

THE MISSION

Wes had a mission. He wanted to help other young men like himself. He could exercise his charm to get what he wanted. But he's saw others trapped in the media verse, and they had surrendered their being to this world. There was a little that they were able to do. They had developed these responses to act out online. But they found it difficult to be assertive in the real world. Their gestures were clumsy. Their goals were unclear. They didn't really have a plan to escape their darkness. They were trapped in a situation.

Wes felt that he had the means he could actualize people. At time, he almost thought of them as his disciples. They could adopt his method. They can learn his style. They could perfect his moves. And they would have the confidence to do what they needed interact with other people.

Wes love this realization. He believe that it wouldn't take much to prompt others to be more assertive. He felt the guys been taught to be submissive. Even in the media verse, they gave all their efforts to pleasing others. There was a little reciprocity in these relationships. It was all about enhancing flattery. These young men believed that the success of their flattery was tied to their financial well-being.

At times, they would be reductionist in their communication. They were women on online who seemed to thrive in these interactions. They could dangle their favors in front of these digital suitors. And their excitement only added to the experience. That would increase this virtual commitment.

If the guy met an actual woman, he would be obsequious. He would offer her the world. But there would be a little credibility to his actions. Many times, he would be the subject of ridicule.

It was Wes's mission to end this humiliation. His lively demeanor gave him a confidence that he thought he could pass on to others. This only made him more excited in his endeavors. And he did all that he could to share his knowledge.

For his own part, Wes had only a limited facility with other people. Admittedly, he had a technique. He knew how to get to the heart of the matter. In some ways he worked weaknesses of his subjects. Women might find comfort in his brashness. They might respond to his advances. But there was a little long-term satisfaction.

He may have thought of himself as a builder of societies, but the only thing that he really did was to offer himself a place in a new hierarchy. On the basis of limited talent, he was able to sell his vision to others.

They might marvel at his apparent ability. He had an occasional facility, but there was a little to support his pledge. That never made him shy. He knew how to express his desires in the simplest terms. He looked for women, who were also able to focus their needs and very simple terms. All the while, something was left unsaid. And his art was not that profound.

In an age of surfaces, he was simply another facet in the social architecture. But that didn't give him any more insight. He was looking at all of this from the outside, but he assumed that he was and totally in control.

He dressed in a suit that fit him a little too snugly. That was all part of his image. He gave off this air of superiority. All the while, he was an iconoclast. He was looking for his moment.

Wes felt that he could give advice if he remained a shining light. He had his own version

of right, even if it's supported his flamboyance. He wasn't all that wild. But he wanted to give the impression that he was a free soul. You couldn't tie him down. This resulted out of his out of work. He even thought that he was outrageous. A woman might be visiting from another city. She was involved in a relationship at home. She really didn't have doubts about her commitment. But once she met Wes, he would do his best to make her think differently.

It wasn't as if he was offering an alternative to her. He simply indicated that a life of pleasure would be preferable. If she wanted to have a little fun while she was in Atlanta, West would oblige. For all intents and purposes, West barely had a pot to piss in. He was doing what he could to survive on a meager income. If that meant subsisting in a closet, so be it that was an acceptable lifestyle for him. It represented his careless ways. He would entice his new lover to rendezvous with him back at his meager crash pad. She was in for a little adventure. It only took a kiss, and she would be transported to Paradise. Both of them would float along the magic carpet. And they would eventually attain this wondrous Eden. She wasn't just buying into the lights at the moment. She believe the pitch. That meant some elusive future. He wasn't going to abandon this dream. He wasn't going to offer her an alternative. Even at this point, she thought about moving to Atlanta.

She had surrendered her former life for this. That might've seemed a little unusual. After all was she giving for the interaction, he wasn't that accommodating. He wasn't giving her much. However, he had already pulled her into his world. She would put her hand on the shoulder, and everything with seem to make sense. Wes had no intention of being that supportive. If she wanted to drift into this new world, so be it she knew that he had big dreams. At least he claimed that he wanted something different. He was saving his money. He had elaborated a plan. He didn't intend to be long in the city. But she was there to savor this moment.

It wouldn't take long before she started to feel bored. You couldn't promise much in the closet. That was where his world began and ended. She could lie with him in the tiny bed, and she could let her mind wander. But it was all going to come back to the same thing. She was like others. She may have finalized move to Atlanta. She may have cast her faith with him. But he was already distracted. This was all part of his show. He wasn't presenting lasting pleasure. That was hardly his mission.

He was there in the program. He was there to inspire. He was there to disrupt. The door was wide open, and the door would close. Wes did have much else to the store. Wes wasn't a Casanova. His flamboyance was limited. He didn't feel that he was chasing a demon. But he had just enough motivation to propel him on. There would always be some new adventure. He would be looking for another challenge. There was always a way that he was trying to bring down. If he had a philosophy, he wanted to test it out

It wasn't enough to be involved in idle discussions. He was always looking. If he saw a woman sitting alone on her computer, his guitar wouldn't be far away. He was ready to serenade her. He was there to impress. It wouldn't take much to get them started. He joined in because he believed that he had something to offer. It's going to make every effort to succeed. Many times, he would end up in an uncomfortable situation. The woman would be very young. She would be naïve. She would hardly be a suitable partner for his little game. That will diminish his efforts. He would throw down. He would make himself known. If he experienced rejection, he wouldn't

let it show. He was that good at saving face. In fact, that was his primary goal. He was daring. He was there to tempt fate. He could often be careless. He wasn't working with much. It was just like his tiny apartment. He had just enough resources to get the game going. He spoke quickly. He made his offer none. That was his particular skill. He would mark others who might seem more aggressive.

For him, this was an art. He had something to share. All along, he was there to question the woman's beliefs. Even if he didn't succeed he wanted to break down her faith. He wanted her to explore. He became part of her soul. He impressed her with his vision. He was full of excitement. He wouldn't let up. This was all part of the magic. He looked at women in the same way that he looked at his disciples. He was there to liberator. He wanted to confirm their desires. In no way, was he getting them to submit to his simple view of the world. That perspective enabled him to be so daring. He wasn't looking at the long range. Sure, he has on plans. But they were all about gratification.

He would do just enough to get by. Why would someone spend all their life working in a dead-end job? Security and benefits are never enough. People were giving up their souls. Told them to pursue their heart. Even if they expected starvation wages, that was better than submitting to a mental imprisonment. It was important to liberate the emotions. Individual needed to live. Wes felt that his humor was very much part of his presentation. He was whimsical about life. Everything was part of this game, and he wanted to win. He was all about victory. That added to his excitement.

He felt at the problems of the world were caused by people taking themselves too seriously. No wonder he was a reductionist. He was presenting it all in understandable terms. Wes criticized the influence of media. But he himself was a victim of the media age. He wanted everything digestible to a few simple concepts. He could easily master them, and he could teach them to others.

Wes saw himself as a leader. He wasn't going to go along with authority. But he expected a simple challenge. He wasn't going to break things. He wasn't engaged in theft. His only treasure was the heart. That was what he wanted from his followers. He saw his own version of devotion. This provided him with his magic. He realized how he could create a world based on perception. And he could get others to accept his presentation. That was enough in itself. There wasn't that much more to the story.

Wes perfected his technique. Without such skills, He wouldn't take risks. That only encouraged him to push beyond. This gave him courage. Perhaps this commitment was misplaced. But that didn't diminish adventure. When he talked about other young men, he couldn't resist piling on. He believed in his own success. That only gave him greater strength. He looked at his own background, and he reward himself for his progress. Perhaps he really wasn't going anywhere. He was lost. Nevertheless, he continued to convince himself that he was a wonder. He wanted other guys to perfect it this swagger. It was all about convincing other people.

He could be living in a shoebox, but he was able to paint the picture of a mansion. He only preyed upon the weaknesses of others. And he wanted the week to do the same. And his own way, he had a pyramid scheme. He was dealing with people who had less talent in himself.

And he could exaggerate his own it is. For those who had a little money, they would be gracious. He was a teacher. He was providing lessons. And yhe could find loads of people who wanted to learn. Maybe they gave him their time. Or someone could buy him a meal. If he offered to help a musician with her performance, he could charge a fee. He interacted with people who are on sure of themselves when he indicated that he was a master they feel blessed. They were in the presence of someone with true grace. That was the key aspect of his show.

He was offering some thing intangible. And he did everything to make it seem more astounding. They only added to his reputation. The more that he did this, the more he worked on his presentation. He improved his swagger. He found a balance. He would enter a conversation as if he had something profound to say. His knowledge didn't become any more profound. But he was much more skillful at creating an impression. He was learning how to sell himself. Maybe he didn't have the talents to market himself to the whole world, but he had his own niche. And he builds upon this market. He was more in demand. He found others just like him.

They were building their followers. And they could share them with him. He found people who had social skills. They did what they could to make up for a lack of talent. They might've spent a lot of money on expensive equipment. Sometimes they would throw money away. They were buying their friends. Wes could move in and out of these groups. People could look at him, and tell themselves that they had the same level of talent. This sense of mutual admiration advanced the model. It was the very thing that Wes criticized. He mocked people looked to others for acknowledgment. But he was hanging off the same circles. Some of these creators were nothing more than attention seekers. Wes was only giving them more validity. In return they granted him another level of acknowledgment. The circle was complete. Wes spent just enough time by himself to perfect his skills. He was filling in the gaps. That didn't diminish his challenges. But he put that aside. His audiences weren't that demanding. If they were, it would only spotlight the fission seas of these people. Wes became more successful because he was moving among people who valued success for its own sake. That gave him credibility. For him, that was all that mattered. He wasn't going to let himself get punished for any of this.

There was no guilt. Worse, there was no shame. That didn't diminish the fact that Wes was clever. How could it be any worse? He was in confidence Man. In his plaid suit with his little dance, he was loving it. But he was really unaware of the truth. That only added to the nonsense. No one was going to expose him. He had become too good at this act. He was benefitting those around him. So they loved what he had to offer.

Flattery resulted in more flattery. That was already his game. With a little bit of talent, he knew how to entice others. From that point on, everything was flattery. He never had to ask important questions. He marked traditional morality. He seemed like the total nonconformist. Of course, Wes did whatever suited Wes. There was little else to be said. Wes excelled as the big fish in the small pond. But he's learning how to turn every big pond into a little one.

He knew how to pick off the right victims. He was training himself well. He was committed to his own success. That only made his ambitions seem greater. In fact he could talk for a long time about what enhancements he might add. That really mattered for a little. There wasn't that much behind the act.

Wes felt like he was destined for bigger stages. He really hadn't added that much to the presentation. But he was looking for the big times. If he wasn't going to find them in Atlanta, they were waiting for him somewhere else. He needed to review his playbook. He had a few brilliant ideas. And he realized how he could capitalize on them. That added to his concerns. He was improving and his public relations campaign. When it came down to it, that was all that seem to matter. When he criticized other young men, he seem to imply that they were caught up in their own forms of adulation.

When they need to make real moves, they only felt paralysis. He can mark their assertiveness. They were helpless. But they had attached themselves to some extravagant idea. And that say seem to give them their confidence. He gladly played along. All the while he marked him. He broke them now. They were so vulnerable because he was nothing more than another sensation. He hadn't perfected his media presence. That was all coming. But he saw the world in the same simple way he was substituting one image for another. Wes understood any other form of social interplay. His performance betrayed the same ignorance. He knew a few choice gestures on the guitar. It began and ended at that. Even when he learned numerous songs, they were pretty much of the same nature. There was nothing original in his articulation. He wasn't that engaging a performer. He was there to impress. People could check off on his abilities. That was the beginning and end of the show.

Wes tried to remain at the cultural forefront. He wanted to demonstrate his acumen. This kept others interested in his efforts. He could parlay his lifestyle in this sustained movement. He could continue to attract disciples. They would want to participate in his constellation of skills. He could offer just enough support for others to believe that they were progressing in their own efforts.

Maybe, he would find another jacket to complement his wardrobe. There was nothing that provocative. But that would be just enough to convince people that he was on the pulse. Wes wanted to people to think that he was unique.

If he was going to fulfill his promise, he would be able to show off his abilities. He could show off his performance. That new achievement would be important for influencing others. But he was not that able. That would only make people wonder.

Wes progressed enough to keep others interested. He could dazzle them with this commiment. But he did not want anyone to be overwhelmed by his achievements. He was paiting by numbers. And people understood the palate. There would be nothing added to the repertoire.

He appealed to a world, which relied on explanations. His performance was enough to answer any questions. There were no greater mysteries. Wes's performance would be enough to enthrall. Anything more, and people might require a greater devotion to their observation. He didn't work like that.

What did Wes need to support his speculation? Who would be more adept at advancing his method. What was his version of deeper thought? It would be certainly rooted in spectacle. But Wes was not a circus performer. He was trying to affect his audience in an intimate manner. This intimacy built upon the beliefs of others.

If Wes was too active, that could put off people. He was carrying on his antidote to aggressiveness. That gave his efforts more authority. There was a brilliance to this muted

quality. He was making others doing the work.

No one was engaged in research. That would contradict the program. Wes was doing little things to stay involved. That was all that it took. He wasn't provoking deep questions. He was getting people to turn inward. He only needed a few cues to enact this program.

Wes needed to stay just far ahead of other people to keep it all going. If someone really brought a critical eye to his efforts, it would expose his inadequacies. One might wonder what was wrong with him. Why did he rely on attention?

This critical outlook was getting further and further away from the original intent. He was a simple sort.

One had to wonder how he sustained people's interest for so long. He could take a couple of hours sharing his insights. But there wouldn't be that much to the conversation. It might even seem pathetic.

"You are being a little cruel to me. I am more in control than that. I am not a pathetic person. "

"I wasn't really accusing you of being weak."

Was that a helplessness to his life? What could provide the blessing that he needed?

"I am not looking to be loved. If I was, that would be my philosophy."

Wes did not want someone to delve deeply into his childhood. He would revise his story as needed.

"I was trained to be someone articulate."

"I did not spend my days memorizing vocabulary lists."

He had great plans."

"I was not really like that."

"What would the minimum that someone would have to know to pull off this act?"

If Wes was giving lessons, what would that involve? What did he really have to share?

"Wes, do you have social theory?"

This was a philosophy of one. He was reasoning for a philosophy of one.

"I am my own theory."

"You can't do better, if you don't take chances. You can't simply play a role."

"You need to approach people. You need to share your ideas."

Wes seemed to favor a strict routine. Everything was straight-forward. No wonder, he could train his disciples. He might as well have taken them out for an opening run. He motivated their self-actualization programs.

"I don't think that you should read that much. That can muddle your thoughts."

Had he really advocated for limited awareness? Was he telling people to remain content with their ignorance?

"I never told people not to read. I only advised them that they couldn't learn anything that important by reading. They needed to use their minds. They needed to come up with solutions."

"What is a solution?"

"That could have been my story."

Sometimes, when he tried to explain himself, he only became more confusing. He was not that articulate. He didn't want to get lost in tongue-twisting.

"Reading is good, but I am not going carry around a big book with me."

That could be another incarnation. He could carry around an informative book. And he

would continue to read it, and people would wonder about its usefulness. In a sense, his method relied upon such a work.

"Where is this going?"

"That is funny."

"Are you a good reader?"

On this version, he had remembered the whole book. What kind of book would lend itself to his memory.

"I would like to right my own book."

"What would that involve?"

"Proper instruction for waking up. We seem to waste so much energy when we wake up in the morning. If we start in a good place, that can make our efforts all the more efficient."

This would have been suitable advice from Wes. He always made it appear as if he was busy. At best, he would be working out a guitar part. But there was little profound in his efforts.

He needed to keep people interested. If there was no mystery, he needed to act as if there was one. This made him appear to be more adept.

"What if I told you that I could memorize any book?"

We talked about people who had memorized the Bible. For his part, he wanted his own Bible. What would be in his scripture? This was part of his humor.

At times, he was the ultimate skeptic.

"What if I don't exist?"

He smiled.

"What is that about?"

He was working on self-creation for whatever that was worth.

"Self-creation begins from a confidence about the self."

"What are you trying to escape?"

"I am trying to enhance my skills."

"He fashioned himself as a teacher."

"I know nothing."

"The universe is in decline. You can find a place that corroborates that view. That only motivates me to do more in the moment."

"What is the foundation of sacred truth?"

"I need to do something for myself."

"Our minds are full of useless information."

"What do you have to do to clean up the mess?"

"Perhaps, you are exaggerating the importance of clarity."

"Do you get off on tricking people?"

He could explain the world to others. This was his skill as a teacher.

"I do not say things just to confuse people."

As long as he could make people feel ill-at-ease, he would be more efficient in impressing them with his art. He did not embrace by obscurity. He was exposing hypocrisy. But he saw how he could use confusion to get people interested.

"You may try to confuse me. But it is not as if you know something all that unique."

"Is that one of your skills? Criticizing others?"

That was not my intent. But he did not want someone bringing a critical eye to his

actions.

“I am not a great writer. That isn’t fair. I am learning. It is not right to bring scrutiny to my thoughts.”

We had already done a great deal trying to depict his message. But there was so much absent from this portrait. What would I need to do to add more?

Wes made a special effort to make it seem as if he had a strong ethical point of view. He would be very measured in his responses. This made it seem as if he was motivated by a deeper purpose. He wanted that impression, but that was the furthest thing from his truth.

I did not want to accuse him of being a con artist. He was doing everything that he could to destroy quackery. But he was not looking for scientific analysis. He wanted his own version of devotion. That only made him more daring.

“I am not attacking my friends.”

Did he leave a place for others in his thinking? Or was it all concentrated on his method. If that was so, he needed to keep others at a distance.

“I am not looking for intimacy. I am more of a cynic.”

He offered a new kind of intimacy. It was built on media. He was not fascinated by voyeurs. He exaggerated the role of the exhibitionist. This was a performance with little preparation. The individual offered the self on display.

Wes was willing to remedy the insecurities of fellow exhibitionists. The voyeur was too preoccupied with personal insecurities.

Wes would have never been so assertive if he had not worked on his act. When he was younger, he was disrupting house parties. He was making a scene of himself. This went beyond that. He was a little more cerebral than the class clown. But he wasn’t above pulling off a silly practical joke. This was all part of his act.

He had graduated from his pranks. There were times when his efforts were simply ridiculous. He was trying to pretend that he was an artistic sort. But he lacked couth. He was compensating for his own lack of confidence. That was why he needed to ply his craft against people. He was very calculated.

On another view, he was only one of his media geaks. He spent his day fixated online. He realized that he was headed to oblivion. He needed to arrest his slide. This was all part of his growth. He would even deny this background.

He would have more fun exposing people from his past. There was the chump from high school. This guy might have bullied others. But Wes had found the means to embarrass him.

To what extent, did he need an agent to advance his efforts. Could he remember enough of these stories? It wasn’t as if he had moved from Atlanta. He always risked meeting someone, who would mock him. Someone would remember an embarrassing incident. He could only rewrite his story to some degree. There would be these holes. There would be these past events waiting to haunt him. That was all part of his story.

Wes had striven to be his own publicist. He had succeeded in recasting these details. He could have done the same for others. That was his effort. He could help other transform themselves.

He should have learned to be an acrobat. That might have been a more honest portrayal of his art. However, he did not want to round the edges. He needed the accidental.

Wes needed to learn how to fall. He could benefit from the catastrophes. He was a

Cinderella of catastrophe. That gave him his charisma. He could benefit from the absurd. That added to his reputation.

Since he planned to leave, that could have strengthened his position. He would not have to sustain his act forever. By the time, someone was ready to pull back the curtain, he could be long gone. That was a basic principle for him.

Could he sustain this pattern for life? He talked of traveling. He was more interested in escaping than in discovery.

“This is not shallowness on my part.”

I did not want to disdain his personality. He had a great deal to contribute. But he could easily become distracted. I did not want to diminish his efforts.

“Are you making excuses?”

“What does that mean?”

“Are you mocking what I do?”

Would he have the courage to take on further risk?

“I am not trying to be heroic!”

But he wanted to be heroic. He wanted to demonstrate his greatness. But there were limits to his reach. He could only do so much in representing his beliefs.

“Can you explain yourself?”

I couldn't ask him that kind of question. It was much more basic.

It really wasn't an issue. He wanted to be seen. He relied on the curiosity of others. And he could turn it into a more elaborate representation. He was all involving. And that was that.

The voyeur would only lead to his own demise. It was never supposed to be like this.

“You can't force someone to think in a specific manner. That is the mistake of the voyeur. There is only so much that you can do to affect the observed world. You can have a dream to impose a view on what you see. That is all part of bad training. If you are educated to see the world in this way, it will have negative effects on your life.”

He was offering more insight on his worldview. That was why he was reaching out to others. He tried to be a role model.

He was about to tempt fate. He was going to try the high-wire act.

“You can only do this for so long. There are risks.”

“I am fearless.”

He may have been fearless, but there were limits to his fearlessness

“I realized that I couldn't get anywhere if I didn't take risks.”

“You need to quit being complacent.”

“What do you need to tell me?”

“THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!”

“Surely, it is.”

“It's not as if I am going to move into this closet with you.”

“I thought that you could help me to afford something cheaper.”

“Do acts of kindness, because it is the right in the way of acting!”

Either as a voyeur or as an exhibitionist, Wes. believed that he had greater control over other people. And he was willing to act out this perspective. He had already categorized people. These His actions were more or less evident. What was he up to? What was he trying to figure

out? behaviors were worth exploring further. But once you establish his categories, everything else was evident. What was he trying to establish? Why was he trying to figure out? In some ways he didn't want to give credibility to the women that he observed. He was sure that he could break them down to a method. At the same time his efforts indicated that he was motivated by a deeper passion. He was more of a victim to his observations than he was letting on.

Everything fit nicely in this constellation. There were these young men who waited patiently for his instruction. Then they were women who try to attract followers with her and usual behaviors. Finally, assumed his role as the ringleader of the process. In his own way he was just as helpless, and he paid tribute to people who had a little power. He himself is looking for admirers. So this explains his expectations. No one else could really have an independent frame of thought.

Everything contributed to this outlook of his. It was all an entertainment. He had fans. Even if his fans believed their own talent, he was willing to go than one better. Indeed, this was all part of his message. This was the foundation of his creativity. I would've preferred if there was something more that would've added to my observation. It is on way he was clever. He stayed one step ahead of me. I might question his observations. But how could I create a more nuanced response.

This was his stage. I could report on what was going on. But I had little resources and trying to affect it. That only gave more authority to his performance I want it to be more critical. From the outside. And he was right in the middle of the trouble. This provided me few options. As such I wasn't much more than a voyeur. That meant I could encourage him in his efforts even if that might make me look foolish. I didn't wanna endorse this show. Sometimes he would introduce me to his new friends. Perhaps he had lost control.

Did he come on too strong. I wanted to offer my input. But I didn't want to interfere so I was caught in the middle. It was almost like a standoff. I knew it was going on. I wanted to say something. I wasn't all that confident in his efforts. But I wasn't there to interfere. I was entertained by his experiences. He became a tour guide. I joined yet.

What more could I have done. Sometimes, I wanted to intervene. I thought he had done a terrible job. And I wanted to offer my point of view. He had ruined the golden opportunity with his nonsense. Even when I attempted to rectify things, the situation was not that profound. He had made the best. There was little else to say.

"I didn't want to play by the rules of the spectator's game. It didn't matter he was bringing me some closer to something important. I needed to focus on my own. And to the disruptor's game. Sometimes, nothing seemed to work I need to accept that fact. If I hung on long enough, my day would come."

He accepted the amateur nature of his performance I wasn't going to try to expose him. I only gave them enough rope. It was supposed to go from there. I had seen enough. but I couldn't end my observation. That was why he continued to fascinate me. I could learn from what he was doing eventually: that would be sufficient. I could give him room, and I gave him credit. And I could not control the situation. I took it for what it was worth.

It was not a process of self discovery on my part. I wanted to know what made him tick. That was the beginning in the end of the matter. I couldn't take it much further. I would make it

make a suggestion. This could assist him. It might cause him to take more chances I liked the balance. I felt more involved. He was pushing me.

Perhaps, I was doing myself a disservice. I was giving more credibility to his philosophy. We were both moving our way among the surfaces. When I talked with him, I acted as if there was a deeper motivation. Three times but I only shared part of my creativity I was waiting for the right moment. I thought that I was part of something bigger. I wasn't just playing this game. It wasn't all that complex. I think it came down to a technology. What did he know? I could play along. It could all take a little convincing.

This was our practice. I recognized something more. I wasn't with him all the time, and gave me a chance to collect my breath. I could let go of all this mischief. It wasn't me. I needed to be more relentless in my own pursuits. He reminded me of my limitations under the circumstances. I hardly wanted to go off on my own to develop my own act. me.

Wes excelled in creating a public persona. He relied on this exaggeration. It was a gamble. If he spent so much effort in advancing this image, he hope that could result in a personal triumph. That would make up for all his sacrifices. There was no certainty about this risk. He could only rely on the closet apartment for so long. He had to fight for his accommodation. What might await for him in his future? He had made such a commitment to his marketing plan. He needed to keep working at it, He needed to test himself,

No one would realize the full nature of his gamble. That enabled him to close his deal before anyone knew what was really happening. He was fortunate in this regard. He was creating a spiritual reality. He needed believers. That was all that mattered. Everything else was excess. That gave him his skill.

When he tried to be poetic, he was subject to cliché. He didn't have that profound a view of his own emotions. He could learn a few standards. He even offered a stripped-down version. That was all part of his presentation. Marketing demanded such focus. Some people might view this as watering-down his product. He didn't see it that way. He had little choice in offering a coherent product. He needed clean lines. He relied upon clear direction. This was not complex.

I hated to be critical of this understanding. He had his own way of doing things. That was all part of his idiosyncracies. He told me that he was learning other languages. There would be a place that was receptive to his method. It would only be time.

He admitted that he was a freak in the present environment. He had his grace. People found him charming. But he did not want to go along with the dominant current. He needed to risk himself. This was all part of his sustained strategy.

There would be this idyllic paradise, which would be dazzled by his entertainments. He would be a prophet. He was waiting to transport to this planet.

I smiled. It gave his journey extra credibility. He was exploring this ether. He peeled away the layers. And he was in contact with a living, breathing universe.

I loved the illusion. He hardly spent that long building upon his knowledge. It was gleaned from websites. He added a few seminal books. But everything was basic. I marveled at his consistency.

He hadn't been the first to attempt this kind of performance. He was only more adept. He did what he could to stake out this space.

He called on just enough history to keep the illusion going. This was not a world that valued memory. It was all about the immediacy of experience. Memories were bad influence on the present. The individual lived in an eternal present of constant stimulation. There was no other way to cast the individual's story.

He would always have enough money to stay in the game. He could complete this story in the grocery store. He could continue the narrative by checking off his grocery list. That was the only way to develop meaning. He put his theories into practice. They were all part of his Epicureanism. It was austere enough, but he found necessary rewards. And that was all that mattered.

What developed from this allegiance? Occasionally, I would not see him for days. He was trying to take his game to the next level. He was adding new followers. He was making his story more palatable. If he succeeded, his name would be more recognizable. He was taking his public performance to a larger audience. It really had little to do with his music. That was only an aspect of this design.

When Wes returned, we would carry on. He would share his war stories. And I would watch him be more active.

There were moments when I appreciated his absence. It enabled me to observe my surroundings in a more pristine way. I felt that he was damaging my view. Perhaps, I found more potential in the moment.

"You expect an innocence that does not exist."

"You are interfering with how things should be."

Maybe, he did not appreciate his method. I was not trying to be cruel. Sometime, it seemed as if he was observing guinea pigs. It should not have been so reductionist. If someone could resist his approach, that would add to her reputation. She might recognize the clownish aspects.

"You are expecting too much. The world is not resplendent for your consciousness."

"What does that mean?"

"No one is going to see what you see. No one is going to act as you expect. "

I hoped for a level of personal liberty that did not exist. I was already providing a great deal of credibility to Wes. I may have been offering a greater awareness to his followers. No wonder, they went along with his behavior. It was as if they were that perceptive. And he relied on that lack of insight. That was the foundation of his development. There was no other way to see this situation.

For the time being, there was no one else with this kind of flair. He sometimes had a run-in with the security guards. They could allow some of his idiosyncracies. But there were limits. And would could aggravate the situation. There was often no point. However, this was how he survived.

Wes did not stand for some profound political idea. He admitted that he was a free spirit. There wasn't much else to his lifestyle. It was engaging in these stages of fond admiration and

occasional revulsion. I needed him to propel the moment. He provided me with an occasion for my own observations. But he did not offer me anything more profound. And I needed a break from him.

I awaited more revelation from Wes. He had already discoursed about these hapless men. And he offered me stories about women that he met. But there was a lot more to this tale. I had already seen him in action. But he was saving these skills for time when he was flush with cash. This would add to the sacrifice that he had undergone. It would add nobility to the tale.

He wasn't hiding. He was living in the moment. But there was something that was missing from sight. I wanted a clearer perspective. His creativity seemed to imply a place of great accomplishment. I wanted to accompany him on this new adventure.

Was he going to change his wardrobe to go along with this advancement? Did he want to share a new song?