

DS Soothsayer

By: Darien S. Acosta

Sunrise and already the clouded sky is filled with a dense but momentary shade of purple. All the while a young man named Picardy lays aback, rather comfortably, against an old park bench; its wooden green boards swelling with the moisture of a morning in may. Yet suddenly, legs and arms flail outward and their owner yawns a haughty yawn, the time for treasure hunting has arrived.

Picardy does not need to refer to a map for this hunt, for he already knows the location by heart. Many a time has he gone searching for his buried treasure in these early hours before the forces that be alas, pressure him to attend class. As of late the hunt has seemed to become a ritual, but the act itself is still far from routine.

For now, while standing at ease and using the edge of park bench as a reference point, he casually walks forward three, maybe four steps before kicking over a grey rock, and clawing at the soil with his left hand while crouching. Within moments of offering his fingers to the earth does it release a clear bag into his hand. A bag that is full of grass. Well not really grass, but marijuana. For you see Picardy, while attending his boorish final year in high school, had gotten into the habit of not sleeping and soon began hiding bags of marijuana in all his favorite chill spots around New York City. This was done, not as much as it was for security but rather for his convenience and most importantly for a self satisfying sense of adventure where there previously had been none.

Picardy, now sitting amongst the dirt of the world, prepares to handle his newly acquired swag, which sadly is an action that has become rather routine, albeit never, boring per say. If ever it were to become completely mundane, as standardized education has to Picardy, he had promised himself that such a realization would suffice in convincing him that it was just about time to put the habit to rest. But that day surely must be far off and besides the once purple overcast had just begun to dissipate and the now fully risen sun radiated immense beams of light which now reflected off of some random metal object directly into his weary left eye.

“Ahh...” He complains, moving his head out of the directed light and murmurs “It’s too early for this...”

Naturally curious, he stands and gravitates toward the source of the bent light, while shoving his baggie into his back pocket. The source, it appeared, was the partly rusted handle of a tattered suitcase that lied shoved, half buried in dirt and behind a tree, only three feet away from where his booty had previously lain in wait.

‘Had I not seen this before?’ Picardy wondered.

He approached the case with visually expressed caution, making certain that no soul was in the vicinity by peeking past a walking path surrounded by trees that hovered over his shoulder. He gripped the case from the sides and began to unlatch the locks, half expecting to find a severed rotting limb, half expecting to find a rat’s nest.

Low and behold however, it was neither and in all actuality it was treasure, actual treasure.

“What the fuck? Rubles? Fucking Russian Rubles! Haha.” Picardy laughs, quickly shutting the case and eyeing his environment for the quickest exit route. The case was filled with what appeared to had once been publically circulated Russian Rubles in very high

denominations, all stacked and held together with old commie money bands. Most of the notes were toiled or in poor shape but still appeared to be suitable for exchange.

‘Exchange? Wait aren’t rubles worth almost nothing in the currency market?’ Picardy wonders as he begins to exit the park and head towards the nearest train station. “Shit.”

By ten o’clock Picardy arrives at his small local bank and waves at one of the Bank Tellers, an old friend from elementary school. She smiles, waves back and nudges her head in a ‘come here’ fashion. He acknowledges.

“Hey Becky.”

“Hi, Picardy, how’ve you been?”

“Fine, very fine, you look well, umm, I need to exchange a bunch of Russian rubles into cash as quickly as possible.”

“Sounds good, how much?”

“A lot, about 65,000 rubles worth. I counted twice. Is your manager around?”

“No he’s on vacation, so he left me in charge of all the general supervising tasks.”

“Awesome, wait so why are you at this window instead of supervising?”

“Well there’s not much to supervise around here, noone comes to small banks anymore and anyway, I’d rather sit than stand anytime.”

“You sound comfortable, I’m glad, so can you help me with this?”

“Of course, come to the back.”

It is only fifteen minutes later and Picardy is on his way home to grab his passport with a now bulky pocket full of \$2300 of American currency. So bulky indeed, that his pants seem to threaten to tear at the seams whenever his legs move.

‘A trip to Amsterdam is definitely in order.’ He states to himself while dodging the speedy traffic between crosswalks; for some reason he can’t stop smiling, even as frustrated drivers blare their horns and threaten brutal sexual conflict.

Two days and an angry parental phone call later, Picardy finds himself baked out of his mind while lounging inside a newly opened Amsterdam technotronic club dubbed **rEVErence**. But everyone seems to just call it ‘Eve’. He eyes the dancing crowd while eavesdropping on what seemed to be a conversation between locals. Amsterdam has been kind to Picardy so far, he can still see straight, hear fine, and best of all jet lag has yet to catch up to his fast paced and still accelerating mind.

“I’d give this place..eh.. Two months! What you say?” One local says to another.

“Hmm, Overestimating again, you’re always so bad at this. 5 weeks is the standard operating cycle in this part of Amsterdam. I told you before.” The other replies.

“Heh, I cannot be expected to remember everything. Why 5 weeks though, I’ve seen many clubs last longer...”

“Because, there is nothing different about this club. Look it’s all the same, just better environment. Same music, Same everything.... Hey let’s get some molls!. How bout it?”

“Aye my head, I’m still recovering from yesterday..... Ok, but you find out whose selling. I’m gonna sit here, smoke and mediate, prepare my head for the intense emotional transition... of LOVE!”

Picardy laughs to himself just as a duo of mostly skinny, tall, grossly over tanned girls begin to home in on his position. Their thick high heels seem to be the widest part of their ‘body’ and are actually quite intimidating to Picardy as he watches them crash down into the floor in accordance to the blaring bass even as they walk. They smile as they both take seats at his table,

By their accent he assumes they are British, but is also unsure since he still can't tell the difference between a real British accent and a fake one.

"Hello, baby...." One says.

"Hiiii!" Two says winking.

"Hey. What's up." Picardy responds.

"So we were watching you from the dance floor." One says.

"No, I saw him first, and I was like, wow he's sooo cute." Two says

"Oh my god, you saw him first, buuut I was the one who said he was cute!."

"Whatever! We can share him. Cause we share EVERYTHING...."

"Yes we can share this trendy american hipster."

"So mister hipster, do you want to be shared?"

"Well sharing is caring...." Picardy responds

"Oooooo and caring is love!" One says.

"And love is partying. Do you want to party?" Two says.

"Do you want to give us some love?"

"Well, actually I think im fresh out of love and have a pretty low tolerance for partying..." Picardy responds, justly suspecting a conspiracy to steal his cash in exchange for drugs or sex.

"Ohhh! You're no fun are you? You partypooper!" One says.

"Ahh, this guy's not cool at all, no love for you, then.... Ow! Look at that guy over there."

Two says.

"Yea he's soo much cooler than this one."

Picardy laughs again and notices that actually he has probably been laughing the entire time, ever since New York. But right now he watches as the girls cross the dance floor, their steps, even now, still in phase with the music. They are aloof now, lost, possibly drowning in a sea of shaking bodies and moving lights.

'They must be good swimmers.' He thinks, 'constantly surrounding themselves in one fluid or another, only to bathe in people.... Fuck this place. This is just like back home!'

Picardy stands up in frustration and lights a cigarette as he leans against the red brick face of the club wall.

'Just like New York, only less diverse! Hah, young people using drugs, in clubs even, a really original idea. I wonder if Amsterdam influences the States or if the States influence Amsterdam?' Picardy wonders this as he notices the geometric patterns on the floor 'What am I doing here, what am I looking for? It's all the same. Isn't it?'

"Hey, I've been watching you from the balcony. You look like you're not really enjoying yourself." Picardy hears someone say and looking up finds a young entrancing women standing before him.

"Ahhhh....I'm just a little burnt, is all..." He responds in the most awkward of fashions.

"Ah a tad burnt? Well aren't we all? But the fire is so enticing isn't it?"

"Haha, no, no, we mustn't resist the fire.... Actually this is the most excitement I've had in a while. There's not much to do anymore where I'm from." Picardy responds more confidently.

"Hmm, you sound like you are from New York, are you?" She asks.

"Oh yea, sorry my name is Picardy, nice to meet you." he says reaching out to shake her hand. While looking at her hand he notices specific gestures and seeing her hand in a particular

position catches up on a subtle hint and finally decides he should kiss her hand instead of shaking it. Smitten and enamored by her presence he nearly hesitates but follows through.

She smiles, he was right.

“Ahh a gentlemen, your kind was running short the last time I was in New York.” She says.

“Even shorter now, since I left.” He responds noticing the fact that her clothing doesn’t correlate at all with the raver or Amsterdam fashion scene, or any scene for that matter.

“I like your name Picardy. Very unconventional and very, uhh, un-American as well!”

He smiles and laughs, catching glimpses of the tiled floor. “Thanks” He says now looking back at her. “Few people appreciate an original name anymore. It’s actually based on a ‘Picardy third’ that’s used mainly in...”

“Classical Music?” She responds nonchalantly.

“Yea!” Almost shocked at her ability to read his mind, before realizing that she must be into music just as much as he is.

“Who named you?” She asks.

“Oh my mom, it was a dedication to my grandfather who was a struggling composer.”

“You like music?”

“Very much so.”

“Well then, you should come upstairs, so we can talk, it’s very noisy down here, oh by the way, my name is Eve.”

“Eve? Is this your club?”

“Umm, maybe!” Eve says as she giggles and glances upward for moment before playfully pulling him by the arms. “Don’t stay down here, come up.”

Picardy follows Eve past a pretty roughhouse bouncer, up some stairs and straight into the designated VIP area. Which actually doesn’t look any fancier than the main dance floor but is tremendously cozy. There are couches here and there, some lining the walls of the room, some out on the balcony. The area is mostly empty, save for three cackling men in casual suits sprawled out across one of the couches. They are all obviously on some drug, probably several drugs.

“Oh don’t mind them, they’re tripping. They’re my colleagues.” Eve says as the two of them take a seat at the private bar.

“So can I buy you a drink?” Picardy asks Eve in all seriousness.

Eve laughs nearly grabbing her side in pain. “You know, your name does suite you, you’re bittersweet!”

“HOLY CRAP!” Tripping Trio 1 suddenly exclaims. “I just realized something!”

“What? What is it man?” TT 3 asks.

“You know, soda is really just carbonated syrup! Syrup man! It’s that stuff that they put in soda dispensers and they just add water!”

“So...” TT2 responds.

“So? So! So, would you chug a bottle of syrup straight? No wonder the rate of diabetes is rising. People drink syrup like it’s water, when it’s fucking candy! Candy man!”

“Candyman? What the fuck are you talking about?” TT3 says in an increasingly nervous and paranoid voice. “That guy who kills people?” He says now whispering.

“Wait, so your saying you wouldn’t chug a bottle of syrup to the face?” TT2 asks.

“No way man, I don’t want to die.” TT1 responds.

“die? ...” TT3 whimpers.

“That’s bullshit, you should talk! I’ve seen you chug a bottle of cough syrup like it was your mother’s tit.” TT2 says. “And that’s cough syrup! That has to be way worse than soda. I mean, Jesus, it tastes like shit anyway!”

“Haha, oh man, I forgot about that. Haha, hey you know what we should do? Here’s what we should do. We should start a beverage that’s just carbonated cough syrup and we could call it Dex! Oh man I wish I had some right now, it would taste so good, and I’d get to trip balls for days, cause I’d have a 6 pack.” TT1 elaborates.

“Oh man, you’re so crazy...” TT2 responds.

“No I’m not, just leave me ALONE!” TT3 yells.

“Hey what’s wrong?” TT2 asks

“Is he alright?” Picardy asks Eve.

“I don’t know?” Eve replies. “Guys what is he on?”

“I don’t know im not his fucking sitter, well, ehh, actually he’s on acid. A lot of it, I think...” TT2 replies.

“Ok just keep an eye on him. Picardy, let’s go, it’s noisy in hear too...” Eve responds.

“The shadows man, the fucking shadows. You’re all SHADOWS!” TT3 exclaims with forceful declaration.

“Hold on, Eve, I think he’ll be alright if you just change the music.” Picardy suggests.

“Hmmm, Are you sure?” Eve asks with a superbly blended combination of concern and intrigue.

“Yea, I’ve had to deal with calming down many an acid head back in my day.” Picardy explains.

“Do you know how to work the tables?” Eve asks.

“I can, I have before, I will if you want me too.”

“Sure, I want to see if it works. Just interrupt the DJ and point to the balcony. Tell him I said it’s alright, I’ll acknowledge.”

“Sounds good, well, be right back, I guess.”

“Good luck Picardy!” She says smiling.

It did not take long for the ‘boos’ to start, just as soon as Picardy took control of the tables. They might have actually started at the very beginning, when Picardy had been convincing the previous DJ that it was now his turn to take control of the tables. The tad confused DJ did as he was asked and stepped away.

Picardy immediately began to switch tracks without transition, Looking for the perfect track to work with. His cut throat style was not taken well by the audience, but then again, he was not working for the audience, he was working for her. And there on the balcony, Picardy saw her standing, smiling confidently, leaning over, ever so slightly over the balcony, his sole admirer, his sole confidant. Even amidst the rising boos, her powerful gaze burned away the distorted, confused cries of all other creatures in Picardy’s mind.

While Picardy’s tracks played, the formerly rambunctious VIP party of three now sat backward, their knees bent at angles, head positioned upward, staring through the ceiling in a catatonic stare of terrible awe. What was this music they were listening too? Sounding as awkward to the ear as any music track played in reverse but as magnificent to the inner mind as any masterpiece composition.

During frequent points in the transition of Picardy’s spontaneous mixing and remixing of random tracks, the Tripping Trios necks would slightly twinge adjusting to the new pulsating

waves of sound; sounds which sent powerful shivering impulses up and down their spines, forcing their minds to wonder and contemplate the strangest of thoughts.

Eve having noticed the peculiar condition of her mates now moved away from the balcony in an attempt to better examine their state.

This just as the boos began to build into a monumental howling force, too unanimous to even attempt to ignore.

Picardy suddenly looks up from the table, searching the balcony for support and notices that Eve is now gone. Beads of sweat suddenly begin to ball upon his brow and are thrust forward by his hand in curves as he repeatedly eyes the increasingly belligerent crowd, and then the spinning turntable, and then back to that dark, grim balcony.

Finally he backs away, allowing a strange 5 second distortion to endlessly repeat in his absence. He lowers his head in failure and walks off stage.

Cheering arose amongst the crowd and as Picardy descended the steps he noticed an obvious sign of relief in their eyes as they welcomed the previous mediocre DJ like a resurrected god.

Picardy made his way toward the VIP entrance before being rudely stopped by the bouncer.

“You’re not going back up there.” He barks.

“But I just came from up there. You didn’t see...” Picardy argues.

“That’s right I didn’t see shit! All I see is a washed up DJ trying to make his way to VIP without a pass.”

“Huh?” Picardy answers, now in a state confusion.

“Get lost!”

“EVE!” He calls out over the sound of music toward the inner balcony.

“HEY, what the FUCK are you doing?”

“Evee ..ahh..” Picardy manages to squelch before the bouncer shoves him. “..Shit man!”

“Get the fuck out of here now!” The bouncer demands, now pointing toward the entrance with a long, crooked, gold ringed, finger as crooked as Mike Tyson’s gold capped teeth.

“Aight, alright man.” He says defeated, now heading for the exit.

Now standing in a state of idleness out front, a sudden cold wind breezes by Picardy and he hears prostitutes call out to him from across the street, their hoarse voices much louder than the blaring of car horns.

“Fuck, I hate Amsterdam. Everywhere is exactly the same.” He yells to himself. “Fuck this.”

Picardy, frustrated and angry, scans the perimeter of the club. He walks around the block and finds a chainlink fence covered in straight barb wire which he notices seems as if it could lead toward the back of the club via a private parking lot. He climbs the fence with ease and avoids injuring himself against the razor wire by leaning against the side of the building with his arms when carefully lifting his legs over. He doesn’t even bother to climb down the other side and risk cutting himself, so he just lets himself fall into what seems to be calculated jump but is actually an 8 foot drop onto loose gravel.

‘Good thing I wore boots today.’ Picardy thanks himself, even though the soles of his feet are now numb from the shock.

He begins to examine his surrounding and finds himself in a fairly small lot decorated with bags of garbage and a couple of standing beer kegs. He continues to walk deeper into lot,

following the slight curve of the two story club, and comes across an old rusted double door which cheap copper handles, green with envy. He can hear the thump of music emanating from within. Upon closer inspection he notices that these doors are not locked but simply held shut by a Kryptonite lock.

‘Kryptonite lock’ he thinks to himself. ‘What the hell? Who uses a bicycle lock to secure doors?’

Picardy laughs to himself as a wave of nostalgia overtakes him and he remembers an April fools day a long while back when he and a friend played a prank on a guy they both knew by unlocking his bicycle chain and stealing his \$600 bike for a couple hours. Yes these locks are quite vulnerable.

‘Ok where’s my pen?’ He asks himself before pulling out a normal corporate office standard BIC pen from his back pocket. Picardy pulls the end cap out with his teeth and upon inserting the pen into the Kryptonite’s cylindrical lock, gives it a sharp twist and finds that the lock magically opens. He pulls the chain off the door handles and lets it fall in segments upon the grey gravel. Picardy opens the double doors and realizes exactly where he is.

‘This must be the emergency exit for VIP.’ he mentally notes.

After walking up some steps he finds himself standing behind the private VIP bar and soon he is inside the VIP area itself where the tripping trio remain lounged. Eve, however, was nowhere to be found.

“Hey, hey man, you played some crazy music! I don’t know where my mind went. It reminded me of when I did Special K, without all the numbness of course. But it was awesome!” TS2 responds. “I didn’t know you could feel like that on acid.”

“Thanks, how’s your friend? Better?” Picardy asks.

“Oh yea much better, just look at those guys, they’re fucking asleep. They’re probably tripping balls in their dreams! Just amazing! You see acid doesn’t really affect me anymore, I’ve taken it too often in my lifetime. So right now im just a little drunk haha...”

“Hey, did you by chance notice where Eve went?”

“Oh yea, she went downstairs looking for you, couple minutes ago I heard her screaming at the bouncer. You should have heard it.... But I’m sure she’ll be back in a few. You should have a drink. Relax, it’s on the house. Haha.”

“K, thanks.” Picardy replies taking a seat at the bar and pouring himself a shot of straight vodka.

He barely gets to gulp it down, before he notices a womanly figure in front of him.

“Drinking without my permission huh?” Eve asks.

“Opps sorry about that, stressful day, you know.” Picardy replies smugly.

“Hmm, I know... So how do you get back up here. That asshole bouncer told me he kicked you out. I was starting to think I wouldn’t see you again.”

“Oh yea, him? He did tell me to leave, so I left, but I came back.”

“Haha, obviously....but how?”

“Hmmm, oh the backdoor, did you know that your emergency exit was locked with a chain?”

“No I didn’t know that, thanks for telling me, that sort of thing could get me shut down....but im still curious about how you got in?” She says pouring two shots.

“Magic and luck really, I’ll show you sometime, maybe, if you want.”

“Oh I’d like that, speaking of magic, that was pretty amazing how you affected my colleagues. I’ve never seen that before.”

“Well im not exactly sure what your talking about, I thought I was horrible, but if I mixed well it was only because of you.”

“Haha, I highly doubt that.” Eve responds, “Hey, have you ever thought of being a private DJ for drug parties.”

“Uhh well actually, not really, but I’d give it a shot if I had the chance, but I might have to know specifically what drugs people were on in order to affect them.”

“Really, how come?”

“Well, I have this theory that different states of minds react differently to music. But I bet if I think hard enough about this, there just might be an actual science behind it. I like this idea you have.”

She smiles at him. “So, let’s do it! I bet this could be done in a controlled environment. I’ll talk to my lawyers. This is the sort of change I’ve been waiting for, this type of innovation.”

“Do you really think it will work out?” Picardy asks solemnly.

“Of course, most all things work out in the end.... if you really want it too.” She replies.

They stare into each other eyes, before instinctively drinking the shots that had been waiting for them. They laugh, their laughs happier and more true than any form of music.

Epilouge

Picardy, later, with great help and support from Eve, became the first drug shaman (DS) and through his popularity gave rise to the worldwide drug shaman party movement (DSM). In European clubs and private dance parties across the globe, dancers and attendees would sign disclaimer forms, ingest various substances and be taken care of by drug shamans who over time became the new age disc jockey.

All Drug shamans have reputations based on their skill to perform, their public reputation, corporate status, and general business logs are kept as public logs on various DS dedicated websites.