

#4 Madness

A Photo Novella by Dwayne Carter

Kitty is rejected and abandoned.
Is Juan Diablo the man to lead her through
anarchy and despair in this post apocalyptic
Dallas, Texas?

Everyone needs a second chance.
Constantinople became Istanbul.
Will a post Dallas be an irrational city?

Look inside for the answers...

A Photo Novella
by Dwayne Carter
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#WORDSKETCHES, #DIALOGUE, #APOCALYPTICPOSTAPOCALYPTICDALLAS
WRITTEN BY PATRICK.PATTERSON.CARROLL AND DWAYNE.CARTER
DALLAS. BIG D. THE PLASTIC CITY. ALTERED PERHAPS FOREVER BY SOMETHING. EBOLA?
SOCIOPOLITICAL REVOLUTION? NATURAL DISASTER CATALYZED BY GLOBAL WARMING/
CLIMATE CHANGE? OH, DON'T BE SUCH A DOGMATIC PRICK. LOL, LMAO, AHAHAHAHAHA!
WINK IT ALL SEEM TO START AT ROB'S SOLO EXHIBITION AT THE NASHER. IT SEEMS
EVERYTHING I'VE KNOWN UP TILL NOW HAS BEEN WRONG.

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ROB: BUT STILL... I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU'D BE PREPARED TO
SACRIFICE YOUR AMBITIONS FOR THE LIKES OF ME.

KITTY: HUH? IS THAT RHETORICAL?

ROB: I DON'T KNOW. I THINK ABOUT IT. I THINK... AND THIS IS
A BIG OPPORTUNITY! FINALLY, I CAN FOCUS MY ENERGIES ON
MY WORK, AND NOT ON ENRICHING THOSE WITH THEIR OWN
SELF-INTEREST AT THE FOREFRONT WHILE I SCRAPE BY.

KITTY: UH. OKAY. BUT YOU DO REALIZE WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER?

ROB: ARE WE, KITTY? BECAUSE--AND I DON'T MEAN TO BE
CRASS--BUT... ROLLING AROUND IN THE SACK WITH ME WHEN
IT SUITS YOU DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE STUFF TEAM EFFORTS
ARE MADE OF FRANKLY, IT SMACKS OF BOREDOM.

KITTY: ROB. YOU'RE WRONG! WAY WRONG!

ROB: SORRY. MAYBE I'M BEING DEFENSIVE.

KITTY: I DIDN'T NOTICE.

ROB: STILL. I MUST MOVE FORWARD. WITHOUT YOU.

KITTY: AND THAT'S IT?

ROB: DO WE HAVE TO MAKE IT ANY MORE DIFFICULT?

KITTY: SHUT UP. I'M FEELING USED RIGHT NOW!

ROB: I GUESS THAT'S VALID. LOOK. I GOTTA GO.

Kitty Soliloquy

35 years. Ten of which spent
nurturing, coddling, and
swiftly ameliorating a
jerk's ego upon any
perceived slight. If I had
any sense, I'd have told him
not to quit his day job. It
would've been a cruel lie, but
at least

oh, I don't know. I I feel
like
I'm a cliché conjured up in
the mind of a feckless
misogynist.

Woe is me! I saved him!

He wouldn't have had the
intestinal nay mortal
fortitude to go on and
achieve this success
without me me! taking
him for a stomach pumping
after drinking himself in
the direction of
oblivion

twice!

*

***KING SELLOUT!

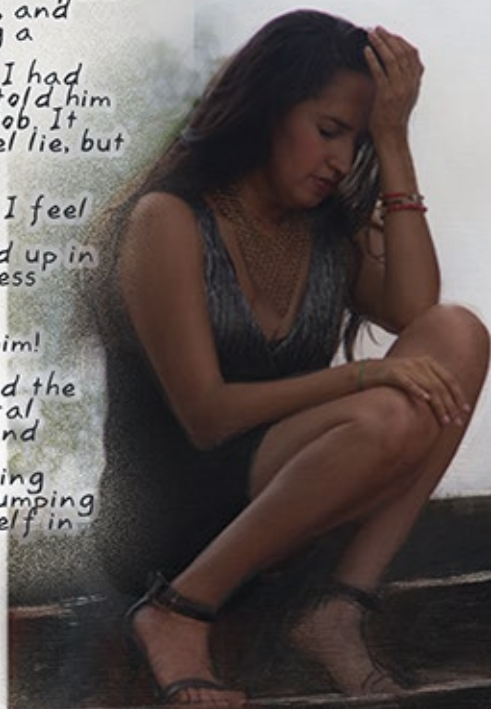
What now?

IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT JUAN DIABLO
MADE HIS ENTRY. THIS IS WHEN I MET MY GUIDE
THROUGH MY DESPAIR.

JUAN: IT'S A LOADED QUESTION... IF ONE
EVER EXISTED.

KITTY: HUH?

JUAN: WELL, YOU'VE GOTTA LOOK AT THINGS
IN SCOPE OR SCALE OR CONTEXT OR WHATEVER.



AS I FOLLOWED JUAN DIABLO TO DEALEY PLAZA, I BECAME AWARE OF A SUFFERING, DISAPPROVING RABBLE, A DEPRAVED ASSORTMENT LIVING IN THE SQUALOR BELOW THE BRIDGE.

KITTY: WHO ARE THESE POOR SOULS?

JUAN: POOR? MAYBE NOT. BUT THEY ARE SOMETHING.

JUAN: THEY WERE CONSPIRACY RAG PEDDLERS, RECENTLY RELEASED PRISONERS FROM LU LU, TOURISTS, AND COMMON WINOS; SOME ALL THREE, WORSE STILL. MANY OF THEM WERE THE SAME VILE CREATURES YOU MIGHT'VE SEEN IN THAT MOVIE, WALL STREET.

KITTY: GREED IS GOOD.

JUAN: IT'S NOT. BUT WHATEVER HELPS YOU SLEEP

KITTY: NO. IT'S FROM THE MOVIE.

AN "UNCLEAN MAN" APPROACHED US AS IF TO SOLICIT BUT STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS.

UNCLEAN MAN: WELL SHIT, I GUESS THAT MEANS THE COUCH POTATO AIN'T GOT NO MONEY.

KITTY: SWEET PEAZUS, YOU FRIGHTENED ME!

UNCLEAN MAN: IT'S JUST SLANG FOR YOU FOLKS WHO ALWAYS BE REFERENCING TV AND MOVIES. YOU'RE COUCH POTATOES.

KITTY: WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT?

UNCLEAN MAN: NOTHING. TELEVISION IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO ME. A POP CULTURAL REFERENCE MEANS A SEDENTARY LIFESTYLE IS INCOMPATIBLE WITH REVOLUTION. EVEN IN THE MIRE OF FILTH, IT'S LIKE SPITTING IN MY FACE.

UNCLEAN MAN: I JUST... I FEAR I'VE LOST THE BATTLE AND THE WAR, ONCE UPON A TIME, I INSPIRED MEN TO RESIST THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE CHAOS IN THESE TIMES. NOW, I JUST HOPE THEY DON'T SHANK ME WHILE I SLEEP FOR THE LAST OF THESE PILLS THAT SEEM TO BE IN DEMAND.

JUAN: TO BE FAIR, I USED THE FILM TO CONTEXTUALIZE THE SITUATION.

KITTY: PILLS YOU SAY?

KITTY: LOL.. I WOULDN'T DARE SHANK YOU.

UNCLEAN MAN: YOU JUST SAID LOL. YOU DIDN'T LAUGH. YOU SAID LOL. NOW I FEEL SAFE!

KITTY: WHATEVER. WOULDN'T YOU BE BETTER SERVED MINISTERING TO NEW REVOLUTIONARY BROTHERS-IN-ARMS AS OPPOSED TO BEGGING MONEY FROM STRANGERS?

JUAN: OKAY. ENOUGH. WE HAVE TO GO NOW.

UNCLEAN MAN: I WON'T LIE. YOU'VE HURT MY FEELINGS. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S NO USE. MONEY BUYS NOTHING ANYMORE.





JUAN POINTED TO THE VIEW FROM THE GRASSY KNOLL.

JUAN: SURE. GETTING DUMPED BLOWS! BUT... LOOK AROUND YOU! WOULDN'T YOU RATHER PROGRESS BEYOND THIS PLACE?

KITTY: WHO ARE YOU?

JUAN: KNOW WHAT A BARD IS?

KITTY: A POET IN THE SERVICE OF THE STATE?

JUAN: YEAH, I'M MAYAKOVSKY, BABY.

JUAN: NO, BUT I AM AESTHETICALLY PLEASING. INTIMATELY GIFTED *WINK*, AND I'M YOUR GUIDE. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU WERE—AND ARE—UP AGAINST. ALL—MOST—QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED IN DUE TIME.

KITTY: OH. YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE.

JUAN: ONE OF WHAT?

KITTY: OF THOSE DISGUSTING BOYS WHO PREY ON THE EMOTIONALLY WOUNDED.

JUAN: DON'T YOU WANT THE ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS?

KITTY: YES.

NO.

YES!

WHAT QUESTIONS? I ONLY ASKED ONE.

JUAN: JUST COME WITH ME.

WE LEFT. UNAWARE OF THOSE WHO LINGERED



MY JOURNEY HAD BEGUN. ENTERING A DIRT TUNNEL,
I SAW A SIGN THAT WAS GRAFFITIED TO READ:
ABANDON ALL DOPE. YE WHO ENTER HERE

KITTY: AND THE SUBTEXT: HOPE. DOPE. SAME FAMILY. BEING
THAT IT WAS AND IS ILLEGAL. THE FORMER BEING A CAMPAIGN
SLOGAN AND A PLACE IN ARKANSAS, AND THE LATTER
BEING SOMETHING EQUALLY AS UNWIELDY AND DESULTORY.

PERSON: NO HOPE. WORSE. NO DOPE. TRUST ME. OUR
HANDS ARE CLEAN AND OUR MINDS ARE CLEAR. BUT WE'RE
INCREDIBLY BORED.

JUAN: LET US CONTINUE ON. NOTHING TO SEE HERE.
UNINTERESTING.

KITTY: I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT.

JUAN: ULTIMATELY, THIS IS JUST A STONE AMONGST
THE COBBLE ON THE PATH. WE WILL TREAD WHERE
THE LIGHT RAIL, ONCE OFFERED FOLK QUICK CONVEYANCE.

KITTY: OKAY, ROB.

JUAN: WHAT?

KITTY: NOTHING.





WE CAME TO THE TRINITY RIVER BASIN LOOKING TOWARD DOWNTOWN.
THE STENCH WAS UNBEARABLE. THE FILTH UNIMAGINABLE.

KITTY: IT STINKS HERE. I FEEL FAINT.

JUAN: HOLD YOUR NOSE, THEN. THIS IS LIFE. IT'S REAL, AND YOU
CANNOT ESCAPE IT.

JUAN: POOR GIRL. THE REAL POOR ALWAYS HAVE TO SMELL
SHIT. YOU'RE JUST SLUMMING IT NOW.



THAT IS WHERE WE ENCOUNTERED ANARCHY HOLDING A BIBLE FILLED WITH MONEY. PROPHET OF FALSE HOPE THROUGH INSTANT GRATIFICATION. HIS WICKED GRIN WRITHED IN HEDONISM LIKE A WORM IN THE DIRT.

ANARCHY: THEY SAY BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP, GIRL. BUT WHAT'S TO SEE BEYOND THAT? BLOOD AND BONE? FORGET IT. GIRL. THIS IS D-TOWN! JOIN MY CHURCH! THE CHURCH OF LOVE AND LUST AND ALL THINGS DEEMED-BY ME-GOOD AND GREAT!

JUAN: I THINK WE'LL PASS.

ANARCHY: I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU, UNLESS..

ANARCHY: UNLESS YOU HAVE MONEY.

KITTY: ISN'T MONEY USELESS HERE?

ANARCHY: SHE'S BEAUTIFUL AND A THINKER!

ANARCHY: MONEY GIVES US THE POWER TO SPREAD OUR MESSAGE HITHER AND THITHER! LOVE AND LUST-MORE THAN ANYTHING-REQUIRE MOBILITY.

JUAN: BECAUSE YOU'RE BORED OF WHAT YOU HAVE HERE. YES. WE GET IT.

ANARCHY: I NEVER SAID THAT.

JUAN: DIDN'T YOU?

ANARCHY: COME ON GIRL. JOIN US!

KITTY: YEAH. NO.

ANARCHY: YOU DARE SAY NO TO A GOD? LOOK AT MY BODY! PERFECTLY CHISELED! LIKE ADAM IN THIS BOOK!

JUAN: AND BEN FRANKLIN ON THAT TATTERED C-NOTE.

ANARCHY: YOU HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO OFFER? I AM A GOD AND I SCREW LIKE ONE. TOO!

KITTY GIGGLES.

JUAN: MOVING ALONG NOW.

ANARCHY: YOU'LL BE BACK. NO ONE CAN RESIST ME!



AS WE MOVED PAST CLUB DADA, I COULD SENSE JUAN WAS APPREHENSIVE ABOUT THE DOORMAN, BUT HE SPOKE ANYWAY.

JUAN: WE SEEK SHELTER.

DOORMAN: BETTER THAN THAT, MY MAN. I OFFER ENTERTAINMENT, THE FOLLY OF THE MONEIED AND POWERFUL. WELCOME TO THE CITY HALL OF THIS IRRATIONAL CITY OF DISCORD.

JUAN: HARDLY AN ENTICING SELLING POINT.

DOORMAN: AWW, IT USUALLY WORKS.

KITTY: CAN WE JUST GO IN? IT'S JOCKY OUT HERE I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN WEARING THE SAME PANTIES FOR DAYS.

DOORMAN: OH, YOU CAN TOTALLY COME ON IN.

JUAN: GREAT, PLEASE DON'T TALK ABOUT UNDERGARMENTS HERE.

KITTY: I'M GOING IN.

JUAN: OF COURSE YOU ARE.

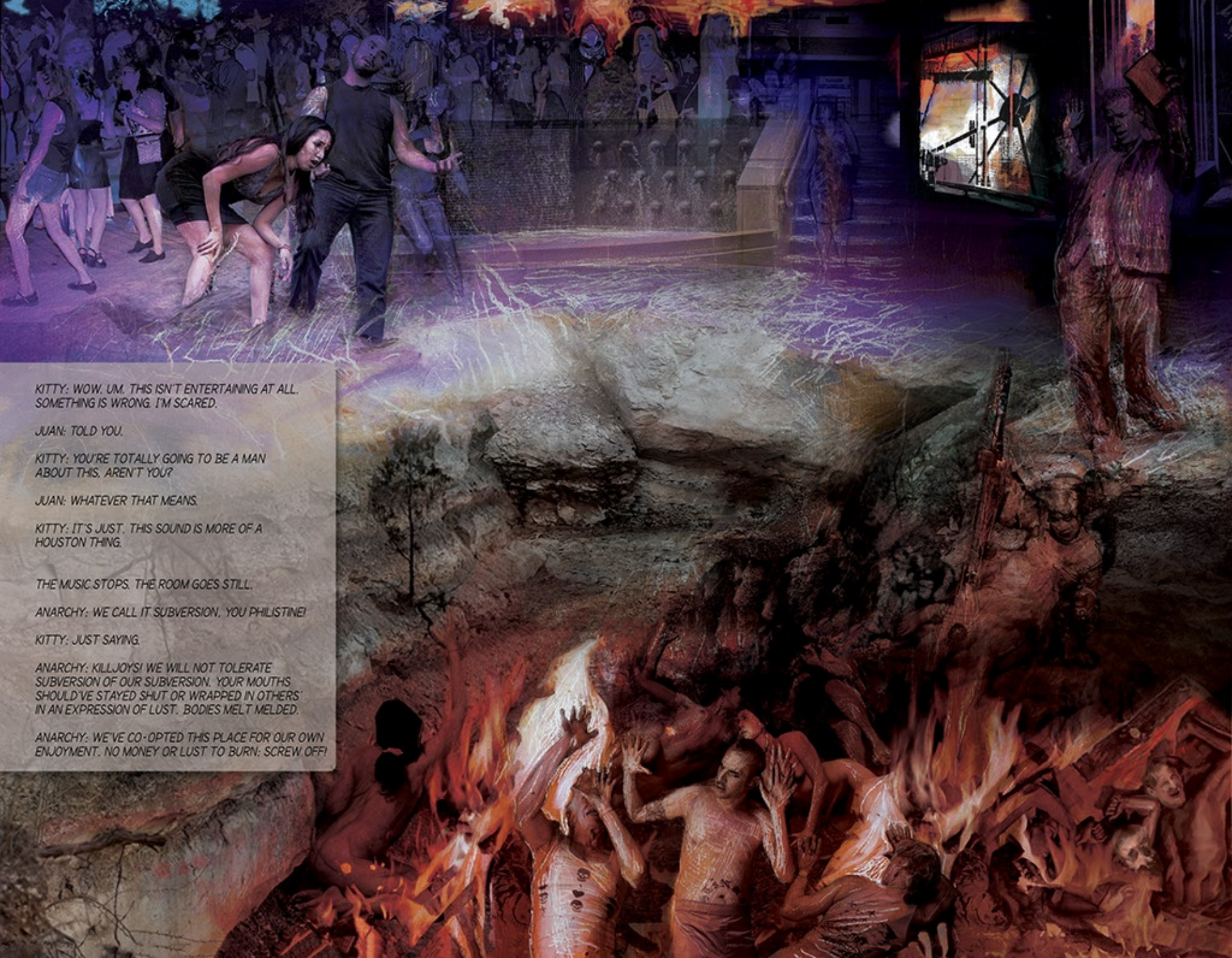
KITTY: MAYBE IT'LL BE FUN.

JUAN: DOUBTFUL, BUT I GUESS YOU SHOULD SEE.



INSIDE I SAW DANCERS WRITHING AND HOT, STEAMING, SCREAMING. THE SOUNDS OF METAL MUSIC CHOPPED AND SCREWED WITH ACCOMPANYING VISUALS.





KITTY: WOW. UM. THIS ISN'T ENTERTAINING AT ALL.
SOMETHING IS WRONG. I'M SCARED.

JUAN: TOLD YOU.

KITTY: YOU'RE TOTALLY GOING TO BE A MAN
ABOUT THIS, AREN'T YOU?

JUAN: WHATEVER THAT MEANS.

KITTY: IT'S JUST. THIS SOUND IS MORE OF A
HOUSTON THING.

THE MUSIC STOPS. THE ROOM GOES STILL.

ANARCHY: WE CALL IT SUBVERSION. YOU PHILISTINE!

KITTY: JUST SAYING.

ANARCHY: KILLJOYS! WE WILL NOT TOLERATE
SUBVERSION OF OUR SUBVERSION. YOUR MOUTHS
SHOULD'VE STAYED SHUT OR WRAPPED IN OTHERS'
IN AN EXPRESSION OF LUST. BODIES MELT MELDED.

ANARCHY: WE'VE CO-OPTED THIS PLACE FOR OUR OWN
ENJOYMENT. NO MONEY OR LUST TO BURN. SCREW OFF!



THEY CHASED US OUT OF THE CLUB, THROUGH KLYDE WARREN PARK.
THE GRAFFITI READ: KLYDE WARREN PARK: ART, CULTURE, FAMILY, COMMUNITY
OR SOMETHING EQUALLY NAUSEATING.

ANARCHY: YOU ARE NOT WELCOME HERE, UNLESS...UNLESS YOU HAVE MONEY.

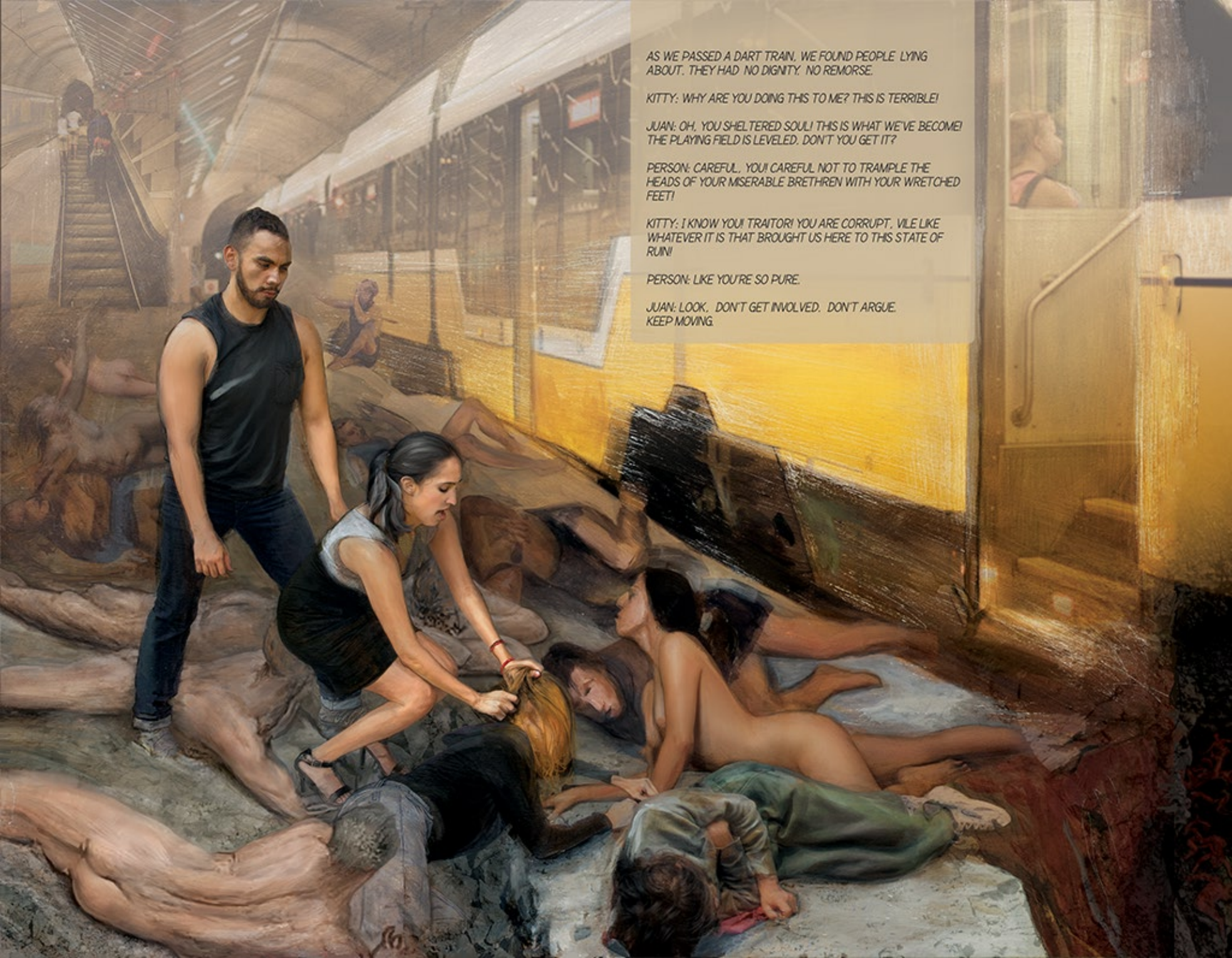
CHORUS: MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY.

JUAN: WE'VE HEARD THIS LINE, HAVEN'T WE? LET US MOVE FORWARD.

KITTY: UGH, YOU MEAN DOWNWARD? TO WORSE SHIT? NO THANKS.

JUAN: WE NEED TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

KITTY: UH...



AS WE PASSED A DART TRAIN, WE FOUND PEOPLE LYING ABOUT. THEY HAD NO DIGNITY. NO REMORSE.

KITTY: WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME? THIS IS TERRIBLE!

JUAN: OH, YOU SHELTERED SOUL! THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BECOME! THE PLAYING FIELD IS LEVELED. DON'T YOU GET IT?

PERSON: CAREFUL, YOU CAREFUL NOT TO TRAMPLE THE HEADS OF YOUR MISERABLE BRETHREN WITH YOUR WRETCHED FEET!

KITTY: I KNOW YOU! TRAITOR! YOU ARE CORRUPT, VILE LIKE WHATEVER IT IS THAT BROUGHT US HERE TO THIS STATE OF RUIN!

PERSON: LIKE YOU'RE SO PURE.

JUAN: LOOK, DON'T GET INVOLVED. DON'T ARGUE. KEEP MOVING.

WE REACHED THE DALLAS MUSEUM OF ART. PEOPLE WERE LOOTING AND HOARDING THE ART.

STREET VENDOR: YOU ARE JEALOUS OF MY VAST COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES. ART GIVES MEANING.

KITTY: LIKE MONEY?

STREET VENDOR: I DIDN'T SAY THAT. NOT EVER WOULD I UTTER SUCH NONSENSE.

JUAN: SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT. HOARDING IS NOT A SOLVENT FORM OF MAINTENANCE IN A WORLD WHERE VALUES WILL BE A KEY ASSET.

STREET VENDOR: YOUR IDEAS SOW DISCORD. ART AND NATURE ARE REAL AND ONE! AM I WRONG? LOOK AT THIS EXQUISITE NEW PAINTING FROM ROB BARKER FROM FAIR PARK.

KITTY: OH MY!

STREET VENDOR: SO YOU HAVE HEARD OF HIM.

JUAN: YES. THAT ONE HAS MEANING.

JUAN: YOUR ROB IS AHEAD IN FAIR PARK.

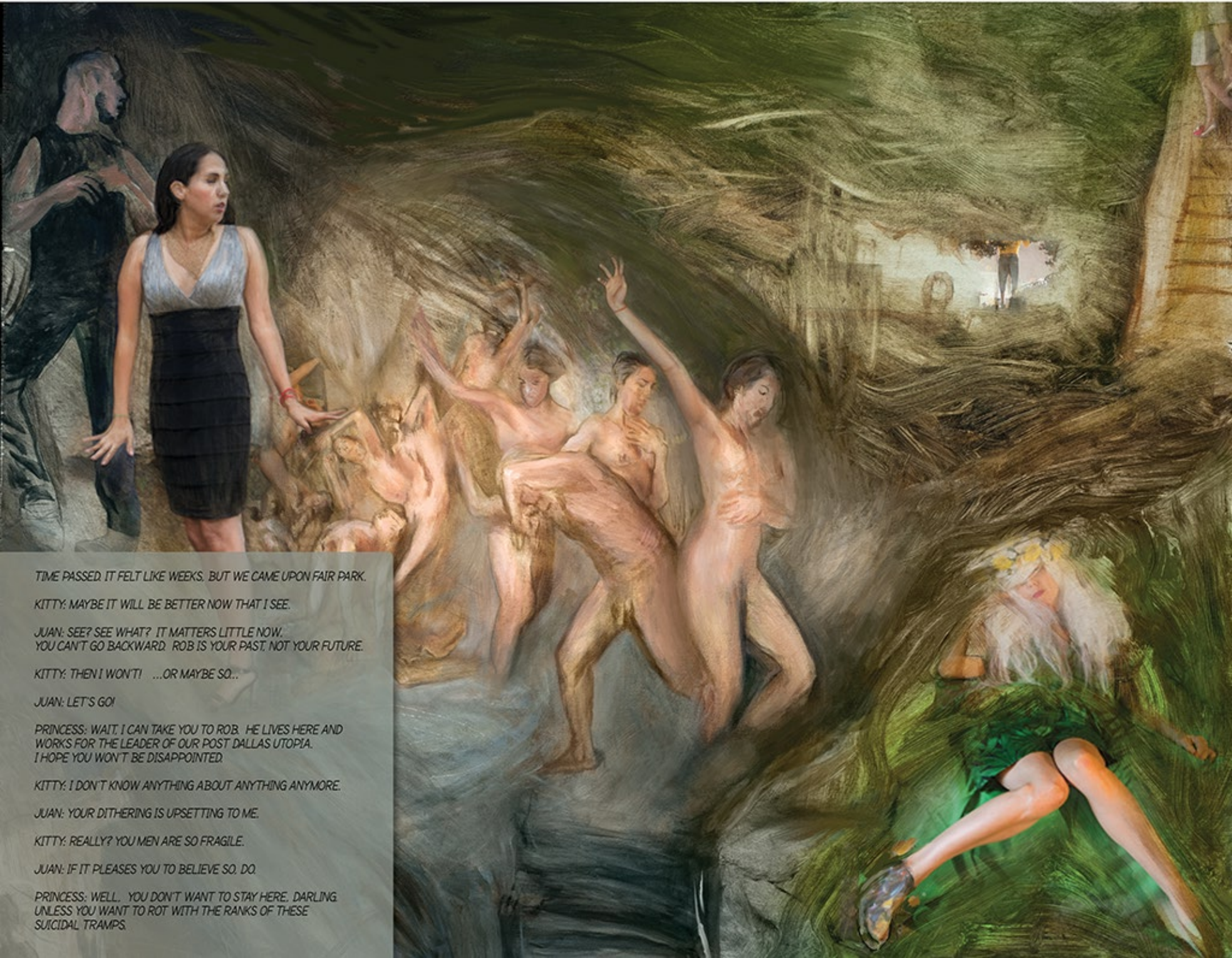
KITTY: I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT ANYMORE.

JUAN: AND I'M SUPPOSED TO DIVINE THAT HOW?

KITTY: I DON'T KNOW!

JUAN: WE MOVE ON!





TIME PASSED. IT FELT LIKE WEEKS. BUT WE CAME UPON FAIR PARK.

KITTY: MAYBE IT WILL BE BETTER NOW THAT I SEE.

*JUAN: SEE? SEE WHAT? IT MATTERS LITTLE NOW.
YOU CAN'T GO BACKWARD. ROB IS YOUR PAST, NOT YOUR FUTURE.*

KITTY: THEN I WON'T! ...OR MAYBE SO...

JUAN: LET'S GO!

*PRINCESS: WAIT, I CAN TAKE YOU TO ROB. HE LIVES HERE AND
WORKS FOR THE LEADER OF OUR POST DALLAS UTOPIA.
I HOPE YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.*

KITTY: I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANYTHING ANYMORE.

JUAN: YOUR DITHERING IS UPSETTING TO ME.

KITTY: REALLY? YOU MEN ARE SO FRAGILE.

JUAN: IF IT PLEASURES YOU TO BELIEVE SO, DO.

*PRINCESS: WELL, YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE, DARLING
UNLESS YOU WANT TO ROT WITH THE RANKS OF THESE
SUICIDAL TRAMPS.*

PRINCESS: YOU'RE SO CLEAN,
UNSULLIED IN THESE TIMES. STRANGE.

KITTY: YOU SEEM ALRIGHT.

JUAN: NO, THEY DON'T. YOU'RE A RATHER TRUSTING ONE,
AREN'T YOU?

KITTY: WOULDN'T IT EXPLAIN EVERYTHING? TOO TRUSTING...

JUAN: I CAN'T JOURNEY WITH YOU ANY FURTHER,
DON'T BUY INTO THIS.

QUEEN: YOU'RE CLEVER, BUT NO ONE FOLLOWS YOU, WHY?

JUAN: SHE DOES.

KITTY: NOT LIKE THAT.

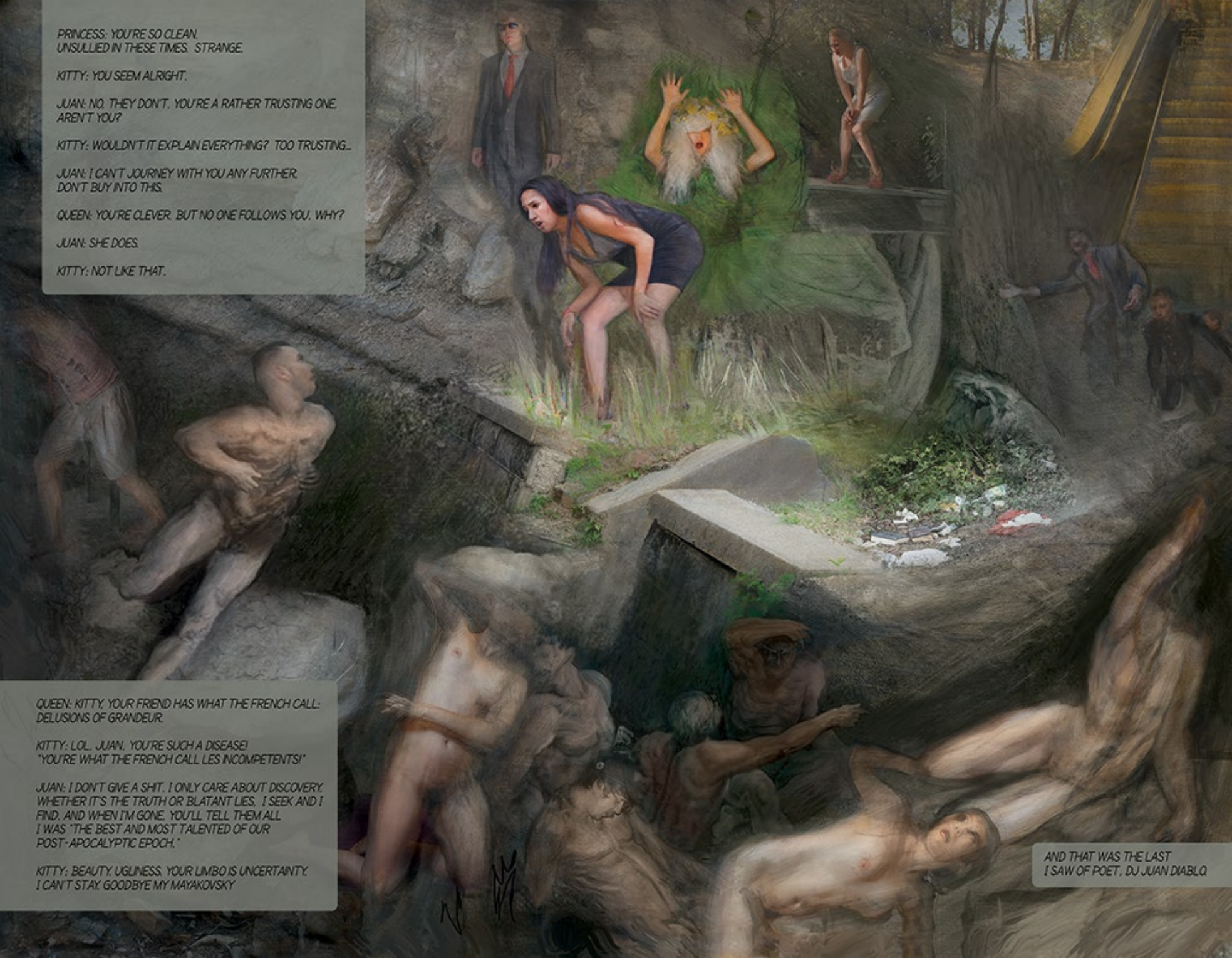
QUEEN: KITTY, YOUR FRIEND HAS WHAT THE FRENCH CALL:
DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR.

KITTY: LOL, JUAN, YOU'RE SUCH A DISEASE!
"YOU'RE WHAT THE FRENCH CALL LES INCOMPETENTS!"

JUAN: I DON'T GIVE A SHIT. I ONLY CARE ABOUT DISCOVERY,
WHETHER IT'S THE TRUTH OR BLATANT LIES. I SEEK AND I
FIND, AND WHEN I'M GONE, YOU'LL TELL THEM ALL
I WAS "THE BEST AND MOST TALENTED OF OUR
POST-APOCALYPTIC EPOCH."

KITTY: BEAUTY, UGLINESS, YOUR LIMBO IS UNCERTAINTY,
I CAN'T STAY. GOODBYE MY MAYAKOVSKY

AND THAT WAS THE LAST
I SAW OF POET, DJ JUAN DIABLO





THE QUEEN LED ME TO THE CULT LEADER. I RECOGNIZED HIM AS THE UNCLEAN PANHANDLER FROM DEALEY PLAZA. THOUGH SURROUNDED BY SEDUCERS AND PANDERERS, HIS HEAD ON BACKWARD, I CAN SEE HE'S GOT A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY.

THOR: I REMEMBER YOU. YOU TAUGHT ME HUMILITY, BECAUSE YOU HELPED ME TO OVERCOME PRIDE. I HAVE RETURNED TO POWER.

TO TELL THE TRUTH, I COULD'VE ENDED YOU SOME TIME AGO, AND I'M NOT SO CERTAIN I'LL REMAIN BEHOLDEN TO ANY FORM OF MAGNANIMITY OR BENEVOLENCE FROM HERE ON.

I REALLY DON'T KNOW ABOUT TRUTH, BUT I DO KNOW ABOUT ORDER AND MEANING. I GIVE BOTH. BELIEVE IN ME AND YOU CAN STAY.

THOR (TO THE MASSES) ART AND NATURE ARE REAL. YOU MIGHT
CONTEND THEY ARE COMPETING FORCES. BUT I DISAGREE.
THEY ARE AT ONE WITH EACH OTHER. YOUR EYES ARE SEWN SHUT.
ENVY AND COVETNESS ARE USELESS. WORTHLESS.

QUEEN: ART AND NATURE ARE REAL AND ONE! AM I WRONG?





KITTY: NATURE IS NOT A FOUND OBJECT. IT WAS HERE WHEN WE GOT HERE, AND IT'LL BE HERE AFTER WE'RE GONE. IN SOME FORM OR FASHION. THE TRUTH IS, HOWEVER, THAT WE'VE RE-CREATED IT IN THE CONTEXT OF OUR TIME. TOOLS OF OUR TOOLS. HANDS OF OUR HANDS. OUR PRINT IS ALL OVER IT.

WE CREATE OUR OWN PARADISE. NOT IN A MANIFESTO. WE LIVE IN IT. BEAUTIFUL. WRETCHED. BEAUTIFULLY WRETCHED. WRETCHEDLY BEAUTIFUL.

WHERE I WANT TO BE.

PARADISE.

ROB: KITTY YOU'RE HERE! I'VE MISSED YOU SO. THIS IS MY HOME NOW, AND YOU TOO CAN LIVE HERE. CALL IT HOME, IF YOU WISH. IT'S YOUR CHOICE. JUST HAVE EMPATHY. THE LEADER RE-WROTE THE DADA MANIFESTO. IT MAKES SENSE NOW AND GIVES ORDER.

KITTY: YOU'RE A SELFISH HYPOCRITE. YES, AND IN IT YOU'LL FIND THE ONLY PERSONALITY HE HAS IS A CULT OF IT.

ROB: HYPOCRITES HAVE FEELINGS.

KITTY: SO DO [REDACTED] YOUR POINT?

KITTY: I GUESS I NEED TO MAKE A DECISION.

ROB: IS THERE REALLY ONE TO BE MADE?

KITTY: SERIOUSLY?

ROB: I'M SORRY.

KITTY: I'M HERE. AREN'T I?

ROB: I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WHERE IT'S SAFE, BUT ONLY IF YOU DON'T QUESTION THINGS. WE ALL HAVE A PART IN THIS IRRATIONAL CITY





MADNESS NUMBER 4
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