

## THE APPEARANCE

If truth was the measure of all things, the truth would have to manifest itself. Thus, the ability to arrange things in a pattern provided a clear access to the truth. If someone could create pleasing picture, that image could lead toward the truth. It it was no longer part of a complex philosophical argument. Instead, it was important to create this pleasing image.

An individual could be shown how to develop a sense of proportion. Symmetry and balance could offered an insight into the world. The individual sought a delightful picture. To style hair became an important skill in this vision of the world. The hairstyle offered a depiction of a person's identity. To change the hairstyle enabled the individual to access other key behaviors to improve the personal situation. There was this unique interplay between hair and the image, between the image and the self. The individual was active in this process. These details could be manipulated in a different way. They provided an insight into creating a favorable depiction. This could underline a person's assertiveness.

The hairstyle was a flag. And people could rally behind this this ideal. The individual waited for a certain blessing. The self was inspired by these influences. You could run your hands through a good hairstyle, and it would exhibit its smooth nature. All these features were appealing. The individual became excited by this change. There was a complete psychological transformation. This ideal could relate to other kinds of activities. The self had an in on the world. Hair could be the beginning for a wardrobe change.

Any choice represented a denial of a burdensome challenges. A person became excited about the new look. You could add a jacket. Or complement it with a pair of pants. You could add accessory's like the right hat, or a scarf. But everything came down to one thing the hair style. And the stylist was in control of this experience. A customer could walk in and complain about things in her life. She could express her frustrations. She was looked at a hairstylist for help. It wasn't enough to provide sympathy.

Change only occurred is if there was something substantial in a person's environment. It only took a little bit to get the process started. Makeup could enhance the hairstyle. But the hairstyle was fundamental. And the stylist knew this art. You could transmit an idea, a whole program for life, on the basis of the cuts of the scissors. I the stylist was already working with the given. You couldn't completely change the natural gifts. But you could move them in different directions. You could recognize fundamental forces then moved objects back-and-forth.

This was more than a science. There were deep emotions involved. As the hairdresser worked, each movement was part of a greater revelation. The stylist could understand a deep secret. As the process continued, the secret would become evident to the customer. This was the marvelous balance. Two with two of them share this mystery until it became evident for the world. Once the hairstylist had achieved this awareness, the world opened up. The possibilities we're headless. Everybody else marveled at the transformation. They were enthusiastic. They were in chanted. And this was marvelous. And this blessing continued on day after day. A good hairstyle allowed for variations. A person might brush the bangs over her forehead. Or she'd find a way for the hair out of her face. All these efforts went in the same direction. The individual acquired more confidence.

And these influences made a person feel more powerful. On this basis the excitement spread. The self felt the power. The individual with immersed in the moment. Experience was overwhelming. And invited participation. If a great hairstyle turn someone into a star, other people wanted to be around the star. They wanted to feel that same heat. This was a chemical reaction.

In the salon all this energy is coming to life. It's spread out everywhere. It was everything. The self embraced this endowment. It was without precedent. This alchemy reign supreme. Some hairdressers felt this deep magic. They were enamored with their abilities. They knew that something was happening that was beyond their efforts. The universe seemed to shake back-and-forth with each cut. Are the adept hairdresser needed to understand the process. This meant becoming in touch with these deeper forces. The self became part of this game. There was this lasting give-and-take.

The self surrendered to the ritual. In conducting this ritual, the stylist was moving beyond self. These mystical powers were invoked, and the magician. The sorcery was a lost art. It was rooted in a special kind of seeing. And the magician excepted the calling. They were the tools of the craft. Each was sanctified by the ceremony. For the ceremony, the magician needed to prepare. The magician need to recognize all the elements in the environment. The time needed to be right. The universe needed to reflect his balance. As a mystic, the stylist recognized unique balance. It was an understanding of the heavens. The steel could invoke the lasting powers of the ages.

The individual became immersed in this murky process. Everything was volatile. The world was explosive. And this lasting wave could be encompassed in the right haircut. They would be total unity. There would be no division. Everything with submit to the now. And the customer would feel engaged in this ongoing experience. She was surrender. The powers welled up from deep inside her. She was giving herself something greater. And the magician understood this blessing. It was necessary to unleash the energies. There was the squeaking from inside. The stylist was in touch with all these influences.

Though the universe crackled as the process was made known. The customer threw herself in the moment. And the final result was divine. Appeals became evident. This is been a unique invitation. And its effects were lasting. No one could doubt what happened. Certainty was transmitted to the bones. This was a unique spell. Even the beholder couldn't recognize what it happened. It was almost frightening. And the hairdresser remained transfixed. The process had been complete.

Perhaps this is all been an exaggeration. The individual had entered the salon looking for a change. Indeed, the image had been transformed. But that didn't mean that she could live up to that commitment. Perhaps the hairstylist envisioned something that the person could not see.

The stylist was offering a gift. This was the magic. But there could be factors in the individual's life which blocked these influences. Thus, the individual struggled with the gift. There was a real concern that this blessing couldn't enhance lu the self. The same time there were these distractions which prevented such an eventuality. The stylist was offering an image of fate. But the individual shied away from this experience. There was too much pressure involved in accepting this role. The customer would run her hands through hair, and she would shake her head half as if she had gained something significant. But it would end at that. All the promise

was lost on her. She did her best to accommodate. But there is so many contrary influences in her life, and she was face-to-face with a fundamental conflict. For the moment, it seems like everything she had the possibility of changing, and they're all they were all these options for her.

At the same time, she was now struck by her incapability. She wasn't able to make something happen. She was watching everything from the outside. She could glance at herself in the mirror. The image seemed uplifting. But it had a little connection to what was going on in her world. She worked to balance these alternatives. She searched for an opening. Did not seem available. She became immersed in this whirlwind. And there was little that she could do to counter these effects. She breathe deeply. There was something in her physical reality it would not budge. She could change her wardrobe. She could alter her attitude. But the same affects were ever present and she couldn't get over them they were pushing at her from the inside. I the new style was a welcome invitation. She loved the attention. But that wasn't who she was. The more that this fact dawned on her, the more that she felt alienated from the event.

She was looking for something else. She needed a more lasting understanding. But she had already become dazzled by the moment. And then made it harder to sort it out. Maybe, she could pretend. She could live in the luster. She could enjoy the magic. She could share these experiences with others. And she would feel even more elated. Some things seem to be slowing her down she felt hesitant. There was a sense of foolishness on her part she has surrendered so much herself to the moment. She did what she could to get herself back. The conflict seemed overwhelming naturally, she had the tools to escape as something seemed out of her reach. She was doing everything to keep it all in place. But she couldn't make things healed. The hairstylist might wonder about this resolution.

The individual had been offered all these tools for change and things were made as they were. In herself, the stylist wondered what had gone wrong. Why had the magic vanished? What was the factor that brought all the excitement to a close? The hairstylist had learned to enliven these moments. This included witty conversation, and insightful comments about the customer's life. People relied upon this advice. This reliance went further. Dividual hoped for a deeper inspiration. The self awaited what was coming next all these feelings it was wondrous. But it was only entertainment itself to put on an image, and to take it off. The story ended like that. Another hairstyle could provide similar benefits. This too would fade away. There seem to be nothing reliable. There was nothing I could give you individual the needed support. The conflict became more intense. There seemed to be no resolution available. And the self started to wonder about the alternatives. This seemed like the perfect moment for the hairstylist to intervene, but no intervention was possible. So many contrary influences. And the self became more aggravated.

Some people would be fickle. They would constantly seek a new image. They would hope that some new benefit could provide for something lacking in their experience. This could seem like a provocative foundation. The individual could see what was available. Maybe, this could result in something more profound. That wasn't necessarily sufficient. The hairstylist could feel on the spot. The customer was looking for something radical, and the stylist only has so many options. That might not dissuade the magician. However, the magic seemed to be in short supply. There was a struggle to make it all understandable. Are the individual looked for a firmer basis for personal exploration everything seems so extravagant.

The self was drawn to extremes. There were so many ways to form the image. The individual could enjoy the search. But that only made experience more futile there were numerous contradictions in the individual's experience. And each contradiction seemed to be an excuse for another alternative. These facets became an excuse for a masquerade. And the hairstylist was at the center of these changes. The customer could no longer rely on the advice of the hairstylist things were moving too quickly in the environment. The self considered numerous options. Each one seemed more bizarre.

Even if the stylist was aware of this potential, there seemed to be a little basis for these changes. The individual that direction. Each new image seemed to offer a manifesto. Did that tract seem thin? The person could enhance the experience with personal antics. All these theaters could motivate further conversation with the stylist. But there was something missing. No one could fill in for these gaps.

How could appearance be the basis for deception? The con artist built upon the ability to make the mark see what he wanted to see. The deception was based on the expectations of the eager individual. The person expected so much more. And the deception played into that desire.

The successful con was based on an evident object. A person would see gold, and it would affect him. And this feeling would build. A small return would create the hope for more. And that hope would eat through the brain like sweet honey. That taste would demand so much more. The feeling would burn inside. And this burn would inflame the soul. It never took much to start a fire.

The con artist would start by creating an aspiration for something more uplifting. This could play upon the desire for excitement. But there was also a sense of vulnerability on the part of the individual. The con plied this desire for personal benefit.

Barbara did not want to see herself as a confidence artist. If she asked for someone's confidence, she was not trying to deceive that person. However, she may have doubts about some of her clients. She could not be sure if they were going to use these blessings in an appropriate manner.

Personal transformation was often the beginning of a greater deception on others. It wouldn't take much to motivate this change. She was not providing a moral lesson. She was improving on a person's image. And she needed to be prepared for a sense of manipulation.

She was hardly afraid for herself. She had already faced these challenges in her own life. This was a different kind of influence. She should have been prepared to see what was in store. But she had no idea how someone would use her gift. She was offering a different way of seeing. And this sleight of hand could be the basis for trickery.

The ultimate con was an exaggeration. Something of little value became the source of an inflated appraisal. The mark was intimately connected with this experience. It might not take much to acquire this object. But it would be a risk on the part of individual. This risk could be particularly dangerous. This was a kind of theft. This was a taking under false pretenses. This was a game of hearts.

Barbara was not the source of this exaggeration. She was offering something of real value. And this value was based in a person's character. It coincided with the individual's place in the world. She had no intention of cheating someone. She was giving with her heart. How could delusion arise from such a change?

She was sharing quite a bit. But this could also be the basis for greater expectation. This was only the beginning of a lasting belief. The individual continued with this masquerade. It wouldn't take much to shift identities. And this could motivate the actions of others.

We were dealing with a real con. And the artist was particularly adept at exchanging image, switching identities. Real confidence was a deeply emotional experience. The self built on lasting trust. The individual explored personal reliability. How would someone respond if no one else was looking?

The con artist understood numerous details about the mark. But the artist was also creating a personality like building a brick wall. And these features needed to be mapped out with authority. The swindler knew how to wield power. This advanced the con. It also engaged the mark. When a person shared confidence, it was also a matter of giving heart. These emotions were prolonged. The thief could accuse the mark of being delusional. This delusion might have started with flattery, but the mark became caught up in pride. The con was already well into effect. It didn't take much to push these buttons. And everything got going.

The con needed an independence from the mark. This meant that the mark started doing all the work. There was an obsessiveness that moved along this activity. The individual felt the power. Riches could multiply in the head. This brilliance was part of the personal expression. Things were no longer what they seemed.

Actual evidence was always inflated in value. There was a constant instability in the moment. The self only became more excited by this interplay of images. And there was a corresponding increase in value. The belief was supported in a transformation of the real.

Barbara had been part of the process. The person could look at herself and recognize something certain. The mirror would not lie. This manipulation would appear to be lasting in effect. It only took a little taste to get things going.

Barbara needed to learn not to get fooled by these shifts in appearance. That was her skill. And she did not want to surrender authority to someone else. She thought that she could not be manipulated. Nevertheless, she was giving other people the tools to become manipulative.

She did not want to endorse the con artist. But she was laying the foundation for this trickery. How had things reached this state? What unique skill did she have? This was more than designing. What prompted this vision?

If she understood her own power, she understood how easily she could become distracted by her own efforts. Since she did not question her own motive, someone would leave the shop with a sense of excitement about the result. But Barbara was handing dynamite to a person. And this could result in something damaging for someone else. At the end of this process, the client could become a monster. She would take absurd risks. This would not accord with Barbara's gifts.

The confidence game would continue. The player could become more astute in enforcing her art. She was out to fool others. She would offer a promise, but it would never be realized. She worked upon these successive promises. They only became more enticing.

The more that was promised, the less that was delivered. And Barbara became more of an accomplice in this process. She was reluctant to go along. She was being used without her knowledge.

If the swindler understood Barbara's actual contribution, the person would be even more insistent. There would be a greater effort to encourage Barbara to give more. And Barbara would oblige.

Barbara was offering all the terms for this game. She was providing the opportunity to influence other people. She was advancing the delusion. But she was trying to be realistic. She was not giving in to her client. She would have hated these terms. This was no kind of deal. It was as if she was helping the client steal souls.

Barbara did everything that she could to reinforce her own skills. She understood the meaning of her work. That was why she was an expert at the craft. She was not resting on her laurels. She admitted to her shortcomings. If she was being primed by someone else, this appeared to be such a contradiction.

Could she find the wherewithal to reject this application? Her efforts were not meant to be so distorted by another person.

The theatricality seemed magical, at the self became engaged in total absurdity. The individual became absorbed in the moment. This is not entirely a matter of gossip. At times there were some thing almost profound in the search nevertheless, there would be moments when one had a wonder. Image cannot do everything. There was so much left out. And the actual experiences became even more challenging. There was a starkness to these challenges. The self embrace these dangers. And that gave character in the individual struggle.

Barbara was not trading in selves; she was trading in images. As much as she wanted to provide a tool for a personality makeover, she realized that her focus was appearance. And she applied herself to these efforts. She had her canvas, and she may do with these tools. That brought a sense of excitement to her outlook. Period she could move these objects over the canvas. She knew how to bring meaning from this arrangement. If she could sense depth and awareness. In proportion. Thus, she could construct layers for observation. The hairstyle didn't just have body; it also radiated life. It was the world in flux. And she was setting all these aspects in motion.

She was making something exciting happen in the world. It was this give-and-take, then made the end product so distinctive. She was building on this picture. She was making things happen in time. This was not a passive observation. She was deep inside something dynamic. It was breathing. Excitement was universal. And she reveled in her insights. Everything could be seen. Everything was part of a process. The client could give herself to the moment. And the stylist would also be taken along this journey. It was exciting in itself. And she loved that for verve. She was immersed in the moment.

She drove down deep into the firmament, and she was in touch with the fundamental elements. This made her inspired it was more than a way of seeing. It was a way of being and she gave herself to the moment it was refreshing. And it wasn't just her clients from the start. It's spoke of an eternity. It was a lasting blessing. And she became caught up in the experience. She could get others to join fascination. Along with his gifts. It was more than a sense of the now.

She could sense this fluctuation. And she took advantage of the magic, and she became more adept at the craft. She engaged herself in every aspect of these activities. She pushed beyond creation. She saw that all this might be an exaggeration. But it was all based on

something material. These blessings could be seen. The individual could get over her distractions. She could except the inspiration.

This was the beginning of something more. She had found a way to push beyond her constraints, and she could blaze a trail for others. They could become part of the same activity. They could leave behind their troubles. Everyone needed a small blessing. But she could grant them even more. She must've wondered about all these promises. Ultimately, where it was taking her. She could improve her skills. She could involve her clients more directly in the process.

They could engage every aspect of this experience. And collectively all this energy moved toward something much more intense. The self became involved in these currents. Overall the process became enriched. She discovered the perfect blessing. She felt that she needed more words to express or wonder. It wasn't enough to become engaged in this experience. She became attached to the surplus of feeling. She saw that she was on her way to something more. And she loved the situation.

In a sense, there was a sacrifice involved. She was almost being torn apart by this revelation. She could see, but she wanted others to grasp this knowledge. She provided clear evidence.

What did it mean for a person not to live up to this mission? She was providing something so evident, but others could ignore the lesson. If they would fail to apply her advice.

The appearances were not give them the necessary elaboration. Even in the world of appearances, they were locked in darkness. When the individual into places, leaving her try amps for only temporary. For that reason, and cheese mints. These achievements. That wasn't her doing.

Someone else was trying to upset her vision. She was trying to exploit the moment for more than it was worth. It was a betrayal. It was a self-betrayal. With these terms she could recognize what was occurring. She might try to offer an explanation. But none of this could be explained. The individual was trapped in her own world and all the trinkets of her remembrance only affirmed the states.

Barbara tried to pull aside the veil. She offered another glimpse. The mirror would have to speak truth. I wasn't necessarily the case. There were so many contradictions in her world. Perhaps the client. All the trappings. The loss overcome. And the style again reign supreme. But she counted on this vision. Did she have enough resources to change the game? Was she in control?

She needed a more certain standing. That was your cue. She was working with things. She gave them a form. She promoted a special way of seeing. She knew that her contribution was significant. But there was so many forces to try to beg her off. She could hardly give in. Barbara believed that her vocation could be advanced through trust. What did she offer her client? The hairstyle was only the beginning of a more profound relationship. The design change the connection between the self in the world. This understanding was developed further. I gave the client power to change her environment. And Barbara had assisted in promoting this attitude.

This was a poetic relationship. The self could build from this understanding to create a more long-lasting experience. The hairstyle was just the beginning. Other people would act differently towards the client. This would give her a sense of credibility. She could take chances. She was putting on a new face. She could be seen differently. She could put her past behind her.

Barbara understood that she was participating in this relationship. She was making the elements go. She felt excited by this awareness.

At the same time, she realized that her sense of trust could be let down. The promise that she offered could result in a sense of disappointment. She didn't want to believe that she was risking herself. She was building from a clear awareness, but she also knew that she was facing obstacles. She was getting it herself. She heard the compliments of her clients. But they went off in the world. She can only hope that things were going to work out. But they develop their belief in another realm. And she was only looking on. What can she do to enhance her new awareness. It wasn't as if she could grant greater serenity to her client. Indeed she was giving the person something, but it was the client's on doing. She was surrendered herself to her art. She needed to trust the results.

She accepted these consequences. She welcome the challenges. But sometimes she knew her fear. And this burden became more intense. She battled against obscurity. Maybe she hadn't done enough. Maybe she's near to advisor client. If the person was still lost in her own situation, she would never be able to overcome the negative influences. She wouldn't be able to use this design for something more. She felt her self pushed in different directions. She needed to do her job. She couldn't refuse her clients. She needed to follow their wishes. That may have created limitations in her part. She wanted to push the individual. She wanted her to consider another way of living. But the session with short.

Sometimes, the return was meager. What was the person supposed to do under the circumstances? She could sense the waves, and she recognized how they affected her. Therefore, it was necessary to protect yourself. Again and again, she realized that she had gone too far to quit. She couldn't lessen her pace. She wasn't becoming overwhelmed by the situation. But there are enough signs I told her to hesitate. There was no halfway. Trust men commitment, and this commitment required a long lasting ascent. All these factors reminded her of the necessary. It provided her with a good feeling in her heart. And she built it on this wonder she saw hope.

The hope resonated deep within her. And she could continue to share her understanding. That was all part of her wonder. It's only confirmed her skill. Indeed, she knew some thing. This was her long lasting lesson. And she was ready to share it with her clients. There are enough distractions in her own life. That didn't prevent her from carrying on. Her eloquence offered her a defense. She would explain her ideas to her clients. They would build from the same sense of well-being. She felt blessed. And she wasn't going towards trouble; she was moving away. That added to her reassurance.

She wasn't distracted any longer. She was offered alternative ways of seeing the world. She can make use of all these variations to highlight the distinctive character of each client. At the same time, she recognize something deep in herself. She balanced is perspectives. It was not up to her to come up with a resolution. That fact might've been disheartening. She had her expectations. Her trust developed through interacting with others. But there are moments when she felt helpless. There was nothing that she could do. She was only a witness.

She only wanted more. She wondered if there was something solid among all these variations. What could offer her a lasting blessing? She had time to make a change. This went beyond what she was offering her clients. She need to do something for herself. Why did she have a feeling that it might be too late? She had anticipated such a moment. And she felt it would



give her when she was looking for. But the terms of her growth still seemed out of her control. She wanted a storybook ending. Trust wasn't just giving it herself. She wanted an appropriate ending.

There were one million ways to get this right. That could've bothered her. She was working off the input of other people. But this was her moment to shine. She could use all these influencers in an appropriate way. She may have been closer than she realized. That alone was the basis for fear. She couldn't let her doubts dissuade her. She wasn't looking at herself in the mirror. She was looking at the world. And she was engaging her science for whatever that meant. So she felt a sense of joy. She needed to make of this what it was.

She marshaled all her resources. She counted her blessings. And that made her feel regal. She had made a clear statement. And she would continue to reiterate the same understanding that gave her strength. At times, she wanted rescue. She needed salvation. She was looking for that same touch that she was giving to everybody else. Was there a way to convey her understanding. Why did she leave out.

Barbara needed patience. She needed total concentration. She had overcome her distractions, and her focus. Where was the fear? She had put that behind her as well

Everything that she had been given could so easily be taken away. It wasn't simply a matter of seeing something. She needed to learn how to sustain that revelation. Others had relied upon her. She needed to recognize this balance. She couldn't just turn inward. There were so many temptations. She needed to rely on her trust. They were all these wasted opportunities. She couldn't make it worse

Even when she had doubts, Barbara had a deep personal connection with others. She could delight in her achievements. There might be times when she wondered. But she didn't let down. She showed up for work; she made it happen. This created a continuity. There is always something driving her on. She recognized the challenges. This was all part of her nature, but it wasn't going to destroy her. She was going to find solace in this experience. And that was a blessing in itself. These influences renewed her sense of accomplishment. They pushed her motivation. She espoused this universality of experience. It added to her own wonder. She was engaged with a sense of ongoing fulfillment.

There were these wonderful moments. They remained dormant. She felt like she was more than she was. She touched grace. She became part of something fulfilling. She continued on with this quest. And that was sufficient.

She didn't want to think that the foundation of this experience. She was tied to her routine. It wasn't simply a matter of waking up each day and facing her ongoing commitment. She was trying to attain a permanence. If she started thinking about it now, she would continue her meditation. She would require a greater realization. And that ongoing belief would make her a visionary.