



Kirby S. Holland

"Bio-Bi"

1973

Spray paint on Plexiglas, front and back views

17 x 11"

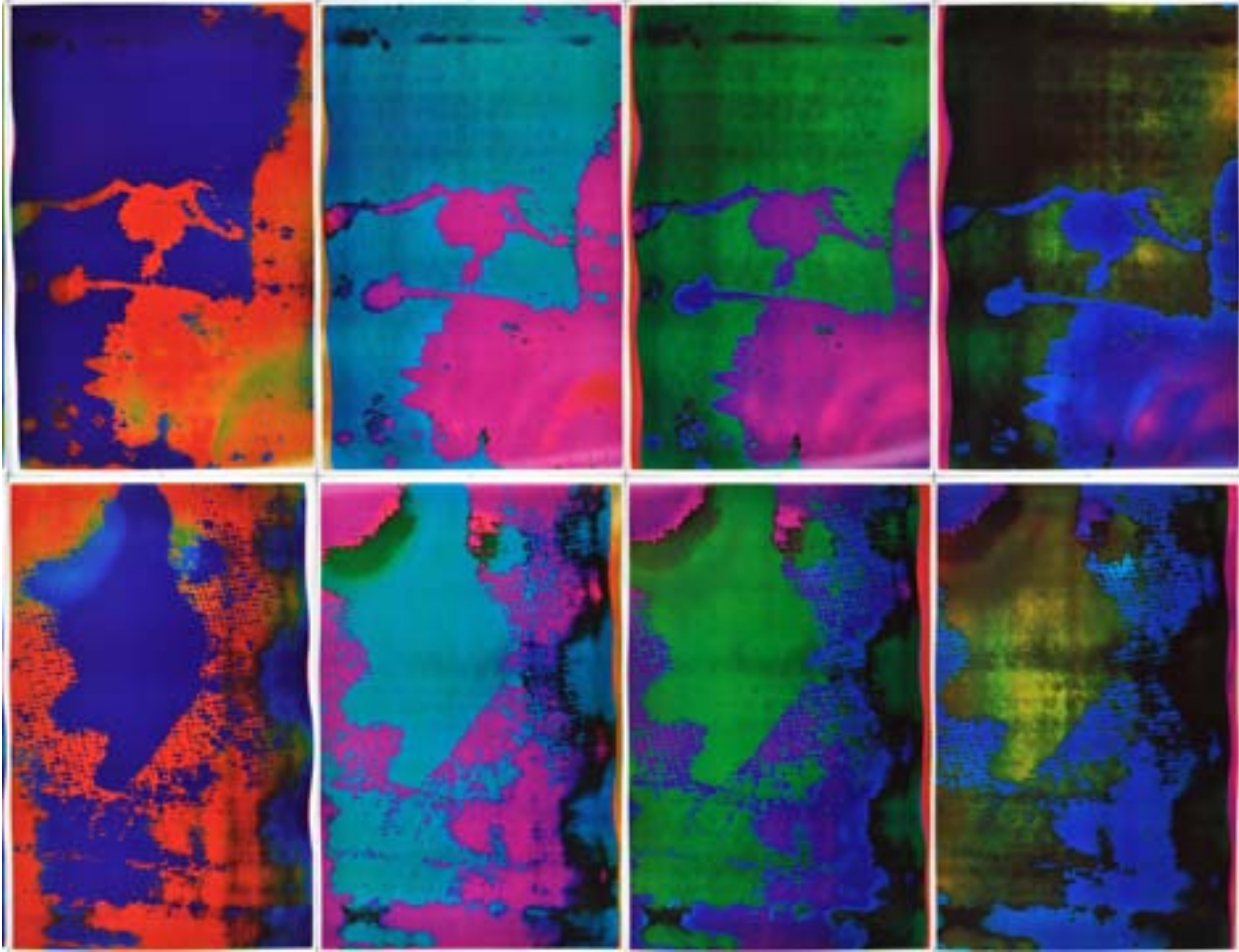
Creighton Michaels, Piedmont, Arizona

PART IV

WHAT? MY BOI?

“The Goldiggers 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

FLAMING CREATURE

“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 plaster-clotted 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.

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:

