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**ONE  
WHITE  
CONTACT  
LENS**

**Gjergji  
Shkurti**  
■

April: Protagonist  
Mr. Explosion: Antagonist  
Smallz: Intel  
Escrow: Lover  
L: Artist  
Rossi: Musician

### SCENE 1 – SUITCASE

*Down under electricity crashes in the looped delay of wheels passing by. The night had been a wandering television series. Waking up in transition I thought of the suitcase classified and dutifully ignored. The public's bliss is that someone had to carry the myth of Sisyphus. Now then what am I doing under this screeching. Smells downtown to me like the Lower East side. This should only be a couple more seconds would've been better to listen to a Gatling gun.*

*A mirrored twin the abandoned Bowery subway tunnel. A train, the best alarm clock. Waking up is the hardest thing to inspire in humanity, 1999 was a good time to go to sleep. White light fluorescent government control a waste of power totally visible in the 300 frames per second that burns celluloid. Tile grime and the snickering smile of a yellow*

*rat contained behind third rail lines. Curious fellow looks like he found the big cheese. I hear a synth dance party. Poltergeist of MDMA children sent to worship the blue velvet dreams that their foremothers already achieved. The old art is dead and it's killing us type, save that for later need to catch up with the head honcho.*

Smallz Couldn't help but notice that your hair is shorter, quite the executive presence to arrive at a sweat infested dance trance. Don't play Bambi for the woodsman, we need you to play Mickey the drug dealer. You can't go after Mr. Explosion dressed like you're going to a ball at the White House! Need you looking neon blond, white contact lenses, one eye rap game style. This ain't the blues, this is bass and repetition. No back up either, the keystone to your dome piece is that charm actor that you play so well. So, let's get this straight no fireworks and no martial arts. Only weapon you got are the thunderstorm eyes that pierce a man's libido. Mr. Explosion don't like girls and he don't like boys. There is only one thing he can't part with. Can't wake up again unless we steal that case. Cold war never ended its thawing under us. Old Joe will meet you halfway

at the tattoo shop, get your gear straight this ain't no back in time scenario. Mr. Explosion was just uptown, had a sit-down at a Harlem brownstone, sounded like the kind of blackmail that stings.

April Ain't that right, running around threatening people with a suitcase just cause things ain't sanitary for your suit and tie brainwasher. Does it get better? Throw me a good ole candle stick, need to get my respiratory system up to date with the toxic all-night brigade. Did I say it's good to see you? Formalities granted, is it just the unlucky turnout to always hide intelligence in homeless men's rags.

## SCENE 2 – 2016 THE METALLURGY CLUB

*The cold mustached some snot. Released from the duplex apt of whiskey Escrow looked for a cab. Nothing moving, he felt the dead the grid of being stuck on the island. Looking up at the acid wash sky he hoped to avoid public transportation.*

*The stripped industrial space made you worry about the roofs snow load. They enter the pink fluorescent interior. The dark enough for you to do some blow in the bathroom, the dungeon chamber*

*for the sloppy make out, the we paid for the space and we're here to trash it vibe. The couches were full of luses merging into a half sleep, contrary to the music they were mellow lost in the fog. The bass multiplied made his stomach gurgle, he pulled shaky smoke from his esophagus.*

Rossi She's playin' you kid. You obviously see this, keeping you close enough to retain your trust or maybe your worth. Don't bitch about the game if you're going to play, by this point it will always be a chase, and if you guys catch each other there will be that lust tangle and then you're off to the races.

*The bass gargoyled his voice as he spoke through the trail of nicotine shooting from his nose and merging with the fog of the dance floor. He culminated it all with a pause.*

*The interior pushed Rossi and Escrow back. Berlin sets, the dance floor aged them with youth. April lay hidden on a couch covered with drugged out sons and daughters. Her one contact lens identified in a spectrum of strobe lights, her fur coat snug enough to keep her camouflaged, her hair short battleship grey oily with fragrance. Aware*

of Escrow adjacent she dozed off. It was going to take at least another hour for Mr Explosion to reveal himself.

*Her face on the speakers, no logic coding her rare bird theatrics. She moved for disruption, for a change in dance move sociability invisibly translated with a network effect of footwork. Corrupting the crowd, she centered herself. She remained aggressive.*

*The narcissist sabotage of a myopic future, a shattered field of view. A generation that inherits the shit, wars flowing out of my taxes, a fucked job market. Propagation do we even try? Do we even love? Go in you'll never know.*

*The shit-storm erupts. You buttress the load of nuclear seepage, reactionary glaciers, pissing skies of hurricane, quants calculating financial death, virtual reality zombies drone boning the earth, volcanic breaths of ash that suffice to keep intelligence levels near idiocy. Dance with madness she is your April fool. The witch house grind quizzed their next move Intimate and refined a non-couple holding each other, sticky like the exchange of sexual fluids. The hour was approaching a close grasp for a distant year.*

April & Escrow Don't flashback, flash forward.

*A back-door cracks open illuminating blue hope fluttering out of peeling lead paint. The light tentacled into her white eye. Collecting the New Year, she slithered for Mr Explosion as he parted his way with an infectious red carpet. The threshold his profile radiated hairy prickly a brilliant deafness coagulated with his stride as he maneuvered through the dance floor, an isopropyl alcohol splashing through the industrial gears of a generations temptation, cleaning the input circuits with flammable contents.*

April The suitcase is a magnifying glass of your deepest fears. A thing I know, am I chasing the thing or the man? Am I chasing hope for the chase, or does it exist?

## SCENE 2 – 2015 THE METALLURGY CLUB

*Bondage trio pulling each other by their leather neck straps hiss at her. Big old venue thought April, unconventional to throw Mr Explosion in this mixed party of suits with face tattoos, punk rockers, the*



*twink convention, cartoon girls, leather bondage fetishists, and all the kids who didn't go to the bar or their friends house.*

*Avoiding coat check she kept her jumpsuit on, tight wrapped in peacock feathers approaching the bouncing bodies she dove inside the dance floor merging with two notes. The ends of the room were fenced off you could only escape through the transport door. Bodies collided, the thrill of syncopation got her wet. She danced out and stood next to the speakers guzzling some water. In her deep voice she asked her neighbor for a rabbit stick. The scene threw up on itself. The numbers in the void got bigger, the music louder, and the dance floor raunchy. Clothes flew off, washed with beer and makeup residue. Steam came off bodies on fire in ancient magic footwork.*

April These parties tend to travel, might end up somewhere upstate. Someone drops a pill on my tongue. The vibrations get more intense. I dive into the crowd and get surrounded by those attached to the neck by leather chastity's. The clasps create a 3' diameter in the circle. Wild, updown groove, shooting up and quickly dropping deep to my knees. Involved with the concrete cracks sweat and feathers fall.

Looking for something to hang on to. The roll. The roll. The roll. Euphoric feelings in my stomach become erogenous. A transitory motion sickness guides my dance. Appalled at the slowness, Mr. Explosion slips between some leather figures. He vanishes through fire doors. A jerk to follow, a sudden quick-sand step, the speakers blow horns and chiggers. The set finds it sweet spot, collisions of sound waves get deep inside me. Plumage flakes off. Immersed, I remain, horny, I attempt to follow. My hand, the left, what is this holding.

Caught, he caught me, electric day chico. Naive face buried with years of experience. Nothing to say, it's better to just be, pulls me close, non-existent doors on his cheeks, oh shit there goes Mr. Explosion.

Sorry lover you must have me confused with someone else. Need to catch the future and you're not an incentive.

*She wolf bolts through the fallen flesh of numbed cheeks and sexual deviants. His portrait clear to her but strange reappearing like the memory of laughter on a sunny day. Mr. Explosion a vanished villain.*





### SCENE 3 – BLACK FLAMINGO

*At the Black Flamingo a drum rhythm full of color caused a sneeze. The liquor bottle typography and design appealed to the lame eye. Bad type layout only makes you want it more. L handsomely made eyes with the waitress. His nature could not be tamed, beautiful in its tragic nympho romantic yearning. Escrow had not seen this burning desire of entertainment in some time, not since L introduced him to Mr Explosion at one of his painting exhibitions.*

*The typography stuck to Escrows side like public opinion. You could author the propaganda machine of public relations simply by appealing to the image. Old fat white men do this daily. Escrow thought to himself... when you lower the standard of the image cheapen its quality it becomes the standard. Ugly draws just as well as beauty, sometimes better, even more so when you divert attention from obvious violence. Controlling ignorance does not take much but a little manipulation. Educating on injustice is much more difficult when its talked down like prophecy.*

L It's all a game of mediocrity and lies, anything else is bound to fail. It's like that Run the Jewels song 'Lie, cheat, steal, kill, win, win (Everybody's doin it)'

Escrow A man of your intelligence, would surely feel left out in that case.

L It makes for great content, I paint it to try and understand it.

Escrow All good things come to revolution if you fuck with civilizations desires, maintaining those desires.... now that is a magic flute.

L You ever think you should see a therapist? Sometimes I wonder if instead of looking at the bar as the bar, you look at it like a portal. Meanwhile the waitress just smiled.

Escrow You ever think if spirits manufacturers gave a shit about typography there would be more drinking and better product?

L I doubt it, man's reason to drink has nothing to do with labels, if there were no labels he would be





fine picking by color, name, arrangement, insert taxonomy. The product is there for consumption, simplify the problem and you own the environment.

Escrow What about history, do we partake in the slaughter or is knowledge god?

#### SCENE 4 – EXHIBITION AT THE MEDICI VILLA

*His painting style stolen from obscure outliers with some originality that got lost depending on how long you looked. L was trying to live in a different time where technology is not important, and a good time is the baseline for content.*

*The Roman vista the Manhattan vista... perhaps New York was at its peak in construction when it spanned all the bridges from Brooklyn to Manhattan. The Romans on the other hand destroyed and rebuilt no matter for splendor or landmark. Walking the gardens, a forever wanderer Mr Explosion heads to the outhouse, an older modest building imbedded in the old Roman city walls.*

*The architect and artist a discipline that lost its marriage when we specialized ten people to do one person's job. Building cheap cause you fear death vs*

*building to last because you fear immortality. Mr Explosion passes off a drug handoff check to a Hamptons Bro that does not know the difference between traditional and modern, same kind of thinking ruining the Manhattan skyline, dirty money burned inside stupidity. It helps polarize movements erupted from toxic politics like Jesus downloading ceiling frescoes of the pagan gods as the representation his truth.*

L Eleven paintings about fellatio. It's always the bomb head that inspires my shit.

Escrow That inspiration is like a shallow grave. The body is prone to plague and never fully becomes one with the earth. It's like throwing a corpse on the street and saying look how cool it is. Sure, the shock value slaps you forward but the aftereffects you want to wipe from memory. Then again what is criticism, everything ends up a gender topic, it doesn't matter if the art is terrible, I would be discriminating or racist if I said so.

L This is why I hate inviting you to awesome events, getting all academic and shit, have fun. See that guy with the suitcase, he looks as on edge as





you do. Go talk to him cause you're killing my vibe.

Escrow Sorry I can't keep up with five-word twitter answers, but I thought we were shooting the shit.

L Ceiling frescoes and luscious art. Trade in the sexual for the religious as it's easier. Aren't angels always naked? Simplify the game for the decadent with decadence.

Escrow How did you get your show in this Villa?

L Mr.Explosion. I can't tell if he gives a shit or wants to put his hand on the pulse.

*Beneath them a Roman Aqueduct tunnel is plastered with Italian disco. April rushes in sporting a neoprene glow in the dark bodysuit. Moving like a chameleon, her one white contact visible in the swallowing darkness.*

*Medici's house rented out like the Vatican did for Porche at the Sistine chapel. Pimp the public they don't remember history. Like a twitter rant we gave up history to artificial intelligence. The shell only needs to exist so that something can tell you what to do.*

*Peace peace to the internet of things. Less mind less lexicon, a great slogan for the next presidential campaign.*

