

CRUCIAL OBSTACLES

–Crucial have you found the Princess yet?
 –It’s not that easy looking.
 I am a little afraid that I am turning into her new jailer.
 –Do you have any idea who is holding her?
 She needs to be set free.

¶ The flow of *THE PARADISE*: like the currents of a river

¶ = (obstacles to reach *THE PARADISE*)) / the flow

THE FLOW: θ

Is the Princess an obstacle to reaching *THE PARADISE*?

–The Princess is already in *THE PARADISE*. We are in phase 3. We are way beyond that!

Steffie tells it like it is: Monica shacked up with Adam.

–I am floating on the surface.

I don’t want to get pulled under. But I can feel the undertow taking me down. I try to resist it. It takes all my energy.

You know the story.

I want to convince her to come over for some dinner. She has other plans, but they’re not that pressing.

–Are you supposed to meet someone.

–It’s nothing like that. I just want to straighten out my place.

I have this vision of her place as a total nightmare with everything strewn all around. She really does need to clean up. Maybe the dinner isn’t such a great idea. Whatever.

I’ve gotten this far already.

–You could come to my place instead.

–I thought that you said that it was a mess.

–I could straighten up just for the occasion. I really need that kind of motivation.

α : I try to convince her to stop by.

β : It’s not like you think. She went home with Adam.

What did that mean? I ask her.

–Do you like Adam.

–Not really.

–What about me? Do you like me?

–I do. I like you a lot. More than anyone. Just not in that same way.
Is she trying to tell me something? I feel that I am slipping beneath the waters. I am drowning.

–No one really drowns here. The water is just too shallow. Just stand up, and you'll be OK.

I can feel myself hitting my head on the bottom. There is just this sinking feeling. There is really nothing that I can do.

–It's almost as if you want to drown.

I just feel that way. I'm really not that good at holding my breath.

–You've got to get better at dealing with adversity. You have to act more like a shark. Just dive deeper.

I can imagine that sleekness. The smell of blood and moving in on my prey.

I've found the Princess. But she's not acting so princely anymore.

–Did she jump in the water with all her clothes on?

I know what it's like flailing in the water. She's got to get used to the flow. Otherwise, she is just going to go under.

–I'm not really sure what I can say to help you.

She doesn't really act like a princess.

–I don't know how I ended up here.

I know that she wants to make some excuse about a friend who brought her here. No one wants to admit that first mistake. And from this point on, she is going to be totally defenseless to everything that is going on around her.

–It's just the most natural feeling.

–You just needed to make a little more effort at swim practice.

She spent all night thinking about how tomorrow would be different. She wasn't going to give in to her fear of the water.

–Amber, you are going to be all right.

But she felt even more afraid. All that thinking about it had only upset her. That feeling made her body seem like a lead weight.

–Lead won't float. It's something about its specific density of the object.

I feel as if I am at physics class, and Amber has just dropped her pen.

–You're a friend of Monica's, aren't you.

Wanting Monica doesn't make any of this easier. Monica is more glamorous. But there is a richer appeal in Amber's face. Something very healthy. Like a swimmer's tan. The deep hues of the season.

This isn't a real conversation. Just an imitation of something real. I am being made aware of Amber's charms. I don't want there to be any confusion at all.

β: Monica

α: Amber

–What do you want to do now?

–I just need a drink to forget it all.

–I can get you a drink.

–Thanks, but I'd prefer to get my own.

She really would!

–I'm just getting you a drink.

–That's not what I'm thinking about. I just don't want to put you out. I've got money.

In this scenario, she really has the money. More than enough. She is celebrating her new job.

What is it going to take to convince you that I can buy you a drink?

Nothing. There is really nothing that you can do. This is not about you.

Amber is learning the game quickly. There are all the jokes about Monica and Adam. But she wants to follow in Monica's footsteps. Only then will she feel that she has been accepted at Restless.

–You're Monica's friend.

She looks over at Adam. He is appealing in a really boyish way. He has none of the rough edges as so many of the other guys here. He seems as if he has just wandered in here. There is nothing to fear. No dark edge. No skeletons in the closet. At least none that she knows about.

–Do you like to get high?

Is that his secret? Is that the question that he asks that gives him first crack at the newcomers.

–I can tell what you're like.

There is all this imagery of high school parties. We are really getting distracted from what's really going on at Restless.

Give it time and Amber will come around.

I have to consider if I really want to give it time. I never thought that it would go this far. Amber really is enjoying her conversation with me. And that's what it is for now. She plays with the straw in her drink.

–You hang around here long enough, and you really can get anything that you want.

I consider what that means. Can I really get what I want. I can get anything that I want that's here. But is there something that I really want that is nowhere to be found here? What would that be?

THE NEW STYLE CONTRACT

What if Amber wanted a little more? She really doesn't. But what if she did? She imagines what she might ask of Adam. It becomes a list like a grocery list. She is filling it in with all the delights that she could order on his behalf. This is part of his promise. Stay with me

for now, and there is a lot more to follow.

Could she really get him to sign on the dotted line. That would suggest that all the goodies become owed all at once. That takes no account of future earnings. As of this moment, Adam's prospects seem limited. His future is full of rich promise. But for the time being everything seems very immediate.

This seems to be Amber's dilemma. If Adam isn't even promising anything, how can she even hope that there is a reward in some distant future. There doesn't seem to be much from this present. Amber is a little nervous.

She wants to see a piece of paper. She is ready to negotiate her dreams on this commodities market.

–Do you want to go hang out at my place?

Amber's history is unclear. Is she living with Monica? Or does she live on her own? Assume for the moment that lives with her parents. Adam is giving her the opportunity to act more adult. She doesn't have to sneak around. She can casually walk into his apartment almost as if it's her own.

–Didn't you just have Monica over?

All that could just be a rumor.

–She came over but we never did anything.

Amber doesn't believe him. She won't take a drink from him. She won't even sit with him any longer. She doesn't trust him. She doesn't trust herself with him. She's Monica's friend. But she knows what she wants.

Adam confesses that he is sabotaging his success. He really is going down with the ship. Amber wonders if she wants to surrender to his fatalism.

Ryan know that he is for some serious negotiation. Jenny does not want to yield to his dominant personality. She's seen it before. She wants some assurances.

–We could meet and discuss this?

–Meet how. For coffee.

–Maybe.

–Is this going to be a date?

–Ryan, I want to know what kind of guy you really are. I know that you can pretend to be something special with your cohorts. But all that could be fake as far as I'm concerned.

April claims that she doesn't like the assumptions of the guys that she meets at clubs.

–I'm ready for a new style contract. I'm not going to go home with some guy just because he buys me a drink.

He might buy you a house.

–That is all part of the contract.

–We went on a date.

Rose doesn't hear what Jenny says. She is rushing in to look for Jason. Jason's band is

playing in the theater of Restless. She has heard that Jason is running around with another girl.

–He promised me that he wasn't seeing anyone else.

If April was there at this moment, she would warn Rose about Jason.

–He's not what you think he is.

Don't you know it!

IT all falls apart

□ fatigue

I'm slowing down.

–Sure you are.

V = □- ζ □

V = 0 ζ = 1

Am I forgetting something?

THE FLOW: ζ

THE BODY: Bθ

ζθ > Bθ My hands glide in the water/

I HIT A WALL!

SHE IS NEVER GOING TO CARE FOR YOU. SHE IS NEVER GOING TO WANT YOU.

THEA, THEA, THEA

EA

It's just reality!

(She can hold out. Hold out beyond holding out!)

No obstacle but the lack of obstacle—that is a worse obstacle

push here to get whatever you want

mark it □

The body guides you. The muscles and the flesh.

U Do you like what you got?

–As much as you imagine it to be, it will never be the way that you like it. You have to feel it and touch it. You have to get to know the world!

–That is only more imagination.

–Touch me here.

–Where?

–Here. ☐ I have left a mark on my body to guide you. It is like a road map to my pleasure.

–What if someone else follows the map. How do I know that you are leaving a sign to me.

–Are you worked up enough?

–I really am.

–Great....

She looks off in the distance. I am staring at her. Some guy has her attention. I could fight him. I feel the aggression mount.

–I can take you!

I CAN TAKE YOU

–It's going to come down to a contest of wills. Do you have what it takes? Do you have nerves of steel.

I've got what I need. I've been well prepared.

I look him over. I am going to need to knock him down. I am caught by the appeals of sheer aggression.

–You are having all the fun here. I want mine.

I'm going to have to take what you have. I'll have to steal your charm and claim it as my own.

BURNING BRIGHT

I know that you are a distraction. Everyone is dazzled by your luxuriant hair. How long did you take to get ready? Longer than anyone else here.

You star shines hot and burns everyone in your presence. They are drawn to the heat. A source. But it is all temporary. You don't even know anything about what makes it magical here. It's not going to last. You'll burn out before the story's over.

–Who is that? He looks really good.

I try to get her attention.

–Who is that?

This is hopeless.

I can feel that time is running out. My mask is melting. I am going to have to get out of here soon.

ALIENATION

–No one is really happy here!

I scout around the faces in the hopes of making sense of her statement. I wonder what happens when they head home and their composure starts to fade. I don't want to be around when they come down. There is an intense feeling of helplessness that is almost contagious.

NEMESIS

A look of hunger deforms his face. He is almost a half step behind the beat. Why is here? I hate him. I find the ravenousness that captivates his being a source of disgust. I fear that I am seeing myself. They must observe me just this way. I can't keep up.

Does he even know what this song is? Would he rather be dancing to disco? Has he even prepared himself for this moment. It is not ten years ago. We are new.

THE MASK

I only get more excited as I move closer to her. It is almost as if she has invited me over. I am drawn by her seductive motions. I can smell her perfume.

–OH NO! It's the MASK.

Her face has been ravaged by the nights of debauchery. This is worse than my NEMESIS. I am facing the consequences of my own desire. I have disfigured everything around me.

She has had a spell cast in her favor. She is a princess, and she assumes all the brilliance that enlivens this place. Now I am so taken by her. I believe that it is my time. She gives me a sign.

–No one gestures like that here. It is your imagination traveling faster than the surrounding reality.

I have been corrected. I still want to feel that her smile is saved for me.

She calls you over. You are excited.

–I never said that it was OK.

–You gave me a signal!

–We are more suspicious. We don't do that kind of thing here.

Close your eyes. I am offering you a new way of seeing.

I don't want to get caught up in these mini-intrigues. Everyone playing court. But I have to learn the language. I feel myself hit the WALL!


I just let it all flow past me. There is nothing that I can do.

–I have to traverse the wall and get to the other side.

–You have to pass over the WALL OF CONSCIOUSNESS.
I have prepared myself for this task. But I feel a little weak.

A POWER OF WHICH YOU ARE NOT EVEN AWARE.

I turn my head: P/ Q.
I stare at her. P+ / P.
I see what I want. α
I can get you what you want. β
It's not what I expected. α/ β
 β/β That's what you get! Do you like it?
U Do you like what you got?

Touch me here. 

There?
Yes.
You're just imagining it happening like this!
I know that's what I'm doing. But it feels right.
Touch me there! Q
I didn't say that it was OK.
I really know how to touch!
Is that OK?
You have to sign the contract.
This is my signature: P
I am losing touch.

I am losing touch with who I am! **P**

Touch is the only thing that makes you what you are. Turn the lights out and close your eyes!

It felt so easy at first. Now it is getting a little harder to maintain my concentration.

ζ - 

What follows is going to be harder to deal with! It's all going to slow me down.

I immerse myself in the fluid: ϵ I can feel that I am sinking deeper!~
I move my arms around quickly. I start to move upwards.
You have a method. $\varphi(\epsilon)$
I'm really not doing anything. I'm just getting carried along in the current. I place myself correctly to make the most of the flow.
You do have a method. It flips things all around.
I guess that it does. That is how it works! $\psi(B) \rightarrow A$

That's not really a method. You're just playing games.

I give up.

You have to use your will. λ

$\lambda(A) \rightarrow \sigma$ Something that I really want.

It keeps on $m\sigma = \alpha$.

ζ	ε	$m\sigma = \alpha$.
	$\varphi(\varepsilon)$	ξ
	$\psi(B) \rightarrow A$	
	$\psi(B) \rightarrow A$	
	$\lambda(A) \rightarrow \sigma$	

We get beyond the obstacle!

–Are you following the story?

We imagine that we get past the obstacle. We firmly believe that. But it still does not get us past the obstacle. Our thought is the obstacle.

⊙ We can't get past this thought. It is the ultimate. After that it is all being–automatic!

○

We are heading backwards.

–You look hot!

–You look great!

–Let me touch it!

–Is that where it's hot!

–It burns there.

Is it permanent?

You turn me on.

You are a pleasure machine: \hat{O} (This is leading pretty much nowhere!)

◊ You look hot. Just keep repeating that all night long until you believe it.

∪ This is going to last for a long time.

Like a headache?

∨ No, you'll learn to enjoy me enjoying myself.

(Where have I heard that before.)

◊ This could last forever.

Like curse.

W I'm going in for something big.
 THE PARADISE AGAIN!
 More like the PARASITE again!

AND THAT'S THE END

This really isn't happening to me. It's just happening to my body!

–Why are you looking at me like that? You don't want to start a fight, do you?

–Actually, I do. But I'll save that for later.

–Do you like her?

–I'm just here.

Everything is in balance when it all seem pretty topsy-turvy.

–This is all for your benefit.

–I like it. I like it all.

Ö Spiritual liberation on the basis of *SEX*. *Liebestod!*

–This is just too much effort to make me feel good.

–I can get you to *the Paradise* much quicker. ¶

–When I wake up, I don't want to feel down.

Tell me what it's like to TWIST AND SHOUT!

It's much better for angels.

MUCH BETTER WITH ANGLES!

LIFE IS RIDICULOUS

–I need to get away from all of you. None of you have anything to offer me.

–You'll be back tomorrow!

Let's get back to the story.

–We still haven't told the story.