

INTRODUCTION 1

I was sitting at a table at Reunion with my notes. Janice asked me if her friends could sit at the table. I told her sure. She became my guide to the Phoenix nightlife. She had her own business. She had experience in for marketing and fashion. In a sense, she was crafting an image for the Phoenix nightlife. Her crowd was like her family. They were close knit. They protected her. And they enjoyed having fun together. She was inviting me into this world. And they described how clubs used to be. They offered an interesting perspective about life in the city.

Developers had made it more difficult to live in town. Rents gone up. The opportunities for artists headache decreased. There was a whole group who had moved in a different values. They were more money-driven. They were less attuned to the arts. They had little understanding of the dynamic that had made central Phoenix into an artistic Mecca. This do-it-yourself mentality was replaced with a corporate outlook. Janice and her friends we're not going to give in to the new attitude. Besides Reunion, there were other bars that they frequented. It was definitely an old-school mentality that influenced their behaviors.

I enjoyed being a part of this conversation. We shared many of the same reference points. I viewed myself as an artist. I was trying to craft reality as we spoke. I didn't see this as manipulative. Instead, it was a cooperative experience. I was more interested in listening. I also shared some of my own experiences. I felt as if I was entering the first circle of this social experience. Many of the people at the table were a little older. They had careers. They were different from a lot of the twenty year olds that hung out at Reunion. It provided me with a different outlook. I was interested in discovering their concerns."

"Their view of partying was very stark. Everyone drank well. It was almost a professional partying-going experience. At the same time the group is a little older, so they needed to be more focused. They were not going to devote their whole lives to getting high. The nightlife complemented the day life. Basically they were satisfied with their ability to create an artistic experience. I am Ruess myself in the moment. I enjoyed my efforts."

" I was weaving my way around this world. I realized that Janice could only do so much to facilitate my efforts. In someways, I hope that this could be a forum for my own research. But I realized that her motivations wereerent. In a sense, they were more satisfied with the present. They had worked to attain this moment. In some cases,they had visited other cities. But they came back to Phoenix because it seem to offer clear opportunities. I was ready to learn from them. They seem supportive. I don't think they grasped my desire to create a new culture. There was no sense of desperation that influence their present. They might've questioned relationships that they were in. However, their primary concerns were with security. They had a stable life. And they wanted connections that reinforced that stable life. They were looking for people who understood that same sense of balance.

Fundamentally, there was nothing chaotic in their world. They did not embrace risk. They were more attuned at drawing boundaries. It was almost as if they were in on a secret. The younger people would scramble around trying to figure out what it was. This other group could only marvel. In a sense they were mocking the risktakers. They had already experienced all the permutations of this place. Therefore, they weren't ready to be surprised. Everything seemed evident.

At times, I wondered if they shared my concerns. They seem to be interested. They could go along with the ideas. But they didn't hear anything quite the same way. They were catching a different beat. I tried to keep up. But nothing seemed that profound.

I offered my greetings. I could tell my stories. But we were looking at a different struggle. They definitely were part of a program. They had their mission. They had found a way to accommodate with this scene. There was no longer any turmoil. Sure, they might go on about a personal issue. Or they would discuss someone who was facing problems putting everything into place. That was the beginning and end of the story. I was looking at a totally different picture.

I started to feel like a cult leader. I had found people who were wise to my methods. So I was looking for others who might seem more innocent. That really wasn't what I was doing. Nevertheless Janice and her crew seemed more immersed in a different sort of lifestyle. I quickly realized that they were observing the story from outside. Sure, they knew the players. And they benefited from the camaraderie. But they were in a different place.

They were putting together a different canvas. That didn't diminish the fact that they had an artistic sensibility. But they weren't the real creators. Even when they sculpted this façade. It took shape from a forceful dynamic, that was taking place underneath. I needed to get closer to that fire. That had been my motivation. As a writer I was committed to telling other people stories.

Janice did not develop the ability of the group to create its own works of art. This kind of understanding was not there. The creativity of group is limited. It could only go over old territory. Development would be frozen in the past.

This reminded me that creativity took place in the moment. I did not have reference to a separate reality. I was being invited to watch shadow play. It was enticing. Nevertheless, I knew that behind the shadows, there was something more exciting. And I want to explore. Janice was only giving me a glimpse. That was because she didn't know the full picture herself. When she was younger, she had been attracted by the glitter. And she found a way to crystallize that sensation. But there wasn't enough liveliness to carry through the present moment.

I could only hope the Janice and her friends would point me towards the paradise. And I still hung on with his belief. However, I recognized that there were other distractions. We were all listening to the same soundtrack. But they had no idea where it was coming from. I didn't want to spin out before I reach my destination. Janice help me advocate for the process. But I need to create my own enthusiasm I was glad that she has helped start the process, to keep the project. In a sense, she only had a limited understanding of the art. For her, it was primarily spectacle. She was a great audience member. She could clap at the appropriate moment. But she couldn't carry it any further. Was he expecting too much?

People had their lives. They had their families. They had numerous expectations. They were fighting just to achieve simple goals. Why would I expect them to get more involved in the process. I wanted to the motivation. That was why I was here. In a sense, that was all that I could do. In some ways, I was also a spectator I was doing my best to move things along. But I only had so many resources at my disposal.

I realized that I was a magician. And I recognized how my tricks were limited. Even if I shuffled the cards in a different way, it would probably be the same result. I was only a guest. I wanted to host the show. But it was too early for me to even try. I knew that my talent was

limited. What did I need to do to create more excitement.?

For the time being, I could only sit here and watch the world go by. For all her interest, Janice relied on her past accomplishments. At work, she could demonstrate her acumen. She could build upon her understanding. Fundamentally, she was repeating past experiences. This was not an ongoing experience. It did not point towards lasting change. She might reminisce about these moments from her youth. But none of it mattered anymore. This was not the same world.

For the moment, I was excited that I had been able to participate with his group. They were helping me open doors. I was part of something social. Maybe, they couldn't understand deeper concerns. That wasn't a big deal. We were succeeding at creating a front. That could offer the basis for whatever followed. For the time being, Janice could offer the needed opening. She could shine the light where it was needed. I would follow along. I was waiting for something more. Now and then, I could sense that heat. But all the contours were muted. And it wasn't clear how I could move things past that point. The rules were clearly defined. And the artists knew how to draw the boundaries.

I only became a more fervent spectator. I wished I could've made things more exciting. What tools did I have at my disposal? We were developing a new understanding about the role of art. It was supposed to propel action. However, Janice and her friends accommodated to this life. They had made all their great strides when they were younger.

I was not exaggerating my importance. This was a way of coming together using shared social interests. At any moment, individual gestures could offer the weight of being in the world. This understanding was fundamental. It was based on a transformation of the physical reality. I was advancing the celebration that added to everyone's awareness.

In a sense, you're participating in the transformation of the world. We could do without energy. It also prepared us for the kinds of activities. We could escape the limitation of our situation. We are creating our own environment. Perhaps a place for my faith. But I didn't want let on. I feel comfortable. In a sense, just to do science. It was also a new practice. Learn from developers. That added to our enjoyment. Convinced us of a new wonder. Janice recognizes influencers. But she had difficulty following them out any further. In a sense, graduating from my interest. There."

"I still wasn't being pointed in the right direction and it was so much more that I need to understand. I was still figuring on the edge. I was wondering is the best choice. For all my insight, I need something more. I needed a great social director. To bring people together."

When she arrived, the world seemed to light up. That was the best that she could do. She wasn't coming up with new ideas. No one expected that. She just created a liveliness in the moment. And I welcome that. That was always seem to matter are. Everything else was secondary. I did what I could with the gifts that I was given. I wasn't really asking for more.

I was holding out for more assertive historical moment. For the time being, I worked with whatever I could get that made it all wonderful and blessed my life. Janice not engaged in some kind of complex thought process; she was clever. But she was not attracted to theory. In some ways, it's raised the question about the importance of theory.

Janice invested something more. I wanted to unleash this artistic power. I didn't only want to observe what was there. I couldn't shake things up, I would get overwhelmed by the

experience. That was never my intention. I wanted to do more and see. I wanted to ask. I wanted a deeper satisfaction. I even considered new modes of existence. This gave better substance to my efforts. And encouraged my experiences.

I didn't want to stand before a giant canvas. I wanted this to be the art I wanted the art to sizzle and my vans. I wanted to celebrate the now. I needed collaboration. I built upon the contributions of those around me. It still wasn't enough. I loved the possibility of an ongoing commitment. Who else wanted to get involved? I couldn't surrender at this point. I was too deeply invested.

We were enjoying ourselves. It was a lovely night. But something was not going well. What was I missing? I looked around. These were gracious people. I was sharing hospitality. But this was all temporary. What was happening here?

Janice and her friends were not clued into the same story. I could ask them questions, but it wasn't as if they knew the answers. If I waited any longer, would I get any closer to understanding. There was another table where people congregated. But Janice seemed to attract the most interesting people. I did not want to lose my connection to Janice and her friends. But life seemed to calm here.

I knew that there were other scenes going on here. There was a lot more edge play. I didn't want to get caught in this kind of behavior. But it all pointed to another danger. And I wanted to understand it. There was a lot of crazy action going on at Reunion. Perhaps, I wanted it to mean more.

I imagined that someone was hiding in the corner with the manual. This could help everyone make sense of their problems. Janice and her friends were different. They were ready to move on if a situation became too demanding. There were others here, who were in the middle of an endless show. If that show existed, I wanted to learn more about it.

What were the alternatives here? The best option seemed to be to return home. I could only go far with what was going on right now. Janice had enough challenges. I couldn't expect any more.

"You were the one."

"Whatever happened in there?"

"I am not going to listen to any of this."

"Where do I get a drink?"

"What does that mean?"

"I only want to find out."

"It takes a while to figure it all out."

"Who is behind all of this?"

"Table number five."

"There is a dance."

"You dance in place."

"I can use a lot of that."

"Why are you betraying me?"

"Janice, I do not know why I was talking to them."

"Are you talking about me?"

"That tastes so good."

“That ends up being a bad game.”
“Order something to eat.”
“You are looking for something that is right in front of you.”
“Who is paying?”
“You did take your time.”
“I want to learn more about you.”
“Pay what you owe.”
“Pay what you want to pay.”
“You have enough for your drinks.”
“I want to pay my tab.”
“What else do you want to talk about?”
Janice closed her tab and left.
“Who are these other people at the table?”
“These are all musicians.”
“This is not what I am looking for.”
“This is the beginning of the show.”
I didn’t think that I could figure out all the variations here.
“What kind of life are you living?”
“What are your priorities?”
“I eat, I work, I love.”
“Where do you work?”
“I feel as if my world is running down.”
“What is your complaint.”
“Do you have anything else that you would like to talk about?”
“My situation is a little better than yours.”
“I am having a great deal of fun.”
“This will put me over the top.”
“We all want to be victorious.”
“This is not an appropriate behavior here.”
“Janice was teaching me.
“This is not very entertaining.”
“Do not interrupt me.”
“I don’t want to eat with you here.”
“What did you want to know here?”
“This is more fascinating.”
“I think that I can learn how to do it.”
“They are paying you a little better.”
“You do not know the real value of a dollar.”
“No one does.”
“What is your opinion of the art?
“Your voice is louder.”
“That does not tell me a thing.
“Why are you staring?”

“They are a new kind of artist/
 “What kind is that?”
 “I am not a good critic.”
 “I need to find somewhere to hang out.”
 “It is impossibly hot.”
 “This is not going to turn out well.”
 “You cannot believe any of this.
 “THE BELIEVER!”
 “You did it well.”
 “I ducked out of the way.”
 “They are calling for me.”
 “No one cares.”
 “They are going to have to stop.”
 “What is the real point?”
 “You need to quit.”
 “I don’t think that I can.”
 If I stayed longer, I would have to offer more assistance.
 “How can you help me?”
 “There is a secret society.”
 “What do they control?”
 “What about work?”
 “That is a softer way of saying the same thing.”
 “Can we meet?”
 “We are sitting across from each other.”
 “That does not make any sense.”
 “This looks right.”
 “That could start a fire.”
 Janice and her friends were sitting in the back courtyard.
 “This does not work. There is a lot of smoke here.”
 “Who is going to pay?”
 “Who can trust any of these people?”
 “That is the best that you are going to do.”
 “Buy me a drink.”
 “That tastes so good.”
 “As long as I do not have to pay.”

“Janice lacked sufficient understanding to change. What was in her way? You have given me everything that I need. I’m looking for a blessing. What is missing? I felt as if I was disrupting my world. I needed Janice to explain things for me. I didn’t want to make a fight about something stupid. This is not my life. I was watching it all from the outside. I would have to do to get inside? You have to stay at someone’s house. We’re having a lunch. Do you want to come. I’m busy. You’re always busy. Why do you come sit with us. Why don’t you try? What is missing here? Why am I such a bad person.? You’re not leaving now. This is not an exit. This is the beginning of a bigger understanding.”

“How does that happen? I have questions about myself. I have questions about you.

Are you enjoying this? Give me a smile! Who's working on this? I wanna pay for this. I want all of you to pay for this. The world is going to pay for this. You were going to pay for this. Worry about paying. She has enough money. I'm getting worried it was mowing the grass? Are you saving the world?"

"Who is saving Janice? Janice likes her life. Why we need to drink. Janice needs to pay. We're all paying for the mistakes of others. Janice, I want to be happy. We all want to be happy. This is getting crazy. I could exist anywhere. I need to get out. You're not as good as you seem to be. Janice tell me a route to travel. People tell me everything. I'd like you to introduce you to my friends."

"I'm going leave you with my friends. This is getting off work. We have nothing to talk about. I am totally clean. I'm immersed in shit. Just tell me what you need to tell me. I'm not close enough to Santa thing. I'm not close enough to touch anything. You're not gonna change anything. What if she saw this? What if I saw this? What if I could watch it myself? Janice what do you say? No one around here really cares. They just hang out. They say things to each other. Some of them splatter on canvases. This is your life on canvas. This is an explanation. What do you do for a living? I run the market. I am the market. I'm wonderful. I'm finding things that no one else could find. Everything needs to be clean."

"I'm slipping under. I can't help myself. No one can help himself. I'm feeling it what I'm doing. I'm successful. Janice help me. Lola can't help anyone. No one here can help anyone. I'm looking for someone with skills. What do you have to give me.? If you give me that, what else is there? Lola is my God. Go in this room. Sit at this table. Admit to your faults. Begin again. Show me what you've got. That's never enough. It's not chaos. It's your way of controlling things. Why is everything so automatic? That's why I'm writing a book. These are things that are not automatic. But we get caught in the same old shit again and again. Read this book. You're good at performance."

"You're good at performance. You're going to perform for all of us. Was that worth it? My whole life is coming apart before me. I need forgiveness. Janice forgives for faith."

"There was an understanding, but it seemed to get out of control."

"THIS IS ALWAYS FOR NOW! NO FORGETTING."

"IT WILL HEAL."

"I AM REALLY FUCKED!"

"I enjoyed watching the show. I didn't mind being a participant. But expected more from the experience. It was one thing to share in the group activities. But I want to feel as if my own aims were furthered to these experiences. Sometimes, I wondered if they even knew who I was. I couldn't let that bother me. I was on my own agenda. And I didn't want anyone else to disturb nevertheless,. I realize that it was only starting out. But I felt as if they were holding something back from me. Is something that they weren't sharing. I wanted to know what that was. Willing to give all of myself to the situation. I just didn't appreciate this feeling they were part of a secret club, they weren't gonna let me in. Don't you know about the secret society? Raw part of the secret society? We enjoy a glimpse into the secret society. You can come in. You can join up. You can join in. We can teach you things. There are things that you know nothing about their things that's what makes it a secret society. If it's some secret, it's so good, why do you seem to be suffering. You put on the smiles. Behind the smiles there is a question."

“We’re on bookclub. What’s the book for this week. How to get out of a bad situation. How do I escape a toxic relationship? How to take toys and enjoy it? I’m hurting so much. I want you to hurt with me. This is what I seek with sadism.”

“You can join if you want to. We are taking members. We start with initiation? Do you want to do something illegal? Do you wanna do something to damage yourself? We need to be at the same level of damage. That is how we test if you’re right for the organization. You look at your damages.”

“Are you damaged in the same way. Do you hurt in the same way? We all hurt in the same way? What’s missing from this picture? I feel as if I missed some thing. That’s why you are we have a secret society. We inform you of things that you don’t know about. Inform you of things that you don’t realize about. You can join us. Fun with us. We have outings.

“Everyone gets an apple. You can eat the apple. Getting popcorn. You can eat the hotdog. You get the pizza. It’s a pizza party. You’re messing with my life. There are fires burning all around me. I’m stuck trying to stick to my lane. I’m looking for Elaine. This is going nowhere. Janice I thought you had answers. Nobody has answers here. Teach me some questions. Where do I start?”

“I am naked. Someone is naked in the bathroom. You’ve been in the bathroom a long time talking. What were you women talking about? Or were you men talking about? Are you trying to get one over on me? Is anyone trying to get one over on me? I know you do good things. You like a little bit more ram is in your life. When you come in Russian, what can you share? What are the options here? Where are we going?”

“I feel submerged. You’re just a rotten person. Do you want to get it to my life. Y’all want to get into your life. You have fans. For a while, huge fans. Everyone here and fans. There’s an audience. They start clapping. And that became a danger.”

“We were getting too close. We were sharing secrets. Are you a member of a secret society. Do you have a secret identity? You seem and sure of yourself. Is there some thing that you’re not telling us? Is there someone that you’re pretending to be that you’re not? How do I get in? You’re already in. We’re all sitting here. We’re holding hands. Or holding hands for you. You make me feel naked. Close yourself.”

“I have your distinctions! Don’t let it hurt you. Nothing is everything. Everything is nothing. Give me a drink. That tastes good. That feels good. We are good. Where are we going? Where is any of this going? Use your assistance. We can all use your assistance. We can use your help. I need help putting out what has to be done. These are clear arguments. Where do they originate? What is the source?”

“How can I make that happen? Things to get done. I need some help. I was going to help me? I feeling helpless. I have things to do. But I feel helpless. What interests you? What are you afraid of? What do you want to keep? You don’t really think about these things. You’re not like other people. You’re a child. You’re all children here. Let’s think about the big questions.”

“Life and death. Mostly life. If you only think about death, you’re not really doing what you need to do in life. Someone hurt himself. Someone hurt his hands. So I did something stupid. We’re hanging around for a while. When were we hanging around? Where did all this began? What was the first word? What was the first word that you said? What do you want to know? What do you want to forget? Friend. These people were friends. But they

are now looking out for my interests. I want to forget all of them. I want to forget everybody. I want to forget my self."

"It's so easy forgetting myself. I'm not really falling down. But I'm falling down inside. The temperature gets so hot. I'm getting so hot. I'm losing my mind. I'm afraid to be myself. We're all friends here. You have to get the direct right. Who has the directors. I need to know all the names. If you fail to learn one of the names, you're not really a valuable participant in the group. The group requires valuable participation. Or creating a book. Eventually, arise the book. Eventually, someone will put the book into effect. Eventually, all these things will be one. We will be one. We will find unity. We call this place reunion. Why do you think we could reunion? Who is in the bathroom.? The doors locked. I don't think I can get this done. I don't have the body to get it done. I don't have the mind to guide me."

"Who's working with you? Is this a conspiracy? What are you really afraid of? What are we all afraid of.? We can all hold hands here. We cannot pretend that we are one. Is exactly what I want. Do you have what I'm looking for? This is brilliant. I need to figure I need you to figure this out. We can figure it out together."

"We can let go of our problems. We can find friends. We can build the institutions. I feel wronged. Who is wrong me? Eventually, all your faults become evident. All your failures become evident. Anything that you wanted to be, anything that you wanted to consider, all that goes by the wayside. Do you want to help me with the wayside? Do you want to help me get better? Get better at these things? I'm not paying attention. What did I miss? I don't want to abandon this project. I have a lot of things to think about. We can make this happen. These are small issues. But there has to be a moment when you give everything to the experience."

"Are you willing to give everything to the experience? What are you holding back? Are you holding back yourself? Janice, what can you give me so that I'm not afraid. Why are people so afraid here? I could use another drink. How is that going to help? How is any of that going to help? He told us of people would've been partying all their lives. A party to the grave and I think that I missed my calling. Where was I when I missed my calling? Who is talking to me? Do you want to talk to me? What do you want to ask me?"

"I have my own questions. I'm sure you have questions of your own. All getting so out of hand. I need someone who is familiar with other ways to succeed. I think I hurt myself. I think I fell over something. I think the sky is falling. Janice is the sky falling Janice, what would it mean if the sky was falling? Janice, help me! Janice, Janice, Janice."

"She could lead me to the promised land. But she cannot enter the promised land. Who is going to give me what I needed. Arlington told me about his fantasy book. It was called desire. I wanted to learn what was inside. He said it was all about ghosts and origins. That sounded interesting. What do you have in your bank account? What do you have in your wallet? How much money do you have? Buy me a drink! How did you hang on for so long.? She seems so well-adjusted. You all seem so well-adjusted. Then you take the stress test, and everything falls apart. Everything gets forgiven. Everything gets torn apart. I just now need to get in the next room. I can pay for a ticket. I can buy a drink. What is this privilege based on. What do I lock? Teach me Janice was supposed to teach me I don't know if she knows what is needed here."

"You are struggling against your past. You have a story."

"I came from hardship."

"When you need an assassin."
"I like my life."
"Do you have a plane ticket?"
"Everything is liquid."
"Where do we begin?"
"You are a target."
"How does that work?"
"Let me guide you."
"Is this some kind of comedy?"
"Do not laugh."
"No one is laughing."
"I got lost, and I walked for miles."
"That show is over."
"Eerie music."
"Stand up, Janice."
"That is not doing the job."
"That tastes so good."
"Get out of the house."
"Where is the house?"
"You cannot come over."
"You invited me to a party."
"Where are you headed?"
"You want a thoroughbred."
"Can you run as quickly?"
"We need to stop this."
"All pile in the car."
"WHO CAN AFFORD THIS ?"
"That is so mean!"
"We need to work on this together."
She works as a social director
"What does she direct?"
"Everything that lacks a direction.
"Who is running the show?"
"That will work."
"Knock it out."
"Where is this going?"
"The place is closing."
"I need to leave."
"You are going to leverage this for pleasure."
"You will love it."
Janice tried to describe this as family event.
"You do not belong in the group."
"Who helped me to dress?"
"How does that happen?"

"We have to work for the rest of our life to pay for this."
"You are going to need a residence if you want to be a recluse."
"You can hang in my place."
"Do not say anything to me."
"We used to go there to drink."
"ACCEPT WHAT YOU SEE."
"THAT IS TOO CLOSE FOR ME?"
"We all feel a lot of pain."
"Have another drink!"
"It falls apart as I nibble."
"That tastes so wonderful."
"How do these people get people get paid just for smiling?"
"It is all flowing out."
"You cannot plan all these details."
"That can zap all the problems."
"This is becoming more taxing."
"Do not cry!"
"What happened to you?"
"You took part of my brain."
"There are alternative tasks."
"I am going to see you in court."
"Really, I make my own law."
"We are all suffer."
"Have another beverage!"
"It crumbles as I nibble."
"That tastes extremely good."
"How do those parents get paid honestly for grinning?"
"Everything is spilling out."
"You can't plan for each little component."
"That could solve all of the troubles."
"This is getting harder and harder."
"Don't weep!"
"What took place to you?"
You stole a part of my mind.
"There are greater obligations to be had."
"I'll see you in court," I said. I write my own legal principles.
Janice put together all the appropriate legal principles.
"That does not mean anything."
"This is an extended cliché."
"How do I get paid."
"Use it from inside your head."
"I could build it all."
"I could use some assistance."
"I ran out of gas. I need a ride."

“This is a random test.”
“Where will this end up?”