

STRIP CLUB BOOK FOR LEAH JOLIE



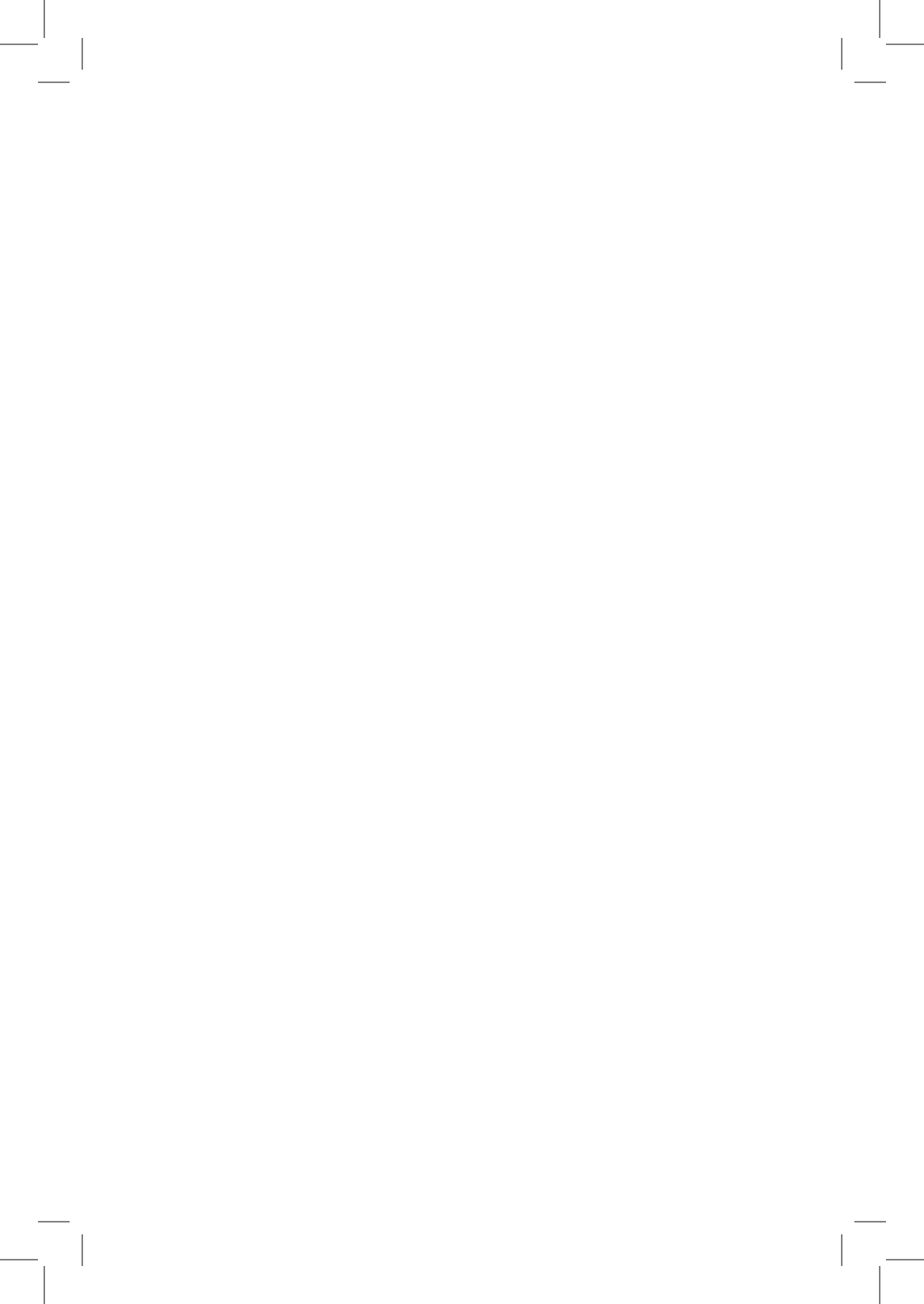
STRIP CLUB BOOK FOR LEAH JOLIE
by Oliver Coran

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COLOR IN DARKNESS
by Kevin Killian

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HIS
by Oliver
Coran



Strip Club Book for Leah Jolie (second edition)

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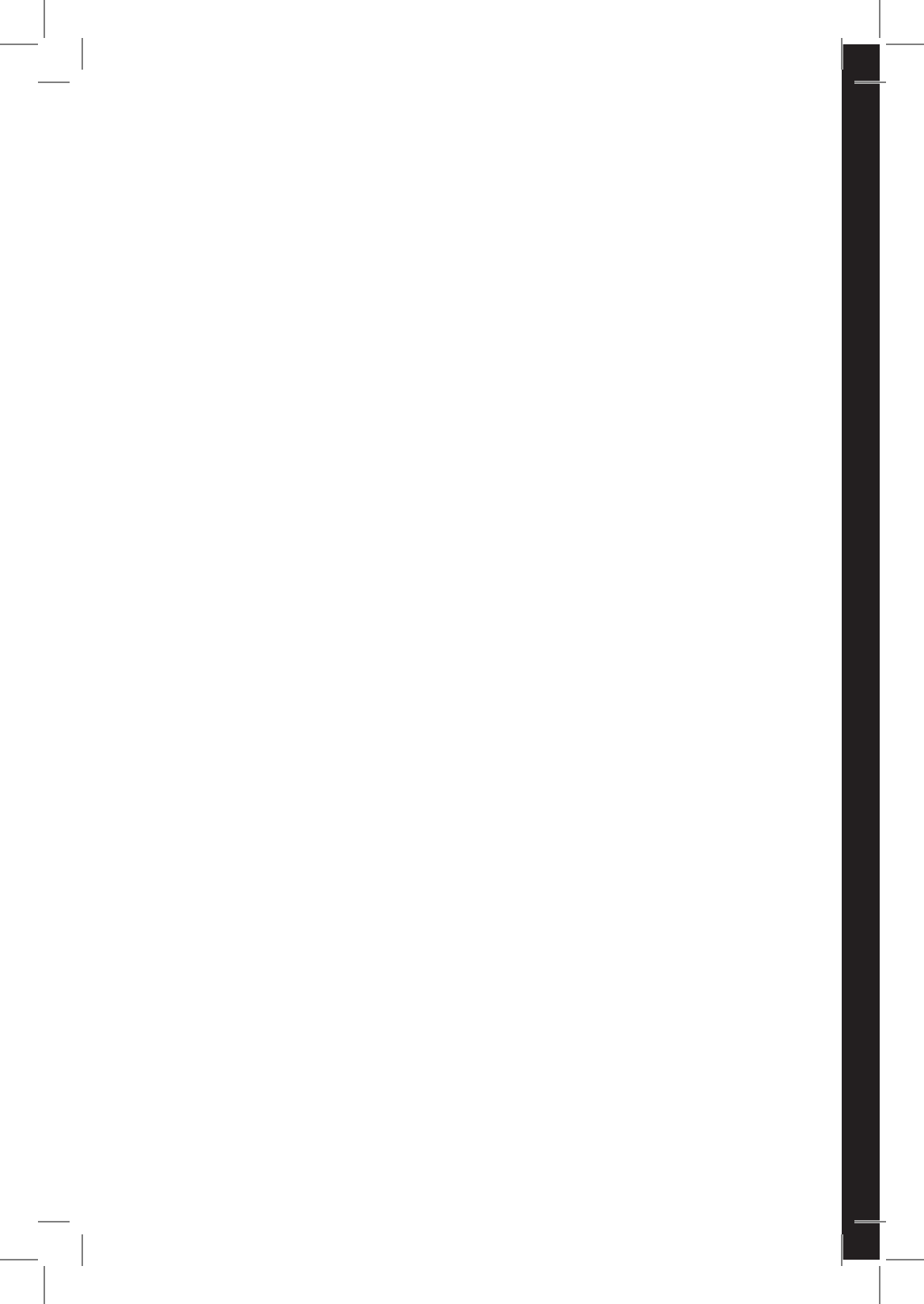
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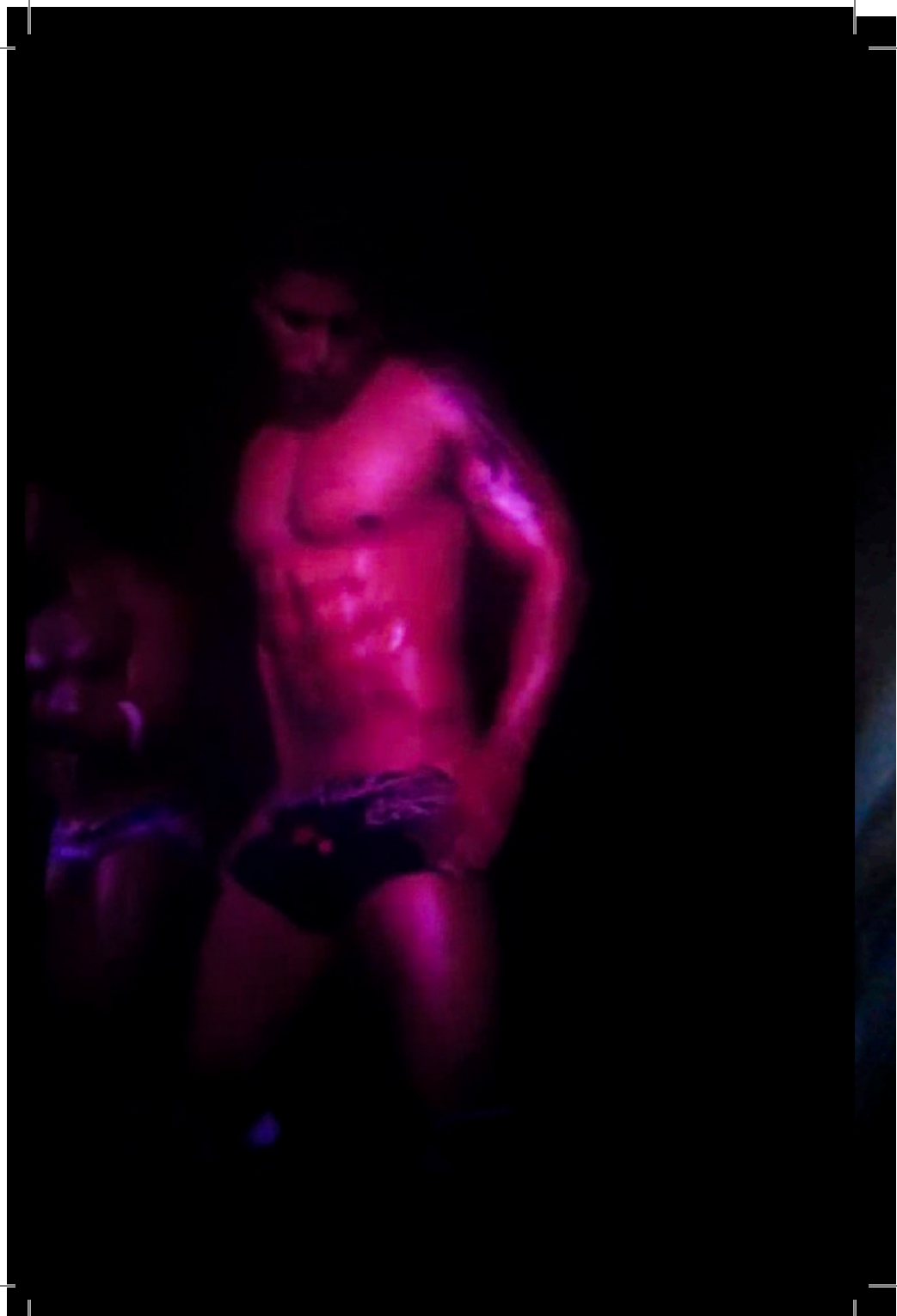
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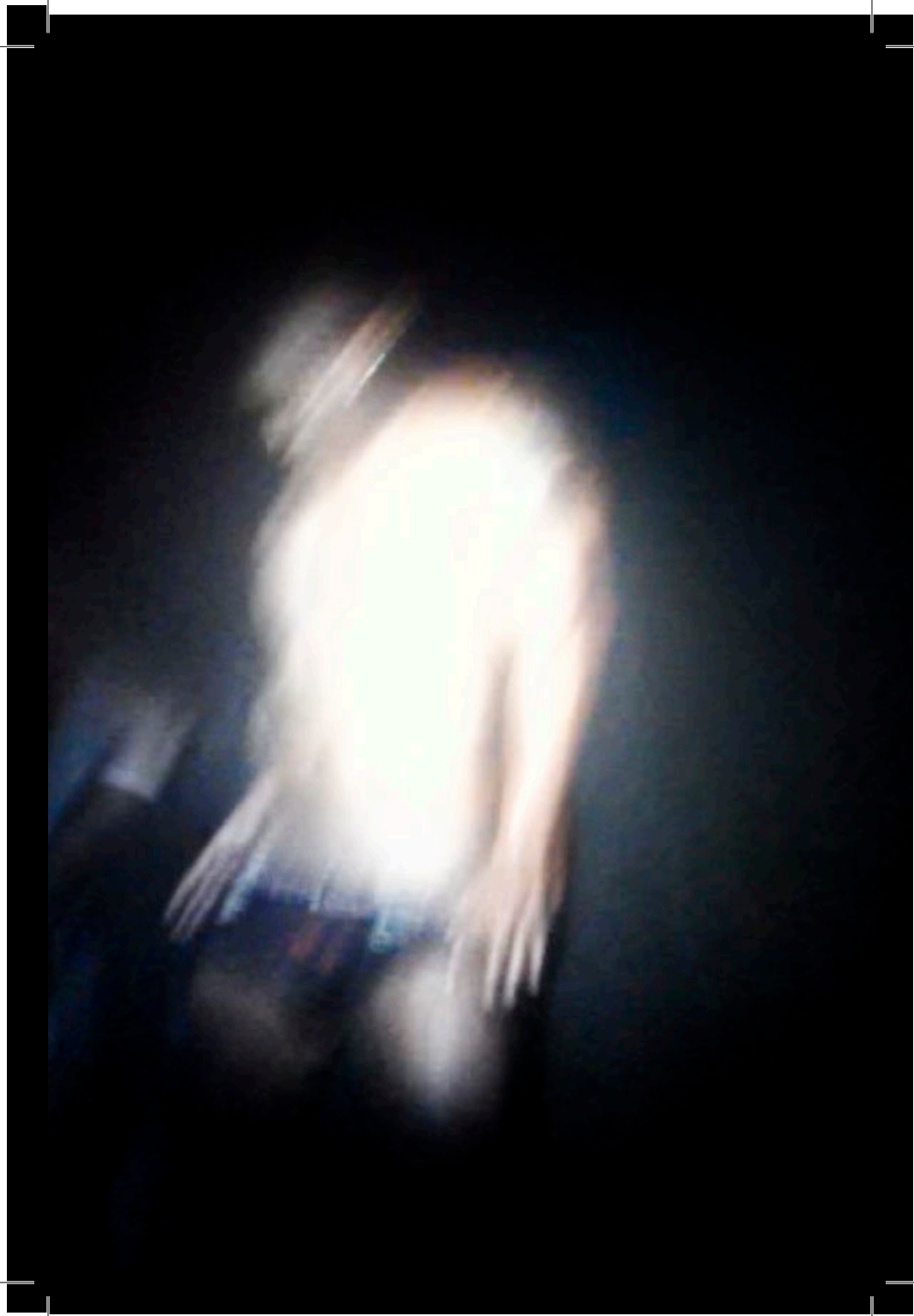


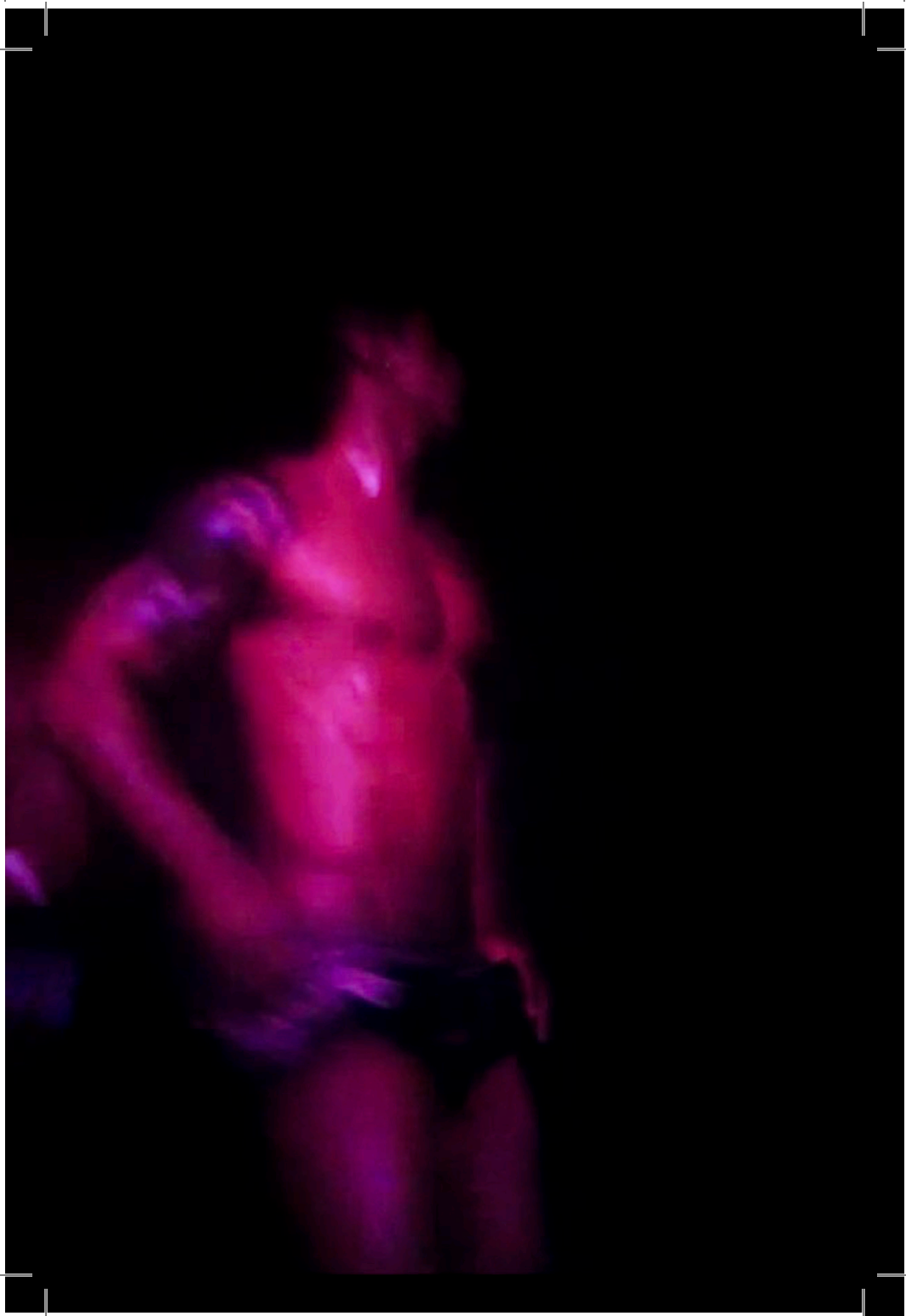
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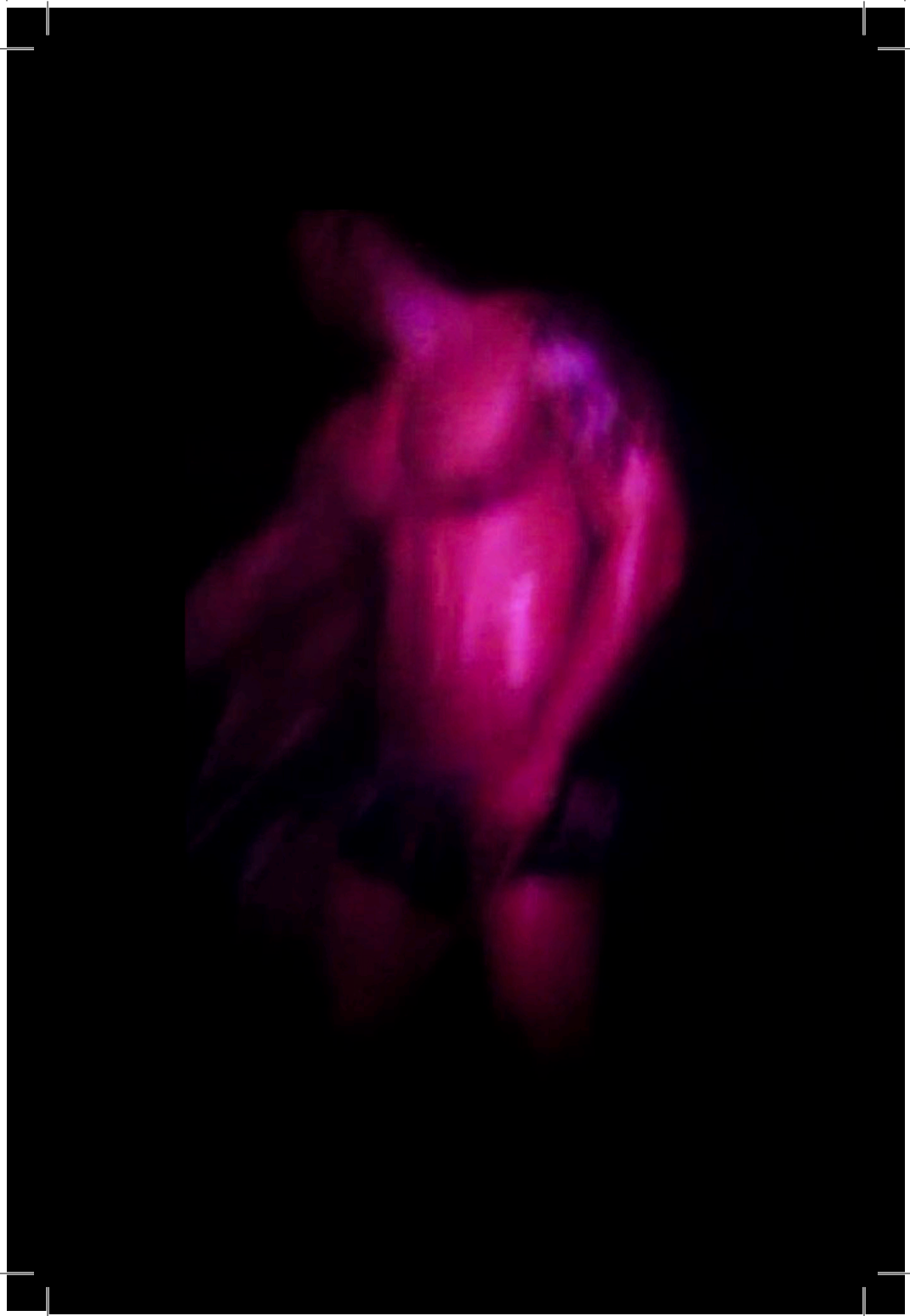


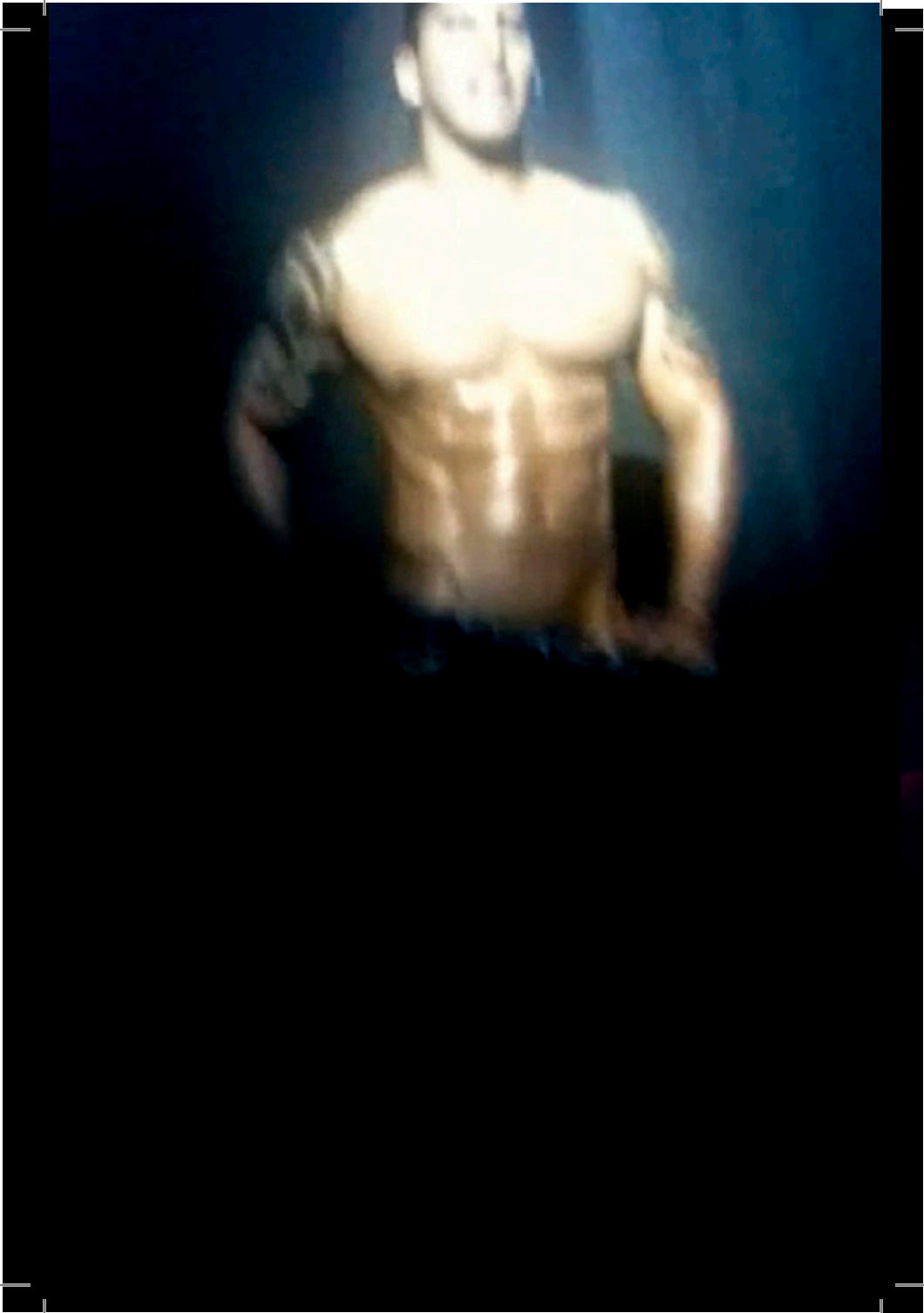


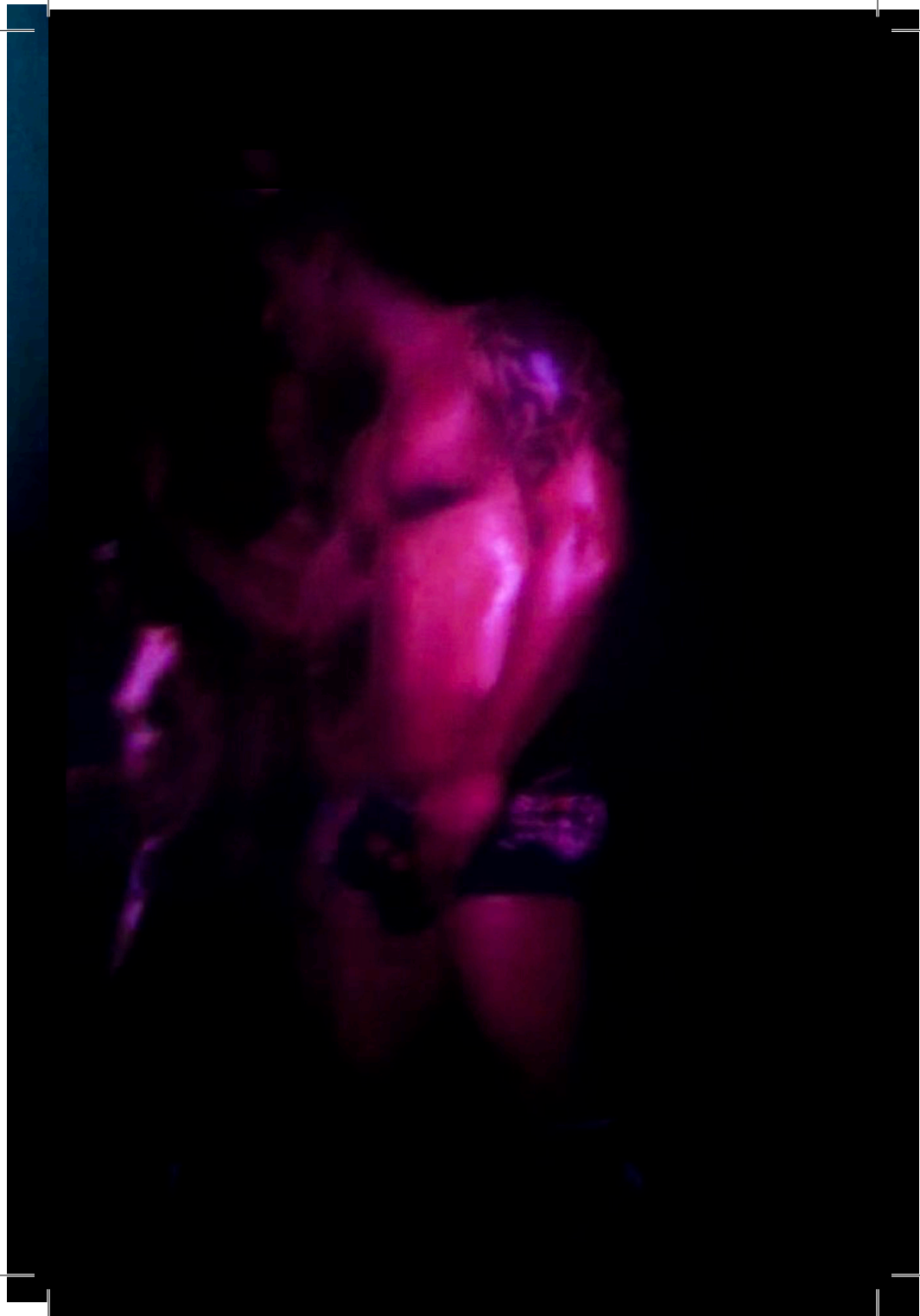


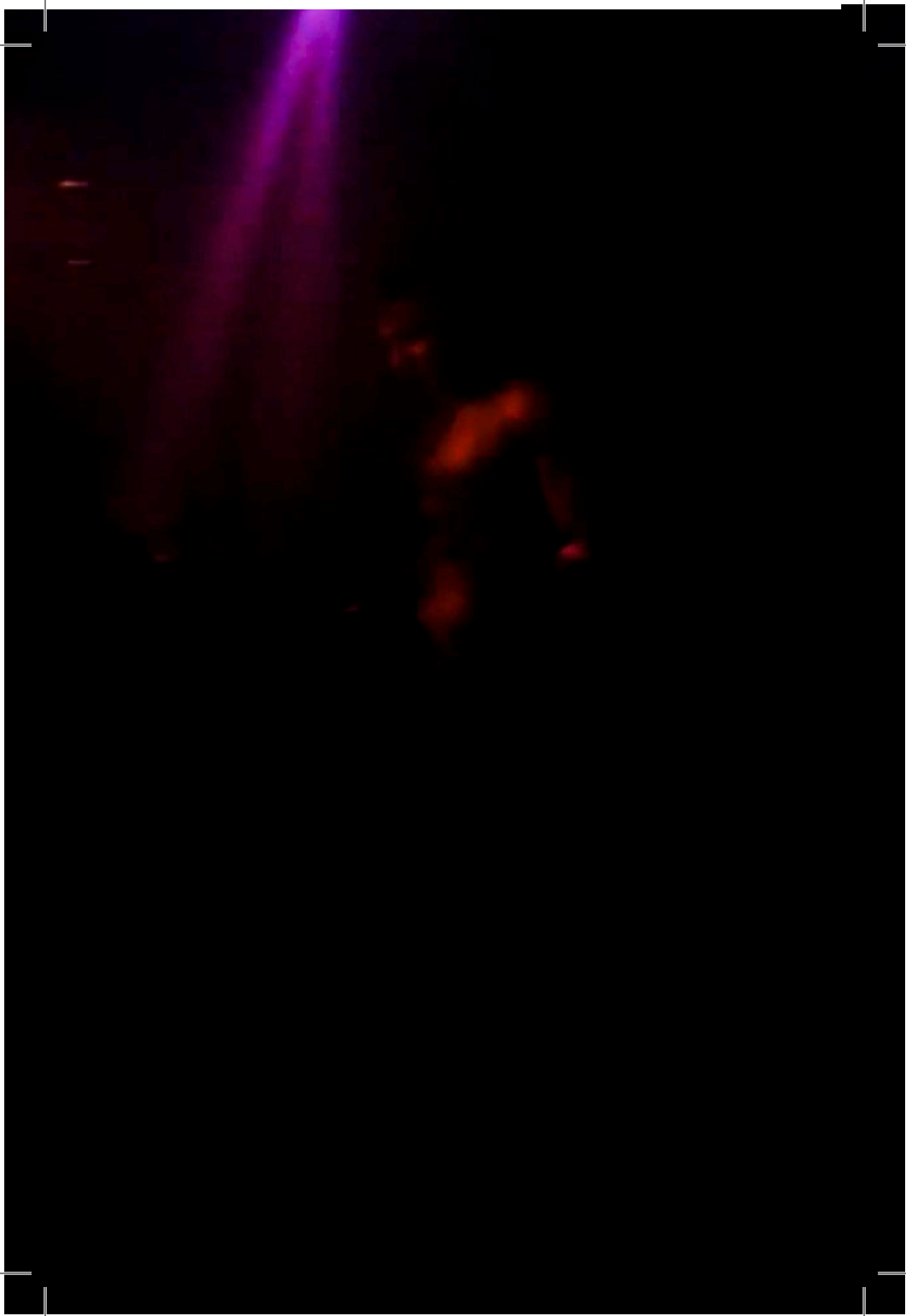


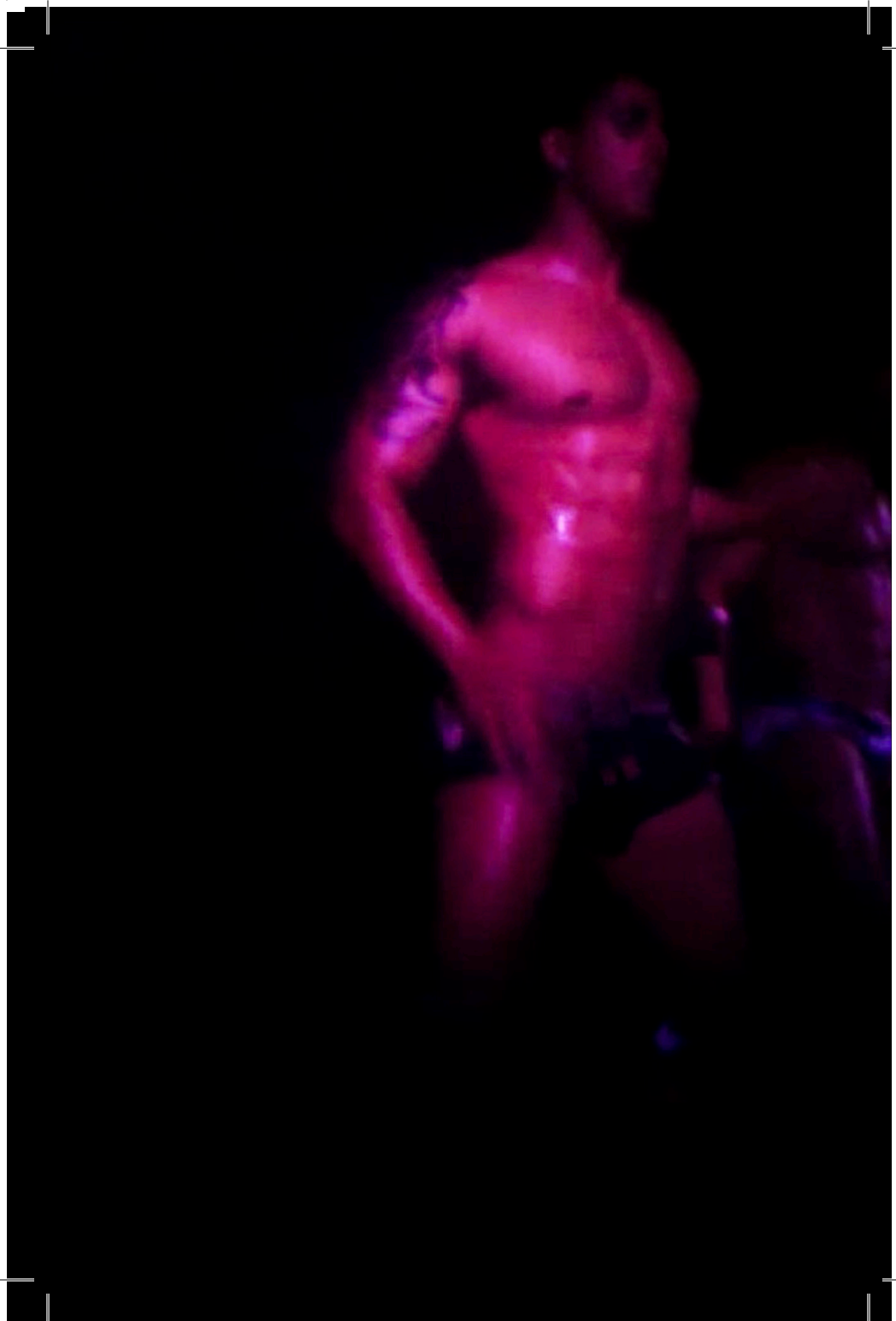


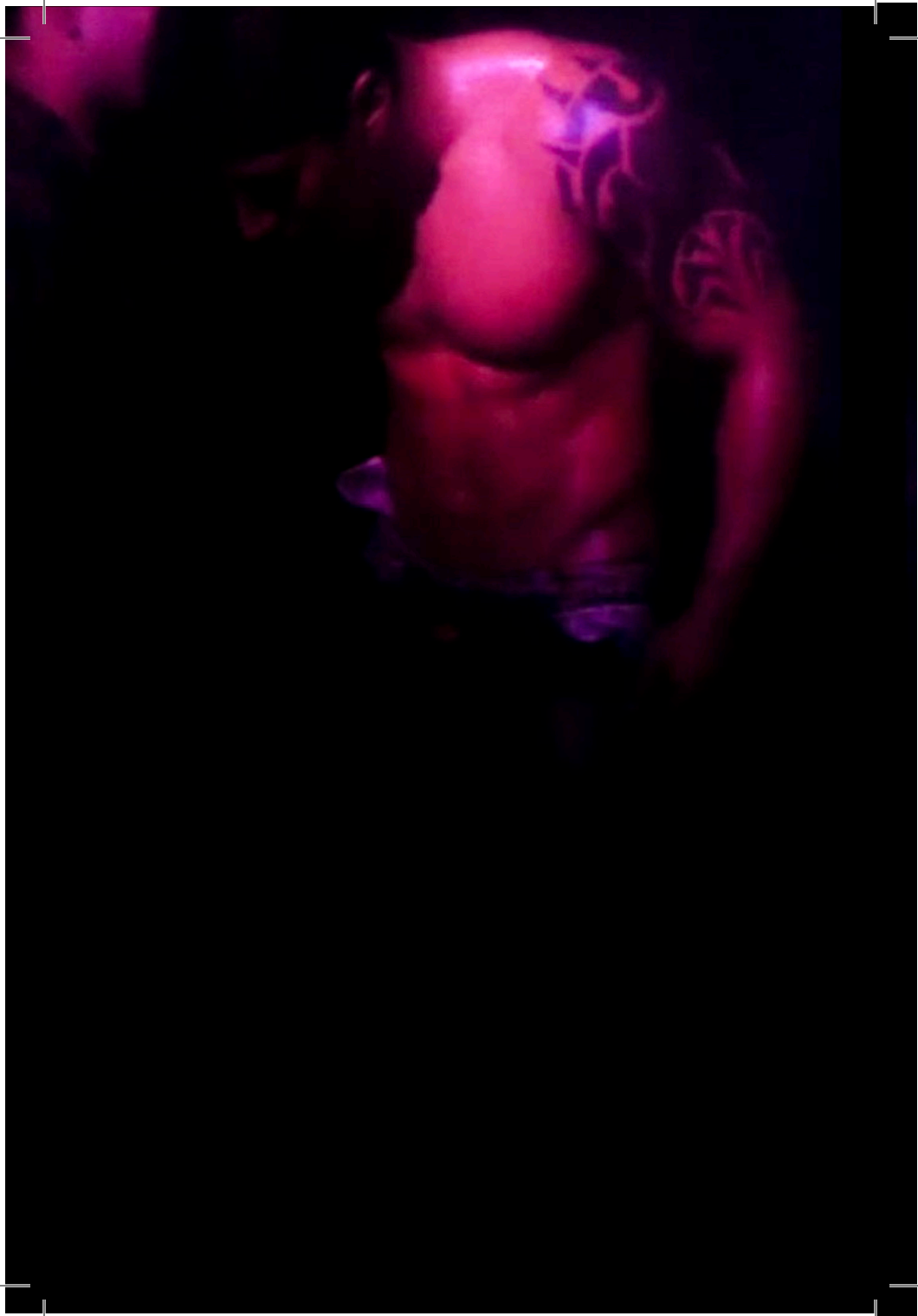


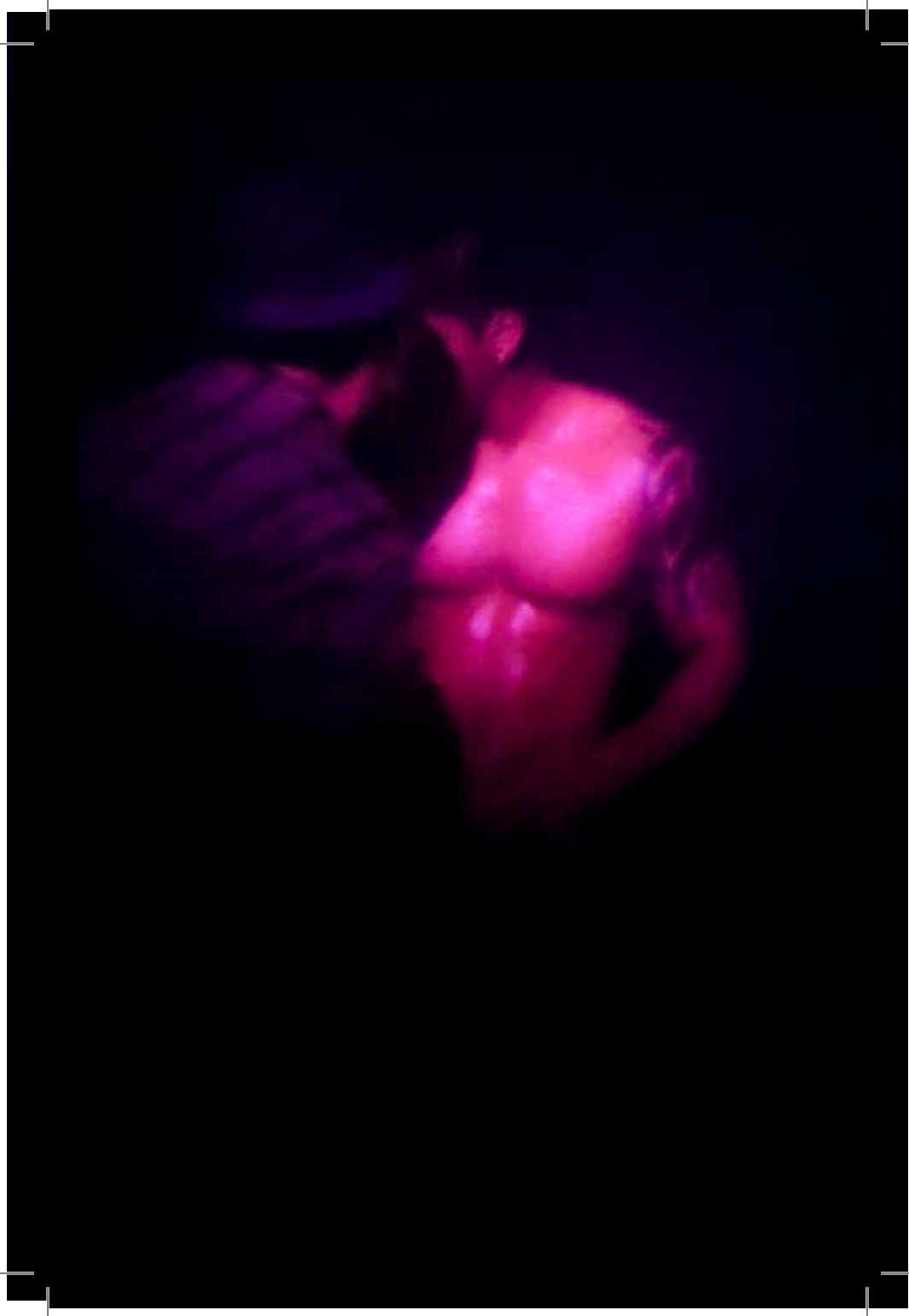


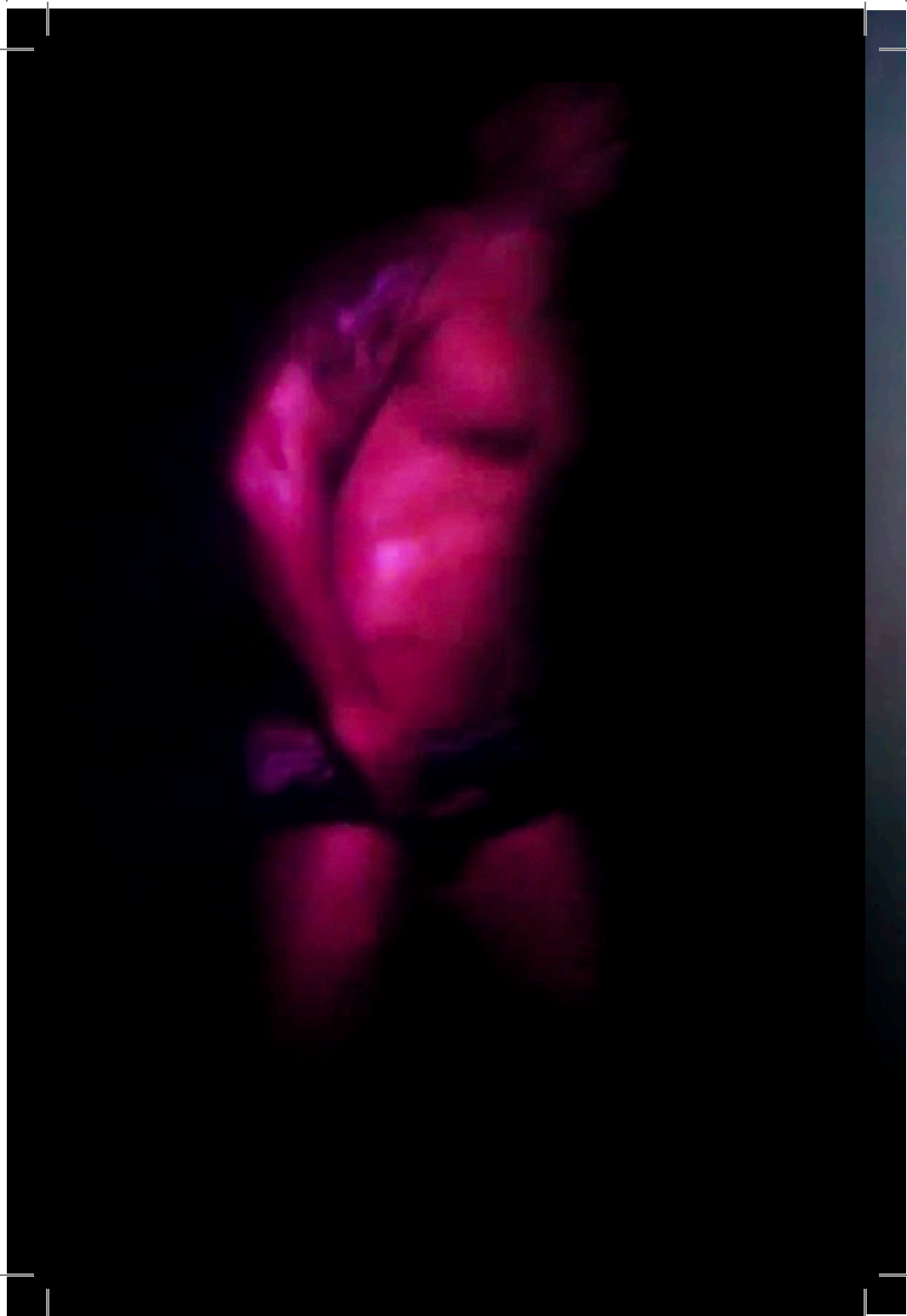




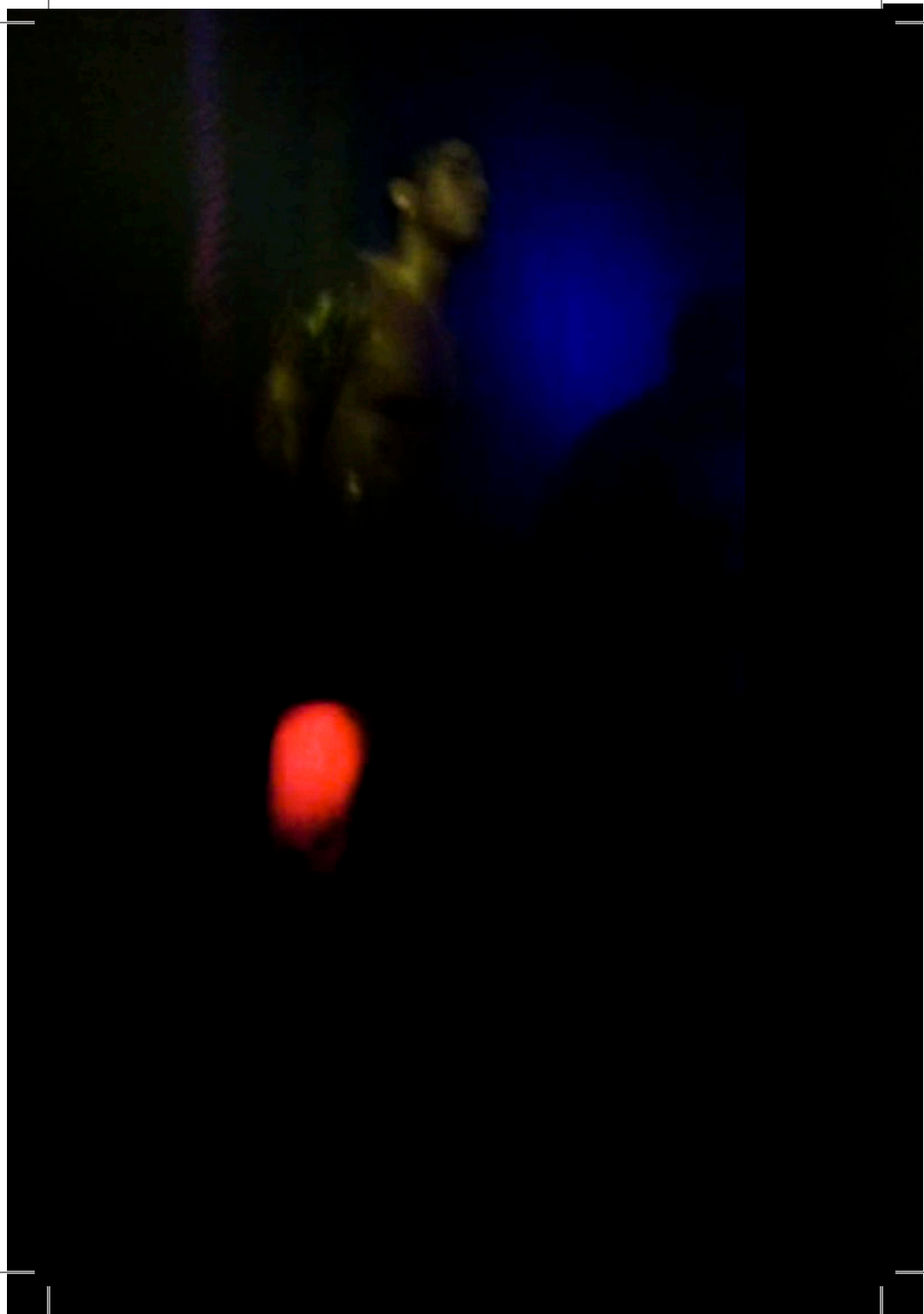


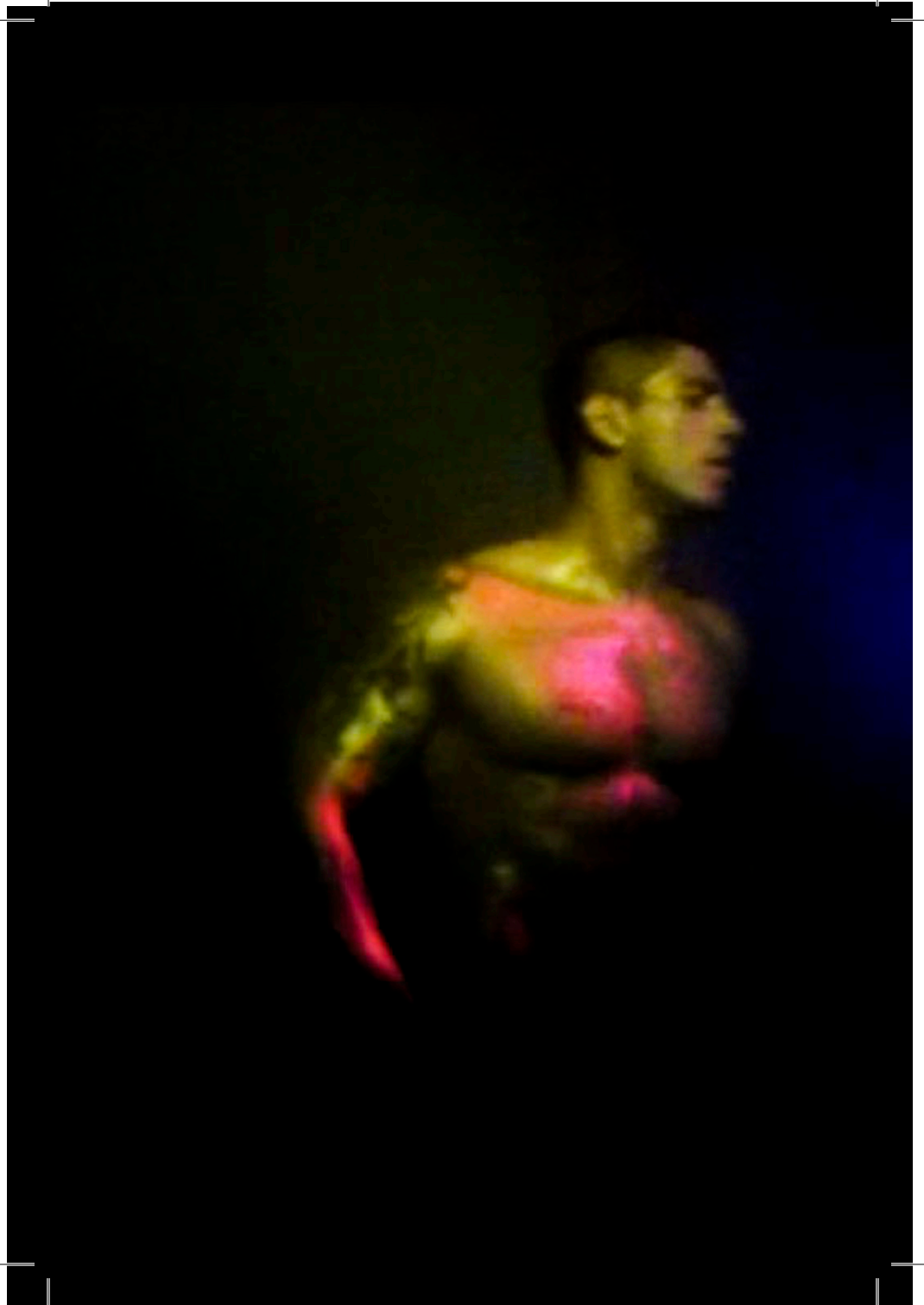


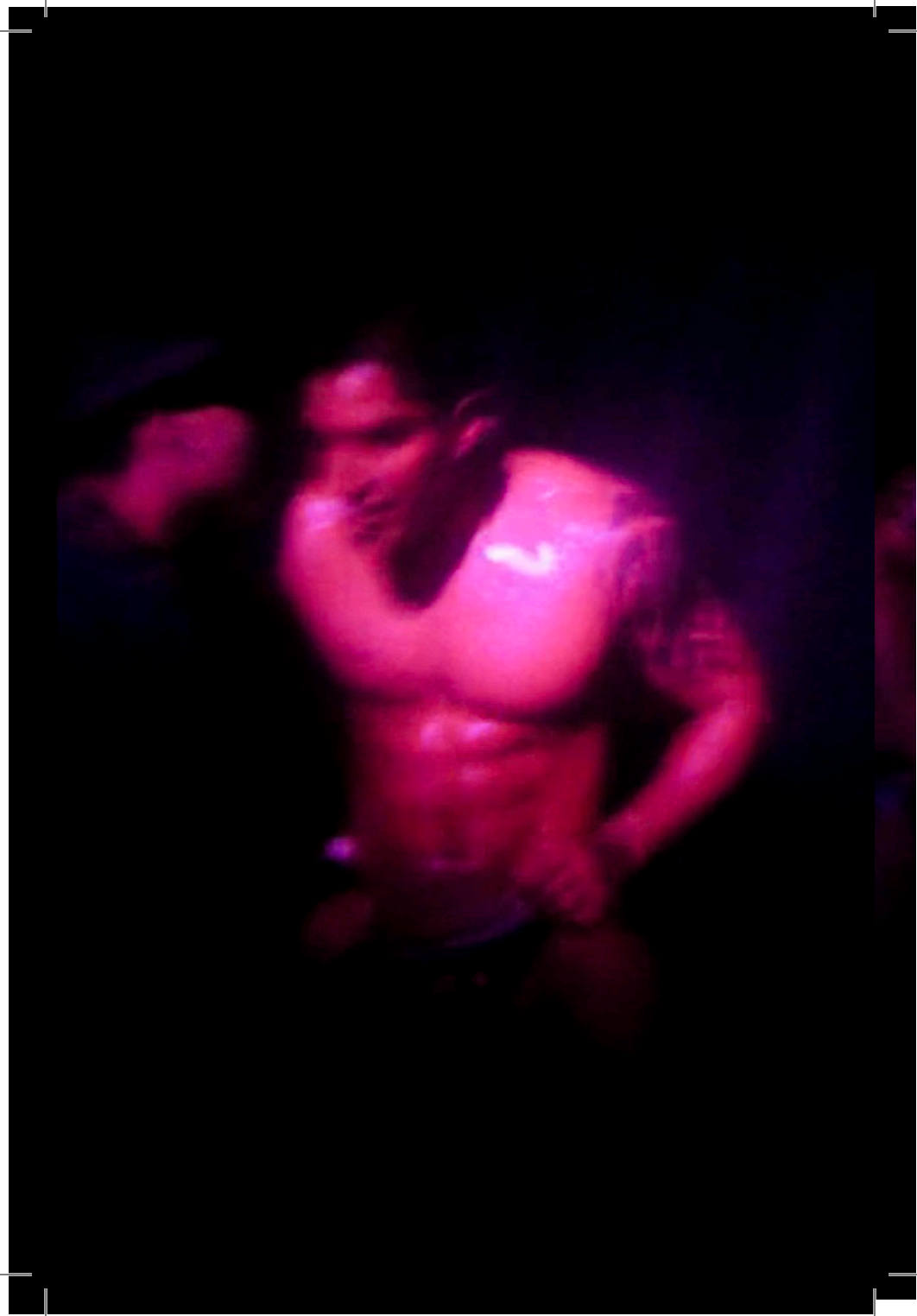


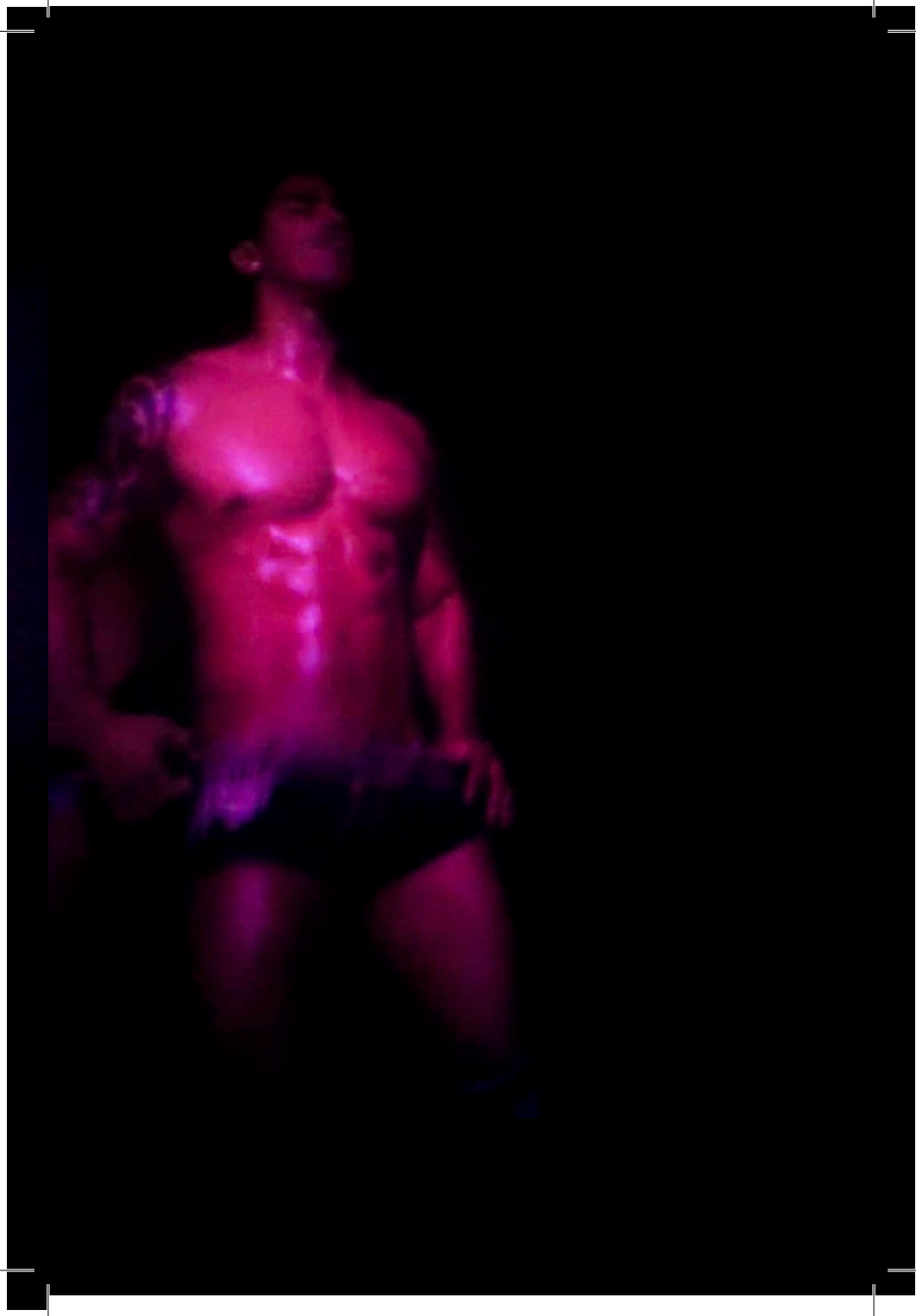


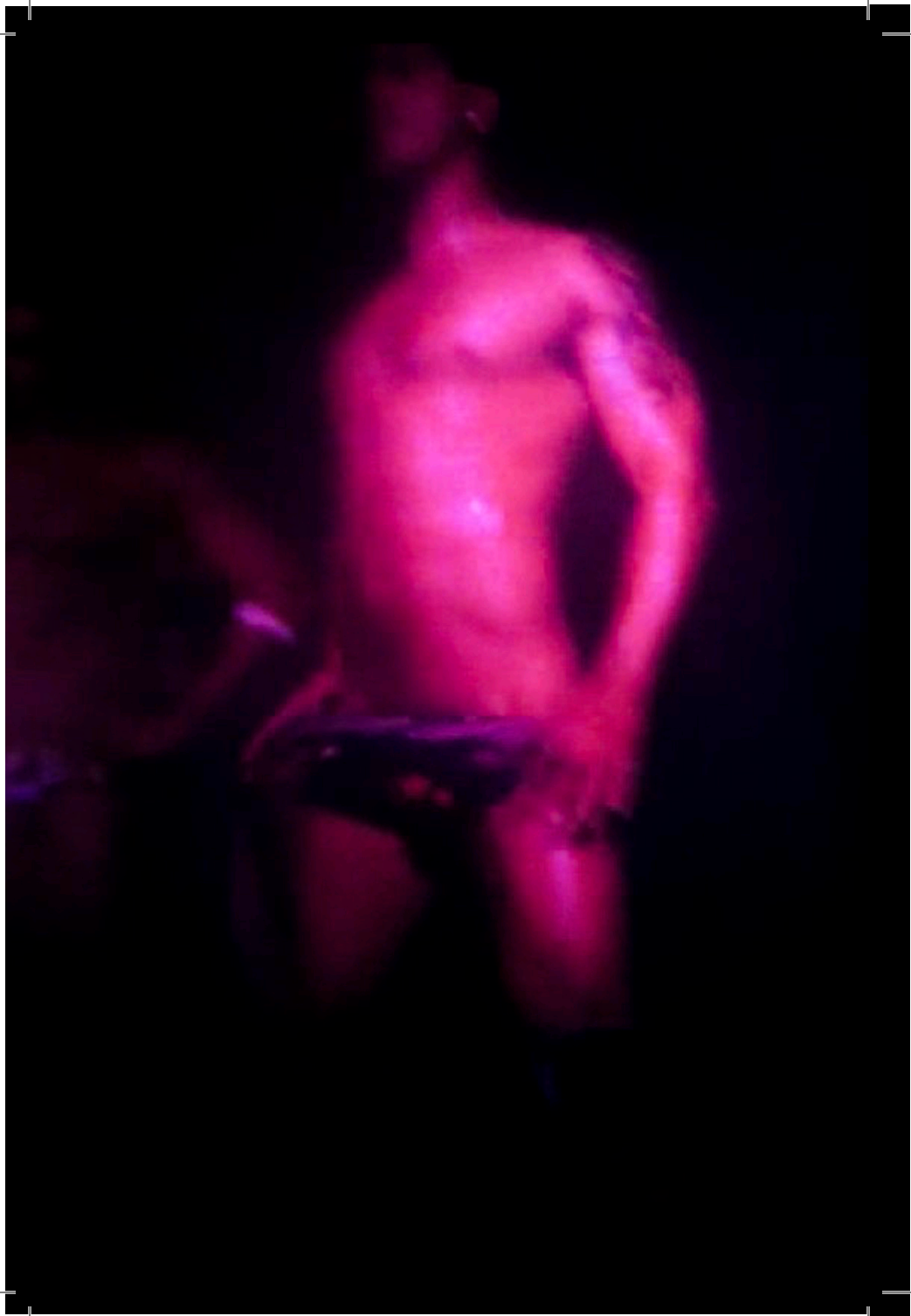


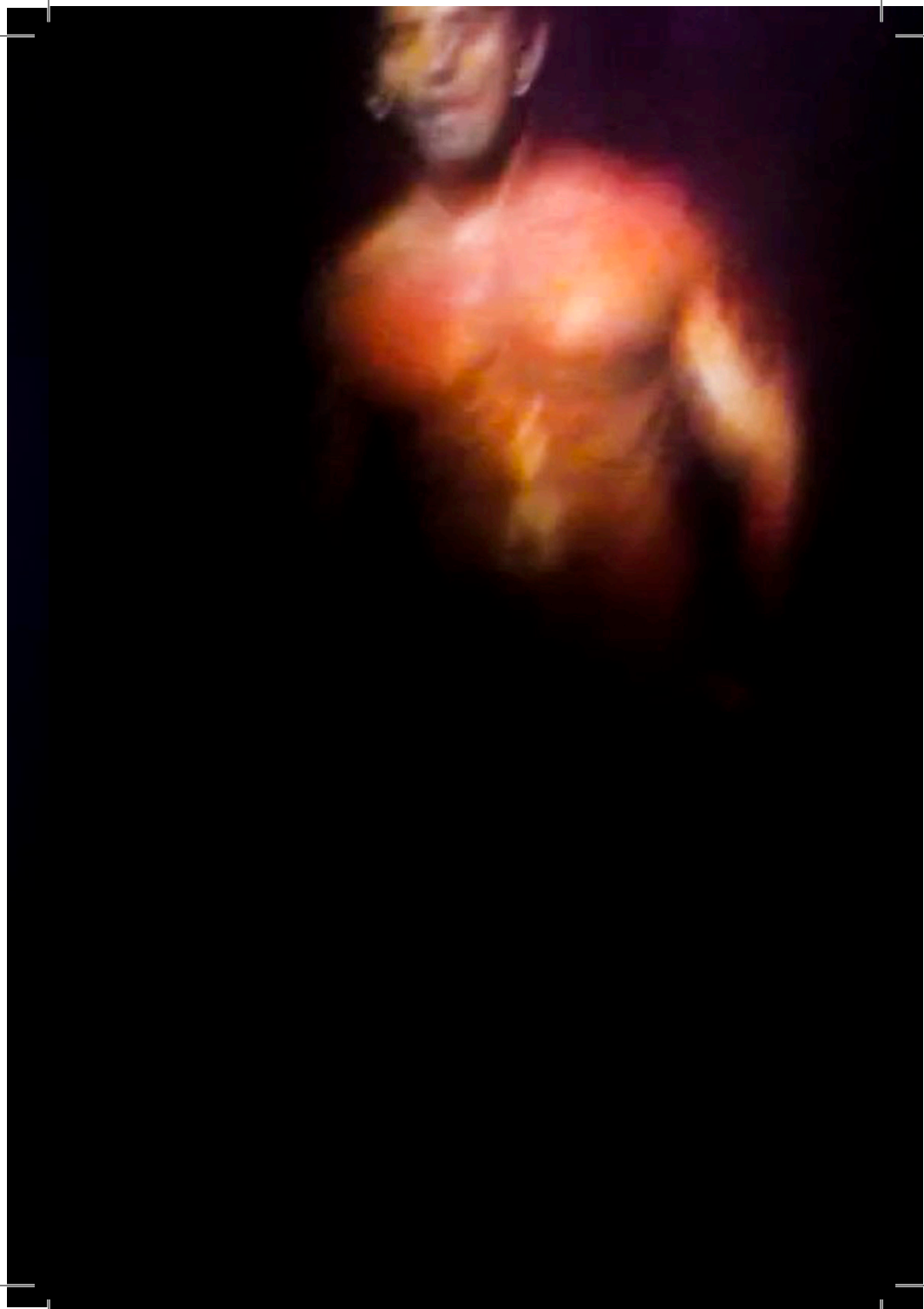


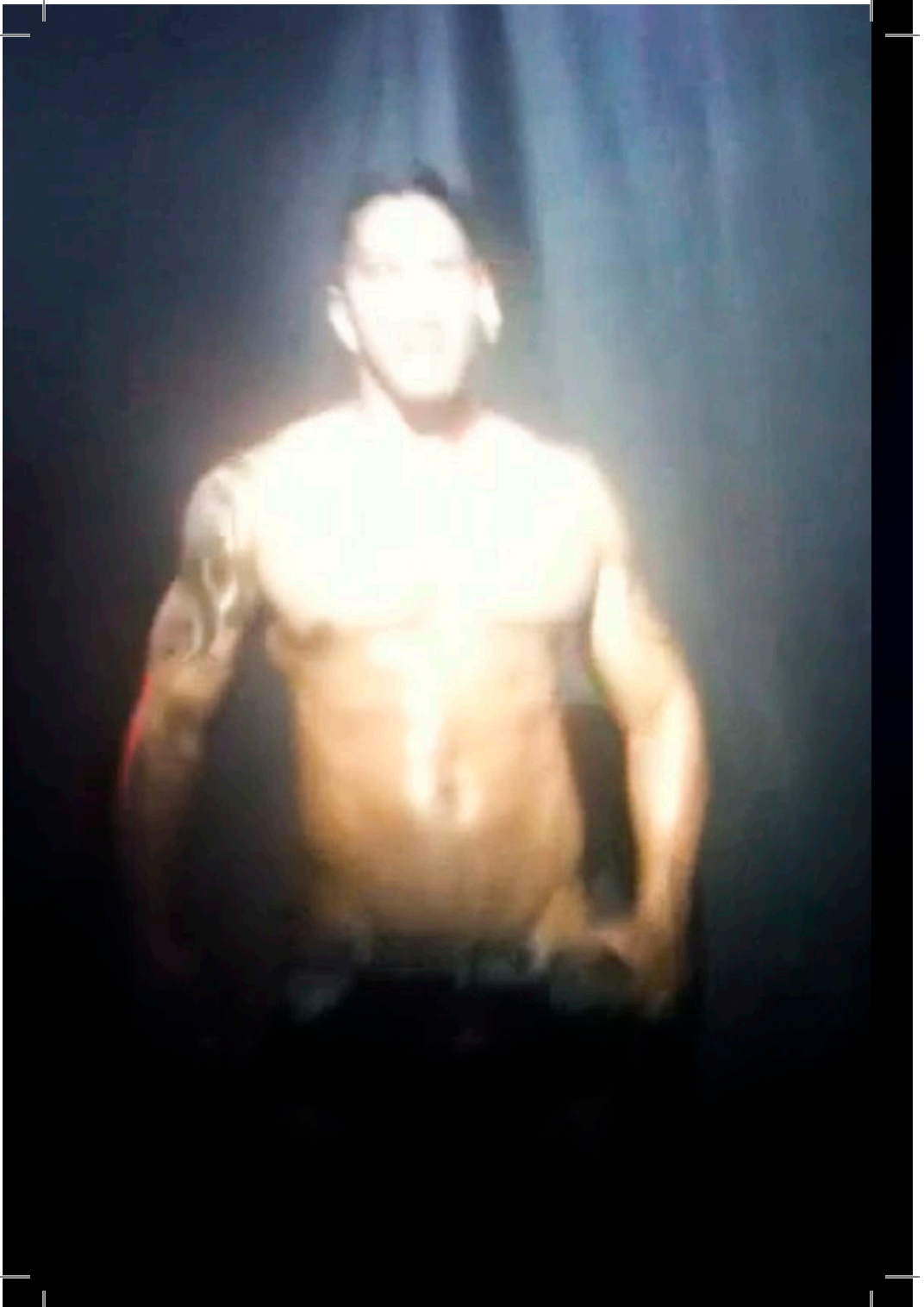


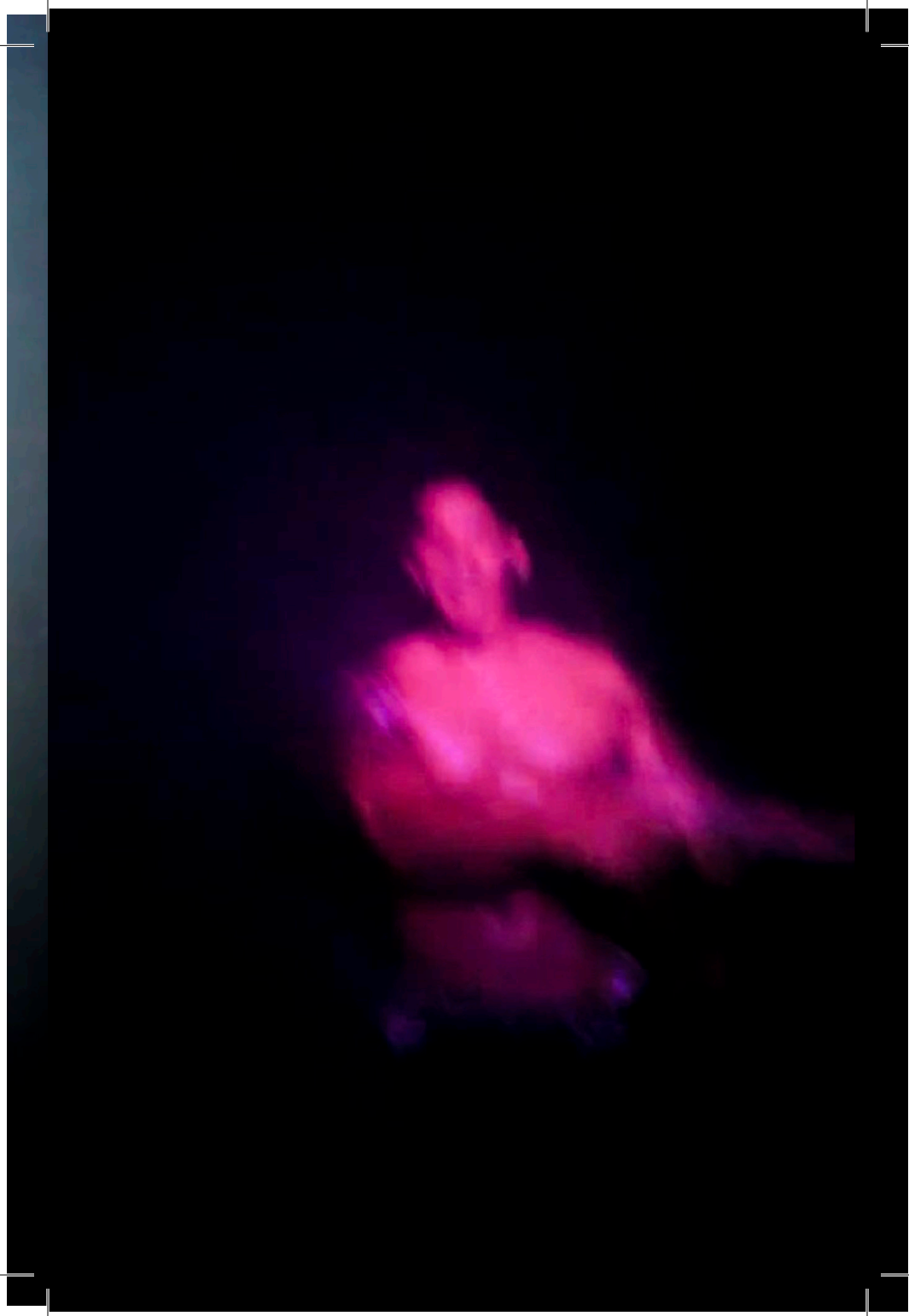














COLOR IN DARKNESS

Kevin Killian

SHE didn't read all of his texts, but who could? They pored out of his fingers like Rachmaninoff. In *Newsweek* it said that the average teenager sends and receives three thousand texts a month, but what they didn't tell you was that some teens kept writing more and more even when they turned twenty, and this boy seemed like he'll never slow down, and she didn't have the time to consult her cell every moment, so some she ignored. He had to know that, never said anything. Even when they were together, in the same room, he'd be texting her when he could have just opened his mouth and spoken. It was comforting to think that he was always there, like hot and cold running water in their apartment, this stream of

text, so delicious and refreshing. Even in the car on the way here, his little fingers kept flailing away, organized and precise. She wondered if there was a way to go back to the very first text he had ever sent her, maybe the first or second week of school, the text that leapt so electrifyingly into her cell as she and he sat, thirty meters apart in the crowded lecture hall, as Marina Abramovic herself stood humble on the stage, acknowledging the applause of every student and professor and adjunct in the whole arena, and she herself was clapping so hard that her palms were turning red—were rawing, was that a word? How could you help it, Marina was so inspiring and she'd never thought she would lay eyes on her, the great genius of endurance and patience, when the phone in her hand started to buzz and to give off that ring, just three little notes, a triolet, ding-a-ling and she glanced down at her screen.

—Boring! Daddy always said every dog must have its day... let's get outa here go to Boom Boom.—

The girl didn't even know what

Boom Boom was, but across the vast assembly room filled to bursting with applause, a youth stood and adjusted his scarf round his neck and picked up his, you wouldn't call it a knapsack, it was more elegant than a knapsack, he picked it up and stared right at her in the half-light like Christian Grey commanding Anastasia Steele to come with him right now. The boy looked familiar, maybe, but had she seen him in real life or was she thinking of one of the boys in One Direction, the band that had her obsessed her girlhood? He looked British, she decided, no, Scottish maybe. Already he was texting her again. *Juliette u have 32 seconds to make up your mind: Boom Boom or Bore Bore? n u look like a smart chick.*

That was years ago, two at least, and now the boy and the girl stood huddled together in the shadowy corner that you might call the “playa” of the bar, outside, under the marquee on Halsted Street. To the west they could just see the last bits of the evening sun dribbling into the skyline, and she shivered a little, mostly from the suspense, but also

because he was taller than she was and she liked the propinquity of their bodies, even when she stood in his shadow. They were close in age and close in disposition; their friends said they were like brother and sister, but sometimes Juliette thought that they were actually twins, for she now knew the planes of his face, his cheekbones, the thickness of his eyelashes, as well as she knew her own. They were so familiar and dear to her. His moving fingers, flicking still, in the Apartment 9 “leather texting gloves” she had given him for his 21st birthday. They had corrugated finger pads guaranteed to find the correct buttons quickly.

“And did you see his face when he drove up?” Ben whispered, his voice rumbling and even raspy in the dimmed sunlight. “Bet anything he expected a couple of grown-ups. Credit-card holding, fully employed, adults. Did you see his face, did you, when he saw we were kids?”

Eyes rolling, Juliette nodded, though in reality she hadn’t noticed anything special about the driver’s face; she felt guilty or even stupid for not being

aware, alert, alive as Ben. For one moment she thought of prevaricating, of lying in fact, but then she remembered she needn't with him, her spiritual twin.

"Guy looked normal to me," she shrugged.

"He was *appalled* that two *teenagers* use Uber gift cards! I looked at him and I was like, 'They were a present from Santa—a big old sugar daddy Santa who knows when I've been naughty and he likes it that way.'"

Just then the line seemed to surge forward and Juliette felt that familiar rush in her throat, and she started the pat down of her pockets and camera cases and everything hanging off her shoulders. Knowing that in a few minutes she'd be face to face with her models, with the fairest of them all, Beaver, the divine Beaver, seemed to short circuit her neural system. Lean, mean, six one and cut, and uncut, Beaver was the *crème de la crème* of all the dancers she'd been photographing for the last five months, ever since Ben had introduced her to the delights of the strip club.

“My head is gonna come off,” she said to Ben. No, she better text it, the noise was incredible there and he wouldn’t hear her. One, two, three, the great gilt painted doors flung upon from within, and upon the threshold the sly, mocking face of the proprietor gleamed on them like the man in the moon. “People let’s proceed at a mad pace, the show can’t begin without you.”

Quick quick quick, read the message on her screen. Right shoulder down, Ben to her left with his left shoulder down, they stormed the line and made for the great warm darkness ahead—vague colors shimmering just behind the invisible entrance. “Slow down, kids,” groaned one old queen, as they raced past the losers. “Taint no taint worth such a hurry!”

Uh right, but she needed to be as close to the tiny stage as she could get, to sit on its lip if possible, but sometimes the bouncers pushed her off and down to the floor. Very sweet they most of them were, but they had their orders.

White beams of light began to spill across the lip of the stage, and cor-

responding pools of pink light plucked at the nylon curtain, like a huge shower curtain, that divided the performers from their fans. “xoxoxoxox,” Ben wrote. You could see his mouth saying the x’s and o’s, a foot to her left. “zoom zoom at boom boom.”

A crash of synth broke through the solid wall of drink orders—Kylie Minogue’s sort of dub step anthem “Skirt,” in which the singer laments that lust had made her skirt fall down—this was such a good omen, Juliette thought. “Be my supernova, take whatever you want; let me bask in you like you’re the rays of the sun.” Could any other girl singer express the soft feelings she harbored for the inaccessible Beaver? “Do you have a flask?” she texted Ben, a glass of cranberry juice in her free hand.

Electronic signaling threw pink and green pin drops across the nylon curtain and then a specter gleamed out: she could see part of Beaver pushing his big bare chest into this slick wet surface, and she screamed out loud. Felt dumb instantly, or sooner than instantly, but

Ben squeezed her hand and joined her in screaming, urging her to scream louder, her throat filled with sensation, tremors, delight. Grinning, Beaver pressed his mouth against the plastic and seemed to suck it in, a hole appeared in the murky glaze, and it was his smile, an open hole to this throat. He was like a god come to earth from some other place beyond the glass—like *Poltergeist*, but not evil like *Poltergeist*, a force for good. In a flash she had Ben’s old Canon AE I revved up, snapping fifty shots a minute.

“Jesus Christ,” she muttered. “Know what, I think I only have, like, four rolls of film!” Love of, or lust for, these Boom Boom boys had brought her into this all-male territory, but she was hoping to make them all famous and without any film, it was going to be a catastrophe! Men in gold suits approached the writhing, wet, naked apparition of Beaver in the oil coated Saran wrap curtain, and pulled it to shreds. Now he was revealed to her, almost all of him, a pair of ugly cargo pants clung to his hips, down to mid-calf. On her right, Ben stood texting

someone furiously, his thumbs flashing like castanets, his hip cocked to one side and she knew that meant he was at least a little turned on. Perhaps a new boyfriend? Quite soon after they'd first met. Juliette knew he wasn't interested in girls—sexually that is; he made a wonderful friend. Rather like partners in crime. She'd thought from time to time that Ben didn't even know exactly what he wanted, but they were both young and both “questioning.” *Tonight, be my supernova, take whatever you want.*

Uh-oh she was definitely out of film and fuck! Very soon Beaver would be down to the torn jockstrap into which she had stuffed, over the past two months, dozens of five and one dollar bills and now and again a twenty, dusted with cocaine, when she had one, but as a student neither she nor Ben were loaded with \$\$\$ except for their student loans and—What the hell was she going to do, her camera was gaping in her lap like an unsatisfied vagina! She wanted to turn her portfolio into a show, into her MFA show, and the boys encouraged her to photograph them

again and again, as long as she kept tipping they were happy. She used black and white film, even though in some cases the color was so exhilarating, Beaver's gold lamé trunks, the black and blue "Z" tattooed down Zorro's chest—but she believed that in some of the prints you could actually still see the color clinging, like a drowning girl, to the darkness of the deep blacks she got in her darkroom. Color adjacency, they called it, the tendency of color to remain, even after the extreme expunging effect of substituting black and white for color film. It was like tar melting in the hot August sun, and the bubbles rise rich and black and in the black the colors of the prism visible, faint pinks and greens and electric blues. "Or are your eyes *fooling* you into *thinking* you're seeing color?" Ben argued, at the lab at school, when she'd grabbed a print and held it out before them. He made spooky sounds and pretended he was dead, a ghost, mournfully calling after her, pursuing her through tacky studio hallways, "C-o-l-l-l-l-l-o-o-o-o-r in the dark-k-k-k-k-n-e-s-s!" Beaver

was shaking his whole package directly over her face now and she felt so helpless, she couldn't do a thing, completely cockblocked, and then her hand buzzed and a text message rolled itself out on her iPhone, "Look in yr pocket."

Ben of course—she glanced over at him—he'd vanished, but she checked her pockets and they were filled with Kodak's best old school black and white, a dozen rolls at least. And Ben wasn't even a photographer. Just a kind of angel. Quickly she reloaded and slid the palm of her left hand right around Beaver's hard, coked up dick, and with her right hand and her teeth she took the shot of a lifetime. He winked down at her, she shot him again, and everything was in the frame, her hand, his hard-on, his face bobbing above like the sun, in black and white but his eyes, blue as electric robin's eggs in the nest of his visage.... She remembered Ben coming to her in his boxers, asking her to take a look, he needed her approval, he rolled down the waistband and he'd shaved all his pubes, but for a little tuft right over his dick, the bristly

looking thing, insouciant, looked like a shaving brush, the old school kind her dad used, whipping up a creamy jug of shaving cream with this assertive brush. Ben: What do you think? Juliette: Is it in honor of Beaver? Ben: Kinda. Juliette: It's his trademark. Ben: Zorro has his like this too. Juliette: He's just a copycat. Then, when she saw this look in Ben's eyes, a look something like hurt, she rushed in and explained she didn't mean to say that Ben was a copycat... And even if he copied Beaver they had learned about Sherrie Levine and appropriative strategies and Kathy Acker and—Ben pulled up his boxers and sat down next to her and they watched a bit of *Orange is the New Black* together, but she could tell he felt restless, resentful maybe? It wasn't like him to drink in the afternoon but he poured himself a jelly glass worth of peppermint schnapps.

That was like his anger drink. Juliette put the TV on pause, shoved herself closer to him on the loveseat, put her arm around his neck. His lovely bare neck. “Do you like Beaver?” she whispered. Ben

nodded. She didn't speak for a minute, and then finally, "Like I like him?"

Where was Ben? His scarf and his flask were still on the stage. It was like he had grown into his shadow, like the old cartoons where you could peel your own extended shadow off the floor and bring it with you. It was like he vanished into a hole backstage? She could still feel the heat of his hands on the metal canisters of film in her pockets. He was just here! She was busy, of course, shooting fast as she could, trying to keep on top of the rushes of power, but at least a little part of her mind was thinking of her twin brother and how precious he was to her, how he had emboldened her to go for what she wanted, to make art from it, to check her dark places and work out of them. Maybe she had done something for him too? She couldn't think about that now. Beaver was strutting downstage, his bare butt crumbling into the dark faster than the Duchamp *Nude Descending a Staircase*, contrapposto, on one foot then another, it was like he was twerking, she wanted to tell Ben, she texted him, "It's

like he's twerking," on top of a click, atop the barrage of clicks from her Canon, to the music, the nostalgic jam she'd loved in high school, *yellow diamonds in the light/ now we're standing side by side/ as your shadow crosses mine*—had he left her here? Took off with a trick? Had he made sure she was happy, fulfilled, beautiful?—*what it takes to come alive*

Maybe he was waiting for her out in the alley, filing his nails, checking his e-mail, combing his hair, registering the street action? There was an old Zen prayer her parents used to say sometimes, they called it the *Sandokai*—a prayer that now bounced back and forth in her head as Beaver's perfect ass, with the little sea-horse adorning one cheek, walked away from her, click, click, click,

In the light there is darkness
but don't take it as darkness
In the dark there is light
but don't see it as light
Light and dark oppose one another
like the front and back feet in
walking....

HIS

Oliver Coran

HE wasn't into Roman. He just identified with Roman on such a deep level and they were so close sometimes it was like they shared the same cock. He smiled nervously. It wasn't even about Roman. It was all about him but he liked to picture Roman's face in his mind as though he was Stuart seeing Roman for the first time. Stuart filmed Roman the day after their first meeting. Roman wasn't shy and it seemed to him like he was hungry for Stuart's eyes.

He watched through the open blinds covering the windows at the rear enclosed porch. Stuart was going for seductive sophomore. He brought a royal blue letterman cardigan for Roman to wear. Roman was naked except for the

cardigan. Stuart seemed nervous.

He couldn't look away. The slits of light created by the blinds danced on Roman's body as they fractured his own gaze, so his eyes distractedly jumped from nipple to chest hair to thumb to cock. Roman's cock was semi hard. He guessed Stuart's must be too though he was probably hiding it well. Stuart was a professional. Roman seemed proud.

When he watched Stuart filming Roman he got the picture. He wanted his own turn. At this point he could acknowledge the part of himself that was a natural born performer. It was something that Stuart always used to say to him—said to him the moment when he first took his picture. He knew how to work it. There was a part of him that had always been obsessed with fame. He let Stuart film him naked, let him cover his twenty-one-year-old body with curled up five- and one-dollar bills, let him treat him like a trophy. Well, that was the intention but somehow in the end he couldn't help but feeling degraded. He was happy to feel that way for Stuart. He

had to admit he liked giving in to Stuart. It was like staring at the ocean waves. It was like looking up at the stage of Club Gemini. A part of him that almost always felt violent was calmed when he posed for Stuart. Maybe it was his inner child. He smiled again.

He licked the hair on his upper lip and thought about his most recent video chat with Roman. Roman's mustache was much thicker. He pointed to his own and said, "It looks darker when it's wet."

"Better stay wet, then," replied Roman and looked him dead in the eyes through the camera. Roman was particularly performative when they were apart and had to chat on the phone, as if he was trying to be missed. He thought, when something is right in front of you, but you can't have it or own it, in a way it's just as much a part of you as it isn't. His dick pulsed for a second.

Roman liked to be in control during these shoots: the power bottom. Stuart was the submissive top, except his camera was his cock and each click of the shutter was a tug. Roman said he was

obsessed with fantasy. He was the inverse of Roman who needed to be penetrated to feel. He needed to be used for what he could give and not for what he could take. He could thrust for hours without losing his boner. It never really went away. He was always a little bit hard. It was erotic enough for him to be needed.

Once he took pictures of Roman, spitting in his hand, pretending to stroke his dick. Roman had a flesh-colored dildo in his back pocket. He was so composed when he pulled it out and held it over his dick area. He gripped a small red towel with his other hand. He got the money shot: a stream of spit trailing down from Roman's lips, shaped like a tear drop just above his palm. Roman was smiling at it like a buddy.

Once he kissed Roman. Funny enough it was also in front of a camera. There was a hot girl on the other end. They decided to explore an online chat site. They scrolled past a bunch of horny dicks and were both surprised when she showed up slightly glitchy. She was stunning! "Hey bb how R U ?"

Roman kissed him first and hard, nearly took his breath away. He gasped. They made out like that for about a minute and she wanted more. “Show me more???” Roman flipped him around and spit in his hand so quickly. He turned around on all fours and saw it happen. Roman spit in his hand so smoothly, so dominantly. He was genuinely excited. He thought for a second that a portal to an unknown world was opening. Roman play fucked him like that for the camera for a couple of minutes until their internet connection was lost. When it was over he was disappointed and relieved at the same time.

It wasn't about fame. It was true what his shrink said, you could die without a mommy's love. Was he a top or a bottom? Roman was a needy, insatiable bottom. He felt versatile in the sense that he could be used as a top. It was dark to imagine but it got him off begging for love that was missing. Anyone could be his mommy just like anyone could be his daddy.

Roman fucked a lot more than he did and didn't like to play safe. Once Roman fucked his actual shrink. They met online and the shrink invited Roman to his office during his lunch break. This was before Roman was his patient. Romeo and Romeo, or was it Scruff? He couldn't remember. Roman was on all the sites and apps.

Roman said he didn't realize until he was literally sitting on the shrink's couch for treatment a few weeks later. He wanted to work through his sex addiction. Something about the couch felt familiar as he sank into the soft brown leather. Roman made it through the whole session. The shrink didn't remember laying his bare ass down on the couch? Was he playing it cool? Roman guessed the therapist could probably lose his license if he said something so he counted down the minutes in his head and went on and on about his absent daddy and his controlling mommy. After that Roman swore off therapy. He said dick was his therapy and he didn't want someone else inside his head telling him

what to do, he wanted someone inside his ass telling him what to do.

He could understand the desperation. Whenever he felt helpless he stuck his hand down his pants. It was like a tick. It was his body's way of distracting him from an unbearable emotion. Like when he lost his keys and locked himself out of his apartment. He was texting Roman with one hand and jerking off with the other, sort of whimpering and clawing at the keyhole with his fingernail. Not that he felt much. It was all about the impulse. Roman replied, "Remember you gave me a spare key ????" All he could think about was trying to get inside.

Once he fucked a shrink. Not his own of course but he did have a kink for people with power over him. He had his face between her legs for about an hour and she came hard. Afterwards he tried to get off on his stomach and she was on top of him. She whispered in his ear until her phone wouldn't stop buzzing. He took the hint that she was busy. He guessed it was a client. He read somewhere that AFAB people have a harder time reaching

orgasm. Was that true or were circumstances often less than optimal?

As a younger man in his 20s he recognized his anger as fear. His shrink said aggression was the reason he bit his nails off along with the skin around them. He would literally bite until he bled. He could never touch anyone with those hands! Did that fuel the impulse? The feeling that made him bite was frozen so deeply inside of him that he assumed it was fear. It was blank and motionless. Then he got closer to the feeling. Kaa from *The Jungle Book* is a giant python. In Kipling's stories Kaa is like a daddy to Mowgli. He saves Mowgli when he is kidnapped by monkeys. In the Disney adaptations Kaa is portrayed as a villain and he tries to eat Mowgli. In the book Mowgli is immune to Kaa's hypnotic powers because he is human and Kaa's powers only work on other jungle animals.

Since he was young, he had reoccurring dreams of baby animals. They were always tiny enough to fit in his palm like birds and squirrels. Every time he got

attached, he'd have to let go because the baby animal would always die from some untreatable illness or injury. Then he'd wake up. Thank God he didn't bite his nails like that anymore! Stuart said he deserved medals and laurels heaped on his head for quitting. It wasn't easy. He slid his hand into his pocket and pulled out his phone. Stuart was always so generous. "Once you model for me there's nothing I would deny you." He was lucky.

He loved Kipling's stories as a kid. He was Mowgli, raised by wolves. He knew it wasn't so simple. There is an audio porn recording where a female Kaa seduces the listener, simultaneously strangling his neck and jerking him off. At the end of the recording, she eats him. He was Mowgli then and now.

Suddenly he sat upright on the bed. What time was it? How long had he been lying here daydreaming like this? Fuck! It was almost midnight and Club Gemini closed at four am.

OK was he going to Gemini or not? He already knew the answer. He slid on

his shoes and texted Roman. Roman loved Club Gemini just as much as he did but for different reasons. They both loved staring at the girls on stage but Roman wasn't hypnotized by them. He was. He didn't mind. Everyone is hypnotized by something.

He texted Roman, "Gemini?" Less than two seconds later Roman replied, "LOL". If Roman replied that quickly he was probably up for joining. His phone was already in his hands. He was restless. The apps weren't delivering tonight. He smiled. He texted back, "Cum on u kno u want to,)" Roman was typing for ten seconds then sent one letter at a time, "Y-e-s."

He couldn't believe his luck because he only paid for one dance and before he knew it, four hours had flown by and he was drunk off tequila and soda and she was in his lap, whispering in his ear. There were two of them at first. They told him they were a couple and it seemed to be true.

The other got jealous when his chemistry with her was heating up and

she sulked off to visit another regular customer. She looked like Angelina Jolie, except she had a silver ring on her bottom lip. That's how she chose her stage name, she told him. He was a really masculine guy but there was something soft about his face. Was that why she felt so comfortable? She gave him her number. In between looking at her, he looked at Roman looking at him. He was back in Stuart's mind seeing Roman for the very first time.

Years passed by and he moved to Europe. He was busy with school and Stuart had his own work. They didn't talk much but he thought about Stuart almost every day.

His last year in school he got a job as a stagehand in a local concert hall. It was tough work with unhealthy hours and he didn't last long but he loved building the sets. It happened slowly and it took all night but by the end there was an adrenaline rush especially if he got to watch a soundcheck. He kept the job long enough to set up the stage for one of the biggest pop stars of all time. Anyone who

knew Stuart at all knew he was obsessed. Stuart even made art about her and referenced her work in his own films.

He laid down her marker on the stage. It was a heart hovering above a 'V' so it sat inside of it like a puzzle piece. He was given a leaf blower and the task of removing residue from the previous night's show: thousands of multicolored paper-leaves covering rolls of shiny black plastic tarp. The tarps needed to be perfectly clean for the start of each show. He helped three other guys to build a small house that she would emerge from, revealing herself for the first time to the crowd. He stood on her marker and read her set list which was taped to the wall of the tiny house. He tried his best to memorize it so that he could send it to Stuart later. He felt like his eyes were recording for Stuart.

She arrived in a big black van with tinted windows. All the other stagehands had gone home. She stepped out of the van. He stayed behind. He was at the stage entrance to the theater killing time, packing, and repacking his bag. He had a

sixth sense for these kinds of encounters.

She locked eyes with him from across the parking lot. He smiled and she smiled. Inside he was screaming. How would he ever be able to tell Stuart how beautiful she was in person? He doubted Stuart ever got this close. She was shorter than he imagined, almost exactly his height. He drew her stage marker, the heart inside of the 'V,' on the inside cover of his notebook.

He took the subway home that evening. He opened his phone to text Stuart. He had to tell him what happened! He paused. He opened the notes app. He typed Stuart's name into search. On the screen there was a poem he wrote almost ten years ago. He wrote it after posing for Stuart. He would probably never share this with Stuart. It was too vulnerable. He was so young then. He wrote differently now. He thought differently now, too. He scanned his memory for a bread crumb trail. What was he doing? Where did he even write this? Roman's face suddenly appeared in his mind, clearer than ever, just sitting

there staring at him. He gasped. Club Gemini. His eyes did record for Stuart.

“Those are my gay sons whom I am in love with,” Stuart once told an interested curator. It was at the opening of Stuart’s first institutional retrospective in New York. Stuart was pointing to the larger-than-life projection of his film on the wall. He was standing next to Stuart, drinking champagne. Roman was looking at him from across the room. The curator looked at Stuart, smiled and nodded his head. Did he understand?

Stuart was afraid of Roman testing positive. What did that even mean these days? Then it actually happened. “And how is our little man? (Ha ha Roman of course.) When I was there he seemed sort of frail, but maybe that was just his new medications. I speak openly to you, my dear, because I know how much you care for him, and you know how fond I am of Roman, and you're my eyes and ears on the subject.”

Secretly he was angry at Roman for not being more careful. Sometimes he wondered if he went out and caught the

virus on purpose, like it was his inevitable fate. He used to think getting sick meant isolation but he saw in this case it brought Roman closer to Stuart. Did Roman want to be the center of attention, or did he?

Stuart lived with ghosts. Treatment was advanced now. Roman would live and the ghosts of daddies would both guide and haunt him. Ghosts haunted him too. His shrink told him when he saw ghosts in his dream to face them. What if the ghosts appeared in real life? He held Roman's hand at the clinic and he wrote Stuart with the results from the laboratory a few weeks later, "gr8 news! viral load = undetectable!!!" Stuart texted back, "I want a sunny black day, if such a thing is possible."

In memory of Kevin Killian

