

Don't Know Your Name

By

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To everyone who dares to try

## BLUE

### ONE

It's so blue here. So many lights, everywhere. Even some of the furniture here glows, but everything is always blue. The only other colours here are the little reflections from the sequins of people's clothes, scattering amid this sea of one colour, trying hard to pulse just like the bodies the sequins are on. There is rhythm in their shimmer, the bodies they're on charge their movements. This place is a secret, full of people who come here to forget, to remember and to dance.

The lights pulse and with it pulses the music. The sound going through the floors and through all the bodies here. I can never put my finger on what type of music this is, and I'm starting to give up on it. It hardly matters, to be honest. It's the type of music that agrees with everyone and no one at the same time. It's harrowing and loud and thumps like the heart of a giant. But it also makes people blind, it makes you want to stop thinking because it hurts to even try in here. This is a place for people who don't care to be doing any sort of thinking tonight, people who would rather just spend their time existing and drowning among others without being recognized or known. The thunder of the speakers is jarring at first, but then it is comforting, at least it was for me, and since I have come back, I'm assuming this is why other people do too. And probably to drink.

I look up at the ceiling, people bump into me and what I see changes every time it happens. Maybe it really is the ceiling, maybe I'm imagining things. It's like a very boring kaleidoscope, not too many little, tiny things, but they move and it's something new. The people bumping into me are not looking at the ceiling, some of them aren't looking at all. They're dancing. They're letting this music run their mind and body into exhaustion and it's really something to admire, even enjoy. You can be dancing alone or with a hundred people like I am, you could be drunk or totally sober like I am, there are no rules and that is the best part of it all. I am in the middle of this crowd, just another body here. A part of a bigger organism, almost merging into all this shade of blue.

There's a woman behind me, I can't tell anything about her. Tonight, in here, she had blue hair just like me, overbearing blue on the pattern of her dress. Her skin too is blue though slightly paler in comparison. I think her dress could be pink, maybe even red. I don't know why I think that, but it just feels like it could be a red dress. She has her eyes closed, and her arms are moving around slower than the beats of this song, her feet don't move much at all. I've turned around enough to know she's here alone, there's no one around her who seems familiar with her. We have that in common too. Every time I turn and see her, she's swaying her head like it's a love song and she's dancing with somebody. Her arms are up, her body bumps into me a bit and then

she's moved back by the impact, but she doesn't notice it. I turn back, going back to thinking about what colour her dress really might be.

I don't know what time it is, I don't want to look at my phone, I don't have a watch on either. I don't think I will check just yet. I close my eyes, the blue fades into blackness, the music just got quieter, or maybe I just stopped listening. I'm in my head, between several people and worlds away. I breathe in deeply once or twice, there's not nearly enough oxygen here, but it's not stopping anyone yet. The scents around intoxicated people are always just as intoxicating a stench, it's alcohol and sweat and cigarettes, but it's also some sort of abandon and carelessness and corruption. I assume all clubs feel like this, but when I am here, I feel confident in saying this club is different. The scent of corruption is especially strong here and it's called me back ever since, to indulge and forget whatever it is I was trying to forget for the night.

It's not been too long since I moved here, but I could swear this place isn't in the same city. Out there, when it's daylight, things couldn't be more different, more normal, more mundane than this. You couldn't tell that the people in here go back to normal jobs and quiet town-ly routines when the dawn calls. I can't believe I have to, either. I don't think I remember who I am supposed to be in the daytime. Not this shade or this stench, that much I am sure of.

I lazily walk out through the layers of people, trying to watch my step but not really succeeding. I really can't figure out where I've put my foot, but I go with it and just stumble on out slowly. I stepped on a few people and walked right into a few more, before making it out. The rest of this place is relatively empty, there's people in corners, at the bar and in some of the booths. People minding their own business is the best view you could have. I walk up a few stairs and enter the bar area. A lot of the stools are empty. There's two people here other than me, they've sat next to each other on the other end. I then decide to finally have my first drink of the night and sit down far away, from the two people who're drinking a very blue drink from a very blue glass with very blue lips. These lights are really something, I'm starting to forget what other-coloured things are supposed to look like.

I motion to the bartender, and she comes up. I ask for a beer. I don't really like beer, but I haven't explored with different drinks yet, so beer has become my go to in situations where I would like to order something at a bar. Everyone here usually goes for the hard liquor or cocktails, and my mug of frothy, brown juice stand out like an ugly heirloom ornament in a very modern mansion.

I look around, the two people across have moved on to another drink. The rest of the place looks like a 'spot the difference' game. I know the people have moved, left, some more came in, but nothing seems to look any different than when I first sat down. I take a sip of the beer; I still don't like it but it's not that bad when it's this cold.

As the chill of the beer seeps into my body, I notice how sweaty I am. My shirt underneath the jacket is totally wet and stuck to my back. I pull on one sleeve to take off the jacket. I swivel a little in my seat to pull off the other sleeve. I dump the jacket on the counter and take out my phone to place it besides. Just as it's about to land on the glass surface, it glows. A message from work.

*Can you come in tomorrow? Please. More confirmation emails. Mr Kerr just called. Need both of us to verify.*

I feel the blue of the club and the blaring music starts to fade behind me. I am snapping back into something I don't want to right now. I can feel myself zone out and in, a couple of times on the phone. I think I'm too tired and dehydrated. I down the rest of the beer and stuff my phone in my pocket and walk back right in the middle of the crowd. I can't think about having to go back to work tomorrow. I wasn't supposed to. I am just so tired from today, all the whipping back and forth inside my head. I was really hoping for the day off.

I dodge past a few people and get right in the middle. I look up and the kaleidoscope is still there. I look around and the people are still the same. Blue and careless. They don't know me, and they don't care. I think I find comfort and fear in that. Both at times and at times its either one taking over. But tonight, it is comforting and that's enough to drive me to a place where I don't have to care either. For now. I close my eyes and let myself check out for a minute.

The people around me sway a little slower. I can feel them brush against me, knock me just slightly off my balance and then the next person helps me come back. I am dancing, I think, or at least just moving. If I don't stop, I don't have to think about anything else. So, I don't stop moving. The blue here is so consuming that even with my eyes closed it bleeds into my brain, adamant on eating everything up in this place, every person's body and soul. I don't see anything, but I know the blue is just so strong and I don't think it will let me forget about it. I turn, I think I stepped on someone's foot. It didn't feel like a shoe, maybe someone is barefoot. *Maybe I should be bare foot.* There's a moment where the music just fades out for a split second and jumps back up, the receding sound going back into the speakers and then surging back at us. It felt like I got washed over with the biggest wave standing in the ocean. The vibrations make it so hard for me to hear my own thoughts. One moment I can't remember where I kept my car keys and the very next, I can't remember what I was thinking about just then. So, I continue moving to the noise, in the middle of a crowd that doesn't know who I am and is never going to be interested. I don't have to figure myself out or answer any questions or see any more shades of myself or consider anyone else's. I am blue here; I am like everybody else in a daze that I will never in a million years be able to explain.

My arms are tiring out, my breath is shallow, I can't feel my legs. I must stop, as much as I don't want to, I have to. I take a breath and turn again; I feel myself slow down more and more compared to the pace the other people around me have set. The blaring gets considerably louder, and I'm afraid when I open my eyes it'll just deafen me. But I have to. I stop my feet wherever they were and drag them together and grab onto a few shoulders, some naked and some covered in sequins, to help myself stand still. And I finally open my eyes, letting everything flood right back into my head and eyes. The blue at first is blinding and so is the noise. I rub my eyes and try to hold my head up straighter, and just as my vision blurs less and less, I see someone already looking at me. From across the floor, at the bar, a stranger looks right at me and for some reason the noise recedes behind me, right back into the speakers. The people are slower again. The blue is paler. The stranger is sitting on a bar stool, glass in hand, and I have never seen anything as clearly as that red band around her hand. I could even swear I heard the ice clink in that glass, but I probably imagined that. The band looks familiar, but the hand and body it is on, doesn't. *Why are you looking at me?*

Before I know it, I'm already walking toward her. I put a few steps forward and trip, my arms come up to hold another shoulder. I notice my arm then; I have the band too. This is the club band, but like everything in here it looks overbearingly blue. I get out of the crowd, and I look toward the bar, the stranger is gone and so is the first bit of clarity and colour I have had in here the whole night. The comfortable yet assaulting music surges yet again over me and the blue is gets denser. I look around, and it was like there was never anyone here. I'm really hoping the daze of this place isn't a hallucinogenic because one beer couldn't have done that. I sit down at the bar and touch my wrist band, it's still the same, just like everything else in here. Did I see the actual colour of the band on her? Did I just imagine it? That little sight of red got me wondering and rationalizing the whole night about it. I saw the real colour, but I should have just seen blue.

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