

A Really Good Time

by Phil Soliman

You know that moment when you enter the most famous nightclub in the world and there's an almost deafening roar descending upon you from a great height, like you've accidentally entered some kind of biblically accurate heaven^{{L}{SEP}}

and then for several hours you wander around processing the queer as fuck madness that is unfolding around you, and you realise that this kind of thing is happening all the time all over the world, but _this particular time_ it's happening in the most famous nightclub in the world, in the most international and permissive city in the world, so really you're actually experiencing an almost Platonic Archetype of adults having A REALLY GOOD TIME^{{L}{SEP}}

and then there's that moment when you feel strangely sober but also empty and anxious, so you go to pull out a little bag of something but instead you pull out your phone and look at Facebook for some stupid reason, but then there's whole bunch of your friends responding to your silly little online thoughts with love and laughter and the warmth of shared experience, and suddenly you feel high again, and you realise that your most authentic self is deeply embedded in your social interactions, and so you resolve to talk to and kiss and hug and help every person who wants it or needs it^{{L}{SEP}}

and then you spend an hour trying to divine the wants and/or needs of the people around but you realise that no-one here wants or needs anything right now^{{L}{SEP}}

but then just as you make peace with the possibility that maybe tonight is merely an anthropological exercise, and not, like you were hoping, another delicious chance to become engulfed in orgiastic excess^{{L}{SEP}}

there appears a beautiful hairy bear looking at you and you both recognise that tingle of mutual desire and you make out with the bear and then you meet his boyfriend and then you make out some more but then you notice that the boyfriend isn't happy^{{L}{SEP}}

and so you take a step back and accept once again that it's too difficult to make actual connections in a place like this^{{L}{SEP}}

but then almost immediately you start chatting to a tall sexy Italian and when you tell him you're a creative he asks you half-jokingly if you're afraid of the rise of artificial intelligence and you admit that this is the first time you've ever really thought about it but it's absolutely true that the creative skills you've gathered over the last three decades are now already kind of redundant thanks to the proliferation of text-to-image AI and other ineffable cybernetic wonders^{{L}{SEP}}

but the thing about these intricate digital marionettes is that for them to be animated they need a person to tell a story because that's the one thing machines still can't quite match in a truly human sense^{{L}{SEP}}

and this is a useful realisation because lately you've been telling stories and they've felt more real and important than the pictures you've been taking and making and even though a picture

is worth a thousand words are they your words...?

but the tall Italian has already left because there's just so many other people he could be making out with and they're all hot and dripping with sweat and following their instincts and no-one has time for you to come up with life-altering epiphanies on the dancefloor so anyway you're alone again and this time you definitely know that you'll be alone until you die or leave the club^[L]_[SEP]

but then as you're filling your water bottle for the three-hundredth time a very tall man with huge ears is smiling at you and you sheepishly tell him you're obsessed with his ears and he invites you to touch them and then because you're feeling really reckless you ask if you can lick them and he says sure and so you do your best sexy ear lick and he's so impressed and grateful and gives you a big warm hug and walks away and you're left with a mixture of disappointment and pride^[L]_[SEP]

and then at around the time where it's been 12 hours and you're definitely done and it's time to go home you make eye contact with an ultra hot muscle daddy lawyer from Mexico and within twenty minutes you've seduced him and massaged him and made him cum and finally you can say that tonight has been a successful night?^[L]_[SEP]

I love it when that happens.