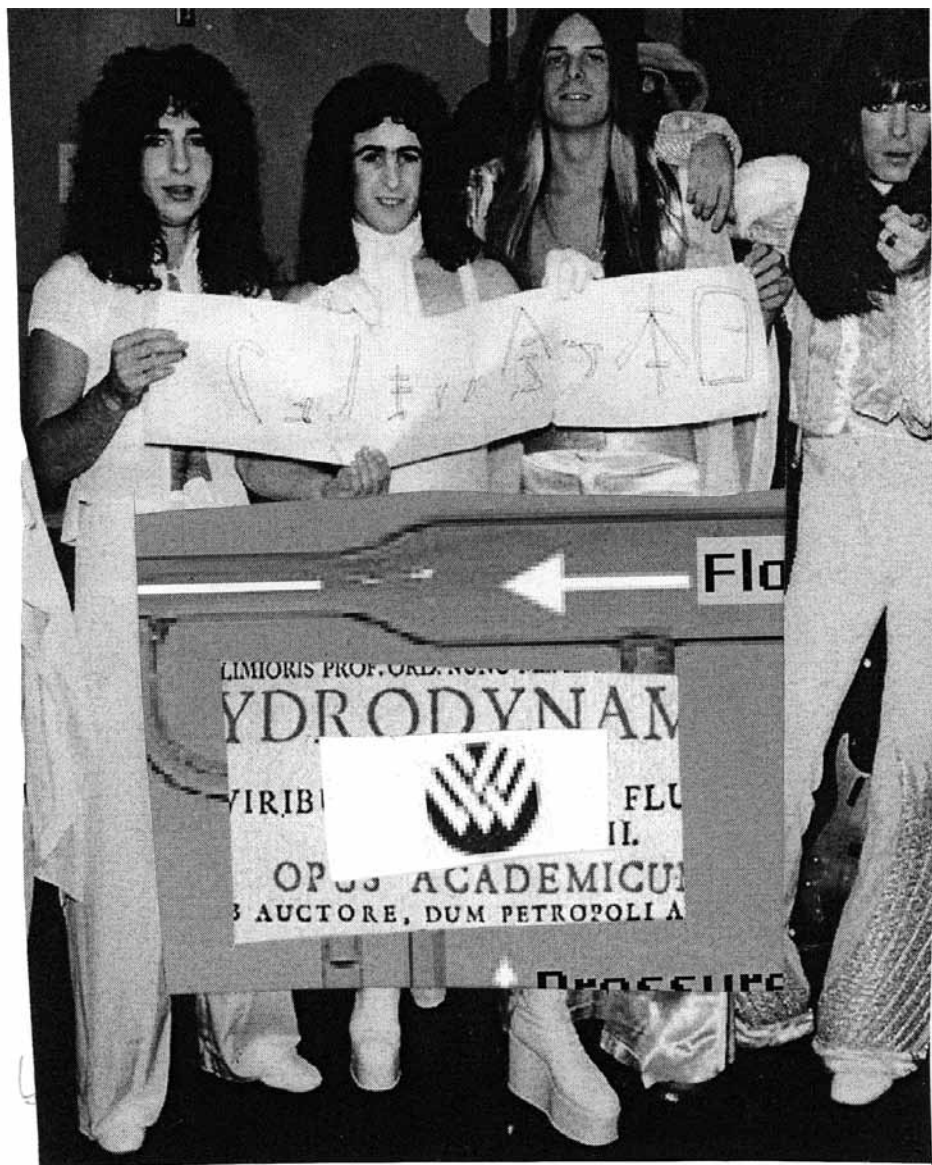


MAGIC DEATH FLOW



You'd expected it would be a dark place filled with incense and symbolic artworks and mystical trinkets but it's mostly white and clean and empty and filled with blue evening light. She's offering you a glass of warm wine and somehow it feels dangerous to be holding on to it because it's so deeply red.

The first thing she's doing is taking a glass ball from an indentation in the center of the wooden table. It's about the size of her face but perfectly spherical and much heavier. She's holding it above her head and then she's dropping it. It's falling quickly at first and your body is flinching by reflex because you're expecting it to hit the floor. You're opening your eyes again after the blinking and seeing that it's still falling but much more slowly than before. She's telling you that the ball's movement will be keeping the time. She's telling you that the falling will decelerate continuously but when it reaches the ground and breaks the time will be up. First you're thinking that there isn't much time at all and feeling anxious about the shattering of the glass. Then you're less contemplative and more calculative and your thoughts are refracting back and forth upon themselves. You're thinking that if the speed of the ball's falling is exponentially decreasing and if the floor is the determined end-point then certainly the fall will be infinite and there won't be any ending at all and perhaps not even any time.

There's a baby sleeping in the corner of the room and a small stereo with a whining sound coming from it. You're asking her about the sound and she's telling you that it's a recording of a hair drier. She's telling you that it's common knowledge that the sound of a hair dryer helps some babies to sleep and that this baby is evidently one of those babies. She's telling you that the taped recording works just as well as the actual hair dryer and that it's much less dangerous when it's only a recording and not an actual thing with all of the heat and all of the electricity. You're wondering about the baby and how she got the baby and what she'll do with a baby.

You're hearing another sound to your left and looking to the left and the wall is white and the sound of music is bouncing off of it from your right. There's the glass ball and the glass of wine and the mixing of the two sounds. You're looking to your right and there's the closed door to another room where the music is coming from. You're asking her what and she's telling you that it's 'The Fortune' by the band called Angel. She's telling you that Angel dressed all in white and were marketed as the opposite of Kiss who dressed all in black. She's telling you about the band's androgynous image and elaborate stage sets. She's telling you how Frank Zappa was a true artist and how he ridiculed Angel in a song he wrote called "Punky's Whips". She's telling you that "Punky's Whips" was about Punky Meadows who was the lead singer and poster boy for the band called Angel. She's telling you that she was on the road with Punky once and how he'd said that, "You're out in Bumfuck and there's nothing to do. You go to the show, back to the hotel - then it's on to the next town. You don't know where you are after a while. It's one long party."

She's telling you that it's time she looked at your cards because the ball is on it's way down. She's putting down the cards and sometimes shifting them around and telling you so many things but it's so hard to hear them and you're sipping on the deep red wine. The voice is drifting in and out of abstraction and you're watching her hands moving as she speaks and you're sipping on the deeply red wine. The voice isn't really saying anything but the hands are telling you that you need to get it out of your system. The ball's still falling and the hands are telling you that you need to get it out of your system.

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