

BY THE BOOK

Wes wanted to encourage my creativity. He knew that I wrote books for people. And this activity could be therapeutic. As my clients as they worked to create a vision for their lives I assisted them in reviewing their past. I gave them a credible story. From the story, they could advance their plans for themselves. Wes was fascinated by this idea it connected with his own vision for other people. He saw himself as a therapist. Admittedly, some of his advice was amateurish and nature. And it primarily supported his own views about himself. Nevertheless, this seemed like a strong foundation for our interaction. Wes could provide me with adequate information for my own projects. What were my own goals? What was I working on I was creating a picture that I could offer to others. Wes like the idea. He wanted to be the writer. I was willing to indulge his fantasy.

We explore the idea of the novel. What value would it have for other people? I recognized his interest. He could help me focus on suitable candidates. What were the challenges in convincing another person for the need to do a book. Before we ever sat down, each person would be convinced of the importance of the story. Many people believed that their lives were suitable material for fiction. They saw themselves as part of some mysterious phenomenon, and these in unusual influences altered their experiences they wanted to an earth is hidden forces. I was very cooperative. Admittedly, people were drawn to this idea of storytelling. Many spent a great deal of time watching movies. Some read thick chronicles of fantasy worlds. They wanted me to reveal the same kind of enchantment for their lives.

What was the great draw in science fiction? Why were people unable to deal with a narrative that limited the psychological development of the individual? Why did they require this mysterious forces to explain human behavior. I felt that we had resolved on a major obstacle to completing anyone's story. Sure, they were interested in a lively narrative. Alas, they longed for a deeper explanation why things were the way they were. They experienced a constant setback in events. They were dealing situation situation's where they had little control. Even when they did exercise in their own decision-making abilities, they were stifled by the actions of others their progress was premised on her becoming more in touch with these hidden energies.

The intent of the fictional project was to demonstrate how personal knowledge provided the means to alter social environments. This required a level of analytical skill is not available for people. The writer lead to this understanding. Nevertheless, some people became frustrated in painting this picture. The narrative provided the means to develop a psychological awareness into actual changes in behavior. This process required a level of human interaction. For some readers, this seems like an affront. They sought simple answers. Even though they might see a more complex arrangement in the world, they didn't want to devote that much time analyzing their own situation. They wanted to turn the page and see clear answers.

I saw the problem. People could be immersed in their own struggle. But they wanted a story that would simplify that depiction. What were the key minutes of the individuals struggle. How could this be reduced to simple goals for the day, for the week, or for the year? These were the limits of self actualization. There was no sense of ongoing social engagement. There was really no theory about society everything was meant to be more or less immediate. Why would

this even qualify as a story? These were people with simple goals and clear expectations for life. On this basis, they could easily get distracted by events in the world. They would get crushed by disasters. They would leave themselves more vulnerable to future catastrophes. And they would become attached to simple forms of personal delight. This would make them victims to conniving individuals and manipulative situations.

I explained the narrative to Wes. It started with this naïve character who had questions about her world. She was vulnerable to her own curiosity. She might deny that she was going down that path, but it wouldn't take much to get her going. There was something so lacking in her world at these new appeals for everything. It wasn't just a taste. It wasn't simply an occasional experience. It became a kind of total devotion. And that was the key. The disasters would repeat again and again. And the self became attached to this kind of chaos as a more appealing narcotic. It could balance all the other hurt. The individual would get caught up in this whirlwind. That was all that mattered.

Why would someone who was so caught up in this absurdity even consider another way? How could she even entertain doing something more creative? She could piece together little bits from her experience and feed the fantastic narrative. This was all part of her challenges. She wouldn't be able to complete the narrative.

Wes wanted to interfere with a story. He had his own version of craziness. He will convince the other person and nothing was wrong. She liked his version of things that was all that he needed. He was only adding to the catastrophe. From this close, it all seemed perfect. When he started to realize that things didn't make any sense, he would've created the perfect escape clause for himself.

He posed the question: what is the script and what do I did what I needed to get it started. I understood exactly what the script entailed. There were all the insecurities. West wanted to present himself as a writer. I saw that his main concerns could be summarized in pamphlet form. He offered a simple alternative. And he saw him self as the exemplar. There was no sense of characterization. All motives were simple, the before and the after. Everything was about the embrace of his lifestyle.

I still wanted to explore the usefulness of my narrative. I thought that it might be more liberating. I gave the individual more leeway in my account. I was interested in the persons own perspective about the world.

The writer had a great deal of latitude describing experience. This could be shaded to support this point of you. Nevertheless the reader still had expectations. The writer would have to supply clear evidence. It could convince the reader. The story was created by the writer so that people could be sympathetic towards plight of the individual. The writer could depict the individual drowning by the situation. For some, this fantasy truly had an appeal. This could reinforce the perspective of the writer involved in the fantasy. It would be an inducement. Wes realized how he was indulging fantasy. He made people believe that he had a special power. And he could work wonders. It's knowledge became even more gratifying. The self could explore these alternatives. Wes could enhance his reputation. People would look at him as if he was some kind of magical creature. And he worked to develop this outlook. In fact, there was no real magic here. But that did not diminish his impact. That was why he was more attuned to the idea of a literary foundation for his efforts. He wasn't going around promising to write a book. His goals seemed much clearer.

Perhaps he could sing a song to a woman. If he heard a familiar dance song, he might jump up and pretend to have moves. But it was all very transitory. None of this mattered. None of it lasted for long. This was all part of his mercurial nature mercurial nature. He could continue the project with Wes. I kept proposing a my own version of a novel. What was Wes's ideal story? This went beyond his flimflam. Nevertheless, his belief would always be short-lived. If he wasn't cynical about others, that he would've been just as susceptible as the guys that he marked. He saw his pleasures as more elemental. This was all connected to suck some kind of big view of spirituality. If he could grant himself and needed stimulation, he would be achieving the proper balance. And he could use this balance to inspire further adventures. Wes worked on his diction. He wanted to sound authoritative.

He didn't want to come over as a con artist. He wanted to give people the impression that he was a troubadour, a wild spirit, a creative individual. He was almost a holy man. If he didn't speak in a deliberate way, people might mark him. They wouldn't take him seriously. West had an art. In a sense, it was his own religion. Indeed that would be the basis of any story, he would have to show people were attracted to this truly wondrous individual at the same time, he would also need to convince the readers that he, West, was the source of all this enlightenment. He was admitting to something very extreme. He was offering vision. If his vision was supported by something substantial, he needed to demonstrate how he was the source of all inspiration. Such a perspective seemed amazing.

That was why Wes needed to work his flattery. This gave him an added motivation. He was able to draw others by his assertiveness. Ultimately, he wasn't looking for much. That's what made the literary project so provocative. He may have lacked for a true mission, and he stumbled upon others, and equally lacking in motivation. They may have all had great dreams. And Wes would give each woman a chance to shine. Thus the novel seemed all of them were an appropriate form.

He didn't want to lose his place. He lived upon consummate devotion. He built upon his constant understanding.

"If I constantly asked myself those kinds of question all the time, I would be depressed."

"There is a kind of being for. You may not have a definitive analysis to those questions. But the possible answers would change how you live in the world. The questions create a path towards changes. That path prepares you to create supportive environments. They also warn you about about negative actions that could detriment your development."

"You may read novels, but that does not mean? That you have a real need for novelists in your world. There are people, who write novels, but they have figured out a simple relationship with their audience. They do no examine the craft. They have little understanding of the role of literature in the sustenancer of society. The novel might as well be a new flavor of ice cream or a new style of shoes. The committed novelist considers the role of novelist in advancing human interaction."

"Aren't you exaggerating the role of the story-teller? What else is there?"

"The novelist is chronicling the construction of social relations. The author can question the role of the sovereign. The text can validate new forms of human interaction. It can highlight an understanding of social contradictions. The novel can rally political action. The work can document forms of political oppression and demonstrate how experiences are shared."

“Isn’t it better to come up with a personal solution. Why should one carry around guilty because a person can come up with a solution to one of these global problems. Deal with the world as it is!”

“Your ability to marshal resources to address your problems derives from struggles in the past.”

“Find new solutions for the present.”

“That doesn’t happen if the issues are systemic.”

“If the problems go that deep, they aren’t worth worrying about. That is a psychological dilemma. That only leads to mental disorders. You need to let go of such universal topics. It is not healthy.”

“That is backwards thinking. You avoid tackling challenging problems. You simply accommodate to the status quo.”

“You find the skills that you need, and you achieve wonderfully.”

“The novelist avoids anything important. The individual focuses on routine problems.”

“Are you looking down on people, who deal with mundane problems?”

“If you are clever, you develop a more profound method. Immense challenges no longer seem out of reach.”

“There are still things in the world that you can’t change.”

“But you create evidence for change.”

“You worsen your own madness.”

“Why are you so defeatist?”

Was Wes accurate in characterizing potential subjects. Did anyone want to change the discourse? Were they willing to go along with ways of living that only sustained their confusion?

“I am in control of my life. I don’t want to ask myself questions that are going to alter that fact.”

What was she telling us? What did she do to keep herself together?

“I answered that question.”

“You tabled it.”

“She created her own answers.”

“Are you mocking me?”

“You are very good at that?”

“Am I good for the show?”

“I am getting tired.”

“I know that you are in control.”

“This is how it works.”

“I am keeping track.”

“If you control enough details in your life, you have total control.”

“What difference does any of this mean?”

“I want to join in.”

“You need to better control your impulses.”

In Wes’s version, these impulses would be the result of the frustration of these unanswered questions. It was better to solve these problems before the arguments became more advanced.

“What are we talking about?”

“She gave me a free side of rice.”

“How do they do that?”

“Where is the accountant?”

“Some things, you learn to write off.”

“And some things have to be accounted.”

“Account for it.”

“There is a social arrangement.”

“And if it breaks, what difference does it make.”

“WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?”

“At this point, most people ask for another drink.”

“These are the important problems. Everything else is not worth worrying about.”

“Who is keeping tabs?”

“We cannot resolve this problem if someone is not keeping tabs.”

“The accountant can do it in the morning.”

“The accountant can do it while we sleep.”

“That could be my problem.”

“I can destroy history.”

“We will take you on.”

“You do the law, and you do accounting.”

“I want to subpoena your records.”

“The bridge collapsed.”

“I cannot help myself.”

“We all get tired.”

“Not if you eat more meat.”

“I want to sleep, Wes.”

“Someone will give you a show.”

“And that is where it is going to end.”

“Wes, for you, that is where it is going end.”

“At any moment, in any place, with anyone, some event could occur that would alter the system. It would so upset the narrative. And this event would pick you out. Or you would stumble on it. That encounter would bless you. You would be able to complete your project. This resolution would not be a direct result of something that you had done. You may have prepared this moment. Or you may have been waiting for this event. But this occurrence is totally outside of your contributions. When it does occur, you want to believe that it all connected. And this is the relationship that you may have been counting on. But it emerges without any precedent. So it seems totally unexpected. For your emergence, you need to trust in the immediacy of this experience. But that is your only connection to anything more. Otherwise, experience seems neutral, even cruel. You wait for answers. You crave the explosiveness of this moment.”

“Aren’t you exaggerating something without any supporting evidence?”

“You are not doing as well as you think you are doing.”

“Progress would imply some kind of reward. There are these experiences denied you. You cannot attain a more long-lasting resolution.”

“What kind of questions would you like to ask?”

“The idea of the novel assumes that these questions can be answered. Either these are important question, and they need to be made more explicit in order to construct a

method. Or they are pure nonsense, and they need to be treated as such.”

“What would a good example be of a well-formed question?”

“Can I fix my car? Can I become a better writer? Will my future be better than my present?”

“You are so rhetorical. You create difficulties without any hope of solution.”

“What would qualify for a clear solution?”

“You are making me sick just thinking about this.”

“This was supposed to be simple.”

I wanted Wes to help me develop my approach. I believed that my idea of writing could build on his view of culture. We suffered from a divergence on the cultural project. That did not diminish our search. I had more questions to ask him. And I wanted him to be open.

This was no longer about figuring out a basis for philosophy. We were engaged in an applied practice. How could others become more interested in this endeavor.

“Why does the world make us feel out of place?”

“Let us assume that we can resolve this question.”

“What do you want to know?”

“It is like a minor issue.”

“It could be a chronic condition.”

“How would that work?”

“Suffering could be an important part of our nature.”]

“We could be moving too quickly.”

“We could feel the terror inside our being.”

“We could avoid those places that make us feel uncomfortable.”:

“Some people do not like crowds.”

Did Wes like crowds? He indicated that he had an antipathy to social conventions. But he needed an audience for his adventures.

“This relationship is temporary. I am going to travel. There are places in the world that will treat me with more acceptance. I feel like a freak here.”

Wes would be an exotic oddity in another locale. He would be treated with reverence. He would have fulfilled his promise. It wasn't as if his contributions were that much more significant. But his uniqueness would be more part of the landscape. They would never fail to marvel at his nature.

“You have a mission. Carry on.”

Wes was good at being himself. Behind his limited skills, there was little else. He was not that adept at improvisation. Sure, he had his repertoire of gestures, and that could keep people enthralled for the time being. But there was too much associated foolishness. That was all part of his ostentatious nature. He was great for a show.

I was asking him to conduct a more thorough process of self-examination. He could help to engage others in this process. I wanted to believe that he could take these situations and turn them into the required spectacles. His spectacles were limited in their insight. These happenings were more a provocation. He could do his act, and that would be that. There was no further concern on his part. He was in the mopping up phase.

That would hardly be the pretext for the novel. If he did not get what he was looking for, he would be impatient. That was entirely his nature. His frustrations were all part of his game. But he would do his best not to let any of this show, He wanted people to see him as an

innovator. The innovator could not let his audience get bored.

As long as people were seduced by his charm, this illusion would last. A woman could stare at him all night in the hope that some witticism would emerge. Afterwards, there might be this off-putting aftertaste. But no one would blame Wes for that breakdown. The individual would blame herself.

From time to time, this narrative might seem more complex. The fall out wouldn't last that long. But Wes could rely on this complexity to inspire him. He was on the verge of a revelation. He was good at creating this lasting impression. That added to his mystery. It was almost as if he had left his bag at someone's else.

She knew that he would be back to retrieve his stuff. She might have looked inside with the hopes of understanding more about his character. But there would have been nothing of significance discovered. What would the result be of this stand off?

Wes relied upon this confusion. No one would resolve the relationship. These remained unanswered questions. Wes would seem to promise so much more. But he would withdraw before the possibilities became more developed.

"You need to do the math. You are counting pairs."

"What are you talking about?"

"Questions and answers."

Did mystery result from leaving out details? There seemed to be so much more that needed to be said. When Wes felt that weight, he knew that he would have to leave.

"If you have questions for your fiance, ask them. I am not here to figure out everything."

Wes was not writing an encyclopedia. His answers could be pithy. But he did not want to engage in an exhaustive process. He was seeking sparkling delight. He was not going to prolong the dialogue. If people wanted to think things about him, that was their prerogative. He was more about reputation, than concept.

He did not set out these inordinate challenges. He established these tasks for himself. That was thought. It was not this protracted dialogue with the self. The process was more immediate.

He would learn a guitar part. But this was quite narrow in focus. He was after different aims. Everything could be reduced to simple gestures. He would master those. He would combine them into his act.

Wes denied that there were more complex ways of seeing things. Such a view was rooted in problems in a person's background. She was too overwhelmed by her upbringing. He would seem to offer himself as the unique answer to these problems. The story wouldn't last or that long.

Indeed, she would believe his exposition. This was all part of his act. But she wanted an encapsulated answer. He was just brilliant enough. That was why the notion of the lost bag was so important. It could resolve all the contradictions simply.

Wes was so adept at this craft. He had believers. And his supporters only seemed to increase. That did not diminish the fact that people wondered why they had invested so much time in his world. That was all part of the method. And some believed that this method could liberate them from darkness.

There was a genius to this madness. If he had been more authentic, that would have ruined his act. They would have become more attached to the exegesis. That would have made it seem as if there was something more substantial in his insights. That substance would have

also been the excuse to further expand on his presentation. That would have been the basis for expanding the text.

He needed to make it all about him. The mystery was just that. It did not offer the foundation for further discourse. Once the book closed, it was not supposed to be reopened. He was not conducting therapy. He did not offer a grand theory for interpretation. It was all very straight-forward.

“You are asking to stop the flight of a hummingbird in action. There is not that kind of reflection. You need to appreciate being for what it is.”

There was indeed a complication. No one could ask something more from Wes. He glorified the moment. He flattened out the contours of history. History was so many mistakes on the journey to the right path.

He needed to be careful. He was never responsible for adverse events. He didn't contribute to malfunction. He really never pulled his own weight. He did just enough to get by.

If someone wanted to ask for more, Wes would get upset. He would obfuscate. He would withdraw,

Wes espoused this fundamental instability. Even though he did what he could to resolve chaos, he was only mixing up the waters. This was all part of his act. He was accelerating this history. But there was never any question.

“Look at the flowers of the earth!”

He was now muddying these waters. And I was ready to explore along with him.

“We have already agreed that this is a question of knowledge.”

Self-knowledge.

“How does a person acquire such a concentration of self-knowledge?”

“You can't tell it all by looking in a mirror”

“Let us say that there is a book.”

“What if you wanted to open the book?”

“**What is inside the book?**”

“**Recipes.**”

“**If there were healthy recipes, you would be admitting that there is something wrong. Do you have a fear of death?**”

“**A person can think about health. He can think about the risks.**”

“**The book could be more comprehensive.**”

“**It does not detail spells.**”

The book started to get weightier. I loved the fact that there was a more substantial pretext for the self-reflection. Wes was not engaged in that interrogation.

“Until you work out the narrative, there is something missing from the your life.”

“You like to add drama.”

“I am filling in the picture.”

“I need to tell you something.”

“I need to find peace.”

“The exposition needs to progress further.”

“What do I need to reveal what I am hiding?”

“You need to write more quickly.”

“This is going to be a wonderful story.”

“You are going to love the doughnuts. This is something to put all the pieces in place.”

If he really loved the doughnuts, that would make it a wholly different story.

"They were similar to a cake doughnut."

"I need to help with the recipe."

"The recipe is in the heart."

"How is that supposed to work?"

"It is biochemistry."

"The novel can add another twist to the portrayal."

"Is there confession, or is there analysis?"

"There is pretense."

"There is illusion."

"I only need a formula."

"Why is everyone ahead of the curve?"

"I work in a clinic."

"We need to do blood work."

"You are not supposed to think about any of this."

"What are you really doing?"

"There is so much to worry about."

"A good novelist cures all that."

"You can benefit from a good follow spot."

"I do not want to fall over."

"That is the most wonderful thing."

"You need to be more careful."

"I felt the wound."

"Do you know the language?"

"It is all about food."

"These are different substances."

"The substance is a lasting manifestation."

"What about memory?"

"This is perception, the ability to identify."

"I am bringing the car."

"Everything has to be spelled out"

"I can smoothe things over."

"I need to sleep."

"Who doesn't?"

"Where are you headed?"

"I need an explanation of oxygen."

"Do you remember?"

"Carbon."

"Our belief will end in some transitions that cannot be explained."

"There is too much atmospheric volatility."

"And you will end the questions."

The novel would allow a level of clarity about experience. But it could also disturb with feelings of instability.

"This is all that I want."

"This is a long list."

“You need to add to the list.”
 “How did he ever make it out?”
 “Wes is going to get what he needs.”
 “This is not his story.”
 “I can catalogue all the variations. What about the pairs?”
 “Sometimes, you cannot follow the math.”
 “There are other kinds of combinations.”
 “And the release of human energy.”
 “What is the ruse?”
 “What story do you want to add?”
 “This is a dream.”
 “I have worked on this way of thinking about myself.”
 “You got out in time.”
 “Everyone is out in time.”
 “There is too much to figure out.”
 “I am going to have to meet with my accounting.”
 “This is more complex than I can know.”
 “There is nothing easy here.”
 “That all went too fast for me.”
 “I really care about this.”
 “Of course, you do.”
 “I tried to remember what you told me.”

She indicated that there was something that she wanted to share with me. This was the beginning of the novel. And she used her mind to create a social fabric. And the more that she looked, the more that she saw some thing insightful. Indeed she was Ariadne, and she was spinning a web. What was the form of this architecture? The success of any web what is its ability to to hold together in a three-dimensional space. And she was weaving this web in time. She was bringing together her desires with a grand design. Her success was due to her total focus and energy. She could maintain this focus while seeming to expand little effort. Thus, her grand design had a form. And this form collected energy. In fact, this concentration of energy in a small space with amounts. Ariadne knew some thing and that’s the stain the vibrating energy of the universe. Her design zeroed in on this intersection of mind and vision. For this Weaver, it was not enough to map out every facet of the design. She wanted to live the explosiveness of this moment at the same time she want to know attachments. There was no emotional access after this contact. She understood how to totally embody this moment.

In a sense, she drained all the force from the universe. This design moved all these forces in a single direction. Everything swirled to the point of dominance. Despite this immense concentration of energy, there was nothing else that remained. She could savor the moment. She could savor every single moment. She could report on her exultation. She could embrace this highs. And she owners understood how these honey kissed moments of delight could remind her of her own ecstasy. There was nothing else to say. She could ask for a performance. She could seek the same kind of euphoria from others. That was all that mattered. If the fabric of her design spoke to the massive implication of her chaotic encounter, the contours of her flesh remind of the world of her creative grounding and it was something fundamental in something fundamental. Her body exuded this marvelous energy. But the the

empire of pleasure denied entry at all others.

This was what total self-knowledge meant. Ultimately, she could allow for adoration. She could seek for admires. But she could ask for a little else. And she lived in the supreme now. And she did not want a history lesson. She did not even want to contemplate what might happen at work.

Wes might've found the story idea. Although she may have denied his advances. She wasn't looking for an acknowledgment from a guy. She recognized her own charms, and she wanted the same. More than that, she could feel the gasping desire of women who sought to be like her. But they could not obtain that same detachment. And that gave her greater inspiration. She got high on that realization. Despite these invigorating moments, how was she able to hold it together? How could she prevent her own desires from crushing her. She knew how to wash her hands of this experience. She could get back to contemplating the grand design of the universe. And that would be enough and self. She could calm the waters. She could get back to her life, she could dispel her wonder. Everything dissolved in this moment.

What did it mean to follow Ariadne's story? This was the inspiration that Wes sought. But he could not understand the real meaning of the design. Ariadne seemed just as oblivious.

"You messed with things. What is that all about?"

"This is your fault."

"The heart does not work like that."

"I want things to be simple."

"We have to make plans."

"No one wants to make plans."

"The pleasure center."

"Don't lie to protect me!"