

# Plastic Jesus

*by* stephen hastings-king

Then Plastic Jesus is sitting next to me at the table in my hotel room.

He says: Mind if I sit for a while?

I look at him. My face feels like it has a blank expression.

He says: I'm a little achey. Just started dating someone new. It's been a month or so. You know what that's like.

He makes a fist and moves his arm back and forth.

Plastic Jesus holds out a hip flask and says: Bourbon?

I say: No thanks. I'm tripping.

Right. Never mix never worry.

Plastic Jesus wears a crown of thorns. I gesture and say: Does that hurt? He says: What do you mean? so I point at his forehead and his hand goes to it and he says O that and looks at me for a moment then says: Does your head feel like it's about to split into pieces like a Cadbury orange without one? and I say: How do you know about Cadbury oranges? He points at the television.

Then Plastic Jesus and I discuss architecture. He seems pleased to talk about something else for a change and I am pleased to oblige. He says that he thinks his interest in architecture and other forms of social design comes from his old man and I pretend to know what he means. He is quite harsh in his condemnation of Le Courbusier, which surprises me and he says: Don't let the day job fool you times are tough and it's a gig besides, if you let your day job define you we wouldn't be having this conversation and I say: You're probably right and then: It must get wearisome that people only ever talk to you about themselves and never ask about you or what

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interests you and he says that the problem follows from the look and I say: Well sure, if you looked more like Louis Kahn people would be just as likely to talk to you about the merits of urban centers designed for pedestrians rather than for automobiles as to ask for intercession and he says as he is standing up: Well if I really wanted to look like an architect I could but I'd likely choose one people remember like Rem Koolhaas then thinks for a few seconds: But maybe it's better this way and I say: Maybe you're right. Then he says: Well it's been nice visiting with you and I say: Thanks for stopping by and he says: Do you need anything? and I say: No, I think I'm OK thanks and then he leans toward me and says: Remember, whatever happens it's the drugs and I say: Right now or in general? and he says: You'll figure it out.

Then he climbs back onto the cross on the wall.

A couple minutes later I say: Wait, wait...I forgot something. But he doesn't answer.

