

SAN SAN

Film trilogy: Floating Chain, Scenario in the Shade, Mercury City
Voice over transcript

How Would you describe the setting?

Do you want me to say out loud Chapter 31?

Chapter 23

Group 12

Sasha's fallout

99 cent parking lot

Radio Atlantic

Cheeseburgers and sunlight in her eyes

Enunciated speech

Brunettes with Australian accents.

Cheep cars in the distance.

Auto workers watching soap operas.

Raise your bird as a cat.

He asked me to loan him 3000 dollars.

Hippie virgins are losers.

Doctors on drugs.

Abstract expressionism.

Neo-realist liars

3D laugh tracks

Sleeping sanitary workers

Entertainment rehabilitation.

Life without architecture.

Sasha developed a southern accent for business. Selling shoes, incense, second hand magazines.

Even and perfect. The city lies amid green lawns, sunny hills and wooded mountains. Slim, tall sheets of continuous buildings intersect in a rigorous square mesh one league apart. Inside of every cube is a spherical cavity filled with liquid that supports a brain.

Group 4. They are known for overt exhibitionist sexuality. They are beautiful and wooden. They appear opaque and perfect to the world. Monogamy is a forgotten concept. They move as though they were underwater in touch with the fluid resistance. If they wear clothes it is comprised of acid wash denims and tartan ensembles. They have very little hair. They smile and part their lips. They live in sunny paradises of abundant foliage and Spanish style homes. They are famous.

Group 2. Let us briefly entertain a hypothetical scenario. Marasa is manufactured on a large scale in a laboratory of south or east Asian origin for distribution as a legal high in branded foil envelopes that are sold in a deceptive fashion for a purpose incompatible for human consumption. With chronic consumption Marasa tolerance accumulates until hundreds of milligrams and then grams are required for effect. An opportunistic journalist reports to the New York Times creating a media panic expanding the Marasa user base exponentially.

You can't eat an air conditioner.

Beautiful give everyone a ten buck raise.

In the basement of one of the country's leading medical schools a candidate for a Nobel prize is conducting the most dangerous experiment in the history of science. And the subject of the experiment is himself.

Group 9. They wear iridescent pale lipstick. The hair is pressed and flattened until it looks like sugar coated spaghetti. They wear spandex and cotton. The morning wide eyed. Smiling with teeth that are like mirrors. You can see wrinkles around the mouth. They move from hotel to hotel. They spend a lot of time at 30,000 feet. Chicken Caesar salad or a snack box. Hard plastic synthetic fabrics. Family entertainment. Fake costume jewelry.

Group 1. On July 2011 on the hottest day of the year I received a fragile looking Maxell compact cassette from a retired psychology professor and gerbil aggression researcher named Gary Davis. There is also the matter of the cassette tapes unusual genesis. While Gary Davis was finishing up his masters in clinical psychology he took a job studying ESP at the mind science foundation in San Antonio. Although Davis wasn't totally committed to para-psychological research he was enticed by the fact that he was able to spend nights in the laboratory and slept on the water bed that was used to relax subjects during experiments. Bob had a strict rule. He wouldn't accept anything but legal tender as payment but in the summer of 1981 he broke his rule and allowed a drifter who came in regularly to trade a tape recorder for a bottle of wine. He presided over the service wearing a black Kamilavca and matching veil. The mourners wore white. Before his ordination he dropped money from airplanes over San Antonio and dressed in drag as Groovy Granny Green to promote land on the cities undesirable south side.

Group 11. Do you ever do that thing when you're traveling? That thing you were warned against. Like accepting rides in the green taxis? Or trying the single serving drugs sold from the vending machines? Peeking into late night Omni-porn streams? I generally do not. All those cautionary tales belted through middle school health class fostering an almost biological aversion to unsanctioned tourist practices. Except for the last time I did the coastal sojourn through San San with Pepper. We stopped just north of LA for a little beach scene. Normally I stick to the glass and steel piers that make up the southern part of Santa Monica. You know the ones that go a mile out into the pacific. Hammerhead sharks doing their choreographed entertainment. But that summer Pepper wanted to drift toward the paint chipped landings in Malibu known for toothless flauers drinking iridescent rum.

Group 10. The real estate odyssey. A lavender footed tour guide. Fifteen hours of sleep. Lips parted. Filthadelphia.

Filthadelphia.

Filthadelphia. Systems of distractions. The history of small places.

Shoulder pads and buzz cuts.

Kurt's mother goes to rehab. Laughing Police. German techno. Rastafarian motorcycle gangs.

Osteopaths of the spirit.

Blond twins. A season in hell.

For the red in your eyes.

Group 3.

The composite city where all human potentials are spread out in a vast silent market.

The first thing one might notice upon entering the lobby of the Winston Hotel is the rather gargantuan purple and green cactus that is the centerpiece of this modern neo-classical rococo hodge-podge of a room. If it doesn't look like anything you've seen before its because you haven't. Both beautiful and slightly terrifying it bares a striking resemblance of an explosion frozen in time. And the rumor that it bares psychotropic properties if baked into a casserole gives it even more of a menacing aura. The plant is in some ways symbolic of the rumors circulating about the activities that go on in the privacy of the upper floors of the hotel.

Disco Creeps.

Scuttlers.

P-stone Nation.

Vice Lord.

Du-rock.

Du-rock.

Venice shoreline.

Philly pound.

Zoe Haitian.

Bamboo Union.

Roll and Go.

Hidden Valley Kings.

Four Seas Boys.

Tiny Rascal.

Jackson Street Indian.

Jackson Street Indian.

Tiny Rascal.

Westy.

Winter hill.

Westy.

Jersey crew.

Santa Monica 23

Once populated by stardust is now overgrown.

Sunset BLVD. is now a glass atrium.

Generic conduits connecting a never-ending variety of private illusions. The home of fantasy merchants. Part-time vagrants. Sparkle-eyed immigrants.

It's the cold war.

The fun war.

A tropical humidity has produced an explosion of flora and fauna that subsequently brought an infestation of hummingbirds that replaced the normally arid climate of southern California.

The woman on the ledge may or may not jump. The baron being held hostage in the British embassy might get a decent lunch.

The soundtrack of that time had the undertone that love was not brotherhood. Objects were taking center stage. Malibu was taken over by youth gangs from downtown.

The national guard rolls their eyes as the nocturnal activity kicks into gear.

When the realization really got home and stayed home. That where I was here being the perfect balance with where I was inside my head. The past was dead. And so part of that had to do with getting rid of my passport. And dropping out of that game.

Scenario 14. Fast forward 70 years.

They think the cop will have more authority than he's supposed to. That's what the uniform says. So he tells me this and I grab a hold of his eyes and hang on to his eyes for about 3 minutes. And he breaks away and mumbles off and then he splits. And then one of the immigration guys says to me that he's gone for his gun. And I thought well he's gone or his gun that's interesting. I just wonder what in the hell this law enforcement officer saw in the eyes of someone who was sitting doing nothing, saying nothing but looking at him that sends him off for a gun.

Now you want to tell me there is not superstition around here?

Scenario 62. King Gordon.

The neighborhood once expensive is now occupied by vague youth cults, new age therapy groups, noise bands and old couples being followed around by their nurses. They congregated in carved up basements.

I was in St. Louis back 1973. There was this kit festival. And this new band called Kiss was going to play there.

Well as it turns out some theater students went with us. And just the night before they shaved off their eyebrows because of David Bowie.

We make our way up to the stage. Right up front. And the acid is kicking in. 20,000 people here. 457 kits. Kiss onstage. At the kit contest. Kiss did not bring their own kits. They were kitless. And care-free. It was either spring or fall. Not summer. Kitless. So they finished playing black diamond. And the music stopped and I looked around and everybody was pointing at me. Girls were sticking out their tongues. And a bottle flew and hit me in the head. And somebody punched wolf. And this girl said "What's with those dudes with no eyebrows?". And I saw Kiss at a kit festival. Webster college. 1973. I saw John Zorn put Ice Cream in trumpet. I saw Kiss at a kit contest.

Brought to you by KSHE St. Louis number 1 underground FM Radio.

I didn't have any kits of my own. I didn't want anyone else's kit either. I wanted to see Kiss.

Listen. I'm wounded now. So I cannot play guitar for you tonight. But I was also wounded in 1973 when I saw Kiss at a kit festival.

During these months the wetness of the air and the hum of the birds keep most residents indoors.

Well about 6 years ago I had a vision of how people could live together in a relationship with the land. And uh...

Could you cut it into short segments?

No.

Cut what into short segments?

Your picture of what you are about to create of living together in the land.

No I can't do that kind of thing. I got to answer the question where it comes from. I can't structure it in any way.

Ok ramble on a bit.

Yeah. It will be a complete picture for you. You guys are too speedy.

Scenario 1.

The Fort is a crafty group of techno-hippies that live in the shanty towns on the perimeters of the cities. Their make-shift homes are often fully functioning complex computer systems.

Scenario 5. Phansigar Gokudo arrives as muscle. They have taken over corporate headquarters and government buildings.

Past lives. Meditation. ESP. They know how to get rich. They can fund the underground. I ask what underground they are speaking of?

Scenario 99. Los Angeles is merely a neighborhood frozen in time. A Paris on the Pacific Ocean. Perverse forms of Yoga.

Perverse forms of Yoga.

Abuse of plant spirits.

Long winded rhythmic music.

Lifestyle narcotics like recycling.

Or even a half-baked robbery.

Right now I'm a witness in a mirror.

He fitted you into some myth?

That's the only place he could put me.

We are in a new place. Mercury City.

Mercury City. Cleveland Ohio is cast as San San a beachfront metropolis located somewhere on the coast of the Pacific Ocean. The protagonist Harper is a surveillance expert investigating a band of techno-hippie spooks that have seized control of the San San from corporate entity known only as Friedrich-Barris. Through a combination of 3D video, audio osmosis and bathtub narcotics she is able to achieve direct penetration into the consciousness of her subjects. When she discovers that her faceless employer has stolen her patented technology she fears that she has become the focus of investigation. Now in a feedback loop of extra-sensory paranoia her only hope is her love interest: a jovial cyborg named Andy. Only he can break the cycle of psychic invasion.

Harper and Andy escape to a medieval resort where a cross-eyed guru is performing group hypnosis as a means of identity erasure. After full identity transformation she emerges as Charlotte, a bubbly textile designer from Anaheim. But soon enough San San is overrun by phantom riots. Harper and Andy escape through submersion into communal isolation tanks. They enter a state of conjoined hallucination where the world is populated by a series of furniture displays. Showroom ensembles become wise, sentient beings that guide them to a paradise they never could have imagined. They descend into a jungle maze that is being used a laboratory to synthesize powerful pharmaceuticals. The labs concoction known as Jungle Video is being surreptitiously administered to large swaths of the urban population. Harper and Andy frantically search for an antidote. They find an ancient serum that will reverse the effects of the drugs through Artichokes, 20th century optics and Bell Époque interior design.

I can go back to steam power or the first electric grid. Or I could start with fiber optics.

I could tell you it started with grilled cheese sandwiches and petty cons designed for all the crew necks coming down from the mountains.

That wouldn't give you anything.

When did the exodus from San San begin?

In the beginning there was a migration into the canyon and then down below. We dismantled what we called upstairs. We would steal, alloy, copper, the internal computers, whatever was left behind. I would meet a guy named Ringo behind the LaSalle parking lot and he would load endless 18-wheelers of this junk. Always paid by check. We would get jacked on YaaBaa we got under the counter at a Juice Joint on La Cienega. We could work for days.

The Winston Hotel takes formation in a warren of derelict Victorian high-rises. Planned by the King Gordon development bureau as a fashionable renovation of urban decay. They aim to attract youth who have come to Mercury City join the burgeoning drop out class.

The sub-prime mortgage crisis hits San San. Construction on the Winston comes to a halt. Within 6 months squatters and transients reclaim the building. The computer system that once powered the smart structure is hacked and reworked into an open source network. The Winston Hotel becomes home to a shadow economy that deals in everything from pirated software, designer drugs, cryogenically preserved organs, genetically modified pets and organic foods.

Did you agree with what many critics believe that the group encounters at the Winston Hotel were abusive?

The thesis of Human Potential was that the core of the self was good and pure. International Starchamber believed that to be wrong. We believed that peeling back the layers of self brought you to a complete state of meaninglessness. Becoming truly empty was the objective. The self was just a construct with no intrinsic value. Beyond this construct lies true freedom. It was from this nothing that you could be anything desired. Rebuild your own fantasy devoid of anything imposed upon you. This not only applies to the individual but also to our systems, our civilizations and our cities. The encounters acted as a vehicle toward that freedom. So did Marasa and our other techniques. For a lot of people, it can be a hard road. It is difficult to let go of everything. But it is not abuse.

Natasha Friedrich checked into the Winston Hotel with a head cold and 3 suspicious looking men. Her slippery entourage had the odd character combination of permanent-Holiday-Pina-coloda-trash and junior-CIA. In the proto-nightmare of socialite beta-blockers the hotel was seen as a comer, a place to be. It was owned by Natasha's father. And she, using her familial right, was taking the top 2 floors for her now infamous secret soirees. It was to be attended by a high-res crowd, many of whom had probably failed their driving test. But all fancied themselves a new band of naval-gazing cosmonaut.

I was born on a Friday which is payday. The polar bear wants me here because the polar bear telepathic. Because I believe in telepathic. SOS. ESP. Because the polar bear said I need some warmth and a change of weather. He sent me to prepare the way. Because he come to Mercury to stop the Marasa brain. I was in San San creating a musical brain. Somebody wants to change it to

a Marasa party. And because I didn't want to be in the Marasa party. Me and my majesty disappeared without the Marasa knowing that he was coming to crash somebodies brain. But it wasn't mine.

Identify types. Do you know that show extended vacation? I mean no clue. That was the problem. Dreamy math. Pauses and probes. Cryogenic haze. Dominant talkers. Smiles. Tight knit community. Head nodding. Create a warm and friendly environment. That's good. Free of distraction. Go barefoot.

Deep within the interior of a practical joke. Where time had turned the San San International into a focus group of high fives and obsolete creativity. I was half-asleep next to the anesthesiologist.

The desires of the mirrornauts cycle at light speed. Hibernation chic. Fur based speculative fitness. Time travel without consequences. Harper and Andy go to couples' therapy for collective PTSD. King Gordon is now run by children who cut in line. The Winston Hotel is now overgrown with AstroTurf wildflowers. Mercury city is recast somewhere in Florida.