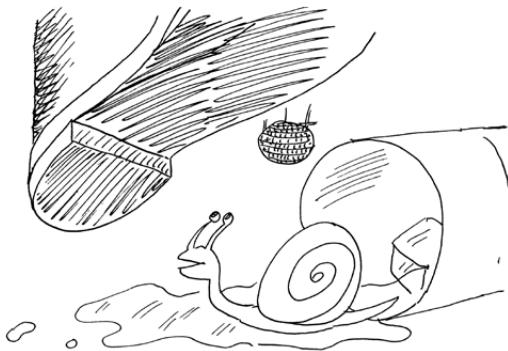


# MAX PITEGOFF + CALLA HENKEL =

1.



*Yes, well to be honest I think it shouldn't take much longer. Than what? Than normal. Never good to be early. Actually, usually better to be late.*

*How long? A few weeks.*

*No, I'm more of an over there person, a next to the bar person, a snail on the wet floor of the bathroom person.*

*But really, the line should be shorter, I'll text someone.*

2.



*Inside: descriptions of nightlife. Lines, stairs to clubs. Denim pockets with drugs not yet eulogized by the New York Times.*

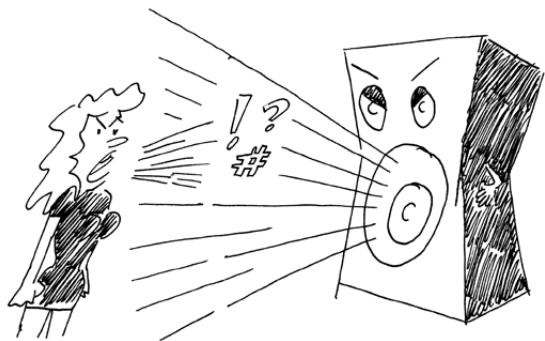
*Nhu wearing a tea-soaked rag by Eckhaus Latta teetering on the third step of a circular booth. Describing her trip to New York City. Just yesterday. The word scene thrown with great speed, like catching a football.*

3.

*Slipping into the tone she takes while describing nights out: No, I would say the DJ sphere is more of a moving car. As described by Der Spiegel, as described by the Style Section, as described by The Washington Post.*

*Now, establishing character, knit black sweater.*

4.



*My lowest moment: topless screaming at the wind, yelling the names of American universities into Turbo speakers.*

*My highest moment, in a bathroom stall, chatting violently. Yes, no, but star signs, the subtext to the dance floor. Who was in the bathroom? Oh some friend from Sag Harbor, some friend on exchange, exchanging money at the airport. What's above the subtext? I've also always wondered that.*

*Oh yes, lots of arguments. The layout is perfect for arguments, this used to be a sex club, it's like a laboratory for relationships. I can't count the times.*

*Screaming "You don't even know me."*

*And back to the article about Berghain read aloud on my bed. Yeah, that's the one I was telling you about, No, they didn't interview me.*

*Well they should have.*

5.

*Slipping into the tone she takes while describing nights out, drugs, drinks, secrets exchanged cheaply in lines and behind tables. Yes, the stories were only as good as she told them and they did get better every time, it was Saturday night after all.*

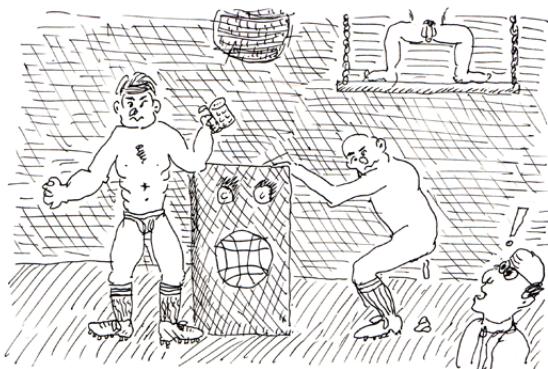
*Affirmations in taxis:*

*YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL.*

*YOU ARE SO SMART.*

*YOU ARE SO SEXY.*

6.



The story is the club as hospital, and darkrooms that are cleaned by workers with shit fetishes. Yes, the story is if they catch you taking pictures you get kicked out, the story is if they see you crying you get kicked out. The story is Dan Bodan tried to take a photograph of his feet and he got kicked out.

Does he still have the photo?

Of his feet?

Yes.

I don't know.

The place has real character, no real names.

And Sophia had been a fan of EDM since she was 19, long hair, hoodie. Yes, that's the one, where they compared dancing bodies to cranes on the skyline. Ok, so the story is that there were sex swings and cages at one point. The story is that the club was named after the owner's daughter. The story is going to be ironic but still sincere, just like techno.

7.

It's really a good layout for arguments.

A really good layout for print.

You walk in and .... Yes, I just walked in with you.

There's a hallway immediately to your right leading to the bathrooms, all with frosted glass doors. Presumably so they know what's going on, but presumably they don't care. It's really just shadows, bending over, standing up, lights on phones, that sort of thing. To your left is the bar and the dance floor and everything else.

I can see.

Well, it's foggy, I figure that's the best way to explain it. Over there is a small raised stage that has about six benches, none with backs, except the ones pushed against the wall. Anyway, not the most exciting place but I've had lots of conversations there, mostly about consumables.

Anyway, the bar is pretty long, there's about a dozen stools, tall black ones. The dance floor isn't spectacular, perhaps it's too central, perhaps it's the column in the middle, but it's hard to get everything going just right. This is where I cut his hand on broken glass. No, it wasn't that bad.

8.



On the farthest wall Michael works the lights of the club. The switchboard is vertical behind the DJ booth so he has to look backwards to see the lights change. Sometimes when people make out on the balcony over there, he'll grin, point, and flash the fluorescents.

CORRECTION March 2, 2014: The business relationship between Michael and Dan had been misstated. The photographs were too dark, the metaphors too easy. I was misquoted. You see, I'd been standing outside screaming, "You don't even know me."

This layout is perfect for arguments. See, over there Mia decided not to go home with someone, just there, on the ledge adjacent to the steps to the platform. It was light out by the time she'd decided.

It was light out when the reporter from the New Yorker sat down with Sam and asked him about Berghain. He was putting on an attitude I think. Sam or the reporter? Sam. Sam was putting on an attitude. Anyway the reporter had tried calling Berghain to let them know he was coming, a reporter from the New Yorker, tonight. They said no. So he called Sam. Sam had advice, and many stories about rejection. I think most of them were moral affirmations, like rejection is all a part of it. You can't always get in, it's like heaven. No, hell, no, I can't remember. Whichever it was, it was worth the wait. Anyway, Sam's in the article. "The young guy who may have had trouble getting in." He was furious, says it wasn't him.

Over there is the smoking room. No one really uses it, it's small, the blue light is weird.

But back to the story, the story about the stories. Like describing dreams, it's very hard to make it interesting, reporters in clubs.

9.

Beer is \$2.50. No, I don't know if there's wine, I've never had it. Shots are \$2 but they're small and come in cough syrup glasses.

If we're all reporters, yes, that would work nicely with a metaphor about smartphones. But the story is Dan Bodan once took a picture of his feet and got kicked out.

Did he get to keep the photo?

Dan?

Bodan.

Of his feet?

Like I said, I don't know. ==