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Simplification

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SIMPLIFICATION

Finding it hard to breathe. Another pier up in smoke with the gale behind it. The gay one where they used to sunbathe naked. The pier we drank on is also on fire. They're evacuating houses nearby. It's like a war-zone. People missing in the smoke, loving every minute, bringing the community together. One small middle-aged woman staggering around. A photographer hounds her taking pictures. She tries to complain to a cop who shrugs her off. The photographer stalks her with a movie camera. They disappear into the smoke. He never talked to her. When she stops to look at him he looks back.

It must be lovely in a war. Like a last picnic when everything is simplified and everybody loves one another. I've never seen so many happy faces in the city: cops and firemen in their element, and the Salvation Army Emergency Snack Service. Viva la muerte. Vive la guerre. A kind of sexual energy is generated. Talking of which I discovered once again that the woman I've been seeing is married and her husband jealous. He's bought a gun. This is all I need. And to make matters worse she's fallen in love with me. How does one simplify one's life without reducing it to a burned-out shell?