

14. MORE THAN ENOUGH MAN FOR YOU

“I don’t think that you know the type of guy that you’re dealing with. I can control the world with my will.”

I’m not sure what he’s confessing to me. I expect that he’s going to bend a spoon with his mind.

“In my world, there is no separation between intent and action.”

I imagine that I am in contact with some kind of government killer. Why we allow that kind of thing in the first place is really a mystery to me. But if there is that kind of monster, here he is.

“Doctor Death, I presume.”

“I’m not talking about that. More like mind control.”

“Like avoiding a piece of chocolate cake.”

“No, total control.”

I’m still not sure what he’s talking about. Certainly, he’s not well-suited to dealing with other human beings.

“My body and my mind.”

“What about them?”

“I can control my body with my mind.”

“Like in dreams.”

“No, in reality.”

I almost want to see a demonstration. But then I wonder if this is really the kind of thing that is worth taking out of the privacy of his bedroom.

“My penis. I can control my penis.”

Again, the privacy issue. This is something that is better worked out between him and his partner. It hardly bears working out with me.”

“I can get hard at will.”

“I don’t imagine that it’s all that difficult. Sort of like crying on will. You just imagine a particularly bad time in your childhood. And that is sure to bring on a torrent.”

“I’m not making a joke. I’m being serious.”

“What you’re telling me really isn’t that remarkable?”

“I can simulate sex completely in my mind. I can enter a trance. And it all happens in my mind.”

I guess that he thinks that he has developed a real skill. Too much time alone.

“Why are you telling me this? Do you have something to show me?”

“Do you want to see?”

“No, I don’t want to see.”

I’m feeling repulsed by the whole thing. What would bring a stranger to confess something like this? It isn’t as if he is really coming on to me. He just believes that nature has provided him with some kind of secret power. I’m sure that makes him adept when he thinks that he has finally found an appropriated partner.

“I don’t really need you to make me climax, but you may want to be around for the fireworks.”

Come to think about it, what really disturbs me about this guy. Sure, he has been entirely too graphic with me. But there is something more than that. It's not his frankness that is troubling. No, it's this desire that he can dominate the world. He doesn't even want a lover. He wants someone that he can rule over.

I suppose that there are partners who would be impressed by his skill. But how remarkable is it? He claims to be living for an ideal. But it is a complete commitment to the moment. He surrenders himself over to total concentration on his own ecstasy. There is nothing complex here. He needs no one but himself. And he has little understanding about how to relate to other people. It's not as if a circus is going to hire him.

Jim and I are talking about my encounter with the freak.

"You brought me downtown just to tell me that story."

"It is a good story."

I look for the bartender to bring us another round of drinks.

"You're going to have to get me good and drunk if you're going to make me feel that you're not wasting my time."

"He's not that different than any of us. We all want to believe that we have a special skill. That we are blessed with magical skills to please women."

"Believing it is one thing. But when you want to show the world, that's something different."

"What about porno? I'm sure that they have to exercise some kind of control."

Jim laughs, "It's one thing to see that on the screen. But you're talking close up."

"I'm sure if I was a girl, I might have been convinced."

"If you were a girl, you would have reported a creep like that to the cops. Imagine his line: I'm coming as I'm talking to you."

"That might work in phone sex. But no self-respecting girl is going to like that as a pick up line."

We end up agreeing that our circus freak is an oddity. But it gets us both thinking in a new way about different types of edgeplay. Why do so many people indulge their perversions? What is the source of these new obsessive behaviors?

"There have always been freaks. I guess we're all a little weird in our own way. But we're talking about people who focus all their energies on getting themselves off. And not just in the usual way."

"Abnormal?"

"Unusual!"

"Does this include physical self-abuse?"

"That's not all."

"Why are you so interested in this?"

"It just keeps coming up."

"You're looking for this kind of thing. You're curious."

"I'm just observing. People who need a little extra to stimulate themselves."

"Who think about pleasure for it's own sake."

"If that's how you want to put it."

"You're a little bit of a freak. Admit it!"

“I don’t want to believe that I’m turned on by this sort of thing. And I’m not bored with my life. I’m just trying to make sense of the all these strange behaviors.”

“If you watched a couple making out over there, it would be a little strange. But it’s nothing to get carried away with.”

Nothing to let you get carried away

He is the one who loses track of himself.

“This is a side of me that no one sees.”

“You really think that you can.”

“I am good at that sort of thing. You won’t be able to elude my tracking.”

“I just say: catch me if you can.”

“Is that a challenge?”

I lose all my faults to involve myself with someone so lovely

“Were you following my car?”

“I was following the guy who was following you.”

“I never even saw him. It was a good thing that you were there.”

She buys his ridiculous story. Very few people would, but he knows how to exploit her weakness.

“I haven’t had anyone up the apartment in quite a while.”

There is no one to warn her about what is happening. He has slipped into her life completely undetected. As he moves through the apartment, he cases the joint. He needs to plan an easy getaway.

“Are you good with crowds? I always have the worst time. I fear that someone might be watching me.”

He is the one watching. He tries, but he is unable to blend in.

“I really should go!”

Yes, he should. But she is going to let him stay. He is protecting her against the psycho who is hiding in the darkness.

“You’ve got to stay. Do you know that is so terrible? We always invite our assassins into our lives. That’s why it’s so good that you’re here.”

She is alone. No one is thinking about her. It is somewhat the same for him. Although he has done his best to make this happen. He has disguised himself.

“Come sit next to me on the couch.”

She is too trusting. We can only watch. We are too far away to make a difference. We watch helplessly.

We knew him so well. We never knew that there was another side to him.

“Sometimes I have these dreams that I can’t explain.”

“Dreams are just silly. I never take my dreams to mean much.”

“For me, it is quite the opposite. Real things happen to me, and they seem like dreams.”

“Nothing nasty, I hope.”

“Actually, these very violent things. But then none of it happens to me!”

“That’s good!”

“I wish that I had more control over my behavior. I really don’t.”

“That is a shame. I used to drink too much. I have given you enough to drink.”

"I could use another. Something has been bothering me, and I need to balance out."

"We are friends?"

"I'm not good with friends."

"I just feel that I have too little personality to be good with people."

He wants to forget his other life. Just to show his best side.

"I don't want thing getting carried away."

"It's pretty much the same!"

"Is it?"

"You have nothing to feel sad about."

He can't tell her what he is thinking. He doesn't have the words.

"I wish that I could be stopped."

"It's easy to stop drinking!"

"I'm on a collision course with destiny."

"If there's anything that you want, I can give it to you."

"I want the very thing that you can't give me. I have to just take it."

"I'm learning how to defend myself a little better."

"Better may not be good enough."

"I just don't want you to be one of those dominant guys."

"This has nothing to do with me and you."

"You can be stopped."

"I don't know. I have this feeling that I've done this kind of thing before. It's all about repeating myself."

"Break the cycle."

"I have all these charts and maps at home. I have discovered these deeper cycles in time. How to match days with centuries. Anything that I do is governed by eternal laws."

"I really need to leave. I don't do eternity well."

"I'm much stronger than you. You have to realize that!"

"You act as if you are revealing a mystery to me. Girls deal with this kind of shit all the time. "

"Is that a put down?"

"No, it is a fact."

His face is expressionless.

"I'm trying to keep the balance."

She knows that she is too far gone to turn back. She just doesn't want to get surprised.

"I can't help myself."

"Have you been here before?"

"Not here here. But I have been in this kind of situation."

"And..."

"It usually turns out badly."

"Give me your hand. I can help."

"My vision is a little blurry."

"What happens when it clears up?"

"I have an eagle eye."

“Do you know what that means? Eagles are killers. Do you see your prey.”

“Don’t make jokes about stuff like this!”

“If it’s going to happen, it’s going to happen. There is nothing that I can do about it. It doesn’t hurt to have a little fun along the way.”

“You could be making it worse.”

“I don’t believe that!”

“It’s not about what’s in our heads. It’s about what happens.”

“What is going to happen?”

“Nothing pretty.”

He is losing touch.

“What is the focal point of desire?”

“It is the intersection of all the vectors of desire.”

“What does that mean?”

“You are attracted to your lover’s face. The way that she walks. How she talks. What she says. Each appeal point towards something definite. The sum of all this is her character. But more than that, these points of reference all seem to concentrate at some point along the body. The lover focuses the focal point of the body so that you desire what she wants to be desired.”

“You desire her desire.”

“Something like that.”

“But that point can shift over time.”

“Indeed it can!”

“Isn’t it possible to shape the body to provide these point of desire?”

“Some people try to walk a particular way. Or they strike a pose. They might exercise constantly. All in the hopes that they can sculpt the body to match their desires.”

“Doesn’t biology offer its own points of desire?”

“This is no different that the struggle of the sculptor with his medium.”

“Tell me about the body!”

“I’m here to finish off the job that I started long ago. You were always in the way. You were going to do your utmost to stop me. And I never should have believed you when you tried to be friends.”

“Some people don’t get the connection. It’s not like I fixate on a part of her body. Her breasts, or her long legs. No, I am looking for that special signal that tells me that she is available. More than that, she is expressing a special fondness for me that only I can see.”

“I’m not a pervert. I’m only want her to notice me. And I am fortunate when I get that pleasing glance in my direction.”

“Sometimes the lover waves back in the most intimate fashion. Only the most attentive eye can see such encouragement. Maybe the loved one shakes her ass for her lover. Or she touches herself in a most provocative manner. The pensive gaze of the watcher can pick up on these appealing gestures.”

“Don’t get me wrong! My sweet dear may ignore me even at these most revealing moments. But I know that she wants me to see everything that she is doing. She just has to get me started. And I can fill in for the rest! I listen to her body talking to me.”

“You are a Grand Marnier Souffle.

“Whatsoever can that mean? That I am about to fall!

“I feel as if someone is watching me while I get dressed. This is going to take longer than I thought.

“First, you have to whip the egg whites.”

He tries to ignore the echo of an earlier conversation.

“I am carving out a consumer identity. But I am also losing my good credit rating.”

“You have a susceptibility that you would usually have if you’re body was changing.”

“Changing how?”

“There is nothing that you can do about it.”

Imagine if you were passed over in favor of someone who is friends of the boss. This is aggravating. What are you going to do about it?”

“I can’t even discuss this with an air of sanity...”

“You have this view that we have to live all our lives in public. But there are so many things that we do that have nothing to do with being in public. We just can’t live our lives on stage.”

“This is a lot of information to process.”

“Do you need time?”

“I need to be left alone!”

“We are going to do that once we get the answer to our questions.”

“I just draw my friends in.”

“Why are you being nice to me?”

“So you’ll let down your guard, and I can really fuck you up.”

“Why are you like that?”

“I want people to like me. But when they get close to me, I feel all weird inside. So I have to strike back. Like a viper.”

“You’re just saying these things to be nice. You don’t really like her. You just trying to get her to do what you want.”

“But if she does what I want.”

“You’ve worked yourself in a corner by working her in a corner. You are really fucked!”

“I just want someone to read what I want, and realize where I went wrong.”

“The way that you look at women.”

“I love women.”

“How can you universalize?”

“You asked me to.”

“Have you ever watched people having sex?”

“Without their knowledge.”

“That is illegal.”

“Is that why you’re here?”

“You need to stop!”

“Stop what?”

“Have you thought about taking something to calm you down?”

“I am calm.”

“I’m afraid to see you when you are out of control.”
 “Everyone is. That is what this story is about.”
 “I only know myself when I am unknown.”
 “You know me!”
 “Has someone done the lab tests?”
 “What if I just confess?”
 “You need to get this over!”
 “You don’t have enough to take me in.”
 “Stop that!”
 “If you don’t take me in. There is nothing that you can do to stop me.”
 “We can follow you.”
 “I’m not like her. I don’t have a trail.”
 “*You haven’t lost him.*”
 “*We’re going to pick him up.*”
 “*You haven’t lost him?*”
 “*We’ve lost him.*”
 “I’ve lost him. I’ve lost myself.”
 “Too much guy for you?”
 “I don’t do men.”
 “Do you do women?”
 “Who’s asking?”
 “Do you?”
 “The police!”
 “*You can’t blame other people for the way that he is.*”
 “*He has been trained well. He has internalized all the conflicts in society.*”
 “*What does that mean: internalized? It’s not as if there an in-basket that collects all the details from his life.*”
 “*There might as well be.*”
 “The police are looking for him.”
 “Has he done something wrong?”
 “They just want to ask him some questions.”
 “They might catch him in time.”
 “He hasn’t done anything. They can’t pick him up on intent.”
 “What about his past?”
 “Make up a past so that they can arrest him.”
 “What is he doing in her apartment?”
 “He’s telling her about his dreams.”
 “And she is listening?”
 “She believes him.”
 “She believes in him.”
 “She doesn’t know him that well.”
 “How can she get to know him any better?”
 “What is that supposed to mean?”

“He really doesn’t have that much to say. Knowledge for him is a physical thing.”

“It’s pretty much the same for all of us. We remember places that we’ve been.”

“Beyond time and space, there’s this stream. A river, where everything connects. Our waking life participates only a little bit in this flow. Still there is so much that remains unknown, discontinuous, without answers. There is way more that coheres in our dreams. You get a glimpse of what holds the universe together.”

“You don’t really believe that idea.”

“I don’t have to believe it. I know it to be true.”

“You can explain it to me.”

“I’d love to. There are just so many equation involved.”

“I am very patient. I have a lot of time for you to describe what is going on.”

“As I am trying to tell you, there are just too many equations for me to understand.”

“You can offer me a brief picture of what is involved.”

“I’d like to.”

“Let say that we can have him revert in time to a life where he was different. Where he had the ability to resist these impulses.”

“Did he ever have the ability?”

“There must have been a time.”

“A time when he was sharpening his skills. When he was keeping his eyes on his neighbors. When he was terrorizing his playmates.”

“He could have stopped it somehow.”

“When they’d sit him down, the spirit that possessed him would dissipate. He’d seem like you or me. But it only took a little to get him going.”

“You could break the cycle.”

“It’s not a cycle. More like a mysterious force that propels us. Even our desire to escape that force only immerses us deeper. It sharpens the hold of these demons on our behavior.”

“You’re making this up.”

“The police have to stop him. Someone has to stop him.”

“They won’t be able to find him. He has blended in.”

“How is this story different from some other horror tale?”

“By how he is. He is the one who links together all these events.”

“They shouldn’t be linked together.”

“Probably not.”

“Things happen. You lose the ability to change things in time. The river passes on.”

“So this is not about reversing time.”

“Only in the mind.”

“What if you disappear? Go to a new place?”

“It will all start again.”

“Start how?”

“The story. The same characters. You’re the same. I’m the same.”

“Who am I?”

“Someone that I’ve seen before. You remember seeing me the first time. I couldn’t let that time get away.”

“You followed me?”

“I let the river do its part. It brought us together. Just as we are meant to be together.”

“There is no way that you can explain it. We aren’t really meant to be together. I don’t like you.”

“Do you want me to leave?”

“I think so. Is it too late for me to ask you to leave?”

“I haven’t done anything yet. But you’re already part of me.”

“I don’t even know you.”

“You gave me the signal.”

“I give everyone signals all the time. That doesn’t mean anything.”

“I know you.”

“How can you know me?”

“Just by looking.”

“By leering at me. By trying to take my soul. What you think that you can take doesn’t exist. It’s inside of you.”

“I’m not making it up. I can prove it. I have equations. Too many equations.”

“I have time. I am willing to listen.”

“But if I’m not good at explaining it, that doesn’t mean that I’m wrong. I know that I’m right.”

“I want to understand too.”

“It’s like marks on the body. A language. Telling me where to touch.”

“I don’t know you. And if there are marks on my body, they are in a language that only he can understand.”

“I can read the words. I understand. You want to show off.”

“I don’t.”

“I’ve seen the words. Your destiny has become my destiny.”

“Is that what your equations are about?”

“There has to be something down deep that keeps us together.”

“What?”

“Inner peace. We are all linked by inner peace!”

“That is fantastic. It really is. But I’m not feeling well. And you need to leave.”

“I could be nice to you. I could offer you something that no one else can offer you.”

“This is already too far gone.”

“You’re not calling me crazy.”

“It’s a bad time for me.”

“You’re just taking nice to me so that you can get me to leave. I just want to go back in time when it was new.”

“You said that you can’t go back. All the equations that you have proven that you can’t go back in time.”

“I could if I made the right connections. If I could get to the river. You can help me get to the river.”

“I don’t want to get there. I want to have fun in my life.”

“I’ve read your online journal. I know that you don’t feel at home in the world. I can

help you get to the other side.”

“That wasn’t meant for you to read.”

“But it all makes sense. You. Me. The world!”

“There is no you and me! Not now, not never.”

“I can feel myself inside of you. Your words help me feel that I am inside of you.”

“You can desire me all that you want. I will never want you. I’m like a celebrity that you see on TV. You think that you know me. All that you know of me is what I let you know. The real me is completely different.”

“It’s not as if you have a secret. You don’t know the equations.”

“And you do?”

“Sort of. I know the secret. I know your body. And it has told me to contact you. I know how to touch you to bring you alive.”

“Real secret!”

“I can read the words marked on your body.”

“No, you can’t. Only my lover can read that language.”

“There is no private language that is hidden from other people.”

“Not universally. But there are moments when my language is opaque. No matter how hard you try, you will not be able to figure out the combination.”

“So how do I figure it out?”

“I have to give you the key.”

“And you decide?”

“I decide.”

“No, the river decides. You just go along with the river.”

“You can’t say that you know me.”

“Everything that you tells me how you have hidden yourself away. And I watch you walk. I see it all.”

“Turn off that massive sun. I am being burned by your eyes!”

“What are you doing? What’s wrong?”

“You are wrong.”

“Am I too much man for you?”

“I don’t want anything to do with you. I don’t want anything to do with guys. They all remind me of you.”

“You hardly know me.”

“I know everything about you. How you walk. What you like to eat.”

“Do you really care about me that way?”

“Do you want me to care about you that way? By prying into your life. If that’s what you want, I can be that person. I can get you to admit all your weaknesses. And I will use them to torture you so that you can admit to other vulnerabilities. And then I can get you to admit to my failing points.”

“Are we a couple now?”

“No, it’s all me! My story. And you are going to learn to follow my directions.”

“Is that how you want it to be? I am good at following directions.”

“If I am running this game, you will never feel satisfaction. Only desire. You will never

meet your needs. You will almost meet them. Meals that always leave you wanting for more. Love that only comes from your side of the story. You will give, but there will be nothing in return for you.”

“And I can stay here.”

“Do you want to stay here?”

“Am I allowed to want to stay here?”

“You can tell me what you want.”

“I want to stay here.”

“And you promise not to hurt anyone again?”

“I promise.”

“You can stop being the way that you are.”

“How is that?”

“The crazy way. The way that tells you that you can know complete strangers. You are not a mind reader.”

“Am I allowed to be a mind reader?”

“No.”

“Do I have to ask you for permission for everything that I want?”

“You can ask me, but that doesn’t mean that I will answer.”

“Am I man enough for you?”

“What do you think?”