

Copy Paper: Ream 1

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Flying Object

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An actress, one who begins understanding what is expected of her. She is to save the dry cleaning for her manager to give to her assistant, eat slower, drink as though watched, and frequent the hotel rooms of politicians the like.

There is no democracy in the world of fame, her manager tells her impatiently. Who do you think funds this business? You think your faces—

The worlds are small. Compartmentalized. We are not immune—the suicide rates apply.

The problem is, she says adjusting her wig, is that my mother was right. She used to say that this profession was just a society of glorified abominations. Look at you Look at me. We all look the same.

The actress has an idea to be something more than a sad statistic. Her friend left a forgotten note that read: what is expected of us, we provided. She is an actress is she not, after all? What is more expected from her than change, transformations, disfigurements—

Her manager hands her instructions. A familiar client. One important enough and allowed to photograph. Seal skins cover us today, allow for us to move and participate with sunlight. These clients differ. In exchange for their current power, they let go of their skins, leaving puddles of moisture everywhere they roam.

The heavy suits help.

The actress has taken some improvisational classes and was taught to envision the rising and dimming of lights in order to act boldly. She gets to the door, and rather than tapping begins to pound. The familiar client answers quickly without a cup in hand. It is clear he was in the act of undressing and did not expect her.

He tells her so, and even smiles remembering their last encounter.

She quickly undresses and positions him to the window where she sees an opening. Grabbing all of the white sheets off of the hotel bed she wraps him, but leaves eyes. His arms separated from another yet enclosed in the cast she fits him into the pane as he is that wide and tall.

But there is moist. And puddles. The pillowcases are used as a mop to quickly move its trace.

The client watches with interest, trying to guess the game. Maid? Funeral Home? Space Robot? She moves the furniture, with surprising strength and he adds a few more

titles to his answers. He clears his throat, gesturing for her to come closer. She does not respond. Instead she collects his clothing and begins dressing.

He laughs. They are too big for you. She pretends she cannot hear. His shoes look like flippers on her. She cannot move quickly.

Walking over with a large marker she begins writing on the sheets. His unwrapped face, surprisingly trusting.

It is after this that she begins to document. No longer amused he asks her to stop. She does not respond and takes off his suit.

It is quiet. She is on the bed, the floor, on the table. She is in her clothes, camera in hand and hops out the door.

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The maid finds him fourteen hours later, past his checkout time. It hurt to have the cloth removed, so he slapped her. When the maid leaves he untangles and focuses on reading the text on the sheets. He pieces together cunt, bunny, serial-killer mule, without the punctuation. He laughs. Walking into the bathroom looks up to read: you FUCK across his face.

Ink is not an appropriate liquid for these tones.

She sends the photographs to every newspaper and channel but no one displays them mentions them. So she brings them to her manager, asking him to include them in her portfolio.

She prints the photographs herself and with the help of the children in her neighborhood proceeds to paste them to every free and able tree car house private public.

On the newspaper the next day the front page reads:

35 South Koreans a day.

_____ *North Koreans a day.*

_____ *a day???*

And she thinks all she needs to do is begin whispering,
holding, sending.

The clients murmur. The phrasings, about fear, are incorrect in its concrete, accurate in its abstraction. Disease, he said—refusing to leave the hotel room and asking only for his private nurse. The word rotated from this ease to his seeds to functions more profoundly eager in their aggressions. Her manager on the side of tossing and coins laughed a lot and poured expensive drinks himself. Stop, he said. You've had her before—we are safe.

She remains on air, with less lines. She, a member of the sitcom household, enters the kitchen for water and is seen in the car. How many more episodes, clients murmur. Why my! And when do you watch the show? Her manager responds.

The idea came from her friend's note and last character she played.

The beautifully educated wife

Almost Queen of the region they now call—

You would think that playing a lead female would be a bit of air time but I have like 3 or maybe 4 shots, she told her friend. And the last one is this whole, hey drink poison now and vomit blood flash scene

So how attractive could that be? All the bitch did was scratch

But you know the King's face. And regicide is a lifestyle, an old cult, one devoted lover.

Not a revolutionary act. Those nails.

But nevertheless we fantasize

The disease in place spreads among genders. The actresses sit across from one another tapping their fingers slowly. Each one counting, each one responding.

A second photograph surfaces. This time, the client's expression is explicit. The actress, covered by a wig has managed to wrap the client in clear plastic near the bathtub. The client's face wet, red, opened. She holds him by his hair; her mobile body pressed to his.

This time the outlets respond. There is a warrant out for the second actress. The client claims he was drugged and managers are unwilling to come forward. Week's later boxes of cash are delivered to police stations, their delivery documented. A note is included, it reads:

What we were paid (hoping this could be included as evidence in the trial)

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What do you feel as though you already know? Say nothing, we are not finished.

The 3rd photograph of a female client, taken of open wounds put the city to sleep. Everywhere where anyone looked, all they saw were actresses and proceeded to limited programming. We don't need to see them, someone suggested. Perhaps reruns are an option, they responded.

*

Do not be confused, the note read, we are not all together. So many of us look alike so you'll never believe it. But, we are not as uniformed as we'd like to be

The clients are unmoved, yet without response. How to let go of so many beautiful things at one time, they wonder. Perhaps there are a couple that we can keep.

The injured protest and point to fading bruises, bandages freshly aroused. How much are you willing to risk, they repeat. What if you pick the wrong beautiful one, how many of us have to suffer for your pleasure?

The meetings become a gray affair. As the unaffected do not understand the extreme position the affected would like to enforce.

*

It continues, as the actresses are aware that the affected are still a minority, only 3 clients, 3 circulating pictures—they say, as if not enough. We still have time to move towards the others.

And so, although not altogether, the taps are set in place. The mission isn't solely about their annihilation—they tap, the mission is about the small shocks. The small shocks? The small shocks that will allow us to continue working, without them so close.

It is a lot of trouble for such small shocks.

Perhaps. But this is what our free time allows.

A note is delivered:

We will fail if we can never pretend to be anyone else.

Along with:

Do not:

Be useless

Do not:

Be humbled

*

The outcome will be that some will continue working. Entering into hotel rooms. Entering into set kitchens. The outcome will not be surprising. So let's pretend like the outcome doesn't have to exist—that the outcome isn't a part of the real story.

They continue to meet with their managers. The managers, unsure of how to proceed with the meetings, yet afraid for their paychecks ask the mundanest of questions. How could you do it? Who contacted you? Do you think this is funny? Would you like me to show you pictures of those that have disappeared?

The actresses, never uniformed, give varying answers. Some of them in real tears, answer honestly, to no avail. Some of them in real delight answer with real tears, and are met with mono-faceted confusion.

The first actress drinking water slowly between answers cites various lines to claim her innocence.

It's a glass full of your face, she says. Her manager looks up and asks her to repeat the answer.

I drink a glass full of your face. So if I wanted to be a slab of fermented then sautéed goods—your goods, could it happen? She looks up. Answer once: could it happen? I want to know. How will I soak. How much garlic how many red peppers who will dump the salt and pour the oil water vinegar or or will it be delicacies—discarded leopard spines. Taut tongues from wolves & their adversaries. Yes. No? What are the ingredients I soak in, in what in which container in blown glass in flaked crystal in that torn plastic & when will I be taken out and after you chew what will you remember when you swallow where will you be reaching. Answer now I need to know before I climb on top and close my eyes—

You'll all disappear for this, he responds. We'll find new girls, don't you worry. There are 10,000 girls who look just like you. We'll find them younger. We'll show them pictures of you fermenting, reciting old lines and it'll be easier for us. Don't you worry, we'll find new girls.

Let's all run as fast as we can toward moving objects,
preferably those cars

Without being caught, without disappearing. First one on
the ground answers all the questions—

*next time will be a jaguar
and run myself to death*

*

next time will be a jaguar
and eat them all alive!

Eunsong Kim is writer and educator residing in southern California. Her poetry and writings on contemporary culture have appeared or will be forthcoming in *Minnesota Review*, *Interim*, *Coconut Magazine*, *Iowa Review*, *Seattle Review*, *Tinfish*, *Denver Quarterly*, *AAWW's The Margins*, *The New Inquiry*, *Model View Culture*, amongst others.



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