

## 16. MERGING

Let me see her face.

“Are you enjoying it?”

“Sure I am. I just don’t even know your name.”

“Don’t worry about it. Does it feel good?”

“Sure it does!”

“Then just keep fucking.”

For a moment, it all merges with actual experience

She looks at me. Then it all fades out

“You seem familiar. Did we hook up once?”

“You don’t remember.”

“Most of my life is just a blur.”

“Did you have a drinking problem?”

“More like a life problem.

“You will do for what you do.”

“What is that supposed to mean? It makes me sound expendable.”

“I don’t know if I can offer you anything more. I seem to have this recurring dream. Only it seems more like *deja vu*. And I feel that I am just sliding in and out of this experience.”

“Perhaps a little too much stress at work.”

“They just gave me a new computer. I had all kinds of problems with my old one.”

“So do you often pick up women in bars?”

“I didn’t know that I was picking you up.”

“Your method just seems so abrasive.”

“So are you coming on to me?”

“For the time being, we are just talking.”

“I want to see your face in a better light.”

“Are you telling me that you want to see me in the morning light?”

“I just find you so familiar.”

“Familiar how?”

“What would you do if I just grabbed you in public?”

“Grabbed me how? Like this?”

“Am I supposed to get hard while you’re pulling on my dick.”

“You have so many shocking stories to tell.”

“I’ll say whatever you want me to say.”

“So why are you a little limp. Don’t I have what it takes?”

“You are being a little abrupt.”

“You’re the guy. You want to make the first move.”

“I want some rights.”

“Like what? The right to leave the light on while you have sex.”

“I just want to make sense of a few things in my life.”

“Worry about the sense in the morning. For now, have fun!”

“That sounds like my line!”

“I’m trying to help you out. You seem a little shy.”

"I'm just a little disoriented."

You should be confused. This story is nothing but confusing.

"He was conspiring with some critic to get his books sold."

"What do you mean?"

"There was this guy at UVA. Really respected in his field. The two of them got together for this plan. The one guy wrote these novels. Somehow he got them published. And his friend, the English prof, wrote these wonderful reviews. It created quite a stir."

"Were the novels good?"

"As good as anything else."

"Cut to the chase."

"They were provocative. A lot of sex. And a minimum of character development. I guess that there all not that different from the fare around these days. But this English prof made them seem so much better than the run of the mill stuff."

"They weren't?"

"The novels had their own charm. But it was mostly just veneer."

The word sets him off. He feels like his life is this veneer. And he is gradually peeling off the surface.

"The only thing that I really care about are basic needs. Eating, sleeping. Fucking!"

"Sort of convenient to boil things down when your whole life is this complex interaction that supports your whims."

"I'm a simple guy."

"And you were always that way?"

"I don't know how I always was. I have needs like everyone else. A need for food. A need for companionship. I could go on if I wanted to."

"Go on. Take me on a journey. Tell me a story."

"I'm not your writer in question."

"But you probably can tell me a great story."

"Where do you want to go? I'm not sure where I'm going to go next."

"We could start in Indiana. You told me that you were born in Evansville."

"I might as well be born on the moon for all the good that it does me."

"You are acting a little too crazy for me."

"I told you about all this weirdness with my dreams."

"So what is behind the surface, what is actual in your experience?"

"My dreams are so real that I don't know. I know that I'm not dreaming now. But there are these weird moments when everything that happens seems like a dream. And I can't be sure if my memories are real or just part of a dream."

"Maybe there's a silver lining in all this. Our dreams are always more vivid. They seem to tie up all the loose ends."

"I don't see much of a silver lining in not knowing which end is up."

"I could point you the way."

"It's not really all that funny."

"You shouldn't worry about it. It's all pretty much the same. Whether it's dreams or reality, it's all about getting off."

"That's not the frightening part. It's what comes after. I have this vague memory of my

wife trying to poison me.”

“That’s a pretty serious accusation to make against someone.”

“I’m not even sure if I have a wife.”

It’s a predicable story with clear political ramifications. The narrative gives the reader the illusion that his heart-felt sympathies are really significant for social change. The story exposes the overall implications of colonialism and its bureaucratic apparatus. A street vendor has his license revoked. He has to go to all kind of trouble just to get reinstated. First, he tries to get by without the license and is hassled by local police. In the melee, some of his stock is robbed. He realizes that he cannot do without the license so he makes the trek to the capital. On his way, he meets an unemployed steel worker. They discuss the state of the economy.

“Why don’t you try to collect unemployment like I do?”

“There’s really no provision for street vendors.”

At the state office, he is first subject to long lines. Then his papers appear to be deliberately lost. He has to pay officials bribes. His life is threatened in the process. He is accused of being a member of a revolutionary group. And he is even arrested. He is nearly destitute. But he still has his dignity. He is relentless. He finds a sympathetic office worker who eases through his petition. When he finally returns to his place of business, he finds that his competition has proliferated. He is struggling harder than ever just to make ends meet.

Despite its apparent radical bent, the conventional story reinforces the dominant political order. The character is never allowed to probe some of the deeper implications of his predicament. Even his time with the unemployed worker only glosses the underlying questions. It leaves the viewer helpless in light of the depicted problems. And the convention really doesn’t challenge the assumptions of the viewer living in the developed world.

The film maker is a well-known literary figure in his country. He has used his success to chart out a political career. His early radicalism has been replaced with a craven accommodation. He has been the recipient of bribes to help enforce IMF restructuring of the economy. He has also been implicated in favorable mineral leases to oil companies.

“The monetary system must be constructed to bring stability to credit. This means that there must be a continuity in the application of interest. Even if there is an underlying instability in the wage sector, the foundations of credit cannot be disturbed. By implication, this puts more power in the federal government. The need for the central bank becomes key to maintaining democracy.”

“But doesn’t that condemn the average worker to a life of uncertainty?”

“That is why the rights of property are so important. They provide a framework for his dream.”

“I thought his dreams were created by his desires. This was a philosophy based on mutual pleasure of the citizens.”

“It is! But all that finds its expression in property rights. A man is secure behind his walls. He can pursue his dreams in private and use the public sector to realize those dreams.”

“But for every successful dream, there are thousands of poor souls who struggle in the darkness for some kind of reward for their efforts.”

“We all can’t be president. There is an inherent reward in the struggle. And for those who try hard enough, they can have their own property. A man is the king of his castle. What more could he want?”

“Not to fall under the wheels of this relentless juggernaut.”

“You are exaggerating the difficulties. This model allows for a network of interaction. The cooperative scheme makes the whole greater than the sum of the parts.”

“The only cooperation that you have outline is devotion to the dominant order. If a person’s dreams somehow diverges from the standard, they don’t have a chance in hell.”

“You’re getting it all wrong. The challenge is to come up with a good standard.”

The doll is the embodiment of the Cinderella myth. She even has a wand to grant herself wishes. She is a child of the ashes. Born into poverty, she has, nevertheless, been blessed with the will to overcome her obstacles. She watches those around her succeed. But she never shows any envy towards her rivals. She goes about her business without complaining. Sure, she is taken advantage of. She is forced to do more work so that her compatriots can succeed on their terms. That doesn’t bring her down. She continues to toil amidst the cinders. She realizes that she is of noble stock, and one day, her dreams will be rekindled.

By hook or by crook, she manages to make contact with her fairy godmother. She learns the tricks of the system, and she turns them to her benefit. This is all about risking her security in the hopes of long-term gains. But she feels that she has nothing to lose.

A well-to-do financier admires her entrepreneurial spirit and wants to do his best to help her out. She dazzles everyone at a celebration for his company. He even has the opportunity to dance with her. But before he has the opportunity to express his interest, she is whisked away by her fears of disaster. She returns to her meek existence.

The financier is determined to find his princess. He only has a piece of her clothing to help in his search.

“She forgot a shoe.”

The shoe speaks volumes about her. It is a designer shoe that is usually very expensive. But she has used her ingenuity to obtain a pair at greatly reduced prices. In her haste, she has left this item of great value to her. But she is too embarrassed to return to the financier. She hardly has the wardrobe to dazzle him the way that she did the night of the festivities.

For his part, the shoe seems to inspire his desire. He imagines her sleek legs that were tucked underneath the flowing gown. He imagines running his hands up and down her legs in gentle caresses. He believes that she is hot for the game. He can’t wait for his opportunity!

The financier has used his position to enhance his amorous pursuits. He has quite a reputation. Some even consider him a scoundrel. Our young Cinderella may be well-served by his overall interest in her. And she is willing to submit to the conventional story.

The story is the perfect inspiration for the owner of the doll. In fact, the owner of the doll believes that any young girl can become a princess if she just submits to the dominant economic model. It doesn’t hurt to be the object of a guy’s attention. After all, girls want it too.

Cindy wants to have fun. But she realizes that the cards are stacked against her. Even if she succeeds she will have to endure the wolfish appetites of her prince.

“I know how to satisfy a woman.”

He indeed does although the anatomy of the doll does not make clear how.

“The doll represents an attempt to offer the sanitized version of the tale. It is up to the male to furnish the exact details of the conquest. The woman maintains this idealized version of her satisfaction. The male is committed to the more graphic implications of the chase. Only with such a technical understanding is he able to break down the constraints on complete satisfaction.

The sex is robbed from the woman and then given back to her in actual congress with the prince. The sequence has a certain brilliance. It suggests that the woman can find liberation in her quest for her prince. The sexual nobility, which is her birthright, is returned to her in the intercourse. At the same time, she has the ability to realize her dreams for a financial future. She allies herself with his powerful empire. She becomes a subsidiary of his empire. There is nothing that will stand in her way.

“I know your type. You hate the rain. You have the perfect hair-do. It must have taken hours. You hate to get wet.”

“I’m not sure what I like and what I don’t like.”

“Aren’t you the girl in the photograph?”

“I don’t know! How can I find out?”

“There’s the Barbie checklist. It is the key to maintaining a clear identity.”

“There are some characteristics that seem to elude the checklist.”

Someone has taken her place.

“Are you sure that it’s the same girl?”

“She seems the same to the touch.”

“You won’t know until she sleeps with you.”

“All Barbies are the same in the dark.”

“That is what I’m looking forward to.”

I am staring at her photo.

“Here’s the dress and the boots. I need you to put them on.”

“My hair is different than in the photo.”

“We have a hair dresser who can make it right.”

“Why are you going to all this trouble?”

“We have to make the guy think that you are the same girl.”

“He’ll never believe me.”

“He’ll believe what you want him to believe. You have to know that is so!”

“I don’t want to hear that.”

“It’s the truth. It is the fundamental truth of our time. Just turn him on, and he won’t know the difference.”

“Are we doing something illegal?”

“We’ll change the law once we succeed. That is the method.”

“What about the Barbie checklist? He’ll figure out that I’m not the same girl.”

“The checklist is a myth. All that concerns him is his satisfaction. He’ll know that you’re the right girl when he feels himself inside you.”

“I wasn’t told that I have to sleep with him. You’re not paying me enough for that.”

“The other girl said that she’d do it for less. There’s always someone who’ll do your job if you won’t. We found you on the street. We fixed you up. Count your blessings. If you save your money, you can eventually make the rules.”

“I’d prefer to make the rules when I start out. That way I don’t get confused in unusual situations.”

“Every situation is pretty much the same. You have a guy who’s hot to trot. You take him galloping on the track. You wear him out. Then you run rings around him for the rest of your life. You should know that. Didn’t you get the Barbie checklist?”

“I thought that was a myth.”

“It is. But for every myth there is a real counterpart.”

“Do what is real in this instance?”

“You’ve got to know that. It’s your pussy. I thought that they hired you because you had brains.”

“They said that I had the right fit.”

“Is this a porno version of Cinderella.”

“It might as well be. I guess that is the overall implication of the rights of man.”

My dreams are uncertain because my credit situation is unstable.

“If you started with a different starting point, would the story still end up the same?”

“What is that? The Barbie Principle.”

“We have a girl growing up in a quiet community in a mid-sized American city. Her dreams are a mixture of her Midwest influences and her desire to escape her origins. She looks around her at the other girls who are married to this narrow standard for their happiness. She wants to forge ahead with her own dreams.

She wonders if her independence is a product of her inability to play the game. Is she adopting a sour grapes attitude about the whole game just because she can’t turn it to her advantage. She can’t worry about that. She has to work with the cards that she is dealt.

She studies the fashion magazines. She works on her make up. But she doesn’t have the physical commitment to remake her body. She maintains her visual creativity. She just doesn’t know how to translate her vision into a reality.

She has a few guys interested in her. But there is nothing to really motivate her to do much about her life. And the guy that she really likes doesn’t even notice her. She could wear a Halloween costume and stand on his front lawn, and he’d still rush on by her to get to all his better prospects.

He is going somewhere. And she is lost in her fantasies. She is still dressing paper dolls in her mind.

Despite her discouragement, she can’t let her troubles dissuade her from bigger plans for her life. And she continues to reward her excitement about fashion. Some day she will realize all her dreams.”

“You’ve told me this story before. It’s your wife’s story.”

“I’m not married. I don’t know the girl in question. She’s part of our research.”

“She is never going to succeed. She doesn’t have the experience in bed. She just doesn’t have the skills.”

“After a few drinks, she can get pretty sexy.”

“In her own mind, but even the teenage Lotharios pass her by.”

“Everyone has some skills. Look at the world!”

“I’m not sure what you mean by that. But she just can’t measure up to Casanova’s standards.”

“That’s not her model. She’s a Barbie through and through.”

“A lot good that is going to do her.”

“If she learns to like sex, that will change her. She’ll work to get those characteristics that attract men. Nice firm legs, a tight butt, and loads of cleavage.”

“Is that all that it takes?”

“There is a method to her madness, but that is another story.”

“Keep on!”

“She just can’t change overnight. But you are right. Her sexual desire has to guide her through these snares.”

“Back to pussy power.”

“Sort of!”

“What then?”

“The power of the imagination.”

“As I said, pussy power.”

“A man’s imagination may be tied to his dick, but a woman is not necessarily the same.”

“A guy does what is right according to the facts. A woman gets deluded by her imagination.”

“A woman tries to adapt to the situation. A man’s only guide is his dick. It’s his compass.”

“Try telling a woman that she’s wrong.”

“You’re getting distracted by the surface. If you can’t change for the circumstances, it really doesn’t matter if you’re right or wrong.

I am doing what I can to stabilize my credit situation.

“You’re just getting distracted by these sexual fantasies.

“I concentrate hard enough, and it seems real. I have catalogued every inch of her anatomy.”

“What good does that do?”

“It represents gradations of my own excitement. By the time that I have complete the inventory, I am soaring. My heart rate increases. I am completely aroused. It’s better than any drug.”

“What do you expect from her? That she’ll just take her clothes off and jump into bed with whomever comes down the pike.”

“I’m the one who’s headed her way.”

“So are a million other guys. What do you have that they don’t have.”

“I’m a hard worker.”

“So she’s the poster girl for hard work!”

“She has to be. Just take a look at her.”

“I am. I know every aspect of that image by heart.”

“But you still don’t know her heart.”

“I am trying.”

“For how long. When will you ever succeed.”

“When I sit down to create.”

“And writing about her gets you closer to her.”

“At least, it makes me feel that I am getting closer. What else is there?”

“The flesh.”

“The words are getting a lot closer to the flesh.”

“I think that it has to work in the reverse order. Are you really influencing how she thinks?”

“I feel as if I am.”

“Maybe that is your mistake.”

“It’s a real pleasure to make mistakes.”

“You’re the one who’s having trouble focusing.”

“I have an unstable credit situation.”

“Do you think that she has such worries?”

“She wonders if she can maintain herself like in the photo.”

“And?”

“She looks more beautiful in person!”

“And she is even more unavailable.”

“It’s not as if I’m going to win a lottery, and she’ll be with me.”

“I thought that was your story.”

“No, that’s her story. I’m in the story with the poison apple. She puts the poison on her lips. I kiss her and descend into a deep slumber. A sleep of a hundred years. She thinks that I am dead, and she comes apart at the seams.”

“It was a terrible design anyway.”

Barbie drops out!

“I hated going to class. Professor Madison made me frightened. I feel really uncomfortable about talking about sex in public. It was just all in such a graphic way. popular culture is just so open about things, it freaks me out just to say those kind of things.”

“What do you mean?”

“Everyone just seems to hop into bed with everyone else. They don’t give it a second thought.”

“Should they? You’ve got to do what makes you happy.”

“That kind of happiness is temporary!”

“Who’s to say what is temporary and what is permanent. You just have to grab for what you can while you have the chance.”

“That’s a pretty terrible way to live”

“You’ve got to live. Get the blood flowing.”

“I should have let Madison have his way.”

“I’m not really saying that. But you let him get to you because you are frustrated.”

“What kind of lesson are girls learning today? Take your clothes off and have sex with whomever comes along.”

“I’m not saying that.”

Our dreams give stability to the rights of man!

“What kind of lesson are girls learning today? Take your clothes off and have sex with whomever tell them that they have a nice body.”

“Sounds as if the conquering armies are coming through town.”

“What does that mean?”

“The women and children are safe.”

“Or the women act like children.”

“What would you have them do in the face of all-powerful force?”

“Where is your pussy power now?”

“Look at your alternative. Whatever way it goes, it’s some man imposing his will on the state.”



“How should it be?”

“I could use some of that pussy power now.”

“You’re no different. You’re just using the pussy as an appendage to the extensified penis.”

“The symbolic.”

“The phallus.”

“Like an absolute.”

“There is a solution.”

“What is that?”

“It’s not enough to have a philosophy. You have to spell out your rights on paper. The rights of man!”

“What good will that do?”

“It will help resolve part of the controversy.”

“A guy meets a girl. She gets turned on. He invites her back to his place. What more do you need spelled out. It sounds as if you want to amend the Constitution.”

“If it could be amended. Maybe we just have to start all over again.”

“Maybe find a girl to write it.”

The term pussy power might seem like a contradiction. While claiming to assert a redress for women, it might seem to reduce the self to her sexual being. This is the furthest thing from the truth. The concept insures that the self does not surrender her independence to the expectations of her lover. The woman affirms her satisfaction as preeminent. Thus her personality cannot be limited to the surrounding package and the interests of a man for his gratification. Pussy power means that I show the world how I see myself, not that I have to live up to an image that he fashions for me. It is a radical step to maintain this independence. It allows a woman to make a world for herself based on her own aspirations.

In a fuller sense, the pussy is not something that can be owned. It allows the woman to appropriate her pussy for herself. There is some disagreement whether this step implies an idealization of the self. In this view, a women’s desires would substitute for a coarse physical image of the sexuality. But to divorce female assertiveness from its corporeal form is again make women subject to the romantic idealization of men.

By intention, pussy power contradicts a full-blown phallocentrism. Any appeal to male sexuality is intertwined with a discourse on power and is directly linked to the symbolic character of the male organ. The apparent fear of castration is in fact bound up with an infinity of protective layers that maintain male power. This is the essence of the dominant social discourse. To overthrow this logic requires a concrete act rooted in the actual conditions of a woman. That is why she cannot allow the pussy to be purloined for symbolic representation.

Power is articulated in its abstract and absolute form. It makes an appeal to eternity. Pussy power is immediate. It is the NOW!

“It sounds so clinical. I know that guys are into that sort of thing. It makes me uncomfortable. I think my biggest fear is that I will just open up the flood gates. And if I can’t resolve the contradiction, it will only make me more frustrated. That will make me desperate and even more vulnerable to male power.”

“You have to see this as a collective thing. The moment that one woman takes the initiative, she invites the support of her sisters.”

“Sisters? That seems to go against the whole notion of the individual woman asserting her power.”

“Male power has always asserted itself systematically. There is no reason that women shouldn’t support each other.”

“That’s all well and good. But this again seems so abstract, just like with guys. The moment that you introduce a man into the equation, you’re back to competition between women for the guy. Guys will take advantage of the situation.”

“That is why female power must be worked out to its natural conclusion.”

“Either way, I just feel helpless.”

“What is the choice?”

The more that she drinks, the freer her tongue gets. At first, he finds her a little flirtatious. Flighty. Nothing too serious.

“You’d taste it too.”

“Whatever are you talking about?”

They both laugh nervously.

“Give me your fork.”

“I’ve used it already.”

“And I’m not going to take a little of your saliva if I kiss you.”

“That seems different.”

Later in the night she is more provocative.

“What are you staring at? My breasts?”

“Your top is coming undone. They’re almost hanging out.”

“Want to adjust them for me. I don’t want to have to put down my drink. It’s full.

He is sure that she is going to ask him back to her place.

“Wild sex!”

As the night progresses, she becomes a little morose. She starts to think about her family.

“My mother was a little wild. I think it was because of dominant father. She wanted to escape his influence. It was almost abusive. She turned to men to help ease the pain. It made her a little loose with her choices.

I never wanted to walk down the same path. I’ve been so serious about my life. Maybe too serious. It really takes a few drinks for me to open up at all. That is why I am so weird. Why I like to spend so much time on my own.”

He doesn’t say a thing. He just nods and lets her talk on.

“That is why sex is so difficult for me. I meet a guy that I really like, and I can’t say a thing. I just get all paralyzed. Then I get drunk and end up doing something stupid and sleeping with one of his friends.”

She pauses.

“Are you OK?”

“Yeah, why?”

“You were speaking. Then you seemed to stop in mid-sentence.”

“What was I saying? Was it important?”

“It seemed pretty serious.”

“I told you that I get silly when I have too much to drink.”

“I guess we all do.”

“When I get like that I hate to be alone.”

He reaches over to her. Maybe a caress or an attempt to kiss her. She pushes him away.

“I don’t really think of you like that.”

She walks away and leaves him confused.

“She was coming on to me all night. Was I too sympathetic?”

A little later, he sees her on the couch wrapped around some guy, and they are making out.”

He head towards the door. He feels like he has nowhere to go.

“I thought that she was different.”

“She is. You just hate the fact that she doesn’t want you. I bet you thought that she was going to take you back to her place.”

“How do you know that?”

“It’s obvious. I don’t have to be a genius to see what is going on.”

I haven’t felt this way in so long. I don’t know you well. But I want you to do everything to me. I want you tongue to aggressively lick me up. I want you to bury your face in my crotch. I want you to get me so excited. I want you to tickle my clit. I want you to outline the lips of my pussy. I want to grab your hard cock and shove it in my mouth. I want to suck you hard. I want you to come inside my mouth. I want to swallow your cum. I want you to stay erect and put yourself inside me. I am so wet. You slide in me with such ease. I want you to fuck me until you lose consciousness. I want our bodies to rub so hard against each other that the sweat splashes everywhere. I want your body to just explode with pleasure.

“Who are you?”

“We were together last night. You took my cock in your mouth.”

“Who the fuck are you? Who let you in?”

“You let me in. You even gave me the key.”

“I was trashed. And you had sex with me. What kind of cockroach are you?”

“You told me to come in. You handed me the key and asked me to open it for you.”

“I hate you. I really hate you! Get the fuck out of here.”

He wakes up alone in a hotel room. He is not sure if this is real or is it the dream again. He knows this room. The faint light. There is no overhead. And the lamps together hardly give him enough light.

“Why am I here?”

He still remembers her touch. Her perfume lingers in the room. He is not sure what prompted her to come back to his room. She surrendered herself with no shame. She was gone as quickly as she had come in. He felt as if he used her. He wanted more. He wanted to share stories, to share lives. She was just into the now.

“I told you no commitments!”

“That’s too easy for me. Too easy for the both of us.”

She had so many rules about sex. What he could and couldn’t touch.

“I am not going down on you.”

“That is part of the pleasure.”

“Live with it.”

He reviews the story.

“I never knew why you took me back to your place.”

“I was impressionable. It was as if you turned a SWITCH on. It was all automatic after that.”

She did things that she did with no other man. Things that she never contemplated with her lover.

“Nothing is out of bounds.”

“What about the brain? Are you going to let me fuck your brains out?”

“I’m not sure what you mean.”

“You either hold back or you give yourself full-throttle.”

“Just because I fuck you more aggressively doesn’t mean that I like you any better. I just want a good clean fuck.”

“Why do you talk like a guy?”

“I thought that you got a kick out of that sort of thing.”

There is another time when she thought of passion as the merging of two minds. She lived for that ideal.

“I am attracted to a girl’s poetry. Her wonderment with the world. Even a leaf falling or a sunset is new to her.”

Later on, she felt seduced by her own naivete. How could she escape being so vulnerable? When she was really weak, she looked for those guys who’d treat her like property. It meant that she didn’t have to involve her soul. She could piece together the pieces on her own. She just wanted someone to carve her out.

She can feel her life going in a circle. Her trials are numerous. Her pain is deep. She seeks the merging of two souls.

“I can tell by the way that you do your makeup that you live to have sex. It’s the plump ruby lips.”

“Are you telling me that I like to suck cock?”

“Not at all. It’s more of a spiritual observation.”

She lets him continue. He is drawing a convenient picture. She wants her passion to continue without end.

“It’s not as if I really need it. But if I get what I need, I can forget about everything else.”

She learns the secret for her life. ***She knows what she has to do to get a man’s attention.*** Guys will stare at her as if they are fucking her at that moment. She lets them dwell upon that moment until she can feel that sigh. That is always a great beginning.

***She knows what she has to do to keep a man’s interest.***

When she wants to get a man interested, she turns up the volume.

She knows what she has to do to keep her customers happy. She does well at her job. She is great at customer satisfaction.

“Do you do hair?”

“Or is it retail?”

Something to get a quick return. Maybe a job in a restaurant. Travel service.

“I have to look good at work.”

“You always look great.”

He peeks down at her open toe shoes. He wants her to massage him in public.

“I’m not like that. I don’t have to be. But buy me dinner, and we can negotiate.”

She likes the fact that he is forthright. She smiles. He takes it as his cue. He grabs her

hand and twirls her around as if they are dancing.

“There is more where that came from.”

His jeans hug his frame. He shakes his hips. She feels that tingle. She tries to be patient.

She asks herself, “What is this guy really worth to me.”

She doesn’t need a roommate. She doesn’t want him hanging around. He seems like a shiftless no-good. He’s been chatting her up for a good part of an hour. He’s bought her some drinks. She’s got everything that she wants. Anything else would just mean more suffering.

“I can’t take this any more. I have to leave.”

He rushes after her, “Was it something that I said.”

“More like what you didn’t say.”

She still finds him cute.

***She know what she has to do to get him to offer her more!***

“I’m not going to sleep with you no matter what happens.”

“A lot of girls have said that to me before.”

“I’m not like a lot of girls.”

He has dreams of doing her in a restaurant washroom. She has a little more respect for herself.

“I told you to let me go.”

“You don’t want anyone to get close.”

“You talk a good game before you’ve slept with me. Where are you going to be hiding next week?”

“What do you want from a guy?”

“Really nothing. That is why I am leaving.”

***If I wanted to satisfy him, I know what I would have to do!***

She doesn’t like the easy puzzles. She is going to pass this time out.

Things are starting to fall in place for her. The guy that she met at the party the other night. He was too nice. And now this prick. She tries to remember the guy that she did take back to her place. She had no choice but to freak out on him the next morning.

“Is this really my life?”

“It is if you give some kind of order to the separate stories.”

“What is the source of all this weirdness?”

“That stuff with your mother.”

And now the confusion gives the reader such comfort. She can put the final piece in place, and everything will make sense. Too bad it doesn’t really work out that way.

“I met this girl in one of my dreams. And now I seem to be living her life.”

“Did you sleep with her.”

“I thought that we had.”

He goes over the other night. Maybe another time.

“Did we hook up?”

“I wasn’t more memorable than that.”

“You probably were the best. I only went for Grade A Prime. But I seem to have forgotten all the details of my life.”

They are switching out the computers in his office.

“We’re still not finished here.”

“I have to go.”

“Wait until we get to the goo part.”

We all are waiting!

“How long can you keep him on the string?”

He takes a deep breath.

“Your hair smells great.”

“Haven’t you seen that stuff on the supermarket shelves.”

He loves that fresh smell of the shower. Her skin is so supple.

“Why can’t you love me?”

“You ask for too much from you lovers.”

She lets him kiss her anyway. Then he drifts off.

If you pass the chemistry test, you can have her.

“Don’t I have something to say about this.”

“Honestly, sister, who would you rather be with?”

“When you put it that way it sounds like a good deal.”

He can’t control himself as he looks at her.

“Son, you’re sure squirming a lot over there. Will you even know what to do with her if you succeed.”

“I’m trying to learn these chem equations.”

The core of the fantasy is her lips, the full lips.

“I painted them for you.”

“Can I put my hand under your skirt.”

“Yeah, but I don’t want you to touch me.”

Ooh! She coos when he touches her. He keep his hand there. It is moist.

“Why is my life so automatic? It’s as if you’re just turning on a switch.”

“I guess it’s because you’re a little impressionistic.”

“It just takes *three words*.”

“What do you mean?”

“It just takes three words to get me off.”

End of story!

“You look like the kind of girl who loves to have sex.”

“Do you say that all the time? Or do you really see something in me?”

“I can’t see much past the corn stalks. They must be ten feet tall. All full with corn.”

“It’s not for eating. It’s for feed.”

“What do you need?”

“I could use a chocolate bar. It’s better than sex.”

“Coming right up.”

“Don’t think that you’re trying to get me in the mood.”

“Smile, and we’ll take it from there.”

They dance together, and he tries to grind his body into hers.”

“You move too fast. I am just going to go!”

“Didn’t we hook up before?”

“*Not in our WILDEST dreams!*”

Soon!

I'm getting lost in these stupid situations. I just want a clearer purpose for my life.

"You gave me the dress and the boots. But there are no panties."

"There are no panties."

"Then my pussy is just going to be flapping in the wind."

"I think that was the intention."

He wakes up alone in a hotel room. Albuquerque. He is not sure where he is.

"Don't open the door. Don't even go outside."

"Can I get the numbers on TV?"

"You can play by using the remote."

"What can I win?"

"You can win kisses."

The SUM of all kisses equals her love.

"I can win!"

The SUM of all days at work equals her BEING!

"You know what that means."

The SUM of all EARTHQUAKES equals her WORDS.

"I am inside her."

"But is she inside you?"

"She's acting very flirtatious!"

"Her daring seems next!"

The SUM of all DARING equals her POETRY!

"You just want to win me. To take me away from my lover. But you don't really want me."

"I do now!"

If it is so special, I need a way to organize the rest of my life:

***I know what I have to do to make my body attractive!***

"There's a lot of difference between knowing it, and actually doing it.

***I know what I have to do to succeed at business!***

"I may have to ruffle a few feathers."

***I know what I have to do to feel good about myself!***

"It is very easy to get seduced by success."

"Do you really want me, or do you just want to win me and then dump me?"

"I love your smile. Can I kiss it?"

"We better be quick before you lose interest in my body."

"I want you now. I want you so badly now. I just don't know what I'm going to want later on."

"If I have sex with you, will you want me more afterwards."

"I'm not sure."

"I know you type. You don't want me for myself. You just want to have sex. And then you'll grow tired of me.

"Do you have the kind of body that is going to make me want you after we have sex?"

"I have the sort of body that is going to make you love having sex. Therefore, the sex will make you want to have more sex!"

"What about during the lull?"

“Maybe if were lucky. I can just turn a switch and leave it on.”

“Will that work?”

“I guess that it will.”

“Lets’s try.”

She is wearing a dress that appeals to have a shawl with it. The capped-material hangs gracefully from the shoulders. She is in heel and has beautiful legs.”

In SAT preparation, they are all given the GOD equation!

The SUM of all angles equals the UNIVERSE.

“We have a place in heaven for all of you!”

“Thanks. What else is there to worry about?”

“What do I look like when I get you off?”

“What do I have to do so that you can feel good about yourself? How can I turn the switch?”

“You can’t even get in here for free!”

“I’ve got the GOD equation. I am going to make it all the way to heaven.”

“Thanks, buddy!”

“You’re going to need more credit if you want to keep on.”

“I’ve worked hard enough already. I ‘ve been the perfect sex worker.”

“You need to do more than that. You have to be able to convert your work into hard cash. And the exchange rate has to work in your favor.”

“It is. I have all my assets in euros!”

“That is probably tantamount to treason. But it is a good idea to convert while you still have the change.”

“There’s going to be people working for less and less just to prop up the exchange rate.”

“At least I know what I have to do to get value for my money.”

“That’s a threat to democracy!”

“We’re all free to do what has to be done. I am willing to fuck my way to the top. Even if it means going all the way to heaven!”

“You still have a long way to go.”

“I am already inside, and I am working away.”

“Is she getting any more excited?”

“Of course she is.”

“Can you compare it to anything real?”

“A work of art.”

The SUM of all SIGHTINGS gets me to HEAVEN.

THE SUM of all SUMS makes me the MAN.

“Who else can say that?”

“You’re just going fuck crazy inside her.”

“She’s just going fuck crazy on top of me.”

“Have you been following along al the way?”

“I have. She has a great smile, and beautiful hair. She is in a black dress with a beige shawl. She is wearing open-toe pumps. You kiss her, and that is only the beginning. She thinks about her lover. She is committed to him. But you grind against her body so rhythmically that she does not want you to stop. You kiss again, and she dry humps you. You feel so good



moving inside her. You slide up her dress. You are getting aroused just gazing at her legs. The kisses are deep-wide opened kisses.”

“This is better hearing about than actually doing.”

“Of course it is. That focuses the poetry of the situation.”

“What more is there?”

“Her body seems to transform for the exercise. She seems so nimble.”

“Is she ready for me?”

“She knows what she has to do to get to heaven?”

“What is that?”

“Some kind of mystical fuck!”

“First, you really have to get her off.”

“Then there is the unity fuck. One object, a perfect sphere. It is the universe in perfect rhythm with itself. It is the knowledge of the knowledge. Such is paradise.”

“But what can you make with that obsession with sex.”

“It needs to be related to a correspondent obsession with money.”

“Have you counted up all the kisses?”

“I have the conversion rate from fucks to dollars and dollars to euros!”

“If you go fast enough, you never even have to fuck.”

“I know. The conversion is seamless. Money just makes money. At the ultimate rate!”

“It’s tied to refinancing of the mortgage. The rate that you are paying times the principle times the number of years of payment times the rate of refinancing times the rate of exchange. It gives you the ability to own the world.”

“As long as people are willing to work for the dollar on the dollar.”

“It’s a wonderful equation.”

“Part of bundling the world into one package.”

“Sticking that flag on the moon and claiming it for all mankind.”

“The United States of MANKIND!”

“It’s all there to get you off.”

“Are we in heaven yet?”

“That’s a long way off. We have to die first and be reborn.”

“That’s the Barbie Principle.”

“What does it take to transform a principle into a law.”

“Refinancing and enforcement.”

“A nuclear vision.”

“Nuclear fission?”

“A reaction from one pussy to the world.”

“Is that the basis of pussy power, the nucleus of the world?”

“Is this with or without the dick.”

She is wearing tights. I can see the outlines of her sex. It gets me off to follow the outline.

“You do want to have sex.”

I pull her close.

Of course I do.”

I begin to suck on her breasts. She straddles her legs around me and begins to thrust.

“Slow down, or I’m going to come on your tights.”

“You better have enough in you to get hard again.”

“I’m having trouble maintaining an erection.”

“I think that your failure appears to be historically-grounded.”

“I feel a little uncomfortable talking about history at a time like this.”

“You’re the one who seems obsessed with history!”

The SUM of all HISTORIES is SEX!

“The body remembers. And we forget in order to remember.”

“That is the romantic’s dilemma.”

“That is why he is a threat.”

“Only if you have the body to make it happen.”

“I’ve got a body to happen. Let’s just go from there.”

“I’m not sure of your name.”

“Just give me a name!”

“Josie!”

“When I think about sex, I get turned on.”

“Can we transform that principle into law?”

“The body already does.”

“I’m having trouble keeping up with my body, Josie.”

“Let me soothe your way to climax.”

“Heaven is my climax.”

“Come inside me, and you will feel heaven. Just make sure that we are twice protected.”

“We are protected spiritually and physically!”

“We never danced.”

“There is such a radiance in your face!”

“It’s my bright golden hair!”

“Let me start the machine and go through it all once more.”

“Are those the plans that you pilfered from Whirlpool?”

“I created the plans to matter.”

SUM of all ENERGY equals the ENERGY contained in all MATTER.

“We have to find a way to get it out.”

“Sex sounds like a good starting point.”

Josie. “This is spiritual. I look in your eyes, and I never give out. You make me feel eternal, That’s not really your name.”

“You were calling me Barbara. But that seemed so speculative.”

“It’s based on interest on interest. Eventually you own everything if you charge the interest right. You start off earning for yourself. Then you work for me.”

“What a perfect fuck!”

“Property rights.”

“I guess that is what turns PRINCIPLE into LAW!”

Desire.

“Desire is the act of turning PRINCIPLE into LAW!”

“I am climaxing.”

“You’re three episodes too early. Save that until later.”

“Kiss me, and I’ll hold on.”

“Everyone seems to know her. What is her name?”

“By the time that you finally get to know her, she’s been with every guy that you know.”

“Should that make a difference?”

“It reduces the mystical part of love.”

“But it iterates the pussy power.”

“None of that makes any sense to me.”

“Let’s go back to the beginning. To desire her is to seeks to raise enough credit to actually enter the game. Even that is not enough. You have to accumulate until you really are aroused sufficiently. At the same time, you have to get her in the mood. If you were going at it at that rate for that long, you could see a picture of her in your mind. Is that image sufficiently involved to take you to the next state of arousal.”

“I feel as if I am churning in a giant sea.”

“Kiss me, Josie.”

“Assume for the moment that she really does kiss you? You have to carry on past this point. You can’t lose your concentration.”

“She has taken other guys to this point before. What do you have that makes you so different from the rest?”

“I have more staying power.”

“That is a symbolic representation of real power. A little movement of your penis that is extrapolated over time to create an eternity of staying power.”

“Sounds good. Is Josie still along for the ride?”

“It doesn’t matter anymore. As long as you feel that you are inside Josie, you are inside Josie.”

“I’m getting tired trying to sit in one place and write all this down.”

“But does it really feel as if you are inside her?”

“It might seem weird to admit something like that. But I do feel as if the two of us are together.”

“You can feel yourself slide away in her infinite sea.”

“I can hear her inviting me to buy property at a reduced rate.”

“What is she saying?”

“I can arrange the financing.”

“This is going to get better. She’s going to take you on a shopping spree. New furniture.”

“And a short skirt and even higher pumps.”

“Her body may not be ready for such a wardrobe adjustment, but if she is, that is going to be another plus. We are almost in heaven.”

“Just because I make it, doesn’t mean that I can stay there.”

“You need to buy property there!”

“I really don’t have time for this.”

“You’re not going to make it happen on your own.”

**BUYING PROPERTY IN HEAVEN!**

*The pursuit of pleasure may actually damage you for the practice of pleasure!*

“You do have great hair!”

“I got it in heaven.”

“How much was the cut?”

“About one tenth of my mortgage payment.”

“Ten thousand cuts equals the price of a small house.”

“Not any more.”

“How would you know?”

“I cut hair for a living.”

“We would burst into song, but this is a novel, and there is no real accompanying music. But you can sing a hymn in your head.”

“We are coming to the end of the story, and I still can’t figure out how she was able to leave Indiana.”

“She got in a car and left.”

“Gas costs money.”

“She has a credit card.”

“You have to make payments.”

“She bought a house, she got a second mortgage, she cut hair on the side, she watched neighbors’ dogs, she cleaned bathrooms, she did album art, she proofread essays.”

“Did she ever sell drugs.”

“No! That is another story. But she was a chauffeur for a living. Some extra cash.”

“I thought that she crashed the car.”

***WE’VE KEPT YOU DISTRACTED FOR LONG ENOUGH. ARE YOU READY TO CLIMAX NOW!***

“I’m so fucked up, I can’t tell my insides from my outsides. Am I coming or going?”

“That actually seems like an ideal merge. Now you are beyond the constraints of sexuality.”

“I’m still a long way from finishing my homework.”

“How many distractions have you had? One hundred at the most. Multiply that by 4 percent. That is four distractions that are free and clear of any fees or penalties. Four distractions to do whatever you like with.”

“I keep thinking of Josie or whatever her name was.”

“Josie and the Pussycats.”

“That’s how this story got started in the first place.”

“I’m still a thousand words short. And I have an essay due tomorrow.”

“Write about growing up in Evansville, Indiana.”

“The essay is about the structure of credit in the post-Bretton Woods world.”

“We are already POST-POST-POST. Just write about your life!”

“That won’t help much. I am still a thousand words short.”

“Here goes. Get a pen. I’ll dictate the rest to you.”

“Does this mean that this is the end of pussy power!”

“Give me a close up of the face!”

“I need a close up of the close up. Close up. Behind the make up.”

“Then she doesn’t look as attractive. The purpose of the attraction is to get you to notice her best features. A good makeup artist can accentuate the lines that give a face character while hiding any shadings that appear to distract from the even impression of the image.”

“Let’s do this again.”

“What is the name of that girl that you went out with while you were in college.”

“There were many!”

“The one who broke your heart.”

“There were many.”

“The one with the golden hair who always gave me the big smile.”

“You were fucking her behind my back.”

“If I was, I would have remembered her name.”

“Or you could have forgot it on purpose so that you would come out clean under interrogation. Spies do that sort of thing all the time.”

### ***IS THAT HER PICTURE?***

“It’s the blond hair all right. But hers is more golden. Not a platinum wash. She looks like a star the way that it is now. If she let it go back to black, I don’t think that she’d get the kind of attention that she wants.”

“But is it real attention.”

“It is when he’s inside her.”

“We are never going to make it.”

When I tell you that I am turned on, I am saying that I would like you to be inside of me. I can’t live without your touch. If you don’t touch me soon, I will die. If I die, I will come back as a ghost and haunt you. Any other girl that you are with, I will make her frigid. She’ll come to hate sex, and won’t be with you anymore.

I know that we are great together. After you leave my place, my heart aches until you return. My love gets stronger if I concentrate on it.

I know that a lot of other girls are trying to win you over. They have none of the charm that I do. I can keep you entertained longer than they can. I know tricks.

I am sure that there are times when you are about to give it up to some other girl. Your dick is going to fall off if you ever try that kind of shit again.

I may not be the swiftest Philly in the stable, but I can take you on an open track. You will never get away from my love! THE END!

“You’re going to have to revise your essay if you want the grade.”

“What am I worth now?”

“In bed, a *C*. Out of bed, *F*.”

“Who do I have to fuck to get ahead in this world?”

“I could give you a list. But you already have a list to work with.”

“Just give me the short list.”

“You could start with the guy who’s making up the rules.”

“Ooh! He is disgusting.”

“He gives good head.”

“He’d go down on his mother!”

“That is a really disgusting image to contemplate.”

“I think that every image is disgusting at this time of night.”

“What are you doing to finish your assignment?”

“Rub this on your dick and it should get you ready for one more round.”

“That is only going to raise you one letter grade. It won’t make up for the bad

performance in chemistry.”

“I had sex with that stupid high school kid. It was a favor to his father.”

“You didn’t take money for sex.”

“Of course not. I have scruples. But I thought that I might get a house out of the whole deal.”

“The son was too young for you to marry. And the dad was just a greaser!”

The essay is going back for one more revision. The discussion on interest rates is full of factual errors.

“That really isn’t the point. I would have given you my phone number if you had have asked. Now quit trying to piss me off by calling me at weird hours of the night.”

“I’ve got this essay that I need to complete. I need some help.”

In the revision, you have all this bull shit about property rights. What is your alternative? That we all squat together in a run-down warehouse.

“I am trying to look at all the options. The present system indeed encourages hoarding. There are those with so much.”

“And they worked for what they have. It is called rewarding effort.”

“That would be great if it were true. You pull the rug out of everyone when you want to take profits from your transactions. And then you inflate the market so that you can finance your own flimsy endeavors.”

“If a man wants to build a castle to his legacy, that is probably a good project to invest his time and energy in.”

“Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me.”

**DESIRE IS THE FOUNDATION OF LAW!**

“I just don’t want it now and then. I could dig it all the time.”

“We are going to review tax law next!”

“I just want to keep more of what I earn.”

“How about a system where you earned more of your keep?

“While working less.”

“It’s a matter of market share. The US car industry just doesn’t seem to be pulling its weight.”

“Give me a wrench and some steel, and I could build a car with my bare hands.”

“Aren’t you going to need to hoist the engine in the air?

I am getting pretty good at lifting things.”

“Lift this!”