

## ALBUQUERQUE

“I’m glad that your move has provided you with a second chance. Now, you have the opportunity to continue writing your novel. I would be gratified if you could describe your book for me. Indeed, I feel excited to be riding again. And it wasn’t that hard to pick up where I left off. I was facing a number of challenges that had impeded my progress. As well I was working on a book for someone else, and that took a lot of my time. I think there was a time that I could avoid doing that kind of work. My own writing had created a career for me. However, things changed. And I needed to adjust on that basis I may have lost focus for this book. So it’s great to pick it up again. The book focuses on the experience of Chandelle. She sees her life as a romantic quest. Certainly, we need to credit this perspective of hers. It provides a deeper understanding of her interactions. On that basis, I wonder about the efficacy of my own beliefs. How do these descriptions accord with her actual experience. Does that ability on my part provide me with access to her experience. We definitely have a starting point.”

“Chandelle may have a love interest. And see he seems to provide her with her valuable connection to the world. He makes her feel grounded. He supports her work. She feels that she can be yourself when she is around him. That alone might seem to be the sufficient basis for a story. What’s the problem here? Why isn’t she doing better? Does she even bother? She seems to be leading a happy life, so why should we bother? This is the real interest of the narrative. We don’t want to rain on her parade. For the moment, she understands this experience is idyllic. She believes that he’s supportive. She’s not looking for someone to tell her differently. This is all part of her contentment. We could expand this circle to include other activities that advance her satisfaction. In a sense, she believes that her further development is directly connected to the physical grounding that he offers. Those questions might’ve had an importance in the past. Now, it all seemed moot.”

“She’s dealing with more important concerns. And those interests will only grow with time. What is the real interest here? She’s not trying to impress anyone else. She believes that she has a good life. Is there any reason to think differently? Sometimes, she may feel a little isolated. She may be working a little too much. But she still has her friends. And they’re all supportive. For the sake of a story, let’s say that I need Chandelle. And this becomes a real question for me as a writer. Is my input critical for this telling? Am I going to interfere with the overall development of the story. For the time being, I don’t wanna mess with her life. I don’t want to ruin that experience but she’s created for herself. I respect her determination. Nevertheless, there may be questions about her life that remain unanswered. This is where things may seem a little tricky. Are these questions even worth thinking about? In the overall scheme of things, what appears to be missing? Let’s assume, that we want to get things going. We want Chandelle to have a happy life isn’t it better, and I don’t interfere? Should I simply find those questions that tend to advance existing perspective? I don’t want to interfere. I like this portrayal. I want to complement her efforts. So what’s the real problem here? Why do I feel as if I’m interfering? Simply put, Chandelle isn’t leading that kind of life. She really doesn’t have those kind of aspirations. She might be good with flower arrangements, but she is not contemplating a great work of art. Am I trying to impose my view on her life? Why shouldn’t I simply portray the circumstances as hunky-dory? What is the ripping time? What is the one factor that can upset this

harmonious portrayal? Chandelle may have her romantic persona, but she has given herself over to the realities of the present. And I shouldn't see it any other way. It says if I'm trying to stop her at the altar. Nevertheless, things have already progressed to this point. Why should I even bother? What am I doing to disrupt this tail? I don't wanna appear to be devious. But I feel a special affinity with Chandell. I like the magic that she seems to give to life. Is my understanding any different than his? Is that the basis for the overall story. The same pattern keeps repeating again and again. And I have come upon it at this stage. Before him, there may have been someone else. And he did not recognize her creativity. Perhaps, the new suitor showed up with flowers at the right moment. He knew what to say. He knew how to influence her. He knew what she expected. He really understood what she needed. But there was another side to the story. She may have been moving along. She was on a path to deeper awareness. And he seemed to freeze that progress. He stopped her along the way. That offered a unique reading of her experience. For the moment, she seemed to love it. She immersed herself in this garden. And he pointed away to her enlightenment. The connection may have become more extreme. At first they seem to be completing each other sentences. Later on, she noticed that the focus shifted markedly towards him. Nevertheless, she still liked playing along. He was offering a unique perspective. He was blessing her world. He made things easier. Wasn't this with her life? What was it all about? She was waiting all along for a connection like this. He only offered her what she expected."

"He blessed her days. He completed the romantic tale when she had questions about herself, she only needed to think about him. He was working hard for the both of them. They both shared in these treasures. That added to their growth. Honestly, what more could she expect she would always see something wrong with whomever she was with. She wasn't there to find perfection. And she wasn't going to break down his character into a digestible form. He was who he was. That summed up human experience. But things are a little tricky. There was a time when Chandelle had exaggerated her own emotions. She believed that they described a greater communion with the world. She didn't want to leave it at that. She had this poetic awareness. And she could advance it in her imagination. Why would she even consider compromising this side of her? And I may have asked that question of her. All her life led up to this crossroad. She may have had this talent. And it was uniquely contributory towards her growth. It's some thing that happened. In a sense, her life was no longer hers. She may have desired some thing else. Indeed, that was the concern for her whole life. In a sense she thought that she was part of something greater. And she didn't want to surrender that belief. Recently, she was wondering. She didn't want to become frustrated for the rest of her life. The challenge starting to seem formidable. She had given so much of her time to someone else. Even in nurturing her own needs, she's left out some thing fundamental. She had forgotten her rootedness in nature. She had lost her empathy for others. She had become so caught up in this professional game, that there was a little else that she could rely upon. In a way, she felt abandoned by her life. It was frightening to put in such stark terms."

"She may have been hesitant to talk to anyone. I was hardly the best person to witness it had been transpiring. It wasn't as if I was rooting for the guy that she was with, since I was waiting for his next false step. He couldn't live in the dreams that she was creating for herself. I thought Absurd to assume they are that I could offer her but he couldn't. The story now seemed to favor alternative point of view. There was no longer anything that seemed as prominent in the

telling. That might've seemed to put off others. I need to exercise my tolerance. It wasn't as if I had achieved this lasting understanding. I had my own concerns. There were times when I felt cut off from my art. That was all part of my journey here. But I saw some thing unique."

"She seemed to avoid this recognition. There were moments that she seemed to enjoy her life like this. I didn't want to mess with her joy. I need to show more tolerance. What was I leaving hours? As I excavated the secrets; who was manipulating things. Where was the betrayal to support my own version of life. Fundamentally, was I only acting as a disruptor? For the moment, I felt as if we shared some thing unique. And I didn't want to pretend that I was trying to bend the facts to support my understanding. I wanted to be more sympathetic. I wanted to open my mind."

"I wanted to be faithful to her story. I wanted to be accurate in providing the details. For that moment, I felt really close to her. I wanted this to be my story. How was I seeing this? I was identifying with Chandelle. Or do I want Chandelle to be part of my life. This was becoming confusing. This was the theme of my book. I wanted to capture her experience. I wanted to share her story with others. But I thought that I could influence how she saw things. Did I have to become part of the story? I really didn't consider myself as a love interest. Nevertheless, she was trying to convince me otherwise. I was a writer. I was an artistic person. And she was spending time with a business person. Certainly, entirely different aims than I did. We looked at things in completely different ways. What was any of this about. He had seemed to promise her perfection. He offered her wonderful life. And she had fallen for it. This was where I needed to make things vibrant. The audience needed to believe."

"Even though if she had given her self to this dream, the dream was not consistent with her actual needs. She needed to discover another way of seeing her life. I was doing my best to provide alternative reference points that seemed like it might be enough. When was I supposed to say? What was I supposed to say to anyone? And what point would she realize that none of this was working in her favor. I start to understand. I was buying into Chandelle's dream. Are you in the winter end, the romantic story seemed promise true love. On the other hand, the reality was a series of lost lives. None would ever be enough. At any point, the appeals of emotion became more prevalent. The individual could reclaim her solitary perch, and pass judgment on others. I was feeling this. I was losing any connection or with the world."

"I am Chandelle. I had seemed so confident."

"She had a job. She had a guy. And she had plans for the rest of her life. She could settle down. She could start a family. But something wasn't right. It hadn't taken much to remind her what truly interested her. What did they want? I could feel this dog chasing me. It was bounding ever closer. How was I supposed to respond? If this was a guard dog, he was not doing his job. It wouldn't take much for me to throw him off the trail. Maybe give him a snack. Get him distracted. I could take advantage of the situation. This is happening much too much. What was the responsibility here? This is a little dangerous. I didn't realize how tricky this was. How was the story intervened into my description of Chandelle's life. Even though I had a clear vision, I was easily distracted. Chandelle had goals. I had goals. I was going to learn something important. It was going to make a difference."

"I was going to do what I needed to do. I realized that I was getting into her head. I was acting out the things that were important in her life. And this became exciting for me. We were

working together. We were creating a new vision for our lives. I loved the possibility. What more was there?"

"There are the things we see. The things we smell and taste. There are the things we touch. And the things we hear. This is the beginning of art. I was on the verge of creating something. I was much closer than I had been. And things started to make sense. I was following the contours of the world. All these sensations were now open to Chandelle. She realized if she stayed with this guy, she would lack the ability to change. She wouldn't be able to transform in a thing."

"I will remain the same. How did this reach this point? Why did any of us feel this way? Will we ever be happy? We would be happy with anyone? Who are the artists? What were they creating? I wanted to become part of this experience. I wanted to share my own vision with Chandelle. She thought about becoming a painter. Or she could write a song. She could play the flute. She could dance before people. She could tell some jokes. She could write a book. She could do many things. As long as she stayed with her guy., Everything would remain the same. She would remain the same. It would end up the same way. We were on the verge of a deeper awareness. I loved every minute of it."

"I wanted to share my heart. I wanted to get out of there. I wasn't like any of this. It was getting in the way. I felt as if no one knew what it meant to maintain this commitment over and over again. This was what Chandelle was saying to herself. She was reiterating the very commitment that I felt when I was writing about her. Perhaps, I was becoming too sympathetic. I was giving her credibility for something that would never come to fruition. This was a matter of time. This was always a matter of now. There needed to be that burst of excitement in the now. If it didn't happen, the individual would remain forever locked in a trap of her own making. This wasn't about my influence. This wasn't about his influence. We were all headed in the same direction. That's where it got frightening. She and I were sharing something important. Even if we never met, I was able to get in her head. I was able to offer her needed guidance. This word got tricky."

"Chandelle could become rebellious. She would accept what was happening in her life why should she really change? The appeals of art were temporary. She had a job. She had a guy who cared for her. What more could she expect? He helped us stay in the world in which she lived in. And she loved that connection. She didn't want anything more. This was all part of her story. And ongoing relationship. And she didn't want to alter it. That all made sense. There were many ways to the same resolution. And she felt that she was part of all of them. There was a brief moment when everything finally made sense. Everything made sense for Chandelle."

"Everything made sense for me. I wanted to be part of it. I wanted to get involved. I wanted to enjoy every second of it. And she helped me renew that feeling. Where was this headed? We're going to have to find another way to make this work. I needed to find another way to make this work. We're going to only do this one time. They're watching me. And they're watching you. They're watching all of us. Chandelle realized that she could let her art do the talking for her. She need to come out of character. It was that wonderful moment when she could come out of character. As a writer I need to ask the question: does a more fervent desire result in a greater response on the part of another person. This was the world that I was in. In the romantic story, Chandelle would be able to express her desire. Nevertheless, her desire was only making

her incapable of changing anything. She was getting caught up in her present. And I didn't want it to remain like this."

"I wanted to give her a greater sense of awareness. Where did any of that originate? I was in the middle of some thing, and then it all ended. There was this brief second that it all made sense. And I felt that I could go with it. I could enjoy that moment for what it was. But it seemed to explode in my face. And my understanding soon dissipated."

"Somebody understands this. Someone does this for a living. Someone makes hearts break. And someone mends hearts. There was a moment when I could've made everything happen in a favorable way. But something happened to disturb the serenity. Everything was way too far gone. I thought that I had attained an understanding. But I had lost my direction. I couldn't make a thing of this. She wasn't going to give me enough to help me out. This was the basis of my story. I had given her the tools to change. And this model should've operated for all the other characters. How would I respond in the actual situation? She accepted my advice. Would I become more involved with her story?"

"Is this a story of observation? Or was it a story of influence? At what point would Chandelle say that this was something she wanted to do? When would she get the complete motivation to make all this happen? I was closer than I realized. On the one hand there are all these people who seemed trapped by their situation. On the other, there was someone like Chandelle who seemed ready to make that decision. What did I need to do to motivate her further? The challenges were much closer than I realized I thought that I would have to immerse myself in her life. I only needed to find that breaking point. Was that all that was required? In these new stories, there were question mark where it all seemed to break. Was that my entry points? I saw the dangers ahead. I saw the dangers for everyone. I needed one person to say it I like this: I'm part of this. I'm going to make something happen. I'm going to shake it up. And a shake it down. I'm going to be myself. I'm going to be myself for the world. I'm going to perform. I'm not going to perform."

"This wasn't about performance. This was all about knowledge. I was writing about understanding. On what basis, could an individual obtain sufficient motivation to make a change? I was not feeling good about this."

"I'm not feeling good about this relationship. I don't think it's going to keep going."

"Chandelle, what are you saying to me?"

"I'm saying the only thing that I can say to you. Does this conversation take place? What really happens in a story? I've been watching enough of these movies. When does she realize that is not working? What does she do? How does she tell him. How did she tell me? I felt that I was close to something important I need to say what the hell. I need to close my eyes and give in to the feeling. Was that how it worked? Did everyone just give into the feeling? When would I get the time to do than work? That was necessary. It was building a map of nothingness. But it would come to mean something more."

"What are you writing about? I'm writing about my desire to become part of someone else's story. The closer I get, the more I realize how much I want it. The closer I get, the more I realize how much I don't want it. Chandelle, you keep thinking that you're going to get saved by love. And you make all this effort to make things right. But there's no right here. I was just here. And if love is here, you may you need to make some thing of it. But you keep doing the same

thing again and again. The closer that it seems to get, the more you want to run away.”

“Then you find a new love, and you invest it with all this energy. And that doesn’t work out. None of this works out. You’re running out of time. We’re all running out of time. There’s no much time. We need to come to a solution. This is so obvious. You need to take the next step. You need to get more involved. You need to cry your heart out. That’s all that I do. Know this time it has to be real heart. You need to realize what you actually need and what’s getting in your way. It’s a tricky balance. You don’t even know the difference anymore. You walk in. You walk out. You walk into your own life. You walk out of your own life. Where is any of this going?”

“I see the only thing that turns me on. I see that glimpse. We all say the same thing. We want the universe to fuck us. We want the universe to fuck us up. But that doesn’t get us anywhere. That’s why Chandelle has to walk away. But if she walks away, she’s going to keep walking away. Because there’s going to be no difference from moment to moment. If you’re all there, call me. You’re not there at all. That’s what she needs to realize. It’s all coming down to one thing, and that’s what she needs to realize.”

“Nothing is being paid. Everything is fading away. Everything that you’re holding onto it. And you can’t remember the dream. With that one moment, this is all that mattered. But if this was all that mattered, why didn’t it matter more? That’s what you were doing. That was the lesson of the story. You kept trying to make some thing of these random encounters. You were so good at filling in. That was your skill.”

“He did it all the time. Now, what are you going to do? You can’t stay. You can’t walk away. Away on its own. Chandelle, that is why we love you. Your feet are in the ground. You have a heartbeat. After that, there isn’t much else. I came here to write this book. I’m not sure how I’m doing. Everything looks pretty good to you. It’s wonderful for me. I me feel happy. It fills me with excitement. I can share my results with others. Everything is too quiet. Chandelle, Why is everything too quiet?”

“You wouldn’t miss something for me, about some thing, for me. f that’s how you feel, you need to do something about it! You need to quit pretending you need to quit pretending! Quit pretending! You have arrived. Everyone has arrived. Where did the monster come from? Or where did it go? You’re trying to deal with big concepts all the time. But it’s a little life. You need to live it for what it is. Can you take all these images, and make something of them he came out of nowhere. That’s him. He came out of nowhere.”

“ Chandelle, you need to stop this. You need to quit telling people that they can do things they can’t. You can’t do this yourself. Why are you throwing up, feeling other people’s ideas, just going to go nowhere it’s going to make me sick. It’s going to make me better. But I care about I do this; people are going to love me. I just need one person to love me. I think anyone cares about this? Someone needs to teach you fashion sense.”

That’s what the whole story is. Fashion. She does something with design. She goes to meetings. She has projects. She makes spreadsheets. She helps with the law. She makes the law. She decides the law. This is my law. Do not interfere with my life. I saw what I really wanted. I took what I really wanted. It came today. Came to me in a dream. I wish that I can make it simpler can give you the simplest version possible. Ha ha ha ha. Ha ha ha ha. We’re coming at this from different directions. I need to stop for now. I don’t wanna talk about this.

“Tell me what you are writing about?”

Where was I? I was trying to tell her story. I thought that I understood your motives. But she created her own influencers. I was exaggerating her artistic impulses. She was looking for something simpler. Her relationship it started when he first bought her dinner. The conversations were good. She was attentive. He seem to be caring. That should've been enough and self. Nevertheless, I seem to be exaggerating the rift between them. And I was trying to exploit it. Romeo and interest. In fact, she had reached a point that she no longer wanted to be involved with him. But she was afraid to take the steps."

"Do you have any idea what you're doing? I like my life. I like the guy that I'm with. I'm not looking to make a change. What more can I really expect? You're trying to push me to see things in a different way. I like that. Nothing is perfect. Nothing in my life is perfect. And it's going to get no better. If I thought it would, I would be just honest with myself. I understand something very simple. I'm in a supportive relationship. I with a guy who cares about me. We understand each other. Do you see things in a different way. You and I have talked. And I shared some of my experiences with you. But it's nothing like you think it is. And you're trying to make it into some thing to fit your idea of love. Love can be this extraordinary saying. That's what gives me purpose. But I don't wanna exaggerate it. There's enough things going on. But I can't really do anything about any of them."

"So I do what I can. I deal with what happens around me. I'm not involved in creating anything this ambitious. I don't think I want to be stared at, Sure I do things that might seem to contradict my faith. But I'm not looking for another guy. I love what I have. I love her it's taking me. And I trust the future. Maybe, I could create a little more. Make him part of my life. But I also recognize the downside. I'm not going to create these expectations, and allow them to disrupt my actual concerns. At the end of the day, I have what I need. I don't want to be out there wanting something that I can't have. I like what's available for me. I like my life. I don't want it to be any other way. I think it's very simple. And I want others to see it the same way. That's why I do what I do. You have your own agenda. You're trying to create a story. Your story is based on the fact that I'm not doing that well. You're emphasizing that aspect of my life. But I'm doing great. I enjoy everything that's happening to me. And I know things are going to get better."

"We buy a new house. We plan a family. All those things are part of my growth. I don't need someone else foisting yes ideas of relationships on me. That would all be ridiculous. It would destroy whatever I'm wit but I have to myself. I haven't become something that I'm not. And I like the comfort of having somebody around for me. You probably don't understand what it's like. I come home from work, and he's there. He helps me get rid of all the stress. I don't want to live it another way. I like it simple like that. I'm not the only one. I think it's a strong basis for my character. It's a strong basis for who I am. It would be ridiculous to see it in any other way. That's why I feel I have opportunity for the future. Eventually, it will all fall into place. I will fall into place. And these big questions that you keep asking will all disappear. None of the matter. What matters is that I am fulfilled. You can't take that away from me.

"You take the details in my life and manipulate them to make it seem as if I'm coming apart. I'm not like a lot of people. I love what I have. I love my life. I love my job. Is there any other way to think about this? At some point in my life, I can't change. Thanks. If I want the fun to end, I don't like it is. I'm not faithless. I found enough support for what my beliefs in my

actions. I would have it any other way? For you to question my relationship, you are imposing on my life. And it doesn't really weird towards anything positive. I can't see it any other way."

"I spent a great deal of time trying to chronicle Chandelle's journey. I don't understand why she was so resistant to my point of view. I recognize it was going on. There was a point when she really questioned her life. She questioned her job. And she felt that her relationship was preventing her from doing what she needed to do. That was the real story. In a romantic tale, she would've found somebody who was more of a nonconformist. And that could've been the basis for a real change. Perhaps, she thought that I was trying to play that role. Period she needed to face her shortcomings. Needed to come to terms with always happening to her. The longer that she resisted, oh well. Ultimately, it was all happening before her eyes. Even when she was in this relationship, she felt as if she had to entertain. With it, what did she need to do to achieve her sense of self?"

"He was making her fit in this role, and she simply acceded to it. Her words didn't even give her the opportunity for anything else. This is how it was. This is how it's going to be. She was going to watch it all. She was going to go along. And that's what she did. It could've been any simpler."

"So you're a writer. And you observe other people. And see what's going on. But you're always try to stay ahead of the story. That may be your downfall. You're putting words into the mouths of other people. You're trying to manipulate their minds. That's not really fair. You're only seen for the story. I see people who are trying to expand their leisure time activities. And fun.. Are they are described in this way. You can't pretend that there's more to it. This is how they live. Sure, world by the store. Lights on them. That's all it is. It's a temporary fantasy. You can have the fantasy; you can make it more fun. Can't expect people to change that while asleep. They have your own motives. The other one desires. Need to respect that. Or, you can make every effort to try to criticize. What are you doing with that doesn't capture everything real and that's really your focus?"

"I felt that my role was to create a character. If that person was realistic, how vicious? I was committed himself to winning over Chandelle. When they do to this overall in life. If he was creative, how hard was this relationship to his overall program. Moreover, was he forcing himself to accommodate the status quo please. Chandelle had her romantic inclinations for inspiration. Perhaps, people were filled with this kind of thing; nevertheless, it was practical. Was it? She was rooted in a past. In fact, your whole life was about accepting that. It acquired a significance. But that was the expectation. If she was romantic. Romantic desires developed for attachment to this story. She didn't just tell the story to her self. Any Cinderella would be successful realizing her dreams. She was excited that this was a fact. She was a movie. What did she have to do to feel secure. Tell her the more. I describe her experience in another way. But my efforts as a writer were based upon the accuracy of my portrayal. I was going on what I saw. I wasn't just making of things. There was a scientific aspect to these observations. That seemed fair. I had to it. I didn't want to see any other way."

"Was I going to get any closer to capturing her experience? I felt that it couldn't be any easier. She could already see that her relationship was coming apart. But she was more committed to killing the messenger. If I was the bearer of bad news, she could dismiss my observations because they were coming from me. That seemed to be her only motivation. She



wanted someone else to voice her misgivings. Then she could blame me for messing with her relationship. But she no longer trusted what was happening around her.”

“She did not want to deal with the pain of a break up. But she did not realize that this was happening to her. Try as she might, none of this was going to change. She was going to drift around in the same experience time and time again. She wanted things to change. She wanted her world to change. She needed to be the force for a better life.”

“You exaggerate the ability of the individual to escape her circumstances. What we do is based on what we see, on our deep beliefs. Even if these beliefs are limited, we are not going to toss them out the window. This is how we live. It is not going to happen any other way.”

She was resistant to making the necessary steps. When she had her doubts, she would get her friends to help her to forget what was happening to her. She did not want to contemplate heartache. She didn’t want to be that deep. That gave her what she needed. Over and over again, he reminded her what was her driving force. It wasn’t so much that she was afraid to be alone. She wanted something exciting in her life. In a simple way, she was driven by her desires.”

“That is not accurate. You are getting it so wrong that you are making me try to frame this in a different way. I do not read romance novels. I do not have this idea of a romantic hero in my mind. You’re a writer, but you have no grasp on what motivates most people. It is not that extraordinary. I do a job. I have a sense of accomplishment. And it is the same for the guy that I’m with. We both have similar influences. I do not want to see it in any other way. This is part of our survival.”

“I am older. I am not an adolescent any more. I do not see the solution for my life in these wild impossible dreams. I can’t afford it. Poetry is not going to make me money. I am not that good as a visual artist. I can do karaoke, but I do not have that good a voice. I can’t see it in any other way. I have a maturity when I am describing my life. If I didn’t, I would keep messing up my opportunities.”

“You look at my life, and you’re trying to create this vision that has nothing to do with my actual development. I am not waiting for you to find me and bless me. Things are okay on their own. I like what I have. I can go to the farmer’s market. I can buy apples. I can find a new wine. I can sample cheeses. I can go for a run. I can do yoga. I live in a world that rewards me for my efforts. What do you see? You see failure, and you try to generalize it for everyone. You have this idyllic view of society. One day, a person wakes up, and she is able to change the whole world. She devotes herself to a cause. My cause is me. It begins and ends that way. If you want to make it any different, you are not describing me. I have no idea what you are talking about.”

Chandelle was trying to escape the portrait. I loved all her expressions. She had a wonderful smile. I would watch her try on a new dress. Or she would go shopping for a furniture.

“Can’t you give me a deeper concern for humanity?”

“What are you doing? Are you visiting orphanages? Are you involved in blood drives?”

“Look at the political situation. Look at how women are being treated in this society.

The United States has one of the highest rates of infant mortality. Do you understand how our health care system is a disaster.”

“Would I even say that? I understand that things are bad, but I do not view them in a catastrophic way.”

“What kind of opportunity did I have for creating change? I was supposed to be a writer. But I thought that my subject matter was only becoming more frivolous. I was making this effort to transform the pleasure seeker into some kind of social reformer. How did that connect. On the one hand, there are people like Chandelle. They were given to romantic pursuits. They had a creative side. But they were very practical and they realized what was possible they were not going to be able to take their scrapbooks and turn them into manifestoes for changing the world. Practicality that meant accepting the world as it was. You couldn't make change by clapping your hands. No slogan was going to all through the actual conditions of work. Generally, you showed up. You might make suggestions here and there. But your biggest commitment was getting the work done and getting out of there. Anything else was just a distraction.”

“I am not Chandelle. She has a different level of opportunity. And she commits herself to going along with her situation. She sees herself as an eager participant. She has skills. She can use her words. She can design things. There is really nothing else. It is a mistake to pretend that there is. This is how we survive. We are not born with a silver spoon in our mouths. I think that Chandelle wants to be like the lifestyle section of the *Times*. That world does not exist. It never did. But she loves to pretend. That gives her a sense of power.”

“Why do you think that you have a story by telling hers. She is doing nothing but looking for Prince Charming. What is she about?”

“She has a job.”

“It all depends on the fact that this economy will bless people in the same way that it has. She is subscribing to an economic theory that does not hold anymore. I don't think that I could describe it for you. I am trying to make my rent. I'm dealing with remnants of a shitty relationship. This is not pretty. It never will be.”

“What is good?”

“What is good for us? What is good for any of us? I have what I want.”

“I have it here.”

“It is making sense. I show up.”

“This is the beginning and the end. I show up in my life, but it does not change my life.”

“You are too negative.”

“I am not going to take lessons from Mr. Positive. You just go along to get along.”

“You put one foot in front of the other.”

“Where is this leading?”

“A class in economics.”

“I aced that one.”

“Not the real economy. You have these ideal, which runs ramshod over the actual experiences of people. They keep cutting corners, while this model trudges along.”

“If you are not doing well, work harder. I do.”

“Do you really? Either you are destroying your life, or you are pretending by doing some kind of boss man activity and squeezing the value out of others.”

“Where is this coming from?”

“You are trying to manipulate the law in wonderful ways.”

“At any point in the story, what are you able to do differently?”

**“This is all so simple. You are spending so much time providing cover for the exploiters. But you do not take extra time to explore the struggles of actual people. They have to deal with a shrinking paycheck because of inflation. They are all these obstacles in the way of making a change. And their employers are fleecing them to make massive profits. The real world is drifting one way. And politicians and journalists tell a different story. You’re a writer. How do you depict the story? What do you see? What do you want to see?”**

**“Develop better economic theory. Do not parrot the people who run the system. Quit making people’s lives an exception to the rule.”**

**“I am way beyond anything that is actually happening.”**

**“You are so negative.”**

**“What do you see that I don’t see?”**

**“I see a real model for change.”**

**“And you are taking Chandelle with you.”**

**“I am dealing with a killer. And he is in my midst.”**

**“What is that about?”**

**“The movie.”**

**“Can this be another way?”**

**“If this is a serious story.”**

**“There is a revised Prince Charming. He is an artist type, who likes sex.”**

**“It could not have been better.”**

**“I need therapy.”**

**“I need a love coach.”**

**“I need a surrogate.”**

**“YOU WANT THESE THINGS FROM ME THAT I CANNOT GIVE YOU. I DO NOT WANT TO BE MORE GRAPHIC THAN THAT. I AM MELTING IN YOUR ARMS. BUT MY WHOLE LIFE IS MELTING ALONG WITH ME.”**

**“THIS IS WHERE IT GETS REALLY FUN.”**

**“What if you lose track of Chandelle? What does that do to your story?”**

**“I don’t like how you are making me feel about my life.”**

**“It doesn’t have to be all depression. Your bigger questions about the world are based on social inequity. Either you are ending it, or they are getting you to advance their policies of exploitation.”**

**“I am a good person. I like my life. I like my guy.”**

**“He is a poster boy for going along to get along.”**

**“He is a real go-getter.”**

**“What do you want from the world?”**

**“I want the world to see how my life is fucked up.”**

***“You are putting words in my mouth. He complements my self-worth. Quit using these passive-aggressive techniques to try to run me down.”***

***You were raised with this idea about what was a positive contribution to your growth. Look what you’re a part of.”***

***“I know about the shit in my life. I do not need a writer to tell me.”***

***“You want to get to the root. You need to understand the source of change.”***