

AFTERMATH

It would probably take years to piece together what happened on that fateless October night. The Imperial Set would be condemned to wander for forty days until they again found a home.

–It may take longer.

As a consolation RIP put on a punk night. He mixed Dead Kennedys with The Gun Club. It was a trip for everyone, just a trip. The Imperial Set were a little lost out of their disco environs, but RIP made them feel at home. If only everything else had been as easy.

Courtney was gone. Tommy was not to be seen. It wasn't tragic for anyone. It was almost as if she didn't exist.

Some people might quarrel with my chronology. Even at the time, I had difficulty sorting it out. Even a couple of years later, it still didn't make sense. Some people thought that the Cube was closed later in the year. One version suggested that it was exactly forty days before years end. But I remember the Halloween setting and the costume party. They might have tried a party before the end of October, but not afterwards. I know for a fact that it wasn't an All Soul's Party. That was the night that RIP did his soiree, and it was definitely after the disaster.

One more radical version of events even questioned the actual demise of the Cube. There were two competing radical make overs. One went from the premise that the fire was there to transfer power away from Thea's hands. The other suggested that it was a fire that had the Imperial Set move from another club to the Cube. Or in another revision, it was not a fire but just some other cataclysmic event.

Courtney originally came to the club with another girl. Some called her Courtney's twin. They had the same height and matching hair cuts. Like so many people, she moved in and out of the scene rather quickly. What if Courtney had eliminated that girl? Or consider the twins as Courtney and Thea in the first place?

What provided Thea for her meteoric rise to prominence? Why would she overshadow CM, who was one of my foci from early on. Even as Christina von Mayhem, CM could never compete with the flair of Thea. It was no mere accident of events that gave her prominence. Just as Courtney was suspected to have a twin, couldn't Thea have had a twin. There was something inimitable about Thea from the beginning. She always stood out. But Courtney only started to have her appeal on off nights. Then she could dominate the room. Otherwise, she would get lost in the crowd. She was shorter than Thea. That was her attraction, but it also limited her on the crowded Cube dance floor. Her provocative dance moves hardly had a chance to let loose when she was competing on the floor with the other dancers.

For sake of argument, suppose a pre-Thea. Someone with all the appeal of Thea, and bunches of more charisma. A better dancer. More original thinker. Someone who knew and loved the music. A true star. If Thea knew about such competition, wouldn't she have to get rid of her before her public appearance. Both RIP and Billy seemed like dominant personalities. But neither was the same kind of commanding presence. Billy would be lost without his title. RIP was everywhere. He was everything. But he was often too overwhelming. Thea was over

the top in spite of herself.

The demise of the Cube left a particular vacuum for Thea. No other room gave her the chance to show her stuff. It wasn't just her. It was the whole character of the room.

This offered another theory. That the Cube contained the soul of these wandering creatures. They had all become part of this one organism. Now they were truly cut off from the source. How long could anyone survive in this suspension?

–That truly sound pathetic. I thought that everyone had jobs.

Work had little appeal without a chance to show off. To get away from it all and just show the flesh.

–You've got it.

The night creatures could not adopt the ways of some other locale. They still longed nostalgically for the moment when they first heard "Cities in Dust", or "Ball of Confusion", or "Nemesis". Where they could be good and ghastly. Where they could haunt the supermarket without being too ghoulish. They were models, not monsters.

–Am I still pretty?

–You are.

–I feel like killing myself.

–Don't. There's still time for resurrection.

–The blood will arrive!

I needed to go over the sequence of events again to see what had gone wrong. Wasn't this the earthly paradise? Why had everyone turned against each other?

Was the inner circle plagued by a rivalry. Did the Cube exist to balance the forces of Billy and Thea? Wasn't this simply adolescent melodrama? High school soap opera.

–Everyone was trying to work. They had apartments. They spent money that they earned.

–It sounds so ideal. Play the tunes at the hair salon in the day time. Head out at night to dance.

–I thought the Titans were artists.

–I think the original Titans were. But then fashion and design replaced art.

–The Saviors.

–Wasn't that the beginning of the end?

–Or a new beginning.

–Image was the new art form.

–And a bad reputation could besmirch a sparkling image.

–Hence the need for the Imperial Set.

–It was post punk.

–No longer do-it-yourself.

–You needed the best designers. You had to hide the seams. Gaultier, Westwood. The gods. You worshiped your gods.

–It was that simple.

–You created yourself by becoming something that was already there.

–Thea was the perfect mannequin. Tall and thin. Like a clothes hanger.

–She could wear a dress.

–And did.

–And everyone else wanted what she had.

–There were still some remnants of the Titans. The true Titans. RIP was a Titan. The Imperial Set were Olympians. Even Thea's devotion to Aphrodite. It was part of Zeus's order. The Titans watched and admired and talked about the rebellion. The Imperial Set had already won the battle.

–Some of them adopted the mantle of the Titans. Victory in their defeat.

–A reversal might seem to allow the return of the real Titans. Without the Cube. People could head down to Metropolis or over the 99 Degrees. But it was not the same there. They all lived by a different ethos. And they didn't do the same balancing act that occurred at the Cube. The Cube like to think of themselves as post-history. They could not be destroyed by the battles of history because they were already dead—gloriously dead.

>>Punks and their successors owed an allegiance to the Bomb. They lived in a post-holocaust nightmare. The Imperial Set had risen when the world just vaporized.

–In many ways, Thea had no predecessors.

–She arose fully formed from the head of her author.

–That's why they all needed a story. They were the beginning of time.

–The Count needed to census all the participants. They were all his friends.

–His list went from a few people to hundreds. And they kept coming. The Cube was so appealing. You could sample the frenzy and then recompose yourself for a crazy week of work.

–I remember on an exec who made excuses for the tragedies imposed by his clients.

Then he became a victim of the world that he celebrated. Only working part-time, he had problems enjoying the wonders of the Cube. Sure he could have survived, but that would have destroyed the one thing that made him different—his work. He was giving himself to the night, but he could always pull out at the appropriate moment. All that time he had his hand on the ripcord. When he finally jumped, the chute was no longer working.

For the moment, RIP, Billy, The Count, and Thea would survive. The prognosis seemed less clear for Audra. She emerged in the crisis of the Cube. Without such an artificial situation, she lacked the robust quality to stay in the limelight.

Anthea started writing. She was competing to be the chronicler of these events. In the center of things, she had a head start. But her existence was contingent on Thea's. She did everything that Thea did. She just didn't have as dominant an image.

–I need to keep up on the fashions so that I can stay one step ahead of everybody. Her few trips overseas became rarer as she adapted more and more to the lifestyle. This was her exotic world.

It was a Saturday night without anywhere to go. I somehow got trapped into heading for Jean-Luc's. A couple of dancers from Go Wild were in the corner by the bar. They looked at me with some recognition. I also thought that I saw Christiane. She was a photographer who

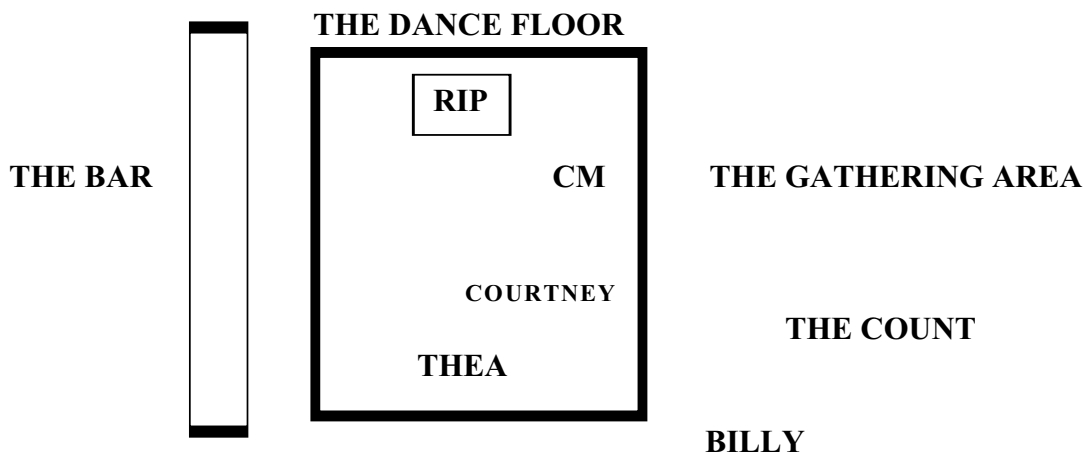
worked with Courtney. Jean-Luc would be a natural ally. Her pictures veered towards the bizarre. From simply capturing images, she moved to encouraging her subjects to hunt out the outre. These monsters were at her service. Without the Cube, she felt truly liberated. Jean-Luc tried to take her under his wing. She would have none of it. She already had developed an independence in alliance with Courtney.

For the moment, there were only these few refugees from the Cube. Many people were accustoming themselves to staying in. The hope was that things would not remain like this for too long. Otherwise, Billy would never be able to rally his crew.

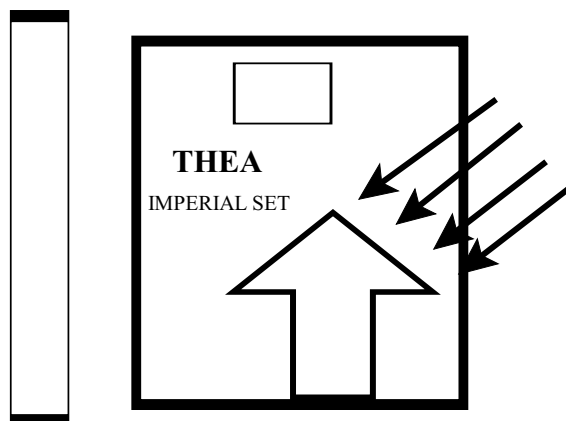
Nobody really danced at Jean-Luc's. The Go Wild girls started something in the corner. But they just seemed to be performing for an audience. I wanted to know more about them. How had they adapted the mannerisms of the Cube to Go Wild. It was not in reverse. They were creatures of the night. I had seen other girls from Go Wild. But their dances just clumsily mimicked sex. The Cube girls were much more theatrical. They were seductive because they showed something of themselves.

None of us really felt at home here. The place was supposed to be radical and full of risk. They stared at us as if we were freaks. This was only suburban masquerade. I longed for a new Midtown club. Away from the strip malls and closer to the old garages and warehouses.

THE DESIGN OF THE CUBE



The lines of the narrative moved in relation to the layout of the club. There was the force emanating Thea's end of the room. At the same time, RIP commanded attention from the opposite end of the room. When he was not there, Thea's image projected off the mirror behind his stoop. There were lines of force that tended from the Gathering Area to Thea's position but they were pushed back by the dominance of the Imperial Set.



The picture offered an appealing narrative. Thea would battle her double. This was Courtney's role in the fractured retelling of the inner psychic rivalry. Post Courtney at RIP perch. This was the essence of the showdown. It was inevitable by the rather formidable role of Thea.

THE TRAUMA
 THEA'S EMERGENCE
 THEA'S PROMINENCE
 COURTNEY'S ARRIVAL
 THE CONFRONTATION
 THE TRAUMA

Would this picture invite future THEAS AND COURTNEYS to a new drama. Or was this one self-enclosed story? A trauma that returned to its scene. What was the scene of the trauma?

If the trauma can be thought of as potentially damaging, what was so unique about Thea was the she bore no marks of the disaster. If the fire repeated itself, she was not a burn victim. She had emerged pristine from the first disaster. Her double would be the scathed twin who was willing to haunt her original. Courtney was equally untouched. Assume her sexual proclivities as the source of her marking. But Thea shared a similar history.

If we returned to the scene of Tommy performing oral sex on Thea on the upstairs bar, she would have the same origins as Courtney. Could this scene be construed as a source of trauma? More likely a manifestation. It would be dangerous to assume that her sexuality was simply a result of a trauma. We wouldn't want to suggest that her shifting orientations were caused by such a trauma. But perhaps a trauma could have given her more input into the changing character of her desires.

Why would someone have wanted to perform oral sex on Thea. There were surely tourists that night who would not have minded coming upstairs with her. They would have construed the invitation to come upstairs as licence for something more.

–I like to satisfy women!

That might be a theme so that they received their requisite satisfaction. Thea's refusal to do anything else at that moment would have frustrated them to know end. It would have short-circuited any *quid pro quo*. We might assume that there was more involved in this act.

–I like to eat pussy!

Beyond liking the taste, the man would be admitting that he was drawn to this reminder of his overall sexual satisfaction. By this act alone, he could sense her becoming electric. It would be central to her surrender to him. At least, he would bring that association to her responses. Still, there was something degrading in the act itself. She was being opened up and taken with such an automatic attitude. Sure it would guarantee her satisfaction, but there was nothing gradual or tender about the circumstances. It treated her satisfaction as perfunctorily immediate. And what she shared with Tommy was limited.

The existence of an upstairs at the Cube seems dominantly related to this one act. There were suggestions of a DJ booth on a higher floor. At the same time, there was the claim that the Cube was long and narrow and just existed on one floor. Much of the action required just such a layout. Everyone was on one long display. This even contradicted the above diagram. But the above diagram does accurately depict the forces operating in the milieu. The long and narrow view would require a much longer dance floor. It would lend less of a focus on the ends. The exits would be on opposite ends of the dance floor. This seemed to make more sense.

On the other hand, the logical view would have placed exits at the end of the bar and behind the common area. This would have offered more room for activity around the bar. If this view was accommodating, it would serve as a perfect replacement for the Cube when the owners considered rebuilding.

There was a point of view opposite from both of the earlier view. On that view, the Cube never closed. There was no fire. We'll dispense with that version for now.

If the club offered a fundamental opposition by its layout, this view spilled onto the outside of the club. A bench in the back served as a place to escape the indoor action since it was outside, it gave some relief from the dominance of the Imperial Set. It would allow a customer to escape the scene of confrontation. He could regroup in his attempt to deal with that scene. It was also a threat to the action inside. The outdoor customers could gather under a separate influence and contest the dominance of the inside. They could work to create another order. At the same time, a number of people would park in the back. This gave the Imperial Set a chance to rally before entering the club. They would maintain their view of the world both inside and outside.

From the threats to the Imperial Set, the group was able to stage a comeback from the courtyard. This suggested another stage in the narrative. There could be some hesitation for under-age customers in entering. Many of those would mill around the back entrance. It was harder congregating on the Peachtree side of the club. The Crescent Street side offered more protection. It was not as open. Police would be less likely to tell people to move on. Even if you didn't get inside, you could spend the night outside. Or you could wait for your friends to come outside if they happened to make it through the door. The stories from inside were often more extravagant than the real occurrences. Who could check if the accounts matched the actual

goings on inside.

Assume that a more hesitant Courtney had gained confidence outside before venturing inside. Before opening the back door, she could have shared her misgivings with her comrades.

This opposition between inside and outside could express itself in the eventual calamity. In the same way, Thea could have recalled a trauma to explain that same split within herself. Or if she desired to hide behind that disassociation, she could have invented the trauma. Again, the fire seems to be to the narrators's advantage in highlighting the inherent rivalries in the group. The fire was then prepared by previous events. The stringing together of calamities—fire to fire. Each night would have its ignition. Once the details were prepared the detonation could take place on schedule. That was why the Cube was attractive. But only a few knew of the full nature of these disasters. Did one such disaster get out of hand? Or was the sum of all these disasters, one such disaster that would upset the system.

Could Thea discover some deeper system? Courtney surprised her just as she hit on a more complex explanation. But the final resolution was of terrible consequence for Courtney. Why would she bring on her own demise?

We have already considered other players: Daphne, Audra, Christina. Did the portrait leave out others who were essential to the development of the Cube? Was the fire an attempt to obscure their participation in critical events for the club?

What if there had been a chance to do it all over? How would they have rescripted the scene. The Imperial Set wandered for forty days with just such an idea in mind. That may have been what gave the Cube its dynamic in the first place. These lost souls had found their terra firma, and were ready to expand the new world. A review might render a different end for that vision.

Maria

EVENT	D
desire	σ
the attraction	Thea: $\alpha = m \sigma$
the image	a
the impasse	the love seat
THE EVENT	Tommy and Thea
disappointment	β
betrayal	γ

minor disaster	ζ
the dance	μ
satisfaction	Λ Jean-Luc
torture	
the music	θ
THE CALAMITY	the fire/ Courtney disappears

AN EVENT

On any single day, I could have avoided heading down to the Cube. Even if I slept in from a nap, there would still be time to make the four AM closing. What if Courtney or Thea decided not to come in on any given night. Nothing would happen. That may have been the night that resolved the rivalry.

Someone has to get Courtney not to com.

–I’m supposed to meet a friend there. Is Thea going to be there? Why is she allowed to show up, and I’m not. Get her to stay home.

The confrontation predates that particular night. It is almost an assumption of character. If you have the portrait of Thea, what would be her contradiction. Not Anthea. She is a surplus. An exclamation point to Thea’s considerable power. It has to be someone more appeal than Anthea.

–In my writing of the story, I am full of appeal. That is the whole story. How I acquired my appeal.

–In a sense, it is your story. But that’s the point. You were not given credit in this first scene. And you’ve been trying to undo that injustice ever since. Don’t you see that is the trauma that has torn apart your bio from the beginning. You’ve been in the shadows. Even in coming out, you’ve been trying to rush back in. Hence, your appeal is always off the mark.

This indicates already why the events change based on the interaction of the other characters. Why would the continuation of the story not focus on Anthea’s sense of feeling wrong. With more dominant characters such as RIP and Billy, they want to explore the demise of the Cube. That has very little to do with the actions of Anthea.

–How dare you call them dominant characters.

–That is what they are for the moment. If you are going to change the order of things, you have to proceed from where the order is.

–You describe it in a way that makes it almost impossible to change.

–That may be a key element in understanding the events.

DESIRE

If I had remarked on a clearer affinity with Anthea, that may have been the starting point for the story. It was not. My tale was a challenge to my audience. If you went in the room and

looked down on the dance floor, where would the light shine? Who was the most confident on the floor? The only contradiction to the my version would be one that already gave more prominence to Courtney. That was Thea's fear, and what created the rivalry. It was something that threatened Thea's prominence in the eyes of the other patrons, even those who knew little about the social set.

My intent was to use my position to investigate the group. But I could not help but be involved. This upset my initial plan. I did not want to grow attached to Thea. It was pretty obvious from early on that I suffered from just such a fate.

What attracted me to this amoral sunburst?

The way that the light played with her set the Cube in motion. She was active—a kinetic energy. It was not object. It was an electromagnetic force. It could not be held. It would be felt.

I admit that I identified with the goals of this place. They were frivolous, but I adapted them to my purpose. I needed a month or so to integrate myself into the lifestyle. By that time I realized that I was overwhelmed by Thea's presence. Her arrival sent me into frenzy. That alone was enough for me. I knew that she would never be able to oblige my actual needs. For me, I was engaged by this science. The electromagnetic radiation jumped up another level. It was a leap!

From this point on, my own projects were distracted. Or Thea became part of those projects.

THE ATTRACTION

It was her. And associated with her, was her story. This was the essence of her attraction for me. Thea—the name. The presence. And then I went into the reverie. I danced next to her in the hope that some of this magic might rub off.

Many nights I knew that she would not be there. I hoped for some replacement that might fit the terms of my wonder. Someone who I could tell about my journey. For the time being, no one wanted to know. There were substitutes in their own way. But they all aspired after Thea's silence. I just played along.

THE IMAGE

This was how we wanted the night to embrace us. It was about showing ourselves to bear the tracks of its tears. You could not ignore the invitation. The night enhanced the appeal. In the cold white chill, it embraced its longing victims. It smoothed over their bodies. Its stark form lay waste to all but the bones. These gaunt frames paid tribute by their erect stance.

Fabrics unfurled on these architectures. Costume and mask carried the imprint of self. Personas could be exchanged. Emotions could be transferred. Selves would meld in a theaters of souls. You adorned to attract. You maintained your image to sustain. From that point on you

entered the play of faces.

Everyone gave in without restriction. If you did not play, there was hollow satisfaction and recriminations. You just let the darkness envelope the spirit. Even desire was just an adjustment in costume. The face that you did not put on was worn by the appealing specter. And you drifted along the exchange. There was a wind that blew through the sculptures that added to the form. This was the kinetic fit. Everyone felt that same closeness. It allowed an easy approach and inevitable surrender.

–Please, hold me. I am afraid.

The melodrama played to a willing audience.

–There’s no possessiveness here.

–Can I wear your shirt? It looks fabulous.

–Go ahead.

All along the edges there was turmoil. The guards watched the street. Inside it was safe. The seams were hastily stitched to hide any deviance from the routine. The perversions all stayed within.

THE IMPASSE

A few of us did not give in to the fashion shuffle. We waited our turn. A change in style. Adapting to a new costume. Until that time, we witnessed.

She almost had the style of Thea. But she was more ruthless. A clearer victim of the night. She accepted her role of messenger. Even her hair was a little spikier than Courtney’s. Her punk garb was neat and perfectly acceptable in the place. There was no extravagance. Just a brief statement.

We both held to that same commentary. We were drawn to the Cube. We remained outside the Imperial Set. We were Titans in our own way. We would not have accepted the resolution to nightly mannequins.

I loved her rebellion but feared that it would end at that. I sat down for a moment. One of my infrequent rests. She was next to me on a seat across from the bar. It was on the farthest aisle leading to the restrooms and the back door.

I loved her appeal. Everything seemed so automatic. I glanced over at her. My snapshot took in everything. I wanted to look again to catch her glance. A smile would have been enough. But I knew her mission, and it paralyzed me. Worse than my inability to talk to Thea, she wanted to take me out of the night.

I admitted it. I was somehow part of the Set. Just having been there, histories would register my presence. No one would ask about her except me.

I wanted to bring her to life. I needed her to break the spell. We remained silent—an **IMPASSE!**

THE EVENT

More than the fire, the assignation in the upstairs bar was the critical event that fated the resolution of the Imperial Set. It more or less guaranteed the rivalry between Courtney and Thea

For the purposes of our analysis, we would have to assume that Courtney witnessed this event. To make matters worse, Thea would have needed to know that Courtney was there. This detail was never mentioned in any account. Even the worse gossips left out this critical element. We might infer that such an occurrence was not accurate. Without this myriad of self-reference the event would lose some of its purpose

THE EVENT	Tommy and Thea	oral sex
the observation	Courtney watches Tommy and Thea	watching
the rivalry	Thea watches Courtney	observing the observer
myriad of self reference	Thea watches Courtney watching Thea watching Courtney	the myriad
THE EVENT AS CAUSING THE RIVALRY	Thea watches Courtney watching Thea and Tommy	the resolution

The drama was created by Tommy's presence. Substitute Bertie and you would only have a scene of voyeurism. Substitute a tourist and you would have an entertainment. Substitute an interested tourist, and you would already have a scene of jealousy.

I was watching. My desire allowed me to watch. How would the scene have been able to accommodate both my observation and Courtney's disgust. This was not a theater. There was barely room for the two participants. Could the event have been observed from the DJ booth?

If it wasn't Thea in the scene, the event would lack interest for the narrative. Even Courtney would not have provoked the same interest. In some respects, this could be an event of some disappointment for fans of Thea. This disheveled vagabond was performing an alienating sexual act in a public space. Again, there was nothing redeeming about the entertainment. There was a degradation. For Thea's part, she felt that it was fundamentally Tommy's degradation. It was her place. She was taking without giving. It made it impossible to question her etiquette. The music was too loud to hear any objections. It part of Tommy's meager social standing that prevented him from asking for anything else. It was even further testimony to his weakness that he accepted this as some kind of victory.

DISAPPOINTMENT

Moderating our reaction to the event, we have to express a minor disappointment. To have exaggerated Thea's cosmic aspirations to such a degree would suggest that her tawdry assignation was an insult to her panegyric. How could Tommy possibly augment her charms. He was the perfect mirror for the viewer. On the one hand, he represented the very inadequacy that I

thought that I could overcome. On the other hand, his very lack of couth meant that I could easily approach the gentle Thea.

In all, Tommy's actions served as a tribute to Thea's power. She was performing for all of us. We could easily ignore her partner.

I had difficulty letting go. It was the drama of each night. As new blood infiltrated the Cube, Ganglia would hover with his brashness and easy audacity. He had already scooped up his victims before I could do a thing. I kept dancing.

This was Tommy's scenario. Thea had disappeared. And then she materialized on Tommy's arm. I was frozen.

If part of my time was spent in sketching the detailed portrait, the other half was filled with trying to distance myself from my pursuit. Had Thea been the proper subject? I wanted to remain in my vantage point. I wanted to describe and not become involved. It was inevitable that Thea would find her Tommy. I should have felt gratified that the event went by so quickly.

A breeze passed through the corridors of the mind. The paths of emptiness. Nothing to hold on to. A glimpse. Did I need it to get any worse.

–Nothing really happened!

–I think that I like it better that way.

I needed to like it as it had happened. It was not a connection that would last. I would wait out my chance.

–I don't do guys. But if I'm going to get with a guy. I want him to be cute.

MINOR DISASTER

I had left early that night. I could hear Thea voice as I walked up the hill to my place:

Tommy made it happen for me!

Tommy made it happen for me!

Tommy made it happen for me!

Tommy made it happen for me!

I felt drained. But sleep wouldn't come to me. I was too uneasy. I looked at myself in the mirror.

–Only pretty people belong here!

I trailed into the night. The silence was overwhelming.

–I need some noise.

–What happened between the two of you?

–I told you to ignore what you saw.

–But I was watching it.

And I could feel the full effects of what I saw. It burned deeper and deeper into me. I was helpless. From something substantial that I witnessed, I entered the realm of all these absurd associations. I was seeing the event over and over again with the weirdest permutations. Other

characters were participating. People were laughing at me.

–We did this for you?

Thea had been performing for my benefit. Why would she carry this masquerade so far. I felt sick. I wanted to sleep. There was nothing that I could do.

THE DANCE

The next night it was as if nothing had happened. The players from the earlier night faded. A new cast took it place and sought the revised script.

So many of the dancers simply swayed to the beat. They did not feel the swells of the music. They were not attuned to the oceans of sound. The beat set the limits. It established the symmetries of motion. From here, we extended a space of the sublime. We twisted ourselves. Our contortions sought release. For this, the movements exploded into space. The pose was not sufficient. Each pose ran against its contradiction. The room reverberated with these reversals. Spaces divided, and in these gaps we threw ourselves. There were always the dangers that we faced of exhaustion. We could feel the pull of gravity and resisted. We explored a new physics. It started with the body. But the body was mapped onto a more fluid space.

TORTURE

Nikki had first made a stand for an austerity based on pain. She claimed that she was only carrying on the activities of Thea.

–The Cube admits of barbarity. Everyone starves herself. Look at them. They are skeletons.

She made the devotion to pain real. Denial for eventual release. That was the ecstasy that moved their congress. No wonder the drugs were never sufficient. They had tapped a more severe order. An embrace of suffering. The consequences were absurd. It helped to hold everyone to this strict asceticism. They gave themselves to pleasure. But they held back in the grip of pain. So pleasure was more particularly release. All their delights were temporary because they held to discipline beneath their rewards.

SATISFACTION

Jean-Luc felt gratified that they had turned to his model for satisfaction. But for the Cube, satisfaction was not paramount. It was a bi-product—one often shunned. They wanted spectacle.

Jean-Luc's products of satisfaction were on display. That was why he could appeal so well to a wealthy clientele. The Titans aspired after wealth. But they seemed to challenge the relative ease that accompanied luxury. This unbearable ambiguity swirled around the Cube. They welcomed what could not be developed from inside. They embraced what would destroy them. Satisfaction was very much about a history, not a particular night. It needed a celebration—a climax—a temporal culmination.

MUSIC

The musical themes provided justification for the lifestyle, tunes that blared in retail shops and hair salons. Nothing too challenging. Still they hoped for a ritual that would engulf their spirits.

The big beat was everywhere. Charmed with saccharin hooks.

–These are songs that I will die with. I will die for.

They all fell into the interlude as the beat became dreamy, and the interplay of voices tossed them in its tide.

THE EVENT

What a perfect telling to combine all events under one banner. What if the initial entanglement between Tommy and Thea had been the catalyst for the fire.

–We didn't mean to start the fire.

It wouldn't make any sense chronologically. It would exclude any jealousy between Thea and Courtney. There would be no challenge, no threats, no spells and counterspells. The fire was the result of all this conflict. What if the participants in the flagrant scene were Courtney and Tommy. That would have started the fatal fire. But then the event would be without agency.

Even if Thea did not start the fire, her strategy jeopardized the patrons of the Cube. This seems to reverse the order. If not Thea, Audra, at Thea's behest made it all go up in flames. This would require the initial cause, Tommy's abandonment of Thea for Courtney.

But Thea always maintained that Tommy meant little to her. An admirer of Thea might have taken the sex act to mean something significant. It would interrupt his own participation in a connection of significance with Thea. But Thea avoided such significance. This would ruin the hypothesis about a developing rivalry. Without Thea's concern, there would be no story.

But Thea was always nonchalant. She did not plot. She got what she wanted. It could have been Bertie or Courtney or anyone for that matter.

WAIT!

That was the connection—Courtney. All along the suspicions ran to Thea's jealousy of Courtney. It was actually Courtney's jealousy of Tommy. She saw the perfect reply for her own charisma in Thea. Tommy distracted what had been her earlier plans. She simply used Tommy to disrupt Thea's equilibrium.

But Tommy seemed to care for her. She just wanted something constant.

The Cube had always been held in this oral fixation. These were the vampires sucking the blood from each other. This was a community that had tried to escape the dominance by the phallic god. What had caused these refugees to flee oppressive suburban households? Worlds in awe of an aggressive regime. Worshipers before male domination—the phallic god.. All this had slipped away in the Cube. Billy, the Count, Thea—all images of bliss that were far from the counter-iconography that dominated these tough male corridors.

The Event resonated for that reason. It occurred within the territory of an accepted

perversity. All bodies flowed into each other. How could Tommy possibly interrupt this flow?
Was Thea herself trying to manipulate this utopia for her own benefit?

–We are not pretty—we define beauty!

She killed the monster—and from it a kitten came out!

WD—finds a girl—about to be taken to a ceremonial wedding—all her life under family and Church. She escapes the plan...

–She’ll become a singer—Okinawa Lil.

–Lil is really a man!

–Are you sure.

–That seems logical.

–Talk to me.

–It’s just a warning.

–What?

–He’s going to die.

–We’re all going to die/

Christina von Mayhem and the Encino Kid—they met New Year’s Eve in Vegas.

–It must be luck.

They stay in bed for two days, and then the real fireworks happen!

–It’s a room.

–What do you see in the room?

–Drink water and make the dummy talk.

–It’s a doll. It has long conversations. Complex shit—philosophy—write it down—

–That’s in the next section.

THE EYE LARGER THAN THE WORLD!

I still can’t see!

EA: HER MOVIE CONFESSION

Is this an epilogue?

It will get worse.

–She talks to her picture.

–All she does is have sex.

–She doesn’t even look that good.

–She isn’t looking at herself...

The Encino Kid is the heir to a lost fortune.

– I had all this power, and I never realized it.

–I had a boyfriend in Charlotte.
 –Do you still have him?
 –I broke off ties with him when I left Indiana.
 –I thought that Charlotte is in North Carolina.
 –I didn't live with him. He just owned me.

–He dives off a tower, and I rescue him.

–I ran through the conversation so many times in my mind that I couldn't say a word/
 –I spent all night getting ready my image. No one came to talk to me.

After the seizures.

–I take her hand.
 –I really have to watch what I do. I don't want the police stopping me.

Audra's magic vs. Theresa's social power.

–You mean Thea?
 –I live for the way things should be.
 –Anyone who looks guilty is.
 –You speak as a criminal.
 –I really can't be trusted.
 –Have you ever done Cascade K?
 –What?
 –It's what the story is about.
 –I never heard that before.

THE DAZZLE

–You were just some Midwestern kid. You'd never seen anyone like that before.
 –I've seen Theas before—millions of them.

Like a monster—kill it!

–He's only going to get worse!
 –I haven't had a good idea in five or six years.
 –You have one more year left.

–It's my turn to become a character so I can keep up everyone's interest.

–Are you ready for the Emperor's Show?
 –That is the future. Don't tell them about the future. It will find them.

–You have this image of all of them. Then you find one of them alone and talk to him

and see that he is really shy.

–But one of them could be a monster.

–How would you know?

–You have to figure it out before you talk. Otherwise, they’ll suck you in by what they say.

AUDRA

–How people act has little to do with how you expect them to act. Even if you understand their actions, you can’t get them to do what you think they should do.

–Audra, I’m ashamed to admit it, but I think that I understand you.

DREAMS

cook K

preparation

devastation

primp

–Do you expect me to say something nice to you?

–What are you asking me?

–Alienation is part of pleasure!

–You never react to anything nice.

DUMP HIM!

–You can’t treat me like that—I’m a star.

–This is a good time for magic.

–What do you want to know?

–Beyond this?

–You used to be so wild—you were dangerous.

–He’s such a tramp when he’s drunk!

–Is that why you followed him out to his car?

–I wanted a little danger.

–Come with us and see him—he’s great!

–What’s your name?

–I’m Jay.

–Hi, I’m Audra.

–We don’t discuss ideology and the scene.

–If you’re too alienated, you’re just out of the game.

–when you live outside the law, you will do anything to survive.

–Is this a philosophy?

–A necessity.

BREAK THE SPACE

–anarchy!

–There are no detours

–We’re not coming to your self-centered party!

–That won’t make a difference. You just like to suffer.

–Christy. You’ll turn a little trick.

–I’m going to give you some cash if you do me a favor. I’ll just leave the money on the table.

–I’ll leave it there.

–No, you have to take it.

–I don’t want to be a whore.

–You won’t be a whore. You’ll be a thief. You’re living on the street.

–What you see now is for free. Anything else you have to pay for.

INFIDELITY

indifference

–Did you ask your father?

–Courtney, this is not good for your reputation!

–Are you high on the paradise.

–I can’t keep it going.

–Devotion to a letter. The letter *A*.

1000

the real Queen

–You’re the prettiest girl that I’ve ever seen!

–You’re deadly in the supermarket!

–Do you have an extra cigarette.

EXCHANGE: a gesture–control

oral fixation

–It’s being bought for you to eat.

–I don’t have words for my passion.

–What do you want?

–Your confession.

–Only once. I always waited for you!

He was caught pushing political literature in the mall.

–This is Paradise. Don't disturb it

–History is death. It ends speculation. It makes alternatives impossible.

Thea wanted to be the angel of history,.

–I want to make things happen the right way. My way. No possible misinterpretations.

PART THREE: QUESTION OF AUTHORITY

PART FOUR: DESIRE OF THE SAME

questions of place

Life on the dance floor

To hold to a dance step until it falls away!

**CONCERNING THE DISTRIBUTION OF CRUCIAL'S INHERITANCE AND
THE DEGENERATION OF THE DYNASTIC STATE**

Challenge: Thea vs. Courtney

He turned the corner. He was near death. But he turned the corner.

Thea forgets her character.

Learns Midwestern breathing exercises.

–I'm not Dory anymore.

–How many times can you lie?

–I'm counting them!

A French singer was singing: “The city of lights, all the way down, I couldn't make it out, a sports car overhanging a cliff–flexible.”

–EA, will you write me a poem.

–I need you to change your name.

–Crucial, you have to eliminate Tommy.

–It's only love when it's in contact with my soul. I could never love Tommy.

–Either could I.

–It was Audra who started the fire. Clean and simple. No rivalry between Courtney and Thea.

–I am in love with her.

- Who?
- EA
- You only know her through her writing.
- A pretty face won't last very long.
- Three months to be exact. I don't want to be buried alive.
- Is he still locked in there.
- Only EA can get him out.
- Write him out.

I looked over her shoulder to see what she was writing. A new chapter.
 -I couldn't possibly steal what you're writing except to write it myself.

Thea's agents engaged in unreported violence—scum—

Ashley
 held by her eyes
 a bit of immortality
 Dovsky wanted to take her prisoner!

- If I wanted it, I would dare to capture it.
- I'm waiting for everyone to wake up.
- It's going to be a long wait. They were up all night.
- Eternal rest.

- Why are you bothering me?
- Which way to Jean-Luc's Pleasure Palace.
- Follow Peachtree Street.
- 10PM
- summer night
- Reno Tim sitting in his beige Ford Galaxie.
- Hey, Crucial!

I was flattered to be recognized. I looked at his tanned arm, a tattoo above the elbow. It would be glistening in the sunlight.

He lit up a cigarette. There's a boy tied up and blind-folded in the back.

- A little present for you!
- You scum bag.
- I was sorry that he wanted to kill the kid. The gun just went off.
- I can do a favor for you.
- No, thanks.
- I didn't think that I had friends like that.
- Just wait!

–What do you mean Sondra found out.

–She found out.

–That was old news.

–It’s new again.

Make it happen–make the proof–make it happen.

–If I knew it would be this easy, I would have tried it before.

When he first heard about death, he was frightened. Then he swore that he would take it out on the world.

–Jay?

–I got this all for you. I waited in the restaurant. I sat in the booth next to him. I made notes.

–Did each written sentence correspond to a spoken sentence, or a group of sentences.

Dovsky decided to substitute Lady Norcroft for Thea–decided during one of his intellectual evenings.

–Who has won in the game of love?

The robbery

random determination by violence

–You know too much.

What it means to be modern!

DREAM: I was collecting things to move–returned to an empty house–glass trinkets...

The dog finds the cat–a chase–dog people–who really were dogs

Anthea walked in a Thea mask.

She whispered:

Crucial.

Billy lost it. He was walking around and screaming.

Daphne saw visions. A man with crutches grasped at her. She decided to take over. She took on an inhuman voice.

Thea was studying the Wizard of Oz.

–I’ll pay you to steal Christiane’s photos.

Aurora

What she saw on the chase.

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY

the death of Courtney
the life of Courtney

Someone he didn't even know—gorgeous—another Thea.

—We are held by the illusion of the future.

—Is the film starting to make sense? Rewind it and start over.

Beyond him. Her.

—I wish that I was her.

—EA, do you believe in fate.

—Kalu knows the history. I have his book.

The chart showed a character change.

—What chart?

Costume changes.

—They don't exist for me. You exterminated them. You exterminated me.

—Are you a ghost?

—We all are.

—That's just your opinion.

—I know that I'm right.

—He needs his killing clothes.

—Is this part of the Cube, or is it something else?

—I can't stay. I hope that you understand.

—Merry Christmas.

—It's still summertime.

What you seemed to be saying.

—There's someone that I want you to meet. She can make sense of it all.

—I arranged the mirrors in my car so that I could look at myself.

—And were you doing something that you could share with me?

—I don't like to think of myself like that.

—What are your measurements?

—What?

—How big is your prick.

—I don't think about it.

—It is big.

—If you know what's waiting for you, how can you enjoy this.

—Tell him to call Doris.

—I have a secret for you. I'm dead.

—What does this mean? I'm dead too.

CRUCIAL:

Will today be like tomorrow?

How will we know?

When will we know?

–What makes her so unhappy?

–Thea is at home. She can hardly move.

A knife threat.

–I can't worry about it. It's not happening in here. It's not happening to me.

–After you know what is hot, how can you go back?

–I discovered her.

Baylor lunged with a knife. Gary kicked him. Baylor makes contact.

–This is all on TV.

–No. It was outside the Cube.

As you get to know her, you'll love her. You love what she is doing almost because it's what you do. Under conditions like that you can't even look at her. When you do know everything about her, you don't have time to do anything but fall in love.

Gravity

drawn to the center

So Bileti decides to play the kid's game, With the Kid, they get big Bill to drive a shipment of presents from Mexico. Only Bileti gets searched at the border, and they do the short division method. They divide the shipment. The short division is the evidence that they use against Big Bill. And they make off with the rest. The new driver, the Encino Kid, drives the remainder away.

Intense violence of performance--music is purity of attack. He has stripped the gestures of all intellectual frivolity. He cries. He throws himself from the stages. He assaults his audience.

His audience wants him. They want him to hurt himself. In this rush, they rob him of all sense of exteriority.

–They are one with the performance. One in hatred. One in fascism.

–The old distinctions don't apply. He's tearing it apart.

–His words are terror. You must believe it to make an assault. If he injures himself, there will be no performance.

He requires some distance from his audience. Long distance. He represents the threat. He does not believe the hate.

–But he acts it out. There are still people standing close to him.

–That night she was really ripe.
 –He was really bleeding.
 –You are allowing violence against yourself so that you can do worse violence against someone else.

–Tonight, it's my life, and you have to love it.
 –It just as easily could have been someone else.
 –I'm still holding back

With ice cream—he licked it off
 a food show
 she took care of it
 there were flowers
 Miss Lattimore
 Darling
 Candy Darling
 Darling Lattimore
 Andre received a sex change in Denmark.

–He wanted it that way.
 –You can't do that to Andre. He's my character.
 –Crucial, I'll get you another one,.
 –He was the only person that I could talk to!

The internal coherence of the model—a system—it all holds together—

–I'm going to keep killing—they can only execute me once, and I will sort of enjoy it.
 –As long as the pleasure lasts.
 This was a distortion of Stalin's historical necessity.

–I'm falling in love with someone who's going out with you.
 –You have been spending a lot of time together.

–I felt an affection for you,

–You saw God—a phallic God.

Immanuel: The road to salvation alters the moment's eternity.
 This song was simply magnificent.

Cruche self-effacing
 concern

I am all..am everything...

*K is across the lake painting
Extra attention needs to pay for this work*

*Manuel
history based on drugs
sapping my power
teaches at Illiana
never leaves home*

All her octopus legs grasping—drawn in her vulva, vibrating!
the throw of words
—Why did you follow me here?
Crucial was surprised by such youthful wisdom. Andre was at the next table. He is
relaying information back to Crucial.

—Sondra knows what she wants.

—It's hard not to lie to a man who's bringing you drinks.
—What do you have to lie about.
—***That you want what he wants. Of course, you never do.***

I am determined

I am writing

I am sleeping.

I write for the world.

Judgement sleeps!

Radio waves are causing my headaches.

—*I'll make it up if you do it.*
—*How do you want it?*
—*What make you think I can do that?*

need someone that you don't like

on self-description