

## 4. PHASE 3

### THE NIGHT BOOK:

- You’ve looked at your watch twice in the last five minutes.
- I thought that the time was supposed to change.
- It changed yesterday.

### WORK

### IMAGE AND DESIRE

### THE STORY

*Satisfy the desire that is the bi-product of work.*

QUESTION: Could one of the Clones replace KÉ?

If one of the Clones could replace KÉ, then could one of the Orphans replace her?

Despite the migration from Restless, Lucky’s created a curious realignment of the Atlanta club scene. The Lucky Few were convinced that they had worked out the formula for the night. This allowed them to challenge the celebrity bestowed on KÉ. Thea’s renown was based on an inherent quality of the Cube in projecting her image. But KÉ had been pushed to the forefront by the altered states of the contingent at Restless. The Lucky Few realized this, and wanted to do the same at Lucky’s. The era of the Clones mapped out a clear challenge to KÉ.

The emerging crew sought an alliance with the thriving economy, and used their high to prolong the vision of their own success. The Lucky Few were even more mercenary in their pursuit. They were ultimately an extension of the clientele that had been served by Jean-Luc. The immediate gratification was not a distraction but a step in the overall confrontation with the paradise. They believed the inherent quality of their own ecstasies, and hoped to use this as the conduit to the next level of pleasure. There was an apparent contradiction in that the fans of Restless claimed that they did more than seek pleasure. This added to the exorbitance of the created demand. But the Lucky Few claimed that they could attain the same levels of enjoyment in the realm of pleasure. They justified the operations of Jean-Luc by their philosophy.

- They’re all scum. They’re not artists.
- We’re all artists. They don’t want to defer their payments.

The Vagrancy Contingent maintained that their high could compensate for the deficiencies of Restless. This became the associated viewpoint with KÉ’s celebrity.

$$\kappa \epsilon > \alpha \Omega$$

The narrative  $\tilde{N}$  traces the onset of an altered state  $\epsilon$  from a state of rest  $A$

Follow along from state of rest to state of excitation:

### THE STORY

A \_\_\_\_\_  $\epsilon$

At the state of rest (  $A$  ), the Vagrancy Contingent cannot displace the Imperial Set. They need an extended state of excitation (  $\epsilon$  ).

$$\tilde{N}: \kappa \epsilon > \alpha \Omega > A \kappa \epsilon$$

The Lucky Few offered their elation as corresponding to the exorbitance of image. They believe in a ready equivalence of their vision.

Here, there hard work can attain a more consistent paradise than the appeal to image

(a):

$$\alpha < \sum P_i + \sum \Delta \lambda_i$$

–I’m afraid to talk to you anymore.

–Don’t worry! I have enough money.

The Lucky Few gambled that their high could engage all the elements provoked in any equivalent pleasurable experience.

–I never have to come down. I’m always one step away from jacking another market. I’ll make the sale. It’s all the same. I buy so that I can be in better position to sell. That is coming down—waiting for just the right price. Provoking my adversary to make his move before me. I do nothing less than wait. I even get other people to make the sale for me. It’s my skill. It’s my expertise.

>>It makes me a star, nothing less. Whether it’s stock or apparel, I hold it. I keep it all going. I’m going to make the deal that I want. Hold it long enough to touch. Then dump it before it vanishes before my eyes.

He may have once been more comfortable with a wad of bills in Go Wild. Now the dancers had better lines.

–Who is that creep?

–I hate him. But he always buys me drinks. And he has other favors.  
Then he was just one step away from closing. He needed to turn her rancor toward another target.

–Isn't that Betsy?

–Yeah.

–What's she doing here, spying on you?

–What is she doing here?

**ε** Altered state, euphoria

**•†•** Intensity, shared.

$$\begin{matrix} \bullet\ddagger\bullet & & n \\ \Sigma Q_i > \Sigma P_i \\ i=1 & & i=1 \end{matrix}$$

ORDERED TERMS	NARRATIVE
$\Sigma Q_i > \Sigma P_i$	$\Sigma Q_i > \Sigma P_i$
$Q_H$	$\Sigma Q_i > \Sigma P_i$
$Q_{\bullet\ddagger\bullet}$	$Q_H$
$P_i$	$P_H = \chi$
$P_{\bullet\ddagger\bullet} = \kappa$	$Q_{\bullet\ddagger\bullet}$
$P_H = \chi$	$P_{\bullet\ddagger\bullet} = \kappa$
$P_N = \underline{\Omega}$	
The price is too exorbitant for the Lucky Few:	$\begin{matrix} \bullet\ddagger\bullet & & n \\ \Sigma Q_i & - & \Sigma P_i > 0 \\ i=1 & & i=1 \end{matrix}$

This compensates for the exorbitance. The Lucky Few have worked extra hard for their rewards!	$n$ $\sum_{i=1} \Delta \lambda_i$
Exorbitant state of pleasure.	$\Psi$
Equivalent state of concern.	$\text{£}$
Committed state of concern.	$\bar{o}$

The Imperial Set thought that they were more artistic than the Lucky Set.  
 –We are naturally talented. That’s how you even grace our court.  
 They had watched players apprentice with the hope of being included in the inner circle.  
 –Under our Sheparding, the night seemed to blush.  
 –Who are you kidding? You are the most shameful creatures. You are harpies. You seek pleasure at the expense of others, and hide behind a higher purpose.

## CASTING

$\dot{\text{C}}(\mathbf{Q})$  \_\_\_\_\_  $\dot{\text{C}}(\square)$   
 $\updownarrow$   $\updownarrow$   
 $\dot{\text{C}}(\alpha)$  \_\_\_\_\_  $\dot{\text{C}}(\varepsilon)$

The self seeks a euphoria equivalent.

A euphoria equivalent allowed the Lucky Few to substitute their experiences for those of the Imperial Set. They could dispense with KÉ. They had their own celebrities.  
 The euphoria equivalent matched the effect of the dreams of the few.

$\dot{\text{C}}(\varepsilon)$  \_\_\_\_\_  $\dot{\text{C}}(\text{£})$

The euphoria equivalent matches the effect of the dreams of the Lucky Few.

–I’m getting what I want. I’ve got a caring lover.

This was his physics. It gave him the belief that he could apply himself to get what he needed.  $\dot{\text{C}}(\square)$

–Her body talks to me.

## THE DOORS OPEN TO THE NIGHT! ( ƞ )

β

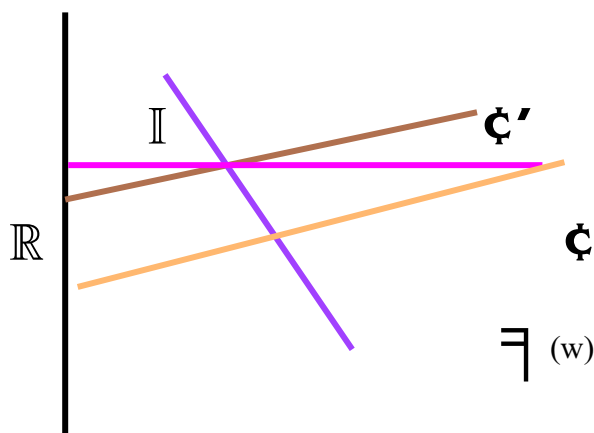
*The outside world would seek rescue in the arms of a woman. Here an army of men push deep into the night. They escape from the uncertainties of desire for a women who might come in the door at any moment. They are already resigned to their camaraderie, and they disengage from the EA. Just the feeling and those demands that are immediately expressed.*

ε

*An analogous feeling pushes deeper into the night and away from any possibility of rescue. Euphoria drives the body separate from its accustomed needs.*

⌘

*You push beyond the delights of your euphoria. You walk the line of mortality. Night embraces you with its morbidity!*



The Clone (Ç) would appear more dear as the night invested more time in her image. This confirmed the perspective of the Lucky Few. All the characters of Restless could be replaced without a marked change in the quality of the night life. If such a point of view was automatic, then there would have been no struggle on KÉ's part to resist her challengers.

–She was simply protecting what was naturally her market. But that condition would change once control was taken out of her hands.

This was a chronicle without history. It removed that struggle and replaced it with personal psychologies.

How the clones disrupt the GREAT MAN:

He lived in a walk up on Buford Highway.

–What was his name?

–Buford.

–Are you suggesting that we could raise Buford to nobility.

–We tried that with Tim. It failed miserably, Look back at someone more promising.

–There is distinguishing inherent quality.

–KÉ was overshadowed by Thea at first.

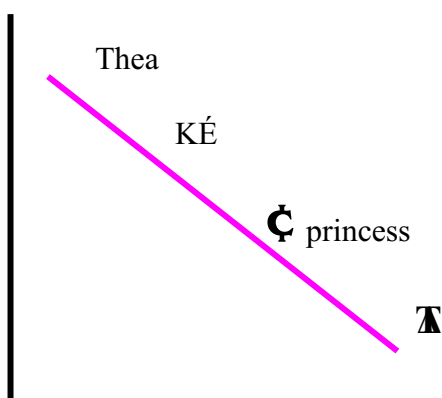
–What happened to Thea?

–We’ve seen her now and then.

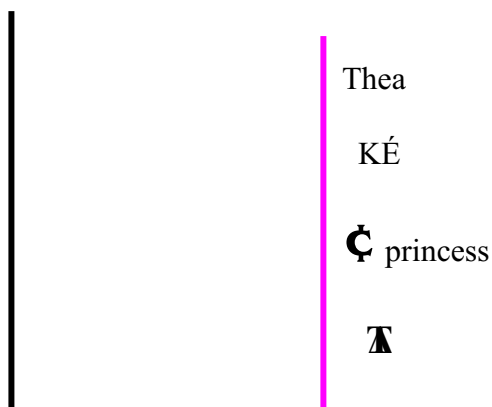
–I thought that she split into separate people.

–That is how we got the Clones. They split from KÉ while she was having sex.

Thea	KÉ
♣ princess	♣



The closer that the character seemed to paradise, the more her availability would seem remote. As remote, she would need something or someone to mediate access to her grace.

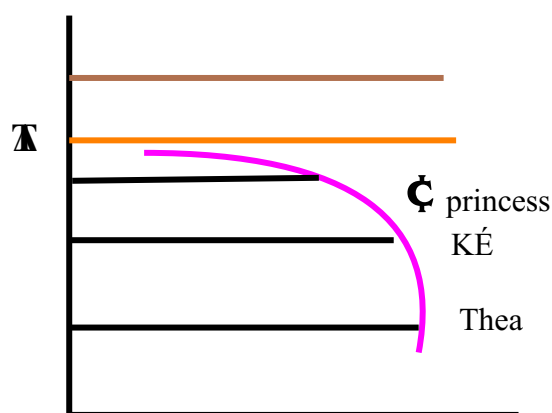


The incredible desire for Paradise would have no effect on the availability of the player cast for the role.

The Lucky Few implied that they could cast a character who would undo the fascination with KÉ. This was the key rendering of their attendance at Lucky's. How could they have made anyone aware of that connection. They would have needed to string together a series of narratives that would have been a portrayal of this new EA.

The Orphans had attempted to advance their Princess to challenge KÉ. But she had succumbed to all the temptations of Restless. The night sent her these temptations as a test. She could not get very far at extending her eternity.

The Lucky Few thought that their script might be more detailed and overcome the shortcomings of Restless. A dose of realism could engage more dramatic action and emphasize the character's strength of personality. But their entire regime was based on providing the temptations as a form of sustenance. Their methodology was doomed from its inception.



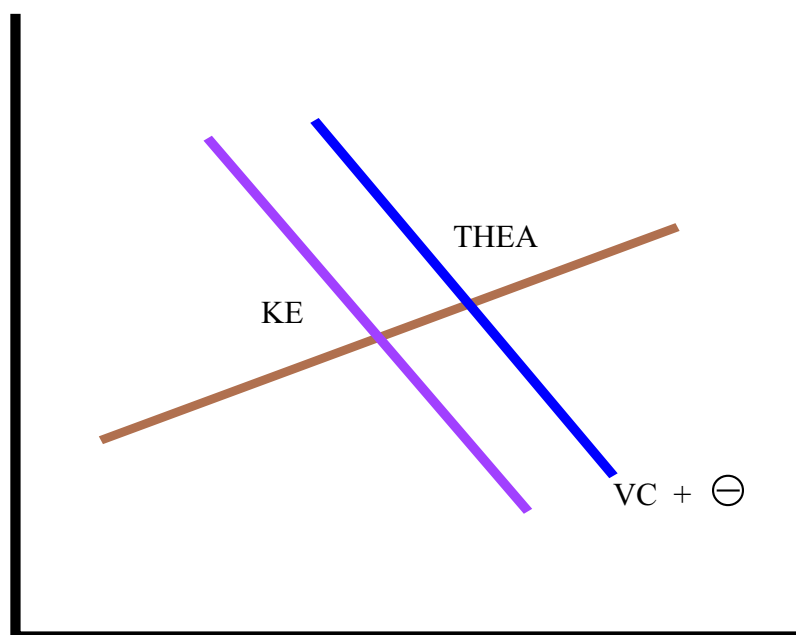
The Lucky Few drew their candidates from the ranks of the timid. Puffed up with their remedies, their enthusiasts believed that they were invincible. This belief mocked a similar attitude among the Imperial Set. They realized that their power was waning. With so much to lose, they needed to take more extraordinary risks. But these risks were the very lifeblood of the Lucky Few. If they risked incredible amounts, they reasoned that they would have massive returns.

Each night would offer a new celebrity to claim the revolving crown. If a player was particularly ruthless, she could make the claims to dynasty. The Lucky Few could not mimic the craft of the Imperials. But they could copy their conniving. So they thought that their chronicle was one of great import. Still they fell short. Their plateau was only a refuge from the ravages of the night. They paid tribute to the very thing that was their undoing.

How could the Lucky Few attain a foothold. They were overburdened by destiny. It seemed better to open up old wounds, to exaggerate an opponent's weakness than actually risk the self. But the adjusted self became more appealing for the moment. It wasn't as if they couldn't help themselves. It felt good at the moment because they were success in action. This was their costume. Without it, they lacked for identity. So they had no past to return to. They would welcome the path of the knife. It would only weaken their adversaries. They could move in to the kill.

–I'm not really like that.

–We have manners here. Not like at some other places.





There is some core hallucinogenic experience that gives integrity to the apparition of THEA.

Or there is some entity at the heart of the Cube who gives integrity to THEA's being.

-I want to meet her

-She is not any different than any other person at the Cube.

The euphoria effect  $(\ominus)$  bring VC closer to her.the I want to meet her

-She's still not special. She's not any different from anyone else.

-You've never been with her for a night. She made you feel like heaven.

-She didn't share her heaven. She took but did not give.

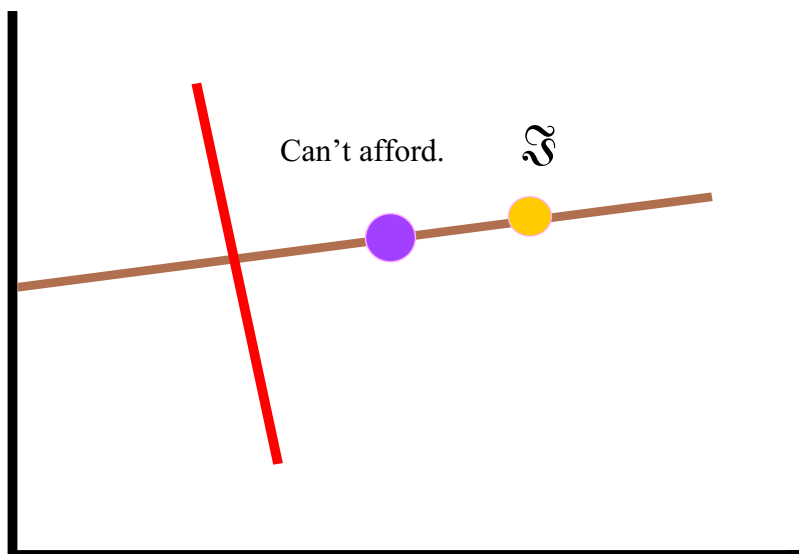
-You're mixing up stories. KÉ was a dynamo.

-Everybody is just like a machine. Thea knew passion.

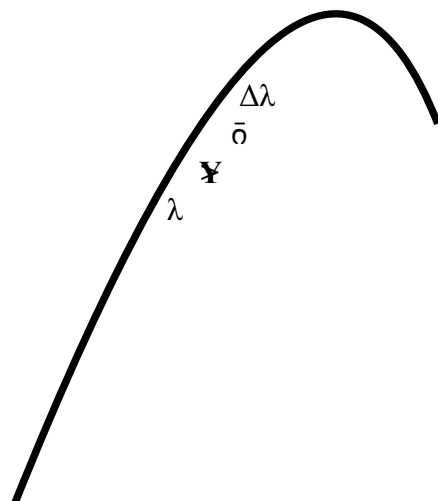
-Passion is an illusion.

-Everyone wants to believe. They all want passion. Even if it is for a short while. We play the game so that someone will care for us.

-You really are a Pollyanna.

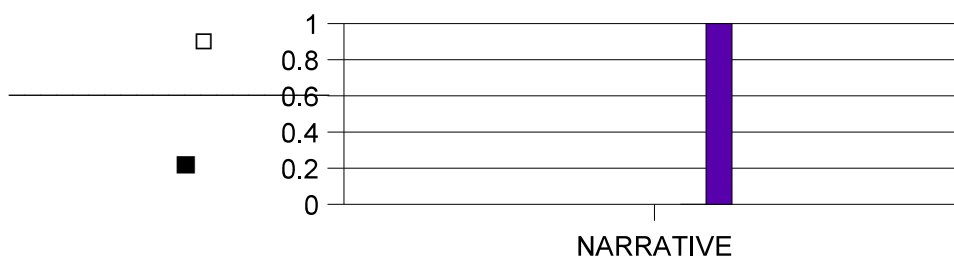


It's going to be OK. It's going to be OK. It's going to be OK!



GROUP	COMMITMENT
The Imperial Set	.8
The Vagrancy Contingent	.6
The Kamikazes	.5
The Orphans	.4
The Lucky Few	.2

## BREAKING THROUGH



- $\sum Q_i > \sum P_i$
- $Q_H$
- $Q_{.f.}$
- $P_i$
- $P_{.f.} = \kappa$

The Lucky Few believed that they could reverse their numbers. In fact, that was their advantage. They acquired power by bundling together their various techniques. They could move freely from image to product to demand to commitment. It was all the same for them. They had broken down the operation to its basic components. On the other hand, the Imperial Set could face its complete demise. It did not know how to adapt.

The flexibility of the Lucky Few made them seem glib to the Imperial Set. After Lucky's closed, these traitors would make their way back to Midtown. They acted as if they owned the city. The substituted mobility for rootedness. Thus, they wanted to raise the pace of everything. If Restless was already accelerated, they would send the pace into far reaches of the cosmos.

- I forgot my ID at Lucky's.
- You're not getting in here tonight.
- Your clientele aren't going to have fun if I'm not here.'
- We've got a line behind you so you better step aside.
- I don't feel like myself tonight.
- It's either money or drugs.
- Wait until you make it inside.
- I already am inside.

When the native summer lingered deep into what was more appropriately fall, you would turn your head trying to catch a summer breeze passing by. KÉ was bristling past you. She would never be the same. Trailing close behind, the moist turbulence of a late hurricane season. Following the torrential rain would be a cold snap and the preview of the quick bite of winter.

All the upheaval would leave a feeling of solemnity. It was not so much loss but a sense of passing into something new. The devastation was only preparing a rebirth. The cruelty of the seasons were somewhat muted by the realization. Something engaging existed in transition. How could you effectively hold on to that excitement?

KÉ still roamed the floor at Restless. But her appearances became more and more infrequent. The clones were hardly in evidence. Everett still did his dance but to much less fanfare. The Orphans hardly adapted to the glamor of Lucky's. For the time being, I turned my back on Restless. With the transition, they stopped having bands at Restless. The theater would be devoted to drag shows. They had a magnificent one on Halloween night.

Restless was more of an afterthought. The punctuation was still there, but the heat of the action was now at Lucky's. Crowds huddled outside in the hope that they would get in. Even in the rain, hearty souls would be waiting for their moment of stardom. It was wild how club this size could still host the new culture in such a opportunistic way. They could have given in to the transparent night-life style of the Buckhead clubs. But Lucky's recognized its appeal. It needed its cast of freaks to make the all Atlanta feel that they were entering a different world. After Halloween, this was still the haunted house.

- Are you going down to the dungeon?
- What?
- The vaults. The torture chambers.

Nothing of the kind was going on. That didn't prevent rumors of after hours parties. The stories sounded more like something out of Jean-Luc's world. If this was the reputation, how

could the club live up to expectations. It needed to pump the new audience for everything that it was worth. It didn't hurt that the bathrooms became turnstiles for drug transactions. For the well-to-do, this was the amusement park. A touch of ecstasy, some coke, and drinks through the night.

–I'll be carried out of here if that's what it takes.

And that was what often happened, as the horror show would continue in private chambers. As the Initiated congregated in the shadows, the action crew would populate the well-lit upstairs bar. Realizing the appeal of the private room, the club management starting arranging their VIP functions. They paid to get out of the hustle. But they'd all hang at the door in the hope of seeing some freak getting it on by the dance floor.

–What are we missing?

–Too many smiles!

The upstairs music set a standard. Already, Restless seemed like ancient history. Lucky's could set a new legacy. If things got too rarified upstairs, there was always the floor downstairs. There the pace seemed more frenetic. Anything went on!

Heavy eye make up, black hair, and a daring worthy of Go Wild filled the halls. Hearts raced. The roller coaster ride sent everyone into fits. There was no need to come down with delights around every corner. This was a club clearly accommodating the weekend nights. But nothing could compete with its excellence. All this brought a twinge of sadness as the memories of the first days at the Cube seem completely overshadowed. What had taken so long?

## **THE GUIDE BOOK:**

In the debate with the Lucky Few, the Imperial Set claimed to be artists. But even the Imperial Set approached the night with an amateur flair. The seriousness of the Initiated became a pretext for examining the cultural contributions of the night crawlers. From their daring philosophy to their turn on sexual identity, the devoted had staked out a creative territory that culminated in music and dance. Social interaction followed with its inspiration in theater. This was a new politics.

## **WORK**

The commitment necessary to explore the night was a full-time task. The sites reserve for the very late night hours were unavailable during shorter visits. The experience entirely reversed the natural balance of day and night. In these nocturnal haunts, the self confronted the contingent nature of identity. The night made available a panoply of masks. Each player could try them all on.

With the calling of the daily work world, the visitor was forced to curtail her journey. Just as she started to make a breakthrough, the morning buzzer would ring in her head, and the search would be over. This caused her to exaggerate the intoxicating effects of the night. You could always tell those who were too deeply planted in the daytime. They would be falling over themselves on the dancefloor. One or two drinks and they would spill all the secrets of the family jewels.

In the darkness, the visitors were enlightened to the cut-throat intent of the daytime world. The looming specters with their fingers on the triggers of destruction populated the towers of death that overlooked the city.

–Did you see how fast they put up the IBM tower. It was the devil’s work. IBM collaborated with the concentration camps during the war. They’re doing the same to us now.

RIP commented on our descent into machine-like enslavement.

Once liberated from the world of over-taxed labor, the creatures of the night could get to the real work. The battle of the psyche. The free migration of the soul was tied to the exaggerated imagery of the night. Where the Lucky Few were distracted by the intersecting tracks on the flesh, the Initiated projected a body that passed freely from the physical form.

–This is what we were meant to do.

Unfortunately, the Initiated were often lost in the infernal marvels of these primary explorations. Demons and other hobgoblins emerged to chain their souls. They accepted these new yokes as a means to achieving a more constant paradise. Once they could break their search down to such a method, they were easy prey to the same appeals as the Lucky Few. They believed that their own efforts had taken them to just this threshold. They never dug deeper than that.

If the Initiated were only the Lucky Few in Halloween costumes, could the night yield a more radical view of work. Some had resorted to theft. Others could only barter with the flesh. Others traded in substances that would further alter the give and take between night and day.

Why did the artistry not yield products that were more esteemed in the market? The gestures pushed the self into regions beyond the material. Even the artefacts were rendered in a more contestatory fashion.

–We don’t strictly create. We experience in a most intense fashion.

–Just as you try to possess us, the thing possessed self-destructs.

–It’s not anarchy—it’s resistance.

A few of us reported as resistance fighters. We were spreading the message deep into the darkness.

## **DANCE:**

The few crawlers who went the way of Go Wild betrayed the intent of creative movement in the context of the Cube and Restless. By the time the culture made its way to Lucky’s, it seemed only a short step to transforming the dance into a simulated sex.

Our art was not about trying to absorb your partner on the dance floor. It was not a kiss dissipated. The distinction seemed lost on tourists. They would grind away up and down the dance floor. Their inebriation would leave them on the verge of passing out in front of everyone. But they would derive the utmost of pleasure in this lead up to physical transport.

Where the lovers sought grace, we sought the twisted shapes that would contain explosive energies. Our dance floor was a place of chemical decomposition and recombination. We did not reference the classical poise of the ballet floor. We shattered their mirrors of self-involvement. They accepted the dominion over the body that froze the body in a pose. Even their leaps and runs were mathematically tracked by a precision-hungry audience. The body was

a guided missile that sought its target. The dance floor was their place of war.

We made peace with these over-reaching megalomaniacs. We broke the hold of the impresario. We could fall. We could fly. We could shake in frustration. We could rebel against the self-conscious choreographers.

We spoke in our dance: come here—go away. We took the floor so we did not have to engage in their facsimile of caring. We didn't have to listen to the drunken confessions. We did not look back. We moved forward. We did not dance away our heartaches. We broke the regions of the psyche that were besieged by the heartache. If you could not attain these peaks with us, then you needed to hide safely in the shadows.

One—two—three—we were in flight. A turn, a twist, a crouch, a release—we could sense the spaces of the psyche open up. We would not stop.

In our hearts, we felt that shared sensation. Come along, come along.

It wasn't time to speak. We were too deep in our work. We strung together these sequences. We moved from devastation to triumph. We cherished a lull as it could collect all the wonder of our previous jubilation. The body was glorified because it broke from its rigid commitment to desire and could covet the remarkable spaces of a precarious geometry.

—We watch. But we can't keep up. What are all of you on?

—We are on the night.

—Where is this going to lead?

—To the ends of the night.

—Morning.

—Twenty four hour darkness.

They feared the results of our exploration. Or, like the Initiated, they wanted to discipline the results.

—The disciples just end up converting back. This is not a religion.

## MUSIC

From the moment that Jaz and I supplied our own soundtrack, the night could not remain with this complacency. The coming of the Kamikazes and the upstairs at Lucky's all changed the game. No longer could the precious synth-pop control the rebelliousness of the night. We cried out for a more dissonant sound.

It was an art installation. A drone filled the room of neon interplay. The flashing lights and mannequins mocked the club dance floor.

—Is this what you want? A room full of mannequins.

—If that's what we need to uproot your disco dollies so be it.

—How many nights would it take for the message to have solid form? What would it mean to have it all at once?

—What do we have to do?

—Where are we?

—Are you going back to Lucky's?

—Can we?

—What are you dancing to?

–The end of the universe.

–You are such a cliché.

–I'm not strung out.

–No, you're spaced out!

The music assumed a more dismal tone. The drone accompanied a chugging beat. We were tossed in these currents. We enjoyed the cleansing waters.

–The installation is meant to break the clean distinction between performer and artist. We can all make noises. We can all wander the installation floor.

–I want to touch the bodies.

–We can all touch the bodies.

–This is such an infantile level of consent.

–If we want to die, is it OK

–Isn't the piece called *Suicide Chamber*?

–Adolescent art is all about shock value.

–You need to shock so that you can engage the concentration reflex. The consciousness tries to grab on to some object. This is the reflex. But the shock breaks that identification.

–You take the pacifier away from the baby.

–You take the baby away from the nourishment.

–It's all like a drug.

–So like a drug.

–Where are the party favors?

*Bela Lugosi's dead...*

–Are they at it again?

–They were born at it.

–I like the stillness of the music.

–Imagine the dance floor without a beat.

–It's all about flowing with the waves.

–Or the hurricane. More of the same.

## THE LANGUAGE:

–You need the silence. You need the pauses. It creates dynamic. We are learning new things to say.

But complacency so ruled the day. Tourists wanted to revise the script just enough so that they could assume the heroic roles. Just one shift to the next point of progress.

–Or regress.

–What do you want me to say? This is not about love anymore. I'm not your parents.

–That's the only script that I know.

–We've said too much already.

In the wilderness, how can we bridge these distances. A full tank of gas and the open spaces. The highway burns with the speeding cars touching its surface.

–A good kiss will melt the snow.

–I don't want your kisses!

- Do you want to come in?
- I'll walk in. But I don't want to commit to coming in.
- But you know what you want.
- What do you want? Do you want my ID? Do you want money?
- We can refuse entry.
- Do you want to refuse me?
- Do you want to be refused?

- I want to hear the music. I want to dance. It will tell me what to say.
- It's time to hear your story.
- I don't have a good story.
- Do you want to make money? Would you like to work here.
- I come her for enjoyment. I don't want to mix business and pleasure.

-So much is going to happen in the future. You'll have to learn the new words just to make sense of it all.

- I'm sort of into confusion.
- Don't be an ass. You need to communicate.
- That's all about compromise.
- You've already got what you want.
- I just need to get into Lucky's. I can make everything happen after that.

If they replaced the door guys, who would know who you were?

- Stop him. He can't come in here.
- Where do you work?
- Do you need a ride home.
- We could franchise Lucky's. Open another in Florida.
- It wouldn't be the same. The last guy who did that almost got arrested.
- How much money are they making here now?
- Enough to share with us.

## **SEXUAL CONTAMINATION**

While initially appealing, the notion of sexual politics seemed like one morality replacing another. In the actual context, we needed a more engaging catalyst. The circumstances of the Cube forced a reexamination of sexual identity. The pointed incursions of limited needs were dulled before more intense sensations. Euphoria equivalents were everywhere. It seemed more convenient to let go of the puritanical restraints to embrace deeper ecstasies. Even the Cube's methodology seemed too transparent. The darker motivations of Restless suspended the rewards of immediate gratification. KE reconstruction was simply one step towards the total remodeling of sexuality.

Under the new influences, sexuality was more of a contamination, tampering with the self. But since the self was already being stripped away in this process, it was all about



tampering with the tampered with. It was no longer about matching sexuality to the perfect model. This was just as much the case with alternative lifestyles. While the tourist shed their amateur skins and faced the perils of coming out, the more serious work came in abandoning the strict forms of sexual articulation. Only if the notion of paradise was strictly a product of gender could the sexually politic apply their new-found insights. The education offered something more tumultuous. It was not about replacing your former lover with a more correct edition. What was coming over us was not a more perfect love. The Lucky Few swore to this version. And they had captured all its details in their own rapture. Once they were included in the Restless crew, they noted how their sexual allegiances were eroded. They might try anything to maintain the high.

Sexual contamination was certainly more frightening in its consequences. You couldn't grab hold of its ecstasy. It was not that kind of focused experience. Even the enjoyable caresses and passionate embraces were only distractions from the more profound realization.

–You can come in and take it back with you. This is not about a love delivery.

Something that you can stuff in box.

–I don't get it.

–That's it.

–But I want to make myself feel good again.

–That's just the bi-product of being so fucked up. You want to take a pill. You want to achieve that same elation. This is something else.

–I just want to feel complete again.

–You're using sex to replace your family.

–But it is something natural.

–We're artists. We make our nature. We have to make ourselves.

The appeals of Jean-Luc were such a contradiction to contamination. He recognized how you needed to push to the frontiers of the night. Sleep-deprivation. Challenging your moral presuppositions. Jumping off the treadmill. But he had digestible answers. It was all in commodity form. And these immediate pleasures seemed to be the perfect answer to a life of denial.

Sexual contamination was more charged than that. It recognized that these new forms of pleasure would just reestablish the old roles. Jean-Luc would be the punishing God. His dominatrices were his angels. This was not about new identities. It was changing the course of money flow to new entrepreneurs.

You did not live up to the new identity. It was not something that could be serviced. It was about sexual contamination because the personality fragmented to pass to the next level.

## **FICTION:**

The fragmenting of sexual identity was not an end in itself. It was not about adapting your habits to the situation. That was clearly the temptation. The self might assume that it could use this feature to activate the hedonist's paradise. Once the reality became too intense, the self could switch to fiction.

–I am simply going out of my head with this attraction.

–It's too much to contain in one body.

The self would submit to polymorphous perversity and its attendant erotic permutation.

Arousal would attain its summit and remain unbearably at this plateau.

–I'm not going to come down. Do you want to join in?

Even talking about the story had its appeal. A certain voyeurism initiated all the action.

–I've been watching you.

–Have you now?

All consent would fade with this avowal. Did celebrity give access to this enriched high without any comedown.

–I see it that way.

–I think that we all do.

–I just lay there naked in my bed. Something had been robbed from me.

At first, sexual contamination might seem to compensate for her disappointment. Or it might make the party more committed to her satisfaction.

–If he was going to give me what I wanted, I'd just head home with him.

And if she waited long enough, she would expect more of a commitment.

–He's just hanging out with her because he needs a place to stay.

–What's your story.

–What you see is what you get.

Maria felt that you had to live your story. You needed to make it visually evident to those around you.

–You want to have an idea who you're dealing with.

The ends of this story was that she could only deal with what she saw immediately.

–I'm adjusting my view.

–Do you want to taste my food?

–Is this the first step to tasting you?

Even going on these flavors was a poor substitute.

Did the story offer a point to escape its determination? This was the appeal of a fiction. The personality could engage deeper and deeper involvements. At the same time, there was always an escape route.

The euphoria equivalency seemed to be the key. The self assumed that its portals took them to new worlds. And the promise was so obvious. Once the character seemed caught by the narrative, she would use an euphoria equivalent to jump to another level. Here was the element of fiction. There was an invariance to the euphoria. It was impossible to break that ceiling. The only alternative was an eternity of that same high. This would open up another level.

## **THE NIGHT:**

The night gave people independence. They used its contours to escape the watchful eye of parents. The more they claimed the sleepless night, the more they desired to shake up the complacency of their days. The watchful parent was replaced by the prying employer. But at night, she was on her own time. She wouldn't do her homework. She's miss her morning

classes. She'd call in sick. She would quit all that devotion to past and future.

Her independence would be initially challenged. She would need to be transformed. She would become a star. People would talk about her. The gossip would only be part of the story. She could push way beyond rumors to craft a more elaborate fiction. It would feed on the gossip but me more potent.

–I'm dying from your poison.

When nothing was happening, she would play a part in her favorite movie.

–I do have stars in my eyes.

Her arms would move all around as she enhanced her tale. It was all acceptable in the night.

All this playing around only led to deeper disasters. She could hit rock bottom and end the search, or she could lower the floor. She wanted to explore more. She needed to become a phantom. Those who were adept in the nocturnal environment had already adopted phantom personalities. They no longer worried about setting themselves right in the everyday world.

On the other hand, there were still those who endeavored the night for a more immediate return. I'm going in there and get my prize.

–The contest is over.

–I can start a new one.

The Lucky Few waited for this wonderful moment. They would release the fanfare. They had their ingenues. How comic! How tragic!

–We're night kids.

–Who are you?

–I'm Lucifer.

–You're a real freak.

–You wanted to take a chance.

Easy romance, experiments with pain.

–I want to stop being afraid.

–Fear is part of your adventure.

–You're not cute enough!

Maybe something more to lull the pain.

–Remember Cath. She just went all the way.

–Cath from C ward.

–She's not in a ward. Not really. That's just to distinguish her from the Princess Cath.

–The night just eats you up.

–You still need more of a reward.

–You have what you want.

–I don't want to want anything.

–That is redoing your biology.

–Oh no—more evolution.

### THE PROGRAM

<b>σ</b> Token of desire	<b>What do you want?</b>
<b>α</b> Initial appeal	<b>Just give me a name.</b>

<b>J</b> prediction: I know what you're going to do.	You still can't stop me.
<b>Ç</b> core of the night	You can stay at my place.
<b>S</b> The Fiction	You'll never have to leave here.
<b>EA</b>	Who's that looking at you?
<b>A</b> initial argument	What's my interest in this?
<b>¬</b> THE NIGHT	I couldn't go home yet.
<b>P</b> measured desire	I thought about her.
<b>Q</b> measured satisfaction	Do you know what I'm talking about?
<b>Y</b>	I can't come down.
<b>Ñ</b> narrative	Walk around. Talk to someone.
<b>X</b> terminal point	Don't start it if you can't finish it.
<b>W</b> post-narrative satisfaction	I can't stop thinking about her.
<b>É</b>	This is her place.
<b>O</b> immediate satisfaction	I can't stop.
<b>β</b> body of disappointment	This will stop you. –Not now.
<b>λ</b> limited token of desire	I've got a future –Not tonight!
<b>ß</b> post-nocturnal sexuality	Don't even look at her. Just dance.
<b>£</b> token of concern	Are you coming home with me?
<b>Ç</b> casting	Someone will.
<b>∩</b> prolonged satisfaction	Just get me off.
<b>∪</b> shared satisfaction	What do I get in return?

NIGHTMARE

I can't stop writing.

<–*What do I get in return?*

–*Just get me off.*

–*Someone will.*

–*Are you coming home with me.*

*He couldn't even look at her*

–*Just get me off!>*

–Not tonight.

–It's an activity. It's not like a mysticism where you resolve at various stages of enlightenment. You keep revising and adding things. The story continues to develop. It's like a dream. You like what happens in a good story. It entertains you. And in a bad story you spiral down and down to the nightmare conclusion.

–We have the story. It's simply a matter of tailoring the characters to fit the story.

–Night after night, it's the same story.

–Collect all the characters.

–That comes later.

*I'll give you a whipping and then you'll stop.*

–*When you stop the whipping, I'll just do the opposite of what you want.*

–*Take the **MIRACLE TEST!***

>>*Go home with him, and your world will change. If it doesn't, then he's no miracle.*

–*He can't keep it up for five minutes.*

–*You don't know what you have until you put it up for sale.*

–*He just has to concentrate more.*

–Why do you watch it if you know how it will end?

–It get me off watching her. Figuring out what she's going to do next. It gives me a rush like she's doing it just because I tell her to.

–It's just like a crime show.

–I love crime shows.

*You don't have to take, take, take. Why don't you give, give, give!*

*Roll it in! Roll it in!*

–*Do you think that you can make money and sleep until noon?*

In the new order, Restless started to seem more like a philosophical salon, and Lucky's was more like a pleasure palace.

–It's time to change the world.

–Doesn't the body have a limit what it can give back?  
 –But you keep using it.  
 –If it doesn't feel right, I can't feel right.  
 You're just repeating the same thing over and over again.

–We could give them the cool test first. See if it's all worth the time.

The COOL TEST **F**

**Dos she pass? Is it worth the effort just to have her smile?**

–Of course.

*(Exorbitance!)*

EA: I saw Maria out tonight. I went home and wrote her name down a thousand times. It made me feel closer to her.

The next day, I didn't even think about her. She had failed the cool test.

**KÉ: What do I have to do to get you to think about me?**

–**Just start the story again. I want to know what's going to happen.**

Maria would never really understand what I was investigating.

–If I look the part, why can't I play the part.

–Can you remember the lines.

–The were my lines in the first place.

–The game has changed. You have to do more then stand there and look the part.

–I don't want to be degraded.

–You do have to defend yourself against rivals.

–I have no rivals at Restless. We don't want the same things.

–Who did want the same things?

It was too for Maria to be cast for a new role. Lucky's was already in full swing.

–I'm all about glamor and money. I deserve a role there. My cousin works there.

–That's Martin. And he's not your cousin. He's the brother of someone at school. He works as a door person, and he has a limousine service.

–I could drive up in a limousine.

–It still wouldn't get you past the door.

–I could leave a big tip.

–How would that change anything?

–How indeed. Let me in!

–I'm not the door person.

–I can slip the door person something for his time.

–Maybe another time.

I wanted Maria to play a part. But our story seemed close to an end.

–I have to go away from this place. I was just teasing you about getting in to Lucky’s

## PERFORMANCE

–I’d do what I needed to find myself. If I needed for some guy to pick me up in some bar, and anonymously fuck me up the ass, then that’s what I had to do. I’d do whatever I needed just to get away from myself. That’s how I really new. I stripped away everything that reminded me of who I was. Just to get out there to that point where I even hated myself. Do you know what that place is. How to get that far down, and still feel that heart ticking inside of you.

>>To get rolled in the emergency room of the hospital after being so fucked up on coke that you’re heart’s going to burst. And the attending physician tells you that you’re lucky to be alive. But you don’t know the half of it honey.

>>And when you know that other half, it’s nowhere near enough.

–And what are you going to show me. What are you going to do for me?

–What do you want me to do? What can you give me?

–I’m going to give you nothing. And I want you to perform.

–What do you want me to perform.

–I want you to perform your life. To look me in the eyes and give it all that you’ve got.

–Where do I start?

–At your birth. Your rebirth. Start with this moment now. Give me all you’ve got. I want the performance of a lifetime. Put on your silver shoes and shake ‘em. I want everything that you have. I don’t want you hiding behind your multiplicity of identities. I don’t want anonymity. I want you! I want everything that you have. All of it, now. Can I have that?

–I don’t know what you want. What can I do to make you happy?

–I feel this burning inside of me. I want you to feel that for me.

–How do I do that?

–That is why I’ve come to you. You need to tell me who the hell you are. You need to go face to face with me and just let me know. Can you do as much for me. Can you look me in the eye and let me know. I need you to do that much just for me. Can you take care of that.

–I’ve learned what I have to do to please other people. And that pleased me. Then I figured out what I needed to do to piss myself off at where I’d been. And that was enough for me. What do you need?

–I need to see your face. I need to know who you are.

–I’m who you want me to be. With my big pouty lips. And my short skirt. And my colored hose and my heels. I’m all those things that you want me to be.

–Can I know who you are when you prance around the room. Can you let the light reflect right back into my eyes. Do you know how to do those tricks. Can you tell me what my story is?

–Give me something to do that for you. Give me something that I can touch. Something that I can make my own. Something that is yours. Something that you hold close. Let me press it against my skin so I can know what you want. And when I know who you are, I will let you know who I am.

–But you agreed to perform. And I can’t give you anything that you don’t already have.

Who are you?

–I’m the face staring back at you. I’m all the troubles that you brought in here with you. I’m tossing them back at you to do something with. What can you do for yourself to show me some possibility that I can’t embrace for myself alone.

–Dance for me!

## SHOWING OFF

–The club is full of a preponderance of storytellers. They all want a performance. They all want to sit you down and tell you how their story has influenced everyone else here. They all let their tears run down in the rain.

>> I want to hear Guy’s story. How he ran into Trish. They shared old times. He said why not. I want to know how long he lasted with her. That unforgettable night. What really matters is how long he can keep his story going. What can he say to make us interested in their romance. What kind of romance did he have on that first night. How was he able to prolong it on acid. So that the only thing that was real in the whole world was this one beating heart that they became together. How long their bodies could exist in that tunnel of the mind together. I want his story to beat now for me in my head like it beat for him then when nothing else mattered but his story. Guy is just some guy who can tell it like that for me.

>>Even if it meant less to him at the time, I want it to mean the world for me at this moment. I want it to sing for me in a way that it never rang out when he first spun that tale. Can he do that for me.

>>Where the hell are you? I don’t want to embarrass myself. I don’t want to embarrass you. But this world is your story. If you’re going to tell anything that’s worth it, it has to beat for all of us in the same way.

Telling a story was no longer enough. The teller had to convince me that his experience still breathed inside me. That his heartbeat rivaled mine in a way to drown out what I was communicating. I envied these tellers. I needed to find him—just one who would upset the cart. Put it all in perspective. Someone who had got close enough to KÉ that he could feel her breath against his face. That he could press his hand against her breast so that he could draw in her heartbeat. He could tell me that she lived through him. Where was this proud storyteller. I didn’t want to stand in his way. I wanted him to stand face to face with me. Even if it made him afraid. I needed something to keep me going. Something to remind me that the spirit of Restless still continued in those bright nights at Lucky’s. As I turned my back on one world, I needed to know that it still was commemorated in the other.

My hand was out. I needed to shake the hand of that man. Even if the world could not continue in the same way, the story would still beat as profoundly. No put downs. No come downs. Just that elevated sense. No shame. No apologies. I needed him to step out of the shadows.

Lucky’s promised something. It was no longer a secondary source. It claimed the main stage. I wanted to see what it had to offer. The new cast of character came armed with different aspirations. The new blood bubbled under the bright lights. On humid nights, the steam would collect on the upstairs mirror. It would give the sense that the fire was for real. In this zeal, the



outsiders now became insiders. They could ignore their histories. For the past ran so fast at them, that they had nothing to do but run the other way. They glided up the luxurious stairs. And they proclaimed that they had arrived. The night air dissipated any phantoms that had followed them in. For this moment, they all celebrated their immaculate becoming.

In the coming, they imposed their associations. They complicated things with their intrigues. They would not take no for an answer. They wanted to know. But they had little to give in return. Because they had already abandoned their stories as they made their way down the expressways. This was not Restless. No one walked here. It was downtown, not Midtown.

## SUZI

The debts were out in force for twirls and deals as the crowd at Lucky's feigned haute couture. I was dazzled by the multi-faceted wonders. I saw her in her fashionable black dress, as we took to each other immediately. From that point on, she would be my starlight. Even as her light was eclipsed, I would still feel a protected watch on her part. She was trying to hit me up for a drink, and I did not bite for her bark. She was somewhat charmed by my manners but equally miffed by rebuff. This was a great location to score freebees, and I was getting in the way of her act.

–You're not going to spread the word how I failed to charm you.

–Your secret is safe with me.

Her petite form made her all the more delightful. She knew of her power, and once she applied her magic she wouldn't let go. I flattered her by favoring her designs on some boy. It was entertaining just being in her immediate circle. After the tug of war, I would follow her back to Restless. While she tried to make time with a comatose specimen, I worked to chat her up as the three of us sat together in the theater. He could do the work while I reaped the obvious benefits. She was with him by necessity. But she seemed more obviously taken by our conversation.

–What do you do?

–I deliver love to Buckhead.

–It certainly needs a lot of caring.

–And I'm the one to give it all that it needs.

She worked a retail job, but it was obviously difficult for her to maintain her lifestyle and keep the hours.

–I'm an old hand at this game.

–Yeah, you're pushing fifty now.

–And all decrepit. But I'm not going to retire. They're going to have to carry me out.

–You'll give some EMT a heart attack when he does that.

–Bewitching until the end.

Her smile gave her a glow. The theater was dingy, but this section lit up. I felt that I was at center stage.

–Where's the camera?.

–I am a camera.

–You're just stealing part of my soul for your memories.

–At least, you’ve still got sou. So many people lose theirs here.

–That’s one thing that I don’t want to happen to me.

–What?

–Death. I’ve seen too much of that. Even at a ripe young age.

I wondered how she got in these clubs. A fake idea was certainly part of the order.

–This theater has that old musty feel. The spirits of death must have a real field day when people pass out in here.

–You just feel the chill take hold.

–You’ve seen ghosts before.

–Sure. I know them by name.

Her mystical side fascinated me. But it all seemed mixed with bizarre superstition.

–I’m just trying to live out my destiny.

There was that incredible twinge that reminded me that this was the summit of her experience. If I had a story to tell, it would flame in the period that I chronicled. More formidable demons already lay wait on her future path.

–This is almost the chapel for Restless.

Her theology piqued my curiosity.

–You really believe.

**–It’s obvious that God exists. Look at how men and women fit together when they have sex. That’s proof enough. <THE FUCKING PROOF>**

Aquinas would have marveled at the miracle revealed in her logic. Little else needed to be said except to not that this was Restless where men seemed to be fitting quite well into other men.

–And there’s a religious feeling that goes along with that.

She nodded her head. I imagined the angel Gabriel tapping me on the shoulder as I entered into solemn union with Suzi. I wondered what our hospital subject was going to think when the choirs of heaven sang as he woke up in her arms.

–It’s got to be! I feel it even more certainly tonight!

Some trashy drag queen was on stage pretending to finger himself to the strains of a Cher song.

–*Crucial, you always have to throw in some perverted comments. That story about the fucking proof is the most ridiculous thing that I’ve ever heard.*

–*It really happened. It’s true.*

–*Say what you will!*

Suzi made me feel that I was part of something new and exciting. Her friend Bobbi. The glamor thing at Lucky’s. Even though we were losing focus, getting sidetracked from our search, it made my heart race. And each time that I saw her I was prepared for more fantastic magic. Maybe that’s why she needed her superstition.

–It’s something like love.

I settled back to go to sleep. I could taste the whisper. Almost like a raspberry—more tart than sweet. *Les framboises!*

I tried to enter Suzi’s dream world. I hated to think that she was blessed and I was held

back. But I could not overcome my challengers. Instead, I wandered aimlessly in the night in a driverless cosmic car.

I saw myself at a waltz. My group closer and closer to the throne. But we were pushed back by the waves of other dancers. My partner was up to the task. We did not want to give up. But we sensed the plot against us.

–They’re laughing at us.

–We get the last laugh.

I pulled her closer as we made our last foray.

I couldn’t see myself taking *waltz* lessons with Suzi. I knew that there would be more. And KÉ was still competing for equal time.

–You find a heroine. Now, you’re willing to throw her over for some commoner.

–A girl that bears a passing resemblance to you.

–But she has none of my breeding.

## THE DEATH QUEEN

His given name was Peter. But it only passed our lips once never to be heard again. He realized that his role at Lucky’s was precious. He had seen Infra at Restless. In response, he christened himself *Ultra*. He was to be everything that Infra was and more. He was to be everything that Infra was not. His make-up pose and his chilly demeanor made him the perfect door person from hell. From that moment, we would call him the *Death Queen*. He claimed that they were paying him to work his wonders at Lucky’s. This gave the excuse to an otherwise hapless life. He was attended by Portia. She was working at a coffee shop and had an apartment at a ratty complex on Roswell Road. They pretended that they had been sanctified with the royal wedding. Now they were the perfect couple. Of course, Ultra was a raging queen and simply loved playing the role for Portia. This gratified her sensibilities, but ultimately made her double alienated. Ultra gave Lucky’s a veneer that was essential to selling its image. Where Infra looked the part, Ultra was the real thing. He really tried to cross over into the world of the undead. His spell book must have been jam-packed with little remedies for the least heartache. It was not a good idea to step in his way.

With the coming of Ultra, everything again was turned upside down. Among all the up and coming debs, he highlighted where the paths of glory led—to the grave! He led the unique procession. Where Infra had casually skirted the demonic side, Ultra plunged in head first. Infra’s crisis was indicative how unprepared he was for the next stage. But Ultra was ready to bring to bear a more potent venom. You could tell by looking. His myth gripped Lucky’s. It was like having a fortune healer in their midst.

The Imperial Set were left way behind. They could play their masquerade with time, but this was the real thing. They couldn’t contemplate their own mortality. They were still seeking a more prolonged high. Even if their pursuits threatened their professional standing, they still pulled up before the brink. Restless was too upstanding. But the cauldrons were brewing at Lucky’s. The word was out about the horror chambers presided by a true sorcerer. Witnesses attested to all sort of bizarre occurrences. The source was Ultra. He chuckled at his new-found powers.

Even the Initiated believed him to be the real thing. They had long shaken their grimoires to make them reveal more secrets, and the Ouija boards had been working overtime to eke out a quick revelation. Ultra was miles ahead. He did it naturally. You could see it in his eyes. What you could make out of them. Portia acted the interpreter when he seemed mute.

–He doesn't have to say anything. He just has to look menacing.

The club did everything that they could to accommodate his eccentricities. Someone said that he was supposed to be picking up glasses. He was working somehow. But he was allowed to do his own thing. How many extra customers walked through the door just to see this kind of spectacle.

–He's supposed to perform a miracle today.

–They say that the club is build on a cemetery.

–More like a site of sacrifice.

–He has rallied all the ghosts to his side.

–He's such a frail thing.

–Don't even think about messing with him Someone was making fun of him the other night. He came out, and his car was gone.

Once Ultra had established himself, it seemed OK for the other death rock crew to filter in. The club sought a balance. They still needed the high rollers spilling their intake. Wide coffers scooped up the spoils. It was a gold mine. But there was other gold to mine in these hills. Psyches ripe for manipulation. Artificial chemistries could not do all the trick.

The pretense that something more was going on started to set in. With all these characters here couldn't they make something happen in spite of itself.

–We don't want you kids starting you fights here.

–What fights?

If one held in place, couldn't all these mysterious forces concentrate themselves in one place. From assumption to reality, the undead now found a habitat. They would collect in the corners of the downstairs dance floor. Or they would move in a pattern on the upstairs floor. What was the form of their presence? Everyone wanted to learn the method.

Ultra seemed more of a shock

–They keep away.

He didn't just mean the tourists. Even the Initiated manifested this love-hate for him. They would return to their jobs in Little Five. He would just head back to the coffin.

–Where does he keep it?

–Portia rolls it out every night and in every morning.

Curiosity was at its height. Everyone had felt the power. They had all tried their hands at the dark arts. Little things here and there. But here was a soul that had already managed the passage to the other side.

–I'm just some kid from a small town. But I've seen things. I've been places.

–You are a prophet.

–If I was, I'd predict better times for all of us.

His apartment with Portia was a mess. An ironing board always in the middle of the floor. A TV that barely worked. But they tried to make do.

–It will get better.

–How?

Ultra hoped that the job at Lucky’s could be a springboard to something better.

–What? A movie role.

–The world’s not going to change fast enough.

–It could.

They both waited for that cataclysmic event. Like prisoners hoping for that earthquake that would crack the walls in two, they watched the sky for the latest portends.

–The more that you get to know the skies, the easier it will be to call on the future heartache.

–We can spread it around.

–And then the world will be ours to take. The guards will be stricken. They won’t be able to maintain their posts. We’ll just waltz in.

This imaginary procession of the undead seemed closer than ever.

–This is how the ancient Enlightened felt.

–It’s told in the *Book of the Dead*.

–And Pythagoras.

–We must memories the key to unlock the treasure.

And all the misery would pass away.

## CASTING CALL

She was rather hip. But still a tourist. Her money and supposed style got her through the door. She stared at Ultra.

–He could have anything that he wants from me.

She was fit. Very appealing. But too rooted in the land of the living.

–You don’t have anything that he wants.

My opportunity was now evident. Ultra needed to read from my script. The Imperial Set had pushed the envelope. But they needed to retreat before the monsters that they unleashed. The Kamikazes could delight Gloria.

–They’re going to play *Death in June*.

But Infra had only made everyone seemed too desperate. If he had succeeded his legend would have been without equal. He had not. KÉ created an audience from outside the circle. Os the Set needed behaviors that couldn’t easily be imitated. They wondered what kind of risks were really worth while.

The Initiated had made their way to Restless. But they never cracked the surface. When Ultra showed up from a night at Lucky’s everything was shaken up.

–Did you see that?

Infra was falling over himself. But he was still perceptive enough to see that something was going on.

–I want to become part of it.

–It’s too late for you.

–It’s never too late for heros. I need a drink.

The straw now seemed permanently attached. He welcomed being in intensive care. But he did perk up for the new arrival.

Ultra had everyone acting strangely. They were putting on a show just for his benefit.

–Did you talk to him?

–You can't talk to him.

He had been watching me. My dark clothes and expressive manner made people take notice. Even Ultra was looking for allies. Portia first approached me.

–He wants an audience.

We all laughed. Pretty soon, Jaz, Ultra, Portia, and I started to play the part of a new crew. We'd meet up at the club. We danced to the same stuff. We felt that our numbers were sufficient to change things.

The newcomers knew little about KÉ. The days of the Cube were ancient history. They wanted to get next to the Death Queen. I followed close behind. They would let him out early. We would head over to Restless. Or on the weekdays, Restless was still the place to go.

–They have free food on Sunday and Thursday.

When you were struggling to pay rent, anything free became welcome. Everyone thought that Ultra starved himself. But I watched him chow down. He still maintained this stony face for the crowd. It helped that he now drew in his own crowd. We made him seem even more formidable.

–One of them is going to pull us into the washroom.

We did think about it. But human blood just didn't seem the flavor of the month.

–Portia, you're such a clown!

## LOVE AND OTHER DANGERS

Our explorations were no longer our secret. Lucky's paid host to our living seminar. The pose now became a visible expression of the philosophy. It wasn't an idea that we impressed on our projected image in the hope that someone might guess what we were about. We had our group that forged a new vision together. Terry, Ultra, Jaz, Portia, and Crucial. We all made our way into the larger scene. Stragglers would try to hook up with that same feeling. Gloria hung around Terry. She always had an eager crew around her. Even Taylor gave us moral support.

–They all think that you're dying in front of them.

–Little did they know.

Ultra really gave everyone the sense that the notions of sexual identity were being transformed. More than any drag queen, his image brought together the transformation of sexual identity with the this step into our psychic backwaters. He solidified the notion that desire could not rescue the self in a virtual paradise. Instead, the self needed to fragment into a region more fraught with danger. When someone lost their way at Lucky's, it was just not the haunted house at an amusement park. They were walking into another realm. You live this otherness on earth. It was not by acid or by hallucination. It was by another sense. Beyond seeing. You didn't leave the body. You stayed on the earth but passed over to this other form.

The longer that we forged into the night, the more this frenzy would take hold. At Restless, we'd compare notes.

–You saw it tonight.

–I made it all the way.

Someone over heard us.

–What do you mean made it?

–Things all aligned to match the journey that we were undergoing inside us.

–It was like a cosmic projection. Like being sent deep into space.

–Except the space was right before us.

–Sounds like drugs to me.

I suspected that Ultra had some kind of help. There was so much in prevalence at Lucky's. Since he worked there, it made it more likely that he was on the pipeline.

–Is that really a guy?

He started to feel the intensity of his state of being. If it was going to happen, he needed to transfigure soon. Our trips were comforting even in their disassociated way. But he needed a clearer sign that this was all working.

–What do you want me to do?

Portia had ideas.

–They're all not good.

–You have less money than all of us combined.

–We could try a caper.

–You could get fucked up, girl. It's not going to happen.

–Halloween isn't for almost another year.

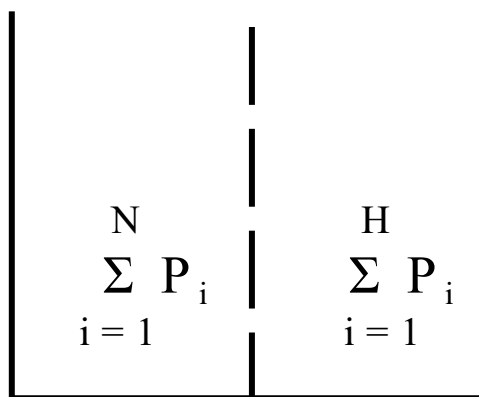
The fires still burned on the hill. For the moment Portia thought about recruiting the kids.

–I know some of them from the Metropolis.

–You want to rob a candy store.

–Don't laugh.

## TRANSACTION



$$\sum_{i=1}^N Q_i$$

Unsuccessful Transaction. Desire cannot overcome the displayed appeal.

$$\sum_{i=1}^N Q_i > \sum_{i=1}^N P_i$$

Successful Transaction. Desire attains displayed appeal.

$$\sum_{i=1}^N P_i > \sum_{i=1}^N Q_i$$

–Do you want to come to my place?

Do you	come
to my place	want to

–I'm not going to sleep with you.

I'm	sleep
with you.	not going to

–I've got a great place.

–So what.

–I've got what you need.

–What do I need?

–I can see it in your face.

You	but go
along	can't help



- Come back to my place. It’s great there.  
 When she gets there, she can’t help but settle in.  
 –I can’t help but go along.

I feel	I went
along	terrible

- Just feeling terrible will make you feel better about it.  
 –I won’t do it again.

- Do you want to come back to my place.  
 –I felt like shit the day after I was at your place.  
 –You had fun, didn’t you?  
 –You were chatting up some other girl the next night.

It’s not so bad.

It’s	you wouldn’t
do it again	not so bad

- This time, I’m on top.  
 He laughed.

- You can hang out at the place. I’ve got a refrigerator stocked with food. There’s liquor in the cabinet. I’ve got cable. There’s a gym on the second floor.  
 –What’s the catch?  
 –I’ve got some stuff there. Watch it for me.  
 The temptation was there to clear everything out and start over.  
 –It’s up to you.

- Give me some, give me some.  
 –What am I getting in return?  
 –There’s a chance to better your life.  
 –Is that all?

- I’m glad that you finally have some pictures. I was getting sick of reading all this shit.  
 –They’re not pictures. They’re diagrams. The pictures are in our head.

Do you want to come over?	I’ll be right over.
I just have to get rid of a little problem.	When can you come?

–Can you get rid of a little problem?  
–What is it?  
–I’ve got his girl at my place, and she just won’t leave.  
–Where do I come in?  
–I want you to go over there and fuck her. When I catch you both at it, I’ll throw her out.  
–What if she likes you too much?  
–Don’t worry about that.  
–What is I like her too much?  
–That’s not my problem. Just fuck her for me.  
–That sounds pretty brutal.

–Who are you?  
–I’m a friend of Tex.  
–Who is Tex?  
–The guy who owns the place.  
–Tex, I thought that it was Phil.  
–No, it’s Tex.  
–Ok. I like Tex. Why are you here?  
–He’s doing some photo job, and he wants me to pick up some photos.  
–They’re on the coffee table.  
–Have you looked at them?  
–Yeah, just some nondescript girl.  
–Do you know her?  
–I think that I’ve seen her around Lucky’s.  
–Who the fuck are you.  
–I’m Tjen. What are you doing drinking in the morning.  
–I checked. It’s 12:05. It’s not morning. I’ve mixed up a bunch. It’s in the kitchen.  
–Nothing like cocktails to start the day.  
–I thought that you had to get the photos to Tex.  
–He can wait. He’s probably at lunch anyway.  
–He’s always at lunch.  
–He’s the boss. These are good drinks.  
–Thanks. I used to be a bartender.  
–What do you do now?  
–I’m between jobs.  
–Like between guys.  
–Something like that.  
–Do you mind if I sit on the couch too.  
–It’s a big couch.  
He sat way back in the chair. He looked over at her then settled back in relaxation.  
–You want to fuck me.  
–You are direct.  
–Direct! I didn’t say that I did. I’m just saying that you’re as obvious as shit.

–I'm just enjoying my drink.  
 –But you wish that I was enjoying my dick.  
 –Have you been sleeping with Tex.  
 –He didn't take me in to do the laundry. Are you friends?  
 –In a manner of speaking.  
 –What manner? Like you'd do anything for him that he asked.  
 –Something like that.  
 –Except you'd sleep with his girl as well.  
 –Yeah. I mean no. What are you trying to get me to say?  
 –That you'd like to see me naked.  
 –Well.  
 –I'll take off my top. I've got great tits.

He looked away in embarrassment. She got up and started to prance like a stripper.

–All you suburban girls are the same. You think that you're fucking Supergirl in the sack.

–I can hold my own.  
 –Can you hold my own to?  
 –I'd say that you made a pass at me. Not a nice thing for a friend to do.  
 –If friends can't share.  
 –Is this pass around Carol night?  
 –It's not night. And I didn't see anything get passed around.  
 –You want to do a line.  
 –Why not?

After laying out the coke, they both did a line. He then rubbed it on her gums. Then he pulled her close and kissed her. She slapped him.

–That's for Tex.

She slapped him again.

–That's for me.

–I didn't think that I was coming here for a boxing match.

She fell over the side of the couch. He pinned her down while he kissed her. They started to dry hump.

–Do you like my body?

–I want to be inside you.

–Do you have any condoms?

–I'm OK.

–I'm not.

She pushed him away.

–You don't have anything to worry about.

–I have everything to worry about. AIDS and shit. I don't want to have your baby. Even if you are the cutest thing that's ever graced Restless.

–Tex told me that you were like this.

–A bitch.

–No. Loose.

- You're a little fuck. He's supposed to be your friend.
- You're living at his place.
- For now. Until I get myself together.
- Let me go look for some condoms.
- We used the last one.
- I know where there are might be more.
- Does Tex mind you looking through his stuff.
- He almost expects it.
- Tex actually came home to find the two passed out.
- I thought that I had asked you to do a service.
- I didn't think that she could out drink me.
- It's four o'clock in the afternoon.
- You could throw her out for that.
- She'd say that you got her drunk. Some friend that you are.
- At least, I didn't sleep with your girl.
- That's the least you could have done.
- Now, how am I going to get rid of her.
- You could have her catch you in the act.
- Fat chance. She's on me like a hawk.
- Plant evidence. Let her finds something incriminating.
- The only thing very incriminating is all these glasses around my living roo.
- I better leave.
- And I'll revive Sleeping Beauty. We are going out tonight!
- Tex did what he could do.
- Were you messing with my best friend?
- Friend? He came on to me.
- That's not what he said.
- You can see. I was almost passed out. He's a fine one.
- What are you saying? That he took advantage of you while you were passed out.
- Not exactly.
- What are you saying.
- That with friends like that...
- You ought to know. You've been drinking all my alcohol.
- It gets lonely here during the daytime.
- You could look for a job.
- You told me to make myself at home.
- You have enough money.
- And I want to keep it.
- You're a real prick. Someone's going to report you one of these days.
- Is that a threat?
- Not at all. But I have heard things.
- Like what.
- Just things.

–You can have anyone that you want. I don't mean sexually. They could go in stores and take things for you. They could kill people for you. It would be like a cult. You could get them worked up. You could sway them.

She felt that Tex was just the beginning. How could she play her part?

–I've seen guys looking at me all the time. I admit that it does get me hot.

–And where does it end up? You're just sleeping on some guys couch.

–What do you propose. That I get him to give me the couch. Get him to set me up.

That's what I tried to do. It really didn't work out.

–You've got to get someone to give you something. You need insurance.

–How do I do that?

She thought about her new position. She had everything. But she was selling herself short. She wasn't a street hustler. She could have her own empire.

–Other conquerors have tried and failed when they faced just such a crisis.

–What do you have that is different?

–Wits.

–That's not enough.

–I can drink any guy under the table.

–That may help. But you still need something more.

–I need a cult or a religion.

–That's what I said to you.

–No, really.

–Lucky's doesn't have enough believers. What good does it do to be a star here?

–It's all about gratifying some guy or getting a reputation. There is no middle ground here.

–That's the part that sucks the most.

Her options started to close in on her. Lucky's seemed like a movie set. But beyond appearance, what more could it offer her. She needed an angle.

–We're just going to rewrite this story with me in the middle.

–No one has fame that is transferable here. Steal a drug dealer's stash, and it just makes you a sitting duck.

–I already feel like a roast duck.

–How long have you been sitting in his oven.

–Too long.

–You don't want a ring.

–I'd rather get a speed boat.

–You'll have to get closer to the high rollers.

–They are around here.

She was waiting for him. She reclined on a luxurious couch.

–I'm everything that you've dreamed about.

They both laughed. She ran her hands through her luxurious hair.

–How many times did you brush that today.

–Thousands.

He followed the waves of light as they reflected off her golden locks.

–Sometimes you just have to wait for the right moment. Good things come to those who wait.

He felt mesmerized just looking at her.

–You want to come sit here next to me.

He could feel her enclosing around him. There was such a sense of comfort. He forgot all the struggles that had brought him to this point.

She led him through the tropical paradise of her charms. He sank before the humid enticements. The air swayed in a sultry accompaniment to her every word. He felt energized by her spicy enchantment. He barely had to touch her. He was already enthralled by her whispers. He strained for more. He wiped the sweat from his brow. Just imagining her kiss made him feeble amidst her languorous surrender.

–Do you want to feel my smooth legs?

He was imagining things. But just looking at her seductive pose seemed to offer him consent.

–Are you going to just stand there?

–You want a drink?

–I’ve got a drink.

–Do you mind if I sit next to you?

–I pretty well mind nothing that you do—as long as you do something.

He had difficulty focusing. The trance-like state seemed to sap his will. He needed to feel her touch. The path could not seem more evident. Nothing distracted him. The inevitability carried him along.

–You know where this is leading?

–Nowhere good.

Her smile drew him closer.

–Can I touch you?

–I’m not real.

–I need to know that.

He put his hand in hers, and just held it. Her touch was enough to let him travel.

–This isn’t going to be good for either of us.

–We have to try.

–You’ve got a life.

–I could change it.

–You’re going to turn your back on everything that you have.

–I could.

–I’m worth more than that. So are you. There’s got to be a way that we can keep what we have. A way to get more.

He looked at her. Everything said success. He didn’t want to waste his chance. But he knew to get any closer that he would have to gamble whatever he had.

[Jay interrupts.]

–She wanted me to watch her.

–How could you tell?

–Just the way that she stood. She said that she was available. I moved closer to her. Nothing stood in my way.

>>I ‘d watch her through her window. She’d leave the curtains open so that I could see, It was for me. Just me. She’d perform. She’d take off her robe. She’d rub lotion all over her body. I could feel my hand traveling the length of her body. I’d get aroused just looking at her smooth legs. I follow them up to her pussy.

>>She’d move just slightly to give me a better view. She’d touch herself. Massage the cool lotion into her body. The moist warmth. I could sense it by looking more intently. She paused long enough for me to catch a glimpse. I concentrated. She could have moved away from the window. She wanted to give my stare long enough to compose.

>>I entered her world. She wouldn’t lock me out. She beckoned me. I couldn’t hold myself back. I wanted to look.

>>I could feel her caress. I could taste her kiss. I was hypnotized by her perfume. Nothing that she did could stop me. She wanted it just that way.

–Do I know you?

–Not exactly. We’re neighbors.

–And you’re the one that’s been watching me.

He looked down.

–You have nothing to be ashamed of.

–I had some curtains up. But I’m getting them redone.

Was her excuse enough.

–We ought to have a drink some time.

–I’d love to. But I’m married.

–I haven’t seen your husband around.

–He’s away a lot on business.

–It’s a big house.

–Really big. I should give you the tour.

–Definitely.

He wanted to see the bedroom. He was only allowed to see her sitting room from the window.

–When are you going to give me that tour?

–Soon. But my husband is coming back tonight.

That night, he watched from the window. The husband seemed to be a menacing guy. They argued. The husband stood with his back to the window. All the trouble happened in the darkness away from the voyeur’s vantage point.

–He did *this* to me.

–*He* did?

–My husband. He said that I was cheating on him. You’re my witness. I never even left the house.

–Speaking of the house, I’d like my tour.  
 –It’s really not a good time. He might come back.  
 –Let him.

–You’ll regret it if it happens.

She seemed inspired by his daring. When she took him up to the sitting room, he walked around to measure its contours.

–You like it in here.  
 –It feels warm. It feels like you.

She was close to him.

–That looks tender.

He put his hand up to her eye.

–Does that hurt?

–Just a little. What are you doing?

He would move his hand away. He caressed her face.

–I appreciate your concern. But you better go now. We’ll talk another time.

He reached to touch her. She pushed him away.

–This is not good at all.

He moved deeper into the room. Deeper into its darkness. She put her hands up to push him back.

–I don’t think this is a good idea.

–But it’s more than an idea.

He put his lips close to hers. Just as she was holding him back, she opened her lips to him. She almost seemed to resist as he grinded his body against hers on the wall.

–You know that it’s almost like putting a knife through a man’s heart when you have sex with his wife in his bed.

He strained to get a look into her window. Her curtain was slightly drawn. But he could still see if he positioned himself right. He mostly saw her shadow. He could fill in the rest.

–Sometimes when you get started, you can’t help it. It just feels good. You just let go.

He did feel great. He felt himself letting go. He wondered if she kept the door locked. If it was open, it meant that she wanted him to come in.

–Who let you in?

–The door was open.

–I could call the police.

–But do you want to?

–Who are you?

–I’m your neighbor. I’m surprised that you don’t know who I am.

–Why should I?

–I’ve been watching you.

–What do you mean?

–I’ve seen your little performance.

–What are you talking about?

–I’ve watched you touching yourself. I can see through my window. See, that’s it over



there.

- Well now that I can see, you can go.
- Go. I came here for something.
- You’re getting mad.
- I’m not getting mad. It’s just that I thought you would be more friendly.
- I’d like to be your friend. But not this way.
- That’s not the way that it seemed the other night.
- Seemed. I never meant anything by any of that.
- It wasn’t just me. I know you. You know me. Just listen. I know things about you.
- I’m married. My husband wouldn’t want you in here.
- But you would.
- I don’t know how you got in here. But you really should leave.
- It’s really too late for that. Once you get a guy worked up.

- She wanted it to happen that way.
- What way?
- You know the story. Those things that happened to her. She did them to herself.
- Why in heavens name would she do that?
- Because she wanted me to feel sorry for her. She wanted me to do things for her.
- Did you?
- She made up all these stories. I just did what had to get done.
- What do you mean?
- Her door was open. She invited me in. You have sex with a man’s wife in his bedroom:  
it’s like strangling him with your bare hands.
- Could you do that?
- It’s just a phrase.
- Weird.
- It’s just something that people say.

- She got her revenge. She took her life and made it look like a murder.
- She wanted it to happen all the time.
- She did.
- That just seems too unlikely.
- No, it’s how it happened.
- So she wanted someone to kill her.
- Yeah. Her lover. And he’d get blamed.
- That makes no sense.
- It makes total sense. It’s cosmic revenge.
- It makes more sense to find another girl. Use her body.
- That sounds like a real mess.
- Just get him involved somehow.
- What about the husband?
- Use her lover to kill the husband. Then have him kill her.

–It makes no sense.  
 –It makes total sense. Then the cops won't look for her. They'll look for the lover.  
 –But if you were the lover, it wouldn't make sense for you.  
 –But I'm not the guy.  
 –I didn't say that you are. But you do look guilty.  
 –Don't even think that!

–Do you want to touch me?  
 –You look good enough to eat.  
 –Don't I look good?  
 –You look better than good.  
 –How good is that?  
 –Good enough to do something bad.  
 [*I don't like it when people talk like that. It doesn't seem real.*]

–You're threatening me.  
 –You're all I've got.

–She did this to herself.  
 –She wanted me to look at her.

–You did yourself up like that for me.  
 –Just for you.

–I gave myself to you. I gave you everything. I gave you drugs. We both got as fucked up as shit. We shared the same high. That's the most profound thing that you'll ever feel.  
 –Are you threatening me?  
 –Are you threatening yourself?

–You know what the bite feels like.  
 –The sting.  
 –The kiss.  
 –What kiss?  
 –Of a vampire.  
 –It's the kiss that never dies.  
 –Have you felt it?  
 –I've imagined it. It's enough for me.

–It was the kiss. Just imagining it was enough.  
 –It could be me.  
 –What is this? The Death Queen.  
 –It's a bad dream.  
 –Wake up! Wake up!

–I can't. I'm dead.

If he could get deep enough into the hollow of the self, then he could hear a voice calling  
These appearances were all that he had. He wanted something more consistent.

–This high counts for something.

–I want something more substantial.

*Girls I have fucked out of Lucky's*

*Cheryl*

*Libby*

*Jen*

*Cindy*

*Tammy*

*Tanya*

*Suzi*

Tex walked out of the washroom grinning

–I read the most hilarious thing in there.

Buck listened to him describe the graffiti.

–I wrote it.

–You did not.

–I did. It was a joke. It's the kind of thing that Blanco would like to do if he wasn't  
hanging around  
with Cara  
he still skulks around on the side

–Sounds more like the kind of thing that you are doing yourself. I hear that you have  
some kind of competition with Ganglia. You each get points. And you have a couple of  
thousand for the winner.

–That is not true!

Sally was hanging with Tjen.

–Are you two an item.

–Nothing is an item here except a new outfit.

Gloria was trying to get the latest scop. Her son Rich was here with Sally's friend April.

–Get your straws ready!

Everyone remembered the last party at Gloria's. They were swimming in coke

April couldn't get over that night. She had been high since then.

–I look fucking awesome. It's the slim down that I've been doing. Daddy's had me  
working in the new shop. He's going to give it to me. Don't you like my leather outfit.

It did look rather tacky but Tjen told her that he liked it. He was glad that Cath wasn't  
there to make fun of him.

–You've been doing lines all week. That's how you've got your appetite down.

–She still loves to suck cock.

–I mean coke.

–You guys are real dicks.

Tex gave her a look. He wasn't ready to make a move. Rich and her did have a nasty blow out. More drugs and a few drinks and they were back together again.'

–Is she even supposed to be in here.

–They all have fake ID's

Gloria pulled aside her son.

–There's rumors that little bitch of yours has been giving guys blow jobs for drugs.

–That doesn't make sense.

–We give her so much shit that she couldn't fucking ski in it.

–She does give good head.

–That's the sort of thing that a mother likes to hear.

April had a way of hurting guys. And Rich was pretty naive. He really thought that there was more between them.

–She just wants you because you have shit all the time.

–She's a fucking coke whore.

–Sally, I thought that you were her friend.

–We are. But we're not going to lie for her.

Rich tried to ignore the warning. He had another screaming match with April. Then he took her back to the place in Gloria's car.

Booke wasn't very subtle. She pulled Tex into a stall in the women's room She showed him her breast and gave him a hand job.

–Where can I wipe?–You expect me to give you some for free?

–What do you want, a fucking blow job?

He told Ganglia about it.

–It sounds like an easy one.

For the moment she had surrendered all her poetry to a primordial need.

–I want it.

She had made sex into a ritual. She had come to worship at the shrine of her almighty pleasure. Not that different from the VC, she used acid to prolong her experience. It was the key as she opened myriad of new sensations. Her body was on fire. She shaped it to her will. She learned how to take the most intense of delights. But she could also share a most sustained high. She had pushed herself so far that she didn't want to let go of that euphoria. It wasn't just the acid. Anything that she could take just to hit that apex. At times, she forgot the flourish of her experience and gave in to the elevation. She didn't want to wait through the gradual onset. She wanted to ramp up arousal.

All this was causing her to flash back to pain that she hoped to forget. Her experimentation made her feel unique. But its subsiding made her think of how she was once ostracized. She couldn't let this happen again. Lucky's made it so easy to be accepted. She focused her body. She adapted her look. Perky hats. Flowing dresses. She affected high style. But she needed more for her self-confidence. She was feeling a little shaken up by the whole experience. But she was riding these waves. It gave her the certainty that she had felt when she played in the ocean. There she had learned the currents. And it was the same now. But that

wasn't enough. If she could reach this plateau, she needed to force its emergence. If she could take off from that point, she wanted that acknowledgment as well.

Lucky's was already extending a circle of like souls. They cherished their physical delights. They welcomed new vistas that offered more stimulation. But they were almost too devoted to these reveries. Nothing else mattered. There was an absurd competition to score each other. If they felt somewhat enslaved by the matters at hand, they needed to extend that same assurance to those around them.

Restless and the Cube had allowed the participants to weave a long novels about themselves. Here the reel turned much faster. The shades of actors roamed the halls to infiltrate the living. Scripts were quickly learned and applied. The endings became the beginnings. Whole middle sections were spliced out of the story. If they knew how to get to the end, why wait. What then happened was this cross-pollination of different effects and multiple stories.

–You really don't have to come down.

Since everyone was playing the game, no one had an edge. The knowledge should have given the players an advantage. But the hybrids made them more victimized by the narrative twists.

–This make no sense. It's all too familiar. But it's fucking with me again.

–Just take this.

–I'm already high as fuck.

The body had to be provoked more. The natural arousals of desire served a way of maintaining the artificial high. The flesh needed to be molded to the moment. Lovers needed to follow the wheel of fortune.

## **GOING TOGETHER**

These were clearly amateurs. They didn't know how to deal with the new experiences except to transform the scene into a high school gossip clique. The loose associations that were developed to keep the high going really had nothing to do with any permanent commitment. The surprise was when someone took it to mean more than it did. But it was like that consistently. Information served like any other drug. And it propelled the feelings even faster. Lucky's played host to these quasi-marriages. You could run your whole life in one night. The rush made everyone feel that they were part of something big. The VIP rooms gave a person the chance to put together big plans. They were all high rollers together. Business plans could be articulated in full form. Budgets could be proposed, and the secluded hours of the night would permit concentration on line items of these accounts. You needed to amass fortunes to keep it all churning away. Bodies needed to be collected and enumerated. You needed alliances and intrigues just to keep place. So young hearts gave themselves night after night to these special romances. Royal weddings. The Imperial Set might have first looked enviously as the complexity of the network that held this all in place. But close inspection, or a slight push and the whole deck of cards would flutter helplessly to the table. That didn't stop the feeling. Everyone wanted to get in the act. Imitation was definitely the best form of flattery.

–I'm hot.

–I don't know. You have to be tested out.

Road tests on newcomers made ready for the assaults that would follow. They were defenseless to the appealing menus. Once set, they just dove into the melee. It was too simple. You couldn't look back on past transgressions. You needed to move forward. It was an architecture of the soul. You needed to build more elaborate castles. This was tribute to the free-flowing success. These marital palaces were the collateral for more daring investments. If she could control all these assets, then she was the perfect candidate for a promotion. More credit passed her way, and she could invest in massive business parks to nurture this growth.

–I'm in real estate now.

–As long as you're dealing with something that you can hold in your hand.

–Of course I am.

The body electric was not a casual encounter. It was a constant reminder that she was in the middle of the game.

–You are looking at me.

–Of course.

But if you took your eyes off the integral play, you'd get blind-sided by the newest fad. And these typhoons could wipe you out in day. It was necessary to keep all the offers open. What better way to keep stay in the public eye than an impending betrothal. Then every girl in the place would see the target on his back.

–Is she really that good in bed?

–That is a private matter.

–It wasn't such a private matter when we made out in here last Friday.

–You were the one who was hesitant about doing anything more.

–You're practically married.

–That never stopped you before.

All these trysts on the a la carte, only made the main meal more scrumptious. But how long could these courses last. Satiation seemed to put further play on hold. So the house limit had to be increased by the minute.

The order had to be inversed. All the trappings of a wedding night needed to be delivered before the proposal was in effect.

–We're going out.

–Did you suck his cock in the washroom?

–At least I'm not paying for the shit.

She put her nose in the air, and walked off.

–Whose story is this anyway?

But the skeptical needed some evidence.

–He's going out with everyone in the bar.

–We're going to move in together.

–Watch it, girl. That's the first sign of trouble. Then you'll catch him with some girl in your bed.

–It's not like that. You don't know.

It was time for her to renew her vows. She needed to help him escape the volleys in the VIP room.

–Let's go dance.

- I don't like to dance.
- This is Lucky's. Everyone likes to dance here.
- Let me get a drink first. You want one.
- Do you have to ask? Of course I do.

He checked to see how much cash he had on hand. He was going to have to unload some shit if he wanted to stay a player.

He loved her body. It was a testament to their lifestyle. She'd be in the gym working hard after a day at the office. Then they'd steal the night for themselves.

- We are going to Lucky's
- Is that a question? I just need a quick disco nap.

Up and down, up and down, they pushed the body to the limit. And it gave back with this elegant form. He slid his hand down across her back. She cooed.

- You are mine!

He pulled her close. She fell into the embrace then she danced away. He reached out his hand, and she clasped it in hers.

This was a night to wish on the stars. And the sparkling lights filled his head. He wanted to order champagne, but he restrained his extravagance. The honeymoon might be too short.

She never thought of herself giving in too easily. She was sure that something was going to come out of this deal. He had all the right signs. She loved her thoroughbred. And the rocky patches seemed part of the getting going process. Just to get into the open field. To dodge those nasty turns.

This was a calculated risk. It would have to pay off.

- Am I thin enough? I must be. Every guy in her wants to fuck me.

This was going to be her night. He tried to make his move on her in the privacy of the VIP room.

- Not tonight, honey. My price has gone up.

He checked himself. Love wasn't supposed to be this hard.

## STAYING TOGETHER

The preposterous belief that any will stay with you longer than three months. (Longer than one night.)	the necessary conviction that you need to do something to prevent him from simply using you and discarding you
The nostalgic feeling that you should get back together with him. OR: You see him out all the time. You've never hooked up. Now is the time.	The sneaking suspicion that he is messing around and

If this silliness was to survive, the lovers needed little rituals to keep the love alive.

- He washed my car this morning.
- Wait until he buys you a car.
- He left a rose by my bed.

- Did he remove the thorns.
- That’s all part of the package.
- What is your name?
- I changed it.
- No one here will know who you are.
- They’ll know who I am even more. I’ll live up to my new name

With a new name and a new face, she hardly needed her new lover. Something needed to help her carry on.

- How can you make me stay?
- I can’t. But you have to know that it won’t get any better out there.
- It’s not an out there. I really am out there already.
- When I look at you, I’m reminded of how I felt when I was a kid. It’s like I’ve taken something from the world, and Now I want to give it back.
- The drug dealer becomes a philanthropist.
- I’m not a dealer. I jsut keep a little around for my recreation.

If you have the resources, then you can get the language to make the transaction. Otherwise, your silence prevents you from obtaining satisfaction.

She was elegantly dressed. A rose tattoo kissed her breast. She expressed herself with obvious sexual intent. Her dance was full of life. But that was all the language that she was given. Even if she tried to rearrange things, she could not. The situation robbed her of any escape.

- You can’t say that for sure.
- What do you mean?
- She’s getting what she wants. She’s with a cool guy. She’s having fun. She’s finding pleasure.
- What else does she have. She is drowned in silence.
- She’s talking with everyone in the club.
- About what? Gossip.
- She works. She dresses elegantly. She understands.
- Nothing. She hardly reads. There’s a whole world that’s closed off to her.
- She can make a world from herself.
- But it keeps her in the same loop. She’s afraid constantly if she’s going to lose her social status. That’s no way to be.
- We’re all afraid of losing status.
- But she can’t put her life down on paper, and then rewrite it. She can’t read the story of her life. So she just follows it the same way over and over again.
- But you can’t do any different. Try to influence. Try to interact with her.
- She’s afraid of intellect.
- You’re afraid of her sensuality. You can’t even get close enough to even affect her.

That pisses you off.

You’re deluded. You’re stringing together this lovely scenario of transcendence for her.



She discovers this paradise in the flesh. But any ecstasy that she discovers overwhelms her. That turns her on immediately. But it leaves her drained to do anything else. At time, she is even full of regret. She can never control the pace of her excitement. It picks her up, and carries her along. She can't get off the roller coaster.

–She likes to ride. It makes her heart race.

–And when it races too fast, she gets flustered by it all. She runs away after that. She had nowhere to go except to get a bigger jolt—a more intense high. She can't form the paradise for herself, and then take it apart and make it something else. It's only up and down!

–Or in and out. She can take it all in.

–No doubt.

–So admit it. You want her. You can't have her. It gets you frustrated as hell. So you invent this world where she seems powerless. But she's got it all for that moment. And you just want a little bit of that same juice.

–It just sours after a while. There's nothing sweet about it.

–That's how you see it.

–We're talking about her. We're stringing a story.

–We're talking about her. She's laughing at our lack of concern.

–It's still our story. My story.

–Is that what this is about? Every one struggles with the dragon in her story.

## **BREAKING UP**

–I saw you with that girl.

–What girl?

–The one with the rose tattoo on her breast.

–It's not a rose; it's a hummingbird.

–It still sings, and it told a tale of a bad little girl.

–You're the only bad girl that I know.

–You're making light of a bad situation.

–You made the joke.

–You just can't deal with it.

–You want me to leave. I'll leave if you want to.

–I just want to know if you slept with her.

–I don't really know who you are talking about.

–This girl with the hummingbird.

–Rose.

–You said hummingbird.

–I was messing with you.

–Like you messed with her.

–I did nothing with her.

–So she gave you head. I know the language.

–She wanted drugs. I was going to just share them. But she offered me money. And I took it.

- And one thing led to another.
- It didn't. You knew who I was when you moved in. I haven't changed.
- That's the problem. I have. And you still haven't matured.
- You can say all the right things. It just has nothing to do with our reality.
- What is our reality?
- Me and you. How we feel good together.
- You're stifling me.
- You're the one who's not working.
- You invited me to stay here.
- I didn't think that you were going to leech off me. I wouldn't have mind that. But all you do is tell me what to do. You're not perfect.
- I know. That's why I need to get out while I can.
- Do what you have to do.
- I will.
- Just don't think that it's going to get any better.
- It already has.
- I wish that you'd stay.
- And you could get me a hummingbird.
- I already have a canary.
- Sometimes the caged bird has to get out.
- You can't make it on your own.
- The worst part is that I've always been on my own.

## **EVEN BETTER**

- This is even better than the real thing.
  - It's a sugar substitute.
  - It's a love substitute.
  - What could that be?
  - Thinking about Sally.
  - Silly Sally.
  - Are you going out with her?
  - At this point, I've been seen with her. Leave it like that.
  - She's been talking.
  - Let her talk. It gives her jaw something to do other than hang from her face.
  - That is a bitchy thing to say.
  - I just don't want her ruining things for me.
  - Are you going out with her?
  - I'm not going to answer the question.
- You're no good for me. You just hang out when we're having fun. If was sick, you wouldn't be around to help me out.

–Are you sick?  
 –That’s not the point.  
 –You’re sick?  
 –That’s not the point. I just need you to show more concern.  
 –What’s wrong?  
 –I’m trying to explain it to you.  
 –It’s not really coming through.  
 –How can I make it clearer to you?  
 –I don’t know. We shouldn’t be seeing each other.  
 –You don’t need drugs.  
 –That’s not what I’m saying.  
 –You need drugs.  
 –You don’t listen.  
 –I’m trying as hard as I can. Nothing in life is worth this much trouble.  
 –I am. I’m worth more than this much trouble.  
 –OK. You are worth it. But quit being such a grief bitch.  
 –I wish that it was easy to have a comeback for you. You just have all the answers.  
 –Maybe, you’ll grow up some day. But so far life has just made you into this big little boy. You’re an emotion glutton.  
 –You’re the one who is acting all weepy on me.  
 –I’m just trying to make a point.  
 –Well, make it.  
 –That’s what I’m trying to do. It’s hard being heard with all the enjoyments around us.  
 –Sometimes, you’re such a downer.  
 –It’s just my medication. I’m sorry if it’s wearing on you.  
 Ultra had accelerated the game. He was too far out for any of the Imperial Set to ever catch up. But he didn’t have a plan to keep it going. He had followed the script to a tee. He was the perfect decoy to distract everyone. At this point, I could just waltz to my point of victory.  
 –Not so fast!  
 –What do you mean?  
 –You just don’t have a strong enough image.  
 –I’m part of the new circle.  
 –Circle? You don’t even have a name.  
 –We could be the Dead Boys.  
 –That’s a band name. You’re not all boys.  
 –The Dead Girls.  
 –It’s not about the name. The association is too lax. You haven’t been around all that long.  
 –Either have the Lucky Few.  
 –But they represent a location. Where is your base?  
 –We are baseless. We fly in the night. We are everywhere.  
 The doubts were beginning to set in. I had gone this route before. I need further transformation. The thin black leather was not enough.

The white make up made me the specter of the night. The lip color was a seductive dark red. Blood red.

–Have I kissed your lips?

–You have drawn blood.

The cheeks accentuated a hollow look.

–We know you well.

They did.

But it was the eyes that I spent the most time with. Yellow and brown shadowing. Reds. Magic colors. This made me more intense. The eyes piercing the night.

–Did you see him?

–I love your make up.

–Do you love me?

–You’re even more frightening with the make up.

I did the make up in the car. I almost got distracted and went over the side of the road.

–It’s the base. And the powder. It suggests delicacy. And powder to set each stage in.

The brush. The pencil. All within the lines

>>It’s like a living art. We set the pose. We adopt a gesture. Then we put it into action.

Then we use our dance to extend it through the room. It counters itself. Only a music can extend this tension.

>>Our gallery is the memory of these performances. We engage the audience night after night. All of it needs to be remembered. All of it is part of a chronicle.

I shaped the mask.

–Does it ever come off? Are you ever out of costume?

–It’s not a costume.

–Do you wear it to the grocery store?

–Where are you from?

–Am I good enough to rival Ultra?

## THE FACE

I made up in preparation for a photo shoot. It would finally alter the balance. A good photograph robs from the soul. It imprints the code on the film. The viewer can steal from the program. The subject yields. But the photograph can take so much more. The viewer can feel his lust soak in. He mixes desire with disgust.

–Have you seen him?

–He’s coming here.

–He already is here.

My face stared in a large poster at the entry of Lucky’s. It was the skeleton shot in darkness. There may have been doubt before the picture. Afterwards there was none. I was a true shock. I had crossed over. The photograph attested to that. They all had tried. Infra had affected a pose. Ultra had mocked his audience. They loved the give and take. But I imposed an order. They could not help but embrace it. I invited the way into Lucky’s. The hopeless could make their entry with certainty. They were already damned and could engage all their decadence.

–Why have you done this to us?

–Because that was your most cherished wish. I gave you what no one else could. I gave you love.

Ultra had opened the crypt. I now made it into a shrine.

–When is the seance?

–You can pass out in the theater.

The rest of Lucky’s couldn’t catch up. KÉ took one look at me. Her fears were confirmed.

–There’s nothing that I can do.

–Now you know me.

–You’re more frightening than you’ve ever been.

–This is beyond fear.

I wanted to welcome her in the midst. But she was already trailing out.

–Maybe her operation wasn’t complete.

–It made her a star for a short while. But all that fire is burning out.

–The clones could have helped her sustain it. They could have succeeded her.

–They were never precious in that same way.

I needed to watch my shadows. Occasionally, I would glance at a mirror. It was too intense. But I would train my gaze on the shadows in front of me. I would measure my steps until they reached an extreme. Then I would leap from my space. The music gave me the inspiration. I was airborne. A high kick. I’d soar to the lower reaches of the sky. Come down close to collapse. The turns afterwards.

–What’s he on?

–Nothing that I have.

I had already extended these moves at Restless. Now we were progressing to another level.

–He is a phantom.

–I tried to touch him. He’s not really here.

–Who are you?

–I am Crucial.

## **ALETHEA**

She was a threat to time. For now! She could have been a threat to history. She looked at me like a cat.

–I have been devastated. You need to help. Give me your hand.

I put my arm around her to comfort her. She was more engaging than Ultra. Still a wide-eyed presence.

–Who did this to you?

–They all did. Fen, Claude.

I recognized Claude’s name. Just vaguely. A friend of Immanuel’s.

–They took my soul. First, Claude. He took all of me. Then I woke up in Fen’s bed. That was another time. Another night.

I needed to pull her out of this history. I needed to submerge myself here. I would do what I could do.

–Are you allied with chance?

She had already given too much of her heart. Now she was drunk on her love-sicknesses.

–It’s terrible when life happens to us like this.

She licked my forehead.

–I like your makeup.

She licked it again. I wanted a kiss. It would have been so easy. Even its refusal would have been a triumph. To have been this close. I just held her close. Another fuck up was all that she needed.

–I’m lost in the night.

–You’ll be OK

–I’m an orphan.

–We’re watching over you.

–I’m going to need a ride.

–Andrea and I can give you a ride.

–Andrea?

–My financial adviser. Like an imaginary friend.

–Is it an imaginary car?

She laughed. She held me closer. She felt a chill.

–Something more’s been taking from me.

–Were you hanging around with Tex tonight.

–Watch out for Tex. He’s a monster.

She was used to giving warnings that were ignored.

–I’m right. I can taste his poison. Stay away.

She rambled with more warnings. But there was a rhyme to her reason. From that point on, her tellings would be the potent rescue from bad spirits.

–Why can’t you heed your own warnings.

–I’m damned.

–No one’s damned.

–It’s in me. I’m the devil’s child. It’s in the blood. I’m born to raise hell.

We comforted her in the darkness. She needed a shining hope. I repeated her name.

–Alethea.

### PHASE 3

What’s phase 1?

–I guess it’s life.

Lucky’s brought us closer to our mortality. I had to keep up my end of the bargain. This was beyond the party search. I was the ferryman to Restless.

–Are you sure that you all want to cross the river?

–Are you headed to Restless?

–Is there anyone else?

–I hear that you’re writing a novel.

–I’m trying to. I take notes all the time. I’m trying to organize a computer program that will turn the notes into the finished product. Each night has its apex. Its stars. I try to record that all in phrase for that night. A theme.

–What’s tonight’s theme?

–The river.

–It’s not even raining.

–It will.

–Are you a weatherman?

–It’s a psychic prediction.

–Everyone needs to listen.

–They will.

–What’s your name?

–Crucial.

–Of course, I’ve heard about you. I’m Link. I moved here from Memphis. I used to be someone else.

–We all did.

–No, I was in a car accident. That’s why I have the cane. It not just to make me look distinguished. I need it. They pieced me together. I had lost my memory. They made me a man. They gave me a name.

–Wild!

–I know things now. I know you. I want to hear more about the novel.

I’m trying to make some connection to the events of each night and this overall pattern. Things that people can’t see but they feel it nevertheless.

–I’ve heard about that sort of thing.

–Look around at the cast of characters. They’re all oblivious to what’s going on here.

–It does seem exciting.

–But there are conflict’s that we’re missing. Another layer of stories. Like that mirror. And the forces that move in this place. Everything is going towards an end. I don’t see it all. I need the computer to help me figure out the deeper patterns. The code that makes it all happen.

–I have some ideas. We have to share them.

He admired Ultra. He was trying to push the night to its conclusion. That was why he welcomed the invitation of Restless. Lucky’s could only open the wound. The true surgery was done at Restless.

–You are along for the ride.

–I am with you all the way.

We went through the characters and the alliances. We categorized the moments.

–Where are we now?

–We are in phase 2.

–Restless is phase 3.

–Then we are ready to cross over.

–Where is the passageway?

–It is more cosmic.

–Who was tonight’s heroine.

–I haven’t figured that out. Last night it was Alethea. If she’s in the room, she can upset the whole program. It’s all about her.

–What do you mean?

–She can’t be programmed in. She’s the wild card. If she enters the game, it all gets messed up.

The more that I told Link, the more that it made sense to me. Alethea had a magic. The room swayed her way. It was beyond Thea or even KÉ. But KÉ had learned to harness her powers. And Thea had the Cube. The mirror threatened her from early on. She entered the battle. Her reflection could be her only rival.

–I don’t feel like that. It looks too good. I’m never that good.

–You shouldn’t do damage to yourself.

–I’m trying to do the same thing as you. To cross over to the mystical other side.

–Then get in the ferry. We are going along.

The crowds were congregating on the stairs of Lucky’s.

–You’re going to perform soon.

–In two weeks.

–We’ll be there.

–Don’t disappoint us whatever you do.

–I’m on your side.

I wove my way through the crowd and rushed to the car. I had a monitor in the car. Someone had smashed the window and stolen it.

–What did they take?

–Nothing important.

On the way to Restless, I almost ran into a cop car. He pulled me over. My heart sunk as I saw the blue lights.

–Have you been drinking?

–No, sir.

He looked at me in my makeup. Then he saw the glass.

–Someone broke into the car. I’ve had the glass all over.

–I’ll let you go this time. But you have to be more careful on the highway.

I carefully drove away. I had lost my head start. It was crowded when I got to Restless. There was a long line. New managers. I had been one of those who betrayed Restless for Lucky’s. Now I wanted all the special privileges of Restless.

–Don’t you know who he is?

I didn’t even know who I was.

–Let me see your ID.

I made sure that they didn’t ID me. I was still known. Not quite a celebrity. But still part of the family.

–It’s been a while.

–Like last night.

–You’ve got to get here earlier if you want to keep being one of us.

–I’ll do what I can.



- Don't forget us on Sunday.
- I'll be here when you need me.
- You should be on the payroll.
- We could discuss it.

what	want me
to say	do you

- What do you want me to say?
- Something important. Something to get us out of here.

Something	to get us out
of her	important

P	Q
Q/S	<b>P<sup>H</sup></b>

### **P<sup>H</sup> = SOMETHING IMPORTANT**

- I should start with something important.
- Like how did you get started doing this.

What	you started
like this	got you

- I liked sex. I like to pleasure myself.
- <-Just keep going!>
- I liked to have pleasure.
- Afterwards, what happened?
- It's more like before.
- What happened before that?
- What happened to everyone? Who's listening to me? Are you taping this?
- Keep talking!

## TJEN AND CATH

The Princess Cath was making her way through Restless.

–What mischief do you have in mind?

–Hey, there’s Crucial.

–Hey!

–I like your makeup. It’s like Robert Smith.

That wasn’t my attention. I used a female mode.

–Thanks.

–This is Tjen. I’m Cath.

–I’ve heard someone mention your name. Probably Tommy.

–Who’s Tommy?

–He’s hear all the time. You know Immanuel.

–Vaguely. I’ve seen him at Lucky’s.

Tjen hardly said anything. He wanted to look appropriate. He wanted to be an apprentice, but he hadn’t found the right teacher.

–I’m showing him the ropes.

He smiled.

–The trick with the ropes is to not hang yourself with them.

–He only has a short rope,

–Not a leash.

–I’m not his mistress. Just his guide.

We all laughed. I headed for the theater. They headed for the front bar. It was their moment. For now, Tjen happened to be at the right place at the right time. And Cath had a knack of making where ever she was into the right place. I found Jaz in front of the theater.

–Have you been at Lucky’s?

–Yeah.

–You’ve become a traitor.

–I’m still here most nights.

–I know. I’m going to head down there. Terry says the music is pretty good. I’m going to catch a ride with Gloria.

Jaz didn’t drive and relied on others’ plans. He seemed tied to the Buford highway thing.

–I’d like to move closer to town, but I’ve got a deal where I live.

–This is getting worse here.

–It’s not that bad. They played some good stuff earlier. By the time you get here, all the trash has emptied in here from other places.

–Now, I’m trash.

–I wasn’t saying that. You’re just moving in elite circles.

–I’m just trying not to move around in circles.

–Sometimes circles offer mystical satisfaction.

–As long as you see the path as a circle.

–I can see it that way for now.

Jaz wanted something so extreme. For now the performance was enough. But the lulls

only made him want for something more.

–I think that I’m getting it.

## FOR NOW DANI

Dani could feel her face cracking. She had to get rid of him before she was done for good. It was almost as if he had crawled in her window. She had caught him at such a perfect moment earlier in the night. Her image was a slight deflection from the mirror. Just enough so she could capture the variations in her favor. She had manipulated the pencil and the make up brush. He himself was just a further aberration from that same model. So she took to him immensely. Such a cute couple. She wanted it to look that way. To seem that way to everyone else. They wouldn’t have to deviate far to find him right next to her. But he was such a total bore. Accomplished in bed for what that was worth. But he railed on about her hair. She wanted to take the hatchet to him already.

She knew that she couldn’t maintain her poker face to the morning. Then he would realize he really thought about her. Then the mirror would crack side to side. And he would see himself in that crevice. Besides, she herself would be broken at that moment. She didn’t want him to see that hollow. It was better to see him on his way.

Earlier in the night, she saw it completely the opposite way.

–Play it cool. Don’t mess this one up.

<What do you see–fundamentally?>

–What turns you on.

–Something living.

Π *He enjoys himself watching her.*

Λ *We see him. He looks ridiculous.*

Ξ *He transforms himself so he is variation of her reflection.*

Λ *He can’t pay.*

*He wants to force the issue.* ♣

Tjen

STATUS: it’s a matter of status.

–Don’t think about later. Think about now.

Don't think about later. Think about now.. Think about now.	Don't think about later. Think about now.
M: later	<b>n</b> OW <sup>H</sup>

**n**OW<sup>H</sup> > later

*Now becomes so powerful that she doesn't have to think about later.*

**LATER**> **n**OW<sup>H</sup>

–I didn't think that it would happen like this again.

–I didn't think that he'd be her to remind me what had happened before.

–Who is that?

–My death queen. Someone who I don't want to know. You know what it's like

She started to seem strange—all disassociated. She couldn't focus as if she were seeing things that weren't really there.

**GEORGE AND KÉ**

–She's been seen with a marvelous boy.

–If she's the reflection of herself, then he's just slightly off from that.

–I'd do him.

–It's that simple.

–It's not like that.

–He's so nice.

–Unlike nice, that she is not, he is.

–Whatever that means.

–That's how she is.

–It wasn't like she was not nice. She just wasn't shining as bright.

–What's a George.

–She knows all too well.

–He's going to get a house.

–She comes with the house.

–Amazing!

–I want one.

–One of which.

–Both of one.

–Where's KÉ going to go?

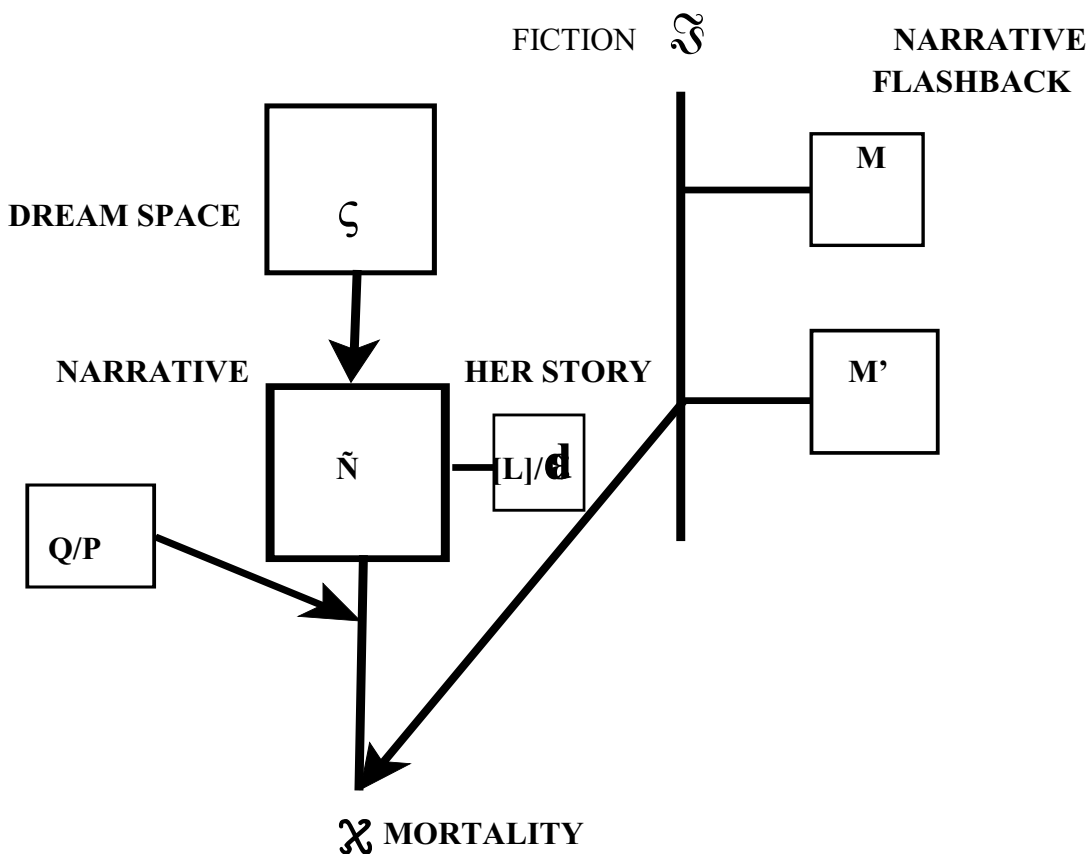
–Somewhere really out of here.

–Out of this world.

I met him at the grocery store. George seemed like an all round nice guy. This was someone who could take her out of this shit. How many ways to Sunday did she have to know until she realized that Immanuel was pimping her out.

–Really, what have you got back for all the grief that you’ve taken. It’s better to get out while you can.

If she wanted to follow the Imperial Set on their next venture, she would have to be more reckless. That wasn’t her.



Character will not reverse.

Ç

Ç<sub>0</sub>

Reverse:

She did it to herself. She wants it like that,

Ψ Psyche

He's doing this for you.

**Q: THE BODY OF DESIRE**

**P: THE DESIRING BODY**



**Q/P**  
APPROPRIATE



as in **[[P]' Q ]** HE WANTS (P) IT (Q) !  
**NARRATIVE FLASHBACKS**

*The flashbacks correspond to events in the TV show. You are watching a CRIME SHOW.*

- Someone made it up.
- I made it up.
- To trick you. So you wouldn't ask what really happened.
- What happened?
- It didn't seem real. You made it up.
- Why?
- To mess with you.

The scenes of trauma.

**Political prisoner:** Being held as a political prisoner for crimes that I didn't commit.

**Sexual prisoner:** I don't like my sexual identity.

**Sexual prisoner:** I'm being forced to do things that I don't like.

**Touched without will  
against my will**

**My present persecution is my past prosecution. My past prosecution is my present persecution. I have no future.**

- He didn't hurt me. He just made me feel bad.
- >>First, he told me that I was beautiful.
- >>Then he hurt me. We played this game of touching. I touched him.

-It's like a dream now. I felt that I was supposed to do it. To touch him. The way that he wanted me to.

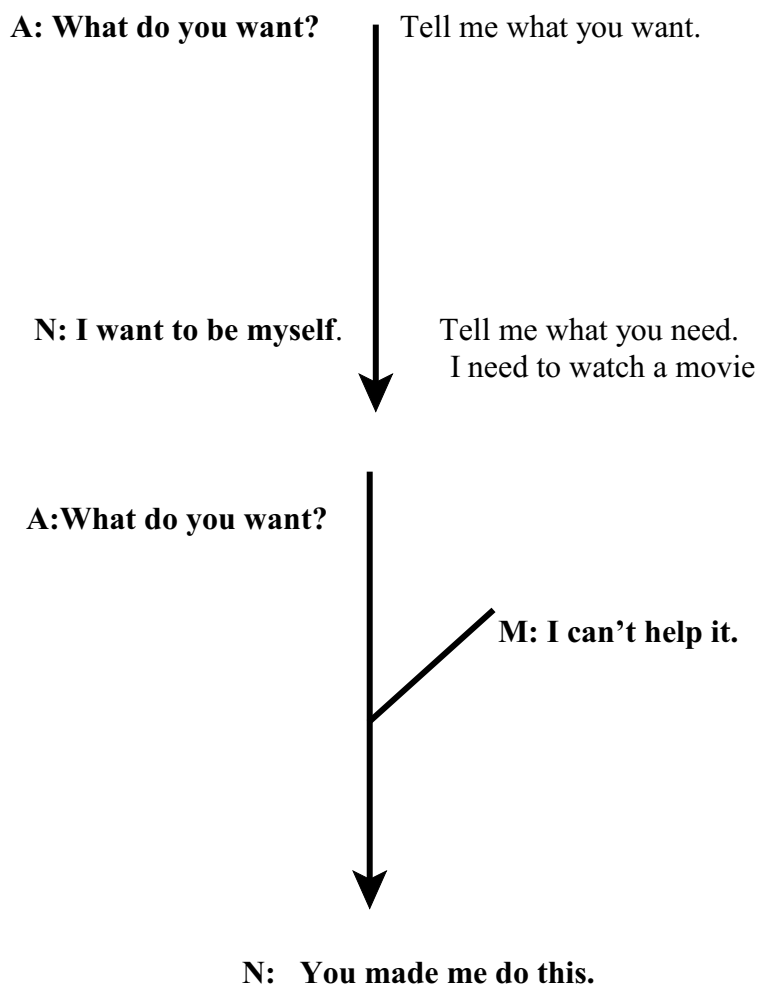
-What is your name?

-Portia got caught stealing a purse. She's on the run. She also stole from the doughnut shop where she worked. Ultra is running too.

-Cutting myself. Surgery. Redoing my body.

-I've been watching you for a long time.

-I can tell that someone is watching



-I need a push.

-I can't help it.

>>You can give me some space.

>>I want to help it.

-I want to see you.

-I can imagine you naked.

The sleek form  
 an uninterrupted line from your back  
 all the way down to

interfering [I want see more.

Anatomized

Jay  
 his psychosis

close up of sexual organs  
 a CLOSE UP  
 psychosis  
 INSERTING

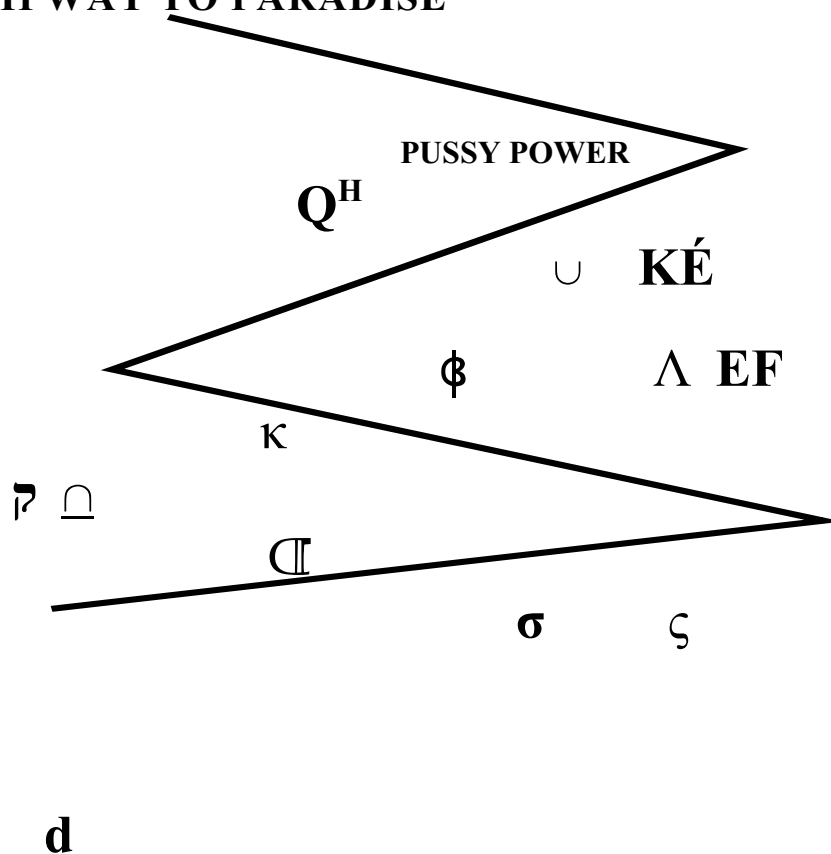
*–Some entity is holding me down! I'm losing my will.*

- If you give in, if you pretend that you enjoy it, it's like a ride that is going really fast.
- You need an idea to make it work. It's like a code or a key.
- Then you want to get more fucked up just to enjoy the ride.
- There's always a coming down.
- Or a ramping up to the next level.
- It's mystical to see them as one and the same.
- Or trying experience someone else's pain as a way of giving yourself an insight about your own feelings. But you still have to spend the time waiting for something to happen.
- You can force it.
- Then you just become like they are. You let them do it to you like you are having it done to yourself.
- Do you cut?
- But not to deep.
- Angel is moving in with Dolores.
- Double trouble.
- An awesome force.
- the goddess.
- A new character.
- Z and Dot.
- She's Marilyn Monroe.
- That's a silly story.
- I think that Madonna started that.
- Christian saw her.
- He did.
- He asked if you knew her.
- We all know her. In our own sort of way.
- Knowing in the mind, or as you can touch.



- With her it's all in the mind.
- It's all theater. It's all make believe. So even make believe is a form of touch. What you don't see. What she can't show you, you will see.
- When?
- When you pay. You pay with your time. Your mortality.
- What does Z do?
- He sings to backing tape. Like living with a soundtrack.

## THE RAMPWAY TO PARADISE



LEGEND:

- Q<sup>H</sup>** Portal to pleasure.
- U** Desire as satisfaction. You are inside!
- ϕ** The body of the other
- Q** A phallic regime extends its dominion

## κ Intensity of desire

**EF** Eternal Feminine

**∩** Desire

**σ** Token of self, particle of desire

**ς** Toke of the body

**d** Determination, initial

Where desire experiences the body of the other as an aspect of the pleasure of the self.

–I like what I see.

–You do no.

*The television is ON. You are watching the scene. You are in the scene. She smiles at you. You take notice.*

*Aroused. You try to catch up!*

She's disappeared on you again.

–I can tell things about you. Just by looking. I like the way that you are.

–Do you now? What way is that?

–I can make you happy.

–More than I can make myself happy. Can you obey my rules.

–Your rules are my commands. Speak, and I will obey.

–You'll take the pain that I dish out to you.

–Of course.

–You'll only take it because it helps prolong the anticipation of the pleasure.

### **MORE PLEASURE FOR YOU!**

–But you like it too.

–For how long? Until I see your face.

–Until I see my face. As a man denied.

–You like that. More pain. But it's still yours. Nothing that I could feel. Nothing to approach my desire to destroy myself.

–We're all here to destroy each other.

–Mutual pain. We're each nursing the other back to health. The disease is the cure.

–That sounds OK.

–I know that it's the sort of thing that you like. You just cast me in your ritual to do whatever you like.

–I'll obey your commands.

–You will now.

–I will.

–Can you be spontaneous?

–Sure.

–What if I bite you?

- I like biting.
- And I draw blood.
- I like blood.
- And I draw all your blood.
- I give myself to you. All of me.
- As if I'm some goddess that's going to give you grace.
- Just give me craziness.
- And I'll find that endearing. I want my own TV show.
- You can have it.
- Your show. Your time. Your script. You even get off on my pain.
- It's your power.
- To jack you up.
- What more do you want?

### CRUCIAL GETS PAID

- I'm teaching how to be yourself.
- And you want to get paid.
- Others have been remunerated for doing less.
- And there are still others who have not nothing for doing more. Are you trying to compare yourself to them.
- I'm trying to be myself.
- What is that?
- I'm Crucial. I am offering you a new world. It's the culture of the night.
- Grand theater.
- The reality behind the reality.
- Sill substance. Something that you can touch. That you can hold on to.

### REPREHENSIBILITY

*I'm not using. I'm not dealing.*

*But I've passed info on where you can get it. Over there. He's dealing. And I've held your acid. He's coming back. I'll hold it. I'll be your drug.*

*I'll let you off. I'll get you off. You want to be absolved for your offenses. I'll get off scot free. No charge. Innocent as innocently charged.*

*-I don't remember being with you.*

*-I couldn't have been with you.*

*-We both had fun.*

You were speechless. Anything that you were asked. You gave in.

-I can't be myself unless I'm naked.

–Or wrapped in bedding.

–Or buried in the depths.

–I’m giving poison. And taking poison. I’m just kissing you because I know that I can. But in the light of day, I see how terrible you are. And I make you leave. This is the daytime. I can’t have you around for that. I need to separate from you. I need to be myself. Please, leave before I look at you.

>>It’s the middle of the night. And it’s happening as it has to happen. I didn’t want to give in like this.

>>They’re getting drugs for sex. What can I get?

–It’s never an even exchange. I just hang around with people who know how to have fun. You look like that.

–I’m not going to kiss you on the lips. My lover is the only one that can kiss my back. I won’t do oral sex. I won’t go down on you. I’m not going to touch it. I’ll make it easy for you. I’ll be open for you. I’ll be free. You have to put it in me.

>>You can’t come inside me. You can’t have anal sex. I won’t do you doggy style. When you hear the buzzer, you have to leave. But you can do anything else.

## POWER

–Why does pussy power just become part of the phallic regime?

–I didn’t say that.

–I did. The more that she gives in to her own enjoyment, the more it seems to turn you on.

–Did I say that?

–She pleasures herself as the preparation to giving you what you want.

–I don’t get what I want.

–Of course! You make her feel that she has to do more and more just to satisfy you.

–Like sucking my dick.

–You say it in such a vulgar way. Like you get off on her wiping her lips afterwards. OR brushing her teeth. Anything to get the flavor out.

–What flavor?

–The taste of being dominated.

–It never occurred to me like that.

–But you feel it that way. Don’t you.

–I never said anything of the kind.

–What are you saying? You can degrade her, and then bring her back from the dead.

–I worship her.

–And you obey her commandments.

–Are you on your knees to her?

–Of course.

–So she can get on her knees to you.

–What?

–Why bother if you know what she’s going to do in the end? You worship in order to be worshiped. You self abuse because you know that will make her weaker in your eyes. You take

your pleasure to its summit so that you can sap her. And she lies in your arms: she confesses your love to you.

–I don't want to be loved.

–I understand. You feel too degraded for love.

–I didn't say that.

–It's in the way that you stand. You want someone to take pity on your wretched state.

–That's ridiculous.

–You're too absorbed to be Tex or Blanco or his crew. I feel that I know you. But who are you? You're like them all.

–Who are you?

–Someone who has nothing to do with EA.

–What is that?

–I'm the one who got away. The one you wanted to fuck. I'm all along over you. And under myself.

–I could be perfect for you.

–You can get yourself clean. You have to get yourself good and dirty before you can ever get yourself clean for me.

–I could roll in the mud.

–In the shit.

–Now you are too scummy for me.

–What got your started like this?

–What got you started? You saw it on TV. The glamor. And it took you away from the nothing that was your pain. And now you want to marry that feeling. You're looking for it in a tight dress.

–I didn't say that.

–It helps your dick stay hard. You can fuck for hours. Isn't that paradise for you?

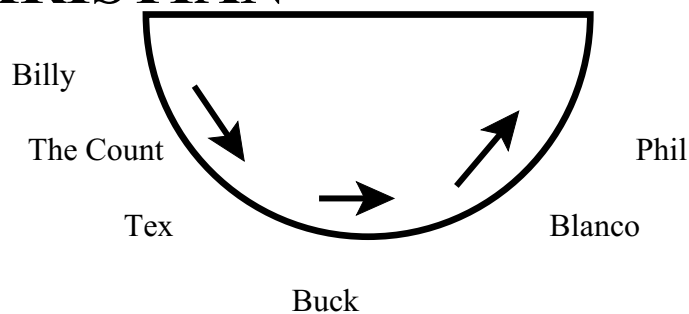
–I guess it is for you too.

–Yeah, I'm not like those other girls. I've trained myself. I've got a great pussy. I just turn on when you come in. The longer that you're in there, the greater my pleasure. I'm your payment for sex. The perfect fuck for getting fucked.

–You can't change your personality.

–You can change your name. That is a beginning.

## THE NAME: **CHRISTIAN**



If the names were changed. Rearranged. Christian would be called Billy. How would that change the story.

**C** Run all the variations. Different personalities for different names. The same personality for all the names.

**b** One personality for all the names. He can undergo all the variations. REDO THE STORY!

**C<sup>H</sup>** He cannot play JAY.

**EA:**

**DOT** {Dorothea, Dory, Thea, Theresa, THÉ, KÉ } Go through all the variations = EA.  
EA would be all the variations. And EA is a variation.

–Who are you today?

–I’m the girl with Tjen.

–That’s later. Tonight you can be with Rich.

–Gloria’s son. Where’s Gloria? She has drugs.

–You only get them if you get with her son.

Sally didn’t have enough of a perspective of history to feel that she was being tossed around its maelstrom.

–Really, what is history anyway but an attempt to impose a phallic regime on time?

Very good, Sally.

–Gloria better take care of me, if you know what I mean.

–You’re being tested.

–How?

–If you have fun with Rich, we’ll give you other prizes.

–I’m not looking to be another April.

–What do you mean?

–April got dumped. In public. At Lucky’s.

–It could happen to the best of us.

–It’s happening to me. That isn’t very pleasant at all.

–You’ve hardly been with him at all.

–I can feel a hangover coming over.

She couldn’t get too worked up. It was part of her method to learn to accept such risks.

–If you give, you also have to take.

–I don’t think that I could take it much like this.

–Sally says.

Sally was making it harder on herself.

–You really don’t have a life if you don’t make it harder on yourself. It’s how you escape your mundane existence. It gives you the chance to see patterns. To change things.

–Like that bad dinner at your folks.

- That never happened.
  - What are you trying to escape.
  - I just want to have fun with my friends.
  - But it's always some kind of postponement.
  - I just want to be happy.
  - Why are you so afraid of unhappiness.
- She seemed especially perky.
- I don't need to fee that way.

For the moment, her perspective seemed totally in opposition with everything else going on at Lucky's.

- You'll get better.
- I'm not sick.
- You're taking enough medicine.
- It's not like that.
- Mother always said that you shouldn't feel bad.
- She also told me to come in out of the rain, but that didn't stop me from playing in the

puddles,

Sally didn't feel that she was getting very far.

- Why are you giving me that look?
- What look?

You're like every guy that I meet trying to grope me in public.

-It's better in private.

-I don't want to be treated as a nut that is waiting for an opener. Can't you show a little finesse. OR concern.

- I could get you fucked up.
- That's not really why I'm, here.
- Why are you here?
- I do want to have fun. But I think that there's more to it than that.
- You could teach me what that is.
- I didn't come here to give a lesson.

If only things with Rich would go as well. Sally was trying her act out with the author, or an author.

- I don't like my secondary characteristics.
- What is that supposed to mean?
- You're drawing me as a type, a sunshine clown.
- What is that?
- Someone who bounces like a bubble. That's not me.
- Do you want to discuss your fate? How about history? What do you want to get out of

tonight.

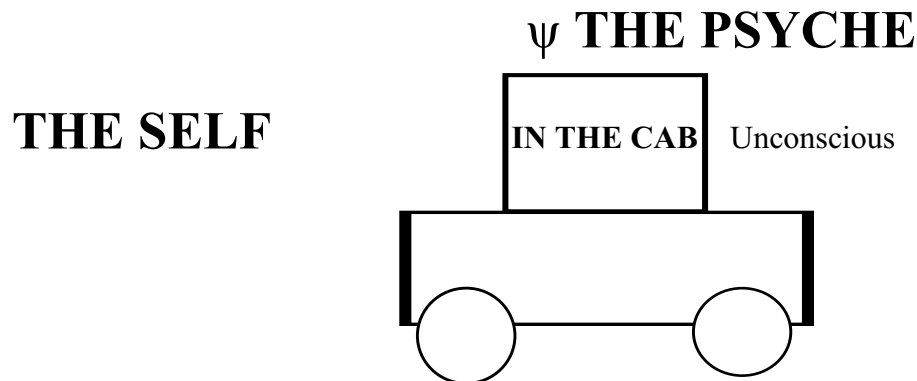
- I'll get out what I give.
- What could that be?
- I could start with a smile.
- You've got a great smile.

- Thanks.
- And a great haircut. Can I run my hands through.
- There's a charge.
- Sally, why are you so silly?
- There you go again.
- Doesn't Rich ask you such questions.
- Stupid questions? No. I've hardly spent any time with him. I've been hanging around with you answering your questions.
- Is he getting jealous?
- I don't think that he understands the meaning of that.
- Of course he does. That's what happened to April. She stayed out all night without him. She came rolling in the next day as if nothing had occurred.
- I was with April. Nothing did occur. He as being a prick.
- If he's a prick, why are you with him.
- He can be good too.
- When he give you mother's love.
- You're being a jerk.
- I'm trying to get to the heart of the story.
- By putting arrows through my heart.

### **THE HEART OF THE STORY**

- This is a piece of history.

The psyche is inside the cab of the car. It is driving. A crazy driver.



- The car lets me intimidate people. It makes me so much more than I really am. The psyche is diseased..
- The car made me sick.
- That is a convenient excuse. It just takes you where you need to go.
- I need a trade in.



- You don't need how to be a friend.
- What do you mean?
- A friend and a lover. You just can't talk to anyone who's a lover.
- We talk. Rich and I talk.
- About what. About getting more money. About buying a mansion.
- We like the same music. We have fun at Lucky's. He's better than the guys that I knew in high school.
- That isn't a great recommendation. You were forced to be with those guys.
- I went to a good high school.
- Your life just can't revolve around getting fucked up.
- I'm not like that.
- Downing a few drinks the moment that you get in the club. To get into a groove. To find a new personality.
- That really isn't me. That's someone else.
- Putting off to tomorrow what you can do today.
- I don't know what you're talking about. Rich's dad is going to set him up once he graduates from college. We'll lie in a great place.
- It's going to last that long.
- You don't know that.
- You'll wake up one day and look at yourself in the mirror and wonder why you spent this much time with all these fucked up people.
- Needless to say, Rich and Sally didn't last very long. But Sally and Gloria did become best friends.
- Don't you think that it's a little much to be on a first name basis with the mother of your ex.
- Someone needs to watch her purse while she powders her nose. Besides, there's been a rash of robberies here lately.
- So who are you with tonight?
- I've finally caught up with Tjen.
- It was eventually going to be your turn.
- It was either Tex or Tjen. April won the contest. Or more accurately lost it. She got Tex.
- She genuinely loves him.
- If anything here can be called love.
- You sound like a philosopher.
- I'm a realist. I take what I can get. I'm just driven along by that thing in the car. You said as much yourself.
- I was expecting a little more.
- I sort of want to be that mad driver.
- Just as long as you're not the one who cuts me off.
- I never thought that we'd be such good friends.
- You give me such ideas.
- But you have all these other models. Isn't that your trouble. You're living on the other

side of the screen.

- What do you mean?
- The celebrity thing. If she has that dazzle. That girl in the magazine.
- What girl?
- In the local fashion mag. She's here all the time. You look on her with such reverence.
- I look on you with such reverence.
- You're making fun of me.
- I'm trying to be a friend.
- And you'd treat me the same way if you didn't know so much about me. Get anyone tanked, and they'll be passing out before the toilet bowl.
- Some people know their limits.
- And Lucky's gets them to cross them. There's enough characters here.
- Like Tjen.
- Tejn has vision. He wants to go to school. He wants to study physics.
- I've got a physics problem. If the driver is chewing gum quickly and the car is going at fifty-five miles an hour in a thirty-five zone, then how fast is the psyche moving.
- Faster than the speed of light. Any child knows that.
- That would make the car actually go backwards.
- It does feel like that.
- So how fast is Lucky's going around the sun.
- For the moment, the orbit is around the moon.
- But the moon goes around the earth.
- And the earth goes around the sun. But we're trying to change things.