

## Loud Places

"I go to loud places to search for someone  
To be quiet with who will take me home  
You go to loud places to find someone who  
Will take you higher than I took you  
Didn't I take you to higher places you can't reach without me?  
I feel music in your eyes  
I have never reached such heights"  
(Jamie XX)

Do you remember our high school days? Were we going there to find someone to be with when the music quietens and we have to stand by ourselves? Or to get ourselves afloat on a stream of euphoria, have a treasure hunt for the mythical eternal 'now'? Were we searching for the MOMENT, which Slowdive attempted to capture by sound like a photograph, make it eternal in the floating sound of distorted guitars? When a person is at peace, completely fulfilled, that they have no idea what to do next? When Alison laughs away Neil's worries and tells him, "it's just fine". All is just breath. It was one of the things we were subconsciously looking for, when we were trying to find ourselves there, don't you think? To have that photographic as a reminder how life can be fun, as memory to turn back and gather strength from in our hardest moments.

All these memories of our old group went through my head when I heard that track in radio. My head almost started spinning. Sentimental gravity of all those places we were going to became unbearable. I just head quit early and go remembering. Now I'm standing near the backdoor stairs, where we used to smoke joints together. The chilly October breeze mixes up with the memories. Horny adolescents standing around, some are smoking. Dance music and sexual tension blending in the air. And anxiety and confusion. Energy in the process of getting to know itself. And now I'm here in that whirling world, but just like a tourist, watching it through increasingly impenetrable wall of time. In real, only orange leaves are quietly dancing with me.

I never really stepped over the doorstep of these loud places by more than one foot. The anxiety coming with the second step always overpowered me. So I was never really present in the loud places. I haven't found anyone to take my hand and take me home. Someone to live with, in quieter places, be it either a different person or a more content version of myself. I never was the social, careless Alison. I was always closer to the more solitary Miranda, contemplating all the more peculiar, dimly lit recesses of life. Alison and Miranda are mythological characters, archetypes, reflections of different modes of human existence captured into shoegaze songs. Rym user mk741 finds Miranda more attractive. But Miranda achieved her Mirandaness by experiencing all she could as Alison. She grew up. I didn't, and it left a bleeding emptiness in me. And a person who feels empty is not the attractive one.

My friends are gone too, in the worlds of almost thirty-somethings. Two jobs, mortgage talks, washing asses of their kids, all the big adult stuff. They lived in the worlds of loud places, perhaps found what they were looking for and moved on.

„So I’m finally kicked outta here“, was my first feeling when I got my final degree few months back. Family and friends were congratulating me, envisioning my bright future career. For them, it’s a stable, high paid job they don’t understand, which makes them think it’s fascinating. For me, writing code for cash registers in luxury shops or some similar pointless bullshit. Sit from eight to five by computer, in some bland office with some jerkdroid and have no idea what to talk with him about. Then go home. Tomorrow the same. Pay the rent. Feel the emptiness grow year by year.

No, I’m not going without fight. For once I will choose the hard path, not the delineated future. I found a job at a bar. I’m here just a month and I still kinda suck at it. But I feel like I’m doing something with purpose. And also I have to do a side job in music library archives. It’s weird how doing something meaningful pays you less. Visitors are rare, so I spend most of the time reading musicians’ biographies.

Too many people walk around here. I wanted to be alone, I can’t dive into myself the same when I feel others’ gazes on me. Sometimes I feel like they can sense how I do not belong. Like if everything in our world ran on precisely on the same few predefined tracks. Beep beep, go to work. Beep beep, go home. Beep beep, watch the news. Beep, beep, company party. Impulsively chasing memories isn’t a valid program routine. No one told me about doing anything similar. I feel a bit improper then.

“Hi Jul”. I got torn out of lalaland by familiar voice. I turn around and recognise Liam. I spend few days this summer with him and few other guys. After then I have been trying to process that uneasy feeling he left in me. Objectively, he was a cool guy. He was pleasant and had similar opinions and tastes. We could talk mull over nineties rock till aleluja. My problem with him is that I saw myself in him. Too much. It felt like looking into a mirror and being humiliated with the reflection. When I thought about him after the trip, I had to feel all the moments I stood alone in the corner and my eyes reflected all the fun-having attractive people. The life I wanted and envied. A commonplace for them, a pain I never found peace with for me. And it taught me to recognize patterns in behavior of people who experienced the same. And be repulsed by it.

I know it’s not fair. It’s not logical, it just is that way. Shouldn’t we feel attracted instead? Normal people want to be understood, right? But I hate my sentimentality, I don’t want it to be understood. I want to overcome it. I want some cool others to kick me out of the cell of my sloppy, lost-in-past self and show me how to make the second step. Closeness of people like Liam on the contrary every elementary time unit reminds me of what I am and don’t want to be. I have always attracted similar types. Men tend to see this and they surmise they can feel safe with me. That I’m not some alpha bitch who will laugh at their vulnerability. That I will not judge. That I will understand them. Yes, I can understand you, but that just makes me worse I believe. I’m sorry, you don’t deserve my cold act, but I can’t do better. I’m the bad one. I wish I could tell you, but I can’t.

We tossed few words and I apologized that I have to go. The thoughts he provoked overpowered everything else. I wanted to be alone with my shame. I took my headphones and took a shortcut through the forest. It was getting darker when I stepped outside of the woods on my favorite spot. It’s on a hill above the town. You can sit here on a bench and think. It’s like in some movie. The orange-blue evening sky evokes that specific kind of melancholy, which you could call happiness for

deep people if you want to feel pretentious. The kind of melancholy which makes you want to rethink your entire life and become someone better.

There's that kind of thought which you find inconceivable at first, but which gradually like some worm cuts through your subconscious and then suddenly jumps to the surface and makes you an offer you can't refuse? That's what happened here. I will do molly with Liam. The logic is clear. As an entactogen, it should allow me face those feelings with empathy and closeness instead of repulsion. To know what it's like to live freely of the emotional baggage and what's it like to not hurt those I should feel close to. That's how I think it's used in PTSD therapy.

At home I turned the computer on and googled testimonials from therapy sessions. All what I read further enforced my decision. This is what I need to do. I haven't even felt too anxious when I called him. He said that he has to leave at the end of the week but he agreed. He haven't even seemed too surprised. It seemed bizarre but somehow intuitively I believed.

But it's fucked. Nowadays, drugs are rare and expensive. It's not easy to find real molly, most crap being sold is just meth with wrong label on the tin. And I can't wait, apparently he's going on the other side of world for who knows how long. And I had to lend some cash to a friend who would get evicted with his kid. I couldn't leave it that way. And I can't wait for next paycheck. Another wormy thought? No, that can't be possible. But I need to make that step. I can't wait anymore. I must have waited ten years already to make that second step. Who the fuck knows whether there's even going to be another chance. And nobody's giving me second life. Even when others were fucking me over, I always tried to play fair. And what did I get? Being a saint doesn't always pay off. Innocence doesn't always make us good. I'm hurting the world by denying it the potential I could give. Only god knows how much wrong I indirectly caused by my cowardice. We should rise up against the system, the one in which a guy working two jobs doesn't have enough money to pay the bills. The system that is tearing us against each other. Make your step to become a better person and steal. Haha.

Oh my god. She has over a thousand there. She seemed nervous the whole time. She left forgot her wallet. It was the offer I couldn't refuse. I thought of one person I saw earlier in the bar. And I saw him later in the music archives. He seemed impressed by my Naomi Yang style earring. It's nice when people notice. It's less nice when they don't return the sheet music I'm supposed to not let anyone outside with. I have no idea what problems will that cause me. Did he at least have a good reason? Anyway I lost my privilege to judge him today. Sigh. It's worse than I expected. I don't know whether my stomach tightens more from the disgust over myself, fear of the cops, fear about what will happen to that girl or how the tonight's meeting goes. But finally I will make the second step. There's no going back now. I feel like I'm possessed. The power of the wormy thoughts. Sigh.

We decided to sit in my apartment. It's beginning. The negativity evaporated. Midnight City by M83 plays from the speakers and we are the children in the video. Standing above the city lights, they are calling us, "Find your kind". But we found it now, we're here for each other. I made the second step, wherever it goes. My isolation was just my fear. I want to stay here. Make it up for everyone. I hope the girl is going to be alright. Now I just want to hug her and make it up for her too. Too late for that, tormenting myself want do her any good. I did what I did, the consequences are here for later. The only thing I can do is to make the most out of this beautiful energy. It won't be easy, but I can't be total failure anymore.

Youtube autoplay switched to a new video. The sound waves shifted to a new energy. Cello and piano. Dream 13 by Max Richter. The piano melody sounds like the softest silk ever conceived being draped over my skin and heart. The monitor shows intimate, polaroid like recordings of happy moments of someone's childhood. Feeling of peace spreads through my body like warmth from a heated blanket. My legs suddenly feel like they can't hold me. I fell on the bed. Lying, I saw the spark in his eyes. I felt the music in his eyes. And it hit me. I felt his whole life, his life story, which got the same emotional depth as mine. I of course knew that, but now I FELT that. How can someone who suffered the same pains repulse me? It felt ridiculous. I wanted to hug him, make him absorb my sorry, make him feel it's going to be ok. I have never reached such highs. I feel music in your eyes. That was the track with which it all began.