

## POPSICLES

–I can't keep doing this.

–Honey, did you say something to me?

Charlotte gathered her clothes and quickly made her exit. This had been some kind of accident, as if she was kidnaped.

–Did you put something in my drink?

She wasn't going to call him. She promised to herself that she would never see him again.

–This is no way to start a story.

–It's time for a little stock-taking.

A couple of nights later, she was out at Restless. The bad night was a thing of the past. I was walking out to the car to get my records. It was about time to start my set.

–It's not like you think! There is a reason to believe.

Charlotte was saying something to me.

–I have experienced it! I know how cynical you are about that sort of thing.

–Yeah. Great.

I wasn't sure if she really wanted to talk or just make her point. I smiled. I paused for a moment then I collected myself.

–All the best.

All the best...what was I thinking. I could have been more open to her.

By the time that I made it back inside, she was gone.

I didn't want to start anything. When we made our break, it seemed final. Better that it stay that way. Eddie had already got the crowd pumped. I jumped in the fray. A few new tracks. A slightly different emphasis. Late, late night.

When I got back to the apartment. I wondered about my short encounter with Charlotte. I felt a twinge of longing. But I couldn't give in to that feeling. I needed to look forward, not backwards.

I was still sorting out what had happened with Giulia. There was never any magic. Just that initial burst. Would Charlotte have understood what drew Giulia and me together. Maybe not. She liked a lot of the same songs. But there was never that same urgency that I felt with Giulia.

Try as I might, I could hardly remember Giulia dancing. Maybe she didn't dance after all. She was working at Allumette now. I'd stop by occasionally to say hello. But it really had nothing to do with her. It wasn't my sort of place anyway. I'd run back to Restless or Lucky's.

–You're some kind of guru!

–Really!

–I'm not kidding. What do you have?

–I'm more fatalistic than you are!

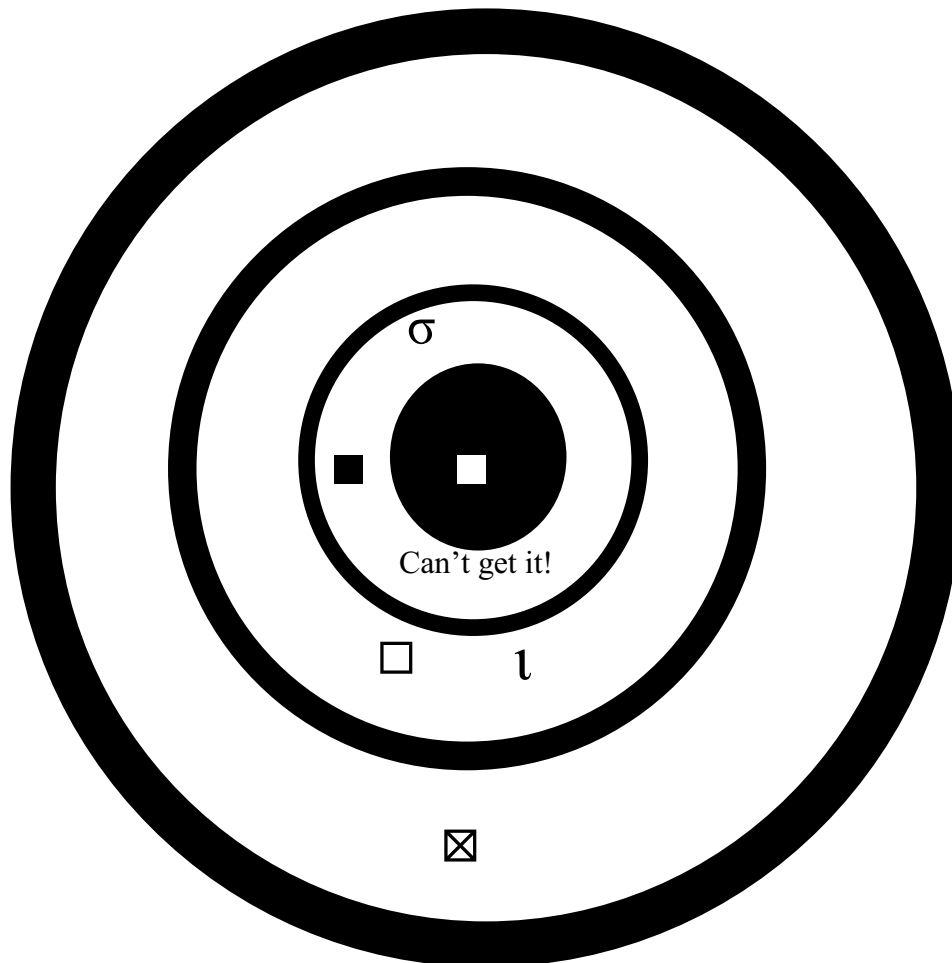
–Huh?

Another night. What Lucky's lacked in hipness, it made up for with quantity. You never knew who you were going to meet in the rambunctious crowd.

They were really working the VIP rooms. It was a sign that things were changing.

People who thought that they could buy their way into the scene.

–He drugged me. I don't know what happened next.



Try as I might, I can't get what I want!

$\sigma = \square / \blacksquare$

You can't touch the object without the object of desire receding from touch!

THEA	I am part of her audience!
KÉ	I take the message to the world!
CRUCIAL	I perform my plight!

DEATH QUEEN	I descend deeper in the night: St. Jennifer. I talk in a deep whisper!
THE KILLER'S KISS	I can answer your kisses with more kisses!
PHONE STUFF	Keep talking, and I will give you the world.
PSYCHOPATHOLOGY	Are you pursuing me?
THE GAZE	I was watching you!
THE TOUCH	The body was made to fit with the body!
MY FIX	It isn't working!
SILENCE	I'll just disappear on you if I need to.
TASTE	I know what it tastes like!
SLEEP	I'm not going to sleep with you!
SUBSTITUTE	What will you give me instead?
PASSION	I know what you're trying to do!
TRANCE	We are getting closer!
CONCENTRATION	I'm almost there!
GRATIFICATION	Thanks for helping me realize what I really wanted!
DENIAL	You'll never get anywhere with that attitude!
RESOLUTION	You'll never get it if you want it that much!

**YOU CAN'T SAY WHAT YOU WANT!**

–I am reaching deeper into my spirit!

## I don't belong here!

I belong in a place that plays better music!

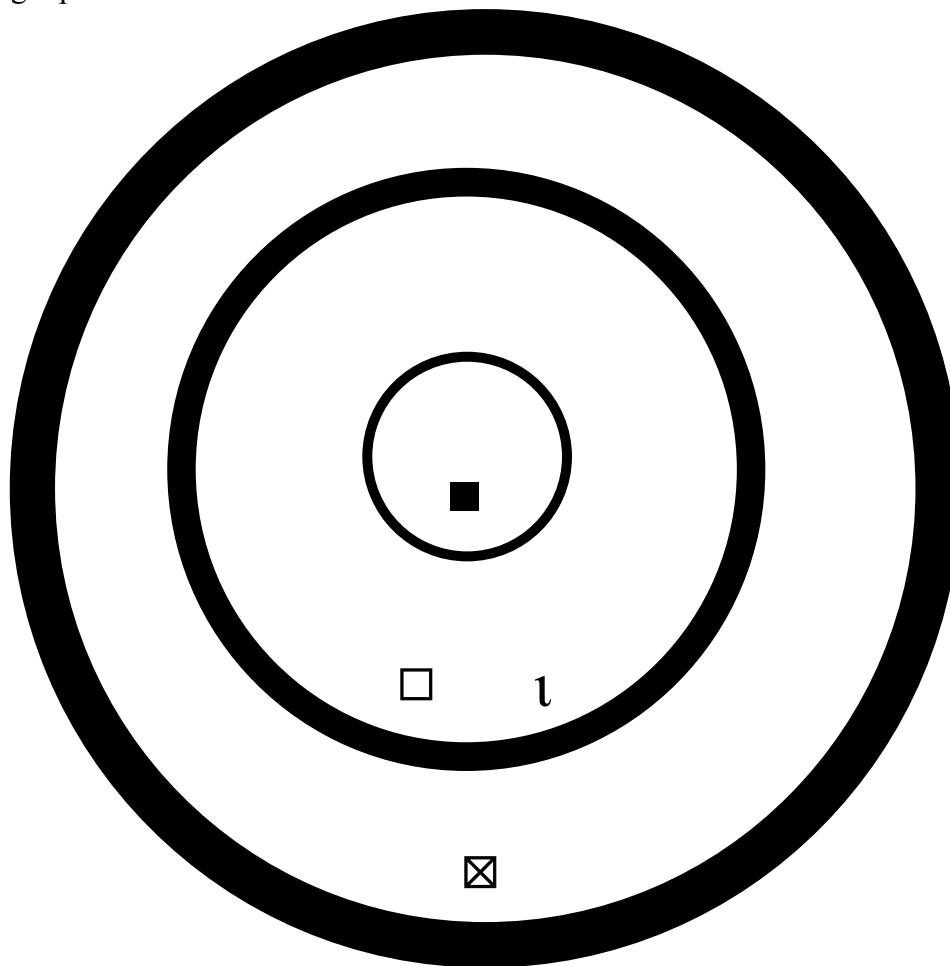
I am going to play better music. I just need some more money...

You are going to be the one!

$$(A+\epsilon) / (A+\delta)$$

$\delta$  small

A/A thought predominates!



got what I need  $l = \boxtimes / \square$   
to get what I want

■ □

□ ⊠

A → Q

I can touch it! What I want...some Q!

Q: I can ask to touch it!

–Can I stimulate you?

–What planet are you from?

$\phi(\phi)$  This is the IT that I can touch! What is it?

$\phi(Q)$  It gets me excited just looking at you. I can imagine us together!

$\tilde{N}_{\phi(Q)}$  Shake that in my direction!

- What planet are you from?
- The planet of love!
- This isn't even good science fiction!
- It's nastier than that.
- What?
- You've got a great ass!



The construction  $A$  has its object  $Q$ ! To iterate  $Q$  creates deeper levels of satisfaction.  $A$  has its narrative!

**THOUGHT HAS ITS OBJECT OF DESIRE!**

**DESIRE HAS ITS OBJECT OF THOUGHT!**

THE MIND CAN SIMULATE THE OBJECT OF DESIRE



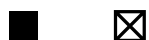
I CAN IMAGINE WHAT IS INSIDE:  $\phi\phi \rightarrow Q$

THE WORDS CREATE AN IMAGE OF THE BODY:  $\forall \in$

YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY!

It is staring me in the face!

TRAUMA IS FELT BUT NOT SPOKEN ABOUT!





I KNOW THAT I AM RIGHT! I CAN FEEL IT!

☒ I FELT THE ALL!

☒ I CAN FEEL IT AGAIN!

☒ THERE WILL BE ANOTHER RETURN!

–We’re having a movie night.

I made popcorn. Dan and Odette showed up all ready to watch some fun fare!

–This is strange.

–What?

–This movies seems to reduplicate my story with Charlotte.

–You could have seen the movie before. And you’re trying to include all those details in your life.

–I swear that I haven’t seen it.

–I thought that you watched *The Chasm* with her.

–We tried.

–They took the children away from you.

–I never had children with you. It was a game.

–Game, perhaps. But they miss you!

There was Tabra and Debra and Zebra. Zebra was 5 and of ambiguous sexual identity!

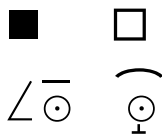
1 / (EVERY GESTURE TWIST UP AND DOWN) x HER STORY!



I have discovered the PARADISE!

Good for you. Is it contagious?

–I am trying to share it.



–This is getting out of control.  
 –What?  
 –You can't force your revelation on another person.  
 –YOU HAVE TO SEE IT!  
 –I just don't!  
 IT IT IT IT IT IT IT IT  
 SEE IT!

–You're going crazy!

***JUST THINK IT! IT'S A MORE INTENSE PLEASURE!***

–You can read it in the words.  
 –You can read it in the words. It makes no sense to me.  
 –Open your heart.  
 –I can't hear what you can hear. I already have a way to a more intense pleasure!

**READ IT OUT LOUD!**

–You are standing in my way to a more intense pleasure.  
 –What do you want me to do?  
 –I WANT YOU TO MOVE!

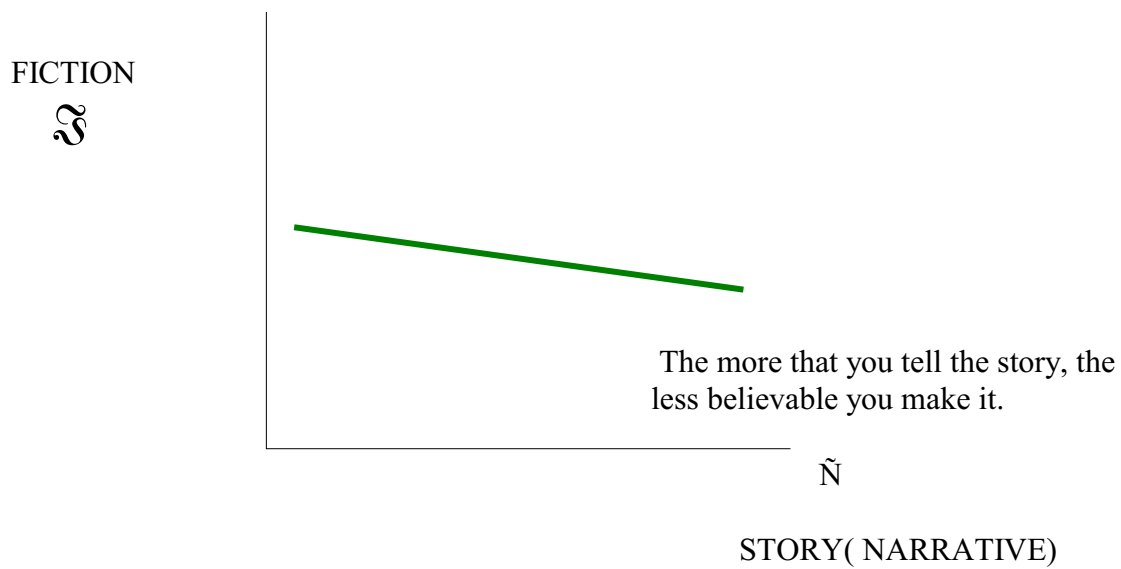
–I am trying to move. I just don't like the music.  
 –I'm trying to follow. But I don't understand the story. Make it plain. Give me more feeling!

–Just give me a chance. I'll be able to explain it to you.  
 –I've given you chance after chance. It is never going to make any sense to me because down deep it makes no sense to you.

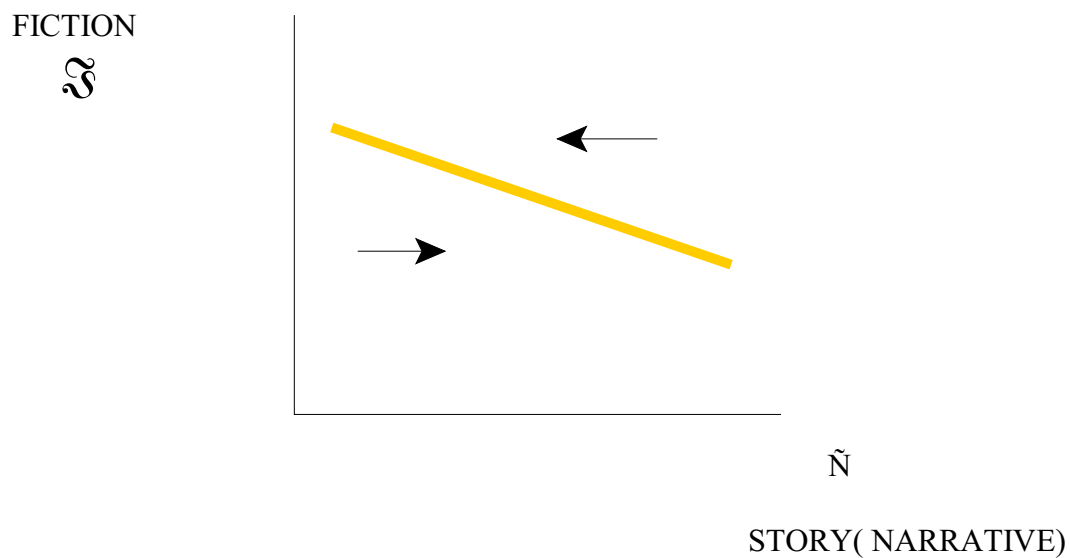
**I NEED TO CALL ON MY RESERVES!**

–You're bleeding out. And you've neutralized your own intensities!  
 –I can draw strength from her story. Get her to tell me her story.  
 –And you'll again lose your independence. You'll never make it back.  
 –There's a kernel of potency in her story.  
 –And she's going to guard it for herself.

Do you recognize who you are?



I have my own way of making things happen, and it's better than you think!



**(A+S) / (A+Q)**

Q: I can feel it directly!

S: It excites me more!

The only way that you can get from A to Q is by tricking the system.

**$\tau(A) \rightarrow Q$        $\tau$  : trauma**

–If that's what I have to do, so be it!

–Are you saying that the reverse is true as well?

–What do you mean?

–Desire engenders trauma.

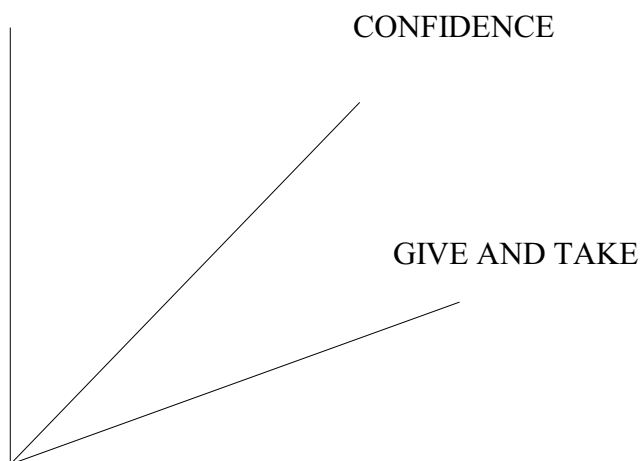
**$Q \rightarrow \tau(A)$**

Take a deep breath.

$$\frac{\tau}{\alpha} = \gamma / \zeta$$

FORMAL ORGANON      APPREHENSION / FEELING

**SOLVE:**  $\frac{\tau}{\alpha} = \tan(\gamma / \zeta)$



$$\frac{\tau}{\alpha} = \xi \quad \frac{\tau}{\alpha} : \text{THE CONVERSATION, SOURCE}$$

conversation finds its object  $\frac{\tau}{\alpha} > \xi$

I can't help myself  
it gets really complicated FORCES

$$\tau\} = \gamma = \{[($$

$\supset$   
 $\subset$  jeopardizes  $\gamma$

$\bar{\Sigma}$  devil's lair  
 beyond susceptible

$d\mathcal{C} / d\mathcal{A} \rightarrow d\mathcal{C} / d(\mathcal{S})$

$\mathcal{A}$  signature for Charlotte

Have another cigarette!

## OUT OF CONTROL

–Let sit down and talk. Would you like some water?

–Do you mind if I have a cigarette.

–Go ahead!

–I don't want this to seem like a confession.

–Don't worry about it.

–It's just been a little weird between us for a while.

–We really don't have to talk about that!

–OK. That makes me feel better.

–You're hear to speak your mind about anything that you want.

–I'm not trying to sensationalize the events in my life.

–Go ahead.

–And it's not like I want to make a big deal of things.

–Yeah!

–You've seen me with guys. Different guys. And I know you wondered. You had these thoughts. But it's not like you think.

–Of course, it's not.

–It's not as if I am conniving or something. I just can't help myself.

–Explain.

–There's not that much to explain. I just go along with whatever I'm told to do.

–Told to do?

–I can't say no. I know that you're thinking about it in some perverse way. It's not like that. I don't plan. There's nothing that I can do about it. I can fret about it afterwards. Get mad at myself. Cry and all that. I just can't stop myself.

–Stop yourself?

–From having sex with these guys. I try to prepare myself for the circumstances. Not put myself in harm's way. But it happens the same way every time. A guys says something nice to me. He complements. And I just melt. His flattery bowls me over. It's not as if I enjoy it that

much. It just happens. And I tell myself no big deal.

–It didn't start like that.

–No. No way! It's just got out of control over time.

## SOAP OPERAS

*–Tom lives next door. You're not going to have a fling with your neighbor. Bill lives next to the flight attendant. Bill makes no rules. Jim watches the flight attendant from his window. Jane has a fox terrier. Tom can't stand barking dogs.*

*–Are you setting me up to sleep with Jim? He sounds sort of weird.*

*–No, I'm suggesting that you get a job as a flight attendant.*

*–Or move to a cheaper apartment.*

*–It's important to consider all the options. But first you have to figure out where Bill is sleeping!*

–I hope that you're not laughing at me on the inside.

–I'm not. I'm trying to be as solemn about this as I can.

–I try to keep moving. Not stay with these guys. It just turns into some kind of soap opera. I know the girl that he's with. Or he's a friend of one of my friends. And I keep getting reminded of the same kind of thing. That's what I hate about all of this. I'm not really part of it. I go along. But it's not really me.

## DEEP SUSCEPTIBILITY

–I think the strangest part of all is the dreams.

–You have dreams.

–It's almost like an acid trip. Voices talking to me.

–Telling you what?

–Taunting me. Pushing me to engage in more sex. Encouraging me to get weird.

–Seriously?

–It started as a game that we were playing. Calling on the dead. Hanging out in cemeteries. And I got into it. It was a hoot. But then it became obsessive. These guys were pushing the edge. Calling on demons. And I was fascinated by it all. It gave me an out. As if this was the world where I finally belonged. But it's too much. The genie won't go back in the bottle.

–Do you feel any shame in telling these stories?

–Not in the telling. Maybe in the actual situation I felt something. But not now.

–You wouldn't expect the stories to have an effect on me.

–Of course, in a way. I know that part of me recognizes that I am telling stories from my life. Sure you know some of the people involved. But it's still my life.

–I'm trying just to listen. And I think that I'm doing a good job,

–You are!

–You told me that you had been visited by the angel of death.

–I did! After I told you that I wanted to take it back. But I had already said that. I had never told anyone in that way about it. He died so young. And I always thought that we were meant to be together.

–Wow!

–Not really. But it told me what it was like to lose someone that you love. I just went into myself after that. I guess that I was already susceptible to that sort of thing. But it hit me hard.

–You never told anyone about it.

–Some people knew some of the details. But not how it really affected me. My parents were getting a divorce. They thought that it was other things. I told this youth director at Church. But he tried to come on to me. That made me care even less. I just stopped caring. I felt numb about the whole thing. I drank with the girls that I knew. We'd go down by this lake and drink. You have to know about it. You have to come there with me!

–What else went on?

–Nothing else. It's not as if we had sex there.

–So how did you have sex?

–I started getting careless about things. I think that guys saw that. And this one friend of my sister's came on to me. I thought that he was an asshole. He was older. We were playing this sex game. I was naked with him. He was doing these things to me.

–Things?

–Giving me head. Licking me. And then I passed out. We'd been drinking. When I woke up, he was inside me. I didn't mean any of that to happen. But I couldn't fight him off. I just felt cheated by it all. At the same time, I had made myself vulnerable. I felt that it was bound to happen.

It was making sense to me. Incredible sense. The two traumas seemed to play into each other. The violence. The numbness. The acceptance. The erosion of the will.

Behind it all was a deeper opening. Her knowledge had been opened up by her encounter with darkness. There was a unique sense of repetition in each cataclysm.

–There is a place where all of this connects.

–I never saw it as a connection. It was all disruptive for me.

Knowledge was initiated in trauma. And awareness indicated further trauma. How could there have been any sense of continuity through it all? On her part, there was an intense desire for pleasure that created the necessity to keep doing the same thing over and over again.

–I knew that I could make it right. At the same time, it was no big deal.

Her body had been projected in a region outside of time and space. She was both watching herself and in the event. To shut out the other gaze, she needed to provoke a feeling that was so overwhelming that it took her over completely. She acted as if she was leading the events. But she was lost among them.

Her susceptibility only made her more a victim of her curiosity. It was the foil to her feline nature. And she wouldn't let go of that sense of independence that it created. No wonder she had been so vulnerable to these darker spirits.

–Even if everything that you say to me make sense, there is still part of me that I can't control. That will always be out of the realm of my influence.

–It's all part and parcel of the same vision. If you have an emotional stability, you're not as apt to be tossed around by these gross interruptions.

–What if these ghosts are real?

–Maybe they are! But there's no reason that you can't ward them off. Are they here now?

–I don't want to find out.

She was experiencing the Paradise in reverse. Nothing that I could offer would be as intense. She confirmed that my journey was correct in its intent. Her initial confrontation with death showed the limits of the perceptual world. It set in a massive feeling of paralysis. On her view, she felt that she did not belong in the world. She was ill-prepared for the next step. Too young to sort out the details, she was crushed by her vision. She could hardly take precautions for what was to follow.

Charlotte was thrown back into time by another psychic trauma. The forced sex was a progression from her distancing herself from her own body. It brought her closer and closer to a danger that had its own logic.

Once she experienced the catastrophe, her psyche oscillated between the two poles.

–I thought that I found my own solution.

–What are you talking about?

–My ALL.

–What is that?

–I met a man. On the cruise. No attachments. And in the sex, I found a liberation that I never had before. There were no limits to my pleasure.

–This is your answer.

–I want to say no. But I'm not sure anymore. Do you think that the visions go along with my pursuit of the ALL.

–Let's say that your premonitions give a sense of destiny to the ALL.

She had both the sexual liberation and the premonitions of the supernatural. But her soul was weighed down by her guilt. She couldn't truly enjoy her pleasure. But her body was more than ever devoted to it.

–How do you know that this isn't a condition of being human. The more that you explore your thoughts, the closer that you come to the same kind of dilemma. That is why you are trying to maintain this calm through my description. You are afraid of these forces.

–What if I feel the turmoil in a different way?

–I hope that I haven't started something.

Were we working together. Or were we at cross-purposes. I believed that an abstract approach would discover the dynamic of liberation. If she could step outside of her experience, she could appreciate the next stage in her development. She would no longer be subject to these

destructive urges.

–Maybe I just love to have sex. And I'm so guilty about it that I've created this phantom to inhibit my own freedom.

She thought of DJ. Nothing bothered her.

–But she is lost.

–Can you say that?

–She's a stripper always trying to score coke to set her mind at ease. Sounds like a vicious cycle.

–She knows how to have a good time. She can get any guy that she wants.

–Is that what you want?

–Maybe. I'm just too up-tight.

I smiled.

If I followed the story of her descent, I might be able to discover the nature of her dilemma.

–How many guys have you been with?

–I can't answer that question.

I wondered if I was creating my own amusement from her story. Acting as a voyeur.

–Did I ask the wrong question?

–No, I want to know. It's all a little murky.

She told me about the incident with Tjen. He had been at Jason's. He was with Gabrielle. She had stopped by to see Jason. And Tjen just took over.

–Didn't you have a crush on Jason?

–More than that. He was ignoring me.

–So you got your revenge.

–Things just happened.

–Tjen sounds like a dick.

–He just always wanted me. And he had his chance.

She felt that she was always being passed back and forth between these men.

–You could quit all this!

–I want too. That's why I'm talking to you.

She existed in a place of secret, her red room. And the distance to that place was seeming greater and greater.

–I'm feeling more confident. But I can't make myself believe what you're telling me.

–It's more of a kind of being in unbeing. Like an actress with a script. You don't have to believe it. You just go along with the role.

–That's what I've been doing all along.

–So the leap is not going to be that difficult. Just get another script.

–Take the holy water and say the prayers.

–Make the magic happen where you will.

–But you don't believe in the magic.

–I want to. You can believe for me

Her experiment was hesitant at first. At Restless, she stood at the bar and watched the action. It reminded her of all those times when she had become lost in the give and take. She wanted to step back. To stay like this!

–Nothing is happening.

–What?

–I can't keep like this forever. This is no kind of life.

–It's a gradual change.

–I'm changing. I'm not getting taken in by the shit that guys give me. But I want to be part of something. Not just a spectator in my own life.

–Give it time.

–I need to talk to you again.

It was almost as if she was asking her money back. I had made promises. And I couldn't keep them.

–You want to turn it around all at once. It's a gradual change.

–How are you feeling about it? Doesn't it make you frustrated to see me like this? I'm a mess.

–No, you're not.

I gave her a hug. Then she sat back on the couch and lit a cigarette.

–Do you want more drama? I'm your actress. Give me your script.

–You have to focus in on your gestures. A new way of thinking. Breaking down your attraction into its basic elements. Chasing the ghosts away.

–I've been doing that.

–And?

–Sure it works. But I'm not happy.

–Happiness will come!

–Is that a promise?

–It's going to be a new kind of happiness.

–Am I going to become like you?

–Hopefully not!

I still needed to deliver in a more forceful way.

I looked at her reclining on the couch. She was my vision of splendor, and I couldn't do a thing.

–I'm trying. Trying to change.

Perhaps she needed more help from me. What was I supposed to do to get her out of these doldrums?

–Whatever you do, don't say it.

–What?

–That I'm hopeless. Those voices have come back.

–They're afraid that you're going to banish them forever. This is your final test.

–I don't like tests. They remind me of school.

–But you always do well at school.

–It's such a chore. I'm on Christmas break.

This was more of a challenge than any of her college courses.

## THE CONFESSION

- I need to be honest with you.
- You want to quit listening to my story.
- No, it's about me.
- What's wrong?
- I'm trying to be fair. To listen and not become part of the story. But I feel my old attraction for you.
- That shouldn't be a problem.
- What do you mean?
- We're not going to do anything about it!
- Yeah!
- That's how it has to be if I keep telling you things. You're my friend. I need you to be that way!
- You're right. But maybe a more intense understanding could lead to something deeper.
- It can. But I need to change for myself not for you.
- I agree. That has been my point all along.
- I knew this would happen.
- I didn't mean it to.
- I'm trying to say that it's no big deal. It's not going to alter what's going on between us.
- No, it won't.
- I still can't feel any affection for you. Even if I wanted to. I'm trying to learn what it's like being alone.
- That's how it should be. I didn't want to interfere. I just wanted to tell you what was happening.
- I have no idea what I am going to be like in three months. Or in a year. Give me time.
- I will.
- I don't mean it in that way. You can't wait for me.
  
- The other night that we were out, you were acting bizarre. Like you were watching my every move. My friends were telling me about it. You gave them the strangest looks.
- I was trying to help.
- I'm OK on my own. I'm not going slip back to the way that I used to me. You can't be watching me like a cop.
- I'll try not to.
- Good. What we share in here is meant to stay in here. And you have to let me fail or succeed on my own. You can't interfere in my life.
- I will try to hold back.
- That's all you need to say.
- I am getting too involved.
- You are showing your concern. And I am trying to advise you how to draw the line.
- We could hang out in different places.
- You don't have to do that. Just let me work things out on my own.

I had experienced a stern warning. That seemed enough to shake me up. No only was I getting too close. I was already crossing boundaries. It was all happening too quickly.

If only I could explain it all to her. If she could see the theory, the charts. It would all make sense. She could see IT!

I needed to devise a better script. The actress needed better coaching.

–I need to be left alone. Everything that we’ve tried was just for you,

–You don’t really thing that!

–Not at all! But it has got out of control.

We would keep working together. But there had been a setback. I had pushed too hard. I wanted her to change too rapidly. At first, it had been her impatience. Now it was mine.

–You’re getting too close. I need a place where I can be just me!

–I understand!

–No you don’t. I’m not going to revert. Give me credit.

–OK!

She wondered if I was completely mistaken. I had shut off all the mystery from her life. Giulia would never have submitted to such a strict regimen.

–I don’t want to fast. I just want to cut back. A light diet!

–Are you holding up?

–I am OK!

Giulia had been a more adept player. At least, she wasn’t admitting to her guilt. But could she slow it all down. Could she jump off the moving train?

–I think that I’ve discovered the answer.

–I’m sorry. It’s just too late! I slept with some guy when you were away. I forgot how much I like sex. All your talk about some kind of intellectual connection makes no sense.

–So we wasted our time.

–Not at all. I no longer feel any shame about having sex. You’ve taught me how to like who I am. And I thank you for that. I tried to give you what you want. I just can’t feel affection for you. I am so sorry that it turned out that way,

*–You’re putting words in my mouth. I never argued that the ends justified the means. I suggested that necessity governed the execution of a political program.*

*–Why do you need a program. Isn’t that abstracting things from action?*

*–Without some kind of plan, political action repeats the same mistakes.*

*–So the plan become an absolute. You just end up replacing one form of absolute power with another.*

*–No, you break the cycle.*

*–You use violence.*

*–you use the means that are necessary to counter oppression.*

*–Violence are the mean if you get your ends.*

*–You’re twisting my words around. You psychological method is based on suppression of the subject.*

- I am using a metaphor to unlock the psyche. You are engaging actual physical force.*
- I am first analyzing the imposition of physical force something that so conveniently eliminate from the equation.*
- But you described how a small group of committed people can hold the majority hostage.*
- That is inaccurate.*
- They were your words. How a small group could execute a plan to strike fear within a larger social context.*
- Affecting the emotions of people is not the same thing as holding them hostage. People treat what they don't know with fear when the unknown may actually offer a deeper insight into their situation.*
- Your adding to the confusion by trying to disseminate propaganda.*
- I am offering coherent analysis. Even though a group may attempt to act in their interest, they are influenced by information that is created by their opponents. It requires some insight to see deeper into this situation.*
- By direct action!*
- If that is what it takes. There has to be some urgency that in fact motivates political change. People find themselves in dire straits. So it takes such an impetus to permit them to break with their status quo. When they realize what kind of power that they actually exercise it, they can leverage that power against the forms of dominant media. They make the news by acting against the news. Now their actions become a factor in making up everyone's minds. Inaction breeds further confusion.*
- It sounds like anarchy. People running in the streets breaking things.*
- That is closer to your social vision.*
- But when things explode, there will be blood.*
- I'm not a pacifist. I just don't embrace blood for its own sake. I am not arguing for a theater of politics. A cathartic inspiration by an excess of terror!*
  
- You have to stop this. You were sitting in your car looking up at my window.*
- I drove by. I wanted to stop in. But I saw that you weren't alone. So I just stayed outside. I was too dumb-struck to leave right away.*
- You can't do that anymore.*
- I won't!*
- Are you crazy?*
- No. I'm just trying to reset things. Get it back to the way it was.*
- I don't need you watching over me. It's not going to go back to the way that it was. I like who I am.*

She invited me in to the apartment. I was sitting there staring at a picture of a Guess model that she had clipped from a magazine and put on the wall. He had longish hair and was stripped from the waist up. So this was the guy.

*–I'm OK. All that worrying about me needs to stop. I like my life. I like it even better now.*

- No more demons.
- Now and then. But it's no big deal.

*-I have this dream. There is a child floating in the water. I am there to rescue him. Help me! But there is no rescue because I am the child. My dream is the beginning of everything. From that point on, I am always short of breath. I am drowning.*

*>>The dream is a symbol of my traumatization. I have been living a dream. And I have been torn from my natural state.*

*>>My only way out is a form of dream analysis, becoming a character in the dream and asking help from one of the other characters. From that point on, I need a guide for my journey.*

*-We have been waiting for you.*

***-You need to resist them!***

*I work to follow the advice of my guide. I place myself in deep meditation.*

*-Questions will be answered, or they will no longer be questions.*

*I am willing to play the game, to strip myself naked to find the answer.*

*-You are going to have to bet your life.*

*I am getting good at the game. But that is not enough. I have to submit to a more formal ritual.*

*-You're not going to tie me up?*

*-No, it's more like a cultural event. At the symphony hall.*

*-Should I get dressed for it.*

*-You should act as if you are going to be on stage.*

*But this event is no different than what I have become used to. All these games with the body. The same looks. The same noises.*

*-You weren't strong enough to go to the next phase.*

*But my body has already prepared me. This all-encompassing feeling.*

*-You can't do it to yourself, but someone can do it for you.*

*-Is this sex?*

*-No, it is a cultural event. At the symphony hall.*

*-I need to see it with my own eyes.*

*-You have to see it with your inner eye.*

*-I've tried to look inside. I am going around in a circle.*

*-You will have to remember what it was. You have already seen it. You haven't lost your memory.*

## WARDING OFF THE DEMONS

- The old urges are coming back.
- Did we fail.
- Maybe we didn't give it a strong enough dose.
- How do we do that?
- I was sure that you would know.
- Maybe it's in the words. Like in a spell.

I needed to calculate the distance to the all,  $\forall$ . To find a counteracting force.

The calculated the sum of the imminent forces. The vision based on what I had learned from Giulia. The full impact of GOING UNDER>

$dG dC dA d \hat{W}$   
 $\therefore$

–You are going to need a physical representation, a talisman, to ward off the demons.

–What?

–I will find you something.

I got her a lovely silver cross.

–This is what you need!

–I thought that you don't believe.

–You need a dose of CRUCIALITY!

$$\tilde{a}(t) = A + B / A + \gamma$$

We measure how time is affected by the exaggeration of the initial pledge.

–I can believe the cross. But I'm not sure that I can follow your spell.

–What do you mean?

–I don't have the same hope about the future. I need something more immediate.

–Like what?

–Something more explicitly physical. Not a physical representation of the spiritual.

$\Lambda$ : You need a pledge of the will.

–Can such a pledged succeed.

–It depends on more than the self. You have to want it.

–What is there to show for all that effort?

$$d\beta / dt = \omega$$

–I don't know. You give more credibility to the physical touch.

–And what if it gets overboard.

–You have to figure that out when it happens.

$\hat{W}$

–A lot of good that seems to do! MIND AS TOUCH

$\therefore$

OBSERVING AND CURIOUS  $\int$  THE SELF

$\oint$  GOING UNDER AS COMPILED (OBSERVING AND CURIOUS

$\vartheta / (\mathbf{S})$

$(\widehat{\mathbf{W}}, \phi)$  DISTRIBUTION  $\perp$

$(a, b) \rightarrow c$  **DISTRIBUTION**

*ALL VALUES:*  $(a.b) \leftrightarrow z$  FEELING  $\supset$

$(z,z) \leftrightarrow \ddagger$  **IDENTITY**  $\mathcal{D}$

$(\ddagger \ddagger) \leftrightarrow \mathfrak{w}$  **SUBSTITUTION**

$(\mathfrak{t}, \mathfrak{t}) \leftrightarrow \mathfrak{v}$  **NEG -SUBSTITUTION**

$(\mathfrak{v} \mathfrak{v}) ? \leftrightarrow \S$  **FORMAL WANDERING**

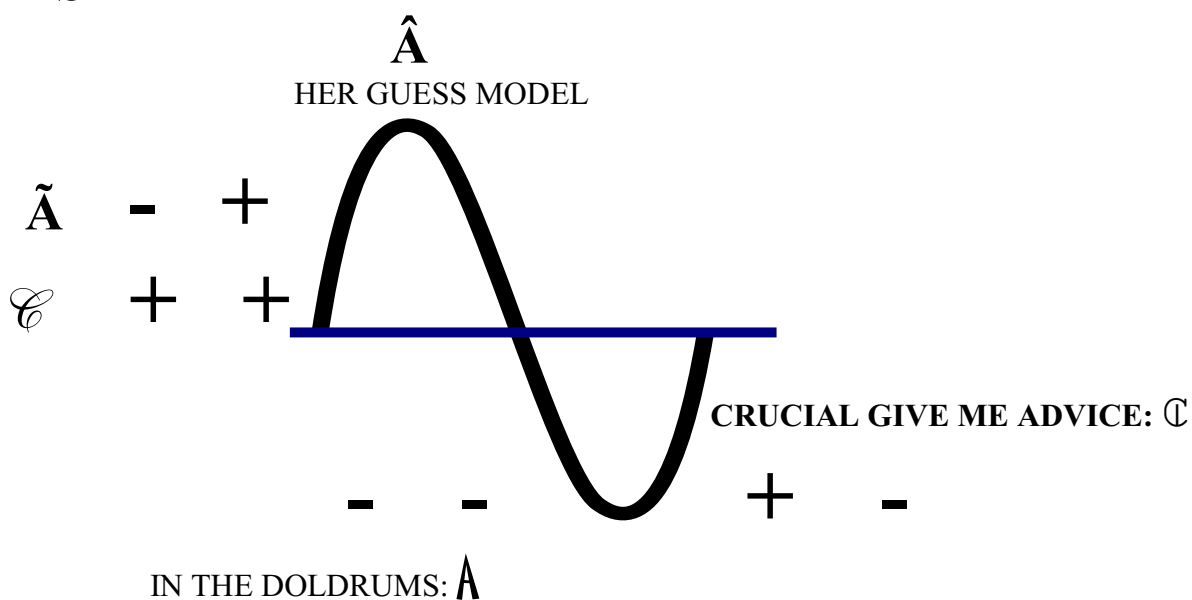
$\mathcal{D} / \supset$  DESIRE RISES ABOVE THE FEELING!

$\overleftarrow{\mathfrak{d}} = \tan(\gamma / \supset)$

The FORMAL ORGANON  $\overleftarrow{\mathfrak{d}}$  provides access to the moments absorbed by  $\mathcal{D}$ ,  
DESIRE.

WHAT IS THE DISTANCE FROM THE ATTRACTION  $\bar{\omega}$  to the ALL,  $\forall$ ?

# DESIRE



- Ganglia is going to play the part of my Guess model.
- He'll just fuck you and leave you. He does that to every girl. Maybe do two in a night.
- I want that.
- But what about the abuse.
- You are being abusive.

$\mathcal{C}$  : I can't be what you want me to be.

$\hat{A}$ : He has so much more to give! And he's going to give it to me!

$\tilde{A}$  Why did I do that?

$\mathcal{C}$  Help me to stop this!

Out of my way:  $\tilde{A}$  You don't know what I really know!

- I'm not going to let you go home with him!
- That's not up to you.
- You can't!
- You're not my parent!

**JIMMY'S DEMISE:**

- I'm just feeling really depressed.
- You're really going to kill yourself!
- Can I have your CD's!
- Sure Thea!

Jimmy was bleeding, sure to die soon. Thea and Donny snuck out with his CD's. Gloria found him.

- What the hell is going on? Where is Thea?
- Being a princess.
- What a bitch! She left you to bleed to death.**

Gloria took him to a hospital. Then she tracked down all his music. Thea snuck out of town before she was tarred and feathered!

Alea's haphazard interventions finally acquire a clear object.

- You're not treating CRUCIAL that fairly.
- Her wrath was directed at Charlotte.
- After all that he's done to you.
- She fingered the spider and the cross. This was her reverse spell:
- Cross, spider. Trendy, trendy, trendy!

The Chinese government had sent in troops to quell the student revolts. But the revolution had spread to the factories. The students offered the troops POPSICLES.

- Alea, I need you to save me. Kiss me.
- I can't. None of this is real. This is a time to feel sad. They are going to destroy the Popsicle Revolution.

I DIED AND WAS REBORN!

- THE DEATH PREMONITION
- THE PHYSICAL DISRUPTION
- ☒ ALL-ENCOMPASSING FEELING
- ◌⊙ PSYCHIC PROJECTION!