

8. GABRIELLA REVEALS

“How did you get started doing this?”

“I needed money.”

“You couldn’t work in a restaurant.”

“This is a lot less physical demanding.”

“Doesn’t it still take its toll?”

“You ask a lot of questions.”

“I just wonder what this is all about.”

“What is a girl like me doing in a place like this?”

“Maybe.”

“What is a guy like you doing in a place like this?”

“I guess that I want to feel special.”

“And I’m here to do it for you.”

“You can do what you can.”

“You’re going to have to get me a little more money if you expect me to give you what you’re looking for.”

“You mustn’t have had an easy life.”

“That’s not really something that I like to talk about.”

“And now you’re here!”

“It’s easy money.”

“But it also prevents you from ever earning easier money. Money with a future.”

“I tried the nine to five gig. I could feel every minute tick off like a hammer beating in my head.”

“And it’s not like that here. You give of yourself more than you can ever take away. Guys go home with these perverse fantasies about you. And you must know how hideous they all are.”

“Are you hideous too? Can’t you see your reflection in the glass?”

“I have my soul.”

“I never knew that the soul could look so ugly.”

“What more do you want to see?”

“I want to see it all.”

“Like a rat gnawing a corpse.”

“Do you speak like this to all your clients?”

“Only the ones who come here for metaphysics.”

“We’re going to rewrite this scene. We’re going to be talking in a philosophy class at a major university.”

“And you’re going to be thinking about jacking off while I spread my legs in the peek-a-boo booth.”

“You’re not implying such merciless intent on the part of the serious philosopher.”

“Worse, he won’t even wait around to see the destruction that he wrought.”

“So what is the difference?”

“At least I am the one getting paid for your metaphysical suffering.”

“If it’s all that intense, you are hardly getting paid enough.”

“That’s for me to worry about. We have a rate. And I put out to get you to put out. Fair enough.”

“Is that your equation?”

“I usually don’t tell the guys my name. But for you, I will make an exception since we are debating philosophy, and I want to be given credit for my thoughts. I am Gabriella, and my secret equation means that I will reveal something each time that you gives me money. The more that you give me, the more that I will reveal.”

“There is no limit.”

“You give me the world, and I will give you the universe.”

“How can that be? It must work in the opposite fashion. You have already given away so much of yourself. And you still haven’t earned enough to escape your prison.”

“No one does. You certainly haven’t. You sit in your dimly lit room and ask me absurd questions. I just tell you what you want to hear. And you take it for more than it is.”

“But you reveal your body.”

“What body? I am way beyond the body. It is simply a projection so that you can confirm your fantasies. When you beat off, be sure not to get any on the glass.”

“Is that your answer to ontological uncertainty?”

“It’s how I try to keep this place clean. There are paper towels here.”

“And our connection stops there.”

“Are you ready to keep feeding the meter?”

“Does the ride keep going?”

“Are you gripping yourself?”

“Do I need to?”

“That will help you get over your doubts about your own existence. What did you call it: *your ontological uncertainty*?”

“You seem more perverse than I am.”

“The universe is perverse. I am only a humble reporter on its disorder.”

“We still haven’t gone very far.”

“If you’re going to pay, why not play?”

“I just don’t want the discussion ending prematurely.”

“It always does. It’s not like you’re God.”

“What does that mean?”

“There are limits to your staying power.”

“Limits to the male cognitive abilities.”

“You could say that.”

“We have a long ways to go.”

“So it’s the money that’s going to have to stand in for the time.”

“Or the money that extends the time.”

“Same difference. You are simply trying to deny your own finitude.”

“Another ontological question.”

“If that’s how you want to put it. All that I know is that this makes your credit card bills run sky high.”

“I am aiming for the stars.”

“Good luck!”

“What’s the big deal? What do you need to tell me?”

“My stages of undress reveal deep secrets about the state of the universe.”

“How do I know if any of this is true?”

“It will cost you. Haven’t you been impressed up to this point?”

“So you want me to give my hard-earned money to learn a bunch of cliched adages that might as well come off of a bathroom wall.”

“You think as little about my skills. Or are you trying to bluff me so that you can get better terms?”

“Let’s just say a bit of both. I don’t really expect to see Galileo in a place like this.”

“What better place to learn the rules of gravity?”

“What goes up must come down!”

“Or what goes on must come off.”

“Two can play that game.”

“You should stick to peeling C-notes from the top of that stack.”

“Let’s take this slowly so that I can savor every second of this.”

“You are on the clock.”

“Does that make it a dollar a second?”

“Sounds right. You could use a calculator to make it more exact.”

“And where would that get me.”

“More bang for your buck.”

“I want to hear more about the bang.”

“The big bang. That will really cost you. That’s the mystery of the whole universe.

“Where do I start?”

“You’ve already started.”

“I can hardly tell. What am I supposed to have learned up to this point?”

“That the observer always has some influence on what he’s observing.”

“What’s the catch?”

“What do you want to be the catch?”

“I came here for answers, and you’re trying to trip me up with sex games.”

“It keep you interested.”

“I’m spending a lot of money that I don’t have.”

“You’re the one who’s been trying to convince me that you’re a high roller.”

“Not at all. I’m just hanging in there.”

“Do you want me to take off my top?”

“That isn’t what I had in mind up to this point.”

“Don’t my long legs look great. I’m sure that you’d like to touch them.”

“Only you’re protected by all this glass.”

“I could touch my legs, and you could touch yourself and pretend that you are touching my legs.”

“I could do that. But I won’t. That’s not how I get answers. It’s how I get worked up and have more questions.”

“This is my job here. And you have to follow the rules if you want to get anything done.”

“Yes, I do.”

“Look at my ass. Now you see it; now you don’t.”

“I guess that I do.”

“I’ll shake my ass for you for an extra fifty dollars.”

“Without or without the panties.”

“The panties are more of an existential question.”

“What do I have to do for that?”

“That is going to take more than money. I have to know that you are really committed!”

“Committed to a peep show. Why do you have to make things so complicated?”

“You came her for the lesson in metaphysics. Now, you’re the one who’s acting materialistic.”

“I thought that was all part of the plan.”

“I never said anything about panties.”

“I’ve seen as much at a beach. Or a swimming pool. What do you have that’s so special?”

“I have a smoking hot ass! And you have metaphysical questions. Could you think of a better combination?”

“I can. But it may not work for what I’m after. You really do have the answer to my questions.”

“You have to learn to use your imagination.”

“If I was good with my imagination, I wouldn’t be here in the first place.”

“Let’s start with the panties. How much do you want to give for the panties?”

“You are going to take them off!”

“That will be extra.”

“What are you going to do?”

“What I am doing. I am going to talk to you about a pair of panties.”

“What are you going to say?”

“Nothing really new. I just want to talk about the panties.”

“Talk how.”

“What is there to say about them?”

“That they hug your ass. That they bunch at the crotch. That I would like you to take them off.”

“Then we have so little to talk about.”

“We have been talking for a while.”

“About nonsense. You just want me to take off my clothes. I have so much to tell you. And all you want it for me to take off my clothes. You want to pay me money, and you want me to take off my clothes.”

“I want you to feel as if you’re into it.”

“How can I? You’re such a jerk.”

“I am trying to follow protocol. I was told to come her.”

“I can make the same excuses. My mother made me feel terrible when I was young. Or my father was abusive to me.”

“Is any of that true?”

“It’s all examples to answer back to your litany of excuses.”

“Your litany.”

“I told you that I made up these things.”

“You pretended that you were damaged. Or things really did happen to you.”

“Are you telling me that you don’t believe me.”

“There could be damage there that you know nothing about.”

“Or I could be perfectly OK.”

“Which is it?”

“It’s not like you think.”

“You are OK.”

“Your questions are getting silly. You ask them just because you want to fit me in that little box of yours.”

“You’re the one who lives in a box.”

“I told you that it’s just a manner of living.”

“So you admit to the pain.”

“No more than you do.”

“I find you appealing. And I am ready to surrender my money to you. But then I think what is really happening. How you belong to your protectors. What kind of guys frequent this place. The general scum of the earth that help sustain this illusion. When I see the full image, then I am not so attracted by it all.”

“I’m pretty much in the same boat as you. Except I think about how much money you are willing to pay to get close to me. Just an illusion of closeness. And you disgust me! I am repulsed. But the money becomes a real turn on. I can get myself off while you are all desperate in there. I am a star, and you are a worm.”

“You are only a star because of the collection of guys like me. But then there are the empty nights. And your solitude is worse than ever. What do you think about when the darkness seems permanent?”

“I think about the expanse of the universe, and how I have been able to touch the edge. The far reaches of the galaxy. What you can only dream about.”

“You’re not making that up!”

“I know what I know. What is your hope? To come here and beg me to reveal my best insights.”

“I thought that is why is you are here.”

“I figured that I was supposed to come here. So I’m here.”

“You want me to reveal the secrets.”

“If you can!”

“We were on the way. But you put in all these preconditions.”

“What preconditions.”

“You implied that I had suffered some damage. That was going way beyond the agreement.”

“I simply imagined that there must be some reason why you would take a job like this.

“I’m proud of my body. I love guys admiring me. But I also love this glass wall that

protects me from them intruding on my space. They can imagine that they are touching me. But I can keep them away.”

“What about the things that we say.”

“I can laugh them off.”

“Even the insults.”

“Coming from some little twirp in the dark. That kind of thing only strengthens my character.”

“You welcome the humiliation.”

“That is why you’re here in the first place. You try to humiliate, but I end up humiliating you in reverse.”

“Even this talk of your childhood.”

“There is nothing to talk about. What about your childhood?”

“I’m not fucked up.”

“Not really. You can’t do with a real woman. You have to pay to be insulted in a dark cubicle.”

“I’m the one who’s getting you pissed off.”

“You’re paying money for this game. For me, it’s just like a movie.”

“When is it not like a movie?”

“I don’t know. Maybe never. That is why I love my life.”

“I’m glad that you do. Can you really have a normal relationship with a guy? You’re always expecting him to pay for everything.”

“It’s not like that!”

“Oh, you’ve gone all out. You’ve found a keeper.”

“What?”

“Like in the zoo.”

“How so?”

“Some guy who puts you in your place.”

“What?”

“You tell yourself that the sex is great. But that’s the only measure that you have.”

“You’re the one who’s here to find out about the mysteries of the universe. All this other stuff is nothing but a distraction.”

“I’m not getting to you.”

“There’s no self for you to get to. This is my job. Anything that you say is part of the act. Same thing for you. Except you are paying for the show. I just go along to make you pay more. If you get all emotional, I get emotional back.”

“And that’s the size of it.”

“You’ve got.”

“So you exist as a ghost.”

“More or less.”

“And you want it that way.”

“I have enough small ecstasies to sustain me along the way.”

“Enough to keep you whole.”

“I’m not like you. You’re the one who’s risking it all. You’re trying to amass some kind

of cosmic fortune. I am happy with my place in the universe. I am the true cosmic traveler. You are just a temporary rider. And you have no idea where you are going to end up.”

“That is why I’ve come to you.”

“But you’re not willing to give anything up to find your dream. You’re just hanging around on the periphery, and you hope that things will fall into place. Nothing ever will.”

“I need you to tell me.”

“Do you? Something wrong with your childhood.”

“You seem better at playing the game.”

“This is my territory. You come in here thinking that you can turn the tables on me. It never works that way. I know more than you could ever know. You can beg and beg. But if you are not worthy, you will never discover the answer. It’s hilarious how hard you try. Try as you may, you will never discover what you need on your own.”

“But I’m here and ready to pay.”

“I’m just not ready to tell you. I want you to cough something up if I’m going to be more forthcoming.”

“What do you need?”

“I need your blood.”

“How so?”

“I need you to reach deep into your past for the key.”

“What key?”

“You can come here ready to pay money. But no amount of money can get you into the inner circle of knowledge. That would take lifetimes of money. An empire.”

“You want me to exchange an empire.”

“I am offering you the chance really to switch places with another human being. I am giving you the opportunity to turn your back on your past and start anew.”

“I’m not that fucked up!”

“You’re alone in the dark talking to the peek-a-boo girl. You are desperate. You’ve lost the ability to maintain the illusion. At least at a strip bar, she can get closer to you. You hang off in the darkness and just hope.”

“Won’t you do me favors for more money?”

“What are we talking about? And do you want to go down that road. I thought that you were here for a cosmic fuck. Not to fuck me.”

“What?”

“Do you want sex? Is that what is going to do it for you?”

“You told me that each revelation in the flesh marks a deeper understanding about the universe.”

“And you realize what that means.”

“I think so.”

“What do you want to see? A little dance. You want the doll to move. That will cost twenty five dollars.”

“And to spread your legs.”

“To let you see the origin of the universe. How much are you willing to pay for that?”

“Is that the big bang?”

“The bang is the explosion before that. What gets you hard. What does get you hard?”

“I’m a normal guy.”

“I think that we agreed to that. At least you did. I just need some more details. How good is your imagination?”

“What do you mean?”

“Can you close your eyes, and give yourself a hard on?”

“Huh!”

“I can orgasm by sheer will. I used to use muscle control. Now I am way beyond that. Meditation.”

“How did you do that?”

“You are asking about the origin of the species. But I have a deeper knowledge. I can achieve states of being that are greater than a million orgasms.”

“Wow!”

“Do you want that? You are nodding. You are like a dog.”

“You are offering!”

“More! More! I can help you appreciate nothingness. A state of the utter obliteration of the universe. Close you eyes, and you can make it happen.”

“I feel like such a novice.”

“Of course, you do. You have sexual orgasm, and you are spent for the rest of the day. And you achieve some kind of vague cosmic orgasm, and you are spent for the rest of your life. Is that what you want?”

“What can you offer me?”

“Tell me: what are you willing to give?”

“My soul.”

“Who the fuck are you? Mr. Philosopher. Mr. Sad Sack! I need blood. You have to be willing to die if you want to be reborn.”

“I am ready to do what you say!”

“What if my lover came in there and chopped off your head?”

“I don’t get it!”

“You are afraid. And I’m just toying with you. Pay me more money!”

“What do you want? I am running low.”

“I told you that you easily get spent. Give me some cum.”

“Really.”

“Really? Of course not. It’s like asking you for spit. I want blood. I want you to sacrifice yourself to me.”

“Then you will spare me at the last second.”

“I will never let you off! I want to damn your eternal soul.”

“You have eternal life to give.”

“No human being can offer that. But I have fucked the cosmos! I have fucked the cosmos! I am eternal because I have been consumed by the cosmos!”

“Have you really?”

“What do you think? What would you be willing to pay?”

“If you are so full of wisdom, why are you in this place? Why not exchange your secret

with the true captains of industry. The ones who really can redirect the stars.”

“They are truly not worthy. Their egos are too extensive to ever delve into the darker arts. You have taken the plunge. You have opened Pandora’s box. I am ready to show you what is in store.”

“So I am the one!”

“Not yet! Not at all. You need to offer me more to prove that you are willing to make the risk.”

“I get it. You want me to give you the key code.”

“I’m not one of your computers.”

“But there is a key.”

“So you can find comfort in such knowledge. You want me to give you the key.”

“You want me to worship you.”

“You already do!”

“How is that?”

“You want to believe that your ecstasy is a sign of a deeper harmony in the universe. And if you go home after being with me, you will have this master orgasm. And that itself will suggest an even more expansive ordering of the planets. Greater than any acid trip could reveal. And beyond that is my union with the cosmos. And beyond that is nothing. That is what I contemplate when no one is in here. I am here because this is the price that I pay for discovering the mystery of the universe. I have to unlock the same power in the body.”

“Why not be a sex guru?”

“It’s not the same. This place implies the infinite melding of disgust with desire. Nothingness with being!”

“Come out of there, and fuck me!”

“Come out of there, and fuck the world! You can’t do enough. I am here on a mission. To remind you how weak you are. To reveal to you how little you get of the actual harmony. You want wisdom. You are a worm. Once you realize that mystery, I can move on to the next stage.”

“Show me something to confirm your wisdom.”

“Look at this. You like this. Are you touching yourself? At this stage, I can’t look at you. And you can’t look at me. We are staring at the reflections.”

“Help me!”

“You are blind. And you want to see. I am not going to perform a miracle. Stay in the darkness.”

“Show me more!”

“I can part the universe just like the parting of the Red Sea! Look at my body. All the places that you want to touch. You want to bury your face inside the landscape. To let your tongue explore my depths. Pull harder.”

“I am running out of money.”

“You haven’t figured it out yet. Do you need me to start? What you see now is the expanse of the heavens. As if the molten lava has shot into the sky and ignited a ring around the earth. You can feel that heat. My sweat rubbing all over you. You are ready to plunge into the depths.”

“I am so aroused.”

“Pig, we are going back to the beginning. I am going to turn off the lights. I am going to be silent until you return to the resting state. I can’t allow you to be excited like this.”

“Turn the lights back on.”

“Quiet!”

“I am afraid...your partner isn’t going to come in here.. Help me.”

“That has been long enough for you to learn a lesson. We are going to start again. I need you to be naked. And my partner will come in there, and tie you up.”

“Seriously.”

“I am fucking with you. But I do need you to pay me more.”

“My credit card is at the limit.”

“Get on your cell phone, and get you limit increased.”

“I don’t know if I can do that.”

“You should have thought of that before you came in here.”

“I thought that I had enough.”

“Enough for what. A two dollar whore. I am the cosmic fuck. Do you think that Bill Gates could really afford me?”

“Hasn’t he already fucked the universe a thousand times over!”

“We haven’t even touched the outer realm yet.”

“I am finished.”

“Get on your cell phone.”

“I’m trying. They don’t want to give me anything more.”

“We’ve really gone nowhere. And you’ve probably lost your erection.”

“You made me take it down!”

“You have no chance now.”

“Just tell me something. Something that can help me go to the next stage.”

“You don’t feel renewed. Haven’t you been changed already?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Let me just spread my legs, and you lie back there and beat off into a paper towel, and we will be even.”

“What about all that stuff that you told me?”

“Bull shit so that you’d max out your credit card.”

“You fucked me!”

“Didn’t you want to do the same to me? You were looking for the cosmic fuck. And you really didn’t care what would happen to me in the process. Look how the table have turned!”

“I want to come out of this a better person.”

“You want to jerk off in a dump like this, and you want to leave a better person.”

“I never did that.”

“Look to time!”

“How?”

“You can twist time to suit your purposes. Rewrite your story.”

“Why should I listen to your advice.”

“I make ten thousand dollars a night. That’s over two million a year. Maybe not a lot

compared to a high-priced investment banker. But it is a lot.”

“How is that possible? Guys who come in here don’t have a penny to their name.”

“No, I service guys like you with full wallets. The ones who wander in here in the hopes that they can find a simple initiation to the dark side.”

“Don’t you have a pimp? Don’t they monitor you?”

“As far as they’re concerned, I make chump change. I get guys willing to turn their fortunes over to me. Securities. All for the mysteries of the universe. And I invest most of what I make in untaxed securities. I am the new era.”

“But I thought that I was chosen.”

“If you were, I had nothing to do with it.”

“Gabiella, that is your mission. Help me out.”

“You need to do breathing exercises. And you need to run. There is so much that you have to do to get ready for your future.”

“I do have a mission.”

“I was sent here to wait for you.”

“Sent from where?”

“I can’t reveal that to you. That is all part of the greater mystery. You are not ready for that.”

“I am penniless now. What am I suppose to do?”

“You have skills. Learn to give to the world. And it will give back to you.”

“Can I come back to see you?”

“My mission is finished here.”