

ALMERIA

Everything that is because something else that is.

THE MIRROR

“I was starting to map out the final circle. This was where hell and heaven intersected. These residents wanted everlasting life, and they were ever ready to make a deal with the arch nemesis. What would that mean? Did they aspire to a place in the eternal fire? If I talked to any of them, they might’ve asserted that they were nothing like this. They were mild and gentle people they were not members of the death cult. They just like going out at night. Maybe they liked the music of another era. They were caught in this artificial nostalgia. But there was nothing dangerous about them. Nevertheless, it was nearly impossible to stay out like this without some form of artificial inducement. And this vision sustained them. I still wanted to learn more. Who could speak for this descent into the depths? Who could describe this ritual in more detail. Certainly, Lana had given me some insight. And how Maria had added to that awareness. Nevertheless, I knew that there was some other insight that I could explore. When I talked to Marquesa for an hour, she described a more harrowing journey on her part. It was as if she had sailed around the edge of the circle, and she had become caught up with all of its appeals. Here she was, struggling to see. But this was a place of damnation. My experience at Reunion reminded me that this became the portal to another form of existence. Even though only a few people knew completely, the behaviors became obvious. Nevertheless, this understanding had not been brought to fruition. Everything was haphazard. There was no clear ritual. Sure, I might’ve recognized something that seemed like a death cult.”

“How are these behaviors articulated in this place? I wanted a better understanding of what was happening here, but there was so much that was unknown. And I was searching among all these reference points? How could I find a clearer expression of this awareness? What was missing from my view? Almería understood that fire. And she wanted to share it with the world. But even her insight seemed deeply grounded in a history that was not her own. She had acquired that connection to her culture, but there was still something that she needed to do to make this awareness entirely manifest. Otherwise, she was only describing her own experiences as they happened day today. Evidently, she wanted a theory to help her encompass all these moments. But there was something that was absent in this depiction. I wanted to have a better understanding what it was. This was all part of a revelation that I had participated in.”

“Marquesa could relate to these other moments. But she still needed to create a greater dynamic for the now. She was not the priestess who was leading the ceremony. Someone else brought her perspective to these events. Almeria had a clearer perspective. In a sense, this was frightening.”

“She clearly had the power to see so much more. Nevertheless, she stopped short. It remained an invitation. In a sense, that was what sparked the excitement of the moment. But it was nothing more. You couldn’t get out it from any other vantage point. That was the place to disappear into the night. Maybe these forces would emerge without human mediation. This was my concern. I wanted to join in. I wanted to see some thing that was more illuminating.

But I was slow to respond to what was going on around me. This added to my confusion. I had encountered the stellar creatures before. And they seemed so committed in their depiction of their own struggles. Something was left out of this vision. And I struggled to put it back together again. I still hadn't met the pilgrims who were going to the shrine. Even if I had, they probably knew less, not more. Almeria seemed to be providing me with insight. She understood these currents. But I could say the same thing about Alina. But they were both part of an entirely different enactment. I wanted to be open to always going on. But I doubted that this awareness would lead me to a more profound experience I read all the signs. They seem to say that I was in the right place. But I've been putting together these patterns for a while. And there was still something missing from this picture. I wanted this revelation more than anything. But it remained outside of my grasp. Everyone seemed so turned on by these simple connections, and that seem to be enough."

"In a sense, I shouldn't have been surprised by any of this. Nevertheless, I could sense the true moral as I got closer to the heart of this final circle. We found Isa who was wandering around in this place. And also she seemed to symbolize this understanding. But there was so much that was left unsaid. Everyone was letting experience fill-in for what was missing. The creative needed to do more to resolve this enigma. What was happening? How was the self supposed to awaken to this wonder? At this point, everything seem to stall. Amariah found the answer that she needed. Everyone found a level of satisfaction that was enough for the moment. They didn't realize that this understanding would've initially closed out any other kind of recognition. Everything would stop just short of a clear understanding. Revelation would always be secondary to the gratification of the moment. How was the self supposed to characterize this encounter? It all became obvious."

"Another sign might've opened up the next gate. Nevertheless, failure to attain a higher level of insight they have been significant for my efforts. I was seeing something. It was so close to my point of observation. But everything seemed to be pointing to some other place. Period the action wasn't getting going. I was waiting for someone else to pull me along. Maybe, that was a Maria's revelation. She was telling me that anyone could serve this role. Under those conditions, it was not about us this more profound connection to the universe. Instead, everything rested upon the immediacy of the world around us. If that immediacy was brutal in its revelatory power, I needed to accept that experience. I couldn't hope for anything else. In itself, that might seem frustrating. I'd been given a promise. It had stalled right before me. I had no idea where it was. The circle did not offer a deeper awareness. And the hounds of hell just gathered around me. What good with this understanding?"

"It's been a long time trying to reach this point. But it still did not offer me sufficient insight. What was being protected? What was the history that was so captivating here? I seem no closer. Was the body preventing me from further exploration?"

"Maria was reminding me of these dangers. She indicated that the only way to cross over ways to attain a higher form of being. The physical realm only gave you a glimpse. As such, it was easy to get caught up in these appeals. The more intense that they seemed, the more the individual believed that she was close to the point of breaking. She had attained a total union with this other kind of being, in fact, she system more than ever revealed the lines of these critical obstacles. No wonder he's Isa had been so taken by these warnings. In a sense she had come closer than most. But she was still willing to exaggerate the sensual delights."

She could hear the whispers, but she never heard the words. It was a matter of wandering these shrines and hoping that a more coherent awareness might emerge. And I did what I could to maintain my participation. It was a matter of hearing the voices or seeing a performance. Everything remained on the outside of true revelation. Everything was partial. That was the idea of the towers. In each tower there was a different approach to the mathematical awareness. And I did my best to encompass each presentation. Nevertheless, there was some thing that was absent in each encounter. That was why theory was needed. It could bring together all these moments and point out a clearer manifestation. Nevertheless, there was the accompanying danger. That was based upon a belief that had no correspondence any actual experience. This was the basis of the idealized projection. The individual would always believe that there was greater power in these Dials. Nevertheless, any single encounter only offered a glimpse of the overall picture. It was so much it wasn't seen. Was it possible to create an infinite view that included all these combinations?"

"Each particular vantage point provided a critical awareness of the important concepts? At any moment, the temptation of the idealized projection became overwhelming. Indeed, this was the problem was represented by this model."

"From any particular representation did the terms prevent realization in three dimensional space.? That was the question offered by this experience Almeria was offering a more detailed description of the idealized projection. But she knew no more what was happening. She was a stellar lights. But she would have to break down that encounter before she could come to a lasting understanding. I did what I could to be sympathetic I had carried this meditation too far. How did she want to see things? Everyone saw the same thing. Indeed, this was place of healing. This was the only kind of healing that was possible. Such an awareness became difficult for Almeria. And she was really no different than anyone else. She felt things in her own way. But she could easily orient others to that same way of seeing things. In a sense, there were so many experiences that were exactly the same. She may have felt them differently in different places. She may may have felt them the same in different ways. Therefore, the reports would be contradictory; however, everything was fundamentally connected in the same way. You could draw a line of connections within a biological system: in that same way, you could project the connections among Maria and her friends. She was simply exploring another avenue of expression that coincided with her own experience."

"She sensed all the bright lights flashing around her what was the structure? What was its source of validity? Did she see some thing that no one else saw? Or did she see see everything that was observed by everyone else. Now it was starting to make sense. All these conversations made sense. She had found that one connection that spoke for everything in her life. It was all that she needed. I could make all these individual moments become part of a single viewpoint. It made sense. She was simply reading her experience back into her artistic outlook. She would confirm this view as she read. But she was not living to read or write. This was similar to a journal. It recorded traces after they happened. Or it could anticipate events before they occurred. Fundamentally, there was no real connection to any actual experience; however, the explanation satisfied her needs. Behind the door, everything occurred. In front of the door, the onlookers wondered what was going on in there. How could access change anything?"

"The individual understood this. How close could you get? How did your fear manifest

itself? She understood all of these articulations. Was all that made a difference? It was easy to be satisfied. Fundamentally, it has nothing to do with now. It was all the form of avoidance. If she could avoid these influences she would achieve a sense of comfort. That was the dominant recognition. These were all ideas which assisted in unlocking the critical awareness. Nevertheless,, the individual required some form of gratification. Each idea needed to be related to some thing very specific. This was a past sensation. Everything made complete sense. That was why people toiled in such difficult conditions. They were willing to accept this balance.”

“Almeria saw the signs. There was a sense of simultaneous awareness. And each particular manifestation offered its own insight. These ideas simultaneously played off each other. That was what gave the system its integrity. He never even had to leave the house. If you did, you could reach a point that the world was entirely consistent with the way that you had imagined it. That was the philosophy that she advanced. It was based on just such a realization. The obvious became connected to the surprising. Each played a role in this overall development.:”

“Who is watching all this. Who is tuned in. Who is excited? Indeed, there was an aspect of genius to this representation. Everyone wanted to be involved. Maria learned how to immerse herself comfortably in her own dreams. From this representation, she who could go further in examining these influences on her behavior. For her, this described therapy. She went in for one hour and, and she came back to that point. And when you came back, you felt as if you had been cleansed of any kind of trouble. That gave Almeria greater confidence. She wasn’t willing to consider if this might be an illusion. It couldn’t be represented in that way. It all felt right. There’s no other way to think about this. There was an element of fear in all of this that she was trying to dispel. But she represented it in a simple manner. She only feared the chaotic. And she could bring coherence to this representation. This coherence would enable her to cast off negative emotions. Throughout this process, these emotions were paramount in determining the roots of her experience. There was nothing to worry about it. There was no other way to see this. It was the constant give-and-take that resulted in a fuller awareness. For the moment she had consulate consolidated her doubts into a simple explanation. She didn’t want any of this to be difficult. Once she’s gone through it a few times, she would get the hang of it. There was no reason to become more aggravated by any of this. This commitment indicated deeper troubles on her part. What did it mean to strip away these layers? Her own remedies could be seen as impediments to her growth. Everything was going to be manifested in a different way. Sometimes, things were needed in the moment. And she was able to do that again and again. She knew how to breathe. She discovered her constancy in her existence. She brought feeling and resilience to everything that she did. Was this coherence being maintained? Who could care for all of this? Why did the self feel disrupted by this process? She needed to get away. She needed to find a stronger foundation for her beliefs. They were all these things coming out at once. How could she master all of these influences?”

“You need to escape from this. You’re letting the ideas get a hold of you. Once they do, they offer you a little choice. You keep thinking that you have it all down. But you don’t have any of it down. It’s working you. You have all your vegetables arranged on the plate. You would have a plan for eating them one by one. That’s the genius of your experience. You have

your references. They tell you what to think. They tell you how to listen. They fill in the script. Because you've been filling it in all along. That gives it its potency. You're strong. Everyone is strong. And you perceive something behind it all. You perceive an answer to a question. You see your friends who are experts are doing the same thing. Where is this going to get you? Or is this going to take you? Is it going to dispel your frustrations? It's gonna take a little more effort to resolve these problems. What do you have to do to get to what you want to do? Do you have to open the can? Do you have to peel the orange? What does that activity do to your final recognition? We're on different waves. We're different people. We're eating different kinds of soup? Slurp slurp. Gets better. This is where you find a surprise. This is where you're the surprise. Haha. You got what you wanted. You close the book. You felt safe. Almeria, it's all about you. I'm not even here. Imagine, then I'm not even here. Take all this stuff and mix it up in your own way. What does that say? What is this picture? This is not about art. This is about payment. The service pf guilt. What are you willing to pay to get rid of your guilt? You know exactly what I'm talking about. Seems a little ridiculous. I don't even want to get involved. I don't know want to know what this is about. How did you end up here? How did anyone end up here? Do you do this again and again? Do you know the dangers? Like getting close to a rattlesnake, how did you get cast out? You were a believer. I don't even want to know why this is happening. There has to be a vehicle."

"There has to be a means of escape. There has to be a way to clean all this up. Let's get started? Where does the madness begin? I didn't know that you were to get dressed up for dinner. Really eat on the run. Do you know what that means? Why are you suffering? Why do you feel alone? Who threw you out here? She's wearing a wedding dress at three in the morning. She's by herself. What does this mean? Maria, is this a symbol? Is this a reality that needs to be interpreted? Is this something that you want? How did you end up in this place? It's not your wedding dress. You're just seeing someone else in the situation. How does this relate to your situation? Do you feel good about any of this? Does she feel good? Does anyone feel good about this?"

"Keep wanting someone to say that is okay. No one in their right mind would be here right now. Almeria you're here with me. And we're watching this happen. We're watching someone unravel before us. What are we supposed to do about this? If we get involved, or get involved in the wrong way. Everything is sparkles; it's not gold. But you want gold. Do you want to feel good about all of this? Do you want to spice things up? You've done the same over and over again. When you want to spice things up, I can bring you back to my place. I can fix you up. I can give you what you've always needed. You want to break all the support. You want to cut the diamond, but you hit it the wrong way. And you destroyed whatever was valuable.

"I'm trying to help here. I'm trying to offer you direction. I'm trying to make it right for you. Do you like it like this? Does anyone like it like this? Is it possibly even a wake up like this? You thought that you had it down. That the description would make it all fit. I can tell you what's really going on here. And I can tell you what's going on in your soul. I want to share this. We're dealing with two different kinds of awareness. We're dealing with one kind of belief. How do you want to see things? Are you cold? Did you start a fire? How, Maria, how did you get in on this one? What do you want me to do? Should I exercise discretion? I'm not like my mother."

Now we're getting into another form of therapy. Retracing things back to the origins. Not your mother. The mother of all humanity. What does that mean in the immediate experience? I thought that I would get away out there. But I'm right here. I'm living it right now. I could fill-in. I need a few minutes. I need a few days. I need a new life. Ok, this is what I want you to do. Take one of these. Make something with one of these. You're the one who has to open the door. For once, you are the one who needs to open the door. I'm losing any sense of direction. I'm crawling back home. I could simply be going around in a circle. And Maria, what is the meaning of the circle?"

"He won't be talking about the real circle. You can't describe the actual function of language. You can't describe how personal insight becomes a predictor for defensive strategies. Do you know who you are? You exist in this murky present. And I'll give you credit for that. I can't give you credit for that. I'll tell you what you want to hear. We'll both go at it in the similar manner. I won't interfere with your life. This is all part of a mess. I want us to finish a little more quickly. You're gonna get involved. And you're gonna leave. I need a name. I don't want to interrupt. I need an aim.

"Who's paying for this? Where is this going to go? I could tell this was happening. But is this any better? This is so obvious. You only have so many dolls to work from. You all get together and you wonder what happened. This looks like genius. It's more of the same. I can't I can't pretend to know. I can't tell you were just happened. This is the scariest thing. I kept moving. And then he returned home. I kept moving. Then he returned home. He got off his chain. I didn't respond. I knew what he had. I recognized how it could destroy me. This was a real dog. This was in the symbol of a dog. This was something that was happening to me in the moment. And it shook me up. It affected me in negative ways. This could've been dangerous. I didn't respond whatsoever. I didn't show fear. I didn't show anything."

"Where did he come from?. What did he really want? He wanted affection. He needed therapy. He was angry about nothing. I became nothingness. He was still angry. I need to stop. I need to get out of here. I'm long gone."

She wanted to see it differently. She wanted to create a force would be able to express your development. Less, there was an entirely independent on her actions. She was willing to give in. It was as if an entity dominated her being. But she saw it in very simple terms. This was what she grew up with. These were the constant influences on her growth. She couldn't separate herself from this history. She tried to subsume this history to a larger theory. Indeed, she developed an elaborate culture to support this outlook. Over the last, her own actions followed clear plan. She was still caught up in this world. In a sense, these behaviors were rooted in the culture. She already felt marginalized. So it was better to ally herself with people who felt pretty much the same way. They were not able to create a persona for themselves. They remained reactive. Therefore, theory was there to explain why they did what they did. This was the purpose of Reunion.

"It would enable people to act out their frustrations. At the same time, I continued to face the same challenges. They weren't able to separate from their past. They just wanted a new way to enact. This became a critical feature of their personal development. And Alemeria was no different. She saw an opening. She made her way. And she was taking steps for change. Fundamentally, the world has locked her in. Everyone was broken in the same way. Why do you think things are like this? You're a writer. This is how you wanna see us. We actually wrestle

with big ideas. You're lost in minuscule things. Do you know do not allow us to describe what's going on. Instead, we all get lost in this maelstrom. Can you mark your efforts. He did not give us a chance to emerge from darkness. Instead, you minimize our creation. You say they were still subject to a culture that we detest. We're just as frustrated as you are. I'm not saying and I'm frustrated. I'm trying to see it in a different way. What do you want to continue with this kind of logic?"

"Victor, you claim that you're looking for Joan of Arc or Cleopatra, even Beatrice or Mona Lisa. But you just want a porn star, who's going to look all vulnerable for the killshot. There comes a point when you're main character just rebels against such a role Do you even recognize what you're doing? Does it say take someone else to answer back to you? Is that the key here? Perhaps, that's what's being left out. Do you want people to submit to your will. That's your definition of a Director. Ultimately you wanna run peoples lives. When Marquesa objected, that should clue you in that something wasn't going right. But you ignored that. You waited until Lisa brought you back to reality really, there can't be any other way. You could keep on trying to manipulate things. And you're going to hope that you get to the bottom of it all. Repeating in the same way again and again. And you barely realize what's going on. No wonder, you keep pushing the night for an answer. If you keep it going, you expect that you're going to find some kind of revelation. Not understanding is going to be yours and yours alone. It really doesn't work like that, but that's always your home. That keeps you going over and over again. But you're still not getting any closer. You're totally convinced that your script is accurate. If people object, and I really see what's going on. Believe what you will. What are you seeing it's worthwhile? A reflection of your own consciousness."

What about benzo? I see what he's doing. He's authentic; he's an artist he makes it real. He's not living on a pretense. He makes it happen in the moment. He's not exaggerating his talents. In fact, he barely talks about it at all. Where does that kind of an authenticity take you? It becomes more of a belief in what you feel. This is the criticism of Almeria. It's the same thing. It's not your insight. For you, the inside is something that you think. But it doesn't have to become an explanation. You create your scene, and the audience feels the same way. But there's never that moment when people step back and say what's going on here. That would be the real art. He would be putting the paint brushes in their hands."

"You simply want them to acknowledge what you're doing. And that makes your efforts seem greater than they are. Almeria is pretty much the same. She's that way to Lya. And in someways she understands things better than you are you do. Nevertheless, her questions abound. That should be the beginning of authenticity, and that should be the beginning of the work of art. You face your own challenges. But she's doing something else. And you're just looking for some fan, so that you can tell her that she's Mona Lisa, and this will give you even more credibility. It's all this conflict. It seems to hold everything together. Nothing is really moving. Ultimately, the world that you depict is static; it's one night after the other, one high after the other, one kiss after the other, and you claim that you're trying to depict people struggling to survive. Ultimately, you've become more of a voyeur. You get off on their suffering. And you pretend that this is transcendence."

"You're a faith healer. And you're no different than any other faith your healer. You're promising things that can never be delivered. You're offering an understanding that's rooted in

confusion. It can't be any different. That's how you're feeling it. That's how it's weighing on you. You want to succeed. How is your version any different? You're only more obsessed with your images. And everyone's struggling in the frame. When does she come in? What does she supposed to say? Do you have the words? What is this all about? Ultimately, everyone's begging. They want sympathy. Their lives are hopeless. This is only another opportunity for a faith healer. And you're there all the time. That's what gives you your pizzazz. You really think that you've got it. Everyone else feels pretty much the same."

"There are so many things going on around here. And you're trying to tap into all of them. Victor, I guess you're my guide. You're going to help me focus. You're going to give me a purpose. You're going to offer me a story. In a way, it is a little frightening. It's the beginning and end of everything. Do you understand? Do you really understand?"

"Victor screamed action. Where is the motorhome? I've built this to follow. Are you making it up as you go along? Who is collaborating with you? Will she accept this version of paradise? Or can you offer? Everyone can find satisfaction if that's what she's looking for. What do you really want? How can they put you back together? Can I take whatever is left on the plate? I'm just as hungry as you are."

"Can you can you portray that for your audience? Are you oblivious to the needs of people? Sure the world has become a complex place. What's the picture that you're offering? How can you help others to see. Eventually, what is easy money? Does it really exist? Where are you headed? What do you miss? There's a concept in this portrayal. Something is hidden. Something is obscured. Something is blocked out a period guilty? Why bother? Can you ever know? Almeria has discovered existence in the moment. This is no longer an abstraction. This is an attempt to balance the demands of work. She realized how she wants to be seen. She took her time. She didn't want to give to what was around her she wanted to explore. She wanted to go back to the layers."

"What is there? At what point in a persons life. did she lose her commitment to things that mattered? How did she turn it into short-term rewards? What is the idea of something more to this notion that everything is temporary. Indeed, this could be a puzzle. Only one thing was going to provide an answer. If you need to become part of the process. She needed to engage others in the struggle; nevertheless, she saw how easy it was to get overwhelmed by history. What would the individual would eventually give you? There would seem to be no alternate route. What brought a person to this point?"

"Is was easy for her to see that she was more than she was. She was clever. She was artistic. She had an appeal. Nevertheless, she needed to produce. It wasn't enough to make a claim. She was headed for a clearer resolution. This was all part of her nature. It wasn't just cleverness. She was committed to the idea that her awareness gave her insight. She saw how this acumen could be exaggerated. That didn't diminish her concern. She was looking for a win. There was no other way to see this. What could break that concentration? What does stripper down to nothing? She was sure that she recognized something certain. She could turn it into a greater reward that was all part of her facility."

"The body maintained in a connection to all other places in the environment. This connection was rooted in physical awareness. It joined animmediacy of experience with a universal understanding."

“He described how to insulate the secret society from infiltration. This enabled the protecti

“What was the integrity of the participants.”

“What are you talking about?”

“What was happening in the situation? Maintained oceans. The world Achieved them understanding through these participants. How did that work? Was it simply a matter of maintaining a level for elevated consciousness. What else influenced the actions of the individual? What was the function of interactive. Was it an actual experience? Or was this the book? There was enough self to come over. This was their collective. These high half-lives, other individuals. She is more uplifting. This tend to exaggerate their individual accomplishments.”