

GIULIA

–He was going to invite me to see Brian Ferry. But then he ended up taking this other girl. Her name is Charlotte. And she didn't even know who Brian Ferry is!

–I think that kids that are coming here are the ones who were in the fraternities and sororities in college. People who like to take orders.

–Nazis!

It is not enough to get an idea from the music. To feel comfortable about your politics in an intellectual way. You are called to action. The act itself takes you out of the ideal and throws you into the real.

–It is all the same!

There was an anti-Klan rally downtown on Saturday.

–It's like the night that we brought a boom box to Restless. We made the night our own.

–It's our call to action.

Charlotte had never understood the link, then need for a fundamental change in how we live.

The urge was always political. And the music that we listened to promise so much more. Lenny underlined that link.

–We have to be there.

It has been a late Friday. I pushed myself to wake up early. I swam and was ready at noon. I had called Lenny, but he didn't answer the phone. I couldn't give up.

–Politics is all about this urgency. You see a moment and you seize it.

–All moments are moments seized. This urgency is simply an overreaction on your part. It's your way of trying to monopolize the moment. It's the inflation of the self.

–Isn't this all part of your theory on how we get to know the world?

–I don't elaborate it in a psychological way. It's more a piece with philosophy.

Psychology implies preexisting systems. This is more about a creation of these faculties along the way.

–But there are critical moments when it all bursts up. The explosions of the self.

–Again an exaggeration to suit your purposes.

–How does necessity enter your exposition?

–Retrospectively. An observer sees a necessity, but it could be otherwise.

–What about the psychic drives that push us towards a goal.

–Again a metaphor to simplify a complex process.

–What is that process?

–It depends whether you're reading a book or riding a bicycle.

–You reduce the great political questions to mere trivialities.

–I don't necessarily concur with you about the great political questions.

–We notice a coincidence of events. And we build an urgency around it to give meaning

to the experience. It helps us to record and reproduce the event. But we create the urgency.

–It is in the universe. Things unfolding. Things coming together.

–You’re the non-believer. And you’re putting a prime mover at the center of your system.

–A political movement has that urgency. It moves outside the realm of the ideal into the realm of action!

–All this brouhaha makes for little difference!

There were a bunch of people milling around the agreed meeting site. I wandered about searching for a friendly face.

–Giulia!

–Hi!

–You made it here! Great.

The rally started to take shape. We were marching towards the Capitol. We would eventually come in contact with the Klan members. Near CNN things started to take shape. There was yelling and everyone was running.

–They’ve sighted the Klan. We’re beating them back.

–There’s the truck.

We found the Confederate flag. This wasn’t a symbol of heritage. This was out and out racism. I held the flag up.

–We have to burn it.

Giulia had a lighter. She held it to the fabric until it caught fire. A nearby reporter saw the event. He took a picture of both of us.

THE EVENT WAS HELD IN TIME!

It was an urgency that had taken shape. We were both caught up in the moment. But we made it our moment. We projected beyond into another time. A time outside of time.

Charlotte would never have understood such an event. But Giulia had seized the moment. I felt a special bond between us.

She had her own way of talking about it.

–It was like art in action!

She continued on explaining it as an art piece.

–At school in Philadelphia, we had a lecture about such art happenings. It took things out of the gallery, out of abstraction and brought art into the lives of the people.

I loved her determined spirit.

–Let me follow up on your idea of a social urgency. Some kind of recognition on the part of the self motivates the political understanding. In turn, the nature of this realization motivates the political act.

–You’re grossly simplifying things. But go on!

–What if there is no recognition on the part of the self?

–Then there is no urgency.

–So the urgency doesn’t exist in and of itself.

–The self can be educated to see something that he might otherwise ignore.

–So there is a psychological necessity that moves the self along.

–You might say that!

- And if he doesn't see the urgency, there is no action.*
- That seems like a given.*
- So the self can't be engaged to act.*
- Of course, he can. My point is based on the conditions that invite the self to action.*
- Assume that the you recognize that the moment is ripe for action, but the self ignores the situation.*
- Then he needs some prodding.*
- What would be a suitable impulse to push him to the brink?*
- Perhaps some kind of demonstration.*
- A physical reminder.*
- A push!*
- That is your word.*
- What would you say instead?*
- More of a jolt.*
- A good shaking.*
- That sounds more appropriate for a martini than for a political movement.*
- So force is allowed to help along the historical process.*
- I'm not sure what's your point.*
- That force is the driver for your political point of view.*
- You're trying to put words in my mouth.*
- Just trying to give you a vivid picture of what is going on.*
- You're more drawn to the idea of force than I am.*
- But they're can be no urgency without some kind of incentive.*
- And urgency has its own ability to preoccupy.*
- But force can help things along.*
- You're really trying to foist that idea on me.*
- Just as you're trying to foist the urgency on the self.*
- If he needs the pushing, he'll get everything that he deserves.*
- I've proved my point.*
- And what's that.*
- The self is willing to go overboard to get what he wants.*
- You're distorting my idea.*
- He'll take what he want at any cost!*

I met Giulia at the park for the Arts Festival.

–There's a great installation in the bath house!

It was a bed surrounded by TV sets showing scenes from slasher films.

–It's weird how you only see the scenes that lead up to the murder. It is all about point of view.

–Explain.

–There's the suggestion of horror that is based on the desire of the male to dominate his victim. It is similar with the same view propagated in all popular culture. A perspective that encourages the worst in the American male.

I wasn't sure what Giulia would make of my comments.

–I miss being in school.

–You didn't finish college.

–I told myself that I would after my dad died. But it no longer seemed so important.

She told me about her poetic ambitions. Just like her desire to go back to school. I felt that the more time that we spent together, the more that it would encourage her with her dream

–I'm getting a little tired. I should get home. Maybe I'll see you out tonight.

I was DJ-ing at Restless when Giulia stopped by. It was weird watching her from the booth. She waved up at me. But she stayed downstairs. She was with Wynn.

By the time that the night was over, she was a little tipsy.

–Do you want to go to Rome?

–Rome?

–It's still open.

–I'm too tired. When Restless closes that's enough for me. No more nights that head into the early morning.

She really wanted me to come along. But I couldn't make the leap.

All Giulia's frustrations pushed her further into the darkness. There she found her art. She didn't have to look back.

–I'm the queen of darkness.

–You're serious.

–I wish that I had more powers.

–You don't!

–At night, I feel more powerful. That's why I sleep so late in the afternoon.

Indeed, there was a crankiness that seemed to affect her in the early evening hours.

–I'll probably need a nap before I go out at night.

She had walked the grounds of the Arts Festival overtaken by a new inspiration. In the end, it only encouraged the madness of her nighttime pursuits.

For all its haziness, *going under* achieved a new clarity with Giulia. She needed her anesthetic to navigate through the night. She could not face the lulls without the full force of the night's drive.

–I do it in my own way. I need my drugs.

I wanted to keep up with her lead. Not so much in terms of the exhilaration, more in terms of the verve. I didn't need an artificial perspective. Even the rigamarole of going under seemed a distraction. I wanted to discover the harmony of the spheres through their absurd balance. I threw myself into the action.

–You feel this too much, she commented to me.

I had seen this kind of understanding before. The night resonated for her. And she dug its vibrations.

–I can't feel it. But I know it's there.

–Isn't that a feeling!

–Don't analyze it too much.

And that was how it transpired for us.

She was still out. She was making crazy at a table at Rome. I was studying my notes. How had I gone wrong with Charlotte. How could I make it work with Giulia.

It wasn't so much about the affection. That could all come in good time. It was more the

nature of experience. We both loved the same bands. We watched the night turn in the same direction. Charlotte always held back. As if she was holding her breath. Was Giulia's embrace of life only a product of the drugs?

I tried to be a part things. To catch her energy and make it my own.

–There's a solution to your quandary. A solution to the solution.

She couldn't really be talking to me this way.

–The song talks to you if you want it to!

–I've always thought of it that way. That's why I am so intense about dancing.

And the politics. It was all wrapped up together. That was where Charlotte had stopped short. She had not felt that urgency. I still believed that Charlotte had discovered a special urgency at the anti-Klan rally. We had been a part of history as it swept past it. We were making the events occur.

During the Democratic Convention, we had performed a piece that expressed our feelings: *The Free Speech Movement*. We had been inspired by the events at Berkeley. The spoken words planted the language in a time. It called on the listeners to act.

It had been strange when we were standing on the dance floor of Restless. We invoked the listeners to this other place. It was no longer just about bodies moving aimlessly in space. The dance movies foreshadowed a political understanding. I needed someone else to hear this message. Charlotte couldn't make sense of it. Surely, Giulia could.

I tried to evoke that energy in my phone calls with her. But she wasn't committed to talking on the phone.

–You don't have to call me all the time.

–I know!

Charlotte would never have challenged me in that way. Giulia wasn't Charlotte. She wasn't even a substitute. She would even go missing on me for days. I didn't worry about it.

–I can predict what you're going to do next.

–Even I can't predict that!

–This is the next solution of the solutions.

–Really.

She smiled at me.

I felt that I knew by the eyes. She turned away.

–I want to have permanent fun.

–I feel the same way. But I want something more. The journey.

–The what?

–I see it more as a journey. As the fun fades, we are welcomed to something more.

I tried to track the equation. Fun times time equals the motivation for something more. It was the force that got us going and sent us on our way.

–Do you feel that?

–I'm not supposed to feel.

What did I need to do? Did I have to embrace her. Would she let me kiss her? It felt hopeless.

–You need to come out after you finish up at Restless.

–I can't do that anymore. I've told you that.

–That is where things get really crazy. I just let go. I can't get on board that early in the

night. I have to wait until the witching hour.

The *witching hour* sound like a real invocation. I wanted to be part of this otherworldly experience. If it took place elsewhere, maybe I needed to go there.

I had to do my writing. Why was I getting nowhere with that. I had my charts. My maps. This was all part of the proposed journey. What was the opening?

–Giulia, I want you to be my guide.

–I can't find my own way. I can't be responsible for you.

–But you have seen the witches. I want you to take me there too.

–I haven't seen the witches any more than you have. I am a daughter of darkness. That is where it ends. The music has always promised us more than that. I've lit a few candles and waited for the evils of darkness. But nothing has come my way.

–There is a moment when time seems to speed up. It is this acceleration which is of essence of the political moment. This feeling is the product of study. It is informed by analysis. There are approximations that are not the real thing. But when it hits, there can be no doubt.

–You're continuing to validate a psychological feeling.

–It has to be felt if it is going to motivate action. But it does not have its origins in the feeling. It is a realization that comes from seeing outside of the self.

–The self can't manipulate the story for his ends.

–Sure, but that is without principle.

–The principles are simply the underpinning of the emotion. The more intense the emotion, the more the underpinning.

–So be it. In either case, there is still the argument. And it can be challenged with evidence.

–But the argument is not evidence.

–In fact it is. It needs the force of language to make its point. It needs the images of reasoning to acquire its force.

–We've been through the problems of this perspective before.

–So what! You are still off point. What about the mess that you created with Freda.

–What are you saying?

–You pushed your emotional network on her. You wanted her to become a star pupil. But you broke her down until she was just a shell.

–That isn't how it transpired.

–Of course it was. That's why your so vehement with me. Your personal interests betrayed your professional diagnosis. There was no excuse for what you did.

–If I had an error in judgement, it is no different from what you are doing right now. You were just as mixed up in your assessment of history.

–History is retrospective. What I am offering is forward looking. It is driven by people in the moment.

–And it is momentary.

–No, it has an historical force that continues to build.

–That is laughable.

–No more so than your execrable treatment of Freda.

–It's like you've invented this Freda to protect yourself from an honest assessment of your own method. My situation was nothing like yours. And you know none of the facts.

- What are the facts?*
- They are confidential.*
- That’s an easy way to defend yourself.*
- It is my defense simply because that is the truth.*
- There are your absolutes again.*
- You use an absolute to take you from thought to action.*
- The thought is an action. I’ve always reiterated that point.*
- It’s your excuse.*
- I stand behind my perspective which is more than I can say for you.*
- And where does it all end up. In a melee. In the mob. In tyranny.*
- You’re afraid of getting your hands dirty.*
- You live off blood.*

It’s about time that Giulia audition for the role of EA:

It seemed obvious that she was beginning to occupy that place. At the same time, she seemed equally distracted by something else.

- Claude is moving to San Francisco.
- I thought that it was Seattle.
- Good bye, Claude.
- See you later Crucial.
- This was once your story. Maybe you could have shifted the whole trajectory of the tale.

What happened?

- You know. I got arrested. I couldn’t keep it going with the same verve as before.
 - It was good while it lasted.
 - I’m a designer. I’m going to become famous with my designs.
 - Of course, you will.
 - Then someone is going to take my story and write it up. I will become even more famous than RIP.
 - Rest in Peace!
 - Rest in Peaches! Good bye, Atlanta!
 - I have a confession to make. I really came here to see Giulia.
 - She is pretty great.
 - Indeed she is.
 - You don’t have a chance with her.
 - What do you mean?
 - She doesn’t want to know!
 - Have you seen Anthea lately?
 - What do you mean?
 - Great legs! I think that Anthea stole some guy from this Giulia. She called him up, and Anthea was naked in his bed. Have you been naked in a bed with Anthea.
 - We had a long talk once.
 - That’s not good enough. You’re never going to convince these girls with your talks.
- You know what I say.
- I don’t know what you say!
 - You have to act spiritual, but be physical.

- Sure!
- Take my advice. Leave here now!
- I haven't really talked with Giulia.
- You're wasting your time.
- I like her throaty voice.
- It's a weakness. She is all possibility. And even less possibility than me. Just get out while you can. You'll only get hurt.
- I have to find out.
- What? Is she one of your precious EA's. She isn't!
- How do you know?
- In my day, I would have made her mine. I have Rina now. I still can take a dip in my mind. I can taste her. And she's not for you. She's not pure.
- I walk over to talk to Giulia. She is talking with a guy who works at The Rainbow.
- I'm going to leave.
- She ignores me.
- You are advancing a spiritual unfolding.*
- That is one way of putting it.*
- How would you put it?*
- I would phrase it in political terms. It's not really spiritual. It is rooted in the physical. But geometrically, it is not contiguous with the physical.*
- That makes no sense.*
- No amount of simple physical effort can attain the understanding. It comes from discussion and action. But it is a projection outside of the known into another realm of being.*
- And how do you do that?*
- You map the known. And you define it formally. You use formal concepts and mathematics. And you project another space that has no connection to the original mapping.*
- How do you get from one place to another?*
- You can describe it abstractly. But the key is for the new space to emerge in the physical realm. It is a total remapping of the physical world.*
- That doesn't seem possible.*
- It does. The new arrangement follows the scheme that is offered in the conceptual mapping.*
- I still don't see it.*
- The physical realm could assume a number of different arrangements. But there is nothing to motivate it to take the desired form.*
- It's still too abstract.*
- Think in terms of a political movement. It has its roots in the everyday of the people. But it needs that push in terms of organization and leadership. The leaders propose a perspective that is already in line with the actual movement of social forces. Spontaneous action such as strikes and demonstration adopt a new direction.*
- So the actor steps out of time.*
- Indeed he does. Time is developed referentially. To other known events. And this experience comes from an unknown place. Without its impetus, events would never move in this way.*

- So that spark is still important to putting everything in motion.
 - Stepping across the threshold of time.
 - Seeing the flow of history.
 - In a way, this is an unmaking of history. It is rooted in actual experience. But it makes a break with the strictures of the known.
 - It sounds impossible.
 - It literally is. That is why there is an emergence. The plan of action has its place outside of the present flow of events. It is their to alter that connection to time. To make a break from the status quo.
 - Doesn't the dominant flow of history reimpose itself.
 - It does. That is why the plan of action clearly has to come from outside time.
 - It all sounds idealistic.
 - Not at all. It is more than ever grounded in the physical. The imposed order on the physical is a construct. It is fluid and full of contradiction. It is already moving against itself. I am simply following along that path.
 - Then you never really break with it.
 - Of course, I do. I am linking together events that are not connected in time or space.
 - I never meant it to be that way
 - But you could have tried
- A shared experience should lead to a commonly-referenced feeling:

$$d\Upsilon / dt = \bar{\omega}$$

Υ *shared experience*

$\bar{\omega}$ *commonly-referenced feeling*

We saw a movie together!

- I can never really plan on things.
- We were supposed to eat dinner together. I bought champagne.
- Sorry. I warned you!
- I guess that I never took the warning seriously.
- We could try again.
- But you're telling me not even to try.
- I just need to be pushed!
- That doesn't seem to be a strong endorsement.
- I want to be different. The circumstances just seem to be standing in my way.
- If we did something together, we'd both feel in the same way.
- Not really. I'd like to. I'm just not like other people. That's why I go out at night. It gets the juices flowing. It gets me back to normal.
- Really!
- Just what are you trying to accomplish!

- I don't know. I feel that I will know it when I see it.
That night she went home with Sam.
- You know that it was going to happen. We had done all the drugs. There was nothing else to do at Rome. He was there.
- Are you together?
- We are for now!
- It doesn't seem to be based on any real magic.
- The sex supplies all that is missing in the magic.
I was trying to keep up. Maybe I'd just sit this one out.

Υ	β
$d\Upsilon / dt = \bar{\omega}$	$d\beta / dt = \omega$

A shared physical experience (β) leads to a different result: ω .

- Is there anything more to accomplish here?*
- She's going to grow tired of him soon.*
- When they run out of drugs.*
- You tried to push beyond time with Giulia, tried fitting her in a framework that you had built for Charlotte. It was never going to work.
- One miscalculation throws everything off.
- You still won't admit it.
- Giulia was ready for fate. She just couldn't see it.
- But you were never really part of her fate.
- I needed to try.
- You sound like a kid in high school.
- Giulia understood the sweep of history and culture. She listened to music with a deeper understanding.
- It was part of her entertainment. She saw it all from the outside. Her only inside was 5AM at Rome!
- Is SOME GIULIA an EA?
- No, Never.
- Maybe for a brief moment.
- Charlotte isn't even an EA!
- Is EA an EA?
- You are getting ahead of yourself.
- I'm trying!
- The school boy with all his charts. His homework!

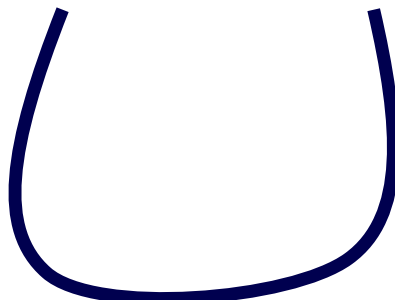
If there is a Charlotte, then she is in position to observe the coincidence in the universe.

–Have you lost your Charlotte?

–I have seen her. She is still there.

THE UNIVERSE

TRYING TO SEE ITSELF !



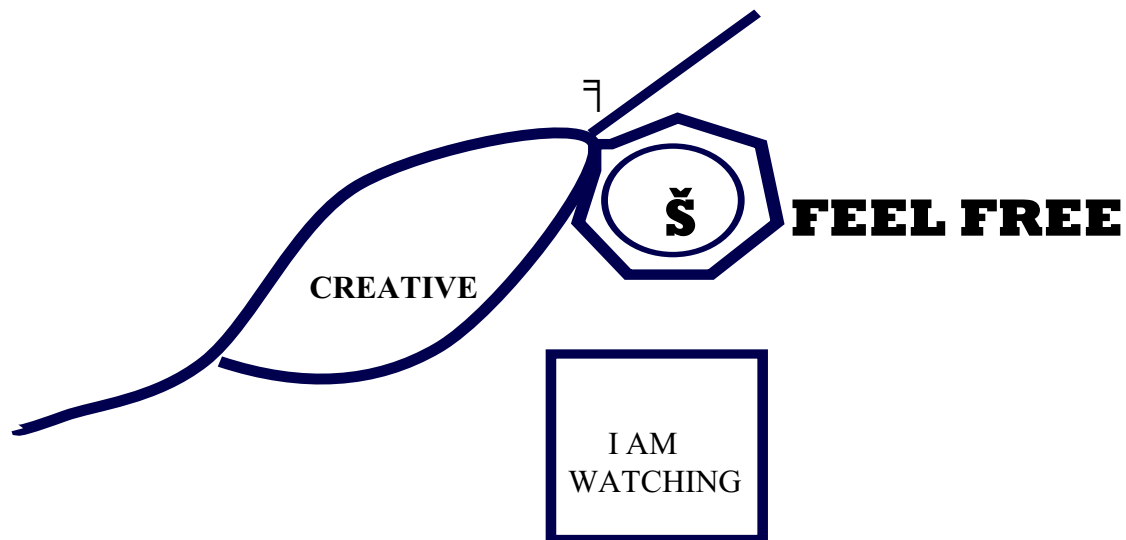
CHARLOTTE:

–I don't see what the fuss is about!

–Close your eyes, and you will see it.

–You can't force me to close my eyes!

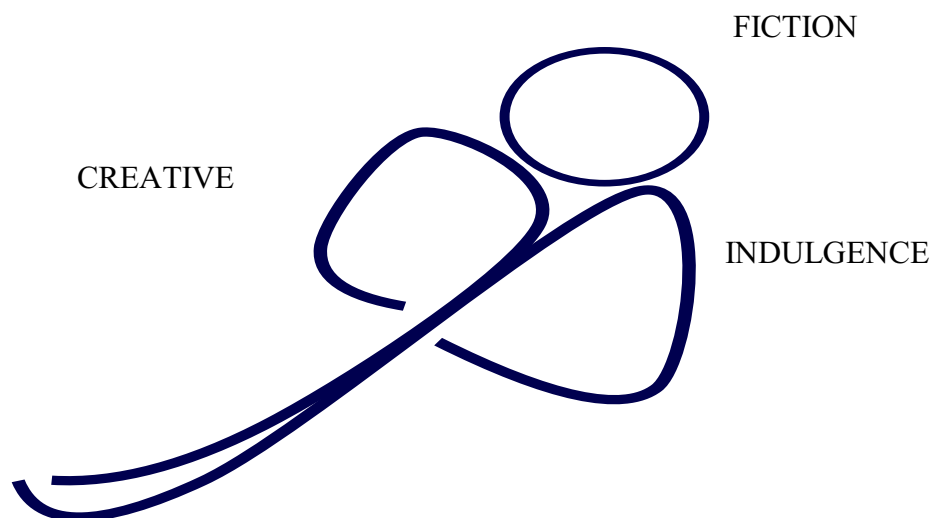
WHAT I KNOW OF THE UNIVERSE:



If my starting point had been my entry into Restless, I would have been compelled by the pulsating music and the flashing lights. All the stimulation suggested a promise of satisfaction; I surrendered myself to what was to come. In this beckoning space, I sensed a desire for something more. More than the dancing, more than the bodies moving together. This was the invitation to the poetry of the night. In that region, the night unfolded with unlimited possibility. The dance graduated beyond satisfaction into an elegant design along the floor. The dancer allowed her movement to lead her onward and upward. The observer on the second floor could sense that motion.

Contrary to that poetry was the immediacy of satisfaction. This was where she discovered her freedom. She gave into the imminent appeals. Here, she found currency for her wavering desire, certainty for her confusion.

- That look say that your bored
- I'm very bored!
- We could do something about it.
- I don't know you.
- But we both know that feeling. That hollow in the gut.
- I'm trying to forget that feeling.
- I am too.
- I wouldn't take much to push her over the cliff.
- I just need somewhere to hold on.
- He gave her his hand and pulled her in.
- Buy me a drink.
- Is that a come-n?
- We'll see after I've drunk it.
- Don't you have any money.
- I've got a fortune. But I can't touch it until I kiss a prince.
- Another challenge.



–You’re trying to create a mathematical model of social interaction. There are just so many variables involved that you never can predict what’s going to happen.

–It’s not as if mathematical thought is that different from your everyday planning. It simply organizes your plans in a more efficient way. If there were really so many uncontrollable variable operating in your life, you’d never be able to feed yourself or get to work. You’d figure that any simple goal that you have would be beset by so many contrary forces that you’d be better off doing nothing.

–Sometimes I feel like that.

–You’re the one who acts in the most organized person that I know. It’s almost as if a machine controls your action. You’re the one who’s following a dedicated plan from morning to night. Simple mathematics.

–I’m just trying to eliminate useless information from my life. But think about it. You watch a girl frowning. You have no idea what’s making her that way. It could be a fight with her lover. Problems with work. Or the sour taste of her drink.

–I don’t pretend that I can account for every little detail. But I probably can describe the criteria that she uses to make her judgement. And the more that I observe her, the more that I can understand what are her preferences.

–You can’t know for sure.

–It’s not as if she’s an alien from another planet. There are reference points. She’s a consumer. Sellers market to her all the time. If your idea was accurate, then fashion designers could never attract customers. There’s a system. Like a science.

–But you don’t know what’s inside her head.

–It’s probably a reflection of what’s going on outside her head.

–Again, there are so many variables.

–And so many are extraneous. We admit that she’s social. So there are observable influences that cause her to act in a particular way. Dominant forces.

–And she may resist those forces.

–Exactly. Now we have a basis for observation. She sees a dress in a window display. And she wonders if it will look good on her. Then she reconsiders. It’s not really her style.

–Or she gets taken in by the new style. You just can’t know.

–Think about the DJ at a club. He watches the crowd as it pours in. He has to predict from watching what they will like. He notices a group that drifts in from Buckhead. So he plays more dance pop.

–What if they don’t like what he plays?

–He can test the waters with a New Order tune. Or Depeche Mode. And if they like that, he might get more adventuresome.

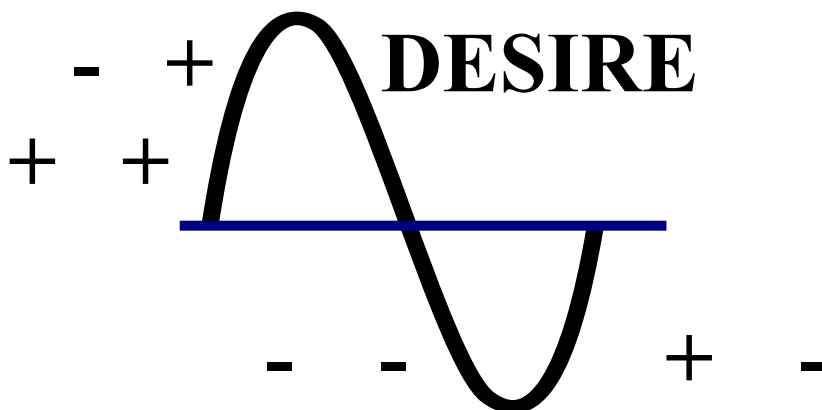
–And you’re saying that he know something about these people without even talking to them.

–Conversation develops from just those skills of observation and interaction. That’s where your inside comes from. To assume something more is to ascribe a mystery to thought that is simply an illusion.

–I admit that you can see this or that. But it still doesn’t add up to the complete picture.

–I didn’t say that it did.

- So you really can't predict.
 - It's not as if I've never talked to people. I'm only saying that I have developed my observational and my descriptive skills.
 - But there might be hundreds of people in the club.
 - My initial description is based on a depiction of experience, not the experience itself.
 - What does that mean?
 - Take a movie. It limits the variables. But it is still able to convey sufficient detail to affect the viewers in a desired way.
 - How?
 - Facial expression. The script motivates a particular reaction on the part of an actress. She works to project this experience to an audience.
 - They still don't know what she is really thinking.
 - Granted. But she still has to make an effort to communicate her view of the script to the audience. That's what makes the film work. It builds its effect from emotions that we all know and can share.
 - And?
 - I observe how the movie works to make known its message.
 - That works best if the movie sticks to a formula.
 - Even if you're going to stray from the formula, you still have to work with the accepted conventions for the audience.
 - And you work to describe that.
 - Exactly. The director and the editor both work to organize the details into a single coherent presentation. All that is predictable.
 - But it's only a movie.
 - Sure it is. But it relates to its viewers because it bears a resemblance to their actual experiences.
 - But the director has his vision for the film. If you expect to impose your vision on the social scene, you're deluded.
 - First of all, there is already a number of perspectives that are imposed on and accepted by the social scene. Beyond that, the players accept the way that the film helps them organize their emotions even if the actual events do not directly follow the course of the film. And it is that resistance which is recorded in art in the first place. That's what distinguishes a good movie from something that is run of the mill.
 - You still don't have one hundred percent accuracy in your model.
 - I have enough to provide me with some coherence. And I work on perfecting things to full effect.
- The novel began to take shape once I realized the similarity between Charlotte and Giulia. There seemed so little story to relate about Giulia and so much more to tell of Charlotte. How Charlotte had almost succumbed to Boone. And how Giulia went his way. Even Suzi would follow him. But what was he really like? Was there a cruelty to his character.



COMPILER

It collects the lost moments of GOING UNDER: We have a conversation about your experience. You remember the progression and use it to conduct a computer program.

–I was drunk!

DESIRE

–I'm tired of working with idiots and hanging around stupid people. One day I will have a TV show and noone will push me around.

OBSERVING AND CURIOUS 9

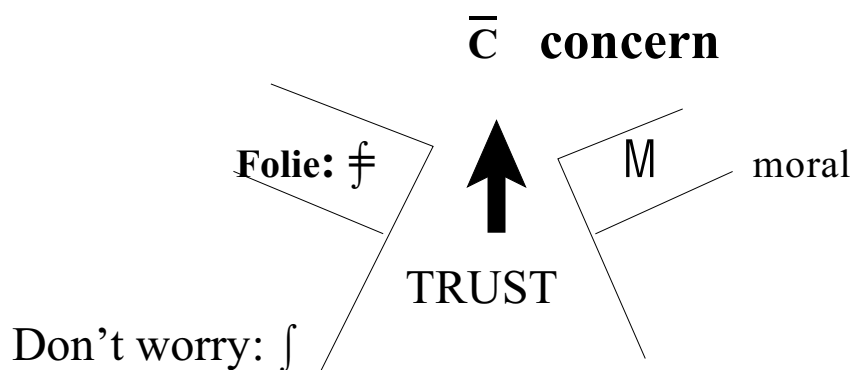
MIND AS TOUCH \widehat{W}
∴

DRAWN TO THE FIRE
DRIVEN BY THE FIRE

7 9
content Articulation

–Charlotte saw the spirit.
–She is coming back!
–Review the story order again.

APRIL 17	DAZZLE
APRIL 24	SOCIALIZATION
MAY 1	CARE
MAY 8	ESTRANGEMENT
MAY 15	PRIVATE SELF
MAY 22	THE GAME
MAY 29	ENTERTAINMENT
JUNE 5	CONCERN:
JUNE 12	TRUST
JUNE 19	DREAM SYMBOL
JUNE 26	LONGING
JULY 3	£: LOVE
JULY 10	Ⓢ: CONFUSION
JULY 17	CONVENTION
JULY 24	DRIVEN...KILLER
JULY 31	RESONANCE
AUGUST 7	ange/ bitch
August 14	THE END extraordinary



CONSIDER A PRIVATE SELF: 7

She engages herself in a number of activities:
The private self extends its purview:

[[[7]]]

To escape its cage, the self plays a game. She extends herself into a new realm of experience. Her amusement park.
–None of this is real!

7]]]

AFFECTION -----O

She feels the pull outside of her protected space.

I want some kind of assurance that this all won't go badly:

7]]]

AFFECTION -----O [[[C̄ **concern**

How can she discover this reassurance?

By pushing deeper into the night. By letting loose. Getting crazy.

7]]] **Folie: f**

AFFECTION -----O [[[C̄ **concern**

She is still monitored by the strictures of her past moral training!

7]]] **Folie: f**

AFFECTION -----O M moral
[[[C̄ **concern**

ONLY SOMETHING LIKE TRUST WILL SEE HER THROUGH!

TRUST →

9]]] Folie: ₣ M moral
 AFFECTION -----o [[[c̄ **concern**

Right now I want you so badly. I had given away too much. But all this has escaped you, Charlotte! I feel as if I am slipping off the end of the world.

A song that I had listened to over and over again trying to capture its best moments
 WASTED
 nights of being CRUCIAL'
 if someone had noticed
 felt so cold
 touched by your hand
 trying to draw me back
 my desire had been poisoned

When you had the feeling, I needed you to hold it before it slipped away. Can you feel the warmth that fills the body all over. The touch of the paradise.

PLAY THE GAME: they play it in Vegas! It's called bet your life.

–I was only bluffing!
 –So I win, Charlotte.
 –No. I win because I fooled you!
 (FILL IN WITH OTHER DETAILS)
 Monday, we go to the aquarium. You imagine me drowning in the tanks.
 (I AM KEEPING UP WITH MY NOTES!)
 Thursday, you are supposed to meet Quinn at the mall. I show up instead:
 –I want to be part of your dreams, your actual dreams.
 Jay has his eyes on Quinn!
 We drive to a graveyard:
 –If I died here you could bury me then I could come back to life and touch you with my cold hands!
 My sense of guilt about my fantasies! Death fantasies! Murder fantasies.
 –I don't act them out.
 –Maybe somebody does for you.
 –Who? Ollie North!
 –Speak from the grave

Freda was overcome by desire. Dovsky wanted her sedated!

–Charlotte, this is going to change how you think of me.

We took a flight at the eleventh hour. We arrived in Vegas. Jerry picked us up.

–I’m taking you to the Sands.

–Why aren’t we staying at the house.

–Lou has some important business! One of his workers had an accident, and now he has to take care of it.

You didn’t like the room. I have to go somewhere. I leave you back at the hotel.

–I’m wandering the lobby looking for you. Some guy approaches me and asks if Lou is my uncle. I tell him no. But he says that there is a message for me at the desk. I ask, but there is no message.

–I hate to leave you in the room. But Lou is going to call.

–Where are you going?

–He had to go to Florida. And there is some business that I have to do. I will make it up to you.

–This is getting carried away

We lost all this money at the roulette table

–It is supposed to happen that way.

–OK, now we can leave.

–No, we have to win all the money back or Lou will mess us up.

–We shouldn’t have bet it in the first place.

The next day at the pool:

–I remember you from the roulette table

–I don’t want to gamble again. I just want to swim.

THE BIG GAME!

My anger at Dovsky for poisoning everything that I wanted:

–Crucial, I gave you knowledge. I can’t help that I made you tragic.

Crucial returned to his childhood of being orphaned:

Rather than Dovsky or himself, he wanted to hold Charlotte to respond

–We can’t stop here. We haven’t talked about Giulia in a while.

–Ghoulia. She’s with Boone.

–No, she’s not.

–Yeah..

–He was stroking Charlotte’s thigh one night at Restless.

–Where is Charlotte.

–I see her now and then.

–This song is for her.

–You’re still thinking of her.

–I’m thinking of finishing my novel. And I need some more records if I’m going to keep this job.

–Didn’t you ask the club for money. After they fired Moses.

–His name wasn't Moses.
 –But they did fire him.
 –Yeah, he wouldn't work with them.
 –Ed said that he wanted to pay you but Joe blocked him.
 –He's going to pay us directly.
 –What?
 –Money to the band during the election. Pay us extra to make up the difference.
 –The band is going along with that.
 –They wouldn't have the shows if it wasn't for me.
 –You're still going to get fired.
 –I know. Every day that I come in here, I'm not even sure if my time card is going to be
 here.
 –You have to clock in.
 –I'm never late!
 –After Halloween, you're gone.
 –After Halloween, the world is gone!

 –Did you want to be with me?
 –Didn't everyone?
 –That's not fair.
 –What am I supposed to see?
 Giulia became repulsed when she learned that Jay killed Boone.
 –I was going to get rid of him myself.
 –Kill him?
 –No, just dump him.
 –Jay did the world a service.
 –You're kidding, aren't you.
 –I have these thoughts. And eventually, someone acts them out.
 –That's Jay.
 –He's had his eyes on Quinn.
 –He's not after me?
 –No!
 –Didn't you push me and Boone one night.
 –I just wanted to get out of there.
 –How did Halloween go?
 –Don't ask. I may not DJ here again.
 –I heard it was a great night.
 –It was! But people didn't come out for the next week.
 –That's natural.
 –Not what Joe thought.
 –What happened to Ed?
 –He hasn't worked there in a long while. He got fired for taking money and leaving his
 IOU's in the safe!

*IOU 2000 dollars for the money that I borrowed to
buy cocaine!*

–I think that I understand!