

On the Set

X1o5: „Hey George, you have to come tonight! New place, new crowd we'll send you the coordinates over encrypted flash glances don't miss out! We're counting on you!“

Lines rushing by, but a saturated message prints through, attracting George's focus in a hypnotic way. Memories come with it, activating his desire to not just remember, but to revive the grotesque moments of bizarre ghost love. He has to be there. Has to find the glance to not miss the right time and place. A sudden shiver goes from his head down, spreading with a cold flush of fear, but stops before reaching his toes.

7uB*: „No! Don't leave space for that. Focus! Grab your stuff, prepare your equipment. We need your loaded camera and your dragon eye on the set!“

Slowly rising from his workstation, he disconnects his neck with an expression of disgust. Like little bugs running under his skin, he feels his physical body connecting its nerve ends back to his brain again. Such a sad feeling to be back in this powerless body -- but hey -- won't be for long. He tumbles over to his treasure box, which spills a bit of warm loving feeling into his cold gray and somewhat unfamiliar flesh-shell. A hoe-shaped graphene structure connected through various joints, holding all sorts of buttons, films, chips and sensors, sees the light as he opens the box. On a closer look, you could see each graphene fiber in itself being a sensing electronic. Scanning with nervous reflections not its physical surroundings, but hacking into streams of brainwaves that carry emotions and feelings of the ones virtually connected to George himself and from there on even able to daisy chain hundreds of people.

It was his invention -- a machine to collect and merge the emotions experienced in a virtual moment. Converting a collective three-dimensional experience into frozen two-dimensional frames. A sort of abstract image emerges from the machine, cloudy with brushes of color imbedded in black. Every person in the picture melts when looking at it from outside. Starting from the eyes as the memories touch the retina, pumping back the sight nerves into the brain and from there straight to the heart.

An odor of naked skin is pulling his eyes, letting them drift beside

the box into a printed image. A refreshing breeze of sweet sudor accompanied by humming sound of a cheering, gasping audience. The light shines as bright and hot as if walking on the sun. The air jiggling with the heat, distracting him from where to go. Where is the crowd? Where is he? In the image or on the set? He moves his right arm down to his belly where the attached camera cuts into his naked skin, to open up his body, feeling the moment even on deeper levels of his virtual nerve system.

He is right in the scene standing only centimeters away from a group of mutated bodies swallowing and spitting each other out in ecstasy. The gasping voices of the many spectators all around them compresses the heat into the center of the stage. George's vision lags as he tries to orientate himself. Dizzy on every level he still haven't forgotten his role in all of this. He has to concentrate, get even closer, to find the right angle to point and shoot his emotion camera.

Splash... He pulls the trigger, holding his camera arm right in between four entwined legs, scratching a bit of skin close to the flapping balls of one of the ghosts. Everything freezes, the warm light flickers between blue and purple tinges. The air feels heavy and wet. A rustle sound, like ocean waves breaking on a rocky beach, grows louder, slowly approaching the camera on the stage. Already very loud but still far away, the waves of emotions collapses into the camera, pushing George's arm down with all the weight of the collective ecstasy. Lying on the ground, with no strength to move but so much joy and excitement pumping through his veins, he pulls the trigger again, splashing through the actor standing right above him.

One more shot. He has to find the best spot to grasp the intensity of the beautiful bodies in action. Pulling himself up from a massive, muscular leg. Wanting more, he holds himself from one of the big round butt cheeks and slips from the sweaty ass, falling down into a vast mutated body of chrome breasts. So soft and glossy, so far beyond the natural, far beyond words. He pulls the trigger at the lowest point when dipping into the breast body.