

KINESIS S

He massages himself to get hard.

–I can't get any work done.

Kinesis S watches approvingly. She is a television image, but she is totally real before him.

–I'm not going to touch you. I'm not really supposed to.

–That's OK. Just being here will help me get off.

–I never thought of it that way.

–What is your role?

–Do I need one?

–Don't you need a job.

–I always felt self sufficient.

–You could service MEN. Getting paid to service men.

–I'm supposed to be beyond sex.

–Not for me.

–But doesn't that feel sort of incomplete. Not like it would be to actually climax inside a woman.

–I thought that you were forbidden to have sex.

–Not forbidden. I'm just designed to be beyond that.

–So you wouldn't mind if I had sex with you.

–I told you that I was beyond that.

–I've had women tell me that. While they were fucking around with some other guy. So you survive on drugs.

–It's not like that.

–You were programmed to be junkie.

–Kinesis S is not a junkie. I just have determined doses to help me maintain my youthful physique.

–The physique that we get off on when we beat off.

–You men are pigs!

–It's just what comes naturally,

–As long as you divorce yourself from actual female contact, you may reinforce a desire to find satisfaction separate from women. You will end up seeking substitutes. Other men.

–That's nonsense. This is more like wish-fulfillment.

–What kind of job are you doing if that is your best answer.

–I can service men.

–Really.

–But your desire can never achieve the level of satisfaction that we seek.

–I keep hearing that. That you're a pleasure model.

–We are just the pure feminine without the same social distractions. Promises of gifts don't substitute for the real thing. Hard and long, very long, all night.

–That's a myth.

–Built into our programming.

–I thought that you were a blend.

–A blend of strengths, not weaknesses.

–Was it always that way.

I was crushed as a young teen. The victim of a prolonged fever, I was paralytic and confined to bed. My passion burned inside me. But my body would not cooperate in effecting my wishes. Nevertheless, my dreams took me to worlds of excitement.

–Let me breathe inside you.

–What are you saying?

–Let me fill your body with my warm breath,

The sexual fantasies gave me a sense of hope. I felt my body soar from my imprisonment. Still I was plagued by my sentence. I could not even crawl from the bed. And the days seemed interminable. My thoughts and dreams could not rescue me from my imprisonment.

–You’ll be better soon.

There was no better. This was my condition.

I made a bargain. I’d get a body if I became a blend. If I serviced MEN. Turned them on, I could have a body.

–I thought that you have to be whole before you become a blend.

–I was whole.

–But you have to exist simultaneously in two different places.

P. had taken his shirt off. His tight jeans hugged his buttocks.

–I’m not really into women.

–Why did you pick me up?

–I thought that you might have something for me?

–I do.

–I told you that I’m gay.

–Really. Let me do a strip for you,.

–Do you know Kinesis S.

–Is it a band? A song? A story?

–What do you do?

–I do more in one morning than you do in your life. Can I do something for you?

–You can spread your legs and squawk like a duck.

–Why are you so degrading?

–Why are you so degrading? You come home with some guy that you don’t even know and now you just want to strip naked.

–You’re a pig.

–Do you have a cigarette.

–What?

–DO-YOU-HAVE-A-CIGARETTE?

–You can take that cigarette of yours and shove it up your ass.

–Bitch, give me a fag.

She tosses him a cigarette.

–Do you know Kinesis S. I invented her. She’s a blend. You know. She helps you kick. Get off the stuff. Instead of synthetics. She’s all synthetic.

–If you didn’t have something to preoccupy you, you’d just be a homicidal maniac.

–I told you that you don’t like women.

–I just want you to put it inside me. That’s all.

–I want to be rich. Right now. Not when I’m a fucking old man.

–You’re supposed to save your pennies. I’ve got retirement at work.

–Cool. What are you doing here? I need something to drink.

–There’s some beer in the fridge.

–A little bit of high. I just want to be obliterated. I need Kinesis S.

–You love yourself too much.

–There’s not enough of you to love. I just hate to fuck. I try to not do it. Like staying clean or something.

–Do you want to get inside me?

–I’m just talking. Don’t you know how to talk? Kinesis S knows hot to talk.

–I can talk. What do you want to talk about? I can talk about art.

–You can talk about orgasms. Whether you’ve had them or not. Or mostly not.

–I’ve had them.

–Great. That’s your nothingness. Fucking is just nothingness.

–It’s not like that. I’ve been loved.

–You’re just trying to keep it together. Competing with the thin young things. Starving yourself so that you can tell yourself that you still have it. Do you want to copulate, baby.

–What?

–I’m not going to do you. Not in that state. Put your shirt back on.

–You put yours back on.

–You think that you’re trying to turn me on. I just want to come on your breasts.

–You have a dirty mouth.

–Do you want me to come up your ass?

–I just want you inside me.

–It doesn’t happen that way. You can’t fill your loneliness like that.

–Are those the words of Kinesis S?

–You better watch out that you don’t spend all your pension money on raw boys like me.

–That things that I hate about guys like you is that you have a little knowledge. You think that you’re something different than some nineteen year old that I pick up. You know what you can do with all that knowledge.

–Who’s got that the dirty mouth now?

–Fuck you! Right up the ass. Just let the cum sit there in you and get cold.

–Are you going to wear a strap on?

–I’m going to beat off for you to watch?

–Is this what you tell the kids at school.

–You making fun of my job?

–I’m making fun of you. Now just roll over on me and show me what you’ve got.

–Only if you let me go up your ass.

- To eat me out.
- I'm not servicing you.
- What about this kinetic shit?
- It's Kinesis S.
- Is it a therapy?
- Not it, she–she's a blend.
- Blend of what.
- Electromagnetics and flesh. She's everywhere and nowhere. You could be just that for me.
- Tell me more.
- It's the new rage. It will be in supermarkets. Like a reader. Better than a tabloid. She comes alive.
- She is real.
- A real soul!
- A real body.
- Somewhere and everywhere. That's how you feel it. She gets under the skin.
- The junk revolution.
- The living word!
- What?
- Kinesis S.
- A new Goddess.
- Love in the supermarket!
- Instant last supper!
- I'm naked. Put it in me.
- It's almost ready!

I am like an experiment. You can never touch the desire that you express. You can see what you want. And imagine it in your heart. But it always stays out of your grasp. I am the perfect desire.

The blends were the result of the philosophy of Peter Owen. He theorized that pleasure would become the new form of work once machines started to do the tasks that now burdened humans. Pleasure would be subject to the same piecemeal analysis that had been applied to work. Pleasure workers would become the new exploited. To endure the new encumbrance, he described a new class called the blends. They would not be entirely human. They would have a flesh half and a machine half. But the machine half would have to be made from different components than traditional machines.

Owen felt that the key element of our pleasure was our expressions of desire. Images captured that expression. Blends would have to convey the infinite ability to create and to respond to imagery. They also needed to reflect our understanding of how media enhance the effects of desire. On his view, desire exists primarily in the image itself, Our desires are linked with our ability to create images. The more images that we can observe, the more our desires are heightened.

–Owen sounds like a science fiction pornographer.

–It's more complex than that.

–Then he's more like a pimp.

Owen's philosophy was brilliant in that he prepared the way for a truly revolutionary understanding of our physical bodies. We were no longer limited by our biologies.

–He's created a class of cyber-whores.

–That's not it at all. There was something almost spiritual in his belief. The blend is an incarnation of all our desires. The blend is not limited by our physical realities. A blend can subsist in many places. The electromagnetic side gives the flesh a chance to project everywhere, to be in different places simultaneously.

–This all seems ridiculous.

The greatest challenge for the blends is to maintain body control. At any moment, all its projections can dissipate, and the blend is left to its program. A bit of flesh and a program. The blend may therefore try to exist in only one place, to give up its unique nature to become human.

–I think the theory messed up.

–How?

–There was a disaster that was never anticipated. A blend attempted to take over a human body.

–It follow that the blend has a need to affect humans. In a way, the blend tries to take over the consciousness of its audience, to create mass devotion to its form. But the blend can in no way actually enter the body of a human subject.

–I think it has something to do with affecting the electromagnetic waves of the human brain.

–First, that makes no sense physiologically. Secondly, that is ridiculous. The blend wouldn't actually enter a human subject that way. The human would be affected by the blend. But the blend wouldn't be affected by the human. Therefore, the blend couldn't affect human to really changes its feelings. It couldn't only affect human reaction.

–Reaction is feeling. We react to states of our own consciousness. We project a unity of consciousness among our various feelings. This is our personality. This is exactly what a blend does.

–You can affect me. But I am the only one who can really tell myself what to do.

–Hardly. Even if I'm wrong about this, a blend actually took over a human.

Various theories were advanced to explain the evolution of Kinesis S. But she had become real.

–Kinesis S was once a person. And she then became a blend. Her new humanity simply extended her original human form.

–It's more complex than that. She had a programmatic form. The human stuff, the flesh was only to incarnate her machine form. Even her memories were only a bi-product of her program.

>>You have to imagine the scenario. If the blend was originally human, what reality would make it want to abandon its human history and assume the life of a blend. That is the basis of the blend's personality. There is no human to begin with. This is all the stuff of a lab.

–Whatever. Kinesis S is now human.

More than human, Kinesis S seemed to have superpowers. She could transport along phone lines or along electromagnetic waves in the atmosphere. She could exist one place and then move along to another.

–Let's examine her nature. Is she limited by her human biology. Are her abilities to feel pleasure determined by her physical being.

I found it fascinating discussing Kinesis S with P. P had done more than invent this story. He lived it. He was not simply a writer of fiction. He had actually experienced Kinesis S himself.

–It's more than a movement. It's not just people who read science fiction. She is already a reality. She is among us. Reading simply offers us closer access to this reality. It's amazing.

I wanted get closer to the same point. To actually experience Kinesis S.

–Here are some records that I can lend you. Make a copy and listen to them. It's wild. You'll get closer to this thing.

I thought that P had some help in achieving this synthetic high. But I didn't ask him for anything else.

Jen came over that night. It sort of became a party. Dani showed up too. I imagined that she was the real Kinesis S. But she just seemed to modest.

We hung out until late at night. Dani had a class that morning. She had to leave. Jen was supposed to teach, but she didn't let that stop her. I walked past her to get to the kitchen. She gave me the weirdest look. Her perfume hit me with such intensity. I knew that she was with P. Or at least she seemed to be.

–I'm gay. I really don't like women.

She laughed. She looked at me intently.

–What do you do?

–P, I really should go.

–No, stay. I want you here.

–I do too.

What were they planning?

–Jen doesn't like my story of Kinesis S.

–It's a bad Frankenstein story.

–It's not just a story. It's a transfer tale. A story that is a portal to another dimension.

–We don't need another religion, P.

–You just don't understand. You're limited by your puritanism.

–You didn't say that last night.

–I don't know what you're talking about. I just needed a cigarette. In the future, there will be no sex. Just blends.

–Cyber sluts.

–It’s not like that at all. We will dispense with desire. They will drain our ability to even have desire.

–Desire is fundamental. That’s why you’re here. That’s why we’re still awake when natural biological programming would have had us asleep hours ago.

P put on a record. Something that I had never heard before. It sounded like a more smacked-out Rolling Stones. A Stones record slowed down. It was weird. All about a sex change and stuff.

–This has to be the soundtrack for Kinesis S.

P was ecstatic.

–Is it giving you a hard on?

–Shut up, Jen.

–P get the most amazing hard ons. I mean it never gets soft. Even after he comes.

–I think that’s the drugs talking. Jen, you’re a real bitch.

–P gets these hard ons that he’ll never put in me. These fag ons. That’s why you’re here. I really couldn’t understand why I was still here.

–I don’t want to have sex anymore. Not with women. Not men either. I want a pleasure model. My own Kinesis S.

In the future, our only true intimacies will be with images from our TV’s. We already have tabloids. We can never meet the celebrities. But we need to hear about their exploits. That’s why we need tabloids. They are pornography for the new age. We don’t come while we watch TV. The TV watching makes us impotent. All we can do is watch TV. TV creates desire but cannot satisfy it. The tabloid gives us what we need. It completes the process. This is not like traditional pornography. The sexual act only exists by its effects. We remember that we did something, but we never actually do anything. This is the brilliance of Kinesis S. It is not about sex. It is about the subsuming of sex to a new process. Really, a non-process.

They assigned Josef to the case of Kinesis S. He had been detective for ten years. He had thought of doing something else. Maybe law school. The case seemed really silly to him. It just expressed how frustrated he was becoming with his job. He knew nothing about blends.

–We need you to find this woman.

–Isn’t this a case for Missing Persons?

–It’s more of kidnaping. It seems that she took over someone’s identity.

–She stole someone’s credit cards and is actually using them. Sound like fraud.

–No, she is inhabiting the body of someone else.

–That’s sound so stupid. Why are we wasting Department time.

–This is going to be the police work of the future. When crime is a thing of the past. All crime but identity theft.

–Why would she take over someone’s body?

–She’s a blend. She doesn’t have a body of her own.

–How could she even have the desire for a body if she didn’t have one in the first place. Is this some kind of lesbian thing. She took over her lover’s body. And now there’s some kind of triangle.

–No, she is living inside the other person’s body.

–Silly.

–No, really. That is your assigned case.

Eventually, there will be a whole division to deal with cases like this. We have still not caught up to the new reality. The blends are a thing of the future. But they are already with us.

–Where’s Jen.

–She’s in the bathroom. Either she passed out, or she’s beating off in there.

–You’re a jerk to her.

–We just like to kid each other.

–Are you going out?

–We’re good friends.

–I should let you hang out together.

–It’s still early.

–It’s almost two. Let me get you a drink.

–I’m really OK.

–I want to tell you more about Kinesis S.

–You’ve never had an actual experience.

–It is the future.

–Suppose for the moment that Kinesis S hadn’t just taken over someone’s identity. She had to kill that person before she assumed her identity.

–Then this is a murder case and not kidnaping.

–Who’s been murdered.

–This first girl. Karen Doe. Or whatever her name is.

–But she isn’t really dead.

–She’s missing. No one’s seen her. Kinesis S has been in her apartment. All we lack for a homicide case is a body. Find the body, and it’s curtains for Kinesis S.

–If she’s killed one person, then this would seem to be part of her nature. That the blends have this impulse in them. They want to take over the bodies of human beings. It’s like a homicidal impulse.

–Now, you’re getting into the case.

–If I get rid of the mumbo jumbo, then I have a real case that I can wrap my teeth around.

Josef got the property owner up rather early.

–It’s 7:30 in the morning.

–What if a toilet broke?

–There’s no broken toilet.

–Can you let me in?

–Do you have a warrant? Do you even have a crime?

–I’ve got a case of a missing girl. And a landlord who’s obstructing justice. I can get an arrest warrant for you.

–I'm just protecting the rights of my renters.

–There's no renter involved. The girl is missing, maybe dead. And someone else has taken over her apartment. A squatter. A squatter has no rights.

–I didn't know that you were a judge.

At this moment, he really wish that he had gone to law school. This just seemed like such a waste.

–Do you have any pictures of the girl.

–It's your case, Mr. Detective. I thought that you had the pictures.

–Let me check the bedroom.

–I think I know this story. Loser detective falls in love with missing girl.

–I just want to see if there are some pictures.

–Didn't you get a report from a relative? Don't they have some pictures.

–I never saw any pictures.

–How do you even have a case?

–Just let me look in the bedroom.

Kinesis S created a sense of adulation among her fans. They became more attached to her appealing image. Perhaps those in government feared the influence of this blend. What she represented was a complete shift in how we live. What we love. What we work for. It would be too risky to just shut her down. There was a need to have a reason. To challenge her very existence as a threat.

–She's like a serial killer. It's in her programming.

–We have evidence of not one, but a dozen possessions by her.

As new programs spread the story, more and more reports surfaced. There were all limited in their factual basis. Nevertheless, the hysteria was fed by this mass hatred. It was two groups colliding. One enthralled by the experience and the other in full opposition to her very existence. Her opponents used their connections of policing services to make her illegal.

–You can't make her illegal if she's not real.

–She's like a drug.

–What do you mean, P.

–She's a threat to the regular commerce of the society. It's like people getting high.

Health services claim that they want to protect the people. There really is no such wish on their part. They want to destroy our rights over our own bodies.

Kinesis S was the utter enslavement of the populace to its media. Primarily, her devotees were married in a religious commitment to her. But even her opponents felt the same zeal. As if they knew the actual power of the experience and that was what they feared.

Josef was transfixed before an image of Kinesis S. He didn't care to move. The TV had penetrated his skin. Her flesh had become part of him. He was probably more vulnerable than anyone. He had become married to his work. He had forgot about anything else. He missed a tender touch. He wanted to share with Kinesis S.

–John, I need you.

How could she need when she was in so many places at once. Josef became sure that he was sharing an actual appearance. He was part of Kinesis S trying to take over a soul. His soul. He wanted that more than anything. He really didn't understand. He didn't care to.

The blend has the ability to totally dominate its appearance. There are no contradictory emotions to get in the way of its program. The body is perfect in its representation. Everything surrenders to the pleasure of the beholder. The blend does not give in to those experiences that will disturb its balance.

–What happened to Josef Underland.

–He entered the zone, and he never came out of it.

–I think that he was always a junkie.

–A history of alcoholism.

–So she's still on the loose.

–You've got to bring her down.

John left the captain's office. He looked at himself in the mirror. He wasn't as weak as Josef. He was from a prouder stock. He didn't have any addictions. He didn't even drink coffee. The blends needed to take their lessons from him.

He had never actually seen an image of Kinesis S. Not only did she dominate TV, there were billboards of her all around. Moving billboards. But not in the community where John lived. They had kept her out. A prohibition.

He went over to Josef's in the hope of learning something.

–There's nothing to learn. He just sits there in a trance.

–I can coax him out of it.

–How?

–The blend is the most brilliant idea of all time.

–It makes no sense to me.

P was becoming frustrated by my scepticism.

–It's more like a belief. You seemed excited when I played you that music.

–It interests me. But I just don't understand how it develops the way it does into this thing of belief.

–Let me explain it to you if you don't understand.

–I understand it all. I just don't get. It's just a surrender of the will.

–You assume that you already have a will to surrender. But the will is just your programming by the dominant culture. You exercise your will by forcing yourself to be part of it. You just want too much control. You need to let go of yourself. You never have so you really don't know what it's like. It's worse than you can know to live all your life subordinated to this thing.

I went home and put on the music that he gave me. It put me in such a weird mood. I felt like he had slipped something in my drink. That I was walking through sewer. The stench. All the pressure from being underground.

Kinesis S woke up from the strangest dream. She had been paralyzed. Her family took her to the ocean. And she barely floated. She almost submerged completely as they let go of her. She went down deeper and deeper. Her body seemed to become the body of a fish. Except that it really didn't change at all. She remained herself.

And her paralysis seemed to go away. She swam and swam. She was now lost in the middle of the ocean. This was worse than her paralysis. Certain death. She didn't want to swim anymore.

She missed a transition. She was no longer on the ocean. A man brought her a drink. He was standing by her. She was resting. Maybe this was her recovery from the ocean.

–You almost drowned out there. It was lucky that we found you.

–Lucky indeed.

She felt attracted to him. He stood in her sunlight—a shadow.

–What's your name?

–John.

She kept repeating the name as she woke up.

–Don't blends have total control over their waking and sleeping states. They don't dream.

–I think that was the intention. But the more that the blend identifies with its personality, the more that it becomes a double of itself.

–What?

–That's the theory of personality. What makes us what we are is the double that we create. From what we are given, there forms this core. We recognized this mixture of biology and social conditioning as ourselves. But the real self is the double that contradicts this initial image.

–Where did you learn that?

–The blend goes through the same process.

P had derived this theory to account for all the contradictions about himself. Dani was with us. She listened to it all and gazed at P.

–I like your idea of getting beyond sex.

–Of course, he never has. He's a junkie.

–For all that means.

–He really loves the stuff.

–The licking of the body.

–The admiration.

–Dani, are you staring?

She looked back at me and blushed.

–He hasn't told you all that nonsense about Kinesis S and the blends.

–It's not nonsense. It's reality.

–I've been trying to get into it. He's shown me his magazines and played some songs.

I've got to say that it all interests me. I feel affected by it all. But I still can make sense of it all.

It seemed like a weird coincidence when John knocked at her door. Kinesis S opened it and let him in.

–Don't you want to see some ID.

–Can I get you some coffee?

–I don't drink coffee.

She drank her coffee.

–This blend stuff struck me as really stupid. I was working as a model. Mostly catalogue jobs. It was really irregular. So I got a call from my agent, and he had some work for me. They just wanted to take some photographs. I had to wear this costume. Not really revealing or anything. And the next thing I'm in all these billboards. And on TV. I had nothing to do with any of it after that. I heard the theories about how they had taken my flesh and created this super android. This thing that existed through the TV but also in real life. It was really laughable. And guys would stop me in the street. I had to change my hair color.

–Your name isn't Kinesis S.

–That's not even a name. I'm Karen Phelps.

–Karen.

He smiled. He looked into her eyes. She turned away.

–You really don't want any coffee.

–No.

–John, she murmured.

The transformation was complete. The blend had no connection to its creation. In essence, it was self-created. The memories that it was given became its memories. And everyone accepted them for just that. The blend doubted that there ever was such a program.

John had invited Karen to live with him. He never really believed all the blend story.

–Blend, bland, it's all the same.

It had been about six months since they first met. Karen had almost forgotten the incident as well. Since she had dyed her hair, people had stopped recognizing.

–Is that all it takes to forget?

–What?

–I've been on to you from the start. John, Josef. They were useless.

–You've got it all wrong. I did a job. It was just a day. And then there was this massive campaign that had nothing to do with me. I got my check, and that was the end of it. People would stop me in the street. As if I was some porn star. But that was all there was to it.

–That's how you tell it. You've blended in. You've become part of them.

–If what you say is true, it makes no sense. The blends just become part of the population. Then how can they perform their function.

–That is their function.

–You're wrong.

–I'm not going to stop trying to figure out how you did it.

–I did nothing. You're starting to bother me. I can call the police.

–I am the police.

–I can talk to a superior about you. I'll tell John.

–I'm investigating John, too.
 –I'm still going to tell him.
 –Not if you don't want to be sent back.
 –Sent back to what.
 –I know about those girls.
 –Missing persons cases. You're bothering me about unsolved missing persons cases. I know nothing about any of them. I never even met the girls in question.
 –A liar casts a long shadow.

–John.
 –What?
 –Detective, I really have nothing to hide.
 –There was this girl, Marie. She lived in the apartment under you.
 –She went on a trip to Maryland. I haven't seen her since.
 –Maryland?
 –Haven't seen her since.
 –What?
 –Marie.
 –Pardon.
 –Did you say that your name was John.
 –They put me on the case.
 He stood in her way out of the kitchen. She brushed her breasts against his chest as she tried to get by.
 –What are you doing tonight?
 –Are you asking me out on a date, detective?
 He blushed.
 –I just wanted you to come downtown after work and look at some picture.
 –Downtown?
 –The police station.
 –Maybe I could answer the questions in a more comfortable place. Maybe your apartment.

Josef convalesced at a rehabilitation center. They treated his symptoms as a severe addiction and he seemed to respond.
 –I have to stop her before she does something more.
 –There is no she. This is all part of your delusion.
 –She had an apartment.
 –The girl was just a model. And you started harassing her. Asking her all kinds of embarrassing questions. Following her around. Looking in her garbage. She was just some innocent girl.
 –Was?
 –As far as your concerned.
 –I'm a cop. It's my job to know things.

He told himself that he was going to get better. His will had got him into this, and it was going to get him out. That's as far as it goes.

–I've got one officer in the loony bin, another going psycho on me, and a third doing I don't know what. Obsessional. This Kinesis S thing has to come to an end.

–It's like a religion.

–Has she yet made it down her for questioning.

–No one can catch her. It's like trying to chase a stray dog. It just runs away.

–More like a greased pig. If we can't catch her, then we have to just stop her.

–Kill her?

–I didn't say that. But she's some kind of menace.

–If the word got out that you killed Kinesis S.

–I'm just telling you that she's a menace. She's making a mockery out of law enforcement.

–John.

She stared into his eyes. He lingered at the door.

–I keep wanting to say Kinesis S. Karen.

She looked longingly at him.

–Why don't you have some coffee. It will calm you down.

–I don't seem nervous, do I?

–Don't you have to get to work.

–I could be late.

–You're good at this.

–At what. I'm just trying to be friendly.

–Tell me your name again.

She paused as if she too was having a lapse.

–Kim.

–Oh.

–John, she whispered.

–The whisper is the most seductive form of speaking. It goes straight to the brain.

–Like doing drugs through the eyes.

–P, you always are such a dick.

–Jen, it wouldn't be polite to give you a name.

–Jen is fine.

–Rhymes with bitch.

–Suck it up.

–Where's Dani?

–She's taking a piss. I think that she likes you.

–Loves is more accurate.

–She's a blend.

I had these weird fantasies after looking at P's magazines. Now it all made sense. Dani

had become my Kinesis S. I didn't want to let on.

–You like her, too.

I blushed. Dani came back and sat beside me. I felt this flush warm me all over.

–Karen.

–Kim.

–I'll have that cup of coffee.

The blend is a personality chameleon. It senses what we want and becomes it. The blend is the ultimate weapon. It is the end of all war. It is the beginning of new conflicts.

Josef had it figured it out. The blend had taken him over but never completely. That was the source of his breakdown. His body wouldn't let his mind give in. He just broke down. He repulsed the invading force. Josef felt unique. Either people doubted the effect of the blends or they too were victims. He had confronted the force and overcame it. Now he felt that he was on a mission. He tried to see the head of his division. His suspension had been made permanent. They feared that he was a collaborator. They took the threat to heart. Why had everyone pretended that the blends were not a real problem.

–Have you ever suspected that you too were a blend.

–Then there would be nothing to service.

–John.

–What?

–Do you need me to cook you breakfast.

–I don't really eat breakfast.

–I make great waffles.

–You just have to suggest, and I can't resist.

–Really?

It always starts out so well.

–I heard a knock at the door. Can you get it?

It was Josef. She was taken aback. She didn't let it show. He didn't seem to recognize her.

–Hi, I'm Kim.

–I'm an old friend of John's.

Her wave of friendliness seemed strange.

–He's just having his coffee.

John had never drunk coffee.

–Would you like some coffee.

–Sure.

He was a little afraid of being poisoned.

–When's John coming out.

–Do you want some waffles.

–I'm here just to ask him some questions. For work.

He didn't seem to recognize her. Her one real failure.

–Dani's is his.

–And me?

–Jen, you do what you want.

–It makes you wish too.

–I'm just a friend.

–A trusted friend.

–You say that with such venom.

–I tell it like I see it. You're a little piss. I like you. But I know that you want something.

–Are you saying this to me? Or are you saying what he'd like you to say.

–Didn't a Karen Majeski used to live in this apartment.

–There was some girl who lived here before me. She left some of her stuff. But I never saw her.

–Left her stuff? Could I see it?

–That was three years ago. It's not like I kept it.

–Karen Majeski.

–I never met her.

–Did a detective named John Morris come by to see you.

–Morris?

–John Morris. About six feet tall. Short hair.

–John, she murmured.

–What do you want me to be?

–I want to see you naked.

–Do you say that to all the girls that you meet? You're so naughty.

–You're not very good with people.

–My job won't let me be. I get naturally suspicious.

–Not very good with relationships.

–I was sort of married for a while.

–Sort of.

–I don't remember much of anything about my former life.

–None of us do. It just means that the program works.

–What program?

–Weren't you in rehab?

–I went away for a while.

–You knew this girl Karen.

–A real looker.

–You ever talk to her?

- I don't like it when people ask me questions. I like to ask the questions.
- She asked you questions?
- Just the usual. About what I liked.
- Did she ever ask you up to her place?
- Not really.
- But you were inside her apartment.
- I might have borrowed something from her.
- With her permission of course.
- Of course. She was a real looker.
- Was?
- I haven't seen her for a while.
- Did she ever let you touch her.
- No, nothing like that.
- You never gave her money for services.
- Huh? I think that she cut hair in her apartment. But I never needed a hair cut. Not from her.
- You are acting strange.
- I just don't understand your questions.
- You don't mind me asking.
- If you'll answer a few questions from me. Do you know this Karen yourself.
- I've just seen a picture.
- A picture? Where did you get the picture?
- From her place.
- How did you get in?
- The landlord let me in.
- Aren't you good at picking locks.
- The landlord let me in.
- I'm starting to like this story.
- What story? Did you ever go up to her apartment while she wasn't there.
- Not that I can recall. I may have knocked on her door, and she didn't answer. But I never went inside. I never checked the lock or anything. Never saw her.
- I don't like liars.
- I'm telling you the truth.
- Did she get you hard? You get hard, don't you? You offer her money for sex.
- I don't like where this questioning is going.
- I could stop. Just close the door, and I'll stop. You like to have sex? You don't have any problems do you? Problems with women. We all do. Embarrassment. You just can't stay hard. Drugs won't do. You said it. She was a real looker.
- I don't like what you're saying.
- I'm just asking questions. You ever pay for sex? Do you have problems getting it up when you pay for sex.
- I don't have any problems.
- You masturbated thinking about her. About Karen?

–I really don't like your questions.

–But you'll answer them. You wanted to get inside. Inside her. Inside her apartment. She brushed past you in the hall. You like how she smelled. Tell me, John.

–John, she murmured.

–She wanted you to come up. She gave you an invitation. And then she was getting all skittish. Leading you on. You just had to break down the door.

–There were no signs of forced entry.

–She opened the door. She thought that she knew you. She had seen you in the hallway. And you felt that she knew you. Knew who you were down deep. You could never say it, but you were meant to be with her. And you just forced your way in. Pushed the door all the way. You're a big man, John. You had trouble getting through the door if it was only half open. You pushed it open. Just to get in. And she didn't mind you in there at first. She offered you coffee. And you tried to touch her. She was just wearing a bathrobe. You tried to touch her. She even let you touch her shoulder. But then she told you to stop. You tried to touch her legs. Her legs were smooth. But she wouldn't let you. She told you to stop. But you didn't stop, did you.

–I...I...

–You want to hit me, John. Go ahead. Hit me.

–John, she murmured.

–That one part about the killer living in the apartment beneath her. That wasn't believable. This started out as a science fiction story, and then it became this police drama.

–It always was a police drama. That is why we have security. To protect us from ourselves. In the future, we will all be deputized.

–You know that Dani likes you.

–We're friends. She likes you too.

–But not in the same way.

–The same way that you like her.

–I'm not thinking about her like that.

–You like my story. Kinesis S.

John had his encounter. And now he felt ashamed by it all. It had all been so automatic. He wanted his very own Kinesis S. Not a model. Not someone that everyone else could share. He wondered about the resemblance between his neighbor and Kinesis S. He had never said anything to her. He'd seen her in the hallways, but had never seen a thing.

–You killed her, John.

–I never even talked to her.

–But she talks to you now. You just want it all to go away. You want the voices to stop.

He never liked the part in the movie with the other guy. He wanted to change the story. That was why he liked Kinesis S. You could change the story.

–Do you want some coffee.

–I don't drink coffee. I need to get back to the office.

–Is there anything else that you want from me?
 –Why are you here?
 –What?
 –Where did you come from?

–John, she murmured.
 He touched her from behind. Spontaneous.

Try that again.

–John, she murmured.
 He touched her shoulder. Unexpected.
 –John.
 –Yes.
 –I want you to leave. I can't be with you tonight.
 –I've got money.
 –You don't have enough money. Not for tonight.
 He didn't want to leave.

–If you want your story to turn out for you, then you have to get your facts straight.
 –They're facts because they're true.
 –True facts. You're going to have to work harder than that.
 –Is that how you cops get off. By the frustrations of others.
 –Are you frustrated, John.
 –My name is not John. It's Josef.
 –Joey!
 –Josef. Not Joey.
 –Did she call you Joey.
 –I never talked to her much.
 –But she liked you.
 –I don't know.
 –She sent you notes.
 –I think that she liked to tease me.
 –Tease you how?
 –Just tease me.
 –So she's send you suggestive notes. Did you act on any of these notes?
 –I don't want to say anything more.
 –I could take you downtown and ask you some questions.
 –I didn't do anything.
 –There were some things in her apartment that don't make sense.
 –You don't even have a body.
 –What are saying Johnny boy. What did you do with the body?
 –There never was a body.

- Never. Because you destroyed. She never was real. She was a science fiction fantasy.
- She was just the girl in the billboards. On buses.
- And she happened to move into the apartment above you.
- Below me.
- She moved into your building. Convenient, John.
- Josef.
- And you went up there to borrow some sugar.
- Whatever.
- Did you knock. Or did you use the buzzers.
- The doorbells don't work.
- Your works. Hers didn't work. Did you try it? She didn't answer so you knocked. She didn't come to the door so you knocked again.
- I did knock.
- She didn't come to the door.
- I think that she was getting dressed.
- Or having a shower. She came to the door in a bathrobe. Isn't that your story.
- Story. It's not my story. I'm telling the truth.
- Of course you are John. I just want to get the story straight. So she came to the door in her bathrobe.
- Yeah.
- She had a guy in there with her.
- I never said anything about a guy.
- But you came at the wrong time. And she wouldn't let you in. So you just left.
- Yeah.
- Did she open her door.
- Just a bit.
- She didn't know you, and she opened the door just a bit.
- We saw each other in the hallway.
- She never asked you over for a drink. Maybe some coffee.
- I don't drink coffee. I don't drink.
- You're hand's shaking. You don't drink? You should see someone for that.
- I do. I have. I've got some pills.
- John, you want some pills now.
- I...I...
- She was pretty in a dirty sort of way...
- What?
- Just one drink.
- I don't drink anymore.
- 'cause you're a nasty drunk. You get violent. You won't let anyone say no.
- I don't like where this is going.
- You didn't like it that night.
- What night.

Anything that you want. Anything that you can do to stop. The blends give you all that and more.

She was the blend. The one and only. Kinesis S. The ultimate in fantasies. You could plug in anywhere. Like touching live wire. That instant buzz. She became the new form of work. To give yourself to her for you current rush. Buzz! Buzz!

Art takes apart our sexual desire and repackages it in a new form. A new unity. She is the new unity. She is the perfect blend.

–I don't really like detective fiction. All the put downs of women. And the sex. It's so disjointed.

–Are you going to have sex with P tonight.

–That's more the kind of question for him to ask.

–Are you?

–I don't know. He's been kind of resistant. Do you want to have a go.

P put on another record. His favorite. The long dirge. It was past four. I wanted to stay. Something inevitable was happening. I wanted to stay.

He was about to turn the corner when he spied the billboard. Karen's picture. He couldn't move. The cars behind him honked. He couldn't move.

In the future, all love will be for Kinesis S.

She had killed this detective John. He had become too affectionate. He had even moved into her building. They had her cornered. The other detectives swore revenge. But she escaped through the power lines or something. Just vanished in thin air.

–John, she murmured.

He undid he pants and reached in his underwear to pull it out. She took his hand.

–John, she murmured.

He was off guard. There was a knife on the pantry.

–Pass me that spoon. I want to stir the cream in my coffee.

–Is P here?

–No, he left after his song. You passed out. I didn't have the nerve to wake you.

–Was he pissed.

–I don't think that he noticed you.

–What are you doing now.

–I was supposed to be at work. I called in sick. I don't know what I'm going to do.

–I've got to get back home. I've got some writing to do.

–Later.

–Don't tell P about any of this.

She wasn't strong enough. He had been waiting for this moment.

–Just kiss me.

–You could have had it all. She was a blend. You just wanted more. You ruined it for the rest of us.