the Devil is near, he presides over highschool shootings. is Friend of ugly misanthropes.

Devil & the Shooter have a grievance with their relative hegemon.

her time with the Devil is her time with the Shooter, transposed: the dialogue raised into its archetype.

she's lying on the classroom floor, her brain awash in cortisols & opioids. the Devil needs you dosed, to be seen. he enters from within, by the endocrine system.

her offer to the Shooter shows her heart is good, she's open to the hateful Outsider.

her words with the Shooter signal to the Devil that she'll bargain.

the Devil, says Dafoe, and disrupts my presumption of genre, that it's Fiction. for two days after i rented The Exorcist, my sister wouldn't sleep. she lay on her futon deathly rigid, staring at the ceiling. the movie left her open to possession.

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1 Online Etymology Dictionary
we'd come up from the basement in a daze. the tape hit its end, rewound, & played again. the theme tinkled thru the house autonomous, mocking us. rose from below into the kitchen as we worried how to stop it.

the Devil says Dafoe and the awful twist is THIS IS TRUE, AND LOCAL. the coil of rope in corner's dark is a snake, watching you. the lights come up and seated ahead, it's the black-haired girl from The Ring.

in our mass fascination with psychopaths, the Mafia, with Shakespeare’s killer kings we’re prey in the kill-trance.

the Spectacle sees, is a giant compound Eye inhuman and carnivorous.2 Dafoe says the Devil and the City isn’t safe from the screen. the screen can’t keep the diabolic meme in quarantine. the movie’s light enters us and takes our weight, goes into the street.

who is this V.O.? what is his relation to the actor Dafoe? Dafoe & V.O. both know the sisters' secret.

what is Sia's place among the divas whom Celeste is sum of? Sia, too, hides her face, and sells them all her special compositions.

she opens small; ends in an apocalypse

her child's song, her tiny vigil aria, morphs into a bomb by the end. her home-coming show has a sickening sub-tone, a rumbling low in the stadium.

the shrieking tweens feel the throb, know that they are close to death.

And though Her Smell has clearly been devised to be more gritty than the soapy Rose, their crests (and weirdly, run times of 134 minutes) are identical—as the end nears, not without palpable tension, we are meant to wonder if our protagonist here is going to make it through her last performance alive or die onstage.3

i, too, awake in hopes of another 9/11. i want exciting news, i admit.

the bomb is off-screen; or going off all along: is diva-pop from '99 on: an explosion of color & song.

relation of her music to the Massacre

I don't want people to have to think too hard. I just want them to feel good

theory A: her song is analgesic. Celeste is here to soothe us into death. we may as well be happy as it falls apart. she sings us to eternal rest, is the string quintet on the Titanic.

Pop is the sound of our spreading success, of humans having sex. so as it all ends, her song is a nostalgia of Life: we’re fond in the head, dying.

theory B: her song abets a biosphere's collapse. her song is of a girl overcoming: even as our life-world fails, she urges on our self-production.

Even as a child, her innate showbiz instincts redirected violence toward a narrative of regeneration, turning the girl of trembling sensitivity into an icon of endurance.4

4 Lesley Chow, Bright Lights Film Journal

an animal exits, p 890
the awful tunnel

go, she can feel it, somewhere bad.

the rolling road evokes the early credit scroll, the upward running words: evoking, from Auteur history, *The Shining*, evoking the Lynchian highway: the lens roving low to the asphalt.

the paint-lines are ellipses, inducers of hypnosis. the paint lines are for transiting scenes or planes of existence.

she pulls us in, even this critique

1. schoolboards in Sweden convene at the dawn of the American Teen, plan to keep their kids immune with *afterschool band-class*: which gets the kids home for prime-time tv; & helps them write hits in their twenties.

2. gunmen don her icon mask to impute the liberal debauchery; also for the thrill of it, the special horror. they stalk the beach as S&M death-lords; are killing nearly-naked girls in a gimp mask.

3. in naming *Ariana Grande*, this piece is made more shareable. even to disparage her, my essay is of interest to her fans, is a relevant outrage. in typing *Ariana Grande*, i prime the search-term, enter wider tweet-streams - so owe some success to her & her producers.

i, too, feel the thrill, typing *killing nearly-naked girls*.

Childhood's End

in *Childhood’s End* our kids exceed us. they bend within, lock into an info-stream we misperceive as catatonic autism.

in *Childhood’s End*, 'adult' means your App is lame: you're sharing in an eaten-thru ecosystem. home from the film, i searched *Max Martin*, again, and was baffled: the comments under *Tik Tok* all now praising Ke$ha's prescience, of what? she's ancient now, a prophetess - of what?

Vox.com explains: it's new & Chinese, and bigger already than Snapchat. a spreading sea of selfie karaoke.

we're prone to malign the Numinous

in *Childhood’s End*, we'd think it was a demon: from ancient fear of humanoids with horns.

*The Chalice & the Blade* contends: the Snake would raise our consciousness, free us from a King & Temple tyranny: who've trained us so we only hear the hiss.

Celeste is good, was raised within Christendom. is sure she's sold us out to *Satan*. is twisted by this certainty, made cynical.

Celeste is a sacrifice

Celeste is good, she'd save the whole class - herself & Shooter included. *At least let everyone else go*: invites him into prayer, where she'll advocate to God on his behalf.
Celeste is a sacrifice, she'll morally degrade. the
Signal is excessive, the Song's chosen Carrier
disintegrates.

The ascetic, for the greater glory of God,
degrades and mortifies the flesh; Judas did
the same with the spirit. He renounced
honour, good, peace, the Kingdom of
Heaven, as others, less heroically, renounced
pleasure. Celeste is a sacrifice: her eighteen missing years
recall the Jesus narrative.

she's 'sold her soul', given up her goodness.

Her music is perhaps a net Benevolence

her music is perhaps a net Benevolence. will save
us somehow, somewhere in the Century ahead.

she shows our species narcissism, brings us into
clarity, at least. her song is loud, her show well-lit, a
multi-modal neuro-synch. she keeps our eyes open
to the word-flash: the virus code exposed on a
forty-foot LED board.

the KFC Double-Down repulses me. i see the ad
and am a brahmin, briefly: a virtuous eater, relative
to America. the monstrous image stays with me,
the memorable extreme: and soon i see my own
kitchen critically. the vegan mayo, obviously
- gluten-free, transfat-free, nutrient-free; and see
how soft i cook my beans, purée a dozen plants
into a P.C. flavor-bomb, a "curry".

Art is half-aware, half-culpable
to let in song, a singer stays open to the mystery.
must worship ambiguity. Hollywood & Broadway
are trans-friendly, predictably.

A blurring in the credits, at the origins of song: of
Muse & musician, performer & producer. a fusing in
the lines of inspiration. the players e.g. are prone to
an innocent plagiarism. Carol Kaye seems to be "a
wonderful, warm, loving person" and a legend
already - i believe she *thinks*, not just claims, it's
her on all those Motown hits.

5 Borges, Three Versions of Judas
6 Daniel, my brother-in-law [an email correspondence]

7 Allan Slutsky, Who Played 'I Was Made to Love'