



Dr. O'Dyne?

Call me Ann.

Ann. Thanks for seeing me.

This is what we do here.

Thank you. Well, um, just thank you.

Okay. What can I do for you, Mr. Galeen?

Smoking. I have to quit.

We can help you.

Who is we?

Sorry. It's just the way we phrase it here at the clinic. I. I can help you.

Great. You use hypnosis, is that correct?

That is the most efficient method, yes. We could also use EMDR.

I saw something called Psychoshamanism. Is that—

Fairy tale stuff. We're a bit more grounded here. Hypnosis -let's say that's what we do.

A buddy told me it could take only one session.

A myth.

Okay. Do we start today?

Sure. Lemme just ask you a few questions, get some background, put you at ease.

I'm at ease.

Of course. Mr. Galeen.

Henry.

Henry. You work, let me see, at a downtown bar?

Sweetie's, yes.

As a—

Manager.

Okay. And you've been doing this kind of work for how long?

I'm a bartender.

Wha—

I didn't want to get off on the wrong foot. I'm really just a glorified bartender. Night manager they let me say. I'm the bartender.

Is there some shame associated with being just a bartender?

No. No, I don't think so.

Okay then.

I used to be a drunk.

Oh.

Yes, I used to be a drunk. Eleven months sober.

That's wonderful. So, being a bartender—

Is a refuge for many an ex-drunk.

I didn't know that.

Well, yes it's true. Many of us find that extra little bit of strength by being around what plagued us and not submitting.

That's commendable.

Not so much.

Okay. And now—

Like a lot of ex-drunks I smoke too much.

I see.

Now if I could lick cigarettes—

You would be what?

Clean. Really clean. A model citizen.

You smile when you say that. Do you mean it ironically?

No, well, partly. But, really, it's my last vice. Cigarettes. Coffin nails.

Not many people just have one vice.

I know. How about that?

Why did you turn to cigarettes, Henry?

Same reason as anybody. Well, any drunk. Something to suck on. Oral stimulation you might call it.

Might I?

I don't know.

Right. Okay. Well, so, working in a bar, that lifestyle, how would you describe it?

Um, late night. Lots of activity. Too much activity. An easy lifestyle to be seduced by.

How so?

Well, it's energizing. There are lots of things around to turn you on. Lights, music, women.

I see.

And lots of smoking.

There's smoking allowed in, um, Sweety's?

No, well there was until recently. No, not inside anymore.

So you smoke on your breaks?

Right.

And women, you said. I assume you're single.

Well, I'm sort of engaged.

How sort of? Isn't it like being pregnant, there are no degrees to it?

I guess so. Sandy is, well, she's really special. She doesn't care for the night life and that's a problem.

I can see it would be.

She works days. I work nights.

And you are surrounded by, should we say, available women?

Nightly. Right.

And you have availed yourself of their seductive pleasures on occasion?

Hey, this doesn't have anything to do with smoking. Can you just put me under and kill my nicotine craving?

Yes. Okay. Is that the only craving you want killed?

You're being judgmental, aren't you? Assuming I'm a birddog.

No. I'm trying to establish what about your personality makes smoking so irresistible, so *necessary*.

How do I know I can be hypnotized? Can anyone?

Almost anyone. Not psychotics, not people with low IQ. Not people who do not want to be hypnotized. Do you fall into any of those categories?

No, I don't think so. Ha, maybe low IQ.

I doubt it.

Okay. How do we do it?

We'll lower the lights. I'll ask you to concentrate on a dot of light projected onto a small dark screen. Meanwhile I'll be playing a single monotonous note. Do these details help you?

Help me? I don't know. You're the doctor.

Right. Now, Henry, let's chat just a bit more. When would you say your worst cravings occur? Night, morning, at times of stress?

Night. I guess. In the bar it's all I can do to serve drinks sometimes.

Serve women drinks?

You're hung up on this moralistic approach. Serve women, sure, anyone.

I simply was asking if you found serving drinks to women especially troubling or disconcerting.

No, I don't think so. Maybe.

Okay.

I mean, well, women are so free at night. They can be the straightest chick you know -Sunday School teachers- but in a bar, with their friends, it's like they are on another planet. The usual strictures are loosed. All inhibitions, all conventions are temporarily suspended. They dress provocatively, they flirt. It's hard -being, you know, engaged.

Or even sort of engaged?

Yes.

Okay. One other thing. Sandy -does she smoke?

Oh God no.

Why so adamant?

Sandy is, well, you know, straight.

The Sunday School teacher type.

She teaches Sunday School.

I see.

So, when we're, you know, married, I won't be around smoke, if that's what you're asking. Sandy wants me to quit more than I do.

More than you do.

A slip of the tongue. I do. I really want to quit.

Okay.

Okay.

Let's just lower the lights. Get comfortable, Mr. Galeen. Henry.

Okay.

Now, Henry, you can hear me but you need not respond. Okay. You may respond but you need not.

Yes.

Very good. Now, I want you to place yourself somewhere else. The nicest, most relaxed place you can imagine. It might be the shore. It may be night. Moonlight on the water. You might be watching the calming lapping of the waves. You might be imagining yourself afloat on those waves, rocking with them. Everything is peaceful. Everything is calm. The moon seems to shine just for you. You are calm. All your cares, all your desires, all your attentions to the world, for now, are absent. They may still exist for you -but you have put them aside. You are only awake to the gentle sway of the water, the peaceful effortless rush of the blood in your own veins. Are you at peace?

Yes.

Very good. The world is far away. You are only yourself, alone, rocking with the world. You need nothing. You desire nothing.

A cigarette.

No, you don't desire a cigarette.

I do.

Relax. Let the waves carry you. You can ride the waves as if you are on a board, as if you *are* the board. It doesn't matter if the waves are big or small, you can ride them. You are so relaxed the waves are only part of your blood, the flow of your blood.

Blood.

Right.

I want blood. A cigarette.

Uh, Henry. You do not want a cigarette. You only want—

Blood.

I'm sorry.

All I want is blood. I don't need a cigarette if I can have blood. Just a sip.

Henry, I'm sure—

Just one pretty neck. That waitress with the great tits. Trink. She's always coming on to me. I want to suck.

Her breasts. You want to suck her breasts. She is Mother—

No, no, I want her neck. Her swan-like neck. So white, so smooth. To drink there.

Henry. I'm not sure where this is going. This waitress -she is a problem for you? You who are trying to stay true to Sandy. She is temptation.

She's always coming on to me.

Okay.

Rubbing up against me. If she knew. If she only knew.

That you're engaged. That you are beyond temptation.

That I would drink her blood. That I would bend her backwards, in a swoon, like a lover, exactly like a lover. I would tip her downy neck toward me and I would numb her with a kiss. She would at first think that I was making love to her. She would yield to it -can you see it? She is swooning toward me, she is offering her neck up to be loved. And I will attend to her like the gentlest lover—

Henry.

I would kiss her swan-like neck, gently, then more forcefully. She would moan as if I were her best lover. She would clasp her own breast. And in the moment that she gives herself up to me—that moment when she is sure I am her best lover -I would bite. I would lower my teeth into her flesh and -quickly, tenderly- she would think that she was in love -it must be love! -and I would begin to drink her sweet red blood. It would taste of iron and heat. It would taste of -eternity!

Mr. Galeen. Where did this come from? I am waking you up now, I am releasing -um-

Ann.

Mr. Galeen.

Ann, have you ever been made love to by eternity, by the endless wheeling of the stars, by the rotational tilt of the Earth itself? No -Ann- No -you don't know! Imagine I am leaning toward your neck -now!

Mr. Galeen. When I count three and snap my fingers you will wake up. Do you hear me? One two three!

Mm.

You will wake now, Mr. Galeen.

Mm.

Mr. Galeen.

Mm. Ann.

Now, look at me. Open your eyes, Mr. Galeen. Open them, I say.

What -mm, Ann. That was delicious.

Okay, Mr. Galeen.

What -did I do alright? I was really under, wasn't I?

Mr. Galeen. I think. I think we should continue another time. If you'll make an appointment on your way out.

Ann. Did I do something -what is it?

Nothing, Mr. Galeen.

Henry. I thought—

Another time. We are out of time today. Now—

Ann, did I -Ann. Look.

Please, just leave. Please.

Oh.

Right—

Oh.

Mr.

Mm, well. I'm sorry.

Now if

Ann. I see. I need a cigarette. That's a bad sign.

Mr—

A bad sign. Ann. I'm sorry about this. I really am. I only wanted. Well, it's not important. Ann, I'm sorry about this. No -keep those lights off. Come here, Ann. Come. Now, you can see me. Now you can look into my eyes. Deeper, Ann. Look deeper. Yes, that's it. Ann. You're moving into my eyes. You're losing yourself, Ann. You're falling into me -keep looking right here, Ann. Everything is falling away. You have no more cares, nothing about the world matters to you now. You're already undoing your blouse, Ann. You're already offering yourself up. Undo those buttons, Ann. Yes, that's it -yes, Doctor, your breast is white -so pure. Open your blouse, Ann. Push your hair aside. Ahh, yes. Ann. You're losing yourself, Ann, leaving the world behind, the tired old world. You're leaving it all behind -for something better, Ann. Now.