

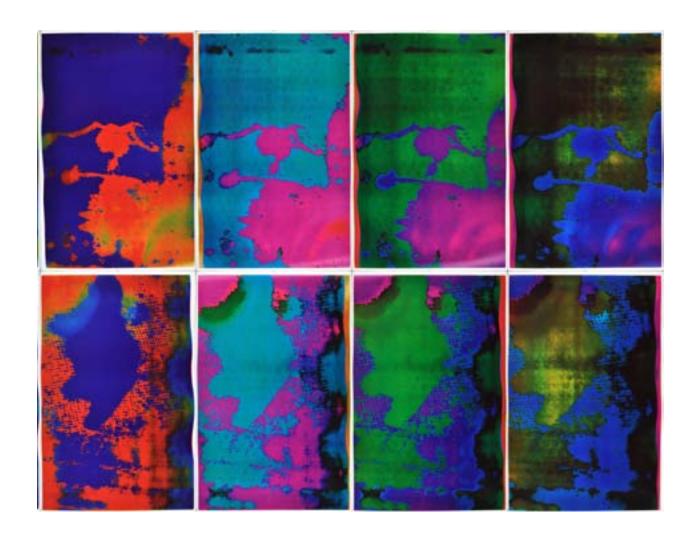


Kirby S. Holland
"Bio-Bi"
1973
Spray paint on Plexiglas, front and back views
17 x 11"
Creighton Michaels, Piedmont, Arizona

MANY MUNTY

"The Golddiggers will go far because they are talented and believe in themselves, and I can't tell you how happy I am to have them around. I love youth. The oldest thing on my show is my scotch!"

—Dean Martin



Kirby S. Holland
"Jumping on Angels"
1973-75
Laminate proofs
Each 11 x 17"
Pherber Pallenberg, London

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RAMING EREATURE

"I'm not the suicidal type. I really ought to be."

—Richard M. Nixon

Priscilla O'Van twirled down the squared spiral steps of the five-story walk-up. Her four-inch white platform heels pushed her height well beyond six feet; after many collisions, she finally remembered to duck beneath the coil of plasterclotted electrical cable that dangled from a dark corner of the second-floor landing. White headphones the size of halved grapefruits cinched her head, the white cord snaking down to a bulky tape recorder clipped to her wide white plastic belt. She'd obtained the "Stereo Sash" portable cassette player from a Swiss businessman she'd met at one of Margarita's loft parties. Over the din of a Fragrant Violation set she'd heard someone mention his important music-industry connections. After a strenuous weekend in his hotel room, interrupted only for a Saturday matinee of *The Hot L Baltimore* and his attendance at a Saint Patrick's mass, Priscilla was dismayed to learn that Andreas was actually a patent attorney making the rounds of electronics manufacturers with the device. Disappointment turned to canny anger—having thoroughly perused his wallet, Priscilla threatened to contact his wife back in Lucerne unless restitution was made in the form of one of the unmarked prototypes he carried in a padded suitcase.

She stopped at the dim entry hall's cracked mirror to check her brass-bright lip gloss, matching hair, and sapphire eyeliner, assuring herself that her teeth were as dazzling as Aquafresh's TV come-ons promised. Her scoop-back dress, a cascade of dime-sized, electric-blue sequins, hung to mid-thigh, her bare legs a dark contrast to the knee-high white boots. She reached down to the machine at her waist and a long blue fingernail pressed PLAY. A low hiss entered her ears, followed by the gliding chords of "Moon River." She gave the dress a straightening tug and stepped into the night, the air rising from the asphalt expanse of Houston Street as tropically rancid as a blackened banana peel.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET WITH IRON RAILINGS, BROWNSTONE STOOPS, OVERFLOWING FLOWER BOXES, TALL LEAFY OAK TREES, AND SOFT BLUE LIGHT COMING FROM THE OLD-FASHIONED GAS-LIT STREETLAMPS. PRIS displays a slight hauteur as she steps onto the sidewalk, chin held high, nodding occasionally to the men in their earth-toned suits.

"Yo—Ground Control to Moon Girl! Where you going? Can'tcha hear me? Earth to Moon Girl! Come iiiiiinnnnnnnn, Moon Girl!"

SUITOR #9 wears a tan suit with a matching six-button vest; the lapel tips just caress his broad shoulders, the flared white collar (open, no tie) of his dress shirt sports baby-blue pinstripes.

A short, square-gutted man wearing a black T-shirt with the sleeves rolled to his shoulders rose from his perch on an upended steel trash can. "Come on, Moon Girl—what's it like up there? Where you going? I can't live without you no more! Why you breaking my heart, Moon Girl? Your hair—it's like stardust!"

PRIS allows herself a discreet smile. The strings on the soundtrack swell. SUITOR #9 is tall, iron-jawed, and slim-hipped, his aggressiveness not without allure.

"Moon Girl, I see you alla time and you never say you love me. Who you always running off to see? Why you two-timing, making a plaything of my heart, Moon Girl?"

He stepped into her path, the glare from the yellow streetlights turning the pouches under his eyes a sooty purple. He reached for her waist, but Priscilla sidestepped around the gray stump of a tree that had been hit by a delivery truck years earlier. One heel snagged on a sewer grate, sending a wobble up her leg.

SUITOR #9 offers PRIS a brandy snifter, but she smiles demurely, dancing as gracefully as Juliet Prowse around a red fire hydrant that is decorated with yellow daisy decals; her voice is Dewar's-smooth.

PRIS:

It takes more than charm to bid for my heart. You must venture far into the deepest shadows to find it.

"Oh, man! You see? I love that talk!!"

"Hey Cruz-Man? Why you always goofing with that faggot? He can barely walk in those shoes, he's so outta balance from what he's packing up front."

THE SIDEKICK is SUITOR #9's crude foil. He is secretly in love with PRIS, but, ashamed of his ugliness, he is too cowardly to express himself with any class.

PRIS:

Oh, would-be Romeo, your sidekick doth protest too much. Why does a true woman frighten him so?

"Hear that, Spider? Moon Girl's got your number. And who cares what's under that skirt, when he's on his knees with those big lips and all you can see when you look down is that beautiful blond hair. You're too picky, Spider—that's why your dick's flakin' off from neglect."

"Fuck both you faggots, Cruz-Man. You getting too lax in how you see the world. People are noticing, man."

"You better check your shit. Who you think—"

SUITOR #9's and THE SIDEKICK'S voices evaporate into a crescendo of strings. The streetlamps rise up through the trees like searchlights. A bright spot illuminates PRIS.

Priscilla paused after she stepped off the curb, using her long nails to deftly swap tapes, the new one having been cued earlier, while she'd dressed. A taxi honked and edged around her to make the turn onto Avenue C. The driver shouted, "Waiting for a trolley car there, skyscraper, or what?"

A conductor's baton taps a music stand. A title card fills the screen:

