

EXCERPT FROM

# Night Light Bright Light

People couldn't understand what happened to me.

I couldn't understand what happened to me.

And it was those people who couldn't understand what happened to me that happened to me.

Do you know what I mean?  
You know what I mean.

I don't think about suicide all the time.  
I think about it every day.

When I was a child I had a huge crush on this actor Jonathan Brandis. He was in *It* and *The Neverending Story Part 2* and *Ladybugs*. *Seaquest*. He was in the first film I did. We would hang out in his hotel room with the curtains drawn and order in room service and drink bottles of red wine and get high and talk and watch movies. I would wonder if we were going to kiss. We never did. He was worried he wasn't doing a good job on the film and I told him he was, that he was great. When the movie came out I saw they had re-shot a lot of his scenes with another character. I didn't see him after the film and years later I was watching VH1's *Where Are They Now?* and saw that he had hung himself.

Where are they now?

I feel sick.

This woman called me. She said she lives in the town I grew up in. She said she was one of my teachers. She said she was bringing one of her students to New York. She wanted us to be able to go out to dinner if my time permitted. I am guessing the student is gay and she was hoping I could tell him it gets better. She said she was sure I wouldn't remember her. She was right. I still have the voicemail. It's been over a year. I just couldn't call back. I wonder how she got my number. Probably from my father.

My fucking father.

Whatever, I don't care.

Where was I?  
Oh yeah, art.

I wrote this artist on Facebook whose work I just saw.

It was... well it was heartbreaking. And I loved it. It's my favorite thing I've seen since \_\_\_\_\_. And he accepted my friend request and wrote me back. Do you

think I should ask him out now? It scares me. If I ask him out on Facebook, then I will be able to see when he read it. And if he doesn't write me back I will feel like an asshole. And I'll feel ugly and not as famous as he is about to be at the end of this week. And then I'll keep checking my messages throughout the day, but I might just see the time stamp of when he read my message and feel the widening gap between when he read it and the time it is now and the growing space between how famous I am and how much more famous he is going to be by the end of the month. His work is very good. It's also very sellable. I'm friends with his gallerist who said everything in the gallery and all the editions have already been bought. And I can tell he will have all the biennials and all the Basels in the palm of his hand this year. And if he's lucky maybe even next year and the year after that.

He grew up with money so that part won't feel so exciting. But he will have what he didn't have before which is fame. And fame is the second best thing after money. And the third is love, and he could love me.

I heard he lives in LA.

And he isn't even gay anyway.

He is playing the bi card but my kind of friend/his gallerist said that he isn't even bi.

I don't think I like his work anymore.

And I can't love someone who makes bad work.

I've stopped talking to friends of mine for less.

Art is so dumb.

I should become a therapist.  
I think I would make a great therapist.

I feel like I would be happier and I would have more security and control that way.

And I'm good with fucked up people.

I have been since I was born.

And how does that make you feel?

Useful.

Alright.

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

I was just saying "Alright", as in I heard you.

Well it sounded like a judgment. Like I shouldn't feel useful.

What do you think you should feel?

I don't know!

You've been good with difficult people your whole life?

I said fucked up but sure --

Ok, fucked up -- and being good with these people makes you feel useful.

Yes.

Does it make you feel anything else?

Smart.

Smart, that makes sense.

And what do you mean by that?

Just that, indeed, one would need to be smart to navigate challenging personalities -- fucked up people.

Yes and sexy.

Oh, I wasn't thinking you were going to say that. I mean, I guess I can understand a certain level of sexualizing --

No, no. Let's just stay with the feeling. Let's pretend I am your therapist and you are my client, and I'm going to dance for you.

I don't think that's appropriate.

I do. I think it's very appropriate. Here, let me just put some music on.



Performance view of Jack Ferver in *Night Light Bright Light* at American Realness at Abrons Art Center. January 2015. Photographer: Ian Douglas.