

I'm in the bathroom. The door's locked. I'm trying to compose myself in the mirror. I hear a noise coming from outside the door. What is it?

It's voices. Something weird. I can't hear what's being said. A mumbling. The noise comes in waves and attains a rhythm. I am put off by the chant,

A conversation. Does someone have the TV on? I try to make out the words, words meant for me. Something uplifting. It is late. I am in a daze. The buzzing continues around me. As if it penetrates the doorway.

I open the door there is no one there. The TV is not on. Where is the noise coming from?

It is now all quiet!

Perhaps there's something at work that they need to remind me about. What? I haven't even started working there yet.

This is a conversation looking for speakers. For me it has a sense of the past. Something that I need to hear. Where they have been speaking about me. I am touched by that nakedness. A desire to escape what is being said.

I need to hear the words. For me it is life or death. The only way that I can come to life. To hear the words in all their clarity.

–Are you talking to me?

Words that are disembodied and drifting through the room.

–We have something to say to you. This is what we expect. Are you going to write this down?.

My reaction is disoriented. This is all nonsense. They can have nothing to say to me. Nothing of interest. I work to divorce myself from this noise. Just noise.

The door is still locked, and the words sneak under the door. Grip their way around me with their urgency. The monotone gives way to a commanding tone. You. This is for you. Whatever I want to hear. Not something that I enjoy. But what I need down deep.

I don't want to open the door. I will not be able to get out of this room. The passageway will be narrow with a low ceiling. I will crawl. Getting smaller and smaller as the room closes in on me.

I can feel this pressure on my body. An ability to breathe. A crushing in my chest. I try to brace myself. I can't leave this room. Locked in as I am locked in myself. I put my hands on my chest. Try to work through the muscular pain. If I could taste...

I open the door. The silence is incredible. I almost hear a buzzing in my head due to the lack of outside influence. Where was the noise coming from. I move around the house. Tapping on each door as if it will reveal its secret. Is the television on somewhere. The announcer speaking to me. Picking me out.

It's voice mail. My machine has been acting up. Gurgles of expression. More than that. Is someone trying to reach me? Has it decided to block out my calls. Keep me from the world.

While I'm in the other end of the house, I hear the voice again. The words are now clearer.

Outside a dog barks. It seems in rhythm with the wind chimes. Then the silence of the night again.

It is all noise for me now. It prevents me hearing what I need to hear. My instructions. What they want me to do tomorrow. I am worried. I don't want to give my time over to someone else. I feel like I'm at the doctor's office.

Intention describes the legibility of a mark on a textual surface Through an appreciation of context, a reader's literacy enables the perception of that mark.

You're here for a short while; make the best of it!

Trina Fan cradled her precious dose of oxycodone. She opened the capsule carefully and spread the coarse powder on a glass plate. She then ground down the powder to a fine grain.

–Whatever you do, don't touch my ticket. It's my ticket to paradise.

She chuckled to herself. This was just before she saw it all. Like a whiff of eternity. The mania spread over her and lit up her face.

–I'm in heaven.

And indeed you are, girl.

It was a precious moment, one that would last all night. The all of the night until another dose beckoned across that chasm.

–Oh, can you reach me. Please one touch.

The big blow hard knew it was his time. And he was going to blow. For himself. For his son. For his world. New and in order. He hung his handkerchiefs on the line before him. When they dried he would press each one and impress the world with his charm.

–That man was a charming sort.

If only someone would have rescued him at that moment. But here it was his choice to rescue the world.

–It's a choice between good or evil.

Boy, did he get that right as she boiled the mixture in the spoon.

–It's a coming for me. I want mine.

And indeed he did.

It's a family order. Death and birth. Born in death. Born to **RAISE HELL!**

It's a family thing. Like Cain and Abel. Me and you. Sucking on the sweet ball. How you's raised! Candy sweet and quite petite.

–A rattle or a rattler.

–Axes. Or oxes.

–They unda' the big yoke.

–It's your job to liberate them by making friends.

–It's my world and I'm going to decorate it.

And wonders what she got in the mail. The part that she's been waiting for. Just to swap out one from for another.

“I'll just screw it out. Match the hinges on the dotted line.”

She gets caught trying to pull it out, and it gets caught. She gets caught up trying to pull.

–I just need to pull harder.

Pull it too hard and the world comes apart.

“If it's not set in right, it won't right. And it must work right.”

It needs to work right for everyone. Where is used to be connected to someone else.  
“Swaps out parts one for another.”

–It’s my world and I’m going to desecrate it, she laughs. She steadies herself in the mirror. That is who I want to be. And she is making herself so. Making the whole world to balance.

–I have to make one change.

Never a big. Almost the only change.

–What can I do?

–Oh, Tina. It’ll be your big day!

But the rift thousands of miles wide. Just to take this bit in and push that bit out.

–I want to feel that I’m doing something. Not just for myself but for the whole world.

And she is. If they would hang on her very change.

–The whole world will. You change your outlook and everything reflects the change.

She is licking an ice cream cone. Pistachio and walnut.

–Mmm good. I will be bigger with the change.

Imagines herself in the pink one. Pulls tighter to reveal where she is going.

–You won’t have to hide that nasty thing anymore.

I’ve hardly been here a day and I’m already hearing about how they’re going to contact agents in the field. It sounds like some combination of voice mail and telepathy. This disembodied voice is visited upon you. I feel sort of privileged. Not just to hear about the method, but to actually feel that I have been contacted. Of course, I couldn’t make out the words. I figure that is all part of the training. I only wish that I could come to that point on my own.

Already my speculation is getting silly. They have no doubt implanted these agents with special sensors to hear acutely. They are changing their physiology so they can accommodate to a new reality. I am astounded. Where will they stop. Scalpel and suture. Implants. Plastic surgery. Replacement parts. Prosthesis. Death and resurrection.

I’ve vowed to learn everything that I can about the daily operations of this office. My eyes and ears are open. I am always trying to see behind doors. Eavesdrop on conversations. I do not want to remain at this desk forever. I am too good for that. There are few people with the wealth of my skills here. More than ever, I want to be the one who shines.

My supervisor is an idiot. At this point, I know everything that he does in a day and easily assume his role. I could use their techniques to eliminate him and take his place. How absurd! I have to learn to bear these lesser souls. That is part of my growing process. I didn’t sign on her to mess with the staff. My natural talents will help me advance. I only fear envy on the part of my superiors. When they see how well I can do, they may be fearful about their own jobs.

They have nothing to fear. At least not from me. The everyday working of the company are designed to weed out mediocrity. Their only fear is themselves. If indeed that is a great fear. that is why I have to find out what these messages are saying. They are part of the inner workings of the office and if I can work them out I can rise above those around me.

There is a sense of destiny in the fact that I have been picked out to carry out the legacy. Brave men who have often risked their lives. Men who have a special knowledge and can look on the mass of humanity with a feeling of fatherly concern. I want the ability to guide the world

in its appointed task. I am the right man for this job.

Nevertheless, they have buried me with the most mundane paper work. While other employees are gallivanting around the globe, I am stuck at a desk matching their travel vouchers to their declaration sheets. This is nonsense. Don't they have computers for this kind of shit. I need to assume my fated position. I think this is a trick to get rid of the best and the brightest. This keeps the top heavy quality of the organization. If they restrict mobility, the brass can continue to exercise unquestioned authority.

I heard that the upper echelons have a special breakfast at Diefenbaker's. I need to go out of my way to be a part of that. Even if I just hear bits of conversation, or see who's who, I want to be part of something special.

What if I get swallowed in the maelstrom of the organization. I know that everyone starts here with the finest of intentions. They all think that they are the one. Recruited from superlative schools with impeccable management skills, they each are brought under the same principles and learn to survive by their wits. The worst are cast aside. Most become part of an obedient rank and file. Only a few are true candidates for advancement.

Why does the frustration of limited success not engulf everyone here. I think that the overall sense of camaraderie becomes a substitute for real advancement. I do not want to be seduced by this culture. To worry if my children are going to get in the elite private schools. To attend pot luck dinners and wile away my hours in despair over my inability to achieve the pinnacle of success. I need to be separate even as I significantly affect those around me. I am a saint. I will follow the bible of the organization and excel. Even looking at myself in a mirror, I can note my overall confidence. I am enthusiastic. I bubble over. Wait until I start reviewing insurance documents. It will only get better.

After having disappeared from the world for a while, I return with the solemn news that I am sick and dying. I understand the potency of my remark. Friends wonder why I am dumping this burden on their shoulders. Some of them even wonder if I am contagious and might be infecting them as I talk to them. I assure them that they are perfectly OK, but that hardly diminishes my affliction.

In my heart of hearts I want as many people as possible to feel my dilemma. To realize that my trial is also theirs. It is with this vocation that I sense there is a real meaning to my life. Such a mission suggest the opposite of their actual reaction. Rather than run from me after expression of sympathy, they will face the unenviable task of their mortality. Seeing as this new is delivered by such an angelic form as me, the timing of my visits will necessarily have to precede my own demise. If only such a commitment could prolong my time on the earth. Down deep I really believe that is so and it gives me some consolation in my moment of apprehensive sorrow.

While I am fearful of my own passing, there is no accompanying fear in what I have chosen as my rightful path. I say chosen because at this moment I feel in total unity with my imperative. For what it is, such is the will when it discovers the true nature and can act unencumbered by doubt and weakness. Oh the revelation!

All my years, I have seen the will as this feeble and isolated thing. And with the shift in my fate, I realize how truly one with the universe we can be. I realize that no soul is completely divorced from my innermost feelings. The ability to affect others in such a profound way strikes me as the most wonderful gift. Once I have stumbled on this truth, I cannot let it slip from my

grasp. If there is any question on the part of others about my task, my intellect refers me back to the simple and joyful harmony in which I now participate. To love and truly be loved.

Once my listeners are greeted with the news, I realize how some will try to resist. Just as I have realized my vocation, it is futile for them to try to escape my pronouncement. This is what is meant to be, and it is only fortunate that I have made myself available to them at a time of need.

Some people feel that they need extra time to prepare themselves. I have been prepared for this eventuality all my life. Wake up! This is why we are here. To recognize how we can best pass over into the other state. In fact, this realization is what fills us with the most profound ecstasy. Too many shy away from this beautiful moment when heaven and earth unite to include us in a plan of such enormous magnitude. They wander aimlessly and do not see the hidden glory that is available for them. Quit your stirring. Embrace the end!

All their lives they have lived in confusion. There is nothing to be unsure about. This is the certainty that has so long eluded them. I am simply reminding them of what must be. By bringing this moment to them with such immediacy, they can no longer avoid the fundamental of their existence. Alleluia!

When I reach out my hand, I know that there is one and final test for my guests. They will all let go of their attachment to life and welcome what is to follow.

They may object to the forced intimacy that I offer. But they are still closed in by a wall that prevents access from true liberation. That is my task: to extricate them from their chains. To lead them to this place where they can envision that strange balance. And in accepting their fear, they can accept true liberation.

They stumble in darkness and are distracted by the least worries. Their lives have lost purpose. I turn them around. I let them see the light once and for all.

While SON of SAM declared it's the trouble inside,  
we all realize DAMN! it's the trouble inside.

We can only do so much. It's up to the individual to change his lot. The successful in this country have too long been asked to bear the burden for the indolent and the uncooperative. We are all working to make this a great country. If we listened to our critics, we'd bankrupt the treasury to pay for programs that have been shown not to work. We've got to get everyone working in this country. And if you want to work, you have to have the will to succeed. I've done it. Everyone who supports me has done it. Do something for America! Do something!

SAM'S troubled family:

--Sammy, it's your turn to do the lawn.

--Do the lawn. I thought that we had a gardener for that.

--This summer you're going to our gardener.

The former gardener had been a police officer in Guatemala. Dad had done him a favor. Sammy loved hearing the stories of soccer matches in Guatemala. He always wanted to play soccer. He didn't realize how badly hurt you could get on a soccer field.

--We were just keeping order. I mean we had to shoot a few people. Troublemakers.

Sammy smiled. He thought his Dad was such a great guy to recruit such an intelligent

gardener. Besides, it was like having private security.

Things got a little hot when some bad news in Washington forced Raffy to go to another location. Now it was Sammy's turn to do the lawn. Do the lawn, he was allergic to grass. He rather go in the woods and shoot bb's at squirrels.

–Did you ever look in Raffy's eyes. He could tell a story.

As Sammy had his gun trained on a squirrel, he felt that same sense of power.

–Let that bugger go!

He saw the squirrel on his knees begging for mercy.

–You were meant to die. Just 'cause you pissed me off. This is what you deserve.

Squirrels seemed to easy. He watched the thing squirm for a few seconds. Then it went still. He just left the immobile corpse to rot in the woods.

Now he was staring at some birds and they really caught his fancy.

–This is what I really want.

His gun was cocked and ready for action. As Sammy watched the shot crack the neck of bird in flight, he felt this energy pulse through his body. He could look. He could take apart. He did not let it affect him. The world was his.

–Justice.

When he got home, the old man was waiting for him.

–Where you been?

–I've been shooting birds.

–Get any.

–Nothing really.

–You were supposed to do the lawn.

–That's not my job.

–Raffy don't work for us now. You have to help.

–Why'd you send him away.

–We couldn't afford him anymore.

–I miss his stories.

–There were only stories.

–He'll get a better job. He was a spy at home. A police commander.

–He wasn't a spy. He wasn't a police commander. He worked on a farm. Something like a plantation.

–He didn't lie.

–That's not why we sent him away. We couldn't afford to pay for a gardener any more.

–I could help. I could help pay him.

–Sammy, we can't afford it.

–Why?

–We're going to need your help.

–I don't want to help. You've got all that I'm going to do. I want to be a spy!

–Is it possible to have a complete turnaround.

–What are you asking?

–In your life. Can you just change for the better?

–I don't doubt that you can.

–I don't mean a deathbed confessional. I mean a real change where you start to think and

act differently.

–I suppose that’s possible.

–Suppose?

–Maybe not.

–It’s not like there’s a switch that just stays on and there’s nothing that we can do to turn it off. It’s not like that, is it?

–If you want to change, you can turn over a new leaf.

–And make restitution for all the thing that you’ve done wrong.

–Reverse the past. Go back to where you started.

–I can imagine this turnaround. Your whole life is before you, and you just turn it upside down. Hold it all together, and flip it around the other way. It’s weird. You’d have to start small. But then small wouldn’t be enough. You’d start small at doing something really large.

–You’d have to have something large to make it happen. To make it all worthwhile. And your character. It could come into play. It’s a big thing who you are. Who you’ve always been. And it might not let you really change.

–Then you’d have to do something so big. That everyone would know you for that thing. You couldn’t live it down.

–That sounds so much easier for bad things.

–Indeed it does.

–What if you did something so messed up? But everyone took it for something good, and you’d just be known for that one thing.

–But you’d know yourself how screwed up it all was. You’d be paralyzed. You wonder why everyone was treating you nice over something that you knew was dastardly, and you’d be waiting for the next shoe to fall.

–But maybe it wouldn’t, and it would be a sign that things had indeed changed and it would give you that chance to turn your life around.

–That’s crazy. And if that dastardly deed didn’t set things right, you’d wonder if it required a second. Something more extraordinary and horrific. Something that no one could forget. And this indelible mark on everyone’s brain would just burn its mark so deep.

–That’s just how I see it.

–That’s how you create a monster.

–But you never really know if what you do is really that good. You could do it for the right reason. Tell yourself that it was all OK. But along the way it would have the worse effects on other people. Like you’d make sacrifices. To do better things for other people. But it wouldn’t work out that way. They wouldn’t see the intent. They’d just see what you sacrificed.

–Like a scape goat.

–Like a scape goat. But in the end it would all be for a purpose.

–That is the most twisted logic that I have ever heard.

–Very, very twisted. But twisted right.

–You could justify anything in the name of your sacrifices.

**I felt that I had done something very, very bad. I was going to be confined to my room. Had I wet myself again? Was he going to leave me like this? The room smelled bad, and the smell pervaded everything. It went to the heart of who I was.**

**I wanted to jump out of my skin. But only this reminder of something so wrong. He’d hit me for doing this to his place. To his stuff. He’d chain me to the bed or lock me in**

the closet.

I could hear his laugh. I wanted to kill him. Just wring his neck. I felt that he could read my inner thoughts, and this was why he was doing all this to me.

I was sorry. Really sorry. But this was why I kept doing the same things over and over again. He knew it. Knew there was a pattern. He was trying to break my attachment to evil.

If he laughed, I laughed deep inside in a place that he's never hear me. He wanted to beat this place out of me. To discover who I was behind the laugh.

Even when he was not there, I knew he was watching me. I tried to hide from him. I could not. I lost all self control. When I had the feeling, I just let things flow.

It was almost as if I wanted to get caught. This punishment was the only love that I knew. And I clung to it. The caring that went into each crack of the belt on my skin. The reminder in the cuts and welts. Never again.

Had he gone out. I wondered as I thought that I heard him skulking about. What was he up to. I could tell that he was there. That he had new plans for me.

I could never escape. His locks and chains. His keys. He knew inside that I wanted to run away. Just go some place where I would be like this all the time. This was the only way to restrain my evil. He needed to protect the world from me. From doing the same things to other people.

Some people thought of him as bad in the same way. He was not. He cared. He needed to protect the world. He needed to protect me.

Like when he pored water down my throat until I started to choke. I needed to learn a lesson. Not to drink and mess up.

I needed to change. The odor was potent and came close to knocking me out. It was turning on me. My own body. The reflection. All turning on me. What was going on.

He was there when he was not. His voice screaming at me. Scratching from the inside.

I couldn't help myself. I wanted to. Told myself things. How I would stop eventually. I reviewed each time that I had soiled myself. How I wanted to stop. But I could not. It was all part of me. The inside and the outside. The disgust and the mess. I needed to be this way. Needed to get him angry.

Show me the way!

I am on my knees to you.

I wanted him to hurt me so for all the bad things that I had done. I awaited his visit. His blessing. He brought me so close to my end. To revelation. To death. I think that he gave me a mission. To tell everyone what I had learned.

I could feel the fear come over me. The slap of the night. I wanted to be touched and held and squeezed. I needed more to really feel it. Getting so used to all of this.

Come to me!

I tried to make it go away. In the depth of my sleep, there was my reality all vibrant and noxious.

Today I get a pile of files from the desk of the future Assistant Director. This guy is a piece of work. I'm matching receipts to his declarations. Am I supposed to question any of this. If I do, can I prevent him from getting his promotion. I'm not even sure if he needs



senatorial approval. But whoa!

I reason that European trips are part of the job. Our operations are international, and he's right at the center of things. Part of my work is verifying that he's flying economy and not first class. He just seem to have some arrangement to always get bumped up to first. Connections must be nice. It's not like they're illegal. It's all part of his job. He has to have allies if he's to succeed.

It become a little trickier when he's paying for late night services in Paris and Rome. This is not exactly room service. He claims that these are legitimate expenses when he has to meet dignitaries of other countries. I didn't know that you entertained the finance minister of Germany in your tub at 3 in the morning. Diplomats drink a lot of champagne. Wow!

Physical therapy seems another often used alternative. The man has back problems. If he's in pain, then there's a chance he's going to leave our country vulnerable in a free trade agreement or what not. The man's a real genius at taking care of business. Sometimes he seems to have two or three sessions at the same time. Consultations no doubt. Why can't they just bill in one lump sum. Everyone has to be independent. Make out their own bills so they can pay for their offices. Keep down their tax assessments. International finance is wonderful.

What did he do before I was here. Surely someone raised some questions. Or did they fear that he might restrict their advancement if they objected. I hear that he has connections everywhere. The press. Congress. No one would trust a whistle blower. It's not going to be me. At least not yet.

If I really organized these files, I'd understand the man completely. This is his profile. I can taste his food. I sleep in his bed. I am his Goldilocks. And I need to bite down.

Sure the idea's crossed my mind. I could assume his identity. Do what I want. Spend what I want. No one would be the wiser. I have his credit card numbers. Appropriations runs through me. How brilliant.

I'm now in bed in Madrid ready to snuggle.

–Come over here and rub my creature feature.

–What?

Where do I join his fantasy if I really want it to be all affecting. Plastic surgery. Language studies. A physical trainer.

–These receipts don't seem to match?

–He's changed trainers.

The quizzical look.

–He's switched gyms. He needed a quick stop in Detroit.

I feel like I'm in the thick of things. I just don't want to take a bullet for him.

–You don't look like...

–The lights are out. It really doesn't make much of any difference.

I zone out.

–You've got that stuff done. I've got more.

I download it all to a separate CDR. It won't hard getting it out of here. I'll just put it in my Walkman. I smile.

Here I come.

I am learning how to count. What is really important in my life and what I can do without. I am living by the numbers. That is my expertise. To make sense of each minute shift.

Each change. One, two...

The smallest numbers. The least increment. How to work it all in my favor, in our favor. They know that I have a skill. That I can make the empty vessel full. Take from one place and put in another and not let anyone know. No one at all.

I spend all day trying to make that discovery. The one that will open the world to me, to us all. I am on assignment with the numbers. To make them all come together. To feel their kiss, their embrace. The sweet perfume.

–Please don't kill me.

–Did you see that. She doesn't want to die. That's funny.

–What's funny?

–She think that if she begs that we'll let her off.

–It has to affect you a little.

He mimicked her:

–Please don't kill me.

–You really get a kick out of that.

–I can't help it.

–That's psychotic.

–Psychotic how.

–Someone who finds pleasure in the suffering of others.

–We all do. It's part of life. We turn our head at a car accident. We thank God that it's not us.

...please don't kill me..

**Our objectives our consistent with our way of life. We love people. We love freedom.**

Without mistakes 1 person				
	the cost of freedom			
		500,000 people		
				column worth our objectives = 50,000

–What if we are dealing with an assertive insurgent population?

–We have to adjust our numbers.

–They are only estimates.

–Right again. You can never really know a casualty. They are already dead.

–They could have been someone that you know.

–Not by the way that we calculate them. Just as long as we have no live footage of the event. It's all according to the numbers.

–That's grotesque.

–Numbers have magic. Everything that we cherish has a magic number associated with it.

She is bleeding wild and just going out of her skin.

–Come on shake me.

And the rocking continues.

–I just need a good fuck.

And I push back the layers of flesh. And with each opening, she opens herself more. She has gone too far. She cannot pull back. And her whole being is submerged in the swirl.

–This is me.

But she is not speaking to me. She is speaking to herself.

I've thought of putting my son up for adoption. This is not compatible with who I am anymore. I'm not even nineteen. I want my own life.

A report that definitively links agents who are enemies of our government to in the report I have intercepted cables from those agents. I have also broken the does used by those to disguise the content of their messages. In one case there was an order for 1,000 tons of wheat. There was no wheat ever shipped. The order was a pretext so another country could supply arms to insurgent battling our government's interests abroad. In another case, industrial diamonds had been ordered and then diverted into illegal arms production.

Shock.

The leap: Damen is sick and wandering the city looking for his new lover

–I hardly know you.

–We hardly know ourselves.

I can't wait to get to the office. The inner workings of Texrize fascinate me. And it is now up to me to unravel the myriad of deals and hidden investment to protect the wealth of this conglomerate. It is even more of a wonder that this company has been able to conceal so much wealth.

No device known to man has ever been able to reduce the world to such a state of chaos. I the state of chaos, we all reach out. We all want to believe. It is about not making mistakes. If we can learn how to avoid mistakes then everything will be all right.

We can let the GUILTY know what they have to fear!

–There will be no mistakes. That's why we can feel so good inside ourselves. That there is no confusion reigning in the world.

–Kiss me before the lights go out.

- Are you sick.
- It's just a cold.
- You sound pretty bad. Have you been to see someone?
- With what I have, there's no one that I can see.
- There are specialists.

With the advances in science, it takes an expert to determine if a person has really attained death.

- I don't feel alive.
- You need a challenge in your life.
- I have them.
- I feel like I'm jumping out of my skin.
- Hold me closer.
- I don't often have fantasies like this.
- This is real.
- For now. But we can't stay together. I've got a family.
- Kiss me deeper.
- Are you going to stay the night.
- After we finish, I have to leave.
- Finish. You make it sound so technical.
- It's important to be precise.
- No messes.
- Nothing to think about tomorrow.
- We both can move on to someone new.
- You don't sound good. Are you sure that you're not very sick.
- I can't be. I don't want to be.
- Does that technique work?
- Does your technique work?
- What?
- You pretend to care so that you'll hope that I'll stay.
- When I was younger, I used to think that once I let someone touch me, that I had to stay with them
- You felt dirty about sex.
- I don't know what I felt. But when I'm with someone I feel like they're really part of me.
- We all do. That's the exciting part about sex. We can achieve that closeness so quickly.
- It fades.
- Like everything else does in life.
- Are you sick? Are you close to the end.
- I like that. I like how your body feels next to mine. Don't let me go.
- I feel the same way. But we've shared something, and I really must go.
- Damen, don't leave me.
- In a little way. I won't leave.

- I want more than that.
- Think of it like a seed. It will all grow in time. Give it time.
- I'm trying.

**The notion that our lives have a definite end is a feeling of such revelation. It gives us the key to unlock all the power of what is life. Each day is our last. And it is also our first. As we put it all together, it makes sense for eternity.**

The feeling won't go away. Not until we eliminate the perceived threat.

- I do feel guilty about all of this.
- That shouldn't stop you.

- I want to go out to play.
- Make sure that no one is following you.

- I want to make this simple.
- I have always wanted the same thing.
- I need to follow you home.
- You know that I don't want you to do that.
- You've let me become part of you.
- Let you. And that is where my permission stops.
- Do me again.
- I'm getting dressed. I have to go.
- It can't end like this.
- It has to. For both our sakes.
- I don't want to let you go.
- Listen to yourself.

**It is time. We must become part of the cosmos that beckons us. The time is now.**

**Our former uncertainty has been erased.**

**-But there have been mistakes.**

**-The mistakes are yours. How you see things. If it happens, it is because it was meant to be.**

**BOOM!**

- You were inside me.
- Part of me still is. We still move so closely together.
- You are afraid of commitment.
- You're the one with a family. Why are you here?
- I hate who I am.
- And you want me to get rid of that feeling for you.
- End the misery.
- You have to be like me.
- Isn't that what you always want from a lover.

- What?
- That's what you want. Your identity.
- I have to go.
- You always have to go.

*I've got these new binoculars, and I'm taking a peek across the courtyard.*

*-You like what you see?*

*-I always do.*

*Why don't I go over there? I can't. I never can. I never will.*

*My work is getting to me. The promotion. All the excitement. I just don't want my past catching up with me.*

*-Do the meetings give you a chance to forget past sins?*

*-I wish that I had those sins to get rid of.*

*Why is she with that guy. If she could see what I was doing now, it would disgust her.*

Damen gets to the airport just in time to catch his flight to Seattle.

*-Are you from Seattle?*

*-I have been.*

*-I hate lies. I had this lover who I had to dump recently. He didn't know who he was. Is she hitting on me?*

*-At one point he starts dressing in drag. Then telling me what an art form it is.*

*-Did you ever think that you might be gay?*

*-It never crossed my mind.*

*-What about when you were giving that guy head.*

*-I never even touched his dick. I put on a dress. I felt the part. He said that I looked sexy. I let him kiss me. It felt strange. That's where it stopped.*

*-Are you gay?*

*-I don't know/*

*-What?*

*-I'm not a street fag if you're asking. I still want to have sex with you.*

*-Do you see me as a guy. Do I repulse you?*

*-Just because a fellow sucks cock for drugs doesn't make him gay.*

*-Is that what you've done?*

*-I was just using an analogy.*

*-Do you like to eat me out?*

*-You're embarrassing.*

*-Do you like oral sex?*

*-I'm not going to answer that.*

*-I feel good about myself. Don't you know?*

*-I like to make you happy.*

*-Does that make you happy?*

*-I can't say.*

Tina sees it for what it is. She pales before the comparison. She knows it is the locus of all life. She wants to go in where she goes out.

–It’s not hard dear. You can even do it yourself.

She will. She good with a scalpel and suture. It’s not just about cutting. It’s about reinforcement. An act of creation in the flesh. What remains has to be appealing.

Se has to think in reverse terms. What would a guy want to see. what wells up in him when he sees that image.

–Not just what’s inside. The whole body needs to radiate that expression. Tina’s seen makeovers and hairdos that make the girl think she’s the dream. but the rest of her body...it looks like someone plopped a head on piece of junk. It’s got to be total or it’s nothing. Almost a spiritual thing. This is where the right cut comes in. It’s supplementing nature. Filling in for what time left off.

She can visualize the lines. her hand follow a pattern.

–Why, girl, do you want to do this yourself.

–I don’t want some doctor fucking with me.

She heard the story of doctor who redid some guy into a woman and he fell in love with his creation.

–He just made the face and all that. It was perfect. And once he finished off, he couldn’t let his final product go.

**As the doctor caressed his patient, he wondered if he could stay with his wife and kids.**

**–I’ve never really been into guys. But you’re just adorable.**

**As he kissed her legs, he wondered what he had started with. He didn’t want to stop.**

**Lover had never had that attention. And from a doctor no less.**

**–You’ll make it all better.**

**She started to admire her own body. The shake and wiggle.**

**–We really did you from the inside.**

**Guys started to disgust her. Even most women. No one had that perfection that she had sought. That she now controlled.**

–That story is the biggest crock of shit.

–No it’s real.

–As real as Cinderella.

–And then she turned back into a guy. And the doctor went looking for his love. The one with the deceased cock.

–See the bullshit that you make me put up with.

–Bull, nothing. The story’s true.

–Changing your sex is not like changing your dress. It’s the biggest decision of your life.

–It’s not a decision. It’s just making your inside agree with your outside.

–That’s genetics.

–Genetics, nothing. Genetics is just one more outside that needs to find its inside.

–And you’ll do that.

–I’ll know that.

As she finished her make up, she matched the lines in the ad in Brit Vogue.

–You look like a dream. Good enough to eat.

–Go, girl!

Each day is a new beginning. The opening of the potentialities and realizations that eluded us from the day before. You wake up in sunshine and the day opens up for you. You are alive. The wonder radiates inside and outside. You get down on your knees and thank fate that you have been given the opportunity. Every bit of your body tingles from the understanding of your new oneness.

This is who you are. What no one can take from you.

This is the start of your life. You realize that there isn't anything that you can't do if you put your mind to it. You shake from the possibilities. If you see it, you have to let everyone else see the same thing. Radiate that same positivity.

In your darker moments, you may have been beset by a feeling of nothingness. You could feel yourself falling in the cosmos, unable to touch the ground. Lost in a puzzle that you could not escape. But in your depths, you felt that power. The power that now overcomes. The universe is coming to a realization of itself. And you are in the middle of this profound change.

Every day, as you wake up, you accommodate yourself to this change. It is just wonderful. The universe knows who it is. And you are part of the expanding universe. Know thyself!

As you tap this realization, you explode with all the energy. No one can take this from you. They are not everywhere. You are everywhere. And the world is in your hands. Everyday you need to tell yourself what is happening. You are happening. Don't let anyone stand in your way. Even at night, you accustom yourself to the new brilliance of the stars.

You. You are the new brilliance. All energy projects out from a nexus of power. Or if there is a vacuum, then the moving forces gravitate to a newly created nexus. You can focus all that is in the universe. You can become the focus. Come to me.

Every day, it all opens up for you. There is no place to hide from this wonder. This is your magnificence. You feel it shake you to the core.

You cannot be stopped. Spread yourself out into the expanding cosmos.

Every day you are part of a gradual metamorphosis. No obstacle can stand in your way. You rise above the mundane. You soar in the clouds. What you felt was impossible for mere mortals is now a breath away for you.

Come with me!

You are part of a new forever. You transcend the earthly form. Your ascent. Ethereal in your conversion. No longer weighted down by the body, you float on air. You are everywhere.

Everyday is a new beginning. You tap the actual! You are in touch with the real. Your hands are sensors as you penetrate these worlds formerly excluded to you. Nothing and no one can stop you.

Every day you can remake yourself. Cast off your old histories. Rewrite the past. Dispel the dismal future. This is the surpassing of all tired ideologies. You are no longer encumbered by the division of mind and body. It is consciousness eternal. This is ultimate dream.

Everyday. It is no longer a day. It is a forever. Time is a plastic that you can mold in your hands. You can relive and remaster. You can project outward and return with a prescience that you never knew was available. You will have tapped fortune because you can tell the future. You can make the future with your hands. You make the past as you make the future. All your troubles just melt away.



Everyday. You are timeless. We have attained the miraculous!

Today is hellish. I thought that the Assistant's files were starting to make sense. Now there are loads more receipts, and it's tricky matching them to his reports. His methodology is so transparent. But to expose him, I could risk my career. I store up the information.

**I get a away for a weekend in Lisbon. I've got to leave my wife on a crucial weekend. I need to get away. Need to get off this obsession with work. Need to make contact with a new agent.**

**As I rub my hand along her back, I seem to peel the flesh back. It shakes me with its passionate sizzle. She coos as she pushes herself against me.**

**I start to work on her neck. It just spirals around me. I am being drawn into a vortex of desire. My cock is extra hard already. I can feel the drip. I run my hands along her smooth legs.**

**She has been working too long. It shows on her face. But her body has resisted the years. I lift up her skirt. The legs. the heels. I am so erect.**

**I display her. She becomes so excited. I can't stop myself. My hand works its way into her. The flesh swells with the blood rush. The blood rushes to the head. I am overcome.**

**She is liquid. I flow into her. I am on the bed. My dick rock hard. I open her up and slide her onto me. She melts with me. I am full of her. I am satiated by her touch. I am so full of her touch. To the point of exquisite nausea.**

**I nibble on her ear as I work my way deeper and deeper into her. She loves the slip and slide. The two of us closer and closer. Merge.**

**She feels how I get bigger and bigger inside of her. I do not subside. I overextend myself. I swirl with her. Love it as we draw together.**

**-Tell me something.**

**-Tell me who's paying for all this.**

**What if the numbers don't match? What if he has to do some accounting for his behavior?**

**-I've never been with someone like you. Do you think that we could see each other again?**

**-This has got to be enough for me.**

**He thinks about his own magnificence and why this isn't enough for ever.**

**-This is enough.**

**-Only if you take care of me.**

**How the dollar took care of the pain. He lets his tongue slide down her back and surround her butt cheeks. Penetrate her flower. She surrenders.**

**So this is what he is protecting. She has expenses. So does she. She knows things. We are protecting our citizens.**

**What do you know?**

**-Why was I supposed to meet you?**

**-Meet? You wanted a service. I provided it.**

**-And the feelings.**

**-It's what you lack. It's what only I can provide.**

**He imagines himself taking on the universe.**

**–This is something that you have to prepare yourself for.**

How do I balance that equation. The Assistant is on my shit list. I've got to do him before he does me. I am his nemesis. Worse. If he is anything, he has to know that I am his enemy. Someone who knows all this information. He has to know that somewhere in the world there is someone like me.

**–In my place anyone would do the same.**

**She turns to face him, and he is surrounded by her atmosphere. Something is slipping away. Something that he wants to get rid of. That is why he marks it down in his book. Reduces it to the numbers.**

**–We're in this together.**

**They aren't. He's got to go back to the States. Untraceable. She can't find it again. No one else can connect him to the scene.**

**–What can you do to try to stop me. To try to stop myself.**

**She kisses him.**

How do I mark down a kiss. Where does it exist on the ledgers? Did he enjoy that bit of play-acting?

The room charges. The consultation. A gratuity. Pay for information.

**–Are you going to order room service?**

**–I'm going to go out for something. Hang on.**

**–What do you want?**

**–This is between the both of us.**

**–I want chicken.**

**–I want you.**

**–I thought that you were going out.**

**–You're right. We need order in.**

This isn't a game. He got to get it right before he goes through with it.

**–Don't do that. I'm not really expecting that.**

**–Tenderness.**

**–Kiss me deep.**

**–Are you afraid?**

**–What?**

**–Just sit with me.**

**–What?**

**–You want some kind of forgiveness. What have you done back there? What are you running from.**

If he had gone to a shrink, he couldn't have manipulated the books. he couldn't have shifted the payment for services.

**–What do you need from me to take care of things?**

**–And what do you have for me?**

**–Disarmament plans. Radical organizations.**

**–This is all hearsay. I need evidence.**

**He kisses her. Runs his hand along her smooth legs.**

**–I've got my body.**

**The world is becoming a desperate place.**

**–Remember that we're sworn to secrecy.**

**–Is that an excuse so that you can get more information out of me?**

**–A week too late. you're a week too late for me to do anything. Appropriations have changed. We can't cover a hunch. We need facts if it's going to make any difference.**

His fabrications. We didn't need anything from Lisbon. It's a secure station. If I could go investigate **on my own.**

When is it all going to make sense.

More evidence. A body. Foul play. Something to make the higher ups really interested.

**–Do you want to get together next time that you're in Lisbon.**

**–I don't think it's safe for me to come back to Lisbon.**

**–I could meet you somewhere else. Madrid, Tunis, Malaga.**

**–I think that I'm going to have to stay in the office for a while. I've got a promotion in the works.**

He doesn't want to celebrate yet. Overconfidence gives way to disaster. How to detect what he was actually feeling. Exchange rates. What he paid for room service last time.

If he spends too much, she's going to wonder.

**–You've got a sister.**

**–What?**

**–A girl.**

**–Girl?**

**–Someone who works with you. Someone who can help you out. Cover you in a jam.**

**–You want a threesome?**

**–You're a married man. I can tell what you like.**

**–You've got great legs.**

**She knew it. This was her bread and butter against time. His too.**

Maybe a little more to the service. Two for one. A deal. If he would just make a mistake. A slip up.

I decide that I need a longer than usual break.

**–We don't usually authorize more time for someone who hasn't been on the job for that long.**

How did he manage the authorization. Something about his style. His productivity. I'm looking about a story on the expansion on the base in Portugal. A runway for the airport. How did they manage that contract? I thought that they hadn't appropriated enough. I guess the price went down.

After break, I head back to the paper work. I've almost got the Lisbon file complete. My worse suspicions now give way to feelings of admiration for him. He gets things done. The fear. I feed off that exercise of power. Unfortunately, he will have to be stopped. I chuckle as I run my fingers along another stack.

The new files were much more mundane. A trip to Ohio. Two days in Akron. What was he doing local? At least the meeting could have taken place in the DC area. Industrial negotiations.

Governmental intervention must be pursued to guarantee success of appointed industries. That is the sole expression of federal agency that should be allowed. If business can't influence government, then it's really useless to let government to run off on its own. It's not like the people know what's best for them. Freedom comes from offering people real choices.

That sheer feeling that I associated with her. My hand moving along her leg. The sizzle of passion that I needed. It made me electric. She got me in a frenzy.

If she denied me, I felt incensed. What I needed. What I relied on.

Bring me alive.

And if she was going to deny me. I wouldn't let it happen. This was necessary. It was meant to be.

I could feel her flesh full in my hand. Swallowed up by the immensity of that contact.

-don't go on my account.

I pulled her tighter.

-This is something to remember by.

The dear quality of memory. If I could just cast her away.

-Don't let it go...

This was where it went too far.

-Don't forget me.

-how can I?

She asked too many times. I pressed her about it. The meeting, the forgetfulness.

-I have a real good memory.

-We were supposed to get together.

Her eyes. the abrupt quality of her nakedness. More than buddies. That utter casualness as if it was meant to be.

-When I wake up in the morning. I don't even think about you.

-You think about no one.

-I think about someone else. His warm body. His cock. Tall and erect.

-Are you trying to piss me off?

-Quit pretending that you still like me. You just want a piece. You just want to own me.

-You need someone telling you what to do.

We were face to face. In my memory. I don't want to let it go. That rush.

-Haven't you felt that same rush with other girls. Guys are all the same for me. It's other things that keep me with them. Convenience.

I wanted to hold tighter. Not to let her go.

The face, face to face. That smooth quality. Kissed asleep.

-Are you tired?

-I'm tired of you.

-You're still beautiful.

-Stop that! You're trying to hold me with your words.

-It doesn't work?

-Don't even ask.

I felt my tongue move up the smooth back. Caress the inner leg.

-You're never going to feel that again.

-What?

-I know how you look at me. Your fantasies. I could show up in a skirt with no panties and you'd still want to fuck me. Even after everything that I've put you through.

-Is that how you hold on after you're no longer wanted?

**I felt like a whaler staking out is prey.  
-I ster anything that I can do about it?  
-Just be yourself.**

*He pulled Sammy aside just as he was about to go out.*

*-I need to talk to you.*

*Sammy felt that piss- naked fear.*

*-What did I do?*

*-It's not what you did. It's who you are. What you're going to be. What I need to tell you so that you can be yourself.*

*-How can I not be myself?*

*-You can not listen to your voice. You can give in to temptation.*

*Did he know about the money that he stole.*

*-I know what you're going through.*

*How could he?*

*-I was young too.*

*But things have changed, changed too much . He could never really understand. Why Sammy needed secrets. Like the birds. He couldn't let him know. He just take away the gun.*

*-Sammy, it about being a man. Not following other people. False prophets. Do you understand.*

*Sammy nodded his head. He didn't want to understand. He wanted to make his own way. To build upon his own secrets.*

*-Thanks.*

*-Some people are just looking for others to blame their troubles. It's people who don't pull their weight. They always rely on other people.*

*This made little sense to him.*

*-I've got to go. My friends are waiting.*

*-Don't you have time for me. You need to have time.*

*Sammy was getting more restlessness. His boredom was like an itch that pained the more that he scratched.*

*He started to expect some kind of punishment, or worse. That he'd take delight in hurting him for his own sake. Just to prevent him that he could be alone and independent.*

*-You can't punish me. No one can*

*-That's what I'm trying to teach you.*

*-Teach me what?*

*-That no one can take away your identity. You have to answer for yourself.*

*And this anger. Where did it come from? Who could answer for any of that feeling?*

*-I'm not trying to hurt you.*

*Sammy wanted to leave, but he felt that something was holding him there. Like a ghost.*

*-I'm going to leave.*

*-You know what I mean.*

*Sammy nodded his head.*

*-You've got to be a man.*

*Sammy nodded again.*

*-Sometimes, I just can't help it.*

He didn't have his gun today. But he could produce the same affect just by looking.  
-You can feel it too.

That power absorbed him. It passed through all of him. The thing that he could not escape. The thing that he wanted to hurt with all his might. He knew that he had the power inside of him.

Outside the window, he could see things. Things that no one else saw. He ran in the field. But he felt like he was still watching himself.

-None of this was very funny.

As if someone was talking to him.

He wanted to find the source of this queasy feeling. Outside himself but still inside and talking to himself.

-You degraded me. You made me feel like nothing.

-Have you been touching yourself again?

He had been doing more than that. He had visions. He didn't need to touch. He could make a whole world come to life in his head.

-Don't come in my room again. Not without my permission. you have to do more than knock. you have to warn me that you are coming in.

He felt these spirits in him. Shake him around. Put him in his place.

-There's nothing that you can do to me that I haven't already done to myself.

He knew that he would always feel the same way. As if he was always coming after himself. There was the thing that he did. And much later this thing that was done to him as if it came from someone else.

-What am I waiting for. To make it all feel right. To make it all feel together.

Seeing things that he should see. Being in places that were forbidden. But more than that. he wanted to take thing that weren't his.

-Have you ever thought what it would be like if you got caught?

-That's why I never do anything.

-Is that an excuse or a reason? Because you can't make excuses. You can't blame someone else.

But he wasn't enough himself to accept the blame.

-I don't know what's happening. There's thing that happen to me , and I just don't know why they happen. Don't know at all.

-You could stop.

-That's just it. There's the power.

And the power made him feel soiled. No word described it more. The stain. The dirty feeling. The smell.

-Do you recognize the smell?

He had nothing to do with any of it.

-It's you. What you are becoming. You are rotting away.

He felt himself buried in dirty. The taste even in his mouth.

-Follow me out of here.

-Im afraid of the dark.

-So am I. It's not the dark itself. It's what the darkness hides.

-It hides ourselves.

Sammy turned away and ran outside.

He was already outside.

–What are these magazines?

–They’re not mine. I got them from some kid at school.

–You like to look at pictures of naked women.

–I told you that they’re not mine. He asked me to hold them for him.

–You get a rush just touching them.

–A rush. Pleasure.

It made him feel funny. Like he was about to get caught. This was who he was. never quite himself. And the magazines reminded him of that feeling.

It angered her that his room was so clean. That he was hiding something in this order.

–You like being bad.

He wanted to peek in the magazines just because she was challenging him.

–Do you play dirty games with little girls.

He wondered if his face was all dirty. Was she looking at him with a strange look? Waiting to punish him if he got out of line.

He could feel the crack of the whip

–I’m thirsty.

–You don’t get anything to eat or drink until you tell me what you’ve been up to.

She needed to be kinder to the boy. He would have never done this to Sammy.

–Someone has to discipline this boy.

–You’re being too hard on him. He know what we expect of him.

–Just because he knows doesn’t mean that he’s listening to us. He’s too curious for his own good.

Sammy hated the persecution. He didn’t need it.

–I just want to go outside. I just want to be NORMAL!

But that’s what really frightened him. That he was becoming just like them.

–A son needs to follow the example of his father.

–Not if his father is weak.

Sammy chuckled. The more that she hurt him, the more that he felt his own power. that no one, especially no woman would have that power over him. He was becoming something other than he was. Going to a place where no one could affect him.

Experiencing a secret pleasure reserve for no one but himself.

He thought that he had a supernatural powers. He could cast spells on those who irked him. Give them skin diseases.

–What are you doing in my room?

–You like me being in her. It turns you on.

–What?

–It turns you on. That’s why you feel all dirty. like you’re such a bad boy.

What was she saying to him?

–You know what you’re about. Just like your father. You like whores.

Whores. Whatever did she mean.

He thought about the squirrels. The ones that he shot in the woods.

–If they had names, would you feel different about it?

**They had names, and that helped him have the feeling that he did.  
–I can take on your pain. I can do all of this for you.**

The grind is getting to me. I need a premature vacation. So this is why advancement is so difficult in the organization. They give you all the shit to do.

I could sense a trap. No wonder the Assistant moves around freely without any restraint. To really master what he is up, I would have to spin endlessly in that maelstrom. I need to somehow escape. But it is difficult under the circumstances.

I am not becoming him. I am becoming this decoy that he has invented to throw us off the trail. I will take him down. That is my dedicated mission.

There is no rest here. I see my supervisor. he warm me. But he gives me time off.

–Can't you admit that there is mendacity in the world?

–I do. That is why I need to get away. It is eating me up.

–You are getting it all mixed up. Don't let the organization swallow you. That sheer feeling that I associated with her. My hand moving along her leg. The sizzle of passion that I needed. It made me electric. She got me in a frenzy.

If she denied me, I felt incensed. What I needed. What I relied on.

Bring me alive.

And if she was going to deny me. I wouldn't let it happen. This was necessary. It was meant to be.

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–Are you tired?  
–I’m tired of you.  
–You’re still beautiful.  
–Stop that! You’re trying to hold me with your words.  
–It doesn’t work?  
–Don’t even ask.  
I felt my tongue move up the smooth back. Caress the inner leg.  
–You’re never going to feel that again.  
–What?  
–I know how you look at me. Your fantasies. I could show up in a skirt with no panties and you’d still want to fuck me. Even after everything that I’ve put you through.  
–Is that how you hold on after you’re no longer wanted?  
I felt like a whaler staking out its prey.  
–Is there anything that I can do about it?  
–Just be yourself.  
–A few good days, and I’ll break the case.  
–A few good days and you’ll let it overcome you. There are no ghosts here. The bad apples quickly rise to the top.

I do not want to tell him about what I know about the Assistant. They are probably acquainted. My supervisor is one of his supporters. But there are other irregularities. I can bring system to this chaos.

Cat and mouse is only a game if the mouse catches on. Otherwise, it’s just a slaughter. I sharpen my teeth.

The country no longer poses a military threat. This increases the degree that we can absorb the economic assets of the region.

On the short term our view of strategy must be directed by the economic interests. but the economic influences need to be complemented by a host of cultural influences. Once we start such a line of aggression, we need to continue with our intention.

The degree to which we extend surveillance is our sole guarantee that we can maintain any of our successes. Without an ability to monitor what is going on, any gains will only slide back to their previous state. We need to be able to peek in to these walls. We need to eavesdrop. to react to what we see. To absorb the scenes into our reality.

We have to submerge ourselves completely into their activities. Not to give in to fantasy but to make fantasy our reality. We see and we make what we see into something tangible.

## SURVEILLANCE

The reflection monitors indicate increased activity along the border regions. This could suggest that there are intentions to invade. Or the forces could simply represent an attempt to reinforce defensive emplacements. Our intelligence is somewhat limited and could bear with actual on the ground reconnaissance that could supplement our monitoring facilities.

Our real fear is that any performances that we monitor could simply be reaction to the our surveillance. If that is indeed the case then that would suggest that we are only seeing a decoy in progress. If that is the case, that would indicate a stronger overall force then we initially

estimated. To counteract such a massive build up, we will need a stronger base of operations.

#### LEVEL OF THREAT

If indeed the monitored force is only a mock up, then we may be facing a major buildup for which we have no contingencies. Such a build up will need to be counteracted by our escalation of available resources. Our response will need to be swift and decisive. We can't expose our weakness to failures of intelligence. Intelligence will have to be entirely accurate in assessing what are our needs.

#### PERFORMANCE

If a scene of conflict is assayed, then the scene needs to be prematurely engaged. The very definition of conflict implies an imminence in the operations. Failure to act upon such urgencies is the most aggravated form of weakness and will come to haunt us in our ability to mount further operations. The intent of intelligence is to make our execution precise and without ambiguity.

#### ENCIRCLEMENT

Success is entirely dependent on the encirclement of the target area. The enemy cannot be provided with any means of escape. They must be made to follow our terms of engagement. Surveillance must expose any possible means of concealment on their part.

#### PENETRATION

If we have properly anticipated our opponents, any attempt to restrict our effectiveness will be met by a powerful counter force. We cannot surrender any of our achieved strength in diplomacy. Intelligence must be constant and vigilant in its effectiveness. It is the central player in all negotiation. Once intelligence has attained its predominance, it must impress its influence on all forms of social interaction. Its effectiveness must be continuous. It needs to be buttressed by a series of interlocking incursion that guarantee an overall social organization. We cannot surrender dominance once it has been achieved. Vulnerability must be met with deeper penetration of our force and our ideology.

- Do you like looking at naked women.
- Looking. I want to do more than look.
- What did you do?
- What could I do? I froze. That feeling of paralysis.
- So what happens.
- I watch her perform for me.
- And you enjoy that sort of things.
- I take it as an invitation.
- Is it?
- As long as I don't get too close.
- So.
- She starts to touch herself.
- And you?
- She pretends not to see me.

-And are you touching yourself.  
-I don't dare.  
-Did this happen?  
-Her husband was away.  
-Did that make it better.  
-She wanted more. She needed attention.  
-You gave her more.  
-I needed to hold back. To not reveal my intentions.  
-Did it succeed.  
-For what it was worth.

-That is why they are jealous of what we have. They are absorbed by the act of watching. they can't really do anything on their own. They will use their jealousy to wear us down. That is why we have laws. Why you have to obey the rules. It makes you a better person.

-Do they hate us?  
-If they had a chance, they would kill us. We need to protect ourselves. what we have. Through hard work. Even when I'm off from work, I'm here doing this. Keep busy. The devil's playground is the idle mind.

If the pleasure is too intense, the normal defenses cannot protect the self. We just give in.

-What are you looking at?  
-Nothing.  
-The TV's still warm. Have you been watching your father's movies.  
-Movies.  
-I told him to destroy that stuff. Did you get a hold of them?  
-I'm not doing anything. I'm just watching.  
-You're just a little too curious.  
-I don't even know what I'm looking at.  
-You're watching yourself go to hell.  
  
-I've got a surprise.  
-What's your surprise.  
-Me.

**The Assistant Director was starting to feel the pressure of his upcoming appointment. He felt that he needed to stay in the DC area for the time being.**

**-It's just a feeling that I have on my part.  
-A feeling.  
-I'm a little suspicious. I feel that I have enemies in the organization. If I'm right, I'm going to track down all those who stand in my way and sack them.  
-A purge.  
-It's going to be a little more subtle than that.  
-What are you talking about.  
-People are going to make mistakes.**

- Are you going to join us.
- I didn't think that I was allowed.
- Just take off your clothes and climb aboard.

I am starting to feel that I am inventing an Assistant that hardly corresponds with the actuality of operations. Does this make me a weaker agent? Accuracy is paramount in the organization. If I am compromising everyday operations, then I am detriment to the organization. I am only setting myself up to be neutered.

I refuse to be the weak link in this chain.

-Do you know where to touch?

She really does. Knows better than any guy. What turns you on and what just leaves you-yawn-bored as sin.

-It's a matter of being on target. Clear aim. Sustaining the touch. A feeling of endless energy.

He can feel that energy slip from him. He is trying to hold on, but she slips from him.

-I have been connected to an eternity. From nature to inner reaches of the self. To twist the spiral descent into the self.

What gives you the utmost pleasure, and what you register as the recognition of this extreme. An absurd smile comes over my face.

-Can you get away?

Too far away even for me. A place that I cannot attain.

-I can get you a little extra if you agree to help.

-this is not about helping. It is about completion.

She feels herself wired into the complete universe.

As it is the body is not a locus for all the pleasure that it can attain. It needs to be reworked. Tina listened with utter attention as she heard about the revelation that awaited her with the right combination of cutting and sewing.

-We have to redirect the circulation. Where the blood rushes, and the concomitant response in the mind. The spirit can only exist in its physical manifestation.

Those who are dragged down by their physical form cannot experience the full potential that is their gift. Everyday is a new invitation. We must delve deep into what pleasure can offer us. We must extend ourselves into the depths of self realization.

-I don't need you shit anymore.

She was making him more pissed.

-Don't you understand that none of this has anything to do with you.

But it did. This was his creation, and it was slipping out of his fingers.

He spent the month inside cramming for his interrogation. Time at the office. The gym. A few select meetings. Then nights pouring over the books. Reviewing old memos.

-It's important that he succeeds.

Important. It had nothing whatsoever to do with me. I could bring him down. I needed

to wait for my moment. We all do!

–Can I pay you to show something essential about yourself.

–This can't be bought or sold.

I am looking for what is the most explosive thing about your character.

–Do I attract you.

–You do in those tight jeans.

Anyone looking at you would have been attracted to the same thing. You are wearing nothing underneath, and they hug you so well.

–We are talking about loyalty. You know what really gets me off.

–A hug.

I am thinking about the balance of power that she implies.

–I just don't give it up for anyone.

–Of course not.

–So what are you really willing to give up. Just to get what I'm offering.

–My freedom.

–You can surrender it that easily?

–If I'm getting what I think.

–This is not an even deal.

–And?

–You're going to be tested for your loyalty. This is about the people.

–Are you available?

–You know the price.

And if I see the explosion, I need to see it as directly linked to a way of life. What is most cherished, what is most under duress. What we cannot give up.

–Anything for you.

–You can't make my price. We need to be practical.

All the denial on her part so that she can pull the jean tighter. They hug her hips with all their flattery.

–Where did you get them?

–You know where. It's mother nature.

I thought of the industry working overtime to give her what she needs. To guarantee that the explosion would really go off in a perfect manner.

–You're going to give me what I want.

–I will.

–Each and every day.

–Every second.

–Why aren't you working at it right now.

–Sometimes we have to prepare ourselves.

–Don't give in to evil.

–I won't

–Pray with me.

–I pray to you.

–Surrender.

All I have.

The tight jeans. The hug. Nothing at all for you.  
–I'm wearing nothing underneath.  
Allegiance, now and forever.  
–It's about our way of life.  
–Are you available?  
–We've been through that. Are you loyal?  
–I've been through that. I'm willing to give it up.  
–It's reserved just for you. But there are sacrifices.  
We need to be protected.

## **TARGET: HOW MUCH IS IT WORTH**

**DEFENSIVE CAPABILITIES:** It is critical that we extend protection to all citizens of the republic. This protection needs to be defensive in character. That means any threat whether real or implied needs to be neutralized. Where the balance of power is in our favor, we need to immediately eliminate that threat. Balance of power is to be defined in strictly military terms. The balance is often qualified by diplomatic considerations. We cannot eliminate whole populations. But we can find ways to meet their threats. We can hold accountable any leader who pursues reckless policies that put in danger our citizens.

Our notion of the citizen must be redefined in lines with more traditional constitutional protection. We cannot think of the citizen as any malcontent or dead beat. The citizen cannot weigh upon the body politic. The citizen is someone who has property. There can be no ambiguity here. In the new interpretation, this may include someone who has intellectual property or who can create worthwhile intellectual property. It may also include someone who has clear access to a sort of property due to his notability. If we can make political capital of a threat, implied or real, then the person of note deserves protection of himself and his property. In this case, the right to protection is only secondary and due to our media. Whenever that individual pursues interests contrary to those of the dominant power, there can be no claim to defense. Under such conditions, we have to sacrifice the individual.

Our defensive posture will include unforeseen damage in terms of life and property in other nations. It is clearly unfortunate that the innocent have to lose their lives to protect basic liberty. In a fuller sense, this is the ultimate human sacrifice. It is what makes us all human. That we must give our lives to protect the basic rights of others. Even if these sacrifices are not entirely voluntary, we have to realize that in our place, they couldn't do any different.

It is critical in elaborating associated damages that these damages occur more or less outside the public eye. We can take advantage of any damage inflicted on us directly. But these indirect results need to be hidden from the public eye. A loyal press will realize that democracy depends on us not muddling the waters. By strict definition, any losses occurred during defensive operation must be thought of as necessary for democracy.

Although these losses will be accompanied by strategic victories on our part, secondary press agencies will feel it necessary to report on the losses. We must insure that any losses beyond the limit must take place in regions relatively inaccessible to those agencies and depend on sources that are somewhat in dispute. We cannot allow a whole population to suffer permanently for a regime's threat. But a figure of 10% is easily acceptable to our people and our press agencies. We are talking about defense of the home front.

protection of 1 <b>citizen</b>	5,000 reported civilian losses (non-citizens)	50,000 military casualties (non-citizens)
		1,000,000 contributory deaths

These numbers are fairly strict. They can be handled without major difficulty. If our whole citizenry is met with a constant and irremovable threat, I have no doubt that we can sanction the elimination of an entire population. This is of the order of 20,000,000. We can easily phrase this loss as military. This is especially the case when every adherent of an aggressive regime is recruited to threaten our citizens. The success of our description depends on the degree to which the threat has a palpable quality for our citizens. It may take a gradual accustoming to the true character of the threat. Or a single event in its magnitude may be sufficient to enlighten the public. If we need to help such an event along to alter the consciousness of the populace, so be it.

**STRATEGIC CONSIDERATIONS:** If we are to eliminate the surfacing of actual threats, we need to control the strategic balance. In this regard, there will be losses incurred by the involved states. Where it is harder to communicate the intricacies of strategic balance, we cannot sell such massive consequences to the public. Under such conditions, we need to invest proxy states to bear the brunt of these operations. Under this description, they may be able to inflict losses on the order of 1,000,000 people. We can make these losses acceptable if we can show that our forces may have incurred intractable threats due to direct participation. Strategic losses will max out around 500. This means reported deaths. The actual counts are allowable around the 5,000 max. 100,000 contingent losses are acceptable. Where the strategic considerations can be matched to direct threats on the citizenry of a significant ally, we can easily write off the deaths of one million.

strategic consideration for 1 <b>citizen</b>	500 reported civilian losses (non citizen)	5,000 associated losses	100,000 resultant casualties
			1,000,000 contributory losses

Imagine if we reverse the charts. We have to think about it this way. The contributory losses will soon be forgotten by the citizens. But they cripple the threatening states and allow our forces to extend protection to our economic endeavors. There is a special joy in appreciating our ability to inflict justice!

Reverse the logic. See the state in ascendancy. We need to enjoy it one step at a time.

Inflict justice!

–How are you doing?

–Who is this?

–I think you're hot.

–Thanks for the complement. Who is this?

–I love how you move.

–That's nice. Where did you get my number?

–I was the guy who came by to see the apartment.

–I don't want you phoning here.

–You don't want to go out or something?

–Not really.

–Do you think I'm ugly.

–I'm not really attracted to you. I don't think of you that way.

–But you could.

–No, I couldn't.

–I've seen you at school. I've seen loneliness in your eyes.

–You're imagining that.

–Are you happy?

–Sometimes I'm happy and sometimes I'm not. It depends on what I'm doing. That's not so unusual, is it?

–But there's more going on with you. I can tell you're creative, but that something happened to you that made you afraid to pursue your creativity.

–You can tell this by looking.

–Yeah.

–You've hardly ever seen me.

–I see you all the time. At the store, at the library, on the Quad, at the Student Union.

–Are you following me?

–No, you just appear. You stand out. As if there's a halo surrounding you.

–That's silly. You can't just call people that you don't know.

–I feel that I know you.

–But you don't know me. Not at all.

–But I'd like to. I'd like to get to know you.

–It's not that simple. You're sort of weird. And we just can't go out together. It's not realistic.

–Sometimes you have to go against reality.

–Go against it. You're asking me to do something that's sort of sick.

–It's not sick. I'm a very nice guy.

–And I'm sure you are, but it's never going to happen.

–Never.

–It's not going to happen any time soon.

–In the future.

–Don't hold your breath.

–Can't you just say no. Tell me to go.

–Go away!



–OK, I will.

–I don't want you calling here. Ever.

–How long have you been a member of the organization?

–For a year and a half.

–And you have regular meetings.

–Twice a week. And during lunch breaks.

–You get together during lunch.

–Devotional sessions. It take my mind off work.

–Why did you join?

–For the love.

–And you have got what you need?

–That and more.

–Do you ever feel that you are casting off part of your character to be part of something that has little to do with who you really are?

–I don't know what that question mean.

–Aren't you surrendering your identity to this thing that's imposed on you from the outside.

–It's not like that. I'm just being myself.

–But you're doing what they tell you.

–It's not a cult. You don't respect me.

–I'm trying to figure out what it's all about. Have you ever been a member of a group like this before.

–I was in a church group. We studied the book. But this is more than that.

–You study the book.

–It is more than that.

–What?

–It's this magic feeling. It's hard to explain.

–Explain. I'll try to listen.

–You don't know what it's like if you've never been part of something. It's something that's bigger than any of us. It makes you feel like everything is right. That your vision is the vision for the whole world.

**As the world spins in confusion you are all looking for an answer. It is there. It is already in you. But it is more than that. It is all around. It is in the world. You need to link that longing in yourself to that immensity of feeling that is untapped in the rest of the world. There are people all around you, and you need to let them in. People who have traveled the world over in search of answers. You have the answer.**

**Each day is a new beginning. The opening of actualities that are untapped. Let it all flow together. Be yourself.**

–You don't know what it's like until you feel. I always had this feeling of being unclean. Cold and incomplete. When I had sex, I had this sensation that the man was robbing me of my personality.

–What man?

-Any man.  
-Did you use sex to try to help you find answers.  
-You meet a man and he tells you things. Only later do you realize that he's lying.  
-And you kept doing this? Didn't you realize that you were making these men into something that they weren't?  
-I realize that now.  
-But are you sure about it?  
-I am now.  
-Completely sure.  
-Totally and completely.

-I think that I'm going to blow  
-Not again.  
-Are you telling me that you're some kind of artist.  
-I'm an exhibitionist.  
-Are you doing this for me or doing it for yourself?  
-That it's OK for you to look but not to touch. You like it just like that.  
-If the curtain was open a little more.  
-And the light stayed on while I touched myself.  
-If you'd oblige.  
-I wish all of life was so accommodating.  
-I rather do to.  
-If you could just show me a little more of yourself.  
-That's how it all starts.  
-No. The really of yourself. Like what do you like to do.  
-Besides show myself to you.  
-Something like that.  
-I like to show part of you to yourself.  
-But never the whole thing.  
-That's why mirrors were invented. They never show the whole thing.  
-But there are the all way mirrors.  
-That ruins the fun  
-You never know if the back of your shirt ain't pressed.  
-Or if someone's staring at your butt.  
-Something like that.  
-Everything has a good side.  
-And some things have more than one.,  
-Were you looking at me?  
-No  
-you were. Can you see in my bathroom.  
-And what if I could. I thought that you were an exhibitionist.  
-To a point.  
-What point? Your point.  
-That I see all that you have to offer.  
-You already have.

–I want more.  
–You’ve seen all that you’re going to see.  
–I want to do more than see. I want to feel as if I’m touching you.  
–How do you do that?  
–It’s all about something that you show me about yourself.  
–Like what?  
–How you move. How he moves with you. How you let yourself go. Do you like to let yourself go.  
–I do.  
–Then let me see you let yourself go.  
–Are you a pervert?  
–What do you want me to be?  
–I thought that you could tell by looking.

–We have you in our sites  
–Do I look pretty for you?  
–Pretty is as pretty does.  
–Great. Then you’ll have to go away.  
–What will you do for even thinking about it?

–Let’s have a little game of pitch and catch.  
–And what are we discovering?  
–What we’ve known about all along.  
–What is that?  
–That you can let the ball drop.  
–I thought that we knew that all along.

Dropping is all part of the game.  
–This game has no room for error.  
–There’s always room for error. That’s what makes me human.  
left to your own devices, how would you discover...

–The only way that you could understand me is if I had money. But that wouldn’t be enough for me. Because it couldn’t make up for all that time of waiting. The only way that you could understand me is if I had loads and loads of money. And then it wouldn’t make any difference. But that wouldn’t be me...

–This feeling that you have. It’s yours alone.

I like to soar above the city and look down on their lives. Someday I might swoop down and make my presence know. Until then the flapping of my wings makes an incredible whirring noise. I am the harbinger of some future invasion. Hear my language!

–After a while in here our visions interconnect. We can complete each other’s sentences.

We become one. We share and enter each other's dreams.

–That's nonsense.

–No, its not. Don't hear you saying it. They'll keep us here forever.

I first encountered my father as a voice. A voice without flesh. I met him in a room that I was to come to know as his room. And I would go to this place to hear the pronouncement of the voice. I trained myself to remember everything that he told me. I did not want to forget his lessons. When he did not speak, I spent my time writing it all down. And I would study his words in the hope that I could make sense of the mystery that was being revealed to me.

I realize now that I am chosen. Everything that he told me was leading to the same place. That is why I am here now. Sensing that I can continue the vocation that he first established for me. It was a commitment that first struck fear in me. More than the disembodied voice, I feared his expectations for me. It seems so natural. But it did not then. I felt naked before the words. I felt like nothing. If I might have found comfort in a hug, a smile, these words were rough and hard. Hard to listen to. Hard to bear. But it was all natural. I formed the world outside from the words that I heard inside.

I have been asked to pore over thousands of photographs looking for a resemblance. I suppose that they could get the computer to do this, but they feel that I might see something that the computer will miss. Of course, I am subject to fatigue and distraction. But I look at the photos and try to bring them to life. I feel that I know these women. I know something about their world. I can visit their homes and interact with their parents. Tell them that I mean the best for their daughters.

Daughters. I protect them all. Each personally. But I need to divide my time. So to each I give an explosive second. I offer something that is unforgettable.

This is what I tell myself.

I suppose that the range of photos has already been selected for me. Otherwise, I would have millions. I do not have addresses. But I could easily obtain them if I needed them. Looking for the right one. The combination of lips and mouth, eyes and hair. I focus. I measure. I peer inside. How the pictures seem to come alive for me.

The faces that attract me the most are the ones where I see part of myself in the phot. They come to life for me. Pick me out. Speak to me.

I listen for her voice to invite me closer. Maybe meet her down at the park in a secluded spot. This gives a chance to be alone together. I know that if her parents knew that we were meeting that they'd prevent her from going. She's adult. She does what she wants. She parks her car on the street. It's a bit of a walk, but she wants to make it on time. She rushes. She's made sandwiches and brought drinks. She's so excited. I'll bring the blanket.

Maybe she couldn't get out of the house. I'll have to meet her there. Her parents won't let me in so I'll have to sneak in. She expects me. I don't want to frighten her. I don't want her to scream.

I put down her photo. Place it in the corner of the desk. This one is special. Someone will have to visit her. Someone from the office. With a special ID. Someone who can reassure her that no one is going to break in.

–Samantha.

Is that her name. Are there names or only file numbers on all the photos. If there are

numbers, the computer can find her address.

There are so many faces. I am getting lost. Getting tired. If they'd give me phone numbers, I'd be so much more helpful. No one would mind if she got an official call. It would make her feel special.

Sure this is a game that I play. I hope to break through that barrier. That would be really exciting. My supervisor would go crazy if he found out. I'm not supposed to contact any of the girls. I've been appointed to this job because they feel that I know. Which girl is next. Which girl is really special. They'll take care of all the details after I am finished. I'm supposed to put the photos in order. From most likely to least likely. Eliminate the ones that do not fit. How do they know that I know. How did they discover my talent. Some skill that I have.

I feel that is more than that. These girls have been chosen. By a higher authority. A force. And I can tell. I can see the mark. Know them by the photos. And when they come alive, I notice the mark that they bear. My skill is not abstract. I feel something intense when I look at these girls. I become part of their world. And when I feel that world ripped from me, I feel this frenzy. What is happening?

There are testing my real skills. A unique talent. Inaction is fatal. If they realize that I am doing nothing about this, I will lose my job. I need to get involved.

I was transferred from my last position on Monday. Seemed that my data hardly correlated with actual events. Data, events. I am part of the future. They are deluded. It is their loss. Not my loss. I got what I wanted. I assembled a massive data base. I have something to do for the next century. They also gave me a perfect alibi. They are crazy. Worse than he is. Worse than they can ever imagine I am. What I know, really know down deep.

At heart, I am not a file clerk. I am meant to lead. I understand secrets about the world that no one else has ever seen. Consistencies. These rivers of history. I know how to redirect these waters. Even flood the plains when water is truly needed. I am beneficent.

Every office where I am assigned is an opportunity. I am learning the overall structure of the organization. I discover all the identity codes and security clearances. Nothing slips by my view. It is almost as if I am running the whole operation. They do not realize what I have become. I am the center of the world.

As I extend this shadow government, I offer what no one else can. I offer true security. I see the wolves at the gate. I lead them off to some decoy prey. It is their undoing. Society will one day thank me. For now I have to remain hidden.

## **YOU DON'T KNOW UNLESS YOU'RE THERE!**

- There? What am I doing here?
- You can't get over there fast enough.
- Just make sure you're not in the way of basic operations.
- I feel helpless-like I can't do anything. I saw the explosion on TV. I wanted to do something about it. I just couldn't
- It wasn't an explosion. It was an earthquake.
- Do you feel bad about it?
- I couldn't do a thing to stop.

- If you could.
- I wouldn't have done anything to stop it. I might have made it worse.
- You know that you really can't die unless it happens on TV. Otherwise, you never existed.
- You know that sounds really clever.
- Yeah, sometimes you have to give people a chance to live.
- Really!
- That's why I'm in video arts.
- Cool.
- It's really exciting. Life changing.
- But you can't put everyone on TV.
- I'm trying to get as many people in the shot.
- Sort of a mass grave.
- More like a parade arrangement.
- I like that image. All lined up for the slaughter.
- What are you talking about?
- I don't need a camera. It's all in the eyes.
- What?
- It's all up here.
- What are you pointing at?
- The TV screen.
- TV screen of the mind.
- The TV screen of do-you-mind.
- I don't.
- I know.
- What?
- No, I really know you. I do. I'm proud of your career.
- It's not a career yet. I'm just studying.
- Just studying. You're already making it happen.
- All the sides to the story.
- And all the sides that shouldn't be in the story.
- How do you take them out?
- Forcibly.
- Can I write that down?
- It already has. It's what's shown at the edge of the picture.

I really have little will for eating. But I do not want to die. What am I to do? Food almost repulses me.

- Why are you treating me like this?
- This is only natural given your crimes.
- What are you talking about?
- Why do you think that we placed you in here.
- I thought that this was a hospital. I thought that it was because of my illness.

–It’s hardly your illness. It’s for things that you’ve done.

–But I feel weak. I feel sick. My whole body is in pain. I feel that I am on fire and burning from the inside.

–You made yourself that way to avoid punishment. That’s why I have been assigned to you. To make sure there is the right balance of pain. Enough to keep you aware of why you are here. But not enough to let you escape the eventual sentence to which you have been damned.

–I’ve heard of this sort of thing before. It’s a form of torture. I thought that is the war crime.

–You’re making yourself sick. And we’re relieving the pain. If you didn’t make yourself feel this way, we wouldn’t do any of this to your.

I’ve got a meeting today on currency devaluation. Of course, that phrase is not used . It is never used. Such a strategy would be utter defeatism, nothing short of a disaster.

The key is to devalue a number of other currencies and force them to bear the brunt of our apparent weakness in relation to other major currencies. They call it vasseling, almost like opening up arteries in a living organism. It’s financed by selling back products of these smaller countries at a profit. It’s really hideous, but it is the only way to maintain our hedge against collapse.

They think that I’m on loan from Treasury. They call me Robert. If they knew the truth, there’d be an international scandal. Everybody that does is sworn to secrecy. And if they even think of contravening their orders they risk their lives. This is the sort of operation that is too big to be left to the regular Services. It is definitely a problem of Intelligence. Only the Agency can handle something like this. The mission comes the Director. And he is on orders from the Chief Executive.

Some people around here are so naive. I’m sure that Treasury is equally in the dark. They have been trying to consult. But most of the actual policy-making is going directly through me. That way we can maintain consistency. I’ve heard people suggest that we can’t interfere in the internal governance of our allies. That this operation smacks of micro-management and could just send the whole pile of cards tumbling. Are they crazy? Where do we get the money to pay their salaries? We don’t want to turn our country in some backwards underdeveloped jungle. This is the only way that we can conduct free markets. They need their illusions.

Industry in our colonies exists only because of our support. If we pulled out, there would only be anarchy. What I do is give direction to the world economy. I make sure that there is an actual flow, not a series of random movements.

–Robert, there’s talk going around that you’re extending way past your job description. We can’t have you taking that attitude.

He didn’t write my job description. He has never even seen it. Not the pretend one, and never, never the real one.

–I’ve just been sent here to do statistics. Decisions are based on the numbers that I yield. I don’t make up the numbers. And I myself don’t make any of the decisions.

What an ass. This careerist at State is trying to analyze my actions. If he only knew that I was running his section. Not just his section.

–We’ve thought about putting you on notice.

That’s sort of what I’m doing to the rest of the world. The great thing about my job is that it is essentially invisible. The invisible hand that makes it all work. It makes everyone

continue to believe in the efficacy of the market. It is critical for our strategic position to keep interest rates low. At the same time, the currency has to stay strong. We need to expand. This can only occur by targeted spending. The feared deficit will be offset by the prosperity that we produce. We bless the people. We are their god. All praise him!

–Bob, what the hell do you do in that cubicle of yours. No one really knows.

–I'm sending you reports and memos all the time. Aren't you reading that stuff that's on your desk?

–No one pays attention to those reports. That's for Treasury. We write policy. We do communiques. We are in the image business.

Is that what he said to himself when he picked out that suit?. There is such a slovenly attitude in this section. What if they were on the front lines. It's fortunate that there are such incompetents here. Otherwise I'd be exposed in a second. This makes the machinery go.

I think that there going to have to get me out of here soon. I can only go undetected for so long. Not that anyone is going to see. There are studies and oversight committees. We keep having to change the location of our manipulations so that it doesn't appear that we are really interfering.

There is no Robert. My position doesn't even exist.

*I am sure that they will never find me. Until of course it is too late. I am their worst fear. They have done everything that they can to prevent my existence, It has only nurtured what I am. I have always fed on their fear. I have fed on their bureaucracy. I have gobbled up every structure and safe and precaution that they have used to eliminate my influence. It has been up to me to execute their intentions, and this has left them in an even more sorry state. I have devised their organization so that everything flows through me. Every river of information. Every tidbit of privacy. It is all at my disposal, and there is not a thing that they can do about it.*

*It was very early on that I became disenchanted with their chicanery. I saw their ruthlessness. Their distaste for life. I tried to change their path. But they had committed themselves to nothing less than this extremism. I saw how their victims increased tenfold. It was their machine. And I was getting caught up in it. I wanted to warn people. Tell them what I knew. But no one understood. And the more that I tried to tell people, the more that I saw, the more I felt that I was doing nothing, the more I realized that I had a mission. This must have been the feeling that inspired the prophets to venture out on their own. But the strongest feature of my new evangelism was that it had no audience. I preached in silence. As if I had an audience directly with the divine.*

*Once I realized how I had been called, I was filled with a new vigor. It inspired my planning and I sought out allies who could aid in my desires. I call my contacts allies when even they never realized the scope of what I was involved in. No one did. What I was doing was beyond their ken. They had not experienced the depths like I had so they could not relish the solution that had seemed so obvious to me.*

*Even in my darkest hour, the revelation that drove burned with such a brightness that I did not give in. Even when I saw the results of my work turned into deformities that were too gross for reflection, I persevered. I knew that behind the chaos would emerge an order. If only I could taste it to some degree, it would fill me with the wondrous realization that I was part of a movement of liberation.*

*I could trust no one as everyone had been corrupted by the machine. That was its*



*beauty. It worked its influence unaware to the participants. For the time being it ran perfectly. But in the end it all ran through me. And I had the tools to make it run down.*

*In pretending to serve this master, did I do it too well. Did I prevent the structure from grounding to its natural halt. It proved the perfect inspiration in offering an abundance of information.*

*I sought this result because I was committed to an idea. Sure, I benefitted from the money that I got in payment. But that was meager to what I could have obtained if I had engaged the private sector by becoming a consultant. My motives were far reaching. I wanted to change the world.*

*I was somewhat disheartened as I watched everything move in such increments. What could I do? The flaws in the machine made it work even better. It gave the illusion of popular vigilance. While it manipulated public opinion throughout the world, it offered the assurance that all was fundamentally secure in the world. This illusion was sufficient to delude the mass. I felt more and more isolated from the rest of the world. More and more skeptical of my wider goals. This alienation only increased my fondness for secrecy. It increased my distrust of the people. I convinced me of my place in history as part of an elite class of new leaders. But the more that things progressed as they did, the less that I felt the reality of my vision. I was becoming the best at maintaining this most oppressive thing. And even when I halted the full impact of its progress, I did it in such twisted ways as only to frustrate any form of political liberation.*

*I am what they most fear. I know everything about what they do. I even move it in the directions that they want. I create the world. I am the mole that they have been looking for. It is me who have betrayed their absurd plans for the world.*

As I move closer to this edge, I find that I can pass back and forth at will. Sometimes I exist, but I am not even here. I no longer inhabit this body that lies here. At other moments, I return to my senses. I like that.

I return to my senses. I am on the verge of sleep. Trying to breathe. Trying to clear my throat. Noises but no words. What is this thing that now inhabits my body. I am afraid that I will get caught in here for good before I have a chance to pass over. This is not how it was meant to be.

I am waiting for the cure. Waiting for that wave to rush through my body. Why have they delayed in hooking up my body?

I don't want the body to be taken away. I want it to stay with me. To tell its stories until they haunt me by their weight.

I can feel him slip from me. I don't want it to happen. I stay in this room permeated by the moist, warm odor. I want the room to stay warm lest I lose my concentration, my connection to what has happened here. I let the spirit creep into me. There is a strange violence in its visitation and I give into it. I am afraid of the extreme pride that has become the watchword of all this. That I can hold on to life when it has flown. That I can take it away and keep it for myself. That I can draw life from the body and guard it for myself, as part of me. That is why I can't leave. As if it is part of something that is so elemental to who I am.

I feel this silence as oppressive. I search for some reply in the arrangement of the room. Whispers in the walls. Something said with some authority to me. That is why the body is to stay here in all its intimacy with me. It is the only record of all the concern that flowed through

here previously. That I have something to relate to the moment of evacuation as the spirit escaped the body and floated through the room.

I don't want my concern to float by the wayside. I need something to hold on to through all this ebb and flow. Everything now hangs in utter disuse through the room. Things that I can pocket. I did not come here as a thief. But who can make better use of the valuables still here. A watch. A nice pen. They serve twofold. To enrich me for my time and grief. And to remind me of my connection to this person who has escaped my watch.

The greatest treasure for me is the body. Fresh and warm but quickly becoming frozen. I need to strike while the memory is vibrant. At some other time, there will be others who compete for my attention. But now, he is the one. And I muster all my energy to surround his presence and draw it to me. Once he is gone, the silence will again be total. Little that I can do to bring him back, to keep a hold of what he was.

That infinite satisfaction associated with the passing. But the passing from me. It is up to me to determine the final moment. But there is still little that I can do to recall the moment in all its vibrancy. That moment as the summit of all that preceded it. His succumbing to an eternal rest. As he teetered at that edge, hanging on to all that was life.

How could he when he was on the verge of something that was so much more?.

Is there any rescue for me, for him. I am full of a longing that has no release. I linger in the bitterness of what has been drawn from me. Deep in myself, I suspect a connection and that is why I have to stay with the flesh. The sweetness of the decay is now my only reminder that I was part of something at the supreme realization of all its powers. All experience could intersect at this nexus of energy. Could explode against me. What had preceded it was nothing. All other times threatened to burst apart and run away from the care that I brought to this present. And while it imposed its eternity, I felt no equal. Or in contemplation, I attained such a height. I do not want to come down. I will not. I am in utter communion with the room and all that is in it. The body must stay. I must preserve its richness so I can recall his spirit for another moment. What have I become? How truly can I inspire his return at such a moment. If my resources fail me now, there will be some future moment when my omnipotence gives me the ability to recall the spirit from its realm and give it this form to once again reinhabit. This fantasy that I wanted to give up is rendered so evocative in everything that I now see. Let it all wash over me—AH!

As I slip into a deep funk, I know that it might be worse if he was not here. And I am constant in my attachment to this form—lifeless on appearance, but still pulsating for me. Do not leave me!

I am struck by a worse fear. Not that I can still hold him in here. That he holds me. Holds me in a place that is not of my making. I need to take something and get out of here. I can stay here forever, but I risk detection. The very undoing of the perfection of my presence. That I was never here.

I am not here.

I feel myself immobile on the bed. The fear underneath the fear. That I have been alone in this room all along. That I await verification of my own demise. A place of rest.

I am still sentient. Entirely sentient. But I am paralyzed. I want them to revive me. I feel the need to be revived. I do not want to leave this place. But I am being taken away without my volition. And once I am permanently removed from this place, the end will hit with such aplomb.

Revive me. Can you not. If you could kiss my lips. Fill my limp body with breath, I

might come alive. I fear burial will take away my chance. Or worse I will die in the world of a thousand suns. And as I fear that warmth turn to heat unimaginable. There is no euphoria in any of this. Nothing that I draw from my descent. No liberation in the pain. It rings through me. Tears at me. I regain awareness only to slip under again.

These words reassure me. I hang on to life. I do not want to give in. I persevere even as I drift away again.

Anyone who knows me, who has kept watch with me, would realize the necessity to revive me. I want to wake up again.

As long as I am still here, there is that possibility that someone will see. They will look after me and prevent my eventual demise. Someone who has my interest at heart. I seek after a friend. My rescue is near.

I think what it would be like if the surgeon's scalpel just cut into me. I still feel pain. More intense than ever. Just because I do not move does not mean I have not attained the heart of my pain. I have not been liberated from it. It now affects me in an even more potent form.

I can no longer scream out. But there has to be some sign for a true friend of what I am undergoing here. Maybe you can revive me. Help me to escape.

My fear is that ultimate moment when the living have given up on me. I still continue. But what kind of support can they offer me. What can I offer myself?

I have my will. Even though it is so tied to the strengths of my body, I find that I can muster the power within myself. Hope and help!

If you only knew the place that I inhabit. What words can only glimpse. Repeating the same invocation over and over again. It cannot get me moving. I need help. Need you to move my body for me so I can begin to move for myself.

I feel that I am losing all ability to resist. That the strength is being sapped from me once and for all. That desire will be the last resort to fall away and then I will be done for good.

I do not want the mass of pain to crush me. I can't brace myself. I can't counter the effect with the fundamental resilience of the body. I have nothing.

I am an explorer, I extend my pilgrimage for you. I ask that you use your imagination and come with me. This is not a barrier to you nor me. We can continue on.

I am met by this utter silence. My pleas are being ignored. I try to make the words. This is like a nightmare where you try to scream out, but there are no words.

I mumble and by the muttering I just might bring something to life. The shaking. I stretch out so that I might arrive at free flight. Can anyone hear that. I am coming alive. Listen to that thunderous roar!

–Do not bury me.

–I want to see how close you can come to knowing the end and then coming back to life. She obliges me in my desire.

–This is not a fantasy.

Her face shows the exquisite intensity of her realization.

–Tell me what it's like.

–I can't. That would be too personal.

There are still marks on her neck from the experience. She looks at herself in the mirror as if she were brushing her hair. She can't rub them away.

–Do you want to go again.

–And again and again until you suck the life from me.  
–Is that what you want?  
–That’s what you want. You think you can gain something for yourself by sucking the life from me.  
–And I can’t.  
–You can only do what you can do. How can you sleep at night?  
–Come closer, and I’ll show you how.  
She smiles.  
–I still don’t know.  
–Nor do I.  
–You can’t sleep.  
–I’m learning how.  
–How?  
–By watching others.  
–What if they wake up?  
–They never do.  
She smiles.  
–They never do.  
She wonders what I am saying. We kiss. She wants more.  
–If you go that far again, and you don’t want to return.  
–That’s my decision.  
–How will I know?  
–You’ll know.  
–But then it’s my decision.  
–Never!  
–Tell me what you know!  
–I can’t.  
I feel that I am crossing through a long hallway, barely lit. I brace myself on the wall.  
–Kiss me.  
I brace myself on the wall. Yell out. No reply.  
–Is this what it is like.  
–You can’t know because you are hollow.  
–Then it is only emptiness that you have come to know.  
–It is a burning rush. An ecstasy. What we are meant to feel every second of the day.  
–I want you to do the same for me.  
–I won’t stop myself.

If I can just stay awake, make it to my next nap, I can survive this pain.

–Leave me alone.  
I don’t think that anyone can understand the concentration that this takes. So so much.  
–I can’t. Just let me be.  
It’s not just being left alone. I am doing so much more than that. Stretching out my resources. This extreme yawn.  
The boredom. The utter waiting. I can see that release. But its sweep is so long. A flight that barely touches me. I struggle to grab a hold of this thread. Holding on as I let it pull me

along. I am stripped down to nothing.

I do not want to open my eyes. Entertain a world outside of my focus.

““We will still be hated, but we will also be held in awe.... Fear and respect is not as good as friendship and understanding but it is better than being despised.””

**I know that I have amazing powers, powers unheard of. If I use my skill. I can free myself from my persecutors. They have delayed plans for my advancement because they don't realize these powers that I possess. I will make it obvious to the,**

**The director has destroyed the organization. His mandate has been wasted, and he faces cutbacks in funding. All the divisions are suffering under his management. This is a total abuse of his leadership. Soon he will have to go away. And I will follow him.**

**Why I was passed up for the position eludes me. I had a better record than the director. I had more international experience. Associates claimed that he fit better with the political agenda of the administration. His lack of experience was actually for his benefit. He could more easily follow the dictates of his superiors because he had no personal information to contradict their assessments. He worked from the same briefing papers that they did.**

**I have seen a steady decay of all the services in recent years. Particularly, our international divisions have been seriously effected. In my tenure, I did everything that I could to resist this erosion. It is part of the new world. I have been told to accept it. Colleagues who can do excellent economic breakdowns but whose political savvy is limited. The operations are intensely efficient, but the effectiveness comes with a price. This is all part of the new bunker mentality. I have always seen it. International service employees who seldom leave the embassy compound and its surroundings. Who only interact with a small coterie of host countries. Who do very little leg work on their own part.**

**This insularity is frightening. I have done everything that I can to influence public policy. My record speaks for itself.**

**I think that is why I have been placed here. There have been the public claims that I am a risk to myself. I have been doing “weird” things. I have just been maintaining—maintaining, It is difficult when these interferences from the outside make their way inside a body. I can feel the success of their strategy. I point to their action. But they say that I am doing these things to myself. I am to blame.**

**I think that it goes back to an effort to influence behavior thirty years ago. We knew that particular substances could help us better control behavior among the members of the organization. We wanted to round off the sharp highs and lows of their emotions. These aids definitely did the trick. But in a few cases they made these lows get stored up in the body, They simply waited for the high to subside, and then they made their presence known.**

**This is what is being done to me. It's in the water. Or in my coffee. I know that I am being fed these mood altering chemicals. I am being poisoned. They are trying to bring me down.**

**This is my witness to all that they have done to manipulate. I need you help.**

**I need my help. That is why I have learned to transform myself. Powers that I never realized that I had before. This is a new weapon. We will revolutionize the balance of powers as we eliminate all the incompetents that have assumed their role in the**

**organization. We can transform State and Defense as we change the whole world. For the betterment of mankind.**

**I have seen birds fly. I have observed their flight. I have analyzed their motion. At night, I have done the same. But the darkness has gone away. They are trying to keep me in this room. They are drugging me.**

**I will free myself. I will fly.**

–I want to see how close you can come to knowing the end and then coming back to life. She obliges me in my desire.

–This is not a fantasy.

Her face shows the exquisite intensity of her realization.

–Tell me what it's like.

–I can't. That would be too personal.

There are still marks on her neck from the experience. She looks at herself in the mirror as if she were brushing her hair. She can't rub them away.

–Do you want to go again.

–And again and again until you suck the life from me.

–Is that what you want?

–That's what you want. You think you can gain something for yourself by sucking the life from me.

–And I can't.

–You can only do what you can do. How can you sleep at night?

–Come closer, and I'll show you how.

She smiles.

–I still don't know.

–Nor do I.

–You can't sleep.

–I'm learning how.

–How?

–By watching others.

–What if they wake up?

–They never do.

She smiles.

–They never do.

She wonders what I am saying. We kiss. She wants more.

–If you go that far again, and you don't want to return.

–That's my decision.

–How will I know?

–You'll know.

–But then it's my decision.

–Never!

–Tell me what you know!

–I can't.

I feel that I am crossing through a long hallway, barely lit. I brace myself on the wall.

–Kiss me.

I brace myself on the wall. Yell out. No reply.

–Is this what it is like.

–You can't know because you are hollow.

–Then it is only emptiness that you have come to know.

–It is a burning rush. An ecstasy. What we are meant to feel every second of the day.

–I want you to do the same for me.

–I won't stop myself.

–Do you hate me?

–I hate what you have made of me.

–What is that?

–Someone who loves cruelty.

–Addicted to it?

–I don't know. How can **you** sleep at night?

–I can't. That's why I need you around.

–Who am I?

–My lover, my killer.

She laughed.

–Don't make fun of me! You know how it all starts. A reminder of something that I have known before. A desire to leave. Just quit it all. That vain imbalance. And then...

–Leave!

–That's when the taste holds me. I want more just to stay awake.

–Another sacrifice.

–Something like that. It's all about the sacrifice. Doing what you really hate, but loving it. Almost like I feel about you.

She turns to the wall.

–Almost.

–I want you to fuck me!

–What do you want?

–Isn't that what you want?

Her face submerged in the mess.

–If you're going to tease me, then I'll leave.

She is insistent. I don't want her to leave. She is already gone, long gone.

–You don't know who I really am. What really turns me on.

–That I look like all the rest. Why have you let me live?

–You're the one who likes these games with death. Don't make me into something that I'm not.

–You can't learn anything with cruelty that you don't already know.

–Then why do you go along with these games.

–For your sake. So you see what you've been doing.

–I know.

–No, you don't. You do it on your terms.

–And what terms are they?

–You make it seem like they want it. They make it happen to themselves. That your influence is next to nothing. But you are at the heart of what is happening here. You make it all happen. It is your fault.

She is reading my words back to me. My intimacy with the other side. I am the angel of retribution. She welcomes my presence. What she knows but cannot taste.

I give her the ability to get close to something that has been part of her all along. That bitterness has its sweet release. She realizes what an ally can do to release the power within her. We mix together, and it show her so much about herself.

I never had this desire for blood, that she shows in herself. She is this way...

–Fear is so much better than love. Then the soul can truly join with its equal.

–What does that mean?

I was told today that my opportunities for advancement in the organization are limited. This is ridiculous. I feel that my rivals are plotting against me. They realize that I have an understanding of systems analysis that will render them obsolete. Some are my age. But they are part of the old guard. I know that director looks favorably on my projects. And he will reward me when the time comes. Some of the employees look at their assignments to luxurious locales as their reward for good work. I look askance at such a view. Paradise is not a place on earth. We have to protect all that is right about the organization. And I know that I can carry on as I have been chosen to do. I cannot let myself give in to disparaging remarks. I will not.

There is a rumor around the office that I got arrested outside a bar in Alexandria. First, the story went that I was falling down drunk. Later, they changed it to suggest that I accosted someone and got into a melee. That is preposterous. But they say that this is evidence of my unstable nature. Why I am not really a company man.

I can only laugh at these rumors. I have met each of my assignments with persistence and an ardor without equal.

I am trying to track down the source of the rumors. I think that this is all part of a far-reaching plot. I am only the tip of this iceberg. Somewhere there are conspirators with designs on the whole operation. How can a few people conduct such marvelously plotted coup. I take this to be led by someone with a great deal of experience. The Assistant Director seems especially vulnerable to temptation. His record has distinguished him. But it is he who has to fear for his future. His time as a career bureaucrat has limited him. He grasps the full character of the organization. But he is singularly without imagination. I love it when I hear of his little schemes. His designs for efficiency. What a clown! Unlike him, I work out my best plans before I spring them on others. This way I can prevent others from stealing from me. I know that becomes an excuse that I am without a creative urge. Little do they know. That is why I am here. I see it all. I am the camera that records every minute change. I know what is behind it all. So in the recent changes I can detect the hand of the Assistant. He is my sworn enemy although I cannot let him know what I know. I cannot let him know a thing. Fortunately none of my assignments pass through him. They go directly to the Head. This is my luxury. How can anyone say that I am not destined for greatness when they do not even see my work.

Sure I had years of dissipation . Dark times when I never thought that I'd amount to anything. But I had vision on my side. And I still do. Vision and the right connections. They made sure that I would not fail They bought up the results of my disasters and sold it to others as success. That is past. My initial successes held me in good stead for life. It is not what we gain. What we hold. It is about what we know deep inside.

She had just moved into apartment S. It was to get away from Rudi. Rudi had been a total



bastard to her and there were no signs in his behavior letting up.

--I didn't do anything. I just smiled at him. I really don't like you coming over here anymore. I moved her because we broke up, because I wanted to get away.

--We got a place together. I let you move in to my place.

--And it was no longer practical for me because of my job.

--This isn't any closer to where you work.

--But it is closer to the El

He gave her that weird face. The death mask.

--What are you looking at?

--It's just that I hate it when you look like that?

--Like what. I've cleaned up.

His insistence was already getting to her. She mumbled the words to herself, "I want you out."

--Did you say something?

--I got to get ready for bed. I've got an early day.

--I could stay the night.

--It really don't work like that. This is my place.

--I don't want to leave.

He could feel a door shutting in his face and he hated that feeling.

--Rudi, dear.

He hated it when she called him dear. He knew what was coming.

--I'm not going to leave.

--I don't know how you found this place, but I really don't want you here at all. I'm going to have to ask you to go.

--What? You can't say that.

He imagined some guy coming up here. He would watch outside the window. She never liked to close her window.

She had the feeling that he was always watching. And even now, she felt that she could not get rid of him. As if he would never leave. Just be camped outside her door like a sick dog. She didn't want to call the police. Knew that would only make him more aggressive.

--Just give me a little hug, and I'll leave.

She motioned towards him, but as she did, he pushed forward to give her a kiss. This was her sign that she had to get him out of here once and for all. She had her opening. With her free hand, she opened the door and pushed him out.

She quickly locked the door. And he started to bang as loud as hell.

--Bitch, I'm going to get back at you.

He banged through most of the night. She was so afraid. She put a chair to block the door and went to bed. She pulled the covers over her. Did he leave when he got too tired to bang anymore? Or did she just dream him away.

There was a gas station just behind the row of apartment buildings. The clerk said that Rudi had argued with him when he tried to put gas a milk jug. He made him buy a gas can.

The building burned that night and the one next to it. Angela never woke from her dreamscape.

They picked up Rudi drifting around the El stop.

--She said that she'd be here.

They traced him back to Apartment S. The investigation brought them to the gas station.  
--If only you had left it alone. Just walked away. You never went back in, did you, did you?

**MEMO**

TO: The Director

FROM: Assistant to to the Undersecretary for International Aid

April, 16, 2003

RE: OFFICE NOISE LEVELS

Murmuring in the office can be interpreted as coming from only one source. Although such interchange was allowed under the former office manager, his decision was in error as evidenced by the input of the office during his tenure. There was some deeper significance in his tolerance of the situation. He no doubt hoped for transcendental consequences that could be associated with this activity. That the manager felt that there was some supernatural influence that could emanate from this office is no doubt a sign of his weakness. I hope this fact will be noted in his record, and this note will prevent his further promotion within the organization. His grasp of international policy was always extremely limited and attested by his failure to progress within the higher echelons of decision-making.

I hope that you can recognize my negative recommendation. But my focus is not personal. His actions were part of a deeper trend for which we must hold all those involved accountable. Religious invocation is to be frowned upon in this locale. Even though the aims of the described group are entirely part of our overall intent, the desire to demonstrate point of view in such an obvious manner is counter productive to our overall movement.

The spiritual solution must be seen as exactly that--a conclusion. It must appear to be the only logical and natural course for all participants. The premises must appear totally untainted by our final determination.

Silence or the closest thing to it must be our starting point. This collective murmuring must cease otherwise the observer will assume that we are not engaged in a truly investigative process.

--What is the possible meaning of that last memo.

--You know what has been going on with their meetings and readings. The office is becoming some kind of church.

--That has always been the intent of the Director.

--That's crazy.

--He's simply carrying out policy that was enunciated by the ascendancy of the Chief Executive.

--That's not true. Part of why I was appointed was to make sure that the Director carry out the wishes of the Chief Executive.

--And how were you put in this special position?

I am struck by a feeling of being ridiculously free. Where what I see only reminds me of what I feel, as the gradual touch works its way into me and outside of me. Silly, as I note that I am salivating even as this scene works itself out. What I want, what I give is met by the tender replies.

–What are you giving me?

–Nothing less than you are giving back to me.

She smiles, but under the circumstances she can be giving nothing back to me.

I want to detail the scene but can sense the presence of someone eavesdropping on this moment of ecstasy.

My tongue sweeps up her leg. There is moment of utter detachment in the expanse of this gesture. I turn to a pleasure that I am offering so that it might reflect something that turns deep inside me.

–Can you feel that?

I am not asking her. I am asking myself. And as much as she folds over in extreme pleasure, I feel myself excluded from this explosion.

–Can you give something back to me.

The give and take, the back and forth of our exchanges is so incomplete. Attaining these peaks and then withdrawing before our attendant adjustments. Her turning back into herself. Or me trying to reach something in her that evades my touch.

–Do you like that?

She smiles. She cuddles closer to me as if I realized something about her. Something cherished. But it is only the onset of a more concentrated pleasure.

More concentrated as here she gives herself utterly to my caress. I am engorged by the sheer mass of the confrontation with the flesh, HERE. My tongue pushes its way into her. My lapping is rapid.

This is more than I intended, more than I wanted to allow

She has bent my dick around in a thousand ways. I can barely catch my breath. This is the interruption that I have always feared.

–Are you well.

I wonder to myself.

The intensity of the contact is overwhelming. For itself, not for herself. I want it for itself.

She is more than enough.

She is not enough.

From a random coupling to a successive coupling.

–This is too much for one person to bear.

–What?

–I need to share some of this pleasure. Sort of a pressure release.

Her smile gets wider. She lifts her skirt and begins to finger herself.

–This is a discipline. I want you to watch me.  
I watch the pleasure work itself all over her body. The shaking. The cooing.  
More intense than I can offer. The watching adds to the pleasure. A remembrance of what we did before.

–You can join me by yourself.

Already a blonde has entered the room. She wears these heels that make her legs go on forever. I am erect and immediately want to join in.

–This is not how we have it planned.

The blonde works her hand with a wide sweep. Her skirt flies up, and I watch her slide her hand along her fine tuft.

The two of them are involved in solitary pleasuring until the first starts to rub both her hands along the others smooth legs. She caresses all along the leg. I want to touch myself.

–Are you ready for me.

My friend is already licking the newcomer who is perched on a table. OI work my way over to the table and am kissing the butt cheeks of my lover. I bend her over and slide my hand insider. My caresses are wide and full. I embrace her sex as she opens wide and full.

–I want you inside me.

I am already seeping. The scene by itself is mind blowing. As I slide myself into my lover, I am on the verge. I can barely contain myself. I become lost in the continuity of my movements.

–Do you like that.

Who is saying this? I feel all of us merge together. The visitor is already cooing loudly. I surge into my lover, this wave passes over the other girl.

Massive waves of passion pass over all of us. Waves that pass out and bounce back in an even more profound excitement. I am frozen in this extreme.

While the newcomer slides on top of me, my lover lets me eat her out. She is so wet from our activity. At the same time, I slide so effortlessly in her friend. The intensity is so great, it is as if I project out and explode again and again. I still sustain myself.

This is no longer about the flesh. The paradise is enormous. Unable to contain it. But so far beyond that I do not drown in the turn. I leave my body. Just swirl with the three of them. So automatic is our contact. I have the friend bent over and I am pumping harder and harder. Just the physical reality of the sex. Dynamos.

My lover is on the ground, her legs spread wide open. One hand is deep inside her. The other stimulates her clit. She is showing herself and she seems to draw us both in.

I want to come in both of them.

I feel the room crack open. The girl is screaming. Not a short scream. Constant and piercing. While she starts to kiss my ass, I am inside my lover. I can feel the flow leave my body. The explosion rolls over itself. Over and over and over again.

My dick is in my lover's mouth, while I lick out her friend. I pump the friend from behind while she licks my lover.

The friend is on the couch and fingers herself. She climaxes over and over again. I submerge in the passion.

We all turn around together. Without flesh.

–This is too much.

I fade!

I'm all excited. Nothing could affect me more. I got a call that the Director is supposed to meet with our division. I have asked to give the foundation talk. Nothing could please me more.

Having served in a number of different capacities throughout the organization, I have some great ideas for the reorganization of the agency. I know that these clash with the intent of the Assistant. So be it. That is my role. I can't hold me tongue. This is a modern era. We need to stream line. Our former historical approach is doomed with the changing of the world order. It takes leaders who are not afraid to stand up for their convictions. Not useless bureaucrats.

We have to establish our own international policy. We are not at the beck and call of State. Only the Chief Executive has say over our operations. Even he must accede to our operational timetable.

This is my opportunity to show the Assistant up. In a very subtle way. We all want that chance, and I finally have mine. This is not about revenge. It is about the truth. Ending waste. We are not a private brothel for the pleasure of the Assistant. He will learn who is dealing with. I will finally emerge from the shadows.

"...so in keeping with the new look for the agency, the data gathering divisions must be reorganized. We must embrace the twenty first century."

I read the words over and over again. Hadn't I just spoken them to the director. With this opportunity, I can contact him next week and outline my complete plan: Intelligence 2010.

-We're going to have to postpone your talk.

-What?

-Not really postpone. It's up to the Assistant to chose the moderator of the session.

-What?

I am going crazy.

-That can't be right.

-I had you going.

I could see him dangling from a chain-his own. Nothing is going to stand in my way.

-It's a weakness in the organization when others know what makes you tick.

Those are my words exactly. How did he know?

-We all think that we're the next Machiavelli. The janitor knows more about everyday operations than we do.

That's what he thinks.

My talk goes well My supervisor congratulates me. Everyone crowds around the Director after the meeting.

-Success is reserved for those who don't want it.

-I shook his hand with a firm grip.

-Do you really believe that, sir.

-What?

-What you said about success.

-Had you going, didn't I.

I don't laugh. Was I supposed to?

But I feel that I have made a good impression.

-Call me about that idea of yours.

I call the Director the next Tuesday.

–Who may I say is calling.

I mumble my name.

–And what May I tell him is this about.

–I talked to him at a meeting last week and he wanted me to call him to review my report on the Agency. Intelligence 2010.

–Sound a bit like science fiction. Give me a chance. I'll talk to him

The wait seems endless. Who is he talking to. A critically long moment. I don't know what to think about. I am feeling a bit nauseous.

–I'm sorry. But he doesn't remember talking to you. He said if you're really interested, you could send the report the Assistant. He handles suggestions from employees.

–I'm not just an employee. He needs to hear what I have to say.

–I'm very sorry. There's nothing that I can do.

**CLUB ENDEAVOR 319 E 40<sup>th</sup> St. Akron OH**

	-25,000	

Looking for a missing balance, I discover twenty five thousand dollars that are not accounted for. This should be simple to resolve. I need to look through the receipts and find the ones that have not been added to the ledger.

I wish that things were so simple. They are not. The money is missing. It should be there. This is the basis for scandal. If the Assistant was going to make off with money, he would have taken more. Is this just the tip of the iceberg. Or is it a payoff to an agent. Spy money.

I don't have all the details. If I let it go, will accounting turn up the missing amount. And if I do make a fuss about it, will I get blamed.

This is my revenge for the snub by the Director's secretary. What I think happened is that she works for the Assistant. They are both blocking my access.

The gas main broke and caused fire in the C building of the complex.

**–I wish that she had been in that fucking apartment. Just blow her to kingdom come.**

**–What are you wishing for?**

**–You know what. An act of providence.**

**–An act of privilege.**

**–Don't laugh. None of this is very funny.**

**–HA!**

**–It's not.**

I am starting to put together the pattern. The 25,000 seems to be the amount that he skimmed off the overall deal. A small payout considering the actual numbers. The stock was

failing. And he had interests in it. Government contracts to a tune of 46 million were assigned to the company. That boosted the stock. He took significant profits from that bubble. Then market blew. The contracts were overbidded. A nasty scandal. But he sold out before the company went bust. His uncle handled the public relations fall out.

Watch over me and over again.

*ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME ANGRY?*

*She does look impressive.*

*Does it affect you?*

*-I feel the need to act it all out.*

On that day the company sold a massive amount of stock and the purchase price went up. The balloon was supported by the initial bid that made the company solvent.

Why didn't they put the 25,000 back. The total deal was close to 2 billion. Someone had to be paid off. Some nobody. When he saw all that it was worth, did he want more.

Or was it a blackmail payment. It wouldn't have even covered a salary. Not even.

-They may move you permanently out of the Washington office.

-Should I take that as a promotion.

-Is it possible to make a murder look like a suicide?

-Are you trying to tell me something?

-I'd take the promotion.

-Is that a joke?

-No, seriously. Take the promotion.

-I'm thinking about it.

-There's no future here

-I am thinking about it.

Could they finance an operation with the money. Take out an apartment building with an electrical fire. Sparks near a gas main. It would be so easy.

-That's not enough money.

-We each did the other a little favor.

-I want more money.

-She's not going to walk around no more.

-I didn't want it that way.

-It's done. No one is going to suspect you.

-I'm the primary suspect. The cops came to my place.

-You had nothing to do with it..

-You can trace the 25,000 back to me.

He was involved with some call girls. They were going to take it to some higher ups. It wasn't personal. It was his future. The future of national security. The future of the country.

-It always starts that way.

-It's not really a cover up if everyone knows about it. If everyone wants it that way...they do.

-I don't understand.

–Keep the money.

What are you looking at over there?

–What?

–You’re looking at something over there in the courtyard, and then you’re writing things down.

–What are you talking about?

–I’m talking about what you’re up to?

–I’m not doing anything.

–You keep looking over there.

–I’m getting distracted. Distracted just looking here.

–Why? What’s bothering you.

–Nothing.

–What do you have down there is that book of yours. What are you writing down?

–Things. Various things.

–Really. Who are you looking at?

I know what you’ve got.

–I can tell you what you’ve got there.

–If you know it, then you’ve seen it. Then I’m not hiding it.

–You’ve got rid of it.

–Yeah, then I don’t have it anymore.

–See. There you have it.

–What are you saying?

–I’m not saying much of anything.

The only thing that you understand is force.

–What kind of force.

–Something really forceful.

–A hot iron pressed into the skin.

–That doesn’t sound very fun.

–But it make the point. It’s forceful as hell.

–It hurts like hell.

–It makes the point.

–That it does.

Well if you don’t have them. Then you had them.

–Had what.

–The force. You were very forceful.

–What?

–You left a trace.

–Look at me.

–I am.

–Do you see what you’re looking for. Look at my eyes and tell me if you see what you



are looking for.

–You make me frightened when I look in your eyes.

–Something that you see,

–What I don't see. I don't see what you've done.

–Look at me.

–No. Are you trying to take something from me.

–Nothing that's very important.

–It's the unimportant things that hurt most.

–There not around anymore.

–Where did you hide them.

–In plain sight. There are so many things to hide.

–They're just word.

–And the pain.

–I understand that only too well.

–That you do.

–This is something that you can't take away from me.

The only thing that you understand is force.

–You can't take it from me.

–So...

–I can give it freely.

–And...

–You can't care for anyone, can you.

–I try. But it's not enough.

–It never is.

–No. I do try.

What's the use?

–What's the use trying to explain it.

–You are taking the time.

---

–He's been doing this stupidity all his life

–Has he increased his stupidity.

–Whatever you call it.

stupidity, it's just words...

**If the world is to be changed to his image and likeness. Then what is the image that he is like. Will he know? Can we know? Can we help.**

**He certainly can't.**

**What will the world look like. Frighteningly beautiful.**

The world was quickly transformed to suit his wishes lest he was allowed to see what was really going on and be forced to flip his lid.

Now he could see it like it was.

Just sit there and wonder about your success. Don't you realize that something is really wrong?

Noone is going to suspect me. I just have to remember to be quick. Get in and out before anyone suspects. I want to be in close, close to the face. Close enough to do damage.

–You just want a doll. Someone who looks good for you. I’m not that doll. I’m going to do all that I can to embarrass you. And I’ve got things on you so you try as you might, you won’t be able to get rid of me.

Little pockets of memory remain. Pull it together.

–Is he free for dinner?

–We want more than dinner here.

–How does it taste.

#### CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD

**I OWN IT. I CALL THE SHOTS.**

**FIRST SHOT: SHOT HEARD ‘ROUND THE WORLD.**

**FIST SHOT: SHOT HEARD ‘ROUND THE HEART.**

Just listen and do what we say.

–I want a perfect match.

–This one won’t work.

–Are you free, or do you have to run home to HER?

**FOLLOW OUR ADVICE**

We’ve got our reasons. We’re not telling. And you are. When you do, we’ll want it too. Soap suds.

–BANG.

–You can’t put a band aid on it.

–It’s waiting for your in an open field.

–OPEN UP!

This is where it gets really crazy.

**IT’S ME AND YOU AGAINST THE WORLD.**

It’s gone too far. Give him an inch and he’ll blow up the world!

We’ll do it first.

Do it **FIST, IRON FIST!**

You don’t have much heart!

I don’t need much. I start small. Me and someone else. Just take it out and start over again.

–Are you fucking the world yet.

–This is my challenge to the world.

–Is that all you got.

–It gets bigger.

–OK, **BIG BOY, IS THAT WHAT YOU GOT?**

–I looked out my window and saw the whole thing.

–The part that you saw or the part before.

–Are you fucking with me?

They sent me to Cartagena today. I'm supposed to work in the district office. I'm in charge of trade. Something to do with an oil pipeline. That's what I've been told.

-There's lots of money to earn down here.

-I thought.

-Think nothing. You want to pick up a quick 25,00 dollars.

-I thought that's what I dropped.

-Nothing is worth too much around here. That includes people too.

-I thought that I was going to meet the Governor.

-More like the Chief of Police.

-We have to make the police work better down here.

-Down and up.

-You can keep the money.

-No, you can keep it. A down payment.

-Down and out.

-Over and out.

I am supposed to replace an oil executive. I'm going to be on some oil conference board. They think that I'm some sort of geologist. An oil executive who rose through his scientific knowledge.

-What if I don't meet my contact?

-You'll know who he is.

-But does he know.

-He's the only one who knows that you're with the agency.

-That's good.

-You can't let anyone know. Otherwise, they'll kill you then and there.

-Is it possible to make a murder look like a suicide.

-I've seen death before. You can't cover up that sort of thing.

-I never thought that you would go over to the other side.

-I didn't.

-Then what did you do?

-You just need to prepare for your meeting and leave the rest for me.

-The rest of what.

-Exactly.

-So where are you going?

-I've got to go back to Providence.

-Rhode Island?

-No, heaven.

-Watch out!

-What?

-Those things fly around everywhere here.

-And the twenty five thousand.

-Think nothing of it.

-I still don't.

-Then are you going to keep it.

-If I am, I can't tell you.

-Well that takes a load off of my mind.

I sort of felt guilty after it happened. The guilt drove my curiosity and I just couldn't help myself.

- You can get away with all sorts of things down here.
- And if you get caught.
- It's not a pretty sight.
- You just have to move fast.

The next step and we'd be holding up people with guns.  
-I've gone too far with you. I'm going to have to kill you.  
Light a fire and run around the house.

- Have you ever been arrested?
- I thought that the question was: "Have you ever been arrested before?"
- We're not arresting you. We just want to ask you a few questions.
- Why am I down here?
- We don't call it down. It's just here/  
Changing the world already.

**I've been sent of this hospitality mission to Cartagena. A couple of diplomatic people. A trade representative and an executive from a Florida waste management company. This last guy is a real winner. Either his cover is so deep that I don't know about it, or he's the worst excuse for hospitality that I've ever seen.**

- We're all going to boil down there!
- What?

**-I'm laughing about this mission. It's all an excuse to get my boy set up in the country.**

**The only wasting that he does is creating international incidents.**

**-We had someone talking with the Peruvian ambassador about the integrity of South America. I'm sure that he was repeating the same thing to his military chief. Some guy named Rafael.**

**>>He doesn't realize that I've got a direct line to the military.**

The passing of the Director has left a definite gap in the organization. The reform of operations now seems impossible. We are condemned to years of inefficiency.

The new Director is part of the old guard. While I had the ear of the original Director, I am now more isolated than ever.

My greatest fear is that the new Director may have had something to do with the disappearance of his predecessor. The Director warned me of the interference.

*The Director of Intelligence was a definite impediment to our establishment of a stable world order. He was overreaching his function. He needs to supply me with the information to effect our defined operations. He is not in the place to render judgement over these operations. The ultimate success of what we do depends on universal acceptance of our plans. That is the only way for success to feed on success. That is my challenge. My challenge to the world!*

Everyone on this flight is drugged. I did see the communiques beforehand. I thought that they were joking.

I don't want to lose my security clearance talking to this asshole even if he is a friend of my cousin's. Shit!

These are people condemned to a nether world, neither dead nor alive. They elude the finality of death and any crossing over. They remain with their bodies. But they are not alive in the standard sense.

**Get them fucking, and they come alive.**

It's not the act, it's the act I act afterwards!

–My friend stopped by,

–What friend.

–The one who transmitted the mission to me.

–No one came by.

–I want you to tell me about your friend.

–I don't know what I can say. He has his own way.

The best agents are the ones that you don't know if they're inside you or not.

–This has to stop.

–What has to stop?

–The talking to yourself.

–I'm not talking to myself. I'm talking to you.

–I'm not really here.

–You were.

I feel that I am becoming immeasurably lost. As I move along this street, I head closer to a destination that just veers away with my approach. It is as if the street is curving in its own direction entirely contrary to my direction.

This entity is drawing itself inside me. I can feel myself congest internally. I am overwhelmed. It is lodged in me. The cough echoes through my body, shakes my stomach, and rattles in intestines. As this thing emerges it holds all of me in its grip. I sense my body separate from me. Other than me. What is this?

I can feel that my whole chest has collapsed. When I lie down, it pushes itself deeper into me.

Can't extinguish the light. I have become this machine.

I am blacking out.

I write in blood on the wall, "I am coming for you." But it seems too late to write much of anything.

-I've got an idea.  
-You've been working it.  
-That I have.  
-Turning 'round and 'round.  
-Little by little. I like what I see.  
-Couldn't like it better.  
-It's about protecting it.  
-To the death.  
-Loyalty.  
-Not letting it blow up in your hands.  
-Sometimes happens that way.  
-When you've got a good thing.  
-Or just being had.  
-All around that way.  
-I see it in international terms.  
-You need to locally first.  
-I've tried. Then you miss things.  
-Concentration is the key...  
-**You miss the chain.**  
-Who's pushing the button.  
-The one who pushes first.  
-You can't let them all go down like that.  
-Go down in a row. You need someone to blame.  
-The one at the front of the row. But what if it is his fault.  
-**He got pushed.**  
-He set fires.  
-That's what it amounts to. Needed him to take the fall.  
-We're in this together.  
-On the short term.  
-If you let him go, then you'd be saying it was OK.  
-Supposing that he had nothing to do with the mass.  
-He filled the graves.  
-**You could have stopped him.**  
-He threw on the dirt.  
-You could have done something more.  
-Then we'd have to be stopped.  
-A matter of conscience.  
-Who ever remembers such a thing.  
-They just remember the end.  
-The bang bang.  
-The going up in smoke.  
-And the thing that burns.  
-I can feel it inside.  
-You could have stopped him.  
-That's what I said to you.

–Going to have to build it up if I’m going to think about it everyday. Just to have something to think about.

–That’s how it always works.

–That’s the size of it.

–I’ve got it in my sights.

–You do every time that you go down. Never looked so good, did it?

–It looks great.

–Just work with them.

–Tossing bodies everywhere.

What’s the loyalty test?

–The erection test. To see if she gives you an erection.

–I have to help myself out.

–That’s OK. No big deal. You just have to agree to protect her.

–Like offering a service.

–She needs it. What she stands for.

–That’s loyalty.

–I’m erect and I’m going to hang on until I come.

–To the realization!

IF NOT

What if I am not loyal, but I still get an erection.

–Then you’re a threat.

–She looks so good. I want her to rub against me.

–She know what you’re doing.

–I have to take what I can.

–That’s more than enough.

–I’m not taking what I don’t deserve.

–You have to pay for the service somehow.

–I just want to finish up.

–Make me happy.

CURSE

–I curse the day that I had you. That you came out like that to face me.

–Don’t tell anyone.

I am soaring as I realize the full consequence of my commitment. She is going along.

–I never thought that she would help out.

–If she believes in you.

–I believe without reservations.

–That’s really great.

–It doesn’t stop there.

–What?

- She does it just for itself.
- Then what's bull shit about loyalty.
- Someone has to ease her of the burden of her everyday life.

-I hate how music has become the tax of the soul. You have to pay them just to get yourselves back.

- I don't pay them.
- But then what about the artists.
- Give them what they deserve.
- When? How?
- There's your tax.
- We all need it.

Someone has to relieve her of your burden--her struggle to come to know her well deserved leisure.

- Are you willing to give her a little something?
- I only have so much for myself.
- It's more about sharing.
- We're getting off on a tangent.
- That what I said as I headed straight in.
- A landing.
- More of an explosion.
- Premature.
- No. Just a warning.
- A beginning.
- And in its own way, an ending.
- She's an exhibitionist.
- She shows a little something so that she can hide something else.
- But all the somethings aren't the same.
- Is this an anatomy lesson.?
- The role of the lesson is to turn all our dreams into one thing.
- Or maybe change our dreams for us. Crack open the shell that restricts you.
- She can bend back that far.
- Hold things in her mouth.
- Explosives.
- That's why they have he search.
- It's in the tooth.

A burning oil tanker balanced precipitously above a crowded highway.

- Close the highway.
- Or push the tanker.
- This is a rescue situation.
- It's a very explosive situation.
- Did it go over.



–Spill over.  
–It’s a matter of will.

I kiss her neck. She turns to me as she perks up. She motions to kiss me. But I turn my head.

–You want everything to be your way.  
I stroke her back. She lightly pushes her body into mine. I embrace her.

–You turn me on.  
She smiles.

–Give me your hand.  
I surround her hand in mine.  
–This is how it was meant to be.

I can feel that fire stir in me.  
–You reach a point with someone that you love that you can’t go any further. You just keep repeating the same things.

Is she hinting something about us.  
–I really like you. But I wonder will it really go anywhere.  
–What does anywhere mean?

–That same feeling over and over again. It stops meaning anything at all.  
I move her face against the window until I can see her reflection. It gives me the sense that I am seeing something else about her.

–Do you mind if I spend the night?  
–No. What?  
–Nothing is going to happen. I don’t want to be taken for granted.

She holds my hand tighter.  
–Who am I really? What do I mean to you?

She puckers up as she smiles.  
–You think you’re irresistible.  
I can’t say anything.

–Does it matter?  
–Does anyone ever say no to you.  
–All the time.

–And?  
–They end up giving in. I have patience. I have charm. I am charming, and I do know what I like.

–It’s just too easy.  
–What about your smile. I’m sure guys stop you on the street.  
–They stop everyone. Always looking for favors.

–Will you oblige.  
The deeper smiles.  
–Don’t think my smile is going to give me away.

–Wait for me, will you.  
–You’re the one who’s trying to rush me.  
–It’s just that I know something good about the both of us.  
–Just don’t break my heart in a thousand pieces.

- I'm not a heartbreaker.
- What?
- Things end before that.

The moment that I leave her place, I find myself following a girl wearing a tight belt. It shows her midriff. Suggests a little mystery.

- Are you following me?
- What if I was?
- You're not some sort of weirdo.
- You have to figure that out for yourself.
- How long do I have.
- A couple of blocks.
- And then, you break my heart.
- I break your heart.
- Do you get so intimate with girls that you don't know.
- I've got to find my car.
- you need some help.
- You looked like you were in a hurry.
- I just was waiting for someone. Something. Oh nothing at all.
- you want to go some place.
- Some place and have a drink.
- Some place and get it on.

Her mouth sort of swells with his words. This is accentuated by line of thick lipstick. She doesn't want to let this get away.

- You want to fuck me.
  - Those are your words.
- She doesn't want to let this get away. Another night alone.
- I've got some wine at home.
  - I don't want drink. I want you.
  - I was just thinking.

I touch her hips. We walk together arm in arm.

- This is my place.
- Let's go up there.
- You're going to stay.
- I've told you what I'm here for. Do you think that you can make me stay.

She is wearing boot and tights. I pull up her skirt and work my hands under the elastic band.

- What's your name?
  - I want you to grab my cock.
- She obliges. I am getting really excited.

I crash in her bed afterwards. I get out before she wakes up. I can still feel myself inside her. I am turning around dizzy in the fullness of our coupling.

- I don't like to wait around and think about how great it was.
- What if it was?

I'm on the phone to the other girl.

- What did you do last night.
- I tried to enjoy myself. Just got a little excited watching things.
- Things on TV. In your window.
- I just did what I had to so that I could get to sleep.
- You want to come over tonight.
- Is that an offer?

On my way over to her place, all that I can think about is the assignation from last night. Nothing could be better than that. Nothing!

As I pull her jeans down to reveal her bare ass, I feel something pop. Is this what I have become. Dying for that novelty. There's this one girl who pretends to care until I just slip it in and have it a go and disappear.

Then there's the girl with the upturned smile. And what are you doing tonight. Stop by for a drink after work.

I'm at the one's house getting a little light oral when I check my watch.

-Got to be up for work in the morning.

And the other girl is just getting off her job as a waitress. She has to close and makes it back to her place about one. I walk in and just pull the jeans off her. Then I bend her over and go to town.

-Do you really like me?

-I...I...

-You really made me think so.

This makes me feel like it's time to go.

-How about another round?

She starts to work her way under the sheets.

-I thought that was the idea.

-Do you really know who I am.

I could feel her on top of me. Her hair. Her thighs. The warmth. She eases me into her.

-This is what we all are made of.

She is intensely aggressive. Bobbing up and down.

-Tell me your name.

-I told you.

-I forgot.

-Do you like to talk while you fuck.

-Fuck? I'll show you what it is to fuck.

Like in a good meal when you rub your tongue along your teeth to taste any remnants of what remains.

-You can stay if you like.

-I have to...

-I make a mean omelette.

-You like to fuck in the morning.

-I give good head with breakfast.

-Are you on a diet?

-I just have to watch what I put in my mouth.

–You’re a pig.

–I tried to reach you in the morning. Guess you really went into work early.

–Something like that.

–Is everything OK?

–Yeah, why?

–You seem sort of funny.

I would from fucking all the night and half the morning. I didn’t get to work until 10:30.

Not much to do.

–I’ll see you later. Maybe a late lunch.

–That would be nice.

–Where did you want to meet?

–The usual place.

–Really.

–No, I want to come over to your place and have passionate sex.

She feels that this is the moment. I haven’t even showered. She’ll smell that I’ve been doing something nasty.

–You smell great. You make me feel so comfortable. I go down on her. She smells so sweet. That overwhelming scent.

I fall asleep next to her.

I can’t do this. Can’t let her think that this is going to continue.

–We’re perfect for each other. I can take care of you. After that last monster that you were with.

The one from last night. Or the night before. I look down at her while all three women merge in a swirl of desire.

I kiss her deep. I concentrate on the wetness. All around.

This isn’t just an accident. I am messing up. I’ve got to end this. Got to clean up this mess.

She goes to the kitchen to get something. Her long legs. My hands running up them and opening her up.

–This is nothing unusual.

She looks at me with a weird smirk.

–Do you want to get some dinner?

–I want to snuggle with you.

I’m famished. I want to tell her everything at dinner. I get distracted by the waitress.

Wisps of hair. Her tight skirt tugging her thighs.

–Do you want to get together tonight?

–You’re with that girl. She’s hot.

–You want me to bring her along.

–She not that type. Do you like to party?

–You want me to bring some favors.

–I want you to fuck me up in every way.

–I can really blow you apart.

–Can you?

–You don’t know.

–I don't?

I return to the table.

–I think that I've got food poisoning.

–You don't look good.

–I'm sick. Really sick.

–I can take care of you.

–Too much excitement.

I kiss her. Friendly. Affectionate.

All that I can think about on the way home is fucking the waitress. I have to get some things to make it right. Her thighs accentuated by those heels.

–How can you ever work in those heels?

–They have their pluses.

–And their minuses.

She seems to rise up as I move my hand along her legs and up her skirt.

–Not before dinner.

She purrs as I kiss her neck.

–Is this a game for you?

–What?

–It comes so easily for you.

Already she is manipulating my hand inside her.

–Ahh!

She is so wet.

This is automatic. And automatic again.

She pushes me against the wall. Bites my lip. I have my hand on her neck.

My dick seems larger than usual. Her breasts are already falling out of her blouse. Her curly tresses bounce all around. I pull her to me.

–Don't think that I'm going to fuck you without you getting me dinner.

–You got me dinner today. We're even.

She pulls my shirt out of my pants. Takes out my cock and licks the shaft. Pops her lips along the shaft.

–Are you touching yourself.

–Uh-huh!

I laugh. She slides my dick in and out.

Is this about her or about me.

–I want you to put it inside me.

We are still completely dressed.

We collapse in utter fatigue. Still in disarray.

Whoa.

Each new encounter is becoming more and more risky. They keep me returning to my lover. But they also create an immense distance from her. I thought that the others were of some extreme order.

The coke has made this one amazing. She cannot rest. Our collapse is after a most ferocious encounter.

–I didn't think that I was like this.

–Sometimes life just seems so cheap.  
–Wasteful.  
She sees things somewhat like I do.

Touched her: I thought that it would be for longer. I wanted him to stay.  
her legs: he noticed me first. He stared at me.  
her smile: I drew him closer to me  
her ass: I thought that I could let myself go.  
her neck: he made me feel right.  
her lips: I thought about these things.  
her back: I loved how he surprised me.  
her hair: I let him lose himself in me, hoping that there I would find myself.  
her hips: I wanted to let him know that I knew.  
her thighs: I got jealous easily.  
her feet: I didn't want him to have any doubts.  
her heels: I wanted to drive him crazy. Make him think about nothing else.  
her stomach: I worked on keeping him.  
her tongue: I showed him part of myself.  
her eyes: I hid from him.  
her nose: He figured me out.  
her insides: I never wanted him to leave.  
her noises: I wanted him on the edge of delirium.  
her aggressiveness: I couldn't hold back.  
her anger: What did I have left.  
her caress: He reassured me.  
her hug: I thanked him for everything.  
her amazement: I tried to anticipate his caress.  
her curiosity: I wouldn't stop. I didn't want to feel degraded, but I couldn't stop.  
her confusion: I was losing myself.  
her surrender: I gave myself to him.

–You should have left me something. Something that let me be myself. You just hollowed me out, and now there is nothing.  
–It wasn't me. I gave you everything too. I just need to escape. To get rid of myself.  
–I can do that for you. You make me want to kill you.  
–You're just saying that.  
–Have you ever killed anyone?  
–You don't know what you're saying.  
–You betrayed me.  
–I didn't mean to. Things happened.  
–You're an asshole.  
–I can't stay with you anymore. You're beauty disgusts me. It's too perfect.  
–What does that mean?  
–You're a saint. You're not part of this world.  
–I wanted to make things perfect.

–They aren't. They can't be.

–Mother, I'm frightened.

–You have nothing to be frightened of. It's only rain.

–I'm afraid that the sky is going to open up and swallow us whole.

–If that's going to happen, there's nothing that you can do about it.

I need some protein.

–You need human flesh.

–We are living by the water together.

–I rots quicker there. Heat and eat!

–Sex is one hundred per cent mental. If a guy's brain turns me on, I just get all wet.

–What difference does it make.

–See that girl at the end of the bar.

–Who's pointing her out.

–I am.

–So.

–She's so hot.

–What does that mean.

–She paralyzes me.

–She's no different than the one facing us.

–Nice shape.

–Are you bored?

–Do I know you?

–I saw you sitting here. Do you play the numbers?

–Only the final ones.

Tina had this switchblade open. Right close to us. She was sharpening herself. Going to take us all down.

–That really isn't funny.

–But it's accurate.

–Didn't someone tell her to cool it.

–Some guy tried. But she started going crazy.

You can't miss it if you don't see it.

–The final numbers.

–Are you looking in her direction.

–Are we in the bar again?

–I got to work tomorrow.

–Does that change things?

–It sort of put a time limit on everything.

–You know that you're a sick fuck.

–I clean my nails.

I can't take my eyes off the screen.  
 -She's been playing with her hair all night long.  
 -Just nervous.  
 -Go say something to her.  
 -I like your smile.  
 -I'm not in a smiling mood.  
 -It looks different in here.  
 -Yes, it does.

He hid the ex in a matchbook. After he got his money.  
 -Is that how he made his money.  
 -Everyone knows that you are talking to him.  
 She counts to seven with her fingers. Then she makes a cutting motion.  
 -Do you play the numbers?  
 -What number is that. Not just seven. Seven what?  
 -I'm fucked up, I feel great.  
 -Did you fall coming in here?  
 -There's too many people here to get to know all of them.  
 -You could meet just one.  
 -Which one?  
 -The pretty one.

-Work out a price by the hour. Do you want to pay by the hour?  
 -How much is an hour?  
 -Just to spend time with me, that would be \$200. Everything else is extra.

LUNCH	350
DINNER	700
THE WHOLE NIGHT/ THE WORKS	1400
A WEEKEND	3000
IN AND OUT	300
EXPERIMENT	400
KINK	600
PERVERSION	1200

-Do you do serious cruelty?  
 -Only political humor.  
 -What?  
 -Chains and the works. That's a thousand. A three way-that's two thousand. Three thousand for it all.



-I'm losing my grip.  
-You can be replaced.  
-Straight sex. Bondage. Up the ass.  
-That the best that I can do.  
-You are one sick little fuck.  
-I have a few bills. Can you suck my dick.  
-I'll lick the tip. That's where it stops.  
-You won't take me to climax.

-Do you know who you are?  
-I did this morning.  
-Do you go all the way?

Terminal diagnosis.

-I passed out fucking. They revived me, and I came twice more. I thought that I was going to die.

-You like a guy to do you.  
-I'll suck dick for drugs. But it's not like I'm some kind of fag.  
-Won't you take drugs so you can get your dick sucked.  
-It's late at night, and I don't look down.  
-Your son.  
-I'm not going to get moralistic. I do what I have to. We all do.  
-I want you out of my life. Out of his life. I don't want him growing up with a pervert.  
-I'm not a pervert. You like what I like.  
-But it's not weird for me. And I know who I'm with.  
-You've been with some weirdos.  
-What's weird to you now. Hanging?  
-I could never live up to your expectations.  
-Are you boasting? You definitely could make some wild things happen.  
-Were you satisfied.  
-We didn't have any money.  
-Did you like the sex.  
-It's a little late to ask questions like that.

-What are you looking at?  
-Who has the electricity tonight?  
-The guy at the end of the bar.  
-Fuck it if he looks good.  
-He's sucked dick for drugs. He's also a mean mother fucker.  
-What do you mean by mean.  
-Live fast, die young, have a mean looking corpse.  
-Beautiful.  
-What?  
-Have a beautiful corpse.  
-What?

–Have a good life yourself.

I watch her walk in to the bar and I follow just behind her. Her hair has a dark red streak. Nice body to it. It seems that I know her. She's wearing black slings and her skirt accentuates her legs.

–Are you looking at me?

–Nothing.

I move around her to see if she is my friend. Haven't seen her in a while.

It isn't.

She looks around. A little restless. She goes to the bar and order a drink. She sits on a bench. Is she waiting for someone.

I look around the room for some people that I know.

–We're just having some drinks. Want to join us.

–I do. I'll have a rye and ginger.

Her friend comes in and they sit down. I look over at the table, and she looks back.

She adjusts herself in her seat as I stare over her. We lock eye in eye for few minutes and then she looks back at her friend.

The friend notices none of this unless she is alerted by my love interest.

–Are you going to come over to the table or what.

I love the curl of her lips. She is hardly wearing any makeup. A clear, almost pale quality to her complexion. Sort of lively.

I watch her laugh with her friend. She seems to count to seven with her fingers.

–Do you like to play games?

–Do you?

–Are you busy for lunch.

–Lunch?

–Would you mind if we went back to your place.

–I've got a big dog. He doesn't like strangers.

–We don't have to be strangers.

–You're a stranger until I've gone on three dates with you.

–I'll buy you a drink here, we can stop for a hot dog at Mel's, and ice cream at Rose's.

–I don't eat hot dogs and ice cream.

I look down.

–What are you looking at? That girl over there.

–She's playing with her hair.

–Like playing with other things.

We both smile at each other.

–Aren't you going to say something?

–I've got to be at Rachel's.

–I thought that you weren't seeing her anymore.

–I left some things at the house.

–We're all getting a little distracted.

–This or that.

I have captured her by my looks. That carelessness in the dress. The sharpness to her attitude. A sense of loss.

–Do you ever want to escape your life.

–We all do. I use to think about it all the time. Five years ago. It just left me vulnerable to loser guys.

Find the motor and get her going

I am a machine to this line. This is what I am when she takes me over. When I see the division.

LONG DIVISION.

This is what you want. I want you to show me what I want.

–It is immediate. It is everything. It is nothing.

–Are you looking at me?

–What you are. It mesmerizes.

–You can already feel yourself melt with me, in me.

The flow.

–And you give yourself to it?

–You can't hold back.

–Is that how you feel about it?

–It's what it is for me.

–That's not enough.

The lips, the lips.

–Are you touching yourself?

–In my mind.

–In your mind.

–I can make it all happen in my mind.

–You don't need me?.

–The interminable puzzle.

–There is a solution.

–That I have nothing to do with.

My hand gets lost inside. I am lost inside. I slither over the wall and fade.

–Are you here?

–Neither of us is.

–What do my lips remind you of?

–Your lips.

–That's a circle.

I am still paralyzed in this light.

–Weren't you my friend first?

–Something didn't belong.

–You can't own it. You can't hold it.

–I thought that those were my words.

There is a yelling inside of me.

Can't you stop it.

Kiss me back.

–It just makes it last. That's all I want. That feeling that you have when you look at me.

When the machine goes on... I want to feel the same thing and more.

–More.

-Do you feel yourself inside me.  
-I am all inside.  
-And more.

-I've got all the parts and I am working.  
-I think that we want more than that.  
-What could that possibly be?  
-I think that we want something permanent.

The flowing halter looked a little baroque at first. Glitter on her breast. But that kiss in her lips as she talked.

-You do like my breasts.  
-Lovely.  
-They're real.  
-Like your green eyes.  
She smiled.

I felt myself die just by looking. Her flowing brown hair. She fits the type.

-Is there a type.

-There always is!

Poetry from her lips, sugary and dreamy. The tenderness of the lips.

-These are your words.

Doesn't this all seem too good to be true.

-It just seems to silly.

-Silly.

-Unrealistic.

I crystalize the gaze.

-You seem wonderful.

-Things like this never last.

She fits the type.

-Can you get away, maybe for the night.

-What can you offer me?

-I can get you drunk.

-I can do that at home.

-I can get you high.

-My neighbor can do that, and he's not going to come on to me.

-I can get you clever.

-I already am. That's how I can keep away from you.

-You seem impossible.

-I am for now, but everything grows old.

-You have to know who you are.

-You have to be perfect.

-I'm not too good at perfect.

-That's really what I'm looking for.

-I can remain perfectly still.

-That's not good enough.

-Well, how are you? Does a passionate embrace imply love.

–I'm not a machine.  
–Sometimes I feel that I am.  
–And you expect me to bring you back to life.  
I reach to touch her hand, and she blocks me.  
–That's enough for now.

In another story.

–It's just so hot.  
–And all this seems so logical.  
–You have been looking?  
–And I have been tasting.  
–You're trying to be friends of my friend.  
–He's trying to be my friend.  
–And you think that we can all be friends.  
–Can we?  
–I've seen how you look at me.  
–How's that?  
–Those doe eyes.  
–I'm not looking any way for you. That's how I am.  
–How's that?  
–I've caught you staring.  
–Just trying to hold it all in.  
–I try to do the same.  
Is that why she's stumbling around?  
–Too much of a good thing. It was good when it started.  
–You're slurring your words.  
–They're mine to slur.

The muscles of her abdomen are pulled tight. My hand slides over them. The belly button pierced and beckoning like a trunk leads you to the roots. Burying the hand and the mind deep.

The is the curtain. Sliding through the curtain. The pointed quality of the revelation

–What do you want to see?  
–What I am seeing. More than I want to see.

Concentration that can easily slip in a different direction. Not to hang on with such focus. She does maintain it. Here and now!

–You really do maintain it.  
Not just the immediacy of coupling. Something that lasts. In praise of her.  
–Do you sense how you are the locus of all energy.  
–I do.

–I can give you what you want.  
–What do you want?  
–Anything that will keep you in the game.  
–I'm already pretty zonked out.

–Does that mean that you're in or out.  
–I'm not really in the condition to answer question.  
For a moment, my hand rests on her stomach. The warmth is engaging.  
–What are you thinking about me?

MASS

THE MASSES

–We need to start one at a time.  
–Sometimes it's so hard being myself.  
–We have to start one at a time.  
–How do you do it?  
–Make them want to go to sleep.  
–They all do.  
–For long?  
–For how long?  
–Forever.  
–That's a long kiss.  
–Or a house.  
–That's why you have to go in the houses.  
–Invasion.

DO IT ONCE AND FOR ALL.

**THERE ARE MACHINES THAT CAN GET TO KNOW EVERYONE ONCE  
AND FOR ALL!**

**A SHOW OF FORCE!**

**The grimy reaper.**

Can we get you to crack?  
–Someone has to put me in bed at night.  
–Everyone just wants to be nice.  
–You can't keep it going with hate.  
–LET THEM TRY.

–Mom, who are you talking to?  
–I had a friend over.  
–Where is he?  
–He just went away.

–You have to start somewhere.  
–Use the machines.  
–Are you crazy  
They've worked before.

There's a resting state. And pulling the chain state.  
–That was his challenge to the world.  
–Can you care for anyone?

-I can care for them all.

**MASS LOVE**

**MASS HATE.**

**You have to start somewhere.**

Why are you running away from me? I don't want to hurt you.

Hurt is a form of love. You need to accept it.

-I'm trying.

-Does it affect you?

-Only if I can really feel it.

-You can't cure everyone.

-If you leave your body for a while, they can get rid of the toxins and then give it back to you.

-We'll come back to that later.

-What do you want to deal with now.

-You only have one body. Don't lose it.

-When you give it to someone else, are you losing it.

-It depends how much you give.

If you hold back, then you are giving it all. If you give it all, then you have more in reserve.

-That makes no sense.

-If you hold back, you just explode and that's it. You were trying to control it.

**IS THIS ABOUT BIG BOY.**

**Explode and in it.**

**I AM EVERYWHERE!**

I want to the perfection that I didn't make.

-Can you draw a straight line.

-Yeah!

-Can you make out a check.

-Yeah!

-Is there money in the account.

-I have overdraft protection.

-To what amount.

This is going to be a 500 dollar job.

-That doesn't seem like enough.

When the crack in the earth opens you up, and swallows you in.

-You can't burn away that kind of pain.

-You can sure try!

-It's like throwing the baby out with the bathwater.

- I never understood that saying.
- It's not about the baby, it's about you.
- I'm trying to make sense of it. I just don't understand.

It engages me.

All so erect.

We know.

Standing tall, trying to touch the sky.

-We've gone beyond the sky.

-That's why when we come back, we want to return to where we've been.

-The heavens.

-Providence.

-Get me a drink.

-We've been through this.

-I'll show you something.

-Kiss me on the lips.

-That's too special.

-Want to go smoke some pot?

-Is that the theme of the evening.

-Why?

-I get crazy when I smoke pot.

-Crazy how?

-I take off my clothes. Just to feel comfortable.

-I get all tender.

-You need it.

Then there is the assassin. He needs a little hash just to focus. It's all about the frenzy. You have a mission, and you have to carry it out. No matter how personal. Just write your information on a card, and we'll make it all happen.

Dot it once and for all.

-You can't order in this sort of thing.

-Why?

-You have to be the right type.

-Looking for a match.

-You've got the right parts.

-I could fill in parts that you don't have.

Any house, any time. The supply is inexhaustible.

-I don't want you sleeping in this bed tonight. I'm going out to get fucked. And when I come home, I don't want to see your stuff here.

Any house, any time.

-I'm going to need a ladder to get up there.

-Your heels are high enough.

-I'll still need a ladder.

-Really!



–Can you see under my skirt?  
–Yeah.  
–What do you see.  
–A place that I want to go.  
–What are you thinking about?  
–That I’m getting hard.  
–Want me to get higher on the ladder.  
–Just move a little lower and I can lick you.

–Are you a member of some organization that just does this freaky stuff.  
–We just like to put things back the way that we found them.  
–Good. I was worried. Thought that there was something that I was missing.  
–Like paradise.  
–You can kill your way there.

## SAM’S ELEMENTS

### I. WATER

You mean that I’ m supposed to drink this  
shit.

–What’s wrong.  
–It’s dirty.  
–It’s not dirty. It’s been tested.  
–Look. It’s all dirty.  
–It’s been tested. Drink it.  
–It’s too dirty to put in me.  
–That’s OK. It’s one of the fundamental  
elements—earth.  
–Dirty mixed with water is dirty water.

- It's not going to kill you.
- What if the soil is toxic.
- It's from the ground. Mother Earth. It's good.
- It's poison.
- It's not the end of the world.
- I'm not going to.
- Swallow. Take it in. Then you become fundamental.
- Fundamentally dead.

## **I WANT IT THAT WAY!**

***Drink it up. There's nothing bad in the water. Splash it. It's wet. It's OK.***

The drinking water of Cincinnati was tested today and there were higher than normal levels of lead and mercury in the water.

- It's all according to revised EPA standards. Drink it up. It's the patriotic thing to do.
- Once we erode the fundamental purity of our drinking water supply, we erode democracy. Take the water and sell it back to the people at a

higher price. This is one more way to rob public funds.

**The public exists as an extension of the private.**

**What if the private don't give the public all that it needs.**

**That's called publicity!**

**This is your drinking water. Your essence. Drink it up.**

*You keep drinking that stuff, and you're never going to get an erection again.*

*–Don't worry. I can use my tongue.*

*–Lick it up.*

*–It's sweet.*

*–Something in the water.*

*–Tastes like shit.*

*That's a fundamental element.*

## II. AIR

Are gas masks in public a fashion

accessory?

–Is a gas mask sufficient, or do we need a private oxygen supply?

I'm hungry thinking about it.

–Be sure to cover your food.

–Isn't the oxygen flammable?

–Just carry less. And don't breathe in.

–I'm trying not to. But it's sort of automatic.

–Don't worry! It won't be in the future.

–I feel a burning in my chest.

–That's just fire mixed with air.

–Is it something to worry about.

–It's too real to get worried about.

–That sets my mind at ease.

–I knew that it would.

–It doesn't set my chest at ease.

–Death is part of life.

–The final part.

–You can't have more than your years.

–But I can have more years. Unless you're going to interfere with me somehow.

–Interference is part of life.

- I just want a clean breath.
- It is clean. You just have to accept the cleanliness of things other than your air in the air.
- Then that’s a detriment.
- You don’t know that.
- It’s like swallowing a bug. You don’t know when it’s going to come alive in you.
- I feel like it’s already alive.
- Like I said, this is not something that you can predict.
- It’s not the predicting that I fear.
- Then what are you afraid of.
- The burning.
- Just breathe in deeper. Then you get past the burning part.
- Then I feel like passing out.
- See! Now you are getting away from the burning.
- That sounds like nonsense.
- Tell you what I’ll do. Just quit breathing.
- Can’t do.
- Or get used to it.

- That won't work.
- Or get past it.
- That's paralysis.
- Clean air is a myth.
- That's what I'm afraid of.

### III. FIRE

Outside of Akron the fires burn. They will engulf us all in a conflagration never to be seen by man.

This is our punishment for wanting too much reassurance. Wanting what we cannot have. Wanting too much comfort. Wanting just to stay warm.

–That's nonsense. There are no fires in Akron.

–But there will be. The air will catch on fire. This is prophecy.

–How do you know?

–I've seen the future.

–Is that enough?

The evil ones will not be able to sustain themselves once the fires have made their way. They already feel the toxic fumes burn them inside. Now it will burn them outside. Vengeance.

–It starts by pissing on a former friend's tooth brush then it goes on to fire.

I saw her room go up in smoke yesterday. She yelled to no avail.

–There's always hope.

–This flame is for you. It is your last hope for salvation.

–Salvation. It's going to kill me.

–Take it lightly.

–How do I do that?

–Don't inhale.

–That's silly.

The edifice will crumble. The supports will give away. Nothing can rescue you from the eventual punishment.

–I don't want my air toxic.

–You can't stop it without upsetting too many people. To you it's fire, to them it's comfort. Reverse it, and you cause them discomfort. They go up in smoke.

This is not something that you should really worry about. It harms a few people. It's a risk. Just accept it. That's how life works.

--That sounds perverse.

**THIS IS HOW IT IS!**

**I can't be perfect.**

**But I can be all right!**

Does someone have a match.?

–Don't worry. It's in such small quantities.

Watching the world as it burns.

Will you play a tune. As the ring of fire moves to encircle the globe, there are already noticeable effects.

–This can all be reversed in time.

–We don't have time.

–You will eventually pass through the ring of fire.

–And beyond the ring.

–Is an encircling ring. This is the ring of self. Of liberation..

–Just set it off!

## IV. EARTH

There is a special place reserved for those who have survived. It is the ground. You come from the dirt and into the dirt you go back.

Bathing in mud. Establishing that primal union.

–I cannot get clean.

–That's what we told you from the beginning. Only a new identity can get you truly clean.

–Wow!

–Close your eyes.

–They're already closed. I'm full of dirt.

–We're going to drill deeper and deeper into the dirt. Down to the rock. To the fire. You cannot escape us by hiding underground.

Once all the dirt passes through us, we all get sick. It is the only way to keep us regular. We cannot retain it in our system so it passes through and with it go all the poisons.

–It don't work like that.

–It could.

Let's start the process over again.

–Eat it, and you will shit!

Everything becomes one.

One thing. One element.

Elemental.

It's the clay. What you can form into everything else.

Everything.

Start with a little dirt and add water. Roll it all around for a while. Shape it. What do you need. You've got it.

And the sculptor's form is deep and profound. The hand reaches deep inside the twisting forms and twirls to offer direction. Moving in and out. The creative formation. A ridge. An edge. A boundary.

Stimulated.

The hand moves along the edge as if to inspire flesh. The hand squeezes together the sides. Retains support in the curves.

–Is this is what you want?.

More than that. You want the implication of life. You watch it come alive and then become frozen in a pose. It is the pose that brings the viewer to life. The viewer wants to participate. Wants to make himself rest with such fluidity. To imply action but staying rooted all the time.

–Can you appreciate such expression.

–This is really great.

And it is . Words do not fail. They are precise. This thing stopped dead in its tracks.

Give it more fire.

–The fire has baked it still.

Give it more life.

–We’re running out.

Light a match. Make the fire go!

## V. SUPPLY

It’s all in the imagination. And this is where the imagination starts to run out. Where all the variations have been tried and retried.

The monster is dead and now is reincarnated.

Swallow this and you can see everything metamorphosize into everything else.

PROPHET.

Do you have what we need.

–It is bubbling beneath your feet.

What they need and what we have. This is the gold. Dark and primeval. It does not sparkle. It is the ultimate currency. Dark. From the earth. Pitch black.

The tar speaks. Death and renewal.

–We will burn our vision bright.

–Yes, we will.

This is the edge of folly.

–I can’t get out of bed. I have incredible pain in my gut. Can’t crap. I can’t eat.

Do you want that thing that makes it all burn bright. A thousand candles.

The tar reaching beneath the skin.

Before dirt, we walked on fire.

–I don’t understand.

White hot. Vision. Heat.

–I am feeling sick.

This is your miracle cure.

A river that you can tap into. It’ll run right through you.

–You are my kingdom.

On your knees in praise.

What if there is too much?

–We can burn off the excess.

That is why it is so hot. Why there are fires.

–Right.

The gates are made of fire. All ignited. To keep people in their place. To keep them out.



- What are you telling us.
- That fire has a mind of its own.
- And if you let it go.
- It just goes and goes.
- I really don't like to get burned.
- Nobody does.
- I really don't if you know what I mean.
- Explain yourself.
- I don't like to get burned. You're pissing me off.
- Put a muzzle on it.
- Put out bitch.
- I'm going to take your bitch.
- Bark, bark!

## VI. ESSENCE

What's essential is what comes out. Pow!  
-You like to...  
-We all do!  
-Let's  
Let it flow!

We've got too much.  
-If you can't make it float, they'll get really pissed.  
-Just throw off the excess.  
Or you could burn it all.  
-That's why there are oil spills.  
-Pretty soon we'll be swimming in an ocean of oil.  
-Or piss.  
-It's all the same.  
-What we cast off. What we can't get rid of.

Giant cauldrons still burn. Molten metal.  
-Don't fall in.  
Here is the opening to the hell that is the city.  
-Do you want to stay?  
-I can't breathe.

-I've made myself pretty. Am I in the right light?  
-This is the light that burns.  
-It is the fire that is inside.  
Can you make it clean.  
-There is nothing clean here?  
-I just thought.  
-Thinking won't help with any of this.

- What's the solution?
- Louder screams.
- Look at me, dammit.

Here you find punishment. Between what you think that you need and what you really get. Mashed potatoes on a plate.

- These were solid.
- That's enough for me.
- You can always switch to rice.
- That's a story in itself.
- Rice dropping from the sky.
- The essence in you to get out.
- And it just pours our the ground. Gushes and gushes.
- Can you feel the frenzy in you.
- If you had any doubts.
- That the machine worked.
- It is you exploding out of yourself.
- I just wish that she'd shut her mouth.
- It's MOTHER EARTH!
- Wandering the planet, never feeling quite right.
- Do you hate me or something?

## VII. SCREAMS

Are they screams of passion or screams of fear?

To the audience it is all the same. Screams of fear are temporary screams of passion. Screams of passion are temporary screams of fear until the lovers get caught.

- What a horror.
- Not as bad as you thought.
- Live with it.
- SCREAM
- I can make you enjoy it!
- SCREAM
- You went back to him. I heard you screaming all night long.
- That was passion can't know what I've got when I really spread it for him.
- What are you saying?
- When he really fucks me.
- I thought that it was love.
- It is. But we have to get though to the first few layers.
- I'm going to collapse.
- I'm going to be sick too.
- You inflict the pain to make yourself feel right about this.
- I can get you out of this mess.
- I've heard that before.**

- It's the only way out.
- Things spiral downward, and you can't get back.
- If you could....
- I would...
- Why do you talk that way?
- Because when I go down, I don't want to scream.
- I want to take the world with me.
- The last person who tried failed.
- That last person who tried still is taking it down.
- Can you put out of the fires?
- I'm still working on the screams.
- They could be screams of joy.
- I doubt it.
- They just have to change their outlook.

## VIII. IDENTITY

- I can feel the fissures already.
- Did you say that would be OK?
- I can't really care what you say. It will be OK for you eventually
- I can't stand how it is now. I just want the door to close.
- It already has.
- But there's still a cold breeze from the outside.
- That's just in your imagination.
- For my sake, will you close the door.
- Your sake. I feel claustrophobic.
- This is a terrible beginning.
- They always are. What do you think that the audience would like to see.
- I don't care.
- They want to see you happy. They want to see us both happy.
- I'm having trouble getting to that level.
- What do you need to hear to make you happy.
- It's not about what I want to hear. It's just feeling right with myself. Maybe it about being somewhere else.
- Where do you want to be?
- Somewhere outside. Looking down from a high place. Looking down and not being afraid. That's who I really am.
- We can end it like that.
- Maybe.
- They want to see you jump. Then they want to feel bad about it. Bring you back as someone else.
- There's an infinite supply.
- That's what I always say.
- So it doesn't really make any difference what I do.
- Just for the time being.

–But my identity.  
–It gives you a chance to become someone else. Just close your eyes. You’re with a savior.

- I am.
- Do you want it to be that way?
- Can you pass through walls.
- I can pass through open windows.
- Don’t get any ideas.
- I’m going to open some more windows.

Just don’t burn any bridges.

## IX. AUDIENCE

If you push us, we’ll push back—**HARDER!**  
**You always promise but you never deliver.**  
Not feeling like myself, I turn on to find out.  
–This is what you have to do. So just do it.  
–I will. And I do it over and over again.  
–Perform on CUE.

The victim is the house. Who can do it first? The viewer or the peeper.  
–I’m going to make it in there first.  
–Quit complaining and deal with it.  
–I’m trying to swallow.  
–Just take more. You’re bound to get some in you.  
–That feels good.

–Who are you talking to?  
–Some guy I met in a bar last night.  
–Do you trust him enough to let him in the house.  
–I had sex with him last night.  
–What?  
–He’s a friend of a friend.  
–It’s never like that in the movies.  
–In real life, we give in too easy.  
–Or we never give in at all.  
–Whatever the audience wants to see.  
–They want blood.  
–They want to see the murderer’s house.  
–To see where he hides things.  
–Where he plays games.  
–Where he sleeps.  
–What do you want to see?  
I want to see it all in color.

–Where are you going?  
–I’m going out.  
–Out again. Are you queer?  
–What?  
–You’re going to meet your little friends.  
–What?  
–You like fucking men.  
–I’m just going out for a drink.  
–You’re going to meet some men.  
–I’m going to meet some friends.  
–You like to look at women naked.  
–Huh?  
–Take little peeks.  
–Not really.  
–You like looking through windows.  
–I sometimes see people moving. But I don’t stare.  
–You like to watch and touch yourself.  
–That’s not really me.  
–But if it was you.  
–It’s not.  
–Are you queer. You can’t touch a woman. You can’t be with one. You hang around with your men friends, and you suck each other off while you pretend that you’re with women.  
–That’s silly.  
–No, you like it that way.  
–You’re putting words in my mouth.  
–That’s the least of your worries.  
–What are you saying?  
–I’m going to call the police on your. Don’t look at me like that. I’m going to call on you.

–Do you like to beat up women?  
–You’re implying this is something that I actually do.  
–And you enjoy it.  
What?  
–You know that’s what you want to do. You want to hit me now.  
–That’s preposterous.  
–I see that glint in your eye.  
–You’re crazy.  
–If I’m so crazy, why don’t you just walk away. You think that you have your next victim. That’s what you see in my eye.  
–I’m not looking at your eyes.  
–You like my ass. Don’t you? What are you going to do about it? You’ve started looking at me and now you can’t take your eyes off me. You know that you’re on to something. Wondering if I still have enough left. And I do. And you know that. That’s what you see. And that feeling won’t let go. That I’m yours. Your hands grabbing at my flesh.

–What are you trying to say? That I can't have you.  
–You already have me. That's what you feel. You can sense that power and you won't let go, will you.

My fear is that if we don't deal with this it could result in a disaster.

–What kind of disaster? An earthquake?  
–You could call it that.

The visible presence is gone.

–What about the invisible hand of memory that has written a record of all the crimes on the mind?

–They are not crimes; they are simply responses.  
–I like such responses.

Just cast off into the desert.

**Momma does he still talk to you**

**–I hear him all the time.**

**I listened but all that I could hear was a dog barking.**

–You still spend your time in bars drinking with your queer friends. What are you going to do about it? You're going to beat me up like you like to beat women up. You can't even get hard anymore.

>>You want to fuck me. But you can't. You can't even get it hard. Even if you stroke it over and over again. It won't do any good. Unless some guy is sucking on it. Come on you little fuck.

>>Let's see it. Show it to me. That useless thing. There's nothing that you can do to stop yourself. Once you get crazy, it just takes over you. That temper of yours is going to be the death of you.

>>You've thought about it while on the bridge. Just pushing the burning truck over on all those cars.

–That's why they have the barrier.

–It can't hold you can it?

–What are you trying to say?

–I'm going to report you to the police.,

–For what?

–What have you been doing downstairs.

–What have you been doing upstairs?

–Watching TV. Getting forgiveness. I feel it. And now I'm sorry.

Where did he hide the instruments of death?