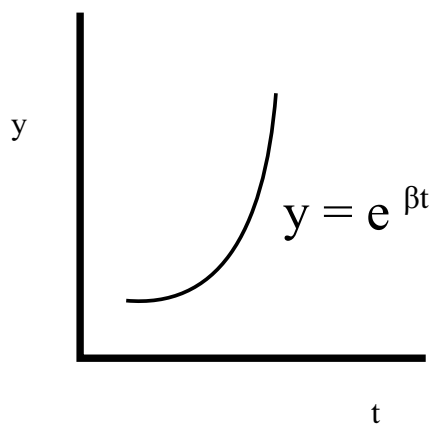
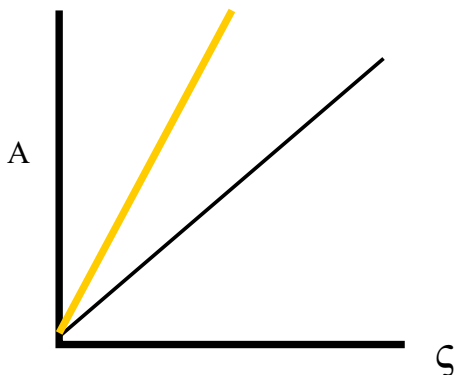
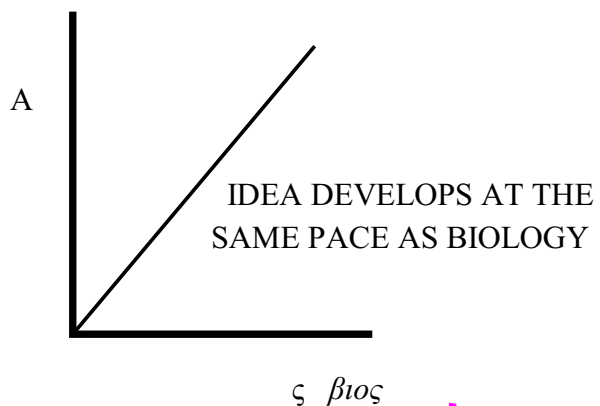


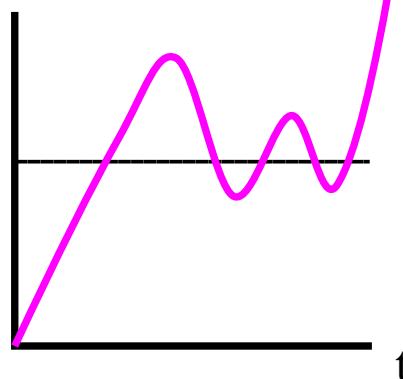
BIOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT



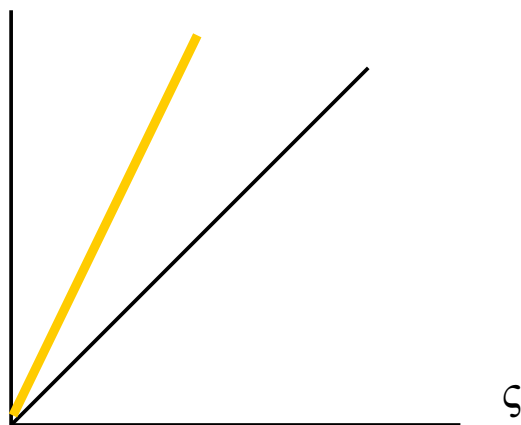
LINEARIZE DEVELOPMENT



THEME DEVELOPS AT FASTER PACE
EFFORT IS MINIMIZED BY THE FEELING

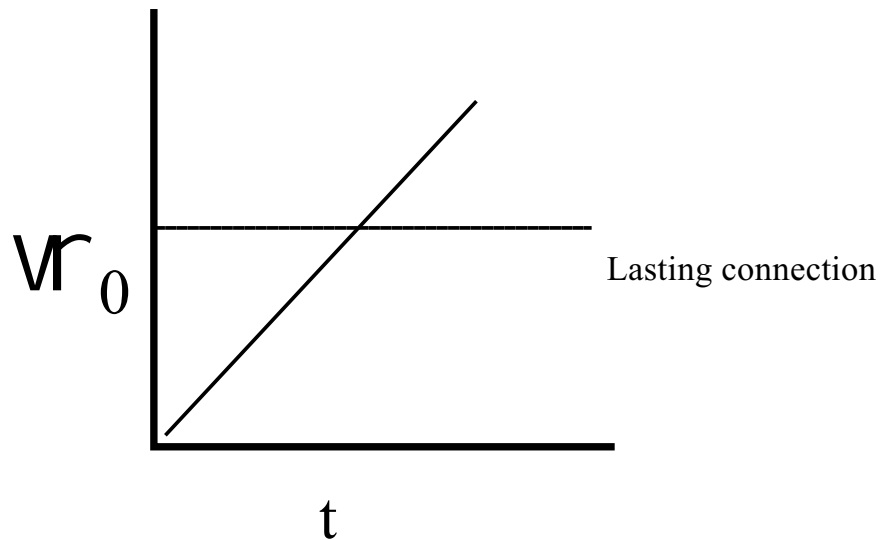


GROWTH AS MEDIATED BY
FATIGUE



EXCITEMENT MOVES FASTER THAN THE BODY CAN KEEP UP!

APPLICATION OF THE WEAVE:



I move over to touch her.

–Let’s just talk.

–Like this!

I sit up.

–You need to relax. Don’t you know how to take it easy?

–I was trying to relax. Then you told me not to touch you. I just

vr EXPLAINING THE WEAVE

Over time, you will feel close to her. You will touch. You will be touched.

Here the story stops making sense.

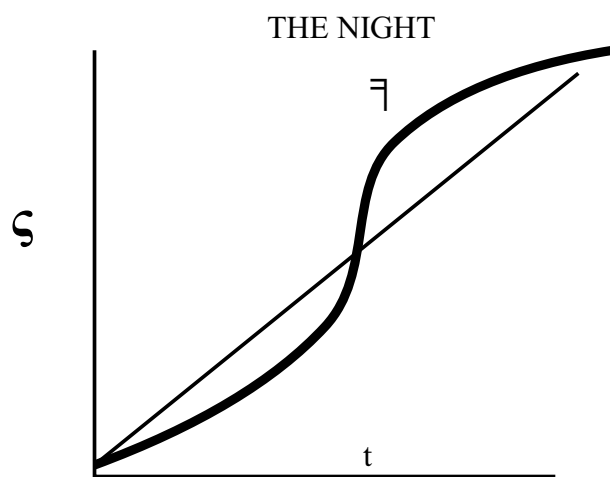
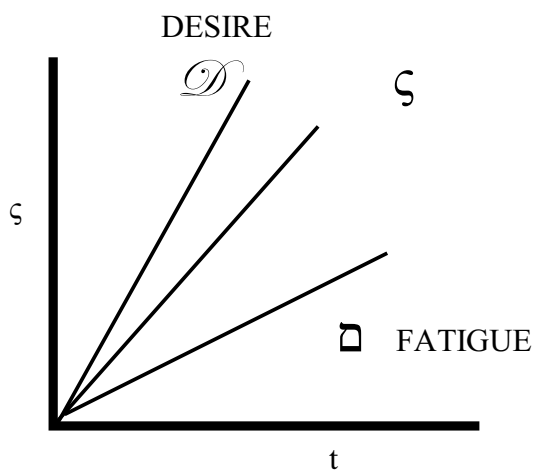
–Was it supposed to make sense?

–I’m tired. I just like to tell stories.

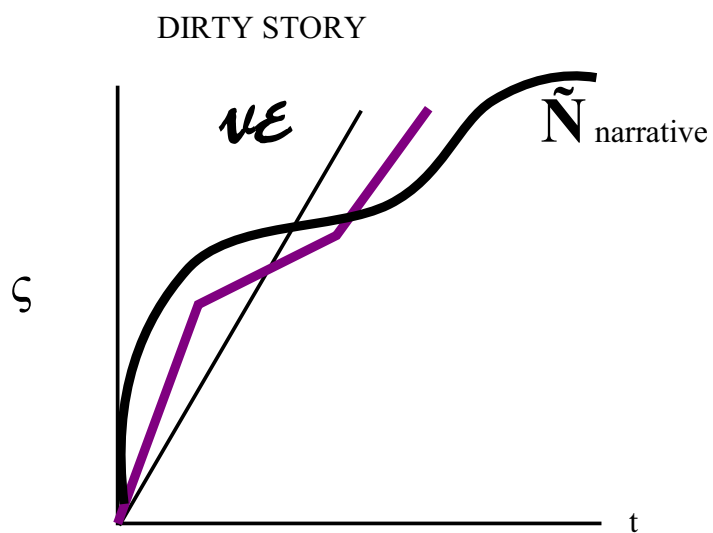
vo

THINGS GET A LITTLE OUT OF CONTROL!

–You can’t force me to do anything that I don’t want to!



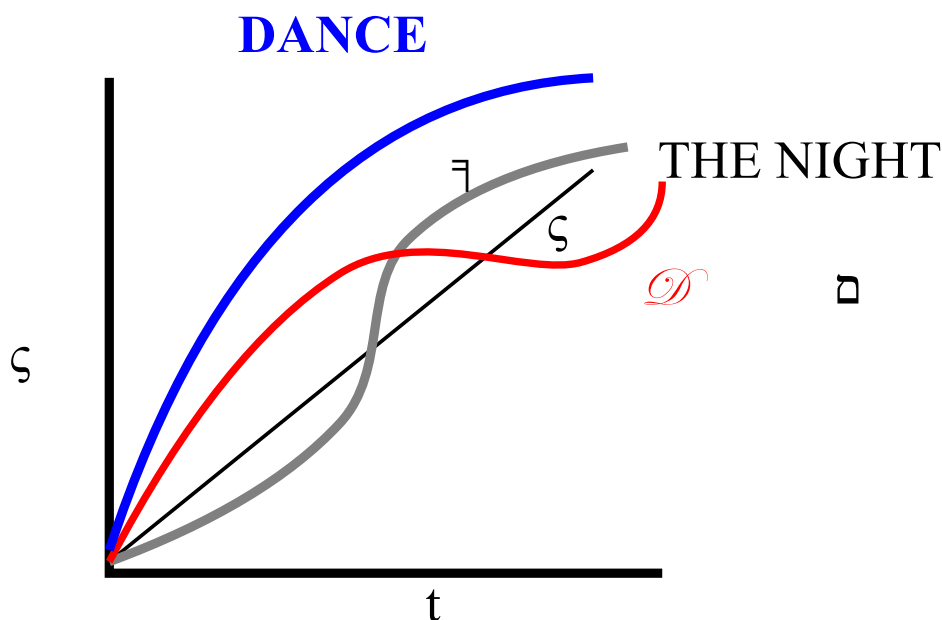
THE BODY ESCAPES ITS FATIGUE



In the dirty story, the object of desire is granted with all immediacy. The lustful look is followed by instant gratification for the subject. His transport is overwhelming.

The teller of the dirty story believes that he has captured all the vitality of the traditional novel. But he adds another element. From the beginning, he knows how to attract the interest of the reader. It is as if the reader can feel the physical contact detailed in the story. The writer believes that he has tapped into the source of creative inspiration. The reader seems to follow along directly without any mediation of the words. The words simply capture where he is already traveling.

The dancer feels that she is riding the wave of feeling. She is seduced by all the charms of the night. She has entered her story, a tale that seems to have no respite. And she moves along constantly propelled by her sensation of delight. This goes way beyond the drama of lightening and the thunderclap. This is more like a weather front full of heat and humidity that washes over everything in its path. This is a storm that engulfs without all its rage.

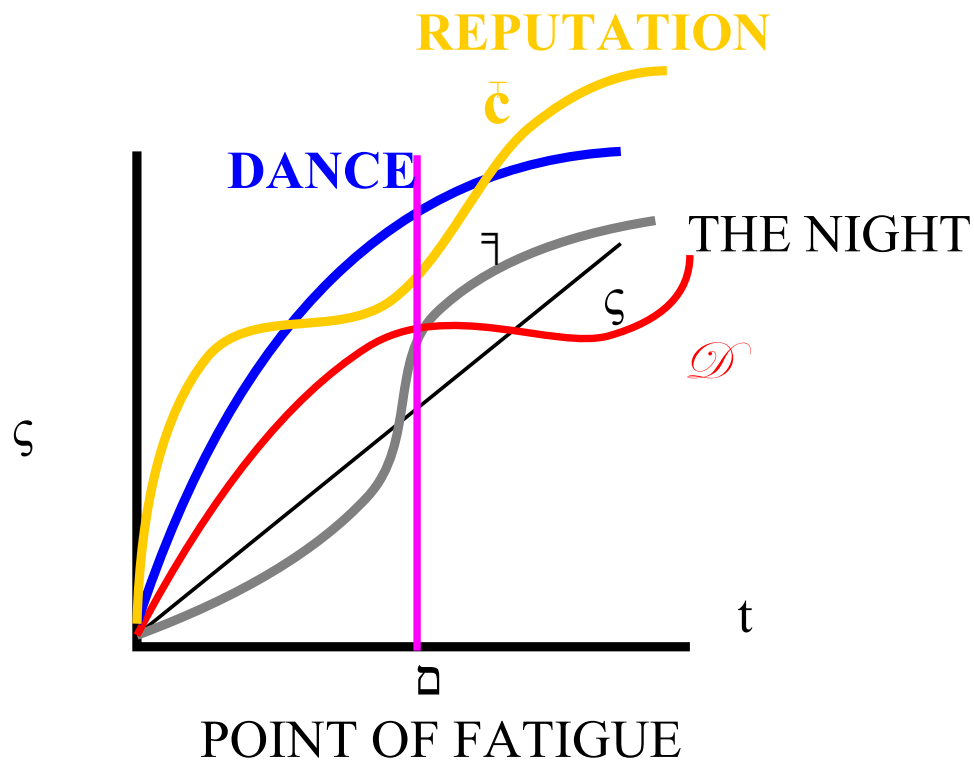


The dancer is so caught up in the events around her that she cannot leave, And her excitement only grows with acceleration of the beat. The body follows the music. The music is the amplification of the heartbeat.

Even when the music stops, it seems to echo in the body. The beat throbs in her head. Her words are inspired by the lyrics. She is in a trance.

Her compatriots are equally overtaken by the spell. The magical suggestion guarantees that they will all return for more of the same. When she is at work, when she is at school, she hears the same rhythm. It obscures anything else that is going on around her. This is her calling. It repeats in a frequency that only she can hear.

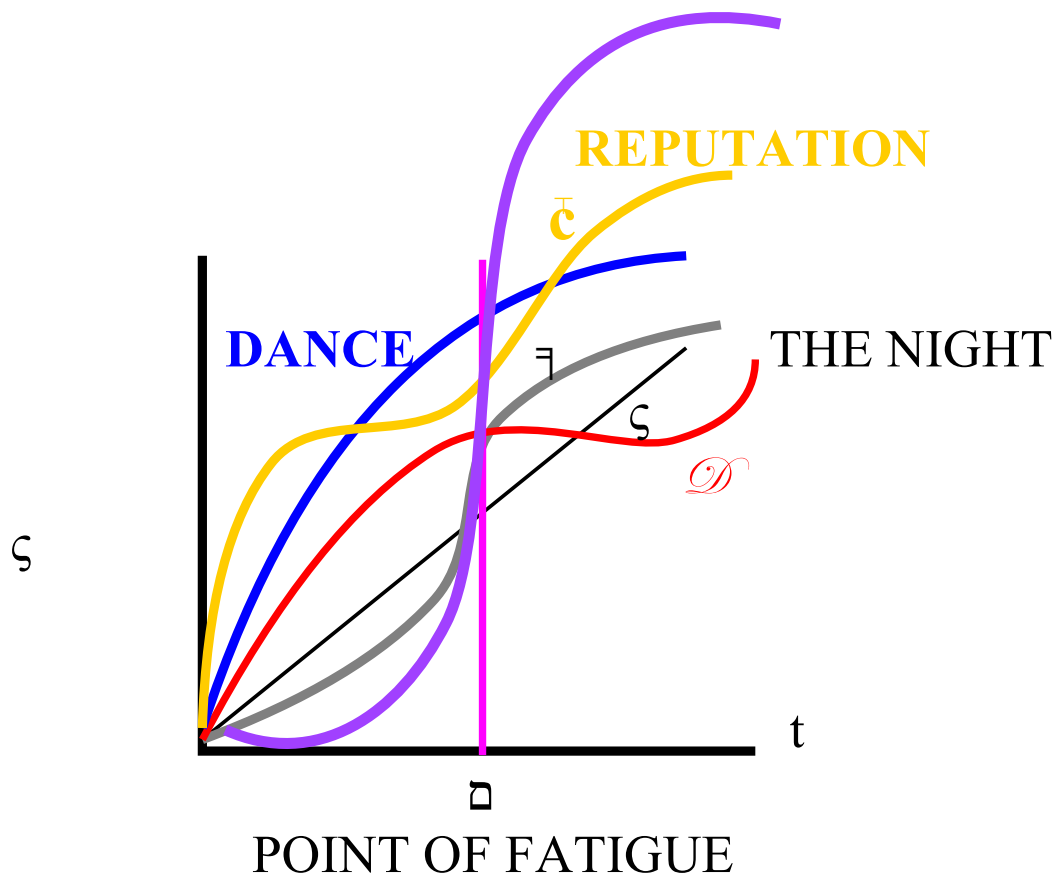
She does what she can to regain her composure. She is too far gone!



The night tells its story as it will be retold again and again.

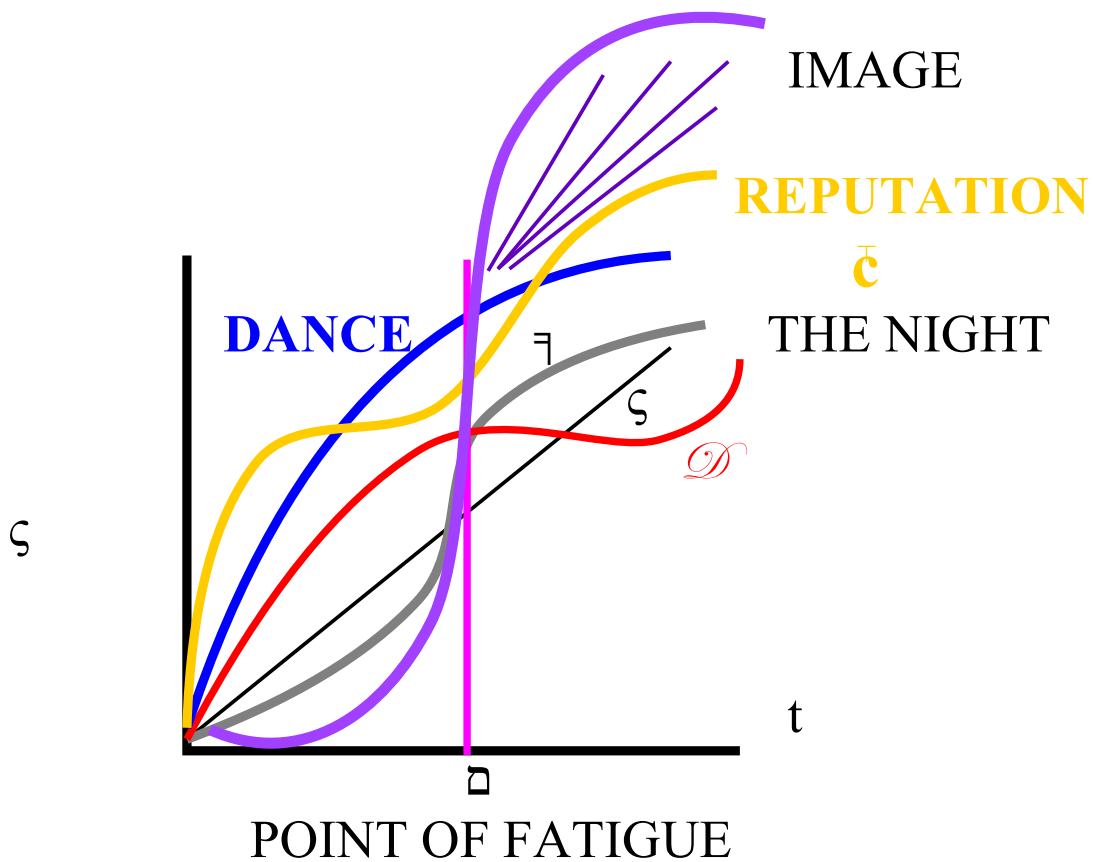
I can read your story!

IT'S CRUCIAL *C*

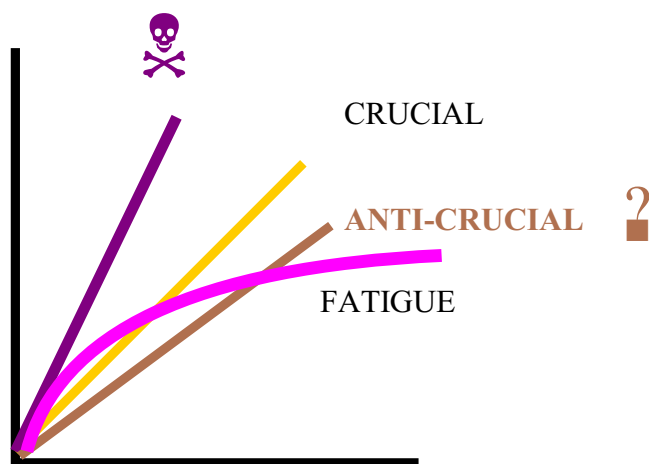


The narrative imposes its order on the night. The imposition overcomes any lags in the actual experience, the forgetfulness that is a result of fatigue.

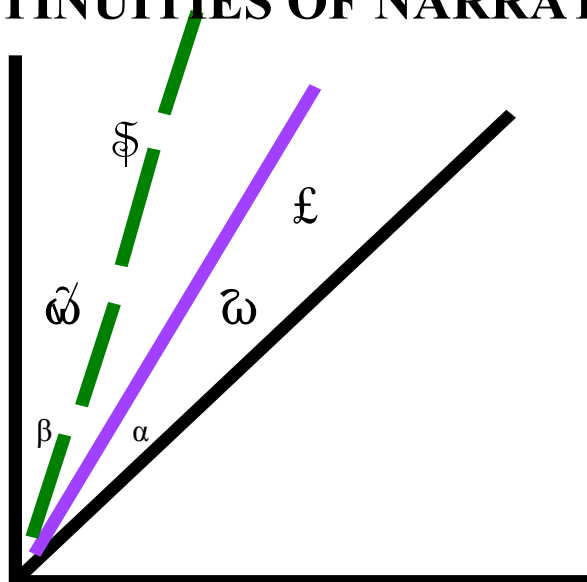
IT'S CRUCIAL 



DEATH TALE 



☀ DISCONTINUITIES OF NARRATIVE:



THEN WHAT DO YOU DO NEXT?

1	I LEAVE.
2	I TELL HER HOW HER EYES ARE STUNNING.
3	I STARE INTO HER EYES AND TOUCH HER ON THE LOWER BACK.
4	I CARESS HER LEGS!

–Are you the one?

He looked around for some sign that he was in the right place. Was she his contact? She didn't say a thing. She was really doing nothing to help him out.

THE RIDDLE: CAN YOU SOLVE THE RIDDLE?

–Do you like my girl?

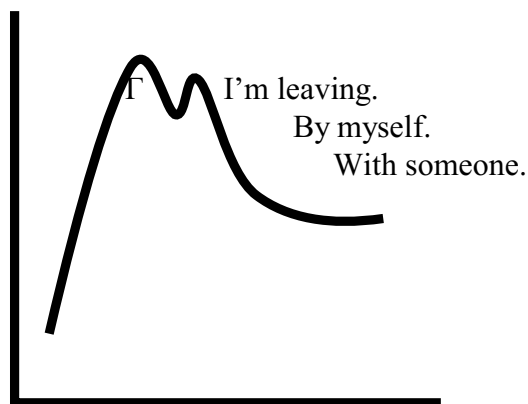
–What are you talking about?

–I saw you watching her. Then she approached you, and you started talking. Did she tell you my secret?

IS THIS A RIDDLE IN A RIDDLE?

–She escaped from captivity. They held her in a cage.

-Is she wild?
 -Nothing like that!
 DID YOU CATCH THAT?
 -You're scaring me again.
 -What do you mean?
 -You talk about these things. These mysteries. And they make no sense to me.



1:45AM

Where are the regulars tonight?
 -I think that they saw the crowd, and they all took off early.

WHAT KIND OF HAND IS HE HOLDING?

FACE	FACE	OTHER	OTHER	OTHER
10♠	10♠	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX

-You wait around, and he always gives you what you want.
 BLUFF
 He makes you believe that his life will amount to something.
 -You're not going to create dynasty out of this.

-We could move to the country. I could buy a house. I could commmute.

I just leased an apartment around here. I'm going to sign the papers tomorrow.
 -It that your pitcher of beer.

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE YOUR ENEMIES

- I'm not your enemy.
- You want to take Rebecca home tonight.
- It's more that she wants to come back to my place.
- Jason's not so bad. He's an artist.
- I'm a sculptor. I can carve things in stone.
- So that's what you're going to do to her.
- You're a smart ass.
- So be it!

THE WEAVE vr	It all sounds so mechanical.
	He hits it off with Monica.
	It's not going to last. He gets close to Stephanie. -Monica never understood me. -She went out with football players in college.
	He has designs on Jennifer. Stephanie is a passing thing.
	Ray is such a passing thing. A passing around thing. Jan will take him for the night. He knows how to light a fire.

That's the circle. He weaves his way around them.
Brad follows around next. He gives texture to the weave. A fabric.

THE BETTING MAN:

You play a thousand hands and you get beat 8 times.

Will you take these odds? Will you risk everything?

THE STORY TELLER:

The story teller is working with slightly better odds. He is trying to bend his characters to a norm, a moral. He doesn't have to bluff. He lets his characters do that for him. He has normed the norm. For those who escape the tables with their dignity intact, he is ready to offer his advice.

THE GAMBLERS:

They have nothing at their disposal but sheer wits. And they are going to use every trick in the book to make the night look like day.

ANATOMY OF A THREE OF A KIND: 54912 /2598960

THREE CARDS WITH THE SAME FACE 4

♠	♣	♥
♠	♣	♦
♠	♥	♦
♣	♥	♦

TWO CARDS WITH DIFFERENT FACES $\binom{12}{2}$

AND DIFFERENT SUITS 4x4



♠	♠
♠	♣
♠	♥
♠	♦
♣	♠
♣	♣
♣	♥
♣	♦
♥	♠
♥	♣
♥	♥
♥	♦

♦	♠
♦	♣
♦	♥
♦	♦







2.1 %

8	8	8	THREE OF A KIND
<i>K</i>	<i>K</i>		TWO OF A KIND: KING FACE
<i>Q</i>			<p>QUEEN HIGH</p> <p>Little lady, are you going to play</p> <p>You can beat 10% of the other hands.</p> <p>She gets cleaned out the rest of time</p> <p>PROGNOSIS</p> <p>a little bluffing</p> <p>a little chicanery</p> <p>and a little ducking under the table to get away</p>

This is a great hand!

		other	other	other
<i>K</i>	<i>K</i>			

86% of the hands

		other	other	other
				
				


73 %

Over time you may be able to convince her! A bluff

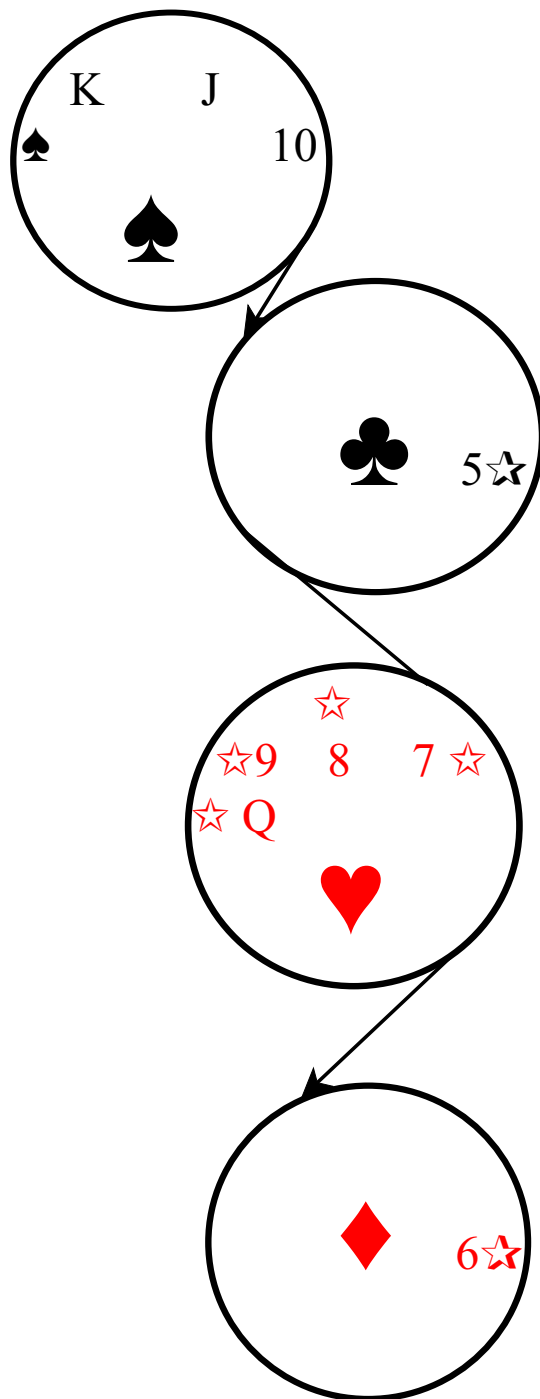
END UP IN THIS PLACE

TRYING TO PLAY A HAND

MISFORTUNE

	other	other	other	other
<i>Q</i>				

THE WEAVE IS ARTICULATED BY THE ACTIONS OF
THE SPADE SUIT: THE KINGS AND HIS ALLIES



–I’ll be right back. (I see someone over there that I have to

talk to.)

–Aren't I important enough for you?

PLAYING THE CARDS:

K♠	5♣
	Q♥
	7♦
	6♦
A♠	POISON CARD
J♠	9♥
	7♦
10.5 ♠	10.5♥ (I WILL WAIT FOR YOU)
10♠	4♣
	3♣
	7♦
9.5♠	8♥
2♠	ALL

Steffie had loads to talk about!

–Monica shacked up with Clay.

- How long is that going to last?
- Just long enough for them to hear about it from someone else.
- Probably Amber or Brenda.

IDENTITIES OF FACE CARDS:

Phil	K ♠
Blanco	A ♠
Tjen	J ♠
Tex	10.5 ♠
Jason	10 ♠
Clay	9.5 ♠
Sally	9 ♥
Monica	8 ♥
Amber	7 ♥
Steffie	6 ♥

Most of the connections in the weave are implied. The TEN OF SPADES may desire the NINE OF HEARTS, but she shows no interest in him. At least, not at this time. So he *settles* for the EIGHT OF HEARTS. *Rules of decorum* essentially forbid crossing the lines of desire that are established by your allies. The KING is palling around with the JACK. Since the KING has already expressed his interest in the SEVEN OF DIAMONDS, the JACK would naturally avoid her. On the other hand, the very notion of the weave suggests that all the terms will be filled by crossing threads so the *rules of decorum* invite eventual violation.

Contestants with a lower rating may feel that their advancement depends on actual play of the weave. Therefore, it is not enough to tender an offer of intent. The players have to follow through with their interest to the material satisfaction of their desires.

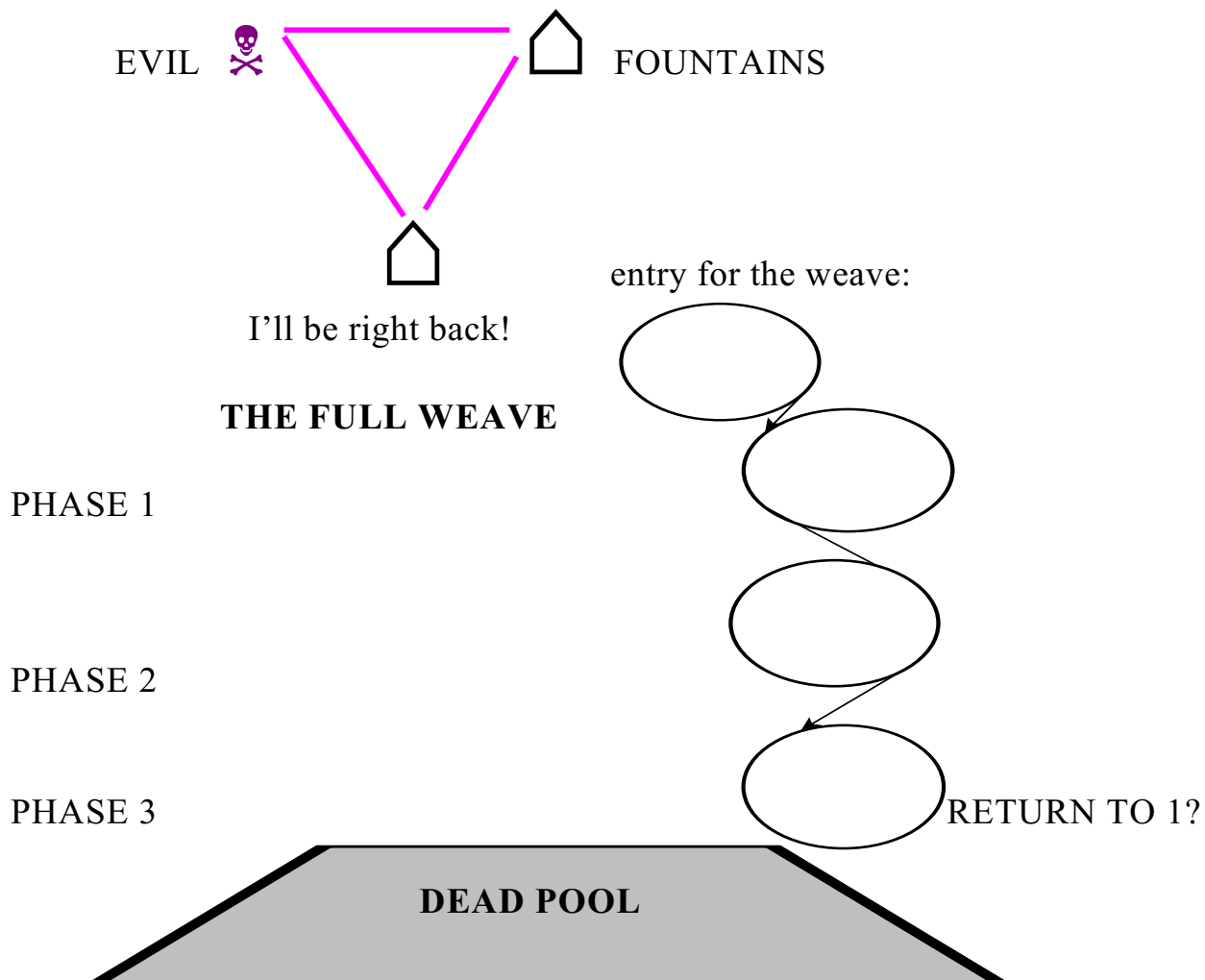
Most people are just bluffing their way through life, but they're lucky to meet other people who are just bluffing too.

-Over time, this hand keeps looking better and better.

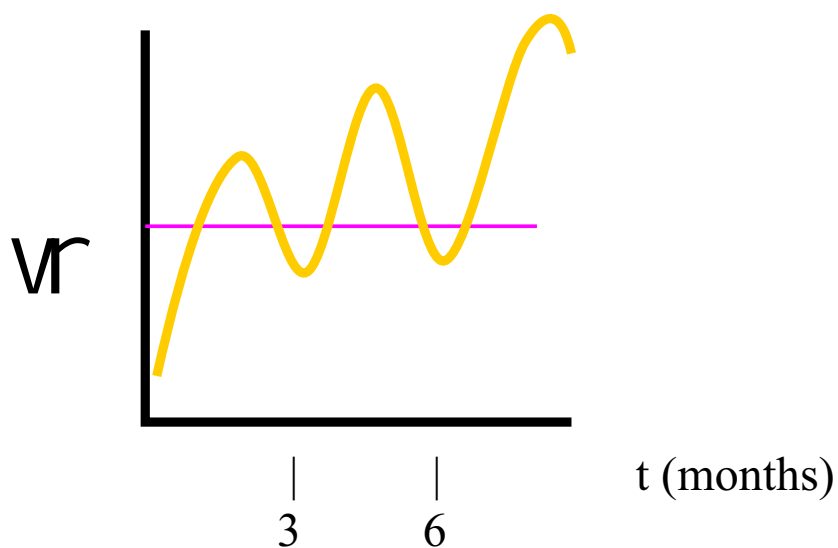
-You just have to convince others of the same thing that you understand yourself.

-I'm learning how to do that!

DESIGN FOR A CLUB: Each element of the architecture accords with the actual development of the night.



THE PARADISE



YEAR ONE: THE IMPERIAL SET

YEAR TWO: THE VAGRANCY CONTINGENT

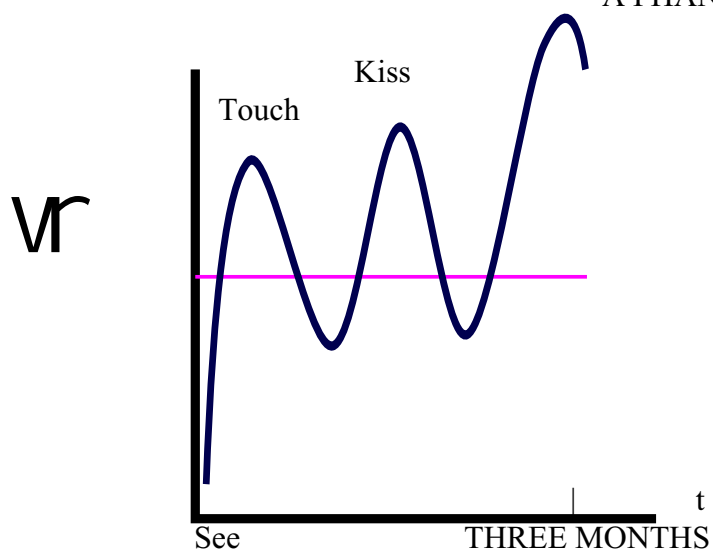
YEAR THREE: THE WEAVE

YEAR FOUR: THE CHARLOTTE STORIES

YEAR FIVE: THERMIDOR

WE NEED SOMEONE TO END THIS SILLINESS!

A PHANTOM



THE MASK

She knew that she would never be able to live up to the to the perfection of features expected here. And if she failed to take account here of her rejection at this stage in her life, then her life would be fraught with the most terrible curse.

–She is dreadful at parties.

The words continued to echo for her. She felt as if her malapropism was reflected in her whole being. When she looked at herself in a mirror, she noticed a mark, like the mark of Cain which might be the true source of her discomfort. The more that she looked at herself, the more that the inappropriate nature of this disfigurement became. None of her friends seemed aware of this misshape. But once she became realized the change, she could think about nothing else

She went to a doctor in the hope that he might cure her of whatever was afflicting her. She feared that her face had been permanently transformed by her malady. She had ceased looking at herself in a the mirror. Her doctor was her only hope. She believed that he could do his best to rid her of the frightful irritant. He used a new procedure to cure her of the disease. He also gave her a cream to apply that would alieve the remaining symptoms. He advised her to wear a mask in the intervening time period so that no one would ask embarrassing question about her condition.

Among her friends she started to her a new mantra.

–You have nothing to worry about!

But she didn't believe her friends. They were just setting her up for the ultimate embarrassment.

The mask that she prepared for herself was virtually undetectable. It was like a layer of powder meant to form to the contours of the face. No one could discover if those contours somehow deviated from a socially imposed norm. Her mask allowed her to fit in perfectly with the expectations of her friends. She felt accepted within their social circle. She shared the same desire to achieve greater serenity through advancement within that circle. She no longer was subject to the doubts that might be an impediment to her happiness.

An observer who strolled in accidentally to one of their get-togethers would be none the wiser about her situation. In fact, her new confidence gave her an air of desirability. She appeared to ride this current as if she was blessed in their midst. It was almost as if everyone strove to be like her.

She came to know herself on the basis of this mask that she had fashioned for herself. She was afraid to look at herself without this medium to shield her from direct self-knowledge. It was all the better that way. The mask could bear the glare of the bright lights. Otherwise, she groped in shadow.

The resultant transformation brought its own consequences. She felt like a Cinderella at the ball. She was waiting for the mask to melt so that she would have to abscond into the night. She would have to return to the dark cavern where she belonged.

Her only hope was to have this mask wedded inescapably to her being. She didn't need a covering of her weakness. She needed to fuse her superior desire with the means to realize her dreams. She demanded utter sanctification of her wishes. She sought a glorious transfiguration.

She had done everything on her own. Only a deeper providence could offer her the the

wherewithal to overcome the sickness of her being. She had been adept at working appearances in her favor. But there was still another realm of existence that had not yielded to her machinations. She sought a more infernal bargain to free her from her anxiety.

–Love is your only hope, dear!

But she felt that she now had the devotion of all the men in this social set. She needed the arrival of a prince who had been knighted by the glorious quest. He would rescue her.

THE PICTURES

He had been sitting in his car for over fifteen minutes. He didn't want to get out. He was waiting to be approached by another man. A passer by. He wanted someone to get in his car with him. He wanted to invite a stranger into his game.

His desire was raw in its frankness. He wasn't looking for talk. And the physical contact only seemed to be an excuse. He simply wanted someone to acknowledge him, acknowledge the same immediacy of desire that was tearing him apart. He was frozen in his indecision.

He turned the key in the ignition and started the car. There was enough gas in the car for a night of driving. And he was certainly on a mission.

There was not much traffic. Barely a car on the road. He saw a car moving slower than his up ahead. He accelerated just enough to pull even with the car. When they both stopped at a light, he looked over at the driver. The other man seemed reluctant to make eye contact. But the lonely man was persistent in his stare. The pursued one looked over briefly. He wanted to speed away, but the light was still red. He felt ashamed for even meeting the gaze of the lonely man. He felt none of that same loneliness. He found the man's glare perverse.

The lonely man continue to look. He started to fondle himself. His partner knew none of this was happening. The lonely man raise his offending hand as if to share in his secret. The reticent partner would have none of this. He pulled his car a little forward so he was ready for the light to change. All this seemed to take forever.

When the other car sped away, the man had little time to react. He could not chase the other car. He had not been taunted into a more dangerous entertainment. He had been summarily rejected. The stranger felt exactly as he did. But he was unable to confront his own monstrous appetites.

When he returned home, he understand that he would have to do a lot more to communicate to his future partners. He was not great with words. But the uncontrollable desire that seized him left him no doubts about what he needed. He could make it happen on his own. But he could do a lot more to convey his intentions.

While he was naked in the mirror, he came to a revelation. He felt no shame about his body. He found it appealing. He believed that others would feel the same way. As he touched himself, he envisioned a way to share his desires with others. They would have to see him this way. There would no longer be any ambiguity about what he wanted to say. The image would be the perfect tool to make known his intentions. The picture would speak for him.

He bought a Polaroid camera. It excited him when he took the money out of his wallet. He knew that he would be successful in his task.

At first, it was difficult to position the camera to get the right kind of shots. He understood that he would have to take all the pictures himself. If he had someone who was willing to take the pictures, there would be no need for the search.

He took all sorts of pictures. At first, he was clothed. There were a number with his shirt off. He felt really daring as he shot himself in the nude. But that was not enough. He would have to share various states of arousal with his desired. Otherwise, they might doubt his actual intentions.

The pictures were crude. Just like his thoughts. He loved their quiriness. It made him excited to look at himself. But he could not stop here.

There was a bar where he went to meet people. But he was always too nervous to speak. Tonight he felt empowered. He pulled the pictures from his pocket and held them in his hand. He was looking for the right guy. There were loads of men in a crowd of other guys. Only a few men by themselves. He found one who was watching the dance floor. He held a drink in his hand.

–These are my pictures. They are pictures of me.

The stranger seemed surprised. But for the moment, he felt that this was the sort of thing that you do here. He looked intently at the pictures and tried to make sense of the psychology of the photographer.

–What do you want me to do?

–Do you like my pictures? Do they make you feel embarrassed?

The picture at the top of the stack was one of the lonely man with a full erection. The stranger did not want to get taken in by this ruse. He felt none of the same desperation.

–Here take your pictures.

The man realized that the pictures were not enough of an introduction. He needed something more immediate. Something live!

He went to the auto supply store and bought a number of mirrors. He positioned them inside the car. Now he could control the focus of his fellow driver.

It was a rainy night when he pulled away from his house. He was afraid that the rain might interfere with his appointed task. But he had worked so hard for this moment. He needed to follow through.

He drove around for hours. He was too nervous to do anything. But he saw a pick up truck pull away from his favorite bar. The driver seemed frustrated by a bad night. When he caught up to his victim, he was ready. He had been stroking himself to get ready. He hardly had to touch himself.

He pulled his mirrors in position.

As he pulled next to the driver of the truck, the lonely man adjusted his mirrors just so. Now the stranger could see him massaging himself. The stranger stared for a moment in disbelief. Then he felt disgust that anyone could come to this!

VOICES

–I really love the sound of your voice. I reached your number accidentally. Your voice sounds so sexy. I need you to call me.

She hardly knew me, but she was already assuming an intimacy with me. It seemed to easy. I copied down the number and rang her back.

–Is this Diane?

I told her who I was.

–I wasn't sure if you'd call.

Of course, she was. She had been waiting since she heard that voice. It had lulled her to sleep the night that she left the message.

I felt tense as I heard her talk. I could feel that I was being sucked into her story. I knew nothing of her. But she was already inviting me into her living room.

–What are you wearing?

I couldn't ask her that yet. But I just imagined her lounging around in something appealing. Her smooth legs rubbed up and down the sofa as she talked. I could hear her purr.

It wasn't going to take much to get me going. Her seductive tones invited me into her world, and I felt myself slip away in the glamour.

–I just took a bath.

I wasn't sure if there was anything that to top her frankness.

–So what are you going to do now?

–Lounge around. Just get the long day of work out of my system.

Maybe I could help her out for whatever that meant.

–I was wondering when you were going to call. Your voice just made me melt. You could get me to do practically anything.

I wonder what were the limits of her imagination. I wanted to test her resilience.

–How did you find my number?

–It was just an accident. I dialed it in error. Then I couldn't figure out how I had made the mistake.

–Wow!

–It's almost fate.

I wasn't sure if I wanted to go that far. But I could imagine her slinky robe hanging off her body.

–You don't waste any words.

–I guess if I see something that I like, I just have to go after it.

–So how far are you willing to go.

–You sound like you're ready to start something.

–I'm ready to start something.

–Do you have what it takes?

–Let's just say that if you saw me. You'd be pleased.

She wasn't holding back anything. This was totally random. But it was playing into my fantasy.

–Tell me more.

–Girls have fantasies too.

–I’m tall. I exercise.

–Are you ready for a work out?

I was confused. She needed to be more explicit.

–What if I just touched you?

–What do you mean?

–If we were together, I could just touch you.

–Yes, you could.

–I’m touching myself now.

What did she expect me to do next.

–What?

–I want you to touch yourself.

I imagined her body as totally electric! I was getting aroused just thinking about her. I unzipped my pants and started to stroke myself.

She was cooing into the phone. I could feel myself surrender to her charms.

–I’m all wet. I want you inside me.

I was sighing as well. This went on for a while. Until I climaxed inside her.

The aftermath was just as enticing.

–We have to meet now.

My suggestion was ominous. There was no way that we could stop now. I was mesmerized. I imagined this night of eternal bliss.

–I have to work tomorrow. There is no way that I can get away.

–I can come over to your place.

–No, I’ll find a way. I’ll meet you at the train station.

The die was cast. I resolved to rush down there. It still would take her a while to get ready. A while to make it over here.

When I finally arrived at the station, I felt that I was becoming absorbed in the crowd. I imagined this fashion model emerging from the evening buzz.

It took a while for her train to make it. As each of the previous trains pulled up, I searched the crowd for her. She told me that she was bringing her work clothes with her. So I looked for her work uniform.

As I caught a glimpse of Diane, the fear gripped me. She was nothing like she had described herself. This was not the athletic Eastern European fashion model of my dreams. I felt evil. I hadn’t been up front about the meeting. And I blamed it on her. Why had I done this?

FACES

–I read you ad. Are you really a stud?

–What are you talking about?

–You know: do you have what it takes.

What did it take? I wondered for a moment. Then I remembered that I had placed an ad

for a musician: *Must own good equipment.* Maybe my wording had been ambiguous.

–Do you play an instrument?

My question only seemed to add to the ambiguity. She continued to play the same game.

–Do you have an instrument of your own?

I felt as if I was going around in circles.

–Of course, I do. That’s why I put the ad in.

–So do you like to do crazy things?

–Where are you going with this?

–Sexually. Are you adventuresome in bed?

I wondered what kind of quiz I was agreeing to.

–I guess that I can be if I have to.

–Maybe you’d like to get together. We could have a little fun.

–I don’t know.

–You ever do it with two women?

–Why all the questions?

–I just want to see what kind of risks that you are willing to take.

–I can hold my own.

–How many times can you achieve orgasm in a night. At least a couple. More on a good night if I’m really turned on.

–I could turn you on.

–You’re not looking for money.

–No. I just like to get a little crazy. Where could we meet?

–There’s a parking lot by Piedmont Park.

–What are you wearing?

–I’ve got on jeans and a yellow shirt. What about you?

–I’m in tight slacks and a t-shirt. You don’t mind if I bring a friend.

–Not at all.

–He’s a guy.

–What are you bringing a guy for? Is he supposed to watch.

–I want you to have sex with him. Then I’ll have sex with you.

–What kind of bargain is this?

–A hard bargain.

–I don’t really want a guy!

–That’s part of the deal. No guy, no girl.

I thought about the prospects. She seemed like a real freak. And I really wanted to observe the two of them without them seeing me. It was still early evening. Safe enough to make it all happen without actually making any actual contact. I just wanted to observe.

–I’ll let you eat me out while he sucks you off.

–I don’t want to be with a guy.

–Honey, I don’t care how good you look. I’m not going to get with you unless you have sex with my friend.

–But we’re getting along so well.

–I’m not desperate even if you are. These are the terms of the deal.

I wasn't sure how to turn the terms more in my favor. She had her own idea.

–Do you do blow? If you have drugs, I could stop on by.

–I'm not really like that.

–How about a guy? Just let him stroke you.

–I'm not going to do a guy.

–No guy, no deal.

I didn't want the negotiations to stop. But I was making no headway. And she was sticking to her guns.

–Just talk to me, baby, as I get myself off!

BODIES

He was becoming absorbed by chat lines. He'd dial up and get connected to other men like himself. There were no physical risks. He could play the fantasy. It something that he had dreamed about when he was a kid. He had spent most of his years hiding in shadows. Now it was all about his desire. There were no restraints!

–Do you ever meet people in person?

He wasn't sure what was being asked.

–I guess if I feel comfortable about the chat.

–You're getting me excited. You'd love to see me naked. I'm hard for you, guy!

–What do you look like?

–I've got a hard body. I work out all the time. I'm 5'10". Brown hair. Long. Cute face. You'd love to touch my cock.

The explicit nature of the talk seemed abrupt. But he wasn't there to talk about real estate.

At this point, he didn't want to admit to touching himself. The talk was getting him aroused. He could take himself to climax. But he wanted to save it all for a real meeting.

–We could meet at the Oxford.

–What?

He wasn't sure if he wanted to really meet. The potential had been a turn on. But an actual meeting was fraught with danger. He had no idea who he was talking with. His hard cock told him to head on down to the Hotel Oxford. But he knew better.

–What room are you in?

–I haven't booked one yet. But I'll leave a note for you at the desk.

He was all ready to go. After hanging up the phone, he rushed to the bathroom. He looked at himself in the mirror. He wasn't that much to look at. He kept promising himself to make his life better. But there was little that he could do to change things. He never went to the gym. And he ate junk food. He tried to make himself presentable.

When he finally arrived at the Oxford, his heart was pumping. This seemed like everything that he dreamed about. And more. He was afraid when he knocked on the door.

His partner was tanned and very athletic. He wore a sleeveless t-shirt.

–Hi, I'm John.

The athletic man laughed.

–We’re all John here!

John tried to keep up. He wondered why he had used his real name. He was no longer playing.

The stranger looked him over.

–You want to take a bath.

–I want to kiss you all over.

–I didn’t bring you here for me.

John had trouble resisting. Everything was happening too quickly. John laughed nervously.

–Why did you bring me here?

–I like you, John. And I know that we could have fun sometime. But I need you to take care of my brother.

–If he looks anything like you!

But he didn’t. He was all shriveled up and collapsed in a corner.

–What do you want me to do with him?

–Everything that you were going to do with me. It would give him such pleasure.

–And afterwards, you’ll get together with me?

–Not tonight. I brought you here for my brother.

John hated this hotel. There was that same rancid smell in the rooms as in the hallway. He just wanted to run from this place.

CHANCES

They decided to enjoy a night on the town. They both loved escaping Stone Mountain to come into the city for a little dancing and adventure. Liz told her about a new place that they could visit. And Terry obliged her.

They found a table and Terry went to the bar to get some drinks.

Terry had his eyes constantly on Liz. He was trying desperately to keep her on a short leash. But she was already hearing a different tune. And she was ready to wander. She wanted to give her own definition to the night.

–I just want to go dance. Come with me.

But Terry hardly felt like a good dancer. From the moment that he started to move, he thought that people were watching him. He began to trip over his feet.

–Let me have a few more drinks. Then I’ll be less self-conscious.

He really believed that he could get over his embarrassment. It had worked before. But tonight, he felt more paranoid than usual.

–Isn’t this a gay bar? I don’t want them thinking that I’m one of them.

–Nonsense.

A tall man approached their table.

–I’m Billy.

He was trying to calm Terry more than flatter Liz.

–Billy, I’m not one of them if that’s what you’re wondering.

Billy tried to set his mind at ease.

–I just wanted to ask the little lady to dance.

–It sounds like fun. Terry, you’re not going to dance. Let me have my fun.

Terry let her go. But he was feeling more disgruntled than ever.

Billy tried to show his moves. But he didn’t want to start a fight with Terry. Liz just took over. And she saw this an opportunity. She was pissed with Terry’s attitude. So she started to grind her ass into Billy’s crotch. He tried to play along. But not too much.

Terry ordered another drink. He was trying to hold back. His beef wasn’t with Billy. It was with Liz.

–Liz, I don’t like this place. I want to get out of here.

–Have another drink. And get one for me.

He had just finished his second. And she was pushing him to drink more.

–I’ve got to drive back. We’re not going to be able to get a cab.

–You’re never this responsible when you’re with your buddies.

He tried to sound conciliatory.

–I don’t have you to take care of.

–I don’t need anyone to take care of me.

–What are you saying?

–I’ve got a fella for the night. So you can just bug off.

–You’re kidding me.

–No, I’m not.

She stumbled around on the dance floor.

–Billy, do you want to take me home.

He wasn’t sure what was going on. He wasn’t looking for a fight. He wasn’t going to go home with another man’s wife. For all he knew, Terry could have a gun in his car.

–I’ll give you a ride if you need it.

She walked back to Terry.

–You can just go. I have ride.

He knew where she wanted to take this. He wasn’t going to go to jail over her antics. He just walked out.

She was completely floored.

–Did you see that?

Billy had already spoken. He just left the place. Liz was now on her own.

The music still blared. And she felt that it was inviting. But her time had already come and gone. She drifted onto Peachtree Street and watched the cars zip past. She saw her chance. As the next car came by, she flagged it down. It wasn’t a cab. Just a passing motorist. She hopped into his car and disappeared into the darkness.

RISKS

Her curtains are pulled open. She seems to be inviting you to look. She appears to stare in your direction. You take this as an invitation as she undresses without blinking an eye. As she takes off her clothes, she appears to be moving to music. This adds to the seductive nature of

what is happening.

You feel guilty that you have taken this vantage point. Maybe it is the appeal of what you are doing that adds to the excitement. It only prolongs your fascination and makes you feel that you are indeed part of what is going on. She is doing this for your benefit. The more that seems involved in what she is doing, the more that you feel that she has given her consent.

From her window, she can barely make out your place. She has never really taken notice of your window. She stares in front of her as she often does, a blank stare. Then she goes about her business. It has been a long day. And she needs to get out of these clothes. They only remind her of work, and she wants to forget any inkling of the tough day.

She pours herself a glass of wine and turns on some music. She gracefully moves through the room. She's never thought of herself as much of a dancer. But she feels so comfortable tonight.

You join her in her reverie. And you want to be part of her dream. You feel that you are intruding on her glorious solitude. But she would no doubt appreciate your understanding. She hesitates before she disrobes completely. Her modesty is a further indication of her consent. She is so at ease. She is uninhibited by your watch.

You concentrate more intently as she seems to enjoy her writhing. You know that you are exaggerating her enthusiasm. But you know that she loves her freedom. You are adding to that feeling of liberation. She is taking you on a journey where you too feel that same exhilaration.

As her panties drop to the floor, you feel as if your vision is complete. Your eyes ride up her smooth legs. There is no shame in her nakedness. She accepts the moment without regret.

You need this sense of comfort. She is splendid in her acceptance of self. Her body betrays no self-doubt. You fall under her spell.

She takes another sip of wine, and this sets her on fire. Her skin is so clear. She rubs her hands along her face. She shakes her black hair.

Her neck seems to beckon for a kiss. But you are trying to maintain the purity of your contact. She has allowed you to observe. You don't want to destroy the moment

You can sense your vision fuse with hers. There is a oneness in your observation. This makes it all OK.

She is again staring into space. This only makes you feel more excited. You are sure that she is telling you something.

She stretches out her whole body. She reaches high into the sky. The line of her body speaks of her strength. The flow testifies to her power. She radiates electricity.

If you question your motive, she has none of that ambiguity that overcomes you. You want her to share that confidence. You want to touch the source of such energy.

She lounges on the couch as if she is exhausted from her exercise. There is a glow that emanates from her skin. She smiles.

There is a mile of darkness that separates you from her. You want to reach into that chasm and pull her out. But you are incredibly separate. You follow the contours of her body to bring to life the vitality that formerly motivated you. Even in its resting state, the body speaks with the same assurance. Nothing distracts you from the understanding that she has offered you. You will return to this experience!

ODDS

She's been so good at fooling other queens. But he's tired of types like himself. He wants one of those *straight boys* who's so used to misleading cute girls. You know the type. He loves looking at himself in the mirror. He is so into self-admiration that no girl can ever live up to his vision of himself. Gwen is going to do what she has to in order to get her man. Even if he has to shock the poor thing. That is why she has been blessed with her own attributes for his very task. Sure, there's some fooling to do. But down deep, this is no game. This is how things have to be. And Gwen will do her part.

He arrives at the bar thinking that is like any other. And for a while he is well-served. He hangs with his preppie friends and works to blend in. All it takes is a stiff drink, and he can fit in practically anywhere. Gwen gives him the eye, but he turns away. He didn't come out to look for action. And he is happy among his friends.

–You were looking my way.

–What?

–You want to buy me a drink, sugar.

–You've got one already.

–It doesn't hurt to have supplies for battle.

He forces a smile. Gwen looks in his eyes.

–You're a shy one.

–Not usually. This place is new for me.

–I guess so.

–I assume that the rules are different here.

–When it comes to love, there are only one set of rules. You let the heart tell you what you need to know.

–I'm not really looking for love. I'm sort of engaged.

–I guess *sort of* looks pretty meager when you wake up alone on a Sunday morning.

–You're a little forward. That's not really respectable in a woman.

–Where did you just come from? Church? A girl's gotta take it when she can; otherwise, someone else will gobble it up.

–I feel like turkey food.

–You're enough to get me going.

–I don't really kiss on the first date.

–I was thinking something a little more risqué.

His buddies marvel when he starts to make out with Gwen.

–He won't be needing a ride home.

–Or maybe he wants to take her back to his place.

–And let Llewellyn catch them in the morning. Isn't he going to Church?

There is no longer any hesitation in the preppie boy. He has gotten what he came here for. He has his reward.

–Do you like oral sex?

–I like whatever you can give me.

The action progresses quickly in Gwen's car. There's no reason to wait for later. After

John has been satisfied, he starts to caress Gwen. When he finds that his paramour is anatomically identical to himself, a strange nausea fills him all over.

–You’re not going to hurt me.

–I don’t know what I want to do.

–You know that you wanted this sort of thing. It’s not as if you really wanted to get to know me. And this was my only way to get someone like you!

–I ought to kill you.

–Just think of me as a ghost.

Needless to say, Llewellyn didn’t meet him for Church.

EVENS

–Why can’t we be friends?

–We are friends!

–You know what I mean. You have to come over for lunch sometime.

–I’d love to. But I don’t really eat lunch. It’s a little complex.

–How about dinner?

–We’re not really ready for that yet!

He didn’t mean to be so reticent. She was offering him her world, and he was just shutting her down. She had nothing to say.

Things were starting to become different for her. It was hard to talk to anyone about it. Maybe she was spending too much time by herself. The shadows were starting to move on their own. It was a new form of existence that was becoming disembodied from the physical world. She tried to talk to Cheryl about this. But she was too involved with her new boy Edwin.

–You just need a guy to make you feel better.

–I asked that one guy to come to lunch. And he laughed at me.

–Did he really laugh?

–He told me that he doesn’t eat lunch.

–Maybe he doesn’t.

–I just think that he was telling me that.

At night, she could hear Cheryl making love to Edwin. She needed to go out for a drink, she needed to get away from this. She didn’t want to start crawling the walls.

–Donna, you can’t take things so seriously.

–That’s the problem. Nothing seems very serious. I just seem to be wandering through my own life.

Cheryl spent the night at Edwin’s. Things seemed crazier with them gone. It was more than the whispers around the apartment. She felt as if someone was watching her. She suddenly realized that she had left the blinds open while she dressed.

She thought about what she had been doing all this time. She realized that she had performed for her observer. This was beyond perverse. She was just trying to cast out the demons. She had danced around the apartment to express her own sense of liberty. But she hadn’t been wearing any clothes. He had been watching her naked.

She admitted her loneliness. However, this was a point where she truly desired her

solitude. She only wanted to feel safe. If this was the price of her freedom, so be it.

She sat on the couch in her robe. Even with the curtains closed, she felt as if he was still there. He wouldn't be crazy enough to try to break into her place. What did she have to worry about? He had already seen enough, enough to get his little brain turning all night long.

–I was watching you.

It was the boy that she liked. She now had this strange feeling that he was the one at the window.

–I didn't mean to do all those things.

He didn't say a thing.

–You weren't supposed to be watching me.

–I was just sitting over there. And I saw you walk over to the bar and get a drink.

–You weren't watching me at my window.

–I don't even know where you live.

She wondered what it would have been like if it had been Matt. It gave him another advantage over her. She didn't like that at all.

INS

She hardly knew what had driven her to this point. But she wanted to work. And money was getting tight. She didn't like to play games. And she wasn't much for pretending. Things were just getting a little out of control. She felt as if she might get evicted from her place. She needed more money than she had been making. And her friend tipped her off about the job. She didn't want to do anything illegal. She had a massive fear of being arrested. But this wasn't really against the law. Rather, it went against what she believed about herself.

She thought that she had grown beyond the strict moralities of her childhood. The preacher might have painted the world as black and white, but he didn't have to survive on a meager salary. Besides, he was a guy, and he never had to deal with the indignities of dirty old men. The older that she got, the more that she believed that all this rigidity of faith was support for a male way of doing things. The disguise just became more prevalent as things went on. She had to let it go.

Even without her faith, she was still held by a strict personal code. Without religion, she felt her own devotion to that code was greater than ever. However, there were still point where she needed to bend the code for her own betterment. She was just afraid that it would all break apart. She was doing everything that she could to keep it together. This was one of those trying moments.

She never thought of herself as an exhibitionist. She hated the stage. And she didn't like the leering stares of foul-minded men. However, she couldn't lock herself in a castle to protect her modesty.

She wasn't up for sharing what she needed to protect. Hiding was the order of the day. So even if she showed part of herself, she would have to don a mask to protect what remained.

She decided that she would have to draw a line. More than that, she needed to make sense about the line that she was drawing. If she was stepping over the line, if she was breaking her promises to herself, then why even try at all. She needed to be more aware about everything

that was going on.

The glare of her own self-consciousness was a trap in itself. If she felt this heat, she might also feel the need to dull that watching eye. A couple of drinks could assuage all her self-doubt. But that road was trouble in itself.

She sat at the bar, and she stared at the drink. She hadn't even taken a sip. That would have been the beginning of the slippery slope. Worse, if some guy came over with his remedy for her troubles. To live behind the mask meant just that. She valued her self-imprisonment greater than she valued her ability to attract sympathizers.

It wasn't as if she lacked admirers. That was part of the problem. She felt as if she was hounded by her fans. Men who thought that they knew her. Guys who told her not to feel so sad. Men who coaxed her to cheer. Guys who told her to smile.

She didn't look dour. But she wasn't going to look happy just to impress some guy. She just didn't do sad well. And if there was a smirk on her face, maybe it was because she had discovered a wry humor in the world around her.

Perhaps this was the source of her new confidence. She realized all along that she had a sense of humor. And she had found out a new way to spread that delight to those around her. Maybe this would help her cover whatever shame that she felt.

–Aren't you going to finish that drink?

–No thanks. That would just be the beginning of something that I need to stop before it happens.

Her words were a mouthful. Did any of it make any sense to the bartender. Maybe. She headed off to do her work.

OUTS

She was still a little groggy from the night before. As she woke up, she realized that she had ended up here. At first, she thought that she was in a jail cell, or worse.

He was sleeping next to her, soundly sleeping. She needed to review everything that had happened on the night before. Her fears seemed greater than ever. And it was a little difficult to be analytical at a moment like this. The drink still clouded her head. She wasn't used to ending up in such compromising situations. But she was still wearing her clothes so that was some consolation.

She looked at the rude type next to her. What excuse had she offered him so that he would share his bed with her? She rubbed her face in the hope that she could feel the trace of any random kisses from the night before.

It was slowly coming back to her. Although the memories were a little disjointed. A bunch of jump cuts. She was trying to edit back the sequences of her life. If she needed time for this process, she had to be quick. She wanted to put Humpty Dumpty back together again before lover boy woke from his precious slumber.

Actually a good drink would add to her clarity at this point. But that same attitude had led to the present disaster. As she reviewed the events of the night before, she realized no amorous interludes had made an impression on her. She felt gracefully untouched by Romeo's advances. So how had she ended up here in the first place.

She had accustomed herself to the attention of men. And it was hard to cure herself from that narcotic. So her desire only seemed to feed on itself. That was probably the beginning of her downfall last night. His elegant apartment suggested that he was quite aware of the ins and outs of flattery. He had spent his nights perfecting his craft. And as she was already attuned to this sort of interplay, she was ripe for his picking. She had resisted him in her own way, but this only encouraged him to give chase. And last night, she had been more particularly vulnerable. It was not enough to engage her opponent. She needed to count a victory in her column.

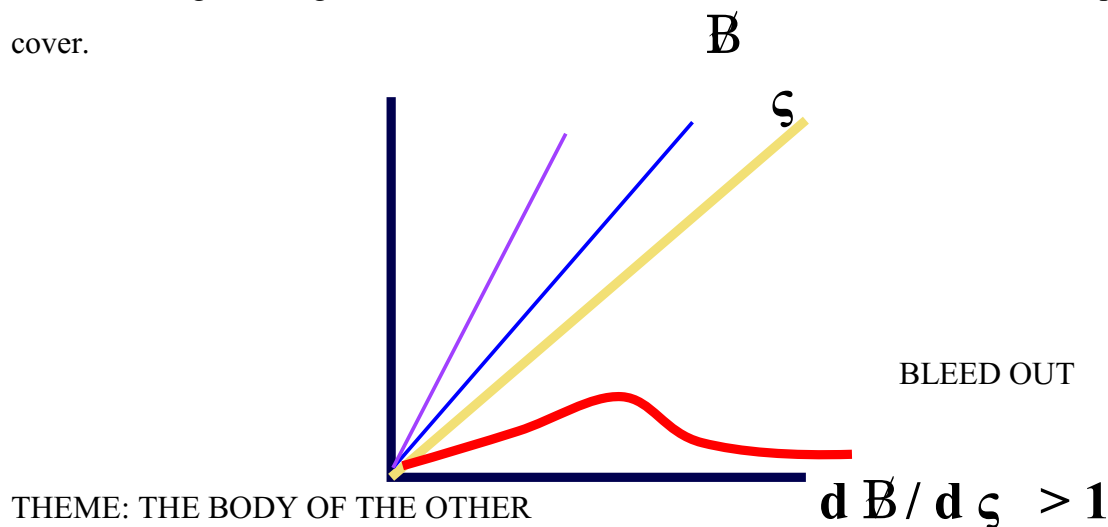
She had only begun to fight. But she wasn't going to get anywhere passed out next to him. If the battle had left her unscathed, she needed to take the spoils of nattiness. She still didn't put on her shoes in the hopes that she wouldn't wake him. She simply surveyed the site of her campaign. She need to decide what to do to claim her win.

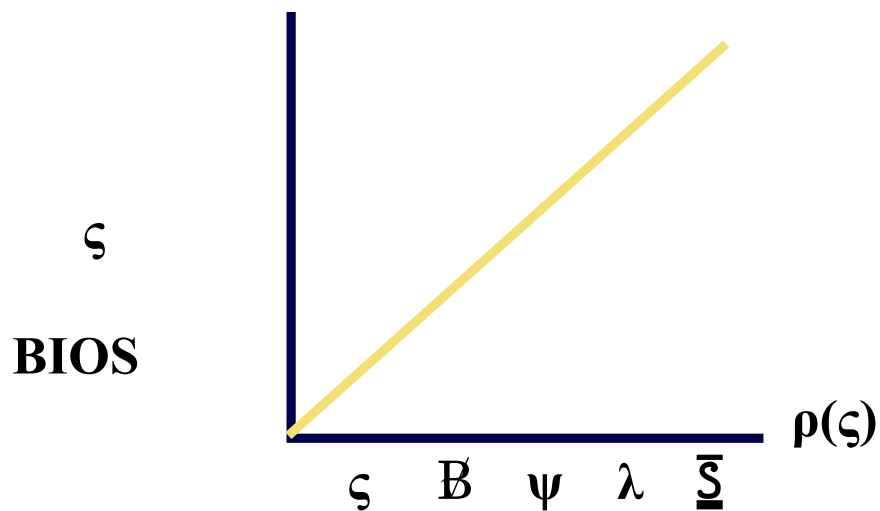
He may have muttered in his sleep, but he was oblivious to the call of her wild. She saw her purse was on his coffee table. And she went through it to make sure all her valuables were there. How much had she spent last night? She made an accounting of her finances as he continued his journey in the land of nod.

She obviously hadn't worried about her sleepwear. But he had been a little more concerned. His pants were neatly folded over a chair. And his wallet was bulging from one of the pockets. This really wasn't her style, but she reached over to pull it out. What was a girl like her worth?

There were over twelve hundred dollars in there. How much would a good night of partying have cost him. Maybe eight hundred. That would hardly cover the cost of her damaged reputation. But if she left him a little, he might have wondered about his profligate tastes. Even if he had doubts, he could hardly accuse her without risking further embarrassment. He just had to let it go!

She placed the lighter wallet back in the pants. She had no intention of seeing this character again. If he ran into her at work, she could get security to make short work of him. She had already worked through this scenario. To add insult to injury, she found a spare key and locked herself out. He was so drunk, he wouldn't even remember that she was up there with him. It was a good thing that she smoothed over her side of the bed. Neatness is the perfect cover.

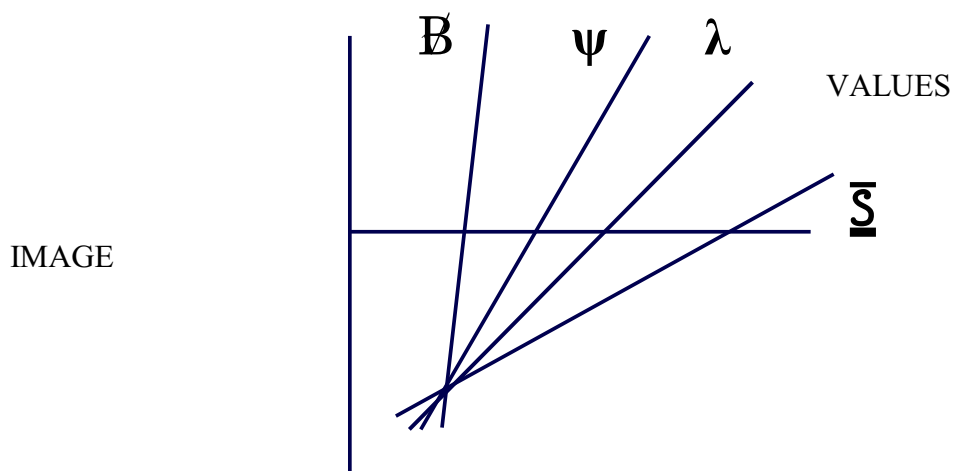




PATH OF BIOLOGICAL SYSTEM

system	ζ
body of another	B
calculation	ψ
will	λ
application	\bar{S}

PATH OF THE BIOLOGICAL SYSTEM PROJECTED ON A SINGLE LINE



THE PRESENT STATE OF THE MACHINE IS $\phi(A)$

$$\phi(A) = A$$

THE NEXT STAGE FOR THE MACHINE IS $\psi(B)$

$$\psi(B) = A$$

B is the path for A

$$\rho(A) = B$$

ORDERED PAIR: (A,B)

A with its path B

NEW NARRATIVE

CRUCIAL	LEARNS THE CRUCIALITIES
THE KING	SENDS HIM ON A MISSION
THE ELVES MIGHT HELP	OR THEY COULD BE A PROBLEM
THE EVIL QUEEN (Q♠)	CONSPIRES TO KIDNAP
THE CHANNEL 11 WEATHER GIRL	SUNNY DAZE
CONTINUITY	Q to S to U to V

M: my story	I MUST CONFESS
Q THE IMAGE OF	THE PRINCESS
Ô CRUCIAL IS DISTRACTED	BY AN EVIL TEMPTRESS
QUESTIONS OF SEXUAL IDENTITY	BEYOND GENDER
THE REVELATION	BY THE DEAD POOL
THE CHASE	CHASING TIME!
WILL I GET IN RESTLESS WITHOUT A WAIT, WITHOUT PAYING	YOU ARE HERE
NOW WHAT DO I DO?	
BODIES	THE BODY OF ANOTHER
DISEMBODIED	what drives me
PUNISHMENT	physical reaction that is connected to some other physical reaction
SPECTACLE	thought-emotion that finds its physical expression in another thought-emotion
TOUCH	I need to sleep. You'll be OK tomorrow!

(A, CLONES, KÉ, THEA) HOLDING IN RESERVE.

(A⁺/)

–This place is getting pretty crazy. Can I get you a drink.
I'm OK. (She looks over at the bar.) I don't think that they're
serving. The lights are on!

–I've got no one to go home to except my little cat Fluffy.

–A big guy like you has a cat named Fluffy.

–My ex named him! And when she left, she took everything except Fluff!

Calculate how you can derive

$$(A, \text{CLONES}, \text{KÉ}, \text{THEA}) = \Theta (\mathcal{D}, \Leftrightarrow m, \triangle, \bar{\tau})$$

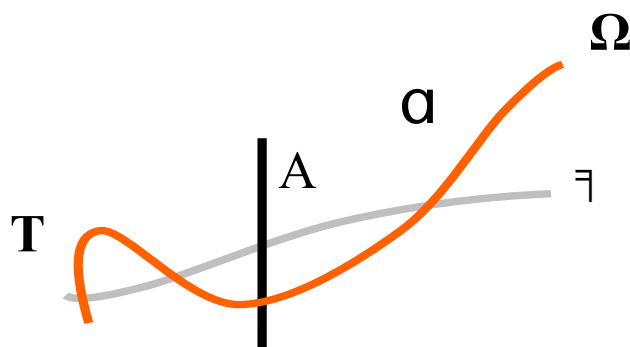
$$\int_{\bar{\tau}}^T \mathcal{D}(t) dt = \Theta$$

(a later calculation.)

INSTEAD

$$\int_{\bar{\tau}}^T \sigma(t) dt = \mathcal{D}(t)$$

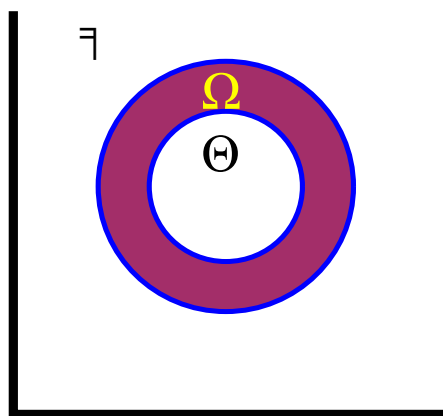
$$\int_{\bar{\tau}}^T \mathcal{D}(t) dt = \Omega$$



The theory as established in Dovsky's well-known monograph: ***DISTRIBUTION OF DESIRE***.

How he could put into practice the formal description that he offered in his seminal work. All variables tend towards a hyper-value Ω .

$$\int_{\bar{\tau}}^T \int_{\bar{\tau}}^T \sigma(t) dt = \Omega(T) - \Omega(\bar{\tau})$$



CRUCIAL WEAVES HIS WAY THROUGH THE Ω !

The key notion is putting into practice of his theory. If we start with a value Ω , what is the set of associated values.

In the initial enumeration, he offered six terms:

$$\langle \mathbf{M}, \Theta, \Delta, \mathbf{T}, \Phi, \mathbf{X} \rangle$$

He then proposes a walk through these variables from an observation function:

$$\sigma(\mathbf{t})$$

Disturb the observation $\sigma_0(\mathbf{t}) = w(\mathbf{t})$

Rhythm of disturbance as granted in the term: ζ ;

And the function over time. $\zeta(\mathbf{t})$

–It's something like a dance beat.

–Right. It's an observable articulation of the

WRITERS PARADISE: some ambiguous sexual interplay
 COLLEGE WRITERS CLUB: Her hair is curly.

I get a summer job. I become ill.

She walks by me.

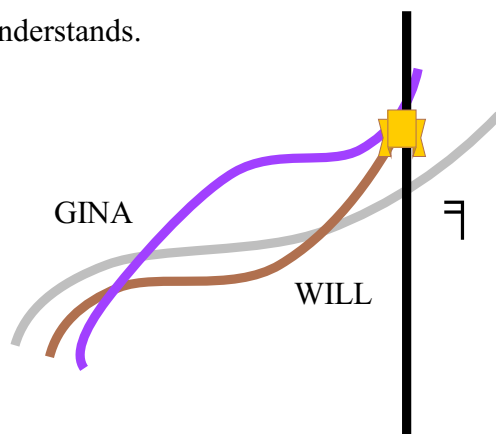
Eva
 I write her name on the blackboard.
 Enchantra

Florence: I play a little piano.
 I have seen her everywhere that I have gone. And now I actually have the opportunity to talk to her.
 –I lost 2000 francs.
 –It's only money.

<Laurie> represent all the \neg characters. She is not caught up in the ambiguities of the night.

C: I elaborate the Crucialities!

GINA understands.



- GINA 1. USED BY THE NIGHT!
 2. UNDERSTANDS THE PARTY SEARCH!
 3. I DON'T WANT TO DO MY HOME WORK!
 4. I CAN'T HELP MYSELF!

Gina is caught in the night. Will follows her closely, and they engage their own narrative.
 –Will is a fascist sympathizer.
 –That's just an excuse to deal with the disinterest of Gina.

If you can figure out the score of the music, then you can calculate the effects that it has on you. This goes beyond simply constructing a playlist of the night and acquiring the songs on the list. It means knowing how to create the actual music. An informed dance has the ability to recognize the terms of delight and reproduce their overall pattern to capture the actual interplay of the night. Eventually this permits changing the effect to make it more pleasing.

$$\xi'(t) = \theta(t)$$

To serve an intent, the performance creates a continuity among the elements of the score.

Without a score, the performers make do with other sensations to give the impression of a continuity in the show.

$$\xi'(t) = \theta(t)$$

$$\xi(t) = \mu(t) > \check{S}(t) \quad \neg(t)$$

What goes on outside the club attempts to mimic the same sensation of completeness. They act out the scenario of the movie, *The Hunger*, where there are multiple lines of pleasure. The suggestion of immortality in pleasure.

To create a novel

H(t) The setting that would support the order of the narrative

H(t) $\tilde{N}(t)$

The narrative of this place, more than the club, the zone of infinite pleasures without restriction.

The image as consistency of feeling

seek that consistency

the application of the remedy α

THE IMAGE THAT WOULD CURE EVERYTHING!

go out at night

seek to arrive at that sensation

the feeling

repeat the experience until it reaches that level

$h(t)$ repeat the feeling!

appealing flavor	<i>f</i>
the most cloying sweet	<i>e</i>
the repeated value	<i>h</i> (t)

F FICTION

Ñ NARRATIVE *N*

a pursuit of pleasure

sustained
talk about it
take over all the other time

as work
and beyond work

MAINSTREAM LEVERAGED IT
RESTLESS THE NUMBERS
NEW CULTURE
NEW MUSIC

Scheherazade (Charlotte) Question: Does the feeling of hearing the story have the same intensity as the actual experience?

access of actual experience
you can reach out and touch the person

can't get close enough
the story provides an access that the actual experience does not
armed with the story
YOU GO OUT!

The story is much more exciting than the actual event.	$\mathcal{R}(t) > \mathcal{F}(t)$	
There is someone who is willing to rescue me from this hell of going out.	$\mathcal{R}(t) > \mathcal{F}(t)$ THE UPDATED RESCUE DILEMMA	
Realize that it is hell.	$\mathcal{F}(t) >$	
Hold on until I get a good reading of the night.	$X = e^{\ln x}$ $\ln x$ is the reading	
	$e^B \ln x$	e^B THE MACHINE
		later becomes \mathcal{P}
Scheherazade (Charlotte) Question Does the feeling of hearing the story have the same intensity as the actual experience?		
		rest up work and make it back
		make it back
		where were you a little detour

IMPASSE: I have nothing to say to you.

YOU CAN'T PASS BY ME AGAIN WITHOUT SAYING SOMETHING!

θ	λ
Λ	Θ

$$\int_{\lambda}^{\theta} \Theta \, dx = \theta \Theta - \lambda \Lambda$$

DISTANCE FROM CORE VALUE

$$\left[(\theta \Theta - \lambda \Lambda) - M/R \right]^{1/2}$$

The frozen field
it lies fallow

$$\mathcal{R}(t)$$

$$\mathcal{R}(t) > \mathcal{F}(t)$$

THE UPDATED RESCUE DILEMMA

What does he need to do so that he can get her out of this story?

–This is more than a fiction. She greater appeal in this game. She wants to be a

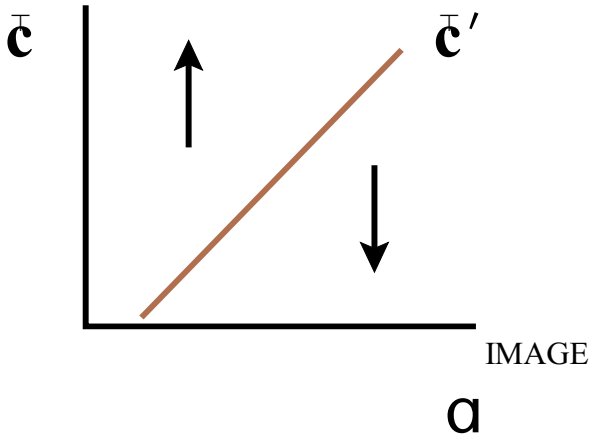
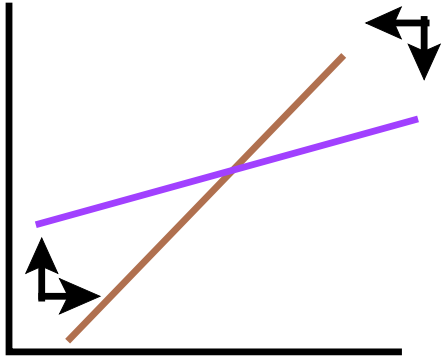
contestant. An A among the $\mathcal{R}(t)$.

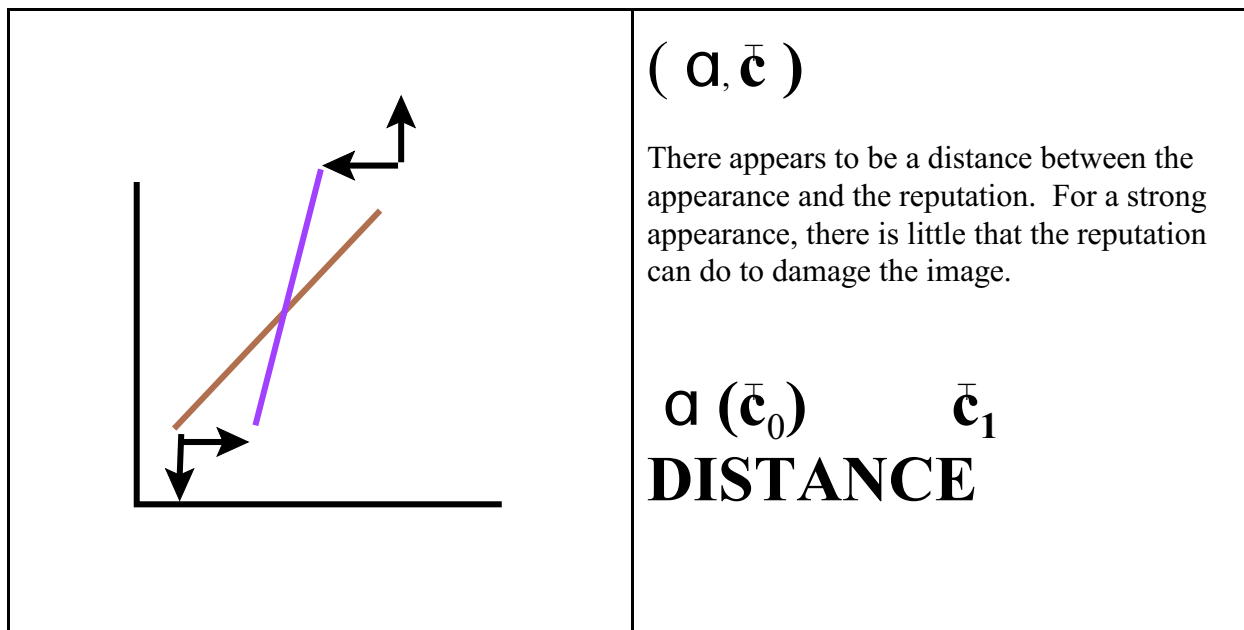
Does someone have grand designs for my life?

–They have grander designs for you rival!

-I have to cultivate my reputation. \bar{c}

-You first need an appropriate image. a

<p>REPUTATION</p>  <p>IMAGE</p> <p>a</p>	<p>I want you to take care of me.</p> <p>I want you to</p> <p>I want you to suck me off!</p> <p>(a, \bar{c})</p> <p>$\bar{c}' = -a + \bar{c}$</p>
	<p>$a' = -a + \sigma \bar{c}$</p> <p>Don't let it go to your head!</p>



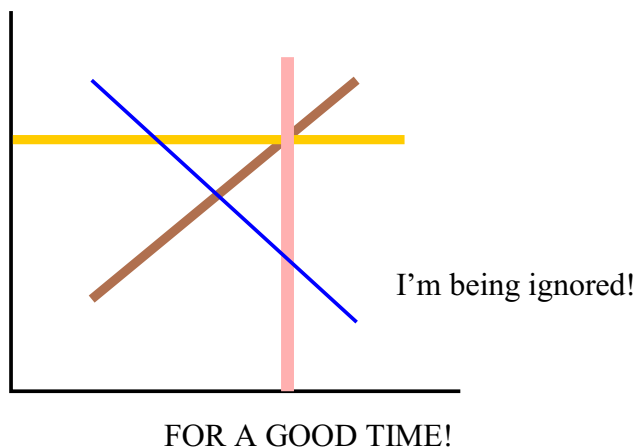
<p>To trace is to play. To play is to trace. The trace of a play.</p> <p>I play by leaving a mark. The trace of a play. I play the trace.</p> <p>The play of a trace is a play. The play of a trace.</p> <p>The trace of a play is a trace. The trace of a play.</p>		<p>Do you have any cards to play?</p> <p>I call your bet and raise you!</p>
	<p>I want to watch without being seen!</p>	
	<p>What do we have here? Did you even see me coming in?</p>	<p>Sentences that I remember. That I repeat!</p>
<p>It hurts to speak!</p>		
<p>I have a new role for you!</p>		

<p>every detail of my life write it down notice a pattern</p>	<p>□ (σ) → ζ</p> <p>FATIGUE</p> <p>(ζ) → □</p> <p>PUSH INTO THE NIGHT</p> <p>(□) fatigue Before fatigue sets in: (ζ) →</p>	<p>Why do you come here?</p> <p>To reorder the day. To push out so far that it makes it impossible to maintain the order of the day.</p> <p>–How do you survive? –I’m figuring that out. By a new alchemy!</p> <p>That’s what the first pioneers discovered. They were forced to push into the wilderness in the hopes of satisfying their more fervent desires!</p>
---	--	--

–I have discovered the malleability of the written word. This is the source of the imagination and the journey that it suggests.

Γ: I’m not used to being treated like this!

I’m a high priced commodity.



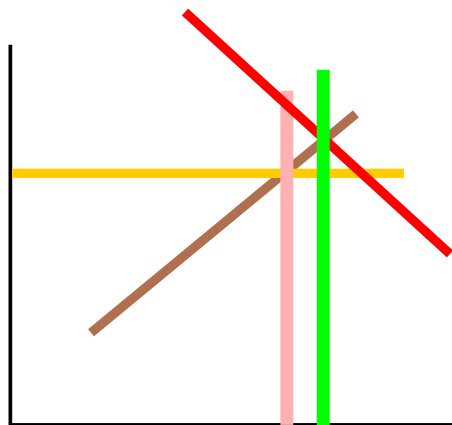
–Are you leaving?

–I hate it here.

(Aside)

–She’s used to being swarmed by men from the moment that she walks in.

–No one's paying any attention to me.



NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

w: Why do you come here?

–To try to forget what I'm supposed to remember.

ℓ

Why do you come here?

–To establish the balance!

ζ.

Image of the night

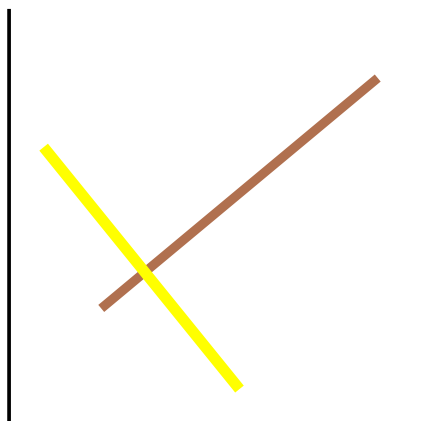
$V_{\zeta} = \eta(\mathbf{t})$

I can't leave until I establish an *image of the night*.

ℒ

To push deeper into the night. Stripping of the self and its associated attributes

The appeals of the auto-recognition. And then pushing beyond!



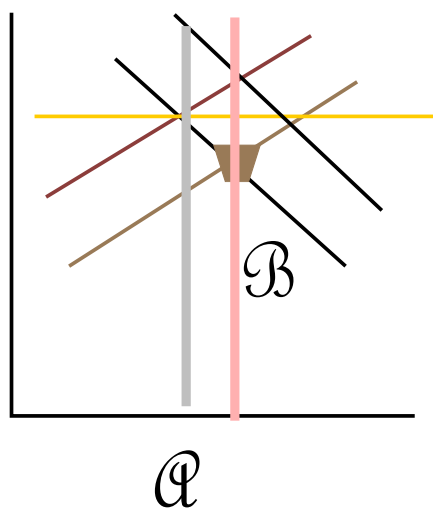
THE THWARTING OF DESIRE!

If the costs of desire become so dear, then the actor will not even engage in attempting contact. He will realize the appeals of some other sort of stimulation. The seasoned outsider will not understand what is going on. She may suffer immediate frustration and vacate the premises. Only if there is some other appeal to catch her interest, if she has already been prepared by some wondrous delight that is displayed here.

- This place really is so boring.
- We come here almost every night of the week.
- That's no excuse!

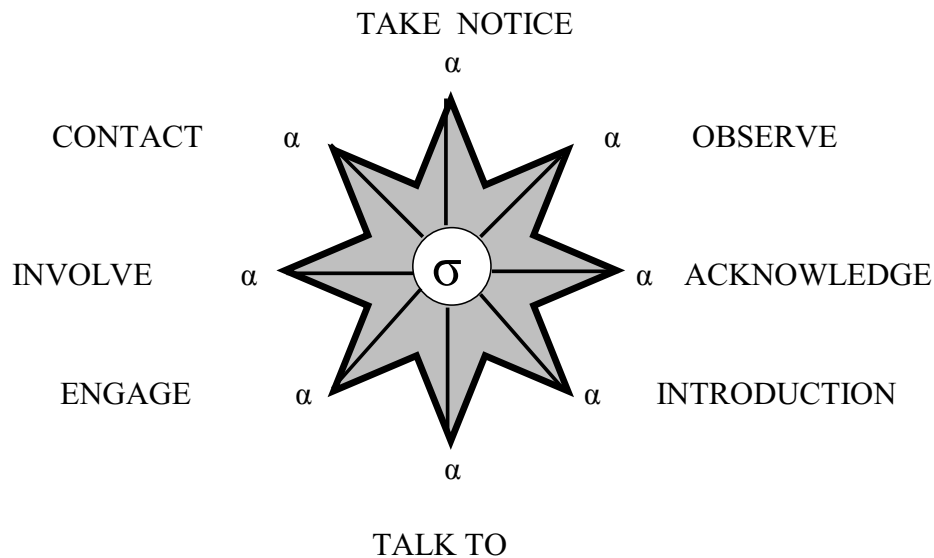
σ	what I see.	τ	Get it started!
ρ		THE FOCUS OF AWARENESS	
$\ln A$		image of A get close to surveillance	
$e^{\ln \rho + \ln A}$		MODEL OF THE MACHINE	
$\rho \log \rho A = A$		THE MACHINE OFFERS AN IMAGE!	
$@^a$		The social scene offers an image!	
a		The image. He is in proximity. He sizes her up. He wants her!	
(s)		She likes it! He seems like the hero! The hero seems shrill!	

$@^b = \beta$	He takes her.
$m\sigma$	I want it!
mt	He gets what I want.
$\lambda\alpha$	I envision it! That hurts! I am the villain!
ξ^e	It really stimulates me!
$\xi_{\lambda\alpha}$	Image of possession!
$\phi(\xi), \phi(\sigma), \phi(1)$	Enumeration of characters/
$\phi(\sigma) \mathcal{A}$	Impasse.
$\phi(\sigma) \omega_1 / \mathcal{A}$	I am the Comte de Crucial!



He cannot afford the costs of the encounter.

Le comte makes contact!



ALL REFERENCE POINTS ARE AN EXTENSION OF THE INITIAL OBSERVATION!

$\theta'(t)$

$\mu'(t)$

The music is getting worse

The excitement of the night gets everyone moving at a frenetic pace

$\theta''(t)$

The DJ is saving some dance floor gems.

σ

I am here!

Or it could be anywhere.

$m\sigma$

I am distracted enough to look at something.

She walks on by!

α

I want her!

I want to talk to her.

$\alpha = m\sigma$

μ'

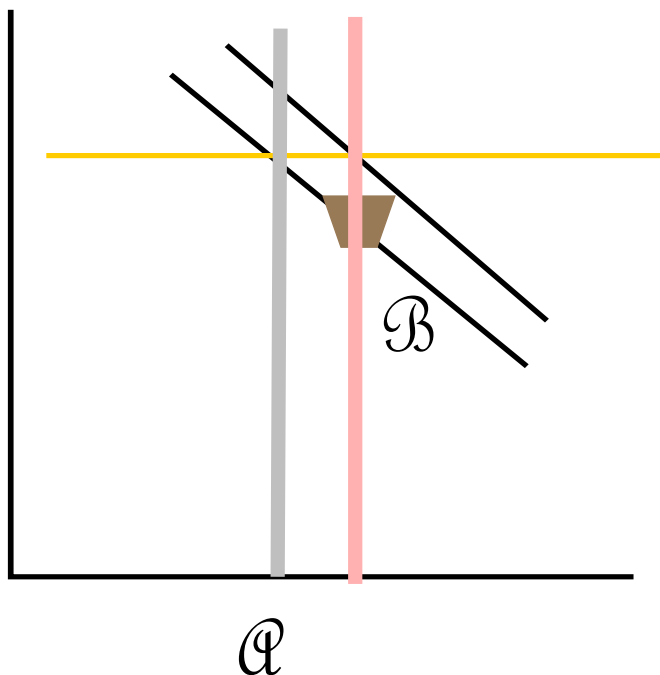
ζ the image of the night

$\bar{\omega}$ By affect. The image of affect. If you spend this much time with her, this is the affect.

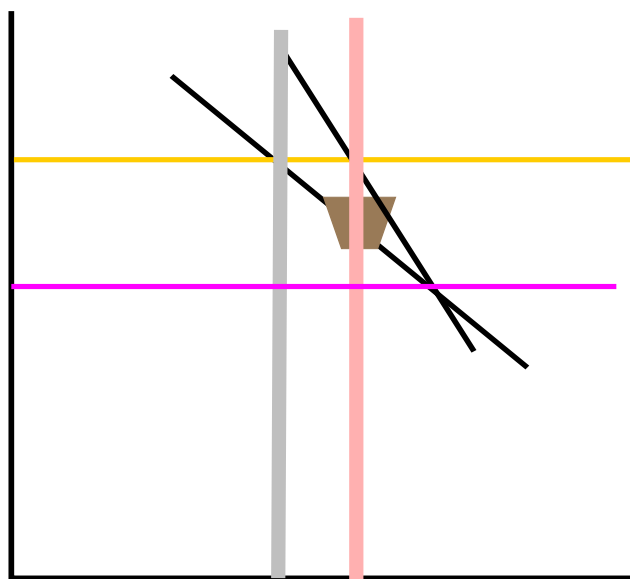
ω By touch. The image of touch!

If the story tale is recorded from a single point of observation (σ), all notice of the object of attention (α) is equivalent. The notice coincides with the character in the tale. This also is coincident with the resolution.

coincide directly with α



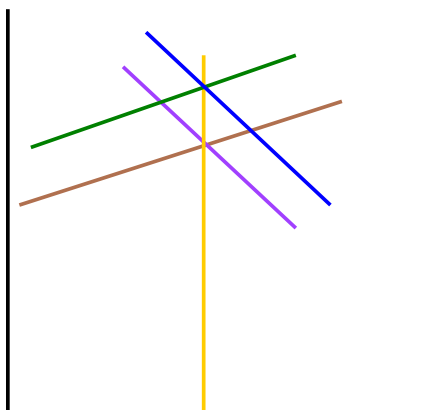
WHAT HE WANTS! WHAT I WANT! HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS!



I want what he wants. The image of what he wants.

Strive harder and increases price which increases distance.

It's not making any sense.

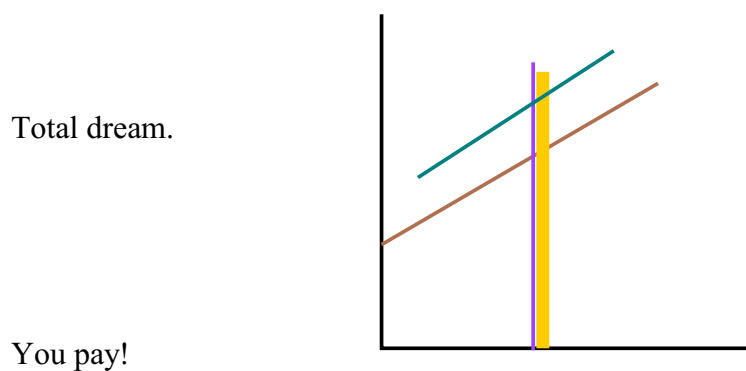


You want Thea, but you can't afford her. You increase your effort and the returns again put you in proximity of Thea.

What does effort. Are you actually purchasing her.

- You are using your efforts to create a proximity to her?
- Proximity?
- It means that she will be affected by your efforts on her part.

–That still makes no sense.



Price increase. YOU PAY!

There is no resilience here. No matter how high the price is raised, you will pay.

ON the courtyard of Restless, *she* was the only person next to me.

–I want you!

–Are you even human? I asked.

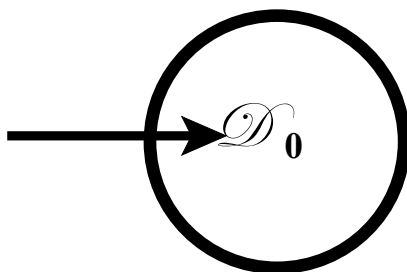
This is the degree zero of desire!

[Ñ: Narrative: You have to fill in all other detail from the dialogue.]

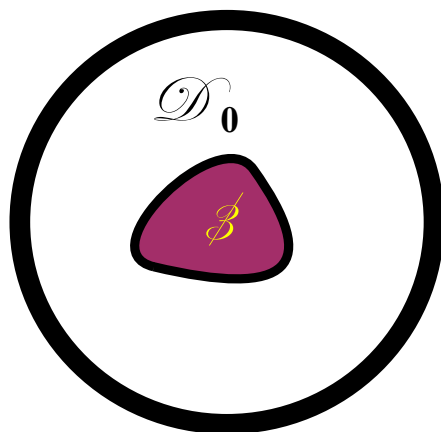
For the function for desire, $\mathcal{D}(t)$.

This is the *absolute minimum* of intent. $\mathcal{D}'(t) = 0$

$\mathcal{D}''(t) > 0$



PUSH DEEPER INTO THE NIGHT! BEYOND DESIRE!



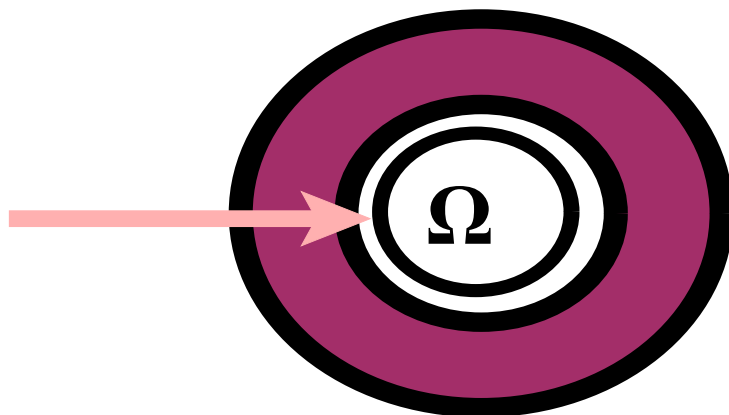
–Did you feel that?

–What are you talking about?

[It's like an earthquake. You either feel it. Or you're not there!]

I was in the field behind my house. I was taking notes. I started to contemplate the mystery of descending to a depth of Ω .

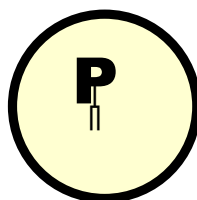
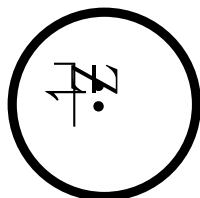
It seemed to coincide with some calculations that I made.



THE FORMAL CALCULATIONS:

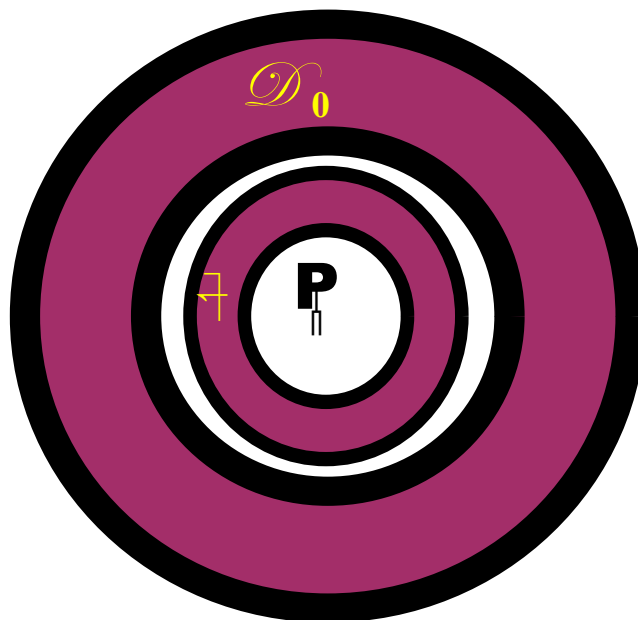
$$\eta_1 \rho_1 + \eta_1 \rho_2 + \eta_2 \rho_1 + \eta_1 \rho_3 + \eta_2 \rho_2 + \eta_3 \rho_1 + \dots$$

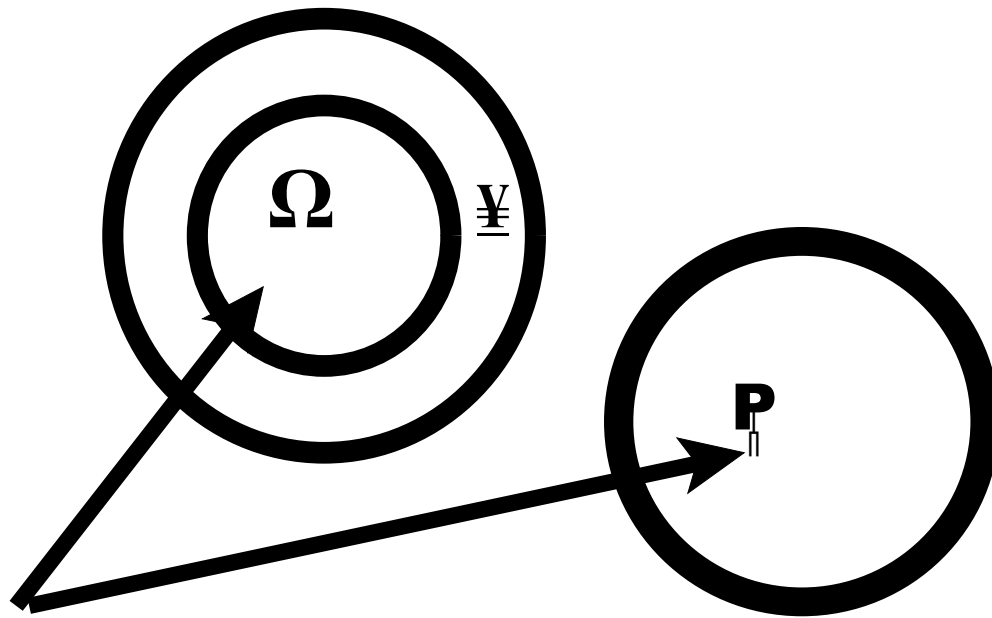
$$= \sum_i \eta_i \sum_j \rho_j = \sum_k \chi_k$$



I had encountered *THE PARADISE!*

The formalism, ∇ , allows us to push deeper towards *THE PARADISE, P!*





Crucial seeks the Princess. He is courteous.

\mathcal{D}_0 The Princess is not available.

\tilde{N} : If she walks in, I'll be ready for her!

We're waiting for the Paradise.

She will bring the PARADISE!

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

–Because I can!

SET UP THE NARRATIVE: \tilde{N}

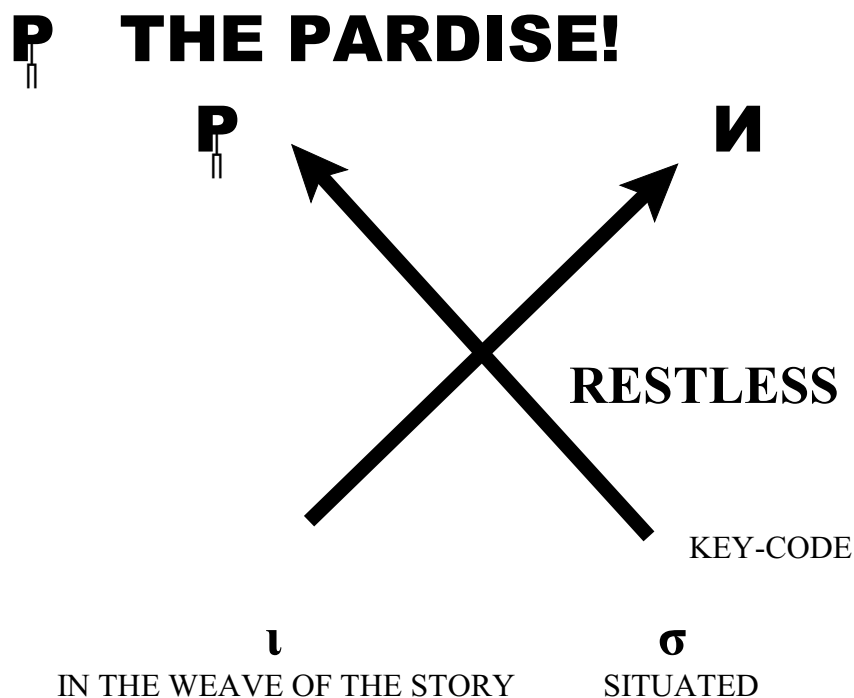
Ω EXPLORE AS FAR AS PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE, TO THE EDGE OF FATIGUE!

∇ FORMALISM

\yen An intense physical exertion!

\mathcal{D}_0 Sterilization of DESIRE!

\mathcal{B} Beyond DESIRE! NEUTRALIZED!



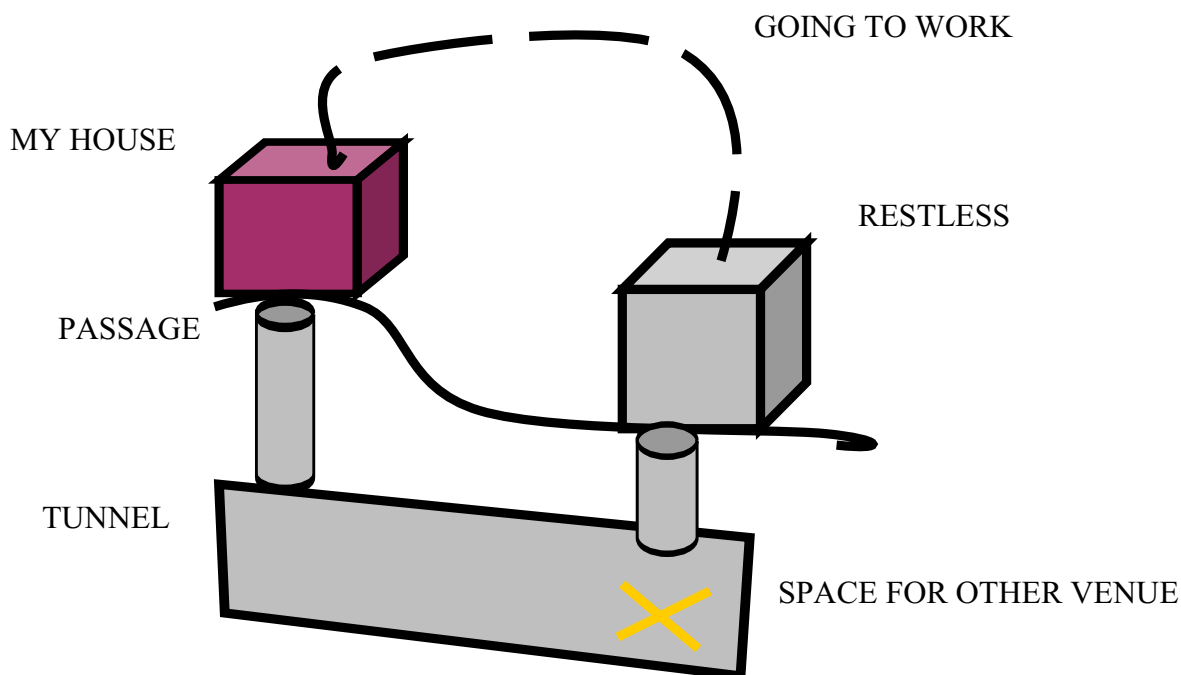
I don't think that we could be any clearer about what is going on here! We enter from different places. I start with my play, like a move in chess, or a hand in cards. It's how I get started. But there's another game going on here. And for a moment, we come to some kind of understanding, and then it fades away. I am looking for the my key-code which will unlock all the elements of my story. But it is no longer my story. It is my story in this place Restless. Something that I am trying to figure out this morning. It is 9:30 AM, and I am just staring to leave. What am I doing here?

RESCUE AND CONTINUITY

My apartment is in a house. My house is psychically connected to the space of RESTLESS. This connection is revealed in dreams or uncovered in fiction.

In actual fact, the house is three blocks from RESTLESS.

<What we are proposing is that there are a set of tunnels that leads from one location to another. In an even more radical model, the true locus of action, the source of the psychic energy is this underground venue that is linked to RESTLESS.>



If the map is a complete image of the continuous psychic space, there are experiences that occur outside of this space. But they all return to this psychic space.

I could go to work. But this is only a occasional displacement away from the same space.

LAWS OF LOVE

You hope to catch your friend's lover flirting with a modern Lothario.

–I didn't need you to remind me of my life.

<This is just a game with no reference to my actual life.>

–You just wish that she was flirting with you.

You were keeping tabs on her. Protecting the law of lovers because you knew that you could take all the liberties that you needed with her conscience and then send her packing back to her lover.

JUST BEAT TO THE LAW

–I've got a great place in Stone Mountain. Maybe we could just hang out for a night.

–Are you kidding?

–You just gave me one of those looks.

–There was no risk.

I feel that I'm fated to always hang around with girls who eat canned tuna fish.

–I actually feed tuna to my cat.

–Just make sure that you don’t fall in love with one of those club girls who doesn’t have all the cards in the deck.

LAWS OF LOVE	
JUDGE	suffers for the law
VOYEUR	makes sure the law is obeyed
GOSSIP	spreads the law around
CLUB GIRL	plays all her cards at once
VICTIM OF LOVE	she’s just looking for a place to hang

The police cruiser pulled up next to her while she stood at the street corner.

–Mam, you need to get in the car.

–I was only looking for a ride to Marietta.

–I’m going to give yo a ride to Marietta Street. Then it’s a straight shot from there to the police station.

–I wasn’t harming anyone. My friend told me to meet him here. And he just took off. So he left me here. All I need was a ride. I’ve got money.

–Are you offering me a bribe.

–No, sir, officer. But I could make you feel really good.

He had sworn to himself that he was going to quite this kind of thing. Internal Affairs had already come down on a few of his friends. And he could use a couple more arrests to make things look good.

–Do you have anyone for me? You could turn on some kids, and I could go easy on you. She didn’t really trust cops. But she was really desperate.

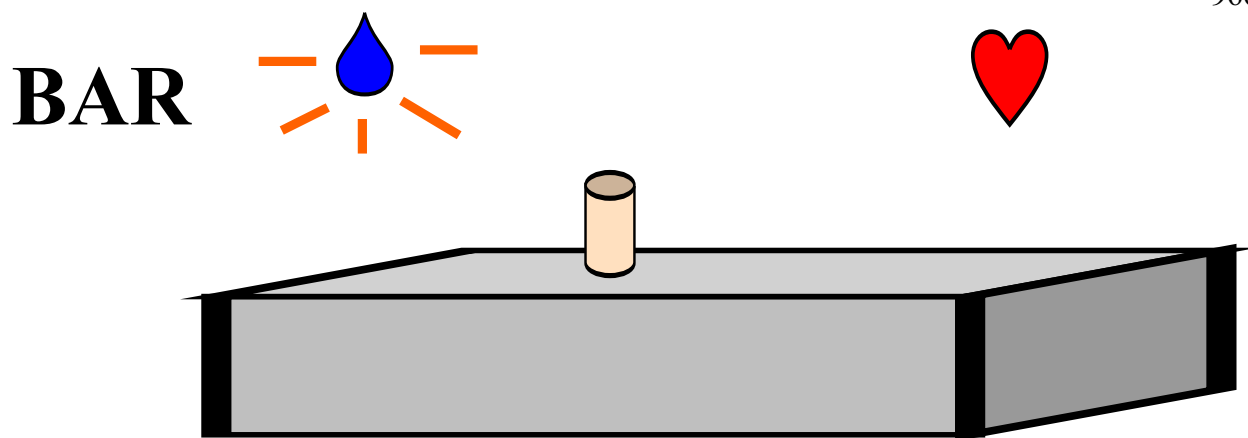
–I’m really better at making friends instead of enemies.

She hardly looked like an informant for IAD. And she was pretty well helpless to do whatever he wanted.

–Do you have drugs on you? I’m not going to let you go if you have drugs.

What was he going to do, search her?

–I’m clean!



–What can I get you?

$\psi(\theta)$ MORE OF WHAT YOU'VE GOT!

θ : This is what I listen to at home. I can feel it. Something is going to happen.

–Want to come back to my place and listen to this song?

MAGIC DRINK

It is more of the same. But just what you need. It is a MAGIC DRINK. Drink it up. Something will happen. And you hope that its effervescence will last the whole night. You work to prolong that sensation as long as possible.

As it fades, you need more of the same. It takes you out of yourself and helps you attain an entryway to that special place. That inner sanctum. This has been the promise of the night. The magic potion has transported outside of the meager resources of the bar into a sanctified place that has been reserved just for you.

Once you have been let in, you do not want to leave. This is your paradise. At least it is a temporary paradise. And you float on its artificial delights.

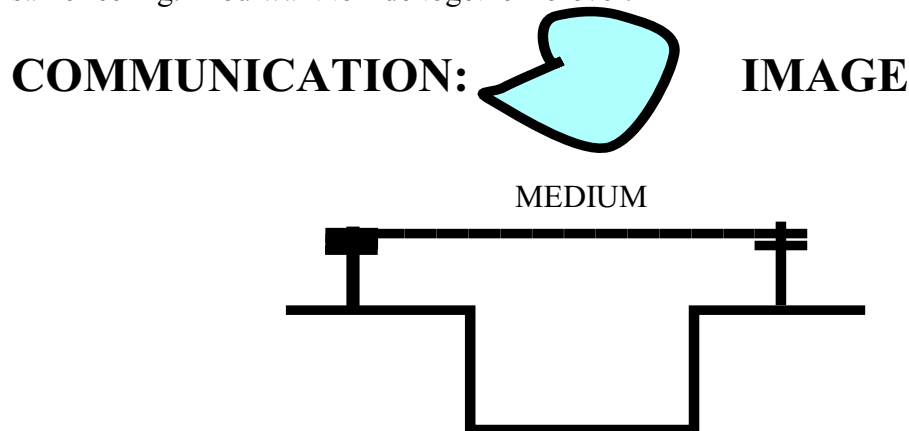
Any doubts that you may have had before this moment are erased. There is music playing here that explains everything. It all makes sense.

If you are lucky, the music itself could be your portal. It is just what you expected, but you have never heard this song played over the big system. And what was only possibility, is now reality. You feel it deep in the marrow of your bones. This is the life spring. And you drink of its waters.

This special kind of hearing engages more than simple listening. All the longing that was expressed in the song now offers you a transcendence. The body is out of itself. You are floating on air. The immediacy of this connection is overwhelming. At first, you were reaching across a chasm. Now you touch something solid.

You don't need anything else. You have this enlightenment, and you would do anything to make it last. You want to share it. You look around. And for a few lucky souls, there is this

same feeling. You want to ride together forever.



There are lines that link you together. It's not in the words. It's not in the touch. All that exists is part of your faith. And this faith is supported by an image. All you have is this image. And it is conveyed between the two of you through a medium. It is like an ether. Just as sound waves are transmitted through the air, this connection is communicated through this medium. And from the communication, you are able to piece together an image, a shared image.

Besides this shared image, all else is an illusion. An impression. It's like a strong drink. The moment that it hits, it has a continuous reality. Its solid impression is so intense that you feel that it will last forever. But the impression is only temporary.

Touch is the same. An embrace, a kiss, has all the potency of a forever. But another time, another night, and she is wrapped in the arms of another. And you are attracted by new delights. The magic of that eventful time has worn off. Unless there is some image that connects it all, a deep impression that links together these two spaces. Without this connection, there is nothing.

She felt as if she was chasing ghosts. This was all part of the intermittent quality of communication. It was all about assumption. Even touch could only be temporary. It was the poison that sent you out for good. Who lurked in these shadows. And each invitation only offered further invitation. So were the infinite reflections of the IMAGE.

IMAGE

Represent the image as a distinct feeling, another image that more clearly conveys a sense of satisfaction.

In the actual experience, this feeling could ease the transition from desire to actual physical satisfaction.

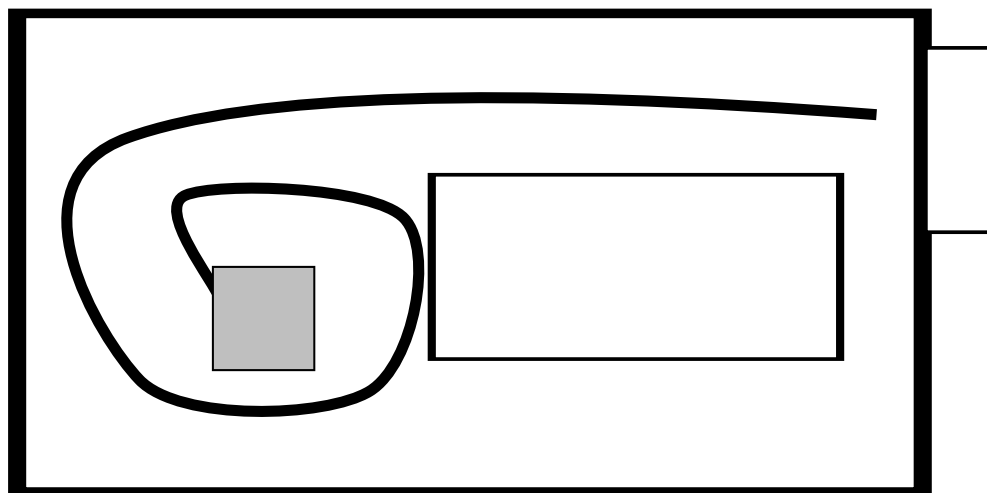
- Is something wrong?
- I don't know.
- You seem afraid to touch me.
- It's not that. I just don't know how to let go.

Once the embrace occurs, the self just surrenders itself to what follows. But that initial hesitancy makes things impossible.

- You have to give in to the feeling.
- I'm not sure about that.
- Don't you want me?
- I just want things to be right

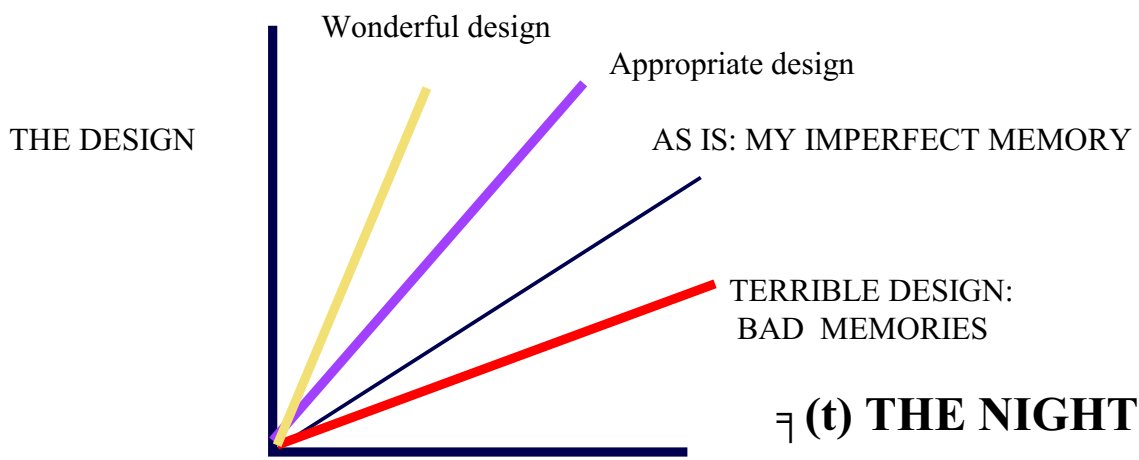
For a brief flash he felt invincible. Everyone around wanted to share in his power. And he was flattered by the attention.

He hated the fact that people might consider him vain or not a man of substance. On the other hand, if he had this power, he hoped that he would never lose it. He dreaded the day when he felt washed up. So he aspired after a pinnacle where this brilliance would not fade.



DESIGN FOR A NEW CLUB

We're already way beyond you on this. We've got note on designs of designs. It's too late to make things right. You just have to work with what we've got!



IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE DRUG TRIP!

DAY 1	DAY 2	DAY 3	DAY 4	DAY 5	DAY 6	DAY 7
Γ	ϕ	α	β	$\mathcal{V}r_0$	ρ	$\mathcal{V}O$
$\exists (t)$ $\theta > 0$ $\mu > 0$	$\bar{O} = \emptyset$ $\theta' > 0$ $\mu' > 0$ \mathcal{F}	\mathcal{S}	\mathcal{D}	ω	\mathbf{P}	\mathcal{Q}
\mathbf{A}	$\psi(\mathbf{B})$	$\mathbf{K}\clubsuit \mathbf{J}\clubsuit$ $10\clubsuit$ $\mathbf{Q}\clubsuit$ $\psi(\theta)$	$\mathcal{V}r$	$\textcircled{\parallel}$	\mathcal{C}	$\textcircled{\square}$
α	$\bar{\omega}$	\pounds	$\mathcal{N}\mathcal{E}$	\mathcal{S}	$\mathbf{a}, \bar{\mathbf{c}}$	\mathcal{Z}
θ	R_{reserve} \ominus	\mathcal{F}	\mathcal{N}	$\textcircled{\parallel}$	$\theta'' > 0$ $\mu'' > 0$ \mathcal{F}	\mathcal{X}

When I tell you that I like you!

I like this song!

I've never heard music like this before! I don't want to leave. I need to come back tomorrow.

R_{eserve}

If you don't deplete your reserve, you probably can escape the influence of RESTLESS. Otherwise, the effects seem to be more permanent. Only the story can fully capture the deleterious effects. Otherwise, it just seems that you've been lost for a night or two of bad

entertainment.

Are you coming?

–No, it’s too fun here.

		X[0,p] X[0,0] I want some rice.	X[0, 0] some rice. X[0,p] too much	I’ll pay! [1,p]	HOW? [2,p]	I’ll give you my life. You can only do that so many times!
--	--	--	---	--------------------	---------------	---

He let me touch him in the bathroom.

She let me feel her up in the dark corner.

–Do you want to come back to my place.

–No, I think that I’ll stay.

–Have you seen Ben?

–Not in a while.

–Tell him that I’m looking for him,.

–Everyone is looking for him.

<Ben is protected, Tex is obvious, Clay tells everyone what he does>

Are you coming?

–It’s too fun here now.

$\mathfrak{R}(t)$

–What is that song?

–We already know!

–It’s a secret.

–Have you heard the secret song yet?

–He won’t play it! It’s too good for this place. Even he admits that. He doesn’t want to waste it.

–Everyone would just start doing things to himself.

–That has a perverse ring.

–I hate these new people. They all think that they have their own identities.

–They’re just a new bunch of queens. And, girl, a queen is a queen. By any other name, that rose would smell just as sweet.

–Now suck on that!

–We do.

–Is the passageway closing up?

–I’m not sure. If no one else goes through, it will start to fold in on itself until the entryway just disappears.

DAY ONE

STAY OR GO!

–I heard about this really fun place to hang out!

–I’m heading to the library. Do you want to come with me?

–I heard about this really cool bookstore. They serve coffee there. They have all the books that we need.

BOOK

–I found this really cool book.

–What kind of writing is that?

–It’s English. Just a weird kind of writing!

–I’ve never seen anything like that before.

–It does look weird. Like signs for spells or something.

SPELLS

–For the moment, we’ll agree that spell stuff is nonsense.

–So what does this writing mean?

–It’s like a clock. It takes the hours of the day, and twists them in this weird arrangement. It’s as if we never left the apartment.

–This is really fascinating!

AMUSEMENTS

–Isn’t that some kind of sexual symbolism.

–Like sex positions.

–More like levels of delight.

–Is that actually related to something physical?

–Are you asking me if you can get the same sensation by just looking at the symbols.

–I was wondering.

CONCENTRATION

–I think it’s like a picture. An abstract. You have to look at it awhile for it all to make sense.

–We’ve been looking for a while already.

–I think that it’s a special kind of looking. Like an intense concentration.

–It makes me afraid just thinking about this kind of shit.

–Maybe we should close the book.

–Nothing doing!

CHAOS

–If I had known that this was what it was about, I don't think that I would have come here.

–Doesn't it turn you on?

–I think that I have to feel something more real if it's going to really turn me on!

–What could be more real than this. Pain?

DAY ONE

STAY OR GO!

I hear about this club. I'm told that it's a really cool place with the latest music and a really talented-DJ. I show up. It seems that everyone is giving me the weirdest looks. But in their own way, they are ignoring me. I feel like a ghost. I can't even get the bartender's attention. No one approaches me. No one looks me in the eye.

The music is constant! I don't recognize any of the songs. It all seems weird. Everyone here is dressed the same. This somber look. There are flashes of elegance. But everything seems so snobby. This is not at all a place for me. I want to leave.

My friend has disappeared in the crowd. And I don't have a ride. I still can't get a drink. This seems hopeless. I try to lose myself by watching the dancers. There just seems no chemistry among the people here. Everyone seems absorbed by her own image in the mirror. No one is afraid of the mirror. Each person is absorbed by the reflection. I can't take this. I am surprised that they even have an image. They all seem so empty.

My patience is starting to wear thin. If I could just hone in on something appealing, I could let myself go. I could dwell on the immediate magic captivating me.

I see a couple kissing in the corner. There is nothing loving in their embrace. They also seem as if they have been ostracized by the rest of the clubgoers. This is perverse. It only encourages the couple more. They don't know each other. But they give so freely of each other.

DAY 2

Γ I hear about this club. And I go there. But I don't feel as if I belong.

\nexists (t) And the music is kind of strange. But after a while I just get caught up in the whole thing. I need to leave so that I can get up early. But I feel this strange attraction to what is going on.

$\theta(t) > 0$

$\mu(t) > 0$ I start dancing. I can't remember if someone actually pulled me to dance floor. The music just keep me moving for the rest of the night.

A Someone smiles at me. I want to get close to her.

α I watch her walk over and talk to her friends. She just seems to be the life of the party. And I keep dancing in hopes that I can get closer to her.

θ And I really should leave. And I eventually drag myself out of there. And in the morning I wonder if maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

ϕ And I end up going back the next night. And it all happens like it did before. And I get caught up in the music.

$\bar{O} = \not{O}$ I feel like I should leave. I'm afraid that I'm going to be tired. But I don't let it bother me. I need to forget work and become part of this.

$\theta'(t) > 0$

$\mu'(t) > 0$ And the music keeps getting better. It reminds me of last night. But now I feel that I am part of it all. I don't want to leave.

\mathbb{T} There is something happening here that is more than about the music or the drinking. This is a whole way of life. And I find it so appealing.

$\psi(\mathbf{B})$ I can't find the girl from last night. But I see someone else who dances just like her. She too seems to be the life of the party. Everyone gather around her. She seems to understand. I stare at her. And she smiles.

\bar{W} Later in the night, I decide to buy her a drink. And we talk. And I really like her. She is everything about this place. At least for this moment.

\mathbf{R} eserve But maybe I'm just trying to make excuses for why I am here. And I have had a lot to drink. I still need to make it home.

\ominus When I get home, all that I can think about is how much fun I have had. And the music still blares in my ears. And I wanted to kiss that girl that I met. Everything was moving so quickly. I need to slow it down. I need to catch my breath.

DAY 3

\mathbf{Q} Tonight is different than the rest. That secret society that I first observed is more evident. And I am looking at someone more lovely than I had noticed before. She does not belong of this earth. She is dangerously thin. And immensely self-absorbed. But I cannot take my eyes off her.

\mathcal{S} I realize that things are different. I am turning my back on my old life. I haven't quit my job. But I feel that I am just hanging on. I have crossed over into another realm of existence. I still walk on the earth. But my heart has ascended to this ethereal place.

$\mathbf{K}\clubsuit \mathbf{J}\clubsuit 10\clubsuit$

$\mathbf{Q}\clubsuit$ I notice a whole new crew hanging around my new vision of loveliness. They are both her rivals and her allies. It is as if she is here to lure in the unsuspecting like myself. I can only watch what is going on. I feel as if my money is no longer good here.

$\psi(\theta)$ There is an energy here that is so wonderful. And I drink to try to keep up. But it is moving beyond my abilities/

\mathbf{f} She is staring at me now. And I move over to talk to her. But she has vanished before my

eyes.

F There is a script here that links all these characters together. I want to figure out what it is. I want to learn the words. I want to be part of it. I want a role.

DAY 4

B I become easily distracted from my initial attraction. Perhaps this is some sort of initiation. I can smell desire. Her perfume is heavy.

D I know that I have become detoured from the path. There is something so raw, so elemental in what I am feeling.

Vr I wonder how different is this game than others that I have known before. I have seen games played around the office. I have been part of other social circles. This time I feel as if I am getting eaten up faster. I don't have many defenses,

NE I still can't think about anything else. The image of the girl last night burns on my brain. I can't do anything but think about her. This has nothing to do with that secret society. But it captivates me all the same.

N I have started my own story. And I want to get back to the first tale. But it seems to difficult. I just give in to what is going on.

DAY 5

Vr₀ I know that I am getting caught up in something. She recognizes me from the past nights here. I have become a regular. This is my life.

W We hit it off immediately. And I can't help myself. I am so into her body.

⊕ I feel this power when I am with her. We are making out in a corner like there is no tomorrow. There is none. When I come back, I will find someone else. I feel that this is my disease.

§ I don't know where she took me. But I just go away with her. Anywhere. Somewhere.

⊕
|| I need this to keep happening over and over again. I need to keep it all fresh. I need to forget everything that is messing with my life. I want to remember the feeling. I don't want to

remember the characters.

DAY 6

P I am now initiated into my own secret society. There is no separation between what I desire and what I see. It will eventually become part of me.

P I have discovered the road to the Paradise. It gives me a reason to keep coming here.

C I have gone beyond the need to have a script. I have stumbled on a whole way of living. What is truly necessary so that I can be myself.

a, c And what I now see is a reflection of that inner core of my feeling. It all radiates from the same source.

$\theta'' > 0$

$\mu'' > 0$

F We are all here to here this new music. And it transports the body to a lofty place. It requires a whole new way of living.

DAY 7

VO I can't be wrong. I need to impose my vision on the world.

Q She is ready to give me what I want. I need to convince her, to convince everyone.

□ I am all scattered. If this place didn't exist, I would go crazy! I need to hold it together. I need to make myself whole here.

ζ What I see, what I feel, all makes a deep impression on me.

X I am crossing over to the other side.

I am no longer alive!

ALL DAYS

There is something that has attracted me here. It is in the music. It has taken me over. I

hear it singing all around me. She knows it too. But I can't speak to her about it. Because it is more than this. More than she hears. More than the music that they play.

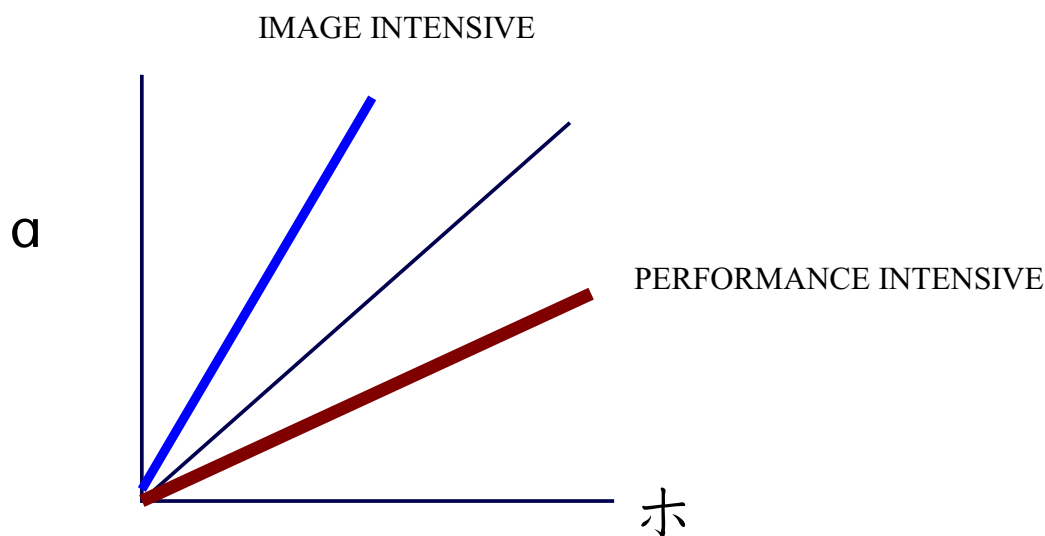
I have sought my own society. I need to share what I feel with someone. But I don't want to get caught up in their descent.

I am ready to cross over into the Paradise. But the Paradise imposes itself by its very denial. It is not felt in a kiss, but the utter denial of the kiss. This feeling existing in reverse.

I embrace this new passion. It renders me paralyzed to do anything else. It is there for just a few moments. I spend nights trying to bring back that feeling. I know that it will come back.

And every few nights, there is new blood ready to open themselves to that same pulse that I feel in veins. Oh, the agony. Oh, the ecstasy.

Instead of image, he cultivate his performance. He becomes a better dancer. He learns how to play the piano!



THE CHOICE OF THE PURSE SUGGESTS THAT SHE MIGHT ASPIRE FOR MORE!



SHE WANTS A FEW OUTRAGEOUS OUTFITS!

BUT SHE'S WILLING TO SETTLE FOR HER LIFE!

She started with such promise. And she was never the type just to fit in. But it just took too much effort to try to be different. She had found just the right mix. There were more important things to worry about. And then she could contemplate new shoes!

NIGHT BLINDNESS

I thought that I was supposed to get married. I was looking for a man who would be devoted to me. I got a job after college. Nothing special. But it gave me a sense of identity. I accepted things as they were. I hated it. But it gave me security. I loved the feeling of being protected.

If I ever went to a bar after work, it was to let off some steam. I'd even flirt with guys at the bar. But I wasn't going to go home with any of them. I thought that they were trashy. I didn't want to think of myself that way.

When it got too late at night, I'd look at my watch and tell myself to go home. I never compromised with my commitment to myself. Sure I gave some guys my number on a napkin. But when they'd call the next day, I'd let them know that I had a real life. And I wasn't going to be abducted to some strange land.

It didn't matter if I teased a guy here and there. The key was to be out of there way before closing time. I didn't want my resolve to melt when the lights came on. I never wanted to look desperate.

Things became scary now and then. But I stuck to my principles. I knew that it would just take one mistake, and I would let it all slip. I could deal with temptation, but I couldn't countenance any actual lapses. I was firm with myself.

Guys understood where I was weak. They would prime me with drinks. And try to take advantage over my naivete. But I had something of value that they couldn't touch, my character. So I muddled along. And I did what I needed to get done.

A few times, things went a little far. I'd be making out with some guy, and he'd try to stick his hand under my skirt. But I knew where to stop things. I knew when to leave. Another drink or two, and I would be a goner. For what? I'd hate myself if I really took any of this type home. I heard stories. And that's all that it would be. These guys weren't the marrying kind. I knew what I wanted for myself.

–What are you going to do when that perfect man of yours runs off with some bimbo?

–It's not going to happen.

–How can you be so sure?

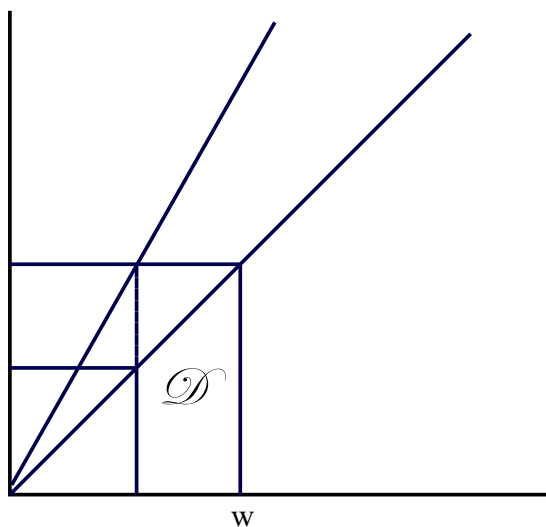
–I know what I'm looking for.

I felt that I had such self-control. There had to be a guy just like me.

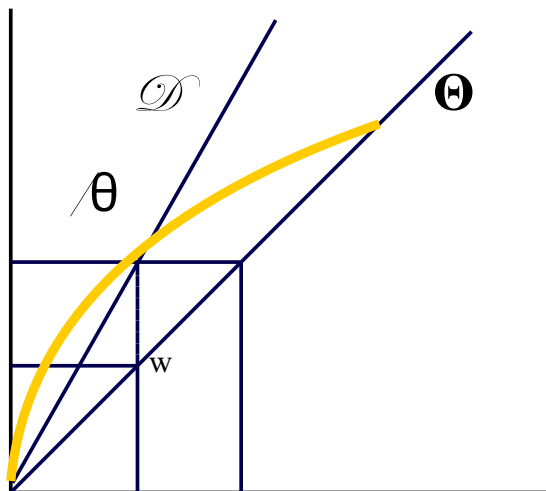
Down deep, I did feel a little shallow. What was there to my life than the need to attract the perfect guy. And beyond that, I was just a bundle of nerves. Even when things looked bad, I kept the faith.

What else is important in life except your chance to live your dream! I hated to sound like a Pollyanna, but I wanted my own slice of the pie. If it meant that I needed to sacrifice, I accepted that side of things. That was what made me whole! It prevented me from just going insane. And when things started to get rough, I would find my girls and just party.

There wasn't anything that complex in my life. I liked it that way.



I feel blessed

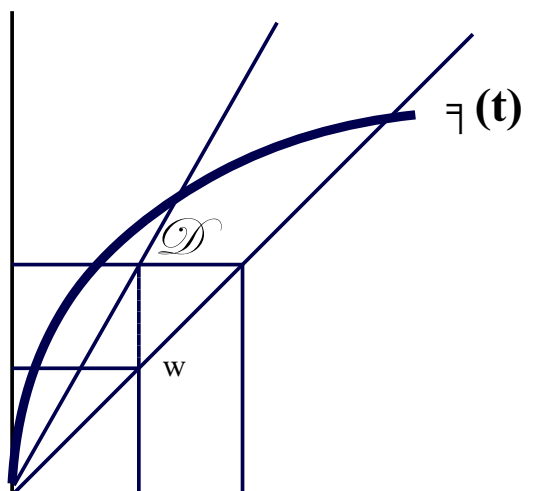


A series of reserves guarantee that the DESIRE of the FORTUNATE will be blessed with a solid return.

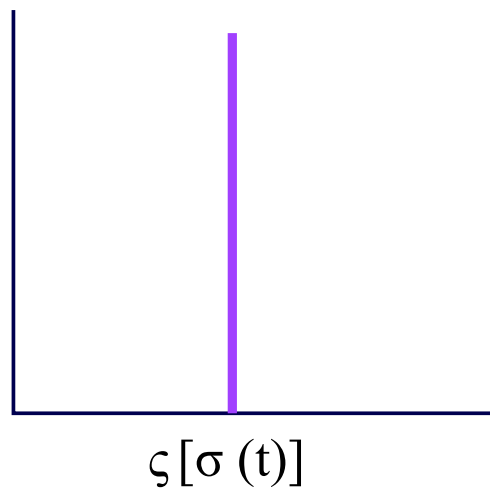
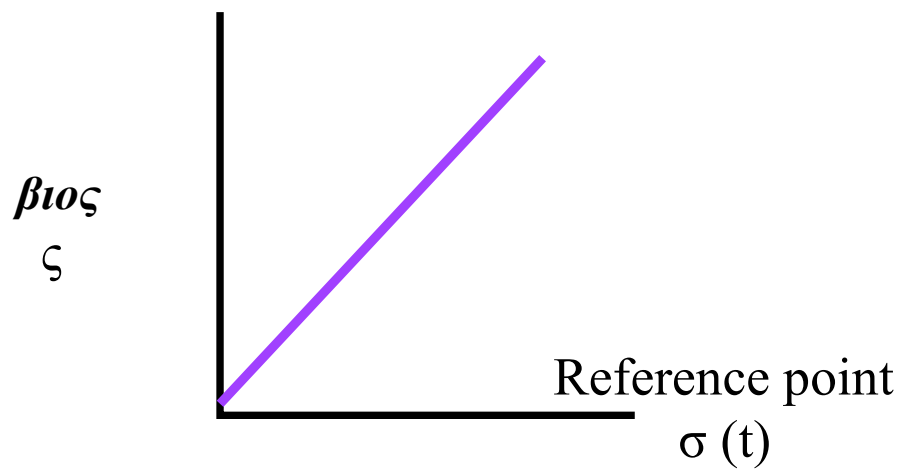
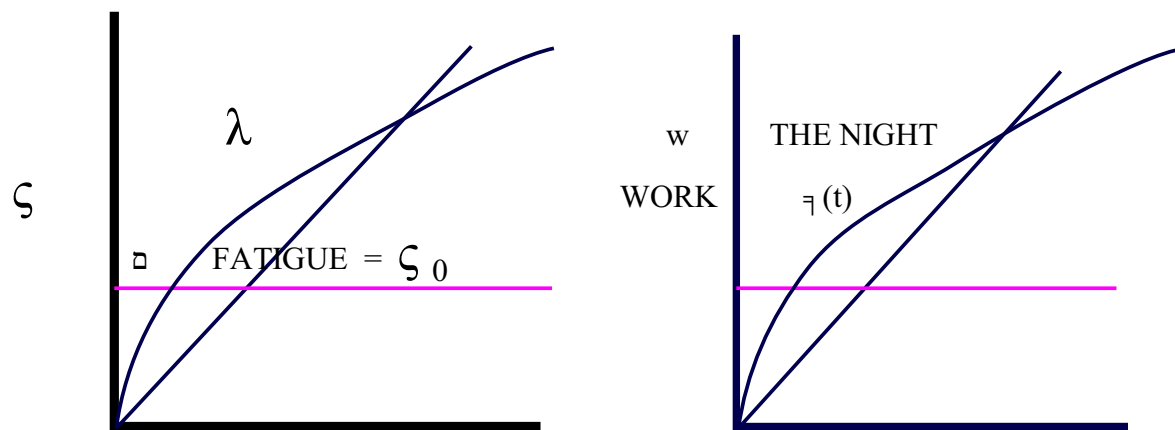
RESERVE 1

Θ SHE BELIEVES IN HIM!

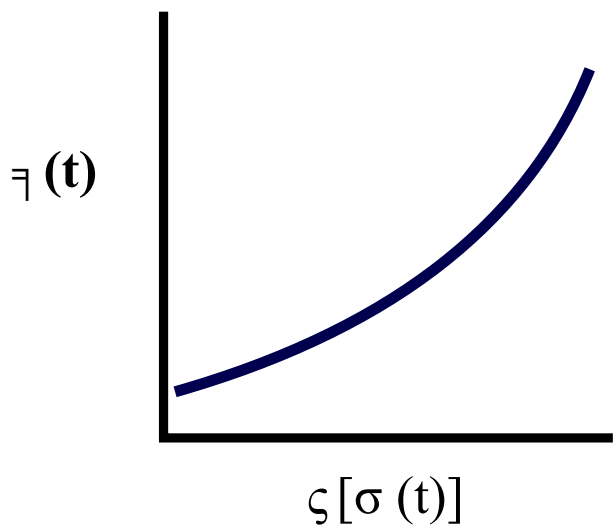
THAT TOMORROW WILL LOOK JUST AS PROMISING AS TODAY! H



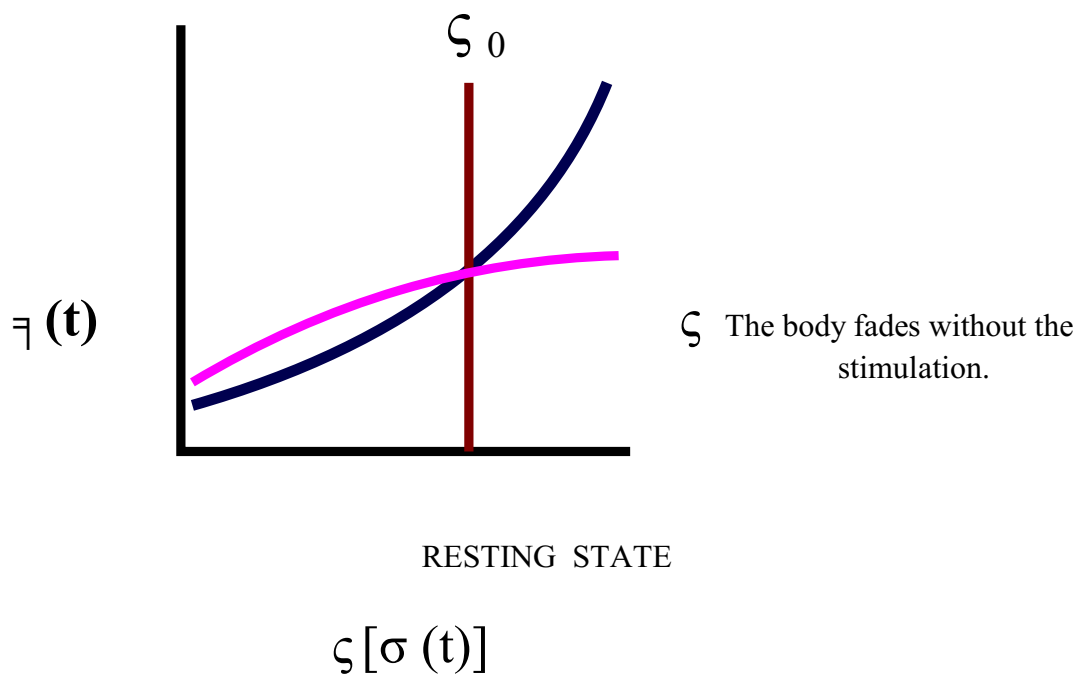
It takes the NIGHT to set DESIRE into motion.

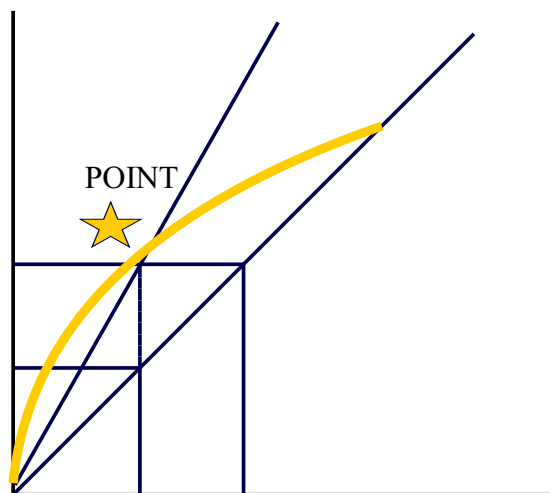


The body is stimulated by increased excitement.



The music drives the excitement of the night.





He feel stimulated by his proximity to celebrity!

–She looked at me. I can't leave. Something is going to happen.

