

## DREAMWORLD

She was creating the invitation for others to admire and enjoy. But it's also reinforced her overall vision. She was creating herself. She was engaging the world in her project. Her ideas may not have been systematic, but she recognized their importance. She wanted to be able to express this understanding in a deeper way. She was only addressing one aspect of difference. She was designing hair. This was more than a finishing touch.

For Barbara, once the individual saw herself in a new way, this could be the basis for other changes. Therefore, Barbara's designs were the catalyst for an ongoing transformation of the self. This was the switch that altered the circuitry. A minor design created a model for the overall system. Barbara contemplated the challenges that were still obstacles to change. Her designs were an expression of an individual. However, the individual was rooted in the physical world. Biology created its own necessity. Real change would require engaging these needs.

Barbara was sitting in a bar. She was observing others. She hardly touched her drink. He approached her.

"I don't want to talk."

It was clear that he wasn't really interested in what Barbara was thinking about. She tried her best to express her ideas. He didn't seem to understand. Everything was more cut and dried for him. His misunderstanding reinforced Barbara's own vision. In designing an image, she was also creating the foundation for choice. Since the individual was instrumental in creating this identity, she recognized a greater role in determining how she wanted to be seen in the world. This underlined her expectations from other people. How did she want them to treat her? How was this a basis for social interaction?

Barbara felt that she was ongoing player in creating a social environment that could benefit the individual. How could she maintain her individuality without getting caught in the traps. Other women might have beentaken by this guy. They might've felt impressed by his gestures.

Barbara based her philosophy on appearances. But this guy seem even more lost in the world. He was not willing to search beneath the surface. Barbara realized that this was the source of her enlightenment. She was taking back the world for the individual. In a deep sense, this empowered clients. Their personal expression was part this creation. This was an invitation to take on different concerns.

"Why are you talking to me? What do you want to know about my behavior? What do you need from me?"

Barbara was engaged in an active relationship world. She was encouraging others to think about that connection. It was created an ongoing dynamic. The world was moved along by this vision. Barbara was the catalyst for this change. She was transforming the world because she was transforming the way the people saw themselves.

What happened when people resisted this change? Barbara response needed to be nuanced. It needed to give credit to all aspects of social interaction. This made the individual be more flexible to the situation. The self would be less apt to be overwhelmed

Was Barbara making it harder to interact in the world? What was the real obstacle to success?

When people visited Barbara, they talked about things that pissed them off. They could spend a half hour venting about their lives. This is therapeutic. And when they left the office, they had something to show for the reference. This was an impetus for deeper change. They could see what was going on and link this up with their other concerns. They could create clear boundaries in their lives. They could develop a commitment to developing real skills to assist in their growth. Granted, this was only the beginning of the process. However, Barbara was setting the process into motion. She was letting the women talk, and these discussions created solutions.

The hairstyle was a reminder of that process. It reminded each person that she had done something, and this accomplishment could lead towards a greater sense of development. Each moment, a person looked at herself in the mirror she was reminded of this new perspective about her life. And in itself, this was exciting. She wasn't simply watching things. She was making them happen.

This understanding was marvelous. It constantly reinforced this break. It was a belief that she had a special power. This power was embodied in the hair designs. It was design for life. She was hardly the first hairstylist who engaged her clients in this way. Barbara believed that she brought something extra to the experience. She thought about what that might mean. This gave her a stronger sense of well-being.

She was making things happen. She was bringing a life to her experience. She wanted to share. She wanted more people to recognize what was going on in her life. It wasn't simply a matter of composition. It was always about the spirit that motivated his presentation. She was dealing with real circumstances. Biology was diverse. People expressed their vitality in different ways.

Barbara met that expression head-on, and she enhanced it. She empowered her clients. She gave them some thing to contemplate. This increased her overall inspiration. This was not Pollyanna. This inspiration was based upon a deeper understanding of one's place in the world. This could motivate real change in the world.

She ordered another drink. When she was at the salon, she felt power. She was able to interact with her clients in an active way. They were building from this environment for change. Nevertheless, things were differences in this new situation. She was dealing with people who did not understand her commitment. Barbara was giving people the opportunity to think about their lives. She was encouraging them to step back from the madness of the moment. They could recover a sense of personal stability. Nevertheless, this understanding was threatened in the situation.

More than ever, Barbara understood that she was creating a defense against these negative influences. It was tricky. That moment of confidence could become a moment of weakness. Overconfidence could cause a person to give into the seduction of the moment. Simple flattery could change the game overnight. Barbara recognized how difficult this was going to be. She had already touched the heights, but she knew the let down could be overwhelming. It could encourage more self-indulgence. She had provided a road away from catastrophe. And she recognized that catastrophe was ever-present. And she did everything that she could to counteract it.

This created a greater tension in her experience. She felt that conflict. She did everything that she could to meet it at on. She saw how these boundaries could become too flexible. They

could melt under the pressure of the present. There was a desperation in the night. The more that she resisted, the more that she felt bad for pain was solitary. Why did she even feel like this?

She recognized the motivation; however, that awareness seemed to jeopardize her continued development. What did she need to do to improve her a lot.? She had devised a method, and that method seemed to be under attack. Where could she find other resources to advance that awareness. She could try to be more radical with her designs. She could take chances with color. She could encourage her clients to accessorize their look adventurous way. But there was still some thing that was left out.

The solutions did not balance.

The next day at the salon Barbara thought about what it happened the night before. She had been so successful in influencing her clients. She had provided them with an outlook for the future. She had adopted the same principles for herself. She was even more committed to this awareness. Nevertheless, that was not sufficient. And she could still since these impediments to her ongoing development. Was she failing? Did she not provide them with a greater motivation. She wondered about the effects. This was all part of the market. But she saw how easy it was to get lost in the application.

She could've been less critical about the experience. She could've given more credibility to these guys that she met. Nevertheless, they seem to disrupt the overall process they weren't clued in. Was this all part of the problem? She was depending on other people. She relied on their input. But she came to a point that she was unable to overcome. And each little setback became part of a bigger challenge. All these experiences were weighing on her. She became more concerned. And she was facing a threat that she could not easily render harmless. She fell too deep in this experience. She felt herself task back-and-forth. Where was it supposed to take her? She felt as if she was in dodging these questions.

She was over-complicating her life. How could she reduce those problems? What did she need to do to make this feeling vanish. It was almost like a dark cloud that was haunting her. She had come to such a deep realization that something was standing in her way. It was breaking her down. She felt as if she was thrown to the wolves. Where she had once felt certainty, she was now facing confusion.

She had a good day at the salon. She was applying her strategies in an effective way. Nevertheless, something was still slowing down her efforts. She wasn't a heavy drinker, but after work. she felt like she needed something to take the edge off. She went out with a couple of friends from work. She wasn't drinking that much. But she didn't want the fun to end. She lost herself in the magic. By the time that she got home, that hollow starter to emerge.

She had been dealing with this darkness all along. And there it was. It was becoming oppressive. This wasn't psychological depression. She felt as if she was touching on something that was fundamentally wrong with the universe. This even went beyond how she saw the world. It was something unseen. It was almost supernatural. She couldn't describe it completely, but she knew it was there. She couldn't strip away the elements. She was face-to-face with the facts.

She hated the sensation. She needed to sleep she needed to cast off this feeling. She needed to let it all go. She needed to forget. After her morning coffee, she felt as if she had nothing to worry about. She immersed herself in her work. And she shared so much with her clients. Why couldn't she keep on with this feeling? There was this deep desire on her part. She

was living inside her head.

When she was with a guy, she might feel that he was giving her the answers. He was only adding to the desperation. She didn't want to see it that way. But she only needed to look back at the sky to see. This was a completely different relationship than she had with her clients. Her clients were more committed to change. They were making things happen. But she felt as if she had a war when she was dealing with these men she should become so despondent. Maybe she was looking in the wrong place. Many of these guys expressed dissatisfaction about their lives. And they feel frustrated. She didn't see how she could fix their frustration. She wasn't going along. She was simply there. And she hoped that things might change nothing with me everything was still. The stillness increased

Nothing seemed to be moving. How had things progressed to this point. She believed that her understanding would provide her with some kind of liberation. And it was only worsening her outlook. She had these marvelous moments at the salon. She could contemplate the philosophy that she was creating. She could let this wonder explode in everything that she did. At the same time she came face-to-face with this emptiness in her experience. And the emptiness only added to her confusion. She couldn't achieve the liberation that she needed. She didn't want this feeling to infect her work. She need to be positive for her clients. And she continued to show that understanding.

Things could've broken down. But they didn't. This only made her confused about her feelings. The mind played tricks on the individual. It could twist ideas so that they were almost unrecognizable. Success could become failure. Confusion could grow. The individual would wander in the darkness. Truly, this was her fate. She felt as if she was on this cosmic low and she was being poured back-and-forth.

Sometimes, she could ride these waves. Other times, she would submerge. She needed to hold her breath. She need to find strength. She needed to be patient. But she could feel the world pushing down on her. Each time she tried to center herself, it was as if something fundamental was being denied. What in this world would give her total serenity? What would bless her with a long lasting understanding? It was something physical.

She could taste that invitation in the alcohol. The alcohol did not do it for her. She wasn't going to sit at a bar and get drunk. She realized the downside. She wanted to walk away excited about her life. She wanted that magnificence to increase. She hoped that insight would not have a downside. This was the true challenge. She fought back-and-forth trying to achieve this knowledge. What stood her way?

She tried to re-organize the psychologies of her clients. Could she do the same thing for herself? Rescue did not seem that far off. She could finally exercise that understanding and be free. She thought about the marvel.

She could tap its magnificence she could embrace its universality that answer may be may have been inside, but she didn't understand how to tap it. She needed that little boost that would make it all happen. What did she need to do to reach that point? How could she propel the process.

Was she learning something about the profession? Was growth and maturity based upon finding new ways to get over these hurdles.? If she was successful, she could communicate these ideas to other people.

The ability to alter incidentals did not provide a basis for a lasting change. Barbara recognized her own limitations in affecting others. She had a master plan, but it seemed limited in its application. She had built upon her understanding day after day. She could devise a manual to describe her efforts. Even with that certainty, she still was facing obstacles that risked marginalizing her efforts.

She had learned a very specific kind of skill. People could demand this skill in an ambiguous manner. But she wasn't a car mechanic. Customers could interpret her efforts in different ways. This could influence the effectiveness of her efforts. She believed that she could contribute a great deal toward the understanding of others. However, they could just as easily dismiss her efforts. That was enough to end the process.

They could pay for the service. They could express their pleasure. But they would not really appreciate what she was offering. She might as well have been selling roasted peanuts on the streetcorner.

Some people saw her contributions in such a simple manner. She could exchange tools over the counter for money. There was nothing else expected.

She believed that there was a greater intimacy with her customers. This professional relationship helped to support the individual in her daily activities. That was not enough for Barbara.

Why did her art have such a restricted connection? Did a painter experience such a remoteness? For many patrons, there was a lasting relationship. And she built upon this support. But there was also a letdown. The customer would tip. But there would be no further response. She was not a teacher. She was not a therapist. But she noticed how this caring service was important for the others.

She realized that her view could be too focused for some. They felt that she had seen too much, and they were doing everything that they could to resist her. They seemed to erect this wall that she could not break down. She dealt with this direct conflict.

In some cases, there was even an effort to subvert her work. The customer had gone along. They had welcomed her suggestions. But they now felt a sense of aggravation. They loved their hair style. They loved the attention. Nevertheless, they resented something that she had seen. And they wanted to close her off.

She should have not let this bother her. She had enough satisfaction in her successes. There were innumerable. But she had to wonder about these other situations. She couldn't let them bother her. But they were there.

Perhaps, since she found such reward in her work, these negative responses seemed more extreme. She wanted to understand the reason for these reactions. She knew that there was this imbalance between her commitment and the response on the part of the individual. But it was more than that.

The customers felt deprived of something. She peered into their souls. And she felt just as trespassed. They saw what she was doing, and they had rejected her.

She wondered if she should feel so violated. Her insights were much more provocative. This could have been the basis for a greater resentment on the part of the customer. But the customer felt this same kind of rejection. She had risked a great deal by giving herself to the customer.

This became the occasion for observing her own creative urges. What was the basis for her endeavors? There was more than simple balance in her art. What was the actual form of expression?

She found something that was off. There was an absurdity in her view. She exploited this element. She did not want to create something freakish. She was giving power to the individual. In this unusual or rejected element, she had created an appeal. And she helped the self to love this character.

She was naturally immersed in this view. She was stripping away the veneer. She made something in appearance seem profound. Did that make sense? She was not advancing a math. Instead, these random elements had a coherence.

How was it possible to create form in the chaotic. Her customers did not see the word that deeply. They wanted to be pleased.

In some cases, she was making people happy about something that had previously bothered them. They felt stronger after such a blessing. Barbara could pick out a detail and give it immense power. How could the world be this responsiveness?

Barbara noticed a sparkle. She was becoming excited about a glow. She realized the constantly vibrant, and she gave it vitality.

She almost put inexpressible into words. People felt the attention of others. And this enhanced their experience. It fortified the being. These small details were critical for her presentation. Everything held together in a intentional manner.

She enabled people to enter new situations. They gained unknown powers. She was unique in her efforts to give things life. She could provide an understanding, and she could engage this knowledge in an immediate way.

This knowledge might have been an immense burden for her. She didn't want to get absorbed in abstraction. She was not a philosopher. She was not writing books. She was not overcome by intellect.

She lived in a world of the sense. She found delight in things, She was excited about appearances. She understood character, but she was not a psychologist. She was making people active in an actual situation . She was immersed in the moment. She gave others that same power.

They could explore the marvels. They could submerge in the wonders. They could lose themselves in the glitter. These surfaces all reflected a greater brilliance. She coveted the light. These reflections had a revelatory importance.

She did not want to think that she was too absorbed in the evident. She tried to escape from the surfaces. These sheer surfaces could be peeled back to show a more absorbing now.

She did not see the world as something to be interpreted. It needed to be experienced. Thus, her craft was of a very unique nature. How could someone pull these elements together.

She did not want the world to withdraw from her.

She was involving her customers in a committed moment. Others would become entranced by the image. The self would become transfixed with this attention. Barbara could not be so susceptible to the same effects. How could she find an independence from this moments?

She was not lost in contemplative. She could not dwell with these impressions. She needed the world to be more active. She needed each spark to to fire. She needed the explosiveness. This was all a marvel.

She was not impressionable. She could trust her will. She still needed the delight of the physical. All these flavors were electric. The spectrum mixed together. The variations were seductive.

She believed that she was part of a special kind of knowing. And this sensation could influence all her endeavors. She had found a unique confidence in her endeavors. She had developed beyond the world of work. But that other world was the source of her uncertainty. It wrouasn't so much her vulnerability. She had trouble expressing what was happen. That silence only seemed to justify what was going on. She was at an impasse.

She wanted to stare down her opponent. It would be so easy to claim victory. She sensed a denial. Her weaknesses were being exposed. She was being softened up.

If she was this exposed, she needed to find a way to withdraw. She recognized the source of the problem. She saw how easy it would be to take advantage of her weaknesses. And she would be susceptible to the least distraction. She did not want to think of herself as helpless. She had the magic. She had the independence. But she was being picked off like a frail bird. She was without remedy. She hated this frailty.

What reference point could provide her with a more long-lasting awareness? She didn't see herself as this helpless creature. She certainly was not looking for someone else to offer her salvation. But that only added to her exposure. Her resistance only added to her stress. And she was hoping for an explanation. How could this silence be ended. SThe was getting ahead of herself.

This was a now. This was a sense of reassurance. But she was living outside of herself. She was accepting this transformations reluctantly. She wanted tpo return to the her ground. She wanted to toss off all these pressures. She couldn't find the cues that she needed. She was not part of the story that she wanted to join.

The world could have granted her peace. It could have given her the answer that she expected. Instead, every influence seemed to shake her up. Her head was spinning. She did not have the needed commitment. She was a million places at once.

She had not been trained to sort through these issues. Here was no clear explanation for what was going on. The questions only added to her wonder. Sbe was not writing a book with the answers. There was no method to this madness. Whatever was happening seemed to be occurring outside of her. She could not concentrate her will and make things change. The challenge was much greater than that. She wasn't supposed to want for something. The

presence was supposed to emerge.

There were other ways to deal with her disquiet. She could gather people together to give her needed support. They could share their own uncertainties. But she did not view herself as part of a club. She wasn't going to suffer in public. She wasn't a martyr. She had the inspiration. She needed to work it out.

There were so many people who had taken these challenges for granted. They could go to her for a new design for life. And she could oblige. That same facility did not offer itself to her. The feeling was beyond her.

All these people that she watched passed by her had adopted a convenient image. And she told people again and again that was all that it took. And she believed it at the moment. They believed it too. It worked wonders. Nevertheless, there was something important absent from the picture. She couldn't reveal this to someone else. No one wanted to hear that. She left it at that.

These were people who were afraid of the alternative. They did not want to become something that they were not. If they could step off of the treadmill, they would. The routine could be debilitating. And the ups and downs were destructive.

Perhaps, there was a clear remedy. She could pick it out. It all would be clear. There was an elegantly wrapped package. And she could find it, and it would fill her with joy.

What was this nonsense? She was dealing with something so stark. There was not a clear balance. There was no way to dispel the chaotic. She accepted the inevitable.

Barbara did not see herself as a destructive person. There was a method to make it all go away. She needed to find the wand. She wanted to exercise her magic.

She observed the smiles. She saw how her designs complemented this splendor. She could add more to advance this experience. She reviewed her options. Style was a constant preoccupation. It was rooted in the universe. It was embellished in creation. She could draw on this adornment.

She had technique. She could recognize an order. She accepted what was available. And she was going to make so much more of it.

This commitment could last. She had the energy. She found her endurance. She wouldn't let herself surrender. Everyone could plunge the self in this dynamic. They would become engrossed by these effects.

This was not simply a matter of looking on the positive side. She was not insightful. She could rearrange the world, just as she could arrange hair. This was a deep skill. She was ready to carry on her sharing.

What could shine a more constant light on her confusion? She knew that could discover a way to escape. She needed to be more patient. Over time, she had let her indecision build. And this made her failings seem more prevalent. This was hardly a fair way to see herself. But she was being incredibly critical about herself. She needed to find more words.

She had never felt so lacking in the ability to figure out things in her life. But she was reminded about this lack of ability; She couldn't clap her hands to make it right. But she wanted it to be simpler. Time was always beyond her. She was no longer in the moment. She had lost her track.

Surely, there was an easier way to put everything into place. She really had few



collaborators in this process.

In the back of her mind, she was sure that someone else knew. It wouldn't take that much to find that person. And they could share their insights. The universe was not so resistant to resolution.

Was she waiting for a forum? She could take the stage and explain her misgivings. There only needed to be one person who could hear her story. And that would last her forever.

She smiled. She knew that she was not that naive. That only made her feel more desperate. This was not a matter of understanding her melancholy. That was not really part of her being. It was more of a constant obstacle that she could not overcome. There needed to be other avenues to her arising. Where could she find that connection?

She heard this inner dialogue, and she could not go along with what she was hearing. There was a severe contradiction. And she could feel that tear. It ripped creation in two. She needed to pay more attention. There needed to be a solution. There needed to be a clarity.

At some moments, everyone seemed clued in. Her clients saw it all so clearly. She was supposed to be giving them enlightenment. But there were so far ahead of her. And she wasn't sure if she could ever catch up.

She felt that she only had to shape clay. And all the elements would fall into place. What was the shape of the universe? What was the form of her design? Could she align this design with something more urgent. There was a place where the light radiated a more lasting coherence. This warmth could enhance the feeling of everyone.

She could sense that blessing spread everywhere. She was becoming part of a process. She was not affected by instability. Someone needed to coordinate all these moments. There was a grander awareness. She could become part of it. It could be uplifting.

She wasn't trying to avoid the actual influences on her world. She had separated herself from all the nonsense. Why should anyone believe her? Why should anyone accept what was occurring everyday? She was not observing an accident in her life. She became attached to a greater faith. And that could liberate once and for all.

She realized that style was transient. She could cast off the moment. But she was becoming caught up in her own beliefs. There should have been a more sustained awareness.

She was again facing her shortcomings. She was afraid of second-guessing herself.

There was a magic all around her. She was too lost in the glitter. That was her career. She needed something different for herself.

“SOMEONE ELSE KNOWS.”

“A universe where someone else knows.”

She was not ready to contemplate the incredible silence of the universe. She was not a great thinker. And she realized that there was so much that was beyond her. She couldn't worry about trifles. If she grounded in her world, she did not have to worry about cosmic puzzles. She recognized the immediacy of experience. That should have been all that mattered. Even when she became lost in these confusing battles, she could easily dissipate her concerns. She could commit to the material. She could give in to the routine.

She had done enough to create an uplifting outlook. Now, she was confronting a more prevalent question. And that search was only distracting her from what she needed to do. She

hzed zn out. She had multiple ways to escape. So she couldn't let herself become abosrbed by her troubles.

Her zeal was still not enough. There was a more prevalent crisis. She did not have sufficient focus. And she couldn't let her troubles distract her.

She recognized the circular character of her thought. But she did not have philosophical knowledge to help her to sort it out. So she recognizesd how she was becoming caught in the same trap. Words eluded her, and feelings weighed on her. There should have been a way to sort it all out.

There was the contrary danger. The world of philosophy could prove to be its own destructiveness. She could lose her way in absurd arguments. She was not waiting for some elusive redeemer. She had little hope of solving a deep problem in herself. Life was its own solution.

There was a place where it could all make sesen. She could reassure herself. She could commit herself to the moment. Ane that would be all that she needed.

If there was remaining confusion, it was psychological. And she needed to leave it at that. She was not seeking therapy, It wouldn't take a lot to resolve these issues. She didn't feel as if she coming apart. There was only an occasional moment when tthe dilemma became a little too much.

She was trying to be dainty with something that was much more aggressive. That was all that she needed to end the low moments. She could easily fuflill her desires. It wouldn't take much to grow.

She needed to outlast the dark moments. Then everything would fall into place. Her gocation had made her steadfast. And she had enough of a foundation to get rid of the doldrums. Her successes could give her enough to share with others. They wanted her support. She could get over the worst moments, and people would look to her for guidance. She was finding order. She was providing needed understanding of life problems.

She could reassure clients, who were battling tough financial times. She would remind them of their talents. She would teach them to be patient. She had become so attached to these false idols. And she could teach others to find their way. They could end their allegiance to darkness.

She offered her own strength to others. This was all part of her counsel. This could help people overcome debilitating problems. She was not trying to tout these abilities. So there was no risk. There would be this lovely suprise when people attained liberation. And that would make them confident in her own skill. They would pass the word.

Barbara could look at these results in others. Adn she was being brought to a standstill in her own life. She was not going to quit. She could not allow herself to become that down.

She was starting to accept her numbness. She had fought this battle to a stalemate. And that did not provide enough of an initiative. So she remained with her frustration.

She did not count down the hours. She was more resilient that that. When others needed aid, she was not going to deny it. She knew what she needed to say. For herself, she did not have the same insight. That did not end the process. But she could becomew lost in the paralysis.

There seemed to be a simple way to make all this come together. Phiilosophy could have

made all these ideas systematic. Maybe, someone could have made it all clearer. She thought that a science might offer a way to organize all these details.

She felt that this spotlight was scanning the mist for clarity. What was absent from the picture? The closer that she got to an answer, the more that she felt as if she was repeating herself. She wanted a quick solution.

If there was this gap in her being, she was hardly ready to admit to this awareness. She felt that she had a greater power to overcome the doldrums. This was not a condition. This was something temporary.

She felt too preoccupied by everything that was occurring around her. She did not have enough of what she needed to end the process. All this exaggerating. Someone needed to end this theater.

What awaited her? She needed to keep the dialogue going. If she was fooling herself, that was part of the process. The more that she continued, the more sense that it would be. She would end her numbness. The world would endow her with needed knowledge.

“I don’t want to keep going through this. How can I stop?”

That was not her. She was not a depressive person. She had let all these negative influences shake her up. She could not sustain her happiness. She needed some kind of boost. This was more than her motivation.

She had already opened up a side of herself. She did not know how to make it go away. Even when things were going well, she could feel this cloud. Something was there to obscure her enjoyment. What could that mean?

It could have been much more complex. It was so much simpler. She did not want to look into the obscurity. She was not a daughter of darkness.

For all her struggle, this was not going to be easy. She needed to do this on her own. Barbara did not want to share her problems with everyone else. She could hear all these troubles from others. And she would encourage her clients to keep talking. She refused to give in.

The world was receding before her. She had seem so much. Now, the clarity was fading.

She did not want to rely on someone else’s expectations for the world. Others could come to her for an explanation,. She was not going to offer an explanation for herself. That was that. There was not other way to see this.

Where would it all fall into place?

Could language offer her the needed balance? She realized that she could not resort to image to provide her with reassurance. She wanted a solid foundation. She needed to speak. And she could not rest upon her beliefs.

She was not going to make notes. She didn’t want to put things into writing. But this dialogue was taking place inside her. And she became more involved in this interplay. How could she bring the words to life? She felt the echoes around her. She needed to pay attention to these currents.

If words did bring the word to life, were they moptovated deep in the body. Was there a natural rhythm that she could tap? The resolution did not seem that simple since she had questions about her role. How could a natural refelction reflect the alternative perspectives. Didn’t the natural world move forward in a incessant progression. How could she join this

progression?

As this dialogue developed, it described her sense of disassociation. She was not in herself. And she could get closer to herself. Thus, words seemed to advance this knowledge. So she allowed this process to continue.

She could fill in for someone, who might challenge her viewpoint, and this added momentum to her search. She was becoming adept at escaping her life. She hadn't realized what she could do. But she drew on her skills. And she threw herself in the moment.

Words no longer felt as an encroachment. They were inviting her to disengage from a troublesome past. This was not trauma. There was something that she did not want to think about, because it limited her ability. That was all that mattered. That made it easy for her.

She could embrace her present. She could feel comfort in the now. That was all that was important. She was not a defeatist. She was good at her work. That was a blessing.

All this might have seemed like rationalization. She was facing enough challenges to her point of view. But she was able to resolve them. That made her feel more comfortable.

She felt that she did not have to carry on with the meditation. She already had enough for the present. Everything else was ancillary to the moment.

Her efforts did not diminish her work. She had found a different foundation than her ideas about design. That did not mean that she lacked for resources. She could call upon her knowledge. And this could offer her greater power.

She didn't believe that she needed someone else to complete her thoughts. But it was almost as if she was creating a script. And she was waiting for someone to complement her ideas. She could welcome an alternative interpretation.

She was facing her own weakness. It wouldn't take much to shake her up. She had balanced her contradictions. But someone could pry loose this resolution. And that would make her come undone. She could not let herself be so unprotected.

In other times, she had been more impressionable. She did not want to be caught/ She did not want to see her vision turned upside down. This was part of her certainty. It was somewhat unstable. That was part of her course.

Indeed, there was a magic to her exposition. Even if this was occurring in her head. It had some reference to the world. So she didn't need to feel weak. But that weakness could threaten her work. She didn't want to be destroyed from within. And that was how it would transpire. It would only take a suggestion. And she got pulled down easily.

She was in the world. She was working all the time. And she did not hold back at work. But she was becoming more withdrawn. She needed to express that dejection. If she said too much that would add to her difficulties. But she was not entirely helpless. That added to her engagement. She found a place where she could find a focus. She could accept her surroundings. She could weave an identity for herself.

This was not a forever. She did not need to feel condemned by her strategy. It was a survival mechanism. If it went beyond that, she could make it part of her career. It would all contribute to her growth.

Without some sense of progress, she might get caught up in these challenges. But she had more confidence. And she was able to find guidance through these difficulties.

This was not a physical ailment. There were not enough obstacles to her progress. She

was not going to let herself get slowed down, even if there were disappointments.

What was the appeal of her search? She wasn't going to give up. She was not going to end her personal development. But she needed to admit that she has stalled. What was the factor that could allow her to lose her direction? She was not going to be that susceptible.

Did anyone really function like this? It was one thing to be committed to a job. She had committed so much of herself to this calling. But she was withdrawing from some of her aims. And she was opening another way of seeing things.

If she was going to abandon some of her ideals, she could find support in her beliefs. And she could hear these echoes, which seemed to support her art. That seemed to make up for her doubts. She felt reassurance in the process. The dialogue within her became more enhanced.

She did not want to overrely on her emotions. The process seemed more automatic. Her intuitions were strong. That should have been enough. But that had served her in her career. Now, she was observing her own life. And these influences were not longer sufficient for her. She wanted something more.

What was more than intuition? How could she find a lasting interpretation? She was not engaged in complex analysis? She was looking for a simple understanding. What could create a lasting awareness?

Her questions were only taking away from what she needed to do. She had created a certainty for herself, and she was not granting her enough of a foundation. She was letting her insecurities distract her. She was letting these concerns disrupt her growth.

She could not let her weakness be the reason for her failure. She had a stronger foundation. But design did not offer sufficient awareness. She was seeing things as she wanted them to be, but this contradicted her reality. It upset her own expectations. She was revising her dreams for whatever that meant.

There was a point when she needed to pause. If she was not achieving sufficient inspiration, she could slow the process. She could break it down to the real insights that she needed. She needed to suspend all this activity. She could let go of all this energy. The world would seem to stop. In this frozen moment, she could strip away all the contrary gestures. She could see the world for what it was.

No wonder, she seemed to rely on the input from someone else. She wanted this voice to get louder. If it was other than she, that was acceptable. Barbara wanted liberation from the self. She welcomed the change. And that was part of her transformation.

She could make every effort to escape. But this was where she was going to end up. There was no pretense that could assist her in seeing things differently. There was something solid in this moment. She could call it her reality. She could accept its imposition. She deal with its negative influences.

She was moving ahead. She may not have been an expert in conducting this analysis. There may have been something missing. That did not diminish her feeling of transcendence/

She felt as if she was reaching beyond herself. None of this was a matter of actual experiences. What were the impediments to her progress? She couldn't give credibility to any of these poses. What was holding her world together? What was that one thread, which seemed to pull with some insistence.

She needed someone else to say all this in a clear manner. She needed more than these vague echoes. With that inspiration, she could escape the traps. That would give her the necessary knowledge.

She was still not adept at analysis. So it was not easy to find support in this process. She had tried to accommodate her world to adapt to the changes. She felt attuned to something essential. None of that would succeed. She needed to carry this forward with a greater motivation. It was not a matter of distraction. She was not absorbed in the experience.

This picture did not seem accurate. She understood her experience. But she was leaving out so much. She was trying to make everything match her intuitions. None of that was going to work for her. She needed clear evidence.

Her hopes for a strong foundation may have been the very thing that was getting in the way. Why couldn't she enjoy the moment? She wanted a tighter explanation. She was looking for a narrative, when this strict narrative might have worked against her encounter with the real.

When everything seemed to fall into place, it could provide her with the illusion of knowledge. She could embellish this illusion. But it would backfire. She would face the inevitable contradiction. And that could devastate her. She needed to keep running. She could not let these concerns stop her in her tracks.

She could feel the wind knocked out of her sails. All the energy was drained from her. That was making her more desperate. She sought greater recognition. She wanted to hear the forgiving words. That would resolve her cares.

Why would she expect anyone else to bother? These were her problems. She had tried to find common ground. She could share her view of creation. This was something else. And it applied to her life. There was not another way to see it.

She had given a lot of her emotions to this process. She needed to withdraw for her sanity. There had always been so much more in her life. She needed to stop at that point. Nothing was worth this kind of risk. If she was not involved, she would never get the hoped-for result.

She was this far along. And she found that she was messing up. She was not handling things correctly. This could have been her opening. Instead, her withdrawal became more severe. What did she understand uniquely, and how could she share this knowledge with someone else? She needed to shut it down before it went any further. She needed to prevent further erosion of her personality. She had been so sure. Now, her confusion was getting the better of her.

She could not afford to hear it from anyone else. That only made her turn deeper into herself.

Could anyone recognize the actual cause of her misgivings? Her analytical bent was only making her more susceptible. That prevented further growth. So she felt that she was regressing, and she needed to admit to these risks.

She was not going to over-dramatize this situation. She was in the midst of a simple realization, and she could only mess it up by overthinking. She was working a job. It inspired her. She wanted to share what she knew. But sharing meant offering too much of herself. It was better to leave it at that. She could take it no further.

She did not have a philosophy, which would reveal a more profound knowledge. It was

what it was. And she left it at that. This was prerequisite for her. If she attempted to look for more, she would become caught up in her own vanity.

She wanted an interpreter. Someone could offer her the words that she lacked. There would be some way to open that door without adding too much of a burden. She needed to sort through this on her own. But she couldn't find the words. There was not a way to say what needed to be said. She could not bring the perspective to life. She was left with these vague ideas. Even her intuitions now seemed inadequate. That was the end of the process.

What remained? If someone else interrupted the process, that would destroy the continuity. She would lack the commitment. It would not have the necessary validity.