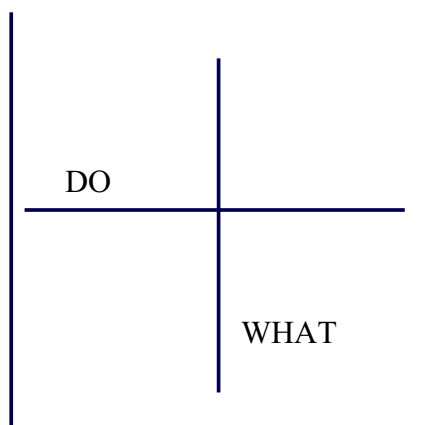
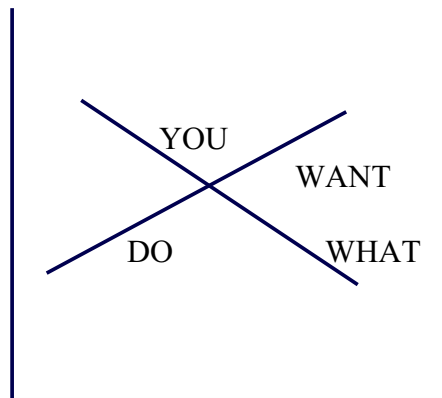


## THE MACHINE



I WANT! I DO WHAT I WANT!

WHAT I DO, I WANT.

I WANT. I DO WHAT I HAVE TO GET WHAT I WANT!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT YOU TO RUB ME TO GIVE ME PLEASURE!

I WANT FOR NOTHING! I DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO!

I WANT FOR NOTHING! I DO WHAT I AM SUPPOSED TO DO!

–I watch other people to figure out what I am supposed to want. They seem so much with a purpose. I just come here and watch them.

–There's so much intrigue going on before our eyes.

–All this time that we're not in this room is like we don't exist at all!

–That makes it seem as if there is nothing important in our lives!

–We're here to find something important. Someone spoke of the family jewels hoping that we could find them!

–Where are they?

THE MEANING OF THE HAIRCUT:

An affront to gravity. It seems to hang in midair against the tug of gravity. It orbits about the head. It means everything/ A kind of knowledge.

THE MEANING OF THE HAIR COLOR

Both KE and THEA had this dirty blonde color, so effective in making their point! A metallic black or platinum blonde. It is all about creating something without previous reference. That is the appeal of the artificial.

She creates her own image without previous reference.

She doesn't bring any history with her.

SEXUALITY is disruptive in that it forces her to repeat the same patterns over and over again.

I'm not going to come out there and sit with you. You really have nothing to offer. I don't need any distractions from the game at hand. And you're really not helping to get me what I want. Besides, I don't want you using your magnifying glass on me.

We are attempting to introduce a new set of characters. Not only do they not have the same reference points, they bring their own vision into Restless. It suggests that we can change the dynamic among the characters. This is beyond new blood. This is a whole new way of typing.

–I don't want to see myself as a type.

–But that hair style is code. You saw it in a magazine and showed your stylist. And then

another girl picked up on the code because she read the same magazine.

–What if I made it up on my own.

–That would make you very clever.

The night suggested that she really had some kind of a special interpretative power. Was I actually to believe that? She barely knew the music. And she was overly attracted to the glamor. That was why she was such an effective representative for what was going on.

At that moment, my time away from Restless offered me the opportunity to recharge. I could reflect and analyze my experience there. But I didn't have an independent existence from the party life. My justification for the adventure and my search had started in some other place. But I no longer had another place. And I continued to bring my understanding back to Restless. I hoped that it would be the platform for some other type of understanding. That I could spread the word beyond my parish. However, Restless hardly provided any community of belief to speak of. So much of my commitment remained solitary.

Some observers might think that we all had been brought here for the same reason. Our disenchantment with the workaday routine had forced us out of the mainstream. Worse, some particular event had set us on our course, made it impossible to return to the world out there. So we all pieced together the means to survive just so that we could maintain our presence *in here*.

For some, the commitment to the far reaches of darkness meant that sustenance would have to come from the very haunts that already spoke for us. A lucky seeker could find free meals at Restless a couple of nights a week. Sundays had free pizza. To add to the frugality, there were the free couches that were available to the most eloquent. And seduction had its own rewards including a comfortable bed. It took the donors a while to realize the intent of their guests. But this sort of behavior was par for the course. Many a visitor attended to Restless in the hope of finding a comfortable pillow; it was up to these hardy souls to look for more permanent arrangements.

The next night, she had found a reason not to return. She had conveniently adopted the pose for one night. She was not trying to resolve a contradiction like the rest of us. But all it took was one rejection too many, and she would be back at the heart of the action. And while we were at Restless, we believed that we had been chosen for the task at hand. It wasn't as if a chaotic ocean had washed us on its shore. We had been destined to unlock the mystery. There were times that our sheer numbers provided me the illusion that at least one soul could truly speak to the matter at hand. Now and then, we'd sit on the patio and pass around a shared perspective. For a while, it seemed as if had achieved a collective enlightenment. Inevitably, everyone would fade back into that same vague hum that filled our time.

A style of dress held us together. As the search became more intense, the contours of that style became sharper and more thoughtful. At the same time, the more fashion-oriented understood that this was a new opportunity to adopt the runway pose. While the court fashions now seemed out of place, there were the occasional lights whose look would be more appropriate for a costume drama. Even if these warlocks were surviving on the street, their grace begged for a magazine spread to regale their charms.

All this hoopla implied that there was a deeper vision behind the image. This had always been the case, but the extended narrative made it seem more evident. The new style was a clear

reaction against the old. It spoke in clearer terms of a social rebellion.

If it was social, it sought allies. But her intent was somewhat confused. She wanted the attention. She craved being at the center of things. But she also came here to be alone. There was only so much that she was willing to share. She let the image talk for her. Then she could just go about her business. It's just that everyone else assumed that there was more to it. Maybe she had big plans for everyone. They needed a jolt!

Surface measured

size of path

$$\Delta s$$

decrease size of path

$$\Delta \lambda > \Delta \alpha$$

size of path is greater than affected area

$$\mu = s + \beta ds/ dt + \alpha d^2s/ dt^2$$

This is the plot of the machine over the described surface s.

$ds/ dt$  represents elaboration of the path.

The terms of the articulation mean that the movements can groove a path within the material

$d^2s/ dt^2$  represents correction.

A dancing machine, machine-à-danser

$-\beta/2 \alpha$	$\beta^2/4\alpha - s$
1	$-\beta/2 \alpha$

Why are you here?	I just came here—no reason.	Who is chasing you?
What's your larger purpose?	I hate people who make promises that they can't keep. It's not as if I expect anything. I come here. I have fun. And I don't pretend that I can be rescued.	What have you done?
What are your dreams?	–I can make you feel good. –I already feel pretty good. –I can make you feel better. –I don't think that's possible. You'd have to make me feel bad, and then do something to make up for that. That just seems really silly.	This is not a good place to hide.

Q	σ	Let me in, if you will. I want to hear my music.	I am hanging outside in the back. I cannot leave. I need you to take me home. I need someone, anyone to take me home.
	ι	Something else is going on here.	
	α	I see that. I really see that!	
	a	Why do <i>you</i> come here? I heard about it. I got dragged here.	
	A	I was going to study to be something important.	

	<b>a</b>	She is the only important thing here now.	
	<b>P</b> fl	Are you studying her? For a while. But I have other passions. Much deeper ones.	
<b>S</b>		–I have to leave. –You’re going to miss it. –I’m going to have my own fun at home. –Did you meet someone?	They have all disappeared. They are going about their business. And you are still here.
<b>V</b>		–Why do you keep coming back here and doing the same thing? –It’s not what I’m doing here. It’s what I do when I leave.	She was getting confused. For all that was happening around her, she didn’t feel a part of anything. She needed more in the way of stimulation.
<b>V</b>		–No one is going to love you in that way anymore. You just have to have fun. Quit being so sentimental. If it lasts, it lasts. If it doesn’t, there are so many other guys here...	–It’s a give and take. You have to make him feel wanted. –I don’t really see it that way. It’s just an excuse on his part to screw me over.
<b>o</b>		It’s not enough to enjoy yourself. You want to discover a pleasure that is going to last and last!	You have to find one thing that really interests you, and you have to live for just that one thing.
<b>Y</b>		When the afterthought matches the forethought, you have arrived.	I feel that I am expert with regards to my own pleasure/

W	It's not just physical. It's otherworldly.	Even that feeling of universality is going to fade/
---	--	---

what do you <i>want</i> ?	Anything that you have.  Although it doesn't look that great.
what <i>do</i> you want?	Something good, just like anyone else.
<i>What</i> do you want?	I just need to get out of here. I need to clear my head. Then I can figure out what I want.  I can figure out [ <i>what I want.</i> ]
What do <i>you</i> want?	I'm not sure yet. But I'll know it when I see it.
I know it when I see it.	You don't see it now.  –I shouldn't even be here. I don't know why I'm here. –For the same reason that everyone else is here!

–I want to please you!

–There's a big distance between wanting to please me and actually succeeding!

In that space, they built this place–this RESTLESS!

This place of unpleasing.

Restless pointed to the contradiction. Lucky's promised satisfaction. But the secret of Restless was available for those who held out for something more.

B	Why do you come here?
E	Do you have some?
$\phi(B)$	Have you seen her?
A	Is the portal open?

A	<p>Why do you come here?  The same reason that everyone comes here!  What are you doing tonight?  I'm going to Restless.  I need to forget my time at work.  –Is it working?  –No!</p>
E	<p>Do you have some? I need something to keep me awake. Something to help me forget why I'm here!</p>
i	<p>Is she here?  I haven't seen her. But I'm not really sure who you're talking about.</p>
Z	<p>The portal is never open/</p>

A	<p>CONNIE: Why do you come here?  Are you asking or telling?</p>
E	<p>WILLOW: Have you seen him? I come here for one person. Do you know what that is like?</p>
i	<p>SUZI: I am here and not here! Who is asking about me?  –Someone that you don't know.</p>
Z	<p>sine qua non  ALEA  Any combination includes and does not include ALEA.</p>

–Have you see her?  
–Do you want me to say yes. I saw her, and she left. She couldn't care less that you're here.  
–I want you to tell me that she is looking for me. And she's going to come back.  
–Fat chance!



$$\phi \langle Q \ S \ U \ V \ O \ Y \ W \rangle = \psi$$

The continuity that links together elements of narrative.

EXTEND TO RESTLESS NARRATIVE :

$$\psi \langle A \ E \ i \ Z \rangle = \mathcal{F}$$

FICTION

A	-Is he here? -He is, but he is with someone else.
E	I thought that you were with me!
i	That's water under the bridge/
Z	You're a real dick head!

Guy has a story.

Link has a method.

Parry provides commentary.

GUY'S STORY	Commentary serves as a basis of a new story.
METHOD	Construct the story for computer reproduction.
COMMENTARY	The theme of the night!

GUY'S STORY	The first thing that I saw when she entered the room was her haircut.
METHOD	A <sup>+</sup>
COMMENTARY	A new hair cut gets things going!

–Is this a story that you told before, or is it a new one.

It became clear after a while that all stories led back to Guy. I didn't realize this in the beginning. For a while, I thought that Emmanuel was the source.

#### CLAUDE'S METHOD

–Come on here with me.

I wasn't sure if he meant me too. He did. He wanted me to observe his method. He was alone with her in the theater, a theater that he had remodeled. He put on his favorite song, "Nightporter" by Japan. I was lulled by the piano in 3/4 time. Once it had worked its magic, I would have to leave. He would conduct the endgame on his own.

#### NECESSITY AND MOTIVATION!

Our story is coming to a close!

I was sure that I had discovered a portal. Maybe the theater in Lucky's was just that. But if it was, I was not going to see it in action.

–I've got a secret.

–It's not whether you have a secret. It's all about whether you are abusing your privilege.

–Let's just say that this is all very spiritual to me.

–That is how he gets girls. He convinces them that he is next to God.

–Maybe he is conspiring with an uneven being. Maybe that is how the universe is. It is

psychotic, and he has learned to bend it his way.

–I wish that I could better understand that curve.

–It has nothing to do with him at all. It has never been Emmanuel. He just learned his devilish ways from Guy. In the end, Emmanuel will tire of games, and he'll decide to just settle down.

–Is that how it works?

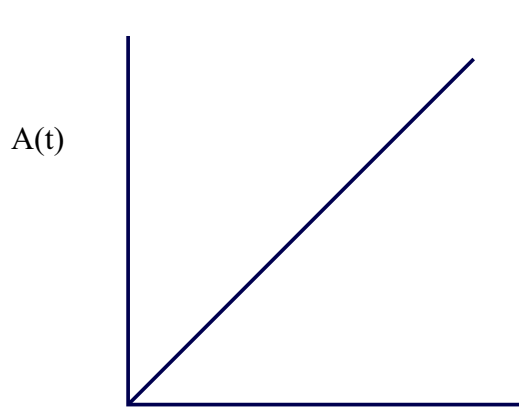
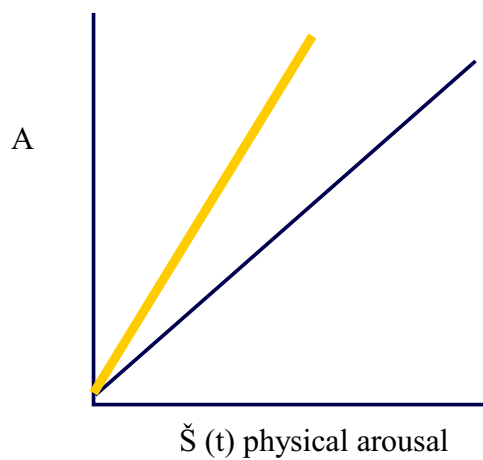
–Not for Guy. Not for those truly enthralled by the power. Emmanuel seems like a hero in here. But outside of this place, he is just small potatoes.

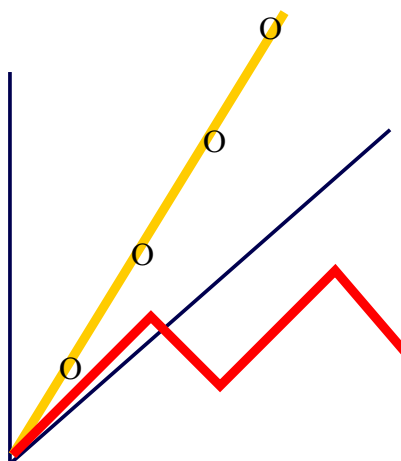
–For the time being, we are all together with him.

–What am I supposed to say in reply to that?

At each stage of the unfolding, there is an argument that makes sense of it all. So she follows along.

#### GROWTH MODEL





The history motivates the narrative leaps. It provides the explosive character to the action. The excitement. The breakthroughs.

Her body is characterized by its sleekness. She wears an ankle bracelet to show off her sense of liberation. She celebrates her assertive physical nature. To speak to her is like pulling open a passageway to knowledge. There is a mix of curiosity and hesitation.

–If you satisfy me, I will satisfy you.

We are playing paper dolls, making each part of the body speak for confidence.

–What do you want to do now

–What is there to do

–Keep it going.

–You have such an energy. I only wish that I could keep up.

–You have nothing to worry about. Just let yourself go. Become one with me.

In this exposition, we don't have to talk about physical states. We simply need to describe her levels of satisfaction.

her toes	Even at the farthest point of the body, she is turned on.
her feet	A caress opens her up to further arousal.
her ankles	She let you know what she wants.
her calves	She is assertive.
her thighs	She shows no signs of hesitation.
her fingers	She directs the action.
her hands	She welcomes your touch.

her wrist	She adorns her pleasure.
her forearm	Her embrace is direct.
her upper arm	She holds on with all her strength.
her shoulders	She is ready to surrender.
her neck	She accepts your kisses.
her ears	She hears your pleas.
her hair	She is free.
her lips	She loves long, languorous kisses.
her nose	She feels overcome by the feeling.
her eyes	She sees beyond sight.
Her upper back	The smooth expanse of skin gives way to more pleasure!
Her lower back	She focuses her desire!
her stomach	Her endurance knows no bound.
her breasts	She know what this is all about.
her hips	Her sleek curves
her butt	There is no doubt that ...
her desire	She is within the body and outside the body.

We can become more explicit about her sex. She is already accustomed to the intense level of stimulation offered by touch.

–I can imagine your tongue working its way inside me.

Her whole body brags of its erotic power. It is not just the surface. Physical contact seems to unlock this extreme sensation, a warmth, a burning. The more that she is aroused, the more that this feeling intensifies. It takes over her being.

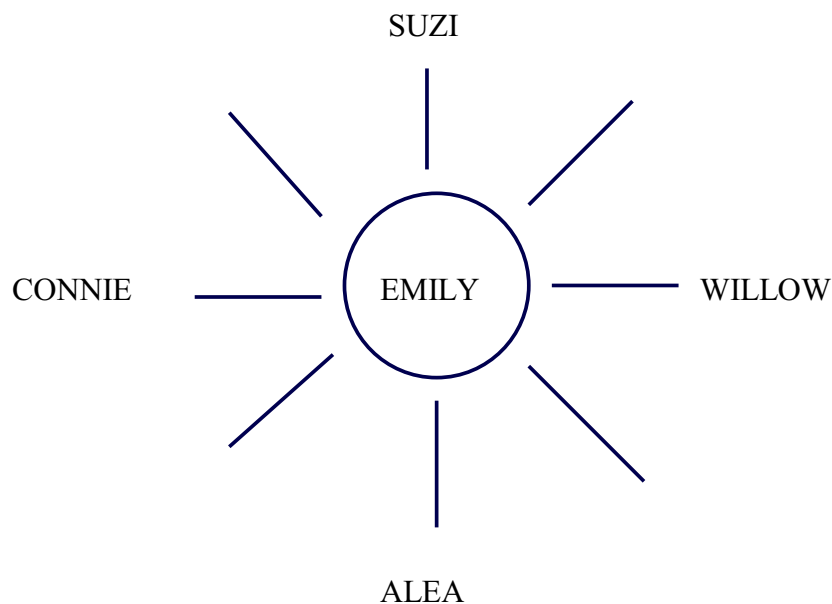
–Just a caress.

She is learning how to prepare herself for this kind of experience. A dreaminess in the eyes. A surrender of the will.

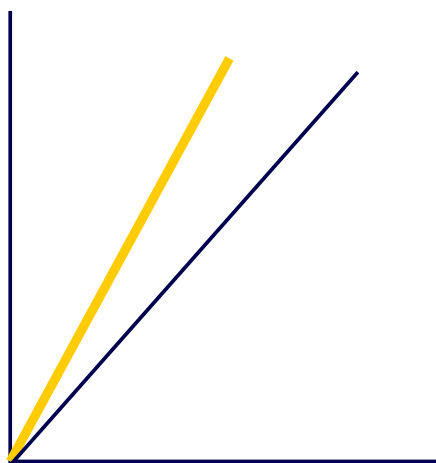
–I will give you anything that you give me. And more!

You may get lost in trying discover her mystic points of arousal. She has gone beyond this. Desire engages further desire.

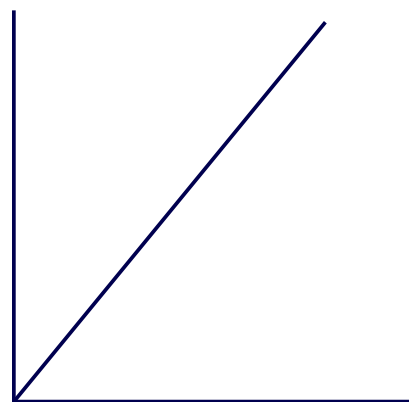
**-THE EMILY CIRCLE APPEARS TO DISPLACE ANTHEA FROM THE NARRATIVE!**



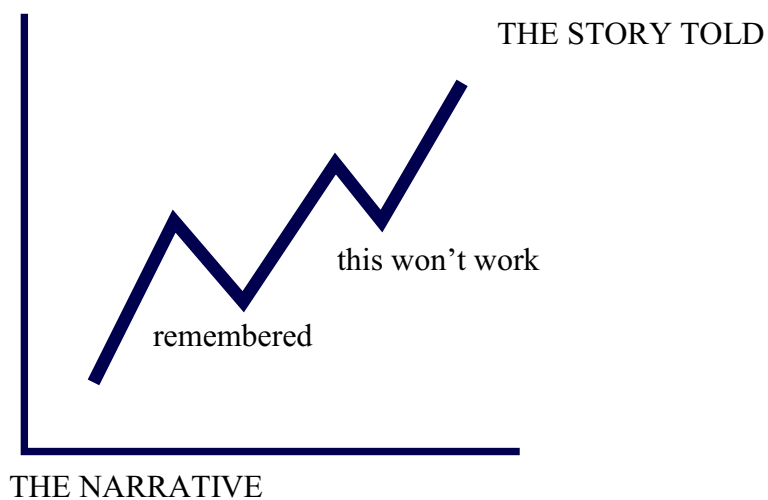
**-NOT IF SHE ENTERS THE STORY AS A CHARACTER!  
 -DOES SHE NEED TO COMBINE THE TRAITS OF THE OTHER CHARACTERS?  
 -PERHAPS.**



FRESHNESS OF DESIRE (Her lips)

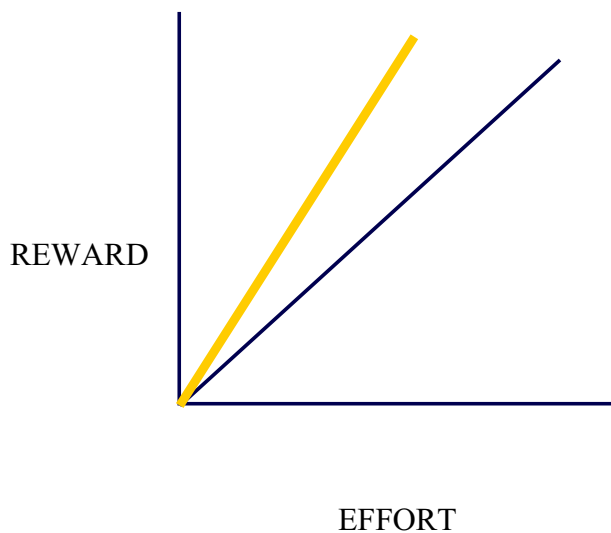


THE MACHINE (its progress)

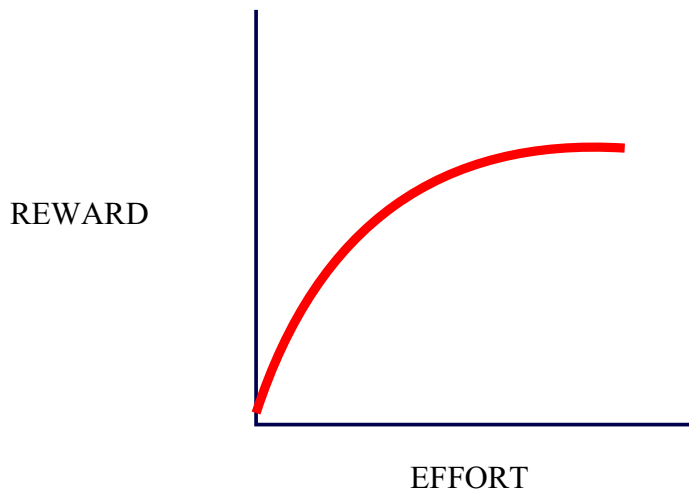


What do you want to hear?	Emily's story!
A	I had dreams of studying math!
M	I met this guy. He just fucked me over.
A <sup>+</sup>	This is going to be different!

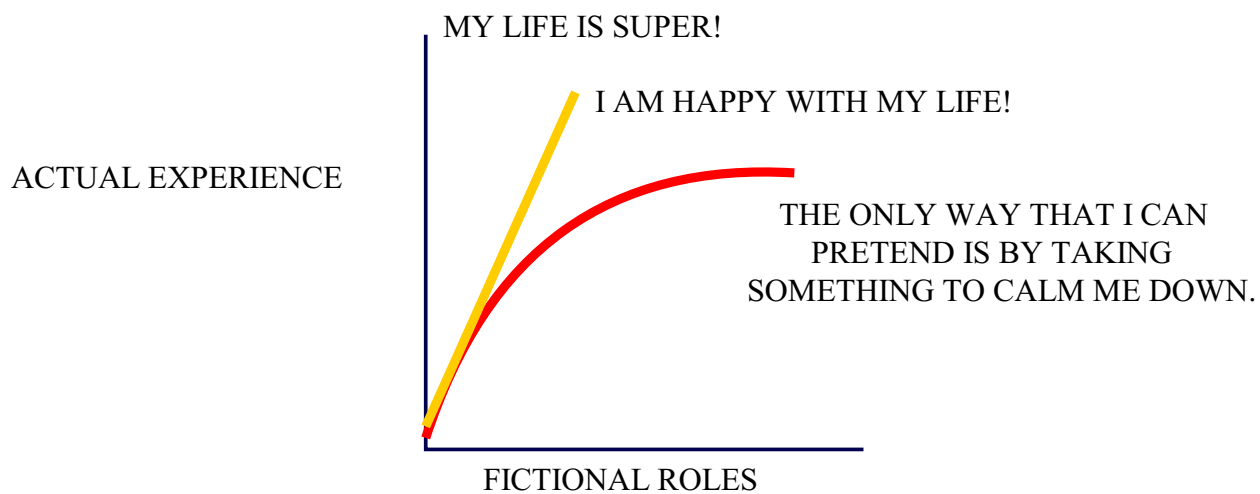
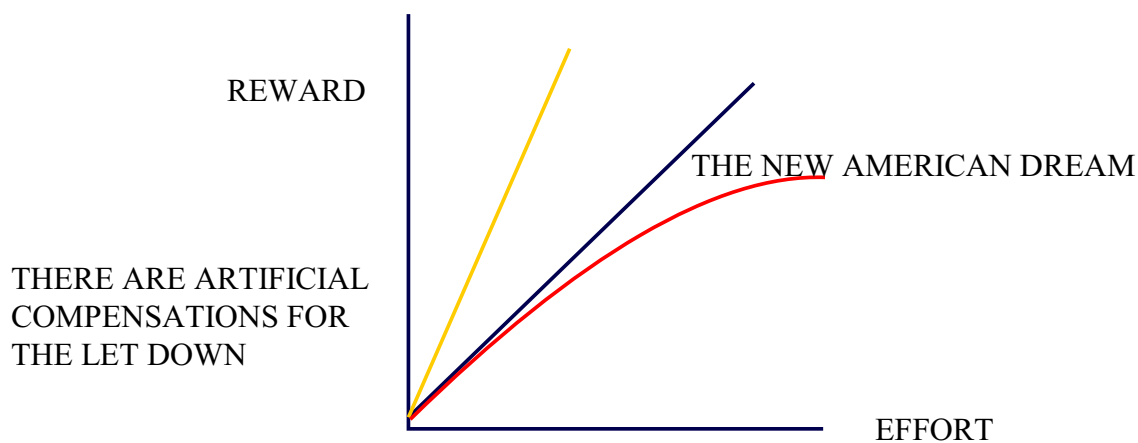
If you look at her, you can't tell her story. She has been good at hiding the truth.  
 -My story begins now!  
 It's going to be a mess. She loves trouble. And she doesn't even know what that means.  
 Just wait!



BELIEF IN ETERNAL REWARD!



IS THIS HOW IT TURNS OUT FOR EMILY?  
SHE FEARS THE PLATEAU!





- I need you to help me fill in for what is not in my life!
- Is that what the movie says to you?
- That is what my life says to me about the movie.
- That just sounds like you're trying to be clever!
- No, that's the way it is with all the magic happening around me.

Emily had hijacked the story. Despite her pleas for modesty, this was a tale of revelation. She would show what she needed for her personal gratification.

- How far are you willing to go?
- Much further than I have gone with my high school friends.
- She carried suitable identification to allow her to play the game.
- I've been in training. I am ready.

Her body was in shape for the demands of performance. Much of this was a question of breath control. She had worked hard in developing such a skill. But she was fit. Her physical endurance guaranteed that she could maintain a high level of muscle tension over a long period of time.

- She claimed that she had the flexibility of a contortionist.
- I am built to give and receive pleasure.

Her body was a sleek surface of unbroken delight. The flow of desire unlocked deeper layers of stimulation. Sustained contact enabled her to maintain a heightened stage of arousal.

- I want to go further.

Dirty games now awaited her. Was this why she became a player in the game? Was this why she needed to tell her story?

- The extremes of pleasure made her delirious. This only made her seem more desirable.
- Do I have the body of an adult?

- You would have never been allowed to play if you were only a child.

This went way beyond a sleekness of the flesh. This was more about her skill to glide through this endless ocean.

- I'm a good swimmer.

She shrieked to indicate her excitement.

- I'm going to put myself through college by sharing my secrets.
- But there was nothing secret here. She shared her flesh willingly.
- I'm not going to leave here without something for myself.

That seemed to be Emily's inspiration.

Her whole body pulsed with the energies of time. The rifts of thought merged in the rhythms of the body. Many became one.

- There's no turning back now. This is the future!
- She felt herself hurtling through the air. She just let go!
- You didn't take anything.
- This is completely natural.

But it was way beyond anything that she had ever felt before.

- I could stare at your body all day.

–Close your eyes, and just go along with where your desires take you. Only time will tell.

–I don't want this to end to soon.

–I can help you concentrate. Think of me, and you may be eternal.

–Are you kidding?

–Kiss me deeply.

Emily had all the answers.

–You can't stop history in the making.

There was a moment when she started to believe that her own feelings were of greater import than before. It was her new religion.

–You give in like this, and it's all that you'll be able to think about.

–I don't even have to think about it. It's part of my being. I just take as it comes. I give in to the kiss!

–This is going to ruin all of us!

She moved as if dancing like a snake unwinding to unleash all its power. Then she struck.

–Is that your hidden power?

–It wasn't hidden. You could taste it before you got started.

Cathy from C-Ward	I escaped from a hospital bed to come here.	You're kidding me.
A	I was studying math at Tech!	Tell me something mathematical!
	–I was working on my math homework. I needed a break so I decided to come out. –Did any of this help with your homework? –I'm trashed now! I can't really say anything about homework.	We are all doomed.
experiments with dreams		

Every night is like that last. Or every night is uniquely different.

–Some are different. And some are exactly the same as before!

**Y Solved for that night!**

**7 Solved for all nights!**

If each night has a personality that typifies it, then there is a personage who will outshine any personality who emerges on the other nights.

- Is this a mathematical certainty?
- More than that. I can feel it in my bones.
- So you are here to reveal this equation.
- Something like that.

EVENTS	CONFESSION	CHARACTERS
A	I was planning to go to college. Then my father lost all his money. We had to move here and get jobs. I work in a restaurant. I hate it. I want something more!	I want to study physics! –Do you know the equations? –The equation for having enjoyment. –The equation for pleasure. –What about the equation for avoiding pleasure? –Does that mean accepting pain?
	–Sometimes I come here in the hope that I can continue my studies, but in a very unconventional way. You know what I am talking about. –You really think that we can do anything productive here.	–I don't think that I just want pleasure. I want something of permanence. Like happiness. –What would be required for such a reward? –I think that you'd need a belief beyond anything else. And also a desire to see deep into things. Beyond all immediacy. Something that might last. That might attain that I strive for. –I think it's just something that come for it.
	–That's what we're all after. Something to help things make sense.	–I wish that there was a pill, or something like that. I could just swallow it, and everything would make sense.

*P*redict your beginning and your end.

–This is how it all got started. You did not only say the words. You felt each one as well as the spaces between

- Whatever that could mean.
- You don't need words.
- You don't have to talk you way in.
- I already am in.
- We try to get in just so that we can hang out in this cage!
- But the people outside watch us and wish that they could get in.
- Why?

As Link and I struggled to develop a method to develop our story, Guy did his best to block our efforts.

–It's not as if you need to uncover some secret to explain things. What is happening now is simply the direct result of things that I did a few years ago. Even Emmanuel was in on it. So that explains his actions now. All the things that happened at the Cube and at Restless were anticipated by what I had been doing in the Cobb County suburbs.

Perhaps Guy was exaggerating his role. And I really wondered if his actions predated everything that had happened at the Cube. But all the funky shit that was going on across from Restless was a direct result of those first seeds that Guy had planted. It should have been obvious that something was behind all that mischief. Those kids hadn't come up with the formula on their own. It wasn't just apparitions that had come out of nowhere. The encounter with these infernal forces had been prepared a while back by Guy's leadership.

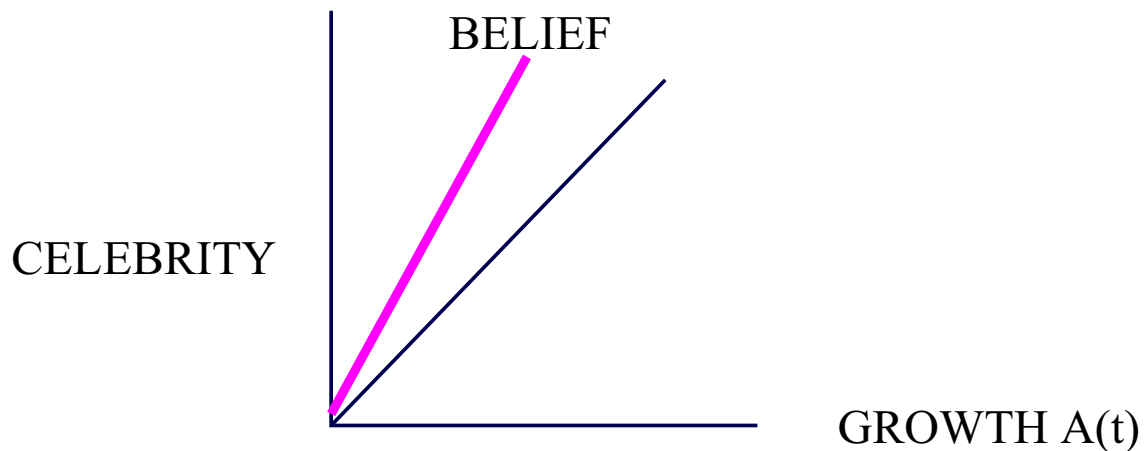
Suzi knew all too well.

–He was a guru. He was a legend. He was a demon. He was a god.

But none of this stopped me. I believed that there was a complex interaction that had preceded Guy. Besides, he was hardly around. So even if his actions had precipitated things, there was a whole other field of action that had emerged separate from him.

What do you want?	I want a drink.
	I need a job.
	I need a place to live.
	I want a future.
	I don't want to feel like this anymore.
	I want what I am supposed to want. That's how it's always been.

What do you want?	I want to talk to her.
	I want to get to know her.
	Nothing is going to happen.
	You're not real!
	I'm not going to sleep with you.
	It's not like that.



- It's not like that.
- What do you mean?
- I don't belong here.
- At Restless.
- No, on the earth.
- There is the portal!

- What do you want?
- Another night off work!

DO YOU WANT TO?  
OF COURSE YOU DO!

There were a few sentences on a page.  
-This is what you have to work with. We are both going to write stories. And they have to include these sentences. You just take it from there.  
Anthea's assignment seemed brilliant.  
-Where did you get the sentences?

–Honestly, I found them.

That made the challenge even more brilliant. The sentences were:

*He pulled up her wool skirt to reveal her white cotton panties.*

*He remembered how Andrew had humiliated him when he was in high school.*

I rushed home full of ideas. I just wrote:

Andrew played the girls in his high school like a grocery list. Once he had his game in play, there was really no contest. Jeanette seemed different than the rest. She had a preference for nineteenth century novels. Not just the obvious stuff like *Wuthering Heights*. She read Trollope and Eliot.

Cerne used to read to her in the den as the sun was setting on a warm summer evening. She would rest her head next to him and listen intently. She seemed the one girl who was immune to Andrew's charms. This made him all the more frustrated. Cerne took a special delight that Andrew would not be successful in his quest. Here was someone who loved him for himself, and no amount of effort on Andrew's part could separate the young lovers.

For his part, Andrew was not going to give up. Even if Cerne was standing in his way, he intended to add Jeanette to his list. What he lacked in sensitivity, he more than made up for with strategy. He may not have been as poetic as Cerne, but he was much more quick witted and could adapt to pretty well any situation. If he was going to be victorious, he needed to do his homework. He was a quick study. His intellect was sharp enough that he could match Jeanette's creative appetite one for one.

Cerne caught him in the hallway with his arms full of books.

–Getting ready for college.

–No, just a homework assignment.

In many ways, Andrew wondered if anyone was really worth it. After all, Cerne had spent what seemed like a lifetime to get close to this girl. Andrew needed to do all that was necessary in less than a week.

Cerne was well aware of Andrew's reputation. And the pile of books made it seem that Jeanette was in the sights of the carnal mastermind. But Cerne felt that he had nothing to worry about from any rival. After all, she seemed a devoted friend and lover.

Jeanette was not one who surrendered herself to the pleasures of the flesh. But as a romantic soul, she felt that she was blessed by the stars. Cerne had satisfied her needs as a friend. But his love never seemed enough. It never seemed to shake her to her core. And in her affective imagination, she imagined that there was someone for her that would take her away from all that was mundane in her world.

She was equally aware of Andrew's propensity to break hearts. So she felt herself resistant to his feeble charms. On the other hand, she loved his flowing hair, and he really did seem as if he stepped out of one of her books. He had impressed her with his comment about Flaubert in her literature class. After he spoke, she stared at him in the hopes that she could catch a glimpse of his immortal soul.

Cerne was convinced that he was the devil's minion. This was the real source of his success. Any remains of a soul were damned to eternity. And if Jeanette was ever taken by such a blaggard, that would be the definitive event in her own descent to the underworld.

Andrew knew that he had already worked his way into her heart. It was a sixth sense. But she had been taught to stay away from such a nefarious creature. And she was true to her word. And she had pledged herself to Cerne.

Cerne let down his guard, and Andrew realized that he could approach untouched from the left flank. By the time he had made his move, Cerne would be helpless to bring in reinforcement.

Jeanette was by herself wandering the mall in the hopes that she could find the appropriate dress for spring.

–You’re in my English class.

She smiled; that was hardly going to work

–I know who you are.

–What are you saying?

–First, you say these disarming things. Then you come in for the kill.

–I’m hardly a killer.

–But you are a character. And not a good one.

She had trouble looking him in the eye. When she did, she felt a slight shiver all over.

–I’m not asking you for anything. I just want to be friends.

–You really like Flaubert.

–I study him religiously.

He had an irresistible flair. He didn’t read to be clever. He recognized an eternal wisdom that only made his own mischief much easier to accomplish. He brought the literature to life in the Twentieth Century. He was a true artist.

–We could have some lunch.

–I’m with someone.

He put his hand on her stomach.

–I can feel it rumbling. You’re not going to deny the call of nature.

–Sometimes denial is the very stuff of character.

–I’m sure that’s what you tell your boy when inconveniently asks you for intimate satisfaction.

She blushed.

–Intimate satisfaction. It sounds like a suppository.

–The real question is: are you intimately satisfied.

–What if I wasn’t. There’s really nothing that you could do about it.

–I could help you out with lessons. There’s the better part of an afternoon left.

–And I haven’t found my dress.

–Here’s the deal. I help you find the dress. And you give me whatever of the afternoon remains.

–That’s preposterous.

–Then at least get some lunch with me.

She was already frustrated with her search. They headed upstairs to the only luxury restaurant in the place. Something about red wine spilt on a white table cloth gave him an advantage in the pursuit.

Andrew had money. This only made his escapades easier. Now he brought all his skill to

bear on winning over Ms. Jeanette.

But the end of the meal, they were both laughing. He seemed to have an in with the restaurant so they served them both without a question. And the wine loosened her up in a way that was new to her. She imagined that this was a scene from a novel. The climax lay just around the corner.

Cerne was much older now. He remembered how Andrew had humiliated him when he was in high school. He had always believed that he would marry his high school sweetheart. But that dream came to a crashing end when Andrew made short work of dear Jeanette.

Those days were now long gone. He never thought of Jeanette as duplicitous. She just was too much of an idealist. And she had been duped by her own imagination.

Rachel was of an entirely different nature. She was lusty where Jeanette had been tender. And a mature Cerne understand what he needed to do to keep her devotion. Rachel was just as creative as Jeanette had been. And in many ways, her intellect was sharpened to the ways of the world.

Rachel knew what turned him on. And she liked to tease him by parading in a costume that seemed more appropriate to the high school years.

–I am still pure, she joked.

–I guess you are!

When Andrew met Rachel, he had no idea that she was with Cerne. But she had the strangest resemblance to another girl from his past. Jeanette had tamed his wayward manners, at least for a while. Their eventual breakup years later rendered him temporarily helpless. And it took him a time to regain his former prowess. There were times that he took it all as a sign. But he still took comfort in being a Lothario. And the final years of college only perfected his method.

As an adult, he had mellowed. He felt that he had been cursed by his former ways. And Jeanette had been the one girl who had done him in. That was the basis of Rachel's appeal. He could help her regain lost time.

–I'm not going to sleep with you.

–You're kidding.

–I live with a guy.

–What are you willing to do?

A leisurely lunch and they were together in a hotel room.

Andrew was at it again.

He pulled up her wool skirt to reveal her white cotton panties. He simply stared, mesmerized by the point where the elastic met the her tender leg.

She chuckled.

–Are you just going to look, or are you going to do something about it?

He let his fingers do the required work. She was delirious.

Such a delicious sweet was only habit-forming. So Rachel developed an affection for long lunches. And they kept getting longer.

Cerne was not the suspicious sort. His days of being cuckolded were part of his ancient past. And he gave Rachel everything that an adult lover could. Maybe he gave her too much. And as the mystery faded, she only seemed more taken by the appeals of a lunchtime rush.



Unbeknownst to Rachel, Cerne saw her wandering through the plaza downtown. He was sure that she said she was going to get her hair done. Maybe she had found another stylist. He decided to follow her. When he saw her catch up with Andrew, he felt the dagger through the heart. Jeanette had been his spiritual light. But Rachel had rocked him to the core.

He knew that Andrew would one day tire of her. And she would come running back to Cerne. He couldn't let himself be taken advantage of. He turned back and buried himself in work.

I showed Anthea my story.

–Wow! I thought you'd take longer to get it done. I'm impressed.

–So do you have a story for me.

–Indeed, I do. If I'm going to play teacher, I better get my job done.

Nate tried to learn from his friend Andrew. But Andrew seemed to move faster than the eye could see. He be with one girl and before Nate could blink, he'd find another. He wondered what was the source of his friend's knack.

Sure, Andrew looked the part. And he knew it. But there was more than that. He let the women do most of the work. He'd just let it all fall into place.

–Young girls are curious. I just encourage that curiosity.

He sounded like some kind of guru.

The only girl who seemed to resist his charms was Sara. Nate had a special place in his heart for Sara. They even did homework together. But he could never get up the nerve to tell her how he felt.

In her own way, Sara was rather naive. She read a lot. She understood the darker purposes of the world. But she was really a victim to her own emotions. This may have been her undoing.

Sara always hoped that Nate would be strong enough to let her know how he felt. She wanted him to take charge. But if he wasn't going to say what needed to be said, she wasn't going to put the words in his mouth.

Andrew wanted to do what he could to help. He realize that Nate just needed a push. The more that he studied the girl, the more he recognized his own longing. Maybe she was the one girl who could get him to settle down.

Since she seemed so sweet, he thought it would be easy to win her over. Sure, he had been preparing Nate to make the move. But Nate was helpless. When Andrew sat next to her in English class, he could smell her potent perfume. This was too much.

–Maybe we could study together tonight.

–I always study with Nate.

–Tonight could be an exception.

–Not really!

Andrew felt more frustrated by her. Perhaps she wasn't as simple as he originally thought. This added to her appeal.

–Maybe we could do something after you finish studying.

Nate had never been so direct with her. In anticipation of meeting Andrew, she called off

her study session with Nate.

–I’m not feeling well. Maybe we could study together tomorrow.

–You don’t want to get to far behind.

Sara’s parents were very conscientious. And they never would have let a boy like Andrew up in their daughter’s bedroom. This only encouraged her to try to sneak him in. And it was part of his method that he could be as stealthy as the best thief.

He reconnoitered the place well. He recognized that with her stereo playing, her parents would never hear a thing. He went to work.

Her plaid wool skirt only made her seem more attractive. And his eyes anticipated his own caresses as they traveled up her long, thin legs.

–Stop! I didn’t bring you here for that.

–It’s not like we’re going to study.

He tossed her to the bed, and stood above her. *He pulled up her wool skirt to reveal her white cotton panties.* As he looked down at her, she shivered with fear.

She felt it childish to resist. After all she had invited him up her. But faced with the reality of his intent, she felt guilty about what was happening. She wanted to stop him. The situation only made her feel paralyzed.

He understood such ambiguous situations. This was really the basis of his power. There was an air of cruelty to his method. On the other hand, he was all too familiar with this situation. He used his advantage well. Despite her pain, he did everything that he could to make the experience pleasurable. Even if she said little afterwards, he believed that he had done a masterful job.

The appeals of her innocence only made him more delighted with the sequence of events. She truly felt robbed by the expert thief. On the other hand, she felt the only way to get her soul back was to continue the same behavior.

He normally would have taken the spoils from their encounter and moved on. But she had overcome him with her sheer earnestness. He had never seen anyone surrender so completely.

Still they had little to say to each other. She blamed him for what had happened. He had made it impossible to maintain her friendship with Nate.

At first, Nate had no idea what happened. But he swore to get to bottom of things. One night, he watched as Andrew descended from her window. He felt this sinking feeling in his stomach. It knocked him to the ground.

By the time that he arrived in college, his days with Sara had faded into his ancient past. He had learned from those tempestuous days. *He remembered how Andrew had humiliated him when he was in high school.* But the rancor had disappeared with the passing years.

When he returned home for a family emergency, he wondered if he would run into any of his friends from high school. He had been in town for a week and was getting ready to go back to the city. He thought that he had escaped his past unscathed when he saw her.

She looked even more graceful and

The years had given her a maturity that she had made part of her confident gait. She glided on the ground.

She agreed to get coffee.

–I married young. Just after college. But we’re still together. And we’re happy. For a long time, I never knew if I could be happy. I hated what had happened. How you just let me go like that. How you gave me to that monster of a friend of yours.

–That isn’t how it happened.

–That’s how I remember it. He forced himself on me. Not in so many words. But I was helpless when I was with him. I wanted to resist. I was just too young.

–You stayed with him all during senior year.

–I was a good girl. I thought that was what I was supposed to do.

Anthea and I both laughed.

–Sara and Jeanette just seem so weak. And the guys are all such weasels.

The wool skirt chafed as it rubbed against my tender skin. The heels of my flats clicked against the floor as if it was a signal speaking of my entry into a room. There was little of comfort in the meager facilities where we took our lessons. Our trifling crushes were our only remedy for the pain that lashed out at us from behind lesson plans and the daily routine.

There was a time when I thought that desire was nothing more than an intense stirring of the soul, a fire that burned as fiercely as any passion that I had known. I had no idea that these emotions proceeded from a place of disruption that had the power to destroy my very being. I did everything that I could to maintain my sense of balance amidst these conflicting sensations. The true romantic must set off on this perilous journey without any hope of rescue. I hated to overdramatize my fate. But this was the lot that I had prepared for myself so I promised to deal with the consequent horror..

I had never really been held by a guy. I had never felt the beating of the heart that told of true love. I only had dreams with their attendant illusions. I found little to console me on these long winter nights. None of the boys really appealed to me. I was voracious reader. I consumed everything from Balzac to Woolf. I compared the gossip of my friends to the wonders of these stories, and I realized that there was little that I was missing.

My neighbor Jeremy tried to penetrate my inner circle. And he tried to keep up with my reading. There was little that he could do to keep up. But I pretended that his efforts were paying off. There were times that I even permitted him to lean against me as he worked to lull me by reading aloud. But his delivery was halting and often seemed like a distraction from the stories. I let him believe what he wanted to believe. As I strode by him, I noticed how attentive was his gaze. I lived temporarily in this dream.

It was fortunate for me that Jeremy was shy. I never had to reject him literally. I let him undo the knot on his own.

One evening, he brought a friend with him, Adam. I had heard many stories of Adam. And if they were all true, it demonstrated a mastery of seduction that I needed to watch out for. I was a little afraid of what seemed to be happening. On the other hand, in person, Adam seemed much clumsier than he had been portrayed in the stories. Nevertheless, I was still overwhelmed by his charms. One evening, he was able to make his way to my bedroom. This was both a victory on my part, and a humiliation. It was also the moment that Jeremy had passed the

window and viewed Adam trying to make a move on me.

Jeremy saw little of what actually transpired. Although he felt that both Adam and I had conspired to betray him. What actually happened in the bedroom was very different. Adam was not used to having his desires so immediately frustrated. He felt that a little force could help him in securing his just desserts. He pushed me to the bed. I braced myself as I fell. He lifted up my skirt and stared at my white cotton underwear. This was his prize.

I wanted to scream out. But I knew that if I made a sound that my parents would be fast on me. They would blame me for the whole thing. I needed to find my own way out of my predicament. As he got closer, I raised my leg and kicked him in the crotch. He would have screamed if he could. But the breath seemed sucked from him. And he just fell down before me. He could not recover from both his pain and his embarrassment.

Needless to say, Adam didn't breathe a word about what had happened. He was too embarrassed. I felt that my reputation was still intact. I had not realized that Jeremy had seen us together. He assumed the worst. He stopped taking my phone calls. And he never returned to read to me. I was forced to admit how much I had valued that closeness that he had offered.

I think that my dilemma became all the more hazardous due to the fact I had welcomed Adam into my midst. I really did enjoy his initial advances. And I was willing to play along with his game. I never understood how much of a cad he was until I had to deal with him first hand.

The actual course of affairs made me more isolated than ever. I believed that this resolution had something to do with my own corruption. I vowed that I would just surrender myself to the next boy who came along. Things were not to be that straight-forward. And when I was presented with future opportunities, I ran as fast as I could!

I was building a more and more secure cocoon for myself. And I envisioned no hatching in my near future. I had been tricked by my own emotions.

By the time I entered college, my dramatics quickly ended. I found boys that were more to my liking. If I had doubts about my sanity, I quickly got over these illusions. I found boys who could keep up with my pace. I forgot about Adam and Jeremy.

One day I was visiting Seattle, and I thought that I saw Jeremy in a restaurant. I thought about going in but decided not to after quickly reviewing the events from my past.

–Emily.

He caught up with me on the street. I turned. It was Jeremy. He begged me to have a drink with him.

–I thought that I was never going to get over those years. I was so in love with you.

I didn't want to hear any of this. It wasn't flattering. It was just crazy.

–We can't go back.

–I know that.

But in the back of his head, I really think that he relished this sentimental illusion. I found it humorous.

$e^{m\sigma}$ 

It feels good to me.

 $e^{v\sigma}$ 

For the characters!

$m\sigma = \alpha$		rt dwell on  the body broken up for DESIRE.		$\sigma$
DWELL		I like it	Do you want to meet later. Maybe get something to eat.	A
P create machine		calf touch		NO
$Q = P^M$ image dwell on it		thigh caress		
		$Q = S$		
$\S$			I don't know if I can!	Q You don't even know how to say it.

–I can't be with you.

RISK to ask: He's not someone to risk anything on.

**e<sup>mσ</sup>**

We spent our time thinking about writing. We enjoyed talking about it.

–Are you going to get anywhere with this book.

Behind this flurry of activity, there was the feeling that made it all possible. This was life. I'd go out on that patio, and there was still a buzz from inside the club. It drove me crazy. It played inside my head. But this was the pulse that kept us alive. Take it away, there was just this stillness. Like ashes in a tray.

When the action again came to life, the memories were resurrected from their burial ground to dance before our eyes.

what	SUBSTANCE
do	NECESSITY
you	SUPPORT
want	ARGUMENT

What do' you want ^?

The accent

The pause

What do' ^ you want ?	You are fussy!
What do you want' ^?	I have no idea what I can do to help.
What do you' ^ want?	I've tried my best to please you
What' ^ do you want?	Is there anything that will please you?

What do' you want ^?

–Some of those!

What do you want' ^?

–Whatever you've got.

What do you' want ^?

–Something that no one else has. Something special for me.

What ' do you want ^?

–Am I bothering you?

–What do you want?

–I don't want anything.

–Why are you giving me that look?

–No reason.

–I'm not going to sleep with you if that's what you're wondering.

–I wasn't even thinking about that.

–You just don't know how to ask right. You're not willing to risk anything. You're nothing like the other people here.

–Maybe, that's my appeal.

–You just can't say that.

–I just did.

–That's not what I mean. You can't convince someone to like you.

–I'm not trying to do anything like that.

–Just as long as that much is clear.

–Why do you think that I'm that different?

–You just are!

–I have been thinking about you.

–I just hope that it's not in that way.

–I don't think that I could think of you in that way.

–Is that supposed to be a complement?

–Take it for what you will.

–What do you really want? You come here. You observe all these people. But you don't seem like you care. Do you bleed?

–What can I say to that?

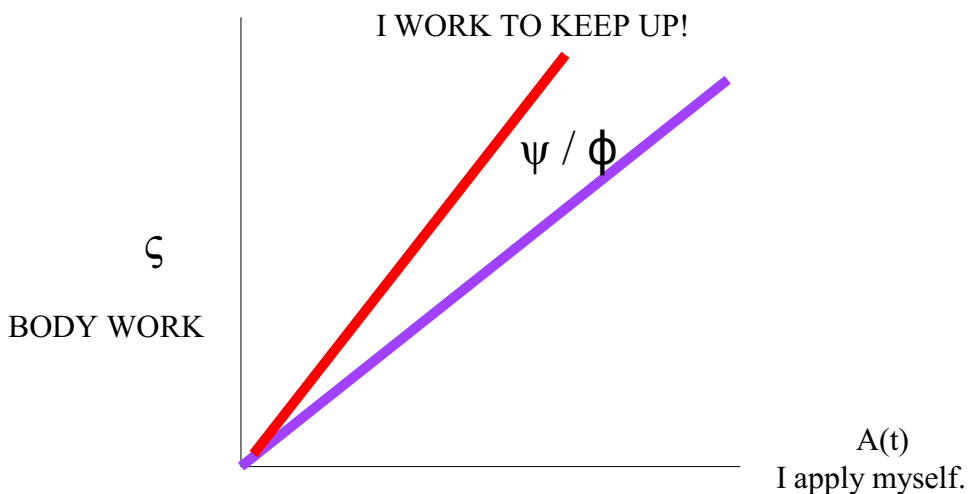
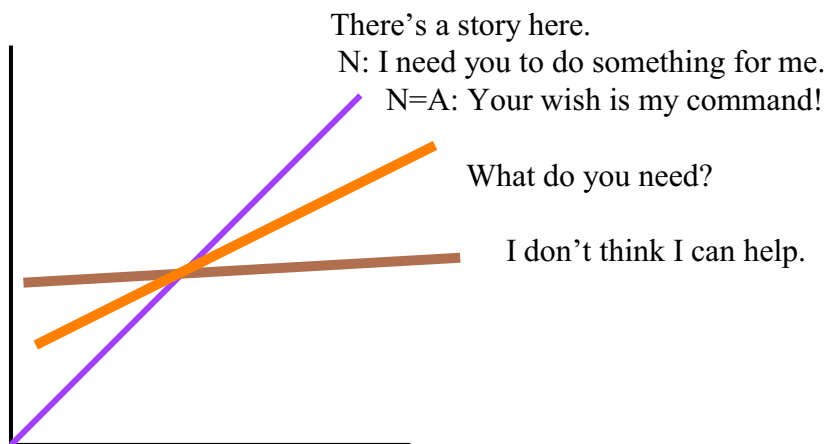
–Say what you want to say.

–Why do you take an interest?

–I'm drunk. And it's late at night. Ad you're out here with me.

–Of course, none of that means much of anything.

–There you go again.  
 –You won't let me do much else.  
 –I thought that we solved all of this long ago.  
 –You solved it. I just listened.  
 –I'm not one of those fortune machines that you can put your quarters in and get an answer. What do you expect?  
 –Not much of anything. That's why I'm here. That's why we're all here. At some time in our lives, we learned to stop expecting thing.  
 CAN YOU COPY THIS?

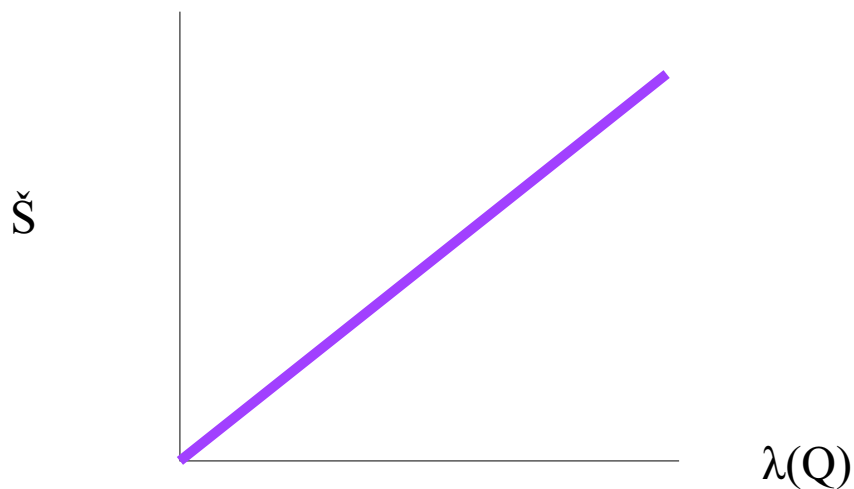


$\psi / \phi$ I am pushing myself, and I can't keep up.	H TIME You're way ahead of me!	SLOW DOWN TIME: I caress her long legs.
	☆ CELEBRITY I can't touch it!	



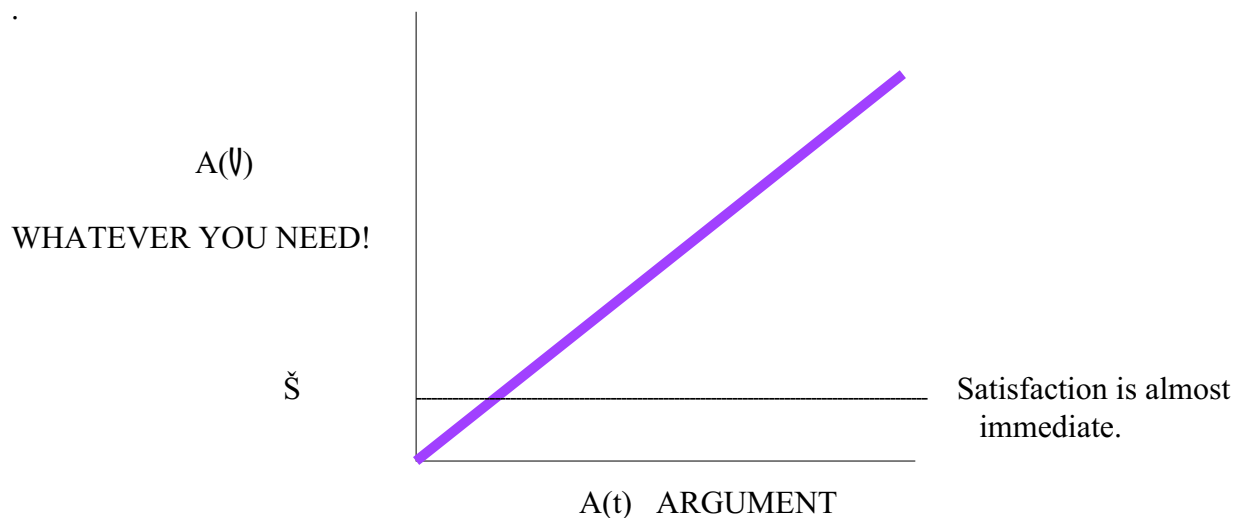
$\lambda(Q)$ I apply my will!		
----------------------------------	--	--

The more that I apply myself, the more that I feel satisfied. This is a discipline.



$\phi(Q)$  I'm here to satisfy you.  
 –Sure you are!  
 HOW CAN YOU DESCRIBE WHAT HAS HAPPENED!  
 I am over whelmed.  
 $V$ : You'll enjoy this.  
 $A(V)$ : I am here to please you. I want you to enjoy this!

DWELL ON:  $A(V)$



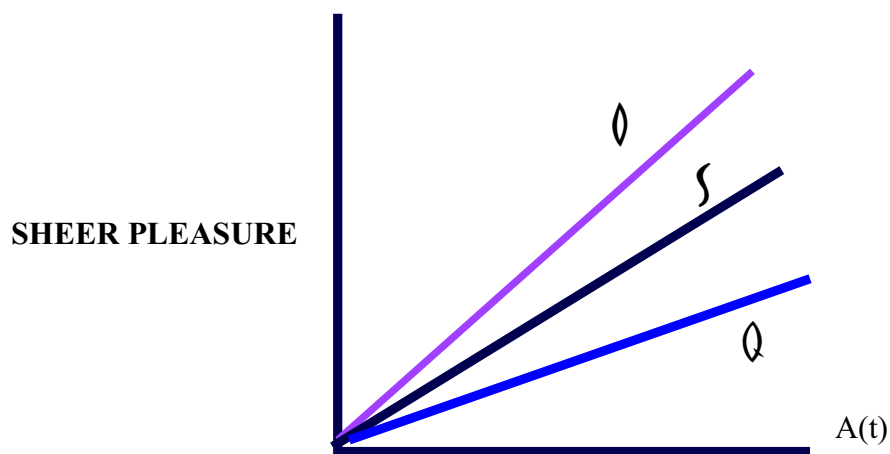
℞

Her curious smile!  
 THE AFTERMATH:  
 RETURN TO THE CARESS>

**S** The body remembers this intensity of effort.

TO START AT THE FINISH FOR A MORE INTENSE PLEASURE:

DWELL ON  $\emptyset$ : NOTHING BUT PLEASURE!



GOSSIP HURTS

IT TOUCHES YOU!  
 –I can't touch anyone like that anymore.

–You can't do what you need to please a man!

You	what you need
to please a man!	can't do

If that means giving up my life plans to please my husband, you can forget about it sister!	
You	about me giving up my life
to please a man	can forget

–If that means abandoning my life plans to accommodate my husband, you can forget about it, sister!

	please
a man	

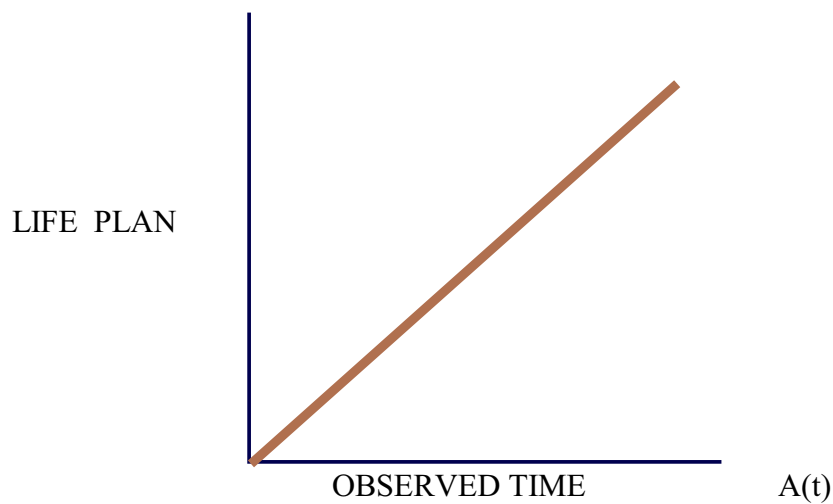
I refuse' to just please  $\wedge$  a man!

• $\bar{\wedge}$ • INTENSITY OF EXPERIENCE

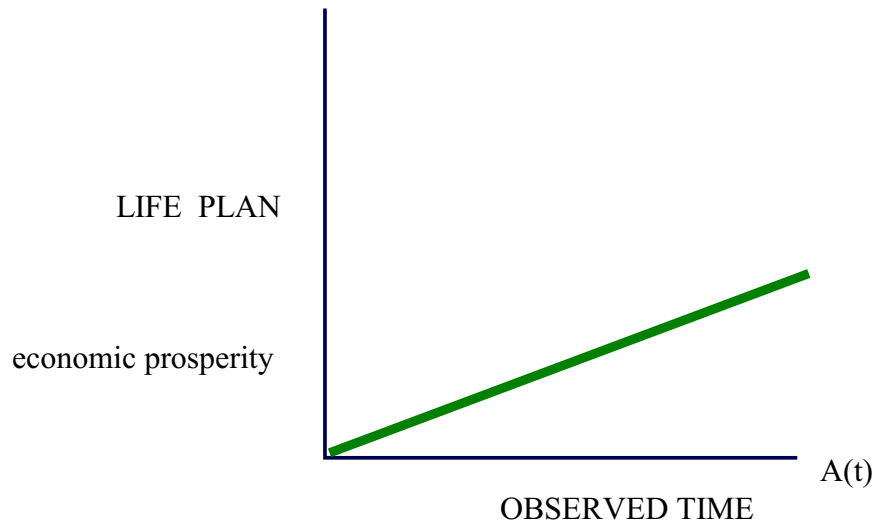
IMPASSE A(• $\bar{\wedge}$ •) There's nothing that I can say.

GIVE ME WHAT I NEED!  $\vee$   
 WHAT YOU THINK WILL PLEASE ME!

**WHEW!**

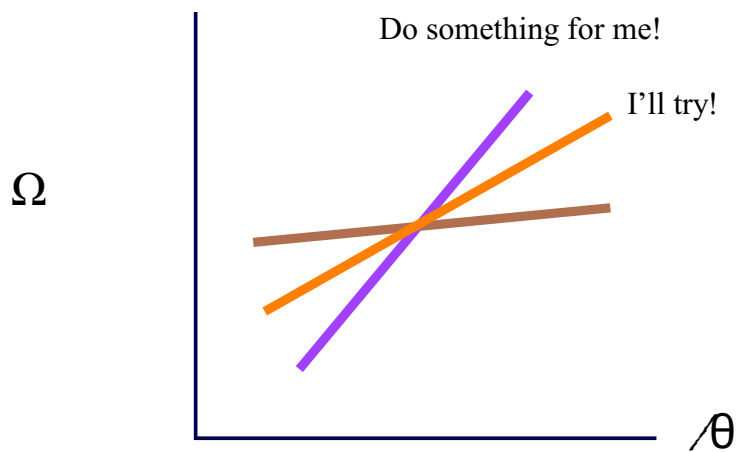


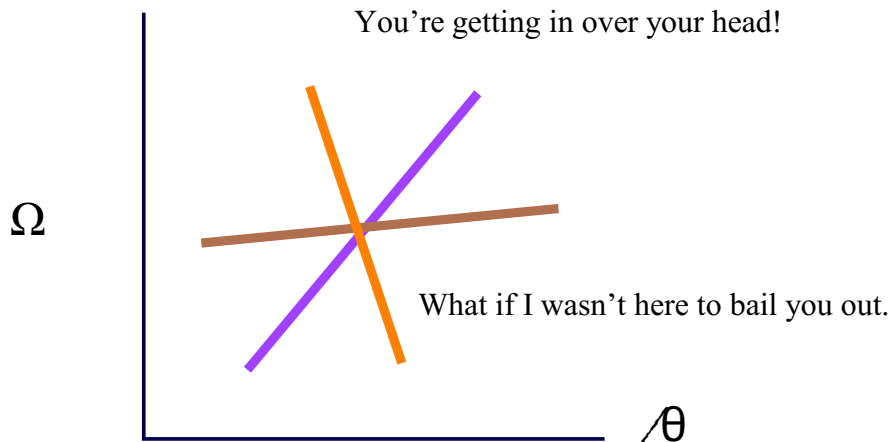
## DISINTEGRATION OF HUMAN HAPPINESS



## DISINTEGRATION OF HUMAN HAPPINESS

- And now here I am on the back patio of Restless telling you my story.
- You mean that there's nothing that you can do about it.
- I've just lowered my expectations.
- I guess that's a whole new story.
- The story is that I'm willing to risk it all for something bigger.
- Maybe a promise in the dark!
- I'm not that naive!





- I guess that I'd figure it out on my own.
- That's easier said than done.

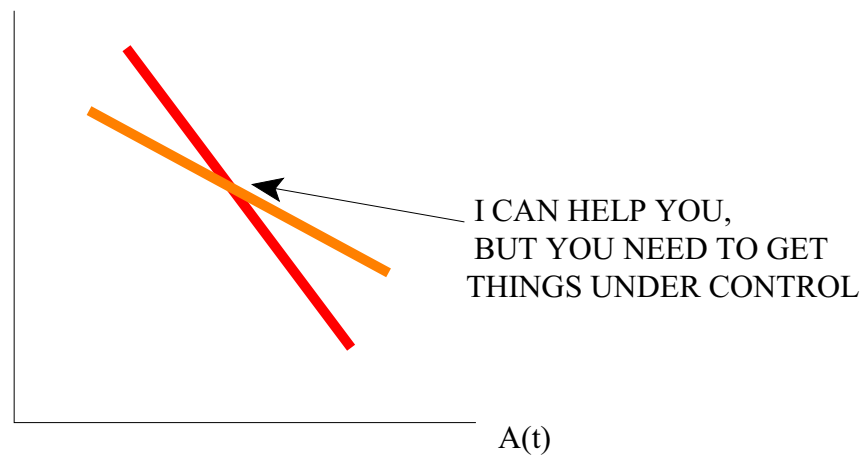
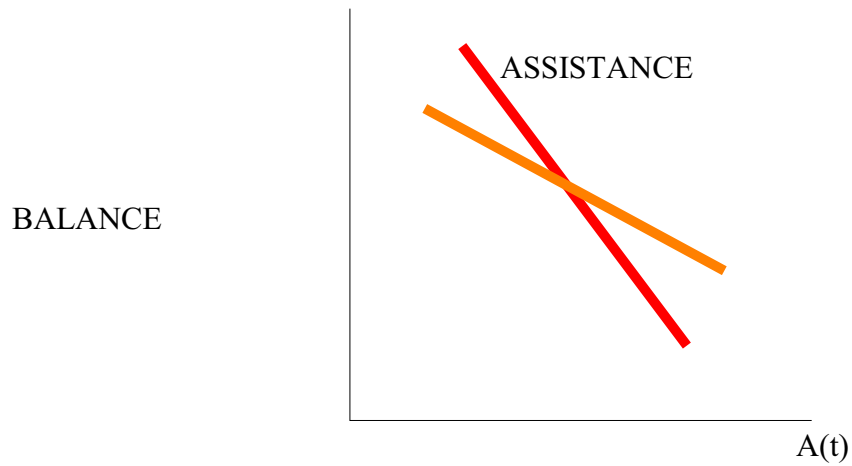
I	to help
you out	am there

I'll	if you're there
to bail me out	take some risks

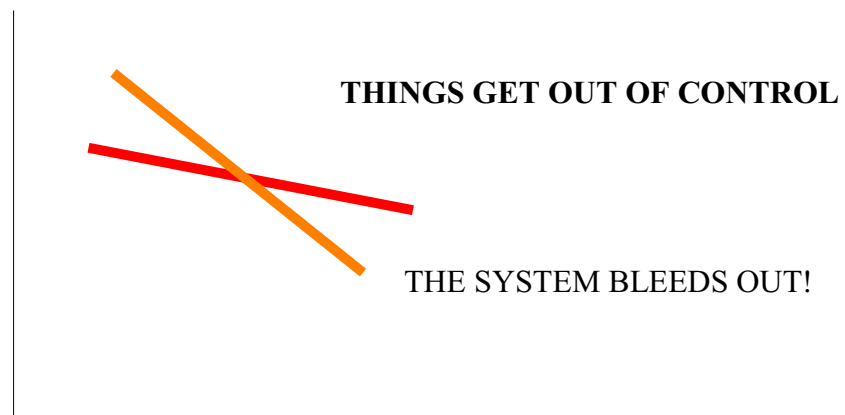
- I am going to be able to work this out. I just got to get ride of my past. Create myself anew.
- Whatever does that mean?
- I don't know. I just feel that I have a plan now.
- You're toasted.
- That's not it. I really feel as if I'm on to something.
- I'm glad that you think that. Because it doesn't look like anything is going to help.
- You have to take a positive attitude.
- That's what got me in this mess in the first place. I exaggerated my assets. I'm going to take it as it comes.
- Sounds like you're really deep in a storm.
- If that's how it is, I'll weather. I'm not looking for rescue any time soon.

I CAN HELP YOU. YOU JUST HAVE TO GET THINGS UNDER CONTROL!  
THE CHALLENGE:

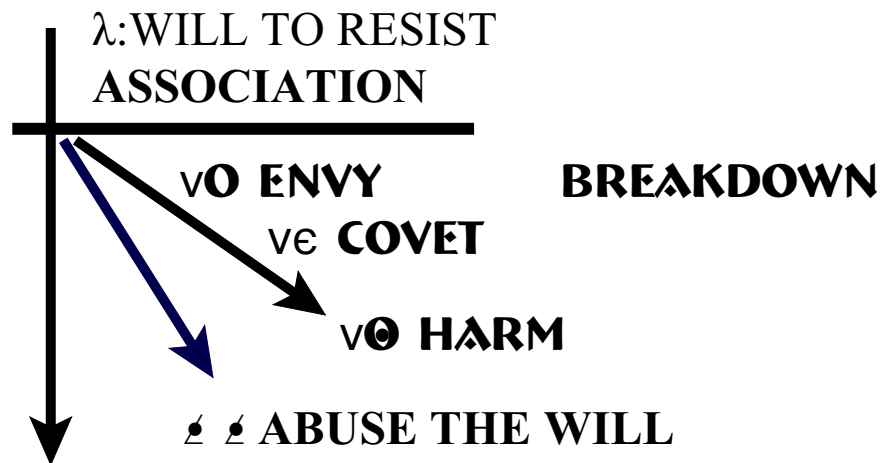
THINGS TAKE A TURN FOR THE WORSE.



-I got a new job just outside the Perimeter. A delivery job.



## BREAKDOWN OF THE WILL



### DWELL ON A(Q)

☞ IT HELPS ME STAY HAPPY!

**ON THE STREETS WITH MY OWN RULES!**

WHEN THE WILL BREAKS DOWN, THE SELF IS MOVED BY POWER-FLOWS,  
THE NEED TO DOMINATE!

–I couldn't keep doing that job. I was lost in the middle of the rush hour. I just turned back and went home.

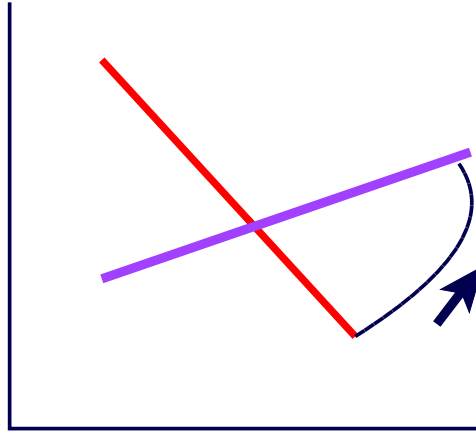
- What are you going to do?
- Try to live off my celebrity.

I hung around Restless waiting to be discovered.

–We can't book you for anymore shows. If only you were a drag act or a comedian,

- I have career in modeling. This is my portfolio. It's my key to success.
- I guess the first step is turning the key.

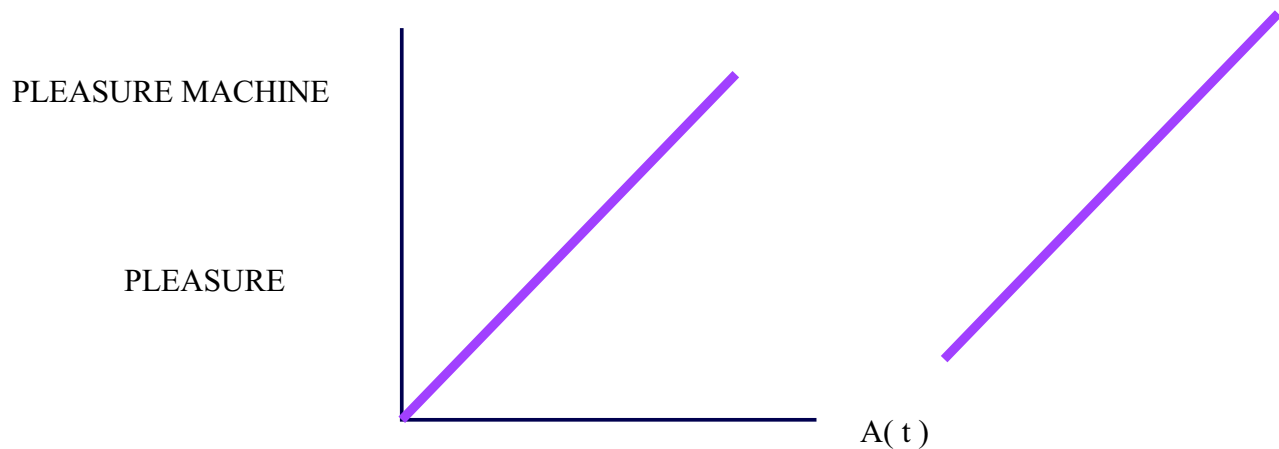




I'VE BEAT BACK THE DEMONS.  
 MY FRIENDS ARE BEHIND ME.  
 I'VE TURNED MY LIFE AROUND. I'VE GOT A PLAN FOR MY LIFE NOW!  
 EVERYTHING IS STARTING TO MAKE SENSE!

–Who are you kidding?

–You expected too much. You bargained for too much.



–How does this work?

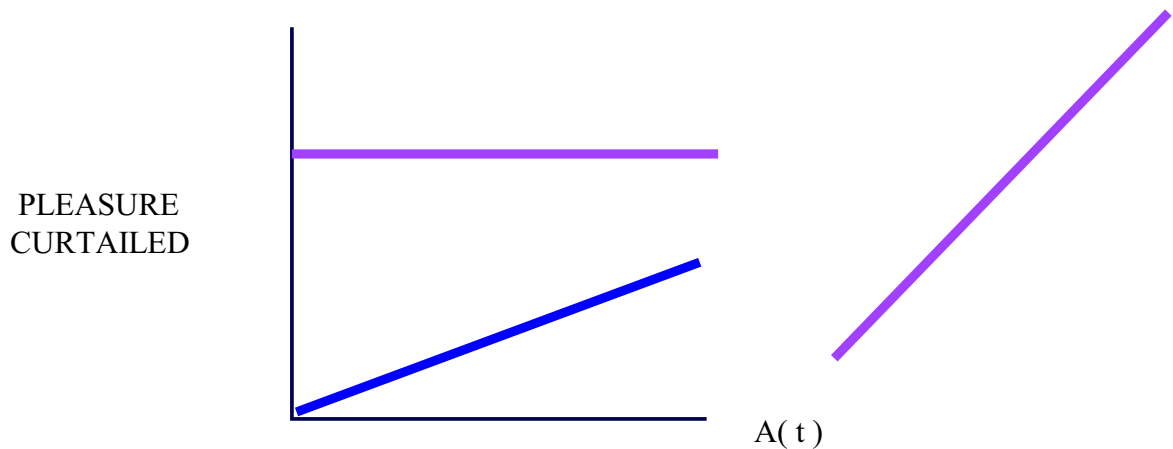
–Over time, you get exactly what you want.

–How is that possible?

–It's all part of the design for the machine. It's like biology, but smarter.

–Famous last words!





- You end up getting what you want!
- Alea, who told you that.
- My mother.
- Maybe that's so, but there's that random element that is part of it all.

Reno and I waited for a sign. Just anyone to walk into Restless bearing good news.  
-If it hasn't happened yet, it isn't going to happen tonight.

**IF IT HASN'T HAPPENED YET, IT'S NEVER GOING TO HAPPEN!**

- I have to leave you now.
- What are you talking about?
- Something big is going to happen.
- How could that be?***
- Mark my words!
- Nothing big is going to happen. We're just looking at more failure.
- It couldn't get worse than this.
- Never say that.

**I BARGAIN MY HAPPINESS FOR INSIGHT!  
IN-SIGHT!**

- It's going to be a hot day.
- It's going to be an even hotter night.
- How can that be?***
- The heat comes from inside and radiates outward.
- That's how the energy dissipates.
- At least we all get a little heat.
- Is that an equation for Restless?