Last Year at Betty and Bob's: An Adventure

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When Infrared joined The Bettys, it was left to Red to give the inaugurating speech. She wore her rat mask as was her custom on these occasions. It went like this.

It’s my distinct honor and pleasure to say a few words tonight on the auspicious actual occasion of Infrared’s induction to the world of Betty. I have long awaited an expanded field of the visible spectrum. And tonight folks, we celebrate it! Hip hip! [crowd shouts “Hoorah!”]

My own hue, and I speak for myself here as I know many of you are quite comfortable occupying a niche code ... but my personal relation to the dynamic HSB of redness has been under siege for some time. My wavelengths are long and have given me time to ride the paradox of a vibrant slowness. With Violet’s short spurty activity over there, hey Vi, we’re bookends so to speak with an infinite shelving space between us. While we’ve all been obsessed by how we see what we see, I have gradually tended towards what we can’t see. Been lured by transducing nonconscious forces to felt experience.

Now we, the Bettys, are breaching something dangerous, something exciting. The near-infrared spectrum is troubled by its usefulness. It’s primarily tapped, yeah TAPPED, by armies and surveillance companies as a weapon. But we Bettys resolve to explore the EM stratum outside our own placeholders. NOT and I emphasize this, NOT as a colonizing gesture because we all know that’s a fucked-up opera-
tional modality, a phallic fantasy. And, just to be clear, this embrace is also not necessarily an inclusionary gesture coz that’s also a dubious privileged negotiation but well, you know, what I’m trying to say is that we beings limited to the visible spectrum feel the Micro, the Radio, the X-ray as potential fields of enchantment. And we hope they feel us as maybe, perhaps, interesting as well. But I’m digressing into stupidly contentious metaphorical territory and that’s not the deal tonight.

“Quit while you’re ahead Red!” someone yelled from the crowd.

Yeah, OK, right. [clears throat, pulls notes from a cape pocket] Tonight we fold into our spectral diversity what’s previously been off our charts. We embrace an expanded spectral field. We embrace an expanded genetic motility. We variegate our clustered palindromic repeats. Our boomers and GenTelZ. We open the closet of our logics. We don’t really know what the fuck we’re doing and that’s the thrill of it ladies, gents, LGBTQIA+, we’re experimenting, we’re failing, we’re soaring, we’re falling. We’re certainly not flatlining. Yet.

Infrared Betty will trouble our fixedness. They will show us the vivid intensities of light that destabilizes our every perception. If we Betrys ever inaugurate a brave enough Green one, remember that for our Infrared Betty she may look as red as my cape one moment, pink as WB’s track suit another. Shout out to White Betty over there at the bar. Or possibly as blue as Blue once was. And that is something to think about my dears, as we go forward.
Resist and persist.

[The crowd whoops, snaps and applauds.]