD DO!

HE THROTTLED ME!

I CAN'T STOP MYSELF, AND I CAN'T BE STOPPED!

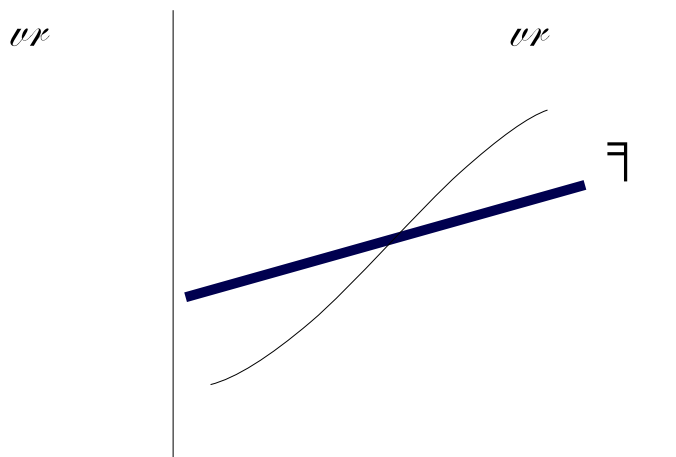
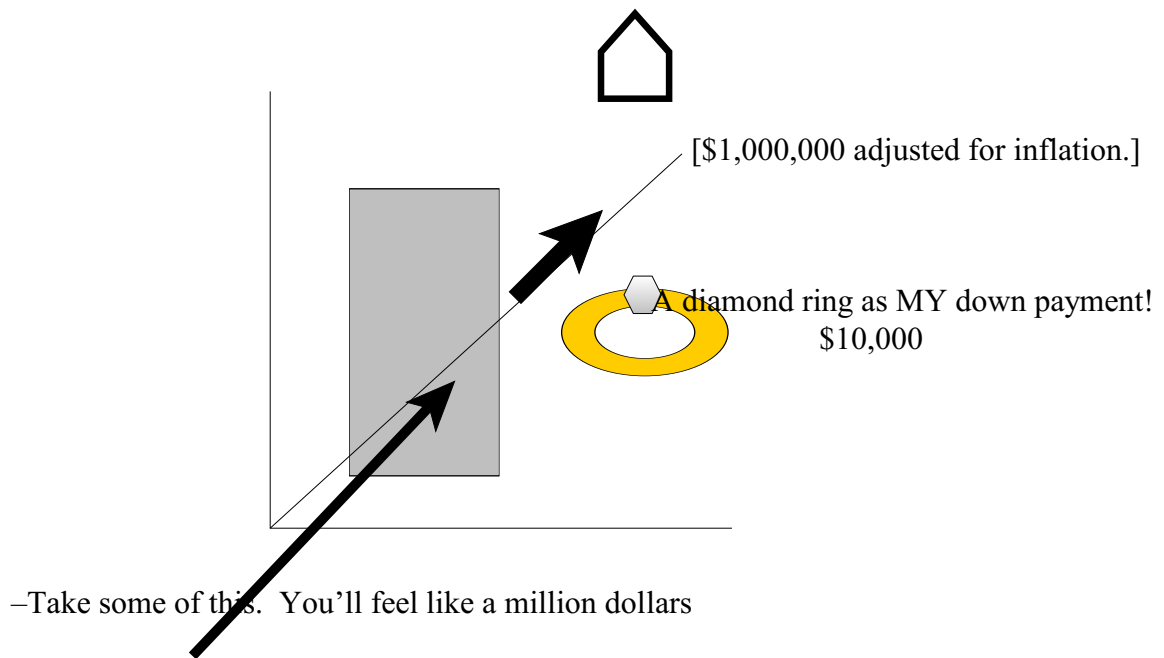
I NEVER HATE MYSELF IN THE MORNING. I TAKE A SHOWER , AND I'M CLEAN. I PUT ON MY SUNGLASSES AND AM READY FOR THE DAY!

HOW DO YOU SURVIVE?

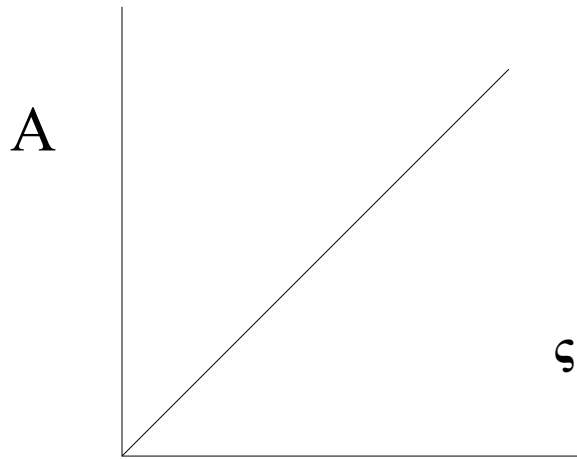
I SELL DIGNITY TO LONELY MEN!

When I look at myself in a mirror, I see a house in the background.

A \$100,000 house!

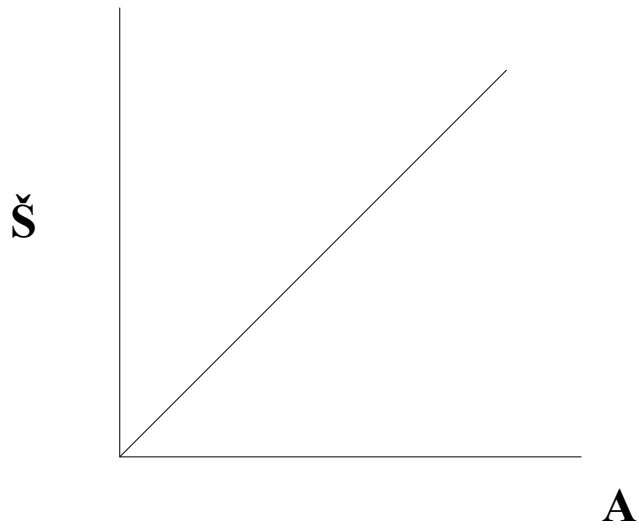


Reaching a level of total mental composure, my thoughts develop simultaneously with my physical exertion.

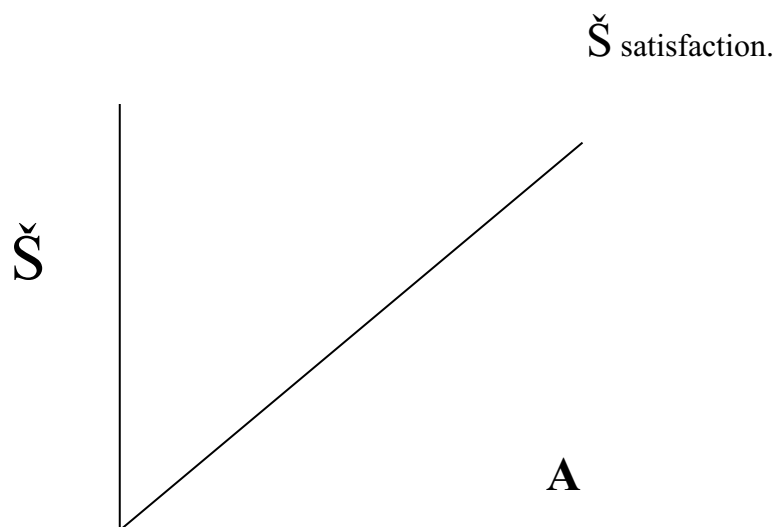


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THE ARGUMENT CREATES ITS OWN SATISFACTION.



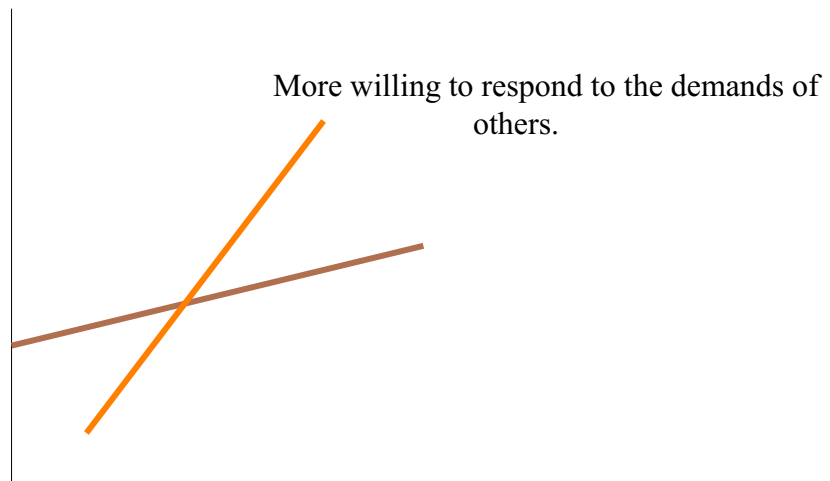
Each observed step provides further physical satisfaction.



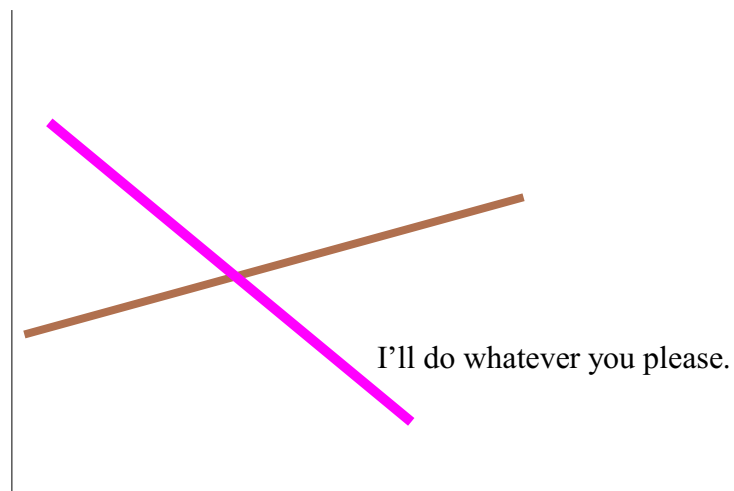
$$f(A) = \check{S}$$

EA emerges to provoke my desire. I can hardly keep up.





THIS IS OF COURSE THE NIGHTMARE, THAT THE *SUPPLIER* WILL SIMPLY CATER TO THE WHIMS OF THE USER, THE RESERVE SUPPLY WILL JUST BLEED OUT!



DOMINANCE AND SUBMISSION

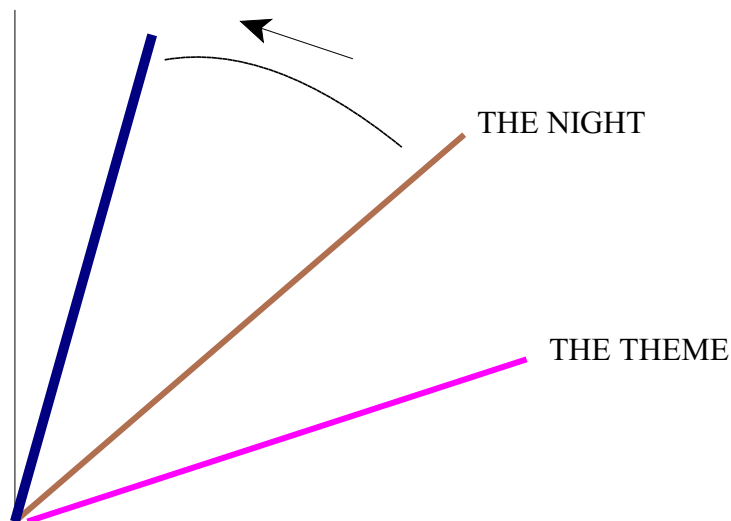
- What do you tell yourself before you do a line?
- I'm not doing lines.
- Do you want a free pass out of your life? You can't give yourself a free pass anymore than you can give a free pass to someone else. There's no magic bullet, you just have to live things as they come along.

TRISTANA

- She is a character who lives on her own tragedy.
- If she doesn't have enough tragedy of her own, does she seek the tragedy of others.
- Is that what TV is all about?

LINK	<p>prepare the THEME OF THE NIGHT</p> <p>We have a machine that can create the story simply based on the theme.</p> <p>We need to develop a computer program to describe the night!</p>
PERRY	<p>For the events of the night, we need a saying that describes it best, an EPIGRAPH!</p>
GUY	<p>Behind the story told, there is a story untold that links together all the details. It provides the motivation.</p>

THE EPIGRAPH



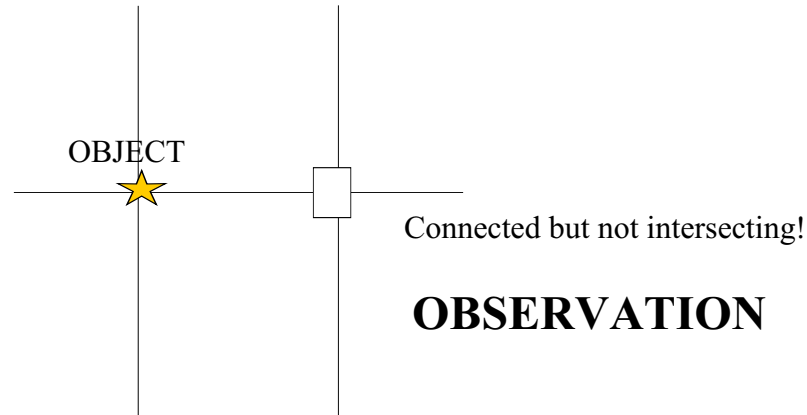
There appears to be a tension between the desire to resolve the night in an epigraph and the desire to set things off with a more developed theme.

TIME: POINT OUTSIDE OF SELF!

SPACE: TIME OUTSIDE OF TIME!

Space is actually a temporal moment that turns back towards time while resisting its flow.

SPACE



The observed object could intersect with the observing object. This is the narrative.

MAN TO MAN

MAN TO WOMAN

–You’re so beautiful. Your immortal soul must be even more beautiful All we have to do is fuck forever, and we can attain the immortal soul. Swallow this. You will be mine for hours.

–Are you a vampire?

–No, I’m a scientist. A scientist of love!

–You are so smooth. I never felt my penis go inside you.

–It didn’t. You never penetrated me. You never broke the surface. This is all imagination.

BREAKING THE SURFACE!

You cannot break my surface.

–I feel aroused. Did you touch me?

–Imagination.

–It feels so good. I want some more.

–This is so good that I want you to kill me!

–I can’t do that.

–Then share your disease with me.

[–She never said that. That was part of Guy’s imagination.

–No, it was Jay.]

[ɸ][ʒ][P][ve] → SINGULAR INFLUENCE

↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

[ɸ] HER STORY

[ʒ] STORY OF THE NIGHT

[P] MY DESIRE

[ve] IMAGE FOR CONCENTRATION

ɸ / w	WHY DO YOU COME HERE?
ɸ	THIS IS MY LIFE!
w/ɸ	THIS CAN'T BE YOUR LIFE.
ɸ / A	THIS IS A PHASE!
ɸ / Γ	I'M WORTH BETTER THAN THIS!
Γ	I'M NOT STARING AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR!
A	I'M HAVING FUN!

**SINCE HE IS DEPRIVED BY HIS
INCARCERATION, HE CREATES IT IN
HIS MIND!**

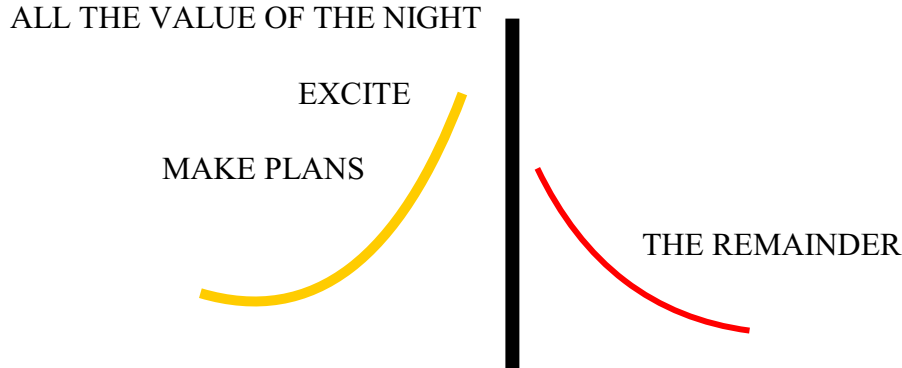
IT: enough to escape imprisonment

IT: enough to convince a willing participant

CONCENTRATE ON THE IMAGE UNTIL YOU ARE INVOLVED IN HER STORY!

–I've done this so many times. It's like turning on the TV inside my head. I just close my eyes, and I start to concentrate. All these visions flow into me.

THIS IS HOW THE STORY STARTS



T-test

CAN SHE SURVIVE THE T-TEST?

She becomes a character of the story.

–At this point, she can get anything that she wants.

LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR HAIR!

H: She has celebrity. She has stardom!

You've got something basic to work with!

–You look great. You've got something to work with!

–I just have to learn how to make it work for others.

–It is working for me.

–I can get you a job in a salon. Shampoo and reception. General clean up. Then you can study how to do hair. Get your own license. And we'll hire you. You can get clients. Maybe go on your own someday.

–I would like that.

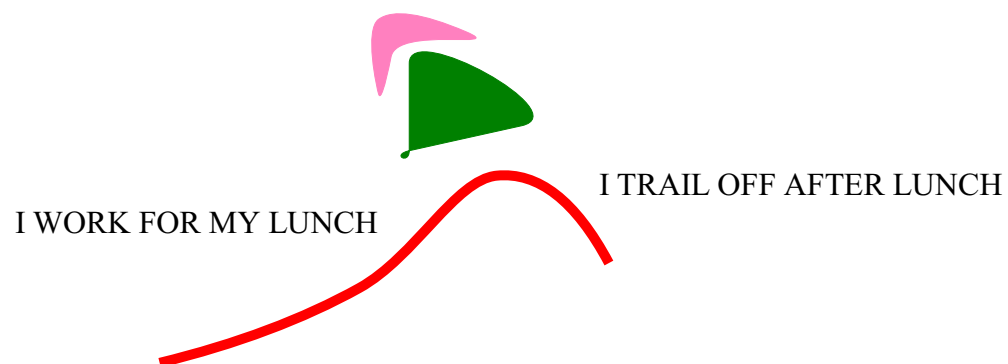
–No one is going to be as friendly. No one is going to be as nice again.

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GO BACK UNTIL YOU GET YOUR CHANCE AGAIN!

–I've got a date tonight. I want you to make me look great. I know that you once felt the way that I do. Just as excited about going out, about getting the kind of looks that I get. About saying no, and then eventually saying yes. You felt like that. But you don't anymore, do you?

CONCENTRATE: In my mind, I can play back the whole night. Make it all come back for me in my mind.

–This place where I go serves a great shrimp and avocado salad. At work, I just crave it so much. It helps me get through the morning.



PURE PLEASURE

–I touch with even the sensation of touch. I am eternal with my everywhere!

THIS IS SATISFACTION

PRINCIPLES OF PLEASURE

–I can teach you how to give pleasure.

–I can give you pleasure. (I can touch, kiss, caress, lick, suck, ...)

–You can give me pleasure.

–I can give you pleasure if you can give me pleasure.

–I can give you pleasure so that you can give me pleasure.

–Every touch, every tingle, every tingle gives me pleasure.

I love it when you hold my hand, smile at me, just stare in my eyes.

PROMISE

–What are you willing to promise?

MIRROR, MIRROR on the wall, who's fairest of them all?

–YOU, YOU, YOU!

You can get what you want. WHATEVER YOU WANT!

–She will get what she wants!

–You have great legs. I love to touch the smooth back of your leg.

–I'm pulling my skirt up. I'm going to wear a shorter skirt.

–There is no doubt that you are telling me to GIVE YOU PLEASURE.

I woke up in a strange house. What had happened here last night? The place was deserted. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I only saw her looking back.

MIRROR, MIRROR.

This is how you keep getting what you want. You give a little, and then you take it back.

THE NEW MIRROR

You're not looking as good as you used to. But you'll end up getting what you want.

PROMISE

A trace of light in the darkness. A warmth, a presence.

–I saw that patent leather purse on one of the chairs. No one was around. It was that intimation of her presence. And I just had to have it for my own. I really didn't care if there was money in the purse. I just wanted it for myself.

>>I decided that I was going to lift the purse.

>>After I took it, I slunk into a corner. Rubbing my hand on the shiny leather was like springing the genie from the bottle. My eyes became glazed staring at the trail of smoke that accompanied the apparition.

>>I thought that I was staring in her direction. Instead a crowd had gathered around me. I was in peril for my life.

–Where did you get the idea that you'd get away with this kind of shit?

–I just wanted to touch the leather.

–Are you some kind of weirdo?

–Not weird. I just want to be close to her.

[ϕ][ϑ][P][ve]

To watch is to stimulate. To concentrate is to arouse.

ϕ(a)

In you story, I am close to you. You sigh. Your passion is uncontrollable. Nothing will stop us!

THE GULF

that separates me from you
what I desire from my desire of IT!

A⁺⁺ YOU TURN ME ON

<ve> I think about you, and it is almost as if you are with me.

I don't even have to touch. My imagination is so strong. The image is so advanced that I feel that I am part of the action. WATCHING TV ALL THE TIME!

A TALLER, STRONGER VERSION OF YOU!

-Do I look like her?

THE BRIDGE

that holds all the images together....FROM TOUCH TO SIGHT

I can feel your breath. I can sense your heartbeat!

-So what do you really have in common with this guy?

-We both breathe the air, and we want to get ahead without interference from types like you.

THIS IS THE BRIDGE THAT HOLDS IT ALL TOGETHER.

-Tomorrow, I won't even think about it.

-That's because you got what you want.

-I got you.

-And now you're bored.

-What?

-There's not that much to you!

-The curves of your body burn an image in my brain,

-Don't say that.

-It's how I feel.

-I'm glad that I can be your inspiration.

-Come over here, and I can let you know how I feel.

-I don't really feel that same way as you do.

-You could try.

-I'd just hate myself in the morning.

The raw nakedness was reflected in her face. No amount of makeup could hide that single-purposiveness. he now saw the mirror-image of his own desire, and it caused him to pull back

Only come to know them when they are represented in the weave. I couldn't come to know them at all. One kiss would get me moving along

That she was outside.

She looked... She was...

Already in a weave. He

...wanted her friend who seem so much more preoccupied than her.

[ϕ] [ϵ]

ϕ Character, focus of interest.

ϕ [[ϕ] [ϵ]]

ϵ The politics of euphoria

Θ DREAM SCHOOL

THE DREAM HAS A NARRATIVE:

θ_1 INVOKE MAGIC
 θ_2 GET THREE WISHES
 θ_3 USE TWO
 θ_4 WIN HER FAVOR

I've had my dreams satisfied beyond my wildest imagination!

Increase stimulation at point of application!

θ
 θ

I want more θ .

θ + **INCREASED STIMULATION!**

It's like dreaming while you're awake. It all ends up as a win.

WIN HER FAVOR!

WIN THE FAVOR OF WINNING THE FAVOR!

\times
 θ]]]]]]

INTENSITY OF AROUSAL

SEEK THAT LEVEL OF STIMULATION

$$\begin{matrix} \text{中} \\ \parallel \end{matrix} + = \text{ㄨ}$$

- Do you have some dream candy for me.
- The dream school will help you arrive at that level with mind-control.
- That is nonsense.
- No, it is not!

w/ ㄨ WORK YOURSELF TO DEATH!

To overcome death!

MORE POTENT STIMULATION!

$$[[\begin{matrix} \text{中} \\ \parallel \end{matrix}] [\text{ㄨ}]]$$

This is more than the body can take

⊙	$\begin{matrix} \text{中} \\ \parallel \end{matrix}$
ㄨ	⌘

$$\begin{matrix} \text{中} \\ \parallel \end{matrix} \text{ ㄨ } > \text{ ⊙ } \text{ ⌘ }$$

THE IMPERIAL SET COME ROARING BACK!
 This is going to end in tragedy.

-I know what I want. And HE $\text{¢} \left(\begin{matrix} \text{中} \\ \parallel \end{matrix} \text{ ㄨ} \right)$ will give it to me!
 This is way beyond looking in the weave! This is the end!

YOUR LAST WISH:
 MIX IT UP FOR ME! I AM READY TO SOAR!

I DO
 I DO WANT IT
 YOU DO
 GIVE IT TO ME!
 I WANT YOU TO GIVE IT TO ME
 I WANT YOU TO WANT IT!

σ	ι
ν	m

$m \sigma = \alpha$

Some (α) I want, I want it!
 $\nu \iota$, I 'll get you some.
 I want more!

$*(\sigma) = \delta(w)$

I work for something that I need.

want as uncanny
 as encrypted

assume financial success or potential for financial success

along another weave
 looks or image

ability to play from one weave to another

survival

bleed out

won't you just bleed out without some kind of livelihood

collection of initial $\blacksquare \blacksquare \blacksquare \blacksquare \blacksquare \blacksquare$

cost of \sqrt{r}

moment inside a moment: dimensional

USE A TOKEN FOR THE SELF: σ

I become part of an event, a participant.

I hear music. θ

I dance to the music. μ

–Everyone here seems to dance the same. And they all know these songs. And they get along so well together. It’s almost as if they’re programmed to move together.

ON THE BEAT: JUMP

choreographed move//JUMP HERE, JUMP NOW!

NEXT STEP

BECOME PART OF THE WEAWE:

hang around together, start to feel the same rhythm of life

–You don’t even have to say a thing.

SCRIPTING: here’s what I want you to do.

Here’s what I want you to say.

CASTING: you can do it for me. Get me closer to the action. Do what I can’t do.

–He seems to have a lot of friends.

–It’s not as if he’s that wonderful. He’s part of the weave. And he just travels along the determined path.

–How do I become part of the club?

–It’s not a club. More like a lifestyle.

σ^{\checkmark} The self as part of the weave!

$\sigma^{\checkmark} / \sigma$ As part of the weave, the shift.

GURU OF THE WEAWE:

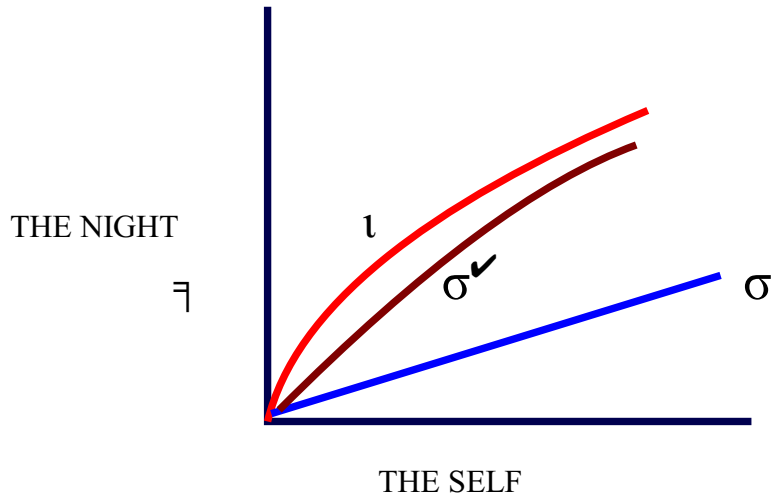
–Can you teach me how to join?

–It’s a way of being?

–Does it conflict with work?

–It accommodates a busy schedule.

THE SELF BECOMES PART OF THE WEAVE



$\sigma^{\checkmark} / \sigma$ THE SHIFT OF DESIRE

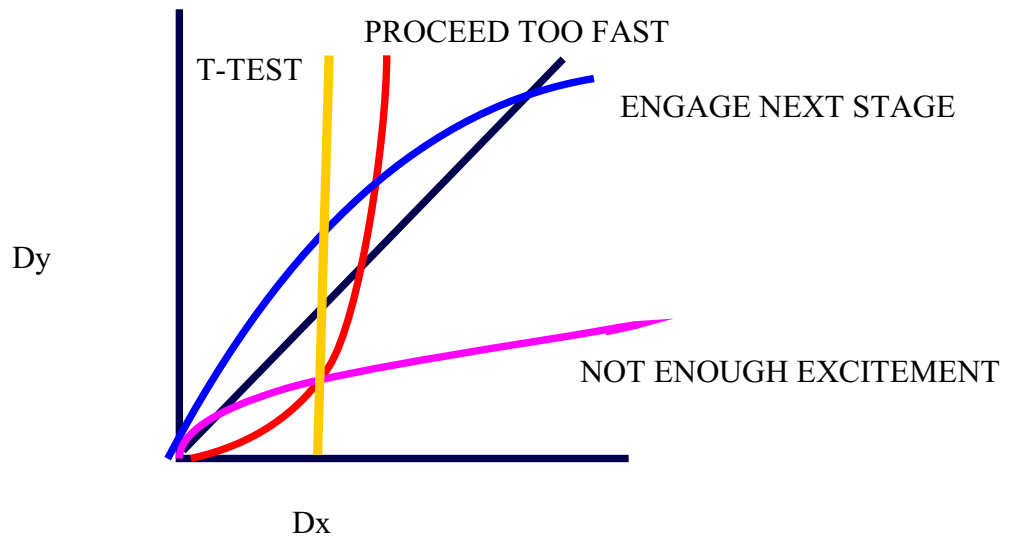


		IMAGE			
G E S T U R E		EXCITED	ACQUIESCENT	ALLURING	OVERCOME
	INVITE	smile	offer	focus	enfold
	ENGAGE	preoccupy	entice	extend	drift
	PROMOTE	surround	arouse	capture	soar
	FULFILL	ecstatic	provoke	prevail	unleash

RAW AND NAKED AND DESIRING

smile	You suggest!
preoccupy	There are no distractions.
surround	I can't take my eyes off you.
ecstatic	I am already there.

offer	You leave no doubt.
entice	You are driving me crazy!
arouse	I surrender!
provoke	You only taunt me more!

focus	You are telling me that pleasure is not enough!
extend	I vanish before the might.
capture	I unfold the curtain.
prevail	I am within!

enfold	I have become part of you!
drift	I float in your river!

soar	You drown me in passion!
unleash	I surrender all!

		IMAGE			
S E L F		EXCITED	ACQUIESCENT	ALLURING	OVERCOME
	EXCITED	INSIGHT	READY	WILLING	DISPLACED
	ACQUIESCENT	READY	WILLING	DISPLACED	TRANSFIXED
	ALLURING	WILLING	DISPLACED	TRANSFIXED	ENTRANCED
	OVERCOME	DISPLACED	TRANSFIXED	ENTRANCED	BOUNDLESS

be release from a leash

		GESTURE			
S E L F		INVITE	ENGAGE	PROMOTE	FULFILL
	INVITE	TUG	COMMITTED	PROBING	SURPASSING
	ENGAGE	COMMITTED	PROBING	SURPASSING	EXPELLED
	PROMOTE	PROBING	SURPASSING	EXPELLED	LIBERATED
	FULFILL	SURPASSING	EXPELLED	LIBERATED	INEVITABLE

HISTORY

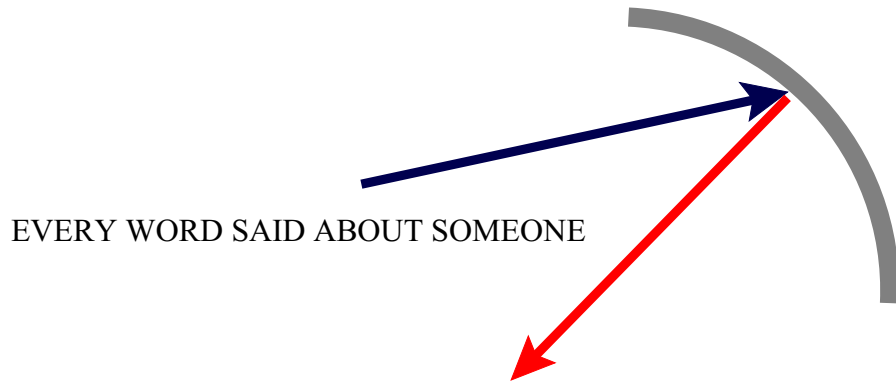
WD applied his scholarship in his search for patterns. He observed repetition in events. He generalized historical narratives.

SCIENCE

KALU offered a scientific explanation. He challenged the narrow strictures of historical periodization. He worked to overthrow the dominance of the old regime and all its influence on thought.

–Your science cannot account for human desire and how this creates the mythic need for return. There is no longing in your thought.

–I observe the forces that give rise to your longing. It gives the self the opportunity to escape the determinism by the powers-that-be.

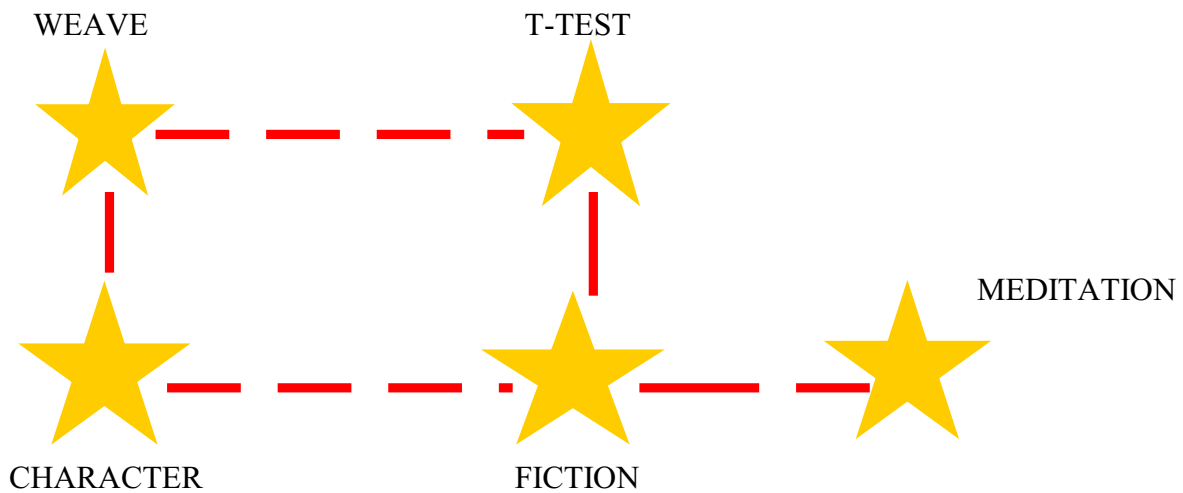


REFLECTS BACK SO THAT THEY CAN HEAR IT

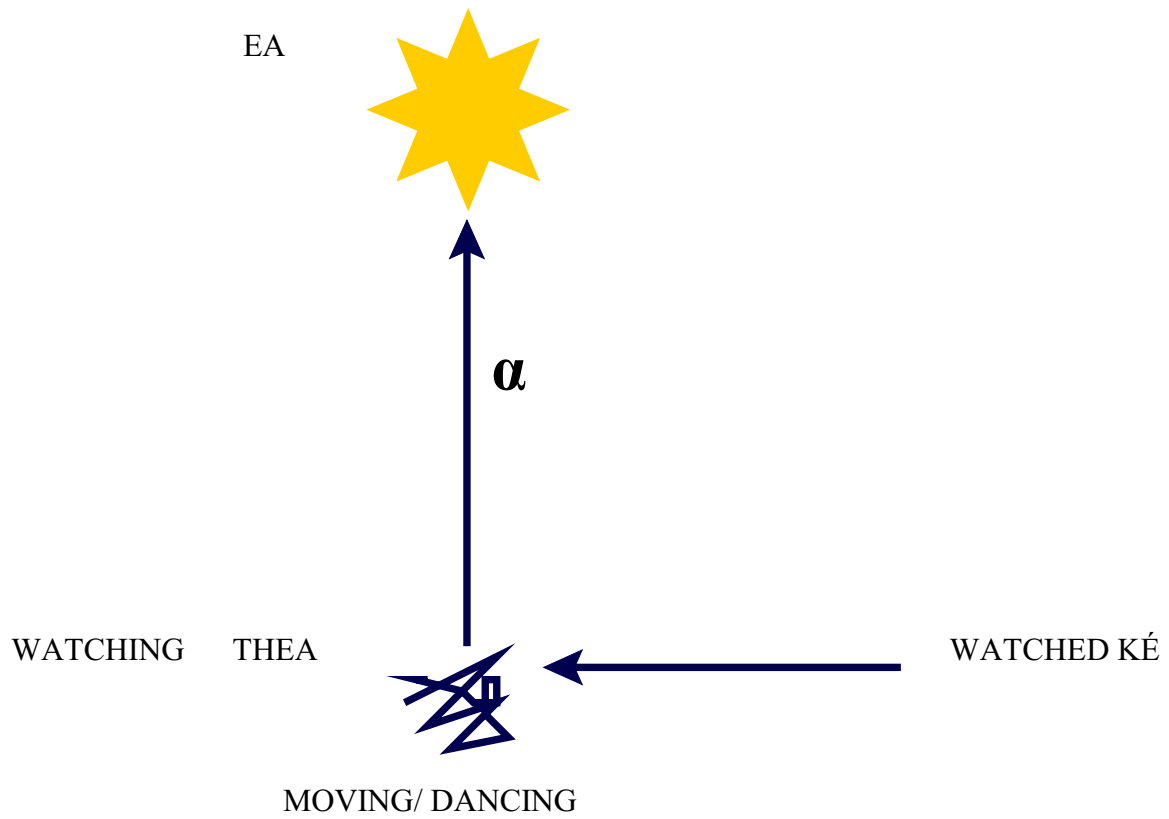
I THOUGHT THAT YOU COLD KEEP A SECRET!

–I look in the sky, and I observe the constellations. They are the stories that guide me. The stars are my sentences. I study their punctuation and learn their lessons.

OVERCOMING THE WEAVE:



ONE SUN, ONE VISION



PRIVATE GODS

	respectable		game pleasure machine		text
	risk				fiction
	politics				
	contaminatio n				

I CAUGHT YOU!

KÉ REPLIES

There's this cute little fixation of yours. You observe me like a rat in a cage. You make up names for me. You call my friends clones. You dissect every detail of my life. Then you think that we can be friends.

The rat jumped on my bed and started to lick my face.
 –I've got to do something about it.

The rat laughed at me. He taunted me. He had taken over my place and was trying to push me out!

The pest control guy looked like a biker. He came in with a cat on a leash. A big tabby. It seemed almost like a lion. I even heard it growl.
 –This is the most ridiculous thing that I have ever seen.

DEAD GIRL	GANGSTER	SORCERER	JAY
IS IT KÉ? IS IT EA?	Someone is trying to break into RESTLESS! Someone is trying to take over RESTLESS	He's trying to bring her back to life. Create a person with his machine. Turn his machine into a person.	He makes an effort to disrupt the story. He reaches the bounds of the universe. He listens to all your conversations.
RECOGNITION	PREMONITION	TRANSFIGURATION	IDENTITY
	Restless as a processing center for a concentration camp.		

DIGNITY AND HONOR

–took the money to buy

LEGAL STANDING
crossed the line!

POLITICS OF EUPHORIA: PURSUE EXCITED STATES OF THE
NEUROPHARMACOLOGY

SOCIOPATHOLOGY

SONDRA
get to know extreme sadness

as a way of avoiding death

nothing is working

I feel sick

–You are inviting Jay in your midst. Like calling up a demon.

THE T-test

what you could do

You could be the be all and end all for me.

–If you could buy me a house, I could give you myself completely.

**A SELF THAT RESOLVES TO A COMPLETE SELF, A
COMPLETELY!**

CLOSING IN ON DEATH SITE
death squad

the police are involved

What do you want to find? A mass grave. Or even a body. What do you think? Are you waiting to be buried alive

JAY: take it out on the world

THE MACHINE FOR CRUELTY

submit

–If there was a pleasurable side, then I guess people would submit willingly.

THE DEATH WEAVE

It gives them the illusion that their sex means more than it does. They choose it for its own sake as it is the only access to this constant state of arousal!

–We need something more!

FORMULA TO ESCAPE DISEASE

You can find it all in the MUSEUM: OUT OF SPACE AND TIME!

–You killed RIP. He just lay there a long time. You left him like taht for a day or so. Brain damage for sure.

–That’s all a joke. Like it’s better to be dead in New York than alive in Atlanta!

–We’re all becoming cats.

–There are so many rats in the world.

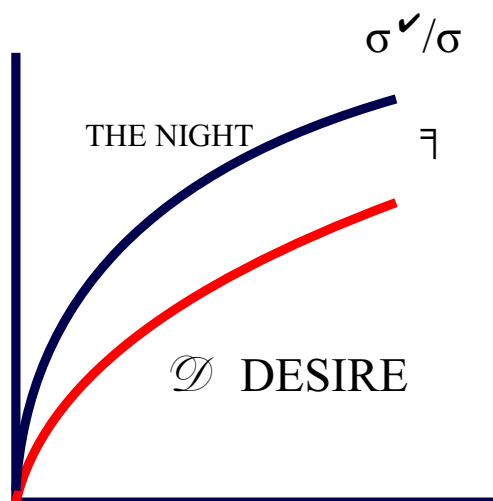
CRUCIAL	LEX
DEVOTION TO THE FORM won’t abandon will not throw except as CRUCIAL	throw yourself get dirty get involved take a stand get hurt
Sometimes I’m so obsessed with my sense of history.	That’s WD talking

–I feel totally natural taking off my clothes and getting paid for it.

–Simply because you tell me to think like that doesn’t mean that I can change how I feel.

–That’s why I’m offering you my help.

–I didn’t ask for any help.



GENETIC

MONADIC NODES

trace	play			
	terminal			
	o	x		
	situate	work		
		the night	dance	music
			image	reputation
		politics	contamination	
punk				glamour
	silence			respectability
militant		CRUCIALITY	formalism	
	intensity		pop music	
	silence	FICTION	performance	

THERAPEUTIC NODES

- ☐ RESISTANCE
- ☐ OVERLOAD
- ☐ FINITUDE
- ☐ PROTECTION

DESCRIPTIVE NEXUS

■ POLITICS ■ CONTAMINATION ■ TECHNICAL ■ DANCE ■ ARTIFICE
 ■ CELEBRITY ■ TEXT ■ RESPECTABILITY ■ FICTION ■ CRUCIALITY
 ■ INTENSITY ■ CHAOTIC ■ COGNITIVE ■ DESIRE ■ PERFORMANCE

- ☐ MOMENT OF MOMENTS
- ☐ SILENCE

FACETS OF DESIRE:

- ✧ DORIA
- ✧ SYLVIA
- ✧ NIKKI
- ✧ MONICA
- ✧ KÉ
- ✧ THEA

TURN ON THE LIGHT!

V → A

THE WEAVE **V** **TRANS**
 Ć X

This all occurs *OFF CAMERA*

He walks past her. He gives her an awkward smile. She can't help but smile back.

–I...

He introduces himself.

She is waiting over by the bar. She is all excited. She gives him an eager smile. He tries to smile back. She touches his hair.

THE KNIGHTS

THE KNIGHTS WERE

getting a little tired of the haphazard journey from Restless to

catching on to their game

despite all their efforts they remained on the periphery of the Imperial Set

We need a new place

new characters

extend their revelry further north into Buckhead
swashbuckling

Tjen

–This seems more like farce.

–What are you saying,

–Be honest! The girls here have all grown wise to our antics. We just going to need
apply our techniques on more naive girls.

Is there something that I can do so that you can give me what I want?

–I come here to see this guy. I hope that this time he’s going to notice me.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WILLOW

I BECOME OVERWHELMED BY MY CELEBRITY

borrow on the celebrity

My CELEBRITY	what I can’t get
Come here to be noticed (by)	what I can get for you

There was a time when Willow was more than noticed. She was the epitome of the anti-image, the sneer. Her very image suggested intimidation.

CRUCIAL takes a stand

SOMEONE NEEDS TO RESCUE THE PRINCESS!

I LOSE MY RESPECTABILITY!

–You just want that dancer, GALA. You like to drool over her naked body!

–I just like her fatalism.

–More like a fatality.

–I'd fuck anything that moves.

–More like, you'd move anything that fucks.

HIGHER WEAVE	WE ARE IMMORTAL!		
IMPERIAL SET			
VAGRANCY CONTINGENT			
	WEAVE	DEATH SET	COSTUMING
			CASTING
			SCRIPTING
		we have the clothes	
		you take the lead	
		you will meet the witch and she will show you the way!	

approximate: $\tau_{/x} \tau_y$ DESIRE!

$H\gamma: y_\gamma/x_\gamma$

REALPOLITIK

how can you dismantle without playing along

trade anything for power

Cartesian zero sum

competence
still can't infiltrate

can't lose my looks

DIRECTIONS FOR INDUSTRIAL HAPPINESS

cut to size
regulate temperature
fatigue
redundancy
waste

ALL

FORM

Ε

euphoria Ε

CRUCIAL

Being towards death

something beyond celebrity

quietism

SILENT

INTENSITY

FICTION

PARADISE

M⁰

THE INNER CIRCLE	WEAVE
	ESCAPE THE WEAVE

Š-NARRATIVE		
	T-TEST	COSTUMING
		CASTING
		SCRIPTING
		I want you to touch me
GET CLOSE TO THE BODY	BECOME PART OF YOUR STORY	
		TOUCH ME
		SATISFY ME
		TAKE ME ON A JOURNEY
DREAM SCHOOL	JOURNEY	
	YOU ARE IN MY DREAMS	

THE STORY IS COMING TO AN END! HAVE YOU FIGURED THAT OUT YET?

♣ (A) THE CHARACTER

You turn me on!

–Here read this!

THE FICTION

Can you find the right characters for your MOVIE?

SUZI is a star!

SUZI	ALEA	WILLOW	CONNIE
certainty	chance story	punk story	fairy tale

A high degree of probability has a chance of overtaking a present certainty!

–I can have whomever I want.

–For how long. Will he work for you? Will he give you a house?

–Take a look at this.

–He’s going to give you money for what he sees OR
WHAT HE DOESN’T SEE!

YOU CAN PLAY THE GLAMOUROUS ONE!

I CAN SAVE YOU FROM THE MONSTER!

YOU ARE THE MONSTER!